

The switch

JULY 2025



30-year-old Aisha Ogunwale stood in the dim glow of her Lagos offices, the weight of Interpol's pursuit pressing against her like a gathering storm. What had once been whispers—rumors of frozen accounts, arrest warrants, the sudden silence of her closest allies—had hardened into inevitability. Time was slipping through her fingers.

Disappearing wouldn't be easy. Not for *her*. Not when her face graced billboards and her name dripped from the lips of Lagos' elite. Hell, she had even attempted running as Lagos's mayor. But Aisha had planned for this.

The *Switcher*—a sleek, unassuming device funded by her black-market scientists—promised what others would call impossible: a new body, a new life. All she needed was the right vessel. She scrolled through a few profiles of possible victims and eventually settled for one. "A bit of a wallflower, but she'll do." - she commented.

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Maaïke de Vries, twenty years young, stabbed at her laptop keys in the sterile quiet of her father's company apartment. A Shell engineer and a single father, he had dragged her from Amsterdam to Lagos. It wasn't the life she wanted, too isolated, too distant from her friends in Amsterdam. The city felt too dangerous for a young woman like her, so making new friends proved difficult too. She barely had time to gasp before gloved hands clamped over her mouth. Darkness swallowed her. When she woke up, she was in an office, in a high-rise building. And there, poised in a chair like a queen holding court, sat Aisha Ogunwale.

"Welcome, Maaïke," Aisha purred, her smile razor-thin. "Apologies for the... abrupt invitation."

Maaïke's pulse roared in her ears. "W-what do you want from me?"

Aisha sighed, as if explaining to a slow child.

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"Let's say I have made money in a way that's not entirely legal and I've bothered some pretty important people. I need a way out and I've found a way to trade bodies with people." She leaned in, her perfume cloying the air. "With you, to be precise."

Maaike shivered. Her green eyes widened. "Why me?"

"Why you? You're young, white, European. Kinda pretty too. No notoriety. No connections here. Once I slip into your body, I'll be able to live a luxurious life, anywhere in the world. And no one will be looking for me."

"What? You're insane! I'm never doing this!"

Aisha's smile hardened. "You don't have a choice, dear."

Maaike screamed, tugging at her restraints. "I don't want to be you! I don't want to be a Black woman!"

"Come on, girl, have you seen my body? You're going to love being a Black queen."

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“But... when they find me, I’ll be arrested!”

“Don’t worry. You’ll be safe. We’ll disguise you... you’ll be far away from my... associates. A poor, average Nigerian girl won’t attract the attention of anybody. Do as you’re told, and no one will find you. It’s in my best interest to keep my body alive and well in case the waters calm down and I need my body back. Oh and don’t even think about going to the police, your face and body will be those of a criminal. Trust me, a prissy lady like you wouldn’t last a day in Nigerian prisons.” - she added.

Maaike was dragged into the capsule, kicking and screaming. The whirring of the machine drowned out her protests. Aisha slipped into the opposite chamber with serene confidence.

Moments later, a blinding flash filled the room, followed by silence.

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The figure that emerged from Aisha's capsule was no longer the Nigerian woman. It was Maaïke—or rather, Aisha's mind—now inhabiting Maaïke's fit, youthful frame.

She admired her reflection in the mirrored wall, running her hands over the freckles dotting her face.

"Perfect," she whispered. "Just a bit flat here and there. Fuck, you white girls got no curves. I'll have to get some work done on this body."

In the adjacent capsule, the real Maaïke, now trapped in Aisha's body, pounded on the door. "Fuck! Help me! Reverse this!" she shrieked.

But her words fell on deaf ears. Aisha—now Maaïke—adjusted her posture, smiled sweetly, and prepared to walk out into the world, ready to rebuild her empire in a body no one would ever suspect. The young Dutchwoman, overwhelmed, fainted immediately.

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Maaike awoke to the suffocating heat and the noise of mosquitos. Her eyes fluttered open to the sight of a ceiling fan lazily spinning above her. Disoriented, she groaned, pushing herself up from the small, lumpy mattress. For a moment, she hoped it was all a dream.

