

## Another Face/OFF episode 1

### 002

It's 7 a.m. It's Monday. FBI Special Agent Angelina Voight is woken by the radio, which is already forecasting a pleasant weather forecast for the day. She gets up and leaves the bed where her partner is fast asleep. How does he manage not to hear the alarm? She'll have to investigate that as well. Angelina grabs her black dressing gown, which was lying on the armchair next to the bed, and tries to recall the events of the previous day. Immediately, she remembers the cuddly moments and the night of love they had spent together. She didn't want to stay up late, because she knew a tough day awaited her at the office. Once more awake, she heads to the kitchen, where, after getting out the essentials, she can enjoy a leisurely breakfast. She likes to have a hearty breakfast to start each day: eggs, sausages, and bacon were the bare minimum, in her opinion. She likes to maintain a slim figure, even at 40 years old. His coffee, very black and without sugar, of course, was going to be beneficial to him.

### 003

Lunch finished, she headed to the bathroom. She admitted she was a bit of a flirt and liked to dress up. Her partner, with whom she'd been head over heels in love for a year, appreciated her taste in clothes. She liked to have a classic look without neglecting a slightly sexy appearance in her outfit choices. In her line of work, she'd noticed that men were often susceptible to her charms during interrogations. This allowed her, on numerous occasions, to gather valuable information when she played the role of the "nice cop." Her partner particularly liked her leather miniskirt, which she wore most of the time. Luckily, the outfit seemed to be tolerated at the office.

### 004

While she was putting on her tights, she thought she heard her partner in a neighboring room. He must have gotten up, but in a hurry. Was he late for his job as a research analyst at a telecom company? She couldn't remember what time he was supposed to start today. She was just sure it wasn't a day for working from home. Then, there was silence again until she heard her partner call her name:

- "Angie, could you come into the living room for a minute, please?"
- "Yes, I'll be right there," she replied.

Once she had put on her shoes, Angelina went into the living room and found rose petals scattered on the floor. Fred, her partner, was crouching in the middle, one knee on the floor. His position left no doubt as to the gesture he was expecting and the question that would follow. He presented her with a small box, opened it, and revealed a splendid ring. She wasn't all that surprised; they had already discussed it, and she knew him to be very romantic. She greatly appreciated that quality in him. She feigned surprise nonetheless and approached him gently.

- "Angie, will you marry me? I've wanted to propose for so long." She took the ring in her hands, gave him a huge smile, and immediately embraced him.



Agent Voight's breakfast



Agent Voight is getting ready in the bathroom



The marriage proposal

- "Of course my answer is yes!"

She accompanied his answer with a tender kiss.

- "Now we need to organize everything, and very quickly," he continued, slipping the wedding ring onto her finger.
- "Of course, but first I have to finish an important report at work. I promise you that tonight we'll discuss the next steps. It will be the most beautiful wedding in the world!"

They remained embraced for a long moment and continued to kiss. She finally headed for the door. She grabbed her jacket and car keys from the wall, turned around, and mimed a kiss.

- "See you tonight, darling. Have a good day at work."
- "See you tonight, be careful."

Once settled behind the wheel of her car, before putting the key in the ignition, she took a few seconds to look at her wedding ring. For a brief moment, she thought about her job, the tragedies she had witnessed, the violence and cruelty that pervaded this world. Fred was the ideal partner. Every time she came home after a long day at work, he reminded her that good people still existed. People with big hearts. She felt lucky to have met him. She had no doubt whatsoever about his loyalty. Like her, he was also almost 40, but he had known few women in his life. And then, she realized that she was going to spend the rest of her life with him. Her natural reaction to this thought was a smile. Now, off to work.

## 005

The FBI offices always seemed a little dreary to her, even from the moment she arrived in the parking lot. Perhaps it was also due to the attitude of the agents who worked there. She made it a rule to always remain smiling. A smile had always been contagious for her, even if her job wasn't exactly lighthearted. Proof of this was evident again today with the case she'd been working on for months. She pinned her FBI badge to her chest and left the parking lot for her office.

## 006

At her desk, once she was settled and her computer started up, the file she was working on remained open. A photo of a beautiful young brunette woman, around 30 years old, appeared on the screen. Her name, Megan Wolf, was visible beneath the photo. The list of her crimes was also displayed. Bombings and murders were the words that appeared most frequently. Angelina couldn't help but find Megan stunning, but also extremely dangerous. Over time, Angelina had gathered a great deal of information and had obtained two solid leads: the address of what appeared to be a mastermind or accomplice, Victor, whose criminal record was even longer than Megan's. There was also a second address: that of a 25-year-old woman, seemingly very close to Megan. Angelina suspected that Megan was actually bisexual. Several photos showed her in the wrong company, with both men and women. Yet, this Zoé seemed important to Megan. In the rare photos where they appear together, Zoé's eyes are fixed on Megan. The kind of look that leaves no doubt about Zoé's feelings for Megan. But were they reciprocated?





Officer Voight goes to work



In Agent Angelina Voight's office

Victor seemed delighted, or rather satisfied, but his expression was completely blank. Megan Wolf, snuggling into his arms, asked him,

- “Do you think it’ll work? That they’ll hear us?”
- “Given the size of the bomb, they’d be hard of hearing. Once the aura is activated, give yourself a day to get away from it. The city will remember this day, and our cause, for a long time!”
- “Yes, I can’t wait. I’ll go to the safe house today with Zoé...”
- “With Zoé? Aren’t you afraid that girl will betray us?”
- “Don’t worry about that. She’s crazy about me, she follows me everywhere.” “I still don’t understand why you’re still so smitten with her. It’s a shame, such a beautiful woman like you would have all the men at her feet...”
- “Yeah, what a cliché! A pretty woman has to be with a guy, like you? Zoé is like a candy store candy. I really enjoy spending time with her.”
- “In any case, don’t share too much information with her. The less she knows, the better I can guarantee her safety. You know the others won’t be as cool as me.”
- “I know, that’s why I love her too.”

Megan gave him a light kiss, which Victor would have preferred to be longer. He handed her a piece of paper with instructions for the bomb. The paper didn’t specify the bomb’s location; Megan knew that. She was even the one who came up with the idea for the location. Victor remained suspicious. Megan, in addition to being a very beautiful woman, was also very intelligent. He suspected she had a high IQ. From the little information he could gather about her, he knew she had attended prestigious schools and possessed skills in weapons, computers, and self-defense. Her IQ was undoubtedly higher than Victor’s. Although she hadn’t had an unhappy childhood—quite the opposite, in fact—it was within her high-level circles that she cultivated very different, even opposing, relationships. She was quickly integrated into the movement and became an extremely active member. Megan Wolf is therefore a very dangerous ticking time bomb, difficult to control and understand.

Back at her apartment, Megan joined Zoé, who was waiting for her with immense impatience.

- “So where have you been again? Hanging out with Victor, I presume?”
- “I went to get the pizzas for our usual TV night.”
- “Yeah, right. It doesn’t take two hours to get a pizza. Especially since your favorite pizzeria is just a block away.”

Megan put the pizza box on the kitchen table, opened the carton, and grabbed a slice.

- “Stop sulking and come watch TV. The show’s about to start.”
- “So admit it, you were having a good time with Victor? What are you two plotting now?”
- “Okay, fine. You know about the bomb I made with him. We planted it last night, and I’m going to go set it off later.” Zoé didn’t answer, and hid her disappointment.
- “I want you to come with me. You’re part of the movement too.”



Megan Wolf & Victor are planning a hit



Megan and her accomplice Zoé



Inside Megan & Zoé's private life

Zoé took a slice of pizza and went to sit in the armchair, picked up the remote, and flipped through the channels until she landed on the opening credits of her favorite show. Megan joined her on the sofa. Zoé looked her straight in the eyes.

- "Are you sure this is what you want?"
- "The bombshell?"
- "No, I want me to come with you."
- "Of course, that's what I want."

Zoé smiled, finished her slice of pizza, and rested her head on Megan's lap. Damn, this is an episode I've already seen. Zoé slowly closed her eyes and fell asleep. Megan let her fall asleep on her lap. Yes, she loved Zoé; her childlike and innocent side was comforting.

## 010

As he left the bar at 4 a.m., Victor was arrested by the police. As he climbed into the back of a police car, he recognized FBI agent Angelina Voight in the distance. He knew she'd been on his and Megan's trail for months, and that the day of his arrest was fast approaching. While many knew where Victor hung out, few knew where the infamous Megan Wolf lived. He alone knew that Zoe and Megan were crashing above a garage not far from the bar. The question now on his mind was whether the cops would beat him up to get information about Megan. In the interrogation room, Angelina was reading Victor's file, even though she knew it almost by heart. She was convinced that Victor and Megan were planning something. And knowing their respective skills, she suspected they weren't staging a play, but a new act of terrorism in the city. Victor entered the room escorted by two police officers. They removed his handcuffs and forced him to sit at the table. Facing him, Officer Voigt began pounding his fists on Victor's head.

- "Where were you at 2 a.m. yesterday? People saw you leaving your house with a large bag. Megan was with you."
- "We're free to go out at night, Officer Voigt. My private life is none of your business."
- "When you have a record like yours, everything is your business."
- "I've been keeping a low profile lately. You have nothing to reproach me for."

Angelina felt her anger rising. She avoided Victor's amused gaze and moved away from him for a few moments. She discreetly glanced at her wedding ring and took a deep breath.

- "And Megan? Do you know where she lives? We need to question her." "I don't know where she's staying. She's the nomadic type."
- "We have records of orders you received that suggest you're making a bomb. You shared the orders among different people in your group. But the essential components ended up at your place."
- "Maybe I'm making a new kind of alarm clock?" he replied, laughing.
- "The kind of alarm clock a lot of people will have a hard time getting over."
- "If you don't have anything to charge me with, I'm going to leave."

Angelina had to accept that he was right. No traffic violations, no fights, no offenses. If she had a warrant to search his home, she knew Victor was smart enough not to leave incriminating evidence there. She suspected him of dealing drugs too, but had never found anything, nor proven anything.

She gestured to the two agents to escort him out of the room.

- "I'll see you again soon."
- "It will always be a great pleasure, Agent Voigt."



Agent Voight interrogates Victor

## 011

In a subway corridor, Zoé and Megan waited for the right moment, when no one would be around, to enter a small room away from the Charles de Gaulle/Étoile station. A sign reading “Danger. Authorized Personnel Only” was affixed to the door. Megan took a key from her pocket and entered the room with Zoé. The room was dark and contained numerous electrical cabinets. Megan approached the one on the right and opened it. Inside, the cabinet contained only a large black metal box. Megan opened the box, and Zoé discovered the bomb. She set the timer for 48 hours.

