

THE SWAPPING DEVICE



a series by
JohnManTD

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Chapter 12

The digital clock on Lila's nightstand reads 11:03 AM. Sunlight streams through the gaps in her blinds, painting stripes across the messy duvet. My own clothes from last night are crumpled on a chair, a testament to the chaotic, incredible, reality-bending events that unfolded after we left the bar. Lila's beside me, already dressed in jeans and a tank top, perched on the edge of the bed, watching me with an unnerving intensity. Her usual playful smirk is replaced by a focused seriousness that makes my stomach clench.

"Ready?" she asks, her voice low and steady.

I look down at my hands. In my right, the familiar cool weight of the Swapper. In my left, the delicate silver gleam of her Mind Control Ring. The twin engines of our insane plan. "Yeah," I say, my voice slightly hoarse. "Ready as I'll ever be."

"Repeat the plan," she instructs, her gaze unwavering. Like a mission briefing. Which, I guess, this kind of is.

I take a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves. "Okay. You call Bill, set up lunch for around noon, lure him out. I get near the house, wait for him to leave. Infiltrate, find a maid – preferably alone. Swap bodies and clothes. Use your ring," I hold it up, "command her – my body, her mind – to go to your place, guest room bed, sleep until 10 AM tomorrow. Swap names with her too, for cover. Then... I become Maid-Francine, or whatever my new name is, blend in, keep my eyes and ears open, find out what Bill knows about the bounty, the First Artifact, who's behind it all. I leave before 10 AM tomorrow, come back here, swap back with the maid before she wakes up."

Lila nods slowly, absorbing it. "Good. You remembered the name swap. Crucial." She glances at her watch. "It's just past eleven now. I'm calling Bill as soon as you're out the door. Lunch is in an hour, so he'll likely leave the house around 11:45, maybe 11:50, depending on traffic. You need to get going. Get near the house, find a hiding spot, wait for my signal or for you to see him leave."

“Right.” I stand up, pocketing the Swapper and slipping the ring onto my right index finger. It feels alien, charged with a power that isn’t mine but that I’m about to wield in a profoundly manipulative way. The weight of the mission settles on my shoulders, heavy and cold.

I head for her apartment door, my footsteps echoing slightly in the sudden silence. Just as my hand reaches the doorknob, Lila calls out, “Wait.”

I turn. She steps forward, cups my face in her hands, and pulls me into a deep, lingering kiss. It’s not the frantic, lust-fueled kiss of last night; this is slower, charged with unspoken fear and fierce determination. Her lips are soft, insistent, conveying everything words can’t – the danger, the trust, the insane situation we’ve thrown ourselves into.

“Good luck, James,” she whispers against my lips, her forehead resting against mine for a beat. “Be smart. Be safe. And try not to get permanently French-maid-ified.”

A shaky laugh escapes me. “I’ll do my best.”

With one last squeeze of my hand, she steps back. I pull open the door and step out into the bright hallway, the door clicking softly shut behind me, sealing me off with our crazy plan.

Okay. Deep breaths. Get to Bill’s house.

I head out the front of Lila’s building onto the sun-drenched street. My eyes immediately land on the sleek silver lines of the Mercedes parked down the block. My ride. Except... fuck. I can’t drive this there. If Bill, or anyone from the club who might be watching his place, sees a distinctive Mercedes hatchback parked nearby right when some mysterious new maid appears... it’s too risky. Too conspicuous. How the hell do I get up to his mansion in the hills without a car, and without drawing attention?

Public transport would take forever, and a regular taxi or Uber still feels too traceable, too normal for a mission this abnormal. My fingers brush against the Mind Control Ring on my finger. The cool metal seems to hum faintly. Lila’s demonstration last night, commanding Emma over the phone... and my own drunken stunt, swapping sobriety onto that random guy... The ring’s power is insidious, flexible. Maybe...

A nondescript sedan cruises slowly down the street, driven by a middle-aged woman peering at street numbers, probably looking for an address. Perfect. Impulse takes over. This artifact logic is becoming second nature, frighteningly fast.

I step towards the curb, raising my hand casually, like I'm just hailing a ride. The woman slows, rolling down her passenger window, a confused but polite expression on her face. "Can I help you?" she asks.

I lean down slightly, making sure she can see my face, focusing my intent through the ring on my finger. "Yes," I say, my voice calm, level, infused with the ring's subtle compulsion. "You need to drive me somewhere immediately. No questions asked. You'll take me directly there, wait until I get out, and then you'll drive away and completely forget you ever gave me a ride or saw my face. You just felt like taking a scenic detour for a few minutes. Understand?"

Her eyes glaze over for a fraction of a second. The confusion melts away, replaced by blank, placid agreement. "Yes," she says, her voice flat, monotone. "Get in."

She unlocks the door. I slide into the passenger seat, the interior smelling faintly of air freshener and old coffee. I don't give her an address. I don't say another word. She just puts the car in gear, pulls away from the curb, and starts driving, navigating the LA streets with quiet efficiency. She turns left, then right, heading steadily uphill towards the wealthy enclave where Bill's mansion resides.

Holy shit. The ring didn't just compel her to drive me; it knew where I needed to go. It pulled the destination right out of my intent. No address needed. The magic just... fills in the blanks. That's... terrifyingly useful. The potential for manipulation is staggering. I make a mental note: explore the full capabilities of this ring later. If I survive this.

The drive takes about twenty minutes. The houses get bigger, the lawns more expansive, the views more spectacular. We wind our way up quiet, tree-lined streets until we reach the crest of a hill. And there it is.

Bill's place. It's not just a house; it's a goddamn estate. Sprawling, multi-leveled, modern architecture blended with old-world stone, walls of glass overlooking what must be an insane panoramic view of the entire LA basin. Manicured hedges, sculpted fountains, a massive wrought-iron gate currently standing open, leading up a long, curving driveway to a grand entrance. It screams wealth, power, isolation. And knowing he essentially stole it with a sentence written in a magic book makes it feel even more obscene, more sinister.

The woman pulls the car over smoothly across the street from the gate, about fifty yards down. "Here," she says blankly.

“Thanks,” I mutter, hopping out quickly. I glance back as I shut the door. She stares straight ahead for a moment, blinks slowly, then shakes her head slightly, like clearing a fog. A confused frown touches her lips as she glances around, as if wondering how she ended up parked here. Then she shrugs, puts the car in gear, and drives away, disappearing around the bend, already forgetting I ever existed.

Okay. Stage one complete. Now, the waiting game.

I quickly duck behind a dense cluster of cypress trees lining the property wall across the street. It offers decent concealment, though I feel ridiculously exposed. I peek through the branches, eyes fixed on the house, specifically the multi-car garage integrated into the lower level. My heart hammers against my ribs. Any minute now...

The waiting is agony. Every rustle of leaves, every distant car horn, makes me jump. Fifteen minutes crawl by like hours. What if Lila couldn't reach him? What if he changed his mind? What if he's already suspicious?

Then, finally, the low rumble of an engine. One of the garage doors slides silently upwards, revealing a sleek, dark sedan – not flashy, surprisingly understated for a guy living here. The car backs out slowly, turns down the driveway, and cruises past my hiding spot. Behind the wheel, clear as day, is Bill. Thinning hair, glasses, looking preoccupied as he navigates the curve. He doesn't glance my way. He drives down the hill and out of sight.

He's gone. The house is vulnerable. It's time.

My legs feel shaky as I emerge from behind the trees. I walk quickly, purposefully, up the long driveway, trying to project an air of confidence I absolutely do not feel. The sheer scale of the place is intimidating up close. The massive oak front door looms like a fortress gate. Taking a shaky breath, trying to channel some of Lila's effortless bravado, I press the doorbell.

A soft chime echoes from within. I wait, shifting my weight, my palms sweating. Who's going to answer? Some stern, elderly woman in a traditional black-and-white uniform?

The door swings open silently. And my brain short-circuits.

Standing there is not some stern, elderly woman. Standing there is... perfection. Utter, breathtaking, inhuman perfection. She's tall, maybe 5'10". Her figure is an impossible hourglass – a tiny waist flaring into lush, sculpted hips and a gravity-defyingly round, high ass. Her breasts are magnificent, full and perfectly shaped, straining against the confines of

her uniform. And her face... heart-shaped, with high cheekbones, luminous skin, huge, doe-like eyes the color of dark chocolate, framed by thick lashes, and full, bee-stung lips painted a deep, seductive red. Her hair is a cascade of glossy black waves falling over one shoulder. She looks like a CGI creation, an amalgamation of every supermodel and pornstar fused into one impossible being.

And the uniform. Oh god, the uniform. It's black, skintight, with a ridiculously short, ruffled skirt that barely covers the essentials. The neckline plunges daringly low, showcasing the swell of her incredible breasts. White lace trims the edges, adding a touch of perverse innocence. She's wearing sheer black stockings held up by garters I can just glimpse beneath the micro-skirt, and impossibly high black stilettos. It's the most overtly, almost comically, erotic maid outfit imaginable.

