

Warning: this chapter is rated a gentle R and contains a metric truckfull of boobs, body and body part swapping, Football-Cheerleader swap aftermaths, socio-psychological recontextualization, dynamic boob upgrades, slutty school bodies, elevator peepers, gender benders, just desserts, reality blindness, additional lady boners, shopping half way to the point of dropping, lacy underthings, a serious lack of pants (despite our protagonist's best efforts), and two consenting adults in a loving relationship expressing their love through various physical means including lip-kissing and non-lewd hand holding.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 3 – Swap till you Drop =

By Razmagurk

She minced.

She had six foot four inches of hulking muscle and the body of a linebacker. She had the kind of body that oozed masculinity, the kind of body that four separate girls could hang off of like a jungle gym without even slowing her down, the kind of body that guys killed themselves in the gym every day for and could still fail to achieve, and here she was, mincing obviously through the crowd, bag upon bag of clothes hanging daintily from her hirsute arm, just as oblivious as the world to how strange of a sight she was.

Obviously, this was the result of my handwork last night, when I had drunkenly swapped around the cheerleaders and the football players. How could I turn somebody into something so different without them even noticing?

I wondered what was going through her head. Much like me, when she had woken up this morning she had probably realized that none of her clothes fit except those she had worn to the bar the previous night. In a way, I actually envied that the clothes she ended up with offered a modicum of modesty.

But still, what thoughts were going through her head? Did she think she had just gained a few pounds? Like doubling in mass overnight was no different from waking up a little bloated after a night of heavy drinking? She had to realize something was amiss.

And yet, there she was: dainty and feminine in deed if not in body. Hell, the way she carried herself was downright flirtatious. I could see the way she wiggled her butt as that pack of frat-boys walked past, the way she held herself as they stopped to check her out.

This was so typical. Even today, with me in my wet dream of a new body, with my perfect beautiful boyfriend Evan by my side, and with her in that slab of beef, even today I was somehow jealous of some stupid bimbo-slut cheerleader.

I don't like cheerleaders.

I guess that's not quite accurate. My new sex drive liked cheerleaders quite a bit, much to my annoyance. But on a more conceptual, fundamental level, cheerleaders, and what they stand for around here, are the bane of my college existence.

See, the university that Evan and I attend is great. Its got fantastic student support plans, lots of great professors, well funded facilities, and one of the most well-respected graduate programs in the country. In so far as I'm concerned, it's the perfect school. There's just one teensy little all-encompassing exception.

The school's reputation on an undergraduate level is a little more shallow, to put it lightly. Around the turn of the millennium, an informal study in some torrid magazine had declared our school to have the sluttiest student body in the country. For a while, the school tried to bury this report, but of course this just made matters worse. Soon, things started to get out of control and wave after wave of sex-minded freshman began applying to the school in the hopes of finding their way into the party utopia they imagined the campus to be.

As it turns out, there's a lot of people willing to pay good money to attend the sluttiest campus around. Before long the school was making a fortune catering to its horn-dog freshmen. Now the school actively (if subtly) encourages this reputation and over the past few decades the school has tripled in size.

The long and short of it is that the school has a disproportionately high population of party animals and sluts of both genders. While most of them tended to get filtered out before they could attend a second year, their presence as a demographic is still painfully felt and catered to in almost every aspect of campus life, including (and perhaps especially) in the sports teams.

Which brings us back to cheerleaders.

While I'm sure that most cheerleaders at most schools are perfectly fine people who happen to be into gymnastics and pom-poms, the ones at our school are the cream of the crop in terms of being the biggest, most judgemental sluts I've ever had the displeasure of sharing classes with. They were the perfect embodiment of the school's attitude, walking advertisements for the party-slut lifestyle, and, well, lets just say they weren't exactly very nice to those who didn't exactly go along with it.

What really pissed me off was that I couldn't even call them bimbos. The sad fact was that most of them were surprisingly intelligent. I guess it wouldn't do for the team to fall apart just because half of the rookies kept flunking out each year. Competition to get on the team, I understood, was fierce, and pressure from the school ensured that only the biggest whores got in. The school had to maintain its reputation, after all.

That same selective pressure extended to every club, team and organization on campus. Our sorority houses looked more like Playboy mansions, our swim team competed in bikinis, and, hell, even our chess club's win record had more to do with cleavage than competence.

This made life rather difficult for someone like me, who had applied to the school based on its academic merits. I was hardly the top of my class or anything, but I studied hard and plans for the future. Thank God I met Evan when I did. I don't know how I'd have survived so long without him.

In high-school, I had always felt very self-conscious that I didn't come close to measuring up against the other girls. I was plain. I was a five by any reasonable metric. Here though, I was an optimistic three. Not only could I not compete with most of the girls I encountered on a day-by-day basis, but compared to the new average I was downright ugly. Most days I couldn't even get the time of day from a boy without him getting side tracked by some over-sexed bimbo walking half-naked down the road.

But today was not most days.

Today, thanks to liberal use of my new swapping device, I was the hottest, sexiest goddamn woman on campus. Today I would not only outshine everyone, but I was going to get revenge on anyone who got in my way. Today I was invincible.

At least, that's what I kept telling myself anyway.

The truth was that I felt anything but. I had been forced to wear the same microskirt I had worn last night – or rather, the one that Evan had worn. Turns out using the device to swap wardrobes means he now thinks he was wearing what I, in fact, was wearing last night, which was an odd way for it to interact with considering it was body swaps that had gotten us those new clothes in the first place. I honestly didn't mind though. Evan's hips were a little bigger than mine, and his skirt was about an inch longer, and I was just grateful for the extra fabric since it kept my bulge from hanging out.

Last night I had worn a skirt like this with confidence, daring the world to see how amazing I had looked. Now, sober, I just wanted to find some pants as soon as possible.

I was lucky, at least, that a pair of Evan's old underwear – which was now my old underwear, I guess – had actually fit me. They were far from the most comfortable fit, of course, but they were stretchy, and they saved me the embarrassment of going commando in a skirt. Frankly, I was having a hard time getting used to them, but I was trying my hardest to imagine that they were a pair of boy short panties. At least they had room up front for my new friend. I still had Evan's dick and I was still loving it.

The only top I could find that would even remotely contain my enormous new tits was one of Evan's old hoodies, which I felt like I was practically busting out of. One of the weird quirks of having enormous boobs, I was discovering, is that no matter what you wear, you tend to fill it out in such a way that it looks like you're dressing up for a night of getting fucked. Annoyingly, without a shirt on underneath there was nothing to protect my big, sensitive nipples from the constant bouncing of my breasts. The poor things were so hard and sore they were practically poking holes through the fabric.

I was also struggling to keep my new, more sensitive body from getting turned on. Despite the best efforts of Evan and myself I'd been unbearably horny all day, and it seemed like every little jostle and every little caress was somehow feeding directly into the slow build up of lust in the back of my brain. Its

like, my body didn't care where it was, it didn't care that now was not the time, and it didn't care who was watching – it wanted out. It wanted to play.

This was, of course, entirely exasperated by Evan's complete inability to not look like some kind of wanton sex-machine.

