

# The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

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## Chapter 4

I blink awake, the morning light sneaking through my blinds like it's trying not to wake me. My phone buzzes on the nightstand, insistent. I groan, reaching for it, and squint at the screen. A text from Sam: "Yo, you free today? Let's hang." A grin tugs at my lips. Sam's my best friend, the guy who'd jump off a cliff with me just to see what's at the bottom. I type back, "Sure, come over whenever," and toss the phone aside.

Swinging my legs out of bed, I feel it—the subtle shift in my body. My muscles are tighter, more solid, borrowed from Mark's fitness level. I flex my arm, watching the bicep ripple under my skin. Not bad. And my head? It's sharper, like the fog's been burned off. Mark's IQ boost is a hell of a perk too. I shuffle to the bathroom, splashing water on my face. In the mirror, I look... good. Healthier. Smarter, maybe. The remote's been a game-changer, and I'm itching to play with it more.

Downstairs, the front door creaks—Sam's here. I jog down, finding him sprawled on the couch, legs kicked up on the coffee table like he owns the place. He's got that lazy grin, the one that screams trouble.

"Sup, man," he says, tossing me a bag of chips from his backpack. "Brought fuel."

I catch it, smirking. "Thanks. You eat breakfast yet?"

"Nah, figured we'd grab something later." He digs into the chips himself, crunching loudly.

We settle into our usual—video games, trash talk, the works. "Dude, you see the new superhero trailer?" he asks, mashing buttons on the controller.

"Yeah, effects are insane," I say, scoring a point. "Hope they don't botch the plot again."

He snorts. "Right? Always screwing up the good parts."

"You're still trash at this," I tease as I dodge his attack.

“Shut up, you’re cheating,” he fires back, elbowing me.

It’s easy, comfortable. But the remote’s practically burning a hole in my pocket. I can’t hold it in anymore. I pause the game, turning to him. “Sam, I gotta show you something.”

He quirks an eyebrow, leaning back. “What’s up?”

I take a breath. “I found this... device. It’s wild. It swaps stuff—traits, body parts, whatever—between people.”

He laughs, loud and sharp. “Yeah, right. You been binging sci-fi again?”

“I’m serious,” I say, voice low. “I can prove it.”

He crosses his arms, skeptical. “Alright, hotshot. Prove it.”

“Follow me. And keep quiet.” I lead him downstairs, where Cindy’s lounging on the couch, scrolling her phone. She’s still got Emma’s flat chest, but her voice is hers again. Perfect.

I pull out the remote, showing him the sleek, black surface. “Watch. I’m swapping her voice with yours.”

He smirks. “Sure you are.”

I select “voice” for both, hit the button, and—

*Zzzztttt*

A faint buzz hums through the air. Sam opens his mouth. “What the hell?” Except it’s Cindy’s voice—high, feminine—coming out of him.

I grin, waiting for his reaction. But he just frowns. “What? You’re being weird, man.”

My stomach drops. Shit. He wasn’t touching the remote. He doesn’t know anything’s changed. “You don’t hear that?” I ask, frustration bubbling up.

“Hear what?” he says, still in Cindy’s voice. “You’re losing it.”

I smack my forehead. “Forgot about that. Only people touching the remote remember the swaps. Hold it this time.”

He rolls his eyes but takes it, fingers brushing the edge. “Fine, whatever.”

I select “hair” for him and Cindy, then press it again.

*Zzzztttt*

Another buzz, and Sam’s short, messy hair explodes into Cindy’s long, wavy locks, spilling down his shoulders. His eyes go wide. “What the fuck?!”

I laugh, relief hitting me hard. “Told you.”

He stumbles to the hallway mirror, hands flying to his head. “This is insane!” He pulls at the strands, twisting them like he’s testing if they’re real. Then he peeks back at Cindy—her head now topped with his choppy cut. She’s still oblivious, tapping away.

“How’d you do this?” he demands, spinning to me.

“It’s the remote,” I say, holding it up. “Swaps anything. But only those touching it remember.”