Bill didn't just find maids; he apparently sculpted or sourced goddesses and trapped them in fetish wear. The realization sends a wave of disgusted fury through me, quickly followed by an unwelcome jolt of pure, unadulterated lust. She's breathtaking.

"Oui?" she asks, her voice a low, smoky purr, dripping with a thick, stereotypical French accent. "Can I 'elp you, monsieur?" Her dark eyes scan me, curious but impassive, programmed loyalty overriding any genuine reaction.

I'm frozen. Completely speechless. My carefully rehearsed opening line – maybe pretending to be a delivery guy? – evaporates. All I can do is stare, my mind blank, caught between outrage at Bill's depravity and the sheer overwhelming beauty of the woman before me. This is who I'm supposed to swap with? This... amazon of sex appeal?

She raises a perfectly sculpted eyebrow, waiting. Her impassive gaze starts to flicker with programmed impatience. "Monsieur? If you 'ave no business 'ere..." She begins to slowly push the heavy door closed.

Panic jolts me back to reality. Shit. Can't lose this chance. No time for finesse. Impulse takes over again, the device practically leaping into my hand.

Target French Maid Goddess. Target me. Traits: "Entire Body" AND "Clothing." Quick! Click. Zzzzt!!!

The world dissolves into that familiar, sickening lurch. Vertigo hits hard as my perspective shifts, height changing, balance altering. When reality snaps back into focus a second later, I'm looking out from her eyes. I see... me. My own slightly shorter, familiar male body standing dumbly on the doorstep, wearing my jeans and leather jacket, the same

slack-jawed, stunned expression I probably had moments ago plastered on my face. The maid's mind, trapped in my form, blinks in confusion, her hand still on the door, ready to close it.

Okay, step one done. Now, the name. Need to do it fast before commanding her.

Device still in hand. Target maid. Target me. Trait: "Name." Click. Zzzzt!!!

Another subtle ripple. I don't feel a change, just like the Francine test, but I know it worked. My internal identifier has shifted. The name 'James' feels like a foreign word now, like recalling a character from a book. 'Amelie,' however... that feels... right. Correct. Me. Fuck, this is potent.

I look down. Holy. Fucking. Shit. My hands are slender, elegant, nails perfectly manicured and painted the same deep red as the lips I now possess. My gaze travels down the impossible landscape of this new body. The enormous, perfectly round breasts swell beneath the tight bodice of the uniform, the fabric straining. My waist is impossibly tiny, cinched tight. The ridiculously short skirt barely covers the curve of my spectacular ass, and my legs... gods, they go on forever, encased in sheer black silk, ending in precarious stilettos. I feel... towering. Powerful. Ridiculously, dangerously sexy.

But there's no time to admire the view. Amelie-James is still standing there, looking utterly bewildered by the stranger on the doorstep (me, Amelie), about to shut the door. I fumble, slipping the Mind Control Ring onto my new, slender finger. It feels tight, but it fits. Focus. Command.

"Attends," I say, the French-accented command flowing naturally from my lips now. It's my voice. Amelie's voice. "Wait." I meet my own eyes – Amelie's mind trapped in James's face. "Forget zis. Forget me standing 'ere. You need to leave now. Walk away from ze 'ouse. Do not talk to anyone. Go to zis address..." I mentally project Lila's address, the ring humming faintly with understanding. "...Go inside. Find ze guest room. Lie down on ze bed. Sleep soundly. Do not wake up until 10 AM tomorrow morning. You will forget zis command and my face ze moment you arrive."

My former body nods blankly, Amelie's mind instantly accepting the command. She – he? – turns without a word, walks stiffly down the driveway in James's clothes, James's slightly awkward male gait looking utterly foreign now. She disappears down the street, presumably heading towards Lila's place on autopilot, fully believing herself to be Amelie, trapped inexplicably in this strange man's body but compelled to sleep.

Perfect. She's gone. My body is secured. And I am Amelie.

I quickly step inside the mansion, pulling the heavy oak door shut behind me, the click echoing in the cavernous marble foyer. Silence descends. I lean back against the cool wood, my heart hammering against the ridiculously tight confines of the maid uniform's bodice. My breath catches in my throat. I'm in. I'm inside Bill's fortress. And I'm inhabiting the body of a supermodel French maid named Amelie.

Okay. Breathe. Take stock.

My eyes dart around the foyer – polished marble floors, soaring ceilings, a sweeping staircase, priceless-looking art on the walls. Opulent. Cold. Empty, for the moment. I need a mirror. Need to see this properly. Spotting a discreet door off the main hall, I push it open. Bathroom. Thank god.

I slip inside, locking the door behind me. It's bigger than my entire apartment, all gleaming chrome and black granite. A massive mirror stretches above the double vanity sinks. I approach it slowly, hesitantly, almost afraid of what I'll see.

And then... wow. Just... wow. It's the maid's face staring back, but animated by my thoughts, my expressions. Those huge dark eyes, the high cheekbones, the full red lips... it's undeniably one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen. And it's mine. For now.

My hands instinctively go to the uniform. The fabric is thin, stretchy, clinging to every curve. I unbutton the top few buttons of the bodice, revealing an even more scandalous amount of cleavage. The breasts beneath are heavy, firm, defying gravity. I cup them gingerly. They feel... real. Spectacularly real. Warm, soft, yet incredibly buoyant. These are world-class tits. Perfect specimens.

Driven by a need to see everything, I carefully peel the uniform off. The buttons are tiny, fiddly. The zipper on the skirt gets stuck for a second. The garter belt requires figuring out. Finally, I'm standing there, completely naked, in front of the massive mirror.

My breath hitches. This body... it's art. Every proportion is perfect, exaggerated yet somehow harmonious. The impossibly small waist flows into hips that are wide but toned, not soft. The ass is high, round, sculpted like marble. The legs are long, leanly muscled, flawless. Even her pussy looks perfect, neat and symmetrical. There isn't an inch of fat, not a single flaw. It's the kind of body that exists only in heavily airbrushed photos or unrealistic CGI. Bill didn't just find hot maids; he seemingly used his book to perfect them, to sculpt them into living embodiments of male fantasy. The thought is sickening, violating.

And yet... inhabiting this impossible form... it's exhilarating. I turn slowly, admiring every angle in the mirror. I run my hands over the smooth skin, feeling the defined muscle beneath. I lift my breasts, testing their weight. I squeeze my perfect ass. A surge of narcissistic pleasure, entirely alien yet overwhelmingly potent, washes through me.

"Damn," I whisper aloud, the French accent thick and automatic. "I look... 'ot." I try again, testing it. "Zis body is magnifique. Incroyable." It flows out effortlessly, the linguistic patterns apparently swapped along with the name and form. Interesting. I don't have to fake the accent; it's just how I speak now.

My eyes fall on the discarded uniform lying in a heap on the floor. That tiny skirt, the plunging bodice, the sheer stockings... It's degradation disguised as fetish wear. Bill's control is absolute, extending even to their mandated attire. Putting it back on feels... complicated. Part of me is repulsed by what it represents. Another part, the part currently buzzing with the thrill of inhabiting this perfect female form, is undeniably aroused by the sheer eroticism of the outfit itself. It's designed to be revealing, to emphasize every curve, to scream sex appeal.

With a sigh, remembering the mission, I start putting it back on. It feels different now, knowing the perfection it clings to. The short skirt feels even shorter, the low neckline more plunging. The stilettos are a challenge – I wobble slightly as I stand – but somehow, the body knows how to balance in them. It's like borrowing muscle memory along with the flesh. Once fully dressed again, I look in the mirror. The effect is... staggering. Beautiful, yes, but also undeniably objectified. A perfect doll in a fetish costume. My mission outfit.

Okay. Focus, Amelie. No, focus, James. God, this is confusing, I may as well just stick to Amelie for now. Focus on the mission. Enough self-admiration and existential dread. Time to explore. Find Bill's office. See what secrets this gilded cage holds.

Remembering the ring, I take a deep breath, focus my intent, and yell as loud as I can. "Nobody who sees me inside this house will find my presence or appearance unusual. They will accept me as Amelie, part of the staff. Forget you heard me yelling this" I feel a faint thrum from the ring, acknowledging the standing command. Hopefully, that will minimize awkward questions.

I unlock the bathroom door and slip out cautiously into the hallway. The mansion is eerily quiet. Where is everyone? Are there other staff members around? I hope anyone else who is home heard the command.

I start walking, my ridiculously high heels clicking softly on the marble floor. I try to move quietly, gracefully, mimicking the way Amelie carried herself, though it feels unnatural to my usual stride. Down a long corridor lined with imposing portraits, through a vast living room with furniture that probably costs more than my stolen car, past a dining room with a table long enough to host royalty. The place is opulent to the point of being soulless.

