

# The Swapping Device: A Thief Experiments

*A story by JohnManTD*

The lecture hall was a cavern of beige and boredom, an architectural sedative designed to lull two hundred young minds into a state of quiet submission. Professor Montgomery, a woman whose entire presence screamed 'sensible footwear' and 'well-researched but ultimately uninspiring thesis,' was droning on about the socio-economic implications of the Peloponnesian War. My eyelids felt like they were attached to lead weights. Why the hell had I chosen History as a major? I'd imagined grand battles, tales of intrigue, maybe even a few badass sword fights. Instead, I got grain futures in ancient Athens.

My name is Caleb. I'm an average guy, in every sense of the word. Average height, average grades, and a body that was a soft, slightly out-of-shape testament to a lifelong commitment to avoiding strenuous activity. My wavy brown hair was perpetually in a state of controlled chaos, much like my life plan. I was wearing my usual uniform: a plain, light brown t-shirt and simple black shorts. I was the background character in my own life, and this lecture hall was my natural habitat.

The only thing preventing me from succumbing to a full-blown coma was the girl sitting next to me.

And when I say girl, I mean girl. She was a fucking masterpiece. Not in the sharp, intimidating way of a supermodel, but in a lush, powerful, overwhelmingly female way that made the air around her seem to crackle. She had dark hair pulled up into a messy bun that still managed to look effortlessly perfect, framing a face with high cheekbones, full lips, and intense, intelligent eyes that were, infuriatingly, fixed on the professor, her pencil scratching away in her notebook with genuine interest.

But her body... good god, her body. She was wearing a simple, form-fitting green tank top and matching shorts, an outfit that did absolutely nothing to hide the miracle of her physique. Her breasts were magnificent – full, round, and high, straining against the thin, ribbed fabric with a presence that was almost gravitational. They weren't just big; they were perfectly shaped, the kind of tits you saw in fever dreams or on the covers of magazines you had to hide from your mom. Her waist was impossibly small, flaring out into hips and an ass that looked

like it had been sculpted by a god with a PhD in curves. Her legs were long, toned, her skin glowing with a healthy vitality that made my own pale, slightly flabby form seem even more pathetic in comparison.

I had to say something. I couldn't just sit here, a foot away from perfection, and not at least try.

I leaned over, summoning every ounce of my non-existent charm. "So, uh... pretty wild stuff, right? The... the Peloponnesians."

She didn't even look at me. Her eyes remained fixed on the front of the hall, her pencil never ceasing its steady, rhythmic scratching. "Fascinating, isn't it?" she murmured, her voice a low, melodic alto that sent a shiver down my spine. "The way a single trade dispute could destabilize an entire region for decades."

Okay. So she was actually listening. And definitely not interested in my brilliant commentary. I shrugged it off, slumping back in my chair, defeated. Can't win 'em all. Or, in my case, can't win any of 'em.

I spent the next twenty minutes alternating between doodling increasingly elaborate spaceships in my notebook and stealing surreptitious glances at her, at the way her breasts shifted when she leaned forward, the curve of her thigh, the delicate line of her neck.

Then, her phone buzzed softly in her bag. She ignored it at first, but it buzzed again, more insistently. With a sigh of annoyance, she fished it out, glancing at the screen. Her expression changed instantly, shifting from focused academic interest to sharp, urgent concern. She quickly put the phone to her ear, her voice a low, urgent whisper.

"What? Are you sure? Shit. Okay, Lila, I'll be right there. Don't move. Don't touch anything. Just... stay put."

She hung up, her face a mask of worried determination. She turned to me then, her intense brown eyes finally meeting mine, and for a second, I completely forgot how to breathe.

"Hey," she said, her voice brisk, all business now. "Sorry, I have to go. Emergency. My name's James."

James? I blinked. "Like... the guy's name?"

A flicker of annoyance crossed her perfect features. “Don’t ask. Long story. Look, I’m gonna miss the rest of this lecture, and I really need the notes. Can I trust you to send them to me later? Please? It’s important.”

Was I about to be entrusted with an important task by the hottest girl I’d ever seen in my life? A girl who was now giving me her undivided attention? A girl who needed my help? My brain, which had been operating at about 15% capacity, suddenly kicked into overdrive. This was my in.

“Yeah! Yeah, of course!” I said, my voice cracking slightly. I fumbled for my own phone. “Absolutely. No problem at all.”

She gave me a quick, grateful smile that made my stomach do a backflip. “Thanks. You’re a lifesaver.” She rattled off her number as I scrambled to type it into my phone, my fingers suddenly feeling thick and clumsy. I saved the contact under ‘James - History Goddess.’

“Got it,” I said, probably grinning like an absolute idiot.

“Thanks again,” she said, already grabbing her bag and notebook. She moved with a fluid, athletic grace, a whirlwind of focused energy. She practically sprinted up the lecture hall steps, a blur of green fabric and bouncing dark hair. As she reached the exit at the top of the stairs, her bag swung, and something small and black slipped from an unzipped side pocket, tumbling silently onto the carpeted step, unnoticed.

I saw it. I opened my mouth to shout, “Hey! I think you dropped something!” But the guy in front of me turned, his face a mask of academic fury, and shushed me loudly. By the time I’d gathered my courage to try again, James was gone.

The object lay there on the step, small and unobtrusive. After a few more agonizing minutes of Professor Montgomery droning on about Athenian naval tactics, my curiosity got the better of me. I mumbled an excuse about needing the bathroom and clambered up the steps, snatching the object on my way past.

Back in my seat, I examined my prize. It was... weird. A sleek, black device, about the size of a smartphone but thicker, with no discernible branding. It felt heavy, solid, made of some kind of smooth, seamless material. The front was dominated by a large, circular button, with a few smaller buttons and a tiny, dark screen above it. It wasn’t a phone. It wasn’t a TV remote. It

looked like some kind of bizarre, high-tech gadget from a sci-fi movie. What the hell was it?

