

The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

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Chapter 3

The Mercedes hums beneath me as I pull into Emma's driveway, the engine's purr fading to a soft whisper when I cut it off. I step out, slinging my mall haul over my shoulder, and the evening air brushes cool against my skin. Emma's house is a modest two-story, all clean lines and beige siding, the kind of place that screams suburban normalcy. I head up the walk, my sneakers scuffing the concrete, and ring the bell. The door swings open almost instantly, and there's Emma's mom, Linda, all lean angles and warm smiles.

"James, good to see you!" she chirps, her voice bright and clipped. She's got that runner's build—thin, wiry, no curves to speak of—and her short blonde hair bounces as she steps aside to let me in. "Come on in, dinner's almost ready."

"Hey, Linda," I say, nodding as I step into the foyer. My eyes catch on another woman lounging against the kitchen counter, chatting with Linda like they're old pals. She's got late-30s energy, radiating a Marisa Tomei vibe—dark hair tumbling in loose waves, a sultry edge to her smirk—but with a rack that could stop traffic. Her tight top hugs those generous curves, and I have to force my gaze back to Linda before I stare too long. "Uh, who's your friend?"

"Oh, that's Carla," Linda says, waving a hand. "Old college buddy. She's in town for the week."

Carla turns, giving me a once-over with eyes that spark with mischief. "Hey there, cutie," she purrs, her voice low and smoky. "You must be Emma's boy."

"Yeah, that's me," I mutter, shifting my weight. Her chest juts out as she leans forward to grab her wine glass, and I swallow hard. Focus, James. I'm here for Emma, not her mom's sexy friend.

“Emma’s upstairs,” Linda says, oblivious to my wandering thoughts. “Go on up, I’ll call you when the pasta’s done.”

I nod and bolt for the stairs, taking them two at a time. My sports bra keeps Cindy’s chest—still mine for now—in check, but every step reminds me of the weight. I push open Emma’s door without knocking, and there she is, sprawled on her bed, scrolling her phone. She’s petite, all sharp edges and boyish charm, her short brunette hair tucked behind her ears. Her green eyes flick up to me, bright and teasing, and she grins.

“Took you long enough,” she says, tossing her phone aside. She’s in a loose tank top and shorts, her flat chest barely hinting at anything beneath. Tiny A-cups, if that. I’ve always liked her look—cute, not flashy—but seeing her now, I can’t help comparing those little bumps to the heavy curves I’m lugging around. She’s effortless, unburdened, and there’s something sweet in that.

“Hey, traffic was a bitch,” I lie, dropping my bag by her desk and flopping onto the bed beside her. “New car, though. Drove it here.”

Her eyebrows shoot up. “No shit? You finally got a car?”

“Yeah, a Mercedes,” I say, smirking at the half-truth. “Hatchback. Pretty sweet.”

“Fancy,” she teases, poking my side. “What’s next, a yacht?”

I laugh, shoving her hand away. “Nah, just needed something to get around. Bus was killing me.”

She scoots closer, resting her head on my shoulder. “Well, I’m glad you’re here. Been a boring day. Mom’s been gushing about Carla all afternoon—apparently they were wild back in the day.”

“Carla’s got that vibe,” I say, picturing her downstairs. “Your mom’s chill, though.”

“Yeah, she’s alright.” Emma shrugs, then grins. “So, what’s in the bag? You went shopping?”

“Oh, uh, yeah.” I reach over and unzip it, pulling out the bras I snagged earlier. “Picked these up.”

Her eyes light up, and she snatches the lacy pink push-up bra, holding it against her chest.

“Holy crap, James, this is gorgeous!” She stretches it across her tiny frame, the cups

dwarfing her A-cups, barely filling halfway. She bursts out laughing, the sound bright and unrestrained. "Look at this—I'm swimming in it!"

I grin, leaning back on my elbows. "Yeah, it's not exactly your size."

She tosses it down and reaches over, giving my chest a quick, playful squeeze. "Goddamn, you're so lucky. These are perfect. Heavy, though, huh?"

"They're a workout," I admit, shifting under her touch. Her fingers linger a second too long, and a spark zips through me. "Not as easy as they look."

"Let's see you in this one," she says, picking up the push-up bra again and waggling her eyebrows. "Come on, it's sexy."