He’s breathing fast, eyes darting between his reflection and Cindy. “So I’ve got her hair, and she’s got mine?”

“Yep. And earlier, you had her voice. You just didn’t notice.”

He shakes his head, calming down a bit. “This is nuts. Can we swap back?”

“Yeah, hold it again.” We both grip the remote, and I switch their hair back.

*Zzzztttt*

His locks shrink to normal, and he exhales. “Okay, that’s better.”

As he turns to head upstairs, I sneak one more swap—their voices. *Zzzztttt*. Can’t have him talking like Cindy all day. He doesn’t notice, and I smirk to myself.

Back in my room, I plop on the bed, the remote between us. “So that’s it. But there’s a catch—if you swap and the other person leaves, you could be stuck with their part, or lose yours.”

He frowns. “Like what?”

“Like when I swapped chests with Cindy. She left for the day, so I was stuck with her boobs ‘til she got back.”

His jaw drops. “You had boobs?”

“Yeah,” I mutter, scratching my neck. “Wasn’t boring.”

He cracks up. “Where are they now?”

“Emma’s got ‘em,” I say. “Swapped them with her. She always wanted a bigger chest, so…”

“Emma? Your girl?” He whistles. “And she doesn’t know?”

“Nope. Reality shifts. To her, it’s always been that way.”

He leans back, processing. “So everyone else just… adjusts? That’s freaky.”

“Yeah. Powerful, but risky. Gotta keep track.”

He nods, then that troublemaker grin creeps up. “You know what we should do?”

“What?”

“Swap genders. Sneak into the girls’ locker room at the gym. Check out the action.”

I groan. “Seriously? You’re such a perv.”

“Come on!” he says, leaning in. “It’d be epic. Towels, underwear, the whole deal. No one would know.”

“That’s so cliché,” I shoot back, laughing despite myself.

“Cliché’s fun! Think about it—finally seeing what’s up in there.”

“What if we get caught?”

“How?” he counters. “We’d *be* girls. Perfect cover.”

I hesitate, the idea sparking something wild in me. “It’s a huge change, man.”

“We swap back if it sucks,” he says, eyes gleaming. “Live a little, dude.”

“You’re ridiculous,” I say, but I’m grinning now.

“And you love it. Besides, you’ve done weirder. Boobs, remember?”

I sigh, running a hand through my hair. “Fine. But we swap with Cindy and Mom. That way, we can change back tonight. No losing track.”

“Deal!” He pumps his fist. “This is gonna rock.”

I take a deep breath, nerves and excitement tangling in my gut. “Alright. Let’s do it.”

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I nudge Sam, and we creep downstairs, the hardwood cool under my socks. The kitchen’s just ahead, and I peek around the corner. Cindy’s there, leaning against the counter with a mug of coffee, while Mom’s bent over the dishwasher, muttering about a stuck plate. They’re chatting, oblivious, and I smirk. Perfect timing.

“Ready?” I whisper, pulling the remote from my pocket. Sam nods, his eyes glinting with that wild energy he gets before we do something stupid. I fiddle with the settings—delay the swap by five minutes, set the duration to ten seconds. I want to savor this. “Gender swap,” I mutter, selecting Sam and me to trade with Cindy and Mom. We’re both gripping the remote, so we’ll remember it all. I press the button.

A faint *zzzztttt* hums through the air, but nothing happens. Yet. Sam frowns. “That’s it?”

“Come on,” I say, tugging him back upstairs. We slip into my room, and I shut the door, leaning against it as my heart thumps.

Sam paces, hands shoved in his pockets. “Why didn’t it work?”

I hold up the remote, showing the timer ticking down: 4:12, 4:11... “It’s delayed. Five minutes. And it’s just gender—no clothes or anything else.”

He exhales hard, grinning. “So we’re about to be girls?”

“Versions of ourselves if we’d been born that way,” I say, my stomach twisting. I’ve done swaps before, but this? This is next-level.

The timer hits zero.

