

Warning: this chapter is rated a swap-happy R and includes (amongst other things), boobs, shoe shopping, sibling rivalry, parental swaps, boy bands, fashion, emotional maturity, emotional immaturity, hair swaps, high heels, higher heels, snooty fashionista bullies getting their comeuppance, random chaos, and a pair of crazy mixed up kids trying to do right by the world.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -
= Part 6 – Malls well that ends Well =
By Razmagurk

The rest of the mall trip didn't quite go as expected. At least that's kind of how I remember it. Looking back I guess it was fine up until we got to the food court, and even then, things could have been a lot worse, but still, we caused quite a bit of havoc.

Knowing what I know now I guess it wasn't so bad. No one really got hurt (that didn't deserve it, anyway), and despite all the chaos, it was, well, kind of fun. Sure, the device got a little misused, but its not like we were being, well, evil about it or anything. No, after seeing first hand just what sort of pain that thing can cause, I know that what we were getting up to was child's play in comparison.

But I guess I'm getting a bit ahead of myself. Where was I?

Right. The rest of the mall trip didn't quite go as expected. Despite all of that heartache, we had only gotten through, like, two more stores before we encountered our next set of victims – *my* next set of victims.

Now, even ignoring his new sexy walk, shoe shopping with Evan was an experience to remember. He went straight for the store's highest heels. I have no idea how he managed to move around in them. I mean, I certainly hadn't swapped anyone's shoe proficiencies around, and yet he had no trouble bounding around in them like they were sneakers, showing off his long shapely legs.

My guess is that sometimes the device does weird things in order to keep people from just kind of falling over. Like, despite my center of balance being completely different I had no problems walking, and when I'd been wearing those fuck-me heels last night, I hadn't had any trouble moving around in them at all. I don't know if it's a safety feature or some kind of just a quality of life thing, but I was grateful for it. The problem was that I couldn't seem to figure out where it drew the line. What was something I had done and what was the device just being generous?

Evan, for example, kept insisting on trying on heels much higher than the ones either of us had been wearing last night and they weren't even slowing him down. What was causing that? Was it the wardrobe swap? That would have given him as much experience with heels as I had previously, wouldn't it? And the stuff he was wearing now was a whole other level from anything I'd ever tried before. Did the device considered shoe skill a form of body language? When we met back up with that girl would we find her unable to walk in anything higher than flats? Or was this just that little quality of life thing? If the latter than why the heck wasn't it doing anything to help me?

While Evan darted around the store (practically pirouetting at one point), I was doing that one thing that I'd always nagged at him about: I was erring on the side of comfort over fashion. In truth I had actually chosen several rather cute looking shoes, but whatever magical superpowers Evan's calves seemed to have developed had apparently decided to give me a pass. I'm one of those girls who likes her heels low and respectable, the kind of thing you only really break out for special occasions. I certainly didn't have the skills required for the 5+ inch stilettos Evan kept trying to get me to try on. Of course, I didn't realize this until I had fallen flat on my enormous tits.

After that I decided to just take advantage of the fact that going for smaller heels gave me a better variety of shoes to choose from, especially now that I had daintier, more normal-sized feet instead of my old annoyingly short and wide ones.

Honestly, I think I deserve credit for not swapping my heel skill with one of the girls who looked like they were regulars there. I was proud of myself for that. That took a lot of restraint. Especially with some of the weird bitchy looks they were giving me.

The saleswoman, an older lady who was a little overly supportive of my desire to wear female footwear, seemed amazed that I could walk in heels at all. I had tried to leave with just a variety of sexy flats and a pair of sneakers, but she had insisted that I'd want stuff with a bit of heel and flash on it when we went out on the town. She was right of course, but I was hardly in the mood to admit it at the time.

Truth be told, part of the reason I was hesitant to really try stuff on was because I was finding myself increasingly troubled by my new jeans. I hadn't thought too much about it when I'd tried them on, but it turns out that there's a certain amount of space that a dick requires that pants don't really afford.

Maybe it was just the girly cut, or the fact that my dick was so naturally huge, but I felt like I had more cock and ball bulge going on than I had cleavage, and while the support was nice, I kept having to stop and make awkward adjustments, and that's when I wasn't hard as a rock from ogling my inconveniently sexy boyfriend. At least I was wearing appropriate underwear.

Having seen the best of both worlds, it is, in my professional opinion, totally weird that girls are the ones wearing skirts instead of guys. Pants are great, but when you need to make room for a great big dick, skirts are totally the way to go.

When we had entered that store, Evan was standing shorter than me. When we left, we were standing eye to eye. Not that I was looking at his eyes, of course, not with the way his silky long legs were looking. We had started to accrue bags, and as strong as I'm sure Evan believed himself to be, I felt obligated to help out, even if it was just so I could have an excuse to watch the way Evan's little skirt waved back and forth with every step.

We were just making our way over to a third shoe store when I saw them. It was that same pair from earlier – the bratty kid and his sister, the one who had been staring up my skirt on the elevator. The two of them were standing outside one of those stores that used to be a music store, but now mostly just

sold DVDs and band paraphernalia. I don't know if it was my familiarity with them or the fact that they were still so poorly dressed from the height swap, but the way they stood out was enough to draw my attention away from even Evan.

They had just come out of the store. I assumed by its comfortable fit that the heavy metal t-shirt the kid now wore must have been a recent purchase. The sister, conversely, seemed to have some kind of boyband poster sticking out of her bag.

They were arguing about something, but I was too far away to really make it out. I guess arguing isn't quite the right word. Arguing implies a back-and-forth parity. This was the brother yelling about something while the sister kind of stood there meekly and took it. Based on the way he was gesturing to the stuff they had just bought, and based on the girl's reaction, I assumed that he was making fun of the girl's musical tastes.

Despite – or perhaps because of – his smaller size, the older brother seemed to be using some pretty strong words. Whatever he was saying, the girl looked like she was on the verge of tears.

I just could not believe that this kid was still being an asshole to his sister. It made my blood boil. Sure, a part of it was that I had taught this kid a lesson twice already, but I also couldn't help but remember how shitty my own brother had treated me when we were their age. If the shoe was on the other foot, this shit would never happen. I needed to deal with this kid once and for all.

I pulled out the device, but hesitated. I could feel that old familiar struggle inside me. This was the feeling I got when I knew deep down that I was going to wind up eating that last cookie after all. The feeling that all the platitudes and bargaining in the world wasn't going to do anything about it or make it any better. It was that feeling where you know you should be doing something good, like working out or studying, but instead you just can't work up the will to stop lazing around on the couch. I hated that feeling, and yet there I was, helpless to it.

After what felt like an eternity of arguing with myself, I began setting the dials. A part of me reasoned that at least it was a justifiable use of the device, but deep down I knew that that excuse was pretty hollow.

