

THE SWAPPING DEVICE



a series by
JohnManTD

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This bonus chapter requires you to have read Changing Bracelet chapters 1-3.

Chapter 12 (bonus)

While James is off infiltrating Bill's mansion, this bonus chapter follows Lila immediately after her decoy meeting with Bill.

The coffee shop is stifling. Or maybe it's just me. Bill left ten minutes ago, his usual blend of paternalistic bullshit and barely veiled paranoia leaving a sour taste in my mouth. I pretended to buy his flimsy dismissal of my 'rumors,' played the concerned but slightly naive club member perfectly. He bought it, I think. At least enough to keep me off his immediate suspect list. But the undercurrent was there. The stress, the pressure about this First Artifact... he's feeling it. Which is good. Means he's vulnerable. Means James has a shot.

I glance at my watch. 12:45 PM. James should be making his move right about now. Slipping into Bill's ridiculous fortress, finding his target, initiating the swap. My stomach clenches with a weird mix of anxiety and vicarious thrill. God, I wish I could be there, watching him pull it off. Or watching him stumble. Either way, it would be entertaining. Instead, I'm stuck here, nursing lukewarm coffee, playing the waiting game.

He won't be back until tonight, maybe even tomorrow morning, depending on how long he can safely stay inside and how much intel he gathers. And any minute now, Zombie-Maid-James – or whatever the hell that maid's mind piloting James's body will be like – is going to show up at my apartment, compelled by the ring's command to sleep until 10 AM. I left the spare key under the mat; the ring's magic is smart enough to guide her, fill in those logistical blanks. Still, the thought of being there when my own boyfriend's body walks in, blank-eyed and controlled... yeah, no thanks. Definitely need to kill a few hours.

My fingers instinctively reach for my hand, searching for the comforting weight of my ring. Gone. Right. James has it. For the infiltration. Damn it. That leaves me... artifact-less. Powerless. Just... Lila. Sitting in a generic coffee shop near UCLA, feeling strangely naked without my usual tool of persuasion. It's unsettling. Makes me realize how much I rely on it, not just for fun or convenience, but for that baseline feeling of control, of being slightly above the mundane bullshit everyone else deals with.

Now what? I can't exactly command strangers to entertain me. Can't subtly influence the barista for a free refill. Can't even ensure I get the best parking spot later. It's going to be a long, boring afternoon.

I push away from the sticky table and wander outside, blinking against the aggressive LA sunlight. The heat hits me like a physical blow. My tank top suddenly feels too thin, my jeans too constricting. UCLA campus sprawls nearby, a familiar landscape from a life that feels increasingly distant. College. Final exams, term papers, ramen noodles, student loans... God, the stress. Especially the money stress. I remember lying awake nights, calculating, worrying, wondering how I'd ever afford rent, let alone tuition for the next semester.

Then the ring fell into my life. Found it tucked inside an old jewelry box at a flea market. Looked like cheap costume jewelry, but something about it... pulsed. And then I discovered what it could do. Everything changed. A few whispered words to that visiting tech billionaire during his campus lecture – "You feel an overwhelming philanthropic urge to support promising young students like me. Transferring just 1% of your liquid assets to my account will bring you profound personal satisfaction..." – and suddenly, money wasn't an issue. At all. I dropped out the next semester. Why bother with grades when you can subtly command success? More time for... exploration. For fun. For figuring out what else this world holds besides textbooks and debt.

Lost in thought, I'm strolling aimlessly down Westwood Boulevard, past chattering students and bustling shops, when movement catches my eye. Two girls are standing near a frozen yogurt shop, engaged in what looks like a slightly tense conversation. But it's their appearance, their vibe, that makes me pause.

One girl – the taller one – is an absolute bombshell. Drop-dead gorgeous. Long, wavy dark blonde hair, legs for days, curves that make her tight jeans and simple t-shirt look like high fashion. C-cups, maybe? Firm, perky, perfectly proportioned. She seems agitated, running a hand through her hair, gesturing emphatically.

The other girl is shorter, stockier, but undeniably striking in her own way. Also curvy, with impressive breasts straining against a too-tight camisole, paired with snug shorts that showcase a surprisingly firm, rounded ass. Her dark hair is cut shorter, framing a face that radiates a kind of pouty dissatisfaction. She looks... uncomfortable. Like she's trapped in clothes that don't fit her personality. She keeps tugging at the hem of her camisole, shifting her weight.

But it's the way the bombshell is talking, the gestures she's making... they're off. Too broad. Too angular. She lifts her hand to emphasize a point, and her fingers splay slightly, a subtle awkwardness in the movement. Then she scratches her head, a quick, almost mannish gesture that clashes with her delicate features. Something's not right here.

I drift closer, pretending to admire the fro-yo flavors displayed in the window, angling myself to eavesdrop.

"...and I'm telling you, Mark, you're lucky!" the bombshell is saying, her voice carrying a surprising huskiness beneath the feminine pitch. "Look at those things!" She gestures emphatically towards the other girl's chest. "Those are magnificent! Seriously, if I had milk jugs like that, I'd have them out all the time! Why are you complaining?"

Mark? She called the other girl Mark? And referred to her chest as 'milk jugs'? Okay, alarm bells are definitely ringing now.

The shorter girl – Mark? – scowls, crossing her arms defensively over her impressive chest. "They're heavy, Cam! They bounce! Bras are torture! And every guy stares! It's humiliating, okay? You wouldn't get it!" Her voice is higher, definitely female, but laced with a distinct, gravelly irritation that sounds... masculine.

Cam? So Bombshell is Cam, Chest-Complaint is Mark. Both girls, but using male names and pronouns for each other? My curiosity flares. New wielders? Or just victims of someone else's artifact? Maybe James has been busy playing God on his way to Bill's? No, he wouldn't risk it. This has to be unrelated.

I hear Cam scoff. "Whatever, dude. You just don't know how to work it. At the end of this stupid contest, I'm definitely asking Saff if I can try on a body like yours. Wanna see what those big milkers feel like from the inside."

Saff. Contest. Try on a body. Confirmation. They're involved with an artifact, alright. And one named Saffron seems to be in control. Interesting. Time to make contact.

I step away from the window, putting on my friendliest, most non-threatening smile. "Excuse me," I say, approaching them casually. "Sorry to interrupt, but I couldn't help overhearing. Did you mention... artifacts?"

