

# The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

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## Chapter 6

The morning sun spills through my window, painting golden streaks across my tangled sheets as I blink awake. My body feels strange, heavy in all the right places. I stretch, arms reaching high, and my breasts lift with the motion, full and firm, pulling at my chest in a way that's still a shock. The cool air brushes my bare skin, and I glance down, catching the curve of my hips, the smooth dip of my waist, the way my thighs press together under the covers. It's unreal, this body, borrowed from my sister Cindy but tweaked with a few extras: the toned fitness of Emma's boyfriend, the lithe flexibility of that gymnast from yoga, and, well, this sexed-up female form that's been turning heads. I sit up, hair tumbling over my shoulders, and run a hand over my chest, feeling the weight of my breasts. Last night flashes back, my fingers fumbling under the sheets, chasing that first female orgasm. It hit like a wave, raw and electric, leaving me breathless and grinning. It was fun, no doubt, but now? I'm ready to be me again. Mom and Cindy should be home soon, and I can swap back.

I slide out of bed, feet hitting the cold floor, and shuffle to the bathroom. The mirror throws back a sight that's still a jolt: my face, but softer, prettier, framed by wavy, sleep-messed hair. My breasts sway as I move, nipples perking up in the chill, and I can't resist cupping them, marveling at how they fill my hands. Time to get moving, though. I dig through Mom's dresser, snagging a bra that's a size too big but better than nothing. Hooking it on is a struggle, fingers clumsy behind my back, but once it's secure, the support eases the strain on my shoulders. I grab one of my old t-shirts, the fabric stretching tight across my chest, and a pair of sweatpants that hang loose on my hips. It's a weird combo, my guy clothes on this curvy frame, but it'll do for now.

Bending down to grab my phone from the floor, I feel it, that borrowed flexibility kicking in. My body folds effortlessly, no stiffness, no limits. Curiosity takes over, and I plant my hands on the rug, kicking up into a handstand. My legs snap straight above me, steady as hell, even as my breasts flop down, smushing against my face. I laugh into the soft press of them, amazed I can hold this forever. The balance is perfect, muscles humming with power I never had before. I twist into a backbend, then flip onto my feet, landing light as a cat. It's

intoxicating, moving like this, every stretch and leap smooth as silk. I could get used to it, but I shake off the thought. Gotta focus.

My phone buzzes, lighting up with a flood of texts from Sam. I open them, and holy hell, he's gone wild. Pics and videos spill across the screen: him squeezing his massive F-cup tits, grinning like a lunatic, one where he's motorboating himself, cackling into the camera. I burst out laughing, heat creeping up my neck as I watch him jiggle and grope, totally shameless. He's a wildcard, always has been, but he's loving this. Maybe I should take a cue from him, loosen up a bit. I grab my own breasts through the bra, giving them a playful squeeze, and snap a quick pic in return. *Come over tonight*, I text. *We'll get you swapped back*.

I'm still chuckling, a little turned on despite myself, when another buzz cuts through. My boss. *You coming in still?* Shit. My stomach drops. I forgot, I've got a shift at the café today. I'm already on thin ice with him, late too many times, and they're short-staffed. I need this job, bad. I glance down at myself, all curves and bounce, and groan. No way I can work like this. I'm still too awkward in this body, every step a reminder of how it jiggles, how it moves. I'd be a mess behind the counter, fumbling cups and tripping over myself. I need to swap back, now.

The front door creaks open downstairs, and relief hits me. Mom and Cindy are back. I dart down, finding them in the kitchen, still swapped from yesterday. Cindy's broad shoulders stretch her blouse, her voice a deep rumble as she gripes about Grandma's driving. Mom's flannel hangs flat on her chest, her usual curves gone. They're chatting, oblivious to their swapped genders, reality bent around them like always.

"Hey, guys," I say, keeping it light. "How was the trip?"

"Fine," Cindy grunts. "Too much pie."

"Glad you're home," Mom adds, her tone gruff in her male voice.

I nod, slipping the swap device from my pocket. "Cool. Uh, hold still a sec." I select "gender" for me and Cindy, then tap the button. A faint hum vibrates the air, and the shift rolls through me. My breasts shrink, my hips narrow, my frame stretches tall and broad again. The familiar weight settles between my legs, and I'm back, male and normal, minus the extra swaps still lingering. Cindy blinks, her chest slightly filling out her top once more, back to her female self apart from Emma's A Cups, none the wiser. She grabs a soda and heads upstairs, leaving me to exhale hard. One down, Sam to go.

"Gotta run to work," I call to Mom, grabbing my keys. "See ya!"

I jog to the café, a few blocks away, slipping in just as the morning rush picks up. The place hums, coffee steaming, customers chatting. I tie on my apron, falling into the rhythm: pouring, wiping, smiling. Jess, my coworker, smirks as I slide behind the counter.

“Almost late again,” she teases.

“Always,” I shoot back, grinning.

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The shift drags on, slow and dull, and my mind wanders to the device in my pocket. The power it holds. I scan the room, bored out of my skull, and spot a hot twenty-something sitting alone by the window. She’s cute, dark hair, freckles, nose in a book, with a normal-sized chest under her sweater. Then I see a breastfeeding mom in the corner, her baby fussing, her top stretched over swollen, milk-heavy breasts. A wicked idea sparks. Just for fun, just to watch, I’ll swap them back after.

I select “chest” for both, hit the button, and her sweater pulls tight as her breasts swell, growing full and heavy. Wet patches bloom under the fabric, milk seeping through, but she keeps reading, oblivious, reality shifting for her. I smirk, but I want a better view. Another girl walks in, wearing a tiny camisole, her B-cups modest. I swap their tops quick. The camisole appears on the first girl, clinging to her new, massive chest. Her breasts spill out, barely contained, nipples dark and leaking through the sheer fabric. She adjusts it absently, still lost in her book, and I can’t look away. It’s hot, messed up, and no one else notices.

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Twenty minutes later, she closes her book, tucks it under her arm, and heads my way. “Can we talk privately?” she asks, voice low, eyes sharp.

I freeze, pulse jumping. “Uh, yeah, sure.” I lead her to the back, mind racing. Once we’re alone, she cuts straight to it.

“I know you have an artifact,” she says.

My gut twists. “What?”

“A magical item,” she clarifies, pulling a ring from her pocket. “I’ve got one too. This controls minds. I tell someone anything, they believe it.”

I stare, throat dry. “How do you—”

"Name's Lila," she interrupts, slipping the ring on. "There are others like us out there. No one knows where these artifacts come from, but once you claim one, it's yours, tied to you."

"How'd you know I had one?" I manage.

"Saw you at yoga," she says. "You got crazy flexible out of nowhere, swapped with that gymnast. Then your friend's tits blew up as I was leaving the gym. Followed you home, used my ring on your neighbor. Told them to tell me who you were, 'Jamie,' and to text me where you went today, then forget it all."

"You stalked me?" I blurt.

"Had to find you," she shrugs. "Got a text you were here, but I couldn't find the girl from yesterday. Sat down to wait, then boom, my chest's bursting out of my top. Pretended not to notice, but I saw you staring. Figured you'd swapped genders and become a guy."

I blink, processing. "You noticed the swaps?"

"Yeah," she says, gesturing to her leaking breasts. "Artifact owners usually can't affect each other. My ring can't control you or any other artifact owner, and your swaps hit me, but reality doesn't seem to shift for me."

"So you knew your chest changed?"

"Yep. Played it cool, but I knew it was you. Didn't expect it, since usually our artifacts don't work on each other, but your artifact is different, I guess. What do you have, anyway?"

I hesitate, then nod. "Swap device. I've made a lot of swaps, but right now this is the normal me... well, mostly. The girl-thing was temporary."

Lila laughs, bright and easy. "Damn, was hoping for another chick in the club. Oh well."

"Club?"

"Artifact wielders. We're a rare breed."

I lean back, curiosity taking over. "Prove it. Your ring."

"Watch." She strides to the counter, whispers to Jess. Jess blinks, walks over to me, lifts her shirt, and says, "Grab them."

I gape, hands hovering. "Uh."

“Go on,” Lila grins. “She won’t know.”

I touch Jess’s breasts, warm and soft, then pull back fast. Lila whispers again, and Jess lowers her shirt, strolling off like nothing happened.

“See?” Lila says, pocketing the ring. “They believe and do whatever I say.”

“That’s nuts,” I mutter, still flushed.

“Yeah, it’s a blast.” She glances at the clock. “Off soon? Wanna walk and talk more?”

I nod, checking the time. “Ten minutes. Meet you outside?”

“Deal.” She slips out, and I’m left reeling. Mind control, artifacts, a whole world of this stuff. As I finish my shift, excitement buzzes through me.