A warm buzz ignites in my chest, spreading like liquid heat. My skin tingles, every nerve waking up as the change takes hold. I stumble, gripping the bedpost as my body reshapes itself. My shoulders narrow, losing their width, and my arms slim down, muscles melting into softness. My waist pulls tight, hips flaring out wide and lush, straining my jeans until the denim bites into my skin. My ass rounds, thick and heavy, and my thighs swell, sculpting into curves that feel alien but undeniably *mine*.

My chest shifts next. A deep pull tugs at my pecs, and I look down, breath catching as they soften and grow. Two full mounds press against my t-shirt, stretching the fabric taut. They're bigger than Cindy's—round, heavy, with dark nipples that harden against the cotton, sending jolts through me. I cup them, gasping at the weight, and a soft, feminine moan escapes my lips.

Below, there's a strange absence. My cock vanishes, replaced by a warm, slick slit between my legs. I shift my hips, feeling the newness, the way my thighs brush against my pussy. My jeans don't fit right anymore—too tight over my hips, too loose where they shouldn't be.

I glance at Sam. He's changing too, but it's different. He's shorter now, his stocky frame shrinking into a pudgy, cute girl. His chest swells into B-cup breasts, perky and modest, pushing against his shirt. His hips widen slightly, but nothing dramatic—just a soft curve that matches his new, rounded belly. His face softens into a button nose, full cheeks, and pouty lips, framed by his same messy hair. He's not a bombshell, but he's got this girl-next-door charm—cute, approachable, the kind of girl you'd see at a coffee shop and smile at.

“Holy fuck,” he says, and it's a girl's voice—high and melodic. He slaps a hand over his mouth, eyes wide. “That's my voice?”

I laugh, and it's a sultry purr that startles me. “Yeah, that's you.”

He bolts to the mirror, yanking off his shirt. His breasts bounce free—small, shapely, with pink nipples that perk up in the air. He gropes them roughly, like a dude pawing at a girl, and grunts. “This is insane.”

“You're such a guy,” I tease, my voice smooth and feminine. He's hilarious, moving with that same masculine swagger in a body that's all soft curves.

He spins, gaping at me. “Dude, look at *you*.”

I step to the mirror, and my breath catches. The girl staring back is... wow. My face is still mine but prettier—big, sexy eyes with long lashes, soft, kissable lips, and wavy hair spilling from a messy bun, strands framing my cheeks. But my body? The women in my family are curvy, and I'm no exception. My t-shirt clings to breasts slightly larger than Cindy's, full and teardrop-shaped, begging to be touched. My waist is tiny, flaring into hips that could stop traffic, and my ass and thighs are thick, voluptuous, the kind of curves that turn heads at the gas station. I'm not model-perfect, but I'm hot in that everyday, jaw-dropping way.

“Damn,” I whisper, running my hands down my sides. My skin’s alive, every touch sparking heat, but my body feels off—too soft, too heavy in all the wrong places.

Sam’s already stripping his jeans, kicking them off with his boxers. He stands there, naked, peering down at his new pussy—a neat little mound with a dusting of hair. He spreads it with his fingers, grinning. “Check this out.”

I snort. “Gross, man.”

He looks up, eyes gleaming. “Your turn. Strip.”

I freeze, suddenly self-conscious. “I don’t know…”

“Oh, come on,” he says, stepping closer. “You’re a fucking knockout. Show it off.”

My cheeks heat, but the thrill wins. I peel off my t-shirt, and my breasts spill free, heavy and gorgeous. My nipples stiffen in the cool air, and I shiver. I shimmy out of my jeans, the fabric catching on my hips before sliding down. My pussy’s smooth, plump, and already a little wet. I step out, naked, and face the mirror.

Sam whistles. “Jesus, James. You’re stacked.”

“Yeah, well, it runs in the family,” I mutter, blushing.

We stand side by side, comparing. He’s shorter, softer, with a cute, stocky build—B-cups that sit high, a gentle curve to his hips, and a round, friendly face. I’m taller, curvier, with an hourglass that screams sex—big, heavy breasts, a tight waist, and hips that sway when I move. His pussy’s compact, mine’s fuller, more inviting. Even our skin’s different—his pale and freckled, mine smooth with a warm tone.

