

The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

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Chapter 10

The harsh LA sunlight filtering through my blinds drags me kicking and screaming from the depths of sleep. My head pounds with a dull, rhythmic ache – not a hangover, strangely enough, but the phantom echo of one, maybe? Or just the psychic residue of the absolute clusterfuck that was last night. I groan, rolling over, burying my face in the pillow.

The artifact club. Jesus. It feels like a fever dream now. Meeting other wielders, seeing their powers – Li's race-shifting locket, Mike's mind-reading implant, Noah's insane shapeshifting (Margot Robbie with G-cups and a horse cock? Seriously?). It was exhilarating, terrifying, like stepping through a hidden door into a reality operating on cheat codes. And then Bill. God, Bill. His calm, dad-like demeanor peeling back to reveal the zealous leader, the warnings about the First Artifact, the fucking *bounty*. My blood runs cold just thinking about it. They're hunting for the device. For *me*. The weight of the Swapper, currently tucked safely in my nightstand drawer, suddenly feels like a lead brick.

Then there was Lila. Swapping bodies. Fucking in her skin while she fucked me with mine. The memory hits me with the force of a physical blow – the disorientation, the sheer, mind-bending eroticism of it. And that feeling... that undeniable preference for receiving, for being the girl... it lingers, unsettling and persistent, a truth I'd rather ignore but can't quite shake. We almost got caught by Bill, too. The panic, the mad dash out, pretending to be each other... followed by swapping my drunkenness onto that poor random dude on the street.

"You're getting way too comfortable playing God, you know that?" Lila's words echo in my head. Am I? Maybe. The ease with which I just... fixed the DUI problem, the casual disregard for the consequence I'd inflicted on someone else... it felt good. Too good. Like finally understanding how the game is played, realizing I hold the ultimate trump card. It's intoxicating. Addictive.

I force myself out of bed, legs tangled in the sheets. Need coffee. Need to function. Need to pretend last night was just a weird dream, even though the device humming faintly in my drawer proves otherwise.

Downstairs, the smell of burnt toast hangs heavy in the air. Mom's at the stove, scraping furiously at a blackened slice, while my sister, Cindy, sits at the kitchen table scrolling through her phone, looking bored.

"Morning, sunshine," Mom greets without looking up, her voice tight with toast-induced frustration. "Sleep okay?"

"Yeah, fine," I mumble, heading straight for the coffee maker.

Cindy glances up, gives me a noncommittal grunt, then goes back to her phone. My eyes snag on her chest – or rather, the lack thereof. Still Emma's flat A-cups, a souvenir from that ill-fated attempt weeks ago to give Emma bigger boobs by swapping with Cindy. Emma, thankfully, also has no clue her original chest is currently residing on my sister. The casual body-part shuffling my life now involves is getting ridiculous.

I pour myself a mug of coffee, leaning against the counter, trying to shake off the lingering weirdness of last night. The domestic normalcy feels jarring, like watching a sitcom on mute while a thriller movie soundtrack plays in my head.

"Big plans today?" Mom asks, finally abandoning the burnt offering and reaching for a fresh slice.

"Just work," I sigh. "The usual café grind."

"Sounds thrilling." Cindy mutters sarcastically from behind her phone.

I ignore her, downing half the coffee in one go. The caffeine hits, sharpening the edges of my thoughts, bringing last night's anxieties back into focus. The bounty. Bill's suspicion. Lila. Emma. I need to compartmentalize. Work first, existential artifact crisis later.

Back upstairs, I shower quickly, letting the hot water pound against my skull. Get dressed – barista uniform, black apron. Then, the ritual. I open the nightstand drawer, pick up the Swapper. It feels cool and heavy in my palm, pulsing with that faint, familiar energy. A tool. A weapon. A key to unlocking... everything. I slip it into my jeans pocket. Can't leave home without it.