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The café’s buzz softens as I clock out, slinging my apron onto the hook by the counter and slipping out the back door into the salty beach air. Lila’s waiting just beyond the sidewalk, her dark hair shimmering under the afternoon sun, her camisole tee clinging to her curves like a second skin. She catches my eye with that wicked little smirk of hers, the kind that promises she’s already plotting something clever. I’m halfway to her, grinning back, when she stops me dead in my tracks. Her hands slide under her chest, lifting the enormous breasts still straining against the flimsy camisole from the swap I pulled earlier. They’re massive, round and heavy, the fabric stretched taut across them, damp patches blooming where her nipples leak.

“Uh, James?” she says, hefting them up with a mix of amusement and strain, her voice playful but pointed. “These are sexy as hell, sure, but don’t you think it’s time to swap ‘em back?” She shifts her grip, and the weight makes them jiggle slightly, a faint bead of milk escaping to darken the cloth further.

I blink, then burst out laughing, a flush creeping up my neck. “Shit, yeah, sorry. Got so caught up I almost forgot.” My eyes dart back to the café window, scanning the tables. Thank God, the breastfeeding mom’s still there, cradling her baby in the corner. But before I move, I catch Lila inspecting herself, her curiosity taking over. She cups the swollen mounds, fingers sinking into their softness, her brow furrowing as she explores this alien heft. They’re fuller than anything she’s ever carried, the skin taut and smooth, veins faintly visible beneath the

surface. She brushes a thumb over one leaking nipple, wincing as it dribbles more, the sensation clearly strange and new.

“Huh,” she murmurs, tilting her head. “So this is what it’s like. They’re, like, crazy heavy, and this leaking thing? Kinda freaky.” She squeezes gently, and a thin stream arcs out, splattering the pavement. Her eyes widen, a laugh bubbling up. “Okay, I really don’t get why guys lose their minds over these. They’re just... messy and inconvenient!”

I smirk, shrugging as I fish the device from my pocket. “Guess it’s a wiring thing. You’re not built to drool over ‘em like we are.” I select “chest” for her and the mom, then tap the button. A soft *zzzztttt* hums through the air, and Lila’s breasts deflate, shrinking back to their usual modest handfuls. The camisole sags around her frame, the damp spots still clinging but no longer stretched to bursting. She exhales sharply, patting her chest with a relieved grin.

“Much better,” she says, tugging the fabric smooth. “Though, gotta admit, it was kinda wild to feel ‘em bouncing around.” Her gaze flicks to the device, then back to me. “Hey, what about that girl with my sweater? I was kinda digging it.”

I crane my neck, peering back into the café, but the girl in the sweater’s vanished. “Damn, can’t spot her,” I mutter, guilt tugging at me. “Sorry, Lila. She must’ve split. Can’t swap it back without her around. It’s too easy to lose track of these swaps.”

She waves it off, adjusting the camisole with a shrug. “No worries. This thing’s cute enough, and honestly, I didn’t love that sweater anyway. Easy come, easy go.”

I nod, tension easing, and we start strolling down the sidewalk, the beach unfurling beside us. Waves roll in lazily, frothing against the sand, and Lila falls into step, her tone light but laced with that sharp curiosity I’m starting to adore. “So, the club, artifact wielders. There aren’t many of us, you know. We don’t bump into each other often, but I’ve got a friend in it. She’s got this ring that swaps genders, totally flips you from guy to girl or whatever. Wild stuff. Then there’s this other guy with a watch. Press it, and you copy the form of whatever you’re looking at, bird, dog, another person. Lasts an hour, then poof, you’re back to normal.”

“Damn,” I say, mind racing with the possibilities. “That’s some next-level versatility.”

“Yeah, every artifact’s unique, tied to its owner.” She nods at the device in my hand. “Wanna show me how yours works? I’ve seen it in action, but I’m dying to know more.”

I grin, spotting a girl strutting by in a bright red bikini, hips swaying, the fabric barely containing her. “Sure, check this.” I select “clothes” for her and Lila, then hit the button. A

faint buzz ripples out, and Lila's outfit vanishes, tee and jeans replaced by the skimpy bikini. The red scraps hug her curves, barely covering her chest, her ass spilling out the sides in a way that's pure eye candy. She gasps, hands flying to her hips, twisting to gawk at herself.

"Holy shit!" she yelps, laughter edging her shock. "This is... uh, a lot less coverage than I'm used to!" She tugs at the straps, the fabric digging into her skin, and I can't help but admire the view before swapping them back. Her clothes reappear, and she smooths her tee, still chuckling. "Okay, that's a blast. But it's not just clothes and body parts, right? You said it does more?"

"Way more," I say, scanning the crowd. "It can swap abstract stuff too. Watch." I spot a Japanese girl chatting with friends, her accent thick and melodic as she laughs. I select "accent" for her and Lila, then press it. A buzz, and Lila clears her throat, testing her voice.

"Uh, herro?" she says, and it comes out drenched in a heavy Japanese accent, the "I" morphing to an "r," vowels clipped and sharp. "What the... oh my God, James! I sound rike anime girr!" She claps a hand over her mouth, eyes wide, then tries again. "This is so weiwd! I can't speak norma-ree!"

I double over laughing, her thick accent turning every word into a cartoonish twist. "You totally do! Say something else!"

She grins, leaning into it. "Okay, risten! I ruv this, but it's so hawd to tawk!" Her English is flawless, but the accent mangles it, making her sound like she's straight out of Tokyo. "Swap it back, prease! Before I roose my mind!"

"Don't worry," I say, tracking the Japanese girl to make sure she doesn't vanish. "Got you." I hit the button again, and Lila's voice snaps back to normal mid-sentence.

"—lose my mind," she finishes, blinking. "Whoa, that was nuts. Your device is unreal."

"Yeah, it's got some range," I say, pocketing it. "But let's push it further. You said guys are obsessed with boobs, right? Check this." I spot a dude lounging on the sand, openly ogling a group of girls walking by, his eyes glued to their chests. I select "attraction to boobs" for him and Lila, then tap it. The buzz hums, and Lila freezes, her gaze snapping to a woman strolling past in a low-cut top.

"Oh... wow," Lila breathes, her voice dropping low and husky. She steps closer, almost involuntary, her eyes locked on the woman's cleavage, full and bouncing faintly with each step. "I, uh, I get it now. These are... incredible." She bites her lip, hands twitching like she

wants to reach out, a flush creeping up her cheeks. "James, what did you do? I can't stop staring. They're so round, so soft-looking, I just wanna..." She trails off, catching herself, and laughs nervously. "Okay, this is intense. I'm, like, drooling over here!"

I grin, letting it play out. She circles the woman, who's oblivious, sipping a drink by a vendor. Lila's practically hypnotized, muttering, "God, they're perfect. How do they even stay up like that? I need to know what they feel like." She stops, shaking her head hard. "Alright, swap it back. This is too much. I'm turning into a creep!"

Laughing, I hit the button, and her posture relaxes, the hungry edge fading from her eyes. "Better?" I ask.

"Much," she says, fanning herself. "That was wild. I totally get the hype now, though. Props to you guys for functioning with that level of distraction."

We're both cracking up now, the testing a giddy rush. "Okay, my turn," I say. "Lemme try that ring."

She smirks, slipping it off and handing it over. "Go nuts." I slide it on, the metal cool against my skin, and scan the beach. A guy's sprawled on a towel, scrolling his phone. I stroll up, leaning down. "Jump twice," I say, calm and firm.

He blinks, baffled, then hops up, bouncing twice before plopping back down. "What the hell?" he mutters, scratching his head.

I stifle a laugh, already moving on. Near the water, a bikini model's posing for a photoshoot, her body a vision, long legs, flat stomach, curves that could stop traffic. My pulse kicks up as I approach, leaning in close. "You're in love with me. Forget I said this to you," I whisper.

She turns, her eyes locking on mine, and a slow, dreamy smile curves her lips. "Hey," she says, voice soft and breathy, stepping closer. "I don't know why, but I feel like I've been waiting for you all day." Her hand brushes my arm, light but electric, and she tilts her head, hair cascading over one shoulder. "You're... amazing."

I swallow hard, heat flooding me. "Uh, yeah. Wanna grab a drink?"

"Absolutely," she purrs, pressing closer, her perfume sweet and dizzying. "Wherever you want, I'm there."



I glance at Lila, who's watching with raised brows, clearly entertained. Grinning, I turn back to the model. "Actually, scratch that. You're not in love with me anymore. Forget I said anything."

Her face shifts, confusion flickering. "Wait, what? I don't..." She blinks, shakes her head, and wanders back to her shoot, leaving me chuckling as I slip the ring off and hand it to Lila.

"That was insane," I say, still buzzing. "You weren't kidding about it being a trip."

"Yeah," she says, pocketing it with a grin. "You get used to the chaos." We lapse into a comfortable silence, walking along the shore, waves crashing beside us. The sun's dipping lower, casting gold across the sand, and I feel the weight of it all, the device, the ring, this secret world unfolding.

