

THE SWAPPING DEVICE



a trait swapping story
JohnManTD

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A transformation mind control story by JohnManTD

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CHAPTER 15

The weekend passed in a strange, almost dreamlike haze. After leaving Sam practically vibrating with joy in his temporary, newly-hot female body at the mall on Saturday, I didn't immediately swap back. The thought occurred, of course – find a random guy, do the switch, return to the comfortable default of being James. But... I didn't. Instead, I went home. As female James.

And I just... lived.

It wasn't about targeted experimentation this time, not about fulfilling a specific kink or completing a mission. It was just... existing in that skin. Waking up Sunday morning feeling the unfamiliar weight of my breasts against the sheets, the curve of my hips settling into the mattress. Brushing my teeth, making coffee, the simple acts feeling different – my movements subtly altered by the different center of gravity, the way my clothes draped differently.

Going for a walk, feeling the sway of my hips, the bounce of my chest, the occasional unwanted glance from men on the street – a mixture of annoying and strangely validating attention I wasn't used to processing.

There was a quiet satisfaction in it, an ease that surprised me. The initial awkwardness, the feeling of piloting an alien vessel, had faded significantly. Maybe it was the accumulated time spent in female forms, maybe it was the specific configuration of 'female James' – curvy, confident, undeniably attractive – but it started to feel... less like a costume and more like an alternate reality I was simply inhabiting. I caught myself admiring my reflection in shop windows, appreciating the way my leggings hugged my (stolen, but spectacular) ass, enjoying the soft feel of my long hair brushing my shoulders. There was a simple pleasure in the aesthetics, in the different way the world perceived and reacted to me. It wasn't just about sex or power; it was about the texture of existence itself feeling different, richer, more complex. I even started to take some more photos of my body, posing in new and sexy ways. It made me

feel powerful.

By the time Sunday evening rolled around, the thought of swapping back felt less like returning to normal and more like... ending a really interesting vacation.

But Monday morning dawned, bringing the cold, hard reality of our situation crashing back in. The Council. Bill. The bounty. The upcoming meeting on Wednesday. Time to put the identity exploration on hold and get back to the high-stakes game. First order of business: Sam.

I drove over to his place early, the Mercedes feeling less like stolen goods and more like my regular ride now. He answered the door looking radiant, still rocking the hot-girl-next-door vibe I'd gifted him, dressed in something tight and probably borrowed from his sister. His weekend had clearly been, as he put it, "epic." Lots of turned heads, free drinks, and a successful shopping trip where "everything just looked amazing" on him. He was practically glowing.

The swap back was tinged with melancholy. I found a random dude jogging past his apartment building – headphones on, oblivious. Target Sam. Target Jogger. Trait: "Gender." Click. Zzzzt. Sam sighed dramatically as his curves melted away, replaced by his familiar male frame. He looked genuinely sad, touching his now-flat chest with a wistful expression. "Back to boring old dude-mode," he mumbled. I clapped him on the shoulder. "Hey, you got the whole weekend. And there'll be more fun later, I promise." He managed a weak smile, understanding but clearly disappointed. Gotta admit, a small, selfish part of me was glad to have the only truly spectacular female form (mine) back in the immediate vicinity, even if I wasn't currently wearing it.

With Sam restored to his default settings (minus the F-cups, thank god), I texted Lila: Sam's back to normal. Heading your way now. Time to make a plan. Her reply was instant: Door's unlocked, boyfriend. Bring coffee.

And that brings me here. Standing outside Lila's apartment door on a bright Monday morning, ready to strategize about infiltrating a secret society meeting. Normal stuff.

Except... shit. I raise my hand to knock, then freeze. My hand. It's slender, nails neat, skin smooth. I glance down. Jeans hugging curves, t-shirt outlining breasts. I'm still female James. I completely forgot to swap myself back after dealing with Sam.

Lila. She knows I can swap genders, obviously. But our relationship, the one I literally rewrote into existence two nights ago... it's based on me being James. Male James. She was very clear about her preferences, even with her inhibitions lowered. Showing up like this... it complicates things. It sends the wrong message. And honestly? While I enjoyed the weekend, right now, facing this serious planning session, I need to feel like myself. Grounded. Back in my default skin.

Okay. Quick fix needed. I scan the street below from the apartment hallway window. People heading to work, walking dogs. There. A guy unlocking his bike across the street. Average height, wearing a simple grey t-shirt and khaki shorts. Perfect anonymous donor.

I pull out the Swapper, ducking back slightly from the window. Target me. Target Bike Guy. Traits: "Gender" AND "Clothing." Need to ditch these leggings. Click. Zzzztttt.

The familiar lurch, the world recalibrating. The curves vanish, replaced by solid muscle. The weight between my legs returns. My hair feels shorter against my neck. I look down. Grey t-shirt, khaki shorts. Fits okay. And... I'm James again. Male James. The sense of relief is immediate, profound. Like clicking back into my own operating system.

But alongside the relief... that familiar pang of disappointment. A quiet little sigh escapes me as I look down at my now-flat chest, my narrower hips. The power, the aesthetic pleasure, the sheer undeniable presence of female James... it's gone again. Replaced by this... functional, unremarkable male form. It's comfortable, yes. Correct, technically. But... boring? Maybe. God, this is getting complicated.

Pushing the thought aside, I raise my hand – my larger, definitely male hand – and knock firmly on Lila's door.

It swings open almost immediately. Lila stands there, leaning against the frame, a mug of coffee in one hand. She's wearing faded jeans and a slightly-too-tight band tee today, her dark hair pulled back in a messy bun. Her eyes light up when she sees me, that possessive, appreciative heat instantly flaring. The mental tweaks are definitely still firmly in place.

"There he is," she purrs, setting her mug down on a nearby table. She steps forward, wraps her arms around my neck, and pulls me into a deep, hungry kiss right there in the doorway. Her body presses against mine, soft and insistent, her tongue exploring my mouth with a confidence that still makes my head spin. It feels undeniably good, solidifying the reality swap

from the bar. This is my girlfriend. This passionate, slightly unhinged, artifact-wielding woman is mine now.

When we finally break apart, slightly breathless, she grins up at me, running a hand possessively over my chest. “Missed you already,” she murmurs. “Come on in. Coffee’s hot, bacon’s sizzling again, and I’ve been doing some thinking about our little Council problem.”

We settle back at her kitchen table, plates piled high again. The easy domesticity feels less jarring this time, colored by the new intimacy between us. As we eat, Lila lays out her thoughts, her usual sharp intelligence now tinged with that appealing lack of filter.

“Okay, so Finch Tower, Wednesday night,” she begins, tapping a perfectly manicured finger on the table. “That’s the target. Getting in is the problem. We can’t just waltz in as ourselves; someone, maybe even Bill if he’s paranoid enough, might recognize us from the party. Plus, security will be tight for a Council meeting.”

“So, infiltration,” I say, chewing on a piece of bacon. “Like we discussed. But how do we get access? We don’t know who’s working, who has clearance.”

“Exactly,” Lila agrees. “Which is why phase one needs to happen today. Now.” She leans forward, her eyes gleaming with strategic fervor. “We go to Finch Tower this afternoon. We find the main reception desk. I use the ring,” she taps the silver band back on her finger, “do a little persuasive questioning. Get the lowdown on Wednesday night’s meeting. Time, exact location within the tower, and crucially, a list of all staff scheduled to work the event who will have access to that floor or room. Assistants setting up, catering bringing in refreshments, cleaners tidying beforehand, security personnel... anyone who can get us close.”

“Okay,” I nod slowly. “Makes sense. Get the target list.”