“Feel this,” he says, grabbing my hand and pressing it to his breast. It’s soft, pliant, and he groans—a girlish sound that’s almost funny. “Weird, right?”

I pull back, heat pooling low in my belly. “Yeah.”

He reaches for mine, but I swat him away, laughing. “Enough, perv.”

“Spoilsport,” he grumbles, but he’s grinning. He sits on the bed, legs spread, and slides a hand down to his pussy, exploring. His breath hitches, eyes fluttering. “Fuck, that’s intense.”

I hesitate, then mimic him, parting my thighs. My fingers brush my new slit, and a jolt shoots through me—warm, electric, *wet*. I stroke deeper, arousal building fast, but it's too much. I stop, shaking my head. "Okay, we're done with that."

He pouts but pulls his hand away. "Fine."

I grab my laptop, sitting at my desk to google the local gym's hours and Lululemon's closing time. "We need clothes first," I say, typing.

Sam flops back on the bed. "Why buy stuff? Just swap with someone."

I sigh. "Because if you swap with a random person and can't find them again, you might lose your own traits. Or theirs. It's safer to buy."

He grumbles but nods. "Lululemon, then Gym?"

"Yep. Let's go." I dig out an oversized hoodie and sweatpants—baggy on my new curves, but they'll work. Sam borrows some too, looking like a kid in his dad's clothes.

We head downstairs, passing the kitchen. Cindy and Mom are still there, but they're men now—broad shoulders and flat chests in women's clothes. Cindy's yoga pants stretch over thick legs, and Mom's blouse hangs loose. They don't notice us, too busy arguing about dish soap.

Sam snickers. "This is gold."

I grab his arm, dragging him out the door. "Move it, idiot. We've got shit to do."

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The midday sun beats down on us as we step out of the house, its heat already prickling my skin through the oversized hoodie I've thrown on to hide my new curves. My sneakers scuff against the driveway as we approach the Mercedes, its silver body gleaming like a polished trophy under the LA sky. Sam doesn't even pause—he just strides up to it, running a hand over the hood with a casual familiarity that catches me off guard.

"Man, I love this car," he says, his voice still high and girly from the swap, though it's laced with that same cocky edge he's always had. "You've had this thing forever. Still jealous you snagged it."

I stop short, leaning against the driver's side door, the metal cool against my palm despite the sun. "Actually," I say, a slow smirk tugging at my lips, "I swapped for it. Took it from some rich dick with five cars he barely touched."

Sam freezes, his hand still pressed to the hood, his pudgy girl-face twisting in disbelief. "Wait, hold up. You *what*?"

"Swapped ownership," I clarify, crossing my arms over my chest—careful not to squish my heavy breasts too much. "With the remote. Reality bent around it, so to everyone else—including you, apparently—it's always been mine."

He stares at me, his mouth hanging open for a good three seconds, before a loud, barking laugh erupts from him. He doubles over, clutching his stomach, his B-cups jiggling slightly under his borrowed sweatshirt. "That's fucking *insane*! You just... yonked a Mercedes from some asshole?"

"Pretty much," I say, unlocking the car with a sharp *beep* from the key fob. "He didn't even notice. Still had four others to play with."

Sam shakes his head, still chuckling as he straightens up. "You're a goddamn genius. What else can you take?"

I shrug, opening the driver's door. "Anything, I guess. But I'm trying not to go overboard. Don't wanna push my luck."

"Yeah, right," he snorts, circling to the passenger side. "You're already living in a sci-fi movie. Might as well lean in."

We slide into the car, the leather seats smooth and cool against my bare legs where the sweatpants don't quite cover. I fumble with the keys for a second, my fingers brushing the Mercedes logo, and a flicker of pride—or maybe guilt—sparks in my chest. This car's mine now, fair and square, even if I didn't earn it the old-fashioned way. Sam buckles his seat belt with a dramatic flair, tugging the strap across his chest and grinning like an idiot.

"Dude," he says, adjusting the belt so it nestles snugly between his boobs, pushing them together into a little valley of cleavage. "Seat belts are *hilarious* with tits. Look at this shit."

