

THE SWAPPING DEVICE



a series by
JohnManTD

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Chapter 11

Sunlight, sharp and unforgiving, slices through the gaps in my blinds, dragging me from the murky depths of sleep. I groan, rolling away from the light, shoving my face into the pillow. It smells faintly of Emma's shampoo.

Emma.

The thought sends a confusing jolt through me. I push myself up, blinking against the brightness, my body stiff and protesting. And there she is, moving quietly around the room, already mostly dressed. My eyes immediately lock onto her form, cataloging the changes I wrought yesterday with an almost clinical detachment.

She's pulling on a light sweater, and even through the soft knit, the large breasts are unmistakable – full, round, sitting high and proud. A significant upgrade. Then she turns, reaching for her shoes, and the tight jeans she wore last night are replaced by leggings, but the effect is even more pronounced. Jesus. Her ass. It's incredible. Perfectly round, sculpted, straining against the stretchy fabric in a way that makes my mouth go dry. Her thighs flow into it with that dancer's curve I stole, thick and powerful yet undeniably feminine. The subtle muscle tone I layered on isn't overtly visible, but there's a sleekness, a tightly coiled energy to her physique that wasn't there before. She looks... phenomenal. Like a fitness model mixed with a pornstar, sculpted by divine intervention – or, well, by me.

She catches me staring as she ties her sneakers and offers a soft, slightly shy smile.

"Morning, sleepyhead," she says, her voice warm and familiar.

"Morning," I manage, my voice thick with sleep.

She walks over to the bed, leans down, and gives me a lingering kiss. Her lips are soft, sweet. "You look amazing, Em," I whisper against her lips, my hand automatically drifting to her hip, feeling the impossible curve under my palm.

A faint blush dusts her cheeks. She glances down at herself, then back at me, a hint of pleased confusion in her eyes. "Thanks," she murmurs. "These leggings are new, maybe

they're just... flattering?" She smooths a hand over her thigh, frowning slightly, as if sensing the unfamiliar firmness but unable to place why. "Gotta run, got that early study group. Dinner was amazing last night, James."

"Yeah, it was," I agree, pushing down the memory of the hollow climax, the unsettling disconnect.

She gives me one last quick peck, her perfect breasts brushing against my bare arm as she leans over, sending an involuntary shiver through me.

With a final wave, she's gone, leaving behind the faint scent of her perfume and the heavy silence of the room. I flop back against the pillows, staring up at the ceiling. She looks incredible. Objectively, undeniably hotter. And she seems... happy? Oblivious, at least. She doesn't know she's walking around in a body partially assembled from strangers. She doesn't know the legs and ass turning heads on campus used to belong to someone else, or that her lean muscle tone came from a random runner. She just thinks her new leggings are flattering.

It's okay, I tell myself firmly. It's better this way. She gets the confidence boost of looking like a goddess, even if she doesn't understand why. Men will notice her more, women might be jealous. Isn't that what girls want, deep down? To be the center of attention, desired, envied? I've given her that. And selfishly, I get the visual upgrade, the perfect body to explore. It's a victimless crime, a reality tweak with only upsides. She's better off like this. I'm better off like this. The justification feels thin, flimsy, like a worn-out blanket, but I wrap myself in it anyway.

But as the silence stretches, another thought intrudes, unwelcome but persistent. Last night. The sex. With the physically perfected Emma, the woman literally sculpted to my desires. It was... fine. Good, even, on a purely mechanical level. Her body was incredible to touch, to look at, to move against. But compared to the night before? With Lila? Even swapped into each other's bodies, even with the danger and the confusion... that felt raw. Real. Connected. There was an awareness, a shared transgression, a mental spark that transcended the physical. Last night with Emma, despite the perfect vessel, felt... empty. Like admiring a stunning photograph instead of living the moment.

Why? Why wasn't perfection enough? Was it the lack of shared awareness? The absence of that slightly dangerous, taboo edge Lila brings? Or is it something deeper? Things feel different since the device. I feel different. Has it spoiled the 'normal' dynamic with Emma?

My phone buzzes on the nightstand, pulling me from the spiral. I grab it, screen lighting up. Missed texts. Several. All from Lila. Shit. I completely forgot to reply yesterday after her nude selfie.

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...

The accompanying topless photo is still there, a potent reminder of her boldness, her tits looking firm and inviting. My cock gives an immediate, traitorous twitch.

Lila: James? Everything okay? Didn't mean to freak you out with the pic if I did.

Lila: Seriously, you good? Kinda worried now.

Lila: Okay, guess you're busy or asleep. Just... check in when you can? Night.

Lila: Hey. Still alive over there, Swapper?

God, she was spiraling. The usual cool confidence replaced by textbook anxious texting. I feel a pang of guilt for leaving her hanging, especially after the intensity of the club meeting and our shared escape.

Me: Hey Lila. Shit, sorry. Totally crashed last night. Long day.

My thumb hovers. Do I mention Emma? Better to rip the band-aid off.

Me: Ended up having that dinner with Emma. Went late.

The reply comes back almost instantly.

Lila: Oh. Right. Emma. Cool. Glad you had fun.

The coolness is palpable, even through text. Jealousy? Definitely feels like it, barely veiled beneath the casual words.

Lila: And sorry about the pic lol. Got carried away after... well, you know. Too much?

Me: Nah, not too much. Was just wiped out. Pic was... appreciated.

That feels like a safe enough acknowledgment without encouraging more right now.

Lila: Good 😏

A beat of silence hangs in the digital space. Then:

Lila: Anyway, listen. Got some news. About Bill. And the bounty.

My stomach plummets. The casual morning vibe evaporates instantly.

Me: What? What is it? Is it bad?

Lila: Let's talk in person. Mall? Food court? Meet me there? 3 PM.

My heart is hammering now. This sounds serious.

Me: Yeah. Okay. Mall food court, 3 PM. I'm free today. See you then.

Lila: Cool. Stay safe til then, James.

Stay safe. Fuck. What has she found out? Is Bill onto me? Did someone else report something? The paranoia comes roaring back, cold and sharp. Three PM feels like an eternity away.

The rest of the morning stretches before me, a vast expanse of anxious waiting. What am I supposed to do? Pace? Watch TV? The mundane feels impossible now. I need a distraction. Something potent.

I wander downstairs. I flop onto the couch, flicking through channels. Nothing holds my attention. My mind keeps circling back to Bill, the bounty, Lila's cryptic warning. The stress is a physical knot in my gut.

My gaze drifts down to my lap. My cock is semi-hard, a residual effect of Lila's photo and the lingering tension. Maybe... maybe getting off will help. Clear my head. I head back to my room and pull out my phone, navigating to one of the usual porn sites. Scrolling through thumbnails – perfect bodies, exaggerated moans, staged scenarios. It all feels... flat. Boring. Like looking at plastic fruit after tasting the real thing. The device has ruined me for normal porn. It offers sensations, transformations, taboo thrills that pixels on a screen can't even begin to replicate. I slam the phone shut in frustration. Pointless.

But the physical need is still there, coiled tight with the anxiety. I need release, but the usual method isn't cutting it. My eyes drift towards Cindy's closed bedroom door. An idea sparks, reckless and familiar. Stress relief, right? And exploration.

I grab the Swapper from my pocket and sneak to Cindy's door. I hear her inside. Perfect. I select "Genitals," target myself, then Cindy. Click. Zzzztttt.

The shift is instantaneous. The weight between my legs vanishes, replaced by that distinct, warm slickness. I stand up, walking to the downstairs bathroom, locking the door behind me. Pants down, I examine myself in the mirror. Yep. Smooth mound, soft folds. My pussy. Well, Cindy's pussy, on loan.

My fingers tremble slightly as I touch myself. The sensitivity is immediate, electric. Just a light brush against the clit sends a jolt straight up my spine. Okay. This is better. Way better than staring at pixels. I sit on the edge of the closed toilet lid, spreading my legs. My fingers explore, learning the shape, the texture. It's different from Emma's body, from my female form too, and even Lila's. Maybe a bit tighter, the clit more prominent. Interesting.

I head back to my room, lay in my bed, and I start rubbing, slow circles at first, letting the pleasure build. It's potent, distracting. The anxiety about Bill recedes slightly, replaced by the rising tide of sensation. My breath quickens, hitches. Moans start escaping my lips, soft at first, then louder. This feels... right. In a fucked-up, confusing way. The vulnerability, the specific locus of pleasure – it hits differently, more intensely than jacking off ever did.