He had found in his drawers the hockey jersey my ex-boyfriend had left with me years ago. I guess I had never gotten around to getting rid of it, and now he was wearing it like some kind of loose dress. A part of me wondered where Evan thought he had gotten the jersey, since he and my ex had never met. Worse, he seemed completely unconcerned with the way the thin material clung diaphanously to his huge swaying tits and his tight little body. It hung to just about below his thigh, all but obscuring the fact that he, too, was in fact wearing something that could only generously be called a skirt.

He had rather boldly refused to wear any of the underwear I had offered him. He said he would rather wear nothing at all than girl's underwear. I had laughed at the irony, but now I couldn't stop thinking about how there was nothing keeping his bare pussy from the world but a few inches of fabric and grace of god.

That was why, despite having cum four times already that day, I still had half a mind to just ditch shopping entirely and pull him off behind some random shrubbery somewhere so I could just stick it in him then and there.

The ten-minute walk to the mall was torturous. I liked my new body, I really did, but damned if it didn't have a mind of its own. Every step I took sent my tits bouncing and my ass jiggling in strange and exotic ways; every gust of wind threatened to flip up my skirt for the whole world to see – a problem now exasperated by the fact that I now hung quite a bit lower; and every person we passed gave us funny looks. My face was hot with embarrassment. The walk of shame was not an uncommon event around campus, but it was late afternoon by this point and I'm sure we were quite the sight.

I had, in fact, been making a very concerted effort the entire walk to avoid looking at Evan and to try not to think about how much I just wanted to turn him around and spend the rest of the day in bed as nature intended. The click click click of his stilettos, however, kept me acutely aware of his sexiness at all times. I was grateful, at least, that I could get away with wearing his old sneakers, even if they were a few sizes too big. Now that I had a body to show off, I found I didn't mind the idea of wearing heels, but I didn't envy Evan for having to wear them the whole day.

The mall was about as busy as you'd expect for a college town on a Friday afternoon, and while it felt like all eyes were on Evan and I as we strode through the crowd, we weren't even the most indecently dressed people there. It seemed that quite a few people were hitting up the mall as the prelude to a wild night out, and were dressed accordingly.

To my surprise, the stares we were getting weren't judgemental, but appreciative. A couple of freshmen were even going so far as to check me out. I blushed. I didn't know what they were thinking. When the

swaps had made it so no one noticed anything different about me, that meant no one was supposed to notice that I was any sexier. I guess some people just have low standards.

I suppose though that I didn't really have the moral high ground when it came to standards. I don't think it had occurred to me until I was surrounded by a sea of beautiful girls – many of whom were dressed to party – just how gay I now was. No, that was a bad way of putting it. Me being gay implied that I was a lesbian, and that implies a kind of soft sensuousness. No, I had the sexuality of a horny athletic man, and right now I was getting a first-hand lesson in the male gaze. My eyes were dancing to the slightest hint of cleavage or leg, like a dog in a meat market on a very short leash.

I swallowed, hard.

While historically I had hated the fact that my school was basically slut central, I was starting now to see that it had a few perks. Lots of what my gaze was being drawn to was rather perky, as a matter of fact. I tugged my hoodie down as low as it would go, in the hopes of hiding the growing bulge in my skirt, but all I seemed to do was draw attention to how hard my nipples were. I felt so exposed, and yet at the same time so aroused.

And there, adrift in my sea of insecurity and lust, was where I saw her: one of the girls I had swapped the previous night. She was standing head and shoulder above the crowd, and with all the confidence in the world, she was mincing. Heads turned to check her out as she passed, blind to her oddity, but not, apparently, her beauty.

I'd have killed for that confidence right about now.

Were any of the other girls from last night here too? Girls like that tended to travel in packs, didn't they? Maybe some of the guys were here too. I suppose they'd all be in the same clothing predicament. I guessed the guys probably didn't care that much about what they wore, as long as it fit, right? They had probably swaggered down to the mall in their micros and crop-tops without a shame in the world, all bluster and bravado, trying to hide their confusion as they realized they couldn't get their perky prodigious asses into a men's pair of jeans. I laughed. I kind of wished I could have seen that.

It bothered me, deep down, on a level that I wasn't sure I liked to admit to, that this girl was getting all the attention. I had a killer body now, I was hot, and yet once the initial surprise over how we were dressed wore off, no one seemed to give Evan or I a second glance. I mean, I understood why, but what good was being a total knockout if you couldn't knock people out? I wanted heads to turn and jaws to drop as I walked by. I wanted girls to look at me with the same feelings of envy and inadequacy that I had been forced to live with every day since I moved here.

I took a deep breath and unclenched my fist.

I looked at the way everyone was looking at the stupid perfect cheerleader. As much as I hated it, I wanted that.

I tried very hard to convince myself that I didn't just want it for myself, but for Evan as well. Evan meant the world to me, and I wasn't always the best at expressing it. He was always going out of his way to do sweet little things for me, and I... well, I didn't. I didn't really have the confidence for that sort of thing.

I chastised myself for thinking so selfishly about the device. Evan was amazing, and if anyone deserved to be super attractive, it was him. After all, hadn't he been curious about what being in a jock body was like? What good was that if no one but me noticed?

The device slid eagerly into my hands.

How could I make it so that people would find us attractive while still not noticing anything was out of the ordinary? I pondered the question as I fiddled with the dials. It wasn't just physical features I was after, it was more social, it was the way people reacted to those features. Not attractiveness per se, but attraction.

So far I'd only used it to move body parts around. Could the device do something so abstract? I was eager to find out.

I felt that familiar zzzzt noise as I pressed the button, and the device suddenly grew hot in my hand. I almost dropped it in surprise. That was weird.

Everything seemed the same. I could have sworn that the cheerleader wasn't quite mincing with the same confidence as before, but that could have been my imagination. Had it not worked? She looked the same. I had half expected her to get uglier somehow. Maybe she had and me being aware of the changes made it impossible for me to tell...

The device cooled gently in my hand. It had never gotten hot before. I looked it over but nothing seemed out of place. Was it broken somehow? Oh god, I don't even know what I'd do if that thing broke. I liked my new body but I didn't want to live in it forever. Not to mention I figured I'd probably want Evan and my normal sexuality back to normal at some point.

That's when I noticed a group of guys staring at us. Was this about the device? Did they see what I had just tried to do? No... they weren't staring at me, they were staring at Evan. They glanced away as he looked in that direction. I laughed. They were trying to be coy, but they were clearly checking him out. It had worked!

Evan didn't look any different. That is to say he still looked like someone had beaten him severely with the sexy stick, but now every guy that walked past seemed to be craning their head to get a look. I laughed. In a way, he was probably the second hottest guy around, and while he wasn't exactly dressing to show it off, there was something about a guy's shirt dangling off dainty shoulders that clearly inspired a kind of primal lust in the crowd. If only they knew how little he was wearing under that shirt.

This was great! At this rate, he could probably have any guy on campus bending over backwards for him.