My thumb, seemingly with a will of its own, pressed the largest button. The small screen flickered to life, its white text glowing softly in the dim light of the lecture hall. I was still vaguely facing the front of the room, and the device seemed to be... scanning?

TARGET 1: ALICIA MONTGOMERY

What the fuck? Alicia Montgomery? Professor Montgomery? How did this thing know her name? My mind reeled. Was this some kind of advanced facial recognition device? A student-faculty directory from the future?

Beneath her name, there was an empty slot: TARGET 2: [SELECT]. A tiny, almost invisible red light was blinking on the top of the device, like it was waiting for input.

My gaze drifted across the front row. My eyes landed on Brittany Hayes. Of course. Brittany. Head cheerleader, campus queen, and a notorious academic tryhard who always sat in the front row of every class, hand permanently raised, asking questions that were clearly designed to showcase how much she'd already studied. She was, naturally, stunning. Long blonde hair, perfect teeth, and a body that was a testament to thousands of hours of squats and spin classes. She was wearing a tiny, sky-blue crop top and matching leggings that hugged her every curve.

My curiosity, now a raging inferno, was too strong to resist. I aimed the device vaguely in her direction. The screen flickered again.

TARGET 2: BRITTANY HAYES

Holy shit. It knew her name too. Then, the screen changed again, a long, scrollable list appearing beneath the two names.

SELECT TRAIT TO SWAP: -AGE -HEIGHT -WEIGHT -BREASTS -MUSCLE MASS -BODY FAT % -HAIR LOR) -GENITALS -HAIR (STYLE/LENGTH) -EYE COLOR -VOICE PITCH -ACCENT -CLOTHING -OCCUPATION -IQ - etc - etc...

The list went on. And on. And on. It seemed to encompass every single conceivable human attribute, from the physical to the abstract. What in the ever-loving, interdimensional fuck was this thing? A prank? Some incredibly advanced augmented reality game?

My eyes snagged on one of the more mundane options near the top: CLOTHING. A harmless test, right? What could possibly happen?

My thumb, trembling slightly, scrolled to 'CLOTHING' and tapped the side of the device to select it. The main button on the front started to pulse with a faint, white light. This was it. The moment of truth. I took a deep breath, braced myself for... something. Nothing? An error message? A puff of smoke?

I pressed the button.

A soft, distinct zzzttt sound, like a tiny electrical discharge, emanated from the device.

I looked up. And my entire world tilted on its axis.

Professor Montgomery, who a second ago had been standing at the podium in her sensible professional blouse and black pants, was now... not. She was now wearing Brittany Hayes's tiny, sky-blue crop top and skintight leggings. The prim, middle-aged academic was suddenly, inexplicably, dressed like a college cheerleader heading to a workout session. The crop top was stretched tight across her softer, middle-aged torso, revealing a sliver of pale midriff. The leggings clung to her less-than-toned legs, looking utterly, surreally out of place.

And Brittany Hayes? She was now sitting in the front row, hand still raised, wearing Professor Montgomery's conservative blouse and black pants. The professional attire looked absurdly baggy on her athletic frame, swallowing her curves.

And the craziest part? The absolute, mind-shattering, reality-breaking part?

Nobody noticed.

Nobody gasped. Nobody laughed. Nobody even blinked. Professor Montgomery continued her lecture on Athenian naval tactics without missing a beat, completely unfazed by her sudden, radical change in wardrobe. Brittany kept her hand in the air, a look of earnest academic inquiry on her face, seemingly oblivious to the fact that she was now dressed like her own grandmother. The entire lecture hall, all two hundred students, remained engrossed, or at least pretending to be engrossed, in the lecture.

My brain felt like it was short-circuiting. I grabbed the arm of the guy sitting next to me, a nerdy-looking dude named Kevin I'd had a few classes with. "Kevin! Dude! Did you just... did

you just see that?" I hissed, my voice a strangled whisper.

Kevin looked at me, his expression a mixture of confusion and annoyance. "See what, Caleb? I'm trying to listen."

"The professor!" I insisted, pointing with a trembling finger. "Her clothes! She just... they just... changed!"

Kevin followed my gaze to the front of the room, then looked back at me like I'd just sprouted a second head. "What are you talking about? She always dresses like that. A little... unprofessional, maybe, but that's her style. Now, seriously, can you shut up? I need to get this down for the midterm." He turned away, pointedly ignoring me.

She always dresses like that.

The words echoed in my brain, a chilling confirmation of the impossible. Reality had rewritten itself. For everyone except me. I was the only one who remembered the sensible blouse and black pants. For the rest of the world, Professor Montgomery was, and always had been, a middle-aged history professor with a baffling penchant for wearing cheerleader workout gear to her lectures.

My heart hammered against my ribs. This was real. This device... it wasn't a prank. It wasn't a game. It was... magic. Real, honest-to-god, reality-bending magic. And I was holding it in my hand.

A slow, giddy, terrifying grin spread across my face. I looked back at the professor, at her new, ridiculous outfit. And a new, even more reckless idea sparked in my mind.

Okay. Let's push this.

I discreetly aimed the device again. Target 1: Alicia Montgomery. Target 2... my eyes scanned the front row again, landing on a massive dude from the football team, a literal mountain of muscle named Chad whose neck was thicker than my thigh. Target 2: Chad Bronson. Trait: "MUSCLE MASS."

My thumb, no longer trembling, pressed the button with a newfound confidence. Zzzztttt.

The effect was instantaneous and glorious. At the front of the room, Chad the football

player seemed to... deflate. His massive shoulders shrank, his bulging biceps withered, his tree-trunk legs slimmed down. He was still a big guy, but the raw, intimidating muscle mass had just... vanished, leaving him looking soft, doughy, almost flabby in his suddenly-too-big jersey. He looked down at his own arms with a look of profound, bewildered confusion, but nobody else seemed to notice.

