

THE SWAPPING DEVICE



a trait swapping story
JohnManTD

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A transformation mind control story by JohnManTD

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CHAPTER 14

With a final, steadying breath, anticipating the unique brand of chaos only Sam can bring, I pull open the door...

And there he is. Sam. My best friend, partner in crime, resident artifact enthusiast, currently sporting a chest that could make a pornstar weep with envy. He barges in past me with his usual lack of ceremony, already talking.

“Dude, finally! Took you long enough to answer. Thought maybe you’d already started the weird shit without me, which would be totally uncool, by the way.” He dumps his backpack onto the floor near the couch and turns to face me, a wide grin splitting his face. His eyes do a quick, reflexive sweep over my body – the curvy female form I now inhabit, clad in the leggings and loose band tee over the sports bra – but there’s zero shock, zero confusion. Just... casual acknowledgment. His reality has seamlessly rewritten itself. To him, this is just... James. His longtime friend, who happens to be a girl.

“Sorry, dude,” I reply, my voice automatically pitching slightly higher, softer – the female version of my own voice settling in easily now. It’s almost second nature. “Just got distracted.”

Sam snorts, heading for the fridge. “Distracted? By what? Admiring your own rack?” He pulls out a soda, popping the top. “Seriously, James, I don’t get how you’re not obsessed with boobs. Like, you’ve had decent ones forever,” he gestures vaguely towards my chest, currently displaying impressive cleavage above the sports bra neckline, “and you just act like they’re... whatever. Meanwhile, I get blessed with these magnificent bastards,” he pauses to give his own enormous F-cup chest, straining against his hoodie, a proud, hefty squeeze, “and it’s literally all I think about. They’re fucking amazing!”

I stifle a laugh, leaning against the doorframe. Hearing him talk about my ‘rack’ like it’s always been there, assuming my indifference is just a female lack of appreciation... it’s surreal. And his complete obsession with his own swapped chest is hilariously predictable. “Yeah, well,

maybe some of us have other things on our minds besides tits, Sam,” I tease.

He rolls his eyes dramatically. “Yeah, yeah, like your girlfriend.” He takes a long swig of his soda. “Speaking of, how’s Lila? You two still doing that intense, stare-into-each-other’s-souls thing?” He waggles his eyebrows.

Girlfriend. Lila. Right. The relationship swap. To Sam, Lila and I are the established couple. Emma... she’s probably just that friend I sometimes hang out with, maybe dated briefly ages ago. The alternate history snaps into place in my mind, solidifying Sam’s perception. It’s disturbingly seamless.

“Lila’s good,” I say, keeping it vague. “We’re good.”

“Good, good.” Sam collapses onto the couch, propping his feet up on the coffee table, his massive chest jiggling with the movement. He pats the cushion beside him. “Alright, enough small talk. You texted about artifact fun. Spill it. What kind of weirdness are we diving into today? Please tell me it involves getting me back into a girl’s body. I’m jealous, dude. You get to play with a pussy whenever you want. It’s bullshit.” He sighs wistfully. “God, remember that weekend we swapped? Best weekend of my life. Almost.”

I raise an eyebrow, moving towards the couch but not sitting down yet. Play with a pussy? His assumption is logical, given he thinks I’m female. And the reference to our previous gender swap... interesting how reality patched that memory for him. He remembers swapping, remembers being female, but conveniently forgets I was swapped right alongside him, that I used to be a guy at all. The device’s selective memory wipe is truly something else.

A wicked little spark ignites within me. He thinks I’m just his gal pal, his lesbian best friend. He’s jealous of my (current) anatomy. He has no idea who, or what, he’s really talking to. The power dynamic is intoxicating. Time to have a little fun with this shifted reality. Time to lean into the role Sam’s mind has cast for me.

I let a slow smile spread across my face, deliberately making it sultry, teasing. “Jealous, Sammy?” I purr, my voice dropping slightly, taking on a playful edge. I step closer to the couch, right in front of him, letting him get a good look. “Jealous of... this?”

I reach up and slowly, deliberately, pull the loose band tee off over my head, tossing it aside onto the armchair. I’m left standing before him in just the leggings and the low-cut black sports bra, which does little to contain the impressive swell of my breasts. The cleavage is

deep, shadowed, undeniably inviting. I see Sam's eyes widen almost imperceptibly, his gaze instantly locking onto my chest. His Adam's apple bobs as he swallows hard.

"Whoa," he breathes, his voice suddenly husky. "James, what are you...?"

"Just wondering," I continue, my voice still a low purr. I reach up, cupping my own breasts through the sports bra, lifting them slightly, pushing them together to enhance the cleavage even further. The fabric strains, the skin spills enticingly over the top edge. "You're such an expert on boobs now, right? What do you think of mine?" I tilt my head, running a finger slowly along the upper curve of one breast, watching his eyes track the movement. "Are they... good enough for you? Or could they be... improved?" I give them another gentle squeeze, making them jiggle slightly.

Sam is practically vibrating. He's staring, mesmerized, a flush creeping up his neck. He looks utterly flustered, caught between the ingrained perception of me as his unavailable lesbian friend and the undeniable reality of me standing half-naked before him, showcasing my impressive chest like some kind of offering.

"Dude... uh... they're... they're great, James," he stammers, shifting uncomfortably on the couch, his own massive chest rising and falling rapidly. "Seriously. Perfect. You don't need to... uh... improve anything."

"You sure?" I press, stepping even closer, bending down slightly so my cleavage is right at his eye level. I run my hands down my sides, tracing the curve of my waist, then let them rest on my hips, thumbs hooked into the waistband of my leggings. "Because I was thinking..." I look down at myself thoughtfully, then deliberately shift my stance, pushing my hips forward slightly, causing the tight legging fabric to pull taut between my legs, creating a deep, pronounced cameltoe. "...maybe these leggings are a little tight?" I ask innocently, looking up at him through my lashes, pretending to assess the fit while knowing exactly the effect the display is having. "What do you think, Sam? Too revealing?"

Sam makes a strangled noise in the back of his throat. His eyes flick down to my crotch, linger there for a split second too long, then snap back up to my face, wide with a mixture of shock, confusion, and undeniable arousal. I can see the tips of his nipples hardening beneath his hoodie, pushing against the fabric. Oh, this is too easy. Too fun. The power I feel right now, wielding this female form, manipulating his perception, playing with his desires... it's intoxicating. It's a different kind of control than the Swapper offers, more subtle, more

psychological, but just as potent.

He opens his mouth, closes it, then finally manages, "Uh... no? They look... fine, James. Really." He clears his throat, looking away for a second before his gaze inevitably snaps back to my breasts.

I straighten up, laughing softly, a low, throaty sound that makes him jump slightly. "Just messing with you, Sammy." I reach down, grab the Swapper from where I'd left it on the coffee table. "But since we're talking improvements..."

Before he can react, I aim the device. Target me. Target Sam. Trait: "Breasts." Click. Zzzztttt.

The familiar warmth spreads across my chest, but this time, it's an explosion. My sports bra strains, then groans, suddenly overwhelmed as Sam's colossal F-cups transfer onto my frame. They spill out, heavy, pendulous, practically bursting free. The sheer weight pulls at my shoulders, making me stagger slightly. Holy shit. These things are big. Wearing them is a whole different experience than just looking at them.

Sam yelps, looking down at his own chest, now housing my still-impressive but smaller D-cups. They fill out his hoodie surprisingly well, still creating noticeable cleavage, but the obscene, overwhelming volume is gone.

"Whoa! Hey!" he protests, hands instinctively covering his new, smaller assets. "What the hell, James? Give 'em back!"

I giggle, adjusting the straps of my straining sports bra, trying to contain the overwhelming swell of his breasts now residing on my chest. I bounce them experimentally, the movement heavy, hypnotic. "What's wrong, Sam? Don't they look better on me?" I strike a pose, pushing the enormous mounds forward. "Aren't these the 'magnificent bastards' you were bragging about? Maybe they suit a girl better, hmm?"