Only then did it occur to me that that wasn't quite right, was it? Sure, I had swapped the girls attractiveness into him, but everyone still regarded him as a guy, right? When they looked at him they were supposed to be thinking 'buff football player', not 'desperately horny minx.' Was this the swap interacting funny with him having a female body? Or was this more something like him having swapped attractiveness with a girl now made it so that everyone found him attractive as though he was a girl? Or, shit, maybe I had tried to push the remote too hard and something inside had broken?

I looked down at the device in my hands. Most of the heat had disapated but it still felt unusually warm.

I jumped when I felt his hand land on my shoulder.

"Okay, baby," said Evan, "Let's focus."

I blinked and looked around. I had been so caught up in my own little world that I had completely forgotten why we were here in the first place. I blushed a little as I slid the device back into my bag.

"First thing's first." He continued. "We need pants."

"Right." I agreed. This could wait till later, I supposed. Pants sounded nice.

I was kind of enamored with all the attention Evan was getting as we walked over to the mall directory. Of course it was fast occurring to me that being super attractive to guys wasn't all that great when neither of us was into dudes at the moment, but on the other hand it was kinda funny to see so many guys going gaga over my boyfriend.

"We should probably be looking at stuff that's cheap and practical." Evan said as he looked over the map, trying to size up the stores by name.

Looking at the map myself, I had no idea where to start. I wasn't the sort to spend a lot of time at the mall. I liked shopping – quite a bit in fact – but money was tight and I was a practical person. Besides, the stores here tended to cater to a specific type of person and, normally, that wasn't my scene.

"Plus," he continued "we don't have the kind of money to really be going all out, especially since we don't know how long our bodies are going to be this size, you know?"

I laughed. That was very typical of him. Before I'd met him, he'd worn nothing but t-shirts and cargo pants every day of the week. It was cute, but sometimes it was a struggle to get him to be more adventurous.

"Actually, baby," I said, "I was thinking that maybe we could try out some stuff that really compliments our new figures, you know?" I put my hand on his hip and leaned in to whisper in his ear. "After all, what's the point in having them if we're not going to show them off?"

He turned to me with that cute little half-frown that meant he didn't know how to tell me that he didn't agree.

"Besides," I added, pulling out the remote with a wink, "with this little baby, I don't think we need to worry about money ever again."

"Wait." He frowned in earnest. "You're not going to use that to steal anything are you?"

"What? No! Of course not. That would be... unethical..." I tried hard not to think about all the ethically dubious swaps I had already made. "But I've been thinking. You know how Elizabeth keeps going on about how she's been saving up for a boob job?"

He grinned. "You want to sell her bigger boobs."

"Exactly. She gives us the money she would have spent on surgery, and we swap her tits with some stripper or something."

"That doesn't exactly seem any less ethical. I mean, in that case you'd be stealing from the stripper, wouldn't you? She'd never work in this town again."

I laughed. Elizabeth was flat as a pancake.

"Okay, fine" I retorted, "we'll find a girl who's been stripping in order to put herself through college, but who is fast approaching graduation and who realizes that her only hope of being taken seriously as she pursues a career in law is if she gets rid of her giant stripper titties. That way, both parties are aware of and consenting to the swap. Hell, we can even charge them both." I tugged my skirt back into place. "The important thing is that this device affords us a big enough money-making opportunity that we can afford to buy some damn pants!"

Evan laughed. Even with his changed voice, I loved his laugh.

"I guess that's okay then." He said. "You know me though, I'd prefer just to get some simple stuff rather than spending all day trying on all kinds of crazy things, you know? Besides," he shot me a seductive glare "the sooner we're done trying on clothes here, the sooner we can get home and take our clothes off."

I sighed. As fun as that last bit sounded, Evan really was no fun to shop with.

Looking around, I could see that Evan was still getting side-long glances from half the men walking by, especially given the way he was leaning forward to inspect the mall map, half-presenting his perfectly toned ass to the world. I caught myself staring. Maybe we didn't need to wait until we got home. Maybe we could find some quiet corner somewhere and just...

At that moment my reverie was interrupted by a young looking girl bouncing up to the directory. An older looking man followed in tow, clearly exhausted. His arms were laden with bags from various boutiques and clothing stores.

“Oh my god!” squealed the girl after a moment’s consideration. “Grandpa! We have to go here next! Oh, and here! And we should really go back to here cause I wanted to try on that one dress.!”

The man’s shoulders sagged just a little further with each store named. My heart went out to this poor man.

I looked down at the device in my hands. I had meant to put it back in my bag, but I guess I’d gotten distracted. I looked over at the old man, then at Evan, then back down at the device. If this thing could transfer attractiveness the way it had, I wondered what other weird things it could do.

I slowly started setting the dials. This was fine, right? Ethically? Evan had me a little spooked in that regard. Was I doing the right thing here? It seemed pretty clear that I’d be doing them both a favor, right? If it even worked.

Zzzzttttt!

The girl now seemed significantly less enthusiastic. She was still brimming with energy, but now it she seemed listless and impatient.

“Can we go now?” she asked, turning to her grandfather.

The man looked a little confused at all the bags he was carrying.

“I suppose,” he said, “that we’ve gotten you enough clothes for one day. Still, I wish you didn’t treat it like such a chore. Most girls your age love shopping, you know.”

She sighed as the two of them walked away.

Evan was looking at me expectantly.

“Huh?” I said. “Oh, sorry, I must have zoned out. Were you saying something?”

“Zoned out, aye?” he said, eyeing the device in my hands.

I blushed as I hurriedly returned it back in my bag.

“it’s fine, baby.” He laughed. “I get that you want to try the thing out, and this really is a good opportunity for it. I trust you. that however you use it you’re going to use it responsibly. Just let me know if your going to do anything really funny, okay?”

I nodded quietly. Crap, he wasn't exactly making this easy for me was he?

"Um," I began, "actually...."

He must not have heard me because in a flurry of motion he had turned back to the directory.

"I think I've got a plan," he said. "Since you were saying that money is no object, we should totally hit up this row of stores here along the east side. They're a little pricy, but between them they have a lot of variety and they're all very high quality." He jabbed his finger at the map, like a general directing his troops. "Then, we swing down here along this row of shops to the south. That'll give us not one, not two, but three shoe stores to check out. From there, we head up the escalator and tackle the second floor. I'm a little worried we not get to everything before the mall closes, but if we hurry I think we can get most of it. Oh, and we should probably hit up the food court at some point too."

I stared at him blankly. I'd created a monster.

I quickly looked around for the girl so I could swap them back, but she was already long gone.

"There's just one problem," Evan added, blushing slightly.

"What's that?" I asked.

"They're probably not going to let me try anything on anywhere without underwear." He tugged at his skirt as he said this. "Plus, um, it's a little breezy, and I'd rather mall security not see us and kick us out for indecent exposure or anything."

Oh god. Mall security. I hadn't even considered that would be a problem. I mean, after all, they probably got half-naked girls in here all the time. Still, it was the last thing I wanted to deal with today. All the more reason to find some pants as soon as possible.

"So, that in mind" he concluded "let's start with the Victoria's Secret up on the second floor, okay?"