I glance over and can't help but laugh, the sound spilling out of me in a sultry ripple that still feels foreign in my throat. "You're such an idiot," I say, shaking my head. "What are you, twelve?"

“Hey, it’s a perk,” he shoots back, wiggling his eyebrows. “Gotta enjoy the little things.”

“Little, huh?” I tease, nodding at his modest B-cups. “Those aren’t exactly showstoppers.”

He gasps, mock-offended, pressing a hand to his chest. “Rude! These are perfect, thank you very much.”

I roll my eyes, starting the engine with a low, satisfying purr that vibrates through the seat. But as I settle in, shifting my weight to get comfortable, I can’t ignore how my body feels against the leather. My ass—big, plush, and undeniably sexy—spreads out beneath me, a warm, heavy cushion that presses into the seat with every tiny movement. It’s not just the size; it’s the way it molds to the contours, soft yet firm, like it’s staking a claim. My thighs, thick and powerful, roll together as I adjust my legs, their smooth skin brushing in a way that’s almost too intimate. A shiver runs up my spine, electric and unexpected, and I catch my breath. The sensation’s erotic, raw, and I’m suddenly hyper-aware of every inch of this borrowed body. Okay, that’s... intense.

“You good?” Sam asks, glancing over with a smirk.

“Yeah,” I mutter, gripping the wheel a little tighter. “Just getting used to... all this.”

He laughs again, leaning back. “Welcome to the club, princess.”

I shoot him a glare but don’t argue. He’s not wrong—I’m still figuring out how to exist in this curvy, feminine shell. With a deep breath, I pull out of the driveway, the Mercedes gliding smoothly onto the street as we head toward Lululemon.

The Lululemon store hits us like a wave of bright lights and vibrant colors the second we step inside. Racks of leggings, sports bras, and crop tops line the walls, all stretchy and sleek, designed to hug bodies in ways that make my pulse tick up just looking at them. The air smells faintly of lavender and new fabric, and pop music hums through the speakers overhead. A few other shoppers mill around—mostly women in yoga pants and ponytails, chatting or browsing with casual confidence.

Sam bolts straight for the sports bras, his stocky girl-frame moving with that same brash energy he’s always had. He snags a tiny pink one off the rack, holding it up like it’s a trophy. It’s barely more than a scrap of fabric, the kind of thing meant for flat chests or maybe a preteen. “Check this out,” he says, grinning wide. “This is sexy as hell.”

I stop mid-step, raising an eyebrow as I eye the thing dangling from his fingers. “Sam, that’s way too small. Your boobs are gonna pop out like a bad magic trick.”

“That’s the *point*,” he says, wagging his brows. “Tight and tiny—maximum hotness.”

I groan, crossing my arms over my own chest, feeling the weight of my larger breasts shift under the hoodie. “Don’t be ridiculous. You’ll look like you’re smuggling melons in a napkin. Get something that fits.”

He pouts, sticking out his lower lip in an exaggerated sulk. “You’re no fun.”

“I’m practical,” I counter, turning toward a rack of shorts. “You’ll thank me when you’re not flashing the whole store.”

He mutters something under his breath but swaps the pink bra for a more reasonable size—a stretchy black one that actually looks like it’ll hold his B-cups without a wardrobe malfunction. I leave him to it, wandering over to the shorts section, my fingers brushing over the fabrics until I spot a pair of tight black booty shorts. They’re bold, cut high to show off legs and hips, and I grab them along with a matching teal crop top. The color’s deep and rich, and I can already imagine how it’ll look against my skin.

In the fitting room, I lock the door behind me and strip down, shedding the oversized hoodie and sweatpants until I’m standing there naked, my new body fully exposed. The mirror reflects every inch of me, and for a moment, I just stare. My breasts hang heavy and full, slightly larger than Cindy’s old C-cups, with dark nipples that stiffen in the cool air. My waist cinches tight, flaring into hips that are wide and lush, leading down to an ass that’s round and thick, begging to be noticed. My thighs are powerful, smooth, and perfectly sculpted, framing a pussy that’s plump and soft, a faint sheen of arousal already glistening there.