- “We’ll have plenty of time to pack our bags and leave the city,” she told Zoé.
- “Okay, I’ll take another exit back to the apartment and I’ll wait for you there.”
- “Okay, see you later, my little rebel.”

She kissed him, and they parted ways, taking different exits. Zoé headed back to her apartment. Megan took a different exit, the furthest one if possible. Megan took a connecting train and found herself in the Montmartre district. Exiting the metro, she walked a few meters down a busy street. She didn't see in time that a police officer was patrolling. The officer, who was on the opposite sidewalk, saw her in the distance. He slowly approached her. Megan panicked and quickened her pace. She turned around and saw the officer talking on a walkie-talkie. Too late, Megan had been spotted.

## 012

## 013

Fifteen minutes later, it seemed like every police officer in every district was out on duty. She struggled to find a busy street to blend into the crowd. She could hear whistles. Not necessarily for her; she was in Paris, and traffic was heavy at this time of day. She needed to find a quiet spot. She was easily spotted, especially by men. In the distance, she heard comments about her appearance. Yes, she should have dressed more discreetly. Officer Voight was in the neighborhood having lunch when she received a call on her cell phone. She was informed that Megan had been spotted in her area. And since Megan was on foot, she could easily intercept her. The last text message she received from her colleague was, luckily, less than 100 meters from where she was. And as she turned the corner, she came face to face with Megan. Megan also recognized Agent Voight, who had been tracking her for months. Her immediate reaction was to turn around and start running. Wearing thigh-high boots wasn't exactly ideal attire for sprinting the 100 meters, but she consoled herself by remembering that she had seen Agent Voight in stilettos.

Yet, incredibly, Angelina managed to catch up to her. Megan shoved everyone she met, everyone in her path. But it was no use; Angelina was still hot on her heels. When Angelina was a meter away, she lunged at Megan, knocking her down. They both fell onto a table on a café terrace. Megan and Angelina will probably have some nasty bruises after that fall. Having landed headfirst on a chair, Megan remained dazed, while Angelina took the opportunity to get out and handcuff her.



Megan sets the bomb off, in Zoé's presence



High-speed chase in the capital



Megan Wolf's arrest by Agent Voight

- "It's over! We have a lot to talk about. Trying to run away isn't going to help things."
- "You're hurting me... Look, everyone, police brutality!" Megan shouted from the street.

Several police officers arrived on the scene. Angelina called out to them:

- "Over here, gentlemen. I'm Special Agent Angelina Voight of the FBI. Here's my badge. Please clear the crowd. I'm taking this person with me."

The officers saw her badge and immediately complied. The crowd was quickly dispersed, but they took their time moving away, too curious to know who was being arrested.

## 014

An hour later, Megan was in a cell at the police station closest to the arrest site. Angelina questioned her as soon as she was locked up:

- "What were you doing in the neighborhood?"
- "Like everyone else in the tourism industry," she replied.

Angelina moved closer to the bars.

- "You know it's only a matter of time before they charge you. We've already questioned Victor." Angelina thought for a moment and decided she could bluff.
- "We know about the bomb. Victor spilled the beans."
- "So he must have told you it's too late. I've set it off. You're going to have a nice fireworks display early," she replied, laughing.
- "Are you going to tell us where the bomb is?"

Megan responded by giving her the middle finger, which enraged Angelina even more.

- "You know you won't get anything out of me. You have my file? You know what I've been through."

Angelina shut up. She knew Megan was right. She'd learned that she'd been tortured a few years ago. Despite the horrors they'd committed, this form of torture had affected her.

- "And your girlfriend? We haven't been able to find her yet, but it shouldn't be long."
- "She has nothing to do with any of this."

Angelina didn't believe her. She knew Zoe was blinded by Megan. Zoe probably knew where the bomb was. Angelina walked away from the cell.

- "Good luck, Agent Voight. Have fun," Megan shouted.

## 015

Angelina was back at her desk, upset by her conversation with Megan. Megan was right; no matter what form of pressure or torture she tried to exert, she would never break. At least she had managed to get confirmation that there was indeed a bomb involved. Victor must have secretly manufactured it, assembling all the parts he had ordered in several shipments. Lost in thought, the phone rang. She picked it up. A man's voice came from the receiver:

- "Special Agent Angelina Voight?"
- "It's her!" she replied, sounding intrigued.



Megan Wolf in prison



Jeremy Walsh explains the process to Agent Voight

- "Hello, my name is Jeremy Walsh. I also work for the Bureau, in the Science and Technology Department."
- "Yes, I've heard about that department before. You're working on new interrogation techniques. We hear these are classified projects."
- "That's right. We've heard about the difficulties you're having obtaining information from the terrorist Megan Wolf. Despite her arrest, she's refusing to reveal the bomb's location..."
- "How do you know that?"
- "As I said, our departments are interconnected, and we're well-informed. We need to be as efficient as possible in a crisis. And this is definitely a crisis!"

He paused before continuing:

- "Could you meet us at Mercy Hospital? We'd like to show you something that might help. Could you come right away?"
- "It's not far from here. I expect to be there in 30 minutes."
- "The hospital is under construction. At reception, go to the old maternity ward. It's been relocated. We're currently in a private space."
- "Understood. See you later."

Angelina hung up, still puzzled. How could he know? Megan had been behind bars for less than two hours. And the bomb? She'd only just found out about it. And who was this officer? What did he want to show her?

She put on her jacket, grabbed her gun, her badge, and her car keys. She went down to the building's parking lot to get her company car. Even though it wasn't far, it would be faster by car. Besides, if she remembered correctly, the Mercy Hospital parking lot was large; she'd easily find a spot. Once she arrived and parked, Angelina headed towards the maternity ward. She remembered having been there with her partner for a consultation before. She and Fred had been trying to have a child. They had both undergone tests. There were no medical problems. The answer to their problem was patience, yet God knows they had tried.

Angelina had barely arrived when she was in the hallway when a man in a white coat called out to her:

- "This way, Officer Voigt."

The door read "Authorized personnel only." She went with him into a room that resembled an operating room. Numerous computers and monitors were scattered around the room. Several of these monitors displayed double silhouettes of men or women. Lines of code repeated on some of the screens. The man offered her a stool.

- "Thank you for coming so quickly. My name is Jeremy Walsh. As I mentioned, I also work for the office. You're in the wing where the maternity ward is located. Since the maternity ward moved next door, we took over the premises. Being in a hospital, we have the doctors and nurses right nearby to support us in our work. We know that you arrested Megan Wolf, the terrorist wanted in several countries, earlier today. That a bomb was planted in an unknown location in the city..."
- "You're well-informed!"
- "That's normal. We have to act as quickly as possible. Megan certainly won't tell you where the bomb is."
- "I think the same as you, given her past."
- "We think her current girlfriend, Zoe, would know."
- "Are you planning to arrest her and interrogate her by force?"
-

- "We could, but we think that out of love for Megan, she wouldn't break. Or at least not easily, after too many hours of interrogation. It would be very risky."
- Angelina still didn't see where he was going with this. Her department was technical. Interrogating Zoé wasn't within her remit. He continued his explanation.
- "What if Zoé were to confide in someone? Someone close to her, someone she trusts implicitly?"
- "Who?"
- "Megan."
- "Megan? I don't understand."

Jeremy Walsh moved closer to a desk and rotated a computer screen where Megan's face appeared next to Angelina's.

- "What if I told you we've found a way to perform a personality swap, a body swap?"  
"What? What are you talking about?"
- "Imagine you could temporarily, of course, swap bodies with Megan's. You'd be able to get closer to Zoe and obtain the information we need much faster..."
- "You're crazy, and that's science fiction!"
- "No, Agent Voigt, we're serious. We've already performed this kind of operation under exceptional circumstances."

Angelina realized that Jeremy Walsh seemed completely serious. His scientific demeanor and lack of a smile began to make her doubt. She watched the hours tick by on the clock hanging on the wall behind him. The situation was too serious. She asked,

- "Let's say you're telling the truth, how does it work?"
- "We can act immediately; the operation will take barely 10 minutes. We've brought Megan to our facilities. She shouldn't be long. Given your service record and your patriotism, we strongly hoped you would accept."
- "I still find this crazy... But I accept."
- "Then you can go put on these pajamas so you're comfortable. We'll proceed with the operation right away."

## 016

Angelina was very surprised to discover that everything was already prepared, everything had been anticipated. Jeremy Walsh began typing on his computer. He turned his back on her so she could change. She saw a chair with her photo hanging above it. She took off her shirt, skirt, stockings, and shoes and put on her pajamas. Finally, she placed her wedding ring on top of her clothes on the chair. She couldn't help but worry. She thought of Fred, her future husband. Jeremy Walsh saw that she was worried and tried to reassure her:

- "Listen, don't worry. We're taking care of everything. If you can pass yourself off as Megan, you should get the information very quickly, and everything will be back to normal very soon."
- "Can I call my husband?"
- "Of course, but don't tell him what you're about to do."
- "He wouldn't believe me anyway!" she replied.
- "Tell him you'll be home much later, and that he shouldn't worry. He must be used to it, given your job!"

She gave him a half-smile and called Fred. She didn't have any trouble convincing him, but he seemed disappointed.



Agent Voight, worried, prepares for the transfer

It was true she had promised to talk about the wedding arrangements that evening. But he understood the importance of her job, the potential security at stake. She told him she loved him, and he replied with “I love you too, Angie.”

## 017

Barely had she hung up the phone when Angelina jumped at a noise from behind her. The door to the room they were in burst open, and a stretcher was pushed in next to her. The orderly who had pushed the stretcher had already disappeared when Walsh approached Angelina.

- “Our candidate has just arrived.”

Megan was indeed lying unconscious on the stretcher. Jeremy Walsh placed electrodes on her scalp.

- “We sedated her for the trip from the prison to the hospital. We drugged her food. She fell asleep in her cell. If all goes well, she won’t be aware that she left her cell. When she’s in your body, for the duration of your investigation, she’ll remain here sedated and under the close supervision of a police officer who will stay at the door.

Angelina approached her. I'm going to become her, she thought. I'm going to be in the shoes of one of the most wanted terrorists. It still seemed like science fiction, or a dream. A dream? More like a nightmare. It's a nightmare to become her own worst enemy. Angelina looked Megan up and down. Megan was in her thirties, Angelina in her forties. She started to think. So I'll get a little younger. But this thought didn't console her at all. It's for national security, first and foremost. Angelina lay down on the operating table next to Megan's. The doctor placed the same electrodes on her head. Jeremy Walsh asked her to close her eyes.