Carefully I dialed in my selection. This would be a pretty easy one, I figured. If I swapped their taste in music, then he wouldn't be able to tease her about it, right? The fact that a kid his age probably wouldn't be caught dead listening to boybands seemed like an acceptable additional layer of punishment. Would he consider it his dirty little secret, or would he be as open about it as the metal? I wondered if this would swap the intensity of their love of music too?

I grinned as I took aim, imagining him as one of those screaming fan-girls you see at all the concerts and stuff, and pressed the button.

I don't know why, but I was expecting them to have, at the very least, swapped shirts. After all, what kind of convoluted explanation could this kid's new memories have for why he was now wearing a shirt

of his sister's favorite band? Honestly, I had sort of just assumed that she'd end up with a heavy metal poster and he'd wind up with a boy band shirt, but no. The only difference was that after a few seconds she had handed him the bag with the poster in it. I guess it was his now? Okay, so it had worked at least. I let out a breath that I didn't realize I had been holding.

It seemed however, that swapping their tastes around had done nothing to resolve their little argument. In fact, the kid seemed a great deal less happy now. Still, the argument continued. I guess now he was going on about how his pop music was better than her metal? Typical.

Okay, so that hadn't worked. What else could I do to fix this?

Honestly, I didn't really think it would matter what I did, the topic of the argument was probably immaterial. He was just one of those big brothers who liked to make his sister feel like shit because it made him feel like a big man. She was probably going to take everything way too seriously and wind up crying herself to sleep that night and grow up with low self esteem because she got told how crap she was at everything all the time by one of the few people she actually looked up to and cared about.

I took a deep breath. Maybe I was projecting just a bit. But still, the problem seemed ingrained into their very roles.

Maybe I could swap their ages around? If he was acting like a little brat I sure as hell could make him one. But, no, they wouldn't even realize anything was different, would they? And it would be like having the girl give up a chunk of her childhood just so her asshole brother could have it. Uhg, no thanks.

No, this called for something a little more complex, something a little more subtle.

I think that while I had sort of begun to realize that the device could basically do anything I wanted it to, I was still having trouble taking that and really thinking outside the box with it. I must have sat there fiddling with the controls for a good few minutes before it hit me.

I smiled. If this worked the way I expected... oh man, it opened up a whole other world of possibility. Besides, if it didn't, then at least I'd have found the devices limits. That was good too, right?

"Alright punk," I said mostly to myself as I raised my finger to the button, "let's see how you like it for a change."

With a louder than normal zzzzttttt, the device was suddenly painfully hot in my hand. I winced in surprise, but managed to avoid dropping it. I plopped it down quickly into my bag as I shook out my hand.

Fuck, I hadn't broken it had I? This had happened before, but it hadn't been that bad. It had been working fine just a little while ago. Why was it so hot now?

Luckily my hand didn't seem too badly burned and the thing didn't appear to be on fire or melting or anything. I certainly didn't smell any smoke. Still, if it was damaged internally I would have no way of knowing, and if it was malfunctioning, well... I think this was pretty much the last thing in the world I'd want getting buggy.

I looked around to see if anything weird had happened, but everything seemed normal. I just prayed that everything seeming normal was not part of the weird stuff going on. For all I knew, this thing could... I don't know... make it so everyone went around naked all the time or something and I wouldn't even notice. Or, I guess, it could make it so that everyone walks around with clothes all the time, but in this scenario the naked thing is the original normal. Gah.

Completely oblivious to how close everyone could have just been to a total reality shift, everyone continued to walk around on their hands, legs dangling in the air like nothing had happened. Off in the distance I could see a toddler scolding her parents for something and a dog taking her owner for a walk.

Relax, I'm joking. None of that last bit happened. Everything really was normal, near as I could tell.

The brother and sister seemed... well, it had worked, I guessed. The girl had reached down and taken the boy-band poster away from her brother and was now teasing him with it by holding it just out his reach, a familiar reversal from before I had swapped their heights around. To my delight, the older boy now seemed completely defanged against the stronger force of his younger sister's will. He was still angry, of course, and was stomping his foot in frustration, but it was an impotent rage. His harsh words replaced by a meek resignation regarding his inability to get his stuff back or, really, to have any meaningful defense against his sister's assaults. I imagined this sort of thing happened all the time now. I could even see tears starting to well up in his eyes. I silently hoped I hadn't overdone it.

"Okay," said Evan, snapping me back to reality. "What are you up to?"

"Um." I looked down at the device in my bag. He must have noticed me fumbling the thing around. I guess I was hardly being subtle with it. I'm just glad the thing was relatively unassuming. People not noticing their swaps was one thing, but when you waved a weird device around, well, that can be a little suspicious. Always swap your victims from a safe, unseen location. If I ever wrote a book about this, that would be rule number one. I'm just glad it wasn't shaped like a remote control or a gun or something else that people would instinctively notice if you started pointing it at them.

"Oh, um." I faltered a little. Shit. I had just broken my promise to myself, hadn't I? "That brat over there had been teasing his sister and it was really pissing me off, so I uh," I smiled nervously, "I swapped them around a little bit. I think. Its kind of complicated."

"Who?" he said, looking over. "That girl over there?"

"Yeah." I smiled.

"It looks like she's still teasing her little sister."

“What? No, no,” I said, following his gaze “that’s the sight of justice.” I was half-heartedly trying to re-affirm my logic that this had been a good idea. “It was the other way around before.”

“Like, you swapped their ages around?”

“I had thought about doing that, but no. Close though. I turned the younger sister into the older brother.”

He tilted his head a little, eyes still glued to the pair. “Like, you swapped them around completely?”

“What? No. I swapped which one was the brother. Like, just their roles.”

His eyes widened slightly as he raised an eyebrow. “I didn’t know it could do that.”

“Me neither. Well, I suspected. I wasn’t really sure until I tried.”

“So, wait.” Evan squinted slightly. “Sorry. I’m having a hard time taking this one in for some reason. You’re saying...That that girl’s little sister, the one that she’s playing keep away with –”

“Is actually her older brother, yes, and he still has the body, mind and (presumably) the life of a teenage boy who is older than his female sibling, despite now being his younger female sibling’s younger sister.”

“Right.” He said, nodding slightly. “Okay, that’s what I thought.”

There was a pause as Evan continued to nod, processing this information.

“And you’re saying that was something you did with the device?”

“Oh my god” I put my palm up to my face. “Yes!”

Evan continued to eyeball the two.

“I guess...” he finally said, with a shrug that sent his tits bouncing, “I guess I’ll have to take your word for it?”

I let out an sigh.

“Okay,” I said “you not knowing about the swaps I made to you is one thing, but how am I supposed to talk to you about this stuff if you don’t even believe that I’m doing it? You’ve seen the thing for yourself. You know what it can do.”