Sam stares, momentarily stunned into silence by the sight of his prized possessions now adorning my curvy female frame. Then, a slow grin spreads across his face as he realizes I'm just fucking with him. He laughs, shaking his head.

"Okay, okay, you got me, dude," he concedes, chuckling. He pulls his hoodie off over his head, revealing my D-cups nestled against his broad, male chest. The sight is incongruous but still undeniably voluptuous. "Fine. If you wanna borrow the big guns, at least let me check out

what you were working with.”

He stands up, stepping closer, his eyes fixed on the breasts he now wears – my breasts. He reaches out hesitantly, then cups one, his thumb brushing the nipple through the thin fabric of his t-shirt. “Huh,” he murmurs, squeezing gently. “Still pretty damn big. Firm, too. Nice shape.” He gives the other one an experimental jiggle. “Yeah, okay. These are quality.”

I watch him, a strange mix of amusement and something else – a weirdly proprietary feeling? – bubbling up as he inspects the chest that was mine moments ago. To retaliate, to keep the game going, I lean back against the couch armrest, deliberately spreading my legs slightly wider, drawing attention back to my lower half.

“Yeah, they’re alright,” I say casually, letting my gaze drift down my own body, then back to his. “But you’re still missing out on the real fun, Sam.” I run a hand slowly down my flat stomach, letting my fingers dip just below the waistband of the leggings, outlining the pronounced cameltoe shape. “Having a pussy... it’s a whole different world, dude. The things you can feel...” I let the sentence hang, giving him a slow, suggestive smile.

Sam’s gaze drops instantly to where my hand rests, his breath catching audibly. He looks flustered again, his earlier confidence momentarily evaporating. “James, seriously, what the hell’s gotten into you today?” he asks, his voice strained. “You’re... acting different. You’re messing with me, right?”

I laugh again, pushing myself off the couch armrest. “Maybe,” I say coyly. I walk towards the kitchen, deliberately letting my hips sway, feeling the heavy weight of Sam’s breasts bounce against my ribs with each step. “Maybe this Swapper thing is just... opening my mind a little. Making me appreciate things more.” I glance back at him over my shoulder. “Appreciate... possibilities.”

Sam groans, running a hand through his hair in frustration. “This isn’t fair, James! You know I’ve always... kinda wanted to... you know. Fool around. Friends with benefits, whatever. Just once! But you always shut me down! Said you weren’t into guys, said it would ruin the friendship.” He gestures helplessly between us. “And now you’re acting like this? Talking about pussies and possibilities? It’s driving me crazy!”

My eyebrows shoot up. So, that’s the history in this reality. He’s hit on me before, and I (as a woman) rejected him, citing my lesbianism and the importance of our friendship. It makes

sense. I look back at him, tilting my head thoughtfully.

“FWB is a thing! A normal thing! It wouldn’t have to ruin anything! We’re best friends, dude! We could handle it!” He takes a step closer, his eyes pleading. “Come on, James. Just... think about it?”

“Sam,” I say gently, letting the teasing fade from my voice, injecting a note of firmness. “I’m still into women, remember? Lila? My girlfriend?” The word still feels slightly foreign, but saying it helps solidify the new reality in my own mind.

Sam deflates instantly, slumping back onto the couch. “Yeah, yeah, I know,” he mutters, looking down at the D-cups currently residing on his chest. “Shit. Sorry. It’s just... hard sometimes, you know?” He looks up at me, his expression unexpectedly vulnerable. “When we first became friends, way back when... who could’ve guessed you’d grow up to look like... well, like this?” He gestures vaguely at my (currently Sam-enhanced) figure. “It’s hard resisting this body, dude. Especially when you start acting all...” He trails off, shaking his head.

I feel a strange pang, hearing him talk about our history, a history I don’t fully share. I picture us younger – awkward teenagers, maybe? Him, the same chaotic energy, me... as a girl? What was she like? Was she always this curvy? Did she always know she was into girls? The alternate timeline stretches out, full of unknown variables, a life I technically lived but have no memory of. It’s dizzying.

“Anyway,” Sam says quickly, clearly wanting to change the subject, shaking off the awkwardness. “Forget I said anything. Back to the Swapper fun you promised. You gonna give me my tits back, or what? And what’s the plan? You mentioned experimenting.”

Relief washes over me. Back to safer, weirder territory. “Yeah, sorry about that,” I say, holding up the Swapper. “Got a little carried away.” Target me. Target Sam. Trait: “Breasts.” Click. Zzzztttt.

My chest deflates instantly, the overwhelming weight vanishing, replaced by the familiar fullness of my own D-cups. Sam sighs happily as his magnificent F-cups reappear, instinctively cupping them. “Ahhh, much better. Welcome home, ladies.”

I roll my eyes, pulling my discarded t-shirt back on over my sports bra. “Okay, perv. Now, about the plan...” I pause, considering. What is the plan? I need distraction, yes, but maybe something more structured than just random swaps here at home. Something with stakes.

Something... interesting. "Actually, Sam," I say, an idea forming, sparked by his earlier comment about hitting the mall. "How about a game?"

Sam's eyes light up instantly. "A game? With the Swapper? Dude, yes! What kind of game?"

"Okay, hear me out," I begin, the plan solidifying as I speak. "We go to the mall. Center court. We set the device to 'Random Swap – External Target Only.' Blind fire. Five times each. We swap five completely random traits with five random strangers."

Sam leans forward, hooked. "Random traits? Like, anything? Could be hair color, could be shoe size, could be... fucking bladder control?"

"Could be anything," I confirm, grinning at his horrified expression. "Body parts, skills, personality quirks, abstract concepts – whatever the device picks. Five random hits, completely blind. We don't get to see who we swapped with or what we swapped until it's done."

"Holy shit," Sam breathes, eyes wide. "That's chaotic. I love it. What happens then?"

"Then," I continue, pacing slightly, feeling the thrill of the idea build, "the clock starts. We have exactly one hour. In whatever fucked-up state the random swaps leave us in – maybe you suddenly have an old lady's voice and crippling arthritis, maybe I have bright purple skin and a PhD in astrophysics – we have to walk around the mall and try to get a job offer."

Sam blinks. "A job offer? Like, a real one? From a store?"

"Yep. Any store. Doesn't matter what the job is – cashier, stockroom, pretzel twister, whatever. We just have to convince someone, in our potentially bizarre new state, to offer us a position. We don't have to take it, obviously. Just get the offer."

"Dude, that's insane!" Sam bursts out laughing. "Fucking brilliant!" He rubs his hands together eagerly. "Okay, I'm in. But we need stakes. Real stakes."

"I agree," I say, my eyes landing pointedly on his chest. The idea I had earlier resurfaces, perfect for this scenario. "How about this: if you fail – no job offer within the hour – you lose the tits."

Sam's grin vanishes instantly. He clutches his chest protectively. "What? Lose... lose these?" He looks genuinely panicked. "No way, James! That's too harsh!"

“Why?” I counter, crossing my arms, enjoying his distress a little too much. “Think of it as motivation. If you really want to keep them, you’ll find a way to get hired, no matter how weird the swaps make you.” I lean in slightly. “Besides, aren’t you tired of me complaining about them? Win, and you shut me up. Lose, and I finally get my wish – I swap your chest with the first flat-chested dude I see, and I don’t have to look at my best friend walking around like a goddamn hentai character anymore.”

Sam chews his lip, clearly torn. He glances down at his magnificent breasts, then back at me, calculation in his eyes. He knows I hate them. He also knows he loves them. The risk is real. “Okay,” he says slowly. “Fine. If I lose, the tits go.” He pauses, then a predatory gleam enters his eyes. “But... if you lose, James...”

I brace myself. “What?”

“If you fail to get a job offer,” he says, his voice dropping lower, his gaze intense, “you have to have sex with me.”

My stomach plummets. Fuck. Of course. Leave it to Sam to make it about sex. “What? No! Sam, that’s ridiculous! I already told you—”

“What’s the matter, James?” he interrupts, leaning back with a cocky smirk, deliberately puffing out his chest. “Scared you might lose, girlie?” He raises an eyebrow suggestively.