But it's still not quite enough. My fingers are good, but I want more. Friction, fullness. Then I remember. Cindy keeps... toys. In her room. Under the bed, usually, in a shoebox. A few years ago Sam and I had found them when we went looking in her room for some alcohol to steal. Another line to cross, another boundary violated. But the need, the craving for deeper sensation, louder distraction, overrides the hesitation.

Heart pounding – partly from arousal, partly from the taboo thrill of snooping – I quickly pull my pants back up and dart to Cindy's room. I tell her that Mom wants her to put the trash out, lying, and she leaves with a grunt. Perfect, I have maybe 2 minutes. Cindy's room is messy, clothes strewn around, posters taped haphazardly to the walls. I drop to my knees, reaching under the bed. Bingo. Plain brown shoebox. Inside, nestled amongst some tissue paper, are a couple of vibrators and a sleek, realistic-looking silicone dildo. Pink. About average size. Perfect.

Clutching the dildo, I hurry back to my room, feeling like a degenerate thief. But the second I'm back inside, pants dropped again, the borrowed toy in my hand, the guilt evaporates, replaced by raw anticipation.

I add some lube and hesitantly position the dildo. Taking a deep breath, I push it slowly inside myself. The sensation is incredible. Stretching, filling, a pressure that's both intensely pleasurable and strangely validating. I moan, gripping the base, and start moving it, tentative thrusts at first, then deeper, faster.

This is it. This is the intensity I was craving. The feeling of being filled, the friction against those sensitive inner walls... it's pushing me towards the edge fast. My clit throbs under my own frantic fingers, the combination almost unbearable. The stress about Bill, about Lila, about Emma – it's still there, a buzzing undercurrent, but for these few moments, it's drowned out by pure, overwhelming sensation.

I ride the dildo harder, faster. The orgasm hits like a tidal wave, sharp and shattering, stealing my breath, making my vision blur. My body convulses around the intruding shape, squeezing, pulsing, milking every last drop of pleasure until I collapse back, gasping, trembling, the dildo slipping slickly from my grasp onto the tiled floor.

Wow. Okay. That... definitely scratched the itch.

But as the aftershocks fade, the quiet rushes back in. And with it, the anxiety. The stress. Getting off felt good, momentarily obliterating the worry, but it didn't solve anything. I'm still James, still the guy with the reality-bending artifact, still the target of a secret bounty. And I'm still sitting here, with my sister's temporarily borrowed vagina, having just used her dildo. The absurdity, the sheer fucked-up nature of my current coping mechanisms, hits me hard.

I sigh, cleaning myself up. I grab the Swapper, reversing the genital swap. Zzzztfff. The familiar weight returns. Back to baseline.

I glance at the clock. 12:15 PM. Still nearly three hours until I meet Lila. Sitting here, stewing in my own anxiety and post-orgasm haze, isn't going to work. I need to get out. Do something. Anything.

The mall. Yeah. I'll head there now. Kill time. Walk around. Maybe grab some lunch. Anything to keep my mind occupied until 3 PM. I grab my keys and jacket, pocketing the Swapper instinctively, and head out.

The mall is aggressively bright, aggressively loud. A cacophony of pop music, echoing footsteps, overlapping conversations, and the distant beep of cash registers. It's the middle of a Sunday afternoon, and the place is packed. Shoppers drift like schools of fish through

the wide corridors, laden with bags, faces ranging from bored to stressed to manically cheerful. Fake plants gleam under harsh fluorescent lights. The air smells vaguely of Cinnabon and synthetic perfume.

I find the food court, a vast, noisy cavern buzzing with activity. The usual suspects line the perimeter: greasy pizza, questionable Chinese, limp salads, overpriced smoothies. My stomach rumbles – stress and exertion have made me hungry. I settle for a burger and fries from a generic grill place, finding an empty table near the edge, slightly away from the main chaos.

Eating feels mechanical. The burger is okay, the fries are lukewarm. I chew, swallow, sip my soda, watching the endless parade of mall-goers ebb and flow.

My gaze drifts to a nearby table. A woman who looks to be in her early forties is locked in a tense, low-voiced argument with a younger woman, probably her daughter, maybe early twenties. The daughter is wearing something... eye-catching. A tiny black crop top that barely covers the essentials, paired with ripped, low-slung jeans that show off a sliver of tanned midriff and the top of a thong peeking out. Her makeup is heavy, dark eyes and bold lips. The mother, in contrast, is dressed conservatively – beige slacks, sensible shoes, a floral blouse buttoned almost to the neck.

“—absolutely not appropriate, Jessica,” the mother is hissing, her face tight with disapproval. “You look like you’re advertising. It’s practically lingerie! Have some self-respect.”

The daughter, Jessica, rolls her eyes dramatically, slouching in her chair. “Oh my God, Mom, relax! It’s just a top. Everyone dresses like this. Stop being such a prude. It’s my body.”

“It reflects on me! On our family!” the mother insists, leaning forward. “People will think... things. That you’re easy. Slutty.”

Jessica gasps, sitting bolt upright. “Slutty? Are you serious? Just because I’m confident? You’re unbelievable! Maybe if you weren’t so repressed, you’d understand!”

“Repressed? I’m trying to protect you!”

The argument spirals, voices getting slightly louder, drawing a few sideways glances. It’s classic generational conflict, fashion edition. Boring. Predictable.

But as I watch them, a familiar itch starts under my skin. The device feels warm in my pocket. The power hums, quiet but insistent. I’m bored. Stressed. Waiting. Why not... have a

little fun? A little harmless experiment? Nobody will know. Nobody gets hurt. Just a quick swap. See what happens.

The rationalizations flow easily now, smooth and practiced. It's just clothes. It'll be funny. Maybe it'll even teach them some empathy, walking a mile in each other's... outfits.

Device out, concealed beneath the table. Target Mother. Target Daughter (Jessica). Trait: "Clothing." My thumb finds the button without hesitation.

Click. Zzzztttt.

The buzz is lost in the food court din. I watch intently.

For a split second, nothing seems to happen. Then, reality subtly reshuffles.

Jessica is now wearing her mother's conservative outfit – the beige slacks suddenly looking baggy on her youthful frame, the floral blouse buttoned high, swallowing her figure. The heavy makeup looks absurdly out of place with the prim attire.

The mother, meanwhile, is stuffed into Jessica's revealing ensemble. The tiny black crop top strains across her softer, middle-aged torso, exposing a roll of flesh above the low-slung jeans. The ripped denim clings tightly to her wider hips, and the thong is presumably still peeking out, though now above a different waistband. Her sensible shoes look ridiculous with the outfit.

Neither of them reacts to the sudden change in attire. Their argument continues seamlessly, but the content... flips.

"—and frankly, Jessica, I don't see why you're being so difficult!" the mother snaps, gesturing emphatically with a hand, causing the crop top to ride up further. She sounds exactly the same, but now she's defending the revealing clothes she's inexplicably wearing. "It's a cute top! Shows off your figure. You should be proud of your body, not hiding it under... this!" She tugs disdainfully at the floral blouse she was wearing moments ago, now draped awkwardly over Jessica.

Jessica stares back, aghast, pulling the modest blouse tighter around herself. "Mom, I am not wearing that! It's practically indecent! I don't feel comfortable showing that much skin. Why can't I just wear something... normal?" She sounds genuinely distressed, her earlier confidence vanished, replaced by a conservative panic.

“Normal is boring!” the mother retorts, adjusting the crop top with a newfound swagger.

“You’re young! Live a little! Stop being so afraid of your own sexuality!”

“This isn’t about sexuality, it’s about feeling exposed!” Jessica cries, sounding close to tears.

“Why are you pushing me to dress like some... tramp?”

“I’m pushing you to be confident!”

The argument rages on, perfectly inverted. The mother, now embodying the ‘slutty’ aesthetic she condemned, champions revealing clothing, while the daughter, trapped in conservative garb, pleads for modesty. It’s bizarre. Hilarious. And utterly fascinating. They have no idea their perspectives, their arguments, have been switched along with their outfits, dictated entirely by the clothes they now find themselves in. Reality has warped their attitudes to match the external change, seamlessly rewriting their internal logic.

A slow smirk spreads across my face. This is power. Not just changing bodies, but changing perspectives, however temporarily, however superficially based on something as simple as clothing. It’s control on a subtle, insidious level.

