

Warning: This chapter is rated a gentle R and contains lots and lots of swaps including but not limited to swapping of bodies, heights, boobs, skills, and senses of fashion. It also includes clothes shopping (of the non-slutty variety), make-up (on a boy), sexy-librarian types (who get their comeuppance), girls (with and without dicks), girls (with dicks) peeing while standing up, (unintentionally) erotic fountains, breastfeeding (of baby girls by their fathers), true love, and, of course, a big bountiful bevy of beautifully bouncing bosoms, breasts and boobs. Enjoy!

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 4 – Swapping therapy=

By Razmagurk

There's something about wielding power that, for better or for worse, makes you hungry to use it.

It seemed that I was getting one object lesson about power and responsibility after another. Having a device that can casually re-render reality to suit your whims really makes you stop and think about the consequences of your actions.

I mean, ethically, I should avoid using the thing entirely, shouldn't I? Or at the very least I shouldn't be using it without everyone being aware and consenting. But knowing what is the most ethical path and actually taking the most ethical path are two very different things. When push comes to shove, people don't always make the best decisions, especially when no one is there to hold you accountable. It was like plato's stupid ring: as soon as you don't have to worry about answering for your crimes, your sense of justice goes out of whack.

Even if the ethical path was pretty clear, didn't I have a moral obligation to maximize human happiness as well? What if the world ended up a worse place because I wasn't using the device to make it better? Sure, using the device without people knowing was wrong, but I was doing it for all the right reasons, wasn't I? I mean, during those times when I *was* using it for the right reasons, at least. It's not like I was going to just sit back and do nothing while people suffered, right? Not if I had the ability to help them.

And I mean, where would we be if we never sought to influence the world or other people because we thought it was unjust to hold our opinions and preferences over the opinions and preferences of others? I wasn't a bad person, I wasn't hurting anyone, not seriously.

So sure, sometimes I was tempted to use the device for selfish reasons – more frequently than not, come to think of it – and, yes, I suppose I had done some rather ethically questionable things with it already, but no one had noticed any of those changes, right? They weren't any unhappier for it and I was happier for it, so, in the end it was a net positive for the total level of human happiness, right? It was a my moral obligation, right?

Right?

This is what was going through my head as I stared at my soon-to-be next victims. It was the stupid little punk who had been peeping on the elevator earlier. Him and his sister had just left some store and now he was taunting her by holding her phone hostage, dangling it above her head where she, short little thing that she was, could not reach.

What sort of person would I be, I asked myself, if I allowed this travesty of injustice to continue?

I guess swapping his and his sister's underwear earlier had done little to turn him away from the path of evil, so to speak. I frowned slightly as I considered the possibility that making him wear too-tight little-girl underwear had somehow driven him further down this life of villainy. I know I'd certainly be unhappy if I didn't have enough room down there for my dick.

And sure, he wasn't committing the biggest crime in the world or anything, but there was something about this sight that just made me swell with anger. Maybe I was still mad at this kid for trying to peep up my skirt on the escalator, maybe his wanton cruelty to his sister reminded me just a little too much of my own experiences with my asshole older brother, or maybe, as I was quickly discovering, there's just something about wielding power that makes you want to use it.

I could feel the cold boxy device practically leap into my hands as I reached into my bag for it. Despite its cumbersome shape and size, it was surprisingly easy to grip. I was kind of amazed, actually, at how comfortably it seemed to fit in my hands despite its awkward size and weight. The dials, likewise, spun gently beneath my well-manicured fingers, giving just the right amount of resistance. I don't know why, but there was just something so eminently satisfying about using the damn thing.

As I set the dials I thought about how proud of myself I was for actually trying out new kinds of things with it. I had been so ignorant of its true power when I had been using it last night. Now that I knew it could do more than physical swaps it seemed like there was a vast sea of possibilities just waiting to be explored. And boy was I ever eager to plumb those depths.

The electric zzzzttttt as I released the button struck like the thunder of justice.

Suddenly, the sister reached out and snatched her phone back from her brother's hand. It was easy for her on account of the fact that she now stood a good deal taller than her older brother. He tried to snatch it back, of course, jumping as he did so, but now it was her turn to hold it just out of reach.

It was a bit of a strange sight, the two of them. I had only swapped their heights around, so the younger sister was still very clearly the younger of the two, even if her new height went a long way to hiding that fact. I had half expected her to wind up weirdly thin or stretched out, like someone had just stretched her out vertically in photoshop, but she looked perfectly proportionate for a girl of her height. From the looks of it, the girl's clothing, however, had not grown along with her. It was now both far too tight and far too short. She looked like a kid who had gone through a rather sudden growth spurt and who's parents hadn't had time to buy her new clothes. How apt. I tried not to laugh.

Her brother, the brat, likewise remained proportionate with his new shorter stature. His clothes were now fitting on him very loosely. The only thing keeping his pants, which had been kind of loose to begin with, from falling off was the fact that he was holding them up in one hand. Luckily his shirt hung down low enough to cover up anything important.

As he adjusted his clothes I accidentally caught a glimpse of his – formerly his sister’s – panties. I had been right. They were Hello Kitty. That was kind of a cute irony: his panties – and his training bra – were probably now the only things he was wearing that even remotely fit.

Not laughing manically, I returned the device to my bag. My work here was done.

“Having fun?”

I turned and looked down at Evan. He had a smile on his face, but I could tell that his patience was, well, not wearing thin, but certainly warring with his excitement. He was bouncing slightly from foot to foot with impatience, sending his tits bouncing in little waves. I was still getting used to how enthusiastic Evan was about shopping now. Come to think of it, that was another little quality of life improvement from the remote that wasn’t too selfish or evil. At any rate though, I wouldn’t be surprised if he had worn me down completely by the time this was all over.

Despite my best effort I found myself glancing down further and admiring the show. I’d say that Evan’s tits were each a little miracle of the universe, but frankly there was nothing little about them. Every time I looked at him I could feel my pulse quicken and my python begin to perk up. I just wanted so badly to take him aside, rip that shirt right off of him and just -

I shook my head to snap myself back to reality. I must look like a total ditz these days. It seems like if I’m not completely distracted by someone I’ve just swapped then I’m losing myself in all manner of torrid sexual fantasy. I needed to get my head out of the gutter.

Wait, he’d asked me a question hadn’t he?

“Oh, um.” I stumbled, then laughed. “Yeah. Sorry. I was just...” I gestured towards the brother and sister, “righting a wrong.”

Evan looked out in the direction of my gesture and raised an eyebrow.

“We should go.” I added. “You had this all planned out, right? Where did you want to go next?”