They both jump, turning to face me, startled. Mark looks instantly wary, eyes narrowing suspiciously. Cam, however, just looks confused, then intrigued. "Artifacts?" Cam repeats, tilting her head. "Uh, no? We were just talking about... boobs?"

Mark shoots Cam a glare that could curdle milk. Smooth, Cam. Real smooth.

“Right, boobs,” I say, keeping my smile easy. “But you also mentioned someone named Saffron, and ‘trying on bodies.’ Sounds a lot like artifact business to me.” I let my gaze linger on Cam. “Especially since you called your clearly female friend ‘Mark’ and seem remarkably... masculine... for someone who looks like she just stepped off a runway.”

Cam’s jaw drops. Mark goes pale, grabbing Cam’s arm. “Uh, we gotta go,” Mark stammers, trying to pull Cam away.

“Relax,” I say quickly, holding up my hands in a placating gesture. “It’s okay. Seriously. I’m one of you. Well, sort of.” I pause for effect. “I have an artifact too.”

That stops them. They exchange a wide-eyed look. Mark still looks skeptical, but Cam’s curiosity seems to win out. “You... you do?” Cam asks, stepping closer again. “What kind?”

“It’s a ring,” I explain briefly. “Lets me... influence people. Make them believe things, do things.” I decide to keep the limitations vague for now. No need to reveal the wielder protection rule unless necessary.

“Whoa,” Cam breathes, eyes shining. “Like... mind control?”

“Basically,” I confirm.

Mark seems unconvinced. “How do we know you’re telling the truth? This sounds crazy.”

“Because I recognized the signs,” I counter smoothly. “The way you two talk, the body language disconnect... it screams artifact interference. I’m guessing... gender swap for you?” I nod at Cam. “And maybe... body part swap for you?” I gesture towards Mark’s chest. “Or maybe you’re both swapped?”

Mark opens his mouth, probably to deny everything, but Cam blurts out, “It’s a bracelet, actually. I don’t know about any artifact. Saffron found it. It lets you copy bodies using clothes!”

Mark groans, slapping a hand to his forehead. “Cam, you idiot! We weren’t supposed to tell anyone!”

“Hey, she knew already!” Cam protests defensively. “Besides, she’s got one too! This is awesome! We’re not the only freaks!”

I chuckle. “Definitely not the only freaks. There’s a whole network of us, actually. People who’ve found these things. We call ourselves wielders. And we call them artifacts.” I quickly explain the basics – the randomness of artifacts, the secrecy most people maintain, the existence of the informal ‘club.’ I deliberately omit any mention of James, the Swapper’s unique abilities, Bill, the Council, or the bounty. Keep it light, keep it safe.

“A club?” Cam asks excitedly. “Like, superheroes?”

“Not exactly,” I say dryly. “More like a weird support group with occasional reality-bending shenanigans.”

Mark seems to be processing, his skepticism slowly fading, replaced by cautious interest. “So... this bracelet Saffron has... it’s not unique?”

“Probably not unique in concept, but the specifics usually are,” I explain. “There’s another girl I know, Elena in London, who has a bracelet that lets her shapeshift into people she’s touched. Different trigger, different limitations. That’s how artifacts work.”

“Okay, wow,” Mark murmurs, shaking his head slowly. “This is... a lot to take in.”

“Can you prove it?” Cam asks suddenly. “Your ring? Can you show us?”

I instinctively reach for my finger, then remember. “Ah, shit. I actually don’t have it on me right now. Loaned it to a... friend. For safekeeping.” Lame excuse, but plausible enough. “But I swear, it’s real. Look, how about I call another friend? Someone who can give you a quick demo over video?”

They exchange another look, then Mark nods slowly. “Okay. Show us.”

I pull out my phone, quickly scrolling through my contacts. Who’s reliable and has a visually demonstrable artifact? Noah’s shapeshifting is impressive but might freak them out too much. Mike’s mind-reading isn’t visual. Li... no, her race-shifting might bring up uncomfortable questions I don’t want to deal with right now. Annie. Perfect. Her breast-size watch is weird, visual, and relatively harmless.

I tap her name, initiating a FaceTime call. She answers after a few rings, her gentle face filling the screen, looking slightly flustered to be called out of the blue.

“Lila? Hey! What’s up?” Annie asks, pushing a strand of brown hair behind her ear.

“Hey, Annie, sorry to bother you,” I say quickly. “Listen, I’m here with some potential new wielders, Cam and Mark.” I briefly turn the phone so they can see Annie, offering hesitant waves. “They’re a little skeptical about the whole artifact thing. Any chance you could give them a super quick demo? The watch special?”

Annie blushes bright red, glancing around nervously like someone might be watching her through the phone. “Oh, um, okay. I guess. Just... quick, right?”

“Super quick,” I assure her.

She sighs, then holds her wrist up to the camera, showing the delicate silver watch. “Okay, watch closely.” She twists the small dial. On the phone screen, we see her modest chest begin to swell beneath her simple t-shirt. Smoothly, organically, her breasts expand, filling out the fabric, growing noticeably fuller, pushing into probably a generous C or even D-cup before she stops twisting the dial.

Cam lets out an audible gasp beside me. Mark’s eyes are glued to the screen, jaw slightly slack.

“See?” Annie murmurs, looking embarrassed but also slightly proud. She quickly twists the dial back, and her breasts deflate just as smoothly, returning to their original size. “Happy?”

“Perfect, Annie! Thanks so much, you’re a lifesaver!” I say cheerfully.

“Yeah, yeah,” she mutters, still blushing. “Gotta go. Talk later?”

“Definitely. Bye!” I end the call, turning back to Cam and Mark with a triumphant smirk. “Believe me now?”

They both nod slowly, looking thoroughly convinced and slightly dazed.

“Okay,” Mark says finally, shaking his head as if clearing it. “So, artifacts are real. And apparently, we’re involved with one. You wanted to know how Cam ended up like... this?” He gestures towards Cam’s bombshell form. “And our names? I’m Mark, he’s Cam. We’re both guys, usually.” He quickly explains Saffron finding the bracelet, their experimentation, the beach incident, Saffron’s punishment turning Mark into his current curvy female form, and the bet that led to Cam swapping into his current, equally female but differently configured body. “So I’ve got one day left of this hell,” Mark finishes glumly. “He,” nodding at Cam, “has got three more days to prove he can handle it.”