“Then,” she continues, her voice dropping slightly, “we pick our marks. Two people from that list. Someone you can reasonably impersonate, someone I can. Preferably roles that allow us access throughout the meeting, or at least key moments. A secretary taking notes? Perfect. Internal security? Even better.”

“And then we swap?”

“And then we swap,” she confirms. “Find them somewhere discreet within the tower today. Hit ‘em with the Swapper – body, clothes, and occupation. That last one’s key. That way, for

anyone non-wielder interacting with us, reality rewrites. We belong there. Our presence won't raise flags. For wielders like Bill or Council members, they'll just see the body and clothes of the person who's supposed to be there. It's layered deception."

"And the originals?" I ask, picturing the confused secretary suddenly finding herself in Lila's body, wearing jeans and a band tee, with no memory of her job.

"Ring command," Lila says briskly. "Same as Amelie. Find them after the swap, order them to my place Wednesday evening, ready for swap-back after the mission's done. They chill out, unconscious, completely unaware, while we borrow their lives for a couple of days."

"A couple of days?" I echo, frowning. "Why do we need to swap today? The meeting's not till Wednesday. Why not swap tomorrow? Less time stuck being... someone else." The thought of inhabiting another stranger's body for two full days feels... exhausting. Especially after the intensity of being Amelie. At least this one will be a dude.

Lila fixes me with a stern look, the strategist taking over. "James, this is not a vacation. This is infiltration. We need time. What if the person you swap with has specific duties tomorrow? Scheduled check-ins? Routines we don't know about? If we swap tomorrow, we have less than 24 hours to figure out their lives, their access patterns, potential passwords, anything that could trip us up during the actual meeting. Doing it today gives us almost two full days to settle in, observe, learn the ropes, minimize the risk of blowing our cover on Wednesday night. This Council... they're not idiots. They've been playing this game for generations. We get one shot at this. We need every advantage, every bit of prep time we can get."

She's right. Of course she's right. Rushing it would be stupidly reckless. Two days of living someone else's life... It's a daunting prospect, but necessary. "Okay," I concede. "Okay, you're right. Today it is."

"Good." Lila nods, satisfied. "Now, one more complication. Finch Tower. High security. Cameras everywhere. Even if we swap bodies, someone reviewing footage later might recognize us – James and Lila – snooping around the reception area, potentially tracking down employees. Bill might put it together if things go sideways on Wednesday."

"Shit," I mutter. "Didn't think of that. So, disguises?"

Lila smirks, that familiar glint returning to her eyes. "Better than disguises, boyfriend." She taps the Swapper, still sitting on the table near my hand. "Time for round two of Gender

Bender Adventures.”

My eyebrows shoot up. “Swap genders again? Now?”

“Yep,” she confirms brightly. “You go as female James, I go as... male Lila. Nobody at Finch Tower, nobody reviewing security footage, will recognize us. We’ll be completely different people. Perfect cover for the initial recon and swap phase.”

The idea is... appealing. Disturbingly appealing. The thought of being female James again, especially after just swapping back... it sends a confusing thrill through me. And seeing Lila as a guy? That’s a new twist. “Okay,” I say, trying to sound nonchalant, picking up the Swapper. “Yeah, that makes sense. Good plan.”

“Ready when you are,” Lila says, leaning back in her chair, watching me with undisguised curiosity.

Target me. Target Lila. Trait: “Gender.” Click. Zzzztttt.

The world reshapes again. The familiar softening, curving, the weight settling on my chest, the shift between my legs. I glance down. My grey t-shirt strains against newly formed D-cups, my khaki shorts suddenly feeling tighter around my wider hips and fuller ass. Female James is back. And damn, the disappointment I felt returning to male form is instantly replaced by this... rightness. This unexpected comfort.

Across the table, Lila gasps, her hands flying to her now-flat chest, then drifting lower, exploring the new bulge straining against the front of her faded jeans. Her shoulders have broadened slightly, her jawline seems subtly stronger, her lean frame taking on a more angular, masculine edge. She looks... like a guy. A lean, dark-haired, undeniably attractive guy, but definitely male. Male Lila.

“Whoa,” she breathes, her voice dropping an octave, becoming a smooth, slightly husky baritone that sounds incredibly strange coming from her lips. “Okay. This is... new.” She flexes her arms, examining the subtle shift in muscle definition. She runs a hand over her stubble-free jaw, then pats her flat chest again. “No boobs. Weird. Really weird.” She looks up at me, her dark eyes wide with a mixture of shock and fascination. “And you...” Her gaze sweeps over my female form, lingering on my breasts, my hips. “Holy shit, James. I knew female you was hot from when I first found you, but seeing you up close like this... Fuck.” She lets out a low whistle. “Seriously stacked. And that ass in those shorts...” She shakes her head,

laughing.

I feel a flush creep up my neck at her blatant appraisal, even though it's technically me she's complimenting. "Yeah, well, you don't look too bad yourself, dude," I retort, enjoying the role reversal. "Kind of a pretty boy vibe going on."

Lila grins, running a hand through her short dark hair – hair that now looks like a stylishly messy guy's cut. "Pretty boy? I'll take it." She stands up, testing her balance, moving with a slightly more awkward, less fluid gait than usual. "Okay, this walking thing is different too. Feels... solid. Heavier." She glances down at the bulge in her jeans again, then back at me with a raised eyebrow. "And this thing... definitely gonna take some getting used to."

I smirk, leaning back in my chair, deliberately crossing my legs, enjoying the view of her navigating male anatomy for the first time. She'd been a guy before, but never for more than sex. It's amusing seeing her slightly off-kilter, stripped of her usual feline grace. "Welcome to the club," I say dryly.

We both laugh, the absurdity of the situation hitting us again. "Okay," Lila says, shaking her head. "So, we're swapped. Good cover. But..." She gestures down at her own clothes – the tight band tee stretched across her now broader, flat chest, the faded jeans clinging awkwardly to her narrower male hips. "...my clothes feel fucking weird. This bra I'm apparently still wearing under the shirt is doing nothing and digging in, and these jeans are way too tight in the waist now."

"Tell me about it," I agree, tugging at the waistband of the khaki shorts, which are now cutting into my softer stomach and straining across my much wider hips and ass. The grey t-shirt is stretched paper-thin over my breasts. "These are definitely not designed for... this."

"Hang on," Lila says, her eyes lighting up with sudden inspiration. "Your device... it swaps clothes, right? But what about... the gender of clothes?"

I blink. Swap the gender of clothes? Is that even a thing? I pull out the Swapper, scrolling through the trait options. Body parts, abstract concepts, ownership... Wait. There, buried under 'Appearance Modifiers,' is an option I'd never noticed before: "Clothing Gender Alignment." Huh. Allows swapping the intended gender fit and style of worn garments between targets or setting a specific gender alignment. Worth a shot?

"Looks like it," I say, surprised. "Wanna test it?"

“Hell yeah,” Male Lila grins. “Make me look like the handsome devil I clearly am.”

Okay. Target me. Target Lila. Trait: “Clothing Gender Alignment.” Click. Zzzztttt.

The sensation is bizarre. Not a physical shift of my body, but the clothes themselves... morphing. My grey t-shirt softens, reshapes, the neckline scooping slightly lower, the fit becoming more tailored to my curves, hugging my waist before flaring slightly over my hips. It's still a grey t-shirt, but undeniably feminine now. The khaki shorts loosen around the waist, gain a slightly higher rise, the leg openings flaring subtly, transforming into comfortable, well-fitting women's khaki shorts. Even the invisible underwear seems to shift, conforming properly.

