

The Swapping Device

A transformation series by JohnManTD

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Chapter 6 and 7 are already available on my Patreon, plus, there is an exclusive bonus chapter between 5 and 6 that involves James and Sam as things get steamy for some solo action at night.

Chapter 5

The sauna's heat lingers on my skin like a lover's breath as Sam and I step out, the air thick and heavy, my body still thrumming from the steam. I'm adjusting the hem of my crop top, feeling the way my breasts shift with every move, when Sam—stocky and vibrating with that manic glee of his—grabs my arm and yanks me down the hall. His girl-voice, high and giddy, cuts through the post-sauna haze. "Look at this, dude. Yoga class. Women only."

I follow his gaze through the glass door at the end of the corridor. The studio's alive with motion—a class must've just wrapped, because women are spilling out, sweaty and chatting, while a fresh group filters in. Mats unroll, leggings hug curves, and sports bras cling to toned chests. It's a sea of feminine bodies, all gearing up to twist and stretch. Sam's practically drooling, his eyes darting like he's mapping every inch of potential.

"Perfect opportunity," he says, grinning wide enough to show teeth. "Come on."

I hesitate, shifting my weight. My booty shorts ride up, and I tug them down, hyper-aware of how my ass jiggles—a constant reminder of this lush, unfamiliar body I'm still breaking in. "Yoga? Seriously? I've never done it, Sam. Not as a guy, and sure as hell not like this."

He rolls his eyes, crossing his arms over his modest B-cups. "So what? You're a girl now. Blend in, stretch a little, watch some hotties bend in sexy ways. It's a win-win."

I snort, but the idea's already snaking through me. All those women, their bodies flexing and arching—it's hard to argue with the appeal. My pulse ticks up just picturing it. "Yeah, okay," I mutter, pushing the door open. "But if I look like a dumbass, I'm blaming you."

We sign up at the desk, the instructor—a tall, willowy woman with a topknot and a Zen vibe—handing us mats and pointing us to the back. "Just follow along," she says, her voice like a lullaby. "No pressure, ladies."

Sam picks a spot near the middle, already scoping the room like a predator. I unroll my mat beside him, bending to smooth it out and feeling my breasts sway under the crop top. The studio's warm, humming with soft chatter and a faint lavender scent. I glance around—most of the women are fit, their bodies sculpted and confident, but it's not all gym rats. A curvy girl near the front catches my eye—pudgy, with a soft belly spilling over her leggings and thighs that could crush a melon. She's stretching, though, folding her legs into angles that defy physics, her face calm like it's nothing.

Sam nudges me, whispering, "See? Even she's got moves. You'll be fine."

I nod, but I'm not so sure. I try a basic stretch, reaching for my toes, and—fuck me—my hamstrings lock up tight, screaming like they did back in my old body. I barely get past my knees, my fingers dangling uselessly, my thick thighs trembling. Sam's watching, his smirk growing. "Dude, you're stiff as hell."

"Shut up," I snap, straightening up. "It's not my fault. These curves—I thought they'd help or something."

He laughs, loud enough that a few heads turn. "Curves don't bend, genius. Look at her." He nods toward the pudgy girl, now pretzeled into some insane pose. "It's not the body. It's you."

My cheeks burn. I thought being a woman might give me an edge—aren't girls supposed to be flexible? But nope, I'm still a brick. "I'm done," I mutter, rolling my mat up. "This is humiliating."

Sam grabs my wrist, pulling me back down. "Don't wuss out. Just swap flexibility with someone. Swap back later. Easy."

I blink, the idea hitting like a spark. "Swap flexibility?"

"Yeah," he says, nodding toward the front. "Pick a bendy one, hit the button, and you're golden. No one's gonna care."

I chew my lip, scanning the room. It's reckless—another tweak, another risk—but the class is about to start, and I don't want to spend an hour flailing like a fish. My eyes lock on a petite girl up front—tiny, gymnast-build, her body sinking into a deep lunge like it's effortless. She's the most flexible here, hands down.

“Alright,” I whisper, fishing the remote from my bag. I select “flexibility” and “balance,” targeting her and me. Sam’s hand brushes mine, gripping the remote so he’s in the loop. I hit the button.

A faint *zzzztttt* hums, and a warm tingle races down my spine, spreading through my arms, my legs, my core. I roll my shoulders, testing it—suddenly, my body feels loose, alive, like I’ve been stretching all day. I reach down again, and my fingers glide past my toes, my back bending smooth and easy. Holy shit.

Sam’s eyes widen. “Did it work?”

I grin, standing tall. “Oh, it worked.”

The instructor claps her hands, her voice cutting through the chatter. “Let’s start with a sun salutation. Inhale, reach up...”

