

The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

Chapter 1

I kick a pebble down the sidewalk, watching it skitter into the gutter. Another aimless afternoon in suburban LA, the sun beating down on my neck, making me wish I'd worn a hat. The mall was a bust today--nothing caught my eye, and the crowds were too thick for my liking. Living with my parents at 25 isn't exactly glamorous, but it's rent-free, and my job at the tech startup barely covers my student loans. Still, the boredom gnaws at me, a constant itch I can't scratch. Days blend into each other, and I crave something--anything--to shake things up. Maybe that's why, when I spot something glinting in the bushes near the park on my way home, I veer off the path to check it out.

It's a sleek, black gadget, about the size of a smartphone, half-buried under some leaves. I brush off the dirt, turning it over in my hands. The screen flickers to life as I touch it, displaying a simple message: "Select targets. Choose traits. Press Swap." There's a big button labeled "Swap" and a small slot that might be for notes or cards. Weird. It looks high-tech, but the interface is almost too basic. Probably some kid's science project or a prank. I snort, muttering to myself, "Swap traits? Yeah, right. What a stupid joke." Still, I slip it into my pocket. Free gadget, right? Might as well take it home and mess with it later.

The walk home is quiet, just the hum of distant traffic and the occasional chirp of a bird. My mind keeps drifting back to the device, though. What if it actually works? Nah, that's ridiculous--stuff like that only happens in movies or weird online stories. But the idea lingers, tickling my curiosity. As I turn onto the main street, I spot a perfect chance to test it. A fit woman jogs toward me, ponytail bouncing with each step. She's the LA stereotype--tight leggings hugging her toned legs, sports bra showing off her flat stomach, earbuds in. On a bench nearby, an old man sits, tossing breadcrumbs to pigeons. He's got that peaceful vibe, like he's got nowhere else to be.

What the hell, might as well see what this thing does. I pull out the device, point it at them, and select "lower half" for both. My finger hovers over the Swap button, a smirk tugging at my lips. This is gonna be dumb. I press it.

Zzzzt

A faint buzz hums through the air, and then--holy shit. The jogger stumbles mid-stride, her legs suddenly replaced with the old man's wrinkled, hairy ones. She slows down, her pace turning clumsy, those veiny legs looking absurd under her tight leggings. She mutters something, probably thinking she's off her game, but keeps going, adjusting her stride like it's no big deal. Meanwhile, the old man shifts on the bench, his lower half now smooth, toned, and feminine. Those sexy, tanned legs stick out from his baggy trousers, and he stretches them, looking confused but not freaked out. He stands up, takes a few steps, and I swear there's a spring in his movement he didn't have before.

My jaw drops. This isn't a prank--it fucking worked. But neither of them notices. The jogger doesn't scream about her new legs, and the old man doesn't gawk at his. They just... adapt, like reality bent to make it normal. My heart slams against my ribs, palms sweaty. This is insane. I fumble with the device, select them again, and swap back.

Zzzzt

Everything snaps back. The woman's pace picks up, her legs youthful and strong again, and the old man sinks back onto the bench, his weathered legs restored. They go on like nothing happened, oblivious. I'm the only one who knows.

I bolt home, legs moving faster than my brain can keep up. The device actually swaps traits--body parts, even--and no one else sees it. The possibilities hit me like a freight train, each one more thrilling than the last. I've always had this thing for transformation, a secret kink I've kept buried. Changing bodies, mixing traits--it's the stuff of my wildest fantasies. And now it's real.

I sneak past the living room where Mom--Stacy--is glued to her cooking show and head straight to my room. Door shut, I collapse onto my bed, pulling the device out. The screen shows a history log with just the one swap listed. So it tracks what I do--good to know. My mind's buzzing too loud to stop now. I need to test this more, figure out its limits. Strangers were a start, but what about someone closer? Someone I can watch up close. Like Mom.