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The afternoon sun beats down on the boardwalk, a salty breeze tugging at my hair as Lila and I wander past the bustling stalls. We've been messing with the swapping device all day, trading heights with a lanky surfer, then voices with a pair of giggling teens. My pocket buzzes faintly with the device's energy, a constant reminder of the wild possibilities it holds. Lila's mid-rant about how the surfer's long legs made her trip over her own feet when she stops abruptly, her eyes narrowing with that telltale spark of mischief. Before I can protest, she snags the device from my hand, her fingers quick and nimble, and aims it square at me.

"Lila, what are you—" I start, but the words cut off as a familiar tingle races through me. My body shifts fast. My chest swells, breasts pushing against my shirt, full and heavy. My hips flare out, jeans hugging a sudden curve, and the weight between my legs vanishes, replaced by a warm, unfamiliar slickness. I shrink a little, my frame softening into something undeniably female. I blink, adjusting to the sensation, my voice pitching higher as I mutter, "Oh, you've got to be kidding me."

Lila's gasp pulls my attention. She's staring at me, wide-eyed, her mouth hanging open. "Holy crap, James. You're... you're hot!" she says, her voice cracking slightly. But then her gaze drops to herself, and her shock doubles. Her own body has transformed. Her shoulders broaden, stretching her tank top tight across a flat, muscled chest. Her arms thicken, hands growing larger, and a bulge presses against her shorts. She stumbles back a step, patting her new frame, her voice dropping to a deep rumble. "I'm a freaking dude!"

I can't hold it in. Laughter bursts out of me, bright and feminine, ringing over the crash of the waves. "Yeah, welcome to my world," I say, crossing my arms under my new chest, feeling the odd weight settle. "First time's always a trip, huh?"

She, or he now, stares down at herself, hands hovering over her crotch like she's not sure what to do with it. "This is insane. It's... heavy. And weird. Like, there's stuff just hanging there!" She shifts her hips, grimacing as she adjusts the bulge, then runs a hand over her stubbled jaw. "And my face feels scratchy. How do you deal with this all the time?" Her eyes flick to her broader shoulders, then her thicker fingers, flexing them like she's testing a new toy.

"You get used to it," I say, grinning. "Though you're taking it better than most. First time I swapped, I nearly fell over trying to walk." She looks ridiculous, all wide-eyed and awkward in her new male form, handsome but clearly out of her depth. It's hilarious, watching someone else stumble through the chaos I've gotten so comfortable with.

Lila huffs a laugh, the sound deep and booming, then grabs the device again. "Alright, fun's over. Let's switch back before I accidentally break something." She taps the button, and the buzz ripples through us once more. My body snaps back to normal, chest flattening, hips narrowing, the familiar weight returning below. Lila's back too, her curves restored, patting her chest with a relieved sigh. "Okay, that's better. Though the height was kinda cool."

I chuckle, but the air shifts as she steps closer, her movements slower now, deliberate. Her eyes lock on mine, a playful heat simmering in them. She tucks a strand of hair behind her ear, her voice dropping low and suggestive. "You know, James, we could have some real fun with this thing. Like, really mess around. Swap stuff and see where it takes us." She pauses, biting her lip, the implication clear as day. "No one would have to know."

My throat tightens, a flush creeping up my neck. "Lila, I've got a girlfriend. Emma. I can't do that. Sorry."

She shrugs, unfazed, her smile easy but persistent. "Come on, we're artifact owners. That's special, right? We've got to stick together. And your girlfriend? She'd never find out. Think about it. How often do you get to mix magic and sex? We could swap genitals, feel what it's like from the other side. I tried that once with my friend's swap ring, but it only works on the wearer. With your device, we could both swap. Both feel it."

I laugh, the sound a little shaky, because damn, it does sound tempting. "Look, I won't lie, that sounds fun. Really fun. But I love Emma. I can't cheat on her. Even if she wouldn't know,

it's not right. I know I can't experiment with her the same way. Unless she's holding the remote, she won't even see the changes. She doesn't even know about it, and to be honest I don't know if I want to tell her, but still. I love her."

Lila nods, her expression softening, respect flickering in her eyes. "Fair enough. I get it. Friends it is, then." But before I can relax, she snatches the device back with a wicked grin. "Doesn't mean I can't mess with you a little, though." She spins, aiming at a curvy girl lounging on a bench nearby, her bikini top straining under an enormous chest. A quick tap, and Lila's tank stretches tight as her breasts balloon out, massive and heavy, spilling over the fabric. She cups them, smirking. "Check out these mommy milkers, James. Look what you're missing out on."

I burst out laughing, the sight too absurd to resist. "You're ridiculous," I say, grabbing the device and swapping her back. Her chest shrinks to normal, and she adjusts her top with a mock pout. "Relentless, though."

"Gotta keep you entertained," she shoots back, winking. The tension eases, settling into something lighter, friendlier. We stand there a moment, the boardwalk humming around us, and I glance at my watch. "Hey, me, Sam, Emma, and some friends are grabbing drinks later tonight. You should come. It'll be a good time."

Her face lights up. "Oh, I'm in. Text me the spot?"

"Done," I say, and with a quick wave, she heads off, her stride confident, a bounce in her step. I watch her go, a grin tugging at my lips. The day's been wild, full of swaps and close calls, but it's left me buzzing with something new. Friendship, maybe, with a side of magic-fueled mischief. Tonight, with drinks and the crew, who knows what'll happen next? For now, I pocket the device and turn toward home, the promise of more chaos lingering like the fading sunlight. Sam's probably on his way to mine, and I gotta swap his gender back with mom before we all head out tonight.

## Chapter 7

The late afternoon sun filters through the blinds, painting the living room in soft golden stripes as I slouch on the couch, scrolling aimlessly on my phone. The house feels too still, too quiet, and I'm doing everything I can to avoid the kitchen. That's where Mom is, or rather, the man who used to be Mom, clattering around with dishes. It's beyond strange hearing that

low, gravelly voice muttering to itself over the sink. My mom as a dude. Every time I think about it, my skin crawls. I've swapped genders myself plenty of times now, but this? This is personal. Too personal. I'd fix it in a heartbeat if Sam would just hurry up and get here with that damn device. Until then, I'm stuck, marooned in this awkward reality.

I let out a groan and toss my phone onto the cushion beside me, rubbing my eyes. The swapping device sits on the coffee table, its smooth surface glinting in the light, practically daring me to touch it. But I'm not that reckless anymore. Not after the mess with Sam and that gym girl. I still can't wrap my head around how he's out there, strutting around with those enormous breasts and loving every second of it. A reluctant smirk tugs at my lips. Sam's always been unhinged, but this takes it to a whole new level.

The front door swings open, and I straighten up, a wave of relief hitting me as Sam saunters in. He's a walking contradiction, his broad shoulders and cocky grin clashing with the high-pitched voice and the unmistakable bounce of his chest. Those F-cup breasts stretch his shirt to its limits, swaying with every step. He catches me staring and flashes a toothy grin, cupping them proudly. "What's up, James? Been missing your best girl?"

I roll my eyes, but a laugh slips out anyway. "You're an idiot."

"A hot idiot," he corrects, dropping onto the couch next to me. His voice is still feminine, lilting and bright, but there's a swagger to it now, like he's fully embraced this body. He props his feet on the coffee table, his chest jiggling with the motion. "You wouldn't believe the day I've had. This body's a total game-changer."

"Alright, let's hear it," I say, leaning back and crossing my arms. "What's the great Sam been up to?"

His eyes light up, and he leans in close, like he's about to spill some grand conspiracy. "Okay, so first, I hit the park. Found this tight little crop top in your sister's room, don't freak out, I'll wash it. Anyway, I'm walking around, tits practically popping out, and every dude's head is turning. Got free ice cream from some guy who couldn't stop staring. Then I went shopping. Flirted with a cashier, boom, ten percent off. Being a girl's like having cheat codes for life."

I snort, shaking my head. "You're unbelievable."

"Unbelievably awesome," he says, grinning. "Oh, and you should try it, man. Being a chick is wild. You'd love it."

I blink, thrown off. "Wait, what?"

"Yeah," he says, nodding eagerly. "You should swap with someone. It's a blast. I mean, I got swapped with your mom, right? And it's been insane. You'd get a kick out of it."

I stare at him, my brain grinding to a halt. "Sam, hold up. You think I haven't been swapped?"

He frowns, tilting his head. "Uh, no? It was just me and your mom, wasn't it? You've been a dude this whole time."

A lightbulb flicks on in my head, and I groan, dragging a hand down my face. Of course. The device. "Sam, you weren't touching the remote when I swapped back into a guy, were you?"

He scratches his chin, thinking. "Nope. Why?"

"Because," I say, leaning forward, "when you're not touching it during a swap, reality shifts for you. You don't remember me turning into a girl because, in your head, it never happened. But I was a girl, Sam. Same time as you. We were both swapped."

His jaw drops, and then he bursts out laughing, slapping his knee. "No way! You were a chick too? That's nuts! This remote's fucking wild, man. What was it like?"