Rage, hot and sharp, flashes through me. Girlie? Is he serious? Plus, the sheer arrogance! He thinks I’ll lose? Me? In this body? Even with random swaps, I’m still going to be objectively hot. Getting a job offer from some thirsty mall manager should be easy mode. Easier than him trying to get hired with those ridiculous tits and whatever other weirdness the Swapper throws at him.

“You wish, loser,” I snap back, indignation fueling my confidence. “Fine. You’re on. But when I win, and I will win, I’m swapping those ridiculous things off you so fast your head will spin. Deal?” I stick out my hand, channeling pure competitive fire.

Sam’s smirk widens. He looks me up and down again, his eyes lingering on my chest, my hips, my ass. “Oh, it’s a deal, gorgeous.” He takes my hand, his grip firm, sealing the insane pact. As he pulls his hand away, he deliberately brushes his knuckles against my breasts. I smack his hand away instinctively, glaring.

“Don’t push it, Sam,” I warn.

He just laughs, utterly unrepentant. “Alright, alright. Truce until the game starts.” He flops back onto the couch. “So, how do we enforce the rules? The time limit? The truthfulness?”

“Leave that to me,” I say, already pulling out my phone, a plan forming. “I’ll call Lila. Her ring can handle it.” I walk away towards the kitchen, pretending I need privacy for the call, putting some distance between us before I start explaining the convoluted plan to Lila.

I dial her number, leaning against the kitchen counter, watching Sam through the doorway as he happily adjusts his massive chest.

“Hey, boyfriend,” Lila answers immediately, her voice warm, that slight edge of lower inhibition still present. “Miss me already?”

“Hey,” I reply, keeping my voice low. “Quick question, slash, favor. First, FYI, I swapped genders again. Just for kicks. Sam’s here, thinks I’ve always been a girl, reality rewrite is holding strong.”

Lila bursts out laughing on the other end. “Seriously? Back in the girl-suit already? You really are leaning into it, huh? Does Sam know I’m your girlfriend now?”

“Yeah, the relationship swap held too. He thinks you’re my hot lesbian lover.”

“Ooh, I like the sound of that,” she purrs. “So, what’s the favor?”

“We came up with a game. Five random swaps at the mall, then one hour to get a job offer. Loser faces... consequences.” I quickly explain the stakes – his tits versus sex with me.

“Jesus, James, you two are chaos monkeys,” Lila laughs again. “Okay, I’m intrigued. What do you need from me? Remote enforcement?”

“Exactly. We need a hard one-hour time limit, a compulsion to return to a meeting spot, and enforced truthfulness about success or failure, plus compulsion to fulfill the punishment for the loser.” I pause, then explain the tricky part. “Here’s the catch: obviously, your ring won’t work on me directly. So, I need you to issue the command over speakerphone to both of us. While you’re doing it, I’ll secretly use the Swapper to transfer the mental command state from Sam to me. He won’t have it anymore. Then, you immediately repeat the exact same command just for him. That way, we both end up with the compulsion, and he’s none the wiser about

why it worked on me.”

There’s a brief pause on Lila’s end. “Okay... wow. That’s... brilliantly convoluted. Using the Swapper to steal a mind control command intended for someone else, then getting me to implant it again. Sneaky, Swapper. Very sneaky. I love it.” Her voice drops slightly, becoming husky again. “God, thinking about you manipulating reality like that... kinda makes my pussy throb, not gonna lie.”

I roll my eyes, though a flush heats my face. “Focus, Lila. Can you do it?”

“Yeah, yeah, easy,” she says dismissively. “Just put me on speaker when you’re ready. What’s the exact command phrasing?”

We quickly hash out the wording: “Once you both verbally agree the game has begun, exactly one hour after that moment, you will immediately stop whatever you are doing and walk silently back to the agreed meeting spot. Once there, you will truthfully state whether you received a job offer or not. If you did not receive an offer, you will feel an undeniable compulsion to fulfill the punishment agreed upon with your competitor.”

“Okay, got it,” Lila confirms. “Ready when you are.”

“Alright.” I walk back into the living room, holding the phone up. “Lila’s on board. Put her on speaker.” I tap the speaker icon, Lila’s voice filling the room.

“Hey, Sam!” she greets cheerfully, her tone back to mostly normal, hiding the underlying horniness only I can now detect.

“Hey, Lila!” Sam calls back, grinning. “Ready to lay down the law?”

“You know it,” Lila says. “Okay, listen up, both of you. Here’s the command...”

As she starts reciting the carefully worded compulsion, I subtly pull out the Swapper, keeping it low, out of Sam’s direct line of sight. I target Sam, then myself. Trait: “Current Mental Command State.” Lila gets to the part about returning to the meeting spot...

“...walk silently back to the agreed meeting spot wherever it is, then truthfully tell if they passed or not. If you do not pass, you will be compelled to follow the agreed punishment.”

Right as she finishes the word ‘punishment,’ I hit the button. Click. Zzzztttt.

I feel... nothing physically, but a certainty settles in my mind. The command is locked in. But I was so focused on timing the swap perfectly, making sure Sam didn't notice the device.

"Okay, Sam?" Lila's voice cuts through my thoughts. "Got that?"

Sam nods, looking slightly dazed, the ring's power clearly affecting him. "Uh, yeah. Think so."

"Good," Lila says briskly. "Now, just for you again, Sam, to make sure it sticks..." She repeats the entire command, word for word, reinforcing it in his non-wielder brain. He nods again, more firmly this time. "Alright, it's locked and loaded for both of you. Have fun with your weird game, kids." Then, before I can stop her, she adds, her voice dropping back into that husky purr, "Thinking about you both swapping random shit... totally making my clit twitch. Gotta go take care of that. Bye!"

Click. She hangs up.

I quickly pocket my phone, my face burning. Sam just bursts out laughing. "Dude, Lila is fucking hilarious! Always saying the craziest shit. 'Clit twitch,' that's classic!" He shakes his head, chuckling.

Classic Lila? Oh, if only he knew. Apparently, Sam just accepts her newfound vulgarity as part of her personality. The layers of deception, the alternate realities... my head is spinning.

"Yeah, she's... something," I mutter. "Alright. Ready to head to the mall and embrace the chaos?"

Sam hops up from the couch, his massive chest bouncing energetically. "Born ready, dude! Let's go get randomly fucked up by the Swapper and see who breaks first!" He claps me on the shoulder – a friendly, bro-ish gesture that feels incredibly weird now that I'm inhabiting this curvy female form. "Loser buys dinner too, right?"

"Sure, Sam," I say, rolling my eyes, grabbing my keys. "Loser buys dinner."

The mall parking lot is a sprawling expanse of sunbaked asphalt and glittering metal. We pull into a spot relatively far from the main entrance – my subconscious already leaning towards discretion, even if the plan for the day is anything but. Sam practically vibrates in the

passenger seat beside me, his massive chest bouncing with contained energy beneath the hoodie.

“Dude, this is gonna be epic!” he declares, already unbuckling his seatbelt before I’ve even cut the engine. “Random swaps! Job hunting! Stakes! Best Saturday ever!”

“Try to contain your enthusiasm, Sam,” I say dryly, though a matching buzz of nervous excitement hums beneath my own skin. This is insane. Completely, utterly reckless, especially given the looming threat of Bill and the bounty. But maybe that’s the point. Maybe leaning into the chaos, embracing the unpredictable power of the Swapper, is the only way to feel alive right now, the only antidote to the paranoia threatening to swallow me whole.

We head towards the entrance, Sam swaggering beside me, utterly oblivious to the alternate reality playing out in his head where I’m just his longtime female friend. He bumps my shoulder playfully. “Seriously though, James, you ready for this? You look kinda pale. Not gonna back out on me, are ya, girlie?”

“Shut up, Sam,” I retort, the female pitch of my voice still feeling slightly strange when I’m annoyed. “I’m fine. Just strategizing.” We push through the double doors, instantly swallowed by the mall’s familiar cacophony – the echoing chatter, the generic pop music, the faint scent of pretzels and perfume.