“Handle it? I’m gonna own it!” Cam interjects confidently, striking a pose that shows off her legs.

I laugh, shaking my head. This is pure gold. “So, Saffron’s the actual wielder here. You two are just... along for the ride, courtesy of her artifact.”

“Pretty much,” Mark confirms.

“Where is this Saffron, anyway?” I ask, intrigued.

“Right here,” a new voice chirps, and a third figure materializes seemingly out of nowhere, jogging up to join them. Saffron. Energetic, sweaty from a run judging by her athletic gear, flat-chested, but with killer runner’s legs. She beams at Cam and Mark, then turns her bright, curious gaze on me. “Who’s your new friend?”

Introductions are made quickly. Saffron’s reaction to learning about me, about other artifacts, about the club, is pure, unadulterated enthusiasm. Her eyes light up like a kid discovering Narnia exists.

“No way! Other people? A club? This is amazing!” she practically bounces on the balls of her feet. “We gotta join! When’s the next meeting? What other artifacts are there? Can I see your ring?”

I gently explain that only she, as the actual wielder of the bracelet, could potentially join the club network (if she chose to), which visibly disappoints Cam and Mark, but Saffron barely seems to notice, too caught up in the excitement of this new world opening up. She was supposed to be meeting Cam and Mark to catch a movie, but instantly blows it off. “Screw the movie! You gotta tell me everything!” she insists, grabbing my arm. Cam and Mark exchange resigned sighs but head off towards the theater, leaving me alone with the whirlwind of energy that is Saffron.

Saffron practically vibrates with energy, pulling me into her apartment, which is surprisingly cozy despite the slight chaos of clothes spilling from laundry baskets and workout gear draped over chairs. We crash onto her comfy, oversized couch, sinking into the cushions. I give her the sanitized version of the artifact world – the randomness of discovery, the need for secrecy, the loose network of wielders who occasionally connect. I talk about the variety of artifacts, mentioning generic types like probability manipulators or minor illusion creators,

carefully avoiding anything too specific or alarming, especially anything related to James or the real dangers lurking beneath the surface.

Saffron listens with wide-eyed, rapt attention, leaning forward, occasionally interrupting with breathless questions. "So, like, could someone have an artifact that lets them talk to squirrels?" "Is there one that makes pizza appear out of thin air?" Her enthusiasm is infectious, refreshingly naive compared to the jaded paranoia starting to creep into my own interactions with the artifact community.

"Maybe," I chuckle, "The possibilities seem pretty endless, and honestly, nobody really knows the full extent of what's out there."

"Okay, okay," she says, bouncing slightly on the cushion. "Enough about hypotheticals. Mine! You gotta see it properly!" She jumps up, disappearing into her bedroom for a moment before returning with the simple silver bracelet clutched in her hand. "Okay, so Mark and Cam probably gave you the basic rundown, right? Clothes + bracelet = body change?"

"Something like that," I confirm, my curiosity piqued. "They mentioned swapping parts based on clothes?"

"Exactly!" Saffron says, her eyes gleaming as she slips the bracelet onto her wrist. Its metal gleams faintly against her skin. "Here's the deal." She gestures towards a large plastic storage bin tucked under her coffee table, identical to the one I saw Mark raiding in my mental picture earlier. "Exhibit A: my treasure chest." She lifts the lid, revealing the chaotic jumble of secondhand clothes within. "Every piece in here," she explains, picking up a worn baseball cap, "belonged to someone else. If I put this hat on right now, while wearing the bracelet," she holds it poised above her head, "I'd get the original owner's face, hair, even their voice. Probably some middle-aged dude named Stan who sweats a lot." She tosses the hat back into the bin.

"Same principle applies to everything else," she continues, picking up a pair of large, obviously male work boots. "These would give me Stan's feet, maybe his hairy ankles too. This ridiculously huge bra?" She holds up the beige monstrosity I recognize from my earlier mental image of her demonstration for Cam. "Gives me the massive boobs of whoever desperately needed this level of industrial support." She shudders dramatically. "Tried that once. Zero stars. Do not recommend."

I laugh, fascinated. "So it swaps the specific body part covered by the clothing item?"

"Yep! Exactly!" Saffron confirms. "Bra swaps breasts, pants swap legs and ass, shirt swaps torso and arms, gloves swap hands, underwear swaps... well, you get the picture." She winks. "And you get whatever state that body part was in. If the previous owner of these jeans had cellulite, boom, instant cellulite thighs for me while I'm wearing them."

"Okay, that's wild," I admit. "So it's pulling actual body parts from the original owners?"

"Seems like it, although it at least keeps your skin tone," Saffron shrugs. "Which is why secondhand stuff is a total crapshoot. You never know what you're gonna get. Could be athletic legs, could be varicose veins. Could be perky little boobs, could be saggy old lady tits."

"But," she adds, her expression shifting slightly, "there's another mode. If you wear something brand new, something nobody else has owned? It doesn't swap. It... morphs. Takes your existing body and reshapes it to perfectly fit the item. Like, it enhances what you've already got to make it 'ideal' for that piece of clothing." She points to her own impressively sculpted runner's legs. "These Lululemon leggings? Brand new. Didn't swap my legs out, just... upgraded them. Made them stronger, tighter, better suited for running. Same with the sports bra I run in – keeps my own boobs, just shrinks 'em down to nothing while I'm wearing it so they don't bounce."

"So... new clothes enhance, old clothes replace," I clarify, processing the dual functionality. That's clever. Versatile. More complex than Mark and Cam seemed to understand.

"You got it!" Saffron beams. "And the golden rule: to change back to normal, you absolutely have to put your own original clothes back on while wearing the bracelet. Just taking the swapped item off doesn't work; you stay changed until you revert properly." She taps the bracelet meaningfully. "Okay, enough lecture. Your turn! Try it!" She gestures enthusiastically towards the bin.

My pulse quickens. The chance to experience another artifact, one with such direct, physical effects... it's irresistible. "Alright," I say, trying to sound cooler than I feel. "Let's see what kind of chaos we can cook up." I approach the bin, eyeing the jumbled contents. Where to start?

My eyes land on it – a faded grey muscle tee, lurking near the top. The one Saffron mentioned finding near the art building. "How about... this one?" I ask, pulling it out. It smells faintly of turpentine and maybe old sweat. Charming.