His eyes were sparkling. I don't think I've ever seen that before.

I nodded. "I had hoped to be a little bit better able to hide my erection before we went to that particular store, but I suppose you're right."

"Great!"

Evan grabbed my hand tightly, tugging at my arm as he all but dragged me off towards the Victoria's Secret. It occurred to me, with a bit of surprise, that he was still surprisingly strong. For some reason I'd assumed that, being larger, I was stronger than him, but he had quite a bit of muscle hidden away in that delicate frame of his.

Evan had taken the lead in our little adventure. He danced from shop window to shop window as we made our way over to the escalators, pointing out various garments that he or I would look great in. I smiled. I couldn't remember the last I had seen him so excited for something, the last time he had so much spring in step. I was rather enjoying the way his body swayed and jiggled and tugged on his clothing as he bounced around. He was mindful enough to keep his skirt from flipping up as he moved, of course, but only just.

We had just gotten onto the escalator when I realized that we were being followed. Maybe followed is a bit of a strong term. We were being observed.

Behind us, a few steps down, stood a punkish looking brat. He had a younger girl in tow, probably his sister, based on the resemblance. The brat's eyes were trained squarely up my skirt. I looked around for their parents, but I didn't see any around. Now, I'm sure it wasn't difficult to see up my skirt, half the mall had probably seen something by now, but this kid was burning holes with his eyes and he wasn't even trying to be subtle.

I laughed. He probably wasn't expecting to see what I was packing away down there, but that didn't seem to stop him.

I eyeballed him as I shifted around to the other side of the escalator, pressing my back against the edge in order to block his view of my ass. Oblivious to my withering gaze, his eyes followed, now trained hypnotically on my bulge. I considered taking a few steps up and hiding in front of Evan, but that would just let the kid get a good view of the fact that today Evan was being a true Scotsman. I laughed again. That would probably give the kid something to remember.

Okay, fine. If the kid wanted to see panties so bad, I'd make it so that he could see them whenever he wanted for the rest of his life.

I fished the device out of my bag and spun the dials. I was starting to get the hang of setting the thing quickly. Maybe if the kid had been able to tear his eyes off of my boxers, he'd have noticed what I was about to do.

Zzzzttttt!

The kid shifted his stance slightly, but otherwise appeared the same as he continued his gawking. I could tell by the way he held his hips though that he was now dealing with the rather uncomfortable feeling of wearing underwear two sizes too small and with none of the room up front.

In my mind, I pictured that his sister had been wearing something super girly and cute, like hello kitty panties, before I'd swapped them around, but I had no way of really knowing. I could also make out... yes, just barely... under his t-shirt, I could tell that he was now wearing a training bra as well.

I was laughing as Evan and I got off the escalator. If that wasn't justice, I didn't know what was.

To my surprise, the punk and his sister just turned around and got right back onto the down escalator. Something told me I had neither been his first nor last victim of the day. I guess the fact that he now had some of his own did little to stop his perverted fascination.

No sooner had I slipped the remote back into my bag than I heard a pair of lascivious voices calling out. Looking up I could see a pair of jocks sitting on a bench nearby. Their enormous tits had caused their baggy shirts to ride up, exposing their pert, lickable midriffs. It looked like the two of them were catcalling and whistling at every pretty thing that passed them by.

I guessed that answered my question about if there were any guys from last night around. It was surreal to see such petite bodies sitting in such unladylike positions. If they hadn't been wearing pants they'd be giving everyone quite a show. Amusingly, they were both wearing fuck-me pumps. I guess they had been the only shoes they could find that morning that fit.

Of course it wasn't long before Evan caught their eyes. My hand clenched into a fist when I heard the borderline-nasty comments they were directing at my boyfriend. Evan, however, bore it stoically. He smiled and laughed it off, putting his hand on my shoulder to keep me from doing anything I'd regret.

I guess I couldn't really blame them. Evan was hot. Hell, it was my fault he was hot. And I didn't really mind it when most guys were checking him out, but the idea of him getting actively hit on, especially by guys like these... well, it was getting to me. It made me want to jump up and protect him. Maybe that was another weird side effect of the swaps, or maybe these guys just really needed a good thrashing. I honestly couldn't tell. Either way, these jerks needed to be taught a lesson.

The device was already in my hand as I started to look for someone to swap them with. I could have sworn I had put it away, but there it was. I considered swapping their sexual orientation with some of the girls they were hitting on, but that seemed, from personal experience, like it was as much of a punishment for the girls as it would be for them. Besides, then they'd probably just continue sitting there, hitting on all the hot guys who walked by instead.

Then it hit me. This was a perfect opportunity.

"Baby," I asked, once we were past the earshot of the jocks, "do you think those guys back there are hot?"

"Huh?" Evan pursed his brow for a second before letting out a laugh. "Oh, baby, no, I was just letting them down gently, you know?"

"Wait, what?"

"Like, the way I was laughing at their pick-up lines?" he explained "Its nice when other guys offer to take me out or buy me drinks at bars or whatever, but they always end up expecting something in return and then it gets really awkward cause of course I'm not really into guys, and then it becomes a whole thing."

I blinked. I guess Evan had now been some kind of sexy man-magnet his whole life.

“But like,” he continued, “if you dismiss them entirely they can get kind of angry, right? And the last thing you want to do is get into a confrontation with them, of course, so its like, I’ll laugh at their dumb jokes or smile at their stupid compliments, but I’m not into them or anything. It’s just easier, you know?”

I frowned slightly. My boyfriend seemed to have more experience dealing with guys than I did. That was a weird feeling.

“Besides.” He stopped and looked deeply into my eyes. “I only have eyes for you.”

I smiled.

“No,” I said, “I mean, like, objectively. Do you think they’re good looking? I want to try something with the device.”

“Oh!” he turned to look the two over. He gave them an appraising look as they started to harass another girl walking past. “I guess? It’s a little hard to tell given all the baggy clothes, but they have nice tits, and its clear they’re probably on the rugby team or something. Yeah, I’d say they’re pretty good looking.” He paused before adding “Objectively speaking, of course. I’m not into guys.” He laughed. “With the way they’re yapping like poodles though it wouldn’t surprise me if they’re trying to compensate for something, you know?”

“Perfect.”

In no time at all I had set the device’s dials. If I could swap the attractiveness of Evan and I with those two on the bench, they’d be the ones getting hit on all the time for once, and not Evan or I. Of course, then we’d probably end up getting hit on by women, but I don’t think either of us really minded. For some reason, the idea of Evan getting hit on by strange women was less objectionable to me than the idea of him getting hit on by strange men. It didn’t seem to trigger the same territorial instincts. Plus, a part of me found the idea of Evan and another girl kinda hot now, in a two-girls-making-out kind of way. I guess the fact that I’d be more than happy to join in made it seem like less of a threat.

I laughed. That was the typical male fantasy, wasn’t it? A threesome? It would help that I’d be attractive to women as well. Straight women, at least. This wasn’t quite what I had wanted earlier. I (probably) wasn’t going to be inspiring jealousy in every woman that passed by, but I’d be turning heads, and no one could say I wasn’t hot.