Driving to work, the city feels different. Every face in the cars around me, every pedestrian on the sidewalk – are they just normal people? Or could they be wielders? Could they know about the bounty? The paranoia is a low hum beneath the surface, making me jumpy. I park at work, get out, and start walking into the cafe.

My phone buzzes. A text from Lila.

Lila: Hey stranger. Survived the night? ;)

I smile faintly.

Me: Barely. You?

Lila: Please. I thrive on chaos. Last night was... fun. Especially the ending.

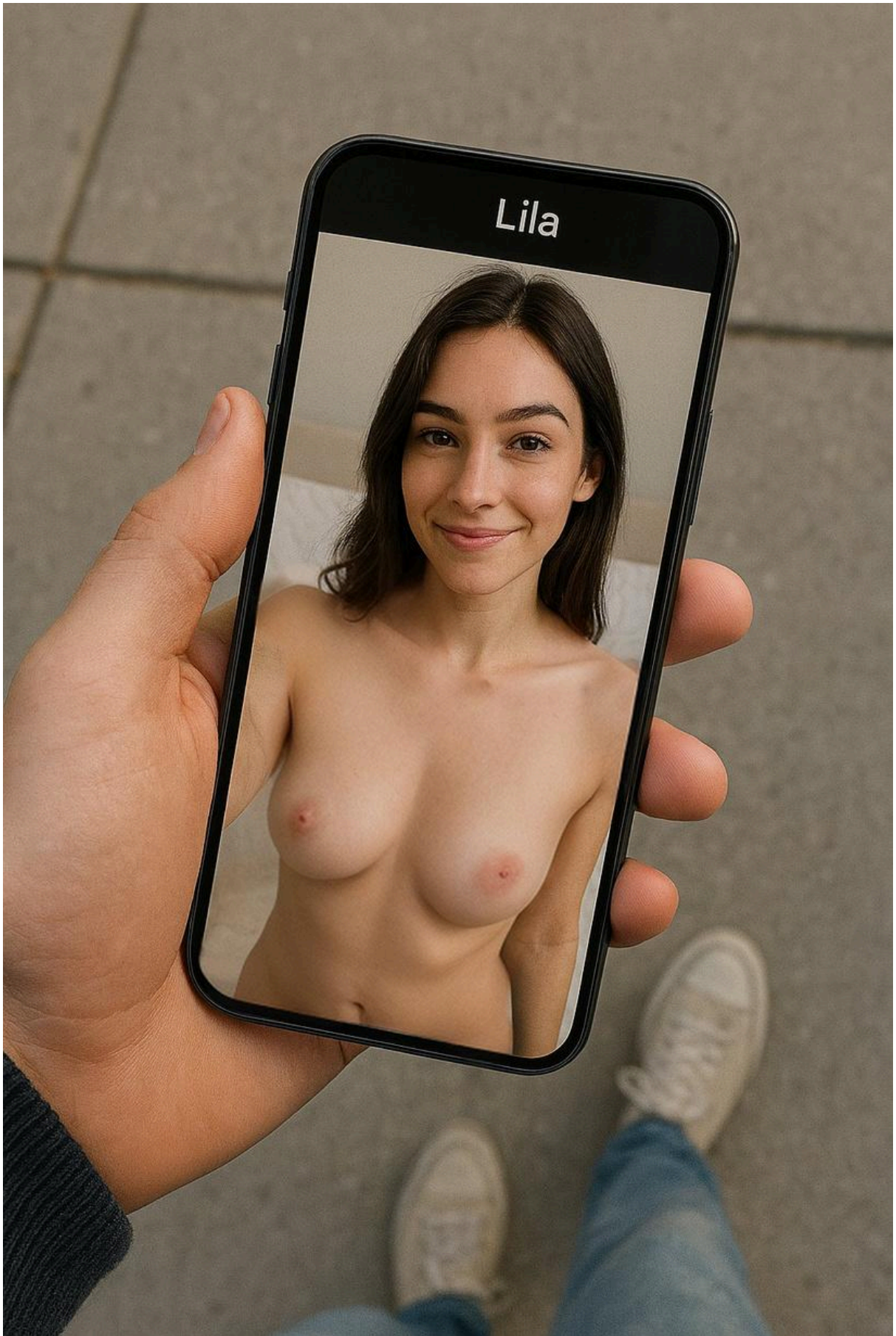
My stomach clenches, a weird mix of heat and anxiety.