"Ooh, good choice!" Saffron approves.

I take a deep breath and slip the silver bracelet onto my wrist. It feels light, almost insignificant. Then, I take off my tank top leaving me just in my bra, and I pull the muscle tee on over my tank top. The moment the worn cotton settles against my skin, the change hits. It's a bizarre sensation, a feeling of density expanding rapidly beneath my skin. My arms thicken almost instantly, lean muscle mass surging, biceps swelling, veins becoming prominent along my forearms. My shoulders broaden noticeably, stretching the band of my bra tight. I look down. My stomach, usually flat but soft, ripples as defined abs etch themselves into place. It doesn't hurt, but it feels intensely strange, like my body is inflating with borrowed strength.

I flex my arm, utterly astonished, watching a respectable bicep bulge where only lean definition existed moments before. "Holy shit," I breathe, turning my arm, admiring the new musculature. I feel... powerful. Stronger. Like I could actually throw a decent punch now.

"Told you!" Saffron laughs, leaning against the counter, watching me with delight. "Looks good on you! Very... butch."

I shoot her a playful glare, then peel the muscle tee off, tossing it back into the bin. I expect the muscles to vanish. They don't. My arms are still thick, my abs still ripped. I stare down at myself, confused. "Wait. Why didn't it change back?"

Saffron grins knowingly. "Rule number one, remember? Gotta put your own shirt back on with the bracelet." She points to my discarded tank top lying on the couch.

"Oh. Right." I notice my breasts are the same in my bra. Interesting. I grab my tank top and slip the bracelet back on my other wrist. I pull the tank top over my head. As the familiar fabric slides down my enhanced torso, I feel the muscles recede just as quickly as they appeared. The density melts away, the hardness softens, the veins retract. I wiggle my arms. Back to normal. Lean, toned Lila.

I quickly whip the tank top back off, needing to see the transition properly this time. I walk over to the large, slightly dusty mirror hanging in Saffron's hallway. Naked from the waist up, I admire my usual form – lean torso, defined but not bulky arms, my comfortable C-cups sitting naturally. Okay. Baseline established. I walk back, slip the bracelet on, and pull the muscle tee on again.

Boom. Instant Arnold Schwarzenegger. Well, maybe a leaner, female version. The muscles pop back into existence, sculpted and hard under my skin. I turn back to the mirror, flexing again, utterly fascinated by the transformation. It's incredible. My breasts are unchanged,

sitting incongruously atop this ridiculously ripped male-coded torso. The bracelet truly isolates the covered area.

Okay. Revert again. Muscle tee off. My own tank top on. The muscles deflate, vanishing without a trace. It's like hitting undo on reality. "Okay," I say, turning back to Saffron, slightly breathless. "That is seriously addictive."

"Right?" she agrees enthusiastically. "What's next? Dare you to try this." She holds up the enormous beige maternity bra again, wagging her eyebrows.

Curiosity wins. "Alright," I sigh dramatically. "But if I start mooing, I'm blaming you."

I slip the bracelet back on and take the bra. It feels soft, slightly padded, engineered for function over form. I pull it on over my bare chest. The change this time is even more jarring than the muscles. It's a feeling of rapid, intense swelling, a heavy warmth flooding my chest. My breasts explode outwards and downwards, filling the massive cups instantly. They feel incredibly heavy, dense, pulling painfully at my shoulders. I strip the bra and I look down. They're huge, pale, the skin stretched so taut I can see a network of delicate blue veins beneath the surface. The areolas are massive, dark brown discs, and the nipples are thick, protruding, and undeniably, disturbingly... damp. Small, pearly beads of milk well up and trickle slowly down the curve of my new breasts.

"Oh my god," I whisper, staring down in horrified fascination. I reach up, tentatively cupping one. It feels... engorged. Like a water balloon filled almost to bursting. The sheer biological reality of it is overwhelming. This isn't just shape-shifting; it's physiological duplication.

Saffron watches me, leaning forward, her expression a mix of sympathy and scientific interest. "See? Told you it was weird. How do they feel?"

"Heavy," I manage, my voice slightly strained. "And... full. Like they're about to leak everywhere. It's... deeply unsettling." I touch a fingertip to a bead of milk, bringing it away to look. It's real milk. My stomach churns slightly. Okay. Experiment concluded. Need these gone. Now.

I grab my own bra and slip it back on. It squeezes at my new gigantic boobs, barely fitting at all despite being a decent size at a C-cup. The huge, milk-laden mounds deflate instantly, shrinking back down to my familiar size, nestled comfortably in the black lace. The heavy, aching fullness vanishes, replaced by normal sensitivity. I check myself in the hallway mirror again, shirtless. Yep. Back to normal Lila boobs. Thank god. No lingering lactation.

"Okay," I say, turning back to Saffron, letting out a shaky breath. "That was... educational. Let's maybe stick to things that don't involve bodily fluids?"

Saffron laughs. "Fair enough! How about the morphing thing? Less chance of surprise milk." She digs through her 'new clothes' pile and pulls out the black booty shorts she mentioned earlier. "Brand new. Never worn. Should give you a nice little lift."

Booty shorts. Okay. Less intimidating than lactation. I slip the bracelet back on, kick off my jeans, and pull on the tiny black shorts. They slide up my legs smoothly. The sensation this time is different. Not a swap, but a tightening, a sculpting. I feel my own muscles clench and firm up, my ass lifting, rounding out, pressing firmly against the stretchy fabric. My thighs feel instantly tauter, more defined.

I walk back to the mirror. And damn. Saffron wasn't kidding. My ass looks phenomenal. Higher, rounder, firmer than usual, filling out the tiny shorts to absolute perfection. It's still undeniably my ass – the shape is familiar, the birthmark is there – but it's like the platonic ideal of my ass. Enhanced. Perfected by the shorts themselves.

"Okay, that," I say, turning to Saffron with genuine appreciation, "is fucking magic." I run my hands over my newly sculpted backside, loving the feel of the firm curves beneath the sleek fabric. "I might need to 'borrow' these permanently."

Saffron grins. "Right? Subtle, but effective. Great for leg day motivation."

Reluctantly, I take the shorts off and pull my jeans back on. I feel my muscles relax slightly, returning to their normal state. Still good, but not quite that 'perfected' look.