First stop: fuel. We navigate the bustling crowds towards the food court, the sheer volume of potential swap targets making my fingers itch towards the device in my pocket. We grab greasy burgers and loaded fries – Sam inhales his like a starving wolf, while I pick at mine, my appetite dampened by nerves.

Sitting opposite him at one of the sticky plastic tables, I find myself hyper-aware of my current form. The way my new, impressive breasts press softly against the edge of the table when I lean forward to grab a fry. The undeniable curve of my ass filling the hard plastic seat, spilling over the edges slightly in a way my male frame never did. The smooth skin of my thighs brushing together beneath the leggings. Every movement feels different, weighted, imbued with a sensuality that’s both alien and increasingly familiar. It’s distracting. Powerfully distracting. Sam, of course, notices none of this nuance. He just sees James, his friend, eating a burger.

“Okay,” Sam says around a mouthful of fries, wiping grease from his chin with the back of

his hand. "Rules recap. Center court. Five random blind swaps each. One hour to get a job offer. Loser faces the punishment. Got it?"

"Got it," I confirm. "And remember," I add, tapping the Swapper resting innocuously on the table between us, "you gotta be touching this thing when the swaps happen if you want to remember your original state. Otherwise... poof. Reality rewrite."

Sam nods eagerly, reaching out to place a hand firmly on the device. "Wouldn't miss it for the world, dude. Watching reality bend? Best show on earth." He finishes his burger in two more massive bites and leans back, patting his still-prominent belly (his base frame isn't exactly ripped, even before the chest situation). "Alright. Me first?"

"Go for it," I say, gesturing towards the Swapper. "Aim high. Literally. Just point it up towards the skylight, close your eyes, and hit the button five times. No peeking."

Sam grins, grabbing the device. He holds it aloft, pointed vaguely towards the food court ceiling, squeezes his eyes shut tight, and mashes the main button five times in quick succession.

Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt...

Five faint, almost imperceptible hums ripple through the air around us. Sam opens his eyes, blinking, a look of giddy anticipation on his face. He immediately looks down at himself, scanning for changes.

For a moment, nothing seems drastically different. He's still Sam, still broad-shouldered, still rocking those ridiculous F-cups under his hoodie and t-shirt. But then, the details start to register, hitting him one by one.

First, the clothes. His hoodie, t-shirt, jeans, and sneakers vanish. Instantly replaced by... skintight, brightly colored workout gear. A neon pink sports bra, clearly several sizes too small, strains valiantly to contain his massive chest, cleavage spilling out absurdly. Matching neon pink workout shorts, cut incredibly short and tight, cling to his thick thighs and bulge conspicuously around his crotch. On his feet, pristine white athletic sneakers with pink laces. He gasps, looking down at the ridiculous ensemble. "What the—? Where'd my clothes go? Dude, these shorts are riding up my fucking crack!" He tugs at the back uncomfortably.

Next, his physique. It warps subtly but significantly. His already broad shoulders seem to

swell further, muscles bulging beneath the tight pink fabric. His arms thicken, veins popping. His legs ripple with newfound definition. He flexes instinctively, eyes widening in astonishment as cannonball biceps appear. "Holy shit! Check out the guns!" he exclaims, temporarily forgetting his clothing predicament. He looks like a steroidal bodybuilder crammed into Barbie's workout outfit.

Then, his hair. Or rather, the lack thereof. His usual messy brown locks vanish completely, leaving his scalp smooth, shiny, utterly bald. He reaches up, slapping his hand against his bare head in disbelief. "My hair! It's gone! I look like fucking Lex Luthor in drag!"

He opens his mouth to complain further, but the sound that comes out is jarringly different. "Ay, caramba! What is 'appening to my voice?" A thick, heavy Hispanic accent, maybe Mexican or Puerto Rican, laces his words, turning his usual gruff tones into something completely different. "Dis is loco, Jaime!" (Jaime? Close enough, I guess the accent module struggled with 'James.')

And finally, the mannerisms. As he gestures emphatically, expressing his outrage, his movements become... different. Fluid. Graceful. Almost dainty? His wrists flick subtly, his posture shifts, taking on an unconsciously elegant, almost effeminate quality that clashes hilariously with his bald head, bulging muscles, massive tits, and thick accent. He crosses his legs instinctively at the ankle, a gesture utterly foreign to the Sam I know.

He stares down at himself, then back at me, a look of pure, bewildered horror dawning on his face. "Jaime... look at me!" he cries, his accented voice cracking slightly, his hands fluttering near his face in that new, delicate way. "I am bald! I sound like Speedy Gonzales! I am dressed like a... a fitness prostitute! And why am I moving like zis?!" He stamps a muscular, pink-sneakered foot, but the movement ends with an almost graceful little flick of the ankle. "Make it stop!"

I'm trying desperately not to laugh, biting the inside of my cheek so hard it hurts. The sheer chaotic absurdity of his transformation is overwhelming. A bald, muscle-bound, giant-titted dude crammed into tiny pink workout gear, speaking with a thick Hispanic accent and gesturing like a debutante. It's a masterpiece of random Swapper cruelty.

"Deep breaths, Sam," I manage, trying to keep my voice steady, though my shoulders are shaking with suppressed laughter. "Remember the game. One hour. Get a job offer like that."

“Get a job?!” he shrieks, the accent making it sound even more comical. “Who is going to hire zis... zis freak show?! Look at me! Dios mio!” He gestures wildly, nearly poking himself in the eye with a graceful flick of his wrist.

“Your turn, Jaime,” he grumbles finally, shoving the Swapper back towards me, clearly eager to see me suffer a similar fate.

Okay. My turn. My stomach clenches with a mixture of dread and excitement. I take the device. Sam moves behind me, placing a hand firmly on my shoulder and the edge of the Swapper, ensuring he’s connected for the recall.

“Close your eyes, James,” Sam instructs, his accented voice gleeful now. “No cheating. Five random zaps for my best girl.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, bracing myself. Five random hits. Could be anything. Temporary blindness? Uncontrollable flatulence? A sudden obsession with collecting bottle caps? The possibilities are terrifyingly endless.

I lift the device, point it vaguely towards the food court ceiling, and press the button five times, trying not to think about what cosmic lottery I’m playing.

Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt... Zzzztttt...

The hums wash over me. I wait a beat after the last one, then slowly lower the device, taking a deep, steadying breath before opening my eyes.

I look down.

The first thing I register is the fabric against my skin. Or rather, the lack of it in some places, and the overwhelming presence of it in others. My loose band tee and sports bra are gone. Instead, I’m wearing... a t-shirt? But it’s impossibly small. Bright pink, emblazoned with a glittery Hello Kitty face, it clings desperately to my torso, barely reaching my midriff. It’s clearly designed for a child or a very petite, flat-chested teenager. My large breasts are completely unrestrained beneath it, spilling out from the sides and straining against the thin, unforgiving cotton. The neckline is stretched wide, offering a truly obscene view of my cleavage.

My leggings are gone too, replaced by tiny, pale yellow shorts. They’re low-rise, cut incredibly high on the thigh, and clearly several sizes too small for my curvy hips and ass. The

fabric digs painfully into my skin, creating bulges where there shouldn't be, and the inseam is so short it offers barely more coverage than underwear. The combination of the ridiculously undersized, childish top and the tarty, ill-fitting shorts is mortifying. And profoundly uncomfortable. No bra, nipples pressing insistently against the thin cotton of the Hello Kitty tee.

Then, the feeling. My breasts feel... different. Heavier. Fuller, somehow. Achingly sensitive. I glance down again, confusion warring with dawning horror. They look... fuller, yes, but also slightly engorged, with darker, more prominent areolas than my usual female form possessed. And are they... damp? I touch a tentative finger to the fabric of the Hello Kitty shirt just below my nipple. It comes away slightly sticky, milky. Lactating. Oh, sweet suffering Jesus. The Swapper gave me the breasts of a lactating, breastfeeding mother. They feel incredibly full, almost painfully so, and the nipples are ultra-sensitive, leaking slightly, creating small, dark patches on the bright pink cotton. The sheer vulnerability, the inherent intimacy of the situation – having active, milk-producing breasts – sends a wave of nausea mixed with horrified fascination through me.

