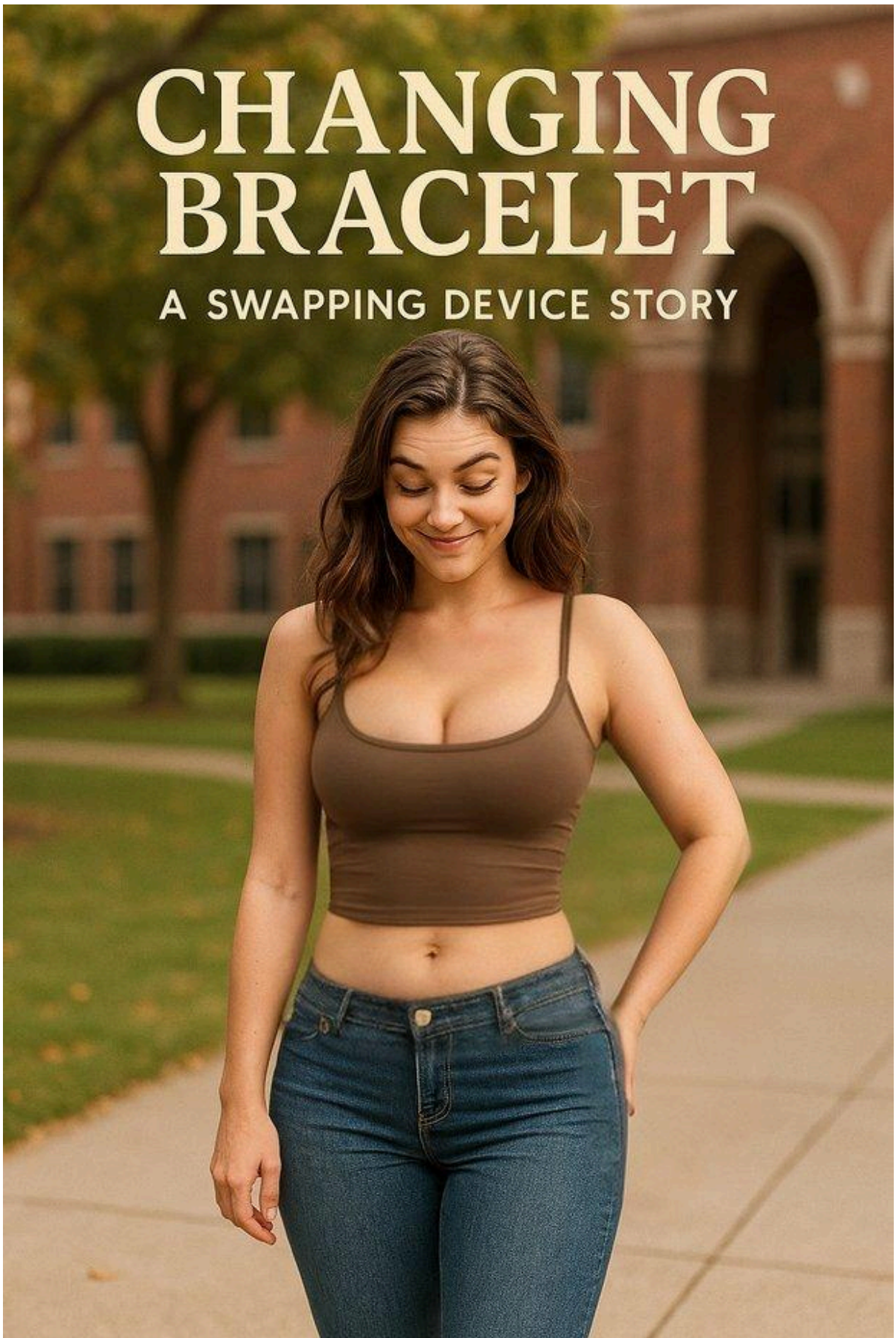


CHANGING BRACELET

A SWAPPING DEVICE STORY



Changing Bracelet

A transformation series by JohnManTD

The following story takes place in "The Swapping Device" universe and follows another group of characters who have found a different artifact.

Chapter 3

My eyes snap open, dragging me out of a deep, dreamless sleep. For a split second, everything's normal. Then I try to roll over, and it hits me. Wrong. Everything feels wrong. There's a strange softness pressing against the mattress where my chest should be, a weight I'm definitely not used to. My hips feel wider, my legs smoother, and when I reach up to rub the sleep from my eyes, my hand feels... delicate? Slender? What the hell?

Then the memories crash back in a tidal wave. Mark. Saffron. The bracelet. The swap. Holy shit. I bolt upright, tossing the thin sheet aside, and stare down at myself. Yep. Not a dream. Still a girl. Not just any girl, either – the hot, curvy stranger I became last night. My gaze drops instantly to my chest. Two perfect, heavy C-cups sit proudly on my ribcage, round and full, straining slightly against the thin fabric of the borrowed t-shirt I crashed in. My nipples are pebbled from the morning chill, poking out like they're saying good morning. A slow, wide grin spreads across my face. This isn't a dream. This is real. I'm a chick. And damn, I look good.

I swing my legs over the side of the bed, my feet hitting the cool floor. The movement sends my new breasts bouncing, a soft, heavy jiggle that makes me laugh out loud. It's the weirdest sensation, like carrying around two perfectly placed water balloons, but I kinda love it. I stand up, stretching my arms overhead, and my whole body feels different. Lighter, somehow, despite the extra weight up top. More balanced? No, that's not right. More... fluid. My waist nips in, my hips curve out, and when I glance down, my legs look incredible – long, toned, tapering down to neat ankles. I run my hands down my sides, tracing the hourglass shape, feeling the smooth skin, the subtle firmness beneath. This body is a goddamn masterpiece. Mark was crazy for complaining about this.

A sudden, urgent need hits me – gotta pee. I shuffle towards the tiny bathroom attached to Mark and Saff's spare room where I crashed, my new hips swaying naturally with each step. Inside, I flick on the light, squinting against the sudden brightness, and head for the toilet. Habit almost makes me reach for a zipper that isn't there before I remember. Right. Different equipment. I pull down the borrowed pajama shorts and my borrowed panties (weird feeling,

fabric bunched up down there) and sit. The logistics are different, aiming isn't a thing, but it's straightforward enough. Clean up, flush, wash my hands – my reflection catches my eye.