I hesitate, then shrug. Why not? "Fine, but don't laugh." I stand, peeling off my t-shirt and sports bra, letting my borrowed curves spill free. The air's cool against my skin, and my nipples perk up instantly. I grab the push-up bra, sliding my arms through the straps, and fumble with the clasp until it hooks. The cups lift and squeeze, creating a deep valley of cleavage that wasn't there before. I catch my reflection in her mirror—my lean frame topped with these lush, feminine mounds, framed in pink lace. It's absurdly hot, and my pulse kicks up a notch.

Emma whistles low. "Damn, James. You're working that."

"Yeah?" I turn, striking a mock pose, and she giggles. The bra's tight, pushing everything up and out, and I can't deny the rush it gives me. "Feels kinda good."

"Now my turn," I say, eyeing her dresser. "Got one of those bralettes you wear?"

She blinks, confused. "Uh, sure? I don't really need bras, you know." She hops up, digging through a drawer, and pulls out a soft gray bralette, all stretchy fabric and tiny cups. "This one's comfy. Why?"

"Just curious," I say, keeping it casual. She hands it over, and I strip off the push-up bra, letting my chest bounce free again. I tug the bralette over my head, stretching it tight across my C-cups. The fabric strains, squishing my boobs into the too-small cups, and the sensation is wild—constricting but erotic, like a secret I shouldn't enjoy this much. My nipples press hard against the thin material, visible and sensitive.

Emma tilts her head, smirking. "Okay, that's kinda hot. You look like you've never seen your own boobs before."

I freeze, then force a laugh. “What? Nah, just messing around.” Shit, she’s sharp. I need to dial back the newbie act—reality’s shifted, but I’m still the only one who knows the truth.

She flops back onto the bed, her grin fading into something softer. “I’ve always wished I had more up top, you know? Like, curves in general. But look at my mom, my sisters—flat as boards. I never stood a chance.”

Her voice dips, a quiet ache in it, and my chest tightens. Then it hits me. The device. I could fix this for her. Swap my—Cindy’s—chest with hers. She’d get the perfect tits she’s always wanted, and I could give Cindy Emma’s tiny ones later. No one loses anything permanently; I know where all the parts are. If it ever goes sideways, I can swap everyone back. It’s win-win—Emma’s happier, and I get to enjoy her new curves too.

I fish the device from my pocket, keeping it low so she doesn’t notice. “Hey, hold still a sec,” I say, casual as I can manage. I select “chest,” target her and me, and press the button.

A faint buzz hums through the air. I glance down, and my t-shirt’s loose again, the bralette barely filled by Emma’s tiny A-cups. My chest feels light, almost boyish, and I stifle a laugh. I look up, and Emma’s tank top is stretched to its limit, her new C-cups spilling out of her tiny bra, nipples poking through like they’re begging for freedom. She shifts, oblivious, and the sight’s so absurdly sexy I nearly choke.

“What’s so funny?” she asks, frowning.

“Nothing,” I say, grinning wider. I flick to the ownership setting—same trick I pulled with the car—and swap our bras. The bralette’s hers now, and the push-up bra’s mine, technically. Reality adjusts; she doesn’t blink.

She sits up, chest bouncing with the motion, and there’s a new spark in her eyes—confidence, subtle but real. “Anyway, you staying for dessert too?”

“Wouldn’t miss it,” I say, my voice rougher than I mean it to be. My jeans tighten as I watch her, arousal creeping in fast. Her nipples—well, Cindy’s now—are stiff under that overstretched bra, and mine, Emma’s old ones, perk up too. Female nipples are a fucking trip.

She catches my stare and smirks, closing the gap between us. Her lips crash into mine, soft and eager, and I pull her close. Her bigger boobs press against my smaller ones, a warm, plush weight that sends heat pooling low. I slide my hands up her sides, brushing her bony

hips—still too sharp for my liking—then focus on her chest. My fingers dig into the soft flesh, and she moans into my mouth, the sound vibrating through me.

We stumble backward, shedding clothes as we go. Her tank top hits the floor, then my t-shirt, and we're skin to skin. Her C-cups dwarf my A-cups, pressing firm and heavy against me, the contrast driving me wild. Her nipples graze mine, a jolt of sensation that makes me groan. I cup her breasts, thumbs circling, and she arches into me, all heat and need. My hands roam lower, tracing her flat ass, and a pang of disappointment hits—she's still so angular everywhere else. I shove it aside, losing myself in her chest instead.