I lean back in my chair, finishing the last of my lukewarm fries, feeling a detached sense of amusement. Two weeks ago, finding the device, the thought of leaving these two women permanently swapped in clothing and perspective would have sent me into a panic spiral. I would have been frantically trying to find them again, obsessed with undoing the change, terrified of the consequences.

But now? Now, I just... watch. There’s a flicker of guilt, maybe, seeing Jessica’s genuine distress. But it’s faint, easily overridden by the sheer novelty, the satisfaction of the successful manipulation. What’s the real harm? They’re just arguing. Nobody’s physically hurt. Nobody else notices. Reality has already adjusted. Maybe they’ll learn something. Or maybe they’ll just eventually buy new clothes that fit their swapped perspectives. Does it matter?

I feel... above it. Like the petty squabbles of ordinary humans are distant, quaint. I have a device that can rewrite reality. Their argument about crop tops seems insignificant in the grand scheme of things. My comfort level with casual, potentially permanent alterations has skyrocketed. The paranoia about Bill and the bounty feels like a separate track running in my head – a high-stakes game I’m forced to play. But this? Swapping clothes in a food court? This is just me, exercising my power, keeping my skills sharp, maybe easing my own boredom and stress. It feels almost natural now. Effortless.

Lila's words echo again: "You're getting way too comfortable playing God."

Maybe I am. But as I sit here, the Swapper warm in my pocket, watching the mother unknowingly defend the very outfit she despises, a chilling thought occurs to me. Maybe playing God is exactly what I was meant to do.

I finish my soda, glance at my phone. 2:45 PM. Almost time. Time to meet Lila. Time to face the music about the bounty, about Bill, about the dangerous game I'm now fully immersed in. I toss my trash, stand up, and walk away from the arguing mother and daughter, leaving them trapped in their swapped reality without a backward glance. The thrill of the swap fades, replaced by the returning thrum of anxiety. Time to see what Lila knows.

My phone buzzes. A text from Lila.

Lila: Parking. Level 3. Be down in 5. Stay put.

Five minutes. Okay. Deep breaths. Act normal. Don't look like the guy whose existence threatens a secret society of artifact wielders. Easy.

I try to relax, leaning back in the uncomfortable plastic chair, forcing myself to watch the shoppers drift by. A kid has a meltdown over a dropped ice cream cone. A security guard ambles past, looking bored. Everything is aggressively, aching normal. Except for me. Except for the humming weight of the Swapper beside my hand.

Then I see her, weaving through the tables with that distinctive, sharp-eyed grace. Lila. Dark hair, fitted top, jeans that hug her curves just right. She spots me, and her usual smirk flickers across her lips, but there's a tension in her shoulders, a tightness around her eyes that wasn't there last night, even amidst the chaos. She slides into the chair opposite me, dropping her bag onto the floor.

"Hey," she says, her voice low, already scanning our surroundings. "Anything interesting happen while you were waiting?"

"Define interesting," I reply, trying for casual. "Watched a mother and daughter have a very confusing argument about appropriate attire."

Her eyes immediately flick down to the Swapper sitting openly on the table between us. Her eyebrows shoot up, and a flicker of annoyance crosses her face. "James! What the hell? You're supposed to be laying low, remember? Not leaving the reality-nuking device out like a fucking coaster while you're swapping mall patrons!"

I instinctively reach for it, pulling it into my lap, feeling heat creep up my neck. "Okay, relax. It was harmless. Nobody noticed. It passed the time."

Lila leans forward, lowering her voice further, her gaze sharp. "James, the whole point of laying low is not using the damn thing, especially not in public. Every swap leaves a ripple, even if people don't consciously notice. What if another wielder was nearby? You've got a bounty on your head!"

"Nobody saw anything," I insist, though her intensity makes my defensiveness waver. "It was subtle. And honestly? It felt... good. Easy. Like I'm finally getting the hang of this thing, understanding its potential beyond just, you know, personal kicks."

She stares at me for a long moment, her expression unreadable. Then, a slow smirk tugs at her lips, though the worry doesn't fully leave her eyes. "Playing God, huh?" she murmurs, echoing her words from last night. "You really are leaning into it, aren't you? Just try not to smite anyone by accident before we figure this mess out."

I shift uncomfortably. Maybe she's right. Maybe I am getting too comfortable, too reckless. The ease with which I dismissed the potential consequences of the clothing swap... it's unsettling, now that she's called me out. "Fine," I concede. "Point taken. No more public swaps unless absolutely necessary. Now, tell me. What did you find out? About Bill? The bounty? You said you had news."

Lila leans back slightly, taking a sip from the water bottle she pulled from her bag. The casual movement belies the seriousness returning to her face. "Okay. So, after I dropped you off – or rather, after you drunkenly swapped yourself sober – I couldn't sleep. Spent most of the morning texting, calling people. Discreetly, of course."

She lowers her voice again, making me lean in closer. "I reached out to a few trusted contacts within the club network. Older members, people who've been around longer than Bill, or at least operate outside his direct influence. I fed them some vague story about hearing unsettling rumors, wanting to know if there was any truth to the 'First Artifact' scare, pretending I was just gathering gossip."

"And?" I prompt, my heart starting to hammer again.

"And it's definitely real," she confirms grimly. "The bounty isn't just some paranoid fantasy of Bill's. It's being backed by a shadowy group, some kind of old-guard council within the wielder community. They're terrified of an artifact that breaks the core rule. They see it as an existential threat."

“A council? Who are they?”

Lila shakes her head. “Nobody knows for sure. They operate in the shadows, communicate through intermediaries. Very Illuminati bullshit. But they have resources, influence. And they’ve apparently convinced Bill that finding this artifact is paramount. Bill, for his part, seems genuinely freaked out. More than usual. People I talked to said he’s been agitated, secretive, holding meetings with only his inner circle.”

“His inner circle?”

“Yeah, couple of loyalists who’ve been with him since the early days. He trusts them implicitly. But even they don’t seem to know the full picture. Bill’s keeping the specifics – who’s on this council, the exact amount of the bounty, any potential leads – incredibly close to his chest. He’s paranoid, controlling the information flow.”

“So... nobody suspects me specifically?” I ask, a sliver of hope rising.

“Not yet,” Lila says. “As far as I can tell, nobody has connected you or your device to the legend. Your lie about it not affecting wielders seems to be holding, for now. Bill asked probing questions at the party, sure, but he didn’t push it further with anyone I spoke to. He’s casting a wide net, warning everyone to be vigilant, but he doesn’t seem to have a specific target.” She pauses, taking another sip of water. “But that doesn’t mean we’re safe. It just means we have a little time. Maybe.”

I let out a breath I didn’t realize I was holding. Time. That’s something. But it’s not a solution. “Okay, so what do we do? Just lie low and hope nobody figures it out? That sounds like a shitty plan.”

“It is a shitty plan,” Lila agrees immediately. “Which is why I didn’t stop there.” A familiar glint of mischief sparks in her eyes, chasing away some of the worry. “Lying low is temporary. We need information, James. We need to know exactly what Bill knows, who’s behind this bounty, how serious they are, and what their endgame is. We need leverage. And I think I know how to get it.”

“How?” I ask, leaning forward again, intrigued despite myself.

“We go inside,” she says, her voice barely a whisper now. “We infiltrate Bill’s inner sanctum.”

“What are you talking about? His house? The club headquarters?”

“His house,” she confirms. “He's got this mansion up in the hills. One that practically screams ‘ill-gotten gains.’”

“What about it?”

Lila leans even closer, her eyes intense. “You know how he got that place? It wasn't inherited wealth or a lucky stock tip.”

“How, then?”

She taps her temple significantly. “His artifact. The book. He didn't just use it for party tricks or minor conveniences. He wrote himself a fucking mansion. Found some rich old widow living there alone, wrote in his book, ‘Eleanor Ainsworth will sell her property at 14 Orchard Hill Drive to William Peterson for the sum of one dollar.’ And boom. She signed it over the next day, convinced it was the deal of a lifetime, probably thinking he was some charming philanthropist she was helping out.”

My jaw tightens. That's... disturbingly manipulative. Way beyond fixing poker games or making someone dance.