## 018

Angelina complied and gently closed her eyes. She heard Jeremy Walsh move around her, then type things on a keyboard, followed by several beeps.

- “Keep your eyes closed! You’re going to feel a floating sensation, like you’re losing your sense of touch, but it will be very, very temporary. I’ll tell you when to open your eyes.”

Angelina did indeed feel a floating sensation. She kept her eyes closed. She felt like she was falling asleep but couldn’t quite drift off. Then, a strange, indescribable feeling. The feeling of being a ghost, although no one could know what a ghost feels like. And then, she noticed something. Since this morning, she had an itchy, stinging sensation on her hand that made her want to scratch very hard. Probably a mosquito. The urge to scratch had completely disappeared.

- “You can open your eyes.”



Agent Voight surprised by Megan's arrival



Body swap between Agent Voight and Megan is underway

Angelina opened her eyes. A fog. Like a veil that gradually began to disappear. She recognized the operating room ceiling. Then she felt hands helping her sit up. She regained the sensation of touch. She turned her head and saw “SWITCH COMPLETED” flashing red on a screen. She looked at her hands. They weren't her hands anymore. They didn't have the same texture, they were less manicured. The nail polish wasn't the same. And the wedding ring was gone. Her gaze finally settled on the operating table next to her. She saw herself lying there. Her body unconscious, peaceful. She almost fell off the operating table. Confused, panicked, she cried out:

- “This is impossible! This is a nightmare! What have you done?”

Jeremy Walsh held her still.

- “Calm down! Everything went perfectly! It's normal to have this reaction. It's a psychological rejection. Give yourself a few minutes to collect your thoughts.”
- “I want my place back. Give me back my body!”
- “Agent Voight! Lives are at stake. Remember that!”

Angelina staggered, catching her breath. She felt her chest swell. She realized that Megan's breasts were a little larger than hers. She had never noticed that detail. And then, Megan's entire case came flooding back to her.

- “Those deaths! All those deaths! What she did... what I did...”
- “Get a grip! You are Agent Angelina Voight, you work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Your parents are Thomas and Martha Voight. You are an only child. You were born in Paris. Your future husband's name is Fred...”
- “Fred... Yes, he loves me and... I love him.”
- “I see you've regained your composure. I'll let you get changed. We need to talk about what happens next.”

Angelina moved closer to her chair. She looked at the photo. Her photo. She wished it were a mirror. She put on her white shirt, her black leather skirt, her stockings, her high heels, but as she went to put on her wedding ring, she looked at her hands. Then she walked over to a huge mirror next to the operating table where Megan, in her body, remained unconscious. Megan was in front of her. It felt like Megan was mimicking her movements. No, everything was synchronized. Every single one of her gestures was meticulously replicated. It wasn't a dream. She was in Megan Wolf's body. Her shirt felt slightly tighter. She touched her breasts. A little bigger. Then she touched her face, then her hair. Luckily, Megan was healthy. She had read her medical file. She had never had any health problems. She was able to have children. And despite the circles she moved in, she had never taken drugs or illicit substances. She had a very high tolerance for alcohol.

Little by little, Angelina regained her composure. Jeremy Walsh, who was busy looking at the results on his computer, seemed completely satisfied.



Agent Voight wakes up



Agent Voigt surprised to see her new body



Agent Voight has become Megan Wolf



Agent Voight continues to discover himself in Megan



Agent Voight instinctively puts his own clothes back on.

## 022

Jeremy Walsh turned to Angelina, looking surprised. He explained :

- "I'm going to put Megan in an induced coma. That way, she'll be undisturbed for a while. But I see you've changed back into your clothes. Agent Voight, you need to change into Megan. You'll find her things on this chair."

Angelina turned and saw a black t-shirt, leather leggings, and thigh-high boots on a chair. She recognized the clothes Megan had been wearing when she was arrested.

- "Could I have a moment alone to change?"
- "Okay, I understand. You need to get used to your new body. We have a small bathroom. A nurse lent us some makeup. I'll let you change. We'll debrief afterward, if you don't mind."

Angelina took Megan's clothes and went into the bathroom. She closed the door to discover her new privacy.

## 023

Angelina had also brought the photo with her. Between prison and the hospital, Megan had lost most of her makeup. Angelina put on Megan's clothes. Apparently, Megan liked tight-fitting clothes that showed off her figure. In addition to her breasts, Angelina noticed that Morgan had a rather well-rounded bottom. She touched it, pinched it. Angelina could feel the sensations again, the pain. She opened the makeup bag and began applying eyeshadow, eyeliner, and lipstick. She still found it strange to look at a face that wasn't her own. She took a few steps in the bathroom to see if she could maintain a decent gait. Used to stilettos, the heels of her thigh-high boots didn't bother her at all. The more she tried to imitate Megan, the more convincing she felt, but the more she wanted to punch her reflection in the mirror. The feeling of being in front of the real Megan reassured her but also made her angry.

## 024

Jeremy Walsh had changed his clothes in the meantime. She joined him, walking with a determined stride, without a trace of joy on her face. Jeremy Walsh was taken aback:

- "Well done, Agent Voight! I see you've recovered well. She looks just like Megan. I can share the few videos we have of her..."
- "No need! I've been on this case for months! I know everything about her! Her habits, her tics, her walk, her way of thinking."
- "That's why you were the ideal candidate."

Jeremy Walsh pulled a photo from a thick binder, a photo of Zoe.

- "Here's your next step. Zoe seems to be Megan's current girlfriend. Zoe seems very attached to her. She idolizes her, in my opinion. Zoe is 25, has no family, and lives in an apartment with Megan. We don't know where Zoe lives, but we know you might find her at this address. It's a bar she and Megan frequent."
- "I know him! We caught Victor for questioning. He was in that bar."



Agent Voight has to wear Megan's clothes to create the illusion



Agent Voight prepares to step into Megan's shoes



Agent Voight is being debriefed

- "We think the whole group spends most of their time there. That's the bar you need to go to and find Zoé."

Angelina headed for the exit, not without taking one last look at her lifeless body on the operating table. In the doorway, Jeremy Walsh called out to her:

- "Megan?"

Angelina turned and replied with a huge smile:

- "Don't worry! I know what I'm doing. Take good care of her!"

**025**

**026**

An hour later, Angelina, in Megan's body, entered the bar. It was dark, and despite the crowd, the bar was rather quiet. It felt like all the conversations were whispered, as if everyone was plotting something. She saw Victor in the distance, who nodded to her. She nodded back. As she walked through the bar, she felt many eyes on her and also a few whispered comments. Some seemed to know her, as she heard her name, Megan, in a few sentences. There was also the feeling of being stared at. Angelina knew that feeling too. During her missions, she had often received compliments on her appearance in all sorts of ways: from the most polite to the most vulgar. She noticed that the vulgar approach was the most common in this place.

- "Damn! Where have you been?"

Angelina turned around. Zoe was standing in front of her. No sooner had Angelina caught her breath than Zoé threw herself into her arms.

- "I was told you'd been arrested!"
- "No, everything's fine. They didn't catch me. I'm too clever, you know that."

Zoé was almost in tears. She smiled at her, took her hand, and pulled her toward a table.

- "Roger, bring me a coffee, please!"

Zoé turned to Angelina.

- "Want a beer?"
- "Not right now. I had to run. That FBI agent almost got me."

Zoé took a sip, then stared at Angelina.

- "Are you alright? You seem strange."
- "I'm out of breath, and still reeling from the shock."
- "I understand. You're safe here. No agent can hurt you as long as I'm by your side."

Angelina smiled at her and took her hands.

- "I know that very well. But I'm still worried about the bomb," she whispered.
- "If that's all it is, we can go check it out later. The big day isn't for a while yet. And where she is, there aren't many people around at this hour. There will be plenty when the time comes!"

Angelina sighed quietly. The bomb will be able to be located precisely thanks to Zoé. She mustn't be too rough with her. That would arouse suspicion. They'll have to tread carefully. Being in this bar didn't reassure Angelina. Certainly, she had recognized many of Megan Wolf's accomplices. But would she be able to hold a conversation if some of them approached her at this table?



Agent Voight meets Zoe at a bar



Agent Voight is getting closer to Zoe

- "Let's take advantage of the beautiful night to go for a walk. How about it?"
- "Yeah! Excellent idea! I'm in! It smells too much of tobacco and alcohol in here!"

Angelina and Zoé left the bar after Zoé put some euros on the table to pay for her coffee.

## 027

Megan struggled to wake up. Completely disoriented, she felt strange. The fog lifted before her eyes, revealing the ceiling of a room she barely recognized. It wasn't the ceiling of her apartment, that was for sure. Her ceiling had been covered in black stains for ages. Then, she remembered she was in a cell. Yes, she had been arrested by Officer Voight earlier that day. She rubbed her eyes. The feel of her hands on her eyelids seemed different. She looked at her hands and saw that her nails no longer had the same polish. Yet, in prison, she still had it. Then she remembered guards entering the cell, leading her to a van, and then laying her on a stretcher. Then a vague, hazy memory of a paramedic giving her an injection; he had said,

- "You're going to sleep for a few hours!"

Judging by the look the paramedic gave her, she guessed he must know her well and be aware of the reason for her arrest.

She sat up and noticed she was wearing hospital pajamas. Taking a deep breath, she felt her chest wasn't rising quite as it usually did. She placed her hands on her breasts. Smaller, less firm. What had they done to her? She realized the room she was in resembled an operating room; she was indeed sitting on an operating table. A second operating table was next to her. She also saw a chair, with clothes on it, and a photo of a woman hanging above it. Still a little disoriented, she didn't recognize the woman in the photo. To her left were several computer screens. On one, she managed to read, squinting, the words SWITCH COMPLETED. What could that mean?

The room was empty. She stood up and took the opportunity to remove the electrodes from her skull, which she had not noticed when she woke up.

## 028

She saw a large mirror next to the chair. She stumbled toward it. As she approached the mirror, she saw Agent Voight standing before her. Her first instinct was to recoil, but she immediately realized she was making the same gesture. Was she mocking her? No. Strangely, Agent Voight was also wearing the same hospital pajamas. Megan brought her hands to her face, and Agent Voight did the same. So it was herself she was seeing. It was indeed her reflection. She was in that agent's body. But how was that possible? And if she was in Agent Voight's body, did that mean Agent Voight had stolen hers? So be it! If she wanted to have fun, let's have fun. She was going to seize the opportunity. Becoming an FBI agent would offer her a number of advantages. Besides, she made things easier for him by leaving her clothes lying around. It's time to start a new life. Laughing, she gathered all the clothes from the chair and walked around the room. Through a half-open door, she discovered a bathroom. Perfect, time to change.



