

The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

For the latest chapters weeks before the public, exclusive bonus chapters, and additional side stories, head over to my Patreon at patreon.com/JohnManTD

Chapter 13

The Uber pulls up to Lila's apartment building, a trendy but anonymous block downtown, just as the first real tremor of reaction hits me. I pay the driver – Amelie's slender fingers fumbling slightly with the cash, the automatic French-accented "Merci" startling both me and him – and stumble out onto the sidewalk, leaning against a lamppost for a second to catch my breath. The cool night air feels strange against Amelie's flawless skin. My skin. God, this is confusing.

The events of the last few hours replay in my mind like a fever dream: the tense waiting, the terrifying beauty of Amelie, the body swap, the name swap that makes 'James' feel like a foreign word, the horrifying discovery of Bill's control pads, the forced arousal, the degrading sex simulation, the narrow escape, and now... here I am. Standing on a random street corner, inhabiting the body of a genetically perfected French maid supermodel, my own body currently occupied by her programmed mind, sleeping peacefully (hopefully) in Lila's guest room, while the guy who orchestrated all this potential horror is snoring obliviously in his stolen mansion.

Normal. My life is definitely not normal anymore.

I buzz Lila's apartment, pressing the button awkwardly with a long, red-painted nail. Her voice crackles through the intercom, sharp and alert. "Yeah? Who is it?"

My mouth opens, but the name that feels natural, instinctive, spills out first. "C'est moi, Lila. Amelie."

A beat of silence. Then Lila's voice, confused. "Amelie? Who the hell is Amelie? Look, if this is about selling cookies or finding Jesus, I'm not interested."

Shit. Right. Name swap. She doesn't know Amelie. I scramble, my brain fighting the ingrained pull of the swapped identity. "No, no, Lila, wait!" I try again, forcing the unfamiliar word. "It's... James! My name is James! I'm... I'm in ze maid's body from Bill's place!" The French accent makes the explanation sound even more absurd.

Another pause, longer this time. Then, a choked laugh comes through the speaker. "James? Holy shit! You sound ridiculous! Get your spectacular French ass up here, quick!"

The buzzer sounds, unlocking the main door. Relief washes over me, so potent it leaves me weak-kneed. I push inside, navigating the lobby and the elevator with clumsy grace, still not quite accustomed to the stiletto heels or the way this body moves. Every step sends a distracting jiggle through my magnificent breasts, a constant reminder of the vessel I'm currently piloting.

Lila's waiting at her apartment door, leaning against the frame, arms crossed, a look of utter, incredulous amusement on her face. Her eyes do a slow, deliberate sweep, taking in every inch of Amelie's form – the impossible curves barely contained by the fetishistic uniform, the cascade of dark hair, the flawless face currently wearing my shell-shocked expression.

"Well, well, well," she drawls, stepping aside to let me in. "Look what the artifact dragged in. Damn, James. Or should I say, Amelie?" She closes the door behind me, her gaze still fixed on me, a mixture of fascination and something hotter simmering in her eyes. "Seriously. Bill has... exceptional, if utterly horrifying, taste in staff."

Before I can even reply, she steps closer, reaching out almost reverently, her fingers brushing the curve of my hip through the thin uniform fabric. "Jesus," she breathes. "You feel... sculpted. Like marble." Her hand slides upwards, tracing the impossibly small waist, then settles possessively on one of my enormous breasts, squeezing gently. "And these... these are fucking works of art. Heavy, too."

A jolt, half unwelcome intrusion, half confusing spark of pleasure, shoots through me at her touch. "Lila, stop," I manage, my voice still trapped in that smoky French accent. "Zis is... weird enough already."

She pulls her hand back, though her eyes are still devouring me. "Sorry, sorry. Occupational hazard of having a boyfriend who turns up looking like a goddamn Victoria's Secret model dipped in French erotica." She gestures towards her living room couch. "Come on, sit. Drink? You look like you need about twelve." She heads towards her small kitchen counter, pulling out the tequila bottle from last night. "Debrief time. Tell me everything. What happened after I left you at Bill's doorstep of doom?"

I sink onto the couch, the plush cushions feeling alien against Amelie's perfect backside. Kicking off the agonizing stilettos feels like liberation. I watch Lila pour two very generous

shots of tequila, her movements economical and precise. She hands one to me, her fingers brushing mine, her eyes holding mine for a loaded second.

“Start talking, Swapper,” she says, downing her shot in one go with a wince.

So I do. I start from the moment she left, the encounter with Amelie at the door, the body and name swap, the command sending Amelie-James to her guest room. I describe the mansion, the chilling emptiness, the encounter with Celeste, the locked office. Then I get to the bedroom. The journal. Project Nightingale. The control pads. The horrifying list of functions. My voice trembles slightly as I recount the forced nipple erection, the overwhelming wave of programmed horniness, the degrading simulation Bill forced upon Amelie’s body while I was trapped inside. I don’t spare the details, needing her to understand the full extent of Bill’s depravity, the violation inherent in his control. I tell her about the clothing swaps, the accent control, the final escape.

Lila listens intently, her expression shifting from amusement to fascination, then to wide-eyed horror, and finally settling into a cold, hard fury. Her knuckles are white where she grips her empty shot glass.

When I finally finish, recounting the ass-slap and Bill’s possessive comments, she slams the shot glass down on the coffee table with a crack. “That absolute fucking monster,” she snarls, her voice low and dangerous. “Project Nightingale? Control pads? Forced orgasms and accent modules? Jesus Christ, James! That’s... that’s beyond anything I imagined. He’s not just a power-hungry asshole; he’s a fucking Mengele with a magic book and a fetish catalog!”

She paces back and forth in front of the couch, radiating anger. “And making them wear those... those uniforms! It’s pure psychological torture on top of the physical control. God, the man needs to be stopped. Not just for our safety, but for theirs!” She gestures vaguely towards the spare room where Amelie-James is presumably sleeping.

