

The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

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Chapter 2

I wake up to a strange weight pressing down on my chest, like someone's tossed a warm, heavy blanket over me while I slept. My eyes snap open, and I glance down. Oh, *right*. Tits. Big, perky C-cups, still straining against my t-shirt, the fabric stretched tight over their curves. For a split second, panic jolts through me. Did I really fall asleep without swapping back? My heart thuds, but then the memories crash in like a wave: the device, the swaps, Cindy's chest now mine. A slow, wicked grin spreads across my face. I did that. I've got my sister's boobs, and no one knows but me.

I stretch my arms overhead, feeling them shift with the motion, the soft weight tugging at my skin. A thrill zips down my spine, electric and sharp. Might as well enjoy it while I've got them. I slide my hands up, cupping them through the thin cotton, and squeeze gently. A low groan slips out before I can stop it. They're so soft, so fucking responsive. Every touch sends a spark straight to my dick, waking it up fast. I tease my nipples, pinching lightly through the fabric, and bite my lip hard to keep quiet. *Fuck*, that's good. Too good. I could get used to this. Hell, I might already be hooked.

But I can't just lie here fondling myself all day. I've got shit to do. A new game's dropping at the mall today, a sci-fi shooter I've been hyped for weeks, and my controller's been acting up, dropping inputs like it's drunk. I need a new one. Plus, as much as I'm loving these tits right now, walking around with them all day might get old. They're fun to play with, but the constant jiggle and weight? Not exactly practical. I need to swap back with Cindy before I head out.

I roll out of bed, and the boobs bounce with the motion, a little slap of flesh against my ribs. I wince. Okay, that's going to take some getting used to. It's distracting, demanding my attention like they've got a mind of their own. I shuffle to the bathroom, catching sight of myself in the mirror as I pass. *Damn*. I look ridiculous: my lean, guy frame, narrow shoulders, flat stomach, with these full, feminine mounds stretching my shirt. It's hot in a messed-up,

surreal way, but I can't go out like this. Not without drawing stares. Or maybe I could, since reality bends to make it normal. Still, I'd rather not deal with the hassle.

I splash cold water on my face, trying to shake the fog of sleep and arousal. My chest brushes the counter. Another jolt of sensation I wasn't ready for courses through me. I grip the porcelain, staring at my reflection. First things first: find Cindy and swap back. I dry my hands and wander downstairs, each step making my chest bounce like it's mocking me. It's annoying as hell, and I have to fight the urge to grab them and hold them still. The hardwood creaks under my feet, and I can't tell if I'm imagining the extra sway in my stride.

Mom's in the kitchen, sipping coffee at the counter. Her generous curves are tucked under a loose blouse, but even that can't hide her figure. She glances up, smiling like it's any other morning. "Morning, James. Sleep well?"

"Yeah, fine," I mutter, scanning the room for Cindy. My eyes dart to the empty living room, the closed back door. "Where's Cindy?"

"She left early. Said something about spending the day with her boyfriend." Mom shrugs, oblivious as she swirls her mug. "Think they were heading to the lake or something."

Shit. Of course she's gone. My stomach twists, frustration bubbling up hot and fast. I clench my fists, nails digging into my palms. I can't exactly call her and demand she come back without sounding like a lunatic. "Hey, sis, I need to give your tits back, pronto!" Yeah, that'd go over great. I glance at Mom, sizing her up without meaning to. Her chest is even bigger—those heavy DDs would be a nightmare bouncing around all day. I imagine them on me, sagging under their own weight, and shudder. No thanks. Hard pass.

"Everything okay?" Mom asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, just forgot she was out." I force a smile, backing toward the stairs. "Gonna head to the mall later. Need some stuff."

"Don't spend all your money," she calls after me, already turning back to her coffee.

I trudge upstairs, the bounce in my step more pronounced than I'd like. Looks like I'm stuck with Cindy's tits for now. I sigh, resigned, and flop onto my bed. The mattress jostles them again, and I groan, half irritation, half something else. Might as well get dressed and go. I can swap back when Cindy's home later. For now, I've got to deal with these and grab my game and controller.

I dig through my closet, tossing aside my usual t-shirts. They're too tight now, clinging to every curve like a spotlight. My fingers snag on an old hoodie—oversized, baggy, perfect. I pull it on, the thick fabric swallowing my frame. It helps a bit, but the chest still presses out, a subtle swell even under the layers. I zip it up to my chin, hoping it'll minimize the jiggle. Pants are next—jeans seem safe, nothing flashy. I shimmy them on, adjusting myself in the front, and glance in the mirror. The hoodie hides most of it, but if I move wrong, the outline's still there. Whatever. It'll have to do.