She tugs at my jeans, and I kick them off, her shorts following fast. We're a tangle of limbs on the bed, her lips on my neck, my hands everywhere. Her big tits slide against my small ones as she moves, a delicious friction that's almost too much. I'm hard as hell, and she's grinding against me, her breath hitching with every press of our bodies.

Then she freezes. "Shit, the pasta!" She bolts upright, laughing as she grabs a t-shirt from the floor and yanks it on. "I left it on the stove—be right back!"

I collapse back, chuckling, my hands drifting to my chest. Emma's tiny boobs are light, barely there, and I fondle them absently, admiring the ease of it. With a t-shirt on, I almost look like my old self again—no curves screaming for attention. It's a relief, but part of me misses the weight, the power of those C-cups. I smirk, letting the moment settle. This device is rewriting my world, one swap at a time, and I'm starting to love it.

The kitchen smells like garlic and tomatoes, Emma's pasta steaming in a bowl between us as we sit at her little dining table. She's twirling spaghetti around her fork, chatting about some reality show she's hooked on, her voice light and easy. Everything feels normal—almost. My eyes keep sliding to her chest, where Cindy's old C-cups strain against her tiny tank top. It's a size too small, meant for the flat Emma I knew last week, not this curvier version I've gifted her. The cotton hugs her tight, nipples faintly poking through, and every time she leans forward to grab her water glass, the fabric pulls taut, threatening to give up entirely. I'm happy with the change—hell, I'm thrilled. She looks incredible, and she doesn't even know why.

"You're quiet tonight," she says, smirking as she catches me mid-stare. "What's up?"

“Just enjoying the view—I mean, the food,” I stammer, shoving a forkful of pasta into my mouth. She laughs, oblivious, and adjusts her top, which only makes those lush curves jiggle more. My jeans feel tighter, and I shift in my seat, willing myself to focus.

Dinner wraps up fast after that. She clears the plates, her chest bouncing with each step to the sink, and I’m half-hard just watching. “Heading home already?” she asks, walking me to the door.

“Yeah, got some stuff to sort out,” I say, leaning in for a quick kiss. Her lips are soft, and I pull back before I linger too long. “Text you later?”

“You better.” She grins, and I’m out the door, the cool night air doing little to calm the heat buzzing through me.

The drive home is a blur, my mind stuck on Emma’s new body and the device humming in my pocket. It’s power, pure and simple, and I’m drunk on it. When I pull into the driveway, the house glows warm against the dark, voices spilling from the living room as I step inside. Cindy’s back, sprawled on the couch with her boyfriend, some action flick blaring on the TV. She’s in a baggy t-shirt, but I can see it—my old male chest, flat and broad, sitting on her frame. It’s jarring, but it’s time to fix that.

“Hey, James,” she calls, barely glancing up. “Good day?”

“Decent,” I mutter, my hand already on the device. I select “chest,” target us both, and hesitate for half a second. Guilt flickers—Emma’s got Cindy’s tits, Cindy’s got mine, and now I’m shuffling the deck again. But it’s fine. I won’t lose track of them. I can swap everything back whenever I want. My thumb hits the button.

A soft buzz ripples through the air, and my t-shirt sags loose. I glance down—flat pecs, my own again. Normal. A weight lifts off me, but it’s bittersweet. I look at Cindy. Emma’s tiny A-cups barely register under her shirt, and she doesn’t flinch, just keeps watching the movie. Good. Back to baseline.

Her boyfriend, Mark, shifts beside her, one arm slung over her shoulders. He’s leaner than me, not jacked but fit in a way that shows he cares. And smart—some engineer gig, always tossing around words I barely get. My fingers tighten around the device. Normal’s nice, but... why stop there? The boobs were too much, too obvious, but smaller tweaks? I could borrow something subtle from him. He’s right here—I won’t lose him like I almost did with Cindy.

I select “fitness level” and “IQ,” targeting us both. My pulse ticks up as I press the button. The buzz is faint, like a whisper, and Mark doesn’t move. But I feel it—my body tightening, muscles firming under my skin, posture snapping straighter. My thoughts sharpen too, like someone’s turned up the brightness in my head. Problems that used to tangle me unravel effortlessly.

I mumble a goodnight and slip to my room, locking the door. Shirt off, I stand in front of the mirror and stare. My chest is still mine, but now there’s definition—biceps with a little swell, abs hinting at a six-pack. It’s me, just... improved, like I’ve been hitting the gym for a year. And my mind—it’s crisp, clear, every thought clicking into place. I grin, running a hand over my new frame. This is fucking awesome.