He looked down, a little embarrassed.

"I guess its just a little hard to internalize. Like, logically, I know what you're saying, but its like you're telling me that you made the sky blue. I mean, its a big deal yes, but its something I'm going to have a hard time reacting appropriately to, you know? Its like, you're talking about him being older and male as though that excludes him from being her little sister, but I mean, come on, look at them."

"Evan, by definition you cannot be older and male and still be the little sister."

"Well, yeah, semantically, sure, but there he is, plain as day."

I sighed. How far did the obliviousness go? Did him being unaware of the changes go so far as to actively keep him from being made aware of them? Or was he just being thick? Dear lord, I loved him, but he could be a little thick sometimes."

"Okay." I sighed. "we're not getting anywhere with this. New rule: no using the device unless we're both aware of the change. That way we this sort of thing doesn't happen again."

"I thought you didn't want it getting used at all?"

"I don't! But like, when I do, I'm not allowed to use it unless we're both touching it, okay? If you see me taking it out, I want you to call me out on it. We can be in this together or not at all."

"Baby," he said, smiling "you're a good person. You don't need my permission to use that thing. I trust you to not make any rash decisions when it comes to – "

"No, Evan, stop. I appreciate what you're saying and I am glad that you trust me, but I don't trust myself anymore. I feel like I've been making rash actions all day and I clearly don't have the willpower I need to be a moral agent about this."

"See, I don't believe that. Sure, things don't always work out the way you had intended, but you always mean well. You just need to believe in yourself."

"That's the problem! I do believe in myself. I believe in myself being entirely unable to resist the urge to turn you into some kind of sex toy the next time the opportunity comes up."

A seductive smile broke over Evan's stupid sexy lips. "If you want me to be your sex toy, baby..."

"Uhg, that's the problem," I said, biting my lip, "God, I really do. Look, Evan, this is important to me, okay? I need you to promise that you're going to keep me in line and that you're going to be here with me throughout all the strangeness. Its... its bad enough that I keep changing you," I could feel myself choking up a bit "I'm worried that I... that I'm changing too. And I need you to help keep me grounded."

Evan seemed a bit surprised as I blinked back some tears. Where had those come from? I didn't even realize I had gotten so worked up.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. This has just been eating away at me all day." I took a deep breath and let it out slowly before continuing. "I need you, baby. I need you to be there for me. Even if its just having someone to talk to about this with, and I need you to be there to make sure this power doesn't change me, doesn't make me some kind of turbo-slut or supervillain or something."

A faint smile broke across his concerned face.

"Of course." He said, solemnly. "I promise, baby, that I will always be there for you, no matter what. And that if this all ends with you somehow trying to take over the world, I'll be there to stop you."

I leaned over and gave him a great big hug.

"But I need you to promise me something as well, okay?" he continued "I need you to promise me that you're going to help me help you. No more using the device off on your own when you think I'm not looking. No more just taking it out and using it without telling me what you're up to. If you want me to help, you need to help me help. You can trust me, baby, with anything, but no matter how much I promise, I can't help it if I'm oblivious to what you've changed."

I held the hug for just a moment longer, taking comfort in his warmth..

"Right." I said. "That... that makes a lot of sense. I'm sorry, I've been pretty self-absorbed about all this haven't I?"

"Maybe just a little." Evan laughed.

We pulled apart and stared into each others eyes.

"I love you, Evan."

He smiled.

"I love you, too, baby."

We hugged again, until I felt better.

"Sorry." I said as we eventually pulled apart. "I've completely side tracked us, haven't I? What were we doing?"

"You know what?" Said Evan "We can do more shopping later. Are you hungry?"

I nodded. Breakfast aside I hadn't eaten very much that day.

“Let’s go get some dinner.” He laughed. “I’m starving.”

The food court was packed. It was that nebulous time of night that could only be described as the dinner rush. As a general rule, I try to get my shopping done when things aren’t super busy, so this was the most crowded I had ever seen the place. It was going to take us a while, but that was fine. It was normal. Despite the thoughts crossing my mind, I wasn’t going to swap our way to the front of the line or swap ourselves some good seats or anything like that. We were just going to stand here patiently while I practice my self-restraint.

I almost burst out laughing when Evan, bless his heart, had tried, and failed, to use his feminine wiles to get a couple of guys to give up their seats for us. The poor thing was still accustomed to guys finding him super hot. He seemed kind of disappointed that it hadn’t worked. What can I say? They just didn’t see in him what I did, no matter how thick he laid it on.

Eventually, we found a table off in the corner. It was a little cramped, but it was out of the way and we had a good view of the court.

Normally I find mall food kind of bleh, but today I was completely famished, and nothing makes food more appealing than hunger. I guess my new body came with some weird calorie requirements: big boobs apparently meant a big appetite. That said, it could have just as easily been the marathon sex Evan and I had had that morning. Better eat up, actually, I thought to myself. There was going to be plenty more of that to come tonight.

Evan apparently was just as hungry. He had a whole tray bursting with food. He’d always been a big eater so that was pretty typical for him. What was surprising was that he only really picked at it, taking these tiny little bites and chewing slowly rather than scarfing everything down at once. I guess there had been some kind of disconnect between what he thought he could eat and what his body could handle, big boobs or not. Maybe he thought his big jock body needed a bunch of big jock food when it was basically the opposite case. Or maybe eating habits fell under body language? Was this what sexy eating looked like? Shit, now that was all I could focus on. My dick shifted uncomfortably in my seat.

Our attempts at conversation were cut short by the sudden keening shriek of rambunctious children, audible even above the din of the crowd.

Now, normally, I’m fine with kids. I leave them alone and they leave me alone. That’s the deal. These kids however seemed completely out of control. They had apparently decided that a huge cramped crowd of hungry, exhausted people was the perfect place to start chasing each other around while screaming at the top of their lungs.

They were... well, I’m a bad judge of ages. They were young enough that they probably thought running around screaming like idiots was great fun, and evidently not old enough to know any better. It was a brother and sister. Maybe it was a sugar thing? The boy seemed to have spilled something chocolatey down the front of his shirt at some point and one of the girl’s hands seemed conspicuously sticky.

Their parents, a worn-down couple sitting a table down from us, seemed completely unable or unwilling to control their offspring. I was actually kind of surprised at how young they were, but they had this kind of exhausted look in their eyes that spoke of being aged well beyond their years. With kids like these, I couldn't blame them.

Slowly, I withdrew the device from my bag, then I stopped and looked up at Evan. He looked down at the device then back up at me. I could feel a lump in my throat.

"What's the plan?" He smiled impishly.

Reassured, I smiled back. "I was thinking," I said, trying to balance between being heard by Evan and not being heard by anyone else, "of helping those parents get their kids under control for a bit. You know, just taking some of the weight off their shoulders."