I shrug, a little thrown by his enthusiasm. "Weird. Fun for a bit, but mostly weird. Point is, you've got no memory of it because of how the device works. It rewrites shit for anyone not in on the swap."

Sam's still chuckling, shaking his head. "That's the coolest thing I've ever heard. We've got a reality-bending toy, and I'm out here living my best life. You've got to admit, that's badass."

"Yeah, sure," I say, half-smiling despite myself. "But speaking of that, you ready to swap back? I need my mom to be a woman again. It's creeping me out having a man-mom in there."

Sam's grin fades, and he slumps back, pouting. "Aw, man. Do I have to? I'm kinda loving this. Being a girl's awesome." He grabs his breasts, hoisting them up for emphasis. "Look at these! They're perfect. I could stay like this forever."

I sigh, pinching the bridge of my nose. "Sam, come on. I get it, you're having a blast. But my mom's a dude because of you. I can't live like this. Swap back, please."

He huffs, crossing his arms under his chest, which only makes his boobs more pronounced. "Fine, fine. But I'm gonna miss this."

"Good," I say, grabbing the device. "Hold on to it this time, okay? I want you to remember everything." He nods, wrapping his hand around the remote as I aim it at him. A quick press of the button, a faint hum, and the swap kicks in. I feel a shiver as the energy ripples through us. When it settles, Sam's voice drops back to its usual gruff tone, his frame bulking up to its old shape. I glance toward the kitchen, relieved to hear Mom's voice shift back to her familiar alto, humming away like nothing's wrong.

"Done," I say, setting the device down. "Mom's back to normal. You good?"

Sam stretches, rolling his shoulders. "Yeah, feels weird being a guy again. But—wait a sec." He looks down, and his eyes widen. "Holy shit, James."

I follow his gaze, and my stomach flips. His shirt's still tight, stretched across a pair of massive breasts that definitely shouldn't be there. "What the hell?" I mutter, staring. "You're a guy again. Why do you still have those?"

Sam tugs at his shirt, pulling it up to reveal those same F-cups, heavy and round, sitting proudly on his male chest. He jiggles them, grinning. "Oh my God, it's from the gym girl! You swapped my tits with hers, remember?"

My mind races back to that chaotic moment, and it clicks. "Shit. Just like when Cindy's boyfriend's fitness stuck with me through swaps. The traits stack if you don't undo them right away."

Sam laughs, loud and triumphant. "This is amazing! I'm a dude again, but I've got my own rack to play with!"

I groan, rubbing my temples. "Sam, this is a problem. You can't stay like that."

"Why not?" he asks, still grinning. "Will anyone notice? I mean, reality shifted, right?"

I hesitate, then nod. "Yeah, for everyone else, you've always been a guy with huge tits. But we remember because we were touching the remote this time. Still, it's weird. I don't want you stuck like this forever."

Sam shrugs, unfazed. "Then we'll find someone to swap with later. For now, I'm keeping them. This is too good to pass up. Come on, James, let me enjoy it."

I sigh, torn between worry and amusement. "Fine. For now. But we're fixing this eventually. What a mess."

He claps me on the shoulder, his chest bouncing with the motion. "Deal. Now, let's get ready. We're meeting Emma and the crew at the bar, right?"

"Yeah," I say, standing up. "In an hour."

Sam hops to his feet, his breasts swaying wildly, and I can't help but laugh. "You're gonna need a bigger shirt, man. That one's screaming for mercy."

He glances down, tugging at the fabric. "Good point. Got anything?"

I smirk, heading for my room. "Maybe. Come on." I dig out an old hoodie, tossing it to him. It's loose on me, but on him, it hugs his chest tight, barely containing the cleavage spilling out the top. He zips it halfway, grinning at his reflection. "Good enough. I look like a badass."

"More like a freakshow," I mutter, pulling on a clean shirt. "Let's go."

We slip downstairs, dodging the kitchen where Mom's back to her old self, oblivious to the chaos. I feel a twinge of guilt, but it's drowned out by the absurdity of Sam's new look. Drinks with friends might be just what I need to shake this off. Or at least distract me from the madness until we figure out what's next.

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The Mercedes purrs as I ease it out of the driveway, the engine's low rumble cutting through the evening quiet. Sam's sprawled in the passenger seat, his broad frame dwarfing the leather upholstery. He's wearing a hoodie I lent him, but it's doing a piss-poor job of containing his chest. Every bump in the road sends those massive tits jiggling, the seatbelt carving a deep valley between them. He catches me looking and grins, all teeth and mischief, one hand tugging at the strap like he's putting on a show.

"Quit playing with them," I mutter, flicking my eyes back to the road.

"Can't help it," he says, voice brimming with glee. "They're just there, you know? All the time. It's fucking awesome."

I shake my head, pulling into the bar's parking lot. The neon sign buzzes overhead, washing the asphalt in a patchy red glow. Sam's still adjusting himself as we climb out, and I swear he's walking with an extra bounce just to mess with me. Inside, the bar's alive, a mess of

clinking glasses and overlapping voices. The air's thick with the smell of spilled beer and greasy fries. Emma's already there, perched on a barstool near the counter, her back to us. Even from here, I can see how her shirt clings to her chest, Cindy's C-cups filling it out in a way that still throws me off. She doesn't know they're not hers, swapped without a trace, and neither does anyone else. Reality's rewritten itself, and I'm the only one who remembers.

She spins around as we get close, her face lighting up. "Hey, you," she says, hopping off the stool. She leans in, planting a quick kiss on my lips, soft and familiar. Her eyes slide to Sam, and a smirk tugs at her mouth. "Nice cleavage, Sam. Really working that hoodie."

Sam puffs out his chest, proud as hell. "Thanks, Em. Gotta show off the goods, right?"

I roll my eyes, but it's bizarre how casual she is about it. To her, Sam's always been a guy with tits, like it's no big deal. We slide into a booth tucked in the corner, the worn leather creaking under us. The night picks up steam as a few friends trickle in. First there's Jake, tall and lanky with a scruffy jaw that's perpetually stuck at five o'clock. He's got a dumb grin and a knack for bad jokes. Then Mia, short and sharp, her laugh loud enough to pierce the bar's hum. Alex rolls in last of the early crew, quiet but watchful, sipping a beer with a half-smile that says he's clocking everything.

Lila shows up late, slipping through the door like she owns the place. She's in a tight black top and jeans, dark hair spilling over her shoulders, and she catches my eye with a sly grin. I wave her over, introducing her as an old friend I ran into. "Guys, this is Lila," I say, gesturing around the table. "Lila, this is Jake, Mia, Alex, and you've sort of met Sam and Emma." She slides in next to me, her presence sharp and electric, and the group folds her in easy. Drinks flow, stories bounce around, and the chatter's loud and loose. But every so often, I catch Lila's eyes drifting to Sam's chest, her brow quirking like she's piecing something together. I shake my head, mouthing *later* when no one's looking.

The night rolls on, and at one point, Emma excuses herself to the bathroom, sliding out of the booth with a quick squeeze of my hand. Lila seizes the moment, leaning in close, her voice dropping low and conspiratorial. "Alright, spill. What's the deal with Sam's tits?"

I sigh, swirling the ice in my drink. "It's a mess. Those tits are from a gym swap, some chick he traded with. He's stuck with them until we find someone to trade back."

Lila laughs, her eyes glinting. "That's insane. And he's loving it, huh?"

We both glance over at Sam. He's halfway across the room, surrounded by Jake and Alex, proudly unzipping his hoodie. His cleavage spills out, and Jake's eyes go wide. He reaches



out, hesitant, then gives one breast a quick squeeze. “Dude, these are real? How’d you get so lucky?”

Sam grins, thrusting his chest forward. “Just born this way, man. Jealous?”

Alex chuckles, shaking his head. “Never seen anything like it. You’re a freak, Sam.”

I groan, leaning back in the booth. “He’s acting like he grew them yesterday. But to them, he’s always had them. He’s not even thinking about how weird this looks, showing them off like that.”

Lila nudges me, her tone steady. “Hey, relax. It’s his problem. He wanted this, remember? He’ll get sick of it soon enough and come begging you to swap him back a male chest. Don’t stress.”

I take a sip, then pivot. “Speaking of artifacts, let’s talk about your ring. You said you’d give me more examples.”

Her smirk widens, and she leans in closer. “Oh, it’s fun at first. You can make anyone believe or do anything, no limits. I’ve had people dancing in the street, confessing secrets, you name it. There’s no challenge, which means no thrill after a while. Still, it’s got its perks.”

I’m hooked, leaning forward. “Fascinating. Let’s see it in action again.”

She glances around, then nods toward Sam. “Let’s use him. He’s already in on the artifact stuff.”

“Yeah,” I say. “He’ll be game. Call him over.”

Lila raises her voice, cutting through the noise. “Hey, Sam! Come here a sec.”

