

Warning: This chapter is rated a sexy R and includes (but is not limited to) boobs, flirtatious lesbians (?), clothing (slutty), tongue piercings, tongue swapping, people walking funny, people talking funny, girl-dick, confessions (comedic), confessions (dramatic), butts, swaps (both mental and physical), more boobs, people who really know how to flaunt what they've got, and a cute couple just trying to get by in a world gone mad.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 5 – Booty Language =

By Razmagurk

I never considered myself to be a particularly observant person, but it's amazing what kinds of subtleties you can pick up on when you hold the power to bend reality in your hand. Its not hard to stop seeing people as people and to instead start seeing them as a collection of traits and hierarchies just waiting to be swapped. Everyone suddenly stands out as a potential target.

Even beyond there's a level of observation that before that day I had no idea about. Its like a sixth sense trying to warn you about a trap, one that sets off alarms when something is out of place or when people aren't reacting the way they should. It's the reason I'd been half walking around like a cat with her hackles raised all day, always only a moment away from feeling like I was about to get caught.

I like to think that I was doing a pretty good job of ignoring it and just kind of going with the flow, but the truth of the matter was that I just wasn't used to getting stared at.

There was a trio of frat boys sitting on the bench outside Stephan's when we arrived. They were oogling the girls inside the store and hitting on anyone entering or exiting. I had thought the guy hanging out near the elevators had been an anomaly, but I guess this was a thing? I was a little offended – no one had ever hit on *me* like that before.

With my improved perceptions I could see that there was a clear power dynamic at play here. The central one, who seemed a good bit more muscular and fastidious than his companions, was clearly the leader of the group. He was doing most of the catcalling while the other two seemed to just be going along with it.

His eyes bulged as Evan and I walked past. He seemed to stumble over whatever he had been trying to say. I smirked as he very conspicuously didn't stare at our tits. I couldn't blame him really. We were hot. If our situations were reversed I'm sure I'd have been just as flustered. Probably more actually. Evan alone was enough to get me drooling. I'm sure throwing my new sexy self into the mix was more than I'd be able to handle.

If I was still into guys I'd probably have put a little more wiggle into my walk, just to see how much I could blow his mind. Instead I put my hand around Evan's hips possessively and pulled him close. I was gloating really, he could look all he wanted, but this ass was mine.

Evan's attentions, as we walked in, had already been drawn to a rack of colorful tops. I'd hesitate to even really call them that, given how little fabric seemed to be on them, but that's apparently how they were intended to be worn. Like a kid in a candy store, he ran in and started holding one after another up to his chest. Even with how stretchy they looked, those things would be a tight fit. I supposed that was kind of the point though, wasn't it?

I had never set foot in the place before, so I had no idea how busy it normally was, but it seemed to be doing pretty well for itself. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. It made sense that there were lots of girls looking for a competitive edge for whatever parties were happening that weekend. A handful of them flitted idly from aisle to aisle while the yummy looking cashier futzed about on her phone.

I was rather surprised to discover that Evan and I were the most scantily clad people here. Granted, it wasn't by much, but I had imagined the place as populated entirely with turbo-sluts so it still kind of struck me as ironic.

I couldn't for the life of me understand what strange sequence of thoughts must have been going through Evan's head as he giddily skipped off ahead through the aisles. I was just glad that he was enjoying himself. I honestly couldn't remember the last time I had seen him so enthusiastic about something and it did my heart good to see him so happy. You know what? I'd been kind of hard on myself about everything that had happened so far today, but maybe this was all for the best after all.

Getting a closer look at it, the shop wasn't as bad as I had imagined. It was a clothing store, just like any other. I don't know what I'd really expected. I had in my mind kind of pictured it as either some kind of weird sex dungeon or like, just row after row of cheap little shirts with *Easy Lay* or *Cheap Slut* written on them. Honestly though, if it weren't for the provocatively dressed mannequins turned towards the window to show just how short some of their skirts were, the store wouldn't even really stand out.

Okay, upon further inspection, there *was* in fact a row of little shirts with cheap slutty slogans on them, but that was only a small portion of what the store seemed to be offering.

Finding something for myself presented something of a challenge. Despite my newfound desire to show off my amazing new body, I was still... I don't know... hesitant to wear stuff like *this*. I wanted something flashier than what I had at home, but I wanted sexy and hot, not trashy and cheap, didn't I? I certainly didn't want to end up wearing, uhg, that pair of booty shorts over there that said *Free Parking* on them, for example.

A few minutes of unhappy browsing later, I noticed that several of the girls in the store had stopped shopping entirely in favor of ogling either Evan or myself. At that moment, every eye in the store seemed trained on Evan's plump ass. He must have tried to turn too fast or something, because across the aisle, his huge boobs had apparently knocked a handful of thongs off of one of the shelves, and now he was bent over (at the waist no less) to pick them all up.

As Evan futzed to get the thongs back on the shelf, a cute blonde had sauntered over to him, standing perhaps just a little too close for my comfort. She was kind of a skinny girl, but she had what she needed

where it counted. Her tits were kind of small, though perky, but that may have just been the contrast between her and Evan. She was wearing a short pair of denim cut-off shorts and a white croptop. She had some kanji tattooed on her shoulder in a lascivious script.

“Hey, cutie.” she said, her voice dripping with practiced seduction. “Do you come here often?” She gestured to the thong still in Evan’s hands. “That’s a good choice. It would look great on you.”

From where I was I could just barely make out their conversation, but even I could tell that she was laying it on thick.

Who the hell did she think she was? I mean, I couldn’t blame her, he was hot, but he was mine.

Curiously, many of the other girls seemed to have gone back to shopping. I guess they figured the blonde had staked a claim? Or that they couldn’t compete? While I was certainly noticing their unusual behavior, the social hierarchies of party girls was a topic beyond my comprehension.

“Oh.” Evan said, looking at the thong in his hand as though he had just noticed it. “You’re right! This would look great on me.” He started pulling a few other thongs back off the shelf. “This is my first time in here actually. I don’t know why. This place is great.” He laughed. “I’m sort of getting a whole new wardrobe and I just wanted some stuff that shows off my body, you know?” He stood up straight and puffed his chest out as he said this, causing his tits to bounce proudly.