Megan wakes up, disoriented, in Agent Voight's body



Megan realizes, amused, that she is in Agent Voight's body

Once in the bathroom, she found a makeup bag with various products. Some of the items seemed to have been used recently, as the boxes weren't properly closed. Megan put on her tights, then her skirt, her shirt, and examined her breasts in the mirror. Yes, a little smaller and less firm. She tried to imagine herself as old as Agent Voight. Around forty, she would have lost about ten years of her life. Regardless of the power, the possibilities this new body would offer would more than compensate for the loss of years. She slipped on her stiletto heels and felt slightly taller. She quickly found her balance. She then went back to the other room to retrieve the photo. Indeed, Megan noticed that she was hardly wearing any makeup anymore. Perhaps a consequence of this body-change treatment.

While applying her makeup, Megan asked herself many questions: How had he managed to perform this transfer? Where was Agent Voight right now? What could she possibly accomplish with her new identity?

Once she was ready, she was thrilled with the result. She had become Agent Voight. At least outwardly. She cleared her throat and began to say, her voice initially a little hoarse:

- "Special Agent Angelina Voight of the FBI, I arrest you!"

As soon as she uttered the words, Megan burst out laughing. Yes, the line was perfect. She went back into the operating room to look at the computers. She typed for a while and realized that the system was incredibly intuitive. Ten minutes later, she had grasped the procedure and thus received confirmation that it was indeed a body swap, that she wasn't dreaming. The author of this work was a certain Jeremy Walsh, who meticulously detailed his experiments and results. Megan took a moment to browse the two or three CD-ROMs laid out on the table. Everything was very comprehensive.

Suddenly, the main door opened. A police officer was standing at the entrance.

The police officer entered the operating room and walked over to Megan.

- "Agent Voight? I thought..."

Not knowing if the officer was aware of the treatment, she immediately cut him off.

- "Yes, I'm Agent Voight. Apparently, Megan has disappeared."

At this, she couldn't help but smile slightly and continued,

- "I have to go back to the office to report her missing. I'll mention you in my report for this lapse in vigilance."
- "But I don't understand. A doctor told me I could let this terrorist go. I need to confirm with this doctor."

Megan hadn't fully buttoned the hem of her shirt; she noticed the officer glancing at her cleavage for a second or two. She moved her arms so that her shirt opened a little more.

- "Let's not waste any time," she said, her voice more languidly.
- "I'll take care of this. You can go back to the station."
- "Understood, Agent Voight. I hope you manage to catch this lunatic."

Megan felt an urge to punch him after that remark. She took a deep breath, kept her composure. An FBI agent is supposed to be phlegmatic. For the moment, she was certainly fulfilling her role. Megan grabbed her jacket, put the CD-ROMs in her bag—who knows? This information might come in handy someday—and left the room.



Megan Wolf slips into the role of agent Angelina Voight



Megan plays the role of Agent Voight perfectly

Meanwhile, Angelina strolled through the city's dark streets, accompanied by Zoe. Zoe held her hand and kept looking at her. This troubled Angelina, as she realized Zoe's feelings for Megan went far beyond friendship. Her theory that Megan was more lesbian than straight was confirmed. But what could Megan possibly feel for Zoe? Megan was cold, calculating; perhaps she was just a distraction. What game should she play? Angelina decided to play a balancing act between coldness and romance.

- "You seem distant, Meg? Are you sure you're okay?"
- "Yes, everything's fine! Almost getting arrested made me think about the bomb."
- "You can see we're on the way."
- "Yes, I know," she replied, embarrassed.
- "Perhaps we should go separately? We might be followed."

Angelina went on high alert. They absolutely mustn't get separated. She laughed as she replied.

- "Honestly, who's the more paranoid one of us? We're just a couple strolling through one of the most romantic cities in the world."

Zoé paused, then ran back to her answer.

- "You're right! And anyway, we're here."

Megan hadn't been able to find any car keys in the operating room. The police officer had prevented her from continuing her search. She decided to leave the hospital as quickly as possible. At least she had retrieved her badge, which was probably a master key to the office. As soon as she recognized Mercy Hospital, she easily found her way to the FBI office. She passed through the first turnstile at the entrance without any trouble. The receptionist nodded and said,

- "Good evening, Agent Voight. Back already?"
- "Good evening..." She coughed, realizing she didn't know the woman's first name. "I forgot a file, and you know what that is..."
- "Yes, I can imagine."

She quickened her pace and headed down the first corridor she came to. Luckily, each door had a plaque describing the room. "Archives," "Interrogation Room," "Agent Fox Mulder,"... Then, in the distance, she saw a plaque with her name on it—Agent Angelina Voight's.

- "Angelina, back in the office?"

She turned around. A man in his thirties was standing in front of her. She quickly read Robert Patrick's badge.

- "Good evening, Robert. Yes, I'd like to check some information about Megan."

Agent Patrick's gaze fell on a portrait of Megan hanging on the wall. The word WANTED was written underneath.

- "You have to admit, she's as charming as she is dangerous."



A stroll through the capital



Megan, in the role of Agent Voight, at the FBI headquarters

Megan looked at the photo, which she ultimately found unflattering. But she accepted the indirect compliment.

- "Yes, that's true. You have to give her credit for that."

Her response surprised Agent Patrick.

- "I know she was arrested by you. Congratulations."

Megan hadn't buttoned her shirt, which Robert had noticed.

- "Do you want to come for a drink after work to celebrate?"

Megan wondered if he was flirting with her. She was ready to have some fun. After all, she hadn't been with a man in a while, not since she'd actually met Zoe. It could be an interesting experience to make love with another body. So, as she was about to answer yes, she felt her wedding ring, which she'd put back on after finding it among Agent Voight's clothes. Engaged or married? She couldn't take any risks; she mustn't arouse suspicion so close to the finish line.

- "Next time, Robert! I'm exhausted. I want to get home quickly after this, to see my sweetheart."
- "I understand. Lucky guy! Give my regards to Fred."
- "It will be done!"

Megan thanked him silently for this valuable information: Agent Voight was indeed married to a certain Fred. She had to remember this for later. Who knew? The experiment she had envisioned might actually happen later.

### 033

Agent Voight's office wasn't very big. Just as she'd imagined, it was square, clean, and tidy, with no papers lying around. Megan checked the filing cabinet to her left. She found several files bearing the names of several notorious terrorists. She found her own file separately. It was very thick. She spread it out on the desk and smiled as she read it. Yes, Agent Voight had been following her for a very long time. She was surprised by the amount of information gathered, both personal and professional. She was beginning to wonder where some of it could have come from. Sitting cross-legged at her desk, Megan positioned herself in front of the computer and turned it on. After the FBI logo appeared, a window asked her to enter her login and password. Damn, she'd forgotten that detail. She tried a few random words. No luck. She noticed the window offered a "forgotten password" option. She tried it. The computer's webcam activated. Her face appeared on the screen. Megan remained stoic, not moving. A synthetic voice spoke from the computer.

- "Identity confirmed. Welcome, Agent Voight. You must go to the IT department immediately to reset your security password in their presence."

From her hacking experience, she knew this method, having already cracked it. There's a vulnerability that only administrators know about. Megan typed a series of words and instructions into the air, which didn't appear on the screen, but which she knew the system understood. The session opened.

- "Yes! Thanks, Syd, for the hours you spent teaching me these tricks!"



Megan is cleaning up in Agent Voight's office

She searched the files on the desktop of this Linux-like operating system. She found no personal documents. In any case, she was interested in the contents of the files about her. It was the equivalent of the papers found in the locker, plus a large number of photos and videos. Megan didn't want to linger in the building. She decided to delete everything. Then, she gathered all the papers from her file and put them in the shredder near her desk.

- "Goodbye, Megan! Back to square one with the FBI!"

Megan shut down the computer, closed the lockers and drawers she had opened, and then noticed the photo frame on the desk. She hadn't paid any attention to it at first. The photo showed Agent Voight with a man, short-haired, in his forties, not a supermodel, but relatively handsome. She thought,

- "Nice to meet you, Fred! It's time we met... time you met a real woman. Agent Voight stole my life, I'm going to do the same to him. See you soon, Fred."

Megan turned off the light, took her ID out of her jacket, and wrote down the address.

### 034

The game was about to get tougher. Megan was lucky she hadn't met many people at the FBI offices. Agent Robert Patrick had almost ruined her plan. Playing Agent Voight was one thing. But taking the place of a concubine? fiancée? wife? was certainly going to be very complicated. She had very little information. While Agent Voight had a complete file on her, Megan knew very little about him. Megan then realized that Voight could much more easily impersonate her. She headed towards her new house.

Out of habit, she almost knocked on the door. Knocking on her own door—that was already a strange idea, one that would definitely surprise Fred. She searched her pockets and found a set of keys. She had no trouble identifying the keys to this door; the others were mostly keys to a garage, a car, and probably a mailbox. What if it was Officer Voight collecting the mail? She tried opening the mailbox by the door. Bingo, the box opened. She grabbed two letters and a few flyers. She opened the front door and went inside. The house seemed empty at first, but very quickly, a man appeared in the hallway. She immediately recognized the man from the photo frame in the office. She took off her shoes and approached him, saying:

- "Good evening, darling. Glad to be home."
- "Good evening, Angie. How was your day? Oh, I see you remembered to collect the mail. I know you always complain that I forget, since I get home before you."

### 035

He approached her, embraced her, and kissed her deeply on the curl. Megan was initially taken aback; she hadn't kissed a man in a while. Fred noticed this, as he didn't feel a mutual desire. Megan then composed herself and kissed him passionately. The kiss lasted a few seconds. Then, Fred finally said,

- "Wow! What a kiss! Let me catch my breath! It feels like we're kissing for the first time!"



Megan discovers Agent Voight's home



Megan pretends to be Fred's fiancée

- "Yes, it's been a tough day!"
- "Is that still your case about Megan? You told me you'd be back later."
- "Yes, but good news, we arrested her this afternoon!"
- "Excellent news! Congratulations."

She responded with another, shorter kiss.

- "What a day it's been for you! We can finally talk about the wedding. I have a surprise for you!"

Megan was about to jump on the word "wedding," but she stopped herself. She replied with a big smile :

- "With pleasure, my love."
- "Come to the bedroom with me."

Megan thought she couldn't have asked for anything better.