I step into the booty shorts, pulling them up over my legs. They’re snug, clinging to my hips and ass like they were custom-made, the fabric stretching just enough to accentuate every curve without digging in. The hem cuts high, leaving my thighs bare, and when I turn sideways, I can’t help but admire how my lower half looks—sexy, strong, almost unreal. The shorts ride low enough to show off the dip of my waist, and when I shift my weight, my ass jiggles slightly, a sight that sends a flush of heat up my neck.

Next, the crop top. I slip it over my head, tugging it down until it settles over my chest. The teal fabric hugs my breasts, lifting them slightly, creating a deep valley of cleavage that spills over the neckline just a little. The hem stops right above my navel, leaving my midriff bare, and I run my hands over the smooth material, feeling how it molds to me. My nipples press

against the fabric, faint outlines that make my breath hitch. I twist in front of the mirror, and holy shit—I look *good*. The outfit's bold, erotic, and it makes me feel powerful in a way I didn't expect. My pussy presses against the shorts, forming a deep cameltoe that's impossible to ignore, and I bite my lip, a strange mix of arousal and confidence swirling in my gut. I'm keeping this.

But as I study myself, something else catches my eye. My body isn't just curvy—it's *fit*. My arms have a subtle, toned definition, my legs look like they've spent years on a volleyball court, and my breasts sit high and perky, defying the gravity their size should demand. It clicks—the fitness swap with Mark is still active, layering over this gender swap. The perks don't cancel each other out; they *stack*, building on whatever I've already got. My boobs are perkier than they should be for their heft, my ass tighter and more sculpted than a regular girl's might be with hips this wide. I file that away—swaps aren't one-and-done; they accumulate. That could get complicated.

I step out of the fitting room, clutching my new outfit, and find Sam struggling into a pair of leggings that actually fit his shorter, stockier frame. "How's it going?" I ask.

"These are tight as hell," he grumbles, but he's grinning. "Worth it, though."

At the checkout, the cashier—a perky blonde with a clipboard and a bright smile—rings up our haul. "Can I get your name for the receipt?" she asks, glancing at me.

"James—" I catch myself mid-word, my voice faltering as my brain scrambles. Shit, I can't use a guy's name with this body. "Uh, I mean, *Jamie*," I blurt, heat rushing to my cheeks.

Sam bursts out laughing beside me, nearly dropping his bag as he doubles over. "Oh my God, *Jamie*! That was smooth as fuck."

"Shut up," I hiss, elbowing him hard in the ribs. "At least you don't have to change yours. Sam works either way."

He wipes a tear from his eye, still snickering. "Yeah, I'm golden. You're the one fumbling over here, *Jamie*."

The cashier hands me the receipt with a polite smile, clearly unfazed, and I shove it into my bag. "Let's just go," I mutter, dragging Sam toward the exit before he can make more of a scene.

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We pull up to the gym ten minutes later, the Mercedes humming into a parking spot near the entrance. My guest passes from a friend's old membership get us past the front desk with a quick scan, and we head straight for the girls' locker room, my heart thudding with a mix of nerves and excitement. The door swings open, and it's like stepping into a secret world I've only ever dreamed about.

The room's a chaotic symphony of sights and sounds—women everywhere, in every state of undress. A tall redhead peels off her sports bra a few lockers down, her full breasts bouncing free as she chats with a friend about her spin class. Another woman, curvy and tan, steps out of the shower, water dripping down her thighs, her towel barely covering her ass as she strides past. Two others stand by the mirrors, adjusting their hair, one in nothing but a thong, her pussy barely concealed, the other topless with a towel around her waist. Boobs, asses, and slits flash in every direction, more skin than I've ever seen in one place, and my brain stalls, trying to take it all in.

Sam, naturally, loses his shit. "Holy fucking shit," he whispers, his girly voice trembling with glee as he gawks openly. He struts forward, shoulders back, chest puffed out like he's still a dude, and I grab his arm.