“Well,” she eyed him over with an overly long stare, then very deliberately bit her lip. “With a body like that, I can’t say I’m surprised. You must work out.”

“Not as much as you’d think.” Evan laughed. “But thanks! It is pretty great, isn’t it?”

I could feel the blood rushing up to my face. It was one thing to have girls admiring Evan, but seeing this hussy actively hitting on him filled me with a kind of protective rage.

I looked around for a way to fix this. I mean, I suppose the responsible thing to do would be to not let it worry me. I knew that Evan only had eyes for me. He’s the sort of guy who doesn’t even turn his head when a giggling herd of half-naked sluts walk past on the way home from some pub crawl or another. I could trust him with my life. But... but what if now that he’s become all sexy, now that all the girls wanted him all the time, what if now he decides he likes the attention more than he likes me? I frown at the thought.

Maybe making him hot to women was a bad idea. It wouldn’t be too hard to undo that, would it? But, no... that was cutting off the nose to spite the face, wasn’t it? Maybe I could swap it so that he’d find this bitch less attractive? Gah, no. My brain was completely flooded with ugly hateful jealousy and I wasn’t thinking clearly at all.

I needed to be better than this. I needed to accept the fact that Evan was an attractive person, that any girl would be lucky to have him, and that despite that, he chose me. I just needed to focus on the fact that our bond is strong enough to weather a little bit of idle flirtation from a passing floozy.

I didn't hear what they were saying, but the girl had put her hand on Evan's shoulder. Grr. Trust or not, I wanted this girl gone.

I looked around for another victim and grinned.

This would be easy. All I had to do was swap the girl's sexuality with that fratboy outside and I'd get her off of my boyfriend. And, as a plus, I'd save the mall from the hassle of at least one of those assholes. That was another Win-Win, right?

The device practically leapt into my hand and in no time at all I was listening to the reassuring zap of reality rewriting itself to better suit my whims.

Glancing out at the fratboy, I could see that he was now ignoring a pack of passing hotties in favor of eyeing up a group of (presumably) cute boys instead. It seemed as though he was still trying to hype his friends into ogling along with him. To my surprise, they went along with it, though they seemed more confused at their own actions than anything else.

To my frustration though, the girl continued to hit on Evan. I had lost track of the conversation, but every muscle in her body still seemed to be moving in such a way as to ooze as much sex appeal as possible. It was actually pretty artful. I'd be turned on if I wasn't so mad.

Crap. Okay, why hadn't that worked?

Suddenly, Evan's smiling face turned to look in my direction. The girl turned her head to follow. I quickly looked away, desperate to hide my jealousy.

Wait, shit, were they talking about me?

I looked up, and then immediately down again. The girl was staring right at me, angrily. Jesus, she was cute. Her lips looked so moist and plump. A not insignificant part of me wondered what they'd feel like wrapped around my dick. I shook my head. Now was hardly the time for that.

The girl turned and started walking towards me. I panicked and stuffed the device back into my bag as quickly as I could. Damn. The way she moved was hypnotic. The way she strutted in her heels made it seem like she cared more about showing off than she did actually getting anywhere. She moved her hips in a long, slow, graceful sway that took full advantage of her range of movement and didn't rush to counteract her momentum. It was practically theatrical, but she seemed so relaxed about it that I couldn't help but feel that for her it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Hi."

I almost jumped. She had a sexy voice too – not as sexy as Evan’s, but more than enough to give me chills. Or maybe that was just my continued lack of pants. Regardless, I found myself fumbling around to hide the growing bulge in my skirt.

She smiled at me warmly. “Do you come often?”

I looked up at her and blinked.

What I had thought of earlier as her staring at me angrily, was, in fact, a perfectly calculated look of lust. Her brilliant baby blue eyes, stunningly framed from behind a smokey haze of eyeshadow, smouldered like an invitation. She stood in front of me, leaning forward just enough to give me a better glimpse down her top. Her neckline couldn’t have been this low before could it? On closer inspection I’d say her tits were quite a bit bigger than I’d initially assumed. They were the upper end of average at least. I guess over the last 24 hours my sense of scale had shifted quite a bit. They were amazingly shaped, in so far as I could tell anyway, and, much like Evan’s, they seemed to defy gravity as their sweet soft flesh gently jiggled in time to her breathing. Wait, was she not wearing a bra? Oh god, I could make out the outline of her nipples poking through her shirt. They were easily the size of pencil erasers, and they were *pierced*.

“Hello?” she said again.

“What?” I snapped my head back up. I couldn’t believe I had just done that. It was one thing with Evan, but this was a complete stranger.

She let out something halfway between a laugh and a giggle, her jugs jumping in time.

“I was just asking if you come here often?” she said, playing off my indiscretion as though it were the most natural thing in the world. I guess she must have been used to it, but still, it was bad form on my part.

“Oh um, n-no.” I stammered. “I was just um...” I was now making a concerted effort to look her in the eyes. Her face was really well made up. Where Evan’s had been a simple, subtle thing, she was sultry personified. For the first time in my life I understood the appeal of bedroom eyes. “I was just shopping with my boyfriend.” I looked over to Evan for help, but he had been distracted by something red and skimpy.

The girl smiled. She had the look of someone who had just been presented with a challenge.

“Oh!” she said, looking me over, “he’s a *very* lucky guy.”

“I um.” I blushed “Thanks?”

Shit, I was not used to being flirted with, especially by girls. Hot girls. Hot slutty girls. Hot, slutty girls standing close enough that I could smell her. Strawberry? With vanilla... and something subtle and vaguely familiar underneath, something musky and primal that I couldn't quite identify.

I guess swapping her sexuality with the guy outside had somehow made her into me instead of Evan. The alternative – that the device had somehow not worked – was something I didn't even want to consider. Still, this was the first time anyone had actually hit on me. My erection throbbed. I felt like my whole body was on fire.

But wait, hold on... I had swapped my attractiveness or whatever with a guy, right? Why was she...

"Hey." she put her hand on my shoulder. "Relax. I don't bite."

I blinked. With all the adrenalin I seemed to have going through me, I didn't know if relaxing was something I was capable of right now. My heart was pounding so hard I could feel my own tits bouncing.