There was a pause while he looked the parents over.

"Temporarily, of course." I added, as though it were so obvious that it was hardly worth saying.

He smiled again and nodded in approval as he wrapped his hands around mine and the device.

I smiled back at him, then began adjusting the controls. We pressed the button together.

Zzzzttttt!

So, as it turns out, doing multiple swaps at once was a little trickier than I had anticipated. I don't know if I had just aimed it wrong, or if something had gotten mixed up somewhere in the line, or what. Regardless, the results were... interesting... to say the least.

Evan and I had to struggle to contain our laughter. We had hit our intended targets, that much was clear, but, well, the mother had ended up with the body of her young son, and the father had ended up with the body of his little girl.

Much to my surprise, the kids continued to run around, their suddenly adult bodies banging all the more annoyingly into tables and other patrons. That got some dirty looks. Luckily it didn't take them very long for their energy to burn out. Soon, to our great relief, they returned, tuckered out and quiet, to their parents.

The parents, conversely, seemed completely enervated by the swap. In fact, they were now struggling with that same impatient energy that had been driving the kids completely crazy a moment ago. The father was enthusiastically swinging his pink-clad legs back and forth in his seat as he leaned over his plate while the mother fiddled nervously with the fork in her hand. Well, at least all that energy was now tempered by a mind that wasn't going to run around and yell like an idiot.

The noise having suddenly died down I managed to catch the tail end of the conversation the mother and father were having. Apparently, the two were discussing where they needed to go shopping next. It seems that they needed to go buy more tampons for their son. The boy, sitting there awkwardly in his mother's body, blushed with embarrassment when this was mentioned. His sister stuck out her tongue, but it was her turn to get embarrassed when the father mentioned that they needed to pick up some hemorrhoid cream for her as well.

They also concluded that maybe a treat was in order for the children, since they were being so well behaved all of a sudden. The father concurred, and suggested that he had a craving for something sweet himself.

As eager as I was to enjoy this little piece of dinner theater, it, and my appetite, was completely ruined by what happened next.

If only I hadn't looked over at just that moment. I may have missed her. If only I and Evan had been sitting in opposite seats, my back would have been turned and I would have been none-the-wiser. I could have gone on with my day without everything that was about to happen. But no, I had to look over at just that point. It felt like I was in a movie and everything was moving in slow mo.

There, walking into the food court, dressed like the perfect little barbie doll that she was, was Essie del Rio. My smile sank as the bitter taste of anxiety rose up in the back of my throat.

"Shit." I blurted out.

Evan turned around to follow my gaze.

"What?"

"Don't look!" I yelled, pulling his hand.

"What is it?" he said, still looking.

"It's... It's..." I growled. "Do you remember I told you about that one girl that used to make my life a living hell in high school?"

"Wait, which one?" he said turning back to me. "There were a few, weren't there?"

I shot him a dirty look. He shrugged apologetically.

"The fashionista."

He raised an eyebrow. "The one who stole your boyfriend Josh away? Wait... why would you have even had a boyfriend?"

“Josh wasn’t my boyfriend! And yes! That’s her!”

“Where?” he turned back to look again.

“The skinny blonde one with the stupid designer top and purse!” I gestured “She’s got like, two bubble blonde bitches flanking her on either side.”

“Oh! I think I see her. Wow, her makeup’s really on point.”

“Not helping, dear.”

“Sorry.” He frowned, a little embarrassed.

“Uhg. I hate her so much. Just seeing her brings back all kinds of horrible feelings.”

“Teenagers can be really cruel.” He gave me a sympathetic look before turning to look back at Essie. “If you guys went to high school together, what’s she doing here? You didn’t grow up anywhere near here.”

“I don’t know! Maybe she transferred to our school? Maybe she lives around here now? Oh god I hope not.” I tried to take a deep breath, but it came out kind of ragged. “Hell, she probably came here just to make my life miserable.”

This was not, strictly speaking, an exaggeration. She could make my life miserable just by the anxiety her presence caused in me.

Was I really freaking out this badly? I didn’t realize she had such a strong influence on me. No, I didn’t realize I was *letting her* have such a strong influence on me. This had to stop. I was an adult now. I was hot now. I had a fantastic boyfriend now and no one was ever going to take that away. I would sooner die.

“She used to think she was so much better than everyone,” I explained “just because she always had the latest fashions and all the money in the world and because she was so popular with all the guys.” I paused and gave her an appraising look. “Actually, I think I see now why she was so popular with all the guys.” She was beautiful, there was no doubt about that. But she was beautiful like a model is beautiful, the way art is beautiful. She wasn’t sexy and she wasn’t hot and she certainly didn’t have any kind of weird aura that made my dick jump just looking at her or anything, and yet she was still undeniably attractive.

God, it made me want to punch her right in her perfect angelic face.

Was it weird though that I preferred the way Evan looked? I mean, I guess I just preferred buxom sexpots. Did that count as having a type? Maybe it was just all the resentment I had for her.

“Regardless,” I continued, trying to get my thoughts together. “She always used her sense of fashion as a weapon. God, I can still hear her saying ‘oh, you’re wearing that?’ to insecure little high school me. I didn’t even care about what I was wearing and it still broke me.”

I took another deep breath.

“It’s okay now though, right?” Evan said, squeezing my hand, “I mean, you said it before, you’ve come a long way since then.”

He was right. I had come a long way. Today showed that maybe I hadn’t quite come as far as I’d like, but I mean, I used to be a complete bundle of neurosis. High school was a rough time for me. Meeting Evan, especially, had been very good for me indeed these past few years. His support and trust let me be myself in a very judgemental world. I smiled a little at how absurd the notion of me being myself seemed right now.

“You’re right,” I said. “I have. And today, I shall have my revenge!”

“Wait, what?” Evan blinked.

“Okay, maybe that’s being a little overly dramatic.”

Evan opened his mouth to speak, but I interrupted him

“And yes, I know what you’re going to say and you’re right. I probably shouldn’t be using the reality altering super-machine to get back at my highschool bully, or something like that. And, yes, you’re absolutely right. We’re all terrible people in high school and I should just forgive her and go on with my life as the better person.”

Evan opened his mouth again, but I kept going.

“But!” I continued. “That girl and others like her made life hell for me and others like me and she was never punished for it. In so far as I’m concerned she continues to be just as big of a bitch now as she was then, still ruining lives. She needs to be taken down a peg, and I’m finally in a position to do it.”

Evan waited, unsure if I was finished. He gave me a blank stare.

“Okay...” he said, choosing his words carefully “If you’re set on it, I won’t dissuade you. I *trust* you. Just, you know... take it easy, okay? You have a *lot* of power and its so easy to go overboard with this sort of thing. If you make her life hell then all you’re doing is being just as bad as she was to you. So don’t go, I don’t know, swapping her body with a skunk or whatever, you know?”