I grab my wallet and keys, shoving them into my pockets, and head out. The walk to the bus stop is a fucking experience. Every step sends my tits bouncing, a soft, rhythmic thud against my ribs. I'm hyper-aware of them, like they're screaming for attention. A guy passes me on the sidewalk, nodding hello, and I swear his eyes flick to my chest, but he doesn't react. To him, it's normal. This is my reality now, warped to fit. Still, I hunch my shoulders, trying to shrink into myself.

The bus rumbles up, and I climb aboard, finding a seat near the back. I slump down, crossing my arms over my chest. The pressure feels good, almost grounding, but it also reminds me what I'm carrying. My reflection stares back from the window: hunched, awkward, like I'm trying to disappear. It's ridiculous. I'm a guy with boobs, and no one cares but me. The bus lurches forward, and the motion makes them shift again. I grit my teeth. This is going to be a long day.

I linger near the center of the mall, the hum of chatter and the clatter of footsteps echoing off the glossy tiles. The air conditioning blasts overhead, but it's not enough to cut through the stifling heat trapped beneath my sweater. Sweat beads along my spine, the thick fabric clinging to my skin like a damp, suffocating shroud. With a frustrated huff, I tug the zipper down and peel the sweater off, tying it loosely around my waist. Cool air brushes my arms, a fleeting relief, until I glance down and see what I've unleashed.

My once-baggy t-shirt hugs my chest now, stretched tight over the swell of Cindy's C-cups—my new, borrowed curves. They jut out, unmistakable and unrestrained, the thin cotton outlining every contour. My nipples, hypersensitive from the constant friction, stand erect, poking through the fabric like twin signals begging for attention. Heat floods my face as I cross my arms, but that only presses the shirt tighter, making the problem worse. Each step sends my breasts bouncing, a jarring, uncontrolled motion that tugs at my shoulders

and sparks a dull ache in my lower back. Oh, I realize, embarrassment and revelation crashing into me at once. This is why women wear bras.

For a moment, I consider the device. My gaze darts through the crowd, landing on a petite woman browsing a storefront. Her chest is modest, barely a hint of curve beneath her blouse, her movements light and unburdened. Then I spot a guy in a loose tank top, flat and free of any jiggle. Temptation gnaws at me—swap with one of them, ditch this discomfort. But I freeze, guilt curling in my gut. If I swap, Cindy's perfect tits might be gone forever. She wouldn't know, sure, but I would. And one day with boobs? I can tough it out. Probably.

Resigned, I set my jaw and head toward the department store's lingerie section, cheeks burning. The aisles loom ahead, a labyrinth of lace and satin, each rack brimming with options I've never dreamed of navigating. Bras dangle from hangers in every color and style—push-up, plunge, sports, sheer—and I feel utterly out of my depth. Trying to look nonchalant, I drift toward a display that seems promising, fingers brushing over tags until I find a few marked "C." I grab a plain black bra, a lacy pink one with a flirty bow, and a stretchy gray sports bra, then make a beeline for the fitting rooms.

The unisex stalls are a godsend—no awkward explanations needed. I slip inside, lock the door, and face the triple mirrors. Setting the bras on the bench, I peel off my t-shirt, cool air kissing my skin. My reflection stares back: broad shoulders, familiar jawline, and those perky, alien curves dominating my chest. I swallow hard and reach for the black bra first.

It's simple, with adjustable straps and a back clasp. I slide my arms through, fumbling behind me to hook it. My fingers slip twice before the clasps catch, and I tug the straps into place. The fit's snug, the cups lifting my breasts, easing the strain on my back. I run my hands over the smooth fabric, marveling at the support—no more bouncing, just a secure, cradled feeling. It's strange, but damn if it doesn't feel good.

Next comes the pink lace. I wrestle with the clasp again, cursing under my breath until it clicks. This one's tighter, squeezing my chest together, the lace tickling my skin. In the mirror, cleavage blooms between the cups, framed by delicate patterns. My pulse quickens, a flush creeping up my neck. It's erotic as hell—my rugged frame softened by this feminine touch—and a traitorous heat stirs below my belt. I shake it off, focusing on the task.