“Yeah,” I say quietly, the French accent making my agreement sound strangely delicate. “It was... worse than I expected. Ze way he just... flips switches on zem.”

Lila stops pacing, running a hand through her hair. “Okay. Okay. Deep breaths.” She takes one herself. “But you got the intel, right? About the Council? Alistair Finch? The meeting?”

I nod, relaying the information I gleaned from the emails and calendar. The generational conspiracy, the families hoarding artifacts, Finch’s lost inheritance fueling his obsession, the upcoming meeting at Finch Tower.

Lila absorbs this, her sharp mind clearly processing the implications. “Finch Tower... okay, that makes sense. Alistair owns half of downtown. A secure location, high-level players. This ‘Council’ is real, they’re organized, and they’ve been playing the long game for generations.” She looks at me, her expression grim. “And your device is the weapon they need to finally win.”

“So what was your lunch with Bill like?” I ask, needing to change the subject from the horror of his bedroom for a moment. “Did he seem suspicious of you?”

Lila shrugs, collapsing onto the armchair opposite me. “Nah, it was boring as hell, honestly. He was irritable, dismissive. Bought my bullshit story about vague rumors, but mostly seemed preoccupied. Complained about club members questioning his methods – probably the ‘interference’ he mentioned in those emails. He clearly thinks he’s some kind of misunderstood visionary.” She snorts. “He didn’t seem suspicious of me specifically, just generally paranoid and self-important. Your infiltration plan seems solid on that front. He wasn’t expecting betrayal from within his programmed harem.”

She falls silent for a moment, her gaze drifting back to me, lounging awkwardly on her couch in Amelie’s stunning body, still clad in the degrading uniform. A slow, appraising look enters her eyes. “You know,” she says, her tone shifting, becoming lighter, almost teasing again, “you really do look... unreal. Like, objectively. Forget the creepy context for a second. That body is a fucking masterpiece.”

I shift uncomfortably, pulling the ridiculously short skirt down slightly over my thighs. “It feels... strange,” I admit, the accent still firmly in place. “Powerful, but... exposed. And ze uniform...”

“Is ridiculously hot, let’s be honest,” Lila finishes, a smirk playing on her lips. “Bill might be a monster, but the man knows aesthetics.” She leans forward slightly. “Come on, James. Stand up. Let me get a proper look. For... research purposes, obviously.”

Hesitantly, I stand. The stilettos make me tower over her slightly. I feel incredibly self-conscious as her eyes do another slow, deliberate sweep, lingering on my breasts, my waist, my ass, my legs. It’s different from Bill’s gaze – less about ownership, more about pure, unadulterated appreciation mixed with scientific curiosity.

“Incredible,” she murmurs, shaking her head. “The proportions are literally impossible. How does it even move?” She reaches out again, this time running a hand down my side, from

my ribcage, over the curve of my hip, down my thigh. Her touch is light, inquisitive, but it sends another confusing jolt through me. "So smooth. So... perfect."

I swallow hard. "Can I... change?" I ask, gesturing towards the uniform. "I feel ridiculous."

"Sure, sure," Lila says, waving a hand dismissively, though her eyes haven't left my body. "Bathroom's down the hall. Grab whatever. But honestly?" Her gaze flicks back up to my face, a familiar heat entering her eyes. "Hearing about what that asshole did to you... to this body... programmed pleasure, forced responses..." She bites her lip, her voice dropping lower. "It's horrifying, obviously. But it's also... kind of making my clit tingle a little. Is that fucked up?"

I stare at her, momentarily speechless. Only Lila could find a sliver of vicarious arousal in a story about technologically enforced sexual slavery. "Lila!" I scoff, trying to inject exasperation into my French-accented voice, though a traitorous part of me feels a flicker of something else – intrigue? Shared darkness?

"I know, I know," she says quickly, though the heat hasn't entirely left her eyes. "Bad joke. Sorry. Stress response." She gestures towards the spare room door. "Your body's in there. Sleeping like a baby, last I checked. Probably dreaming of dusting something."

Right. My body. Time to get back to baseline. "Okay," I say, turning towards the spare room. "Let's fix zis."

The spare room is small, neat, dominated by a simple double bed. And there, lying peacefully under a light blanket, is... me. James. Face relaxed in sleep, brown hair mussed against the pillow. Seeing my own body lying there, inert, occupied by Amelie's programmed mind, is profoundly unsettling. It looks vulnerable. Ordinary. Especially compared to the supermodel vessel I currently inhabit.

First things first. The name. I pull out the Swapper. Target sleeping James-body. Target me-Amelie-body. Trait: "Name." Click. Zzzztfff.

Instantly, the oppressive feeling of being 'Amelie' lifts. The name 'James' snaps back into place in my mind, solid, familiar, unequivocally mine. Thank god. That was getting deeply weird.

Now, the main event. Target sleeping James-body. Target me-Amelie-body. Traits: "Entire Body" AND "Clothing" (might as well send the uniform back with her). Click. Zzzztfff.

The world lurches, contracts. The feeling of towering height diminishes, the impossible curves melt away, the weight of the magnificent breasts vanishes. My own familiar male frame reasserts itself, solid, comfortable, if slightly less... spectacular. I look down. Jeans, leather jacket, my own skin. I'm back.

Standing beside the bed now is Amelie, returned to her own breathtaking body, still clad in the ridiculously erotic maid uniform, still fast asleep, completely unaware of her temporary identity theft or the violation her body endured while I was driving it.

A wave of conflicting emotions washes over me. Relief, profound and absolute, at being back in my own skin, free from the French accent, the stilettos, the inherent objectification of that form. But alongside it... a pang of disappointment? A sense of loss? Looking at Amelie's incredible figure, now separate from me again, I feel a strange nostalgia for the power, the beauty, the sheer physical perfection I inhabited just moments ago. It's confusing. Disturbing.

Lila appears in the doorway behind me, leaning against the frame. "Welcome back, James," she says softly, her eyes scanning me, then drifting to the sleeping Amelie. "Everything go okay?"

