

A SWAP IN THE WRONG HANDS

A transformation story by JohnManTD

The spreadsheet blurred. Another Tuesday, another sea of meaningless numbers that governed the lives of people I barely respected. From my glass-walled office, my throne, I surveyed my kingdom of cubicles. Dean and John were laughing about something over by the water cooler, probably a fantasy football trade. Good guys. Team players. They got it. Then my eyes drifted to Millie's desk, where she was meticulously arranging her Post-it notes into a rainbow. What was the point of that? Then there was Alice, or "Busty Alice" as I liked to call her with the boys, scrolling through what was probably a shoe website, her chin propped in her hand, boredom radiating from her in waves.

That was the problem with the women in the office. They just didn't have the same drive as us guys. They treated the place like a social club or a stepping stone, always complaining about the workload, always taking things so personally. The guys, we busted our asses, but we knew how to blow off steam. We talked sports, we went for beers. The women... they formed little cliques and whispered. It was exhausting.

I wasn't a sexist, of course. I just called it like I saw it. I was a damn good manager, maybe the best in the whole Midwest division. I hit my targets, my team performed, and the higher-ups loved me. At corporate mixers, I was the golden boy. Tall, in good shape, with a smile that could close deals and open legs. Life was good. Predictable, sure, but good.

"Nick?" My desktop chimed. My assistant, a perpetually flustered woman named Carol, was messaging me. "Jane is here for her performance review."

I sighed internally. Performance reviews. The most tedious part of the quarter. I'd already breezed through Dean and John's. We'd spent five minutes on the actual review and twenty minutes planning our next golf outing. Easy. Productive. But now, Jane. The new girl. Fresh out of some business school, armed with a bright-eyed enthusiasm that had curdled into quiet resentment over the last six months. She was one of the whisperers. I knew it.

"Send her in," I typed back.

Jane entered my office, closing the glass door behind her. She was young, maybe

twenty-three, with that earnest, try-hard look a lot of recent grads have. She clutched a notepad to her chest like a shield.

"Have a seat, Jane," I said, gesturing to the chair opposite my large oak desk without looking up from my monitor. I let the silence hang for a moment, just to establish the dynamic.

"So," I began, finally swiveling to face her, leaning back in my leather chair. "Let's talk about your performance."

The next fifteen minutes were a masterclass in corporate doublespeak. I used phrases like "lacks proactive initiative," "could benefit from a more collaborative mindset," and "needs to manage her time more effectively." The truth was, she did her job. Her numbers were fine. But she didn't fit. She didn't laugh at my jokes. She didn't stay late unless she absolutely had to. She just wasn't one of the boys.

Jane sat there, her knuckles white on her notepad, her expression hardening with every vague criticism. "With all due respect, Nick," she finally interrupted, her voice tight, "can you give me a specific example of when I haven't been a 'collaborative team player'?"

I almost laughed. They always got so defensive. "Look, Jane, it's not about one specific thing. It's about an overall attitude. You just seem a little... siloed."

"Siloed? I finish all my projects on time. I've volunteered for two cross-departmental task forces. What more do you want?" Her voice was rising, a note of frustration cracking the professional veneer.

This was the part I hated. The emotional part. "Jane, let's just calm down, okay? There's no need to get hysterical. It's just feedback."

The word "hysterical" hung in the air between us. Something in her face shifted. The anger didn't disappear, but it was replaced by a strange, cold clarity. The corner of her mouth twitched into a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"You know," she said, her voice suddenly calm and even. "Ever since I found this thing... I was telling myself it was wrong to do this. To mess with others without their consent. But you... you really need to learn your lesson."

I chuckled, leaning forward onto my desk. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean? Is that

a threat? Are you going to go running to HR because I told you to pull your weight?"

She ignored me. From her blazer pocket, she produced a small, strange device. It looked like a sleek, futuristic remote control, all matte black metal with a small touchscreen and a silver dial on the side. She started tapping at the screen with her thumb, her expression one of intense concentration.

I laughed out loud. "What is that? Are you trying to record our conversation? Get some dirt for HR? Come on, Jane, this is ridiculous. Just take the feedback and try to do better, okay?"