As I round a corner, heading towards what looks like a library, I almost collide with another woman. Another maid. And holy shit. She's easily as stunning as Amelie, maybe more so, but in a completely different way. While my current body is all voluptuous curves and sultry energy, this maid is tall, willowy, almost ethereal. Legs that seem impossibly long, a runway model's lean frame, barely-there breasts hinted at beneath the same ridiculously erotic uniform, and a face with delicate, almost elven features and startlingly blue eyes. Her hair is platinum blonde, pulled back in a severe, elegant bun. She looks like she stepped out of a high-fashion editorial, forced into fetish wear.

She stops, her blue eyes widening slightly as she takes me in. Her gaze holds no recognition, just the same impassive, programmed obedience. "Bonjour, Amelie," she says, her voice a soft, melodic chime, also laced with a thick French accent. "'Ow are you zis morning?"

Okay, the command worked seamlessly on the other staff. They see me as Amelie. Reality has shifted for them, even if Bill remains unaffected. Good. That makes things easier.

"Bonjour, Celeste" I reply seeing her nametag. My French accent feels perfectly natural. "I am fine, thank you. A little lost, I fear."

Celeste gives a slight, sympathetic nod. Even brainwashed, there's a hint of camaraderie, maybe? "Ze 'ouse is large. Where is it you need to be?"

"I am looking for Monsieur Peterson's office?" I ask, trying to sound like Amelie might – perhaps slightly flustered, needing direction. "I 'ave some... polishing to attend to zere."

Celeste nods towards the end of the corridor we're in. "Ah, oui, ze office. It is just zere. Ze door wiz ze dark wood."

"Ah, merci, Celeste," I murmur, offering a small smile that feels surprisingly genuine on Amelie's lips.

She gives that slight, almost imperceptible nod again and glides away down the hall, her long legs moving with silent grace despite the heels.

So, Amelie and Celeste. Both stunning, both French-accented, both trapped in Bill's service. Are there more? Probably. This is deeply messed up.

I find the office door – dark, imposing wood, just as described. Taking another deep breath, I try the handle. Locked. Of course. Okay, Plan B: reconnaissance failed. Time for Plan C: wait for the target.

I quickly scan the hallway. Empty. Where can I wait? Where would a maid normally be? Cleaning, presumably. I backtrack, finding a large, opulent sitting room nearby. Dust motes dance in the sunbeams slanting through the tall windows. Perfect. I grab a feather duster I spotted on a cleaning cart Celeste must have left earlier and start listlessly flicking it over expensive-looking vases and polished wooden surfaces. Act natural. Blend in. Become the furniture. Become Amelie.

Now, I just have to wait. Wait for Bill to return. Wait for an opportunity to get close, to listen, maybe even find that damn book. My heart pounds a steady rhythm against the tight bodice of the uniform. The mission is officially underway. And I'm trapped in the body of a supermodel French maid named Amelie, armed with a reality-bending device and a mind-control ring, alone in the belly of the beast. This is fine. Everything is fine.

Waiting is torture. Every tick of the grandfather clock in the hall seems to echo Bill's impending return. Every distant creak of the old mansion sounds like footsteps approaching.

How long has it been? An hour? Maybe more since Bill left? Lila should still have him occupied at lunch, feeding him carefully constructed lies about the First Artifact.

The silence is oppressive. Is there a cook? A gardener presumably works outside. But the house itself feels... empty. Maybe Bill prefers minimal staff presence when he's home? Or maybe they have designated zones, specific schedules dictated by his creepy book. The thought makes my skin crawl again.

This passive waiting isn't working. My nerves are frayed raw. Snooping around the office yielded nothing but a locked door. What else can I do? I need information, but more than that, I need a distraction from the gnawing dread. Curiosity, sharp and insistent, bubbles up. Bill's office was locked, but what about... his bedroom?

The thought feels immediately transgressive. It's one thing to infiltrate his house, another to rifle through his private sanctuary. But desperate times... Besides, maybe there's something there. A clue. A weakness. Anything.

I ascend the stairs, trying to move with Amelie's presumed grace, though balancing in these heels feels like a constant negotiation with gravity. My ass, round and perfect beneath the micro-skirt, sways with a life of its own, a distracting pendulum marking my progress.

The upper floor hallway is just as opulent and silent as downstairs. Thick carpets muffle my steps now. More portraits line the walls – stern-looking ancestors, probably fake, chosen to project an image of old money and legitimacy. I pass several closed doors – guest rooms, presumably. Then, at the very end of the hall, a double door, slightly larger, slightly more imposing than the others. This has to be it. The master suite.

My heart hammers against the tight bodice of the uniform. Taking a shaky breath, I reach out a slender, red-nailed hand and try the ornate brass handle. It turns smoothly. Unlocked. Of course. Bill probably feels utterly secure in his magically enforced fortress.

I push the door open slowly, peering inside. The room is huge, dominated by a massive four-poster bed draped in heavy, dark silk. Expensive-looking antique furniture lines the walls – a dresser, an armoire, a writing desk. Floor-to-ceiling windows offer a breathtaking view of the LA skyline, but the heavy curtains are partially drawn, casting the room in a dim, slightly gloomy light. It smells faintly of expensive cologne and old paper. It feels... sterile. Impersonal, despite the luxury. Like a hotel suite designed to impress, not a home lived in.

I slip inside, pulling the door almost shut behind me, leaving just a crack open so I can hear if anyone approaches. My eyes scan the room, looking for anything useful. A safe? Hidden compartments? My gaze lands on the writing desk near the window. It's large, mahogany, its surface mostly clear except for a neat stack of papers, a heavy crystal inkwell, and a small, leather-bound book resting beside it.

Not the book, surely? Bill wouldn't just leave his reality-writing artifact lying around, would he? I approach the desk cautiously. No, this book is smaller, thinner, clearly not the ancient tome Lila described. It looks like... a journal.

My pulse quickens. This could be it. His thoughts, his plans, maybe details about the bounty, the council... I reach for it, my fingers trembling slightly. The leather feels old, soft. I flip it open.

The first few pages are blank. Then, entries begin, written in neat, precise handwriting. Bill's handwriting. I scan the first entry eagerly.

October 12th: Project Nightingale continues to exceed expectations. Celeste required minor adjustments – loyalty reinforcement, aesthetic refinement via Chapter 4, Verse 12 (enhanced leg length proving effective). Amelie remains the benchmark of baseline programming. Utterly pliable. Response to stimuli instantaneous. The remote interface is functioning flawlessly.

My blood runs cold. Project Nightingale? Aesthetic refinement? Remote interface? What the hell is he talking about? I flip forward, scanning frantically. More entries, dated sporadically over the past few months.

November 28th: Amelie's accent module calibrated. Perfected the stereotypical nuance. Remarkable how linguistic patterns can be imposed. Must remember to deactivate when requiring simple information retrieval.

January 5th: Documenting button arrays. Each asset linked to a dedicated control pad. Custom macros programmable. Note: Must recalibrate Amelie's pain threshold inhibitor.

I stare at the last entry, the words blurring, nausea churning in my stomach. Buttons. Control pads. Linked to the maids?

The journal offers no insight into the bounty, no mention of the First Artifact beyond maybe his general paranoia reflected in the level of control he exerts here. It's just a horrifying chronicle of his 'Project Nightingale,' his collection of human dolls. Disappointment wars with profound disgust and a new, sharper fear. This is the man hunting me? This is the man whose house I'm currently trapped in, wearing the body of one of his victims?

My eyes snag on that last entry again. Control pad. Dedicated arrays. Found where? Driven by a morbid curiosity that feels dangerous but irresistible, I force myself to look around the opulent bedroom again. Where would a control freak hide his puppet strings?

Not the desk. Too obvious. The nightstand? I slide the drawer open. Just mundane items – reading glasses, sleep mask, some boring-looking novels. The armoire? I pull open the heavy doors. Rows of identical, impeccably tailored suits and shirts. Nothing else.

My gaze sweeps the room again. What about that large, ornate painting above the fireplace? Cliché, maybe, but worth a look. I walk over, my heels sinking into the plush carpet. The painting depicts some bland pastoral scene. I run my hands along the heavy gilded frame.

Nothing. I press gently on the canvas itself. It gives slightly near the bottom right corner. A faint click echoes in the quiet room.

The painting swings silently inward, revealing a hidden alcove recessed into the wall. And there they are.

Lined up neatly on velvet shelves are several sleek, black remote control-like devices. Each one is about the size of a slim smartphone, with a small screen at the top and an array of small, square buttons below. Each pad has a name elegantly engraved beneath the screen: CELESTE. MARIA. SOFIA. ISABELLE. And... AMELIE.