“And it gets worse,” Lila continues, her voice laced with disgust. “The staff. The maids, the gardener, the cook. They don't get paid,” Lila says flatly. “Not a cent. They live there, full-time. Bill wrote them into his service. Things like, ‘Maria Gonzales feels a deep, unwavering loyalty to William Peterson and finds profound fulfillment in cleaning his home free of charge,’ or some shit. He uses the book to instill this sense of purpose, this desire to serve him. They're essentially slaves, James, brainwashed into wanting to be there. It's fucked up.”

A wave of nausea rolls through me. That's monstrous. Using a reality-bending artifact not just for personal gain, but for outright enslavement, twisting people's minds into finding joy in servitude. Bill, the friendly, dad-like leader... is a monster.

“Jesus Christ,” I breathe. “That's... horrible.”

“Yeah,” Lila says grimly. “But it also gives us an opening. He trusts his staff implicitly, because he literally wrote their loyalty. They're inside. They see things, hear things. Especially the live-in maids. They're practically part of the furniture.”

“So... what?” I ask, not yet seeing where she's going. “You want to bribe one? Use your ring on them?”

Lila shakes her head, a slow, predatory smile spreading across her face. “Better. We don’t bribe them. We don’t command them. Bill might find out that way. Instead, we become one of them.”

It takes a second for the implication to land. “Wait... you mean...?”

“Exactly,” she says, tapping the Swapper still resting in my lap. “Your little toy isn’t just for swapping tits and outfits, is it? All we have to do is get into his house when he’s not there. Pick a maid. You swap bodies with her. And just like that, we have eyes and ears on the inside. You can get close to Bill, listen in on his calls, maybe even snoop around his office where he keeps that creepy book. Find out what he knows about the bounty, who he’s talking to, everything.”

My mind reels. Swap bodies with one of Bill’s brainwashed maids? Pretending to be someone else, spying on the creepy leader of a secret society who might be trying to hunt me down? It’s insane. It’s terrifying. It’s... undeniably the most direct way to get answers.

“Whoa, hold on,” I say, holding up a hand. “That’s... that’s a crazy plan, Lila. What if I get caught? What if Bill suspects something? What if the maid’s personality is super weird because of the book, and I can’t fake it?”

“You won’t get caught,” Lila says confidently. “Bill trusts his staff because he programmed them. He won’t be looking for deception from them. And you don’t need to fake her personality perfectly. Just act quiet, keep your head down, do the chores. Blend in. The other staff are probably too busy fulfilling their ‘life’s purpose’ to notice minor inconsistencies. Plus, you’ve done the body-swap thing before. You know the ropes.”

“Yeah, with you! For like, an hour! Not as some random woman in a potentially dangerous guy’s mansion!” The prospect is daunting. Being female again... even if it is some old maid... oh god what am I doing. The idea makes my skin crawl, yet... it’s also the only way. I’m the target. I need the answers. “Okay, okay,” I concede, rubbing my temples. “Hypothetically. If I do this... how do we get Bill out of the house so I can even do the swap?”

“Easy,” Lila says, already miles ahead. “I use the bounty as bait. I’ll call Bill later today, tell him I heard a whisper, a potential lead on the First Artifact wielder. Nothing concrete, just enough to pique his interest. Suggest we meet for lunch tomorrow to discuss it discreetly. He’ll bite. He’s desperate for information.”

“And you’ll just... feed him bullshit?”

“Exactly. Keep him occupied for a couple of hours while you slip in, find a maid alone somewhere – laundry room, empty hallway, whatever – do the swap, and establish yourself.”

“Okay...” I’m still processing the sheer audacity of it. “But what happens to the maid? The one who ends up in my body?”

“Same thing that happens to all your swap victims who aren’t holding the device,” Lila explains patiently. “Her reality warps. She’ll wake up in your body, probably confused for a second, but her core identity, her memories, her programmed loyalty to Bill – that all stays. She’ll think she’s always looked like... well, you. She’ll continue being ‘Maria’ or ‘Sofia’ or whatever her name is, just in a male package.”

“So she’ll just... go about her day? As a dude maid?”

“Probably. Which is where the next part comes in.” Lila leans forward again. “We can’t have her wandering around Bill’s house looking like you, especially not when Bill gets back. Too risky. So, after you swap, while you still have the device but before you fully commit to being Maid-James, you use my ring.”

She slips the familiar silver band off her finger and slides it across the table towards me. The Mind Control Ring.

“Borrow this,” she says. “Right after the swap, put it on. Find the maid – your body, her mind – and give her a simple command. Something like, ‘Leave the house immediately, go to this address’ – my address – ‘go inside, lie down on the bed in the guest room, and sleep soundly until exactly 10 AM tomorrow morning. You will forget this command and my face the moment you arrive.’ Simple, direct. She won’t question it. She’ll just... go.”

My eyes widen. Use her ring? Command someone? I’d only done it briefly at the party, playfully. This feels different. More serious. “So she just... sleeps at your place? In my body?”

“Exactly,” Lila confirms. “She’s out of the way, safe and sound, until 10 AM. That gives you the rest of today and tomorrow morning inside Bill’s house to snoop around, gather whatever intel you can. Then, tomorrow morning, before she wakes up, you leave Bill’s, get to my place, and swap back. You get your body back, she gets hers back, nobody’s the wiser. Clean and simple.”

Clean and simple? It sounds like the most convoluted, high-risk espionage plot ever conceived. Living as a maid, using mind control, sneaking around a potentially dangerous artifact wielder's house...

"Lila, this is completely insane," I whisper, staring at the ring she offered. "So many things could go wrong."

"What other choice do we have, James?" she counters, her gaze steady, challenging. "Wait around until Bill or his shadowy council figures out it's you? Wait until someone claims that bounty? This is proactive. It's risky, yeah, but it puts us in control. It gives us a chance to figure out what we're up against and maybe find a way to neutralize the threat before it finds us. Besides," she adds, a smirk playing on her lips, "admit it. A tiny part of you is thrilled by this, isn't it? The ultimate infiltration, the ultimate transformation. It's right up your alley."

Is she right? Is there a sick part of me that finds this terrifying scenario... exciting? The challenge, the deception, the chance to use the device for something high-stakes? Maybe. God, maybe she is right. Fear mixes with a strange, illicit buzz of adrenaline.

"Okay," I say finally, picking up the ring, its metal cool against my skin. "Okay, let's do it. It's crazy, but... it's the best shot we have."

Lila grins, relief washing over her face. "Good. I knew you'd see it." She pauses, tapping a finger against her chin thoughtfully. "One more thing. For added security. When you swap with the maid, swap your names too."

I frown. "Swap names? Why? And how does that even work?"

"Abstract swap," she explains. "Like swapping accents or attractions. You target both of you, select 'Name,' hit the button. And suddenly, she thinks her name is James, and you think your name is Maria, or whatever hers is. It just... becomes your reality."

"But why?" I persist. "If she's going to be asleep at your place anyway?"

"Insurance," Lila says firmly. "What if Bill tries to use her name somehow while you're there? What if he shouts 'Maria!' down the hall? If you instinctively think that's your name, your reaction will be instantaneous, natural. No hesitation, no flicker of confusion that could give you away. It makes the infiltration smoother, safer."

I'm skeptical. Swapping a name? It sounds like sci-fi bullshit, even for us. "I don't know, Lila. Will that actually work? I mean, I know who I am. Swapping a label won't change that, will it?"

Lila rolls her eyes. "You doubt the power of your own reality-nuking device? Fine. Test it. Right now." She nods towards a woman sitting alone a few tables away, scrolling through her phone, nursing a smoothie. Mid-thirties, blonde ponytail, looks completely ordinary. "Pick her. Swap your name with hers. Then we'll see."

I hesitate. More public swapping, right after she called me out. But proving this point seems crucial to the plan. And honestly? I'm curious. "Alright, fine."

Device out again, low under the table. Target me. Target Smoothie Woman. Trait: "Name." Click. Zzzztttt.

I wait. Nothing feels different. This is stupid. "See?" I say to Lila. "Nothing. I still feel like me."

She keeps staring at me, that annoying smirk widening. Then, she lowers her voice slightly and says, clearly, "Francine?"

"Yeah?" The word pops out of my mouth before my brain can even process it. I clap a hand over my mouth, my eyes widening in shock. Why did I answer to that? Francine? Where did that even come from?

I pause, concentrating hard. What is my name? My name is... My mind stalls. The word 'James' is there, floating around, but it feels... distant. Foreign. Like a coat that doesn't quite fit anymore. Francine, though... Francine feels... right? Familiar? No, that's crazy. My name is James. It has to be.