"Yeah," I say, running a hand through my own familiar hair. "Back to normal. Mostly." I nod towards the bed. "What do we do with her now? I feel... shitty just sending her back to that creep after everything."

Lila sighs, her expression sympathetic but pragmatic. "I know, James. Believe me, I want to burn that whole place to the ground with Bill inside. But we can't. Not yet. We can't let him suspect anything. If Amelie doesn't show up for duty tomorrow morning, perfectly normal, perfectly obedient, he'll know something's wrong. He might connect it to my 'pointless' lunch meeting. He might connect it to you. We can't risk blowing our cover, not when we have intel on the Council meeting."

She's right. Logically, she's absolutely right. Protecting the mission, protecting ourselves, has to come first. Amelie is, unfortunately, collateral damage in a larger war. But it still feels wrong.

"So we just... send her back?" I ask quietly.

Lila hesitates, glancing from the sleeping maid back to me. That mischievous spark returns to her eyes, mingling with something darker, more calculating. "Well..." she says slowly. "We have to send her back, yes. Eventually. But..." She pushes off the doorframe, walking slowly towards the bed, circling the sleeping figure like a predator assessing prey. "...she's currently

unconscious. In my apartment. Inhabiting one of the most ridiculously hot bodies on the planet. And we have... tools." She glances meaningfully at the Swapper in my hand, then taps the ring still on my finger (which I quickly slip off and hand back to her). "Seems like a waste to just... send her back immediately, doesn't it?"

My eyebrows shoot up. "Lila, what are you suggesting? Isn't that... unethical? Using her body while she's unconscious? That's starting to sound like Bill-level fucked up."

Lila waves a dismissive hand, though a flicker of defensiveness crosses her face. "Okay, bad comparison. Bill enslaves people permanently, reprograms their minds for his pleasure. We're talking about... temporary fun. Harmless experimentation. We put everything back exactly as it was afterwards! She'll have no memory, no lasting effects. Reality bends, remember? It's not like the real world. As long as we undo it completely, where's the actual harm?"

Her logic is shaky, I know it is. It's the same slippery slope I've been sliding down myself. But... looking at Amelie lying there, the memory of inhabiting that incredible body still fresh, the potential laid out before us... it's undeniably tempting. The lines are blurring so fast.

"What... what did you have in mind?" I ask, my voice barely a whisper, already half-seduced by the dark possibility.

Lila's grin turns predatory. "Well, for starters..." She takes the Swapper from my hand. "I never really got to appreciate that physique properly myself." Target Lila. Target sleeping Amelie. Trait: "Entire Body." Click. Zzzztttt.

I watch, fascinated and slightly horrified, as Lila's familiar form melts away, replaced by Amelie's towering, voluptuous physique. Lila stands up, stretching languidly, seemingly reveling in the borrowed curves. Her regular clothes – the jeans and tank top – now look ridiculously tight, straining across the larger breasts, pulling taut over the wider hips and magnificent ass.

"Merde," she breathes, the French accent instantly overlaying her voice as she speaks. "Okay, zis is... something else." She looks down at herself, running her hands over the incredible body she now inhabits, mirroring my own earlier exploration, but with a proprietary, almost smug satisfaction. "Ze power... ze curves... I feel like I could conquer ze world. Or at least make every man in ze room weep." She tries to say something else, but the accent trips her up. "Zis accent, though! Mon Dieu! 'Ow do you even talk like zis normally?" She laughs, the sound rich and smoky, utterly French.

I can't help but laugh too, the absurdity cutting through the tension. "You get used to it," I say dryly.

Lila strikes a pose, mimicking a runway model. "Okay, okay," she says, trying to suppress a giggle. "Roleplaying ze sexy French maid... zis might be 'arder zan I thought." She bends over suddenly, pretending to pick something off the floor, pushing her spectacular ass out towards me deliberately. "Oh dear," she says in a stage whisper, her accent thick. "I seem to 'ave dropped my... uh... baguette? I certainly 'ope no handsome monsieur takes advantage of me while I am bent over like zis, non?"

She glances back at me over her shoulder, but instead of the sultry look I expect, her face is flushed, her eyes slightly wide. She straightens up quickly, looking embarrassed. "Okay, nope, can't do it," she admits, shaking her head. "Zis feels... ridiculous. I sound like Pepe Le Pew trying to be seductive."

I raise an eyebrow, surprised. "Seriously? You? Miss Confidence, afraid of a little roleplay?"

"It's different!" she insists, crossing her arms defensively over Amelie's magnificent chest, the tight tank top threatening to tear. "Saying ze words, putting on ze act... it feels weird! Fake! Especially wiz zis stupid accent making me sound like a cartoon!" She throws her hands up in frustration. "And you laughing doesn't 'elp! Makes me feel even more awkward!"

"Sorry, sorry," I say, trying to stifle my grin. "It's just... unexpected. You're usually so..."

"Bold? Forward? Happy to use my ring to make people do embarrassing shit?" she finishes for me. "Yeah, that's different. That's control. Zis feels... vulnerable. And silly." She sighs dramatically. "If only zere was a way to lower my inhibitions, make me less... self-aware about zis whole performance." She pauses, then her eyes light up, a slow, wicked smile spreading across Amelie's perfect lips. "Wait a minute..."

"What?" I ask, suddenly wary.

"Remember the other night when you dropped me at ze club 'fter ze party? I 'ad a little dizcovery" she says, her voice dropping conspiratorially.

My mind flashes back. After we left the club party the other night Lila got me to drop her at a club. She convinced me to let her borrow my artifact for the night to have some fun. The next morning I woke up with the swapper next to me, and she promised everything went back to normal after her fun, so I never questioned it more.