The girl staring back is still a shock. My face, but softer. Jawline less square, cheeks fuller, lips looking plump and maybe a little pouty. My eyes seem bigger, framed by thick lashes I definitely didn't have yesterday. And the hair... holy crap. A cascade of dark blonde waves tumbles around my shoulders, way longer and thicker than my usual short cut. I run my fingers through it, marveling at the silkiness. Saffron really cooked up a premium model for me.

Okay, reality check. I've got class today. Econ 101 at 10 AM. I need to get ready. Shower, brush my teeth, find something to wear... Wait. Wear what? Saff only gave me one outfit last night – the jeans and t-shirt I'm currently borrowing from Mark's 'punishment pile'. I can't wear the same thing again, especially not after sleeping in the shirt. And I definitely don't have anything else here that fits this body. My own clothes are useless now. They'd hang off this frame like potato sacks, or worse, wouldn't even get past my new hips or chest.

Looks like a shopping trip is in order before I hit campus. Annoying, but also... kind of exciting? Buying girl clothes? Trying stuff on? A thrill buzzes through me. But first, shower.

Stripping off the t-shirt feels ridiculously good. My breasts spill free, heavy and warm, nipples instantly tightening in the cool air. I cup them, lifting their weight in my palms, mesmerized by their softness, their perfect shape. They feel so real, so... mine, even though I know they belong to some stranger Saffron copied clothes from. I give them a little squeeze, then a firmer one, rewarded by a jolt of sensitivity that makes me gasp. Okay, yeah, Mark wasn't kidding about that part. They're wired differently.

I step into the shower, the hot water hitting my shoulders, cascading down my back, over my new curves. It feels amazing. I grab the soap, lathering up, my hands sliding over skin that feels impossibly smooth. Washing my chest is a whole new experience. My hands glide over the swell of my breasts, soap bubbles gathering in the cleavage between them. I spend way too long just feeling them, tracing their shape, washing under them where sweat gathered overnight (okay, Mark had a point about boob sweat). Then my hands drift lower, over the curve of my belly, the flare of my hips, down the long expanse of my thighs. It's like exploring a new continent.

And then... down there. I hesitate for a second. I know what's missing, but seeing it, feeling it... that's different. I guide my soapy fingers down, past the patch of soft hair, and find the slit. It's warm, slick, incredibly sensitive. My fingers trace the outer lips, plump and soft, then

gently part them. Woah. Okay. Definitely different. It's intricate, hidden. I find the little nubbin at the top – the clit – and brush a finger over it lightly.

Holy. Shit.

A bolt of pure electricity shoots through me, so intense my knees buckle and I have to grab the shower wall for support. My breath hitches, a strangled gasp escaping my lips. It's like touching a live wire, a concentration of nerve endings unlike anything I've ever felt on my old body. My dick had sensitivity, sure, but this? This is off the charts. Forget gentle exploration. Curiosity takes over, raw and demanding.

My fingers go back, pressing harder this time, rubbing in small circles. The sensation builds instantly, a white-hot pleasure coiling deep in my gut, spreading outwards like fire. My hips start moving on their own, a small, involuntary rocking motion against my hand. Moans start spilling out of me, low and guttural at first, then higher, more desperate as the feeling intensifies. This is insane. How do girls function? How do they not just walk around rubbing themselves constantly?

My other hand comes up to my chest, grabbing a breast, squeezing hard. The dual stimulation is almost too much. My nipple aches under the pressure, sending another wave of heat crashing downwards, meeting the fire building between my legs. I'm panting now, water streaming over my face, mingling with sweat. My thumb finds the clit again, grinding down hard, relentless. I can feel the orgasm building, unfamiliar but undeniable, a pressure tightening low in my belly. It's coming fast, way faster than I'm used to. I try to hold back, wanting to explore more, but my body isn't listening.

With a final, frantic rub, it hits. A shattering wave breaks over me, radiating out from my core, making my whole body seize up. It's not the same focused release I'm used to; it's broader, deeper, washing through me in pulsing waves. "Fuck!" I cry out, the sound echoing off the tiled walls as my legs shake violently. I slump against the wall, gasping for air, body trembling with aftershocks. Water sluices over me, cooling my heated skin.

Okay. Wow. Note to self: new body comes with a hair-trigger orgasm button. Good to know. Very good to know.

I rinse off quickly, the lingering buzz of the orgasm making my movements feel floaty, disconnected. Stepping out, I grab a towel, patting myself dry, lingering again on my chest, my hips, the spot between my legs that's still throbbing faintly. This body is a goddamn playground, and I've barely scratched the surface.

Getting dressed feels anticlimactic after that. I pull on the borrowed jeans and t-shirt Saff gave me. They fit okay, hugging my new curves, but they feel... boring. Utilitarian. Not fitting for the hot chick I apparently am now. Definitely need new clothes. A quick brush through my tangled mass of hair, a swipe of deodorant (borrowed from Saff, smells floral, whatever), and I'm glancing at the clock. 8:30 AM. Plenty of time to hit the campus store or maybe even the mall nearby before class.

But as I reach for the doorknob, my reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the door stops me again. The jeans outline my round ass perfectly, the t-shirt clings to my C-cups. I look... good. Really good. The memory of the shower, the intensity of that orgasm, flashes back. My hand drifts down, almost unconsciously, brushing over the front of my jeans, right over my new anatomy. The slightest pressure sends a residual flicker of pleasure through me.

Screw the clock. Class can wait five minutes.

I kick the door shut, the lock clicking softly, sealing me in this little world of exploration. My heart starts pounding again, a heavy thrum against my ribs. Back to the mirror I go, needing to see this. I yank the t-shirt off, tossing it onto the floor, freeing my breasts again. They bounce slightly, settling heavily, nipples already hard and pointing accusingly at my reflection. God, they're perfect. Firm but soft, not too big, not too small, just... right. My hands find them immediately, cupping, lifting, squeezing. I watch my reflection, the way the skin gives under my touch, the way they jiggle when I move. It's hypnotic.