Sam breaks away from the guys, his chest bouncing as he strides over. Jake’s still staring, half-dazed, and Alex just shakes his head. “What’s up?” Sam asks, sliding up to our booth.

I lean in, keeping my voice low. “Sam, Lila knows about the device. She’s got her own artifact, a ring that lets her control minds. And get this, she can see through the swaps without touching the device, like me.”

His jaw drops, eyes lighting up. “No way! That’s awesome! What do you think of my tits, Lila? Pretty sweet, right?”

She laughs, shaking her head. “They’re something, alright. James says you’re loving them.”

“Hell yeah,” he says, grinning wide. “Best thing ever.”

I cut in. “We were thinking of using you to demo her ring. You cool with that?”

His grin stretches wider. “Fuck yeah! This artifact shit is sexy as hell. Let’s do it.”

Lila slips the ring onto her finger, her expression turning playful. “Alright, let’s start small. Sam, you can’t speak.”

Sam opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. His eyes go wide, and he tries again, lips moving in silence. He looks at me, panicked, hands flailing like he’s mime-trapped. I stifle a laugh, and Lila smirks. “Okay, now you can speak, but only like a horned-up bimbo.”

His voice kicks back in, but when he tries to say, “What the hell?” it comes out as, “Like, oh my gawd, what’s happening to me?” in this breathy, over-the-top tone. He claps a hand over his mouth, horrified. “Wait, no! I mean, this is, like, totally not cool!” He’s fighting to sound normal, but every word’s dripping with that ditzy, flirty lilt. “James, make her stop! This is, like, so embarrassing!”

I’m doubled over, laughing so hard my sides hurt. “Oh my God, Sam, you sound ridiculous.”

Lila’s grinning too, clearly having a blast. “Alright, you can speak normally now.” His voice snaps back mid-sentence, and he exhales hard.

“—so not funny,” he finishes, gruff again. “That was weird as hell.”

Lila’s not done. “Let’s up it a notch. Sam, you’re fully in love with me.”

His face shifts instantly, eyes softening as he stares at Lila like she hung the moon. “Lila,” he says, voice thick with longing, “I don’t know why, but I’m crazy about you. You’re amazing.” He steps closer, reaching for her hand. “Wanna get out of here? Just you and me?”

Lila laughs, pulling back. “Easy, tiger. You’re back to normal now.”

Sam blinks, the haze clearing. “Whoa. That was intense. And kinda uncomfortable.” He chuckles, shaking his head. “Alright, I’m heading back to the guys. You two are dangerous.” He wanders off, still glancing at his chest like he’s not sure what hit him.

Emma slides back into the booth just then, fresh from the bathroom, smiling easy. “What’d I miss?”

Before I can answer, Lila winks at me, slipping the ring back on. My stomach flips, but I keep my mouth shut, curious. She leans toward Emma, voice casual. "Hey, Emma, you don't care if we feel you up, right? Nothing about your body's off limits to us."

Emma blinks, then nods, totally unfazed. "Yeah, sure. Go for it."

My jaw drops. "Lila, what the hell?"

Lila reaches out, sliding her hand under Emma's top, groping her breast with a grin. "Nice tits, Em. Perky."

Emma smiles, taking it like a compliment. "Thanks! James likes them too."

Lila's hand drifts lower, brushing over Emma's crotch through her pants. Emma shudders, giggling. "Whoa, I know nothing's off limits, but that's a little sensitive, Lila!"

Lila smirks. "Don't be silly. Us touching your pussy is calming and comforting."

Emma's tension melts away instantly, her body easing into it. "Oh, yeah, you're right. That feels nice."

I'm stunned, watching this play out. Lila's ring is unreal, bending Emma's mind like it's nothing. She catches my eye, playful but sharp. "Impressed?"

"Uh, yeah," I mutter, still reeling. "That's a lot."

Lila's not finished. She leans in again. "Emma, act and think like a horny guy. Forget I said that."

Emma's posture shifts on a dime. She slouches back, legs spreading wide, one hand resting lazy on her thigh. When she speaks, her voice is the same, but the tone's rougher, blunt.

"Man, this beer's good. You guys see the game last night?"

I blink, thrown. "Uh, no. Which one?"

She shrugs, swigging her drink. "Doesn't matter. Sports are sports." Her eyes flick to a girl walking by, lingering on her ass. "Damn, check that out. I'd hit that."

Lila stifles a laugh, and I can't help but join in. Emma's a total dude now, all broad gestures and crude edge. She's still herself, still knows she's a woman, but her attitude's flipped. To her, this is normal, always has been. Jake and Mia wander back over, and Emma slaps Jake

on the back, hard enough to make him stumble. “Yo, man, you still owe me that ten bucks from last week.”

Jake frowns, rubbing his shoulder. “Uh, what? I don’t remember that.”

Emma scoffs. “Don’t play dumb. Pay up, dude.”

Mia’s watching, brow furrowed. “Emma, you alright? You’re acting weird.”

Emma waves her off. “I’m fine. Just being me.” She leans back, tugging at her shirt, and for a second, I swear she’s checking out her own chest like it’s new territory.

Lila nudges me, whispering, “See? Total dude-brain.”

I nod, half-amazed, half-unsettled. “Your ring’s something else.”

“Yeah,” she says, slipping it off with a grin. “Keeps things interesting.”

Lila commands Emma back to normal and Emma leaves to join the rest of the crew. “This is all so wild.” I say to Lila.

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### **Lila's POV - A couple hours later**

The bar buzzes around me, a low hum of chatter and clinking glasses, but my focus is locked on James. He’s sprawled across the booth, that easy grin of his lighting up his face, and it’s doing things to me I can’t quite shake. Emma’s back to herself now, mostly. Those C-cups from Cindy James told me he gave her still stretch her top, but she’s oblivious to the swap, laughing with Mia like nothing’s changed. I twirl the swapping device between my fingers, its cool metal glinting under the dim lights. It’s a tease, a promise of chaos I’m dying to unleash, especially with James.

I lean in close, dropping my voice to a conspiratorial whisper. “You know, James, I could just slip on my ring and command Emma not to care. She’d be totally fine with us fooling around. No fuss, no guilt.” I watch his face, hunting for that spark of temptation I know lives in him.

He pauses, his eyes flicking to Emma, then back to me. His jaw tightens, and for a heartbeat, I think he’s caving. But then he shakes his head, exhaling sharply. “No, Lila. It’d still feel wrong. I love her too much to mess with that, even if she wouldn’t know.”

I smirk, leaning back with a casual shrug. "Suit yourself." But inside, frustration twists tight. He's slipping, I can feel it, that flicker of want in his eyes. I want him, bad, and that device could make it so damn fun. He's holding out, though, for now.

He sips his drink, grinning faintly. "I can still have fun with Emma, you know. She doesn't need to know about the swaps. Keeps it clean."

I tilt my head, curious. "Why not tell her? Bring her in on the game. Could be wild."

James's expression clouds over. "It's already messy with Sam. I don't want more people knowing, more changes to track. It's safer this way."

Fair point, but it doesn't scratch my itch. Before he can react, I snatch the device from the table, grinning wickedly. "Fine, if you won't play, I will." I aim it at Sam, still strutting his stuff across the room, and select "breasts." One tap, and a buzz jolts through me. My chest tingles, then warms, and I glance down as my breasts start to swell. They grow rounder, fuller, pushing against my top with a slow, delicious stretch. The skin tightens as they inflate, heavy and firm, the weight settling into my shoulders. My nipples harden, brushing the fabric, and I can't help but cup them, feeling the heft spill over my hands. It's like they're blooming, each breath making them bounce a little more, a thrill racing down my spine. "Look at these, James," I purr, arching my back. "Imagine what we could do with this."

He bursts out laughing, shaking his head. "Yeah, that's not gonna work, Lila."

I pout, tapping the device to swap them back. My chest deflates, shrinking to normal, and the electric buzz fades. "You're impossible," I mutter, but I'm grinning too. He's got his limits, and I get it. He's already got Emma to play with. But me? My ring's fun, sure, commanding people to dance to my tune. But swapping body parts, rewriting reality? That's a whole other level of wild, and I'm craving it.

James stretches, standing. "Bathroom break. Back in a sec." He wanders off, leaving me with the device. I rejoin the group, sliding into the chatter, but my hand brushes the device in my pocket. I pull it out, turning it over. James never took it back off me.

An idea sparks, sharp and reckless.

I glance at Emma, giggling with Mia. What if... I set the swap to "entire body," targeting myself and Emma, and hit the button. The world lurches, a dizzy spin that nearly knocks me off my feet. When it settles, I'm staring at the table from a new angle. My hands are smaller, nails painted a soft pink. I look down, and Emma's body greets me. Her C-cups jut out,

heavier than mine, her hips narrower, butt smaller. My skin's lighter, her blonde hair tickling my shoulders. It's bizarre, like stepping into a stranger's skin, every move slightly off.