**036**

**037**

Fred took her hand and led her from the hallway to a room, which must have been the bedroom. She took note of the arrangement of the pieces, the objects hanging on the walls, the framed photos. Every detail would help her continue to impersonate his future wife.

In the bedroom, with a gesture, he invited her to sit on the bed. She complied without a word, crossed her legs, and placed her hands on the bed. She was going to do everything she could to seduce him. It seemed to her that it would be easy. After all, she was Angelina Voight, his future wife.

Fred took a large box from a wardrobe. He placed the box on the bed and opened it. The box contained a sumptuous wedding dress.

- "I know it's bad luck to see your bride in a wedding dress before the wedding. But I wanted to surprise you."

Megan took the dress out of the box and laid it on her to see if it would fit.

- "It's magnificent!"
- "I know! You chose it. You know, when we were shopping, you stopped in front of the window where the dress was displayed. Your eyes were shining. That's when we talked about the possibility of marriage."

Megan feigned surprise as she replied,

- "Yes, I remember very well. It caught my eye. I can see you're a very thoughtful man."
- "That's why you love me, isn't it?" she said with a broad smile.
- "Among other things..."

Megan hesitated to undress in front of this stranger. But, after all, she was his partner, and presumably had been for long enough to have seen herself naked. She unbuttoned her shirt, took off the rest of her clothes, and put on the dress.

Fred lay down on the bed and gazed at her.

- "You look stunning. And even that doesn't sound strong enough."

Megan looked at herself in the mirror, stared at her ring, and thought to herself: So this is what married life is like? She had to admit that Angelina Voight made a very beautiful bride. She turned back to Fred.

- "So, do you like it?"
- "It's perfect, my love."

She leaned in and kissed him passionately. Almost as long as the last time.



Megan desired moment of intimacy with Fred



Megan tries on Agent Voight's wedding dress

- "I think you can go put the dress away in the closet. We mustn't damage it. We have a rehearsal tomorrow. You remember we already talked about having a simple wedding, since we only have a few family members to gather."
- "You're right."

Megan quickly swept the room. But where was the closet? Phew, she saw another door to the side. Would it lead to the closet or the bathroom? Fred didn't comment as she approached the door. Megan opened it and was relieved to see that it was indeed a closet.

### 038

Megan closed the door behind her, finding herself alone in the closet. Agent Voight had a huge closet, overflowing with all sorts of clothes. Overall, Megan thought she had good taste. She took off the dress and amused herself by trying on several. There were also a great many shoes, of all kinds. But lots of high heels, stilettos, and a pair of sneakers. She found few pants or jeans. Angelina Voight was very feminine in her style. She even found some cosplay costumes. Presumably, some naughty activities between her and Fred.

In her desire to seduce him as much as possible, she said that this outfit would boost Fred's libido for tonight. In the end, she preferred to keep it simple. The cosplay outfit would surprise Fred. Why would Angelina try to seduce Fred after wearing this wedding dress? To thank him? No, that's too risky. Let's keep it simple, as she had planned. She put on a black blouse and looked at herself in the mirror. Megan mimed a kiss in the mirror; the reflection of Agent Voight giving this virtual kiss made her laugh.

- "Let's go fulfill our future marital duty!"

### 039

Back in the bedroom, Megan wondered about the silence. Silence? Not quite; she recognized a soft snore.

- "Damn! He's fallen asleep."

She approached him gently, leaning towards him, ready to wake him. Her hand was a centimeter from his cheek when she changed her mind. She began to yawn.

- "Yes, it's been a long day! Maybe during the night or tomorrow morning, we'll have some time to ourselves."

Megan turned off the bedside lamp next to Fred and kissed him on the forehead.

- "Goodnight, my love. I hope you'll discover what it's like to make love with the famous Megan."

Aware that she was taking a risk by speaking aloud, but reassured by Fred's steady snoring, she snuggled under the covers next to him. She saw a science fiction novel on the nightstand. A bookmark indicated she was halfway through. Switching bodies would have seemed like science fiction to her too, until today. Then she wondered where Agent Voight could be at this hour? Maybe she could call Zoe? The problem was, she didn't know Agent Voight's phone PIN, and Megan hadn't seen a landline between the front door and the bedroom. She turned off her bedside lamp. Her first night in Angelina Voight's body was about to begin.



In the closet, Megan discovers her new wardrobe.



Megan's first innocent night at Agent Voight's

Angelina and Megan entered through a door or sign marked "Danger. Authorized Personnel Only." Zoe remained motionless, staring at Angelina.

- "Are you going to check?"

Angelina was taken aback. She was close to the bomb, and although the room wasn't very large, she didn't know its exact location. What could she do?

- "Wait, I thought I heard something."

Angelina put her finger to Zoe's mouth to signal her to keep quiet. Zoe retorted, pushing her hand away and pointing toward the last cabinet:

- "Seriously, you're the one being paranoid!"

Zoe opened the cabinet door, then the metal box inside.

- "See! It's still there!"

The bomb was there! The countdown continued as normal. Angelina recognized the type of bomb; she would be able to disarm it quickly. Angelina gave Zoé a huge smile.

- "Thank you, Zoé. That's all I needed to know!"

Angelina approached the bomb and carefully began exposing all the wires. She could feel how they were connected. This confirmed the type of device. Zoé watched her, intrigued. Angelina took out a switchblade, opened it, and began cutting several colored wires. Zoé, surprised, said,

- "What are you doing?"
- "I'm disarming this thing!"
- "But why? It's your masterpiece, you don't want to see it fully realized!"
- "And cause so many deaths? Never."

Zoé tried to stop her, but Angelina shoved her violently against the wall.

- "Stay seated! I'll deal with you later."

Zoé looked saddened at first. Megan had never treated her like this. Zoé knew Megan could be very violent, but never in their entire relationship had she laid a hand on her. Something was wrong.

Once the bomb had been defused, Angelina stood up and let out a huge sigh of relief.

- "Mission accomplished."

Angelina took out some handcuffs and used them on a completely stunned Zoé.

- "You are under arrest."
- "Are you crazy? What's wrong with you? Why are you doing this? Did you get bought off by the cops?"

Zoé and Angelina heard police officers arriving in the distance. Angelina had managed to send a text message as she exited the subway without Zoé seeing her. Several officers entered the room and immediately seized Megan.

- "Put her in the lock! I'll question her later."

Zoé didn't have time to say a word before two police officers took her away and put her in a patrol car.

After a rather rough search by a policewoman, Zoé's rights were read to her. She was then placed in a small cell furnished only with a bed. Zoé sat on the bed and thought back to what had just happened.



Agent Voight manages to defuse the bomb right in front of Zoé.



Zoé in prison

Why would Megan have betrayed us? No amount of money, no threat could have made her change her plans. Brainwashing? No, it's just an act. Yet, Zoé had found Megan's behavior completely different the moment the bombshell was dropped.

Agent Angelina Voight entered the room, still wearing Megan's clothes. Angelina smiled broadly:

- "So, comfortable?"
- Zoé almost wanted to cry.
- "Why are you doing this? What happened to you? I don't recognize you anymore."

Angelina leaned down, ran a hand through her hair, and replied:

- "It's simple, my dear. I'm not Megan. I'm Special Agent Angelina Voight of the FBI."
- "What are you talking about? Have you lost your mind?"
- "No! It's the truth! Rather than waste our time interrogating you for hours and risking the bomb exploding, we knew you'd be more cooperative with the Megan who made the bomb."
- "That's impossible!"
- "You're free not to believe me!"
- "Then where is the real Megan?"
- "Don't worry, you'll be with her very soon. You'll be reunited with your beloved Megan."

Zoé was speechless. Yes, the explanation made sense of what she had just experienced. Angelina walked away, happy to have done her duty once again, but even happier to soon be back to her life.

## 042

Angelina longed to get home, back in her own body, and hold Fred close. She had considered calling him about the bomb being defused and Zoé being in jail. But Fred wouldn't have recognized her voice on the phone. No matter, it was only a matter of hours before she could return to a normal life. A police officer dropped her off at Mercy Hospital. She walked briskly toward the wing where the old maternity ward had been located.

In the corridor, Angelina seemed surprised to find no one there. The wing was practically deserted, but a police officer must be standing guard outside the door. She ran as fast as she could into the operating room.

Deserted, the room was deserted. Dr. Jeremy Walsh wasn't there, nor was the police officer who was supposed to be watching over her body. The operating table where Megan had been in her body was empty. Megan was gone. She felt nauseous when she saw that even her clothes were gone. Megan had fled and was almost certainly using her identity.

She immediately thought of her husband, Fred. Of course, the wedding rehearsal. If Megan had managed to impersonate her, then she must have been with Fred at the church where the rehearsal was supposed to take place. She turned around, left the building, and started running toward the church, which was two blocks away. She was smart enough to avoid the police. After all, few people had been let in on the secret, and she was in the body of one of the most wanted women in the country. And given her criminal record, she doubted people would be kind to her if they recognized her.



Agent Voigt discovers Megan's disappearance  
043

The morning passed very quickly. Fred didn't wake up during the night, so Megan had no chance to try the experiment. She heard the alarm and initially thought it was for Fred. It took her a little while to get her bearings and remember the situation she was in. She had been in Angelina Voight's body for less than 24 hours. She wondered where Agent Voight had spent the night.

Fred got up and reminded her that they had an early morning appointment at the church. Several of their friends were probably already there. He let her wake up and quickly go put on her costume. Megan headed for the bathroom. She had time to look around the house, identifying each room. She quickly found the bathroom. She had the presence of mind to grab the wedding dress she had left in the closet. She put on the dress, did her makeup, gave herself a final smile in the mirror, and joined Fred, who was waiting for her by the car.

When she arrived at the church, the hall was packed. All the guests gazed at her and showered her with compliments. Despite the completely incongruous situation, she felt herself blushing with every compliment. But deep down, she knew they weren't meant for her. They were for Agent Voight.

Fred was talking to a priest when he turned to Megan and couldn't help but smile. The priest whispered something in her ear. When she got closer to him, Megan thought she heard his reply.

- "Yes, I know, Father."

Megan knew this situation was strange. She didn't believe in marriage; she even wondered if she believed in love. Her relationships with men had been nothing but casual sex. She always found it enjoyable. She had a certain sexual appetite, which she managed to suppress through her activities and with time. She and Zoé had already gone through that stage. The experience was entirely different. More sensitive, a deeper understanding of one another. At that moment, she missed Zoé.

As the priest began the rehearsal, the large entrance door of the church made a tremendous crash. A shout rang out:

- "Stop!"

Fred and Megan turned and saw a woman walking towards them.