“Zat night... I might ‘ave experimented a bit more zan I let on. I needed to know ze limits. I used my ring on a random girl at ze club, made ‘er incredibly horny, zen swapped zat feeling right into myself. Boom. Instant arousal, bypassing my own defenses. I... tested it more... purely for scientific purposes, you understand.” She winks, leaving the implication hanging – that her night involved far more than just induced horniness. “I promise I put everyone back, mostly. But ze point is, James... I figured out ‘ow to use my ring on myself, on another wielder, indirectly. Trough ze Swapper.”

The revelation hangs in the air, heavy with potential. This changes everything. My artifact can bypass the wielder protection, and using it conjunction with another artifact... The possibilities are staggering. We could use Lila's ring on any wielder, for focus, for courage, for pleasure... for interrogation? Could this help with the Council?

“Right now, though,” Lila continues, pulling me from my thoughts, her voice dropping to a husky purr again, the earlier embarrassment seemingly forgotten in the thrill of this new plan. “Let’s test it again. For science. And for fun.” She gestures towards the bed where her original body lies, still hosting the sleeping, unaware mind of Amelie. “You ‘ave ze ring. Go over zere. Whisper some helpful suggestions into ‘er ear. Lower ‘er inhibitions. Make ‘er less... embarrassed. Zen swap it wit’ moi.”

My stomach clenches. Using the ring on the unconscious Amelie, even if she’s technically inhabiting Lila’s body right now? It feels... deeply wrong. Exploitative. Too close to Bill’s methods. “Lila, I don’t know...”

“James,” she says firmly, stepping closer, Amelie’s stunning body radiating newfound confidence fueled by the plan. “She won’t remember. We swap ze traits to me. She wakes up tomorrow in ‘er own body, back at Bill’s, completely fine. I get ze benefit. Ze freedom. Ze fun. It’s fine,” she insists, though the word sounds flimsy even with her conviction. “It’s temporary, reversible artifact fun, not permanent enslavement. Come on. Don’t you want to see what ‘appens?”

She’s right, damn it. I do want to see. The scientific curiosity, the potential applications, the sheer transgressive thrill... it’s too potent to resist. And the idea of unleashing Lila’s confidence, stripping away that unexpected shyness... that’s incredibly appealing.

“Okay,” I say finally.

I approach the bed, looking down at Lila’s sleeping form, Amelie’s mind dormant within. It feels profoundly strange to be commanding my girlfriend’s sleeping body (sort of). I slip the

ring on, lean close to her ear, and whisper the commands Lila dictated, focusing my intent: "From now on, your inhibitions are significantly lowered. Your natural sense of embarrassment is drastically reduced. Your sex drive is heightened, hungry, and adventurous." I pause, then on a whim I add more. "You view your own body, and the act of sex, with a degree of objectification, focusing on pleasure and performance. This state will persist until commanded otherwise."

Lila's body doesn't react physically, still deep in commanded sleep. But I feel the ring hum faintly, confirming the mental alteration has taken hold within Amelie's mind, currently residing in Lila's body. Okay. Phase one complete.

I turn back to Lila, holding up the Swapper. "Ready for the transfer?"

"Hit me wiz it, Swapper," she purrs, eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Target Lila. Target sleeping Amelie-in-Lila's-body. Trait: "Mental State (hitting everything I just gave to Amelie)." Click. Zzzztttt.

The effect on Lila is immediate. The last vestiges of awkwardness vanish completely. Her posture shifts, becoming bolder, more provocative. Her eyes, already dark and captivating in Amelie's face, take on a predatory gleam, a raw, unashamed hunger that makes my own cock stir instantly.

"Oh. Mon. Dieu," she gasps, clutching her magnificent breasts, her knuckles white. "YES! Zis is... liberating!" She runs her hands down her own incredible body – Amelie's body – with blatant, almost lewd appreciation. "And zis body... Mmm. Look at zese tits! Zese 'ips! Zis ass! It's a fucking weapon! Made for fucking! I wanna feel it used, filled, pounded! God, why was I ever shy about zis?"

She walks towards me, her movements fluid, predatory, radiating pure sexual confidence. The French accent is still there, but now it sounds less like a cartoon and more like the purr of a seasoned seductress who gives zero fucks. "Ze roleplay doesn't feel silly anymore," she murmurs, grabbing the front of my jeans, her fingers brushing my hardening cock through the denim. "It feels... 'ot. Being your naughty French maid... being anyone you want me to be..." She grinds her hips against mine, Amelie's perfect body moving with a newfound, shameless abandon. "But mostly," she whispers, her hot breath against my ear, "I wanna be bent over again. Doggy style. Now. Zat fetish you gave me? It's singing opera in my fucking ovaries right now."

Okay. Wow. The mental swap didn't just lower her inhibitions; it seemed to amplify everything, filtering it through this new lens of unashamed objectification and raw desire. This isn't just Lila with fewer filters; this is Lila Unleashed, inhabiting Amelie's perfect form, driven by a potent cocktail of swapped kinks and programmed horniness. And it's the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen.

"Your wish is my command, I growl, letting the name roll off my tongue, embracing the fantasy.

"Oui, master," she purrs, immediately dropping back onto her hands and knees on the floor, presenting her incredible ass to me with an eagerness that's almost feral. "Make your dirty French maid scream."

I don't need telling twice. I'm already kicking off my jeans, freeing my erection. Kneeling behind her, I take a moment to appreciate the view – the impossible curves of Amelie's body, the flawless skin, the high, round perfection of her ass tilted up, waiting for me. My hands land on her hips, gripping tight.

"urry up, slowpoke," she pants, wiggling impatiently. "Fill me!"

I drive into her, burying myself deep in one powerful thrust. She screams, a raw, primal sound, arching her back violently. "Yes! Fuck! Just like zat!"

The sex that follows is explosive, decadent, utterly unrestrained. Lila-Amelie is a whirlwind of shameless lust. She talks constantly, a torrent of filthy French-accented commentary on her own body, on mine, on the act itself. "Feel 'ow wet I am for you? Zis pussy is begging for your cock!" ... "Look at my tits bounce when you pound me! Zey love it rough!" ... "God, your cock feels so good stretching me open! Fill my 'ole!"