“Well!” He beamed, glad I had asked. “I figured the most effective plan of attack would be to tackle the department store on the west end and then work our way south along the shoe stores.”

His smile was infectious. I loved his smile. It was maddening how, even with all his sexy features, even with his enormous, perfectly shaped shirt stuffers and his drool-inducing posterior, he somehow made his smile and his laugh the two things about him that I loved the most.

“Sounds good baby,” I said, giving his ass a playful smack. He stuck his butt further out encouragingly as I did so. “Lead on!”

Emboldened by my recent successes and newfound hotness, I put my hand around Evan’s waist as we made our way back over to the escalators. Sexiness aside, there was just something about being taller than him, about being able to put my arms around him like this that just felt so right.

Turns out, the department store to which he had been referring had actually been one of the few places in this mall that I had ever shopped at with any regularity. I had gotten several of my old outfits here. For a moment I found it sweet that he had noticed or remembered that, but then it occurred to me that, since we had swapped wardrobes, in his mind *he* had probably been the one who had gotten several of *his* outfits here.

The new me was less than enthusiastic about returning. Ever since some borderline traumatic incidents in high school I had always tried to avoid fashion. It was a thing I practiced minimally – just enough to get by. To that end, I had always dressed conservatively, in a manner that was sort of serious and professional, but with enough cute touches to soften it up.

I had actually started dressing more severe after moving here. I remembered spending the first few months of freshman year terrified that if I dressed even remotely flirtatiously, some random dudejocks would assume I was just another one of the campus sluts and would try to pick me up, or, worse, that I’d get dragged into the world of beauty politics that all those infuriatingly perfect girls that I shared classes with seemed to be so obsessed over.

Plus, well, I’d never really had the body for it. When you’re kind of mousy looking, mousy looking clothes just kind of follow naturally, don’t they?

Now, however, I did have the body for it, and damned if I didn’t feel a pressing need to play it up. The new me didn’t want conservative, and the new me didn’t want cute, and the new me certainly didn’t want professional. The new me wanted hot, the new me wanted sexy, the new me wanted heads to turn when I went past, and if I could not have that, then those heads would roll. I wasn’t going to put up with anything less than I deserved. That’s the kind of confidence that new me was all about!

What I had wound up wearing last night had been, well, it had been a little extreme, there was no denying that. It was slutwear: the kind of slutty stuff slutty sluts wore when they were off slutting around sluttily. At the time it had seemed appropriate. It had been a kind of regalia to go along with the coronation of the new, hotter me.

Of course last night I had been completely wasted. Now, with the only thing keeping people from getting a good look at my underwear being this belt of fabric trying to pass a skirt, it hardly seemed appropriate. Were this any other day of my life I’d have been completely mortified to wear this sort of thing, let alone leave the house in it. I was just glad that my new hotness was giving me enough confidence to pull it off.

What I wanted, clothing wise, was something that would evoke the same kind of reaction in people as what I had worn last night, yet was functional as actual, respectable clothing as well. Some pants would also have been nice. My legs, shapely as they were, were freezing.

Somehow, I doubted that I was going to find what I was looking for in here.

As we entered I was assaulted by that all too familiar department store smell, like stale clothing mixed with old perfume samples. The place was busy, but it was also large enough that it didn't really seem to make that much of a difference. You could get lost in-between the racks in a place like this.

I must have been completely on autopilot because the next thing I realized, Evan and I had arrived in the menswear section, where Evan, with great enthusiasm, was pulling several pairs of pants off the shelves. It was khakis and jeans, mostly, in looser fits.

I was still trying to get a feel for where Evan's new taste in fashion fell. Back in the Victoria's Secret he had really pursued all kinds of bright colors and tight fits, even if the general lines tended towards the straight and bold, but here he was picking out, well, all the usual suspects. I was a little disappointed. These were exactly the sorts of pants he already had dozens of. There wasn't even anything here that wasn't on the charcoal end of the spectrum. Maybe he had just always harbored a secret love of brightly colored underwear?

I couldn't help but notice the hunger in his eyes as he dug through the section. I guess I'd been too busy looking at his tits back in the Victoria's Secret, but the way his eyes darted from item to item, price-tag to price-tag was like some kind of animal chasing down its prey. I guessed his newfound love of shopping had given him a great wealth of focus and skill. It seemed strangely alien, but the confidence it conveyed was very... sexy, in its way. Shame his new experience as a master shopper hadn't somehow bled over into his sense of fashion.

"Oh!" he gasped, holding out a pair of dark green slacks. They weren't quite cargo pants, but they had some extra pockets on them. "Baby! I know its not the usual color, but what do you think of these?"

"Oh," I said half-heartedly, "yeah, those look nice."

Internally, I frowned slightly. Evan was one of those guys who liked his pockets, sure, but at the end of the day if you're going to replace your whole wardrobe, why not try something new?

"Great!" he exclaimed "I think these are just about in your size too. They might be a little tight in the butt, but the legs look about right. We should go try them on so we can see."

I looked at him confused.

“O-or,” he said, taking my confused look as rejection, “we could look around a little more?” He raised an eyebrow hopefully “I mean, I know you like khakis, but it would be nice to mix it up a bit maybe, you know? If you’re going to replace your whole wardrobe, why not try something new, right?”

I burst out laughing. Of course. I had completely forgotten. And here I was wondering about his new taste in fashion when, from his perspective, I was the one who suddenly wanted to start wearing sexy girly things despite hitherto only owning, well, all the boring clothes I had always criticized him for wearing.

Evan smiled cutely, unsure what exactly was so funny.

“Evan?” I said, slowly.

“Yeah?”

“I don’t want to be wearing men’s clothes.”

Briefly, a puzzled expression crossed his face. To his credit, it didn’t last long enough to instill any offense.

“You don’t want to wear men’s clothes at all!?” he said shocked, then, realizing how loud he’d been, he brought himself down to a whisper, “I thought it was just underwear?”

I let out another laugh. My poor sweet Evan. He really had no idea what was going on. We’d probably need a good long talk about all this when we got home. He was unaware of all the changes I had made to myself – or, well, the specifics at least – but deep down I’m sure my strange behavior probably had him all worried. That was another funny little irony.

“No, baby,” I explained, matching his whispered tone. This was probably more embarrassing for him than me. “I’m a woman, right?”

He nodded enthusiastically. He had plenty of first hand experience with just how much of a woman I was, even with my enormous crotch rocket.

“So, therefore,” I continued, “I want to wear women’s clothing. Sexy women’s clothing. Like, all of the time. I don’t want to wear any of this boring stuff for men.”

“Like,” he furrowed his brow a bit, “any of it? At all?”