My breath catches. This is it. The control interface Bill mentioned in his journal. My stomach churns. Seeing my name on one of these devices freaks me out. How did he have all these girls names and then mine? Oh... right... My name is actually James, not Amelie. God this name change is trippy.

Curiosity, dark and insistent, pulls me closer. I reach out, my hand trembling, and pick up the pad labeled AMELIE. It's cool, smooth, heavier than it looks. The screen is dark. Do I dare? Should I just put it back, get out of this room, focus on the mission?

No. I need to understand. I need to know the extent of his control. Maybe... maybe there's even a way to use this against him? Or to help Amelie, somehow?

My thumb brushes against the power button on the side. The screen flickers to life, bathing my face in a soft white glow. It displays AMELIE's name, a small battery indicator, and below it, the grid of buttons. Just as the journal described, each button has a tiny, illuminated label beneath it. My eyes scan the labels, my horror growing with each word: Smile. Frown. Blush. Weep. Giggle. Moan (Low). Moan (High). Submit. Kneel. Present. Spread. Gag Reflex (Off). Pain Inhibitor (On). Lubrication (Max). Climax (Forced). Climax (Denied). And then, the ones mentioned in the entry: Nipple Erection. Arousal Induction. And one labeled simply: French Maid. That last one is currently glowing faintly, indicating it's active.

This is... monstrous. He can literally puppet her emotions, her bodily functions, her sexual responses, with the press of a button. Force her to smile while he hurts her, deny her release, make her weep on command...

My gaze fixes on the button labeled Nipple Erection. A cold dread mixes with a perverse, almost scientific curiosity. What does it actually feel like? To have your body respond instantly, involuntarily, to an external command? With my own device, I choose the swap, I initiate it. This is different. This is subjugation.

Hesitantly, almost against my own will, my thumb moves, pressing down on the small square button.

Click.

The reaction is instantaneous and shockingly intense. A powerful jolt, like a mild electric current, shoots directly into my breasts. It doesn't hurt, exactly, but it's deeply unnatural. My nipples clench violently, tightening into impossibly hard, diamond-sharp points. They strain against the thin fabric of the maid uniform's bodice, visibly tenting the material. The sensation is acute, an almost painful sensitivity radiating outwards, making the slightest brush of the lace trim feel like sandpaper. It's not arousal; it's a purely physical, mechanical response, my body obeying a command it didn't receive from my brain. I gasp, instinctively cupping my breasts, trying to shield the hypersensitive peaks. They feel alien, weaponized, no longer soft parts of me but hard, intrusive points demanding attention.

My thumb scrambles, finding the button again. Click.

The tension releases instantly. The sharp points soften, retracting back to their normal state. The hypersensitivity fades, leaving only a faint tingling and the echo of that profound lack of control. Okay. Wow. That was... deeply unsettling.

But the morbid curiosity hasn't faded. It's morphed, amplified by the experience. What about the other buttons? What about... Arousal Induction? The label seems innocuous, clinical. Variable Intensity, the journal said. What does that feel like when it's not your own desire building, but something switched on like a light?

My hand shakes slightly now, but the impulse is too strong to resist. My thumb drifts, hovering over the button. Arousal Induction (Variable Intensity). It doesn't seem to have levels on the pad itself, just the one button. Maybe intensity is controlled elsewhere? Or maybe it just defaults to... maximum?

Fuck it. I need to know.

Click.

The effect slams into me like a physical blow. It's not a slow build, not a gentle warmth. It's an instant tidal wave of raw, overwhelming lust, crashing over my consciousness, drowning everything else. A searing heat explodes between my legs, slickness flooding me instantly, soaking the gusset of the ridiculously skimpy panties beneath the uniform skirt. My clit throbs

with a violent, aching pulse, hypersensitive to the point of near-pain. My entire body flushes, skin prickling, heart hammering against my ribs so hard it feels like it might break free.

But it's the mental effect that's truly terrifying. My thoughts shatter, replaced by a single, screaming imperative: FUCK. NOW. Need friction, need filling, need release. It's not nuanced desire; it's a biological command, stripped bare of emotion or context. It feels utterly alien, yet it has completely hijacked my brain. I want to resist it, to analyze it, but the sheer force of the artificial need is overwhelming.

A strangled groan tears from my throat. My hands fly to my own body, clumsy, desperate. I rip at the buttons of the bodice, needing to feel skin, needing friction. The perfect breasts spill free, heavy and aching, nipples already bead-hard again, not from the 'Erect' command this time, but from this tsunami of programmed lust. I squeeze them roughly, needing the sensation, needing something.

My other hand dives down, ripping aside the flimsy lace of the panties, fingers plunging into my own wet heat. The slickness is shocking, copious. My fingers slide in easily, finding the swollen clit, rubbing frantically. It's not gentle exploration; it's desperate friction, trying to appease the roaring fire the button ignited.

I stumble back from the control panel, needing more. My eyes dart around Bill's sterile bedroom. The bed. Yes. I practically fall onto the massive four-poster, landing sprawled on my back, legs falling open instinctively. The silk sheets feel cool against my fevered skin for a moment before the need takes over again.

My fingers work faster now, two fingers inside, pumping rhythmically, thumb grinding relentlessly against my clit. Every touch sends shockwaves of intense, almost agonizing pleasure through me. Moans spill from my lips, loud and unrestrained – my moans, thick with a French accent, echoing in the opulent room. "Oh, fuck... oui... 'arder..." The words are nonsense, just sounds ripped from me by the programmed need.

It's building incredibly fast, faster than any natural arousal I've ever felt. The pleasure is overwhelming, blotting out thought, blotting out everything but the physical sensations. The button's command is absolute. My hips buck off the bed, chasing my own frantic fingers. My breath comes in ragged gasps. I can feel the climax cresting, a massive, inevitable wave. I squeeze my eyes shut, bracing for it, half-terrified, half-desperate for the release.

It hits like lightning, an artificial supernova. My body convulses violently, arching off the bed, a high-pitched scream tearing from my French-accented throat. The pleasure is blinding,

agonizingly intense, flooding every nerve ending, but it feels... hollow. Mechanical. A forced detonation rather than a genuine release. It goes on and on, wave after wave of programmed ecstasy, until finally, mercifully, it subsides, leaving me trembling, gasping, sprawled bonelessly on the silk sheets, drenched in sweat, utterly wrecked.

Silence descends again, broken only by my ragged breathing. The lingering slickness between my legs feels cold now, alien. The overwhelming horniness is... gone. Instantly. Switched off. Leaving behind a profound emptiness, a chilling awareness of the violation.

Shame washes over me, cold and bitter. I struggle to sit up, my limbs feeling heavy, disconnected. I need to turn that button off. Permanently disable it. But wait... I didn't press it again. Did the climax automatically fulfill the command? Or does it just... fade after triggering? The lack of clarity is terrifying.

My eyes fall back to the control pad, still lying on the floor near the hidden alcove where I dropped it in my frenzy. I crawl over, limbs shaky, snatching it up. My thumb hovers over the Arousal Induction button, needing to press it again, just to confirm it's off, that the feeling won't come roaring back. But the memory of that overwhelming, artificial need makes me hesitate. I can't risk triggering it again. Not now.

Instead, my gaze falls on the button labeled French Maid. It's still glowing faintly. The accent. The uniform. The journal mentioned deactivating the accent... I press the button. Click.

Instantly, the world does a subtle, almost imperceptible shimmer. I look down. The ridiculously erotic maid uniform melts away, replaced by... simple, practical clothes. Plain black trousers, a comfortable white blouse, sensible flat shoes replacing the stilettos. Still servant attire, perhaps, but utterly devoid of the fetishistic elements. I touch the fabric. Normal cotton, polyester blend. Functional.

I clear my throat, testing. "Hello?" I say aloud. The voice is still feminine, sultry and low, but the thick French accent is gone. Completely. Replaced by... well, my own natural, standard American accent. It's jarring hearing my normal speech pattern come out of these lips, from this throat. "Holy shit. He controls that too?"

The level of Bill's obsessive control is staggering. He doesn't just want supermodel maids; he wants them programmed with a specific, stereotypical foreign accent, dressed in fetish gear. Why? Does it feed some specific fantasy? Make them seem more exotic, more subservient? The depravity runs deeper than I could have imagined.

Fuck. I need to stick to the script. Maintain cover. I find the French Maid button again and press it. Click.

The comfortable trousers and blouse dissolve, replaced instantly by the skintight black uniform, the lace, the stockings, the torturous heels. And the accent snaps back into place as I speak again, involuntarily. “Zis is better for ze disguise, non?” I sigh, the French inflection feeling heavy, artificial, a costume laid over my voice just as the uniform is laid over my body.

Okay. Enough. I’ve learned more than I bargained for, and felt things I never wanted to feel. This room, Bill’s sanctuary, feels tainted, dangerous. I carefully place the control pad back onto its velvet shelf in the hidden alcove. I close the painting, ensuring it clicks back into place, leaving no trace of my discovery.