Her lack of inhibition is intoxicating. She urges me to go harder, faster, rougher. She tells me exactly where to touch her, how to squeeze her ass, how hard to pull her hair. The doggy style fetish is in full force; she seems almost incapable of wanting any other position, constantly maneuvering back onto her hands and knees if I try to change it.

And fucking Amelie's body like this... it's surreal. Knowing I inhabited this same vessel just hours ago, feeling its contours from the inside out, and now experiencing it from this perspective, driving into it... it adds a layer of profound, almost incestuous weirdness that only fuels the fire. Her perfect physique responds flawlessly, clenching around me, her stamina seemingly endless thanks to the lack of mental fatigue or self-consciousness.

We fuck for what feels like hours, moving from the floor to the bed, back to the floor, always returning to that primal, driving rhythm from behind. Lila seems insatiable, her swapped mental state overriding physical exhaustion. She comes multiple times, loud, messy, unrestrained orgasms that only seem to fuel her hunger for more.

Finally, utterly spent, drenched in sweat, muscles screaming, I collapse onto the bed beside her, pulling her trembling body close. She curls against me, still radiating heat, her breathing slowly evening out.

“Okay,” she murmurs after a long silence, her French accent softer now, laced with exhaustion but still holding that edge of uninhibited satisfaction. “Zat... zat was ze fix I needed.”

We lie there, cuddling in the quiet aftermath. The room is a mess, clothes scattered, the air thick with the scent of sex. Eventually, Lila stirs, reaching lazily for the Swapper lying on the nightstand.

“Alright, fun time’s over,” she says, her voice already starting to lose the accent as she targets herself and the sleeping Amelie-in-her-body. “Time to put ze original programming back.” She swaps their bodies back. Click. Zzzztfff.

Instantly, she’s Lila again, back in her own skin, Amelie’s incredible form replaced by her familiar, athletic curves. Her jeans and tank top reappear, fitting properly now. The French accent vanishes mid-sentence. “—and get this show on the road.” She blinks, shaking her head slightly as her own voice returns. “Whoa. Okay. Good to be me again. Though damn, I’m gonna miss that ass.”

The mental changes, however, the lowered inhibitions, the heightened sex drive... they linger. I can see it in the way she stretches, unselfconsciously arching her back, her eyes still holding a smoky, satisfied heat.

“The mental stuff...” I start, hesitant. “Did that swap back too?”

Lila considers it, tilting her head. “No,” she says slowly. “It feels... different. Still me, but... looser? Less filtered? The horniness has faded a bit, but the lack of embarrassment, the appreciation for... well, for good fucking... that’s still definitely here.” She grins at me, a slow, sultry smile. “I kinda like it.”

“Want me to swap it back?” I ask, holding up the device.

Lila thinks for a moment, then shakes her head. "Nah. Let's leave it for now. We can always undo it later if it gets weird. Consider it... a souvenir from our little experiment." She leans over and kisses me deeply. "Besides, I have a feeling this less-inhibited Lila might be fun for both of us."

I grin back. "Yeah, I think you might be right."

With the decision made, Lila turns her attention to the still-sleeping Amelie, now back in her own body, wearing Lila's clothes. Lila picks up the Mind Control Ring. "Okay, time to send Sleeping Beauty home," she says, her tone becoming serious again. She leans over Amelie, whispering the command: "Wake up slowly. You feel refreshed. Go home immediately. You remember nothing after arriving for your shift this morning. Forget this place, forget our faces."

Amelie stirs, blinking slowly. Her eyes focus vaguely, then clear as the 'wake up and forget' command overrides everything else. She sits up, looking around Lila's spare room with mild confusion, seeming to notice Lila's clothes on her body for the first time but accepting it without question due to the ring's influence. Without a word, she stands up, smooths down the borrowed jeans, and walks out of the room, out of the apartment, presumably heading back to Bill's mansion with a convenient gap in her memory.

Lila watches her go, then lets out a long sigh, collapsing back onto the bed beside me. "Well," she says, scrubbing a hand over her face. "That happened."

"Yeah," I agree, feeling drained but strangely satisfied. "We got the intel. We survived. And we... experimented."

"Understatement of the century," Lila mutters, rolling onto her side to face me. "So. The Council. Finch. The meeting next Wednesday. That's our next move, right? Figure out how to crash that party?"

"Sounds like it," I say. "But honestly, Lila? Right now? My brain feels like scrambled eggs. I need time to process... all of this." I gesture vaguely, encompassing the swaps, the sex, Bill's monstrosity, the bounty, everything. "Today was... a lot."

Lila nods, her expression understanding. "Yeah. Me too. Okay. Plan is: we lay low for a couple of days. Digest. Recharge. Let the dust settle. We meet up again Sunday? Two days from now. Pool our thoughts, come up with a solid game plan for dealing with the Council meeting. Sound good?"

“Sounds perfect,” I say, relief washing over me. A pause. A chance to breathe.

She snuggles closer, resting her head on my chest. Her breathing evens out quickly, exhaustion claiming her. I lie awake a while longer, staring up at the dark ceiling, Lila’s warmth a comforting presence beside me.

My mind replays the day. The fear, the disgust, the violation in Bill’s room. The sheer power of the device, the ring. The confusing pleasure of the forced responses, the even more confusing pleasure of inhabiting Amelie’s body. That lingering feeling... missing the weight of those breasts, the curve of those hips, the vulnerability and intensity of being female... it whispers again in the quiet darkness.

What am I becoming? Who am I, really, underneath all these layers of swapped identities and manipulated realities? The questions hang heavy, unanswered, as sleep finally pulls me under, carrying me away from the complexities of being James, dreaming, perhaps, of being Amelie.

The insistent chirping of Lila’s alarm clock drags me from a deep, surprisingly dreamless sleep. For a blissful moment, I’m adrift, just warm sheets and the lingering scent of sex and Lila’s shampoo. Then reality slams back in. It feels like a lifetime crammed into the last twenty-four hours.