While I'm locked in this internal struggle, Lila is watching me with keen amusement.

"James?" she asks.

No response from me. My brain isn't connecting the sound to my identity.

Then, she leans forward again, voice soft but clear. "Francine? Are you okay?"

My head snaps up. "Yeah, I'm fine," I reply automatically, looking right at her.

Lila bursts out laughing, slapping the table. "Oh my God! It worked! You totally answered to Francine!"

The realization hits me like a ton of bricks. I did. I answered to Francine. Holy shit. The device didn't just swap the label; it swapped the ingrained, subconscious recognition. It rewrote that fundamental piece of my identity without me even feeling it happen.

Laughter bubbles up in my own chest, a release of shocked tension. "Okay, wow," I admit, shaking my head. "That's... incredibly freaky. And yeah, definitely useful. Point proven."

I quickly grab the device, target myself and Smoothie Woman (who is still oblivious), and swap our names back. Zzzzt. The feeling of 'Francine' recedes instantly, replaced by the solid, comfortable certainty of being James again. Okay. That's a powerful tool. And a terrifying one.

"So, the name swap is a go?" Lila asks, still grinning.

"Yeah," I agree, pocketing the device and her ring. "The whole plan is a go. It's insane, but... let's do it."

"Alright," Lila says, her expression turning serious again, all business. "Tomorrow, then. I'll call Bill this afternoon, set up the lunch meeting for around noon. That should give you a window. I'll text you the exact time he leaves the house. Be ready. Be smart. And James?"

"Yeah?"

"Try not to get killed. Or permanently turned into a maid."

"Funny," I say dryly, though my stomach is churning with a potent mix of terror and exhilaration.

The weight of the plan settles between us, heavy and buzzing like a live wire. The food court suddenly feels too bright, too exposed. Sharing fries and soda seems absurdly mundane compared to plotting espionage via body-swapping and mind control.

"So," Lila says, breaking the tense silence, her voice regaining some of its usual lightness. "Now that we've casually decided to infiltrate a potentially dangerous cult leader's mansion using your body-hijacking skills and my brain-fiddling ring... wanna get out of this mall? I could use a real drink. And maybe someplace dimmer where I don't feel like Bill's disciples are watching us from behind the Sunglass Hut kiosk."

Relief floods me. "God, yes," I say, standing up quickly, pocketing the Swapper and her ring. "This place is giving me the creeps now."

We ditch the food court, weaving through the Sunday shoppers. Walking beside Lila feels different now. The easy camaraderie is still there, maybe even amplified, but it's layered with the intensity of our shared secret, the danger we've agreed to face together. And beneath that... something else.

We end up ditching the mall entirely, driving the Mercedes to a small, dimly lit bar a few miles away. It's the kind of place with dark wood, sticky tables, and a jukebox playing classic rock at a reasonable volume. Perfect. Anonymous. We slide into a booth in the back corner, ordering strong drinks – whiskey for me, tequila for her.

The first sip burns going down, welcome fire against the chill of anxiety. We talk for a while, deliberately avoiding the looming dread of tomorrow's mission. We dissect the party, laughing about Noah's shapeshifting antics ("Seriously, the horse cock was a choice," Lila snickers), comparing notes on Li's race-shifting locket and Mike's slightly creepy mind-reading. It's easy, comfortable, the banter flowing naturally. Lila's sharp wit plays off my drier humor, and for a while, I can almost forget the bounty, forget Bill, forget the fact that my life has become a surreal, high-stakes mess.

But as the second drink settles in, the elephant in the room starts doing awkward interpretive dance on the table. My thoughts inevitably drift back. Emma. Lila. The hollow feeling after sex with my 'perfected' girlfriend versus the chaotic, mind-bending intensity of being with Lila, even body-swapped.

Lila seems to sense the shift in my mood. She stops mid-sentence, her teasing smile fading slightly as she studies my face. "You okay, James? You zoned out there for a second."

I swirl the whiskey in my glass, staring into the amber liquid. Might as well get it out. The secret's too heavy to carry alongside everything else. "Lila," I start, setting the glass down, my voice lower now. "Can we talk about something? Something... serious?"

Her eyebrows raise slightly, curiosity mixing with caution in her eyes. "Uh oh. Sounds ominous. Shoot."

I take a breath. Here goes nothing. "It's about... well, about Emma. And you. And... me." I gesture vaguely between us. "Last night, with Emma... it was weird."

"Weird how?" she prompts gently, leaning forward slightly.

"I... I did some swaps on her yesterday," I confess, the words tumbling out now. "Before our date. Nothing mental," I add quickly, seeing her expression tighten. "Just physical stuff. Made

her body... perfect. According to my specs, anyway. Legs, ass, muscle tone. Turned her into a total bombshell.”

Lila's eyes widen slightly, but she doesn't interrupt.

“And the sex...” I struggle to articulate it. “It was hot, physically. I mean, she looked incredible. But it felt... empty. Like I was fucking a doll I'd built. There was no spark, none of the intensity I felt with... well, with you. Even when we were body-swapped.” I meet her gaze, letting her see the confusion, the conflict. “It made me realize... things are different now, Lila. Since finding the device, since meeting you, since the club... my whole world has changed. Emma's part of the old world. She doesn't fit anymore. She doesn't know.”

I gesture helplessly. “Trying to keep that life separate, trying to pretend with her while I'm navigating this... it feels fake. Wrong. And honestly?” I take another swig of whiskey for courage. “After last night, after everything... I think I'm way more interested in exploring this reality with someone who gets it. With... you.” The words hang heavy in the air. “I think... I think I need to break up with Emma. And I think I want to be with you, Lila.”

Silence stretches between us, thick and charged. Lila just stares at me, her expression unreadable for a long moment. Shock? Disbelief? Then, slowly, she lets out a long breath, running a hand through her dark hair.

“Wow, James,” she says softly, shaking her head slightly. “Okay. That's... a lot.” She picks up her tequila, taking a slow sip, her eyes thoughtful. “I mean... fuck. I won't lie. I've thought about it. About us. The other night was... insane. And yeah, the idea of having fun with you, with the Swapper... it's tempting as hell. You know it is.”

My heart leaps. This is it.

“But Emma...” Lila sighs, the conflict clear on her face. “Breaking up with her because you suddenly developed god-like powers and found someone ‘more exciting’ who shares your reality-bending secret? That makes me sound like the homewrecking villain in some shitty soap opera. And it makes you sound... well, kinda like an asshole, no offense.”

“None taken,” I admit ruefully. “It is kind of an asshole move. But isn't it worse to keep pretending? To stay with her out of guilt or obligation while my head and heart – and apparently my artifact-related libido – are somewhere else entirely?”

“Maybe,” Lila concedes, chewing on her lower lip. “But I don't want to be the reason you break her heart, James. I don't want that hanging over us. It feels... tainted.”

I lean back, frustration mixing with the whiskey buzz. She wants this too, I can see it. But the guilt, the ethics of the normal world, are holding her back. Just like they almost held me back last night. But this isn't the normal world anymore. We need artifact solutions for artifact problems.

An idea sparks, audacious and elegant in its simplicity. The device. It swaps traits, ownership, accents... why not relationships?

"Lila," I say, leaning forward again, my voice hushed with excitement. "What if... what if Emma doesn't have to get hurt? What if we could just... rearrange things? Make it cleaner?"

She frowns. "What do you mean, rearrange?"

"The Swapper," I say, tapping my pocket where it rests. "It swaps abstract stuff, right? Roles, attractions... What if I swap your relationship status with Emma's? Relative to me, anyway."

Lila stares at me, processing. "Wait. You want to swap... girlfriend status? So, like, Emma instantly becomes just a friend in your reality, and I become... your girlfriend?"

"Exactly!" I say, energized by the idea. "Think about it. Emma wouldn't remember ever being my girlfriend. To her, we'd just be friends, maybe dated briefly ages ago, whatever reality patches in. No heartbreak, no messy breakup scene. And you and I? No guilt, no awkward transition. Clean slate."

Lila's eyes widen, a slow, dangerous smile spreading across her face. "James... that is the most brilliantly fucked-up, ethically questionable, artifact-logic solution I have ever heard." She pauses, considering it, tapping a finger against her glass. "Swapping relationships... Would it even work?"

"We swapped names earlier, it worked perfectly," I remind her. "My sense of self shifted instantly. Why wouldn't this? It's just swapping the abstract concept of 'relationship role' between you two, specifically in relation to me."