Professor Montgomery, however... she exploded. The muscles in her arms, her shoulders, her back, swelled with breathtaking speed, ripping the seams of the already-too-tight crop top. Her legs, beneath the leggings, became columns of pure, sculpted muscle. She was a fucking bodybuilder now. A shredded, muscle-bound, middle-aged woman, still wearing the cheerleader outfit, still droning on about the tactical advantages of the trireme.

And again, nobody reacted. The world accepted it as normal. Professor Montgomery, the jacked, crop-top-wearing history academic. Of course.

I stared, mesmerized, a dizzying sense of god-like power washing over me. I could do anything. Change anyone. Reshape the world to my whim, and nobody would ever know. A giddy, hysterical laugh bubbled up in my throat.

I looked down at the device, a new, even more exciting thought occurring to me. I aimed it at my own chest. The screen flickered.

TARGET 1: CALEB REYNOLDS

Oh, this was going to be fun. So much fun.

The bell, shrill and jarring, suddenly rang out, signaling the end of the class. Students started packing up their bags, the spell of the lecture instantly broken. And before I could even think about swapping anything back, about restoring the professor to her original, non-muscle-bound, professionally-dressed state, she was already gathering her notes, striding out of the room with her new, powerful, bodybuilder's gait, disappearing down the hall.

Oops. Oh well. I was sure I could find her later and fix it. Probably.

The walk back to my dorm was a blur. The world seemed brighter, more vibrant, charged with a new, secret energy. Every person I passed was no longer just a person; they were a

collection of swappable traits, a potential experiment, a canvas for my newfound artistry. The power humming in my pocket felt like a second heartbeat.

On my way, I passed the campus gym, its large plate-glass windows offering a tantalizing view of bodies in motion, a smorgasbord of potential upgrades. My own slightly soft, out-of-shape physique suddenly felt... inadequate. Unacceptable. Why be average when I could be perfect?

I peered inside, my eyes scanning the weight room. My gaze landed on him. The perfect donor. He wasn't a steroidal monster like Chad had been, but he was... fit. Perfectly, effortlessly fit. Lean muscle, low body fat, that V-tapered torso that screamed 'I eat clean and probably have a great personality too.'

I didn't even hesitate. Device out. Target me. Target Fit Gym Dude. Trait: "MUSCLE MASS & BODY FAT %." Zzzztttt.

The sensation was incredible. Not a sudden, jarring shift, but a warm, tingling wave that washed over my entire body. I felt the slight softness around my middle tighten, solidify. My arms, my chest, my legs... they felt denser, harder. I looked down. My plain light brown t-shirt, usually hanging a little loose, was now stretched snugly across a newly defined chest and a set of abs I definitely hadn't owned five seconds ago. I flexed my arm. A respectable, well-defined bicep bulged against the sleeve.

Inside the gym, the dude I'd swapped with suddenly paused mid-bicep-curl, looking down at his arm with a confused frown as the muscle seemed to melt away, replaced by my own less-impressive, softer flesh. He shook his head, looking bewildered, then just seemed to shrug it off, probably assuming he'd just pulled a muscle or was having an off day.

I, on the other hand, felt... amazing. Powerful. I walked the rest of the way to my dorm with a new swagger in my step, my newly toned muscles moving with an easy, athletic grace I'd never known. As I was walking up the path, another student, a girl I vaguely knew from my sociology class, passed me. "Hey, Caleb," she said, her eyes doing a quick, appreciative sweep of my new physique. "Looking fit, as usual."

As usual. The words were a jolt of pure, intoxicating confirmation. It wasn't just a change; it was a retroactive upgrade. In her reality, in everyone's reality, I had always been this fit.

Always been this guy. The old, slightly flabby Caleb Reynolds had been erased from existence, replaced by this new, improved model. The possibilities were staggering.

I practically bounded up the stairs to my dorm room, my mind buzzing with the sheer, unlimited potential of my new toy. I burst through the door, my excitement too great to contain.

“Dom! Dude! You are not going to believe this! Look at me!”

My roommate, Dom, was sitting on his bed, scrolling through his phone. He was a decent-looking guy, a little more conventionally attractive than me, maybe, with a slightly better build (well, not anymore, I thought with a smug grin). We’d been randomly assigned as roommates freshman year and had been friends ever since. He looked up from his phone, his expression one of mild, unimpressed annoyance.

“Whoa, calm down, man,” he said, raising an eyebrow. “Look at what? You finally decide to wash your hair?”

I stopped, my triumphant grin faltering. Right. He wouldn’t notice. Reality rewrite. I had to remember that. “You... you really don’t see anything different?” I asked, striking a subtle pose to showcase my new abs.

Dom looked me up and down slowly, a bored expression on his face. “I don’t know, dude. Did you forget to shave? You’ve got a little... something... right there.” He gestured vaguely towards his own chin.

I stared at him, amazed. The power of this thing... it was absolute. “Dom,” I said, my voice low with a conspiratorial excitement. “Listen to me. I found something. This... this weird magic remote.” I pulled out the Swapper, holding it up like a sacred relic. “It changes things! Real things! I just used it to give myself these muscles! And in my history class, I swapped the professor’s clothes with a cheerleader! Nobody noticed but me!”

Dom just stared at me, his expression shifting from boredom to concern. He let out a short, sharp laugh. “A magic remote? Caleb, dude, have you been smoking that weird shit from Carl’s vape pen again? You’re losing it, man.”

“No, I’m serious! I can prove it!” I insisted, frustration mounting. He had to believe me. I

needed to show someone, to share this incredible secret.