I follow, my arms sweeping overhead, my back arching deep and fluid. When I fold forward, my nose brushes my shins, my palms flat on the mat. It’s unreal—my muscles stretch like taffy, strong and pliant, my breath syncing with every move. Beside me, Sam’s a disaster, his stocky frame wobbling as he grunts through the poses, his B-cups jiggling with every shaky shift.

We flow through it—downward dog, plank, cobra—and I’m in my element. My hips lift high, my ass perked in the air, and I catch my reflection in the studio mirror. The crop top clings to my chest, my breasts pressing together as I move, and my booty shorts ride up, showing off the curve of my thighs. Sweat beads on my skin, trickling between my cleavage, and I feel *good*—sexy, powerful, like I belong.

Sam’s not faring so well. “This is brutal,” he mutters, his face red as he stumbles out of warrior two. “How are you making this look easy?”

I smirk, sinking deeper into a lunge, my knee brushing the mat. “Borrowed talent, remember?”

“Cheater,” he huffs, but he’s grinning through the strain.

The class ramps up—crow, headstands, splits—and I nail every damn one. My body twists and bends like it’s liquid, my curves shifting with each pose. In crow, my knees perch on my arms, my balance rock-solid, and when we hit headstands, I kick up smooth, my core tight, my legs arrow-straight. The splits come next, and I slide into them effortlessly, my thighs

splaying wide, my pussy grazing the mat as I lean forward. Sweat slicks my skin, my breath steady, and I feel alive, electric.

The other women steal glances, their eyes flickering with quiet awe. I catch the petite girl up front—the one I swapped with—struggling through a basic forward fold, her body stiff and awkward. She doesn't react, though; to her, this is normal. To me, it's a goddamn miracle.

Near the end, the instructor calls for a final challenge: a full split with a backbend. Most of the class opts out, shaking their heads with tired laughs, but I step up. My heart pounds—not nerves, just raw excitement. I slide my legs apart, sinking lower, lower, until my thighs kiss the mat, my groin flush with the floor. Then I arch back, my spine curving deep, my breasts thrusting skyward as my hands reach behind me. It's a spectacle—my body stretched to its limits, every curve on display—and I hold it, steady, feeling like a queen.

Sam's jaw drops. "Holy shit, Jamie," he whispers, slipping my girl-name out without a thought. "You're unreal."

I laugh, easing out as the class claps lightly. The instructor nods my way, her calm mask cracking with a flicker of respect. "Great work today, everyone. See you next time."

We roll up our mats, and I'm buzzing—adrenaline, pride, something hotter coiling in my gut. Sam's still gawking, half-impressed, half-envious. "That was insane. You're keeping that, right?"

I pause, the remote's weight heavy in my bag. I *should* swap back—play it safe, keep the changes small and temporary. But this feeling, this power, the way my body moves like it's mine in a way it never was before... I don't want to lose it. Not yet. "Yeah," I say, voice low. "I think I will. Just for a bit."

He slaps my shoulder, grinning. "That's my girl."

I roll my eyes but can't fight the smile tugging at my lips. It's reckless, I know—another tweak I'm clinging to, another step down a slippery slope. But it's just flexibility, just balance. Small stuff. No one's gonna notice, and it feels too damn good to let go.

The gym's buzz lingers in my ears as Sam and I grab our bags from the locker room and head for the exit. My muscles hum from the yoga class, every stretch still alive in my borrowed curves—sweat-slick thighs brushing together, breasts shifting under my crop top with each step. It's intoxicating, this body, but I'm ready to leave the steamy chaos behind.

Sam, though? He's a walking explosion of energy, practically bouncing beside me in his stocky girl-frame, his gym bag slung carelessly over one shoulder.

"Dude, that locker room was *nuts*," he says, voice pitched high and giddy, like he's still reeling. "All those sexy bodies—tits and asses everywhere. And the yoga class? Watching those girls twist into pretzels? I'm still hard—if I could be, y'know."

I roll my eyes, adjusting my bag. "Yeah, I got it the first ten times you said it."

We weave through the gym's main floor—past clanging weights and whirring treadmills—Sam's chatter a relentless stream. "That chick with the purple leggings? You could see *everything*. But none of them—" He spins to face me, grinning like an idiot. "None of them were as hot as you, Jamie."

Heat creeps up my neck. "Sam, cut it out."

"I'm just saying!" He gestures at me, eyes raking over my chest, my hips. "You're a goddamn smoke show. Those tits, that ass—nobody here's topping you."

"Stop," I snap, my discomfort coiling tighter. His compliments feel slimy, like I'm some object he's sizing up, not his best friend stuck in a swapped body. "It's weird. Drop it."

He shrugs, undeterred, falling back into step beside me. "Fine, fine. But you're hot, dude. Fact."