But when she caught sight of her hands—darker, thicker—her heart sank. She let out a small, panicked cry and scrambled to her feet, noticing her reflection in a large mirror across the room. “No... no, no, no!” she gasped, stumbling toward it. The image staring back at her was unrecognizable.

Gone were her pale, freckled cheeks and fiery red hair. Instead, a round, unfamiliar face stared back. Her smooth, fair skin had been replaced by a deep, rich brown, her green eyes now dark and almond-shaped. Her body felt heavier, her arms bulkier, her stomach softer. Tears streamed down her face as she whispered, “This isn’t me.” She glanced down, horrified to find herself dressed in a gaudy leopard-print leggings and bra set that clung to her unfamiliar curves.

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On the small table in the corner of the room, she noticed a handwritten note, scribbled on cheap stationery. With trembling hands, she picked it up:

Dear Maaike,

Adjusting to your new life will take time, but don't worry—I've given you a head start. You'll find some money and an address for your new job. In four weeks, you'll be starting as a waitress at an exclusive private club. The pay is decent, and you'll learn to appreciate the finer things Lagos has to offer.

To help you settle in, I've also left a workout schedule. Gotta keep that body tight if you want to make tips, darling. After all, this is Lagos, and looks matter.

Good luck! And remember—behave yourself, and you might get rewarded.

Cheers, Aisha



One Week Later

The rhythmic pounding of bass-heavy Afrobeats filled the humid air as Maaike wiped sweat from her brow. The gym was small and crowded, the equipment old. She stood in front of a cracked mirror, trying not to cry again. Her once-slender, athletic frame now carried wider hips, a thicker waist, and the beginnings of toned muscles in her legs and arms. The leopard-print leggings Aisha had left fit a little better now, though they still clung to curves Maaike hadn't asked for. "Push harder!" barked her trainer, a burly man with a booming voice. "You've got potential. Use it!"

Maaike gritted her teeth, squatting with the barbell across her shoulders. Her thighs burned, her glutes ached, but she powered through the reps. If she was going to survive this nightmare, she had to be strong—mentally and physically. She didn't care about her glutes, though the results were undeniable. Her butt was rounder, fuller—something she would have found enviable on someone else.

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Back at the apartment, Maaike slumped onto the couch, her muscles screaming for rest. Her gaze drifted down to her legs, toned and shapely after weeks of grueling exercise. A warmth spread through her as she recalled the men at the Nigerian gym earlier—sweaty, muscular, confident. As a pale, shy Dutch girl, she had always avoided attention from men like that. But now, in this body they seemed within reach. No longer an outsider, she felt a strange pull, a curiosity mixed with arousal. Her hand drifted lower. She hesitated, her cheeks flushing. But the sensation between her legs was undeniable, a building heat she couldn't ignore. Slowly, her fingers moved further, exploring. Her breath hitched as she felt the soft folds of her new anatomy—different, darker, looser. She bit her lip, a mix of embarrassment and fascination washing over her. Her mind raced. Her pubic hair was so different that it shocked her to feel it. But there was something sexy about imagining fucking someone with this body.

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Meanwhile the real Aisha was having some trouble justifying her new lifestyle as Maaike. To justify her presence on her own yacht, she'd told Maaike's father that she'd been invited to a yacht party by "some young Nigerian entrepreneurs." His brow had furrowed, but the lie held. Shy, sheltered Maaike, finally making friends. Finally living. He was skeptical but happy she was less lonely. She also started wearing makeup, dressing more provocatively... She was finally turning heads. With the confidence she now had men found her irresistible.

Bank accounts mysteriously grew—thanks to a few loyal associates. But it wasn't enough. Transferring her fortune in small, untraceable increments was tedious. And risky. Every transaction left a footprint. She needed a real solution.

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A few weeks later, everything was ready. The neon sign outside flickered, casting a sickly pink glow over the bar's sticky floors. She adjusted the too-tight hem of her skirt, the fabric digging into her thighs, and forced a giggle as a customer slid a crumpled bill across the counter. His fingers lingered too long. She let them. *Safe*. The word echoed in her head, bitter and sweet.