I stalked over to the window, scanning the courtyard below. “Okay, come here. See that girl over there?” I pointed to a woman leaving the campus gym, clad in a sports bra and leggings, her body a symphony of toned curves. She had an impressive chest and a fantastic ass.

Dom ambled over, peering out the window. His eyes lit up with appreciation. “Yeah, I see her. Damn. She’s stacked. So what?”

I aimed the device, targeting Dom first. TARGET 1: DOMINIC CARTER. Then, I aimed it at the woman outside. TARGET 2: CHLOE ADAMS. “Whoa, freaky,” Dom muttered, peering at the screen. “It knows our names? Weird app.” I ignored him, my heart pounding. This was the big one. Trait: “BODY (BELOW NECK).” My thumb, steady now, pressed the button. Zzzztttt.

The change was instantaneous and profound. Dom gasped, stumbling backwards, his hands flying to his chest. His plain t-shirt, which had been a comfortable fit moments ago, was now stretched to its absolute limit, pulled paper-thin over a pair of large, heavy, undeniably female breasts. The fabric of his sweatpants, which had been hanging loosely, was now straining against the dramatic, new curve of a round, full, female ass. His waist had cinched, his hips had flared. From the neck down, he now possessed the fit, voluptuous, incredibly sexy body of Chloe Adams from the gym. He was topless underneath, and his new breasts, unsupported, jiggled heavily with his every panicked movement.

“SEE?!” I yelled, gesturing triumphantly. “I told you! It’s real! Look at you! You have a girl’s body!”

Dom looked down at himself, then back at me, his face a mask of pure, unadulterated confusion. “See what, dude?” he said, his voice laced with genuine bewilderment. He looked down at his new, magnificent breasts, then gave them a casual, almost bored jiggle. “You pressed the button and nothing happened. What’s your point?”

I stared at him, my triumphant grin melting into a puddle of stunned disbelief. Nothing happened? He... he didn’t feel that? He didn’t see the change? So... for everyone else, even the target of the swap, there was no sensation of change? Just... a new, seamlessly integrated reality?

“Dom!” I insisted, my voice cracking slightly. “Look at you! You have tits! A pussy! You’re a

girl from the neck down!”

He looked genuinely annoyed now. “Dude, what the hell is your problem today? You know I’m insecure about this shit. Just because I don’t look like some... some muscle-bound dude, doesn’t give you the right to be an asshole about it.” He crossed his arms over his chest, which only served to push his new breasts together, creating a truly spectacular valley of cleavage.

I pointed out the window. The woman, Chloe Adams, was still walking away, but now in Dom’s taller, leaner, undeniably male body. “But... her!” I stammered. “Look at her! That’s your body! Isn’t it weird seeing a girl walking around with a dude’s body?”

Dom glanced out the window, then shrugged. “Yeah, she’s always looked kinda masculine. So what? Let’s not body-shame, dude. We both know I don’t exactly fit the traditional gender mold either.” He sighed, a weary, familiar sound, as if he’d had this exact conversation a thousand times before. In his new, rewritten reality, maybe he had.

“But... your tits!” I said again, my mind struggling to grasp the sheer, comprehensive power of the reality rewrite. “Your... your pussy!”

Dom rolled his eyes, a look of profound, long-suffering exasperation on his face. “Okay, dude, I get it. I’m not exactly Mr. Universe. I’ve got boobs. And yeah, I don’t have a dick. Big deal. This is just how I am, man. I’ve learned to accept it.” He then did something that completely shattered what little remained of my understanding of reality. He reached under his shirt, cupped one of his large, heavy breasts, and gave it a firm, almost proud squeeze. “Besides,” he said with a completely straight face, his tone pure dude-bro nonchalance, “it’s kinda fun having tits to play with. And honestly? Having a pussy is way more fun than having a dick i bet.” He grinned. “C’mon, you want another look?” He lifted his shirt, shamelessly exposing his magnificent, bra-less new chest.

I just stared, my jaw on the floor. In this reality, Dom had always had a female body. He was a dude, with a dude’s brain, a dude’s personality, a dude’s attraction to women... who just happened to be born with tits and a pussy. And he’d not only come to terms with it but seemed to... enjoy the perks.

“Anyway, dude,” Dom said, dropping his shirt, clearly sensing my stunned silence as discomfort. “I think your ‘magic remote’ joke is a little weird, and honestly, I’m kinda done

talking about my body like this. Don't know what's gotten into you today." He turned, flopped onto his bed, and pulled out his laptop, a clear signal that the conversation was over.

I looked out the window. The girl, Chloe Adams, was gone, having walked off with Dom's male body. Oh well. Dom didn't seem to care. In his world, nothing had changed.

A moment later, Dom, still grumbling about my weird behavior, took off his shirt, apparently getting ready for a nap. His magnificent, un-bra'd breasts spilled free, jiggling heavily as he moved. Then, he shimmied out of his sweatpants, leaving him in just his boxers, his surprisingly fantastic ass and curvy hips now on full display.

"Whoa, dude?" I said, my voice cracking again.

Dom looked over at me, annoyed. "What? You've seen me in my boxers a million times. I'm not a chick, dude. It's chill." He turned his back to me and settled into his pillows.

I just chuckled, my mind still reeling, my eyes lingering on the incredible view. A dude-bro, with a dude-bro's brain, inhabiting a total bombshell's body, completely unaware of the fact, and still acting like... well, like Dom. It was the most bizarre, most transgressive, most deeply, confusingly erotic thing I had ever witnessed.

And as I stood there, watching him, the Swapper still humming faintly in my hand, a new, even more audacious idea began to form. Why stop at just the body?

I looked out the window. Another hot girl was walking past, a runner with a lean, athletic build, but a face that was pure, delicate perfection. Pretty. Very pretty.

I aimed the device. Target Dom. Target Pretty Runner Girl. Trait: "HEAD." Zzzztttt.