Finally, the sports bra. I pull it over my head, the stretchy material snapping into place. It compresses my chest slightly, locking everything down with no frills, just pure function. I take a few experimental steps, relieved at the stillness. Practicality wins out—I'll wear this one for

the day. I yank my t-shirt back on, the sports bra's outline subtle but effective, and gather the others to buy.

In line at the checkout, movement catches my eye. A trio of high school girls lingers nearby, two of them curvy and confident, their shirts straining over generous busts. They giggle, tossing playful jabs at their friend—a lanky girl, flat as a board, arms crossed tight over her chest. Her face is pinched, embarrassment radiating off her. I frown, a flicker of empathy stirring. I know that out-of-place feeling too well.

Then I notice another woman, mid-twenties and fit, browsing the sports bras with a scowl. She holds up a tight one, muttering, "These damn things always get in the way." Her large chest heaves as she sighs, clearly a runner frustrated by the weight holding her back. I edge closer, feigning interest in a sock display, and an idea sparks.

I slip the device from my pocket, glancing around to ensure no one's watching. Selecting "chest," I target the flat girl and the runner, then hesitate. One swap, two lives bettered. I press the button.

Zzzzt

A faint hum ripples through the air. The flat girl's shirt swells, a modest bust blooming where nothing had been. She blinks, uncrossing her arms, a shy smile breaking through as her friends coo in approval, their teasing forgotten. Across the aisle, the runner's chest shrinks, flattening to a perky, manageable size. Her scowl vanishes, replaced by a relieved grin. She tosses the tight bra aside, snagging a smaller one, her stride lighter—no bra needed now. Neither knows what's happened, but I see it: subtle joy, lives improved.

Satisfied, I turn back to the line, only to jolt as a voice chirps behind me.

"James?"

My heart thuds. I spin around, and there's Emma—my girlfriend—grinning like she's caught me in a prank. Her tank top hugs her slim frame, short hair tucked behind her ears. "Emma! Uh, hey," I stammer, clutching the bras tighter.

"I was texting you, didn't think I'd find you here," she says, gaze dropping to my haul. She laughs, light and teasing. "Guess you finally took my advice about a bra. About time."

I gape, mind racing. She's not fazed—not by the bras, not by my chest. Reality's shifted again; to her, this is normal. Before I can respond, she leans in, checking our surroundings,

then gives my chest a quick, firm squeeze. “Sucks that even my boyfriend’s got better tits than me,” she whispers, smirking.

My face blazes, arousal and shock tangling in my gut. “Y-yeah, lucky me,” I croak, voice rough. She giggles, updating me on her day, and I nod along, still dazed. We part with a promise to text later, her peck on my cheek lingering as she saunters off.

Reeling, I pay for the bras, stashing them in my bag. The sports bra stays on, its support a quiet comfort as I finish my errands—grabbing a controller, some snacks—before heading out. The mall fades behind me, but my thoughts buzz. The device isn’t just changing bodies; it rewrites the world. And I’ve only begun to test its limits.-----

The sun beats down on my neck like a relentless drum, sweat trickling between my shoulder blades as I stand at the bus stop. My sports bra struggles to contain Cindy’s chest. Well, *my* chest now, I suppose. The weight tugs at my shoulders with every slight shift, sending a dull ache creeping into my lower back. Who knew boobs required so much upkeep? I catch myself glancing down at the soft curves straining against my t-shirt. A flicker of something sparks in my chest. Pride, maybe? They’re a hassle, no doubt, but there’s a thrill in them too, one I’m not quite ready to voice.

A loud roar slices through my thoughts, sharp and grating. I look up to see a sleek sports car rolling up to the curb, top down, all swagger and noise. The driver fits the scene perfectly. His gel-slicked hair gleams in the sunlight, designer shades perch on his nose, and a smirk curls his lips like he’s never met a boundary he didn’t cross. He’s on the phone, voice booming over the engine’s low growl, thick with arrogance.

“Yeah, bro, I’ve got five of these now. Just snagged the latest last week. You should see the heads I turn.”

I scoff under my breath, rolling my eyes so hard I might pull something. Five cars? Must be nice. Here I am, stuck waiting for a bus that’s probably late again, while this jerk parades his wealth like it’s a game. I can’t even scrape together enough for a junker, and he’s got a garage full? The unfairness stings, twisting a bitter knot in my gut.