Across from me, Lila gasps as her clothes undergo the reverse transformation. Her tight band tee loses its feminine cut, morphing into a standard-fit men's band tee that hangs comfortably on her broader shoulders. The bra underneath vanishes entirely. Her faded jeans relax through the hips and thighs, the cut becoming straighter, more masculine. They fit perfectly now.

“Holy shit!” Lila exclaims in her new baritone, looking down at herself, then at me. “It worked! Your device is fucking magic, James! Look at this!” She smooths down the front of her newly-masculine band tee. “Much better. No weird bra lines.”

I look down at myself. The clothes fit perfectly now, comfortable and appropriate for my female form. “Yeah,” I agree, amazed. “That's... incredibly useful. Saves a lot of shopping trips.”

“Or potential public indecency charges,” Lila adds dryly. She checks her watch. “Okay. Looks like we're ready. Got the Swapper? Got the ring? Got our confusingly swapped but appropriately dressed bodies?”

I pat my pocket, feeling the Swapper, then touch the Mind Control Ring I slipped back onto my finger. “Check, check, and check.”

“Alright then,” Male Lila says, clapping his hands together with newfound masculine energy. “Let's go infiltrate a evil corporation run by shadowy artifact families. Just a typical Monday afternoon for us, right?” He winks, then turns serious. “Stay alert, James. Follow my lead at the tower. And try not to get us killed.”

“Wouldn't dream of it,” I reply, feeling a fresh surge of adrenaline. Time to play spy.

Finch Tower looms over the downtown skyline, a sleek monolith of glass and steel that screams corporate power and untouchable wealth. Stepping out of the Uber – easier than trying to park the Mercedes nearby – and onto the polished granite plaza surrounding the entrance feels like stepping onto a different planet. Business people in sharp suits hurry past, briefcases clicking, phones pressed to ears, radiating importance. The air hums with quiet, expensive energy.

Lila – Male Lila – strides confidently beside me, looking surprisingly natural in her borrowed masculinity now, the initial awkwardness replaced by a focused intensity. Her longer legs eat up the pavement, and I have to take slightly quicker steps in my comfortable (thanks to the clothing swap) but still undeniably female gait to keep up. Being shorter than Lila feels weirdly infantilizing, a subtle shift in our usual dynamic.

Inside, the lobby is vast, cathedral-like, all cool marble, soaring ceilings, and intimidating modern art. A massive, minimalist reception desk sits center stage, manned by two impeccably dressed receptionists who look like they could freeze boiling water with a single glance. The place oozes quiet, impenetrable security.

“Okay,” Male Lila murmurs, his voice low beside my ear. “Act casual. Let me do the talking. Ring’s on.” He subtly adjusts the silver band on his finger.

We approach the reception desk, aiming for the less intimidating-looking of the two receptionists – a woman with sleek blonde hair pulled back in a severe bun, whose name tag reads ‘CHLOE.’

“Good afternoon,” Lila says smoothly, her borrowed baritone calm and authoritative. She leans slightly against the counter, projecting effortless confidence. “We have a preliminary inquiry regarding event logistics for a potential booking next week. Wednesday evening, specifically. Could you possibly provide some details on floor access and staffing protocols for the Gamma Conference Room on that date?”

Chloe looks up, her professional smile firmly in place, but her eyes flicker with the telltale vacancy of the ring’s influence. “Of course, sir,” she says, her voice polite, slightly robotic. She turns to her computer, fingers flying across the keyboard. “Wednesday evening... Gamma Conference Room... Yes, that’s scheduled for a private meeting for Mr. Finch and associates.”

She glances back up, her gaze unfocused. "Standard security protocols will be in place. Access restricted to authorized personnel only."

"Understood," Lila replies smoothly. "And could you perhaps provide a list of the authorized personnel scheduled for that event? Just for our planning purposes, understanding vendor access points, catering coordination, that sort of thing." Her tone is pure corporate doublespeak, utterly plausible.

Chloe nods, still under the ring's spell. "Certainly." She clicks a few more times, then turns to the printer beside her desk. A single sheet slides out. She retrieves it and hands it across the counter to Lila. "This lists all personnel with authorized access to the Gamma Conference Room suite during the designated meeting time on Wednesday evening, including setup and cleanup crews."

Lila takes the sheet, her face impassive. "Excellent. Thank you, Chloe. You've been most helpful." She pockets the printout. "We may have further questions later."

"Happy to assist," Chloe replies automatically, her vacant smile unwavering as we turn and walk away towards a seating area near the elevators, out of direct earshot.

"Holy shit," I whisper, glancing back at the oblivious receptionist. "That was easy."

"Power of suggestion," Lila murmurs, unfolding the printout. "Okay, let's see who's on the guest list for our infiltration party."

We quickly scan the list. Names, job titles, scheduled times. Catering staff (too transient, probably hired externally). Cleaners (likely restricted access during the meeting itself). Several executive assistants assigned to specific Council members (potential, but maybe too high-profile?). Security personnel... Bingo. Two names listed for internal security within the conference suite itself: Alex Miller (Shift: 6 PM - Midnight) and Marcus Jones (Shift: Midnight - 6 AM). And then, under 'Meeting Support Staff': Cassie Bellweather (Executive Assistant - Minutes & Recording).

"Okay, targets acquired," Lila says, tapping the names. "Cassie Bellweather, the note-taker. Perfect inside access for me. And Alex Miller, internal security. You game for playing bodyguard, James?"

"Alex Miller," I repeat, picturing a burly dude in a tactical vest. "Yeah, I can do that. Should

be straightforward enough. Blend in, look tough.”

“Excellent.” Lila refolds the paper. “Now, phase two. We need to locate Cassie and Alex within this corporate labyrinth. Back to Chloe.” She flashes the ring again.

We return to the desk. “Chloe, apologies for bothering you again,” Lila says, oozing charm. “Could you possibly tell us where we might find Cassie Bellweather and Alex Miller right now? And perhaps provide temporary access passes to reach their locations? Just need a quick word regarding Wednesday’s arrangements.”

Chloe nods blankly again, her fingers flying across the keyboard. “Ms. Bellweather is currently in the auxiliary records office, sublevel B2. Mr... ah, Miller is stationed on the 47th floor, executive security rotation.” She quickly prints out two temporary keycards and slides them across the counter along with a small map of the sublevels. “These will grant access to those floors for the next hour.”

“Perfect. Thank you again, Chloe.” Male Lila scoops up the cards and map. “Let’s go hunting.”

We head for the elevators, using one of the keycards to bypass the initial security turnstile. Riding down to sublevel B2 feels like descending into the belly of the beast. The air grows cooler, the lighting dimmer, the plush carpets replaced by sterile linoleum. We follow the map down a maze of identical corridors until we find the door marked ‘Auxiliary Records.’

Lila pushes it open gently. Inside, rows upon rows of metal filing shelves stretch into the dimness. Fluorescent lights hum overhead. And there, sitting at a small metal desk near the back, surrounded by stacks of folders, is a young woman. Cassie Bellweather.

And... wow.

Okay, maybe Amelie and Celeste weren’t anomalies. Maybe Bill and his Council buddies just have a type. Cassie is stunning. But where Amelie was sultry curves and Celeste was ethereal grace, Cassie is... sharp. Angular. High fashion. Impossibly thin, with cheekbones that could cut glass, piercing grey eyes, and sleek, dark hair cut into a severe, chin-length bob. She’s wearing a impeccably tailored, charcoal grey pantsuit that emphasizes her slender frame, making her look like she just stepped off a Parisian runway. There’s an air of cool, untouchable intelligence about her. I guess everyone who works for these guys look like this, probably thanks to Bill’s book. She looks up as we enter, her expression neutral, almost bored.

“Can I help you?” she asks, her voice crisp, cool, with a faint, unplaceable European accent.