As I pressed the button. I stopped to consider the irony of the fact that I was going to have a smoking hot female body, and yet the only guys who would want me would be gay.

I froze suddenly, my finger locked as I held down the button. A wash of panic sweeping over me. I had forgotten about Evan.

If I made this swap, Evan wouldn't be attracted to me anymore. What would that mean? Would we still be dating? Would we have ever met in the first place? Would he be here where I could swap things back or would he just disappear, lacking a reason to be here? My heart cried out in anguish as I tried to imagine a world where we weren't together.

I winced in pain. The device was quickly growing hot in my hand, as though protesting having its button held. It seemed to be getting worse. I had to struggle to hold on.

Only half thinking, I reached out and lunged myself at Evan, device first. If it was touching him, he should be aware of the changes, right? That was all it took? I could feel my finger sliding off the button as the device fell out of my hands.

Without thinking I reached out and lunged with the device towards Evan's back. If it was touching him, he should be aware of the changes, right? That was all it took, right? My finger slipped off the button as the device grew too hot and fell out of my hands.

Zzzzttttt!

I cried out Evan's name as I slammed into him.

He yelped. We both ended up falling over each other. My tits were mashed into his as we both struggled to stand up.

He looked up at me with confusion and concern. Fuck, did that work?

"Evan," I blurted out, "am I..." Oh god this was such a dumb question. "Am I attractive?"

He blinked at me confused for a minute, then leaned up to kiss me.

"Always."

I kissed him back.

"And in a good, sexy, female way, right?" I clarified, pulling back, "and not in a masculine sexy bro kind of way?"

"What? Of course." he kissed me again. "Where's all this coming from?"

"And you're not just oblivious about it or gay now or something?" Tears were welling up in my eyes.

He laughed. "Baby, no. You're the most beautiful girl in the world and I'll never think any different."

"Oh thank god." I fell on top of him. All that panic and fear melting into a hot steamy puddle.

I savored a moment longer the taste of his lips. That had been a close. I was going to need to be more careful, especially when Evan was involved. For all I knew the smallest change could have huge repercussions. I don't know where I'd be without him.

There was something so warm about our bodies pressing together. It made me just want to linger here with him beneath me for a few moments more, or to go find somewhere private where we could spend some time alone. The moment couldn't last though. I was pretty sure with the way we had landed he was probably flashing half the mall right now.

Despite the best efforts of our heaving tits to throw us off balance, we managed to clamour back up to our feet.

"Is everything okay, baby?" Evan asked as he smoothed out his skirt.

I picked the device up and looked it over. It didn't seem any worse from the fall, and already it was cool to the touch. What was that heat? Had I imagined it? I hoped nothing had been damaged.

Surreptitiously, I tried swapping the bodies of a passing floozy and her boyfriend. Sure enough, before long she was the one groping his ass. Everything seemed to be working fine. In a fit of morality, I even swapped them back afterwards.

"Yeah." I said. "Yeah, everything's fine. I um." I glanced down at the device. "I was trying to make it so that people would actually notice how sexy we are."

He laughed that wonderful laugh of his. It never failed to lift my spirits.

"So I swapped our attractiveness with those guys I was talking about, which is a thing I can apparently do, but I hadn't realized until I had pressed the button that you'd be affected to, and then you wouldn't be attracted to me any more and that I was going to lose you, so I panicked and tried to get the device touching you before it went off and... and... I guess it worked cause you still think that I'm pretty. I don't want you to ever not think that I'm not pretty." I could feel my tears welling up. "I don't ever want to lose you."

"Don't worry baby," Evan said as he leaned in and hugged me tightly. "I'm not going anywhere."

It was another little moment I wished I could make last forever, but alas it was not to be.

"So, what?" he asked. "We're as attractive as those two now? They don't look any different to me."

It was only then that I noticed that all the cat-calling had stopped. Glancing over at the bench I could see why. The two jocks suddenly seemed much more interested in hitting on each other than on passers by. Heck, from the vibe of the lust-driven looks they were giving each other it was probably only a matter of

time before they slipped off to find somewhere private themselves. I wondered if, and at what point, the fact that they were both ostensibly straight dudes would get in the way of them hooking up.

“You and I are aware of the changes,” I answered, “so neither of us can really see it, but right now everyone sees us as attractive as they were, and vice-versa. I guess that means you’re going to start getting hit on by girls instead of guys now. I’m not super sure how I feel about that. Is that... I probably should have asked first... is that okay with you?”

“Oh.” He blinked. “It’s... kind of weird, I guess? I mean, I don’t like guys or anything, but the attention was kind of nice. Wait. Does this mean I’m going to have to start buying my own drinks?”

We both laughed as I punched him jokingly in the arm.

“Not as long as I’m around.”

Looking around, it seemed that no one was really paying us much mind. Gone were all the lecherous stares of horny men. For some reason I was expecting we’d get a similar reaction from the women walking around, but I think perhaps they were a little more subtle.

Maybe it was for the best. It wasn’t what I’d wanted, per se, in terms of how people viewed me, but being a different kind of sexy was maybe worth trying too. Besides, being perfectly honest, I don’t think I’d have been able to handle quite that much male attention anyway.

One of the weird quirks of our school having such unique beauty standards was that there were a lot of stores and businesses in the area that catered specifically to people who tried (sometimes desperately) to live up to that standard of beauty. While I had always rolled my eyes at that sort of stuff in the past, it turned out to be a blessing for Evan and I. See, in most places I understand that it is quite difficult to find good looking and comfortable bras in larger sizes. The Victoria’s Secret in our mall, however, not only carried a variety of bras for bustier women, it was their specialty.

I was honestly kind of surprised that Evan was so nonchalant as we walked in. Normally he got a little futzy when I tried taking him to places like this. I’d always found it kinda cute – in that dorky guy kinda way – to just see him so completely out of his element. Today though he didn’t even bat an eye. I guess in this world he’d been buying bras for his whole life.

The shop was not especially busy, but it did appear to be a little understaffed. A slim, buxom hipster sat bored behind the cash register while a cute but haggard looking sales associate was getting lectured by a customer in her mid-thirties. Further back in the store I could see a teenage couple holding hands as they picked out something fun. More towards the front a handful of club girls were flitting from display to display like bees buzzing around flowers. They were giggling loudly about their plans to get laid that weekend, but they changed their attitude pretty quickly as soon as Evan and I walked in. I really did have to hand it to girls, they could keep their ogling discrete, even though it was pretty clear that they were all sucking in their guts and sticking out their chests.

"I'm surprised you're so nonplussed about this." said Evan.

"What do you mean?" I asked. It had been a weird couple of days. There was so much weird stuff going on I didn't know specifically what he was referring to.

"I mean, normally," he smiled and gestured to the store, "you get all squirmy whenever I try to take you bra shopping."

I laughed. Of course.

"I guess that was the old me." I said. "The new me is sexy and confident and can handle buying bras."

"Okay," He smiled again, then leaned up and whispered into my ear, "just as long as you still get all squirmy when it comes time to take the bras off."