Then, the height. I feel a sudden, dizzying surge upwards. The food court floor seems to drop away slightly, the tables shrinking, Sam looking shorter. I glance at my reflection in the mirrored column nearby. I'm tall now. Really tall. Easily six feet, maybe even a touch more. My usual female form is around 5'6", but now I'm back to my original male height, towering over most people here, but in this incredibly curvy, ridiculously dressed female body. The long legs, already impressive thanks to the earlier swap, now look almost impossibly elongated, further emphasized by the microscopic shorts. I feel like a bewildered amazon crammed into doll clothes.

The age change is subtler. I catch my reflection again. Is my face... younger? Smoother? Less defined around the jaw, maybe? It's hard to tell definitively, but there's a feeling, an internal sense of being... less mature. Like some of the weariness, the accumulated stress of the past few weeks, has been wiped clean, replaced by a youthful, almost naive energy buzzing just beneath the surface. Nineteen. I feel nineteen again, but trapped in this bizarre cocktail of mismatched parts and overflowing hormones.

Finally, I open my mouth, intending to voice my horror, to say something like, "Sam, this is a fucking disaster!" But the words twist, morphing into something unrecognizable as they leave my lips.

“Well, fuck me sideways with a goddamn chainsaw,” I hear myself snarl, the voice still recognizably mine (the female version), but the cadence, the word choice, the sheer aggressive vulgarity... it’s pure, unadulterated, sexist asshole. “Check out the milk cannons on this broad! Ready to feed the whole fuckin’ platoon, huh? And tall as a goddamn skyscraper! What kinda freakshow didja turn me into, ya prick?”

I clap a hand over my mouth, eyes wide with shock. Did I just say that? About myself? The speech pattern... it’s vile. Misogynistic, crude, like listening to the worst kind of locker-room trash talk, but coming out of my own mouth, in this female body. Every sentence seems to automatically default to insults, objectification, or just plain swearing.

Sam, despite his own predicament, bursts into laughter, pointing a elegantly fluttering, muscle-bound hand at me. “Hah! Jaime! ¡Escúchate! You sound like a... like a drunken sailor trying to get laid! Milk cannons! ¡Ay, dios mío! Karma is a bitch, eh?” His Hispanic accent makes the taunt sound even more ridiculous.

I try to retort, to tell him to shut up, but it comes out as, “Blow it out yer ass, taco-muncher! At least I ain’t dressed like a goddamn Ken doll reject who skipped leg day and forgot his fuckin’ hair!” My hand flies back to my mouth. This is uncontrollable. Every attempt at normal speech gets filtered through this disgusting personality overlay.

Okay. Take stock. I am a six-foot-tall, nineteen-year-old lactating woman with enormous, leaking breasts barely contained by a child’s Hello Kitty t-shirt and microscopic shorts, incapable of speaking without sounding like the world’s crudest misogynist. Sam is a bald, muscle-bound man with giant tits, speaking with a thick Hispanic accent, moving with feminine grace, and squeezed into neon pink workout gear.

This is, without a doubt, the most fucked-up situation I have ever been in. And the game hasn’t even started yet.

“Alright, alright,” I manage, forcing the words out through gritted teeth, trying to minimize the inevitable vulgarity. “Enough... uh... gawking. Game time, asshole.” I try to gesture towards the main mall concourse, but the sexist filter twists it. “Let’s go find some poor sucker willing to hire these assets.” I vaguely wave a hand towards my own chest, then immediately regret the involuntary objectification.

Sam grins, clearly relishing my struggle despite his own absurd appearance. “Okay, chica.

Let's go." He steps aside with a mock bow, his movements still jarringly graceful.

I glare at him, then take a deep breath, adjusting the ridiculously tiny t-shirt over my enormous, leaking breasts. The wet patches are growing larger, darker. This is mortifying. But the stakes... god, the stakes. Losing to Sam and having to sleep with him? Unthinkable. Especially now. I need to win. I need to get a job offer looking like... this.

"Fine," I snarl, the filter kicking in again. "Watch and learn, ya flat-chested wonderbra reject. See how a real... uh... professional handles business." I try to sound confident, but the speech pattern makes me sound like an aggressive lunatic.

We shake hands again, a bizarre tableau – the towering, lactating, foul-mouthed girl in Hello Kitty gear gripping the hand of the bald, muscle-bound, Hispanic-accented, effeminate man-boob enthusiast in neon pink.

"Game on," Sam says, his accent thick but his grin wide. "One hour."

"One hour," I echo, my voice dripping unintended venom. "Meet back here. Don't be late, bitch." Oh god, I did not mean to say that last word. Sam just laughs harder.

We turn and head off in opposite directions, plunging into the chaotic river of shoppers, two walking disasters on a mission.

James POV

I stride away from the food court, trying to project an air of confidence I absolutely do not feel. My current reality is a walking contradiction. I'm six feet tall, towering over most women and a good number of men, yet crammed into doll-sized clothes. My breasts, heavy and aching with milk I didn't ask for, strain against the thin cotton of a Hello Kitty t-shirt, the damp patches beneath my nipples spreading ominously. My ass and hips, while undeniably spectacular, are being brutally constricted by shorts designed for a pre-teen twiglet. Every step is a negotiation between the long stride my height demands and the mincing gait the tight shorts almost necessitate. It's mortifying.

And then there's the voice. Or rather, the filter applied to it. Every thought, every intended sentence, gets mangled by this internal misogynist asshole translator before it leaves my lips. "Need to find a store, any store," becomes "Gotta find some wage-slave cage dumb enough t'hire this prime piece'a ass." It's exhausting trying to pre-filter my own thoughts, knowing

they'll come out sounding like garbage.

Okay. Focus. One hour. Get a job offer. Any offer. How hard can it be? I look... memorable, at least. Maybe that's an advantage?

I wander down the main concourse, past glittering jewelry stores and brightly lit clothing boutiques. People stare. Of course they stare. I'm a six-foot-tall, impossibly proportioned nineteen-year-old woman overflowing from children's clothing, probably leaking milk, and radiating an aura of bewildered hostility thanks to my speech filter. I try to ignore the sideways glances, the poorly concealed whispers, the outright pointing from teenagers. Act natural, James. Blend. Easier said than done when you look like a fetish experiment gone horribly wrong.

My first target: a trendy clothing store, the kind with moody lighting and intimidatingly cool-looking staff. Maybe they appreciate... avant-garde? I push open the glass door and approach the counter, where a young woman with sharp asymmetrical hair and an expression of profound boredom is folding sweaters.

"Excuse me," I begin, aiming for polite inquiry. It comes out as, "Yo, bitch, you the manager 'round here or just the hired rack-filler?"

The woman looks up, her bored expression instantly replaced by pure, unadulterated contempt. "Excuse me?" she snaps, dropping the sweater.

"Look," I try again, forcing myself to smile, which probably looks more like a snarl. "Need a job. You hirin'?" My internal monologue is screaming Be nice! Be normal! but the filter is relentless. "Figure this place could use some actual eye candy, know what I mean? Spice things up." I gesture vaguely towards my own chest, an involuntary movement dictated by the ingrained sexism of my speech pattern.

Her eyes narrow into slits. "Get out," she says flatly, her voice dangerously low. "Now. Before I call security."

"Fine, fine," I grumble, backing away, the filter adding, "Keep yer shitty thread-peddling job. Prob'ly pays minimum wage for lookin' miserable anyway." I turn and stalk out, cheeks burning, ignoring the snickers from other customers. Okay. Retail might be tough with this... communication style.

What else? Food service? Maybe they're more desperate? I spot a pretzel stand near the escalators. A bored-looking teenager is leaning against the counter, scrolling on his phone. Worth a shot.

I approach the stand. "Hey, kid," I start, trying for friendly but bracing for the worst. The filter delivers: "Oi, zit-face! They lettin' actual children run this dough-twistin' operation? Need someone t'show ya how it's done?"