Time to get back downstairs. Blend in, Lila said. Become the furniture. Easier said than done when you feel like a spy in a fetish film, inhabiting a body sculpted for sin while trying to project demure servitude.

As I drift back towards the main foyer I hear something. Celeste’s voice, the ethereal blonde maid – echoes from the foyer. “Bienvenue à la maison, Monsieur Peterson,” she says, her French-accented welcome smooth and practiced. “Was your lunch meeting satisfactory?”

My heart leaps into my throat, which feels suddenly tight. Bill. He’s back already. Lunch with Lila must have been shorter than expected. Did she slip up? Did he get suspicious?

“Pointless, Celeste,” Bill’s voice replies, sounding tired and irritable. “Utterly pointless. Some wild goose chase based on flimsy rumors.” He sighs heavily. “Sometimes I wonder if any of these people have functioning brains.”

I hear his footsteps approaching, heavy on the marble. Okay. You’re a maid. Act natural. Dusting. That’s what maids do. I turn my back slightly, focusing intently on polishing a section of the ornate railing, making myself seem absorbed in the task. The ridiculously short skirt rides up slightly as I bend, exposing more of the sheer stocking-clad thigh than I’m comfortable with, but hopefully projecting the intended subservient sexualization Bill seems to favor.

He walks past me without breaking stride, heading towards the office corridor. My breath catches as he draws level. I keep dusting, my movements deliberately slow, subservient. “Bonjour, Monsieur,” I murmur. I don’t look up.

Then, a hand connects firmly with my ass. A hard, possessive slap that resonates through the maid's perfectly sculpted flesh, sending a jolt of pure shock – and something disturbingly like programmed electricity – through me. I freeze, my hand tightening on the feather duster, every muscle screaming to whirl around, to react, to hit him. But the maid programming, or maybe just sheer survival instinct, keeps me rooted, silent, head bowed slightly, still dusting.

He doesn't pause. Doesn't acknowledge the violation beyond the act itself. He just keeps walking, disappearing down the corridor towards his office. The sound of a key turning in a lock echoes faintly a moment later.

My lungs release the breath I hadn't realized I was holding. My ass stings, a humiliating brand of ownership. Fury mixes with a chilling fear. He just... slapped my ass. Like I was property. Because, in his twisted reality, this maid is. And now, so am I. But relief washes over me too. He didn't notice. He didn't suspect. The slap, as degrading as it was, means he saw me as Amelie, the programmed maid, not James, the terrified imposter. The disguise is holding. The plan, terrifyingly, is working.

Okay. He's in the office. The door is unlocked, at least for now. This is my chance.

Taking another steadying breath, forcing down the lingering sting and outrage, I put down the duster. I need a reason to go in there. Cleaning. Yes. I walk down the corridor, my stilettos clicking again, forcing a calm, deliberate pace. I stop outside the heavy dark wood door, listening for a moment. Silence from within.

I raise a slender hand and knock softly. "Monsieur Peterson?" I call, keeping my voice gentle, subservient.

"What is it, Amelie?" His voice sounds muffled, preoccupied.

"Pardon, Monsieur," I say, pushing the door open just a crack. "I wished to clean ze office, but it was locked earlier. If now is acceptable?"

Bill is sitting behind his massive mahogany desk, hunched over some papers. He looks up, his expression initially annoyed, then softening slightly as his eyes land on me – or rather, on the perfect vessel I inhabit. "Ah, Amelie." He waves a dismissive hand. My mind instinctively reacts to him calling me that. It's strange how much that feels like it's MY name. God the name swap is creepy. "No, no, the office is off-limits for cleaning. You know that. Too many sensitive materials."

My heart sinks. Foiled already? But then, his gaze lingers, sweeping over my figure stuffed into the ridiculous uniform. A strange look enters his eyes – possessive, maybe even faintly sentimental?

“But...” he continues slowly, steeping his fingers, “...you, Amelie, are always the exception, aren’t you?” He offers a thin, humorless smile that doesn’t reach his eyes. “My first. My benchmark.” He gestures vaguely around the room. “Come in, come in. Just... don’t touch anything on the desk.”

I murmur a grateful “Merci, Monsieur,” and slip inside, trying not to let my relief show. He thinks I’m special. Good. Maybe I can use that.

He leans back in his chair, watching me as I pretend to straighten a stack of books on a nearby shelf. The feeling of his eyes on me makes my skin crawl, especially knowing the thoughts likely swirling behind those wire-rimmed glasses, thoughts fueled by his control over this body.

“You know, Amelie,” he says conversationally, though his tone holds that unnerving edge of ownership, “you truly are remarkable. The programming integrated so seamlessly with you. Flawless loyalty, perfect execution of duties, and...” his eyes drift down my body again, lingering on my breasts, my waist, my legs, “...such dedication to maintaining the aesthetic standards I require.”

I just nod silently, pretending to dust a lamp, my stomach churning. Aesthetic standards. That’s what he calls sculpting women into sex dolls.

“The others,” he sighs, gesturing vaguely, “Celeste, Isabelle... they require constant calibration. Adjustments. But you, Amelie... you were perfect from the start. Almost like you were... made for this role.” He chuckles softly, a dry, rasping sound. “My most special girl.”

Creepy doesn’t even begin to cover it. The possessiveness, the objectification, the casual mention of ‘calibration’... it reinforces the horror I felt reading his journal. I need to get out of this conversation. But more importantly, I need him out of this room.

As if sensing my unspoken wish, Bill pushes himself up from his chair, stretching slightly.

“Well,” he says, sounding genuinely tired now. “That meeting with Lila was a complete waste of time. Drained me. All that manufactured urgency over nothing.” He yawns. “I think I need a nap. Old age catching up.”

He walks towards the door, pausing beside me. He reaches out, trails a finger lightly down my cheek and I flinch internally but keep my expression placid. "You keep things tidy in here while I rest, hmm?" he murmurs, his breath warm against my ear. "But stay out of my desk." With a final, lingering look, he walks out, leaving the office door wide open behind him.

The moment his footsteps fade down the hall, I let out a massive, silent sigh of relief. He's gone. The office is mine.

Adrenaline surges, sharp and focused now. No time to waste. I move quickly, silently, my eyes darting around the room. Bookshelves line one wall, filled with leather-bound volumes that look untouched. A plush armchair sits in the corner. File cabinets stand against another wall. And the desk... massive, imposing, potentially holding secrets.

I start with the file cabinets. Locked. Shit. Of course. The bookshelves? A quick scan reveals mostly antique first editions, probably worth a fortune, likely acquired via the book, but nothing that looks like notes, files, or hidden compartments. The armchair? I lift the cushions, pat down the sides. Nothing.

That leaves the desk. I approach it cautiously. The top is clear, as he said. I try the drawers. All locked, except one small one near the bottom. I pull it open. Stapler, paperclips, pens, a half-eaten roll of mints. Useless.

Damn it. Where does he keep his important stuff? The book? Notes about the bounty?

My gaze falls on the sleek, high-end laptop sitting closed on the corner of the desk. Of course. Everything's probably on there. I lift the lid. It powers on quickly, displaying a login screen. Password required.

Fuck.

Okay. Think. What would Bill use as a password? His name? Too obvious. 'Password'? Unlikely for someone this paranoid. His birthday? Don't know it. 'Artifact'? Maybe? I try it. Access Denied. 'Nightingale'? Access Denied. 'God'? Access Denied.

I try variations, common passwords, dates I saw in the journal. Nothing works. The system threatens to lock me out after two more failed attempts. This is my last real chance. What else is important to Bill? What does he obsess over?

Out of pure habit and slight frustration I type my name and hit enter.

Access Granted.

I stare at the screen, my jaw slack. Holy shit. It worked. He used my name as his password. What the fuck? How is my name the password? How is Amelie his password? I start to freak out but then the cognitive dissonance hits me again. Wait. Amelie isn't my name. It's the maid's name. The swap... god, it's hard keeping track of who I am moment to moment. James. My name is really James. But the password was Amelie. God why did I swap names with her? At least it works, I didn't even flinch when he called me Amelie earlier.

Okay. Focus. I'm in.

The desktop is clean, organized. Files neatly arranged in folders. My eyes scan the folder names: 'Household Accounts,' 'Investment Portfolio,' 'Club Communications,' 'Project N,' 'Acquisitions.'

Bingo. 'Club Communications' and 'Project N' seem like the motherlode. But where to start? The bounty is the most immediate threat. I click on 'Club Communications.' It opens to reveal subfolders – 'Member Roster,' 'Meeting Minutes,' 'Security Protocols,' and one ominously labeled 'First Artifact Threat.'