- "Stop the ceremony. This woman isn't who she claims to be!"

## 044

Angelina approached the altar where Fred and Megan were gathered. She couldn't help but be astonished to see herself standing in front. Like a distorted mirror no longer trying to reflect her movements, Megan stood there, Fred holding her in his arms, like a protector. The shock was even greater when she saw her in a wedding dress. In a calmer voice, so as not to frighten the witnesses, she said,

- "Fred, it's me, Angie!"

Fred pretended to think for a moment, then replied,

- "I recognize you. You're Megan. You're the woman my wife is looking for."

- "But I'm your wife!" she replied. "You asked for my hand this morning. You proposed on bended knee... on bended knee, on a floor covered in rose petals..."

- "How do you know that?"



Wedding preparation ceremony interrupted



Agent Voight seeks to catch Megan out

- "Because it was me! We met while you were shopping. Your cart bumped into mine. You apologized profusely. I thought you were charming, calm, and polite."
- "That's impossible! How could it be?"

As Angelina presented damning evidence that gradually proved his identity, Fred's gaze shifted to Megan. Megan's expression changed. First disappointed, then smiling, she replied:

- "Oh, what the hell! I'll have held out as long as I can. Too bad, darling, you could have had a fantastic night last night," looking at Fred.

## 045

Caught off guard, Fred stepped away from Megan. Megan then fled. Her wedding dress slowed her down, but she found the strength and determination to escape. Angelina had managed to grab a gun, which she had left in the hospital's operating room. She pulled out the weapon, which had been hidden behind her back, and pointed it at Angelina. It felt strange to be aiming at her own body. A police officer, alerted by a witness, burst in and, seeing the scene and recognizing Megan, rushed at Angelina to stop her from firing. What would be the point? Angelina realized she could never have killed her, or even wounded her. Killing her would have condemned her to remain forever trapped in Megan's body. The ten-year age difference and her noticeably more attractive figure wouldn't stand a chance against the way people would look at her in the future. And what would Fred think? He certainly loved Angelina for who she was, but wasn't her body also a selling point? She then remembered all the compliments he'd already paid her about her looks.

While the police officer disarmed Angelina, Megan was already outside. No witnesses chased after her, since no one at that moment understood the scene that had just unfolded before their eyes. The police officer thought he was arresting Megan; Fred remained stunned.

- "But it's me, I'm Officer Voight. You're making a grave mistake!"
- "Tell that to me!" replied the police officer. "You'll report this to the station. I have a warrant out for your arrest."
- "Badge number XJ-45125. Call Agent Robert Patrick at the FBI."

While Angelina was still struggling, Jeremy Walsh's voice came through the police officer's walkie-talkie.

- "All officers, orders not to shoot Megan, and to let her go. You are to arrest Officer Angelina Voight!"

The message was repeated several times. Angelina took the opportunity to add:

- "You see! It's not me you're supposed to arrest! Quick, catch her!"

Still hesitating a little to release her, the officer finally obeyed. The order came from the walkie-talkie. It was strange; he didn't understand anything. But he decided to run after her.

## 046

Angelina was out of breath, and the struggle with the police officer had drained her of her last reserves of strength. The officer would be less tired. With any luck, he would eventually catch her. Angela saw the officer return after a few minutes. He had escaped her.

- "Sorry, she's disappeared! I don't know which way she was going. I've received other information. A missing person report has been filed. She won't get far, especially in that dress."



Megan, unmasked, flees



Angelina comforts her fiancé who is struggling to believe the situation

That's what he thought. Angelina knew Megan knew the city like the back of her hand. She'd know how to hide quickly, how to find help. Angelina knew Megan wouldn't go to Zoé. Megan mustn't know Zoé was in prison yet.

Angelina turned around. She'd caught her breath. She saw Fred sitting on a bench not far from her. She walked over to him and sat down next to him.

- "Is it true? Is it really you? How is that possible?"
- "I'll tell you everything as soon as we get home. I promise. But I am your wife, Angelina. That is, if you're still okay with it and ready to forgive me once you know everything."

She took his hands. She shared his sad look:

- "It was supposed to be one of the best days of our lives!"
- "I know. And know that with everything that's happened, I love you, my love."

Fred stared at her. It felt strange to hear her words, spoken in a different voice. He understood better now his wife's attitude yesterday.

## 047

Back home, Angelina and Fred stood in the living room. She knew she had a lot to explain.

- "I'm glad to be home. I'm exhausted, I didn't sleep a wink last night, all I want is to get back to my bed and rest for a few hours before resuming the hunt. But I sense you need an explanation."
- "Yes, I really do. How is this possible?"
- "After Megan's arrest, during her interrogation in her cell, I learned that Megan had detonated an explosive device. Based on the information we gathered, we deduced that this bomb could have caused a massacre. But we didn't know where to find it."
- "A bomb?"
- "Yes, I already told you about his exploits! His threat wasn't to be taken lightly. Just as we were about to begin an interrogation, I was contacted by Jeremy Walsh. He works for the FBI's scientific branch. He explained a body-swap procedure to me. He offered to swap my body with Megan's. By approaching his girlfriend, Zoe, I was able to find the bomb and defuse it in time."
- "And at no point did you think you'd be in danger? That you'd be putting us in danger?" he replied angrily. She had never seen him like this since they'd known each other.
- "Of course I thought about it. It's my job, remember. And besides, if Megan hadn't escaped, I would have had to get my body back sooner. And you would never have known."
- "Saying yes to my proposal that morning meant there were no secrets between us."
- "It's for the good of the country."

Fred thought back to the moments he and Megan had shared in his wife's body.

- "We kissed, I had her wear your dress..."
- "Yes, I recognized the dress. I could have convinced you with that information too."
- "...and we almost..."

Angelina suspected Megan wanted to destroy their marriage. She was well aware of it. But Fred had just said "almost," and she regained her trust in him.



Agent Voight returns home with her convinced fiancé

- "You didn't...?" The words "slept together" were difficult for him to utter.
- "No! But I'll be honest with you. I was tired from my day. I fell asleep. But I understand that she came on to me."
- "I'm sorry, darling, if I hurt you."
- "Look, I'm understanding. I know the value and importance of your work. I know you do it for the good of everyone. You've always been a hero to me."

At these words, Angelina hugged him tightly. Fred, initially embarrassed, took a step back, then accepted the embrace, holding her even tighter. Angelina said to him,

- "I'm exhausted. I'd like to go to sleep."

## 048

Fred and Angelina headed towards the bedroom. Angelina immediately threw herself forward onto the bed. She lay there on her stomach for a few seconds, as if she were talking to herself:

- "I missed this bed! I didn't sleep a wink last night. I was wandering the city streets with Zoé. Until she finally decided to show me where that damn bomb was."
- "You must be exhausted, darling."

Hearing her words, Angelina turned around and slid to the edge of the bed. Fred remained standing in the doorway, still watching her with intrigue, then said:

- "I'm going to sleep on the sofa bed in the living room. You can have the bedroom."

Surprised, Angelina replied,

- "But why? Are you still angry?"
- "No, I'm not angry anymore. I understand his actions. But it would be indecent if I..."

He paused. Angelina lowered her eyes and looked at his body.

- "Yes, I understand. And I could feel what you were feeling earlier. When you held me in your arms."

Fred blushed and immediately replied,

- "I apologize for this uncontrolled reaction. You know I love you, Angie."
- "Yes, I know, and I understand that this body still has an attractive side. A slightly wilder kind of beauty. A few years younger..."

She touched her breasts with her hands and continued,

- "...and a few inches taller."
- "I would never cheat on you, my love."
- "And that's why I trust you completely. And I need you, to find some semblance of normalcy again. Sleeping in this bed alone wouldn't help."

She patted the bed lightly.

- "Listen, I'm not going to change. I'm too exhausted anyway. I just want to sleep for a few hours. I'll stay lying on top of the bed, next to you. And you can stay in the sheets. And then we'll turn off the light."

She looked into his eyes:

- "Please, darling, I need comfort, to find some semblance of normalcy after what I've been through. I promise you that tomorrow, everything will be back to normal."



Agent Voight wants to be supported by her fiancé and to rest

## 049

Megan was resourceful. Near the church, she had a hideout. A discreet apartment, which she had already scouted out. Thanks to the money she earned from her work, she could afford several small hideouts all over the city. If the policeman had held out any longer in pursuit, the next hideout would have been much farther away. And in a wedding dress, she was sure to have spotted it quickly.

The key to the apartment was hidden under a rock near another building. She waited until there was no one else on the remaining stretch of road. Otherwise, how could she justify being in a wedding dress in the middle of the street?

She entered the deserted apartment. A musty smell hit her. She wondered how long it had been since she had set foot in this apartment. Too tired to think about it, she locked the door behind her and collapsed onto the bed without even getting under the covers. She fell asleep very quickly.

## 050

A few hours later, she woke up. She had regained enough energy. She went into the small bathroom and turned on the light above the sink. She jumped when she saw Agent Voight standing there in a wedding dress.

- "Oh yeah, damn, it's me," she laughed to herself. "I'll never get used to it."

Megan knew she was wanted by the police! Well, actually, it was Agent Voight who was wanted by the police. Her face would be recognized soon. She went back into the bedroom and opened a wardrobe full of clothes. She took out a leather dress, white tights, and high heels, then went back into the bathroom. From a dresser drawer, she took out a makeup bag, hair dye, and a box containing contact lenses of different colors. It was the best she could get. She couldn't complete her disguise by going shopping.

Once the red dye was applied, Megan put on her leather dress and tights, then used the bathroom mirror to insert her contact lenses. She would already be more discreet than in her wedding dress. But she had to disappear for a little while. No one knew about this hiding place. Not even Victor, not even Zoé. She would remain discreet for a while, long enough to find a good way to escape, and perhaps even start a new life in this body. She thought of Zoé. She missed her. If she had to leave the city, she would want Zoé to come with her. At the very least, she just wanted to see her one more time. But for now, she needed to rest.

## 051

It was a strange night for Angelina. She woke up early with the feeling that everything had returned to normal. She was in her bedroom, with the familiar music playing from her radio alarm clock. She saw her husband, still asleep. She wondered why he couldn't hear the alarm. She smiled slightly, then her gaze fell on Megan's leather leggings, lying on the floor. And on the floor, her black t-shirt and thigh-high boots. In fact, she was completely naked in bed. She didn't dwell on it, got up, and immediately put on Megan's clothes. The idea of changing had crossed her mind. No, it was pointless. She had to find Megan quickly and get her body back. She had to get back to the hospital.