I pinch a nipple, harder this time, rolling it between my thumb and forefinger. The sensation is sharp, almost painful, but in a way that fuels the fire building again in my gut. I switch to the other, giving it the same rough treatment, rewarded with another gasp, another wave of heat pooling low. My free hand slides down my stomach, fingers tracing the narrow waist, the curve of my hip bone. Then, lower.

I unbutton the jeans, shoving them down my thighs along with the panties, kicking them away impatiently. Naked again. Just me and this incredible body in the mirror. My gaze drops to my pussy. It looks... intriguing. Innocent but promising. I reach down, parting the soft outer lips again. It's already slick, dewy from the shower or maybe just residual arousal. My finger finds my clit, and I hesitate for just a second, remembering the intensity from before. Then I press down.

The jolt is immediate, fierce. My hips thrust forward involuntarily. "Fuck," I hiss through clenched teeth. Okay. Need to be careful with that thing. I try a lighter touch, circling slowly,

teasingly. The pleasure builds more gradually this time, a deep thrumming ache rather than a sharp shock. It's better, more controlled. I can feel the muscles deep inside clenching rhythmically.

My other hand returns to my breast, kneading the soft flesh, thumb flicking over the nipple. I lean closer to the mirror, watching my own face contort with pleasure, lips parted, eyes half-closed. Seeing myself like this, so female, so turned on, is messing with my head in the best way possible. It's like watching porn, but I'm the star.

I slide a finger inside myself, testing the waters. It's tight, hot, slick. Oh yeah. I push deeper, finding a rhythm, in and out, slow at first, then faster. The mirror shows my finger disappearing inside, the wetness glistening. It's obscene. I add a second finger, stretching myself, and a low groan rumbles in my chest – well, her chest. I curl my fingers slightly, searching, remembering Mark talking about a G-spot or something? When I brush against a certain spot on the upper wall, my whole body convulses. Bingo.

I start pressing that spot repeatedly, rhythmically, while my thumb continues its relentless assault on my clit. It's too much. The pleasure skyrockets, overwhelming my senses. My breaths come in ragged gasps, my moans getting louder, less inhibited. I don't care if Mark or Saff can hear me. This feels too damn good to hold back.

My hips are moving wildly now, grinding against my own hand, chasing the feeling. My breasts bounce heavily, nipples scraped raw against my probing fingers. I can feel the orgasm cresting again, building faster, bigger than before. I try to ride it out, prolong it, but this body has other ideas. With a final, desperate thrust of my hips against my hand, it crashes over me. A strangled scream tears from my throat as my vision whites out, my body spasming uncontrollably, pussy clenching violently around my fingers. Waves of pure bliss wash through me, leaving me weak, trembling, utterly spent.

I slide down the wall, collapsing onto the cool tile floor, naked and panting. My chest rises and falls rapidly, breasts jiggling with each ragged breath. Sweat slicks my skin. Wow. Just... wow. Two orgasms before 9 AM. This body is a fucking weapon.

It takes a few minutes to pull myself together. My legs feel like jelly, my core thoroughly wrung out. But the clock is ticking. Clothes. Need clothes. I drag myself up, pull the jeans and t-shirt back on, feeling slightly dazed. Okay. Shopping. Then campus. Then... maybe another session with myself later. A wide grin splits my face. Yeah. This week is going to be epic. I grab my wallet and keys, give my reflection one last appreciative glance – admiring

the C-cups and killer ass – and head out the door, ready to take on the world, one jiggle at a time.

Stepping back into the oppressive LA heat feels like walking into a sauna fully clothed. Worse, I'm dressed like a shapeless lump. An old UCLA Bruins hoodie that drowns me even in my normal body, and worn-out grey sweatpants that bunch loosely around my ankles. The hoodie completely hides my new C-cups, which feels like a crime against nature, and the sweatpants swallow the curve of my ass and thighs. I look like a freshman who rolled out of bed five minutes ago, not the walking temptation I felt like after my shower explorations. Still, better this than drawing stares for the wrong reasons before I can upgrade my wardrobe.

The mall isn't far, just a quick bus ride away. I keep the hoodie pulled up, sweating buckets underneath, trying to ignore the way my breasts feel. Every step feels clumsy in these baggy clothes, my new hips bumping against the loose fabric. I can't wait to ditch this disguise.

Inside the mall, the blast of air conditioning is pure heaven. I make a beeline for one of those trendy, cheap fast-fashion stores, the kind overflowing with flimsy tops and short skirts. Time to see what this body can really do with the right packaging.

The fitting room is small, lit by harsh fluorescent lights, but it feels like a sanctuary. I peel off the hoodie and sweatpants, tossing them onto the bench. Then off comes the t-shirt and jeans, leaving me in just the slightly-too-tight bra and panties Saff lent me. I catch my reflection – the C-cups pushing against the lace, the curve of my hips undeniable even in basic underwear. Okay. Let's play.

I start with a camisole. It's spaghetti straps, low-cut, made of some silky, electric blue material. I slide it over my head, the fabric cool against my skin. It settles low, dipping deep between my breasts, showcasing the cleavage perfectly. The thin straps highlight my newly delicate shoulders. I turn, admiring how the fabric drapes, clinging slightly to my waist before skimming over my hips. Wow. Okay. This is working. My nipples harden under the silky fabric, brushing against it with every slight movement, sending little zings of awareness through me.

Next, a tight ribbed tank top, cherry red. This one's simpler, higher cut, but it hugs every contour. My breasts are front and center, perfectly rounded beneath the stretchy fabric, their shape emphasized, demanding attention. The top clings to my waist, accentuating the curve, making my torso look tiny and feminine. I run my hands down my sides, feeling the soft

cotton against my skin, the way it molds to my form. I feel... sculpted. Powerful. I could definitely get used to seeing myself like this.

I try on a few more things – a lace-trimmed black top that's pure seduction, a flirty off-the-shoulder number that makes me feel surprisingly dainty. Each outfit highlights a different aspect of this new body, and with each change, my fascination grows. I'm not just looking at a hot girl in the mirror; I am the hot girl. The realization sends a dizzying rush through me, part ego, part pure, unadulterated lust. How did Mark not love this?

Then I spot it – Lululemon across the way. Saff's comment about her new leggings, the subtle boost they gave her... curiosity pulls me over. The store is sleek, minimalist, smelling faintly of expensive yoga mats and ambition. Racks of leggings, sports bras, and fitted tops line the walls in a rainbow of muted tones. This feels like stepping into enemy territory, almost – the domain of serious fitness chicks. But hey, I've got the body for it now, right?