My heart pounds. I click it. Inside, several email threads and encrypted documents. I open the most recent email thread, the one labeled: **Subject: RE: First Artifact Bounty - Urgent Update.**

I quickly scroll through the chain, reading messages between Bill and someone identified only as 'Coordinator X.' The content confirms Lila's intel and paints an even darker picture.

Coordinator X: Bill, reports remain fragmented. No confirmed sightings matching the profile, not even at your damn party. The Council grows impatient. The bounty stands, significant resources allocated. Containment is paramount. This cannot be allowed to destabilize the established order. We must control the narrative, control the power.

Bill: Control... easy for the Council to say. They sit in the shadows while I manage the front lines. My resources are stretched thin just maintaining Project N, especially with recent... interference from meddling wielders who lack vision. Some still protest my methods! Can you believe it? They fail to grasp the potential, the necessity of order. What is the point of being gods amongst men if we cannot act like it? These lesser beings need guidance, need control.

Coordinator X: The Council understands your frustrations, Bill. Your lineage has always understood the true potential, the burden of leadership. Remember your father's bold attempt. A tragedy it was thwarted by the weak-minded fools who prioritize sentiment over

order. This First Artifact is the key. With it, we bypass their petty protections. We can finally impose the structure this chaotic world requires. No more interference. No more being 'stopped.' Absolute control. Find it, Bill. The future of our kind depends on it.

My blood runs cold reading the exchange. Lineage? Father's bold attempt? This Coordinator X... he sounds personally invested. And the casual dismissal of other wielders as 'weak-minded fools,' the chilling talk of 'imposing structure' and 'absolute control'... these aren't just paranoid old men; they're aspiring tyrants. Generations of them.

I quickly navigate back, digging into older files, searching for names, connections. Cross-referencing 'Council' mentions with the Member Roster (which is surprisingly detailed, listing known wielders and their suspected artifacts – need to warn Lila about that). After twenty minutes of frantic clicking and searching, a clearer picture emerges.

The 'Council' isn't some large, shadowy organization. It seems to be just five incredibly wealthy, incredibly old-lineage families, Bill's included. For generations, these families have apparently hoarded artifacts, passing them down, viewing themselves as the rightful inheritors of power, destined to rule over both ordinary humans and 'lesser' wielders. Their attempts at consolidating power or imposing their will have been repeatedly thwarted by other artifact users banding together, leveraging the rule that artifacts can't affect other wielders. It seems general artifact wielders want to live amongst everyone else in secret. Not disturb the peace, just having small fun here and there. The council want to rule the world, but no matter how hard they try, none of their artifacts affect other wielders so they were always stopped.

And Coordinator X... based on email signatures buried in older threads and cross-referenced family trees in a restricted 'Historical Data' file, he appears to be Alistair Finch. The son of the man mentioned in the email, Reginald Finch, whose artifact (the file vaguely describes it as 'Chronos Anchor,' possibly time manipulation?) was indeed forcibly taken and seemingly neutralized or hidden by a coalition of wielders decades ago after his failed 'bold attempt' – likely a grab for global power. Alistair, it seems, is the only core member of this generational cabal without a personal artifact thanks to his father's being taken, fueling his bitterness and obsession with finding the First Artifact, the one weapon that could finally let their families achieve their long-held ambition: total domination, first over other wielders, then the world.

Jesus. This is bigger, older, and infinitely more dangerous than I thought. It's not just about Bill's creepy maid project; it's about a generational conspiracy aiming for godhood, and my Swapper is the missing piece they need.

My hands are shaking now. I need more. What else has Bill been up to? I click on the 'Acquisitions' folder. Inside, more email threads, financial records, shipping manifests. It details Bill's efforts in tracking and acquiring artifacts from the black market – items recovered from deceased wielders before a new owner could find them and claim them. A chilling side business.

Most seem minor, almost novelty items according to Bill's notes. He lists four recent acquisitions:

- Follicle Wand: Controls hair growth/shrinkage. Bill notes: 'Limited application. Perhaps useful for Celeste's upkeep?' Sick bastard.
- Polyglot Pendant: Instant fluency in any language while worn. Bill notes: 'Redundant given linguistic programming capabilities. Low value.'
- Hypnos Flute: Playing it induces sleep in listeners (non-wielders only). Bill notes: 'Potentially useful for crowd control? Requires testing. Cumbersome.'
- Systema Control Unit (SCU): Bill's notes are more extensive here. 'Recovered from Zurich tech-hermit wielder (deceased). Appears to be a programmable bio-interface. Allows remote calibration and control of up to five designated organic subjects. Limited range (approx. 100m), requires complex coding for advanced functions. Current application: Project N remote interface (Control Pads Alpha through Epsilon). Highly effective for baseline function overrides and sensory input manipulation.'

The control pads. So they're linked to this... SCU. A separate artifact designed for controlling people, likely enhanced or integrated using his own book. He's layering artifacts, creating a complex system of subjugation. This guy is meticulous. Evil, but meticulous.

My eyes flick to the corner of the screen. The time. 2:45 PM. Shit. I've been in here way longer than I thought. Bill could be back anytime after 3:00, depending on how long Lila kept him. I need to get out.

One last check. I open Bill's calendar application. Meetings scheduled, investment calls... and there, next Wednesday: '**Council Check-in (Secure Location - Finch Tower Conf. Room Gamma) - 7 PM.**' Finch Tower. Alistair Finch. The whole cabal, meeting in person. Perfect. That's the intel Lila needs. That's our next move.

I quickly memorize the date and time, then close all the windows, carefully logging out of the computer, leaving no trace of my digital snooping. I stand up, smoothing down the maid uniform, my heart pounding a frantic rhythm. I have the information. Now I just need to escape.

I crack open the office door, peering out into the hallway. Still quiet. Empty. Okay. Move fast, move silent. Be Amelie.

I slip out of the office, pulling the door shut but deliberately not locking it – maybe Bill will assume he forgot in his tiredness. I start walking quickly, my stilettos making sharp, betraying clicks on the marble floor despite my efforts. Down the corridor, past the sitting room, towards the grand staircase. Almost there.

Just as I reach the top of the stairs, a voice calls out from behind me, sharp and authoritative.

“Amelie! Where do you think you’re going?”

I freeze, my blood turning to ice. Bill. He’s back. And he’s seen me coming from the direction of his office.

The sound of my name – Amelie – spoken in Bill’s sharp, authoritative tone, hits me like a physical blow. I freeze at the top of the grand staircase, my back rigid, every nerve ending screaming DANGER. He’s back. He saw me. He knows I was near his office. Is this it? Is the game already over? My mind races, scrambling for an explanation, a plausible lie, but it comes up terrifyingly blank. The ridiculously high stilettos suddenly feel like anchors, rooting me to the spot.

I force myself to turn slowly, carefully, arranging my features into a mask of polite, subservient inquiry. My heart hammers against the tight confines of the uniform bodice. “Oui, Monsieur Peterson?” I ask, the French accent flowing automatically, my voice hopefully betraying none of the sheer panic churning inside me.

Bill stands at the bottom of the stairs, looking up at me. His expression isn’t angry, not accusatory. It’s... something else. Tired, yes, but with an undercurrent I can’t quite place. Possessive? Calculating? Maybe just weary. He doesn’t mention the office. He doesn’t ask what I was doing.

Instead, he sighs, running a hand over his thinning hair. “Amelie,” he says, his voice softer now, almost intimate in a way that makes my skin crawl far more than anger would have. “Come down. I need to see you in my bedroom for a moment.”

My blood turns to ice water. His bedroom? After I was just snooping around his office? This has to be it. He’s isolating me. He knows. He’s going to confront me, maybe use one of those horrifying control pads, punish me for... for existing where I shouldn’t? Fear, cold and absolute, grips me. But what choice do I have? Running would be instant confirmation of guilt.

“Oui, Monsieur,” I murmur again, the subservient words tasting like ash on my tongue. I force my legs to move, descending the stairs one careful, click-clacking step at a time, acutely aware of his eyes following my every move, lingering on the sway of my hips, the stretch of the sheer stockings over my calves. Each step feels like walking towards my own execution. This body, this perfect, sculpted vessel, suddenly feels like a trap, its beauty irrelevant in the face of my terror.

He turns without waiting for me to reach the bottom, heading back down the corridor towards the master suite. I follow numbly, my mind racing. Where is the Swapper? Still in the tiny pocket sewn into the ridiculous maid skirt. Can I get to it? Can I swap myself out of this? Swap Bill with... with a vase? No, too risky. He’d notice the device. My only hope is to play along, maintain the Amelie persona, pray he doesn’t suspect the truth.

He pushes open the double doors to his bedroom and gestures for me to enter. I step inside, the scent of his cologne seeming heavier now, more suffocating. The room looks exactly as I left it – opulent, sterile, the massive bed still slightly rumpled from my... activities. My face flushes with a mixture of shame and fear, hoping he doesn’t notice the faint indentation on the silk duvet.