“I... I hadn’t considered something like that, actually.” I said. “I mean... I am now considering it, but I hadn’t before. But.. no, as much as that would make her suffer – or would it? I don’t even know if she’d

notice – I don't think that's quite the kind of revenge I had in mind. I was thinking something a bit more ironic."

Evan gave me a look of restrained disapproval, but didn't object.

"Here," I held the device out to Evan. "Like I said before, I want you touching the device with me. You can keep me honest. And if I do anything stupid, I don't want to lose you."

"Aw," he smiled sweetly, putting his hand on mine. "Good idea. I don't want to lose you either."

Like a woman with a mission, I began setting the dials. Essie had used her sense of fashion as a weapon all her life? Well let's see how she felt about finally being disarmed.

The electrical zzztzztttt echoed through my head as I pressed the button. This time it seemed to dig in and make my teeth tingle. It was always much louder when I used it on myself. I wondered for a brief moment if everyone who got swapped felt it, or if it was just whoever was holding onto the device. Maybe everyone heard it, the soul-shaking sound of reality rearranging, and ignoring it was a part of being oblivious to the changes.

It took me a few moments before I realized that the world had lurched. I clenched my eyes. All of the colors had been cranked up to eleven and the world was turned sideways. My head swam as foreign thoughts and sensations besieged an unprepared brain.

"Oh my god!" I exclaimed. I found myself clutching the edge of the table as I struggled to make sense of what I was seeing. "What the hell am I wearing?"

I was dressed like a bimbo who had stopped giving a fuck. I was wearing the most unimaginative slutty-shirt-and-slutty-jeans combo imaginable. My dick wasn't even dressed to the side or tucked properly - I had folded it up and stuck it into my waistband. I felt like a hooker on laundry day. How had I thought these clothes would be a good idea? It's like they were tailor-picked to draw attention to my huge fat ass and my ugly cow tits.

Ew, I had made myself this way, too. How could I have made myself so hideous? I could have had any body I'd wanted and I'd gone with porn-star Barbie. How original. I'd seen hentai caricatures with more restraint than my body had right now.

It wasn't just me, either. I was like a blind woman seeing for the first time. Everywhere I looked, all I could see was how everyone was wearing what had to be the ugliest clothes they could. Every mismatched color, every unsuitable body shape, every fold out of place... each minor offense was like a discordant note and a bad odor all rolled up into one.

Had I fucked this up somehow? Was this my doing? Had I accidentally swapped everyone's clothes around somehow? There's no way anyone would dress like that willingly, was there?

“What’s wrong?” Evan asked, giving me a look of concerned confusion.

Uhg. And he was the worse. He was dressed like a girl who had only ever had clothes described to her was trying to make a statement about how little sense of style she had, using only what she could find in the dumpster behind a back-alley sex shop.

“It’s your clothes.” I said, feeling bile rising up in the back of my throat.

“What about them?” he looked down a little offended.

How could I explain what I was seeing? How could I break to Evan the only reason he wasn’t a laughing stock right now – a clown-clothed transvestite freak – was because of the device’s magic?

“It’s... god, how to explain this. It’s like all I can see right now is how you look like a little girl who got into her mom’s closet, only her mom is a hooker. It’s like...”

I stopped suddenly, hand over my mouth, afraid at what I’d say next. I had very nearly told him that it was a good thing he was good with makeup, because he’d be better off wearing just that than what he was wearing right now.

“W-what?” He croaked. I could see the pain of betrayal in his eyes. He had thought he looked pretty good. I mean, we both had, up until a moment ago.

Shit, why had I said that? Wasn’t that exactly what I had put up with throughout high school?

I closed my eyes. If this was how she saw the world, it wasn’t a blessing, it was a curse. I didn’t want any part of this.

Struggling to get a grip on the surging waves sloshing around in my brain, I blindly grabbed the device and set the dials. I chanced one glance into the crowd to aim, and I couldn’t help but notice in that moment that even Essie seemed drab and poorly dressed. Her accessorizing was painfully out of date and she clearly had decided that ironing was something that happened to other people. It was nice at least to know that not even she seemed to live up to her own standards.

I pressed the button.

The hostile thoughts warring through my mind were washed away by the electrical zap that swept through my soul. It was like a vice had suddenly slipped its grip on my brain. I took a breath and opened my eyes.

The contrast was staggering. Once again, it took me a few moments to come to terms with what I was looking at, and to make sure that my thoughts were my own. Sometimes, it seems, the device keeping you unaware of the changes is a sort of mercy. The sudden exposure to that woman’s worldview had

been so completely overwhelming. It was way too much. I felt so strangely violated. I shuddered to think of what other dangers those kinds of swaps could result in.

I looked across the table at Evan, who had moved from angry to worried. I breathed a sigh of relief. There was nothing wrong with his trashy clothes. Sure, he looked like a total slut, and sure, I didn't like the idea of wearing quite that sort of thing myself, but I sure as hell liked seeing them on my boyfriend. And off of him. Woof. My dick bulged against its confinement.

My own clothes, likewise, while hardly ideal, were far from ugly. The fact that I had curves now just meant that everything I wore looked sexy on me. In fact, I was damn proud of how I looked. Even if, you know, I had chosen the look myself. If anything that should just make me more proud, shouldn't it? Most beautiful people are born that way – I had to go out and make myself that way.

Everyone else was just wearing... clothes. Some probably more fashionable than others, but it was hardly reason to hate them. No one looked ugly just because they were wearing the wrong style shirt. My attention was no longer drawn to each and every minor clothing infraction. It was like all the color had gone out of the world, but in a good way.

That was... more intense than I wanted it to be. Those thoughts weren't my own and they were terrifying. How could something so small make me so angry and hateful? I had even been a bitch to Evan and the last thing I ever wanted to do was to hurt him.

"I'm sorry baby." I said, turning back to him "I- I didn't mean that."

"It's okay. I know I'm dressed like a bit of a man-whore, but hey, I'm okay with that - I've always been a showoff. The important thing," he half-heartedly gave me a flirty pose and a wink "is that I pull it off."

I smiled.

"What just happened though?" he continued "You did a swap and then you started acting weird. For a moment I thought you'd swapped minds with that girl or something"

"No, not quite. I... I swapped our fashion sense. Turns out hers is just cranked all the way up to max. All she can see is all the flaws in everyone else. No wonder she's such a bitch."

"So what now?"

"Well, um... I guess, having seen the world as she sees it I've come to terms with the fact that she's really just a victim to her own perceptions. It would be unjust to seek revenge when really she was just crying out for help the whole time."

"Wait." Evan blinked. "Really?"