I took a deep breath.

"I think it's really cool that you'd come shopping with your boyfriend to a place like this." She said. "Most girlfriend's don't like the idea of their boyfriends wearing this kind of stuff, you know? I think it's really cool of you. I can tell you've got an open mind. Even if you're clearly a bit nervous to be in here."

Oh my god, she had a *tongue stud*.

"Oh, um,." I managed to mumble out, "Thank you. We um, we've both decided, actually, that we need a new wardrobe and I, uh, I like this kind of stuff – on him, I mean – and I figure its fine as long as I get to see him wear it, you know?"

She smiled. She must have been dialing it back, because this time she hardly looked like a tiger at all.

"Oh, I totally do." She laughed. "He's a total hunk. You're both very lucky. Its so rare to see a couple that looks *so* good together. You know, this might sound crazy, but I'd love to see more of you."

I zoned out a bit at the image of me showing this girl exactly how much more of myself there was – each and every aching inch.

"You should *come*."

"What?" I snapped back to attention. Shit. I had to stop doing this. What was she saying?

"You should come." My hard-on throbbed as she slipped her hand into her busom and withdrew a small slip of paper. "To the party this weekend. You should come."

She handed me the little note. It was warm. It had her name, Emma, and her phone number on it. There was a little heart in one corner with an arrow through it.

"Bring your boyfriend." She winked. "He can show off his new wardrobe, and maybe the three of us can have some... *fun*... together." She paused before adding, "Or if you'd prefer something a little quieter, we could make plans to stay in? or... *eat out*? I'm *flexible*."

Okay, she had to be doing that on purpose.

"Um. Sure." I answered before I realized quite what I was saying. "That sounds... yeah, fun."

"Great!" I think I caught a flash of actual happiness behind her catlike grin. "But, sadly, I have to get this shopping done or I'm going to be late. Hopefully I'll be seeing a lot more of you this weekend. Call me, okay?"

She did another one of those giggle-laughes that set her boobs jiggling, then turned and sauntered away. I couldn't help but admire the way her voluptuous ass seemed to be all but bursting out of her tight little shorts.

I felt like a deer in headlights as my eyes followed the hypnotic sway of her hips. What the hell had just happened? That sort of stuff didn't normally just happen to people, did it? I mean, not even really sexy guys got hit on like that, did they? Not outside of a porno at least, and especially not by girls who look like that. Damn, I was breathing hard. My dick was starting to ache.

I looked down at the slip of paper in my hand. I didn't even see her writing this out. Did she just walk around with a bunch of these shoved down her shirt? That... I guess that wouldn't surprise me, actually. Survival of the fittest meant getting clever. Still, I was impressed. I had been staring at those boobs as hard as I could and I didn't notice the thing until she had pulled it out.

Still half in a daze, I found myself walking over to Evan. For once I kind of regretted being the taller one. Right then I really just needed somebody to lean on.

"She's cute." Evan said with a chuckle.

"Huh?"

"She was cute." He said again. "Did you get a good look at her boobs? I don't think she was wearing a bra."

I nodded dumbly.

Wait. Oh god. I had just turned into a giant puddle of drool over this bimbo while my boyfriend was standing like, 10 feet away. Was this what it was like to be a guy? I had gotten so jealous watching this

girl hit on Evan and then here I had been ready to rut with this woman after two lines of dialogue. Evan's a pretty laid back guy, but I could only imagine how bad that must make him feel.

He laughed. "I thought you'd like her."

I looked dumbfounded at him, confused and full of regrets.

"Baby, I..." I didn't know what to say. He didn't seem upset at all.

He looked down at the piece of paper in my hands.

"Oh wow! did she give you her number? Great job baby! She must have been really into you!" He laughed again "I can't say I blame her."

He leaned up and gave me a kiss. Partially on instinct and partially to help vent the passion I had built up, I found myself returning it much harder than I had intended.

"Baby," I said again as we broke away. I could feel my eyes starting to water up. "I'm sorry. I completely couldn't help myself. She was just so..." I gestured aimlessly with my hands "Wow. You know?"

The irony, of course, was that she wasn't even as hot as Evan. She was just... well, she knew how to use what she had.

"Baby, I've told you, it's okay. I understand." Evan smiled up at me sympathetically. "I mean, lets face it, this is hardly the first time you've turned into a total horn dog the moment a cute pair of tits bounced past, is it? And knowing you it's far from being the last. I've told you a million times, I don't care if you get hit on by cute girls."

"You don't?"

"No, I get it. You're into girls, and some of them are crazy hot, especially around here. I mean, come on, you don't think that that girl didn't get my pussy wet? You can't help yourself. I understand, that's just a part of who you are. What's important is that you try. And that, at the end of the night, I'm the one you're taking home. That's all I care about: that when it comes down to it that I matter to you more than any of them.

"Aww. Baby, you're so sweet." I really was lucky to have him. As strange as it was, there was just something so romantic about what he had just said.

"Besides," He laughed again, turning his attention to the girl's retreating form. "I really can't say I blame you. Did you see the ass on her?"

Yes. Yes I had. Looking over I could see that she was bent over a display, her swaying gently from side to side, dancing to some music only she could hear. I was impressed. Even now she was putting on a show.

Her ass really was gorgeous. It was fuller than Evan's, but not quite as shapely. The way she was almost bursting out of her shorts though really sold the whole package.

Wait, hold on. I guess this was a thing that Evan and I did now? Bonding over hot girls? Evan and I were close enough that, if I asked, he'd always been able to tell me when a girl was attractive, objectively, without me taking offense. I guess this was just a natural extension of that?

I mean, I know that no matter who he finds attractive, I'm the only one he has eyes for. But if that's the case, why had I gotten so jealous when I saw that girl flirting with him? That wasn't like me at all. Was this more of the device's doing? Or was I just completely unprepared for the caliber of girl I was now competing against?

We shared a tender moment as we stared at the girl's ass together. It was kind of weird, in retrospect, but nice in a way.