Lila: Seriously though, stay low. Don't draw attention. Let me poke around, see what I can find out about Bill and this bounty bullshit.

Me: Okay. Thanks, Lila.

Lila: Anytime, Swapper.

Then, another message pops up. It's a picture. A selfie. Lila, lying on her bed, looking directly into the camera with sultry eyes, completely topless. Her C-cups look fantastic, nipples dark and puckered.



Below the image, another text:

Lila: Thinking about you... and what else that little device of yours can do. 😊 My place, after work? Let's get weird again. Maybe swap just my tits onto you this time? Or you can try on my ass? Endless possibilities...

Fuck. My cock stirs instantly. The image, the suggestion... it's incredibly tempting. The memory of being in her body, the raw intensity... I want more. I want to explore that feeling, that power dynamic. My thumb hovers over the reply button, ready to type YES.

But then, another buzz. A different notification. Emma.

Emma ❤️: Hey! Free for dinner tonight? Thinking maybe that Italian place we like? Let me know! xx

Guilt slams into me, cold and sharp. Emma. Sweet, unsuspecting Emma. Who thinks I'm just her normal barista boyfriend. Who has no idea I swapped bodies with another girl last night, or that her own chest isn't originally hers, or that my sister is currently wearing her old boobs. God, this is a mess.

Dinner with Emma feels... safe. Normal. A tether to the life I had before artifacts blew it all up. But Lila... Lila represents the thrill, the danger, the intoxicating power of this new reality.

I toss the phone onto the passenger seat, ignoring both messages for now. Too much. Need to focus on pouring overpriced coffee and pretending my life isn't imploding.

The café is bustling, the usual mid-morning rush. The repetitive motions are almost meditative – grinding beans, tamping espresso, steaming milk, calling out names. Karen wants her soy latte extra hot, no foam. Chad needs his iced caramel macchiato with exactly three pumps of vanilla. A gaggle of teenagers orders elaborate Frappuccinos that take forever to make. It's mind-numbing, but blessedly distracting. The artifact hums in my pocket, a silent promise, but for now, it stays quiet.

I handle a minor crisis when the espresso machine decides to sputter and die, requiring a frantic ten minutes of coaxing and muttered curses before it springs back to life. I deal with a customer complaining that his muffin isn't 'artisanal' enough. I wipe down sticky tables, restock napkins, force smiles. Normalcy. I cling to it.

Around eleven, the rush starts to die down. I'm wiping down the counter when the bell above the door jingles, and I look up.

Emma.

My heart does a weird jump-kick thing in my chest. Surprise, guilt, and genuine affection swirl together. She looks bright and lovely, sunlight catching the blonde highlights in her hair. She's wearing a simple sundress, and Cindy's C-cups fill it out nicely, undeniably drawing the eye.

"Hey!" she says, beaming, walking straight up to the counter. "Surprise!"

"Hey, you," I manage, leaning over the counter as she leans in, pressing a soft, quick kiss to my lips. It feels... nice. Familiar. Grounding. "What are you doing here?"

"Had a class cancel last minute, thought I'd pop by and see my favorite barista," she says playfully, her eyes sparkling. "Plus, I need caffeine. Desperately."

"Coming right up." I turn to the register, trying to act normal. "Usual?"

"Please." She pulls out her wallet, but I wave it away.

"On the house."

"James, you don't have to..."

"Consider it a pre-dinner treat," I say, forcing a smile, remembering her text. "About that... yeah, dinner sounds great. Italian place is perfect." Maybe the guilt *is* talking. Maybe leaning into normalcy with Emma is the antidote to the chaos Lila represents. Maybe I can keep these worlds separate.