She didn't look at me. Her eyes flicked towards the office beyond my glass wall. She aimed the device at Alice, who was still sitting at her desk, oblivious. Alice was... well, let's just say there's a reason for her nickname "Busty Alice". She had a chest that defied gravity and the dress code, a magnificent pair of double-Ds that were the subject of much discussion among the male employees. A little green beam, almost invisible, shot from the remote and hit Alice in the chest. Nothing happened.

Then, Jane turned and aimed the remote at me.

"Hey!" I started to say, but the green beam hit me square in the chest. A bizarre, tingling sensation washed over me, like static electricity but inside my body. It wasn't painful, just deeply weird. The feeling faded as quickly as it came.

I stared at her, my heart beating a little faster. "What the fuck was that? A laser pointer?"

Jane was smirking, a genuine, triumphant smirk this time. "A taste of the other side. Consider it a learning experience." She gestured towards my chest.

I looked down. My shirt, my suit jacket... everything looked normal. "A taste of what? What are you talking about?"

Her smirk faltered, replaced by a look of confusion. "Your boobs, Nick! Don't you see them? You have tits now!"

I looked at her like she was insane. Then I looked down at my chest again. "What about my breasts?" I asked, honestly confused. I reflexively reached up with one hand and cupped one through my shirt, heaving its familiar, heavy weight. "They're the same as always." Same old heavy D-cup chest. It was one of my best features. Jane was losing her marbles!

Her jaw dropped. She looked completely dumbfounded. "What? No! I swapped your chest with Alice out there! You're supposed to be flat! You're supposed to be freaking out!"

I followed her gaze out to the main office. Alice was typing away, looking... normal. Same old "Flat Alice" as we all called her. I frowned at Jane. "What do you mean? Alice has always been flat-chested. And frankly, it's not very professional to point out my breasts like that." I gave my chest a little jiggle. "Can't blame you for looking, though. They're fucking hot."

Jane slapped a hand to her forehead. "Oh my god, I forgot. The default setting. Whoever isn't holding the remote doesn't remember the change. Reality just... alters for you."

She was clearly having some kind of psychotic break. I needed to get her out of my office before she did something crazy. I stood up slowly, rounding my desk. "Look, Jane," I said in my most soothing, managerial voice. "Why don't you head home for the day? You're clearly under a lot of stress. We can revisit this tomorrow."

"No, no, wait, I got it!" she said, frantically tapping at the remote. "The awareness function... it's hidden in the settings menu, the manual was so confusing... ah! Got it! 'Targeted Awareness Sub-protocol.' Turned off. Okay. Now I can set it so reality won't update for you, but it will for everyone else. You'll remember the change."

I was almost to her now, my hand outstretched, ready to gently guide her towards the door. This was getting out of hand.

"Jane, let's just..."

Before I could finish, she aimed the device at me again. Another green flash. The tingle was back, but this time it felt like something was being taken away.

I paused, a strange feeling of lightness in my chest. I looked down.

My shirt was flat. My jacket hung loose. The familiar, comforting weight was gone.

My eyes went wide. I pawed at my chest, feeling nothing but hard pectoral muscle under the starched cotton. "What the fuck..." I whispered. The world tilted on its axis. "My boobs... My glorious boobs... they're gone! What did you do to me?!"

Jane threw her hands up in the air, exasperated. "For fuck's sake! I forgot that turning off

awareness would make you think you were supposed to have them! God, this went so much better in my head."

I wasn't listening. A primal wave of panic and loss crashed over me. My boobs were gone. How was I supposed to live like this? I grabbed at my now-empty chest, my mind refusing to accept this horrifying new reality. This flat, barren wasteland. "How is this possible?" I yelled, my voice cracking. "Give me back my boobs!"

Jane was fiddling with the remote again, trying to figure out how to undo the mess she'd made. "Just hold on, I think if I just reset..."

I didn't let her finish. I was bigger, faster, and fueled by a desperate rage. I lunged across the small space and snatched the remote from her hand. It was surprisingly heavy, cool metal in my palm.

"Hey! Give that back!" she shrieked, clawing at my arm.

But I was too strong. I shoved her back, and she stumbled into the chair. "What is this thing?" I demanded, looking down at the strange device. "Is this magic?"