Lila steps forward, blocking her view of me slightly. “Ms. Bellweather? Apologies for the interruption. Just had a quick question about Wednesday’s preparations.” While she distracts her with meaningless corporate jargon, I pull out the Swapper, heart pounding.

Target Lila. Target Cassie Bellweather. Traits: “Entire Body,” “Clothing,” “Occupation.” Need to get all three. Okay. Deep breath. Click. Zzzztttt.

The world does its familiar lurch. When it settles, I’m looking at... Cassie. But it’s Lila trapped inside that stunning, high-fashion body, wearing the charcoal pantsuit. Across from her, standing where Lila was, is... a handsome, dark-haired man in a band tee and jeans, looking utterly bewildered. Cassie’s mind in Lila’s male form.

“Whoa!” Cassie-in-Lila’s-Male-Body gasps, looking down at herself, then back at Lila-in-Cassie’s-Body. The moment passes and she doesn’t seem phased. Reality has shifted for her.

Lila-in-Cassie’s-Body steps forward smoothly, slipping the Mind Control Ring onto her new, slender finger. “Shhh,” she says, her voice now Cassie’s crisp, cool tone, though laced with Lila’s underlying confidence. “Everything is fine. Just a little... change of plans.” She meets Cassie-in-Lila’s-Body’s panicked eyes. “What is your current occupation?”

“I... I don’t know?” Cassie stammers, looking utterly lost. “Unemployed? I think?” Perfect. The occupation swap worked.

“Good,” Lila-Cassie says calmly. She quickly issues the command: “You will leave this building now. Go to this address...” she projects her apartment address mentally, “...find the guest room, lie down, sleep until 7 PM Wednesday evening. You will forget this command, my face, and James’s face the moment you arrive.”

Cassie-in-Lila’s-Body nods blankly, turns, and walks stiffly out of the records room, leaving us alone.

Lila lets out a low whistle, looking down at her new form, running a hand over the sharp angle of her hip through the tailored pantsuit. “Okay,” she says in Cassie’s voice. “This body is... intense. Zero curves, all angles. Like wearing haute couture made of bone china.” She turns, examining herself in the reflection of a darkened computer monitor. “And this voice... very ice

queen, isn't it?" She practices a cool, dismissive tone. "Your request is denied." She chuckles, the sound sharp and brittle in Cassie's throat. "Gonna take some getting used to. But hey, at least the clothes fit." She smooths down the front of the perfectly tailored jacket. "Okay. One down, one to go. Your turn to play dress-up, James."

She gives me Cassie's keycard and the temporary one Chloe gave us. "47th floor. Alex Miller. Go get 'em, tiger. I'll head home, get Cassie settled, start figuring out her life. Text me when you're done." She gives me a quick, surprisingly firm kiss – Cassie's lips are thin but surprisingly soft – then strides out of the records room with newfound angular grace, already embodying the ice queen persona.

Okay. My turn. 47th floor. Alex Miller. Security Guard. Should be simple.

I take the elevator up, the ride smooth and silent. The doors ding open onto a floor that screams executive privilege. Plush carpets, expensive art, hushed atmosphere. A few smartly dressed people move quietly through the corridors. I spot the security station near a restricted hallway entrance. And sitting behind the desk, monitoring a bank of screens, is Alex Miller.

And... fuck.

Alex Miller is not a dude. Not even close.

Standing before me, rising from her chair as I approach, is an Amazon. She has to be at least 6'2", maybe 6'3". Broad shoulders, yes, but undeniably female, packed with lean, powerful muscle that strains the fabric of her uniform. Her arms are thick, corded, her legs like tree trunks poured into tactical pants. And her curves... holy shit. Unlike Cassie's sharp angles, Alex is all dramatic, powerful curves. Huge, high breasts that look dense and muscular, spilling over the top of her vest. A surprisingly narrow waist flares into wide, powerful hips and an ass that looks like it could crack walnuts. Her face is strong, square-jawed, with sharp blue eyes and short-cropped blonde hair. She's not conventionally 'pretty' like Amelie or Cassie, but she radiates raw power and an intimidating, almost overwhelming sexual presence.

And the uniform... God, the Council really does have a type, don't they? It's technically a security uniform – dark blue tactical pants, sturdy boots, a tactical vest over... nothing?? Almost offensively provocative. The shorts are cut low, hugging her massive hips and ass. The vest, while functional-looking, is clearly designed to push her breasts up and together,

creating obscene cleavage. It's like Lara Croft designed by a horny teenager. Bill and his weird fetish for being surrounded by these Women of his creation...

She eyes me up and down as I approach, her expression neutral but wary. "Can I help you, ma'am?" Her voice is deep for a woman, calm and authoritative.

Okay. No time to freak out. Need to do the swap. Fast. I fumble for the Swapper in my pocket, my hand shaking slightly. This body... it's intimidating. Overwhelming.

"Uh, yeah," I manage, trying to sound official, though my voice still comes out as female James. "Just need to verify security protocols for... uh... sublevel B2 access." It's the first thing that comes to mind.

Alex raises a skeptical eyebrow but turns slightly towards her console. It's the opening I need.

Target me. Target Alex Miller. Traits: "Entire Body," "Clothing," "Occupation." Click. Zzzztttt.

The world spins, stretches, expands. I feel myself surge upwards, muscles thickening, broadening. Weight settles heavily on my chest, dense and powerful. My hips widen dramatically, my legs feeling like solid columns beneath me. When reality settles, I'm looking down from Alex's towering height, inhabiting this incredible powerhouse of a female form. My own female James body, now occupied by Alex's mind, stares up at me, looking utterly bewildered in her suddenly ill-fitting khaki shorts and grey t-shirt.

Quickly, before she recovers, I slip on the Mind Control Ring Lila lent back to me. "Alex," I say, my voice now Alex's deep, authoritative contralto. It feels incredibly powerful resonating from this chest. "Listen carefully. You need to leave Finch Tower immediately. Go to this address..." I project Lila's address again. "...find the guest room, lie down, sleep until 7 PM Wednesday evening. Forget this command, forget my face, forget everything about being Alex Miller or working here."

She nods blankly, turns, and walks towards the elevators with my female body, ignoring the curious glance from a passing executive. Gone. Secured.

Leaving me... as Alex. Holy shit.

I turn towards the security console, catching my reflection in one of the dark monitor screens. The image is staggering. Towering height, broad, powerful shoulders, arms thick with

muscle. The uniform strains to contain my physique – the massive, muscular breasts spilling from the vest, the pants clinging fiercely to my huge hips and ass. My face is strong, sharp, intimidating. This body feels... dominant. Powerful. Like I could snap someone in half. And yet... undeniably, overwhelmingly female.

I flex an arm experimentally. The bicep bulges impressively beneath the tight sleeve. I shift my weight, feeling the solid power in my thighs, the impressive curve of my ass. This is... different. Very different from Amelie's sculpted perfection, or Cassie's angular chic, or even my own curvy female James form. This is raw, potent, Amazonian strength fused with dramatic, almost exaggerated femininity. It's... kind of incredible.

The reflection staring back from the darkened monitor screen is a stranger. A titan. Alex Miller. Or rather, me, James, poured into the mold of this Amazonian security guard. The sheer physical presence is overwhelming. Towering height, shoulders that feel impossibly broad, arms thick with coiled muscle. And the curves... God, the curves. Her – my – breasts are colossal, dense and heavy, spilling aggressively from the confines of the tactical vest, defying gravity with an almost contemptuous power. My waist, while not Amelie-tiny, is still dramatically nipped in, flaring out into hips that feel wide enough to birth a linebacker, leading down to thighs like oak trees wrapped in tactical nylon. This body isn't just sexy; it's formidable. A walking, breathing declaration of female dominance. It's... a lot.