"Awesome!" Her smile widens. "Seven okay?"

"Perfect." I turn to make her latte, my hands moving on autopilot. I feel her eyes on me as I work, a warm, steady gaze. When I turn back, sliding the finished drink across the counter, I meet her eyes. She looks happy. Content. Completely unaware.

And yet... as I look at her, really look at her, a strange thought worms its way into my brain. She's beautiful, yeah. Sweet, funny, kind. But... compared to the whirlwind of last night, compared to Lila's sharp edges and knowing glances, Emma feels... plain. Simple. Safe, yes, but maybe... boring? Apart from the swapped C-cups, which are undeniably fantastic, her figure is just... average. Slim but not toned, decent legs but nothing spectacular, an okay ass hidden under the sundress.

The thought shocks me. When did I become this jaded? This critical? Is this the device? Is this *me* now?

Emma takes a sip of her latte, sighing happily. “Perfect, as always. Thanks, James.” She gestures to a small table in the corner. “Mind if I hang out here for a bit? Got some reading to do.”

“Yeah, sure, no problem,” I say, forcing another smile. “Make yourself comfortable.”

She gives me one last warm look before heading to the table, pulling out a textbook and settling in. I watch her go, the Swapper heavy in my pocket.

Plain. The word echoes. Why settle for plain when I have the power to perfect? The thought blooms, insidious and exciting. Lila wanted me to get weird with the device, to explore its possibilities. Who says that exploration has to be limited to *her*? Emma will never know. I can make subtle changes, improvements. Make her... better. Sexier. More exciting. For *me*.

It’s not like cheating, I rationalize. Not really. I’m not sleeping with someone else. I’m just... upgrading the current model. Enhancing the experience. She benefits too, right? She gets to be hotter. It’s a win-win. The slippery slope of justification feels greased and ready. If I can have fun with Lila, why not have fun *with* Emma, even if she’s an unwitting participant? I don’t need Lila to play God. I can do it right here, right now.

My eyes scan the remaining customers trickling through the line. My gaze lands on a woman waiting to order. She’s pear-shaped, heavy on the bottom, but holy shit, her legs. Her thighs, visible beneath her skirt, are incredible – thick, strong, perfectly curved. Like a dancer’s, maybe? Or just blessed genetics. They’re arguably the sexiest legs I’ve ever seen. Emma’s legs are... fine. But these? These are art.

The impulse hits me, sudden and sharp. Swap.

Device out. Target Emma, sitting obliviously in the corner, sipping her latte. Target Legs Woman in line. Trait: “Lower Body (Pelvis Down).” Fingers hover over the button. A flicker of doubt – what happens to Legs Woman? She gets Emma’s average lower half. Is that fair? The rationalization kicks in again: Maybe she hates her legs. Maybe she wants to be slimmer down there. I’m doing her a favor! Besides, Emma’s happiness is more important. And Emma being hotter makes *me* happier. It makes sense. Sort of.

Click. Zzzztttt.

I watch Emma intently. Does she feel anything? A slight shift in her seat, maybe a frown as she adjusts her skirt? Nothing obvious. But I *imagine* it. Beneath the table, beneath the sundress, her legs transforming, thickening, gaining that incredible curve, her ass rounding out, becoming fuller, heavier. My cock gives a twitch just thinking about fucking those thighs later tonight.

Then I look at Legs Woman as she steps up to order. Her skirt now hangs slightly differently, looser around the hips and thighs. She looks... disproportionate. Top-heavy, almost. She orders a simple black coffee, pays, and leaves, oblivious. Will I ever see her again? Probably not. Does it matter? No. Emma is hotter. That's what counts. Subtle change. Nobody knows. Perfect.

