

Warning: This chapter is rated a swap-happy R and contains boobs, bisexual orgies, homosexual orgies (both kinds), traps, gender bending, role reversal, parties, hairy girls, hormones, gold diggers, man-boobs, sexy butts, casual sex-toy wearing, body swaps, body part swaps, sexual positivity, classy escorts, role swaps, clothing swaps, discovery, and a conspicuous lack of our typical protagonist. Let's hope they're okay.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 13 – Party Hard! =

By Razmagurk

Sure, okay, so, looking back at it all, I'm sure it looks pretty bad.

You've got to look at it from my point of view though. Some girl I've only barely met pulls some weird sci-fi looking box out of her bag and points it at me like it's a gun or something? Yeah, I'm going to try to get out of the way. Look, I have brothers, I've been the butt of enough pranks, thank you very much.

And then, sure, I stumble into her and the thing falls on the ground? Of course I'm going to try to grab it. I'm not stupid. I'm not going to just let her keep trying to do... whatever it was she was going to do. It could have been anything. I mean, it looked like some kind of weird physics experiment. I figured she was an engineer or something and that it was some kind of crazy prototype. Shit, I've seen the stuff engineers bring to these kinds of parties. The last thing I wanted was to get hit by some kind of ill-conceived nudification ray again.

I mean, I guess that's not really all that far off the mark, huh? Jesus, after all I've seen since then, I'm just glad to have gotten out of there in one piece.

And hey, look, I know you're probably upset about everything that happened, but I was going to turn those people back! Well, probably. I wasn't really thinking at the time, but I'm sure if I'd have had the chance I'd have put everything right.

Sorry, sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself.

So there I am with this weird box in my hands, right? And this girl's got this look in her eye like she's ready to legit just bust my head in. So what do I do? I run. I'm not super proud of that fact, but hey, you'd run too if you were in my shoes.

Uhg, and it's such a shame that everything turned out that way, because she was majorly hot. She had this like, rough manly vibe about her that just totally got me going. And her boyfriend? Wow. I've never seen a guy who could fill out a dress the way he did. Their timing was just awful though. It's like, couldn't they have waited until we were done? Couldn't they have knocked? Do they not realize the logistics involved with setting up a bisexual three-way like that? Total cuntblockers.

Sorry, I'll try to stay focused.

So then there I was, hiding in the coat closet. Was I overreacting? I mean kind of, but realizing now what that thing was, I think hiding was a pretty solid strategy. Besides, where else was I going to hide? I didn't exactly grab any clothes on the way out. Now, I may be one of those girls who's always down for a good time, but I'm not exactly too keen on the idea of running around a party with nothing on apart from Mr. Cyclops, as fun as that would be.

I'd have stolen someone's coat, but the closet was basically empty. It was a hot night.

Oh, Mr. Cyclops is the name of my dildo. I don't know if I mentioned that. He's a real one-eyed monster. I did say I was interrupted in the middle of a three-way, right?

So anyway, I'm hiding out in this closet, praying that no one decides to come investigate, when I spy through the crack in the door a couple walking into the foyer. I did my best not to make any noise as I wiggled around enough to get a good look. I had to be careful not to make any noise. If I got caught it would be my reputation would be up in smoke.

So I'm peering out, and who should I see but Miss Chastity Winters, walking in wrapped around the arm of some geeky looking loser that I don't think I've ever seen at any of these parties before. Nerdy loners can be cute if they put in the effort, but this guy clearly had not. He wasn't terrible, I guess, and I wouldn't have kicked him out of bed if he knew what he was doing, but I knew that Chastity had higher standards.

And that meant that Chastity - and no, that's not her real name - was here on business.

See, Chastity made a career off of her looks, and damn did she ever have a lot of them. Any man who walked in with Chastity on his arm was going to inspire jealousy and admiration, and that's exactly the sort of service that Chastity offered. By day, a third-year poli-sci student, by night, a professional escort. Not a hooker, mind you, an escort. Sex was on the table, but not guaranteed. That means that this guy had been so hard up for a date that he had hired the poor girl to be his companion for the night.