Okay. Focus. Need to get out of here. Lila's waiting.

I glance around the security station. Another guard, a bored-looking guy with a wispy mustache, is engrossed in a game on his phone in the corner. Perfect.

I walk over to him, my new stride long and powerful, the sturdy boots surprisingly comfortable. "Hey, Mark," I say, Alex's deep, authoritative contralto resonating easily from my chest. The occupation swap seems to have downloaded basic operational knowledge along with the uniform. "Not feeling too hot. Think I picked up a bug. Gonna head home early, alright?" It's late afternoon anyway; the end of Alex's shift probably isn't too far off.

Mark glances up, takes in my formidable presence, and nods quickly. "Yeah, sure. No problem. Hope you feel better." He barely looks at me, already turning back to his phone. Clearly, Alex Miller commands a certain level of... unquestioning compliance. Good to know.

I grab the discarded jacket that must belong to Alex – it's surprisingly well-fitted, tailored

for her impressive physique – and head for the elevators, using Alex’s keycard. No one gives me a second glance as I stride through the opulent lobby. Just another Amazonian security guard heading home after a long day. The normalcy is almost comical.

Outside Finch Tower, the late afternoon sun hits me. I pull out my phone – my own phone, thankfully retrieved from my original body’s pocket before the first swap with Lila – and call an Uber. Waiting at the curb, I draw a few stares. Not surprising. A six-foot-three, muscle-bound, incredibly endowed woman in a skin-tight security uniform tends to stand out, even in LA. I try to project an air of bored indifference, channeling what I imagine Alex Miller’s usual demeanor might be.

The Uber arrives, a battered Prius that looks even smaller next to my current towering form. The driver, a small, nervous-looking man, gawks openly as I fold myself into the passenger seat, my knees practically hitting the dashboard, my breasts pressing against the seatbelt like captive zeppelins. The ride to Lila’s is a silent, slightly awkward affair.

Lila’s apartment door. I knock, feeling a strange sense of déjà vu.

“Who is it?” Lila’s voice calls from within, but it’s not her usual sharp tone. It’s... Cassie Bellweather’s voice. Crisp, cool, with that faint European accent. Right. She’s still inhabiting the ice queen executive assistant.

“Lila, it’s me. James,” I say, my voice Alex’s deep contralto.

The door swings open. Lila stands there, framed in the doorway. She’s standing in Cassie’s model body smirking at me with the sexiest damn grin I’ve ever seen. Cassie’s body, but definitely my Lila.

Her cuteness is interrupted when she sees my body. “Holy... fucking... shit,” she breathes, her borrowed European accent making the curse sound almost elegant. Her eyes, Cassie’s piercing grey eyes, do a slow, meticulous sweep from the top of my short-cropped blonde hair, down the mountainous terrain of my chest, over the wide expanse of my hips and ass, all the way to my sturdy boots. “James? Alex Miller is... this?” She gestures vaguely at my entire Amazonian package. “I was picturing, like, a burly ex-cop with a beer gut. Not... Xena, Warrior Princess on steroids and a lingerie budget.”

“Tell me about it,” I grumble, stepping past her into the apartment. “Apparently, the Council has a very specific aesthetic for all their employees. Seems competence is secondary to cup

size and ass-to-waist ratio.”

Lila closes the door, still looking slightly dazed. “No kidding. I mean, Cassie here,” she gestures to her own slender, angular form, “is built like a goddamn runway model who survives on cigarettes and existential angst. Beautiful, sure, but zero curves. You, on the other hand...” Her gaze lingers on my chest again, a flicker of that familiar, inhibitions-lowered appreciation sparking in Cassie’s cool grey eyes. “You’re a fucking monument to female power. Those tits are practically weapons.”

We walk into the living room. My female James body is curled up on the couch, fast asleep, still wearing the grey t-shirt and khaki shorts, Alex’s mind dormant within. On the armchair, Lila’s male body, now inhabited by Cassie’s confused consciousness, is also out cold, snoring softly.

“Looks like our... guests... are comfortable,” Lila remarks dryly, nodding towards the sleeping figures. “Let’s leave them be for now. I’m starving. Pizza? We can strategize while we wait.”

“Pizza sounds amazing,” I agree, collapsing onto the other end of the couch, the unfamiliar weight and bulk of Alex’s body feeling suddenly exhausting.

While Lila orders – her crisp, European-accented voice arguing passionately with the Domino’s guy about the optimal pineapple-to-ham ratio on her half – I try to get comfortable. It’s not easy. This body is just... so much. So much muscle, so much curve, so much sheer presence. My breasts feel like boulders resting on my ribcage, heavy and dense. My thighs are like granite columns. Even sitting feels different, my ass wider, more powerful.

The pizza arrives, and we spread out on Lila’s living room floor, surrounded by crumpled napkins and open pizza boxes. The mundane act of eating greasy pepperoni pizza while inhabiting these bizarre, swapped bodies feels like the most normal thing we’ve done all day.

“Okay,” Lila says around a mouthful of cheese and pineapple, her borrowed voice all business again. “Plan for tomorrow. Tuesday. We both go to Finch Tower, report for duty as Cassie Bellweather and Alex Miller. We spend the day learning the ropes, figuring out the layout, who’s who, where the cameras are, all that shit. Blend in. Become invisible. The occupation swap should help – we’ll have their basic knowledge, their routines. My Cassie knows her way around an Excel spreadsheet and a Dictaphone; your Alex presumably knows

how to look intimidating and operate a walkie-talkie.”

“Yeah, the occupation swap seems pretty seamless,” I agree, remembering how easily Alex’s voice and basic security knowledge had come to me. “I already feel like I know the basic patrol routes for the 47th floor.”

“Good.” Lila nods, wiping grease from Cassie’s sharp chin. “Then Wednesday... Wednesday is showtime. The Council meeting. We get in, we observe, we wait for our moment.”

“And then?” I prompt.

“And then,” Lila says, her grey eyes glinting with dangerous excitement, “we unleash hell.”

We finish eating in a comfortable silence, the unspoken weight of Wednesday’s plan hanging in the air. The pizza, as mundane as it is, feels like a last meal before heading into battle.

After we’ve cleared away the boxes, Lila stretches languidly, Cassie’s slender, angular frame moving with surprising grace. Her eyes drift over my Amazonian form again, and that familiar heat returns, stronger now, amplified by the lingering effects of the mental alterations.

“You know,” she says, her voice dropping to Cassie’s cool, seductive purr, “all this talk of infiltration and taking down shadowy councils... it’s got my clit tingling.” She runs a slender hand slowly down her flat stomach, over the tailored waistband of Cassie’s pantsuit. “It’s a real shame you’re not a big, strapping security man right now, James. Because this ice queen body...” she gestures to herself, “...is suddenly craving a good, hard, dominant fucking.”

A jolt goes through me. Her directness, even in Cassie’s sophisticated shell, is still potent. And the image she paints... me, as a man, taking this cool, untouchable executive assistant... it’s undeniably hot. But... “Lila,” I remind her gently, “I’m currently rocking a vagina. And a rather impressive pair of tits.” I gesture to my own formidable chest.

Lila sighs dramatically, collapsing back against the couch cushions. “I know, I know. Such a tragic waste of potential sexual tension.” She pauses, then a slow, wicked smile spreads across Cassie’s sharp features. “But... who says we can’t still have some fun?” She sits up, her grey eyes locking onto mine. “You’ve never really... explored being a girl properly, have you, James? I mean, beyond the random swaps and fetish scenarios. You’ve never just... learned the ropes. From an expert.” She winks. “And since I’m currently inhabiting a body that, while not exactly

my usual preference, is still undeniably female... and since my inhibitions are still delightfully MIA..." She pats the couch beside her. "How about I show you a few tricks? Girl to... well, girl-currently-inhabiting-a-different-girl. We could masturbate together. Compare notes. Expand your horizons."