I grab a pair of high-waisted black leggings – the kind that promise to lift and sculpt everything – and a matching strappy sports bra. Back in the fitting room, I shimmy into the leggings first. Holy shit. The fabric is like a second skin, smooth and compressive, molding to every curve. My ass looks incredible, lifted and perfectly round, the material hugging the swell of it in a way that's almost indecent. My thighs feel strong, encased in the sleek black fabric, the muscles subtly defined. I turn sideways, admiring the profile – the dramatic curve from my waist to my hip, the long line of my leg. These leggings are magic.

I pull on the sports bra. It's tight, designed for support, and it squishes my C-cups together, creating impressive cleavage while holding them firmly in place. The strappy back looks intricate and sexy. I bounce on my toes. Minimal jiggle. Practical and hot. Looking at myself in this gear – the defined legs, the killer ass, the supported-but-still-obvious chest – an idea sparks, sudden and potent. The campus gym. The women's locker room. Full of girls built like this, changing, showering... My cock, if I still had one, would be rock hard right now just thinking about it. The thought lodges itself firmly in my brain. Yeah. Definitely doing that later.

But the sports bra highlights another issue. While trying on the camisoles and tanks earlier, my breasts were just... there. Bouncing slightly, moving freely under the fabric. It felt kind of good, that unrestrained weight, but also... chaotic. Uncontrolled. Seeing them locked down in the sports bra, feeling the firm support, I get it now. Bras aren't just for show; they're functional. Especially with C-cups that actually have some heft. Walking around all day without one would probably get annoying, maybe even uncomfortable. Mark mentioned his back hurting. Okay, point taken. I need bras.

I end up buying the Lululemon set (it's too flattering to resist), a couple of the tight tank tops, and crucially, three everyday bras – a smooth t-shirt bra, a slightly push-up lace one for fun, and another decent sports bra. Practicality wins, mostly.

As I'm heading to the checkout, my eyes snag on a display near the registers. Sex toys. Huh. Didn't expect that in this section of the mall. There are sleek vibrators, lubricants, and... dildos. My gaze lingers on a realistic-looking one, maybe seven inches, thick and veiny, skin-toned silicone. The memory of my shower exploration flashes back – the intensity, the way my body responded. Using just my fingers felt incredible, but using that? The thought alone sends a fresh wave of heat pooling low in my belly. It's impulsive, maybe a little degenerate, but screw it. I'm a girl for the week, might as well have the right tools for the job. I grab the dildo quickly, adding it to my pile, cheeks burning slightly as I avoid the cashier's eye. She rings everything up without a flicker of judgment, thankfully, just boredom.

Bag full of new clothes (and one new toy), I head back out into the mall, feeling accomplished and slightly giddy. Time for class.

I make it to Econ 101 with minutes to spare, sliding into a seat near the back just as Professor Davies starts droning on about macroeconomic indicators. The lecture hall is huge, tiered seats filled with students furiously typing or staring blankly ahead. I pull out my notebook, trying to focus, but my body is a constant, unavoidable distraction.

First, there's the way I sit. My ass feels wider, softer, spreading slightly against the hard plastic chair in a way it never did before. My thighs press together, the denim of my new leggings snug against the flesh. When I cross my legs, it feels different – smoother, the curve of my hip more pronounced. Every slight shift sends a ripple of awareness through me, a reminder of the altered landscape below my waist. It's not uncomfortable, exactly, just... present. Occupying space differently.

Then there are the tits. Oh god, the tits. I'm wearing the new t-shirt bra, and the support is definitely better, but I'm acutely aware of them. They press softly against the underside of my arms when I lean forward to write. They create a little shelf that my notebook occasionally bumps against. When I lean back, I feel their weight settle. They're just there, these two soft, round mounds attached to my chest, demanding attention. I catch myself subconsciously adjusting the neckline of my t-shirt, glancing down to check the cleavage (yep, still there), fiddling with the bra strap peeking out near my shoulder. Mark found this miserable? He's insane. This is fascinating. It's like having a built-in stress ball, or a permanent accessory I can't take off. It's distracting as hell, makes concentrating on supply-side economics nearly

impossible, but I'm not complaining. I love it. Every little jiggle, every brush against my arm, is a tiny thrill.

Professor Davies drones on, scribbling graphs on the whiteboard, but I'm mostly lost in my own world, cataloging the novel sensations of inhabiting this body. The subtle sway of my hips when I shift my weight, the way my hair tickles my neck, the feeling of the bra clasp against my back. It's a constant stream of new data, and my brain is soaking it up, half-analytical, half-aroused.

Finally, mercifully, class ends. I gather my stuff, acutely aware of my own movements as I stand and stretch. My breasts lift with the motion, pulling the t-shirt taut. I sling my backpack over one shoulder – careful not to squish anything – and head out, decision already made. Time to check out the campus gym. Specifically, the women's locker room.

I swipe my student ID at the gym entrance, the attendant giving me a bored nod. Inside, the familiar gym smells hit me – sweat, chlorine from the pool, stale air conditioning. I bypass the weight room and cardio machines, heading straight for the sign that reads "Women's Locker Room." This is it. Deep breath, Cam. Act like you belong here.

I push the door open and step inside. The immediate wave of heat and humidity hits me, thick with the scent of shampoo, steam, and damp towels. It's louder in here than I expected, a cacophony of echoing chatter, slamming locker doors, and the hiss of showers. And it's... exactly like James described it in that story he told me. A whirlwind of female bodies in various states of undress.

My eyes dart around, trying to take it all in without looking like a total creep. There are girls everywhere. Towels wrapped loosely around waists or heads, water dripping onto the tiled floor. Sports bras being peeled off sweaty skin, revealing breasts of all shapes and sizes – small and perky, large and heavy, pale, tanned, pierced. Some women are fully naked, chatting casually by the lockers as they dry off or dig through their bags, completely unselfconscious. Hips sway, asses jiggle, pubic hair ranges from neatly trimmed triangles to completely bare. Steam billows from the shower area, occasionally revealing silhouetted figures moving behind frosted glass doors.