I couldn’t help but notice that he seemed to completely ignore the argument I had made about it being appropriate for me to be wearing that sort of stuff. I wondered, if I pressed, if I could get him to realize the logical inconsistency, but that’s something that would have to wait.

“Like,” I matched his cadence, “at all.”

He blinked and his busom bounced as he took a small step back, the full weight of my words sinking in.

“Wow.” He said. “Okay, that’s...”

He paused for a moment and took a deep breath, then reached out and cupped my hands in his. He looked me deeply in the eyes. I heroically defied my urge to glance down at his tits.

“Baby,” he said “I’m going to be honest with you, because I recognize that it must be difficult for you to be honest about this with me, and - I imagine - with yourself.” he took a deep breath while he composed his thoughts “This is – this is a lot more than I was expecting. But... but I think that that’s okay. The most important thing to me is making you happy. I didn’t know you felt this way and I’m a little sad that you’ve kept this from me all this time, but I want you to know that I’m going to stand by you no matter what, and that I think you’re beautiful no matter what, and that if you want to wear women’s clothing, then that’s what you should do and I’m going to be there for you one hundred percent. Okay?”

I blushed at his sincerity. He probably had it in his head that this was some kind of major thing that had been building up inside of me, some aspect of my personality I’ve always had to hide from the world or was embarrassed by. The truth of course was that this was probably a bigger deal to him than it was to me. Nonetheless, I appreciated his support.

“Are you sure though,” he continued, concerned, “that you don’t want something from the menswear section that would fit your new body? I mean, what if you find yourself in some kind of formal situation?”

I had to suppress a smile as I pictured myself in a men’s suit, my huge boobs bursting out of the button-up and completely engulfing the tie. That was kind of hot, actually.

“I think,” I answered calmly, letting him know that I was alright, “that that’s a river we’ll have to cross when we come to it.”

“Okay,” he said, squeezing my hands, “If you’re sure.”

“I am.” I smiled. “Right now I just want, more than anything else in the world, to go out there and shop for some sexy dresses with my sexy boyfriend, okay?”

“Aw,” Evan smiled back “that’s so sweet. I love you, baby.”

I gave him a great big tit-crushing hug.

“I love you too.”

The menswear section having nothing further to offer us, we made our way over to the (significantly larger) women’s section. To my growing discomfort, I was quickly realizing that almost everything here

struck me as just as boring and ill-suited as the stuff in the men's department. It was all either very cute or very proper or some combination of the two and it was all just so boring. God, that described my whole wardrobe didn't it? Had I really been wearing this sort of thing my whole life?

Nevertheless, Evan prowled the racks like some kind of jungle cat, hoping to find something nice. It was slow going. Even when we found the occasional treasure, we'd soonafter discover that there wasn't a lot that would fit over our prodigious, jiggling assets. This was obviously not one of the stores that catered to the local college slut population. I had assumed, when we had left the house, that we would have a hard time finding bras, but I didn't realize how much of a hard time we'd have finding stuff to wear over those bras.

"Excuse me?" I asked, having finally managing to find a sales associate.

She was, though far from unattractive, a stern looking woman. She looked like a woman who, in her younger days, had probably been some kind of sexy librarian or school teacher, but now it was clear from her makeup and the lines upon her face that she was fighting a desperate struggle to remain attractive as she aged. This wasn't a battle she was losing, but it was still clearly taking its toll. The fact that her face was a perpetual scowl did little to help. She was dressed in a fashionable yet modest outfit that did nothing to show off her figure, despite how well she filled it out.

"We're wondering if you could help us find some clothes in our sizes? I pressed, ignoring the dismissive look she was giving us. "We can't seem to find any dresses that fit, er," I gestured at my boobs "in the chest region."

She looked over at Evan's tits with a withering glare. Was she jealous? Could she be jealous of a guy's tits? Evan, oblivious to her apparent scorn, stuck out his boobs proudly. The two were quite the contrast.

"I'm sorry," she said with the tone of someone who had never in their life been sorry about anything, "I don't think we have anything appropriate that would fit your boyfriend."

She then looked me up with the same unpleasant stare. She tried to hide it behind her fake smile, but her expression reminded me of someone who had just smelled spoiled milk. There was something about it that made me feel naked and self-conscious. Well, more naked and self-conscious than I actually was.

"You don't?"

"No. We don't really cater to that..." she heaped scorn upon the word as she said it "*type*."

"What type?" asked Evan.

"We offer a certain level of elegance here." I could see her sighing mentally as she was forced to state the obvious. "As such, our clothing is sized to fit people with more *restrained* proportions."

"So you're saying that you don't have anything that would fit us?"

"Oh, we may have one or two items that would your boyfriend would be able to squeeze into, certainly, but only by virtue of being designed to be worn loose. He'd be wearing them all wrong though, and I would not recommend it. If you're looking for something designed with a figure like that in mind, well, I'm sure you can find something... somewhere else."

I couldn't believe this.

"However, we may have a few *looser* items that would fit you," she said as eyed me up coldly me "in the menswear section."

"Um, actually," I said softly, "I was hoping on getting something from the women's department as well."

She scoffed back a laugh as I said this.

"I'm sorry, ma'am." She said in that same unsorry tone. "Even if we did have something that would fit you, we're *simply* not that kind of store."

I blushed in embarrassment and outrage. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. This woman needed to be taught a lesson.

Evan, sensing my embarrassment, had risen to my defense, but there's only so much you can do and still remain civil when dealing with a person like that.

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There was something about the woman's condescending tone that just cut to the heart of me. Honestly, I was kind of disappointed in myself for letting myself be so affected. If this was the old me, I'd have been in pieces. This was not the old me though, this was the new me, and the new me didn't let people like her get away with that sort of crap.

While Evan and the woman argued, I withdrew the device from my bag and started to scan around for potential targets. If she was going to make it difficult for us to find some decent clothing, then I was going to make it just as difficult for her.

There were enough people around that I had options, but all of them seemed, well, too similar to the way she was now, they were all modest women shopping modestly. All, I noticed, except one: an older, disinterested looking husband stood around looking bored while his wife, nearby, carefully considered between two identical outfits. He wasn't fat, per se, but, well, he looked like the sort of man whose wife liked to bake.

Yeah, let's see her try to find something nice to wear with a body like that.

A button-press later and I was half expecting the wife to hand her newly feminized husband one of the outfits to try on. Sadly, he seemed just as disinterested as before. Still, it was, strictly speaking, an upgrade on his end, body-wise. Now that I could get a bit of a better view of the woman's old body, it was pretty sexy, even if the boobs were kind of small.