The teenager looks up, startled, then his eyes widen as he takes in my appearance – the height, the chest, the ridiculous outfit. A slow, leering grin spreads across his face. "Whoa," he says, his voice cracking slightly. "You looking for a job, mama?" His eyes drop pointedly to my breasts, lingering on the damp patches on the Hello Kitty shirt. "We could use someone with your... assets... behind the counter. Yeah."

Ugh. Gross. But... is that an offer? It sounds more like sexual harassment. I need a real offer. "So," I press, trying to sound professional despite the filter. "Ya gonna hire me or just stare at my tits all day, ya little perv?"

His grin falters slightly at my tone, but the leer remains. "Uh, yeah, maybe. Lemme get the manager." He disappears into the back for a moment, then returns with a woman who looks barely older than him, wearing the same pretzel-themed visor. She eyes me up and down, her expression dubious.

"You the one asking about a job?" she asks warily.

"Yeah, that's me," I say, trying to project competence. The filter has other ideas: "Yeah, dollface. Think ya can handle all this?" I make another involuntary gesture towards my own body.

The manager raises a skeptical eyebrow. "We need someone reliable, punctual, good with customers..." Her gaze lingers on my leaking nipples, then travels up to my towering height, then back down to the microscopic shorts. "...and appropriately dressed."

"Hey, I'm reliable as fuck!" I retort defensively, the filter twisting my intended reassurance. "And who cares what I'm wearin' if I can sling dough like a champ, huh? Customers'll be linin' up for a piece of... pretzel."

The manager sighs, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Look, I... I don't think this is the right

fit for you. Or us. Sorry.” Dismissal. Again.

Frustration mounts. This is harder than I thought. The speech filter is poison. Every attempt at normalcy comes out aggressive, crude, off-putting. Maybe I need to lean into the weirdness? Find a place where... this... might actually be an asset?

My eyes scan the mall directory. Spencer’s? Too obvious, probably wouldn’t hire me anyway. Hot Topic? Maybe, but the vibe is wrong. Then I spot it. Tucked away in a quieter wing of the mall: ‘Mama Bear Maternity & More.’ A maternity store.

My lactating breasts suddenly feel less like a mortifying liability and more like... a potential qualification? It’s a long shot, utterly absurd, but what do I have to lose? Besides my dignity, which is already in shreds thanks to Hello Kitty and my verbal diarrhea.

I head towards the store, trying to ignore the stares. The atmosphere inside Mama Bear is immediately different. Softer lighting, calming pastel colors, gentle music playing. Rows of maternity clothes, nursing bras, baby carriers, diaper bags. The air smells faintly of baby powder. It’s an oasis of calm compared to the mall’s chaos.

A woman behind the counter looks up as I enter. She’s older, maybe late fifties, with kind eyes and a warm, motherly smile. Her gaze takes in my appearance – the height, the ridiculous outfit, the very obvious lactation situation – but remarkably, there’s no judgment in her expression. Just... mild surprise, maybe a hint of concern.

“Hello, dear,” she says softly, her voice gentle. “Can I help you find something?”

Okay. Deep breath. Try to communicate basic information without sounding like a drunken longshoreman hitting on her. “Uh... job?” I manage, pointing vaguely at myself, then around the store. The filter thankfully keeps it minimal, just adding a slight, unnecessary growl: “Need a job, lady. You got one?”

The woman blinks, then her warm smile returns, maybe even widens slightly. She comes around the counter, her movements slow and deliberate. “Looking for work, are you?” She gestures towards my chest with a knowing, sympathetic look. “And judging by the looks of things, maybe needing a bit of support yourself right now?”

Is she... assuming I’m a struggling young mother? Forced into inappropriate clothing by circumstance? Leaking milk because I just had a baby? The absurdity is staggering, but... it

might actually work?

“Uh... yeah,” I hedge, letting the filter add a rough edge: “Yeah, somethin’ like that. Times are tough, ya know?” I instinctively cradle my breasts slightly, mimicking a gesture of discomfort or fullness I’ve seen nursing mothers do. Amelie’s body even responds with a slight increase in the ache, as if validating the lie.

The woman’s expression softens further. “Oh, you poor thing. It’s not easy, is it? Especially when they’re that young.” She seems to be assuming I have a newborn somewhere nearby. “Finding work that understands... it’s a challenge.” She pauses, looking me up and down again, but this time with consideration, not judgment. “Well, it just so happens... our stockroom assistant, Brenda, her daughter just went into labor unexpectedly this morning. We’re going to be short-staffed for at least a few weeks. It’s mostly just unpacking boxes, organizing shelves, keeping the back tidy. Nothing glamorous. But...” she hesitates, then seems to make a decision, “...if you’re strong, reliable, and willing to learn, I could probably use the help starting tomorrow. We could even see about getting you a staff discount on a more... practical wardrobe, dear.”

My jaw drops. An offer. A real job offer. Based on a complete misunderstanding, fueled by my swapped lactating breasts and her motherly assumptions. It’s the most bizarre, unexpected success imaginable.

“Seriously?” I ask, the filter surprisingly subdued, maybe sensing the genuine shock. “You’d... hire me?”

“I believe in giving people a chance, dear,” she says kindly, patting my arm. “Especially mothers trying to make it work. Come back tomorrow morning, nine AM sharp. Ask for Carol. That’s me. We’ll sort out the paperwork then.”

“Okay,” I manage, relief washing over me, so potent it’s almost dizzying. “Okay. Thanks, Carol. Really.” The filter adds a gruff, unnecessary, “Appreciate it, lady.”

Carol just smiles warmly. “You run along now, dear. And maybe find yourself a comfortable place to... you know. Take care of things.” She gives my chest another pointed, understanding look.

I nod quickly, backing out of the store before she asks about the non-existent baby or notices the sheer absurdity of my towering height. I made it. I got the offer. Against all odds,

fueled by leaking milk and mistaken identity. Un-fucking-believable.

Sam's POV

This is bullshit. Absolute, grade-A bullshit. An hour? It's gotta be getting close. And what do I have to show for it? Nada. Zip. Zilch. Just a collection of weird stares and barely suppressed laughter.

Okay, yeah, the swaps were kinda funny at first. The muscles? Badass. Even if they look ridiculous bulging out of this tiny pink sports bra. But the bald head? The accent? "Ay, dios mío, Jaime, help me!" It makes me sound like my Abuela's embarrassing cousin. And these movements! Why do my hands keep doing this floaty, graceful shit? It's freaking me out.

And getting a job? Forget about it.

First, I tried that smoothie place. Figured, hey, muscles, right? Maybe they need someone strong for lifting heavy crates of organic kale or whatever. I swaggered up to the counter – or tried to swagger, ended up doing this weird, graceful glide thanks to the mannerism swap – flexed my new guns, and asked the girl behind the counter, "Ey, chica, you need a strong hombre like me workin' 'ere, sí?"

She just stared at my bald head, then my giant tits spilling out of the pink bra, then my bulging biceps, then back at my face, her expression caught somewhere between terror and hysterical laughter. She shook her head, muttered something about being fully staffed, and practically ran into the back room. Strike one.

Then I hit up the electronics store. Maybe they need security? I puffed out my chest (both the pecs and the tits), struck what I thought was an intimidating pose near the entrance, and tried to look tough when the manager walked over. "Need someone to keep ze riff-raff out, señor?" I asked, trying to sound menacing despite the accent and the delicate hand gestures that accompanied my words.

He just chuckled nervously. "Uh, no, sir... ma'am... uh, person. We're quite alright. Thanks for your interest." He backed away slowly, like I might suddenly start juggling plasma TVs with my giant boobs. Strike two.

Lingerie store? Don't ask. Let's just say explaining why a bald, muscle-bound, Hispanic-accented man with enormous breasts and effeminate mannerisms wants to sell lace

things didn't go over well. Strike three. Strike four. Strike five.

I'm wandering aimlessly now, the neon pink shorts chafing my thighs, my bald head sweating under the mall lights. My magnificent tits, usually my pride and joy, just feel... heavy. Obstructive. And the constant battle between my attempt at masculine swagger and these involuntary graceful movements is giving me a headache. This game sucks. James is probably having a way easier time. She looks ridiculous too, yeah, but she's still hot underneath it all. Some thirsty manager probably hired her on the spot.