So, on one hand, that's sad. I feel bad for the guy, he couldn't even get a date. But on the other hand, they were both getting exactly what they wanted, and who was I to deny them that? Besides, chastity didn't take shit from her clients - nature of the job aside. That dude was expected to be a goddamn gentleman.

Honestly, I was a little surprised she hadn't helped him dress up a little. The contrast between them was just too much. She was in this elegant little skirt that masterfully drew your attention to the sensual length of her leg and her classy open-toed heels. Her blouse was a simple sleeveless thing designed to play off of the regal slenderness of her arms and to draw attention to the radiant glow of her perfectly painted nails. Okay, so maybe it was a little high class for this sort of event, but goddamn she made it work. When it comes to sexy, there's nothing wrong with standing out from the crowd.

He, by contrast, was wearing a polo, some slacks and a pair of running shoes. Not the worst thing you could wear, but it made him look like he had no clue what he was doing.

The guy didn't seem to care though, he was grinning like the cat who'd just banged the canary. Sure, he was a little nervous, but he clearly intended to milk this for all it was worth.

To my frustration, rather than moving further into the house and giving me a chance to escape, the couple apparently decided that they were going to loiter around a bit first. The guy, I think, was trying to lay down some rules, or coach her into something. Maybe he was hitting on her in earnest? Chastity was a professional, but she didn't seem to like what she was hearing.

I shifted positions, trying to get comfortable while still having a decent view. I had sort of ended up in a weird kind of half squat and that was simply not sustainable. That's when Mr. Cyclops leapt up and slapped that stupid box right out of my hands. Look, it was dark, okay? As fun as it is to have 12-inches of primal phallic power jutting out of your hips, sometimes it gets in the way. Honestly, I don't know how boys go around with these stupid things all the time anyway without knocking stuff down left and right.

I picked the box back up and looked at it in the dim light. It looked like some kind of prototype radio or remote control or something. It had the kind of slapdash appearance you'd expect from something made by either a student or a mad scientist. I turned it over in my hands. It had a pair of dials on one side and a handful of little buttons on the other. A weird little antenna stuck out the top.

I twisted one of the dials. I was kind of expecting that maybe they were just glued on, like the whole interface was decorative or something, but the dial gave a satisfying spin. What the fuck was this supposed to be?

Looking back, maybe pressing the buttons at random wasn't my best idea. But hey, that's how you figure things out, isn't it? Sure, there was a chance this thing was a weapon - that weird girl had sure treated it like one - but it didn't really seem all that plausible at that moment. Besides, If it was a weapon... well... I made sure to aim it away from myself, just in case.

Zzzzt!!!

How do I even describe that noise? It was like... it was like hearing someone unzip your eardrums. Loud and personal and echoey. No time to dwell on it though, the box had suddenly gotten very hot in my hand. Too hot. Before I realized what was happening I'd dropped it.

I struggled not to cry out a string of bloody profanity as the damn thing landed corner-first on my naked foot.

Shit. Shit shit, had they heard that zapping noise? Or me dropping the thing or me banging around? Like, don't get me wrong, it was a loud party, but that zapping sound felt like I'd been run over by a zeusaphone. There was no way they could have missed that, was there?

I held my breath as I peeked out the door. Nothing. They weren't even looking this way. I blushed in embarrassment. Was I really freaking out this bad over... what? A weird box that made some noise? Jesus, I'd never been more ashamed of myself.

That's when something weird happened. Chastity leaned in for a kiss. Normally she charged extra for that sort of lovey0dovey stuff. And how does this guy react? He frowns, rolls his eyes, and pulls away. Talk about ungrateful. I'd take a free taste of those lips any day.

So then Chastity shoots the guy a glare, and she leans in and they're whispering something to each other, and then right then and there Chastity Winters pulls out that cute little purse of hers and passes this guy a big old wad of bills.

He snatches them up and stuffs them in his pocket, grinning a yellow little smile, then he leans in and kisses her sloppily. It looked like the guy had no clue what he was doing, but she was really going for it. It was like Chastity had become victim to some deep primal thirst and this guy's lips were water.

What the hell was going on? Why was Chastity Winters, who could have any guy she wanted, paying to make out with this loser? Of course, it's obvious in retrospect what had happened, but at the time I had no idea. I didn't even give it much mind. I figured it was you know, maybe some kind of prank or something. Like, maybe this was an actor she'd hired for some kind of stunt. Occam's razor, right?