"One more?" Saffron asks, already digging back into the main bin. She pulls out a fedora, slightly crushed but recognizably stylish. "Found this on a bus seat. Wonder who it belonged to?"

A hat. Face and voice swap. Could be interesting. "Sure, why not?" I take the hat, put the bracelet on, and place the fedora on my head, tilting it slightly.

The change washes over my face like water. My features sharpen subtly, jawline becoming slightly more angular, nose perhaps a touch stronger. I open my mouth to speak, and the voice that comes out is different. Still female, but lower, huskier, with a faint, almost undetectable rasp. And the accent... it's gone. My usual standard American speech is replaced by a crisp, slightly clipped British accent. "Bloody hell," I hear myself say automatically. "Bit of a change, isn't it? Right then."

Saffron claps her hands together. "Posh! I love it! Say something else!"

"Right," I continue, enjoying the novelty of the accent. "What would you like me to say? Perhaps recite some Shakespeare? 'To be or not to be,' rather?" The accent feels effortless, natural. The face in the mirror looks subtly different too – still attractive, but sharper, maybe a little colder? Definitely British.

I wear it for another minute, testing out phrases, laughing at the incongruity, before taking the hat off, putting the bracelet on, and quickly getting out my sunglasses from my bag to wear and revert my face and voice back to normal Lila.

"Okay, that bracelet is seriously wild, Saff," I admit, finally collapsing into the armchair opposite her. "The way it just... rewrites you based on whoever owned the clothes? It's like playing genetic dress-up."

Saffron nods eagerly, leaning forward. "Right? And the morphing thing with new clothes? Instant upgrades! Way better than spending hours at the gym." She pauses, biting her lip thoughtfully, her eyes scanning my body with a newfound analytical curiosity. "Seriously, Lila. Knowing there are others out there... knowing these things aren't just some weird one-off... it changes everything!"

"Yeah, it does," I agree, swirling the last of my water bottle. "It's a hell of a secret to carry alone. Finding the network, meeting other wielders... it helps. Makes you feel slightly less like a complete lunatic, anyway."

"Totally!" She bounces slightly. "I've gotta ask, though... with your ring... what's the craziest thing you've done? Like, command-wise?"

I smirk, thinking back. Play it cool, Lila. Don't reveal too much. "Oh, you know," I say vaguely. "Made someone think they were a chicken for an hour. Convinced a traffic cop his parking ticket machine was singing opera. Gotten a lot of free drinks." Standard, relatively harmless stuff. No need to mention the more... ethically dubious applications just yet.

Saffron giggles. "Okay, that's pretty funny. But the bracelet... it feels so... physical. So direct." She shivers slightly, despite the heat. "Like, wearing Mark's boxers that one time... suddenly having a dick swinging between my legs... feeling it get hard when I saw him shirtless... that was a serious head trip." She wrinkles her nose. "Jerked off with it later just to see what it was like. Definitely different. Efficient, but... kinda boring compared to... well, you know." She gestures vaguely towards her own crotch.

My eyebrows shoot up. Okay, didn't expect the conversation to go there so quickly. She's more open than I thought. Or maybe just comfortable sharing the weirdness with someone who potentially 'gets it'. "So you've tried guy parts," I say, keeping my tone casual, testing the waters. "Fair enough. But... what about other girl parts? Ever, you know... tried on someone else's pussy?"

Saffron chokes on air, her eyes going wide. "What?!" she sputters, coughing slightly. "No! God, no! Why would I do that?" She looks genuinely horrified. "That feels... way too weird. Too personal. Like, swapping boobs or legs is one thing, that's just... aesthetics, mostly. But genitals? Another girl's actual pussy? No way. That crosses a line. Feels... gross."

Interesting. She's fine hijacking male anatomy for a joyride, but female anatomy feels taboo. The inherent intimacy of it, maybe? Or just internalized weirdness about female sexuality? My mind starts spinning, the possibilities clicking into place. This could be fun. And informative.

I lean back, adopting my most innocent, curious expression. "Really? Gross? I don't know, I'm kinda fascinated by the idea." I let my gaze drift downwards pointedly, then back up to her face. "Like, are they all different? Do they feel different from the inside? Yours looks..." I trail off deliberately, letting the implication hang.

Saffron flushes bright red, instinctively crossing her legs tighter. "Lila! Don't be weird!"

"I'm not being weird, I'm being scientific!" I protest playfully. "Artifact research! Think about it. You have the power to literally experience another woman's anatomy. Aren't you even a little bit curious?" I pause, then lean in slightly, lowering my voice conspiratorially. "Come on, Saff. Just a quick swap. Nobody has to know. What if... what if you tried mine?"

Her jaw drops. "Yours?!"

"Yeah." I reach down, nonchalantly unbuttoning my shorts, then hook my thumbs into the waistband of my simple black cotton panties beneath. With a smooth tug, I slide them down and off, holding them out to her casually. They're plain, practical, nothing fancy, but the gesture itself is loaded. "Here. Go on. Pop into the bathroom, use the bracelet. Just for five minutes. See what it feels like. For science."

Saffron stares at the panties dangling from my fingers like they're radioactive. Her face is still flushed, her eyes wide with a mixture of horror, disbelief, and... undeniable curiosity. I can see the internal battle raging. The 'ew, gross, too weird' versus the 'holy shit, I could actually do that?' artifact-fueled impulse.

"I... I don't know, Lila," she stammers, fidgeting. "It feels so... intimate."

"It's just anatomy, Saff," I coax gently, keeping my voice light. "Like swapping feet, but... more interesting. And it's me. Your new artifact buddy. Safe space, right?" I wiggle the panties slightly. "Come on. Five minutes. You know you want to."

She bites her lip hard, her gaze darting from the panties to my face, then back again. The curiosity is winning. I can see it. Finally, with a deep, shaky breath, she snatches the panties from my hand, clutching them tightly like they might bite her.

"Okay," she whispers, her voice barely audible. "Okay, fine. Five minutes. For science. But if this is super weird, I'm blaming you." She practically flees towards the bathroom, shutting the door firmly behind her.

I lean back against the couch, a slow, satisfied smirk spreading across my face. Hook, line, and sinker. God, I love being persuasive. And the thought of Saffron, right now, experiencing my own anatomy... it sends a weird, possessive little thrill through me.