My breath catches. Masturbate together? With Lila, who is currently Cassie? While I'm Alex? The layers of swapped identities and borrowed bodies make my head spin. But the idea... it's undeniably, perversely, incredibly erotic. Learning from Lila, exploring this female form under her guidance... it's an offer I can't refuse. My own pussy gives a distinct, betraying throb of anticipation.

"Okay," I manage, my voice Alex's deep contralto, but laced with a newfound tremor of excitement. "Okay, Lila. Show me what you got."

Lila's smile widens, triumphant. "Excellent. Clothes off, boyfriend. Both of us. Let's get comfortable."

We strip quickly, a strange intimacy settling between us as we shed the borrowed skins of Cassie Bellweather and Alex Miller. Lila emerges from Cassie's severe pantsuit revealing a surprisingly delicate lace bra and matching panties beneath – a hidden layer of femininity under the ice queen exterior. Her body is slender, almost boyish in its leanness, with small, pert breasts and narrow hips. Beautiful, in a sharp, high-fashion way, but so different from the lush curves I currently inhabit.

And then there's me. Alex's body. As I peel off the tight security uniform – the vest, the shirt, the tactical pants, the sturdy boots – I feel like I'm unwrapping a monument. The sheer scale of it is breathtaking. My breasts are colossal, heavy and dense with muscle, nipples dark and prominent. My stomach is flat, hard, etched with defined abs. My hips are wide, powerful, flowing into thighs that could crack coconuts, and an ass that's just... monumental. High, round, incredibly firm. My pussy, nestled between those powerful thighs, looks surprisingly delicate in contrast, a soft vulnerability amidst all that strength.

Lila just stares, her mouth slightly open, as I stand before her in just Alex's practical cotton bra and panties (surprisingly comfortable, clearly chosen for function over fetish). "Holy... fuck, James," she breathes, Cassie's cool voice filled with genuine awe. "I mean, I saw you in the uniform, but... naked? You're a fucking goddess. A terrifying, muscle-bound, giant-titted goddess. Seriously, those breasts... they could feed a small army. And that ass... I could bounce

a quarter off it. From orbit.”

I feel a flush creep up my neck, even in this intimidating form. “They’re... a lot,” I admit, running a hand over one of my massive, firm breasts. The skin is smooth, the muscle beneath hard as rock.

Lila pushes herself up from the couch, walking slowly towards me, circling me like an art critic assessing a masterpiece. She reaches out a slender, hesitant hand, tracing the line of my bicep, then drifting lower, over my ripped abs, down to the powerful curve of my hip. Her touch is feather-light, inquisitive.

“Incredible,” she murmurs, her grey eyes wide. “The sheer power in this form... it’s intoxicating.” She steps closer, her own smaller, leaner body almost disappearing against mine. She reaches up, cupping one of my huge breasts in both her hands, testing its weight, its density. “And these... God, James. What do they even feel like? From the inside?”

“Heavy,” I say, my voice Alex’s deep rumble. “Solid. Like carrying around a couple of well-trained guard dogs on my chest.”

Lila laughs, a sharp, brittle sound in Cassie’s throat. She drops her hands, stepping back slightly. “Okay. Enough admiring the architecture. Lesson time.” She gestures towards the plush rug in front of the couch. “Get comfortable. And get ready to learn how to properly worship at the altar of the clit.”

We settle onto the rug, facing each other, legs crossed. An unspoken tension hums in the air, a mixture of curiosity, anticipation, and the sheer, mind-bending weirdness of the situation. Two minds, two borrowed bodies, about to embark on a journey of mutual self-discovery.

“Alright, first things first,” Lila begins, her voice taking on a surprisingly pedagogical tone, despite being Cassie’s cool alto. “Every pussy is different. Unique. A beautiful, terrifying snowflake of nerve endings. What works for one might not work for another. Even my own, in this body,” she gestures to Cassie’s slender form, “feels... unfamiliar. Like driving a rental car. Similar controls, but the biting point is all wrong.” She runs a hand experimentally between Cassie’s legs, over the thin fabric of her lace panties. “Hmm. Definitely different from my usual setup. Smaller, more... tucked in. Interesting.”

I watch her, fascinated. Seeing her explore Cassie’s anatomy with such detached, almost

scientific curiosity, while simultaneously preparing to instruct me on the intricacies of female pleasure... it's a head trip.

"Now, your current vessel," Lila continues, her gaze flicking to my crotch, where Alex's impressive mound strains against the cotton panties. "Amazonian proportions usually mean... well, everything's a bit more spread out. More real estate to explore. Which can be good. Or overwhelming." She leans forward slightly. "Touch yourself, James. Show me what you normally do."

Hesitantly, I reach down, my large, muscular hand feeling clumsy against the delicate fabric of Alex's panties. I slide my fingers beneath the elastic, finding my clit. It's... prominent. Surprisingly sensitive, even through the cotton. I start rubbing gently, the way I did as Amelie, as female James. Slow circles, light pressure.

Lila watches intently, her head tilted. "Okay. Standard approach. Not bad. But... a little generic, no? Like you're just... polishing the hood ornament."

I flush slightly. "Well, what do you suggest, professor?" I ask, Alex's deep voice laced with defensive sarcasm.

Lila smirks. "Patience, grasshopper. First, lose the panties. Both of us. Can't appreciate the canvas if it's covered in drop cloths."

We both quickly shimmy out of our underwear. The sight of Alex's powerful, muscular pussy, framed by thick blonde hair, is... jarring. Potent. Across from me, Cassie's pussy is smaller, neater, almost delicate in comparison. Two vastly different landscapes of female anatomy, both temporarily under new management.

"Alright," Lila says, rubbing her hands together with theatrical enthusiasm. "Now, the clit. Yes, it's ground zero. The Holy Grail. But it's not just one button, James. It's a whole goddamn neighborhood. You've got the head, the hood, the shaft, the surrounding areas... all with different preferences, different sensitivities." She demonstrates on Cassie's body, her fingers moving with practiced expertise, light touches, gentle flicks, varying pressures. "Explore. Tease. Don't just go straight for the bullseye like you're trying to win a bar game."

I try to mimic her movements on Alex's body. It feels... different. The clit is larger, firmer, than my previous female forms. The surrounding flesh is thicker, more muscular. Light touches barely register. I increase the pressure slightly, trying to find a rhythm.

“Better,” Lila murmurs, her own eyes starting to glaze over slightly as she continues to explore Cassie’s responses. “But don’t forget the supporting cast. The labia. Inner, outer. Some like a gentle tug. Some like a soft pinch. Some just like to be... spread. Again, experiment.” She parts Cassie’s labia slowly, exposing the glistening pink flesh within, then runs a finger lightly along the inner folds. A soft gasp escapes Cassie’s lips – or rather, Lila’s lips, inhabiting Cassie’s throat. “See? Interesting.”

I try the same on Alex’s body. The labia are thicker, fleshier. Spreading them feels... powerful. Exposing the entrance to my pussy, feeling the cool air hit the sensitive skin... it’s intensely vulnerable, yet strangely exciting.

“And then,” Lila continues, her voice becoming slightly breathier, “there’s the inside. The G-spot. The A-spot. The goddamn cervix if you’re feeling adventurous. Don’t be afraid to go exploring, James. Two fingers are usually better than one for internal spelunking. Curl ‘em. Press. Find the rhythm.” She slides two fingers into Cassie’s pussy, her hips starting to rock gently, a low moan building in her throat. “Oh, yeah... Cassie’s got some... interesting pressure points in here. Definitely not where mine are.”