I certainly did not expect that I had just sent these two down a most unusual change of vocation.

Deciding not to worry too much about it, I picked the box back up and looked at the thing. I was still completely red-faced. I couldn't believe that all this thing did was make a little noise and get hot. I mean, none of the buttons or dials or anything were labeled, but it had to do *something*, right?

I spun the dials around, twisting them as far as they'd go. Maybe if I spun them to the right spot, they'd lock into place or something? Maybe it was some kind of puzzle and there was something inside?

I tried the big black button again.

Zzzzttttt!

Nothing. It didn't even get hot this time.

I rotated one of the other dials and tried again.

Zzzzttttt!

Again, nothing.

I tried one last time.

Zzzzttttt!

Okay, okay. Maybe I could find the girl and apologize. I could just explain that I overreacted and... fuck, I don't know, maybe I could seduce her and her boyfriend back into bed as a means of apology. Mmm, that would be really hot, actually. They both had such cute asses, it would be heaven to just get them down on the ground and fuck them both doggy style. Or maybe we could do some double penetration, or like, a girl sandwich or something.

Okay, yeah, that was a good plan. I just needed to wait for Chastity and her date to leave and then I could slip away upstairs. At the very least I could then get some clothes on. As fun as it sounds, going around naked at a party is a little much, even for me.

What I saw when I peered out the crack next, however, sent me reeling.

I blinked and looked again. It was like something out of a body-horror movie. It was like... how do I even begin to describe what I was seeing? It was like... it was like someone had torn the two of them apart bodily, shuffled up the pieces, then stitched them back on the wrong body. Except, you know, with way less blood.

I don't know why I'm trying to explain this to you, you know full well what the thing can do.

Never before in my life had I ever had cause to question my sanity, but what else but madness could explain what I was looking at? Their heads were the same... kinda... but the guy's torso now prominently featured Chastity's enormous tits jutting out from under his shirt. And attached to that torso? Arms and legs that in no way belonged there. They were Chastity's, they must have been, the guy's nails - both the ones on his fingers and the ones sticking out of his open-toed heels - were all done up in the same bright red I'd seen on her just moments ago.

Was this some kind of trick? My eyes traveled up from his feet along the bare skin of long silky legs which seemed to go on forever before they disappeared beneath that same cute skirt that she had been wearing not long ago. Fuck, this was no trick. No guy had legs like that. God, he seemed so tall now, both because of the heels and because of the additional length that the legs added to his height.

Chastity was stunningly the opposite. Her torso was still the same... shape? I guess? But now, not only was it now completely devoid of boobs, but her once-daring neckline now exposed a tuft of manly curls. Her arms were just as bad. The big hairy things seemed almost trunk like on her small frame. Her legs seemed so short and stumpy, but I couldn't get a good view of them in the loose pants and men's shoes that she was now wearing.

Okay, I told myself, maybe this was all some kind of weird quick-change game. Like, maybe this was some weird prank that didn't make any sense because I'd stumbled onto an interstitial portion of it. But... but then how the hell was all of Sandra's makeup now on the guy? Blush, eyeshadows, lipstick, all of it was gone from her beautiful face and was now featuring prominently (and ridiculously out of place) on the client's. There was no way they could have done that so quickly. This wasn't possible.

What the hell had happened?

I looked down at the box in my hands.

Oh god. Had I done that?

Was that what this thing did? It Just... messed people up like some kind of freaky horror movie?

Chastity - at least I think it was still Chastity - broke the kiss. I held my breath, waiting for them to notice what had happened, waiting for them to scream. But there was nothing. She just looked up at her client like he was the sexiest thing alive, then snaked a hand down and grabbed his big sexy butt.

As if to nail the point home, that's when a trio of drunken frat dudes decided they were going to stumble through the room. I winced when they saw the couple. I don't care how drunk you are, there's no way you're missing something like that. But they didn't even give them a second glance. In fact, one of them seemed to recognize Chastity, because they looked over at her client then gave her a surreptitious thumbs up.

So despite how completely fucked up everything was, these people didn't seem to realize what had happened. Was I hallucinating? Was this stupid box messing with my head?