My brain feels like it's short-circuiting, trying to process the sheer volume of female nudity. It's overwhelming, a sensory overload I wasn't prepared. I've seen porn, obviously, but this is different. This is real life, casual, unapologetic. There's no performance, no curated angles. Just women existing in their space, comfortable in their skin, the air thick with an easy,

almost sisterly intimacy. I feel like an intruder, a spy who's breached the enemy's most sacred stronghold.

I force myself to move, heading towards an empty bench along the far wall, trying to mimic the nonchalant vibe radiating around me. I sit down, pretending to rummage through my backpack, while my eyes subtly scan the room. A tall redhead near me drops her towel completely, stretching languidly before pulling on a pair of tiny lace panties. Her breasts are full, teardrop-shaped, swaying gently with the movement. My gaze snags on them for a beat too long, and she catches my eye in the mirror opposite. She just raises an eyebrow slightly, a hint of amusement in her expression, before turning back to her locker. No big deal. Okay. That's the key – act like seeing naked women is the most boring thing in the world.

A group of girls bursts out of the shower area, wrapped in towels, laughing loudly about something their professor said. They cluster by the sinks, steam rising off their damp skin as they start applying lotion, combing wet hair. One girl lets her towel slip deliberately, flashing her friends with a mischievous grin, revealing perky B-cups and a flat stomach. They all shriek with laughter, shoving her playfully. The casual intimacy is startling. Guys just don't do that in locker rooms. Not like this.

I try to focus on my backpack, fiddling with a zipper that doesn't need fiddling with. My own body feels hyper-aware under the tight gym clothes. The sports bra compresses my C-cups, a constant pressure against my ribs. The leggings cling to my ass and thighs, molding every curve. I feel simultaneously exposed and hidden – exposed because I'm in a body that attracts attention, hidden because nobody knows the truth about the guy inside.

Across from me, a woman with a powerful, muscular build finishes changing. She's probably a swimmer or maybe on the water polo team. Broad shoulders taper down to narrow hips, her legs thick with muscle. Her breasts are small, almost an afterthought on her athletic frame. She moves with an efficiency that's captivating, pulling on jeans and a t-shirt without a hint of self-consciousness. Then there's a girl next to her, maybe mid-twenties, with a softer, curvier figure. Her belly is round, her thighs thick, and her breasts are large and heavy, sagging slightly as she towels off. She moves slower, more deliberately, carefully drying under the folds of her breasts, adjusting her footing. The contrast between the two women, side-by-side, completely comfortable, is striking. Every body type is just... here. Accepted. Nobody seems to be comparing or judging, just going about their business.

A wave of heat that has nothing to do with the steam hits me. It's undeniably erotic, being surrounded by all this casual nudity, this effortless femininity. My phantom cock gives a

distinct throb, a frustrating reminder of my original hardware. But even the sensations in this body are stirring. My nipples feel tight, almost achy under the sports bra, and there's a faint, persistent warmth pooling between my legs, a dampness gathering against the gusset of the leggings. My earlier shower sessions clearly weren't enough to quell this body's responses.

I need a distraction. I stand up, sling my backpack over my shoulder, and head towards the showers myself, figuring it's the most logical next step. Act like I just finished a workout. The shower area is a row of open stalls, water spraying from multiple heads. Steam hangs thick in the air, reducing visibility slightly, which is probably a blessing for my overwhelmed brain.

I pick an empty stall near the end, hang my backpack on a hook outside, and step under the spray. The hot water feels good, relaxing my tense muscles. A girl in the next stall glances over, nods a brief hello, then goes back to scrubbing her hair, completely unfazed by my clothed state. Okay. Apparently, that's normal too.

As I soap up my arms and legs, I can't help but let my eyes wander. Through the steam, I catch glimpses. The curve of a wet back arching under the spray. Water cascading over full, heavy breasts. The dark triangle of hair between slick thighs. It's like living inside a steamy, R-rated movie, and my senses are on high alert. The sounds are intimate too – the slick slide of soap on skin, the rhythmic scrubbing, soft sighs of relaxation.

My breathing gets a little quicker, my pulse picking up again. This is way more intense than just watching porn. It's immersive, visceral. The steam wraps around me, isolating me in my little stall, yet connecting me to the ambient sensuality of the room. I lean my forehead against the cool, wet tiles, trying to get a grip. Focus, Cam. You're just taking a shower.

But it's hard to focus when, two stalls down, a girl with long, dark hair is meticulously shaving her legs, one foot propped up on the tiled wall, giving anyone who glances her way a perfect view of her glistening wet pussy. She seems completely oblivious, humming softly to herself as she guides the razor over her skin. Another girl nearby is vigorously soaping her large breasts, lifting them, massaging them with a practiced ease that's both functional and strangely hypnotic.

My own body is betraying me again. That warmth between my legs intensifies, turning into a distinct throb. The sensitive tips of my breasts ache.

I turn off the taps and step out of the stall, grabbing a towel from the stack nearby. Back in the main locker room area, the crowd has thinned slightly, but there's still plenty of activity. I find an empty spot on a bench and sit down, toweling my hair briskly.

A girl sits down next to me, sighing dramatically as she pulls off sweaty socks. She's got fiery red hair pulled into a messy bun and a dusting of freckles across her nose. "God, spin class kicked my ass today," she announces to no one in particular, then glances at me. "You look like you survived whatever you did, though."

"Uh, yeah," I manage, trying to sound nonchalant. "Just, you know. Lifted some stuff." Smooth, Cam. Real smooth.

She laughs. "Cool. I'm Chloe, by the way."

"Ashley," I lie, pulling the first generic girl's name that pops into my head. Using my real name feels too weird right now.

"Nice to meet you, Ashley." Chloe starts peeling off her sweaty tank top, revealing a bright pink sports bra underneath. She stretches, her toned stomach flexing, then starts digging through her gym bag. We chat idly for a few minutes – complaining about professors, the heat, the lack of decent coffee on campus. It's surprisingly normal, this casual locker room banter. Chloe doesn't seem to notice or care that she's sitting there half-naked.

Then she stands up, unhooks her sports bra, and tosses it into her bag. Her breasts are small, perky, with pale pink nipples that are already puckering in the air-conditioned room. She catches me glancing and just shrugs. "Way too sweaty to keep that thing on a second longer," she says matter-of-factly, grabbing her towel. "Shower time for me. Catch you later, Ashley."