In her hideout, Megan is on the run, sad



Megan performs a transformation on Agent Voight's body



Megan is looking to start a new life



Proposal for a new transfer to agent Voight

She picked up her phone and saw that someone had tried to reach her. She listened to her voicemail and left for the hospital. The messages were from Jeremy Walsh. He wanted to see her again as soon as possible. She didn't like the tone of his voice.

Fred wasn't awake. Angelina left him a note on the refrigerator door. She promised him that everything would be normal when he returned, and that she had gone to the hospital.

When she arrived at the hospital, Agent Walsh was waiting for her. They quickly went through the usual pleasantries.

- "How are you feeling, Agent Voight? We tried to reach you."
- "Fine. What's going on?"
- "We have two pieces of bad news. We've discovered that the reverse body transfer can't be performed immediately. We're working hard to resolve this issue."

Angelina was shocked and replied,

- "What! But I thought you'd already performed this operation several times!"
- "That's right! In the first direction, we've already done it twice. But yesterday, after the end of a mission, we programmed the first reversal and encountered a blockage. A kind of rejection."

Angelina was stunned.

- "Does that mean I'm going to live with Megan's body until I die?"
- "No! I think I have a solution."

He mustered his courage to continue,

- "The second piece of bad news. We analyzed the bomb you defused yesterday. It turns out that once disassembled, the number of parts compared to the inventory Victor and Megan had doesn't match. We think there's a second bomb!"
- "Oh my God! So this isn't over?"
- "No, it's back to square one."

Angelina lowered her head. Megan, with her body out there, herself trapped inside Megan's body, and this new bomb to find—it was all too much information for her to take in.

- "Like I said, I think I have a solution. You arrested Zoe?"
- "Yes, but you know as well as I do that she'll never betray Megan. Especially since she'll be suspicious of her from now on."
- "Yes, I know. But that's not my idea. To resolve the reverse transfer, the solution would be to use an intermediary. An intermediary body..."

Angelina understood almost immediately:

- "Zoe? You're suggesting I take Zoe's body?"
- "Absolutely, Agent Voight. Zoe would occupy Megan's body. And we could put everything back in order. With Zoe's identity, you could find Megan. The only one who knows where that bomb is."
- "Once again, this is a completely insane plan!"
- "Do you see another solution?"

## 052

An hour later, Angelina was back in her hospital pajamas, waiting for Zoé to arrive unconscious on a stretcher. Walsh, having already initiated the procedure on his computer, approached Zoé and attached the electrodes.



Agent Voight is preparing to assume Zoé's identity

Angelina approached Zoe's body. He touched her face. She was even younger than Megan. She must be about 25, to his knowledge. But unlike Megan, she didn't know much about her. Would she be able to pass herself off as her?

- "Don't worry, Agent Voight. I promise you this will work!"
- "You'd better keep your promise or else..."

Her anger rose a notch. She wanted to hit something. It wasn't in her nature; she didn't recognize herself. Was her body playing out her true self? Walsh asked her to lie down on the nearby operating table.

### 053

Walsh placed the electrodes on her head, then asked her to do her eyes.

- "Keep your eyes tightly closed..."

He was about to continue when Angelina glared at him. She wondered if Megan's gaze would make it more intense.

- "You know the rest."

Angelina closed her eyes and quickly regained that floating sensation. She suddenly thought of Fred. Should she have warned him before agreeing? They had to act fast. He would understand.

- "You can open your eyes."

### 054

Before opening her eyes, Angelina sat up. She saw Megan's body appear before her. Which, in a way, reassured her. Her body was a little smaller. Zoe had been wearing heels when they met. It took Angelina a moment to adjust to her new form. Twenty-five years old, yes, she could feel it, and to rediscover that sensation of lightness, of a body in its prime, in the midst of transformation.

- "Are you okay, Agent Voight?"
- "Please, with what we're going through. Call me Angelina."
- "But Agent Voight, I shouldn't be calling you anymore..."
- "No, Angelina. This situation is pretty crazy. Allow me this brief feeling of normalcy."
- "Okay, Angelina."

Walsh gave her Zoe's clothes. Angelina used the table for support to stay upright. Her head was still spinning. She gradually regained all her senses. She grabbed her clothes and headed towards the bathroom.

### 055

As before, Angelina used the photo for guidance. Putting on Zoé's outfit proved a little tricky. Angelina had never worn fishnet stockings before. While putting them on, she almost tore one. She remembered a conversation she'd had with Fred. Fred was very sensitive to what Angelina wore. He once told her about his preferences, his little fantasies. She wasn't against it; it was all rather innocent. Fred liked Angelina to be as feminine as possible, but he respected her choices regardless. Angelina also really liked looking feminine. She reassured him by saying that she didn't much like wearing pants, or having short or boyish hair.



Body transfer between Agent Voight and Zoe



Agent Voight awakens in Zoe's body



Agent Voight has become Zoe



Agent Voight completes his preparations in Zoe

Fred, being a bit of a geek by nature, confessed that he'd love to see her in cosplay. A Lara Croft outfit had actually been one of her birthday presents. It was a very hot night that day. As she gradually applied her makeup, she wondered how Fred would react if he saw her like this. Zoé was very beautiful. She had a mixed-race look, golden skin. But Angelina had lost out a little. Zoé's breasts didn't reach Megan's, nor her own.

Once the makeup was applied, then the lipstick, she froze in front of the mirror and played with her hair. A habit that Angelina, as Megan, had noticed during their time together.

- "Hi, my name is Zoé."

The illusion seemed to work perfectly. She left the bathroom to join Walsh, who was waiting for her.

## 056

- "That's perfect, Agent... Sorry, Angelina!"
- "Let's get this over with as quickly as possible, please."
- "I understand. We think Zoé has been or will be contacted by Megan. Megan must be very disoriented. Judging by her personality, she's someone who doesn't like being alone."
- "Yes, I noted that detail. She's always been in a relationship. With a man or a woman. But Zoé was the most recent. I even think Zoé broke a record."
- "I suggest we go back to the bar where you met Zoé yesterday. We know Victor is there right now. Perhaps he's received messages from Megan? Perhaps he knows where she is?"
- "Yes, that's quite possible. I don't know Zoé very well. I learned a couple of things yesterday while walking with her. I noticed a few of her mannerisms that I could easily have copied."
- "I wish you good luck, Angelina."

## 057

Angelina went to the bar. Once inside, she didn't elicit the same reaction from the customers as when she had Megan's body. Zoé was still very beautiful, but had a less rebellious, more discreet, less provocative side. It must be said that the heels of Megan's thigh-high boots made her footsteps quite audible. Angelina saw Victor in the distance. She nodded to him and went to join him at the bar.

- "So, my dear. Where have you been? The cops found the bomb."

Angelina had to feign surprise.

- "Oh yeah, sorry! It's crawling with cops everywhere."
- "Yeah! Megan must have gone into hiding. She texted me 5 minutes ago. I tried calling her, but she won't answer. But strangely, she only replies by text."

Angelina suspected that if Megan answered, Victor would be surprised to recognize the voice of Agent Voight, who had questioned her yesterday.

- "Yeah, it's weird! Is she okay?"
- "Yes, she's fine. But she says she wants to lay low for a while!"
- "Oh! And she didn't mention me?"
- "Yes, she tried to reach you! But you didn't answer."



Agent Voight Debrief



Agent Voight, in Zoe's body, meets Victor at the bar

Damn, she'd forgotten Zoé's phone. Anyway, it's locked with a PIN. It wouldn't have been hard to crack, but it would have taken too long.

Victor continued:

- "She wants to see you. She's meeting you at a subway station."

Angelina smiled again.

- "Ah, perfect!"
- "On the other hand, she told me she'd be hard to recognize."
- "Really? Why?" she asked innocently.
- "Damn! Maybe the cops caught her and beat her up."
- "I'll make them pay!"

Victor shared the information and gave her Megan's new number. Most likely a prepaid one. In these kinds of gangs, they usually have spare phones for this kind of situation. Angelina said goodbye to Victor and left the bar, heading for the subway.

## 058

Once Angelina arrived at the station indicated by Victor, she sent Megan a text message:

"It's Zoé, I just saw Victor, I'm at Auber station. Where can I find you? I miss you."

Angelina paced the platform. She walked back and forth, waiting for a reply. She was going to have to play it close to the vest. She had to remember that she had become Zoé. And above all, she would have to feign surprise when she was face to face with her body. Zoé wasn't supposed to know that Megan was in Angelina's body. That's why she told Victor that she would be hard to recognize and that she hadn't dared speak to him with her new voice.

After 15 minutes, a crowd began to appear at the station. Rush hour. She was jostled several times. She even felt as if she were being undressed by a man sitting down.

- "You want my picture, dick?"

He was so surprised he didn't answer and looked away. Angelina, however, still felt like she was being watched. Her phone vibrated, another message:

"Take the next train."

Sure, a subway train arrived at the platform. Angelina boarded. Not knowing exactly which station to get off at, she preferred to remain standing, in case she needed to get off quickly, so she stayed near the doors. She heard the sound of heels behind her. Then she recognized her own voice saying:

- "How's it going, my little rebel?"

Angelina turned around immediately and took a step back. The surprise of finding herself face to face with herself, albeit with a few differences, was genuine. Megan had dyed her hair red and was wearing a copper dress and white tights.

- "Agent Voight? Are you following me?"
- "No, it's me! Megan."
- "What are you singing to me?"
- "Who else would call my little rebel? Who else would know you don't like anchovies on pizza? And who else would know you always shed a tear after an orgasm?"

Angelina must have blushed.

- "Megan? Is that really you? How is that possible?"
- "Sit down, I'll tell you."



Meet me on a subway

Megan pointed to the most secluded seat in the train car. Luckily, the crowds had begun to disperse. The car was almost empty.

059

Angelina feigned surprise and stared at Megan.

- "You became Agent Voight? But how..."
- "It sounds crazy, I know, but it's true. I was arrested by the police shortly after I left you. They interrogated me in jail. But I didn't give in, as you can imagine."
- "Yeah, you're a tough cookie."
- "Then, a police officer came into the cell and injected me with something. Then I fell asleep. When I woke up, I was surprised to see Agent Voight's face in the mirror."
- "What did you do next?"
- "I was strangely alone in an operating room. I guess they didn't expect me to wake up right away!"