Across the table, there's... me. Emma in my body, chatting away in Emma's clothes. To everyone else, she's still Emma, reality bending around the swap. But James won't see it that way. I need to smooth this out. I select "clothes" and swap them quick. Now I'm in Emma's outfit, and she's in mine. Seamless.

It's freaky, seeing myself across the table, but to the group, nothing's changed. She's Emma, I'm Lila. Except I'm not. And James won't know the difference, thanks to the device's rules. Time to lock it in. I slip on my ring, the familiar weight grounding me, and clear my throat. "Hey, everyone. Listen up. Emma's actually Lila, and I'm Emma. Act like that's normal until James and I leave tonight. Don't think it's weird. And when we're gone, forget I said this and go back to how things were."

They blink, then nod, like it's no big deal. Emma, in my body, smirks at me, her posture shifting to mimic mine, all sass and edge. "Hey, Emma, you good?" she asks, her voice low like mine. The others turn to me, calling me Emma now. It's perfect.

James strolls back, sliding into the booth. He leans over and kisses me, quick and casual, thinking I'm Emma. My heart skips, but no one flinches. The group keeps chatting, Emma-in-my-body tossing me a knowing wink. It's working.

I lean into him, softening my voice to match Emma's. "Babe, I'm not feeling great. Can we head out?"

He frowns, brushing a strand of hair from my face. "You okay?"

"Just a headache," I lie, standing and taking his hand. "Let's go."

He nods, tossing goodbyes to the group. I glance back as we leave, catching Emma, in my body, waving. They all shake their heads, the ring's command unraveling as we step outside. Perfect.

The night air hits me, cool and sharp, and I tug James toward the car. "Let's go back to your place," I say, keeping my tone steady. He agrees, and as we drive off, my pulse races. He's got no idea who he's really with, and that's exactly how I want it. The night's just beginning.

## Chapter 8

### Lila's POV

I'm sitting on James's bed, legs crossed, the faint hum of the shower filling the room. The sheets are soft beneath me, a little rumpled from earlier when we'd tumbled onto them, laughing. Now, though, it's just me, alone with my thoughts, and the wild reality of what I'm pulling off. I'm Lila, tucked snugly into Emma's body, wearing her clothes, her scent, her everything, and James has no idea. He thinks I'm his sweet, familiar Emma. The thrill of it buzzes under my skin like electricity.

"Em, can you grab me a towel?" James's voice echoes from the bathroom, casual but loud enough to cut through the water's patter.

I blink, caught off guard for a second. "Uh, where are they?" I call back, keeping my tone light, like Emma would.

He laughs, a little muffled. "Don't you remember? Top shelf, linen closet, just outside the door."

Right. Of course Emma would know that. I hop off the bed, padding barefoot across the hardwood floor, and find the closet exactly where he said. The towels are neatly stacked, and I grab a fluffy blue one, feeling a tiny rush of satisfaction at playing the part so well. I toss it through the cracked bathroom door, hearing a "Thanks, babe!" before I retreat to the bed, settling back onto the edge.

The shower keeps running, and for the first time since I slipped into this body, I've got a moment to myself. A moment to *explore*. My hands drift to the hem of Emma's t-shirt, lifting it slightly. Underneath, her bra's been digging into my ribs, too tight for comfort. Screw it. I reach behind, unclasp it, and shimmy it off, letting it drop to the floor. Instantly, her, no, Cindy's, breasts spill free under the shirt, heavy and unrestrained. They flop slightly, and I'm not used to the weight, the way they shift with every breath. Damn, Emma's got a nice rack. Or, wait, Cindy does. James is right, it's a nightmare keeping track of these swaps.

Curious, I cup them through the fabric, feeling the soft give, the firmness beneath. The nipples perk up under my touch, sensitive and pronounced. Nice. Really nice. But there's more to see. I glance toward the bathroom door, still hearing the water, and decide to keep going. I tug down Emma's jeans and panties, kicking them aside, and take a good look at her pussy. It's different from mine, more of an outie, the lips fuller, less tucked in than my own cute little setup. It's not as delicate, maybe, but it's got its own charm. I run a finger

along it, just testing, and note the smoothness, the lack of hair. She keeps it neat. The rest of her, though, hips narrow, butt flat, feels a bit plain without those standout tits. Her face, though, that's the real winner.

I stand, crossing to the full-length mirror by his dresser, and study Emma's reflection. Wow. She's cute. Big eyes, soft cheeks, a little button nose. No wonder James is smitten. I tilt my head, mimicking one of her shy smiles, and it's uncanny how natural it feels.

The buzz of an electric razor starts up in the bathroom. He's shaving now, which means I've got time. I slip her jeans back on, leaving the panties off for the hell of it, and decide to explore. Slipping out of his room, I pad down the hall, the house quiet except for a low murmur coming from Cindy's room. I pause outside her door, ear cocked. Her boyfriend's over, and he's mid-pitch.

"Come on, Cin, it's been forever," he's saying, voice low and coaxing. "You know you want to."

"No, Mark, I don't," Cindy snaps back, sharp but tired. "You're a damn sex addict. Get help."

I stifle a laugh. Juicy stuff. He mutters something defensive, but I don't stick around to hear it. Last thing I need is Cindy catching me eavesdropping. I'm halfway back to James's room when I nearly collide with Stacy, his Mom, rounding the corner.

"Uh, Hi?" she says, no recognition in her eyes. Oh, right. To her, I'm Lila, not Emma.

Panic flares, but I've got this. I flick the ring on my finger, the artifact humming to life, and push a quick command into her mind: *You think I'm Emma tonight*. Her expression softens, a smile tugging at her lips.

"Oh, hey, Em," she says, brighter now. "Didn't see you there."

"Hi, Stacy," I reply, mimicking Emma's warmth. "Just heading back to James."

She nods and moves on, none the wiser. I let out a breath, grinning to myself as I slip back into his room. Perfect timing, James steps out of the bathroom, towel around his waist, hair damp and tousled. He looks good, all clean lines and easy confidence.

"Hey, you," he says, crossing to me. "Miss me?"



“Always,” I tease, pitching my voice just right, soft and flirty like Emma’s. He chuckles, sitting beside me, and we chat for a bit, casual stuff about his day, the weather, nothing deep. I nod along, laughing at his jokes, keeping it convincing.

Then he shifts closer, his hand brushing my hip, and leans in. His lips meet mine, warm and firm, and I sink into it, heat blooming in my chest. This is more like it. His hands tighten on my hips, pulling me closer, and I feel that familiar spark ignite. I reach for his towel, tugging it free, and it drops to the floor, leaving him bare. He quirks a brow, surprised.

“Someone’s eager,” he murmurs, but there’s no complaint in his tone, just amusement.

I grin, kissing him harder, and we tumble back onto the bed, hands roaming. He’s curious, I can tell, probably wondering why “Emma” is so forward tonight, but he rolls with it, his fingers slipping under my shirt. Things heat up fast, our breaths mingling, bodies pressing closer. I’m waiting for him to pull out the device, craving that extra twist of chaos, when he suddenly pauses.

“Hey, can I grab something real quick?” he asks, pulling back.

I pout playfully. “Sure, but hurry.”

He nods, hopping up, and grabs his phone from the dresser, tapping at it. I see right through the act, he’s not texting anyone. I know that glint in his eye. He’s up to something with the device. I turn away, pretending to adjust my hair, giving him the opening he needs. Sure enough, I hear him set the phone down, and there’s a faint rustle as he reaches for it.

I brace myself, heart pounding. The device’s range is limited to the house, so it could be anything, his mom’s curvy figure, Cindy’s slightly older vibe, something wild and abstract. I don’t know what’s coming.

*Zzzztfff.*

A sharp sound cuts the air, and I freeze, waiting. Nothing changes physically. My hands pat my chest, my hips, all the same. But then my mind shifts, a flood of raw, urgent desire slamming into me. Holy shit. It’s intense, primal, like I need to jump him *right now*. It clicks, he’s swapped Cindy’s boyfriend’s sex drive into me. The effect is dizzying, a wild rush I’ve never felt before. Is this what my ring feels like to others, to feel your mind shift like that? I like it.

*Zzzztfff.*

Another jolt, and this time my thoughts twist again. Images flash, creative, filthy ways to pleasure James, positions and tricks I've never even considered. No way. He's given me his mom's sexual experience. My head spins with know-how, decades of expertise packed into me, and it's a total turn-on.

*Zzzztttt.*

One more, and this time my pants shift, a pressure building. I glance down, expecting a thicker ass or wider hips, but instead there's a bulge. A *bulge*. I stifle a gasp, eyes darting to James. He's still naked, but where his cock should be, there's Emma's pussy, smooth and bare. What the hell? He's swapped our genitals. I've got his penis, and he's got my... her vagina. My pulse races, excitement warring with nerves. I've never had a dick before, and he'll expect me to act like I've always had it.

I swallow, forcing a casual smile. "Ready when you are," I say, voice steady, channeling Emma's breezy confidence.