I get back to work, making another coffee, but my mind is buzzing. The ease of it, the instant gratification. I glance back at Emma. She's engrossed in her book. But now, my critical eye catches something else. The swap worked, hypothetically upgrading her lower half, but the rest of her... she's still a little soft around the middle. Not fat, not at all, but not... toned. Not athletic. If I'm going for perfection, why stop at the legs?

Just then, the bell jingles again. A woman walks in, clearly heading for the restroom. She's wearing running gear, sweat glistening on her temples. She's lean, ripped, probably just finished a marathon or something. Defined arms, flat stomach, muscles etched under her skin. Zero body fat.

The idea hits me like lightning. Swap. Muscle definition. Body fat percentage.

Device out again. Target Emma. Target Runner Woman heading to the bathroom. Trait: "Muscle Tone and Body Fat Percentage." Click. Zzzztfff.

Runner Woman disappears into the restroom. Emma doesn't even look up from her book. I can't see any change, obviously. Her sundress hides everything. But I picture it – the slight softness melting away, replaced by lean muscle definition. Abs tightening, arms gaining subtle cuts, legs becoming even more defined beneath the newly acquired curves. She'll still look like Emma, just... optimized. Sharpened. Perfected.

Runner Woman emerges from the restroom a minute later. Does she look different? Maybe slightly softer? Less defined? Hard to tell. She gives me a brief nod as she leaves. Another stranger, unknowingly altered. Maybe she'll appreciate the slight softening, I tell myself. Maybe she was *too* ripped. I improved her life too! Everyone wins. Especially me. I can't wait

to see Emma naked tonight. Cindy's C-cups, Legs Woman's ass and thighs, Runner Woman's lean muscle tone... she's going to be a goddess. My own custom-built goddess.

A wave of satisfaction washes over me. This is power. Real power. Shaping reality to fit my desires.

Emma sighs, stretches, and closes her textbook. She gathers her things and walks towards the counter, a smile on her face. As she walks, I get a clear view of her backside in the sundress. Holy. Shit. Her ass is noticeably rounder, fuller, straining slightly against the fabric. The curve of her thighs is perfection. Combined with the Cindy's tits... wow. Just wow. The physical changes alone are staggering.

"Okay, gotta run," she says, reaching the counter. "Thanks for the coffee, James." Her voice is warm, familiar, pure Emma.

"Anytime," I reply, forcing my eyes up to her face, away from the spectacle of her newly sculpted lower body.

She leans in to kiss me goodbye. Her lips are soft, sweet, just like always. "See you at seven?" she asks.

"Wouldn't miss it," I say, managing a genuine smile this time.

She gives me one last bright smile before turning and walking out, her magnificent new ass swaying subtly with each step. I watch her go, my mind reeling, my cock giving a hard throb against my jeans. Tonight is going to be... visually spectacular, at the very least.

Picking Emma up at seven feels strangely surreal. I pull up to her apartment building, the Mercedes gleaming under the streetlights – still feels weird driving this thing. She emerges a few minutes later, and my breath catches.

Wow. Okay. The physical swaps are... significant. Even under clothes. She's wearing tight black jeans that hug every new curve of her ass and thighs – curves that definitely weren't there last week – and a low-cut, figure-hugging red top that showcases her tits to maximum effect. The overall impression is bombshell. Utterly stunning. The subtle muscle tone I swapped in isn't immediately obvious under the clothes, but there's a new sleekness to her silhouette, a defined edge that wasn't there before.

But her face, her expression, it's pure Emma. Bright smile, maybe a touch shy, her eyes warm and familiar as she spots the car. Just my girlfriend, looking ridiculously, impossibly hot.

She slides into the passenger seat, bringing a wave of her usual light, floral perfume with her. "Hey, you," she says, leaning over for a soft, sweet kiss. Her lips are gentle, hesitant for just a moment before melting against mine. "Ready for some pasta?"

"Uh, yeah," I stammer, slightly thrown by the juxtaposition of her bombshell body and her normal, sweet greeting. "You look... incredible, Emma. Seriously."