Before she could do anything else, I turned and bolted. I yanked open the door to my office and ran out into the cubicle farm. It felt so strange running without the familiar, gentle bounce of my breasts against my ribs. It felt wrong.

"Get back here, Nick!" Jane screamed, chasing after me.

Every head in the office snapped up. A hundred pairs of eyes were on us. The sudden, collective attention brought me to a halt. This was my office. I was in charge.

I spun around to face her. "Jane," I said, my voice low and dangerous. "Go back to your desk."

She skidded to a stop, her face a mask of panic and fury. She looked around at all the staring faces, realizing she'd lost her only weapon. She grumbled something under her breath, but several coworkers were already approaching her, asking what was wrong, why was she yelling.

While she was distracted, I looked down at the remote in my hand. The screen was lit up, displaying a complex menu of options. My eyes scanned the list: 'Physical Attributes,' 'Mental

Traits,' 'Skills & Talents,' and, near the bottom, 'Behavioral Patterns.' I tapped on 'Behavioral Patterns' and a submenu appeared. There were a few options, but one stood out: 'Obedience.'

My gaze flickered across the room. My eyes landed on Buster, Sandra from accounting's ridiculously well-behaved golden retriever she'd brought in for the day. He was lying quietly under her desk, a perfect, furry angel. An idea, brilliant and terrible, sparked in my mind. If this thing does what I think it does...

I aimed the remote under Sandra's desk and tapped the screen. A nearly invisible beam hit the dog. Then, I aimed it at Jane, who was now trying to shove her way through her concerned coworkers. I tapped the screen again. Swap confirmed.

Jane froze. She looked startled, then looked at me, a new kind of fear in her eyes. "What did you just do to me? I saw that! My awareness is still on!"

She shoved past the last person and started towards me again, but this time, something was different.

"Stop," I said, my voice calm and firm.

Her body jerked to a halt, as if she'd run into an invisible wall. She stood there, one foot in front of the other, frozen mid-stride. A look of profound confusion washed over her face. She tried to take another step, but her legs wouldn't obey.

"Why can't I...?" she muttered, her voice trembling.

Nobody in the office seemed to think this was weird. A few people snickered. I heard Dave say, "Looks like the boss finally put her on a leash."

"Sit," I commanded.

To her own horror, her body complied. She sank to the floor, landing in a graceless heap in the middle of the aisle, looking up at me with wide, terrified eyes. "Why am I following your commands?" she whispered.

"Go back to your desk," I said, my voice dripping with newfound authority. "And get back to work. Now."

A war played out on her face. Her mind was screaming no, but her body was already

moving. She scrambled to her feet and scurried back to her cubicle like a scolded puppy. She sat down, her hands hovering over her keyboard, trembling.

I couldn't believe it. I looked down at the device, a giddy, intoxicating sense of power flowing through me. It could swap any trait. Between any living creature. Across the room, Buster the dog suddenly started barking and chewing on Sandra's desk chair.

"Buster, no!" Sandra cried. "Bad dog! What has gotten into you?" She rolled her eyes. "God, why didn't I get you trained properly?"

To her, it was just a dog acting out, untrained. Normal. No idea Buster now had Jane's obedience trait.

I retreated to the sanctuary of my office, locking the door behind me. I sank into my chair, my heart pounding a triumphant rhythm. I looked at the remote's screen. I found the 'Awareness' settings Jane had mentioned. There was a list of names. Jane: ON (Locked). Nick: ON. Will: ON And below that, Everyone Else: OFF. Interesting. So Jane would always know what was happening, but she would be powerless to stop it as long as I had the remote. I had no idea who Will was, but hopefully he's nobody.

My elation was tempered by a single, nagging problem. I looked down at my flat, masculine chest. I glanced out the window at Alice, who was now chatting with a coworker, looking completely normal with her new, massive bust. My bust.

This would not stand.

I aimed the remote, and with a single tap, swapped our chests back. The familiar, glorious weight settled back onto my frame. A sigh of pure relief escaped my lips. I reached into my shirt and cupped them, my perfect D-cups, warm and soft and mine. I knew men weren't supposed to have breasts, but I didn't care. I felt whole again. Lucky, even. How many guys got to have their very own boobs to play with whenever they wanted?

I sat back in my chair, the remote warm in my hand. The entire office was my sandbox now. My laboratory.