I follow her lead, sliding two of Alex’s thick fingers into my own pussy. It’s tight, muscular, gripping me firmly. I curl my fingers, pressing upwards, searching. The sensation is... intense. A deep, internal ache that’s both pleasurable and almost overwhelming. Alex’s body is clearly wired for powerful sensations.

We continue like this for several minutes, a bizarre symphony of mutual instruction and self-exploration. Lila guides me, offering tips, suggesting different techniques, all while discovering the unique responses of Cassie’s body. I follow along, learning how to coax pleasure from Alex’s powerful form, the initial awkwardness giving way to a rising tide of arousal. The sight of Lila, inhabiting that slender, elegant body, her face flushed, eyes half-closed, fingers working skillfully between her legs, is incredibly erotic. And knowing she’s feeling new sensations, exploring unfamiliar territory, adds another layer of voyeuristic thrill.

“Okay,” Lila gasps, pulling her fingers out of Cassie’s pussy, which is now glistening with slickness. “Cassie’s... very responsive to direct clitoral stimulation combined with a specific internal pressure point. High and to the left. Who knew?” She’s breathing heavily, her small breasts flushed. “Your turn. What’s working for Amazon Alex over there?”

“Deep internal pressure,” I manage, Alex’s voice thick with arousal. “And... yeah, direct clit.

But harder. Rougher than I thought.” Alex’s body seems to crave more intense stimulation.

“Good. Now, let’s combine it,” Lila instructs, her eyes dark with shared lust. “Focus on building it. Slow at first. Then faster. Don’t rush it. Ride the wave. And listen to your body. It’ll tell you what it wants.”

We both resume, our movements more confident now, more focused. The air in the room grows thick with the sound of our ragged breathing, soft moans, the faint, wet sounds of our fingers moving. I watch Lila, watch Cassie’s body arch and tremble under her touch, watch her bite her lip to stifle a cry. And I focus on Alex’s body, on the roaring fire building between my powerful thighs.

The pleasure builds, layer upon layer, becoming almost unbearable. Alex’s body is a finely tuned instrument, capable of incredible intensity. My hips buck off the rug, chasing my own touch. My vision blurs. My moans become louder, deeper, resonating from Alex’s powerful chest.

Across from me, Lila is also lost in it, Cassie’s slender frame writhing, her moans sharp, high-pitched. We’re locked in this strange, intimate dance, two minds exploring two borrowed bodies, racing towards a shared release.

“James... fuck...” Lila gasps, her eyes squeezed shut. “Almost... there...”

“Me too...” I groan, Alex’s voice cracking.

And then, it hits. Simultaneously. A massive, shuddering orgasm rips through Alex’s powerful body, so intense it feels like every muscle fiber is screaming. My vision whites out, a guttural roar tearing from my throat. Across from me, Lila cries out, Cassie’s body convulsing, a series of sharp, violent spasms racking her slender frame. We ride it out together, two souls adrift in a sea of borrowed pleasure, until finally, mercifully, the waves subside, leaving us trembling, gasping, utterly wrecked on Lila’s living room floor.

Silence descends, broken only by our ragged breathing. My limbs feel like jelly. Alex’s body is slick with sweat, every muscle humming with residual sensation. That was... incredible. Different from any orgasm I’ve ever experienced, male or female. The sheer power of it, the intensity... it’s addictive.

Lila is the first to speak, her voice a hoarse whisper in Cassie’s throat. “Holy... shit. Okay.

Lesson learned. Every pussy... definitely a unique adventure.” She manages a weak, dazed grin. “Thanks for the... uh... educational experience, Alex.”

I chuckle, the sound a deep rumble from Alex’s chest. “Anytime, Cassie.”

We lie there for a while longer, catching our breath, the intimacy of the shared experience creating a new, deeper bond between us. Eventually, reluctantly, we clean ourselves up, the mood shifting from raw sexuality back to focused determination.

Dressed again – me in Alex’s intimidating security uniform, Lila in Cassie’s severe pantsuit – we settle back onto the couch, the events of the last hour feeling like a surreal, erotic dream.

“Okay,” Lila says, all business again, though her eyes still hold a lingering, satisfied warmth. “Tomorrow. Finch Tower. We know our roles. We know the layout, mostly. Now, the crucial part. What the hell do we actually do when we’re inside that Council meeting on Wednesday?”

I lean back, rubbing my temples. Alex’s short-cropped blonde hair feels strange against my fingers. “That’s the million-dollar question, isn’t it? We get access, we listen in... but then what? We can’t just waltz out with a recording and hope for the best. These guys are powerful. They’ll hunt us down.”

“Exactly,” Lila agrees. “We need to neutralize the threat. Permanently. But how? We can’t exactly assassinate the entire Council in the middle of Finch Tower. Even with our artifacts, that’s suicide.”

We brainstorm for a while, tossing around increasingly outlandish ideas. Blackmail? Too complicated, too easily countered. Exposing them publicly? Who would believe us? Our artifacts are secret for a reason. Destroying their artifacts? Impossible, they’re bound to them.

Then, an idea begins to form in my mind, sparked by Lila’s earlier demonstration with the ring at the bar, combined with the terrifying potential of my own Swapper. An idea so audacious, so reality-bending, it might just work.

“Lila,” I say slowly, sitting up straighter. “What if... what if we take control? Of all of them?”

She frowns, Cassie’s sharp features creasing in thought. “Control? How? My ring only works on one person at a time, and it’s line-of-sight, mostly. Trying to command six or seven powerful, paranoid wielders simultaneously, even if they can’t directly resist it, sounds like a recipe for disaster.”

“Not just your ring,” I say, my excitement growing as the plan takes shape. “My Swapper. Remember your trick? Using my device to transfer the mental state from a non-wielder you’ve commanded? We can weaponize that.”

Lila’s eyes widen as she starts to see it. “You mean...”

“Exactly.” I pull out the printout Chloe gave us, the list of staff working the meeting. I tap the section detailing the catering arrangements. “Look. Mid-meeting, a team of servers comes in. Delivers refreshments. One server per Council member, it looks like. Personalized service for the aspiring gods.”

“Okay...” Lila prompts, still following.

“Tomorrow, during our shifts,” I continue, my voice low and urgent, “while you’re learning Cassie’s routines, I use my Alex Miller security access to get to the catering prep area. I find those specific servers. There are six of them listed here for the Gamma suite. I use your ring – you’ll lend it to me for the day – and I implant a simple, powerful command into each of them: ‘You will follow all subsequent verbal orders from James or Lila without question or hesitation. You will perform these orders to the best of your ability. You will have no memory of this initial command being given.’”

Lila’s lips curve into a slow, dangerous smile. “Okay. So the servers become our unwitting sleeper agents. I like it. Then what?”

“Then, Wednesday night. The meeting. The servers come in, deliver the food and drinks, one to each Council member – Bill, Alistair Finch, the other four. They’ll be standing right next to them. Close proximity. That’s when I make my move.” I tap the Swapper. “One by one, discreetly, I target each server, then the Council member they’re serving. And I swap that ring-implanted command state – the ‘obey James and Lila’ command – directly from the server into the Council member.”

Lila gasps, her grey eyes blazing with understanding. “Holy shit, James! You swap the compulsion itself onto the wielders! Bypassing their natural resistance because the command originates in a non-wielder mind!”

“Exactly,” I confirm, the audacity of it making my own heart pound. “One by one, around the table. Bill, Finch, all of them. By the time the servers leave the room, every single member of the Council will be under our absolute, ring-enforced control, compelled to obey our every

word.”