"Act normal," I hiss, my voice low and sharp. "You're gonna get us noticed."

"I *am* normal," he shoots back, grinning like a maniac. He sidles up to a group of women changing nearby—a blonde and two brunettes, all in various stages of stripping down—and leans against a locker. "Hey, ladies," he says, dropping his voice to a deep, husky rumble that clashes hilariously with his feminine pitch. "Looking real good today."

The blonde glances over, raising an eyebrow as she pulls on a tank top. "Uh... thanks?" she says, half-laughing, clearly unsure if he's serious.

One of the brunettes—a fit girl with a tight ponytail—smirks. "You hitting on us or what?"

Sam winks, leaning closer. "Maybe I am. Can't help it with all this eye candy."

They laugh, taking it as a joke, but I can see the confusion flicker in their eyes. With his stocky build, cute face, and that over-the-top swagger, he's coming off like a flirty lesbian, and it's equal parts ridiculous and genius. I bite my lip to keep from cracking up, dragging him over to an empty corner.

"Stop it," I whisper, shoving my bag into a locker. "You're gonna blow our cover."

“I’m blending in,” he insists, yanking off his sweatshirt. “Lesbians hit on girls, right?”

“Not like *that*,” I mutter, pulling out my Lululemon gear. I strip down, slipping into the booty shorts and crop top, the fabric hugging my curves like a glove. My breasts press against the teal top, the cleavage deep and distracting, and my ass fills out the shorts perfectly, the cameltoe pronounced and unapologetic. I catch a glimpse of myself in a nearby mirror and pause—damn, I look *hot*.

Sam’s in his black sports bra and leggings now, fumbling with the straps. “This thing’s a pain,” he grumbles, but he’s grinning as he adjusts his boobs. We’re mid-change when a woman walks by—stark naked, towel slung over her shoulder, her body glistening from the shower. Her hips sway, her ass round and firm, and Sam’s jaw drops, his eyes glued to her like she’s a walking fantasy.

She catches him staring and smirks, slowing her stride. “See something you like?”

Sam flounders, his brain clearly short-circuiting. “Uh, no—well, yeah, I mean—nice tattoo!” he blurts, pointing vaguely at her hip, where there’s nothing but bare skin.

She chuckles, shaking her head as she keeps walking. “Smooth,” she calls over her shoulder.

I punch Sam’s arm, stifling a laugh. “Dude, *chill*. You’re a disaster.”

“I can’t help it,” he whispers, leaning closer as we finish changing. “This is the best day of my life.”

We wrap up the chaos of the locker room and head to the sauna, slipping inside to find it empty. The wooden benches are warm under my thighs as I sit, the air thick with steam and the faint scent of eucalyptus. Sweat beads on my forehead almost instantly, trickling down my neck as I lean back, letting the heat sink into my bones. Sam flops down beside me, stretching out with a contented sigh.

“This is wild,” he says, his voice soft but buzzing with excitement. “I can’t believe we pulled this off.”

I nod, wiping my face with the back of my hand. “Yeah, it’s crazy. But... fun, right?”

“Hell yeah,” he says, grinning wide, his cute girl-face glowing with mischief. “All those boobs and asses? And us just chilling in the middle of it? We’re living the dream.”

I laugh, the sound rich and feminine, echoing faintly in the small space. “True. Didn’t think it’d be this nuts.”

“We should do this more often,” he says, nudging me with his elbow. “Swap into whatever, go wherever. No rules.”

“Maybe,” I say, a small smile tugging at my lips. “But let’s not get too carried away. This thing’s powerful—I don’t wanna lose track of who’s got what.”

He waves a hand dismissively. “You worry too much. We’ve got it under control.”

I don’t argue, just lean back further, closing my eyes as the heat wraps around me. He’s right about one thing—it’s been a blast. Yesterday, I was just a guy with a boring life. Today, I’m a curvy girl in a sauna, my best friend beside me in his own swapped body, and we’re laughing about sneaking into places we’d never have dared before. The remote’s flipped my world upside down, and as the steam swirls around us, I’m starting to think I don’t mind the chaos one bit.