“No. I’m totally still going to mess her up.” I laughed. “At the end of the day it’s her own damn fault that she sees everyone that way to begin with. In so far as I’m concerned she needs to suffer a little to appreciate the fact that everyone is flawed and that that’s okay.”

“I...” he chewed on his words for a minute before deciding he still wouldn’t be able to talk me out of it. “Okay. If that’s what you want to do. Just, let me know what your doing before you do this time, okay? I was worried.”

“Right.” I looked him apologetically in the eyes. “Sorry about that.”

Okay, so swapping my fashion sense with hers hadn’t worked. Bad idea. And after all that had happened I definitely didn’t want to do anything else with Evan. New plan. I needed another target to swap her with.

Thankfully, for those who seek, the mall provides.

It wasn’t long before I saw him. He was just leaving the line for Taco Bell, a big tray of greasy food in hand. He was overweight, but not quite obese - for some reason there just weren’t a lot of truly obese people in this town. The important thing was what he was wearing. He had on an old t-shirt that was clearly one size too large, and while it had once probably been white it was now a kind of faded yellow from stains and years of use. He complimented this with a pair of extra-long lime-green shorts that I suspected was actually some kind of swimsuit, the untied drawstring of which bounced down in front of him as he walked. His unkempt beard and greasy hair served as perfect capstones. Now, he wasn’t ugly, per se – if he cleaned himself up there might be something salvageable under there – but he was clearly a man who did not care about the way he was dressed or the way he looked.

I could feel the surge of adrenalin start to pump through my veins as I set the dials on the device and explained my plan to Evan. I was going to swap the slob’s fashion sense onto Essie then let her hyper-judgemental perceptions constantly point out that everything she wore was terrible and that there was nothing she could do to fix it. Evan nodded. I pressed the button.

A mad blush spread across the face of the slob as he looked down. Panic filled his eyes as his steps became increasingly self-conscious. I’m sure he’d probably have fled then and there if he wasn’t worried about drawing attention to himself.

In so far as I could tell however, Essie couldn’t care less. She carried on her conversation with one of her friends as if nothing had happened. Fuck. of course. It’s not like she’s going to get embarrassed about what she’s wearing all of a sudden. If anything I probably made her less embarrassed about it. Okay, well, if that didn’t work, I’d take it a step further.

I couldn’t just swap their clothes around – there was no way the slob would fit into Essie’s dress and I was not eager to see it explode off of him – so I swapped around their bodies instead. Nice and simple. Interestingly, their trays and food, which they had both been holding, seemed to swap along with them.

The slob, now respectably dressed, quickly calmed down. Essie however continued to act like the prissy bitch she's always been. She even held the taco in her hands daintily. Again, no one seemed to notice anything. Uhg. I wondered if her little followers now found what she was wearing fashionable? I mean, she had always been ahead of the curve. Oh god, I hoped I hadn't started some dumb trend. The last thing I wanted was for obesity and grease stains to be all the rage next year.

Okay, so that wasn't working either. I swapped their bodies back. The look of apprehension returned to the slob's face.

I smiled as I saw that Essie's delicate body was now the one sitting in front of a huge plate of tacos. I guess they had both set their trays down before I had swapped them back? The slob looked hesitantly at the salad before him. Ah. Now that gave me a fun idea.

As best as I could recall Essie had been one of those girls who would go the whole day on a single piece of celery, leaving the rest of us, with our perfectly healthy appetites, feeling like fat losers. I was not proud of the fact that I had skipped many a lunch because of her, thinking it better to starve than to be fat. The fact that she had gotten a salad at a food court seemed to confirm she wasn't much better these days. I was willing to bet however that the slob was not so fastidious.

Neither Evan's hand on the device nor my own seemed to muffle the gentle zzzztttt the device made as I swapped their eating habits around.

A few minutes later I was rewarded with the sight of Essie scarfing down her tacos like they were going out of style. Her dignified and refined posture now reserved for the slob, who was daintily eating his salad like it was some kind of necessary evil. She must have found some kind of inner reserve of eating prowess because even with her smaller mouth she was downing them in one or two bites each. Greasy crumbs fell from her mouth onto her designer top.

Her little lackey friends continued to eat their salads as though nothing was amiss, using their forks more to punctuate their sentences than to eat. To my utter delight, Essie seemed insistent upon replying to them even with her mouth full.

I laughed. Evan furrowed his brow.

"I don't get it." he said "She's... eating tacos messily?"

"Yeah, and I get that no one but us will find it out of place, but I can't tell you how good it feels to see little miss perfect have some bad habits. But the real victory here is that, if she keeps it up, she's going to gain a bunch of weight, right? I gave her some bad eating habits, but I didn't swap her metabolism or anything. She'll keep eating big and snacking all the time and before she knows it she'll start to get fat and she'll have to actually struggle against temptation for once like the rest of us mortals. If she wants to keep in a size zero dress, at least."

"Oh." He blinked "Why not just swap her body weight with that guy's? That way she'd already be fat."

"Yeah, but making her fat isn't the point. Besides, apart from her dress probably exploding off of her, she wouldn't even notice. No, I want her to struggle. Maybe if she knows how hard it is for some people to be like she is, she'll be less judgemental of those who fail."

"that's... very subtle." Evan laughed "I'm impressed."

"You think?" I glanced back over. A huge dollop of greasy sauce fell from Essie's mouth and rolled down her shirt and onto her pants. She seemed too engrossed in her meal to realize. "You may be right... maybe that's too subtle? Maybe I can like... I don't know. Swap her hygiene with a baby's or something while I'm at it?"

"What?" Evan wasn't sure if I was joking or not.

"I guess that's not really fair to the baby though, huh? It would have to like, take a shower every morning? And probably go through a big skincare regime? I don't know how that would really work..."

Evan just looked at me blankly.

"Relax," I said, "I'm joking."

His expression softened.

Honestly, the sight of my victory had kind of taken the edge off of my anger. All my old hatreds and rage now just seemed really... petty. I won't say it wasn't satisfying, but it felt strangely hollow and disconcerting. I could do anything to this girl. If I was so inclined I could swap her ability to move with a quadriplegic's or swap her age with an octogenarian's. I could essentially end her life as she knew it, and she wouldn't even notice. A cold shiver went down my spine. I wasn't that sort of person, was I? But wasn't that where this sort of thing was leading?

"Okay." I frowned. "maybe you're right."

"About what?"

"Its like you said. Using the reality altering super machine as a tool for petty revenge isn't such a good idea."

"Technically," he smiled "I never said that."

"Regardless. I think maybe you have the right idea. Maybe that's the moral of this whole story, that we're all better off trying to make our own lives better rather than making everyone else's lives worse. Besides, I'm starting to half-think that just being her is punishment enough."

I let out a frustrated introspective sigh.