I crack open an eye. Sunlight streams into Lila’s bedroom, illuminating dust motes dancing in the air. The other side of the bed is empty, the sheets cool. I push myself up, muscles protesting slightly. My own body feels... mundane after the exquisite architecture of Amelie’s form, but undeniably mine. Solid, familiar, blessedly uncomplicated in its basic structure. No stilettos required, no impossibly tiny waist threatening to snap. Relief washes over me, quickly followed by the dull ache of anxiety returning to settle in my gut.

The smell of coffee and something frying drifts from the kitchen. Lila. Already up, already functioning. How does she do it? After the night we had, I feel like I’ve been run over by a reality-bending truck.

I swing my legs out of bed, finding my jeans and t-shirt from yesterday crumpled on the floor. Pulling them on feels like putting on armor. I pad barefoot out of the bedroom and towards the kitchen.

Lila's standing at the stove, back to me, humming softly as she flips bacon in a pan. She's wearing pajama shorts that show off her toned legs and a loose tank top that reveals the smooth lines of her shoulders and back. Even from behind, there's a subtle shift in her posture, an ease, a lack of self-consciousness that wasn't quite there before. The mental alterations I swapped into her from Amelie (via the ring command) seem to be comfortably settled in.

"Morning, boyfriend," she says without turning around, her voice casual, cheerful. "Coffee's fresh. Bacon and eggs okay? Or are you more of a fancy French toast kinda guy after your stint as Amelie?" The teasing is light, but the reference sends a slight shiver down my spine.

"Bacon and eggs sounds perfect," I reply, pouring myself a mug of coffee from the pot on the counter. The hot liquid burns slightly going down, a welcome jolt. I lean against the counter, watching her move. She expertly cracks eggs into the sizzling bacon grease, her movements fluid, confident.

She turns then, holding a plate piled high with crispy bacon, and offers me a piece. Her eyes meet mine, dark and knowing, but with a new layer of... something. Openness? Rawness? The inhibitions I lowered are definitely still lowered. "Hungry?" she asks, popping a piece of bacon into her own mouth, chewing thoughtfully. "I know I worked up an appetite last night. You really know how to pound a girl's hole when she's bent over, James."

The casual vulgarity, the matter-of-fact way she references her 'hole,' makes me blink. This isn't the Lila who blushed slightly at roleplaying yesterday. This is Inhibitions-Lite Lila. "Uh, yeah," I manage, taking the bacon. "You weren't exactly complaining."

She laughs, a throaty sound that's pure, unadulterated amusement. "Complaining? Fuck no. You gave me that insane doggy fetish, remember? My pussy was begging for it." She pats her own backside through the thin pajama shorts. "Still kinda is, if I'm being honest. Might need another round of that later." She winks, turning back to the eggs, seemingly unfazed by her own bluntness.

We eat breakfast at her small kitchen table, the morning sun warming the room. The dynamic between us has shifted subtly but undeniably. The tentative exploration is gone, replaced by the easy intimacy of a couple who've already navigated some seriously weird shit together. We talk about the plan for today – lay low, process, meet up Sunday to strategize about the Council meeting. We talk about random stuff – a stupid movie she watched last week, my complaints about the café. It feels... normal. Almost.

Except for Lila's commentary. Every so often, she'll drop a comment that reminds me of the mental tweaks still active. While describing a particularly annoying customer from her part time job, she casually scratches her crotch through her shorts. "Guy was such a dickhead," she mutters. "Honestly, just listening to him made my clit shrivel up." She takes a bite of egg, oblivious to my raised eyebrow.

Later, complaining about needing new workout clothes, she pinches the flesh at her waist. "Ugh, gotta hit the gym. This little bit of softness..." She gestures vaguely. "Need to keep things tight, you know? Gotta make sure this ass stays fuckable." She says it casually, like commenting on the weather, a level of self-objectification that feels both jarringly masculine in its bluntness and strangely integrated into her feminine confidence.

"You seem... very comfortable this morning," I venture, pushing scrambled eggs around my plate.

Lila looks up, quirking an eyebrow. "Comfortable? What, because I mentioned my clit? Or my fuckable ass?" She grins. "Yeah, I guess I am. This... thing..." she gestures vaguely towards her head, "...the lower inhibitions, the reduced embarrassment... it's kinda great, James. Like someone turned off the annoying background static of constantly worrying about what other people think, or if I'm being 'ladylike' enough." She leans forward, propping her chin on her hand. "It's just... easier. Freer. I can just say what I think, feel what I feel, want what I want, without the usual bullshit filter."

"Even the... objectification part?" I ask carefully.

She considers it, tapping a finger against her lips. "Yeah, even that, kinda. It's weird, but... it's also efficient? Like, my body is a tool for pleasure, right? Mine and yours. Acknowledging that, appreciating the equipment..." She gestures towards her breasts under the tank top. "Appreciating these tits for being great to look at and fun to play with, appreciating my pussy for feeling good when it's getting filled... it doesn't feel degrading. It just feels... honest. Less complicated." She shrugs. "Maybe it's the swap talking, but right now? I'm digging it. Plus a little spice is fun. I guess I've spent so long using my artifact on others that I'm just enjoying being the one it's used on for once. It's thrilling."

She pushes her empty plate away and stretches, arching her back like a cat. The movement pulls her tank top taut, showcasing her trim waist and the curve of her breasts. Her eyes meet mine again, and the casual horniness flickers back. "Speaking of appreciation..." she murmurs, her voice dropping lower, huskier. "That couch looks pretty comfy. And you look

pretty edible. Round two before you head out?" Her hand drifts down, settling casually between her legs over her shorts, fingers pressing slightly.

I swallow, my own body responding instantly to her directness, the memory of last night still vivid. God, she's tempting. But... "Lila," I say, forcing myself to sound firm. "I can't. Seriously. After yesterday... Bill's house, the control pad, nearly getting caught... My brain is fried. I need a break. A day off from... everything."