She hardly resembled *Aisha Ogunwale* anymore. Not with her face caked in cheap foundation and her toned body. Not only that, her body language wasn't that of Aisha. The way she moved now was still sexy but humble, unthreatening. A girl who batted her lashes and laughed too loud, who let hands graze her waist because a few extra naira meant food that night. She was safe. No Interpol. No rivals hunting her. Just this dingy bar, the stench of spilled beer, and the blessed, anonymous

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A few months later, Maaike had largely adjusted to her new life. The music thumped heavy in the club, vibrating through the LED-lit walls of the Lagos club. The leather of her crop top creaked softly as she moved, her waist smaller now, her hips fuller. Months of gym training and tight schedules had shaped her into a woman who turned heads the moment she walked in. She smiled, adjusting her earrings and waiting for *Tolu*, her boyfriend. He was hot, muscular, and treated her like a queen. Just a few months ago she wouldn't have dared talk to someone like him. Now? He was hers.

But then her gaze froze. Across the room was a woman who didn't belong. Fair-skinned. Red hair.. Confident. She was laughing, arm wrapped possessively around a tall Nigerian man. Maaike's stomach turned. No... no way.

The redhead looked too much like her—*like the girl she used to be.*



Only older, more hardened, layered in glam and swagger. Her lashes long and thick, her eyes scanning the room like she owned it. Her red hair was styled in soft, expensive waves, her latex outfit clinging tight to her enhanced curves. The piercings, the heavy contour, the glossy lips—she oozed shameless confidence. She looked... *dangerous*. Their eyes met—briefly.

Maaike froze, her glass still in her hand. It can't be. She wouldn't come back. Why would she come back?

Oh, it's you!" she said with a playful smirk. "Fuck, that's awkward."

She leaned close to the Black man beside her and whispered, "Could you give us a sec, babe?" Aisha sauntered toward her old body with catlike grace. Her hips swayed, the light bouncing off her outfit.

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“Hey, love the new hair, sister. And wow. You're in great shape. Gotta say, you wear *my* body way better than I did. What are you doing in an high end club like this one? Do you work here now?” “No... I have a date with my boyfriend, he's a barman at my club. He encouraged me to get a new look...”. The redhead smiled.

The Black woman stiffened. “What are you doing here? I thought you went abroad.”

Aisha shrugged casually. “Tried it. Monaco's cute. I still take the yacht out when I get bored, but honestly? Europe sucks. Lagos is more fun. Also, I married Abioye—remember him? He was one of my silent partners. Transferred all my wealth to him before they caught me. Now I just live the life of a spoiled trophy wife with no criminal record.” Maaiké's hands clenched at her sides. “Oh my God... What will people think of me?”



Aisha laughed, low and wicked. "Yeah, about that... They think you've lost your mind. Your daddy was *horrified* when I told him I got engaged to a Nigerian club owner who wanted me to get breast implants and lip fillers. Said it was 'part of my awakening.'"

Maaike's eyes widened in horror. "What... what did you do to my body?"

"Relax," Aisha purred. "Just gave it a little *upgrade*. You were too basic to be a trophy wife. Now you're a proper head-turner. People notice me. And your daddy stopped calling altogether."

"Stap calling him daddy! Fuck, you ruined me," Maaike whispered.

"No, sweetie," Aisha corrected, brushing a strand of red hair behind her pierced ear. "I *liberated* you. You were wasting that body. I made it matter."



Aisha leaned in, her voice low and mocking. "Mmh, cute. Face it, babe. You're me now. Well, a poor version of me. A local girl with curves, bills to pay, and a man who likes his women obedient. You wear the part well, though. I'm proud of you. You've carved yourself a decent life. Stop worrying about Maaike, I'll take care of her now."

Then she turned on her heel, sauntering back toward Abioye, who was waiting with a drink in hand. She kissed him on the cheek like nothing had happened.

Maaike stood still, Aisha's taunts still echoed in her mind, but the bitterness had dulled. She *had* carved out a life. A good one, even. The regulars knew her name. The tips paid her rent. And her boyfriend had proven himself more than just another man who liked his women obedient. Anyway, she was a strong Black woman now and she would make the best of her life, no matter what.