It was funny. Watching the girl glide around in those heels had me thinking about the contrast between the way she moved and the way Evan moved. Evan still moved very much like a man. Even in his heels, he took these long purposeful steps that allowed his shoulders and chest to sway. That was probably why his tits bounced around so much, come to think of it. That girl, on the other hand, seemed to glide around like a ballerina. A slutty ballerina. She had a graceful and casual stride that made it seem like she was in no rush and that she would very much like for you to notice her legs, hips and ass please.

I wondered what Evan would be like if he moved like that.

Hmmm. No. No. I better not. I had done enough damage today. Evan deserved better than to be treated like some kind of Frankenstein test subject. Had I not already made my mind up about this?

Still... I couldn't deny that I was curious. And horny. I could just totally picture his ass wiggling like that as he walked though. And I mean, it was really just taking the slutty clothes thing to it's logical extreme, wasn't it?

No. That was stupid. I had to be good.

I spent several agonizing minutes trying to reassure myself that I wasn't going to do it. This lasted until I saw the girl getting in line for the cashier. That's when I panicked. I had always been a sucker for those 'supplies are running out' sales strategies. There were few things in life that compelled me to make terrible decisions quite like worrying I was going to miss an opportunity forever, and there I was, suddenly terrified I was going to miss my chance. I pulled out the device. By the time I had set the dials I was committed to my decision.

The zzzzt hit her midstride. She stumbled as her gait and bearing were suddenly very different. Luckily, she managed to catch herself before she fell.

This time, the change was immediate and noticeable. Gone was her sexy-as-nails walk and aura, and in its place was that vibe of gentle amiability I had always gotten from Evan. She was still strutting, but now it seemed more like Evan's all-too-familiar swagger, adjusted for her smaller frame. She was puffing out her chest and her stance was wide open. No longer was she walking one heel delicately in front of the other. Her delicate glide was replaced with a kind of bobbing sway that, sure enough, sent her braless tits bouncing.

It was weird. The way she was walking really did remind me a lot of Evan. How could it not? It was that hyper perception kicking in again. I wasn't even the sort of person who normally noticed overt body cues but right then, with the way she was moving, I was left half wondering if I'd somehow swapped them around entirely instead. Sure, it made sense that I'd find it familiar, but I wasn't expecting to find it that familiar. It made me feel as if Evan's old body had gone walking past.

I laughed. Oh man, Evan's old body. I'd forgotten about it entirely. I made a mental note that we should probably try to track it down. It probably wouldn't be too hard, one of the football players had it, probably, but still, I'd hate for anything bad to happen to it.

I turned back to Evan. He was primping in one of the store's mirrors, thrusting his boobs forward as he held another shirt up against his chest. The way he jiggled his cleavage – just enough movement to draw attention to them, but not quite enough to be obvious about it – was a perfect impression of what the girl had done when she'd approached me.

Okay, I admitted. That was pretty damn hot. God, Evan was so fucking sexy. Weird or not, this was okay for now. I reached down and touched the slip of paper in my pocket. At least this time I had some way of finding the person I had swapped. I could always fix everything later if I wanted to, right?

Still, I couldn't help but feel kind of guilty. Here I had the ability to make myself the best person I could be, and I kept using it for... well... I should be focusing more on swaps to make myself better, or to try new things out, shouldn't I? Instead of just making my already perfect boyfriend even more fuckable?

Trying new things... that was something I hadn't really done much of. Sure, I was in a whole new body now, more or less, and I guess that had come with a whole host of new experiences, but it's not like I had set out to experience them when I had made the swaps.

And why not? I enjoyed being taller, didn't I? And I certainly enjoyed having this python slithering around my pants, even if it was a bit of a pain in the ass to keep under control.

What else was there to try though? Lot's of stuff, I supposed. Anything really. But it was probably best to avoid anything too extreme for now, right? I didn't want to risk doing anything that I couldn't fix if something went horribly wrong.

Actually, there was one thing I was kind of curious about. That girl – Emma I guess her name had been – had had a tongue stud. And nipple piercings for that matter, yum. I'd always been curious about that

sort of thing. I mean, I had hitherto thought of it as something that was, well, trashy and beneath me, but actually seeing a girl who had one made me realize just how primal and hot it was.

I looked down at the device in my hands. Luckily, Emma was still around. It looked like she was flirting with the cashier. I assumed she was flirting at least. That girl could ask about the weather and it would look like flirting. I started re-adjusting the dials.

There's a kind of alarming suddenness when you make a swap on yourself. It's like, your brain expects a transitional period, because years of experience and common sense has taught you that when it comes to your body, nothing is truly instantaneous. With the device, it doesn't get that. You are just suddenly very different, and your brain kind of goes into overdrive trying to keep up. The fact that swapping body parts usually involves swapping the nerves those body parts contain doesn't help either. The result is that there's this sharp sensation of everything feeling very weird and foreign which then starts to kind of fade away as your body catches up.

I had another girl's tongue in my mouth.

It was, well, underwhelming. I fiddled with it for a while, feeling it against my teeth and the roof of my mouth. I had expected it to be softer, somehow. I could feel it pushing down further in my throat, it was much larger than I had expected. I had an unusual taste, but it was subtle, and I couldn't for the life of me describe it. I guess this came with a whole new set of taste buds. Would food taste differently now?

I tried to just kind of relax to see how it felt, but I couldn't really get it to sit comfortably. I didn't know if that was because it didn't fit properly now, or if I was just doing that thing where you think about blinking or breathing or whatever and you suddenly find you can't help but do it manually until something distracts you from it.

The tongue stud, which I could kind of reach back and touch, was a little heavy and a little cold. I had imagined it to have a kind of coppery metallic taste, but I guess they don't really make them out of stuff that has flavor. Was it always this cold, or had the girl's mouth just been colder?

Wait, ew, this had been in her mouth. Was that sanitary? Did the remote clean stuff when it swapped them? I guess organ rejection and all that wasn't a factor, so it must, but still.

I stuck my new tongue out. It was definitely longer than my old one. Much longer. Like, longer than a normal tongue should be. Glancing around to make sure no one was watching, I reached up and effortlessly touched my nose with it. Okay, that was a little weird.

Yeah, this was not working for me. The idea of having someone else's tongue was, I guess, just one step too far. So much for trying new things. I guess even I had my limits.