I looked back at Dom. He was still lying on his bed, scrolling on his laptop. But his head... his familiar, average-looking guy's head... was gone. Replaced, seamlessly, with the delicate, heart-shaped, utterly beautiful face of the runner girl. Long, dark eyelashes fluttered as she – he? – blinked at the screen. Full, soft lips parted in a slight yawn. She was now a complete, total, undeniable woman. A stunning one.

She lazily reached a hand down, scratching her pussy absentmindedly through her boxers, her movements still completely, unselfconsciously, masculine. Oh, god. It was still Dom. A full dude, mentally, trapped in a composite, perfect female body, and still completely, utterly

oblivious. I watched, mesmerized, as the runner girl, now with Dom's head on her shoulders, continued her jog down the street, disappearing from view.

My mind raced. The implications. The possibilities. I could... I could build my perfect person. My perfect... plaything.

"Hey, Caleb?" Dom's voice, now a soft, melodic soprano that was a perfect match for his new face, called from the bed. "You just gonna stand there gawking, or what?"

I snapped out of my trance. "Uh, sorry. Just... thinking." I decided to test the waters of this new reality. "Hey, Dom... how are things with Anika?" Anika was his friends-with-benefits fling. I knew from talking to both of them separately that it was a purely physical, no-strings-attached arrangement. Both were into other people, but they scratched a mutual itch.

Dom shrugged, his new, beautiful shoulders lifting gracefully. "Yeah, same old, same old. Still fucking." The words, the casual dude-bro crudity, sounded utterly bizarre coming from that beautiful woman's mouth, in that soft, feminine voice. "Fucked her last night, actually. Was pretty good. Why?"

"Oh, no reason," I said, my mind already whirring. An idea in my head started to form.

I quickly texted Anika, who I knew had a class in the next building over. Hey, Anika, got something to tell you about Dom. Urgent. Meet me in the quad?

She replied a minute later. "Ugh, fine. On my way to Psych, but I can spare 2 min. What's up?"

I left the dorm, catching one last glimpse of Dom through the window – a stunning, topless woman, lying on her bed, completely at ease, completely unaware of the profound, fundamental changes that had been wrought upon her very being. In this reality, nobody would bat an eye. Just another college student relaxing in their room. Only I knew the truth. Only I held the strings.

I met Anika in the quad, her expression impatient. "Okay, Caleb, hurry up. What is it?"

"I... uh... I saw Dom sleeping with someone else last night," I lied.

Anika rolled her eyes, a look of profound annoyance on her face. “Yeah, I know. Sarah from his Lit class, right? Dude, we’re not dating. It’s a purely physical thing, remember? We’re both allowed to sleep with other people. Neither of us has feelings. Is that seriously all you wanted to tell me?”

“Oh. Uh, yeah. Sorry,” I stammered.

She groaned, turning to walk away. “You’re an idiot, Caleb.”

As she walked away, I pulled out the Swapper. Target Anika. Target me. Trait: “SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP (WITH DOMINIC CARTER).” Click. Zzzztttt.

I felt... nothing. But I knew it had worked. I called out after her. “Hey, Anika! When are you seeing Dom again?”

She turned back, a look of genuine confusion on her face. “Dom? Why the hell would I see him? I barely know the guy.” She shook her head and walked away, disappearing into the crowd.

Perfect.

On the way back to my dorm, I felt a surge of pure, god-like power. I was unstoppable. Just for fun, just to feel the rush, I started making random swaps as I walked. The breasts of a busty sorority girl onto a skinny emo dude. The heads of a preppy couple, making them stare at each other in horrified confusion (though I knew it would fade in seconds). The age of a hot MILF professor I passed, swapping her with a young, pimply freshman, making her suddenly, stunningly young and hot again, while he was left looking middle-aged. And nobody. Noticed. A thing. I was a ghost, a god, rewriting the world one petty, glorious swap at a time.

I walked back into my dorm room, my heart pounding with a mixture of exhilaration and anticipation. Dom was still on his bed, still on his laptop, but he looked up as I entered.

“About time, dude,” he said, his beautiful new voice laced with an impatient, familiar, masculine edge. “I was getting antsy waiting for you.”

I blinked. “Waiting for what?”

Dom smirked, a slow, predatory grin that looked both utterly alien and incredibly hot on

that perfect female face. He closed his laptop, swinging his long, beautiful legs off the bed. He stood up, completely naked now, his magnificent new body on full display.

“C’mon, Caleb,” he said, his voice dropping to a low, suggestive purr. “This pussy ain’t gonna get any wetter just sitting here. You gonna fuck me, or what?”

I just stared, my mind reeling. The relationship swap... In Dom’s mind, in this new, seamlessly rewritten reality, I was his friends-with-benefits partner. We’d been doing this for a while. This was... routine for him.

He was a dude, in a hot girl’s body, who thought he was my casual fuck buddy. And he was completely, utterly, blissfully unaware of any of it. He was my perfect creation. My perfect... plaything.

And holy fuck, I was so, so ready to play.

The air in the dorm room crackled with a strange, surreal, and overwhelmingly erotic tension. Dom stood before me, a walking, talking paradox. He was a vision of feminine perfection – the delicate, beautiful face of the runner, the voluptuous, toned body of the gym girl, a perfect, hairless pussy nestled between powerful thighs. And yet, the consciousness looking out from those soft, doe-like eyes was pure, unadulterated Dom. Dude-bro Dom. My roommate. My friend. And now, apparently, my fuck buddy.

“Dude, you just gonna stand there and stare at my tits all day?” he asked, his voice, that soft, melodic soprano, laced with his usual impatient, masculine cadence. He cupped his magnificent new breasts, giving them a casual, almost bored jiggle. “I mean, I get it. They’re epic. But they’re not just for lookin’. Let’s go, man. I got a raid starting in like an hour.”