Who was next?

My mind was racing, a thousand depraved possibilities blooming at once. I'd always been

curious. I mean, what guy wasn't? What would it be like to have a pussy? It was a purely academic question, of course. Until now.

My eyes scanned the office floor. I found my target: Carol, my mousy assistant, who was currently power-walking to the restroom. Perfect. I selected 'Physical Attributes,' then 'Genitalia.' I selected my own name and hers. A quick tap. Swap.

Nothing happened, visually. But then I felt it. A sudden, bizarre feeling of... absence. Where my dick and balls had been a second ago, there was now a strange, hollow feeling. I shifted in my seat, and a new sensation bloomed between my legs. It was an incredible, electrifying sensitivity I had never experienced before. I tentatively pressed my thighs together. Oh god.

I reached a hand down, fumbling with my belt buckle under the guise of adjusting my shirt. I slipped my hand into my trousers. My fingers brushed against soft lips, a sensitive nub. It was real. I had a pussy. And just the thought, the sheer transgressive thrill of it, was making it wet. A slickness I could feel through the fabric of my boxers. Holy shit.

I pulled my hand out, my mind reeling. I looked around the office, a goofy, giddy grin plastered on my face. Nobody knew. Nobody could tell. To them, I was just Nick, the manager. But under my expensive suit, I was harboring a brand new secret.

This was amazing.

My eyes fell on two of the new interns, a cocky jock-type named Brad and a shy, pretty girl named Emily. They were flirting by the coffee machine, Brad leaning against the counter, Emily blushing and twirling a strand of hair. Brad had a muscular, athletic build, but a disappointingly flat ass. Emily, on the other hand, was hiding a surprisingly round, bubble butt under her conservative pencil skirt. A perfect mismatch.

'Physical Attributes.' 'Buttocks.' Brad. Emily. Swap.

The change was subtle, but I saw it. The fabric of Brad's trousers suddenly strained, his formerly flat rear swelling into a plump, perfectly shaped bubble butt that would make a fitness model jealous. At the same time, Emily's skirt seemed to hang a little looser, her perky backside deflating into something much more modest. Brad shifted his weight, unconsciously adjusting to his new asset. Emily just kept blushing. Neither had a clue.

This was too much fun. I needed to go bigger.

My gaze landed on Linda from HR. Linda was a large woman, morbidly obese, with breasts that were more a consequence of her size than a feature of beauty... enormous, sagging F-cups. Then I saw Kimiko, a new hire in the design department. She was a tiny thing, a petite Japanese woman who was maybe five feet tall and a hundred pounds soaking wet, with a chest as flat as an ironing board. The contrast was too perfect to ignore.

'Physical Attributes.' 'Breasts.' Linda. Kimiko. Swap.

I watched, mesmerized. Kimiko, who was sketching in a notepad, suddenly paused. She looked down. Her small, fitted blouse, previously loose, was now straining at the seams. Two massive, heavy orbs were blooming on her chest, stretching the fabric to its breaking point. They looked utterly, gloriously absurd on her tiny frame. She just blinked, then went back to her drawing as if nothing had happened. Across the room, Linda's giant, tent-like blouse suddenly seemed a lot emptier. She didn't seem to notice. To the world, Kimiko had always been cartoonishly busty, and Linda had always been flat. But I knew.

It wasn't just physical. I saw Todd, a loudmouthed sales bro, arguing with Fiona, a soft-spoken woman from marketing. I swapped their mannerisms. Todd suddenly became quiet and demure, gesturing delicately with his hands, while Fiona started puffing out her chest and talking over him in a booming voice. It was hilarious.

But all this was just practice. I had a special project in mind.

I looked over at Jane. She was sitting ramrod straight at her desk, typing furiously, but I could see the tension in her shoulders. She was still under my command.

A wicked, delicious idea began to form. She wanted to teach me a lesson? Fine. Class was in session. And I was the professor.

"Jane," I said, speaking into my desk phone's intercom. "Come to my office."

A moment later, she appeared at my door, her face pale, her eyes filled with a helpless fury.

"Close the door," I said. She did. "Sit. And be quiet."

She sat in the chair opposite me, her hands clenched into fists in her lap. She was a

prisoner, and she knew it. I leaned back, tapping the remote against my chin, studying her. She was cute, I guess, in a girl-next-door kind of way. But we could do better. So much better.