I bit my lip.

He gave me a wink, then ran off giddily to start digging through the piles of lacy fabric, leaving me alone with my rising heat. I watched his tits bouncing wild and free beneath his thin shirt as he danced from display to display. He had already started comparing styles and colors and was holding one thing or another up to his chest to see how it would look on him. I was glad he was enjoying himself.

As I looked around a bit more it became pretty obvious pretty quickly that the gaggle of girls seemed intent on not only checking out Evan and I, but whispering amongst themselves and then bursting out in fits of giggles. I had never been one of those sorts of girls, but I had a pretty good idea what they were going on about. While I could feel that same urge I had earlier to be protective of Evan, I was also strangely proud of him. It was like I had a bit of extra swagger in my step knowing that the pretty little thing that he was was all mine and that they couldn't have it.

"Tell me if you see anything you like," he said, holding a lacy red nighty up to his chest and waggling his eyebrows. It seemed that whenever he wasn't digging through piles of lingerie, he was doing his best to get me all hot and bothered.

Of course, neither of us knew our sizes, which slowed us down a bit, but that didn't stop us from browsing the merchandise as we waited for that woman to stop arguing with the sales associate. From what I could overhear, the woman was convinced she was a B-cup, and was furious that none of the bras the store had in that size would fit her. While my fascination with tits was still a relatively recent phenomenon to me, even I could tell that this woman was in no way a B-cup. The sales girl, for her part, bore the woman's wrath with heroic patience, but she kept making the mistake of trying to correct her instead of just giving her what she wanted. Eventually, the woman grew tired of yelling at the poor girl and went to try on some more bras, 'in the hopes of finding one that's properly labeled!'

Something about that woman really irked me. She brought to mind all those shitty customers I had had to deal with in my own time working retail part time in high school. Well, if she was going to make life difficult for everybody else, then I was going to make life difficult for her.

Noticing she had found some bras she believed would fit, I pulled out the device as she made her way to the dressing rooms. Moments later, her previously inadequate cleavage was now threatening to bust out of her shirt. I could just imagine the look of confusion on her face when she discovered that the bras she had picked out were all obviously several cup sizes too small.

The cashier, for her part, looked rather energized by her sudden lighter load. Her elevated posture and more petite torso complimented her slim figure much better than it had on the otherwise average-looking woman.

The sales associate's attention now available, Evan jumped at the chance to be measured first, eager as he was to finally start trying stuff on. The girl was all too happy to help out and despite her professional countenance, I could see the way she was getting, perhaps, just a little too interested in Evan's body.

While the sales associate went over my sex-pot of a boyfriend with her measuring tape, I noticed that the couple in the back had come a little closer now. They looked like they were probably in their mid-to-late years of highschool, and from the way they were passionately holding hands, they were clearly as much in love as two high-schoolers can get.

They were a cute couple. The girl kept trying to engage her boyfriend in a discussion about how she'd look for him in this outfit or that outfit, and while you could tell that he was clearly into it – and I mean, who wouldn't be? – he was still clearly very embarrassed to be here, acting all stiff and bashful. I guess that really was a guy kind of thing.

In a pique of curiosity, I swapped their bodies around. I had hardly even realized what I was doing until it was too late, but the device had already been in my hand and before I knew what I was doing I had all of the dials already set.

The boy was still embarrassed to be here, but apparently now for different reasons. Now the girl, still the confident one the relationship, seemed to be picking out undergarment after undergarment for her boyfriend to wear for her. He was still stiff and bashful, but now it seemed to me to be more of a reaction to his girlfriend's forwardness rather than a discomfort at his feminine surroundings. I could tell from the glint in her eye that what she wanted most of all right then was to tear these clothes off of him. At that moment I felt a sort of kinship with her. There was something pretty special about your cute boyfriend having great big tits.

The next thing I knew it was my turn to get measured. The sales associate actually seemed somewhat surprised when I suggested this, but to her credit, after a brief smirk she presented only a smile of practiced stoicism. Up until that point I had almost forgotten that swapping my wardrobe with Evan had come with some rather unusual side effects. Evan, at the very least, seemed to think me wearing women's clothing was now crossdressing. The skirt I was wearing got a pass, I guessed, on account of it

being what that one jock had been wearing when Evan had acquired his body. I didn't even know if people saw it as some kind of men's miniskirt, or if they just couldn't make the mental connection. Regardless, I had been trying very hard to not think about how awkward that was going to make a day of shopping, and until that moment I had been succeeding.

Briefly, I considered swapping my wardrobe back from Evan then and there, but he seemed to be having a really good time picking out bras, and frankly I was eager to see what kind of outfits he ended up in at the end of the day.

I swallowed my embarrassment and screwed up my courage. Getting embarrassed about things was the old me. This was the new me. The sexy me. I was hot and I didn't care what anyone else thought. Besides, my tits were heavy and I intended to get some support. They'd been bouncing around free all day and I was starting to really feel just how much trouble they could be.

The sales associate was courteous and professional as she prepped her tape. I guess I wasn't the first 'crossdresser' she had had to measure. As she pressed herself close to me. I noticed how nice she smelled. Oh god, how did I not notice before how cute she was? I blushed harder. She had pulled herself in closer than I was used to and all I could focus on was how feminine she smelled. I could feel the blood pumping to my head as my arousal built.

"Can you take your sweater off?" she asked. She had a pretty voice. "we'd get a more accurate measure without it."

"W-what?" I stammered. "Oh, right."

I had started to half tug my shirt off before I realized that no, that would be a very bad idea. Unless, wait... if I was expected to dress like a guy now, that meant I could probably go around shirtless, without anyone caring right? But, no... now really wasn't the time to test that theory.

Slowly, methodically, she measured me over my sweatshirt. She squeezed perhaps a little more than she needed to, but in a gentle, sensual kind of way. Maybe I was just imagining it? This new body was so damn sensitive that sometimes it felt like everything was somehow now sensual. Still, there was no way she didn't notice my rock hard nipples poking through the thick material of the sweater. Yeah, of course she noticed. With the way she brushed past them as she measured, with the way she smiled as she did so, she must have. I was just lucky she didn't seem to recognize the raging erection pressing out against my skirt. I bit my lip as a fantasy flashed through my head of her getting on her knees and me giving her something else to measure...

And just like that it was over. I almost didn't hear her when she recited my figure to me. I almost didn't believe it either. I was in the upper end of even the stuff they stocked here. I guess I had really lucked out. I couldn't believe some girl had just been walking around with these at the bar.

Evan had already picked out a handful of stuff in his size when I returned to him. I was trying my best to hide my erection. It felt like the whole store was staring right at me. Looking around at the flock of girls I could see that that probably wasn't too far from the truth.

Trying, and failing, to not feel self-conscious about how my raging rod of man-meat was making my skirt tent out despite the best efforts of my boxers, I attempted to distract myself by digging through the available selection of satin and lace.

"Hey, its okay." said Evan, leaning his shoulder into mine as we stood side-by side before a rather busty mannequin's bust. "Don't be nervous." His tits bouncing into mine had set the damn things off like a newton's cradle.