I just laughed, a shaky, slightly hysterical sound. The sheer, mind-bending absurdity of it all... it was a drug. More potent, more addictive than anything I could have ever imagined. My earlier power trip on the walk back here was nothing compared to this. This was... intimate. Personal. The ultimate act of creation and control.

“Alright, alright, calm down,” I said, my own voice sounding surprisingly steady. I started to unbutton my own shirt, my hands moving with a newfound confidence. The old, insecure Caleb felt like a distant memory, a character from a book I’d read long ago. The Swapper hadn’t just changed my muscles; it was changing my mind, my very sense of self.

Dom watched me strip, his beautiful eyes holding a look of casual, almost clinical appraisal, the way a guy might check out his friend's new car. "Nice, dude," he commented as I kicked off my shorts, revealing my own erection, already hard and aching. "Lookin' good. All that gym time is paying off." He was referring, of course, to my earlier, reality-rewriting muscle swap. To him, my new, fit physique was just... how I'd always been.

He sauntered over, his movements still holding a trace of that masculine swagger, a strange, captivating contrast to the fluid grace of his borrowed female form. He ran a hand over my newly defined abs, then let his fingers drift lower, closing around my cock with a familiar, practiced grip. "Alright, let's see what this bad boy can do today," he murmured, his tone the same as if he were about to start a new level in a video game.

He started to stroke me, his touch surprisingly skillful, and I groaned, my hips bucking instinctively. The sensation of this perfect woman's hand on my cock, a woman who was mentally my best friend, who thought this was just a normal Tuesday afternoon hookup... it was a potent, transgressive, incredibly hot cocktail.

"You seem... extra into it today, Caleb," Dom commented, his soprano voice laced with amusement as he watched me get harder in his hand. "Did you finally figure out how to hit the G-spot?"

He was talking about... himself. His pussy. As if we'd had conversations about it. In this new, rewritten reality, we probably had. The thought sent a fresh jolt of pure, unadulterated lust through me.

He pushed me gently back towards my bed, and I sat down heavily, my eyes never leaving his incredible form. He stood before me, a goddess of swapped parts, and slowly, deliberately, pulled his boxers off. His pussy was on full display now, pink and glistening, framed by toned thighs. He spread his legs slightly, offering himself to me.

"Well?" he said, his voice a mixture of impatience and invitation. "You gonna eat me out first, or are we just getting straight to the main event? Up to you, dude. But I'm already soaked."

The words, so crass, so masculine, coming from that perfect, feminine mouth... it was everything. "Main event," I managed, my voice a rough whisper. "Definitely the main event."

He grinned, that familiar, dude-bro grin looking utterly alien and incredibly sexy on that beautiful face. “Attaboy.” He climbed onto the bed, straddling my lap, his movements all business. He positioned himself over my cock, and with a soft, wet sound, slowly, deliberately, lowered himself onto me.

The sensation of his pussy swallowing my cock was... transcendent. He was hot, wet, impossibly tight, his inner muscles clenching around me with a strength that made my vision blur. I screamed, a raw, unrestrained sound of pure pleasure, my hands flying to his hips, gripping the firm, sculpted flesh, pulling him down harder.

“Oh, fuck, dude!” Dom gasped, his soprano voice cracking as he took all of me inside him. He threw his head back, his long, dark hair cascading down his back, a look of pure, unadulterated pleasure on his perfect face. “Yeah, that’s the spot. Right there.”

He began to ride me, his hips moving with a powerful, almost masculine rhythm, his body a finely tuned instrument of pleasure. He wasn’t a gentle, passive lover. He was... Dom. Aggressive. Competitive. He was trying to fuck me as hard as I was fucking him. He controlled the pace, the angle, the depth, his dude-bro brain fully in charge of this incredible female pleasure machine.

“C’mon, Caleb,” he panted, his breasts, the gym girl’s magnificent breasts, bouncing with each powerful thrust. “Fuck me harder than that! You call that a fucking? My grandma hits harder than that!”

I just laughed, a breathless, exhilarated sound, and thrust upwards, meeting his rhythm, my hips slamming against his perfect, borrowed ass. The sound was obscene – wet, slapping, echoing in the small dorm room. His moans mingled with mine, a bizarre duet of my rough baritone and his melodic soprano, both of us lost in a purely physical, gloriously transgressive act.

“Yeah, that’s it!” he cried out, his hips moving faster, grinding down onto me. “Fuck this pussy raw, dude! Make it scream!” He reached down, his fingers finding his own clit, rubbing it with a frantic, almost desperate energy. “Oh, fuck, yeah... right there... I’m gonna cum, Caleb! I’m so close!”

His talk was all about himself, his own pleasure, a running commentary of his sensations,

just as a guy would. There were no sweet nothings, no romantic whispers. Just raw, honest, dude-bro lust. And it was, to my utter surprise, the hottest fucking thing I had ever experienced.

He was a guy, my best friend, in a hot girl's body, who thought this was just two bros helping each other get off. No emotions, no complications. Just... pure, unadulterated, gender-bent fucking.

He leaned forward, bracing his hands on my shoulders, his magnificent breasts dangling inches from my face. "Motorboat 'em, dude," he commanded between gasps. "You know you want to."

And I did. I lunged forward, burying my face in the soft, warm, magnificent swell of his breasts, my mouth finding a hardened nipple, my tongue swirling, my lips suckling. He screamed, a high-pitched, almost feminine sound of pure, unadulterated pleasure, his hips bucking wildly on top of me, his pussy clenching around my cock so tightly I thought I was going to explode.

The combination of sensations – his hot, wet pussy gripping my cock, the taste of his skin in my mouth, the weight of his perfect breasts against my face, the sound of his dude-bro commentary delivered in a beautiful woman's voice – it was too much. I was losing control, the pleasure building to an unbearable, agonizing peak.