We're nearing the edge of the gym, the glass doors in sight, when he pushes it too far. His hand darts out, quick and bold, grabbing my right breast and giving it a firm squeeze. The shock hits me like a slap, then fury surges hot and fast. "That's it!" I snarl, yanking the device from my bag in a blind fit of frustration. "You love tits so much? Try dealing with these!"

I spot a woman waddling past—big, soft, her sports bra straining under F-cup breasts that sag heavy against her round frame. They don't look wild on her, just part of her bulk, but I don't care. I grab his hand, place it on the device, aim, select "breasts," target her and Sam, and mash the button. A faint *zzzztttt* hums, and Sam's chest erupts—his B-cups ballooning into massive, weighty F-cups that stretch his black sports bra to its breaking point. The fabric groans, seams popping as his new tits spill over the edges, round and full, nipples jutting out like they're screaming for attention. On his smaller, stockier frame, they're obscene—cartoonish, almost, and his jaw drops.

“Holy *fuck!*” he yelps, hands flying to his chest, cupping the enormous mounds. His fingers sink into the soft flesh, and a dazed laugh bubbles out of him. “These are—oh my God, they’re *huge!*”

I blink, the anger evaporating into a cold wash of regret. “Sam, I didn’t—”

But he’s already groping himself, squeezing and hefting his new assets, eyes wide with glee. “Dude, look at these! Feel ‘em!” He bounces on his toes, and they jiggle wildly, nearly bursting free. “This is fucking *awesome!*”

“Sam, stop it,” I hiss, scanning the crowd. The woman’s gone—swallowed by the gym’s chaos—and panic claws at me. “I need to swap you back, but I can’t find her!”

He waves me off, still fondling his chest. “Who gives a shit? These are perfect. I’m in love.”

“You’re not keeping them!” I grab his arm, dragging him toward the parking lot. “Move. We’re figuring this out.”

He stumbles after me, grinning like a fool, hands still roaming as I shove him into the Mercedes’ passenger seat. I slam my door shut and grip the wheel, breathing hard. “Okay, think,” I mutter. “She’s gone. You’ve got her tits now, and I don’t know where she went. This is a mess.”

Sam leans back, wrestling his seatbelt between his massive breasts, creating a deep canyon of cleavage. “Relax, Jamie. I love ‘em. Look at this!” He lifts them, letting them drop with a heavy bounce. “Nobody’s gonna know they’re not mine, and I’ve got a big pair to play with now. What’s the problem?”

“The problem,” I grit out, “is I just swapped your chest with some random woman’s, and I can’t undo it. This is getting out of hand.”

He shrugs, utterly unfazed. “So? We had our fun. I’m good with this. Chill.”

I exhale sharply, starting the engine. “Fine. Whatever. Let’s just get home.”

The drive is tense, my knuckles white on the wheel, Sam humming beside me, sneaking gropes when he thinks I’m not looking. My mind’s a tangle—yoga, lockers, swaps, now this. I’m losing it, the device’s power slipping through my fingers, and all I want is to hit rewind, swap us back to normal. We’ve had our kicks. It’s enough.

We pull into the driveway, and my heart sinks—no cars, house dark. I step out, Sam trailing me, his ridiculous chest bouncing with every move. Inside, a note's taped to the fridge: *Gone to Grandma's for the night. Back tomorrow. Love, Cindy & Mom.*

"Not again," I groan, crumpling it in my fist.

Sam peers over my shoulder, his tits brushing my back. "What's that?"

"Cindy and Mom—or, uh, my brother and dad now," I say, turning to him. "They're gone 'til tomorrow. We're stuck like this."

His face lights up. "Stuck as chicks? Hell yeah! I wasn't gonna change back tonight anyway—this is fucking awesome!" He cups his breasts again, grinning. "Tits and all."

I roll my eyes, exhaustion creeping in. "You're impossible."

"What? Being a girl rocks. I'm living my best life." He heads for the door, still staring down at his chest. "I'll crash at mine and come back tomorrow to swap, cool?"

"Yeah, sure," I mutter. "Just go."

He winks, gives his tits one last squeeze, and slips out, leaving me alone in the silent house. I sink onto the couch, the device a heavy lump in my pocket. My thoughts churn—today's madness, Sam's groping, that impulsive swap. It's too much, spiraling beyond my grip, and a quiet dread settles in.

But there's a flicker, deep down, that won't quit. The thrill of it—this body, the power—still hums under my skin. I shift, feeling my curves, the weight of my own borrowed chest, and a shiver runs through me. Maybe Sam's onto something. Maybe I could just... let go, for now.

I shake it off, standing. No. Tomorrow, we fix this. Back to normal. Done.

Still, as I trudge to my room, the device's pull lingers, a whisper I can't quite shake.