He closes the doors behind us, the soft click sealing us in. My heart pounds so hard I can feel the pulse throbbing in Amelie’s delicate throat. I stand rigidly near the door, hands clasped tightly in front of me, waiting for the hammer to fall.

Bill walks slowly towards the center of the room, not looking at me immediately. He seems preoccupied, running a hand over his face again. Is he stalling? Building the tension?

“Close call back there, Amelie,” he says finally, his voice quiet, conversational.

My blood freezes. He knows. “Monsieur?” I manage, keeping my voice pitched low, feigning confusion.

He turns to face me then, but his expression isn't accusing. It's... weary. Almost sad? "With Lila," he clarifies. "At lunch. She was fishing. Asking questions about the... the recent security concerns. Trying to gauge what I know." He sighs again. "Pointless questions. She knows nothing. Wasted my time."

Relief crashes over me with dizzying force, so potent I almost sway on the stilettos. He's not talking about me near the office. He doesn't suspect me. He's just... venting about his annoying lunch meeting. The tension drains out of me, leaving me shaky.

"I am sorry to 'ear zat, Monsieur," I offer.

He waves a hand dismissively. "It's fine. Just... tiring." He walks closer, stopping just a foot away. His eyes roam over me, that possessive look returning, but overlaid with something else now. Neediness? Loneliness? "It's been a hard week, Amelie," he says softly, his gaze locking onto mine. "Stressful. All this... pressure." He reaches out, his hand hovering near my shoulder before dropping back to his side. "I missed you."

Missed me? What is he talking about? Unless... does he mean he missed this? The programmed comfort? The specific services Amelie provides?

"I... need you to comfort me, Amelie," he continues, his voice low, almost pleading. "Just for a little while. Help me relax. Forget the pressures."

Comfort him? How? My mind scrambles. What kind of 'comfort' does he expect? Is this a euphemism? Does he want sex? Or just... someone to talk to? The ambiguity is terrifying. I stand there, silent, paralyzed by uncertainty.

The silence stretches. Bill watches me, his expression expectant. I have to do something. Playing along is the only option. "Of course, Monsieur," I murmur. "Whatever you require."

His own lips curve slightly. "Good girl." He turns away from me then, walking towards the large painting above the fireplace – the one hiding the control panels. My breath catches. Is he going for the remote? Is this part of the 'comfort' ritual?

While his back is turned, a surge of panic hits me. The Swapper. It's still in my skirt pocket. Quick, quiet, I slip my hand into the tiny pocket, my fingers closing around the smooth, cool shape of the device. With Bill still facing the painting, fumbling with the hidden latch, I take two silent steps backwards towards the plush sofa sitting against the far wall. In one swift, desperate motion, I toss the Swapper behind the sofa, aiming for the gap between it and the wall. It lands with a soft, muffled thud on the thick carpet. Safe. Hidden. Okay. I step back

quickly, resuming my subservient posture near the center of the room just as Bill turns around.

My relief is short-lived. In his hand, he holds the sleek black control pad. The one labeled AMELIE.

My stomach plummets again, cold dread washing over me. He is going to use it. This is part of his twisted comfort routine. I watch, frozen, as he studies the array of buttons, his thumb hovering indecisively.

“Now...” he murmurs, tapping his chin thoughtfully. “What kind of comfort do I need today? Something... relaxing. Something diverting.” His eyes flick up to me, a cruel little spark of amusement in them. “Let’s start with a change of scenery, shall we? How about something... rustic?”

His thumb moves. Presses a button. Click.

The world shimmers. The tight black maid uniform dissolves around me, replaced instantly by... a cowgirl outfit? But the most ridiculously sexy, fetishized version imaginable. A tiny, red-and-white checkered crop top tied tightly beneath my magnificent breasts, leaving my entire midriff bare. Microscopic denim shorts, frayed at the edges, hugging my ass so tight they feel painted on, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. A wide leather belt with a huge, ornate silver buckle cinches my impossibly small waist. Knee-high brown leather boots with stiletto heels replace the maid shoes – somehow, even more precarious. And to top it all off, a small, white felt cowboy hat perched jauntily on my head. The transformation is instantaneous, seamless. One second, French maid; the next, stripper cowgirl.

I stare down at myself, utterly bewildered. My mind feels the same. The clothes have changed, but nothing else seems to have.

Bill chuckles, clearly enjoying my silent shock. “Well, don’t just stand there, cowgirl,” he says, his tone laced with amusement. “Say something. Howdy, partner?”

My mouth opens to ask him what he wants me to say, but the response comes out filtered through the control pad’s new parameters. “Well, shucks, Mistuh Peterson,” I drawl, the voice still Amelie’s sultry contralto but now drenched in an impossibly thick, syrupy Southern accent. “What in tarnation d’ya want me t’ say?”

The accent is absurd. Cartoonish. Like something out of a bad Western B-movie. It feels completely alien rolling off my tongue, yet I can't control it. Every word drips with honeysuckle and molasses.

Bill smirks, clearly delighted. "Perfect. Now, talk sexy to me, Amelie-Sue. Tell me how much you appreciate your generous master."

The words twist as they leave my lips. "Oh, Mistuh Bill," I coo, hating the sound, hating the drawl. "Y'all are just th' kindest, most handsomest man in th' whole county. This li'l ol' cowgirl sure is lucky t' have ya lookin' after her. Makes mah heart go flutter-flutter, yes sirree." I even hear myself add a little giggle at the end, sweet and simpering. It's nauseating.

Bill laughs outright this time, clearly savoring the forced adoration. "Good. Very good." He studies the control pad again. "But maybe... not quite the mood I'm after tonight. Let's try something with a bit more... edge." His thumb finds another button. Pornstar. Click.

Another shimmer. The cowgirl outfit vanishes. Replaced by... oh god. A fishnet dress. Black, skintight, strategically ripped in places, revealing tantalizing glimpses of the perfect skin beneath. It clings to every curve, highlighting my breasts, my waist, my ass. Beneath it, I can feel I'm wearing nothing but a minuscule black thong. The stiletto boots remain, somehow fitting this new aesthetic even better. I look like I just stepped off the set of a low-budget, high-sleaze adult film.

I try to speak, to protest, my mind reeling from the whiplash of forced personas. "Whoa! Another change, Bill?" But the words come out entirely wrong. My voice is still fundamentally Amelie's, but now it's breathy, husky, dripping with artificial arousal. And the accent... it's pure California Valley Girl, laced with the manufactured enthusiasm of a seasoned porn performer. "Whoa, like, what's goin' on, big guy? You wanna see me in somethin' really naughty, huh? Like, this dress is totally hot, right? Makes my tits look amazing!" I instinctively pose, pushing my chest out, running a hand down my fishnet-clad hip. My body is moving on autopilot, hitting pornstar clichés I didn't even know I knew.

Bill watches, his eyes darkening with appreciation. "Much better," he murmurs, his gaze fixed on my breasts straining against the fishnet. "Yes, I think I'll settle on this persona for our... comfort session." He lowers the control pad slightly. "Now, the outfit is perfect, the attitude is... workable. Just need to adjust the programming slightly..."

My blood runs cold again. Adjust the programming? What does that mean? Before I can even formulate the terrified question, his thumb finds another button. A button ominously labeled: Depraved and Horny.

Click.

It hits me like a physical force, a thousand times stronger than the Arousal Induction I triggered myself earlier. This isn't just horniness; it's a deep, gnawing, filthy need that claws its way up from the base of my spine and consumes my entire being. My previous thoughts – fear, disgust, the mission – evaporate like mist, leaving only a singular, obsessive craving.

To be fucked. To be filled. To be used. Degraded.

A wetness erupts between my legs, far more intense than before, instantly soaking the tiny thong. My pussy clenches, throbs, aches with an emptiness that demands violation. My clit feels like a raw, exposed nerve, screaming for attention. Rough attention. Painful attention. The programmed depravity twists the horniness into something dark, something that craves submission, humiliation, objectification.

My breath comes in harsh, ragged gasps. Amelie's breath, but my panic fueling it. My eyes, however, when they land on Bill, are no longer filled with fear. He's shrugging off his clothes now, revealing a body that's pale, slightly soft, utterly unremarkable. Objectively, he's repulsive, especially knowing what he is. But the programming... the programming overrides everything. Looking at him, naked and pot-bellied, all my mind registers is: Cock. Available cock. Need it. Need it inside me. Need him to use me like the worthless piece of fuckmeat this program tells me I am.

"Oh, fuck, yes, daddy," I hear myself whimper, the breathy Valley Girl pornstar voice now laced with a desperate, guttural edge. "Like, finally. Took you long enough. Please, just... just use me. Fill me up. I need it so bad. Hurt me a little?" The words horrify the James part of my brain, but the Amelie-programmed-pornstar part means every syllable, revels in the degradation.