He grins, climbing back onto the bed. "You're killing me tonight, Em."

I laugh, leaning in to kiss him, and let the game begin.

James's lips crash into mine, hungry and insistent, and I match him, the new sex drive roaring through me like a wildfire. My hands roam his back, nails grazing his skin, and he shivers, pressing himself closer. The bulge in my pants, his cock now mine, throbs against the fabric, hard and demanding attention. It's strange, this weight between my legs, but it's thrilling too, a power I've never known.

I pull back, tugging my shirt over my head, and my breasts, Cindy's breasts, bounce free, nipples already tight. James's eyes darken, fixed on them, and I smirk, cupping one casually. "Like what you see?" I tease, pitching it like Emma would, playful but sure.

"Always," he breathes, hands sliding to my hips, tugging at my jeans. I help him, kicking them off, and my cock springs free, thick and rigid. I wrap a hand around it, stroking once, testing the feel. It's hot, pulsing, and the sensation shoots straight through me, sharp and electric. I've never felt anything like it, but thanks to his mom's experience, I know exactly what to do with it.

James stares, licking his lips. "Fuck, Em, you're so big tonight."

I grin, leaning down to kiss him, letting my cock brush his thigh. "All for you, babe," I murmur, voice low and husky. He groans, hands tangling in my hair, and I trail kisses down his neck, nipping at his collarbone. His skin's warm, salty, and I linger, sucking a mark just below his jaw. He arches into me, a soft whimper escaping, and it's music to my ears.

Settling between his legs, I spread his thighs, exposing his pussy, Emma's pussy, now his. It's pink and glistening, already wet for me, and my mouth waters. I lean in, pressing a soft kiss to his clit, and he jolts, a low moan spilling out. "Oh, God, Em," he whispers, hands fisting the sheets.

I lick him slowly, savoring the taste, sweet and sharp, and he trembles under my tongue. Circling his clit, I tease, then dip lower, tracing his entrance. He's so sensitive, every touch pulling gasps and shudders from him. I slide a finger inside, feeling the tight, slick heat, and he bucks, desperate. "More," he begs, voice ragged.

I add another finger, curling them just right, hitting that spot I now know drives him wild. His hips jerk, a cry tearing from his throat, and I keep the rhythm steady, my tongue working his clit in tandem. He's loud now, moaning without restraint, and it's intoxicating, knowing I'm doing this to him. I could get him off like this, but I want more.

I pull back, grinning at his frustrated whine. "Not yet," I say, crawling up his body. My cock presses against his entrance, hot and insistent, and I meet his glazed eyes. "I want to feel you."

"Yes, Em, fuck me," he pants, legs wrapping around my waist.

I push in slow, inch by inch, groaning as his tight heat swallows me. It's incredible, the way he stretches around me, the pressure building with every thrust. I bury my face in his neck, bottoming out, and mutter, "Fuck, you're amazing." My voice is strained, raw with need.

"Move," he pleads, pulling me deeper. "I need you."

I start thrusting, slow at first, letting him adjust, then faster, finding a rhythm that has us both gasping. The sensation's overwhelming, my cock throbbing inside him, every stroke sending pleasure crashing through me. I can feel it building, too fast, but I'm not done yet. I reach down, rubbing his clit in tight circles, matching my thrusts, and he arches off the bed, nails digging into my back.

"Em, I'm so close," he pants, voice breaking.

“Come for me,” I whisper, my own climax roaring closer. “Let go, baby.”

He does, a loud cry ripping through the room as his pussy clenches around me, pulsing hard. It's too much, tipping me over, and I come with a groan, spilling deep inside him. We collapse, sweaty and tangled, breaths heaving as the high fades.

### **Swap to James' POV**

I'm sprawled across the bed, my chest heaving, sweat slicking my skin as I try to catch my breath. Beside me, Emma's curled up, her blonde hair fanned out over the pillow, her breathing slow and deep. The air's thick with the scent of sex, and my body's still buzzing from what we just did. For a moment, I just lie there, staring at the ceiling, letting the afterglow wash over me. But there's work to be done. I roll over, grabbing the device from the nightstand.

My fingers move over the controls, reversing the swaps one by one. First, our genitals. *Zzzztfff*. That faint electric hum fills the room, and I feel the familiar weight settle between my legs, my cock returning like an old friend. I glance down, a small grin tugging at my lips. Back to normal. Emma stirs beside me, her hand drifting to her crotch. She frowns slightly, adjusting to the shift, then relaxes again.

Next, the sex drive. *Zzzztfff*. And finally, the sexual experience. *Zzzztfff*.

“That was unreal,” Emma murmurs, her tone thick with awe. “Unlike anything I've ever felt.” She glances at me, a lazy smile spreading across her face. “You look like you're in your own world over there.”

I nod, still half-lost in the memory of it. She Has no idea what just happened. That we swapped genitals. “Yeah, you could say that. You did great, though.”

She chuckles, stretching out like a cat in the sun, her body loose and blissful. “Thanks. You did alright yourself, especially for someone who'd never had a pussy before during sex.”

I freeze. My heart stutters, and I turn to her, eyes narrowing. “Wait. What did you just say?”

Emma's smile falters, and she claps a hand over her mouth, but it's too late. The words are out, loud and clear. “How do you know that?” I ask, sitting up. My voice is calm, but my mind's racing. “Emma wouldn't know about the swaps. She'd think it was always like that.”

Her eyes widen, and then she bursts into laughter, bright and unrestrained. “Oh, crap. Caught me.”

I stare at her, the pieces snapping together. "Lila? Is that you?"

She nods, still giggling. "Yeah, it's me. Hi, James."

"What the hell?" I lean forward, my jaw dropping. "How?!"

She sits up, pulling the sheet around her like a toga, her grin wide and unapologetic. "Back at the bar. I swapped bodies with Emma. Used my ring to tweak everyone's perception, make them see me as her and her as me. It was a little experiment, and, well, it worked like a charm."

I blink, trying to process it. "So, all this time, it was you in there? Not Emma?"

"Yep," she says, popping the 'p' with relish. "Fooled you good, didn't I?"

I should be pissed. I mean, I really should. But instead, a laugh rumbles up from my chest, and soon I'm cracking up, the sheer ridiculousness of it hitting me full force. "You're insane," I manage between gasps. "Completely insane."

She laughs too, her eyes dancing with mischief. "I know. But you're not mad, are you?"

I shake my head, wiping a tear from my eye. "I think I should be. Hell, I probably should be furious. But honestly? I'm kind of excited. More magical adventures with you sounds... fun."

Her grin softens into something warmer, and we share a quiet moment, the laughter fading into a comfortable silence. Then, out of nowhere, Lila's hand drifts between her legs, and she starts idly fingering herself, her expression curious. "You know, Emma's pussy is different from mine," she says, all casual, like she's discussing the weather. "Hers is more of an outie. Mine's cuter, though, way more tucked in."

I blink, thrown off. "Lila, c'mon. You're still in Emma's body. That's weird."

She laughs, pulling her hand back. "It's just interesting, you know, comparing notes."

"Shut up," I say, rolling my eyes, but there's no real bite to it. "You're a freak."

"Guilty," she chirps, grabbing the device from the nightstand. "But check this out." She taps a few buttons, and I hear that *zzzztttt* again. Her body shifts before my eyes, hips widening, ass rounding out, breasts swelling into lush, full curves. She's got my mom's figure now, all voluptuous and tempting. She stands, spinning in front of the mirror, admiring herself. "What do you think? Enhanced Emma, ready for round two?"

My cock twitches, already stirring at the sight. "Jesus, Lila, you don't quit."

She smirks, sauntering back to the bed. "Nope. But settle down, tiger. I'm just teasing. Should see the look on your face! I'm still a little wiped from round one."

I grin, snatching the device from her. "Oh, we can fix that." I scroll through the options, select her sex drive and swap it with Cindy's boyfriend again. *Zzzzt*. Lila's eyes light up, and she bolts upright, a hungry edge to her smile.

"Oh, fuck yes," she says, her voice low and eager. "Now I'm ready."

I don't waste a second. I grab her, spinning her around so she's on her hands and knees, that thick, juicy ass right in front of me. My hands roam over it, squeezing the soft, plump flesh, and she moans, pushing back against me. It's unreal, seeing Emma's body this voluptuous, but damn if it isn't hot. My cock's rock-hard now, throbbing with need.

I position myself behind her, sliding into her slick heat with a groan. She's tight, gripping me perfectly, and I start moving, slow at first, savoring the feel of her. The way her ass jiggles with each thrust is hypnotic, full and round, begging to be grabbed. I dig my fingers into her hips, pulling her back to meet me, and she gasps, her head dropping forward.

"God, James," she pants, her voice rough. "That's so good."