Cautiously, I spun the dials. Maybe I could change them back?

Zzzzt!!!!

Oh my god.

Okay. Yes. Yes, it was definitely me doing it. But that? That had not turned them back. If anything, it had made them worse. Chastity's head now sat on top of what remained of her client's body, and vice versa. I'd swapped them so completely that the client was now more her than him.

I must have sat there for an eternity as the reality of the situation washed over me.

This box traded body parts around. It moved their clothes around too. Maybe it could do behaviors? That would explain why they were acting kind of weird. If I pushed it again would they swap back? I mean, it appeared to be a 1:1 trade, so that would make sense, right? My brain buzzed at all the implications.

Before I could get a chance to experiment though, the two walked off into the party. The client's confident, manly strut completely undermined by his long slender legs and cute perky ass.

Okay, so that girl who had come at me had been... what, trying to steal my body? Jesus, that was a scary thought. Still, a part of me couldn't help but feel flattered by it. I mean, I was sexy, don't get me wrong, I've worked very hard my whole life to be the best I can be, but she and her boyfriend were both total studs, so I don't know why she'd be after me.

Oh god, I probably wasn't even her first victim. Was that even what she really looked like? What else had she swapped? Shit. What if she was like... a professional body-jacker or something. What the hell kind of fucked up sci-fi situation had I gotten myself into?

Fuck.

But, okay, fine. It was a messed-up situation, but now that power was mine, right? I could feel this deep rush of endorphins burbling away at the back of my brain at the thought. I bit my lip. Why was that so

hot? Was it a power thing? Or had this just awoken some fetish inside of me that I didn't even know I had? All I knew was that it had me practically dripping. I needed to test this thing out.

But where to begin?

I peered out of the closet. With that couple gone maybe I could make my break. But, shit, no. All the dancing in the next room had apparently decided to spill over in the foyer. I was going to be trapped in here all night at this rate.

I needed to remain calm. Baby steps. This was as good a place to start as any. First objective: I needed to get out of the closet. I laughed at the thought. Out of the closet. As though I'd ever been in the closet to begin with.

I'm bisexual by the way, in case the fact that I was pounding both Tony Roderick and his girlfriend's delicious asses earlier didn't tip you off. Technically I'm pansexual - I'm attracted to people who don't conform to the binary - but that word has a lot of baggage for me so I prefer not to use it.

Anyway, to get out, I needed clothes. This would be easy. I'd just, like, trade bodies with someone who was fully dressed... then go get my clothes, then trade back. No problem.

I gripped the weird box tightly. I just had to hope that it was going to cooperate.

I peered out. Who could I trade with? I had a practical buffet of choices. Everywhere I looked it was hot bodies in tight clothes.

I mean, there was nothing that even said I had to trade with a girl, right? I could see how the other half lived, if I wanted to. See how it felt to fuck with a real dick. I had to admit, that had a certain perverse appeal to it. But no, now was hardly the time. Still, I'd have to try it later.

Then, wiggling her way to the front of the crowd, was the perfect candidate. Becca Jennings. Sweet little Becca Jennings. The guys called her Pixie-Girl on account of the fact that she was so petite and energetic. It probably helped that she had the hair for it. I don't know how she made hair that short look so good. If rumors were to be believed she was also magical in bed. I believed it.

She was certainly on-brand. She had this super-simple, super-short dress on that had this kind of ephemeral opalescence to it. It was hypnotizing. Where on earth had she gotten it? She was completely lost in the moment out on the dance floor, grinding away with some random guy one moment only to flit away to dance with some other random guy the next. She was like a slutty little bee in a sea of yummy boy-flowers.

Becca was a good target. If anything went wrong, or if I couldn't find her later or anything, I had a poly-chem class with her Tuesday morning, so I'm sure I'd be able to catch up with her there and trade back.

I spun the dials around and did my best to point the thing at her. It was harder than I expected to aim the damn thing, especially with the way she kept moving around. God I hoped I didn't miss. What would happen then? I'd wind up with some random person's body? I took a slow breath. That was okay. Even if

that happened, I could always just trade back, right? How hard would it be to track down if I lost it? It was the one without clothes on.