There was something about the disagreeable woman's new body, on the other hand, that made it very difficult to take her seriously anymore. Maybe it was the way her clothes were now bursting at the seams to contain her girth, maybe it was her surprising lack of height, or maybe it was just the poor gentleman's apparent sweat problem. Regardless, in my mind she went from being a tiger to an incontinent kitten.

Had I really let this girl's words hurt me? Now everything she said just seemed kind of flat and unimpressive.

This did nothing, however, to stop Evan and the girl from arguing. Thankfully I was able to drag him out of there before anything escalated too badly. The last thing we needed was for the woman to trump us up on some charges and get us thrown out of the store. I'm sure a bitter person like that would relish the opportunity.

It took a little while to calm Evan down and to explain what happened. The look of incredulity he gave me was a sight to behold. Frankly I don't think he really believed it, but the fact that I was practically fit to burst laughing was enough for him to play along at least. I suspect he was mostly just glad that I hadn't taken her words to heart.

Snickering like schoolgirls, we returned to the aisles of clothing.

The sales associate had, of course, been full of shit. While there wasn't a lot here for us, Evan's skilled eyes were somehow able to find us stuff that would still totally fit. Not a lot of it would fit well, mind, but it was still better than nothing.

Again I found myself expecting Evan to get stuff that I would have gotten, and while the garments he was picking out were certainly better than the pants from earlier, they were still, well, it was Evan through and through. Despite all the progress he had displayed at the bra shop, he still clearly favored practical over pretty. Don't get me wrong, the stuff he was getting looked nice, and I'm sure that with a body like that I'd still find him sexy in a paper bag, but he just wasn't going for the kinds of things that really showed off his body the way they should. It was driving me insane.

I tried to steer him in the right direction, of course, picking out some stuff that was more delicate and feminine for him to wear. The fact that they all had either daring necklines or lots of cleavage was, of course, strictly coincidental. He accepted what I was suggesting, but he seemed a bit hesitant.

Meanwhile, I kept catching myself instinctively reaching for exactly the same types of clothes that I normally wore, only to chastise myself a moment later when I realized just how tired and drab they all seemed now. They wouldn't even fit me now anyway. In more ways than one I think I'd outgrown them.

Not to long after, Evan was emerging from the changing room. He was wearing a simple pink sundress, one of the ones I had picked out for him. It was designed to be worn kind of loose and flowy, but that was clearly not an option with his chest and hips. It was a little odd to see him wearing something so cute and feminine, but the sheer amount of cleavage on display quickly put an end to any illusions of innocence that the dress may have tried to present.

“Oh, baby!” I exclaimed as he stepped towards one of the mirrors. “You look great!” I wanted, of course, to say that he looked pretty, or beautiful, or sexy, or completely drop dead fuckable, but I honestly wasn’t quite sure how he’d take that. Did he know he was pretty? Did he want to be pretty? With the way he was dressing it had to be a consideration, didn’t it?

“Do I?”

He gave himself a long hard look in the mirror and awkwardly adjusted the hem of the dress.

“Oh yeah,” I gushed, “You look so manly in that! Look at how well it shows off your chest!”

He looked down at his tits then smiled to himself in the mirror. That seemed to have sold him on it. He flexed a little as he strutted in front of the mirror, and then, to my utter delight, he did a little spin, sending the dress’s hem flying up and outwards and his boobs cascading back and forth.

“I just don’t know if pink is really my thing,” he said, placing his hands on his hips, “It’s such a chad color, you know? You don’t think I look like a douche in this or anything do you?”

“Oh, baby, no.” I laughed, “Douchey frat-boy is the last thing I think of when I see you in that.” That, at least, was true.

To be honest out of everything he had tried on from this store, it was the first thing I’d seen on him that looked genuinely nice. Evan’s taste in underwear may have been flashy and daring, but half the stuff he’d picked out had favored masculine cuts and butch styles that seemed to want to slim down his bust and ass rather than emphasise them. And that was fine, of course. He could wear whatever he wanted. But what was the point of him being so brain-meltingly hot if he wasn’t going to show it off?

Evan was a confident guy, but he never really liked to be the center of attention. He was always the supporting actor and never the leading man. I wanted the best for him, but, well, when we had decided to come to the mall I pictured him trying out all kinds of sexy and revealing outfits, and now, at this rate it was going to be like pulling teeth to get him to wear anything half decent at all.

Then, from just outside the changeroom, came the sound of a miracle.

“I just wish” rang a voice, clearly that of a mother raising her tone in patient anger, “that I could get you to wear something respectable for once!”

Skulking around the shelves near the changing stalls was a mother and what I assumed was her rebellious teenage daughter. The source of the conflict was immediately obvious. While the mother was clothed quite conservatively, the girl, though perhaps a little too young for it, was anything but. It was subtle, of course, but all the signs were there. Her skirt was perhaps just a smidge too short, her blouse had perhaps one more button undone than was respectable, and, most tellingly, she had the same sort of look on her face shopping here that I did.

The girl was cute. One day she'd be hot, but right now she still clearly had a lot of growing up left to do.

She kind of reminded me of my friend Elizabeth back when we were in high school. She had those kind of up-tight parents who could simply never comprehend the fact that their precious angel spent more time studying boys than books. She had gone to great lengths to express herself at school without her parents ever catching on, but as she got more and more obsessed with her sexuality it became increasingly difficult. It got to the point where in junior year she had kept a whole separate little wardrobe in her locker so that she could go slut herself up in the bathroom as soon as she arrived.

Honestly, I blamed the university for this poor girl's taste in fashion. I imagine you couldn't live around here, in a town that revolved around an institution which idolized sexual promiscuity, without being brainwashed into thinking that you could judge the quality of clothing based on the amount of flesh it exposed.

I could tell from their expressions that this was not the first time the girl and her mother had had this conversation nor would it be the last. I felt kind of bad for them. Elizabeth's little attempts to find herself back in high school had resulted in her going down a bad path for a while, and she had never really recovered her relationship with her mother after her family had found out she had been lying to them about those little sleep-over study sessions.

So you see, it wasn't out of self interest, but rather out of a desire to save the relationship of this poor girl and her mother that I was, at that very moment, withdrawing the device from my bag. They'd thank me in the long run.

Frankly, this was another one of those trickier swaps. I wasn't even entirely sure I could do it, but I had enough faith in the device at this point than I had little actual doubt in my mind.

I wracked my brain. The last time I had tried to swap anything with Evan though, it had come very close to disaster, so I wanted to make sure there wouldn't be any weird side effects. I couldn't for the life of me think of any though. What was the worst that could happen? Besides, if worse came to worst, I could always swap them right back, right?.

The device grew warm in my hand as I pressed the button. Not hot, like when I had swapped our attractivenesses around with that pair of jocks, but noticeably warmer. Maybe it had to struggle to do these kinds of mental transformations?