I head downstairs, finding her in the kitchen, humming as she preps dinner. Her rich brown hair's tied in a messy ponytail, a few strands loose around her face. She's in a floral apron over jeans and a blouse, her curvy figure swaying as she chops vegetables. She's the nurturing type, always keeping us grounded, and yeah, she's hot in that MILF way I've never let myself linger on. Until now.

Let's start small--hair color. Hers is a warm chestnut; mine's a lighter brown. I aim the device at us, select "hair color," and press Swap.

Zzzzt

A tingle prickles my scalp. I dart to the hallway mirror, and there it is--my hair's now her chestnut shade, richer and darker than before. I run my fingers through it, feeling the slight shift in texture. Back in the kitchen, Mom's hair is my lighter brown, but she doesn't blink, just keeps slicing carrots.

"Smells good, Mom," I say, voice still mine.

"Thanks, honey," she replies, her tone warm as ever. "Dinner's almost ready."

She didn't notice. Holy shit, it worked again. My pulse quickens. Time for something bigger--voices. That'll be wild. I select "voice" for both of us and hit Swap.

Zzzzt

"James, can you set the table?" she calls, but it's my voice coming from her--deep, masculine, totally wrong for her soft features.

"Sure, Mom," I answer, and her gentle, feminine voice spills from my mouth. It's like I'm wearing her, and the sensation sends a shiver down my spine. She smiles, oblivious, turning back to the stove. I set the table, head spinning. I've got her voice now, and she's got mine, but to her, it's normal. This thing's power is unreal.

Cindy strolls in as I finish, phone in hand, barely glancing up. She's 19, fit, with a C-cup chest she flaunts in a tight tank top, yoga pants hugging her curves. She's sharp-tongued and independent, always teasing me about still living here. We sit for dinner--spaghetti and meatballs--and I can't resist pushing further. What if I swap their roles in my life? Make Cindy act like my mom and Mom act like my sister?

I select "role in James' life" for both and press Swap.

Zzzzt

The shift is instant. Cindy sets her phone down, eyes locking on me with concern. "James, how was your day? Did you finish that project at work?" Her voice is nurturing, maternal--nothing like her usual snark.

Mom leans back, twirling her fork. "Yeah, bro, you still owe me for covering your ass last week." It's my voice, casual and teasing, coming from her.

I blink, caught off guard. It's like they've swapped personalities--or at least how they treat me. Cindy's the worried mom now, and Mom's the annoying sister. "Uh, yeah, I finished it," I say to Cindy, Mom's voice still weird coming from me. "Thanks for asking."

Cindy beams. "Good, I'm glad. Don't forget to clean your room later, okay?"

Mom snorts. "Seriously, James, it's a pigsty. Get your shit together."

This is nuts. They don't know anything's changed--they're acting like this is how it's always been. I can't help the grin tugging at my lips, a thrill coiling in my gut. There's something hot about this, the way Cindy's curves and confidence now come with maternal vibes, or how Mom's teasing feels oddly playful in my voice. Dinner rolls on, and I soak it all in, already itching to see what's next.

I sit back at the table, watching Cindy and Mom--Stacy--finish their plates. It's wild how easily they've settled into their swapped roles: Cindy nagging me about job prospects like she's the mom, Stacy teasing me about my "messy" room like she's my sister. It's a trip, but I can't let it stay this way. Not yet. I need to hit reset before shit gets too freaky.

I pull the device from my pocket, its sleek surface warm against my fingers. First, I undo the role swap between Cindy and Stacy.

Zzzzt

The air hums, and Cindy's motherly vibe vanishes. She grabs her phone, scrolling with that bored look she's mastered, while Stacy clears her throat and says, "James, could you help with the dishes?" Her voice--mine until a second ago--softens into her own again.

"Sure, Mom," I say, still hearing her gentle tone in my mouth. Weird as hell, but I'm adapting. Next, I swap our voices back.

Zzzzt

"Testing, testing," I mutter, and there's my voice--deep, mine. Stacy hums as she stacks plates, her warm, melodic tone back where it belongs. One last tweak--our hair colors.