That’s when the idea strikes. The device. It’s been sitting in my pocket all day, cool and quiet, tempting me with every step. I’ve been good, haven’t I? Hauling these boobs around, keeping them safe for Cindy until we can switch back. But this guy doesn’t deserve five cars. He won’t miss one. And me? I could use a break.

My fingers curl around the device, its sleek surface smooth against my palm. I flick it on, the screen glowing faintly as I scroll through the options. There it is: a setting for swapping ownership. Perfect. I select myself and the loudmouth, then pick one of his cars at random. My thumb hovers over the confirm button, heart pounding, before I press it.

A faint buzz hums through the air, so subtle I almost miss it. The guy doesn't react, still jabbering away on his phone. No change in him, no hint he's lost anything. I frown, doubting for a moment, but then my hand brushes something new in my pocket. I reach in and pull out a set of keys. The Mercedes logo catches the sunlight, and my breath hitches. Holy shit, it worked. I own one of his cars now. But which one?

The thrill surges through me, electric and intoxicating. I've got a Mercedes key in my hand, and this creep doesn't even know what's gone. Reality's bent to my will, just like that. I should stop here, call it quits. But then he steps out of his car, and I see what he does next.

A woman strides by in tight athleisure, ponytail swinging with each confident step. She's minding her own business, but this guy? He leers, then reaches out and slaps her ass. The crack of it rings out, loud enough to make me flinch. She spins around, face flushed with shock and rage.

"Hey, pervert!" she snaps, her voice cutting like a knife.

He just laughs, a low, guttural sound, and saunters off like it's no big deal. She storms away, muttering curses, and my blood boils. What a scumbag. Losing a car isn't enough. He needs a real lesson.

I grip the device tighter, fingers trembling with fury. Gender swap. That'll teach him. I select him and the woman, then hit the button before I can talk myself out of it.

The buzz hums again, and in an instant, everything shifts. The woman's a man now, still in her athleisure, her frame broad and fit but moving with that same feminine sway. He doesn't falter, striding off like it's normal. The guy, though? He's a woman now, sexy and curvy, crammed into his ridiculous clothes. Baggy cargo shorts hang off her hips, and a too-tight tank top strains over her new chest. She keeps that same cocky swagger, though, and as another woman passes, she lets out a loud wolf-whistle, grinning like the sleaze she still is.

The second woman barely reacts, just rolls her eyes and keeps walking. I blink, piecing it together. Right. Only their genders swapped, not their personalities. She's still a jerk, just in a different body. Not the payback I'd imagined.

I fumble with the device, trying to select them again to fix it, but when I look up, they're gone, lost in the crowd. Panic spikes in my chest. Shit, I can't leave them like that. But then the excuses creep in. No one will notice, right? Reality's adjusted. They're living like this is how it's always been. And that guy? He had it coming. Guilt gnaws at me, a quiet nag I push aside. I'll be smarter next time. No more snap decisions.

I shake it off and turn back to the keys in my hand. Time to find my prize. I head to the mall parking lot, clicking the unlock button as I weave through rows of cars. Minutes drag on, my shoes scuffing the asphalt, until finally a beep sounds. I look up, and there it is: a modern A-Class hatchback, sleek and shining under the lot lights. Not the flashiest Mercedes, but it's luxury I'd never have dreamed of before. My stomach flips, excitement tangling with that stubborn guilt.

I slide into the driver's seat, the leather cool against my thighs. The guy had five cars. He can spare this one. I run my hands over the wheel, savoring the feel, and pull the seatbelt across my chest. It tightens between my boobs, pressing them together just enough to catch my eye. Even with the sports bra, they're impossible to ignore. I smirk despite myself.

Everything's set up for me. Mirrors, seat height, even the radio presets. Of course it is; this is my car now, always has been, as far as reality knows. The guilt fades, giving way to a quiet thrill as I start the engine. It hums to life, smooth and strong, and I let myself enjoy it.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, and I fish it out. A text from Emma glows on the screen: *Hey, want to come over for dinner? I'm making pasta.* Perfect timing. I'm starving, and now I don't have to wait for the bus. I tap back a quick *Be there in 20*, then pull out of the lot, the car gliding like a dream as I head toward her place.

The road stretches out ahead, and my mind wanders. The device worked. Twice now. The possibilities feel endless. I could do more, couldn't I? Fix things, maybe, for myself and others. But I need to be careful, no more reckless swaps. For now, though, I've got a car, a girlfriend waiting with a hot meal, and a taste of power I'm not ready to release. I press the gas a little harder, grinning as the engine purrs. This is just the start.