“So you’re going to swap her back?”

I looked over at her again. Despite the enthusiasm with which she had taken to the plate, her friends had still somehow finished before her and were now just watching her eat. She let out a belch.

“Eh... I wouldn’t go that far.”

Evan laughed.

“I feel really terrible though. Not only have I been squandering this gift on stupid petty things, but I’ve been kicking myself about it all day, only to do it again and again. I feel like I’m stuck in some kind of stupid cycle of indulgence and guilt.” I clenched my fist. “And it needs to stop. I need to either get control of this or put an end to it once and for all before I do something truly stupid. This calls for desperate measures.”

“Desperate measures?” asked Evan, raising an eyebrow.

“Baby,” I said, looking Evan deeply in the eyes and making the most serious face I could muster. “I want you to zap me.”

“What?”

“I-I’ve been misusing the device. A lot. Or at least, it feels like a lot. I’ve been irresponsible and short-sighted and I just... I’ve been pretty shitty about it. I want you to use the device on me so that I learn what its like – so that I’ll learn my lesson.

“Oh, honey, no.” concern spread on his eyes. “That’s not necessary. As long as you recognize that you’ve screwed up, you can always fix it going forward.”

“No.” I shook my head “I won’t be able to take this stupid thing seriously until I’m on the receiving end of it for once. I need you to swap me somehow so that I’ll be able to get it through my thick head that this is not some kind of toy. This thing is a weapon. It can ruin lives.

“I...” he looked at the device and then back at me. “Are you sure?”

“I am.”

My heart skipped a beat as I handed him the small black box.

“Anything specific?” he asked, looking around for a victim to swap me with.

“No.” I said, closing my eyes “I want you to surprise me.”

“Okay.”

Evan took the device in his hands. For some reason seeing someone else holding it, even Evan, made my whole body tense up, like I was fast approaching the crest of a rollercoaster or like I was in a boxing ring waiting for the first punch.

“Okay, let me just um... get this all set. Let me know if you notice any changes, okay?”

I nervously and impatiently opened one eye as he fiddled with the device’s dials and inspected its surfaces. I guess he hadn’t had much chance to really take a look at the thing. I hadn’t either, come to think of it, not really. There just hadn’t been any time. It was hard to believe I had only had that thing for a day.

Suddenly, like a hunter misfiring their gun, Evan pushed the button and I flinched. There was a moment’s pause while I waited for the shoe to drop. My breath caught in my throat. Like a wave of air washing over me, nothing happened.

I opened my eyes, and then blinked. Everything was exactly the same. Or was it? I almost laughed as I contemplated the naivety of that thought.

I looked down at myself. I didn’t notice anything different. God, that was so insidious wasn’t it? I still had the giant tits and the pornstar’s body. I knew they weren’t mine, but they weren’t any different than when I’d woken up that morning. I reached down to my crotch. I still had Evan’s big old dick, hard and ready to go. Wait, that was unusual right? Had Evan swapped me his junk just now? I remembered swapping it onto myself last night, but maybe that was just the machine messing with me. It was Evan’s dick though, I remembered that, and not mine, that was an important distinction. Was this body mine? Yes, it had to be, it had Evan’s dick on it. If he’d body swapped me just now that wouldn’t be the case, would it? Unless I now thought I had Evan’s dick when in fact it was a totally different one. I touched my hands to my face. Everything felt normal up there. I still had the petite sexpot features I had swapped for last night. As best as I could tell anyway.

I smiled at the irony. Normally, the fact that I looked like a sexed-up bikini-model would have been a dead giveaway that my boyfriend had used the device on me, and here I was thinking that it was normal because I had been the one to do that to myself.

Or had I?

What had he swapped? The blood started to drain from my face as a nagging sense of dread built up within me. How far could the obliviousness go? As far as I knew I was in the slob’s body right now and was just entirely unable to recognize the terrible truth of the matter.

Was it something in my mind? Was I thinking differently? Different tastes? The way my dick twitched against my tight jeans as a glance down at Evan’s copious cleavage told me that my sex drive seemed about the same at least. Evan was still mind-numbingly hot to me. That was reassuring, actually. But

wait, had I not found him hot a minute ago? No, because then I'd not have made all those sexy swaps... unless those were all just memories of the different me that I was now... Gah. I couldn't help second guessing everything I knew. This was driving me crazy.

"Oops."

My stomach jumped in knots. Nothing quite catches your attention like that one word, especially when it comes from someone you just put a lot of trust in, like a doctor, or a barber, or a guy with a reality altering magic box.

"Oops?" I asked.

"I um." Evan was staring at a point behind me. "I think I missed."

I turned to look, but the crowd was too much, I couldn't even tell who he was looking at, let alone what was wrong about them.

"You missed?"

"I was trying to swap your hair color and I... oh my god. I think I just turned that mall cop into a baby!"

"What!?"

My head whipped around as I scanned the crowd for what he was talking about. There, so low down that I had to wait for a hole in the crowd to see him, was the security officer in question. He looked fine. He looked a little sleepy maybe, based on how he was struggling to hold up his rattle and sit up straight, but I mean, it was getting kind of late, so of course he'd be tuckered out.

Nearby was the married couple with the baby from earlier. I remembered I had swapped the wife's tits onto her husband so he could breastfeed their baby. It seemed, I guess, like the baby was hungry again as she flailed around trying to get into a position where she could comfortably access one of her father's enormous milky tits. The father was also desperately trying to get comfortable as his lap was being crushed by the enormous weight of his infant daughter's six foot frame.

I laughed. He was still clearly reticent about breast-feeding in public.

"Where?" I asked, still scanning the crowd. I couldn't see any other mall cops and each baby was more normal than the last. "I don't see it."

"Hold on." He said, fumbling clumsily with the device's dials. "Let me try to undo that." He pressed the button again. I held my breath, but nothing changed. For a moment I thought I heard the telltale zzzzt noise, but it was so subtle I could easily just have imagined it.

"Shit!" a growing look of alarm was spreading across his face. I winced.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I don't know! How the hell do you get this thing to do what you want it to do? There's no labels on this thing! Shit. Okay, no, I need to fix this."

I bit my lip as he tried pressing the button several more times, each press more frantic than the last.

"Baby stop!"

"Gah!" He dropped the device on the table like it was a gun that had just gone off. Alarm and regret warred for control over his face. He looked like he was on the verge of tears.

"Baby, it's fine." I said, taking his shaking hands into my own. "I've got you. It's going to be okay."

"I think I messed up," he said, "big time."

"It's fine," I said reassuringly "we can swap them all back."

"That's what I was trying to do but it kept just making things worse. How the hell are you supposed to control that damn thing? Its like it has a mind of its own."

"It'll be okay." I did my best to suppress the growing dread that I had just ended up on the unaware end of a completely random swap. "Here, we'll work together and set everything right."