A moment later I had swapped back. It felt like I'd just spat out a wad of gum. Some of the taste seemed to linger in the back of my throat, and I still couldn't quite relax it comfortably, but at least the fit felt familiar and right.

Alright, so that was disappointing. It had been so hot when she had had it. She hadn't even had to do anything with it. Just knowing it was there was enough to get my motor running. I guess being hot was all well and good, but I wanted to be comfortable in the body I ended up with as well. I looked down at my ridiculous stripper tits and laughed. I guess I had sacrificed a fair bit of comfort for my looks already, hadn't I?

Okay, this whole tongue thing was still something I wanted to play around with, just maybe it was better when I had a bit more time.

I swapped the girl's tongue with Evan's, right as she walked out of the door. He had complained about his short tongue in the past, even if he was pretty skilled with it, so this was something that I was pretty sure he'd have no complaint about. Now at least it would be around when it came time to experiment. In the meantime, if Evan should happen to find a use for it while sucking me off, well, that was just a nice little bonus, wasn't it?.

With the girl gone and all that excitement over I was finally able to refocus my attention on shopping. Evan had gotten a huge head start on me, as evidenced by the great big bundle he had under one arm.

I couldn't shake the feeling of unease as I browsed the racks. No matter where I went I could feel hungry eyes following either me or Evan. Luckily no one else seemed to have the balls to approach us. I wondered if that was because we were clearly a couple, or if we were just sufficiently attractive that everyone considered us unapproachable.

I'll admit, the clothes here seemed to fit a lot better, though perhaps 'fit' was a bit of a misleading term. The clothing here was not only designed for a bustier clientele, but was designed to be worn tight as well. Evan and I would be bursting out of some of this stuff, but at least that was how they were intended to be worn. As far as I was concerned, Evan could burst out of his top any day of the week. I wouldn't mind one bit.

The problem I was now facing was the opposite of the one I'd faced in the department store. I wanted to show off, sure, but I didn't want to look like some kind of sex-starved bimbo in the process. I had found a couple of things that could work, but everything here just seemed so, well, slutty. It was clubwear, not daywear. Still, I had gathered up the more conservative offerings that I had come across. It wouldn't hurt to try them on at least.

To my annoyance, I found myself catching people giving me weird looks whenever I picked up anything even remotely feminine. I had somehow once again forgotten that today, apparently, me dressing like a girl made me some kind of crossdresser. The cashier, a juicy little brunette with long hair and perky tits, seemed to be keeping an especially close eye on me. At first, I thought she was worried I'd steal something, but then I caught her blushing when I held a crop top up to the light. I guess she was into that sort of thing? At least she wasn't being judgmental.

I was regretting swapping wardrobes with Evan. It was great that he was dressing in a way that suited his figure – damn was I ever grateful for that fact – but this would have been a lot easier on me if I had swapped his wardrobe with literally any other girl on the planet instead.

I'd endure it for now, but I wanted to find a way to set it right at some point. The judgemental looks I was getting even here were really starting to get to me. I just wanted to be a hot sexy babe in piece.

I laughed. I was being awfully picky in what was probably one of those 'beggars can't be choosers kind of moments.' But hey, if weird looks were the cost of getting my boyfriend to dress sexy, then that was a small price to pay.

That was when, for the second time that day, all my prayers were answered.

There, sitting forgotten in the far corner of this otherwise well-populated shop, was a small rack of blue jeans. I had found, at last, the sweet, sweet pants I had been yearning for since we left the house that afternoon. Sure, the style was tight – hell, the damn things looked like they fit like yoga pants – but they were pants nonetheless. And I could probably get away with wearing them without everyone giving me the stink eye, too. I mean, worse to worst, guys wearing women's jeans was fashionable, right?

That was my hope, at least.

What was better, I had even managed to find some actually pretty cute tops that I could probably get away with wearing without complaint. They were kind of simple, actually, but they looked like they clung to all the right places, and they had a certain boldness to them that I found quite charming. If nothing else, they'd be good for wearing around the house. If they didn't wind up discarded on the floor while Evan and I pawed at each other first, that is, our huge boobs crushing against each other.

I allowed myself the luxury of taking that fantasy a step further. Was it wrong that I sort of found the idea of Evan and I just grinding our enormous hard nipples together kind of romantic? The idea of not having anything between us just seemed so sweet. Two days ago, I'd have thought the idea crazy and perverse and now here I was finding it practically poetic.

I was snapped back to reality by Evan asking if I was ready to go try everything on. I nodded dumbly as I looked down at the items I'd chosen.

You know what? I was worried earlier, but maybe this trip wasn't a total loss after all. There was enough here to get by for a little while at least. Even if none of the other stores we checked out today had anything that really worked, we had enough to at least leave the house dressed better than we were now. I'd just have to be careful that I didn't overuse the device or end up changing our proportions around too much in the meantime. I mean, now that I knew how the device seemed to interact with clothes, it seemed like a pretty easy thing to keep on top of. I'd still need to keep an eye out, just in case, mind you, but still.

Of course, it was hard to focus on any of this as I tried to follow Evan back to the changerooms. His new walk was really something else. He had taken the girl's saunter and stepped it up to 11. The extra weight in his chest and ass, combined with what I presumed was the greater flexibility from his cheerleader body meant that every inch of him seemed to cry out for attention with every step he took.

I bit my lip as he stepped into one of the changing stalls. If he hadn't closed the door right when he did I'd have tackled him then and there and showed him just how much I appreciated the little show he was putting on.

Of course, lucky for me, the show was just getting started. Evan wanted to try on everything and was more than eager to show it all off.

We took turns, though of course he had picked out quite a bit more than me, so before long I was mostly just sitting back and enjoying. I was delighted to find that most of what I had picked out fit surprisingly well. To my amazement it was also all surprisingly comfortable. It was a bit of a struggle trying to fit my ass in the jeans, but beyond that they fit like a dream. Between those and the tops, I actually managed to do a remarkable job of showing off my body without making me feel naked. I had to hand it to Evan, he had been right about coming to this store. I would have never expected to find anything like this.