A few minutes later, the bathroom door creaks open. Saffron emerges slowly, hesitantly. She's wearing my panties now, presumably, hidden beneath her shorts. Her face is pale, her eyes wide and slightly dazed. She walks back towards the couch, moving stiffly, like she's not quite sure how her own legs work anymore.

"Okay," she breathes, sinking onto the cushion beside me, keeping a noticeable distance. "That was... wow. Really, really weird."

"Weird good? Weird bad?" I prompt, leaning forward eagerly. "Details, Saffron! Spill!"

She takes another deep breath, staring down at her own hands, which are currently twisting nervously in her lap. "It's just... different," she murmurs. "From mine, I mean. Yours is... plumper? Like, the lips feel fuller, softer. And it's definitely more of an... innie? Mine's more... out there, I guess. Yours feels more... tucked away. Compact." She wrinkles her nose. "And the clit feels different too. Smaller, maybe? More hidden under the hood? When I touched it... woah. Intense. Like, super sensitive, but in a different way than mine. More focused, maybe?" She shakes her head, looking utterly bewildered. "It's like driving a completely different car. Same basic function, but all the controls are in slightly different places, the handling's off..."

I'm utterly fascinated. Hearing her describe my own genitals with such detached, analytical detail... it's bizarrely intimate. "So, not gross?" I ask gently.

She looks up, meeting my eyes, a flicker of wonder replacing the bewilderment. “No,” she admits softly. “Not gross. Just... profoundly strange. To feel something so familiar, yet so completely different, occupying that space...” She trails off, shaking her head again.

“Let me see,” I say suddenly, the impulse hitting me before I can filter it.

Saffron recoils instantly. “What?! No! Lila, absolutely not!”

“Why not?” I press, keeping my tone light, reasonable. “It’s my pussy, technically. I’m just curious to see it from the outside, on someone else. It’s no different than looking at my own reflection, right? You’re not showing me your pussy; you’re showing me mine. Detached scientific observation.” The logic is shaky, I know, bordering on manipulative, but her earlier fascination with artifact experimentation gives me an opening.

Saffron hesitates, chewing on her lip again. I can see the wheels turning. She glances down at her shorts, then back at me, conflict warring in her eyes. The scientific curiosity, the desire to understand the artifact’s effects, battles with her ingrained modesty. Finally, with a reluctant sigh, she nods slowly.

“Okay,” she says quietly. “Fine. Scientific observation. But... quickly. And don’t be weird about it.”

She stands up hesitantly, right there in the middle of the living room. Her hands tremble slightly as she reaches for the button on her shorts. She unfastens it, then slowly, agonizingly, peels the shorts down her thighs, revealing my plain black cotton panties stretched snugly across her hips. She takes another deep breath, then hooks her thumbs into the waistband and slides the panties down just far enough to expose herself fully.

My breath catches. There it is. My own pussy. Staring back at me from between Saffron’s strong runner’s legs. It’s... surreal. Seeing it from this angle, on a different body. Saffron was right – it does look plumper, softer, more ‘innie’ than I’d picture my own to be based on feel alone. The dark curls surrounding it seem incongruous against Saffron’s paler skin tone. It’s undeniably mine, yet utterly alien in this context.

Saffron shifts uncomfortably, cheeks flaming, avoiding my gaze. “Okay? Seen enough science?” she mutters, already reaching to pull the panties back up.

“Wait,” I say quickly. “It’s... fascinating. You described it perfectly.” I lean forward slightly, my gaze analytical now, detached. “The way the outer lips curve... the prominence of the hood... Yeah. Definitely different from how I imagine yours.”

Saffron just groans, pulling her shorts back up hastily. "Okay, weirdness quota officially met for the day. Can I please swap back now?"

"Almost," I say, a new idea sparking. "Now I want to know what yours feels like."

Saffron stares at me. "You want to... wear my panties?"

"Yep," I confirm brightly. "Fair's fair, right? Artifact comparison. You tried mine, now I try yours." I stand up, already unbuttoning my own shorts.

Saffron watches me, looking partly horrified, partly intrigued again. "But... I don't have spare panties here," she says uncertainly.

"No problem." I step out of my shorts, completely naked from the waist down now, and gesture towards the ones she just took off to put mine on. "I'll wear these."

Saffron wrinkles her nose but seems resigned to the escalating weirdness. "Fine," she sighs. I grab the discarded panties from the floor where she'd dropped them and, after slipping the bracelet onto my wrist, pull them on.

The moment the fabric settles against my skin, the swap hits. A strange, internal shifting sensation. It doesn't hurt, but it feels... different. Like the internal landscape has been rearranged. I reach down tentatively, exploring through the thin cotton of the panties. Whoa. Okay. Definitely different. Things feel... less compact? More open? The clit seems larger, more exposed maybe? It's hard to tell for sure without direct contact, but the fundamental topography has undeniably changed.

"Well?" she prompts. "How does it feel? Weirder than mine?"

"Different," I confirm, still exploring tentatively through the fabric. "Less... tucked in, like you said. More... accessible?" I look up at her, a slow, wicked grin spreading across my face.

"Only one way to find out for sure, right?" I say, my voice dropping lower, already feeling the alien landscape between my legs start to hum with a strange energy. Saffron's pussy... on my body. The thought alone is a potent cocktail of the bizarre and the intensely erotic.

Saffron watches me, her own face a mixture of fascination and lingering apprehension. She's still standing there, naked from the waist down except for my black cotton panties stretched across her hips, showcasing the plump, 'innie' architecture she described as mine. Seeing my own genitals reflected back at me like that... it's profoundly weird, yet undeniably intriguing.

“So?” she prompts, shifting her weight slightly, crossing her arms under her breasts. “What’s the verdict? Is mine really that different?”

“Hold on, hold on,” I murmur, my attention still focused downwards, hands tentatively exploring through the thin fabric of her borrowed panties – the ones currently containing her swapped vagina on my body. “Initial assessment... yeah. Definitely less... compact than mine felt on you. Feels... wider? More open, maybe? Like the landing strip is broader.” I press gently against the mound. “And the clit... hang on.”

My fingers fumble slightly, trying to isolate the sensation through the fabric. This requires direct access. “Okay, scientific accuracy demands better data,” I announce, pulling the borrowed panties down my thighs and kicking them aside. Saffron gasps softly but doesn’t protest, her eyes glued to my crotch now, watching me explore what used to be hers moments ago.