As was to be expected by purely mental swaps, it was difficult to tell if anything had even happened. Evan had returned to changing stall and my eyes were glued to the girl, just waiting for some sign of confirmation. I'm just glad neither of them noticed.

It wasn't until, after a long pause, I heard the girl pipe up with "You know what? You're right mom, that is a little too revealing. Maybe we should get something a little more practical? Oh, like, something with pockets." that I knew it had worked.

I smiled. That mother would never know how much easier I had just made her life.

Shortly thereafter, Evan emerged once again from the changing stall. He'd skipped over all the other items he'd picked out and had changed back into the hockey jersey and microskirt combo he had left the house in today. Now however, he had tied off the shirt just below his tits, exposing to the world his perfectly flat midriff while simultaneously drawing additional attention to his bountiful bouncing back-breakers.

In one hand he held the pink sundress that I had chosen for him, in the other he held a bundled up pile of rejected garments. His enthusiasm, which had been quite high despite our setbacks, seemed to have fallen off considerably.

"You know baby," he said, "on second thought? Most of these just aren't doing it for me."

"Oh," I said, feigning surprise, "yeah?"

"I mean, I've always liked clothes that were a bit more revealing, you know?"

I nodded, biting my tongue.

"And its like you said earlier, I have this great manly-looking body now – not that my old one wasn't great too, mind you – and it would be shame if I didn't do everything I could to show it off, you know?"

A great big grin spread across my lips.

"Like, this skirt?" he continued, turning around to show me his butt. "It's clubwear, sure, and too flashy to wear around town, but look at how well it shows off my ass!" he bobbed up and down on his heels, sending his butt bouncing as he wiggled it around. "I mean, look at that!"

Oh, I was looking alright. I could grow to like this.

"Besides," he added coyly, noting my expression, "I'm sure you wouldn't mind seeing me in something skimpy, huh?"

He stuck out his tongue and I laughed. God, I loved him so much.

We swapped off on the changing room, but I could already tell that my time there wasn't going to produce much fruit. Like Evan, these clothes just weren't doing it for me. I couldn't even find a single pair of pants that had both looked good and would fit over my prodigious ass. That was all I had wanted when I left the house that day wasn't it? A pair of pants? Why was I making this all so difficult for myself? Did I really need to tart myself up so badly that I couldn't even wear an unfashionable pair of pants if it meant having an alternative to this stupid skirt?

Evan, at least, had been victim to my lusts. It was *my* fault that he wanted to dress like a slut now. I didn't have any such excuse. In so far as I knew my desire to show off my tits and ass to anyone who wanted a gander was entirely my own. I briefly started to wonder if maybe I had been made the victim of some convoluted swap that I now had no awareness of, but that was a dangerous path to go down. Who knows what kind of paranoia that could lead to?

I ran a hand along my thigh and sighed. I supposed, in the end, that it was only fair to Evan, turnabout being fair play and all that. Still, it bothered me. What sort of person was I turning into?

"Okay, Yeah," I said, stepping out. "Nothing here is really working for me, either."

"Oh no. Well, at least we found this nice sundress." Evan said holding up the pink garment. "So it wasn't a total loss."

"True." I said, smiling. As good as Evan looked in that dress though I don't know if it was worth all the hassle this store had been.

On the way out we passed once again by the rude sales associate, who I caught discretely scratching at her bulging beer belly. Okay, maybe that had made it worth it.

As we passed through the cosmetics section I wondered, idly, if the wardrobe swap I had made with Evan included makeup. He wasn't wearing any, but then I often went without it. It was one of those things that I just never really had the time or knack for, so I'd always kept it simple or absent. Uhg, was makeup a part of the weird crossdressing thing I had to live with now? Was I going to get discriminated against for using concealer?

A test, I decided, was in order.

"Baby," I asked, gesturing to one of the little makeup displays, "what do you think of this color?"

Evan leaned in to get an assessment of the product, then looked back and forth between the makeup and my face.

"It's, um." He struggled for a moment. "it looks good? It suits your eyes, I guess? I'm sure it would look great on you. Everything looks great on you."

I smiled at his non-answer. I'd always found it cute that he tried.

That was a relief at least. I could still get away with wearing makeup if I needed to.

For a second there a part of me had been a little worried that Evan's new sluttier, shop-happy mind would start girling out about cosmetics on me. The last thing I wanted was to end up waiting on him whenever we went out because he had to take so long to put on his face. I laughed. It was kind of fitting though, given how I increasingly seemed to be the guy in the relationship.

Knowing Evan, I'd never hear the end of it either. He'd always be trying to touch up my makeup or give me little tips. Not that he didn't mean well, of course, but I got enough of that from every other girl I had ever known. I just wasn't a makeup person and I never would be.

Although I supposed now I had a choice in the matter, didn't I?

I eyed the shining racks of powders and brushes conspiratorially. If I wanted to I could swap some girl's makeup techniques with my own or something like that. I mean, I was beautiful enough that I could probably get away without it, but it would be a useful skill to have wouldn't it? Could I do that? Swap skills to myself? Knowing the device, the answer was probably yes.

I stood there a moment as this realization sunk in. This was a complete game changer. What other stuff could I teach myself this way? Dancing? Martial-arts? How big could I go? Could I swap into myself someone's entire career? Although maybe that would be a little much. Makeup seemed like a good enough place to start.

Except, how would that even work? I remained aware of the changes, so I would get the skill, but what about all the knowledge that went along with the skill? I guess I'd suddenly just know things? Would I know what I suddenly knew, or would I not know what I suddenly knew until I needed to know it?

I furrowed my brow. Okay, this was uncharted territory, but it was nothing I couldn't figure out.

If I used the device to give myself a lifetime of practice, would I suddenly have memories of that practice? Would I suddenly remember learning concealer at my mother's knee and carefully sculpting my face in front of the mirror every day? Would I have a whole new set of experiences grafted onto my existing memories? Or... no, I'd have given up my actual experiences as part of the swap, wouldn't I have? So far, being aware of the changes made it so that, for better or worse, I didn't seem to remember things as they were post-swap, -- I had been unaffected mentally -- but I didn't see how that could be in this case if I was trading away memories without it invalidating the swap entirely.

Oh god, it would probably have such a huge impact on my life too. Even if I did come out of it without a huge chunk of someone else's life grafted into my brain, everyone else would remember me having always practiced it as well wouldn't they? I'd be the only one oblivious to the fiction that the device would create. I'd have a gaping hole in my memory that everyone else seemed to remember but that I didn't. That was kind of unsettling.