Evan's taste in clothing, which had changed so much over the course of the day, seemed to have arrived at its logical extreme. He still seemed to favor the more masculine lines and colors, but any hint of subtlety or decency had flown completely out the window.

Frankly a lot of his choices didn't actually look all that great, but he more than made up for it with his enthusiasm. It was like watching a kid who had just discovered that they could dress however they wanted, and who was now struggling to figure out what did and did not work together and what went too far. At least he seemed to realize a lot of this as he eyed himself over in the mirror.

Some of the stuff he came out in I had a hard time believing people even actually wore. There was this one light blue dress in particular that burned itself into my memory. It was short and tight and was clearly intended to show off a massive amount of cleavage, yet nothing could have prepared it for the way Evan filled it out. He had removed his bra to try to make the thing fit better, but every time he tried to pull it down to cover up his ass, his big hard pencil erasers would pop out the top instead. It would either cover his ass or his nipples, but not both. We had a good laugh at that. As sexy as it was, I felt bad for anyone who had to wear that all day, they'd probably have to micromanage it every time they moved.

Curiously, he seemed to have developed a penchant for long dangly things, which was reflected quite prominently in the rather gaudy set of accessories he had decided to try on. He had picked out several necklaces, all of which hung down well into his cleavage, as though my eyes weren't drawn to them enough.

He seemed quite fond of skirts as well. I don't think I saw a single pair of pants in the whole collection.

What stuck out for me the most however, was how Evan had moved away from the muscle-man poses he had been doing in front of the mirror in the previous few stores. Now, instead, he had adopted a bevy of alternately cute and sexy poses straight out of some kind of pseudo-porn fashion magazine. Each pose seemed precisely calibrated to provoke a response in my dick, and the way he moved between them was like some kind of dancer going through a routine. If I hadn't already been hard this would have done the trick. I even swooned a little when he leaned over and blew me a kiss.

So, long story short, Evan ended up in a short tartan skirt. It wasn't quite a school girl's skirt, but it was certainly designed to evoke the feeling of one. It was longer than the micro but short enough that I could still see his sexy red panties if he leaned over too far. This seemed to be a recurring theme in the skirts he had chosen, even the longest of them only seemed to go half way to his knees.

These skirts would look great, he had explained, with the handful of brightly colored side-tie thongs he had decided to get as well. I approved of the combination, even if I didn't quite know how to feel about some of the slutty little slogans emblazoned on them.

Come to think of it, a lot of the poses Evan was doing seemed to be trying to draw attention to his ass. I guess that girl had considered hers her best feature? Not that Evan's ass wasn't great, it's just that his tits were completely out of this world – they were the real stars here.

And, speaking of, they were now marvellously displayed by the shirt he now wore. It was a kind of ephemeral dark-blue halter top thing that did an amazing job of showing off both his midriff and his boobs. If you caught it at just the right angle, you could even see some under and side boob. It was actually much more tasteful than I wanted to give it credit for. When he had first shown it to me I was half expecting it to cut off just below the nipple. I guess it was a good thing he had gotten some backless bras. That or he was going braless. Either way, I wasn't complaining.

"So, what do you think, baby?" Evan said, giving me a little wink.

At that moment time seemed to slow down. The hair on the back of my neck stood on end as a terrified shiver went down my spine. Evan had just winked with the wrong eye. Worse, he was *smiling* wrong.

I'll admit, up until then I hadn't actually been looking too closely at Evan's face, not with all the body he had going on. That was quickly becoming a very bad habit of mine. Now that I was really actually looking at it though I was starting to notice just how different he looked.

Not different in that he was now some kind of super-femme bimbo with giant tits, different in all the little ways, the ways that mattered. His expressions were different. The way he smiled -- the way he *wasn't* smiling anymore. His perfect, big, dumb, beautiful, lovable grin was gone. And in its place was some kind of imposter: a weird, lippy, pouty imposter.

And it wasn't just that. There was the way he now only curled his mouth to one side when he frowned, the way his brow didn't quite crease when he furrowed it, hell, even the way he blinked. All of it now looked so, well, alien.

And sure, intellectually I knew this was probably just the body language swap. It had to be. But on a not-quite-so-intellectual level it was really freaking me out. I know I had intended to make him more feminine, but everything just seemed so off, like there was some kind of stranger inside pulling the strings.

Oh my god. How had I not noticed all this earlier?

I could feel a part of myself, deep down, that had clearly not gotten the memo about what was going on. It was crying out that this person wasn't Evan, that this was some kind of pod person alien or something. It was a deeply unsettling feeling, and I could see the logic behind it. He moved like a whole different person, after all, he had a whole different dictionary of expressions, and he had a whole different catalogue of body language. It was weird. No matter how different I had made him with the device, I was prepared to accept that it was still him. But the moment I notice that his expressions weren't his own, that's the point where it crossed into the uncanny valley.

These simply weren't the familiar, comforting expressions of my Evan, and sexy as it was, I did not like this one bit.

I looked around hopelessly for that girl to swap them back, but of course, by now she was long gone.

Shit. Okay, well, at least I had her number, right?. I just needed to call her up and track her down and fix this when I could. I could put up with this until then, right? Weird as it was?

That sort of put a damper on the rest of the fashion show. I couldn't really even look at him and not be furious with myself. Hadn't I told myself that I wasn't going to use him like that? And for what? So he'd be sexier? And, oh god, don't get me wrong, sexier he was, yowza. He was the whole package now: the way he moved, the way he dressed, his voice...

My god, I had really done a number on him.

How much of the old him was even left? I'd seen first hand how minor changes could have big impact on personality. Who knows what babies I'd been throwing away with the bathwater, just because I couldn't help myself, because I was horny, because ever since I got this stupid device all I could seem to do with it is make selfish choices. Last night I had been drunk, today I had no excuses.

I took a deep breath. Okay, I told myself, I can deal with this.

I needed to come clean with him. Confess to everything I had done. I had to hope he could forgive me. It was the only way. But how do you even broach a subject like that? How do you tell someone you love

that you've been taking advantage of them? How do you start that conversation? I didn't know if I had it in me.