Naked from the waist down, I reach again. Okay. Wow. Yes. Definitely different. The outer lips are thinner, less plush than my own. They part more easily, revealing more of the inner workings. And the clit... it’s definitely larger. Longer, maybe? More prominent, sitting higher, less tucked away beneath the hood. It looks almost... proud. Exposed. Ready for action.

“Yours is definitely more... assertive,” I report, tracing the shape of her clit with a fingertip. Even that light touch sends a surprising jolt through me, different from the focused intensity of my own, more like a broader electrical buzz. “Mine felt like a hidden pearl; yours is more like... the captain on the bridge.”

Saffron snorts, a choked laugh escaping her. “Captain on the bridge? Seriously, Lila?” But she doesn’t look away. Her gaze is locked onto my exploring fingers, her cheeks flushed, her breathing noticeably quicker.

“Hey, just calling it like I feel it,” I retort, my voice dropping huskier as the sensations start to build. The buzz from touching Saffron’s clit (on my body) is spreading, warming my belly, making my own breasts ache sympathetically. My nipples harden under my tank top, pushing against the fabric.

This is getting interesting. Very interesting.

“Okay, okay,” Saffron says quickly, her voice slightly strained. “Enough analysis. You gonna... you know... actually test the equipment, or just poke at it?” There’s a challenge in her voice now, mixed with a nervous energy that’s incredibly enticing.

My grin turns sharp, predatory. “Oh, I’m gonna test it,” I purr. “But you’re not just gonna stand there and watch, are you? You’ve got my hardware downstairs. Don’t you want to see how it performs under pressure?” I nod towards her crotch, where my own plump, tucked-away anatomy resides beneath her shorts and my panties. “Fair’s fair. Show me what my pussy can do, Saffron.”

The challenge hangs in the air. Saffron stares at me, her eyes wide, then drops her gaze to her own borrowed crotch. She bites her lip, hesitating for only a second before a look of reckless determination takes over. “Fine,” she breathes. “Let’s do this.”

She quickly sheds her shorts and my panties, mirroring my nakedness from the waist down. Seeing my own genitals again, nestled between her strong runner’s thighs... it’s a mindfuck of epic proportions. She looks down at herself, then back at me, a strange mixture of embarrassment and exhilaration on her face.

“Okay,” she whispers. “Where do we start?”

“Wherever you want,” I reply, my voice low. I sink onto the edge of her couch, leaning back slightly, deliberately spreading my legs, giving her – and myself, vicariously – a clear view of her vagina, now mine to explore. My hand immediately goes back between my legs, fingers slicking instantly with juices. This borrowed equipment seems eager.

My fingers find her clit again – that prominent, ‘captain on the bridge’ nub. I start rubbing, slow circles at first, testing the sensitivity. The response is immediate. A sharp gasp escapes my lips, my hips lifting slightly off the cushion. It’s incredibly sensitive, yes, but in a less piercing way than my own. More of a broad, electric hum that vibrates deep inside.

“Okay,” I pant, already feeling the pleasure build alarmingly fast. “Yours is... potent. Very direct feedback.”

Across from me, Saffron has hesitantly reached down to touch herself – touch me. Her fingers disappear slightly between the plumper lips she described, searching. “Mine’s... harder to find?” she murmurs, frowning in concentration. “Everything feels... softer down here. More... hidden.”

“Keep looking,” I encourage, my own fingers picking up the pace, rubbing her clit faster now, harder. The hum intensifies, turning into a deep thrumming ache that resonates through my pelvis. My breathing hitches. Moans start escaping me, soft whimpers at first.

Saffron finds it. Her fingers press against the sensitive spot, and a mirror image of my earlier reaction hits her. Her eyes fly wide, a choked gasp tearing from her throat. “Whoa! Okay! Yep! Found it! Jesus, Lila, that’s... intense! Like a tiny little lightning bolt!” She starts rubbing tentatively, her movements less sure than mine, clearly navigating unfamiliar territory.

We watch each other, a strange, intimate feedback loop forming between us. I’m feeling intense pleasure through her anatomy, while she’s discovering the unique sensitivity of mine. Seeing her touch herself, knowing those are my nerve endings she’s stimulating, adds a layer of profound weirdness and undeniable heat.

“Yours is... definitely different,” Saffron pants, her eyes glazed, cheeks flushed bright red. “Softer, maybe, but when you hit the right spot... pow! It’s like... focused fire.” She demonstrates, pressing down harder, her hips starting to buck slightly on the armchair she’s perched on.

“And yours...” I gasp, matching her intensity, my own fingers working her clit relentlessly now. “Is like... raw voltage! Less focused, maybe, but it spreads everywhere! Makes my whole body buzz!” My hips are grinding against the couch cushion now, chasing the feeling. My free hand comes up, grabbing one of my breasts, squeezing hard, needing the extra input. They feel full and firm, the nipple pebble-hard under my thumb.

We’re both moaning openly now, the sounds mingling in the quiet apartment – her higher-pitched gasps, my lower, throatier groans. We’re locked in this bizarre, shared masturbatory exploration, comparing notes on each other’s hardware while simultaneously experiencing it firsthand.

“Wetness levels?” I manage between pants, sliding a finger inside Saffron’s vagina. It’s slick, hot, welcoming, but maybe... thinner? Less copious than my own natural state? “Yours gets... slippery, but maybe not quite as... flooded?”

Saffron nods vigorously, her own fingers sliding easily within my plump lips. “Yeah! Yours is like... Niagara Falls down here! Instantly soaked! Mine takes a second longer to get going, but...” Her eyes widen again. “Whoa. Inside feels... tighter? Walls feel... grippier?” She curls her fingers slightly, exploring.

“Definitely tighter,” I confirm, rotating my own finger inside Saffron’s channel. “Yours feels... roomier? Easier access?”

It's the weirdest dirty talk ever, comparing vaginal topography and lubrication levels, but it's also incredibly fucking hot. We're both breathing heavily, lost in the sensations, the strangeness fueling the arousal.

"Okay," Saffron gasps, pulling her fingers out for a second. "Need... more. This isn't enough." Her eyes dart around the room, landing on the small collection of sex toys peeking out from an open drawer near her TV stand – Mark must have mentioned them. Before I can react, she scrambles over, rummaging frantically. She emerges triumphant, holding two vibrators – one sleek silver bullet, one larger, curved purple one.