Guilt nudges at me—Mark didn’t ask for this—but I shove it down. It’s not like the breasts. These changes are subtle, net gains for me, and I can undo them anytime. No rush. No harm. I flex in the mirror, savoring the strength, the clarity. I don’t even notice how deep I’m sliding.

Later, I’m in bed, restless. The house is silent, everyone asleep, but I’m wired. My phone’s in hand, scrolling through porn—big-tit models, breast expansion comics, the kind of stuff that’s always gotten me going. My cock’s hard, but it’s not cutting it tonight. Not after the device. Not after feeling real changes.

I sit up, grabbing it from the nightstand. The screen glows, and I dig into the settings. There’s a timer—swap delays and transition durations, nothing wild, but enough to play with. Five minutes max for a delay, a minute tops for the swap itself. My breath catches. Internet porn’s got nothing on this. I could set a swap, watch it happen live. My hand’s already stroking as I imagine it.

Cindy’s my first thought—swapping chests again, feeling them grow on me. I sneak to the living room, peering in. She’s asleep on the couch, Mark gone home, but her chest is still Emma’s tiny A-cups. Shit. Too small to bother with, and the device’s range won’t reach Emma. Then it hits me—Mom. She’s got a bigger chest than Cindy ever did, full and heavy.

I creep to the kitchen. She’s there, humming softly, wiping down the counters in her pajamas. Her back’s to me, her curves swaying, and my gut twists—arousal and shame in equal measure. I set the device: chest swap, five-minute delay, thirty-second transition. My finger shakes as I aim and fire. A countdown blinks on the screen: 5:00, 4:59...

I bolt back to my room, heart hammering. Shirt off, I plant myself in front of the mirror, cock throbbing in my hand. The seconds tick down, each one stretching forever. I'm shirtless, skin prickling with anticipation, stroking slow to keep myself on edge. This is it—the real thing, better than any comic.

The clock hits zero.

A warm tingle blooms across my chest, like sparks dancing over my pecs. I stare at the mirror, breath hitching. It starts slow—my flat muscle softening, rounding out, the skin stretching as small mounds push forward. I cup my left pec with one hand, feeling it swell, the flesh growing soft and heavy against my palm. “Holy shit,” I whisper, my voice trembling. The expansion creeps on, deliberate, each second piling on more sensation. My nipples tighten, stiffening into hard peaks as the mounds grow fuller, spilling over my fingers.

I squeeze, and a groan rips out of me. They're so fucking sensitive—every touch zaps straight to my cock, where my other hand's working faster now. In the mirror, my body's surreal—lean and male, but topped with these lush, feminine breasts. They're past A-cups, climbing to B's, then C's, the weight tugging at my shoulders. The skin's smooth, taut, stretching to hold the growing mass, and they jiggle faintly with each breath.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” I gasp, pinching a nipple. The jolt's electric, my whole body shuddering. They're swelling past Cindy's old size now, heading for Mom's generous curves. My hand can't contain them anymore—they spill out, warm and plush, the nipples dark and aching. I stroke harder, my chest heaving, the flesh bouncing with each ragged inhale. They're massive, heavy, pulling me forward, and the sight—the feel—it's overwhelming.

I'm lost in it, stroking frantic, cupping and squeezing as they grow. The mirror shows a stranger—my face, my arms, but this voluptuous chest swaying with every move. They're Mom's size now, full and pendulous, and the pleasure's unbearable. I pinch my nipple again, hard, and it's too much—I cum with a choked moan, the orgasm tearing through me, hot and endless, splattering the mirror as my knees buckle.

I slump against the dresser, panting, my new breasts rising and falling, sweat slicking my skin. That was... insane. The hottest thing I've ever seen, felt, done. My reflection stares back, dazed, those massive tits still jiggling with each breath.

Reality seeps in slow. These are Mom's, not mine. I can't keep them—not again. I grab the device, hands shaky, and hit “undo last swap.” The buzz hums, and my chest deflates,

shrinking back to flat pecs in seconds. Relief hits, but there's a hollow ache too. I liked it—too much.

I wipe down the mirror, toss the tissues, and crawl into bed. My mind's a mess—guilt, satisfaction, a craving I can't shake. I've got to watch myself with this thing. It's too easy to lose control. But as I drift off, the memory of that expansion lingers, warm and heavy, pulling me into restless dreams.