"Yeah, later," I mumble, watching her walk away, completely at ease with her nudity.

I pull out the black camisole and a fresh pair of underwear I snagged – simple cotton bikini cut. Changing underwear in front of strangers feels intensely weird, but I force myself to do it quickly, pulling off the damp borrowed ones and slipping on the new pair. Then the camisole. The thin straps feel inadequate after the secure hold of the sports bra, and my breasts immediately settle, heavier now, their cleavage pronounced in the low neckline.

Okay. Now for the bra situation. I definitely need one for walking around. I pull out the simple, soft-cup black bra I bought. It looks daunting. Clasps in the back? How does that even work? I try holding it in front of me, looping it around, but the hooks are impossible to manage blind. I see another girl expertly hook hers in front, then spin it around and slip her arms through. Genius. I copy her move, fumbling with the tiny hooks and eyes until they miraculously catch. I spin it around, slide my arms through the straps, and adjust. The cups lift and support my breasts, a definite improvement, though it feels tight around my ribs.

I pull on the pair of fitted jeans I bought – thank god for stretchy denim – and a simple grey t-shirt. Looking in the mirror, I almost look... normal. Just a regular girl getting changed after a workout. My hair is still damp and messy, my face flushed, but I blend. Mostly. The C-cups are noticeable under the tee, but not outrageous.

I pack my wet things into my backpack, sling it over my shoulder, and take one last look around the locker room. The easy nudity, the casual conversations, the sheer variety of female forms – it's burned into my brain. It was strange, intimidating, but also... strangely liberating? There was a lack of judgment, an acceptance that felt miles away from the competitive, often critical vibe of the guys' locker room.

As I push the door open and step back out into the main gym area, the noise and energy hit me again. My body feels different now, settled into the bra, contained by the jeans. The experience lingers, though – the heat, the steam, the sight of all that skin. My mind is buzzing, a potent cocktail of curiosity, arousal, and sheer bewilderment. This week is going to be way more intense than I ever imagined. And a disturbingly large part of me is starting to think Mark was completely wrong. This might actually be the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Later that evening, the campus bar is humming with the usual Thursday night energy. It's crowded, noisy, dimly lit – the perfect place to blend in, even when you're walking around in a body that feels both alien and exhilaratingly right. I spot Mark hunched over a small table in a dark corner booth, nursing a beer, looking thoroughly miserable. A smirk plays on my lips. Time to see how Captain Complainypants is holding up.

I slide into the booth opposite him, deliberately letting my new hips sway a little more than necessary. My C-cups press against the table edge as I lean forward. "Rough day, princess?" I tease, my voice still that smooth, slightly husky feminine tone that sends shivers down my own spine sometimes.

Mark glares at me over the rim of his pint glass. He looks... more enhanced than when I left him this morning. His t-shirt, which looked merely snug before, is now stretched drum-tight across his chest. Those breasts – whoever they originally belonged to – seem fuller, rounder, easily pushing D-cup territory now, maybe even bigger. The cleavage spills prominently over the neckline. Saffron's clearly been having more fun with his 'punishment'.

"Don't start, Cam," he grumbles, his voice the familiar feminine pitch but laced with pure dude-bro irritation. He takes a long swig of his beer, setting the glass down with a thud. We both ordered IPAs, dark and heavy, and I notice the bartender, a burly guy with a beard,

gave us a weird look. Two chicks who look like us, ordering pints of strong ale and sitting slouched like longshoremen? Yeah, we probably stand out.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, feigning innocence, letting my eyes drift pointedly to his chest. “Looks like someone got an upgrade. Saffron feeling generous today?”

He scowls, instinctively crossing his arms over his chest, which only accentuates their size. “She found some other woman’s bra in that damn Goodwill pile this afternoon while ‘organizing’. Made me wear it with the bracelet on ‘just to see’. Now I’m stuck like this until she decides otherwise. They’re heavier, they bounce more, and my back is killing me. Happy now?”

I try to suppress my grin, but fail miserably. I take a deep gulp of my own beer, enjoying the bitter hops, deliberately mimicking his hunched posture.

Mark watches me, his irritation softening into grudging curiosity. “But how are you holding up, Miss Sunshine? Still think being a chick is the greatest thing since sliced bread?” He leans forward, clearly expecting me to crack, to confess the misery.

“Dude, it’s fucking awesome,” I say, grinning wide and genuine. I lean back, letting my own C-cups press against my tank top. “Seriously. Woke up, had the most intense shower of my life – twice,” I wink, enjoying the confused horror on his face. “Went shopping, got some killer clothes. Strutted around campus feeling like a million bucks. Went to my Econ lecture...”

“And?” Mark prompts, clearly hoping for disaster.

“And it was distracting as hell, but in the best way!” I laugh. “Feeling my body move, the way clothes fit, even the way the chair felt different under my ass... it’s all just... interesting. Sensory overload, maybe, but I’m digging it. Honestly, Mark, I don’t know what you were bitching about. This rocks.”

Mark stares at me, baffled. “You’re serious? The bouncing? The stares? The constant awareness?”

“Yeah! It’s different, sure, but it’s not bad. It’s just... my body’s talking to me in a way it never did before. And the stares?” I shrug, taking another sip of beer. “Whatever. Let ‘em look. This body’s hot. Can’t blame them.”

He shakes his head slowly, disbelief etched on his face. “I don’t get you, man. A day of this and I was ready to chew my own arm off. You’re acting like you won the lottery.”

“Maybe I did,” I counter, feeling a surge of genuine enthusiasm. “This is way more fun than being my boring old self. Honestly?” I lean in, lowering my voice slightly, half-joking but half-deadly serious. “At this rate, I’m not sure I’ll want to change back when the week’s up.”

Mark chokes on his beer, sputtering. “You can’t be serious! You’d stay like this?”

“Maybe!” I laugh, enjoying his shock. “Got another four days to decide. Plenty of time for more... research.”

We lapse into more normal conversation after that, catching up on mutual friends, complaining about classes, dissecting the latest campus gossip. It feels good, familiar, a reminder that underneath the swapped bodies and magic artifacts, we’re still just us. But the body awareness is always there, a background hum. I find myself fidgeting, adjusting the camisole strap that keeps slipping off my shoulder, smoothing my hands over the tight fabric of my leggings, acutely conscious of the curves beneath. Mark keeps subtly shifting, trying to find a comfortable position for his newly enlarged chest, his discomfort a stark contrast to my growing ease.