"Nervous?" I asked. I guess I was pretty bad at hiding these things.

"You said that this was something you wanted to do, right? I think it takes a lot of courage to express yourself like this and I want you to know that I believe in you and that I've got your back. So don't be nervous. Whatever you wear, I'm sure you'll look great. It doesn't matter what anyone else thinks. "

I smiled. Evan was corny, but he was supportive. He didn't really know the full story, but he was doing his best with what I'd given him. I was glad I had him.

I guessed this was going to be some kind of big deal after all, huh? I considered maybe just going braless for the rest of the day, but I figured, no, at the rate things were going I'd probably end up either poking someone's eyes out or breaking my back. And I had wanted to get a whole new wardrobe, hadn't I? I couldn't do that without some proper support. Damn it, I was so sick of all these insecurities. I just wanted to live my new life without people judging me.

But he was right. I was going to look great no matter what I wore and I shouldn't care if people think I look weird. And I especially wasn't about to beat myself up over wanting to wear a bra when my tits were easily larger than my head.

With renewed vigor I started grabbing lacy thing after lacy thing. Normally I didn't go for anything especially fancy when it came to my underwear, but today I had the body to back it up. Today I wasn't going to feel out of place for wearing something seductive. Today I was going to wear the sexiest goddamn things I could find!

Soon, Evan and I were off to the dressing rooms to try everything on. I held my bundle of bras low, to hide my still half-hard bulge. As we entered, the woman who had been complaining earlier was just exiting, her braless tits bouncing with each angry step. I laughed, hoping at least that she wasn't about to just go make life even worse for that poor sales associate.

"Why don't you wait right here," said Evan, as he sat me down on a small bench. "And I'll go try these on and come out and you can let me know what you think, okay?" he winked.

“Are you sure you don’t need a hand in there?” I joked.

“As much as I’d love to have your hands in there, baby, I don’t want to ruin the surprise. Its okay though, I know how to handle a bra. Besides, if this morning was any indication, we’d be in there forever.”

I laughed. He had me there. He’d probably spend more time with me pressing him up against the mirror than he would trying on lingerie.

While I waited, two other girls entered the dressing room area. They were clearly members of that group which had been buzzing around earlier. They did a double take as they saw me sitting there, but they must have liked what they saw because they went from amble to strut in about two and a half steps. Their butts wiggled in practiced unison as they passed by. From the looks of it, one of them was trying on underwear that would be described as more cute than sexy, clearly going for a more innocent look, while the other was trying the exact opposite. I noted that this seemed pretty consistent with their respective makeup and wardrobe choices. I wondered if I could mix things up a little.

In a heartbeat I had the device comfortably in hand and made the switch. They were about the same size, breast-wise, I figured. If I switched which bras they had chosen, would they believe that they had intentionally picked out underwear that clashed with the rest of their stylistic choices, or would they remain oblivious to the difference as long as it fit?

Sadly, they disappeared into the stalls before my scientific curiosity could be satisfied.

As it turned out, I was rather surprised by what Evan had chosen for himself. It was all a lot flashier than I would have expected. He definitely had a thing for bold colors and strong lines. I guess he thought it was more masculine? I had half expected him to be picking out stuff that would fit in with my old wardrobe, since that’s now what he had stuffing his closet back home, but he was going hog-wild with his own style instead.

Obviously, he couldn’t try on any of the panties, seeing as he didn’t have anything to wear under them, but seeing him in just that skirt and a bra was good enough for me. I had to suppress a laugh though as he strut around and posed. He was doing a big show of trying to show off his muscles, and while his body was certainly more athletic than mine, it was far from the muscle-bound football-stud he seemed to believe he was. He did have this one way of flexing his pecs though which I loved, since it set his tits jiggling even in their satiny confinement.

Despite the prodigious number of bras that he’d picked up to try on, he had managed to narrow it down to a small handful that apparently passed for him as both sexy and comfortable. My favorite of these was the strapless push-up. Given the way his tits seemed to constantly defy gravity, I didn’t know if a push-up bra was exactly the sort of thing he needed, but damned if I could focus on his face when he was wearing it. His favorite though, and the one he had decided to wear out of the store, was a sexy little red demicup, the strap of which seemed to be threatening to fall off his delicate shoulder at a moments notice. He had picked out some matching panties, which he hoped would fit, but of course he couldn’t wear them until after we had paid.

With Evan's little fashion show over, it was my turn. Before I could get up though, that woman from earlier had returned, now holding a number of bras that seemed more in line with her new proportions. The smug look on her face told me that she had not learned her lesson.

Looking around, the only people I could see were the sales associate, and the rather mousy looking girl in a baggy coat who she seemed to be helping out. Before the woman could even get to a dressing room stall I had swapped her boobs out with those of the mousy girl.

My jaw dropped as I saw the results. The woman had been buxom before, I had made sure of that, but now she almost put Evan and I to shame. Her tits swayed cartoonishly as she stormed into the stall she had been using earlier.

I looked over, stunned, at the girl. She seemed to be standing a little more straight, but I couldn't see any difference beneath her baggy coat. Where on earth had she been hiding all that?

It wasn't long after that I heard the woman start to swear and then not long after that before she stormed out of the dressing rooms altogether. She probably thought she was going crazy.

I looked up at Evan, who was emerging from his stall, a bounty of brasiers in hand, and just laughed.

Something I was quick to discover in the dressing stall was that I was apparently distractingly beautiful. I don't think I ever had the chance to just sit down and really internalized how good I now looked. Looking into the full-length mirror before me, I was completely thrown off guard by the porn star centerfold staring back at me. I was weirdly dressed, sure, but with tits as big as mine I made it look sexy. This just made matters worse down below, as my lust-driven hindbrain apparently couldn't seem to get it through its dense little grey-matter that what I was looking at was my own reflection and not some big-titted slut to throw to the ground and rut with.

Frankly, between Evan's little fashion show and this, I was starting to question why we'd even left the house today to begin with. We could be at home naked and fucking right now.

Arduously, I tore myself away from my own sexy gaze long enough to actually try on some clothing. This, of course, just meant that not only was I seeing the porn star in the mirror in various stages of undress, but I was seeing her try on sexy lingerie as well.

That's about when I realized that the panties I'd picked out were not going to do the trick. I had hoped that boy shorts might work, but I could tell that they were going to be woefully inadequate even when I didn't have a raging hard-on. I had to struggle real hard to not manually relieve the pressure I was feeling then and there. I was starting to find that sometimes my hands apparently had a mind of their own, and that they were conspiring with my junk to get me into all kinds of trouble. I had half a mind to pull Evan's sexy ass in there right there and then and have him take responsibility for his errant dick, but of course that would have to wait until we got home.

So nothing against boxers, but I was a little disappointed. I'm sure there's plenty of them out there that are cute or sexy, and I totally see the necessity of having all that room up front, (plus, I had discovered that they have a little hole in the front you can sneak your dick out of for some reason, which was kind of neat,) but I wanted something frilly, I wanted something girly, I wanted something slutty. I was pretty sure guys underwear didn't come in that sort of style unless the store was catering to some very specific clientele. I made a mental note to check if we had that sort of store around here, but I somehow doubted it.