"Look." I said, holding the device up to him. "You've just got to start by setting the dials to what kind of swap you want."

"How?" He asked "There's no labels on it."

I squinted at the device "Well what kind of swap do you want?"

"Um. I guess, hair?"

"Hair?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah," he pointed "I think I swapped that punk lady's half-mohawk with the cashier over there. "

I let out a sigh of relief. For a moment there I half expected him to say he'd made me bald or something.

I looked over. The huge half-mohawk was hard to miss, sitting loud and proud and purple as they come on the nerdy-looking cashier's head. Nearby, paying for her food, was a heavily tattooed punk chick with a dull mop of unkempt brown hair in what looked like an overgrown bowl-cut. I struggled to try and

think what was wrong with that but nothing came to mind. Still, if Evan said that wasn't how it was supposed to be, I trusted him.

"Okay," I rotated the dials. "So first you set it for hair."

Evan looked confused at the device as I did this.

"Then you've just got to point it at them," I continued, "like this."

"Right." He nodded.

"Then," I grabbed his hand and put it on the small black box, "Press the button."

"I don't understand." Evan said, looking at the device. "That's what I was doing"

The electric noise washed over both of us as we pressed the button together.

I grinned at the sight of the cashier's mohawk now sitting on the punk rocker's head. Sure, the colors matched her accessories, but the overall aesthetic of it was so completely out of place that I couldn't help but laugh. The cashier was little better, at least the mohawk had been masculine. While the short cropped brown mob now sitting on his head looked egregiously radical, it was also clearly very feminine.

"Okay, good." He sighed in relief. "They're back to normal."

"Wait," I said, "That's normal?"

Well, yeah, for them. I guess it's gotta look pretty weird from your perspective, huh?

"Y-yeah." I stammered. I couldn't even begin to make sense of how what I was seeing was at all the way things were supposed to be. Maybe the nerdy cashier was secretly kind of femme and just didn't express more because of work? Or... no... It was my perceptions that were wrong. That Mohawk does belong on that woman's head, and my thinking any differently was what was wrong. That's what I had to tell myself at least, but, man, knowing you were seeing things wrong did nothing to stop you from seeing it that way. It still stuck out like a sore thumb.

"See?" Evan said, nodding sagely. "It's weird, isn't it?"

I laughed.

"Okay," I said, brandishing the device, "what's next?"

Evan's eyes darted through the crowd frantically.

"I- I don't know! It's too crowded in here. Most of the people I changed have already left. Evan stomped his high-heeled foot, "Shit, shit, shit."

"It'll be okay." I said, "We can find them. What changes did you make?"

"I um, I turned the guard into a baby, there was an old man I think I turned young, a crowd of people I think I clothes swapped, um, one guy was walking around with his girlfriend's legs? I think I turned some teenager into an amazon or something... There were a bunch of others... I don't know, half the time, I didn't even notice any difference."

"That probably just means you did something not immediately apparent," I spoke from experience, "like swapping their junk around or mixing them up mentally."

"Oh no, what have I done?"

Evan was one of those people who was always eager to please, so the idea of actually hurting someone or causing them wrong was... well, he'd be beating himself up about it all week even if it hadn't been his fault.

"Evan, listen to me. It's fine. Look, we'll swap back who we can, okay? And everyone else, well, they're not suffering for it, at least. No one's noticing anything out of the ordinary, right?"

"I know... I just... I feel so guilty. Here you had asked me to help you use the thing responsibly and then I get my hands on it everything turns to shit and I wind up probably ruining a bunch of people's lives. I'm a monster."

His fists were balled up so tightly that his knuckles had gone white.

"Hey now! I said, taking his hand. "None of that! It was an accident, right? It was a bit of a mess, maybe, but again, no one notices or cares. I mean, at the worst they'll probably be mildly inconvenienced and will have to buy new clothes, like we did."

"Yeah..." he frowned. "But even that's like..."

"Maybe I shouldn't be having you zap me after all." I put on a wry smile as I tried to shift the tone. "Lord only knows what kind of weirdness might ensue."

He laughed weakly. "That's probably a good idea."

"Look," I said, taking out my bag "let's put the device away for now. We can figure out what we want to do with the thing later. For now let's just focus on more shopping, okay?"

He brightened up at the mention of shopping.

“And,” I continued “if you see anyone you messed up along the way, you can swap them back. But that’s the only time we’ll use it, okay?”

“Okay.” He nodded. “That sounds... reasonable.” He paused and looked back into the crowd “I still feel pretty shitty about this though.”

I put my hand on his shoulder. “I know, baby, I know.”

Evan kind of half melted into me. We both smiled, glad to have each other.

“I do want to bring it to Elizabeth though.” I added. “We need her boob money to pay for all these new clothes.”

He laughed. “Right. That sounds like a problem for tomorrow though.”

I smiled. “Exactly. Right now I just want to get you home and get you out of all those clothes.”

He leaned in forward, showing me his tits. “After a morning like that and after all this, you’re still raring to go, huh?”

I blushed and almost jumped out of my seat as I suddenly felt his delicate foot rubbing against my crotch. If I wasn’t raring to go before I sure as hell was now.

“Baby, It’s crazy how much I want you.” My heavy breathes added emphasis. “You have no idea how much I’ve been struggling not to just drag you off into a dark corner somewhere and pound your gorgeous little body silly.”

“Funny,” he said, “I can think of a few dark corners that would be perfect.”

He gave me a wink. It was still the wrong eye, but I’d take it.

We managed to survive the rest of our little shopping trip in one piece, and with minimal additional havoc from the device. I won’t say we were 100% successful in avoiding any further mishaps, but we got pretty close. And hey, we managed to fix a few of Evan’s errant swaps along the way, which made us both feel pretty good, even if it was a bit of a weird experience on my end to try and process the fact that, for example, that old man hadn’t been the one who was initially pregnant, but rather his daughter instead.

Shit. Looking back at it, I don’t think we ever swapped those parents and their kids back around, had we? Well, so much for that being temporary. I wish there was some way to just make things swap back on their own after a certain amount of time. Now that would be useful.

I admit, that by the end of our shopping trip I had trouble keeping up. Evan just wanted to go into store after store. His enthusiasm was inexhaustible. It seems swapping him with that girl had created a

monster. Not even the promise of heading home early for some steamy private time could dissuade him from shopping right up until the mall closed down.

At the time I felt hopeful. I was attractive, I had Evan, and I felt like nothing in the world could hurt me as long as I had that little device.

Of course, if I knew then what the next few days had in store, I'd have quite while I was ahead and smashed it right then and there. Or... well, I'd probably have smashed it the next morning. That night was pretty fun...

To be continued in part 7: Pole Dance Panic