My eyes flickered around the office through my glass wall. I saw her. Tiffany, the new sales rep. She wasn't just hot, she was a legitimate, ten-out-of-ten 'baddie.' Perfect face, flawless skin, a body that made men walk into walls.

'Mental Traits.' 'Attractiveness Level.' Jane. Tiffany. Swap.

I watched Jane's face. It was like watching a sculptor work on a piece of clay in fast-forward. Her jawline softened, her cheekbones rose, her eyes became larger and more almond-shaped. Her skin cleared, taking on a radiant glow. Her mousy brown hair lightened, gaining a healthy, voluminous shine. When the subtle shimmer of the swap faded, the woman sitting in front of me was no longer Jane, the girl-next-door. She was a fucking goddess. She was Tiffany's equal in every way. She looked confused, touching her new, perfect face.

"Better," I murmured. But we were just getting started. I looked back out at Kimiko.

'Physical Attributes.' 'Breasts.' Jane. Kimiko. Swap.

Jane gasped as her chest swelled, filling out her sensible work blouse until the buttons strained. A magnificent pair of boobs, firm and high, now graced her chest. She looked down, a flicker of something... discomfort, horror, maybe even a tiny spark of awe in her eyes. She remained silent, just as I commanded.

Now for the master stroke. I knew just the guy. Kevin from IT. The guy was a notorious horndog. He hit on anything that moved, his libido was the stuff of office legend. He spent half his day looking at porn and the other half trying to turn his fantasies into reality. He was disgusting. He was perfect.

'Mental Traits.' 'Sexual Preferences & Libido.' Jane. Kevin. Swap.

This was the big one. I watched her face closely. For a second, nothing happened. Then, her eyes unfocused. Her posture changed. The tense, coiled anger seemed to melt away. She shifted in her chair, a new, languid grace to her movements. Her eyes, now wide and beautiful, slowly roamed down her own body. She looked at her new, massive breasts. She glanced down at her legs. A slow, cat-like smile spread across her face. The look in her eyes was no longer

fear. It was hunger.

I stood up. "Follow me," I commanded.

She rose from the chair, her new hips swaying, and followed me out of the office and down the hall to the men's restroom. I checked to make sure it was empty, then locked the door behind us.

The air was close, smelling of cheap air freshener. She stood in front of me, her eyes devouring my body, from my broad shoulders to my heavy breasts.

"Strip," I commanded.

Without hesitation, she began to unbutton her blouse. Her fingers worked quickly, expertly. The blouse fell open, revealing a plain, beige bra that was struggling valiantly to contain her new assets. She unhooked it and let it fall to the floor. Her breasts spilled free, perfect and pale in the harsh fluorescent light. Then came the skirt, the panties. Soon she was standing naked before me, not with shame, but with a kind of proud, exhibitionist glee.

I reached out and ran my hand over her new body. The skin was like silk. The curves were divine. "You can talk now," I said softly.

A low, throaty laugh escaped her lips. "Oh my god," she purred, her voice a husky whisper. "What was I missing out on? This body... it's fucking incredible." She ran her own hands down her sides, over her breasts, a look of pure, narcissistic pleasure on her face. Her eyes locked on my chest. "And you... you have boobs. I love that."

My grin was positively wolfish. "Now," I said, my voice low and thick with lust. "Eat me out."

She dropped to her knees without a second's hesitation. The sight of this perfect, beautiful woman kneeling before me, her eyes full of worshipful hunger, was the biggest turn-on of my life. As her mouth worked its magic, I leaned my head back against the cool tile wall, my hands finding their way to my own chest. I squeezed my breasts, the soft, heavy weight in my palms a perfect counterpoint to the intense pleasure building between my legs. The power, the perversion, the sheer, impossible reality of it all crashed over me in a wave of ecstasy.

My orgasm was a shattering, world-altering event. As the waves of pleasure subsided, I looked down at the beautiful creature at my feet. She looked up at me, her lips slick, her eyes

shining.

A devilish smile spread across my face. "I think I'll keep you as my pet, Jane," I said, reaching down to run a hand through her hair. "There's so much more work for us to do with this thing."

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