My guilt cast a heavy shadow as we paid for our new clothes and left the store. What was worse was that I didn't even know if I even wanted to change everything back. As hard as it was to keep myself in control, I kind of liked the new me. Maybe it was a side effect of getting my libido kicked into high gear around the same time I got the new body, but something about being so lusty had me feeling more sure about myself than I'd ever been before. One of the things I had noticed earlier today was that I was clearly the more sexually aggressive one in the relationship now. Evan had always been an acquiescing gentleman, of course, but now I was clearly topping in more ways than one, and the feeling of self-confidence that had brought was intoxicating.

I didn't know if I could go back to the meek little me I was before. I didn't know if I wanted to. And new me wasn't going anywhere without new Evan. If I turned Evan back into a proper man, I wouldn't be attracted to him anymore, not without giving up this confidence.

My perfectly shaped nails dug into my skin as I clenched my fist. I had completely swapped myself into a corner.

We were just passing a row of benches when Evan stopped and turned to me. I was so lost in my own thoughts I practically ran right into him. We were off in some corner, away from the crowd. I hadn't even noticed.

"Baby," he said, "is everything alright? You look kind of upset."

Shit. I guess I had been pretty obvious.

"What?" I squeaked "No! Everything's fine. It's nothing."

"Nothing, huh?" He stuck out one hip and put his hand on it – something I'd never seen him do before – and raised an eyebrow. Anything that drew attention to his killer hips was sexy, but all I could think about was how he was lifting the wrong eyebrow. Suddenly all those stupid emotions flooded back into me.

"I... um..." I was at a loss for words. I had fucked up big time. He seemed upset. Did he know? He must have realized something was amiss. How could he have not? I was in trouble now.

"Hey," he continued "you don't have to hide things from me. I know that look. Something's bothering you. Whatever it is, it's okay, you can tell me. Is it about the clothes? I saw those girls giving you the stink eye earlier, but baby, I think you look great in them. I mean, you'd look great in a burlap sack, but I really do mean it, you looked amazing back there."

Oh. Underneath it all, there was my Evan.

"No," I replied, "It's not about that." I paused for a moment before adding "Thank you though."

"What is it then?" his eyes sparkled up at me.

"It's um. It's just that..."

I inhaled deeply. I should tell him. Right now. The longer I kept this from him, the worse it was going to be. What good was all this so-called self-confidence if it couldn't get me through something like this? Best just to rip the bandaid off all at once, right?

My mouth had suddenly become completely parched. I took another deep breath and tried to steady the nervous pounding in my heart.

"You, um," I began, "you may want to sit down for this."

He did, languidly smoothing out his skirt and crossing one shapely leg over the other as he did so, all in one smooth motion.

"Evan... I," I fumbled for the words. "I may have, um, made a swap or two that I'm now starting to regret."

I just hoped that he didn't hate me. I think that's the one thing I wouldn't be able to bear.

"Oh!" He exclaimed. "Is that all?" His eyes flittered away from mine to roam my body. "I can't even tell. What did you swap? I'm sure you can just put it right back to normal, can't you?"

"No. Um. Not like that. It was um... y-you," I mewed, "and it's not exactly something I can just swap back, not right away at least. And it's, uh, a little more complicated than that actually."

He looked me deep in the eyes. The worst part was that I couldn't read his expression. Was that betrayal? Or confusion? Anger? I had what felt like a lifetime of experience mapping Evan's moods and now I felt completely lost, adrift in a sea without a compass.

"Wait." His eyes furrowed. "You swapped me?" He patted his body by way of inspection, but he didn't seem to notice anything amiss. God, of course, that was the irony, wasn't it?

So much for ripping the band aid off all at once. I took another deep breath and let the truth roll out like a log crashing down a flight of stairs.

"I um. I kind of, um," I gestured fruitlessly with my hands, "I kind of swapped your, uh, body language? I guess? With someone else, and while I didn't really notice at first now I can't help but realize that all of your facial expressions and stuff are all completely different and its really weirding me out cause deep down I feel like you're not you anymore and I'm worried I broke you or something and I don't want to lose you even though I know that that's stupid and I feel bad cause I didn't tell you and I've used you as

a stupid test dummy without your permission and I told myself that I wasn't going to again and again and again and I still did and, and, I didn't know how to tell you or if I should tell you cause you don't even notice it and I don't want you to be mad at me and now I'm realizing that maybe you don't even notice and you won't get mad at me and that just makes things worse because I love you – oh god do I ever love you – and I keep making you less and less *you* and and...I just... even though its not a huge thing it made me realize that I've been terrible to you and you don't deserve that. D-does that make any sense?"

He just looked up at me and blinked, trying to process what I had said. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes.

"Wait, hold on," he said, finally, "body language? Is that what this is all about?" he gave me a kind of earnest half-lidded smile and seemed to relax just a bit. "You had me worried. I thought you'd swapped my whole body around with that cute girl who was flirting with you earlier or something."

"N-no, not that, exactly."

"Though I mean, come on, could you imagine me in a girl's body?" he gave a sexy waving gesture to draw attention to his porn-star cheerleader body. I bit my tongue. Let's handle this one step at a time.

"But why on earth would you – wait, hold on, that thing can swap body language around? I thought it could only do like, body part swaps and stuff?"

"Right?" I couldn't help but blurt out "That's what I thought at first too, but I've been trying it out and it can do some really crazy things!"

"That's amazing! But uh, why would you want to do that in the first place though? Swap my body language, I mean."

"Cause, um, well..." I looked down and blushed. "Cause you look really good. Like, really really good. And there's this girl strutting around and she doesn't even look half as good as you but she really knows how to work what she's got and I just got to thinking that it would be... neat... if you moved a little more sexy, you know?"

Evan laughed again then leaned in towards me with a predatory grin upon his face, his expansive cleavage bouncing prominently in my field of vision.

"Baby..." He half-whispered in a sultry tone, "If I acted any sexier, you'd explode."

I swallowed loudly. Shit, now I was getting hard again.

"Y-yeah," I said, doing my best to look him in his dark, smouldering eyes "Now."

He laughed again and leaned back, taking his stupid jiggling cleavage with him. I breathed a sigh of relief. This conversation was going to be hard enough without that kind of distraction.