She bites her lip, the thrill clearly warring with lingering hesitation. "No heartbreak for Emma... she just becomes a friend, no memory of us dating... and you and I are just... together." She looks at me, her eyes searching mine. "Are you sure about this, James? This is a big leap. Rewriting history, even just personal history..."

"I'm sure," I say firmly, meeting her gaze. "This artifact world... it's where I am now. I need someone who's in it with me. Emma deserves better than being lied to, even by omission. This way... everyone gets what they need, kind of. Without the drama."

Lila lets out a long, slow exhale, then nods, her decision made. "Okay," she says, her voice low but firm. "Okay, Swapper. Let's do it. Let's rearrange reality." Her eyes gleam with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. "How do we get Emma here without raising suspicion?"

"Easy," I say, pulling out my phone. "I'll just call her." I dial Emma's number, my heart pounding a nervous rhythm. It rings twice, then she picks up.

"Hey, James! What's up?" Her voice is warm, cheerful, unsuspecting.

"Hey, Em," I say, trying to sound normal. "Listen, weird question, but could you maybe swing by The Rusty Mug? The bar down on Elm?"

"Uh, now?" she sounds confused. "It's getting kinda late. I was just settling in to watch a movie. Is everything okay?"

Before I can fabricate a lie, Lila reaches across the table, gently taking the phone from my hand. She holds it to her ear, and with her other hand, subtly slips the Mind Control Ring onto her finger. I watch, fascinated, as her expression shifts, becoming calm, focused, authoritative.

"Emma, honey, it's Lila," she says into the phone, her voice smooth and persuasive. Mind control works telephonically. Good to know. "Listen, I need you to do something for me. It's important. I need you to come down to The Rusty Mug right now. Walk inside, find James and me in the back booth. Stand before us. You will feel calm and serene, and you won't speak or react until I tell you to. Okay?"

There's a pause on the other end, then Emma's voice, flat and monotone, replies, "Okay, Lila. I'll come now."

Lila hangs up, slipping the ring off and handing the phone back to me, a slightly shaken look in her eyes. "Damn, that's potent," she murmurs. "And creepy. Hearing her voice just... switch like that."

"Tell me about it," I say, pocketing the phone. "So... we just wait?"

"Yep," Lila confirms, taking a large gulp of her tequila. "We wait."

The wait is agonizingly tense. We sip our drinks in near silence, the jukebox now playing some mournful country song. Every time the bar door opens, we both jump. What will she look like? How blank will she be? Is this really going to work?

After about fifteen minutes, the door opens again, and there she is. Emma. Standing uncertainly in the doorway, blinking against the dim light. And she's in her pajamas – soft flannel pants with little cartoon cats on them and a slightly-too-small, faded college t-shirt. Her blonde hair is messy, pulled back loosely, her face bare of makeup. She looks young, vulnerable, completely out of place. And her eyes... they're vacant. Blank. Staring straight ahead without seeing.

She walks slowly, hesitantly, towards our booth, navigating the tables like a sleepwalker. A few patrons glance at her oddly, whispering, but nobody intervenes. She stops directly in front of our table, standing silently, her gaze fixed somewhere over my shoulder. Her perfect breasts strain against the thin fabric of her old t-shirt, and her incredible new ass fills out the flannel pants in a way that's both comical and undeniably sexy.

Lila nudges my arm, leaning in to whisper, "Damn, James. Even in PJs and a trance, the upgrades are noticeable. You've been busy, huh?"

I feel a flush creep up my neck but ignore the comment, pulling out the Swapper. My hands are shaking slightly. This feels monumental. Rewriting relationships, altering emotional realities... it's a whole new level of playing God.

"Okay," I whisper to Lila. "Ready?"

She nods, her eyes fixed on Emma's blank face, a flicker of something unreadable – guilt? fascination? – in her expression.

I take a deep breath. Target Emma. Target Lila. Trait: "Relationship." Click. Zzzztttt.

The familiar buzz fills the air around our booth, unnoticed by anyone else. I watch Emma and Lila intently. No physical change, obviously. But I feel... something shift. A subtle recalibration in the emotional atmosphere. Looking at Emma, the lingering guilt, the sense of responsibility, the weight of our shared history... it evaporates. Replaced by a feeling of... friendly distance. Fondness, maybe, but platonic. Like looking at an old friend I haven't seen in a while.

Then I look at Lila. The spark of attraction, the thrill of shared secrets, the memory of our intense encounters – it clicks into place with a new sense of rightness. The hesitation, the

'should we or shouldn't we' tension, is gone. Replaced by a feeling of... belonging. Comfort. The easy intimacy of an established couple. She's my girlfriend now. It feels... correct. Natural.

Lila must feel it too. Her gaze meets mine, and there's a new softness there, a warmth that wasn't present before, mingling with the usual fire. A slow smile spreads across her face, mirroring my own. It worked.

She turns her attention back to the still-tranced Emma. Slipping the ring back on, Lila leans forward. "Emma," she says gently but firmly. "Go home now. Get back into bed. You'll fall asleep immediately and wake up tomorrow morning feeling refreshed. You won't remember coming here or any of this conversation. You'll just feel like you had a relaxing night in. Go now."

Emma nods slowly, her expression still blank. She turns, robotically, and walks back towards the door, ignoring the curious stares she draws. She pushes the door open and disappears into the night, leaving behind only the faint scent of her shampoo and the echo of our rewritten reality.

The moment the door closes, Lila turns back to me, letting out a long, shaky breath and slipping the ring off. "Holy shit," she whispers. "We actually did it."

"Yeah," I breathe, feeling a dizzying mix of relief, exhilaration, and lingering disbelief. "We did."

We stare at each other for a long moment, the new dynamic settling between us. The air crackles with unspoken energy. Then, slowly, inevitably, we lean across the table.

Our lips meet, and this time, it's different. It's not the tentative exploration of before, not the desperate clash of swapped bodies. This is... a first kiss. The first kiss of James and Lila, the couple. It's slow, sweet, full of promise, a sealing of the insane pact we just made. Her lips are soft, yielding, tasting faintly of tequila and something uniquely her. My hand finds her cheek, thumb brushing her skin, and she sighs into the kiss, her own hand coming up to tangle in my hair. It feels right. Incredibly, dangerously right.

When we finally break apart, we're both slightly breathless, smiling goofy, lovesick smiles.

"Wow," Lila whispers, her eyes sparkling.

"Yeah," I agree, feeling lighter than I have in weeks, despite the looming threat of Bill. "Wow."

Lila's smile turns wicked. "So... now what, boyfriend?" she purrs, leaning closer again. "I'm thinking the plan for tomorrow can wait a few hours." Her eyes drop meaningfully towards my lap, then dart around the mostly empty bar. "Let's fuck."

Heat floods me instantly. God, yes. "My place?" I suggest, already starting to slide out of the booth.

Lila grabs my arm, stopping me. "Wait," she says, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "We don't need to leave."

I frown, confused. "What? Here? Lila, there are still people..."

"Exactly," she says, grinning wider. She slides out of the booth and strides towards the small corner stage where a lone musician is quietly strumming an acoustic guitar, singing some soulful ballad to the handful of remaining patrons. Before I can react, she snatches the microphone from its stand. The music cuts off abruptly. The few people left look up, startled.

Lila ignores them, slipping the Mind Control Ring onto her finger, her voice booming slightly through the speakers. "Alright, folks, listen up! My boyfriend James and I," she gestures towards me with a possessive smirk, "are about to get a little... busy. And we require some privacy. So, here's the deal: Nobody here – patrons, bartender, guitar guy – will notice anything James and I do for the rest of the night. You won't see us, you won't hear us, you won't remember us being anything other than quiet customers. Anything we do will seem completely normal and unremarkable to you until the moment we walk out that door. Got it? Good."

She drops the mic back onto the stand, the feedback screeching for a second before silence falls. The patrons blink, looking slightly dazed for a moment, then immediately return to their conversations, their drinks, their phones, as if nothing happened. The guitarist shrugs and starts packing up his instrument. The bartender wipes down the counter. It's like a collective memory wipe, an instant obliviousness field.

My jaw drops. "Did you just... mind-control the entire bar?"

Lila saunters back over, grabbing my hand and pulling me towards the now-empty corner stage area. "Pretty much," she says casually. "Told you this ring has its perks. Now we have the whole place to ourselves, functionally speaking." She pushes me against the wall near the stage, her body pressing against mine, her eyes dark with lust. "Test it, if you don't believe me."