My stomach sinks. If she got an offer and I didn't... I lose the tits. My beautiful, perfect, glorious tits. Gone. Swapped onto some random flat-chested dude. The thought is unbearable. Panic starts to set in. I need a job offer. Now.

Just then, I feel it. A strange, irresistible pull. My feet stop moving under my own volition. My body turns, smoothly, gracefully, and starts walking back towards the food court. No! The hour's not up yet! I try to resist, try to turn back, but my legs keep moving, carrying me inexorably towards the meeting spot. It's the compulsion. Lila's ring. Shit. Time's up.

I see James approaching from the other direction, looking... smug? No, definitely smug. She's still wearing that absurd Hello Kitty shirt and tiny shorts, still towering over everyone, but the frantic energy is gone, replaced by a calm confidence I definitely don't feel.

We meet back at the same table we started at. I slump into the chair, defeated.

James's POV

I watch Sam approach, his bald head gleaming under the lights, his massive chest bouncing absurdly beneath the tight pink sports bra. The graceful, almost hesitant way he moves, combined with the thick Hispanic accent still clinging to his words, is comedy gold. But the look on his face... pure, unadulterated defeat.

He collapses into the chair opposite me, burying his bald head in his muscular hands. "Madre de dios," he groans. "Dat was... humiliating."

I try to keep the smirk off my face, but it's difficult. "Rough hour, Sam?"

He looks up, glaring at me, though the effect is somewhat lessened by the delicate tilt of his head. "Rough? Jaime, it was impossible! Nobody would even talk to me! Dey just stared! Or laughed! Or ran away!" He gestures wildly, wrists flicking. "How was I supposed to get a job

looking like... like zis?!"

Now comes the moment of truth. The ring's compulsion ensures honesty. "So," I ask, leaning forward slightly. "Did you get an offer?"

Sam stares at the table, tracing patterns in spilled soda with a muscular finger. He takes a deep breath, then admits defeat, his voice heavy with accented misery. "No," he mutters. "Not even close. I failed."

A wave of relief washes over me. I don't have to sleep with him. Thank god. But simultaneously, seeing him so genuinely dejected... I actually feel a pang of sympathy. Mostly overshadowed by smug satisfaction, but it's there. "And you, chica?" he asks, looking up at me, resignation in his eyes. "Don't tell me you actually managed it?"

I can't resist a small, triumphant grin. "Got an offer," I confirm. "Maternity store. Starting tomorrow, nine AM sharp. Apparently, my... uh... condition... made me relatable." I gesture vaguely towards my still-leaking breasts under the Hello Kitty tee. The filter makes it sound crass: "Guess the old broad runnin' the place got a soft spot for knocked-up lookin' charity cases spillin' milk everywhere."

Sam stares at me, dumbfounded. Then he throws his head back and laughs, a loud, booming sound despite the accent. "Are you serious?! Ze maternity store?! Because of ze leaky tits?!" He pounds the table, tears of laughter streaming down his face. "¡Ay, dios mío! Zat is ze funniest shit I have ever heard! You won because you look like a pregnant freak show!"

"Hey!" I protest, though I'm laughing too now. "Whatever works, right? Point is, I won. You lost." I lean back, crossing my arms, letting the reality of the stakes settle between us. "Which means... time to pay up, Sammy." My eyes flick meaningfully towards his chest.

The laughter dies in Sam's throat. He clutches his enormous breasts protectively again, panic returning to his eyes. "No, Jaime, wait! Can't we... renegotiate? Double or nothing? Best two out of three?"

"Nope," I say firmly, shaking my head. "Deal's a deal. You lost fair and square." I pull out the Swapper, its surface cool and smooth in my hand. "Say goodbye to the girls, Sam."

He looks genuinely devastated. Like I'm about to rip his heart out, not just swap his chest fat onto someone else. "But... but I love them!" he pleads, his voice cracking, the accent thick

with emotion. “Dey’re perfect! You can’t take them away!”

“Watch me,” I say, my sympathy rapidly evaporating in the face of his whining. This is for his own good. And mine. I scan the remaining food court patrons. My eyes land on a skinny teenage boy slumped over a table, pushing fries around his tray, his chest completely flat beneath a baggy hoodie. Perfect donor.

“Okay, Sam,” I say, standing up, device at the ready. “Remember, keep touching this so you don’t forget who you used to be.” I place his hand firmly on the Swapper. He flinches but doesn’t pull away.

Target Sam. Target Skinny Teenager. Trait: “Breasts.” Click. Zzzztttt.

Sam gasps as his chest instantly deflates, the massive F-cups vanishing, leaving behind only the hard planes of his newly acquired bodybuilder pecs. His pink sports bra hangs loose, empty. Across the food court, the skinny teenager suddenly sits bolt upright, clutching his chest, a look of utter bewildered horror on his face as his baggy hoodie strains against newfound, enormous mounds. He scrambles up and flees, probably convinced he’s having some kind of bizarre allergic reaction.

Sam stares down at his flat chest, then back at me, his expression utterly crestfallen. “Dey’re... gone,” he whispers, touching his pecs gingerly.

“Yep,” I say briskly, already moving on. This chaotic state needs resetting. “Okay, let’s fix the rest of this mess.” I guide him over to a slightly more secluded corner near the restrooms. “Keep touching.”

One by one, I find random targets and reverse the swaps.

Target Sam. Target random guy walking past. Trait: “Muscles.” Click. Zzzztttt. Sam’s physique returns to its normal, slightly softer state. The random guy suddenly looks like he could rip a phonebook in half. He pauses, flexes experimentally, looks confused but pleased, and walks on.

Target Sam. Target another random guy. Trait: “Hair.” Click. Zzzztttt. Sam’s messy brown hair reappears instantly. The other guy now sports a gleaming bald head, running a hand over it in disbelief.

Target Sam. Target woman with elegant posture. Trait: “Mannerisms.” Click. Zzzztttt. Sam

slumps back into his usual slightly slouchy posture, the feminine grace vanishing. The elegant woman suddenly gestures with awkward, jerky movements, frowning at her own hands.

Target Sam. Target me (temporarily, just to grab the accent). Trait: "Accent." Click. Zzzztttt. My voice loses the Hispanic inflection. My own accent is back. Target me. Target Sam. Trait: "Accent". Click. Zzzztttt. My voice returns to the female version of James, but without the Hispanic accent.

And finally... my own bizarre cocktail.

Target me. Target woman leaving restroom. Trait: "Lactating Breasts." Click. Zzzztttt. My breasts return to their normal D-cup size, the aching fullness and leaking stopping instantly. The woman clutches her chest, a confused expression crossing her face as her blouse suddenly feels damp.

Target me. Target tall businessman talking on phone. Trait: "Height." Click. Zzzztttt. I shrink back down to my usual 5'6" female height. The businessman suddenly seems to tower over his surroundings, looking startled.

Target me. Target college girl studying nearby. Trait: "Age." Click. Zzzztttt. The subtle feeling of being nineteen fades, replaced by my actual mid-twenties maturity. The college girl looks unchanged, the swap too subtle to register visually.

Target me. Target... who had the clothes? I look around, trying to remember who ended up with my band tee and leggings. Can't spot her. Shit. Okay, Plan B. Target me. Target woman in simple jeans and sweater. Trait: "Clothing." Click. Zzzztttt. The ridiculous Hello Kitty top and tiny shorts vanish, replaced by sensible jeans and a comfortable sweater. The other woman is now inexplicably dressed like a giant, lactating toddler, looking down at herself in horror. Oops. Minor casualty.

Target me. Target... fuck, who got the speech pattern? Can't remember swapping it onto anyone specific. I swap speech patterns with a normal looking guy. Click. Zzzztttt.

I look at Sam. He's back to his normal self – messy hair, average build, regular clothes. But his chest is completely flat. And his expression is utterly miserable.

"There," I say, pocketing the Swapper. "All back to normal. Mostly."

Sam touches his flat chest again, a deep sigh escaping him. He looks genuinely sad. Like,

puppy-kicked-in-the-rain sad. "Yeah," he mumbles. "Normal."