I pick up the pace, thrusting deeper, harder, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room. Her moans get louder, spilling out in a steady stream, and I can't get enough of it. That ass, so thick and plush, bounces with every move, and I reach around, cupping her heavy breasts. They're soft and warm, spilling over my hands, and I pinch her nipples, rolling them between my fingers. She cries out, her body trembling under me.

The bed creaks beneath us, the headboard tapping the wall in time with my rhythm. I lean forward, pressing my chest to her back, and she arches into me, her skin hot and slick with sweat. My hands slide down her sides, tracing the exaggerated curve of her hips, and I grip her tighter, slamming into her with everything I've got. She's a mess now, moaning and whimpering, her arms shaking as she struggles to hold herself up.

"Harder," she begs, her voice breaking, and I oblige, pounding into her relentlessly. The pressure's building, a tight coil in my gut, and I know I won't last much longer. I reach down, finding her clit, and rub it in quick, firm circles. She bucks, a sharp scream tearing from her throat as she comes, her pussy clenching around me like a vice. It's too much, and I lose it, thrusting deep one last time as I spill inside her, a guttural groan ripping out of me.

We collapse onto the bed, a sweaty, tangled heap, and I pull her close, kissing her shoulder. My heart's still racing, my breath ragged, but I feel incredible. "That was insane," I murmur, my voice hoarse.

"Yeah," she agrees, her tone soft and sated. "Fucking amazing."

We lie there for a while, letting our breathing even out, and then I grab the device again. "Time to clean up the mess," I say, reversing the swaps. *Zzzzt*. Her body shifts back to Emma's normal form, and I undo the sex drive swap too. *Zzzzt*. Lila sighs, settling into herself again.

"So, what was the plan here?" I ask, propping myself up on an elbow. "Just some swapping fun in bed?"

She grins, stretching lazily. "Pretty much. And I sure as hell got it, didn't I?"

I laugh, shaking my head. "Yeah, you did. But wait, won't people be confused with you like this?"

"Nah," she says, waving a hand. "Everyone else sees me as Lila. The reality shift takes care of that. You're the only one who got fooled because you're aware of the swaps."

I blink, then it clicks. "So, everyone thinks I'm dating a girl who looks like Lila?"

"Exactly," she says, laughing again. "Wild, huh?"

The sheets are tangled around us, the air heavy with the scent of sweat, and my chest tightens with a strange mix of satisfaction and unease. I don't know what to say, so I just lie there, staring at the faint glow of streetlights filtering through the blinds.

Lila shifts, her breath warm against my skin. "I'll need to change back anyway," she says, her voice low and casual, like she's commenting on the weather. "Can't stay in Emma's body forever, you know."

I turn my head to look at her, blinking away the fog in my mind. "Yeah, I'd hope so. I'd like my real girlfriend back." I smirk. "You got stuff to do?"

She nods, propping herself up on one elbow. Her eyes catch the dim light, glinting with something playful. "Club meeting in a few days. I need my own body back for that. The other artifact owners would spot something off if I showed up looking like Emma."

My brows shoot up, curiosity sparking through the haze. "Club meeting?"

Lila grins, sitting up fully now, the sheet slipping down to her waist. She doesn't bother pulling it back up, and I try not to let my gaze linger. "The artifact wielders' club," she says. "I saw your look when I first mentioned it the other day, but it's not some creepy cult or anything. Just a bunch of us who've got these weird, powerful things. We meet up every few months to catch up, trade stories, keep an eye on each other."

I sit up too, leaning against the headboard, my interest piqued. "Like, how many?"

She tilts her head, thinking. "Hard to say exactly. I know about a dozen, give or take, but there could be more out there we haven't met. We're not centralized or anything. Some are here in LA, some in New York, a couple overseas. It's more like a network than a club, I guess. Artifact wielders are rare, and the stuff we deal with can get messy. So we stick together, kind of."

"That's insane," I say, running a hand through my hair. "What do they do? I mean, what kind of artifacts are we talking about?"

Her grin widens, and she leans in closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "All kinds of crazy shit. There's this guy, Marcus, out in Chicago. He's got a pendant that stops time for ten seconds. Uses it to dodge traffic or grab a coffee without waiting in line. Total show-off, but he's harmless. Then there's Elena, this woman from London. She's got a bracelet that lets her shapeshift into anyone she's touched before. Last time I saw her, she turned into my old high school principal just to mess with me. Nailed the voice and everything."

I laugh, picturing it. "That's nuts. Who else?"

"Oh, you'd love Jess," Lila says, her eyes lighting up. "She's the one with the gender-swap ring I mentioned before. One twist, and boom, you're flipping from guy to girl or whatever else you want. She's always testing it out, seeing how people react. Says it's the ultimate social experiment. And then there's this kid, Noah. Barely eighteen, skinny as hell, found a coin that grants wishes. Sounds awesome, right? Except every wish goes sideways. He wished for a new car once, and it showed up—stolen, with cops chasing it. Poor guy's paranoid now, barely uses it."

"Jesus," I mutter, a chill creeping up my spine. "That's messed up."



“Yeah, it can get dark,” she admits, her tone sobering for a moment. “Artifacts aren’t toys. They’ve got rules, quirks, sometimes curses. That’s part of why we meet up. To share what we know, warn each other about the risks. Like, Marcus figured out his pendant gives him migraines if he overuses it. Elena’s bracelet? She can only hold a shape for a few hours before it starts to hurt. My ring’s pretty tame by comparison—just mind tricks, no physical toll. But still, you’ve got to respect the power.”

I nod, my mind buzzing with questions. “So it’s like a support group? For people with magic crap?”

“Kind of,” she says, laughing softly. “But it’s more than that. It’s a way to stay connected. Most people don’t get what it’s like, you know? Having something that bends reality, changes who you are or what you can do. The club’s a place where you don’t have to explain yourself. Plus, we trade tips, show off a little. It’s fun, in a weird way.”

I lean back, letting that sink in. “And you want me to come? To this meeting?”

“Hell yeah,” she says, nudging my shoulder. “You should meet everyone, join the club officially. You’ve got that swapping device—nobody else has anything like it. Most artifacts are simpler, you know? Time-freezing, shapeshifting, mind control. Yours is... well to be honest I’ve never seen something quite this powerful, it bends the whole world around you. They’re gonna lose their minds when they see it.”

A thrill runs through me, sharp and electric. “Really? You think I’d fit in?”

“Absolutely,” she says, her smile warm and genuine. “You’re one of us now, James. Tomorrow night, downtown at this old bookstore. It’s our usual spot—quiet, neutral, no prying eyes. We keep it low-key. A few beers, some stories, maybe a little demo if someone’s feeling bold. You in?”

I don’t even have to think about it. “Yeah, I’m in. Sounds incredible.”

“Good,” she says, settling back down beside me, her head finding my shoulder again. “You’ll love it. They’re a weird bunch, but they’re my weird bunch.”

We fall into a comfortable silence, her breathing slowing as sleep creeps closer. I stare up at the ceiling, my mind spinning with images of time-stopping pendants and shapeshifting bracelets, a secret world I’m about to step into. It’s exhilarating, like I’ve stumbled into something bigger than myself. But as the quiet stretches on, something else creeps in—a pang of guilt, sharp and cold, slicing through the excitement.

I just slept with Lila. Another girl. Not Emma. The thought hits me like a punch, and my stomach twists. I cheated on Emma, plain and simple. She's at home right now, probably asleep, trusting me, and here I am with Lila, tangled up in sheets.. My chest tightens, and I swallow hard, trying to push the feeling down.

But then another thought slinks in, softer, more insidious. *Did I really cheat?* The artifact changed everything. She has Emma's body. Reality bent around us, rewrote itself so seamlessly that even Emma wouldn't suspect a thing. It's not like I snuck around behind her back in the usual way. This was magic, something beyond normal rules. Maybe it doesn't count the same.

I glance at Lila, her face relaxed in the dim light, and the guilt flares again. No, that's a cop-out. I know it is. I made the choice. Once I found out, I still fucked her anyway. I crossed a line. Artifact or not, I knew what I was doing. But even as I think it, the device's power hums in the back of my mind, a quiet, tempting whisper. It's changing me, loosening my grip on right and wrong. The swaps, the rush of rewriting reality—it's addictive, and I can feel it pulling me under.

Maybe that's the point, I tell myself. This isn't the old me anymore. The old James wouldn't have done this, wouldn't have even considered it. But the guy with the artifact? He's different. He's part of something bigger, something wild and unbound. And if the rules are different here, maybe what happened tonight isn't betrayal. Maybe it's just... part of the game.

I let out a slow breath, my eyes drifting shut. The guilt's still there, a dull ache I can't quite shake, but it's softer now, muted by the promise of tomorrow. The club meeting, the other wielders, the artifacts—it's a new world, and I'm stepping into it with both feet. Whatever this power's doing to me, I'll figure it out. For now, I'll let it ride.

Beside me, Lila murmurs something in her sleep, still in Emma's body, and I pull her closer, the warmth of her body easing me into the dark.

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