"Dom!" I roared, my own climax cresting, my hips thrusting upwards with a final, desperate surge.

He met my thrust, his own body convulsing, a raw, guttural scream tearing from his perfect throat as his orgasm ripped through him. "FUCK, CALEB!"

We came together, a cataclysmic, explosive release that left us both trembling, boneless, slick with sweat and spent passion. He collapsed on top of me, a dead weight of satisfied, perfect femininity, his head resting on my shoulder, his breathing ragged against my ear.

We lay there for a long time, the silence in the room thick with the aftermath. My mind was a blissed-out, empty void. That was... that was beyond anything I could have ever imagined.

Finally, Dom stirred, pushing himself up slowly, his beautiful face flushed, his eyes hazy

with post-coital bliss. He looked down at my still-hard cock, slick with his fluids, still nestled inside his pussy. He grinned, that familiar, casual, dude-bro grin.

“Nice one, dude,” he said, his soprano voice filled with genuine, comradely appreciation. He slid off me, the sound wet, obscene. He flopped onto his back beside me on the bed. “My pussy feels fucked raw. You really went to town on it.” He gave me a light, friendly punch on the shoulder. A dap up. For a great fuck. It was the most surreal, most perfect end to the most surreal, most perfect sexual encounter of my life.

I just lay there, grinning like an idiot. This was my life now. And it was fucking incredible.

But just as we were starting to untangle ourselves, just as Dom was casually stretching, showcasing his magnificent, naked female form without a shred of self-consciousness, the dorm room door slammed open.

BAM!

We both jumped, whirling towards the sound, my heart leaping into my throat.

And there, standing in the doorway, framed by the harsh hallway light, was her. James. The history goddess. Her face, a mask of cool, unimpressed amusement, her own magnificent curves outlined by the tight green outfit she'd been wearing in class.

“Ahh, there you are,” she said, her voice a low, melodic purr that held a distinct, dangerous edge. Her eyes swept the scene – me, naked on the bed; Dom, equally naked, magnificent breasts on full display; the lingering scent of sex thick in the air. A slow, knowing grin spread across her perfect lips.

Dom, ever the dude-bro, recovered first. He scrambled for his boxers, yanking them on with a grunt of annoyance, though he made no move to cover his magnificent chest. “Whoa, dude!” he said to James, his soprano voice sharp with indignation. “Ever heard of knocking?! We could've been... uh... wrestling!”

James just chuckled, her gaze flicking from Dom's tits, to my still-hardening cock, then back to my face. “Sorry to interrupt your... wrestling match,” she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “But it's urgent. I seem to have lost something. And,” she paused, her eyes landing on the small, black device sitting innocently on my desk, “let's just say, something about this...”

situation... tells me one of you has what I'm looking for."

"Stop, you cannot move," James said, her voice quiet, but laced with an unshakeable authority.

And just like that, I was frozen. My muscles locked, my body rigid, completely unresponsive to my own commands. I couldn't move. I couldn't even blink.

Dom, however, was unaffected. "Hey! What the fuck did you do to Caleb?!" he demanded, stepping in front of me protectively.

James just smiled, a cool, pitying smile. She held up her hand, revealing a simple, elegant silver ring on her finger. "This little thing? It can control people. With just a word." She looked at Dom, her eyes suddenly cold. "Now, go to sleep. And forget I was ever here."

Dom's eyes glazed over instantly. He swayed on his feet for a moment, then collapsed to the floor in a boneless heap, his magnificent breasts spilling across the carpet.

James walked calmly into the room, stepping over Dom's unconscious form as if he were a discarded throw rug. She picked up the Swapper from my desk, turning it over in her hands with a familiar, proprietary air.

"Hey!" I managed, the word a strangled croak. I still couldn't move. "C'mon, I was... I was gonna return it! I swear!"

James just laughed, a low, musical sound. "Sure you were, Caleb," she said, her eyes, those intelligent, intense brown eyes, fixing on me. "Sure you were." She pocketed the device.

"What... what is that thing?" I asked, my voice trembling slightly. "Where did it come from?"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," she chided, wagging a finger at me. "You've been a very naughty boy, Caleb. I noticed your little... escapades... around campus today. The muscle-bound professor in cheerleader gear? The parade of random swaps? Very creative. Very reckless." She sighed, a theatrical sound. "It's going to be a real bitch undoing all of it. So, I think... a punishment is in order. A little taste of your own medicine."

My blood ran cold. "What... what are you going to do?" I pleaded. "Please... don't wipe my memory! I won't tell anyone! I swear!"

James smirked. “Oh, I know you won’t, Caleb. Who would believe you, anyway? I bet your friend here,” she nudged Dom’s unconscious form with her foot, “didn’t believe you for a second, did she?” She paused, her eyes doing a slow, appraising sweep of Dom’s perfect, unconscious female form. “This is a guy’s dorm, right? So, let me guess... this person is really a guy?”

I just stared, speechless.

“That’s the punishment, Caleb,” James said softly, her voice a silken threat. “A taste of your own medicine.” She walked to the window, peering out. “Now. I can’t undo everything you did to your friend here without knowing who the donor parts came from. So, be a good boy and point them out for me. Who did you swap this poor fellow with?”

The magic of her ring, her command, was still in effect. I couldn’t resist. My eyes, of their own volition, scanned the courtyard below. And there they were. The runner girl, now with Dom’s head on her shoulders, just finishing her cool-down stretches. And the gym girl, Chloe Adams, now with Dom’s original male body, looking utterly miserable as she tried to navigate the world with her new, unwelcome anatomy. My gaze fixed on them, and James, following my line of sight, nodded in understanding.