I closed my eyes. I couldn't watch. When I opened them, I'd be in a whole new body.

Zzzzttttt!

Oh wow. How do you describe the feeling of having a new body? It wasn't anything like I was expecting. It wasn't much of anything, come to think of it. Just a sudden tightness, like the clothes I was wearing were suddenly several sizes too small.

I glanced down at my dress. It was Becca's alright, but it hadn't looked so tight on her while she was out there. I don't know how she managed to even get into it.

Still though, I was expecting... more? Like, you'd think trading bodies with someone would be a big deal, a unique experience. Instead it was just like having my tits squished. My breath grew heavy in anticipation as I ran a tentative hand down along Becca's body. My new skin was hot and sensitive and so strangely familiar.

That's when I noticed the tattoo. This wasn't Becca's body at all. I was wearing Becca's dress, but this body was definitely still my body.

I stared down at the box in shock. Had it somehow read my mind? Or had I just guessed the right setting? I had needed clothes and it had given me clothes. Becca's clothes, granted, but still. Wait, shit, if I had Becca's clothes on, what was she wearing?

I peered out the closet door. I almost doubled over in laughter with what I saw. Becca was still dancing, but she was now completely naked apart from the monstrous strap-on dildo that was slapping aggressively against the thigh of the boy she was flirting with.

Oh my god. He was totally going for it too. Like, he was really into her. He got in close and the two of them started to grind up against each other, the dildo rubbing against his chest, poking up under his shirt with each sway of the hips. Becca turned to grind her ass against his crotch and the dildo slapped away, bouncing and swaying, waving proudly in the air before her, wild and free and with no one who seemed to find it the least bit odd.

Shit why did I find that so sexy? Like, that's totally not even my jam and yet I just could not deny what this was doing to me. Just the idea of going around like that with no one caring, of being able to have a secret like that with everyone else being oblivious... goddamn. My head was abuzz with ideas.

But okay, one thing at a time. I was dressed now at least, even if it was in Becca's little too-tight pixie dress. Honestly, I don't know if I quite had the hair for it, but if there was one thing I was good at, it was looking good.

I stood up and collected myself, then stepped out of the closet, as casual, confident, and smolderingly sexy as I could.

Of course that's about when I realized just how short my dress actually was. Walking in the thing was practically impossible without either my tits or ass spilling out everywhere. This thing had left very little to the imagination when Becca wore it, and it fit her. Still, I figured I could play it off as intentional. It was a party, right? Nothing wrong with showing a bit of skin. I just had to be discrete when I micromanaged the damn thing.

And boy did I ever make it work. The whole room turned and stared as I walked out. Heads turned, jaws dropped and dicks hardened. I flashed the crowd my sultriest smile and put some sexy extra swagger in my walk. You don't get to stand out of the crowd unless you're willing to put in the extra mile.

It wasn't just guys that were staring, either. Girls were blushing as they laid eyes on me, their gaze desperately struggling not to wander down to my tits and explore my body. Was it jealousy? No, it was something more. They were getting all hot and flustered just looking. Damn, I guess I was dressed more scandalously than I'd thought.

You know what? I was okay with that. I like it when people look at my body. I've worked my ass off to look as good as I do, why not enjoy the experience?

Next order of business. I needed to get my stuff from upstairs.

But... shit. No, I couldn't, could I? That girl from earlier still hadn't come down. She and her boyfriend were probably waiting for me to come back to get my clothes so they could ambush me and take back the box. But no, it was fine. I could wait them out, right? Worse to worst, all I had left up there were some clothes, nothing irreplaceable. I learned a long time ago not to bring anything valuable to these sorts of parties. Still, I was really fond of the top I had been wearing.

I guessed my best bet was probably to wait for them to come down, then duck around behind them and grab my stuff without them noticing. A little paranoid, sure, but who knew what other kinds of weird mad-science gadgets that girl had in her back pocket? For all I knew a body-part-trading box was the least weapon in her arsenal.

The important thing was that one way or another, time was on my side, and that meant I had plenty of opportunity to try out my new toy.

I figured the living room would be as good a place as any to start. There were lots of people hanging around talking, and it wouldn't look out of place if I was just loitering.