A faint blush creeps up her neck, and she ducks her head slightly, smoothing down her top self-consciously. "Oh, thanks," she murmurs. "I felt like dressing up a bit tonight." She glances down at herself, a flicker of pleased surprise in her eyes, like she's noticing how good the outfit looks but isn't quite sure why it works so well. "This top's kinda... revealing, though. Hope it's not too much."

"No, it's... perfect," I assure her, my voice a little rough. Perfect body, same sweet, slightly insecure Emma. The combination is messing with my head in a way I didn't anticipate.

The drive to the restaurant is almost painfully normal. Emma chats about her classes, a funny story about her roommate forgetting her keys again. I try to follow along, nodding and responding, but my eyes keep drifting. The way the tight jeans sculpt her unbelievable ass against the leather seat. The curve of her thigh, now impossibly perfect. The generous swell of her breasts pressing against the red fabric of her top. It's like trying to have a normal conversation with a supermodel who doesn't realize she's a supermodel.

At the restaurant, heads turn. Definitely. And Emma notices this time. I see her blush deepen, see her fidget slightly under the stares. She instinctively tugs at her top, trying to pull the neckline higher, a gesture so typically Emma it makes me ache with a confusing mix of affection and frustration.

"Wow, uh, getting some looks tonight," she whispers as the host leads us to a table, her cheeks flaming.

"It's because you look amazing," I say, meaning it, but also feeling a pang of guilt for putting her in this spotlight, for making her self-conscious with changes she didn't ask for.

Our waiter arrives – same young guy as in the rejected timeline – and yes, his eyes linger on Emma’s chest. She avoids his gaze, orders quickly in a soft voice, clearly uncomfortable with the attention.

Dinner conversation continues its normal path. She talks about wanting to visit her parents next weekend, asks if I’m free. She laughs at one of my dumb jokes, the sound light and genuine. She steals a bite of my pasta, her fork hovering near my mouth with playful hesitation.

And yet, I can’t stop looking. Can’t stop cataloging the perfection I’ve created. Her legs under the table, the hint of defined muscle beneath smooth skin. The way her breasts rest against the edge of the table when she leans forward, full and soft. Her ass when she excused herself to the bathroom, a perfect curve beneath the tight denim. It’s a masterpiece of swapped genetics. My masterpiece.

But there’s a disconnect. My eyes are feasting, my body humming with low-grade arousal just being near her, but my mind... my mind feels strangely detached. I’m appreciating the art, but I’m not fully connecting with the person inhabiting it. Is this what I wanted? A perfect doll who just happens to sound like my girlfriend?

When she reaches across the table to touch my hand, her fingers warm and familiar, her smile genuine, I feel a flicker of the old connection. But it’s overlaid with the knowledge of my manipulation, the artificiality of the perfection I’m admiring.

“You okay, James?” she asks softly, her brow furrowing slightly. “You seem a little quiet tonight.”

“Yeah, just tired,” I lie, forcing a smile. “Long day.”

“Well, let’s finish up,” she says gently. “Maybe we can just relax at your place?”

Relax. Yeah, right. My pulse quickens at the thought.

Back at my place – thankfully, Mom and Cindy are out. Emma turns to me, her eyes soft but carrying a definite spark of anticipation.

“So,” she says, biting her lip slightly, a nervous habit I recognize. “Just relax, huh?”

I step closer, closing the distance between us. “Maybe not just relax,” I murmur, letting my hands rest on her hips, feeling the incredible curve beneath my palms. She shivers slightly at my touch.

She meets my gaze, her breathing quickening. "Okay," she whispers.

I lean down, kissing her gently at first, then deepening it as the sheer physical presence of her overwhelms my conflicting thoughts. Her lips part, welcoming me, her response sweet but increasingly eager. Her hands come up to my chest, then slide around my neck, pulling me closer. She feels incredible – the softness of her breasts pressing against me, the solid curve of her ass fitting perfectly into my hands.