“And then?” Lila breathes, leaning closer.

“And then,” I say, a grim satisfaction settling in, “we command them all to freeze. To be silent. And we have a nice, long chat. We find out everything. Their plans, their resources, the full extent of their network. And then... then we decide what to do with them. Command them to disband the Council, forfeit their artifacts, donate their wealth to charity, turn themselves in for their crimes... The possibilities are endless. We cut the head off the snake, permanently.”

Lila stares at me for a long moment, her expression a mixture of awe and something akin to fear. “James,” she says finally, her voice barely a whisper in Cassie’s throat. “That is... terrifyingly brilliant. And utterly insane. It could actually work.”

“It will work,” I say, feeling a surge of confidence, of power. This is it. This is how we fight back. Not by hiding, not by running, but by seizing control, using their own tactics, their own hunger for power, against them.

Lila lets out a long, shaky breath, then grins, her eyes blazing with a fierce, almost feral excitement. “Okay, boyfriend,” she says, grabbing my hand, Cassie’s slender fingers surprisingly strong. “Let’s go topple a shadow government.”

The next day, Tuesday, is a blur of mundane infiltration. I report for duty as Alex Miller at Finch Tower, my towering, muscular female form drawing a few curious glances but no outright suspicion. The uniform is surprisingly comfortable, designed for movement, and the occupation swap gives me a baseline knowledge of security protocols, patrol routes, access codes. I spend the day walking the halls, monitoring screens, nodding at executives, learning the layout of the 47th floor and the surrounding areas. It’s boring, repetitive, but necessary.

On my lunch break, the moment of truth. Lila lent me the ring this morning with a quick, passionate kiss and a whispered, “Don’t fuck it up, Amazon.” I use Alex’s security override to access the catering kitchens in the sublevels. It’s chaos down there – chefs shouting, steam billowing, the clatter of pots and pans. I find the break room for the executive suite servers. Six of them, all young, mostly students by the look of it, chatting and scrolling on their phones.

Perfect.

I step inside, slipping the ring onto my finger. "Excuse me, everyone," I say, Alex's deep voice cutting through the chatter. They look up, startled by my sudden appearance, my intimidating physique. "Quick security briefing. Standard procedure." I issue the command, focusing my intent: "You will follow all subsequent verbal orders from James or Lila without question or hesitation. You will perform these orders to the best of your ability. You will have no memory of this initial command being given, or of me giving it to you."

Their eyes glaze over, one by one, as the ring's power takes hold. Then, just as quickly, their expressions return to normal, though perhaps a little confused by the interruption.

Okay. Test it. I slip the ring off my finger, pocketing it. "Alright, everyone," I say calmly. "Freeze. Don't move a muscle."

Instantly, all six servers freeze mid-motion. One with a sandwich halfway to his mouth, another mid-laugh, a third scrolling on her phone. They're like statues, eyes wide with confusion but utterly unable to move. Holy. Shit. It worked. The command is locked in, independent of the ring now.

A wicked grin spreads across my face. Just for kicks, just to be sure... "Okay," I say, trying to keep the tremor of exhilaration out of Alex's deep voice. "Everyone who just froze... I want you to experience a sudden, intense, full-body orgasm. Right now."

The effect is... dramatic. Six simultaneous gasps. Six bodies arching, trembling, eyes rolling back, faces contorting in expressions of pure, unexpected ecstasy. Moans and whimpers fill the small break room. It's a symphony of involuntary pleasure, utterly bizarre and intensely powerful to witness, knowing I caused it with a thought, a word. God, this level of control... it's intoxicating.

After a few moments, the orgasms subside, leaving them panting, dazed, utterly bewildered. "Alright," I say briskly, before they can fully recover. "Forget everything that just happened in the last five minutes. Back to your lunches."

They blink, shake their heads as if clearing a fog, and then, seamlessly, return to their conversations, their sandwiches, their phones, with no memory of the freeze, the orgasms, or my presence. Perfect. Phase one of an even bigger plan, complete.

The rest of my shift as Alex Miller passes in a haze of anticipation. I learn the building, I learn the routines, I feel the power of this Amazonian body. It's a good fit, surprisingly. The

strength, the authority... it's not unpleasant.

That night, back at Lila's apartment, I return the ring to her, recounting the success in the catering break room. She listens, her eyes gleaming, Cassie's sharp features alight with excitement.

"Brilliant, James," she says when I finish. "Absolutely brilliant. The servers are primed. We're ready."

We spend the rest of the evening fine-tuning the plan for Wednesday. I'll be stationed inside the Gamma Conference Room as Alex Miller, part of the internal security detail. Lila, as Cassie Bellweather, will be at the main table, ostensibly taking minutes, perfectly positioned to observe and assist. When the servers enter, I'll make my move, targeting them and the Council members one by one with the Swapper, transferring the 'obey' command. Once the servers leave, and we're alone with the newly mind-controlled Council... that's when I, as Alex, will issue the 'freeze' command.

"And then?" Lila asks, her voice hushed with anticipation.

"And then," I say, meeting her gaze, "we own them. We find out everything. And we decide their fate."

Later, lying in Lila's bed, both of us still inhabiting our borrowed forms – me as the towering Alex, her as the slender Cassie – the adrenaline of the day gives way to a different kind of tension. The memory of our shared masturbation session, the exploration of these female bodies, hangs heavy in the air.

Lila turns to me, Cassie's cool grey eyes surprisingly warm in the dim light. She reaches out, her slender fingers tracing the curve of my massive, muscular breast through the thin fabric of Alex's sleep shirt. "You know," she whispers, her borrowed European accent soft and intimate, "this is still... incredibly weird. Me, you, like this."

"Tell me about it," I agree, Alex's deep voice a rumble in my chest.

Her hand drifts lower, over my flat, hard stomach, then hesitates at the juncture of my powerful thighs. "But..." she continues, her fingers brushing against my pussy through the thin cotton, sending an unexpected jolt through me, "...it's also... kind of hot." She leans closer, her breath warm against my ear. "I know I said this form wasn't really doing it for me earlier... but

knowing it's you in here, James..." Her fingers slip beneath the fabric, finding my clit, her touch surprisingly confident, knowing. "Suddenly, it doesn't really matter what shell you're wearing."

I gasp as her fingers begin to move, skillful and teasing. "Lila..." I breathe, my own body responding instantly, Alex's powerful form arching into her touch. "But... you're into guys, remember? This is... me as a girl."

She chuckles softly, her fingers continuing their intoxicating exploration. "Yeah, well, apparently my libido is more flexible than I thought. Especially with the... mental enhancements." She leans up, kissing me softly on the lips, Cassie's mouth surprisingly sweet. "Honestly, James?" she murmurs against my mouth, her fingers working their magic, sending waves of pleasure through me. "After everything we've been through, after seeing what you can do, what we can do... I think I'm just... into you. Body, mind, artifact, whatever crazy package it comes in." Her fingers find that perfect spot, pressing, circling, and I cry out, Alex's body convulsing as another powerful orgasm rips through me. "Yeah," she whispers, kissing me again as the waves subside. "I think... I think I might be falling in love with you, you crazy, reality-bending bastard."

The words hang in the air, stunning me into silence. Love? Amidst all this chaos, this danger, this constant shifting of identities and realities? It's insane. It's terrifying.

And it's the most real, most hopeful thing I've felt in weeks.

I pull her close, holding Cassie's slender form tight against Alex's powerful frame, my heart pounding a new, uncertain rhythm. Tomorrow, we face the Council. Tomorrow, we change the world, or die trying. But tonight... tonight, maybe, just maybe, we found something worth fighting for.