Then, an idea hits me. Time to prove my point. “You know,” I say casually, pushing my half-empty beer aside. “You keep saying this body is just a hassle, all negative attention. But you’re missing the perks.”

Mark raises a skeptical eyebrow. “Perks? Like what? Free back pain?”

“Like this,” I say, sliding out of the booth. “Watch and learn, my friend.”

I walk towards the bar, deliberately letting my hips sway, putting a little extra bounce in my step. I adopt a slightly lost, wide-eyed expression, scanning the taps like I’m utterly clueless. I hover near the end of the bar, pretending to study the cocktail menu. It takes less than thirty seconds.

A guy detaches himself from a nearby group – tall, decent-looking, probably mid-twenties, wearing a crisp button-down. He slides up beside me, flashing a confident smile. “Hey there. You look like you could use a drink. Can I get you something?”

I turn, widening my eyes slightly, putting on my best damsel-in-distress face. “Oh, um, wow. That’s really nice of you. I’m not sure what to get...” I let my gaze drift helplessly over the bottles.

“How about a vodka soda? Simple, refreshing,” he suggests smoothly, already signaling the bartender.

“That sounds perfect, thank you,” I say, giving him a shy smile. He orders the drink, pays for it, and hands it to me, his fingers brushing mine deliberately.

“I’m Ben, by the way,” he says, leaning an elbow on the bar.

“Ashley,” I reply, using my locker room alias. We chat for maybe two minutes – meaningless small talk about the bar, the weather – before I make my excuses.

“Well, thanks so much for the drink, Ben,” I say, flashing him another grateful smile. “My friend’s waiting for me, but it was really nice meeting you.”

“Anytime, Ashley,” he says, looking slightly disappointed but still hopeful. “Maybe I’ll see you around?”

“Maybe,” I reply vaguely, giving a little wave as I turn and head back to the booth, vodka soda in hand. I slide back in opposite Mark, setting the drink down with a triumphant clink. “See? Perk.”

Mark stares at the drink, then at me, his expression unreadable. “Okay, fine,” he concedes grudgingly. “So you got a free drink. Whoop-de-doo. That happens. But for every one nice guy like Ben, there are ten creepy assholes who won’t leave you alone, who stare like you’re a piece of meat, who make you feel gross just for existing in public. Trust me, Cam. That free vodka soda gets old real fast when you’re constantly dodging wandering hands or gross comments.”

I take a sip of the vodka soda – it’s strong – and shrug. “Maybe. Or maybe you just need to learn how to handle it better. Own it. Confidence scares off the creeps.”

“Easy for you to say,” he mutters into his beer. “You’ve been a chick for, what, 20 hours? Talk to me in three days.”

Before I can retort, a figure slides into the booth beside Mark. Saffron. She looks energized, flushed from another run probably, her usual perky B-cups present and accounted for under a simple grey tank top. Her runner’s legs look lean and powerful in her athletic shorts. She dumps her small gym bag onto the seat.

“Hey, losers,” she greets us cheerfully, snagging a sip of Mark’s beer without asking. “What’d I miss?”

Mark fills her in quickly, recounting my unexpected enthusiasm for my new body and the free drink experiment. Saffron listens, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she looks me up and down.

“Seriously, Cam?” she says, grinning. “You’re actually enjoying this? Mark’s been acting like I sentenced him to hard labor.”

“Hey!” Mark protests, but Saffron waves him off.

“No, I’m impressed,” she continues, turning back to me. “Most guys would be freaking out. You’re owning it. I like it.” She gives my shoulder a playful punch.

“Told you,” I say, puffing my chest out slightly, enjoying the praise. “Being a girl rocks.”

Saffron laughs, then starts rummaging through her gym bag. “Okay, well, this girl needs a drink after that run. Shit.” She stops, patting her pockets, then dumps the bag’s contents onto the seat. Keys, phone, lip balm, earbuds... no wallet. “Are you kidding me? I left my wallet at home.”

Mark groans. “Don’t worry, I got this one,” he says, reaching for his own wallet.

“Oh no you don’t,” Saffron says, holding up a hand, a wicked smirk spreading across her face. “No need. I’ve got... other methods.”

Mark’s eyes widen in alarm. “Saff, no. Please don’t.”

“Don’t what?” she asks innocently, already pulling the silver bracelet from a side pocket of her bag and slipping it onto her wrist. My eyes widen too, leaning forward eagerly. What’s she gonna do?

Saffron reaches into the bag again and pulls out... a bra. Not just any bra, but a huge, beige, industrial-looking maternity bra, the kind designed for maximum support and zero sex appeal. It looks like something my grandma would wear.

“Saffron, seriously, don’t,” Mark pleads, burying his face in his hands.

She just laughs, unhooking her current bra under her tank top with practiced ease (how does she do that so fast?) and pulling it out through the neckline. Then, still grinning, she bunches up the massive maternity bra and somehow manages to wrestle it on under her tank top, adjusting the straps. It looks ridiculous, the empty cups sagging under the thin fabric.

Then I watch, fascinated, as her chest begins to swell rapidly. The tank top tightens, pulling taut as her breasts inflate, filling the enormous maternity bra cups completely. They grow heavy, round, easily pushing F-cup territory, maybe even G. The transformation is startlingly fast, far more dramatic than my own C-cups.

Once they stop growing, she quickly slips the bracelet off her wrist, tucking it back into her bag. The size is locked in. Then, with another series of deft movements under her tank top, she unhooks the maternity bra and pulls it out, shoving it back into her bag.

The result is staggering. Her breasts, now enormous and unsupported, spill luxuriantly against the fabric of her simple grey tank. The neckline strains, revealing an impossible amount of deep, soft cleavage. They jiggle heavily with the slightest movement. She adjusts her top, fluffing her hair, and smiles sweetly.

“Be right back,” she chirps, sliding out of the booth.

Mark groans again, refusing to look. I, however, watch her every move, mesmerized. She saunters up to the bar, leans against it casually, and orders a margarita. The burly bartender’s eyes practically pop out of his head. He fumbles with the shaker, sloshing tequila, his gaze fixed on her chest. He slides the finished drink across the bar towards her, shaking his head when she reaches for her non-existent wallet.