Seeing him like this, stripped of the tits he loved so much, looking so dejected... I feel another pang of guilt. Maybe I was too harsh.

"Hey," I say softly, stepping closer. "Look, Sam, I know you loved them. But... it was weird, dude. A guy walking around with giant boobs? It's not natural. I just... I wanted things to be a little less crazy for five minutes, you know? Wanted my friend back, looking like my friend."

Sam nods slowly, still looking down. "Yeah, I get it, James," he says quietly, his normal voice returning fully now the accent is gone. "It was fun while it lasted, I guess. Just... gonna miss 'em." He manages a weak smile. "Thanks for... fixing me."

His quiet resignation hits me harder than his earlier protests. He really did love those things. And I took them away because... well, because I could, and because they annoyed me. It feels petty now.

An idea sparks. A compromise. A way to cheer him up, maybe? And... maybe satisfy a little lingering curiosity of my own.

"Okay," I say, making a decision. "Maybe... maybe flat-chested dude isn't the only option."

Sam looks up, confused. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," I say, gesturing vaguely, "I took away the tits because, yeah, man-boobs are weird. But... what if you weren't a man?"

Sam's eyes widen slowly as he understands. "Wait... you mean...?"

"I mean," I continue, pulling out the Swapper again, "if you're really that bummed about not having boobs... and you miss being a girl so much..." I scan the thinning mall crowd, spotting a woman about Sam's height browsing in a nearby bookstore. "...how about you spend the rest of the weekend as one? No massive chest this time, just... regular girl-Sam. Would that cheer you up?"

Sam's face transforms. The misery evaporates, replaced by pure, unadulterated joy. He practically bounces on the balls of his feet. "Dude! Seriously? You'd do that? Let me be a girl again?"

"Just 'til Monday morning," I clarify quickly. "Consider it... a consolation prize."

“Yes! Fuck yes! Thank you, James!” He grabs me in a hug, lifting me off the ground slightly, forgetting my current female strength limitations. “You’re the best friend ever!”

“Okay, okay, put me down,” I laugh, disentangling myself. “Now, hold still. And remember to touch the device.”

He nods eagerly, placing his hand firmly on the Swapper. Target Sam. Target Bookstore Woman. Trait: “Gender.” Click. Zzzztttt.

Sam gasps as his body shifts, softening, curving. His shoulders narrow, hips widen slightly, chest gains small, modest mounds – maybe A-cups? His face feminizes subtly. When it settles, standing before me is... female Sam. Shorter than me now, with a sturdy, tomboyish frame, messy brown hair framing a cute, freckled face. She’s not conventionally stunning like Amelie or even my own female form, but she’s definitely... cute. Approachable. Girl-next-door vibes.

She – Sam – looks down at herself, then reaches up to touch her small new breasts, her face alight with pure happiness. “Holy shit,” she breathes, her voice now a bright, feminine alto. “I’m back! I’m a girl again!” She does a little excited wiggle, her small breasts bouncing slightly. “This is amazing! Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

“Yeah, yeah,” I say, smiling despite myself. Her joy is infectious. “Just try not to get into too much trouble before Monday, okay?”

“No promises!” she chirps, already pulling out her phone, probably texting everyone she knows about her sudden weekend transformation (though they won’t understand). She looks at herself again in a shop window reflection, frowning slightly. “Hmm. Still kinda... plain, though, right? Compared to you, anyway.” She gestures towards my still-impressive curves. “You got lucky in the genetic lottery, girl.”

I laugh. Genetic lottery, sure. Or targeted artifact intervention. An idea pops into my head. A little boost couldn’t hurt, right? Make her weekend even better? I subtly pull out the Swapper again while she’s distracted by her reflection. I spot another woman walking past – effortlessly chic, radiating that indefinable ‘it’ factor, turning heads without even trying.

Target Sam. Target Chic Woman. Trait: “Attractiveness/Hotness Level.” Click. Zzzztttt.

The change in Sam this time is far from subtle. It hits her like a wave. Her features sharpen slightly, yes, harmonizing into a conventionally hotter version of her face, her skin gaining that

undeniable glow. But it doesn't stop there. Her posture straightens, imbued with a new, magnetic confidence. And her body... wow. The modest A-cups she gained from the gender swap swell visibly beneath her t-shirt, blossoming into firm, perky C-cups that sit high on her chest, creating noticeable cleavage. Her waist seems to cinch tighter, the fabric pulling taut, and her hips flare outwards with a more defined, alluring curve. Even her ass, previously unremarkable, gains a distinct roundness, pushing against the denim of her jeans. She's still recognizably Sam, still got that tomboyish energy, but now she's undeniably, conventionally hot. Like the quirky best friend who suddenly walks into frame after a summer glow-up montage, turning every head.

She catches her reflection again and gasps, doing a full double-take. Her hands fly instinctively to her new, fuller breasts, cupping them through her t-shirt with wide, astonished eyes. "Whoa!" she breathes, her voice filled with awe. She twists, looking over her shoulder, catching sight of her newly rounded ass in the shop window reflection. "Holy shit, James! Did... did I just get hot? Like, really hot?" She runs her hands down her now-curvier sides, a massive, delighted grin spreading across her face. "My tits! My ass! What the hell just happened?!" She looks utterly thrilled, radiating excitement at her sudden, inexplicable upgrade.

"Guess the mall lighting really suits you today," I say noncommittally, tucking the Swapper away.

Sam laughs, still preening at her reflection. "Screw the lighting, dude, this is amazing!" She bounces on the balls of her feet, her new tits jiggling appealingly. "Okay! This is gonna be the best weekend ever! I'm gonna go home, raid my sister's closet – don't tell her! – find something slutty to wear, and figure out what hot girls do for fun!" She gives me another quick, enthusiastic hug, pressing her newly enhanced chest against me for a second. "Thanks again, James! You're the best! See ya Monday!"

And with that, she practically skips away, disappearing into the mall crowd, radiating newfound hotness and excitement, leaving me alone near the food court entrance.

I watch her go, a strange mix of emotions swirling inside me. Amusement at her joy, satisfaction at 'winning' the game (and avoiding the awkward consequence), lingering guilt over the casual manipulations, and that persistent, nagging confusion about my own identity.

Being female James today... it felt... good. Powerful. Fun, even amidst the chaos and the

disgusting speech filter. The way Sam reacted to me, the way I felt moving in that body... it resonates deeper than just a temporary thrill.

My eyes drift across the mall concourse, lingering on the faces passing by. Men, women, all oblivious to the reality-bending power humming in my pocket. I think about the game, the stakes. Sam losing meant losing his tits. Me losing meant... sex with him. The thought, which seemed horrifying earlier, now sparks a strange flicker of... curiosity? Not necessarily with Sam, no. That dynamic is too weird, too complicated. But the act itself? Being the one taken, penetrated? After experiencing it with Lila, after feeling the programmed need as Amelie... the idea isn't entirely repulsive anymore. It's intriguing. Confusingly intriguing.

My gaze lands on a guy leaning against a pillar near the fountain, scrolling on his phone. He's attractive, maybe late twenties, dark hair, strong jaw, wearing a well-fitting jacket. Looks confident, relaxed. Objectively handsome.

I feel... nothing. I'm into women. Lila's my girlfriend. That hasn't changed.

But... the thought experiment persists. What would it be like? To be with a man? Not emotionally, not romantically, but physically? To experience sex from that angle, with my current female body? Not with a gender swapped Lila, but a real man. The curiosity is purely clinical, almost anthropological.

He looks up, catches my eye accidentally, offers a brief, polite smile before looking back down at his phone.

An impulse, reckless and immediate, surges through me. I could... I could just find out. Right now. No strings, no complications beyond the inherent weirdness. Just walk over, ask him to come back to my place, experience it. Clean. Simple. Another experiment in this bizarre new life.

My hand tightens around the Swapper in my pocket. I take a half-step towards the handsome stranger leaning against the pillar.

Am I really considering this?

I stop, pull my hand off the swapper, and turn away. No. Not yet. Tomorrow I need to meet with Lila, discuss our plan.

This can wait.