Still reeling, I glance around. A girl with bright pink hair is laughing loudly with her friend. Acting on impulse, fueled by the alcohol and the sheer audacity of Lila's command, I reach out as the pink-haired girl passes our corner. My hand darts out, cupping her surprisingly full breast right through her thin t-shirt.

She doesn't even flinch. Doesn't pause in her laughter, doesn't slap my hand away, doesn't seem to register the contact at all. Her friend doesn't react either. It's like my hand doesn't exist. I pull back, stunned. Holy shit.

Lila sees the look on my face and laughs, a low, throaty sound. "See? Total immunity." Before I can fully process it, she launches herself at me, her mouth crashing onto mine again, fierce and demanding. Her hands roam my body, tugging at my shirt, fumbling with my belt buckle. "Now," she growls against my lips, "where were we?"

The adrenaline, the sheer taboo thrill of potentially having sex in a public bar while invisible to everyone around us, ignites something primal in me. I kiss her back fiercely, hands diving under her top, finding the warm skin of her back. Forget tomorrow. Forget Bill. Right now, there's only Lila, the promise of forbidden pleasure, and a world bent to our will.

Lila's hands are everywhere, pulling my shirt off, popping the button on my jeans, her touch urgent and greedy. I'm just as bad, fumbling with the zipper on her jeans, needing to feel her skin against mine. The air crackles with anticipation, the remnants of the crowd around us fading into irrelevant background noise.

"Okay, okay, hold on," Lila gasps, pulling back slightly, her chest heaving. Her eyes gleam with a wicked idea. "Before we get too carried away... rapid fire. What's a major kink of yours, Swapper? Something that really gets you going."

The question catches me off guard, but the answer comes instantly, fueled by instinct and the memory of recent explorations. "Doggy style," I admit, my voice a little rough. "Something about the angle, the view, taking charge from behind... it just hits right."

Lila makes a face, wrinkling her nose slightly. "Ugh, really? Doggy? I've never gotten the appeal. It feels awkward, impersonal. I like seeing the guy's face, you know? But perfect," she declares, her eyes lighting up with that familiar, dangerous spark. She spins around, facing the oblivious remnants of the bar patrons. Slipping the ring back on, she raises her voice, though only we seem truly attuned to it now. "Alright, listen up again, my mindless little sheep! Quick poll! Hands up, nice and high, if you have a secret, or maybe not-so-secret, fetish for getting absolutely railed in doggy style! Don't be shy!"

My eyes widen. What is she doing? I watch, stunned, as a few hands slowly raise around the room. Two women at a corner table, looking slightly embarrassed but defiant. The pink-haired girl whose breast I just grabbed, a knowing smirk on her face now. And, surprisingly, a quiet, bookish-looking guy sitting alone at the bar. Their hands go up, but otherwise, they remain completely passive, still locked in Lila's obliviousness command.

Lila turns back to me, a triumphant grin plastered across her face. "See? Plenty of willing candidates for a little preference swap. Ring is amazing, isn't it?" She gestures towards the volunteers. "Pick one. Or all of them. Swap their doggy fetish onto me. Let's see if I 'get the appeal' then."

My mind races. Swapping a fetish? Is that even possible? But the device has already warped names, attractions, relationships... why not kinks? The potential is intoxicating. And the thought of Lila, who dislikes the position, suddenly consumed by a desperate need for it... Fuck, that's hot.

"Okay," I say, pulling out the Swapper, my hand surprisingly steady now. Target Lila. Target a Doggy-Fetish Volunteer. Trait: "Sexual Preference/Fetish: Doggy Style." Click. Zzzztttt.

The effect on Lila is instantaneous and visceral. Her eyes widen, pupils dilating. A low groan escapes her lips, deep and guttural. She shifts her weight, her hips instinctively pushing back slightly, a tremor running through her body. Her breathing becomes shallow, ragged. She looks at me, her eyes glazed over with a sudden, overwhelming hunger that wasn't there seconds ago.

"Oh," she breathes, her voice trembling. "Oh, wow. Okay. I... I get it now. Fuck, James." Her hands fly to her jeans, fumbling desperately with the zipper. "Need... need you behind me. Now. Please. Hard."

She kicks off her jeans and panties in one frantic motion, practically tearing them off. Then, without a shred of her usual cool composure, she drops to her hands and knees right there on the floor near the stage, presenting her ass to me with a desperate urgency. Her back is arched perfectly, her head thrown back, dark hair cascading down. Her pussy, already glistening, drips onto the floorboards. The swapped fetish has hit her like a tidal wave, consuming her utterly.

My cock surges, painfully hard, straining against my own half-undone jeans. Seeing her like this – poised, desperate, begging for the very position she despised moments ago – is the

biggest turn-on I've ever experienced. I kick off my own pants and boxers, kneeling behind her magnificent, waiting form.

My hands find her hips, gripping the smooth skin, pulling her back against me. She gasps, grinding against my erection. "Yes, fuck, right there," she pants. I position myself, the head of my cock pressing against her slick entrance. She whimpers, pushing back harder, demanding entry.

I thrust forward, burying myself inside her in one smooth, powerful stroke. Lila screams, a raw, unrestrained sound that should draw attention but doesn't. Her body clenches around me, impossibly tight, impossibly hot. The swapped fetish magnifies her physical response, making every nerve ending scream.

"Harder, James!" she pleads, her voice strained. "Fuck me like an animal! Own me!"

I oblige, pounding into her with a relentless rhythm, my hips slamming against her perfect ass. The sound is obscene – wet, slapping, echoing slightly in the otherwise quiet bar. Her moans are continuous now, a desperate litany of curses and pleas. I watch her body move, her back arching, her hips rolling, completely consumed by the position, by the feeling. My hands roam, squeezing her ass, digging into her waist, pulling her impossibly closer with each brutal thrust. This isn't gentle, it's raw, primal, fueled by swapped desires and the illicit thrill of our invisible stage.

After several minutes of relentless pounding, my own climax starts to build, the pressure coiling tight in my gut. Lila feels it, her moans turning frantic. "Don't stop, don't stop, almost there, fuck me harder!" she screams. I give one final, deep thrust, roaring as I cum deep inside her, my release explosive. She convulses around me, her own orgasm ripping through her, a high-pitched shriek swallowed by the indifferent ambiance of the bar.

We collapse, trembling, slick with sweat, still joined together on the floor. My chest heaves, trying to pull in air. Lila lies beneath me, limp and utterly spent, her breathing ragged.

"Okay," she pants after a moment, her voice hoarse. "Okay... point proven. Doggy style... is fucking incredible." She manages a weak, dazed grin. "Keep that swap active for a while, okay?"

I chuckle, withdrawing slowly, the air cool against my still-sensitive cock. "Whatever my girlfriend wants," I murmur, leaning down to kiss her sweat-slick shoulder.

She shivers, pushing herself up slowly onto her elbows, looking wrecked but exhilarated. “More,” she says simply, her eyes still holding that wild, fetish-fueled hunger. “That was just the appetizer.”

More? My body’s still humming, but the idea of another round... maybe with a twist? My own lingering curiosity about experiencing the female form again bubbles up. And the idea of combining that with... Lila’s newfound appreciation for doggy style... My eyes drift around the bar, landing on the pink-haired girl I’d groped earlier. She’s still chatting with her friend, completely oblivious. An idea, born from our earlier gender-bending escapade and my own confusing desires, sparks brightly.

“Okay,” I say, grabbing the Swapper again. “But let’s really change things up.”

Target me. Target Pink-Haired Girl. Trait: “Gender.” Click. Zzzztfff.

The world shifts. My perspective doesn’t drop this time; instead, my frame softens, reshapes. The familiar pull across my chest, the narrowing of shoulders, the widening flare of hips. I glance down. My black t-shirt now clings tightly to full, teardrop-shaped breasts, larger than Lila’s C-cups, pushing towards a D. My waist cinches, flowing into curves that strain against my jeans. The weight between my legs vanishes, replaced by that warm, slick vulnerability. I catch a glimpse of my reflection in the darkened window behind the stage – my face, but softened, prettier, framed by hair that seems slightly wavier. It’s the girl version of me, curvy and undeniably hot.

But something’s missing. The power. The tool for the position Lila’s currently craving.

Target me (in my female body). Target a man. Trait: “Genitals.” Click. Zzzztfff.