My eyebrows shoot up. "Whoa, Saff. Getting serious now?"

She just grins, a wild, reckless look in her eyes. "Artifact science requires thorough testing, right?" She tosses the silver bullet vibe towards me. I catch it clumsily. It feels cool, metallic in my hand. She keeps the larger purple one for herself.

"Okay," she says, switching the purple vibe on with a resonant buzz. She holds it poised over her crotch. "Ready to see what little Lila can really handle?"

"Bring it," I reply, switching on the bullet vibe, its intense buzzing vibrating up my arm. I press the tip directly against Saffron's clit, the one currently residing between my legs.

The effect is immediate and overwhelming. A strangled scream rips from my throat as the powerful vibrations hit that super-sensitive spot. My hips slam back against the couch, legs trembling violently. The pleasure is almost unbearable, teetering on the edge of pain, pure electrical overload.

Across from me, Saffron presses the larger purple vibe against herself – against my pussy. Her reaction is just as intense, though different. She lets out a long, shuddering moan, her eyes rolling back in her head. "Oh... fuck... yes..." she breathes. "Softer... but... deeper? Hits different..." She starts moving the vibe slowly, exploring the contours of my anatomy with the vibrating head.

We're both lost in it now. The buzzing fills the room, mingling with our ragged gasps and moans. I ride the bullet vibe relentlessly, grinding against it, chasing the escalating pleasure, my borrowed body completely consumed by the sensations radiating from Saffron's hypersensitive clit. My breasts feel heavy, aching, nipples scraped raw against my tank top.

Saffron, meanwhile, seems to be discovering new levels of pleasure within my own anatomy. She experiments with the angle and pressure of the larger vibe, sometimes pressing it flat

against the whole area, sometimes focusing the tip directly on her (my) clit, sometimes sliding it slightly inside. Her moans shift in pitch and intensity with each new discovery. “Yours is... tricky,” she pants. “More... subtle? But when you find the spot... oh god...”

We’re both racing towards the edge, caught in this bizarre feedback loop of swapped sensations and shared discovery. Seeing her writhe and moan as she stimulates my own genitals is profoundly erotic, almost voyeuristic, even though I’m experiencing my own intense pleasure through hers.

“Lila... almost there...” Saffron gasps, her knuckles white where she grips the purple vibe, pressing it hard against herself.

“Me too... fuck...” I groan, grinding frantically against the bullet, my vision starting to blur, the pleasure building to an unbearable peak.

We come almost simultaneously. A final, desperate scream tears from my throat as the orgasm rips through Saffron’s anatomy, triggered by the bullet vibe’s relentless assault. It feels like being struck by lightning, a raw, almost painful explosion of sensation that leaves me boneless and trembling. Across from me, Saffron cries out, a long, keening wail, as my pussy clenches violently around the head of the purple vibe, her body convulsing, riding out wave after wave of intense, shuddering release.

Silence falls again, heavy and thick, broken only by our ragged, desperate gasps for air. We lie sprawled, Saffron on the armchair, me on the couch, both slick with sweat, vibrating with the residual echoes of climax. The discarded vibrators lie silent beside us.

It takes a long time for our breathing to even out, for the world to stop spinning. Eventually, Saffron pushes herself up slowly, looking dazed, her hair a wild tangle around her face. She looks down at herself – at my pussy – then across at me, lying spent and trembling, still inhabiting her vagina.

A slow, shaky laugh bubbles up from her chest. “Okay,” she says, her voice hoarse. “Okay. That was... definitely not gross.”

I manage a weak chuckle in response. “Told you. Science.”

We sit there in comfortable, slightly stunned silence for another few minutes, just catching our breath, processing the sheer intensity of what just happened. Finally, Saffron stands up, stretching languidly.

“Alright,” she says, sounding more like her usual self, though maybe a touch breathless. “As much fun as playing ‘Trading Spaces: Genital Edition’ has been, I think I’m ready to have my own equipment back. If you are?”

“God, yes,” I agree immediately. As fascinating as the experiment was, the thought of having my own familiar anatomy back is deeply appealing right now.

We retrieve our respective panties and use the bracelet to get our equipment back. I reach down instinctively, confirming. Yep. Back to normal Lila down there.

Saffron lets out a sigh of contentment, doing a similar check. “Ahhh. Home sweet home.” She takes the bracelet off, tossing it onto the coffee table. “Okay. Experiment complete. Conclusion: vaginas are weird and awesome, and yours is definitely different from mine.”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself,” I agree, pushing myself up from the couch, feeling slightly shaky but exhilarated.

I glance at the clock on the wall. Nearly 5 PM. I’ve been here for hours. James might be done soon, might need me. And honestly, after that... marathon session... I could use some downtime myself.

“Alright, Saff,” I say, grabbing my shorts and pulling them back on, feeling blessedly normal now. “This has been... educational. And ridiculously fun. But I should probably head out.”

“Yeah?” Saffron looks slightly disappointed. “You sure? We could order pizza? Watch bad TV?”

“Tempting,” I admit, pulling on my tank top. “But I’ve got... stuff to deal with. My friend, the one I loaned the ring to? He’s probably going to need a debrief later.”

“Ah, right.” Saffron nods understandingly. “Artifact business waits for no woman. Or man. Or swapped person.” She walks me to the door, leaning against the frame, her expression warm. “Well, thanks for stopping by, Lila. And thanks for... expanding my horizons, I guess?” She grins. “Seriously though, it’s cool knowing there are others out there. Maybe... maybe I will look into that club thing sometime.”

“You should,” I say genuinely. “Just... be careful who you trust.” The thought of Bill, of the bounty, sends a brief chill down my spine, cutting through the post-orgasmic haze. “And tell Cam good luck from me. He’s gonna need it.”

“Will do,” Saffron laughs. “Text me later?”

“Definitely.” I give her a quick hug and step out into the late afternoon heat.

I finally reach my building, letting myself into my cool, quiet apartment. The silence feels profound after the intensity of the afternoon. I pour myself a large glass of water, kicking off my shoes, and collapse onto my own couch.

Time to wait. Wait for James. Wait to hear about the mission. Wait to see what fresh hell or unexpected triumph this artifact-saturated reality throws at us next. And maybe, just maybe, process the fact that I spent my afternoon swapping vaginas and achieving multiple orgasms with a near-stranger using magical underwear.