Zzzzt

I catch my reflection in the hallway mirror: light brown hair again, while Stacy's chestnut locks swing as she moves. Everything's normal, like nothing happened. Except I know it did. This device is the real deal, and I'm the only one who remembers.

We finish the dishes, and I'm buzzing inside. The power I've got--it's a rush, like I could rewrite the world and no one would blink. My pulse thumps as I imagine the possibilities, but I play it cool. No need to tip anyone off.

Dishes done, I wander into the living room. Cindy's sprawled on the couch, legs up, tank top stretched tight across her chest. She's fit--always has been--with full C-cups that demand attention, toned arms, and that cocky confidence she wears like armor. She's texting, barely glancing at me as I drop into a chair.

"Hey, Cindy, you seen my charger?" I ask, keeping it casual.

She rolls her eyes. "Probably buried in that pigsty you call a room. Check under your bed or something."

I shrug, but my gaze sticks to her chest. That tank top clings to her curves, outlining every inch. I've always noticed--hard not to--but now, with the device in my pocket, it's different. I could take that chest. The thought hits me like a jolt, and before I can overthink it, I'm pulling out the device.

Fuck it. Let's see what happens. I select "chest" for both of us and hit Swap.

Zzzzt

A warm tingle spreads across my torso, and I look down. My t-shirt, loose a second ago, now strains against my chest. Two soft, heavy mounds push out, stretching the fabric tight. I feel their weight settle on me, pulling at my shoulders, and my nipples perk up against the cotton--sensitive, alive. I shift, and they jiggle, sending a shiver through me.

I glance at Cindy. Her tank top hangs loose now, draping over a flat, guy's chest. She doesn't flinch, just keeps texting, like she's always been that way. To her, it's normal.

"Found it yet?" she asks, eyes still on her phone.

"Uh, no, still looking," I stammer, voice shaky. I stand, trying to act chill, but every step makes my new chest bounce. It's distracting as hell, like they're announcing themselves to the room. I need privacy--now.

I bolt upstairs, lock my door, and catch my breath. My heart's racing, not just from the swap, but from what I've done. I've got Cindy's tits--big, perky C-cups I've only ever ogled from a distance. And they're mine. I yank off my t-shirt and face the mirror.

Holy shit. There they are: round, firm, with pink nipples that tighten in the cool air. I cup them, feeling their heft, the soft skin against my rough hands. It's unreal--my hands on these curves, part of me now. I squeeze, and a spark of pleasure zips through me, straight to my dick. Fuck, that's good. I've touched boobs before, but never like this--never mine.

I twist, watching them shift, how they sit on my chest. They're bigger than Emma's--my hookup barely fills an A-cup. These are next-level, and up close, they're mesmerizing. I brush my fingers over the nipples, pinching lightly, and stifle a moan. The sensitivity's insane--no wonder girls lose it when you get it right.

I grab my phone, snap a few pics--research, you know. The light's shitty, but the sight of my body with these tits makes me twitch. I dig out a tape measure from my desk, wrapping it around myself. C-cups, for sure--full, perfect. I note it down, grinning like an idiot. Luckiest guy on earth, hands down, with my own pair to play with.

I flop onto my bed, hands roaming. One stays on my chest, kneading, teasing, while the other slips lower. I'm hard as hell, the combo of these boobs and the thrill pushing me fast. I stroke myself, slow at first, savoring it--my hand on my dick, the other on my tits. The dual sensation's wild, and soon I'm gasping, body locking up as I come hard, harder than I have in ages. It leaves me wrecked, chest heaving, these new curves rising and falling.

It's weird, having them, but... nice. Comforting, almost. I clean up, still stealing glances in the mirror. Part of me wants to keep them, see what it's like to live with a chest like this. But I should swap back.

I reach for the device, but exhaustion slams me. It's been a day--finding this thing, testing it, all these swaps. My eyes droop, and I yawn, stretching out. Just a quick rest, then I'll fix it.

I don't even feel sleep take me.