Megan paused and glanced around the car, as new passengers had gotten in. After scrutinizing them all, she continued her explanation:

- "It took me a while to get used to this body, this voice. I found her clothes on a chair and changed. I impersonated her!"
- "What? You spent all that time in Agent Voight's body?"
- "Yes, it was fun! Imagine, I was able to wander freely around the FBI offices. My picture was plastered all over the walls! So funny!"
- "Oh yeah, that must have been epic! And what did you do next?"
- "I found her office." She pointed to her body.
- "I was able to destroy everything she had on me! I thought it was a wonderful opportunity to start a new life!"
- "You spent all that time in the office?"
- "Of course not! I found out Agent Voight just got engaged. So I thought it would be sweet revenge. If she stole my body, then I was going to have some fun with her husband."

A lightbulb went off in Angelina's head; Zoe would probably be jealous. Angelina grimaced.

- "You slept with her husband?" she asked angrily.
- "It almost happened! But that jerk fell asleep."

Angelina let out a huge sigh of relief.

- "Aren't you a little jealous, sweetie?"
- "Of course I am."
- "Don't worry, nothing happened. But the next day, I kept impersonating her for the wedding rehearsal. It was fun! I never imagined I'd get married."
- "But what was your plan?"
- "I don't know. Maybe she'd run off on her honeymoon with her husband?"
- "And you would have abandoned me? I don't matter to you?" Angelina was proud of this impromptu reply.
- "Of course not, I could never have gone through with it. I missed you so much."



Agent Voight, in Zoe's body, finds Megan, still inside her body.

Angelina continued to watch her as she told her story. For the moment, everything was going well; Megan seemed completely unsuspecting.

- "I propose we run away together. With this body, I can still go unnoticed for a while. I'll make a few adjustments, but do you think you'll be able to accept me like this?"

Angelina found herself facing a strange question. She was going to have to compliment herself.

- "I'll follow you anywhere."
- "But before we go, we have one last job to do. Perfect, this is the station I wanted to go to with you."

Angelina wanted her to mention the second bombshell. Not knowing if Zoé was supposed to know, she preferred to remain silent. Megan began kissing her passionately. Angelina was taken aback; it was the first time she had ever kissed a woman. She must have quickly come across as enjoying it.

Megan stepped back and looked at her curiously. Angelina wondered if she had suspected something. Megan smiled:

- "I really missed you, my little rebel."

They got off the subway.

## 060

Megan had indeed targeted another important subway station exit. This extremely busy area was a prime target. Megan led Angelina into a room in a subway corridor. Angelina made it her duty to approach the head of security for the transportation network. These rooms are neither locked nor monitored. In fact, just like the previous subway room, there were no cameras. Yet these electrical installations are highly potential targets.

Megan opened a locker, then a metal box revealing a bomb even larger than the previous one.

- "You see, Victor and I had this Plan B. If the first bomb had failed, we had this backup plan that only Victor and I knew about. I came to detonate the bomb as soon as my escape plans with Fred were thwarted."
- "I see! You really thought you were going to start a life with him?"
- "No, that's just a figure of speech. I would have used him to learn more about Agent Voight. It would have helped me take his place more easily."

Angelina flew into a rage at this revelation, shoved Megan violently, and pulled her away from the bomb. Just like the first time, she knew the device's weaknesses. It took her less time to defuse it. Two severed wires would be enough. Megan, surprised by her girlfriend's action, asked her,

- "But what are you doing?"
- "I'm preventing a catastrophe from happening. And I'm putting an end to your evil plans, once and for all!"

Angelina's tone had changed drastically; Megan didn't recognize her.

## 061

The bomb defused, Angelina removed the handcuffs, and Angelina pushed Megan towards the exit, then returned to the platform where 2 police officers were waiting.



Agent Voight defuses the second bomb before Megan's astonished eyes.



Megan's arrest

- “But I don’t understand what... Agent Voight?” Megan asked, looking at Zoe.

Angelina gave her a huge smile as she replied.

- “That’s right, my pretty. You’re under arrest.”

Angelina immediately proceeded to read her rights.

- “You have something that belongs to me.”

At that, Angelina touched a clump of Megan’s red hair, adding,

- “And this... We’ll quickly put this in order.”
- “You dirty bitch! What have you done with Zoe?”
- “She’s fast asleep inside your carcass. And this time, two officers are with her and have been briefed. She has no chance of escaping. So good news for you, you’ll be joining her very soon.”

## 062

Twenty minutes later, Megan was fuming behind bars. Angelina, still in Zoe's body, was gloating over her.

- “I hope you enjoyed your newfound freedom, my dear Megan. Although I admit I found only partial pleasure in borrowing your body. But mine suited me perfectly. I have a wedding to plan. We'll soon forget you.”

Megan gave her the middle finger.

- “Give your dear husband a big kiss from me. I will forever remember our night of love that we...”
- “Don't bother. We confessed everything and forgave each other everything. He told me he fell asleep before you two consummated your relationship. You yourself confirmed it to Zoe.”

Megan raged once more.

- “Oh, by the way! You might feel a little groggy in a few minutes. We’ve taken the precaution of secretly injecting you with a mild tranquilizer to keep you calm during the operation.”

## 063

Back in the operating room, Angelina was surprised to see her husband. He gave her a big smile as he approached her.

- “Angie?”

He was understandably bewildered to see her in this state.

- “How are you, darling? I heard you finally managed to get it under control?”
- “Yes, it’s over, my love. Everything can go back to normal.”

Fred managed to suppress the urge to kiss her, giving her a simple peck on the forehead. Laughing, he said,

- “I’m taking advantage of you being shorter than me for once.”

Angelina laughed and replied,

- “I love you, darling.”

For Fred, it was the third time he’d spoken those words. Deep down, he wished to hear those 3 words only from the voice of the woman he loved.



Megan in prison



Agent Voight supported by her fiancé

## 064

Fred left the room. Walsh had already brought Megan into the operating room on a stretcher. Angelina reflected that this was the last time she would be able to contemplate her body so much from the outside; she seemed so peaceful. As if she were an astral body floating above her own. Angelina then lay down on the table next to Megan and silently said goodbye to Zoe's body. Being in the body of a 25-year-old hadn't been so unpleasant. Angelina had already closed her eyes before Walsh gave the order.

## 065

Angelina eagerly awaited Walsh's voice. She hoped the reverse process would work. She hoped she could finally have her body back, her husband, her life.

- "You can open your eyes!"

The fog lifted faster than the previous two times. Angelina would get her bearings much more quickly. She looked at Walsh with a wide smile.

- "Did it work?"

Angelina didn't dare look at her hands. She was still clearly wearing those hospital pajamas.

- "See for yourself," Walsh replied, pointing to the table where Zoe lay.

Megan was now sleeping peacefully in Zoe's body.

- "We've also sedated her. That will help us move her to her cell."

Angelina approached the operating room mirror. She moved slowly, afraid of the reflection she would see. But given the circumstances, there was no doubt she had regained her body. Besides, the slight itch on her hand reminded her of its presence. Never had she been so happy to have been bitten by a mosquito. She leaned over the mirror and looked at her hair, thinking:

- "First step: let's get rid of this awful color that definitely doesn't suit me."

## 066

Walsh let Angelina change in the bathroom. He had the presence of mind to hand her a hair bleaching product.

- "I think this will be useful, Angelina."
- "Thank you, Jeremy. Yes, I'll go right now and remove this horrible color."
- "It suits you, though!"
- "That's very kind of you, but I'm determined to erase every trace of this affair. I have a lot of catching up to do in my personal life. God, the harm Megan caused while she was inside me."

## 067

Walsh returned to his computer for the next programming task. Meanwhile, a nurse brought Zoé, who was still inside Megan's body, onto a stretcher.



Transfer between Megan in Angelina's body and Angelina in Zoe's body



Agent Voight finally gets his body back



Agent Voight gets his hair color back

Zoe would never wake up in Megan's body. Walsh had taken better precautions to prevent another escape. He initiated the switch procedure between Zoe and Megan so they would return to their respective bodies. They continued to sleep until they were back in their cells.

## 068

Angelina had never spent so much time in a bathroom. She had taken her time, perfecting every detail of her appearance. The bleaching product had worked well and hadn't damaged her hair. Her hair regained its original color and shine. She could finally recognize herself in the mirror. She redid her makeup. Having been in Megan and Zoe's bodies had given her the urge to try something new. Then she finally backed away. No, she longed too much to be the real Angelina Voight again. Her husband had the presence of mind to bring her clean clothes. Unsurprisingly, he had brought her her favorite leather skirt. Once ready, she left the bathroom and said goodbye to Walsh.

- "You'll understand that I'm going back upstairs so this experiment can end?"
- "Yes, I imagine so. We intended to set things right with the other patients. We collected enough data. We hope to perhaps deduce things about the human psyche. On that subject, I'd like to see you again for a psychological evaluation. I'd like to know what you felt during those stays in those other bodies. By using an intermediary, we were also able to restore the other candidates. Thanks to you, you were the first!"
- "And the last. I wish you all the best, Jeremy. But for my sake, stop playing around."
- "I promise."

With that, Angelina left the operating room and headed for the police station where Megan and Zoé were being held. They were, of course, awake. Zoé still seemed lost and disoriented, sitting on the bed at the back of the cell, neither moving nor speaking. Megan, on the other hand, was furious.

- "Agent Voight! It's so good to see you again!"
- "The pleasure is far from being reciprocated, Megan."
- "Happy to have your old, scrawny little body back, with its unperky breasts?"
- "Yes, absolutely happy, to be free, and to be back with the man I love, and to be able to keep putting scum like you in jail."

Angelina turned on her heel without hearing or waiting for any reaction.

- "We met again, Voight! These bars won't keep me here much longer," Megan said, laughing.



Transfer between Megan in Zoe's body and Zoe in Megan's body



Megan and Zoe in prison

Two weeks after these events, Angelina Voight was finally able to marry Fred. Long conversations between Fred and Angelina followed. They considered couples therapy. Fred had to make a great effort to demonstrate how much he loved Angelina.

Angelina had only slight doubts about her husband's fidelity. After all, it was a good test of fidelity. If Fred had given in to Megan that night, could Angelina have forgiven him? He would have slept with his worst enemy, his nemesis. But in her defense, Angelina knew Megan was very intelligent and very persuasive. She had met Agent Robert Patrick, who reminded her of a conversation Angelina didn't remember. It was when Megan had managed to infiltrate the FBI offices.

But today was a big day. Angelina and Fred's real wedding. This whole affair ultimately only strengthened their bond, their love.

### **THE END**

This story is loosely based on the film *Face/Off* by John Woo and the episode "Who Am I?" from the television series *The Avengers* (Steed and Mrs. Avengers).

The characters in the story are portrayed by actresses Angelina Jolie, Megan Fox, and Zoë Kravitz. All images are produced by Sora of Chat GPT.

Fred