I wondered what that mincing cheerleader from earlier had been wearing. Uhg, she had probably been wearing some kind of super skimpy thong. I could just imagine how hard it was to get something like that to contain a great big dick like mine. I didn't envy the way her balls were probably bouncing around all free inside her pants. Last night, I had ended up with no panties at all after swapping some stuff around with one of those girls at the bar, so I guess its possible she wasn't wearing anything at all. Maybe hers was just so small that she didn't have much trouble with it. I laughed as a weird kind of pride washed over me. My dick was pretty amazing. It wouldn't surprise me if I was quite a bit bigger where it counted.

Evan gave me a supportive grin as I stepped out of the stall in lacy lavender. In my mind he'd seen me in bras so often I'd kind of stopped caring, but with all the changes that had been happening, I guess he was seeing me now for the first time. For some reason that made me nervous.

"Well," I asked, "What do you think?"

I did a tiny spin and struck an awkward half pose as I stepped out of the dressing stall to give him a good look. I tried for something coy and flirty, but I think it ended up as just looking silly. Clearly, If I was going to look good I was going to need to get better at this.

Evan just grinned as he stood up and gave me a great big hug. Or, well, that was his attempt. Between me being taller than him and our boobs getting in the way, part of the effect was lost. Still, he got points for trying.

"You look beautiful, baby."

I smiled. He was right. I did. I really really did love the way I looked. I had never felt truly confident in lingerie, but seeing up close and feeling deep down just how drool-inducingly good I looked just reaffirmed all of the decisions I had made up until this point.

"It feels good?" I laughed "It feels like a bra."

"It fits okay?"

"Well," I said, bouncing my tits up and down and seeing how long it took them to settle, "it feels like its still a little jigglier than I'd like, but its holding them in place pretty well and nothing is digging in or anything, so yeah, I'd say it fits pretty well."

"Is it everything you were hoping it would be?"

"Yes?" That was a weird question.

"I'm glad." He gave me a kiss.

I spent some time showing off a few more bras to Evan. The flashier ones, mostly. I had made sure to get some good reliable every-day bras for lounging around the house in too, of course, but I didn't feel the need to really show them off. I found that making the effort to go sexy had led me down a winding road of lacy and exotic patterns hitherto unknown by my bra drawer. They were all very feminine, as if in contrast to Evan's more masculine tastes.

Sadly, I did not see the result of my little experiment on those two girls, who left while I had been changing. The way they were gabbing about totally rocking the big party this weekend though I could tell that they both seemed to enjoy their selections.

Not long after that, that cute couple had come in to try stuff on. I noticed, as I was modeling for Evan, that the girl seemed to be waiting with that kind of impatient lechery that I knew all too well. She also seemed quite distracted by me. At first I thought that maybe she was weirded out by the way I was dressed, but then I noticed the way she was using her boyfriend's purse to try and hide her erection. I considered giving her a little bit of a show, but sadly her boy-body didn't really do anything for me. Still, it was good to be found attractive.

My good mood was shattered by a sharp derisive laugh.

The woman from earlier, her enormous knockers wiggling out in front of her like a pair of angry poodles, had returned, holding in her hands a pair of equally enormous bras. She had apparently taken one good look at me and what I was wearing and couldn't decide if she found it funny or disgusting.

On most days, the look she was giving me would have made me want to curl up and cry. Today, however, I was better than that. Today I was going to feel good about myself and I wasn't going to take any shit from someone like her.

Evan had already risen to his feet in my defense by the time I had managed to retrieve the device from my bag. He looked between me and it and I gave him a reassuring look. I appreciated the effort, but I had everything under control.

With a soft zzzzttttt I swapped the woman's whole torso with the girl who was waiting for her boyfriend. The woman's new, boyish chest looked comically out of place. She looked down perplexed at the huge sails of fabric in her hands.

The girlfriend, now every bit the equal of Evan and myself, snickered at the idea of this poor flat-chested woman trying on something so... optimistic. I joined in the girl's laughter and Evan followed suit. The

woman blushed angrily, confused tears started to well up in her eyes as she escaped into the dressing room stall.

I felt kind of bad for the woman as I returned to my own stall, but I supposed that at least she seemed now to have learned her lesson. I had decided that the bra I was wearing, a lacy pink plunge kind of thing, was comfortable and stylish enough that I wanted to wear it for the rest of the day. I just wished I'd been able to find some underwear to match.

As we made our way over to the cashier, I was able to breathe a huge sigh of relief. I loved my tits to death, but it was so much easier to move around now that I had a bit of support. I hadn't expected them to be so difficult to control. The fact that my sore, sensitive nipples were no longer constantly rubbing against the rough fabric of my sweatshirt was also a huge plus.

Ironically, I was kind of disappointed that Evan's weren't jiggling as much. I kept sneaking down eyefuls expectantly, but to no avail. This is not to say, however, that I was not delightfully charmed by the way they were now lifted and supported. They were perky for their size before, but Evan's push-up bra now had them standing at attention just for me.

As the cashier rang up all the items, I idly wondered where we were going to keep all of these. I guessed we could throw away all of our old clothes, of course, but we were definitely buying more than we were going to be able to get rid of, and this was just the first store we had been to. I supposed, come to think of it, that a lot of them would probably end up spending a fair bit of time strewn about on the floor after we had pulled them off each other, but that was hardly a solution.

The bill was painful. It turns out that good quality, good looking bras in our size aren't cheap. I idly considered giving the cashier a swap in exchange for the clothes, but that would probably have raised too many questions. I just had to have faith that my plan to get money from Elizabeth was going to work out. And well, if it didn't I'm sure there were plenty of other people we could sell swaps to.

I could see the couple from earlier were now browsing through the area of the store that hosted the larger sizes. I guessed now they were looking for stuff for the girl, who seemed eager to show off her assets. For some reason it seemed wrong to me that the shy boyfriend wasn't the one with the ridiculous tits, so I made sure to swap them around before we left. After all, she had helped deal with that nasty woman, in a way, so why not give her a reward.

I kind of wish I could have made them the same size, so that they could share clothes – that would have added a cute aspect to their relationship – but it would have taken too long to find the right pair of boobs and Evan was eager to get going. I looked over at my beautiful boyfriend and considered doing the same thing with us, but then we'd just have to turn right back around and buy a whole new set. Oh well, it was something we could try out some other time. Besides, I kind of liked the fact that I was a full cup-size bigger than him.

I'm sure we still looked pretty ridiculous as we left Victoria's secret. I was still wearing an old hoodie and a miniskirt with boxers on beneath, and Evan was still rocking that hockey jersey, but it was a relief at

least to have all that weight off our chests, and at least Evan was no longer flashing his vag to anyone who cared to look.

I leaned over and gave him a kiss.

We had a long day of shopping still left ahead of us, and while he was eager to get going to the next store, already I had spied a situation that demanded I use the device.

Evan, ever the gentleman, carried the bags.

To Be Continued in Part 4: Swapping Therapy!