"It's weird." He said as he looked himself over, supplely stretching out his arms with all the slow purposeful grace of an erotic dancer. "I don't think I believe you. Does that make any sense?" He frowned slightly. "Like, I believe you – I trust you and know that you wouldn't lie about it – but, I... I guess I'm just having a hard time internalizing what you're telling me. It's like, how else would I behave?"

"Evan," I said, pointing at his smooth, exposed knees and long slender legs. "You're sitting with your legs crossed. Like a woman."

"I've always sat like this." He said, looking down at his legs, "It doesn't make me any less of a man, sweetheart." He gave a laugh and continued. "Besides, with all the skirts I wear, I kind have to, you know? I mean, if I went around spreading my legs whenever I sat down I'd wind up flashing half the mall my pussy!"

"Okay," I said, "well, what about the way you wiggle your hips when you walk? You move around like Jessica fucking Rabbit!"

"Hey, that's not my fault," he smiled, "I'm just drawn that way." After seeing that I wasn't laughing he hastily continued. "Besides, how else am I supposed to walk in these heels?"

I stared at him dumbfounded. This was not how I was expecting this conversation to go.

"Alright then," I said slowly "What about the way you keep sticking out and over-accentuating your big sexy girl-butt? And your enormous jiggling girl-tits?"

"I..." he paused to consider this one. "I like to show off?" He raised his hands to his chest and gave his boobs an exploratory squeeze. "I mean, ever since I was old enough to put on makeup guys were always giving me lots of attention, right? And I mean, I'm not into dudes or anything, but well, it's kind of nice, you know? To get that kind of attention, and to feel wanted, that is. So I guess I've always kind of gone the extra mile to show off? Well, I've never dressed for it, but guys *love it* when you stick your butt out at them, or when you shake your chest in their direction. That's just who I am. That's who I've always been. And now that I have this great body, I guess I want to really show that off to the world. No more hiding behind boring clothes, you know?"

We shared a moment of silence.

Blushing self-consciously, he looked up at me. "M-my boobs aren't really girly... are they?"

"N-no," I lied. "I was just... they're very handsome." That seemed to set his mind at ease.

"What was I like, before, then?"

Oh god. That was a tough question. How do you even describe something like that.

“You were like...” I waved my hands around by way of explanation. “More masculine? I guess? You were sweet and tender – not that you aren’t now I guess, but like, you always made these really sweet expressions which I always found cute and now you’re like, very smouldery and sexy and hot and that’s not a bad thing, it’s just different. And, like, you moved with a kind of cocky swagger to your step and were clumsier, not as smooth as you seem to move now. You were... I don’t know. You moved like a regular dude. Like a man.”

“What? Baby, have you seen me?” He laughed again, then flexed. Only, instead of his usual 45 degrees he was holding his arms up at 90, with his wrists hanging loosely inwards instead of tightly balled up into fists. On him, right now, it was a very dainty gesture. “I’m probably one of the most masculine guys on campus. And baby, the fact that I like to show off my bubble butt or my beachballs for all the boys doesn’t change that at all.”

I sighed in defeat and plopped down next to him on the bench. I just couldn’t get through to him. I didn’t know if this was some kind of blessing or a curse. Hell, in so far as I knew the device made it so that he literally couldn’t internalize what I was trying to tell him. That was a scary thought.

“Is that everything about me that you swapped?”

I looked down guiltily and started twiddling my hands. As hard as it was, he deserved to know.

“N-no,” I said “there’s a, um, a couple more things you should probably know about...”

He looked back up at me in surprise, then back down at his body.

“Like what?”

“Um, so, I guess, going in order? I may have have um...” the last bit came out as an embarrassed whisper. “Stolen your penis.”

A look of shock worked its way across his face, then broke as he let out a great big laugh.

“Okay,” he exclaimed, “I call bullshit! Now I know that you’re messing with me. As if I’d have ever had that beast stuffed down my pants. I mean,” he laughed again “I have a hard enough time finding skirts that fit as is.”

“N-no, it’s true! This dick is all yours baby!”

“Okay, now that I agree with.” He said as his lips came to a rest in a flirtatious smile. “And when we get home,” he gave my crotch a gentle squeeze. “You had better believe that I am going to have my fun with

it. You've been driving me crazy with the way you've been flaunting that thing around all day. Don't think I haven't been noticing how hard you've been getting for me."

I was at a loss for words as the dick in question throbbed against his ministrations.

He laughed and leaned back, dropping out of sexy-mode. I guess as fun as a handjob in the middle of the mall would be right now, it was neither the time nor place. I tried to suppress the twang of disappointment.

Instead, he leaned in for a hug, which I reciprocated. I could feel his hands hung low around my waist, instead of upwards along my back like he normally did. With the way our huge tits smooshed together it was probably more comfortable, but it still reminded me of why I was upset in the first place.

As we pulled apart, I leaned in and gave him a lingering kiss (which I struggled not to take any farther). As bizarre as everything was right now – and I had no one to blame but myself - he was still Evan and the important part of me knew that. I could put up with him being a little weird until I could get it fixed, and I *would* get it fixed.

"Okay," I said, nodding to myself as I took out the device, "No more swaps. I'm going to use this thing responsibly from now on, or not at all. I'm making a promise to myself."

"Well, you don't have to go that far," Evan joked. "Come on, I've noticed you playing with that thing all day. I know you've done more than just swap my body language around."

I could feel my face growing once again red.

"But." He said, drawing the word out. "Look, the way I see it, there's no harm in a little fun as long as no one gets hurt, right?"

I laughed nervously. Evan was a great guy, and moral to a fault, but sometimes he was a really bad influence. He liked seeing me happy, so he was always encouraging me to indulge myself, and, well, that was not what I needed right now. This was like that thing with the cakes all over again.

Here I was, trying to make a significant ethical decision to put away this power that I was abusing, and he was encouraging me to do just the opposite. And that was a big problem! If he had been mad, if he had been disappointed, if he had... reacted... If he seemed like he cared in any meaningful way, then perhaps I'd have been able to reel it in. Perhaps then I'd have been able to put a stop to my little reign of terror and maybe I could have avoided all the grief that was to come over the next few days.

Instead, well...

To be continued in part 6: Malls well that ends Well