None of these outcomes seemed particularly appealing to me. This was maybe a trickier subject than I had initially assumed. I made a mental note that this was something that needed testing.

I looked at Evan, who was looking curiously at the shelf I had been idly staring at while I was lost in thought.

I suppose its obvious in retrospect why the idea popped into my brain just then. What I don't understand is why it seemed like such a good idea at the time when just moments earlier I had been dreading the very prospect.

If I gave Evan a love of makeup like I had given him a love of shopping, if I gave him all the skills needed to really make a girl's face shine, then not only could we use it to experiment with skill swapping when we got home, but, if worse came to worst, at least I'd have someone who could put on my makeup for me on those rare occasions when it was called for.

On second thought, giving Evan a love of makeup was maybe taking it a bit too far. Evan was already exhausting me with his newfound passion of consumerism, I really didn't want him to suddenly go crazy over mascara or anything too. Perhaps familiarity was a more appropriate term for the kind of relationship I was looking for. Besides, I reaffirmed, if things got out of hand it was always another one of those things I could swap back right away.

Evan remained lost in thought as I withdrew the device. It was still a little warm to the touch from the last time. I wondered what he was thinking? I felt kind of bad. The poor thing had no idea what I was doing to him.

The sales associate, I reasoned, would make for an excellent swap target. She clearly knew a lot about makeup, and with her current body like that, it wasn't going to be doing her much good anyway. Quietly, I set the dials to swap her knowledge of cosmetics with Evan's.

There was no unusual heat this time, besides what was already there. Just the same old electric zzzzttttt. I wondered what part of the device made that sound. Was that the sound of a loose wire arcing, or of reality stitching itself back together?

"Oh, you know what though?" said Evan suddenly, leaning forward and examining one of the makeup shelves before him in more detail. "I think this one here would actually look really nice on you." He held something up next to my cheek. "It would compliment your skin tone really well and totally make your pretty eyes just pop, you know? It's a decent brand too. Not exactly cheap but you get what you pay for with this kind of stuff." I took a look at the eyeshadow he was holding in his hand. It was one of the brands I didn't recognize. I hadn't even seen it, tucked away as it was on the shelf. I guess taking the sales ladies knowledge meant he now knew where all the best stuff was.

"Honestly though," he continued, lowering his voice conspiratorially "most of this stuff isn't all that great. Oh! You know what? We should go to the MAC on the east side later and get some really fun stuff for you."

"Oh yeah?" I smiled. His enthusiasm was infectious. "Maybe we can get a bunch of good stuff and you can give me a makeover when we get home?"

We both laughed.

"Oh god, could you imagine?" laughed Evan all the harder "I'd probably end up making you look like a clown."

"Wait, what?" I said flatly, my laughter coming to an screeching halt.

"I mean, you'd look amazing, not even I could ruin that, but you know what I mean."

"But..." I prodded, "you know a lot about makeup, right?"

"Well, yeah." He grinned "But like, I've never applied any, you know that. It's a fascinating subject, but its not something you can get away with as a guy." He stopped for a moment and then added "I mean, not that I'd even want to in the first place, you understand."

"Wait, then how do you know so much about it then?"

"Um," he said, chewing on the question. "Video blogs, mostly? I mean, my mom taught me a lot about it when I was little, of course, and I learned a lot about it from talking to my friends in high school, but these days, yeah, it's mostly video blogs. I mean, I wouldn't say I know *a lot* about it. I know what works and what doesn't and all the brands and all that stuff, and what kind of contouring to aim for and the like, but that's not a lot more than most people would know, you know?"

Okay, so the remote apparently differentiated between knowledge and skill. That was a good thing to know. Wouldn't want to accidentally give myself knowledge of kung-fu instead of the ability to actually do it, especially right before a fight was about to break out. I guess this meant that the saleslady now had no idea what she was doing when she put her makeup on, but was nonetheless quite good at it? That was kind of weird. Still, good to know.

I readjusted the device. What could I swap that would make it so that Evan was not only skilled at it, but that it was something he actively practiced? I set the dials so that it would swap his experience with makeup. Would that work? It was a bit, well, I don't know what Evan was giving up on the deal, but this was going to be a strange swap. The woman was older than Evan too. Would he suddenly end up with an extra decade's worth of memories sloshing around in his head?

I took a deep breath, hoping that this would work, and pushed the button.

Again, I had expected Evan to wind up wearing something that reflected his post-swap state. Instead I found myself once again holding my breath as I waited for some kind of sign. He seemed no more invested in the cosmetics before him than he had a moment ago.

It wasn't until he caught himself in one of those little mirrors that he actually reacted. For a moment he looked like he'd seen a ghost and then a deep blush spread across his cheeks. His confidence seemed to melt away as he started glancing around nervously.

"Um, actually" he said, quietly, as he picked up a small compact and a little bundle of tubes. "let's get a few things here after all."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I um," he cast his eyes down, refusing to meet my gaze. "I just realized I forgot to put my face on before we left."

I laughed.

"Hey!" he cried, blushing harder. "Don't laugh! This is serious, I feel totally naked right now. I can't believe you didn't say anything!"

My smile faded. As fun as this was, he was clearly not happy. I don't think I've ever seen him so embarrassed, and this was a guy who had had no problem walking to the mall today with his ass hanging out like it was nothing. I suppose that was kind of a special case, though. Still, it was unusual for him to be acting this way.

"I thought you wanted to go to MAC?" I asked.

"I do!" he said, giving the shelf another quick look to see if he'd missed anything important. "Oh god I do. Ever since you mentioned the idea of me giving you a makeover, I've been all excited. I mean, I know you don't like it when I try to give you makeup tips, but you have such a beautiful face and I'd love to see what I could do with it. But, um, well. The employees at the MAC here are, well, let's just say that I wouldn't be caught dead in a place like that. Not after what happened last time."

"Wait," I asked, confused, "what happened last time?"

"You don't remember? I um, I'd rather not talk about it. Right now, at least. Let's just say I'm a real asshole when it comes to make-up."

Okay, that was interesting. He must now remember living out a bunch of little encounters that the bitchy sales rep had originally been a part of. He had no idea that his behavior was literally the actions of another person. It must be something surreal, to have all these strange memories of acting like someone completely different.

"We'll just pick up a bit of the basics here," he went on, swapping out one concealer for another "and I'll go put it on the bathroom. There's actually this great little shop not too far from my place – we can get makeover stuff there on the way back."

“Oh,” I said “okay.”

While Evan spent the next several minutes agonizing over what, exactly, qualified as the basics, I was trying to decide if I’d gone too far. The changes were unorthodox, sure, but I didn’t think I was hurting him, necessarily. I mean, he was still the same man he’d always been, even if he didn’t quite look it. He just happened to now have a lifetime’s experience with powders and cremes.