“Thank you,” she said calmly. She held up the Swapper. A few quick, precise clicks. Zzzzt. Zzzzt. Outside, the two women shuddered, their bodies shifting, returning to their original forms. And on the floor of my dorm room, Dom’s perfect female body dissolved, replaced by his own familiar, average male form, still naked from the waist down, still sound asleep.

“Now,” James said, turning back to me, her eyes glinting with a dangerous, creative light. “For your punishment.” She glanced out the window again. A group of girls from the sorority house across the quad were walking past, laughing and chatting. “Let’s see...” She raised the Swapper, aiming it at me. “Ah, her. She’ll do nicely.”

She stepped closer, pressing the side of the device firmly against my arm, ensuring I was touching it, ensuring I would remember. “You wanted to play with gender, Caleb,” she whispered, her voice a low, seductive promise of doom. “Let’s see how you like being the toy.”

Click. Zzzzt.

The world dissolved into a sickening, transformative lurch. I felt my new, hard-won muscles

melt away, replaced by a soft, yielding femininity. My height seemed to shrink, my shoulders narrowing, my waist cinching in. My hips flared out dramatically, my ass rounding into a perfect, heavy curve. And on my chest... oh god, on my chest. A magnificent weight blossomed, heavy, full, undeniably female breasts, straining against the fabric of my t-shirt. My cock and balls vanished, replaced by that now-achingly familiar slick, warm, vulnerable presence.

When it was over, I was a woman. A complete, total, undeniable woman. I looked down at myself, at the new, spectacular curves, the soft skin, the magnificent new breasts. I stumbled to the mirror. The face staring back was... me, but not me. A stunningly attractive female version of myself. Wavy brown hair cascaded to my shoulders, my eyes seemed larger, my lips fuller. I was... hot. Ridiculously hot.

“Wow,” James said from behind me, her voice filled with genuine, impressed surprise. “I’m impressed, Caleb. You clean up nice as a girl. Guess you must have some fit sisters, huh?” The comment was a casual guess, but it hit with the force of a psychic revelation. She was right. My new body... it was a perfect, idealized fusion of Chloe’s and Megan’s best features. The Swapper had taken my own genetic code and... perfected it. Feminized it.

I stared at my reflection, my hands flying to my new, magnificent breasts, grabbing them, squeezing them. They were real. They were mine. Then my hands drifted lower, fumbling between my legs, feeling the smooth, unfamiliar landscape of my new pussy. The horror, the shock, the sheer, mind-bending reality of it... it was overwhelming.

“No...” I whispered, my new voice a soft, breathless soprano. “No, no, no...”

“Oh, yes, Caleb,” James said calmly, walking towards the door. “I’m not promising I’ll never change you back. But this should teach you a valuable lesson about affecting other people’s lives for your own amusement. And who knows?” A slow, knowing smirk spread across her perfect lips. She reached up, giving one of her own magnificent breasts an appreciative squeeze. “It’s not so bad being a girl. You might even... like it.”

She stepped out into the hallway. “Oh, and you can move again,” she called back. “And Dom? Wake up.” And with that, she was gone.

I stood there, frozen for another second, then my muscles unlocked. I stumbled, catching

myself on the desk. Dom stirred on the floor, groaning. He sat up, rubbing his head, looking around with bleary-eyed confusion.

“Dude...” he mumbled, looking up at me. “What happened? I feel like I just got hit by a truck.” He looked at me, at my new female form, my magnificent breasts, my curvy hips. And he just... blinked.

“Whoa, Caleb,” he said, his voice completely normal, completely unfazed. “You okay, dude? You look... startled.”

My blood ran cold. He didn't see it. He didn't remember. Reality had rewritten itself for him again. In his world, I had always been this girl. This stunning, voluptuous, undeniably female girl.

“No!” I shrieked, my soprano voice cracking with panic. “Dom, look at me! I'm a fucking chick! Tits! A pussy! Look!” I gestured frantically at my own body.

Dom just laughed, a low, easy chuckle as he stood up, pulling on his boxers. “Dude, don't be so hard on yourself,” he said, clapping me on the shoulder, his touch sending a jolt through my new, sensitive skin. “Yeah, you're a little on the fem side, always have been. But you're still the same old Caleb I've been mates with this whole time. Don't let anyone give you shit for it.”

I stared at him, my mind reeling. This was it. This was my life now. A guy who looked like a girl, who everyone thought had always looked like this. Utterly, completely trapped.

Then, Dom, now fully dressed, stretched, and turned to me with a familiar, lecherous grin. “So,” he said, his eyes dropping to my magnificent new chest. “That was a hell of a session earlier. How about... round two?”

Round two? My mind scrambled, trying to process. And then I remembered. The final swap. The one James hadn't known about. The one that had made me... Dom's friends with benefits partner. But instead of him being the one with the pussy, it was me.

I opened my mouth to protest, to scream, to tell him to get the hell away from me. But the words died in my throat. Because a part of me, a deep, treacherous, rewired part of me... wanted it. The thought of Dom, my best friend, my roommate, taking me, fucking me, in this new, incredible female body... it was horrifying, but... desirable? The relationship swap must

have altered my brain more than I realized.

My body, this new, traitorous female body, was already responding. My nipples hardened, aching. My pussy grew slick, throbbing with a sudden, undeniable need. The command was still there, a ghost in the machine of my rewritten reality. I wanted this. I was compelled to want this.

Dom saw the look in my eyes, the flush on my cheeks, the way my breasts were straining against my t-shirt. He grinned, that confident, dude-bro grin. He stepped forward, backing me up against the bed. "Thought so," he murmured, his hands already on my hips, pulling me close.

His mouth descended on mine, and as his cock pressed against my new, wanting pussy, as his hands cupped my magnificent new ass, as he pushed me back onto the bed, a single, terrifying, exhilarating thought echoed in the chaos of my mind.

This is my life now.