“On the house,” he says, his voice slightly hoarse.

Saffron gives him a dazzling smile. “Thank you so much!” She scoops up the drink and glides back to our booth, setting the margarita down with a triumphant flourish.

“See?” she says, taking a large sip. “Works every time.” She raises her glass to me.

I burst out laughing, shaking my head in sheer awe, and high-five her across the table.

“Okay, that was impressive. You’re a freaking magician, Saff.”

“Just resourceful,” she winks.

Mark finally lifts his head, surveying Saffron’s ridiculous cleavage with a look of utter exasperation. “You’re both insane,” he mutters, taking a huge gulp of his beer. “Absolutely certifiable.”

Saffron and I just exchange another grin. This artifact life? It’s definitely never boring.

We hang out for another hour, the three of us falling back into our usual rhythm, albeit with me in a girl's body and Saffron sporting a chest that could knock someone unconscious. Mark stays grumpy, mostly nursing his beer and occasionally muttering about bras or back pain, but Saffron and I are buzzing. We trade stories about our respective days 'as women', comparing notes on annoying guys, awkward clothing situations, and the sheer weirdness of inhabiting these bodies. It feels strangely bonding, like we're soldiers comparing war stories, even though my 'war' has only just begun.

Eventually, the bar starts to empty out, the lights coming up slightly, signaling closing time. We drain the last of our drinks and slide out of the booth. Saffron's massive breasts sway heavily as she stands, drawing a few final, lingering stares from the remaining patrons. She seems completely unfazed, grabbing her gym bag.

"Alright, I'm heading home," she announces.

"I'm heading back too," Mark says glumly, already anticipating another uncomfortable night with his enhanced chest.

We say our goodbyes outside. Saffron gives Mark a sympathetic pat on the shoulder (which makes his chest jiggle, causing him to scowl), then pulls me into a quick hug. Her enormous breasts press against my C-cups, a bizarre sensation of soft-on-soft. "Have fun tomorrow, rookie," she whispers in my ear with a wink, before heading off towards her apartment.

Mark claps me on the shoulder. "Try not to break anything, dude. And text me if you figure out how to sleep comfortably." He wanders off in the opposite direction towards his place with Saffron, looking utterly defeated.

I watch them go, then turn towards my own dorm, a strange mix of excitement and exhaustion swirling inside me. The walk back is quiet, the campus mostly deserted now. The cool night air feels good against my skin. Back in my dorm room, the silence is almost deafening after the bar's noise. I lock the door, kick off my sneakers, and peel off the jeans and t-shirt, letting them drop to the floor. The camisole and bra follow. Standing naked in front of the small mirror on my closet door, I take stock.

The C-cups are still there, firm and perky. The hips flare nicely, the ass is killer. This body... it's undeniably hot. And it's mine, for now. The memory of the shower, the intensity of those orgasms, comes rushing back. And then I remember the little black bag tucked away in my backpack. The dildo.

My pulse quickens. No roommates tonight. Complete privacy. Just me, this body, and a new toy. A slow grin spreads across my face. Yeah. Research time.

I retrieve the bag, pulling out the dildo. It's smooth silicone, realistically veined, a decent thickness and length. It feels heavy, solid in my hand. I run a thumb over the head, imagining it inside me. The thought alone makes that spot between my legs clench, sending a jolt of heat through me.

I toss my hair back – still getting used to the length – and climb onto my narrow dorm bed, propping myself up against the pillows. I spread my legs wide, shamelessly exposing myself to the empty room. My fingers find my clit, already damp and swollen with anticipation. Just a few lazy circles are enough to make me gasp, my hips starting to move instinctively. Okay, need lube. I rummage in my desk drawer, finding a small bottle I bought ages ago and never used (my old sex life wasn't exactly adventurous).

I squeeze a generous amount onto the head of the dildo, then onto my own fingers, spreading it over my clit and around my entrance. The coolness gives way to slick heat as I continue stimulating myself, moans starting to tumble out, low and needy. My breasts feel heavy, aching slightly, nipples hard as pebbles. I squeeze one, rolling the nipple roughly, while my other hand works magic below.

Alright. Time for the main event. I position the head of the dildo at my entrance, hesitating for just a second. This is new territory. I take a breath and push gently. The tip slides in, stretching me, filling me in a way my fingers couldn't. It's an incredible sensation – pressure, fullness, invasion. I push further, inch by slow inch, groaning as it slides deeper, filling me completely. It feels huge inside me, pressing against hidden walls, sending ripples of unfamiliar pleasure through my core.

I lie still for a moment, just feeling it, adjusting to the sensation of being filled. Then, slowly, I begin to move my hips, sliding up and down on the dildo. The friction is intense, rubbing against that sensitive spot – the G-spot? – with every stroke. My moans get louder, breath catching in my throat. My hand finds my clit again, adding another layer of stimulation, rubbing faster now, harder.

The combination is devastating. Pleasure crashes over me in relentless waves. My legs tremble, toes curling. My back arches off the bed, breasts thrusting upward, bouncing with the force of my movements. I ride the dildo faster, harder, desperate for release, the sounds ripping out of me unfiltered – gasps, whimpers, choked cries. It's messy, primal, utterly consuming.

The orgasm, when it finally hits, is explosive. It rips through me, starting deep inside and radiating outward, shaking my entire body. I scream into my pillow as my pussy clenches violently around the dildo, milking it, waves of ecstasy washing over me again and again. It goes on forever, leaving me completely undone, boneless, shuddering in the aftermath.

I pull the dildo out slowly, the slickness coating it a testament to the intensity of my release. I toss it onto the bedside table, too exhausted to even think about cleaning it yet. Curling onto my side, I pull the thin sheet over my naked, trembling body. My skin is hypersensitive, every nerve ending singing. My breasts feel heavy and tender, my core thoroughly spent.

A lazy, satisfied smile touches my lips as my eyes drift shut. Yeah. Mark was definitely wrong. Being a girl? Fucking fantastic. I can't wait to see what tomorrow brings. Sleep takes me quickly, pulling me down into a deep, dreamless void, the phantom feel of the dildo still pulsing faintly inside me.