Plus, lets face it, I was insatiably curious to see what he looked like with his face put on.

After paying for the cosmetics and Evan’s new dress, we stepped back out into the mall proper. Evan’s high-heels clicked as he rushed towards the nearest bathroom. With the way he was hurrying and with his jersey no longer hanging down to his thighs, I was given a stunning view of the way his ass bounced and swayed with each step. I could also see that Evan’s earlier attempts at micromanagement had apparently fallen by the wayside given the way his skirt was currently riding up. Whether that was because of his new sluttier tastes, or just because he was in a hurry was a mystery to me. I picked up the pace to keep up, but stayed enough behind him that I could enjoy the view.

As luck would have it, we didn’t have to go too far to get to the bathrooms. They were a short walk and then just across the plaza, on the opposite side of the gangbang fountain.

The gangbang fountain (which was, of course, not officially called that) was one of the mall’s more unique landmarks. Apparently, it had been a gift from one of the school’s art students, who had made it big as an installation artist. It was an elaborate series of tubes suspended from the ceiling at various angles, which poured water into each other in sporadic spurts. The water would flow between them in an elaborate pattern before finally arcing onto and cascading down a large, vaguely human-shaped boulder. It was, if the plaque was to be believed, an artistic representation of the enormous and complex interdependency of infrastructure and consumerism needed to make capitalistic institutions such as the mall work. Realistically, it looked like four giant metal tube-men ejaculating onto a kneeling rock-woman over and over again. Whether this was the artist’s intent or not is anyone’s guess. The mall’s management, of course, didn’t realize what it looked like until it was too late and by then it was easier to insist that it was a perfectly respectable fountain and that people looking at it just had dirty minds than it was to uninstall the thing.

A cold, humid breeze struck at my thigh as we walked by. I really did need to find some decent pants.

Evan practically sprinted into the men’s room as I made my way to the women’s restroom, where, for the first time in my life, I peed standing up.

Honestly, it was more trouble than it was worth.

Staring at Evan’s stupid sexy ass must have aroused the beast’s attention, and despite my best efforts to tame it I simply couldn’t get it to point in the direction I wanted it to go. Worse, my attempts at wrangling the damned thing just made things all the harder. I had to step back and try very hard not to

think about plowing my boyfriend's juicy little behind until we both collapsed from exhaustion. Of course, trying to not think about something inevitably provokes the opposite response, so that didn't exactly work out.

Eventually, after a lot of deep breaths and mental algebra problems – a few tricks I had picked up from tv – I managed to trick the thing into getting soft enough to actually point down towards the bowl. I honestly couldn't comprehend how guys put up with their junk apparently deciding it just wasn't going to cooperate when they were horny, which was, as I knew from recent experience, all the damn time.

Somehow, I emerged from the washroom before Evan. I supposed he was taking his time applying his makeup. I grinned at the irony. Here I was waiting on my boyfriend to powder his nose. I couldn't decide if I found it funny or hot.

As I sat down on one of the benches overlooking the fountain I began contemplating everything that had been happening. I guess I hadn't hitherto had the time to really sit down and think. I was worried. I looked back at everything that had happened today and just couldn't believe that I had been the one doing all those things. It all just seemed so out of character for me. Sure, there was all my hype about being a new me and turning things around, but I felt like I had become a completely different person overnight.

I mean, I had. Physically, at least. But that didn't explain my behavior.

In my mind I went over all the changes that I had made to myself. I was sure I was missing a few. I had made so many and had been so drunk that a lot of them seemed to just kind of blur together. That just made me worry even more. Was my change in behavior a result of one of those swaps? Or was this buried deep down inside of me all along? Had I inadvertently brought something into myself when I had swapped, for example, my sexuality? Or was this just confidence, peeking out from within the vault of defense mechanisms I had built up since high school?

Who was I? Who was I becoming? Who did I want to be? Not one person in a billion ever truly gets the chance to decide who they will become, not in the way I could. Didn't I owe it to myself to take advantage of that? But at what cost?

What about the ease with which I had been changing Evan? I had come so close to losing him already and still I had been treating him like a test rat. And for what? So I could get a better view of his delicious sweater stuffers? So I could have him give me a makeover? He deserved better than that.

I wasn't hurting him was I? I was just having a bit of fun making a few minor changes here and there. Hurting him was the last thing I wanted to do. We could swap back without too much trouble if he didn't like it, right? I should tell him. Maybe not now, but like, when we got home. Well, maybe after I was done enacting all the little fantasies he'd inspired in me by walking around in that skimpy little skirt all day. Okay, maybe I'd tell him tomorrow morning. I should tell him, is the point.

Would he even want to swap back though? I guess that was the scary part, he probably wouldn't. In so far as he was aware he'd always been like he is now. I'd almost be asking him to become something completely different for me. That wasn't right, was it? And... and yet here I was doing just that without even his permission.

Hrmmm.

Well. I'd cross that bridge when I came to it. Evan deserved to know, one way or another. If the situation were reversed, I'd want to know.

Wouldn't I?

Lost in thought as I was, it wasn't until I saw the nipple slip free that I realized that while I had been staring off into space, an enormous pair of tits had moved directly into my field of vision.

I blinked.

There, sitting on the bench across from me, was a mother and father and their newborn baby. And from the looks of it, it was feeding time.

I'm not a huge fan of babies. They're cute and all, but they just seem so weird and alien. The fact that Evan wanted kids someday and I didn't was one of the few major things we disagree about. Actually, come to think about it, the way things were going now Evan would probably be the one getting pregnant and giving birth. I don't think I'd mind quite as much if that was the case. In fact there was something about the mental image of my boyfriend with a swollen belly that I found satisfying on a level I honestly wasn't yet prepared to deal with.

Both of the parents were surprisingly young looking. They were probably in their late twenties or early thirties. The wife wasn't hot so much as she was beautiful, which was a refreshing change of pace around here. You could tell that she had probably been one of the local sluts at some point – her upper ear was pierced in a number of locations, and you could just make out the hint of her tattoos peeking out from under her dress – but despite that, she had a kind of peaceful nurturing vibe: long, simple hair, long white dress, that sort of thing. She looked very motherly. This idea was driven home by the fact that she also had the biggest pair of tits I'd ever seen. Bigger than mine or Evans, that was for sure. They looked heavy though, and kind of pendulous. They were hypnotic.

She'd make a good soccer mom, I caught myself thinking, cause she was bringing enough juicy melons for everyone. Uhg, I couldn't believe I'd just thought that joke.