She pouts dramatically, withdrawing her hand. "Fine, fine. Be boring." But there's no real heat behind it, just playful disappointment. The lowered inhibitions don't seem to equate to neediness, just... directness about her desires. "More for me later, then." She stands up, gathering the plates. "Your loss."

I help her clear the table, the easy domesticity feeling both comforting and surreal. As I rinse plates in the sink, Lila leans against the counter beside me, scrolling through her phone. I glance over. She's biting her lip slightly, her brow furrowed in concentration, her thumb swiping rapidly. Then I notice her other hand. It's resting casually on her thigh, but one finger has dipped beneath the waistband of her pajama shorts, rhythmically, almost unconsciously, pinching or rubbing something just out of sight. Her clit. She's mindlessly stimulating herself while browsing social media, like someone might idly scratch an itch. The sheer casualness of it, the complete lack of shame or awareness that she's doing it right next to me... it's staggering. And, damn it, incredibly hot.

I quickly look away, focusing back on the dishes, my face flushing slightly. The mental alterations are definitely potent.

A few minutes later, rinsed plates stacked in the dishwasher, I grab my jacket. "Okay," I say. "I should probably head out. Let things cool down. Decompress."

Lila walks me to the door, her usual confidence back in place, overlaid with that new layer of uninhibited ease. "Alright, Swapper," she says, leaning against the doorframe. "Go decompress. Play your games. Stare at a wall. Whatever you gotta do." She reaches out, cups the back of my neck, pulls me in for another deep, possessive kiss. "But Sunday," she murmurs against my lips, her hand drifting down to squeeze my ass firmly. "Sunday we make a plan. And maybe," she adds with a wink, pulling back slightly, "we find some more... creative uses for that device of yours. Now that I'm feeling so... free."

"Looking forward to it," I manage, my voice a little shaky.

She gives my ass one last proprietary squeeze before stepping back. “Text me later. Let me know you haven’t spontaneously combusted from stress.”

“Will do.” With a final nod, I step out, pulling the door shut behind me, leaving Lila and her newly liberated mindset to their own devices.

Back home, the silence of my empty apartment feels both welcome and oppressive. I toss my keys onto the counter, kick off my shoes, and collapse onto the couch. Freedom. No prying eyes, no artifact club politics, no life-or-death infiltration missions. Just me, my crappy apartment, and the lingering echoes of too much weirdness.

I try video games first. Boot up the console, launch the latest shooter Sam’s been raving about. But the digital violence feels hollow, the objectives meaningless. My focus drifts. Every explosion reminds me of the potential chaos Bill could unleash. Every enemy avatar makes me think about the Council, the bounty, the faceless threats potentially lurking around every corner. After twenty minutes of getting repeatedly fragged, I slam the controller down in frustration. Useless.

Okay. Movies. Something mindless, escapist. I scroll through streaming services. Action flicks seem too intense, comedies feel forced, dramas too heavy. Nothing appeals. Everything feels... bland. Insufficient. My reality has been cranked up to eleven, saturated with impossible powers and existential threats; normal entertainment just can’t compete anymore.

Restlessness gnaws at me. I pace the living room. Stare out the window. Check my phone – no new texts from Lila, no emergencies. Just... silence. The device hums faintly in my pocket, a siren call to action, to transformation, to something.

The quiet is driving me crazy. I need noise. Interaction. But not the high-stakes interaction of the artifact world. Something easier. Familiar.

Sam.

I pull out my phone, scrolling to his contact. He’s probably home, nursing his magnificent F-cups, bragging about them to his online gaming buddies. Perfect. A dose of Sam’s chaotic energy might be just what I need. But how to guarantee he comes over? Normal hanging out might not cut it if he’s deep in a raid or something.

Then the familiar itch returns. The device. The thrill. Tempt him.

My fingers fly across the screen, composing the text:

Me: Yo Sam. Bored as hell. Wanna come over? Got the Swapper. Thinking we could... experiment. Have some fun.

The reply is almost instantaneous.

Sam: DUDE. Fuck yes. Artifact fun?? Say less. On my way. ETA 15 min. Don't start the weird shit without me!

A grin spreads across my face. Predictable. Sam's always game for artifact-fueled chaos. The prospect of swapping, of playing with reality again, even just for kicks with Sam, sends a jolt of anticipation through me, momentarily silencing the anxiety. It confirms what I already suspected: I'm addicted. Not just to the power, but to the action, the constant stimulation of bending the rules. Normal life feels like withdrawal.

As I wait for Sam, my mind drifts again. Back to Amelie's body. Back to Lila's body. Back to the feeling of being female. That persistent curiosity, that strange resonance... it's stronger now, harder to ignore. Especially after last night. Experiencing orgasm as Amelie, even forced and artificial, was... intense. Different. And the night at the party being penetrated by Lila-in-my-body... the vulnerability, the fullness... it stirred something deep, something confusingly appealing.

I find myself standing in front of the full-length mirror in my bedroom hallway. My reflection stares back – James. Average height, decent build (thanks, Mark!), brown hair, unremarkable features. Just... a guy. It feels... limiting. Confining, almost. After inhabiting Amelie's impossible perfection, after feeling the sway of my own curvy female form... this just feels... plain.

What would it be like? To just be female? Not for a quick swap, not for a mission, not for sex. Just... to exist in that form? To wake up like that, move through the world like that? Feel the weight of breasts constantly, the different balance of wider hips, the absence between the legs becoming the default?

The thought is both terrifying and exhilarating. It feels like contemplating jumping off a cliff just to see what the fall is like. But the Swapper... it makes the cliff edge reachable. It makes the fall survivable. Reversible.

Recklessness, fueled by stress, boredom, and that gnawing curiosity, takes hold. Fuck it. Sam's on his way, ready for weirdness. Why not give him a real surprise? And why not give myself... this? Just to see. Just to know.