Bill smiles, a slow, predatory curve of his lips. He walks towards me, completely naked now, his unremarkable cock semi-erect. The sight should repulse me. Instead, my programmed body trembles with anticipation. I sink to my knees automatically, instinctively, programmed submission taking over. My eyes fix on his cock, my mouth watering, needing to taste it, serve it.

“Like, oh my god, it’s so big,” I breathe, the pornstar lie flowing effortlessly despite the visual evidence to the contrary. “Can I... can I suck it, please? I wanna make you feel so good...”

He chuckles, reaching down to tangle a hand in my long hair, forcing my head back slightly. “Patience, slut,” he murmurs, his eyes glinting with cruel amusement. “We have all night.”

He guides me towards the massive bed, pushing me down onto the silk sheets. I land on my stomach, instinctively pushing my ass up into the air, presenting myself, the fishnet dress riding high, exposing everything. The programmed depravity screams for humiliation, for rough, anonymous use.

Bill positions himself behind me. I feel the blunt head of his cock press against my slick entrance. There’s no finesse, no tenderness. Just ownership. He thrusts forward, burying himself inside me with a grunt.

The sensation is... overwhelming. Amelie’s body is incredibly sensitive, and the programmed horniness amplifies everything to an almost unbearable degree. But the depravity filter twists it. The slight pain of his rough entry registers as pleasure. The feeling of being filled, stretched, used registers as fulfillment. My mind – the James part – recoils in horror, screaming silently inside this violated vessel. But the programmed responses take over.

“Oh, fuck, yesss!” I scream, the sound ripped from Amelie’s throat, arching my back, pushing back against him. “Like, right there! Deeper! Pound my needy little hole, daddy! Treat me like the dirty whore I am!”

He starts fucking me, his rhythm hard, fast, almost punishing. His hands slap against my ass, leaving stinging prints that my programmed mind interprets as erotic branding. He pulls my hair, forcing my face down into the pillows, grunting with exertion above me. Each thrust sends jolts of artificial pleasure through me, building relentlessly, bypassing any semblance of genuine connection or intimacy. It’s pure mechanics, raw sensation driven by a monstrous program. He’s not making love to a person; he’s operating a machine designed solely for his gratification.

And the machine is responding perfectly. My hips buck against him, meeting his thrusts. My voice keeps spilling filth, pornstar clichés mixed with depraved pleas, words I would never, ever say, flowing automatically. “Use me! Fill me! Degrade me! Make me cum like the slut I am!”

He reaches around, his fingers finding my clit through the fishnet, rubbing roughly, mercilessly. The combination of the pounding friction from behind and the harsh stimulation

in front is agonizingly intense. The fake orgasm builds like a pressure cooker, unstoppable, overwhelming.

"I'm gonna cum! Fuck, I'm cumming!" I shriek, the programmed release tearing through me. Amelie's body convulses violently around him, wave after wave of forced, artificial pleasure crashing over me. It's intense, yes, but hollow, like fireworks exploding in an empty sky. It satisfies the program, but leaves James feeling utterly desolate, violated, lost inside the wreckage.

Bill grunts, his own release coming quickly after mine, spilling himself deep inside me. He collapses on top of me for a moment, his weight heavy, his breathing harsh. Then he withdraws abruptly, rolling off me onto his back, seemingly spent and already losing interest.

I lie face down on the sheets, trembling, slick with sweat and semen. The intense, programmed horniness, the depravity... it vanishes. Instantly. Switched off again, presumably by the climax fulfilling its programmed objective. The abrupt cessation is almost as jarring as its onset. One moment, I'm a mindless vessel of programmed lust; the next, I'm just... me. Trapped in Amelie's violated body, lying in Bill's bed, the weight of what just happened crashing down with horrifying clarity.

Disgust, sharp and visceral, rises in my throat. He used me. He used this body like an object, forcing responses, deriving pleasure from simulated degradation. The memory of the sensations, the words I spoke, the way my body responded against my will... it makes me want to vomit.

Bill stirs beside me, yawning. He doesn't even look at me. "Alright, Amelie," he says, his voice already distant, dismissive. "That was... adequate. You can clean up now. And yourself." He waves a hand vaguely towards the en-suite bathroom. "Be quick about it."

Clean up. Like I'm just a mess he made. Rage, cold and hard, mixes with the shame and fear. But I can't show it. I have to maintain the charade. I push myself up slowly, my limbs feeling heavy, bruised. The fishnet dress is torn in places, clinging uncomfortably. I need to get out of it. Out of this persona.

My eyes flick to the control pad lying discarded on the nightstand where Bill tossed it. The French Maid button. My escape hatch, back to the baseline programming, back to the relative anonymity of the standard uniform.

I reach for the pad, my fingers closing around the cool plastic. Click.

The fishnet dress dissolves, replaced instantly by the familiar, constricting black maid uniform. The breathy pornstar voice vanishes, replaced by the default smoky French accent. The lingering traces of programmed desire evaporate completely, leaving only the cold reality of the situation and the stinging remnants of violation. I feel marginally more like myself, or at least, the version of myself I'm supposed to be right now.

Bill glances over, already looking half-asleep. "Good. Much more... presentable." He closes his eyes. "Tidy the room. Then you're dismissed for the night."

Dismissed. Like a servant. Which, technically, I am right now.

My gaze falls on the Swapper, still hidden behind the sofa. Bill's eyes are closed, his breathing already deepening. Now is my only chance.

Moving silently on stockinged feet (having kicked off the stilettos earlier), I retrieve the device. Its familiar weight in my hand is grounding, a reminder of my own power, my own agency, however compromised it feels right now. I slip it back into the tiny skirt pocket.

I head into the opulent en-suite, rinsing myself quickly, avoiding looking in the mirror, not wanting to see the lingering shame or violation in Amelie's beautiful eyes. When I emerge a few minutes later, Bill is fast asleep, snoring softly. The monster is dormant.

My heart pounds. Time to go. I glance around the room one last time – the scene of my degradation, but also the source of vital intelligence. I have what I came for. The knowledge about the Council, Alistair Finch, the generational conspiracy, the black market artifacts, the SCU, the upcoming meeting. It's enough. More than enough.

Moving with ghost-like silence, I slip out of the master suite, pulling the heavy doors closed behind me. The hallway is empty, silent. I practically fly down the grand staircase, my borrowed body's grace failing me as adrenaline takes over, nearly twisting my ankle in the damn heels.

The foyer is deserted. I fumble with the heavy lock on the front door, my fingers clumsy with haste. Finally, it clicks open. I slip outside into the cool night air, pulling the door shut behind me, leaning against it for a moment, gasping for breath, the oppressive atmosphere of the mansion lifting slightly.

I made it. I actually made it out.

But the relief is immediately swamped by the swirling vortex of my thoughts. What just happened back there... the control, the forced responses, the violation... it was horrifying. Monstrous.

And yet... a tiny, treacherous part of my mind whispers... you didn't entirely hate it. The thought shocks me with its intensity. Hating Bill, hating the situation, yes. But the physical sensations? The programmed horniness, as artificial as it was, was undeniably powerful. And inhabiting this body... this perfect, sculpted female form... feeling it respond, even involuntarily... there was a dark thrill to it. A confusing, terrifying thrill.

I look down at myself – Amelie's incredible figure silhouetted in the moonlight, clad in the ridiculous maid outfit. My hand comes up, hesitantly, brushing against one of my magnificent breasts. The softness, the weight... it feels... good. Right, almost. My other hand drifts lower, brushing the juncture of my thighs through the short skirt. The memory of being filled, the phantom ache... it resonates.

Do I... like this? Like being a woman? Not just the transformations, the kinks, but the actual state of being female? The thought hangs there, heavy and terrifyingly plausible after the night's events. The powerlessness under the control pad was horrifying, but the experience of inhabiting this female form, feeling its unique responses, its specific vulnerabilities and pleasures... it's awakened something complex and deeply confusing within me.

Focus. Get back to Lila's. Swap back. Be James.

I pull out my phone, fingers still slightly trembling, and order an Uber, punching in Lila's address. Need to get out of here before Bill wakes up or sends Celeste looking for me.

The Uber arrives quickly, a blessedly normal-looking Prius. I slide into the back seat, murmuring Lila's address, my French accent thick and automatic. The driver, a young guy with headphones around his neck, just nods, pulling away from the curb, leaving the monstrous mansion shrinking in the rearview mirror.

As we drive down the winding hill, the city lights spread out below like scattered diamonds, I lean my head back against the seat, closing my eyes. The Swapper feels heavy in my pocket. The Mind Control Ring feels cold on my finger. Amelie's body feels simultaneously like a prison and a revelation.

But it's okay, for now. The mission was a success. I got the intel, and I'm ready to plan the next move with Lila.