Her husband was... well, it was kind of hard to get a read on guys now that I wasn't really attracted to them anymore. He seemed kind of nerdy, but maybe in that cute way? He was in decent enough shape, and seemed to be quite a bit taller than her. That was something I had always found attractive when I was straight wasn't it? I got such a thrill out of Evan being shorter than me now though, it seemed so alien to think the reverse had once been true.

While they both looked tired, the wife was definitely the more worn out of the two. She must have been fronting a lot of the responsibilities herself. That didn't seem very fair, did it?

What's worse, while the mother just wanted to sit down and relax, the father was clearly not in a happy place. His face was red with embarrassment at his wife's exposed chest, and his eyes were darting around the plaza to make sure that no one was staring as the mother of his child pulled out her other boob and swapped sides. I glanced away as he looked in my direction. Sure, I had been staring, but it had been an accident.

"I don't see why you're always getting so nervous." I heard her sigh, "It's perfectly natural. Look around, you're the only one here who seems to have a problem with it." This seemed to do little, however, to assuage his anxieties.

Now, in my defense, I must have spent several minutes resisting the urge before I finally broke down and grabbed for the device. All the philosophical waxing I had been doing slipped from my mind completely. In my head I justified it to myself as allowing the father to take on some additional responsibilities with the baby and that it would do them both some good for him to shoulder his wife's big heavy burdens for a while. In truth, I think I was just insatiably curious.

This was an easy swap, too. I laughed remembering how many different pairs of boobs I had tried on last night. Swapping tits around was practically a speciality of mine.

The device's signature zzzzt noise gave way to a loud prolonged ripping sound as the father's shirt burst apart at the seams to make way for his sudden and irrepressibly massive milk makers.

The baby, to my surprise, continued to suckle at its mother's nipple, completely oblivious to the strange noises or the sea of chest hair now surrounding it. Was lactation not connected to breasts when the device swapped them around?

The woman looked over and laughed as she saw her husband's plight, then said something sarcastic as she gently pulled the child from her chest and adjusted her now-loose dress back over her nipple.

"I told you that would happen!" she laughed. "The doctor said your boobs would be swollen! I don't know why you even put that tiny shirt on in the first place. God, you're so stubborn!"

His face flushing red, I didn't catch his mumbled response, but she clearly didn't like what she had heard.

"Oh no you don't. Look, she's clearly still hungry. I understand that you think it's embarrassing to do this here, but it's perfectly natural for a father to be breastfeeding his daughter out in public and no one in their right mind is going to care unless you make a big show waving your great big udders around for everyone to see. Besides, my feet are killing me and right now I really need to just sit down for a few

minutes. Now here," she hoisted the tender infant into his arms, "take the baby and when she's good and fed we can go find you a new shirt."

He looked like he was going to say something back to her, but between her expression and the little girl suddenly in his arms, he seemed to think better of it. Red faced, he held up the child to his naked breast where it instinctively locked on and began to suckle.

The father seemed to relax considerably as the hungry child fed. A part of me wondered what that felt like. I had an interesting opportunity here, maybe I could find out. But no, I didn't want to give up my boobs. While his were certainly very nice and very very big, mine were certainly shapelier.

I could probably separate the actual lactation from the boobs though, couldn't I? If I made my boobs lactate, would they change shape to accommodate the shift in physiology? I wondered if lactating with small boobs felt any different from lactating with big boobs. Could I swap the lactation onto men without giving them boobs at all?

I began to look around for some interesting test subjects, but my attention crashed like a ship against the rocks that were Evan's sweet swaying spheres.

My jaw dropped as I (eventually) looked up at Evan's face. I couldn't believe how much he had done with so little. It was subtle, but powerful. All the little pores and flaws on his face were completely gone, to say the least, and the way his eyes seemed to stand out made him seem alert and well-rested. I hadn't even noticed the little bags under his eyes before, but they were gone now.

Without any major changes to his face he had gone from an 8 to a 10. I had never been one of those girls who put a lot of time and thought into makeup, but damn, it was amazing what a little concealer and eyeliner could do. Had he colored his lips? They looked so juicy, but it was so subtle I could hardly tell. I'd have been jealous if I wasn't the one who gave him this amazing skill in the first place.

"Oh my god!" I said. "You look amazing!"

"What, this?" He preened demurely. "Thank you baby, but this is nothing. I still feel half naked." He laughed, then paused a moment before adding, "And not in the good way." He winked. "Still, it'll be enough for today, I suppose. I hope I didn't leave you waiting too long. I'm always doing that."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry too much about it," I said, looking over at the couple. "I found something to occupy my time."

"I'm sure you did." He looked down at the device and gave me a wry smile. "So, I was thinking. Maybe we should skip ahead a bit and check out Stephan's. After that fiasco in the department store, I don't think any of these other boutiques – nice as they are – are really going to do the trick, you know?"

"Wait, Stephan's?" I asked. "Isn't that the place that sells all that, like, comically slutty stuff?"

“How do you mean?”

“Like, isn’t that where Elizabeth bought her little ‘Open for Buisness’ skirt? The one she said she totally bought as a joke and then I found all those pictures of her online wearing it out to the clubs.”

“Oh, right! Yeah, I guess they do have some pretty unsubtle stuff.”

“I mean who in their right mind,” I laughed, “would actually wear that sort of thing? You’re literally just advertising yourself as an easy lay.”

Evan paused a moment and glanced over in the direction of the fountain. “I mean, yeah it’s a little out there, but like, it’s not like there’s anything wrong with that or anything, right?. I mean, if you have the body to show it off, why not have some fun with it?”

Oh. Oh no. Of course. My poor sweet boy had had exactly that sort of thing in mind when he’d recommended it. I should have been more careful with my words. I hadn’t hurt his feelings or anything had I? And, uhg, wasn’t this exactly what I had wanted? Hadn’t I wanted him to dress all slutty? Hadn’t new me wanted to dress both of us to drop jaws? If sexy and provocative are what we were aiming for, what better place to start than a store that stood out as trashy even in this town?

I stood up and gave Evan a great big reassuring hug. “You know what baby? You’re right. What’s the point in looking good if you’re not going to show it off a bit, huh? And hey,” I gave his ass a gentle squeeze, “trust me when I say that you look good.”

He brightened back up as I said this, his big beautiful smile spreading across his face. I like to think it was the compliment that did the trick, but honestly? He was probably just excited by the prospect of more shopping.

Little did I know that that was one of the last times I’d ever see Evan smile like that. If only I had known then what I knew now I’d have stopped to appreciate it, to savor it for all it was worth. But instead, like the animal that I was, my gaze was glued thoroughly to his tits.

And so, blind to the dangers ahead, we marched off through the crowd.

To be continued in Part 5: Booty Language.