I glance out the window. A young woman walks past on the sidewalk below, headphones on, lost in her music. Average height, slim build, nothing remarkable. Perfect. Anonymous. A temporary vessel for my male form.

It feels different this time. Not driven by a specific kink or a strategic need. Just pure, unadulterated curiosity about identity itself. And a growing disregard for the potential consequences. I can always swap back, right? Find some random guy, do a quick gender flip. Easy. The rationalization flows smoother than ever.

Okay. Let's do this properly. Experience the change fully.

I quickly strip off my clothes, tossing them onto the bed, until I'm standing completely naked before the mirror. My male body stares back. Familiar. Boring. I hold up the Swapper, feeling its cool weight in my hand.

Target me. Target Random Girl on Street. Trait: "Gender." Now, for the fun part. Settings... Delay: 10 seconds. Transition Duration: 60 seconds. Maximum time. Let's savor this.

My thumb hovers over the button, heart pounding a heavy rhythm – fear and anticipation warring within me. Click.

The screen displays the countdown: 10... 9... 8...

I watch my reflection intently, my breath held captive in my chest.

3... 2... 1... 0.

Zzzztfff. A low hum vibrates through the air, through me. And then, it begins.

It starts subtly. A tingling warmth spreads across my chest, my shoulders. I watch, mesmerized, as the angles of my shoulders seem to soften, narrowing slightly. The solid muscle definition across my pecs begins to blur, softening, rounding. It's slow, gradual, like clay being gently reshaped.

The tingling intensifies, moving lower. My waist pulls inwards, cinching tight, creating a distinct curve where before there was just a straight line. Simultaneously, my hips begin to flare outwards, pushing against the empty air, widening, rounding. The sensation is bizarre,

like my skeleton itself is subtly rearranging, my flesh flowing into new contours. I run a hand down my side, feeling the impossible new curve take shape beneath my fingers.

Then, my chest. The softening accelerates. Small mounds push forward from my pecs, swelling steadily, defying gravity. The skin stretches taut, smooth, becoming exquisitely sensitive. I watch, fascinated, as they grow, becoming fuller, rounder, heavier with each passing second. They're reaching that familiar D-cup size now, the signature curve of my female form, teardrop-shaped and undeniably lush. My nipples darken, puckering into tight, sensitive peaks, sending jolts of electric pleasure straight down to my groin. I cup them instinctively, gasping softly as their weight settles into my palms. The feeling is intoxicating, a mix of physical pleasure and the sheer awe of witnessing creation – my own creation – in real time.

Below, the most profound change unfolds. My cock and balls begin to shrink, retracting inwards, melting away like candle wax under a flame. The sensation is indescribable – not painful, but deeply strange, a fundamental alteration at my core. The flesh smooths over, reforming, creating a soft mound, a delicate slit appearing between my legs, slickening instantly with a warm, internal wetness. My thighs shift, pressing closer together, their inner surfaces now incredibly sensitive, brushing against my new pussy with every slight movement.

My face softens too, angles becoming less harsh, cheeks slightly fuller, lips plumper. My hair seems to cascade with more volume, framing my face. The transformation completes over the full minute, a slow, deliberate metamorphosis watched with wide, unblinking eyes.

When it stops, I'm left breathless, staring at the reflection. It's her again. The female me. Curvy, voluptuous, radiating an energy that's both powerful and vulnerable. My magnificent breasts rise and fall with each shaky breath, nipples still hard, exquisitely sensitive. My waist is tiny, flaring dramatically into those wide, perfectly rounded hips and that incredible ass. My pussy throbs faintly, alive with new sensations. I can't believe this is how I'd be if I were born a woman. Well, I guess I can believe it, thinking about how Mom looks...

But this time, it feels different. Not just a temporary costume for fun or infiltration. Standing here, naked, having watched every incremental change, feeling the profound shift deep within my bones... it feels... real. More real than before. Less like playing a role, more like... settling into a skin that feels unexpectedly, disturbingly comfortable.

Okay. Need clothes. Can't greet Sam like this. Well, I could, knowing Sam, but let's maintain some semblance of normalcy. Ish.

I go to my closet, bypassing my male clothes, heading straight for the small stash of female outfits I acquired during previous swaps and kept hidden away. The Lululemon gear from the gym escapade with Sam. Perfect.

I pull on the sports bra first. It's snug, lifting and supporting my heavy breasts, but the low-cut front still allows for a generous, enticing swell of cleavage. The feeling of the fabric against my sensitive nipples is a constant, low-level hum of arousal. Then, the leggings. Black, high-waisted, hugging every curve like a second skin. They sculpt my ass, highlight the flare of my hips, showcase the powerful lines of my thighs. I turn in front of the mirror, admiring the effect. Damn. This body looks incredible in workout gear. Strong, sexy, capable. I feel a surge of confidence, a thrill that's purely about inhabiting this form, appreciating its power and beauty.

I hesitate, then grab one of my old, loose-fitting t-shirts – a faded band tee – and pull it on over the sports bra. It hangs loosely, obscuring the tight lines of my waist and torso, but the impressive cleavage still peaks out from the neckline, and the shirt does little to hide the dramatic curve of my hips and ass outlined by the leggings. Casual, comfortable, but with an undeniable undercurrent of pure sex appeal simmering just beneath the surface. Perfect.

I run a hand through my long hair and take a deep breath. Okay. Ready for Sam.

The doorbell rings. Speak of the devil.

I walk towards the door, my hips swaying naturally now, the movement feeling less alien, more ingrained. My hand rests on the doorknob. What will Sam's reaction be? Not to the swap itself – reality will have shifted for him. He won't remember me ever being male today, or maybe ever, depending on how deep the rewrite goes for non-wielders. He'll just see... me. As I am now. His friend James, who happens to be a girl. How will he react to that? Given his enthusiasm for artifacts and his recent fixation on his own chest...

This could get interesting.

Very interesting.