A familiar weight reappears between my new, lush thighs. I glance down again inside my jeans, pulling the waistband slightly away. Yep. A cock, thick and already stirring ready to fuck, attached incongruously to my now voluptuous female form. Curvy, stacked, and packing. I’m a futanari now I think? This feels... potent.

Lila pushes herself up fully now, kneeling on the floor, watching my transformation with wide, fascinated eyes. She looks me up and down – the curvy figure, the full breasts straining the t-shirt, the curve of my ass, and the big cock between my legs.

“Okay,” she says slowly, tilting her head. “Futanari James, take two. And... wow.” Her gaze lingers on my chest, then drops lower. “Honestly? Still not usually my thing. I like my men,

you know?" She shrugs apologetically. "The girl body, even a ridiculously hot one like... well, like female you... with the dick? Still kinda scrambles my circuits."

Disappointment flickers, but then the other idea hits me, even more audacious than the last. If she's not into women or futa bodies... maybe I can change that specific preference wiring.

My eyes scan the bar again. A bookish guy is nursing a beer, maybe subtly checking out the blonde waitress. He seems like a standard straight dude.

Target Lila. Target Bookish Guy at Bar. Trait: "Sexual Attraction Preference (Primary Focus: Women/Female Forms)." Click. Zzzztttt.

Lila gasps, her eyes widening dramatically. Her gaze snaps towards me – towards my curvy futa form – and the previous hesitation vanishes, replaced by raw, undisguised lust. Her pupils dilate, her breathing hitches. Then her eyes dart around the bar, locking onto the few remaining women with an almost feverish intensity. The blonde waitress, the brunette laughing with friends, Pink Hair Girl's friend. A low groan escapes her lips. She reaches out, almost involuntarily, towards the waitress.

"Holy... fuck," Lila breathes, her voice husky, stunned. "The curves... the softness... the tits... how did I never...?" Her eyes drop down to her own naked body, cupping her own breasts with a look of intense, almost reverent awe. "Wow. My tits are... amazing. My whole body..." She shakes her head, laughing breathlessly, a flush spreading across her chest. "What did you DO, James? Everything looks... incredible. Edible. Especially you right now." Her eyes rake over my curvy futa form, lingering on my breasts.

"Just broadened your horizons a little," I say, grinning, enjoying the sheer chaotic power trip. My borrowed female body hums under her predatory gaze, my cock straining.

"Broadened?" she laughs again, scrambling back onto her hands and knees, presenting herself with an eagerness that eclipses even her doggy-fetish frenzy. "You've rewritten the whole damn Kinsey scale in my head! Now get that gorgeous girl-cock in me, James! And hurry the fuck up!"

Happy to oblige, I kneel behind her once more and strip my t shirt. This time, the visual is a symphony of delightful contradictions. My own full breasts sway and bounce with movement as I thrust into Lila. My cock fills her, her swapped attraction preference making her impossibly receptive, her body arching desperately to take me deeper. She's screaming again, incoherent praise for my female form mixed with demands fueled by her doggy fetish.

But her newly acquired appreciation for women isn't satisfied with just me. Mid-thrust, she twists her head, spots the sexy blonde waitress nearby, still wiping tables, oblivious. Lila lifts her hand, ring glinting. "You!" she commands, her voice tight with exertion and lust, the command only reaching the waitress. "Come here. Kneel down right there. Play with your tits. Show me how sensitive your nipples are. And nobody else sees you."

The waitress freezes, eyes glazing over. She walks stiffly towards our corner, kneels just a few feet away, facing us, and begins to slowly, hesitantly touch her own breasts, her expression blank, her fingers exploring her nipples with programmed sensuality.

Lila groans, watching her intently even as I continue to pound her from behind. "Fuck, yes," she pants. "Look at her, James! Look at those tits, perfect handfufs..." Her eyes flick down to her own chest, and she reaches up, grabbing her breasts, squeezing them hard, her knuckles white. "Mine feel so good," she gasps, nipples clearly hard beneath her grip. "Love feeling them bounce while you fuck me... God, women are so fucking hot..."

The combination is dizzying. Fucking Lila with my futa body, while Lila herself, consumed by swapped attractions and fetishes, watches another woman stimulate herself on command. My own full breasts jiggle with each thrust, Lila's ass claps against my pelvis, her moans mingling with the waitress's soft, programmed whimpers. It's a swirling vortex of swapped realities, manipulated desires, and raw, uninhibited sex, all playing out invisibly in the corner of a dying bar.

Lila's climax builds rapidly again, fueled by the complex layering of swapped preferences, voyeurism, and the intense physical sensations. She screams my name – a desperate, possessive sound – as she cums, her body arching violently off the floor, clenching around futa cock. Watching her lose control, combined with the sight of the kneeling waitress and the feel of my own powerful, contradictory body, pushes me over the edge. I roar, emptying myself inside Lila, collapsing onto her back, utterly spent, the echoes of our release swallowed by the bar's indifferent silence.

We lie there for a long time, tangled and gasping, the only sound the faint, rhythmic sounds from the still-kneeling waitress. Eventually, Lila stirs, pushing herself up weakly. She glances at the waitress, then back at me, a dazed, utterly debauched smirk on her face.

"Okay," she says, her voice hoarse but triumphant. "Best. Sex. Ever. Period." She dismisses the waitress with a flick of her wrist and a whispered command to forget everything and go home. The waitress stands, smooths her apron, and walks out of the bar as if she just finished a normal shift, leaving no trace of her forced performance.

I sit up, feeling the heavy weight of my female breasts, the lingering throb of my futa cock against my thigh. Lila eyes me, then herself, then back at me. "Alright, maestro," she says, gesturing between us. "Time to put Humpty Dumpty back together again. Mostly."

I grab the Swapper and undo most of the swaps. Our bodies are back to normal.

Finally, Lila's attraction. Target Lila. Target Bookish Guy at Bar (long gone, but the imprint remains). Swap Sexual Attraction Preference back. Zzzzt. Lila blinks, shaking her head slightly, the intense lesbian hunger fading from her eyes, replaced by her usual sharp focus. She glances around, then back at me, a slight flush still on her cheeks. "Okay," she murmurs. "Wow. Brain feels... less like a pinball machine now."

"One more thing," I say, holding up the device, that wicked grin returning.

Lila eyes me suspiciously. "What?"

Target Lila. Target the Doggy-Fetish Volunteers. Undo the Fetish Swap? My finger hovers. Tempting to be merciful, but... where's the fun in that? Besides, she said she liked it.

I lower the device, pocketing it. "Nothing," I say innocently. "All done."

Lila raises an eyebrow, then shrugs, starting to gather her clothes. "Fine. Keep your secrets." She pulls on her panties and jeans, then her top. As she bends over to grab her shoes, she pauses, a thoughtful frown creasing her brow. She straightens up slowly, arching her back deliberately, a distinct flicker of that intense, position-specific need returning to her eyes. "Huh," she murmurs, glancing back at me over her shoulder with a sly look. "Still kinda wanna get bent over that pool table..."

She catches the triumphant smirk on my face and her eyes narrow playfully. "James," she says slowly, pointing a finger at me. "You dirty bastard. You didn't swap it back, did you?"

"Swap what back?" I ask, feigning ignorance as I pull on my own clothes, feeling smugger than I probably should.

She throws her discarded bra at my head, laughing. "The doggy fetish! You left it! You absolute degenerate!"

"Hey, you said you liked it," I counter, ducking with a grin. "Consider it a... souvenir. Of our rearranged reality."

She finishes dressing, walks over to me, and wraps her arms around my neck, pulling me into a deep, lingering kiss. It's possessive, passionate, sealing the events of the night, the rearranged reality, the newly established relationship. "You're trouble, Swapper," she murmurs against my lips, her voice husky. "But you're my trouble now."

"Wouldn't have it any other way, girlfriend," I whisper back, the word feeling both strange and perfectly right.

We gather our things, jackets slung over our shoulders, hands intertwined naturally now. As we walk towards the door, we pass the few remaining patrons. They don't look up. The bartender polishes a glass, humming softly. The obliviousness field holds strong. We step out into the cool night air, leaving the scene of our invisible debauchery behind us, the door swinging shut on a pocket of manipulated reality. The night feels charged, pregnant with possibilities, both thrilling and terrifying. Tomorrow, the infiltration begins. Tonight, reality belonged entirely, intoxicatingly, to us.