We stumble towards the bedroom, shedding clothes in a trail behind us. Each revealed inch of her perfected body sends a fresh jolt through me. Holy shit, for the first time I'm seeing her muscles. The tight, flat stomach strong abs and a pair of big breasts sitting on top, it's unreal, almost impossible for someone so curvy. Those unbelievable legs, long and sculpted. The high, round perfection of her ass in just a simple cotton thong.

She kneels before me on my bed, naked, smirking as she sees me gawking at her body.



“You’re staring,” she whispers, crossing her arms instinctively over her chest, then seeming to remember their size and letting her arms drop awkwardly.

“Can’t help it,” I admit, my voice thick. I step forward, gently taking her hands, pulling her arms away. I run my hands slowly over her body, tracing the lines I created. The smooth skin, the firm muscle beneath, the impossible curves. “You are... unreal, Emma.”

She trembles under my touch, a soft gasp escaping her lips. “James...”

I kiss her again, harder this time, pushing her back onto the bed. She yields easily, sinking into the mattress, pulling me down with her. The sex is passionate, connected, driven by mutual desire, but it’s still fundamentally Emma. She moans softly when I kiss her neck,

arches her back when my hand slides between her legs, whispers my name when I enter her.

Her body is a playground. Her breasts feel amazing in my hands, heavy and responsive, her nipples exquisitely sensitive. Her new ass is incredible to grip, plump and firm, bouncing perfectly with each thrust. Her legs wrap around my waist, strong and defined, holding me tight. Visually, physically, it's everything I fantasized about. I explore every inch, kissing the toned planes of her stomach, burying my face in the fullness of her breasts, running my hands down the impossible curve of her thighs.

She responds enthusiastically, her breath catching, her hips meeting my thrusts. She pulls me closer, kisses me deeply, her hands exploring my back, my chest. She's enjoying it, clearly turned on, giving herself over to the pleasure. It's good sex. Great sex, even, fueled by the sheer novelty and beauty of her enhanced form.

We move together, finding a rhythm, lost in the physical sensations. I flip her over, taking her from behind, my hands gripping those perfect, rounded hips. The view is intoxicating. I come with a guttural groan, spilling deep inside her, the physical release intense and satisfying. Emma cries out softly beneath me, her own orgasm rippling through her, her body trembling.

We collapse onto the sheets, sweaty and intertwined. My body feels sated, thoroughly spent. Emma rolls over, snuggling against my side, her head resting on my chest, her breathing evening out. She presses a soft kiss to my shoulder.

"Wow," she murmurs sleepily, her voice content. "That was... really nice, James."

Nice. Yeah, it was nice. Better than nice, physically. It was visually stunning. A ten out of ten on the aesthetic scale. But as I lie there, Emma's warm, familiar weight against me, her soft breathing filling the quiet room, a strange feeling creeps in.

I stare up at the ceiling, replaying the encounter in my mind. The perfect body, the passionate responses... it should have been transcendent. The ultimate fulfillment of the device's potential, crafting the perfect partner for the perfect night.

But it wasn't.

It felt... lacking. Compared to the raw, unpredictable intensity with Lila – the shared awareness, the transgression, the mind-bending reality shifts – this felt... safe. Comfortable. Beautiful, yes, but ultimately... tame. Predictable. I'd sculpted the perfect vessel, but the fire I craved wasn't just about physical perfection. It was about something else, something

wilder, something the device could simulate but maybe not truly create without altering the mind itself.

I look down at Emma, sleeping peacefully, still breathtakingly beautiful in her altered form, completely unaware of the manipulations that shaped her. I got exactly what I thought I wanted – the perfect body, the same sweet girlfriend. And yet... I feel strangely, confusingly... unsatisfied. The perfect fantasy, served up on a platter, somehow wasn't enough. And the realization leaves me feeling hollow and more lost than ever in the dim light of the bedroom.

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