I love parties. I'm sure to most people a big event like this probably looks like a cacophony of people, just a sea of crowd and noise. The closer you look though, the more you start to pay attention to all the little details, and that's when you begin to notice all the amazing little relations and interactions. Everywhere you looked, there were all these tiny human moments. It's like suddenly, everyone is able to really connect with each other. And not just physically or socially but like, deeper down, on an emotional level too. That's why I love this scene so much, it's like a perfect storm of amazing human emotions.

And then there were some people who just made a mockery of the whole thing. Looks like I'd found my first target.

Her name was Maria Roberts. It was nothing personal, but that bitch had always rubbed me the wrong way. She was this total gold-digger, always showing off her expensive tastes and trying to hook up with the trust-funders. Girls like that gave girls like us a bad name.

And so of course where should she be but hitting on some portly looking pervert with a Calvin Klein shirt and a watch that probably cost more than his tuition. I don't want to get all judgemental or anything, but I think it was pretty apparent that money was all the guy had going for him. This guy looked like someone had tried to dress up a bean-bag chair. He was practically cone-shaped. And like, I'm not someone to judge by looks, but going by the way he was just ogling her tits, this guy was a bit of a perv too. Not that I could blame him, Maria's tits were on fire, and she was doing everything in her power to advertise that fact.

Okay, okay. So maybe the two were perfect for each other. Hot gold digger and rich pervert. It's a storybook romance. But I hated the way it just undermined the whole idea of genuine human connection, how it reduced it to a business, you know?

Alright, how did I want to make this more interesting? I suppose the ironic thing there would be to make Maria the rich pervert and have him be, like, the hot gold digger, but honestly that would just give Maria all the money she's wanted and I wasn't prepared to be this shallow little bitch's magic genie.

But hey, if they wanted to get into each other's pants so badly, I could certainly help them there.

Zzzzt!!!!

Oh god. I couldn't help but laugh. It looked like they had just been IRL photoshopped or something. Maria's pretty little head was now balancing on top of the pervert's fat body. Big thick fat neck, big thick fat body, tiny petite head.

And she was not letting her extra bulk slow her down. She was grooving this guy's body to the music, a sexy sensual sashay completely ruined by the way it set her belly jiggling. She ran a hand sensuously down her body, highlighting her pudgy masculine curves.

He was totally playing along too. This guy was in heaven. Honestly, I was surprised Maria's slender neck could support his head in the best of circumstances, let alone with how he had it looming so obviously over her chest, drilling holes into what had just recently been his own fatty man boobs.

Apparently though, Maria thought that he needed an even bigger show. With a flirtatious wink, she bent down and undid the top several buttons of her shirt, exposing huge swaths of sweaty man-cleavage to the world as she hoisted a short fat leg up and straddled the plush chair the guy was sitting in. With a deft spin I was honestly shocked that body could do, she started to rub her big ugly butt all over her former pelvis, crushing the poor thing's lap with prodigious weight in a grim parody of a lap dance. I couldn't tell if the look in his eyes was ecstasy or agony.

It was such a ridiculous sight, and no one but me even gave them a second look, which just added to how entertaining the whole thing was. It was like a private show, just for me. God, I felt so powerful.

Okay, okay, that was fun. A little gross, but fun. What else could I do?

Ah, okay, there was an obvious one. Jack Harrison had his girlfriend Amy off in the corner. Amy's a good kid, but a bit innocent, especially for this sort of party. She's kind of waifish, to be honest, but she's cute. Shame the poor thing was such a wallflower. Like, she's sweet, but she puts up with a lot of stuff she doesn't want to do because people keep pressuring her into it. She hated big parties, for example, but kept coming to them anyway because Jack kept bringing her.

Jack was one of those muscular gym rats with the really domineering personalities. Don't get me wrong, that can be really hot on a guy, but he's got a reputation as one of those guys who also just doesn't know how to take no for an answer. More than one party has ended in drama because Jack stepped over the line - though as far as I could tell things came to a head before anything serious happened.

I guess it made sense that the two of them ended up together, even though I'm sure Jack keeps dragging her out to all these places that she doesn't want to be. They actually make for a pretty cute couple when you see them out around campus, Jack's infidelity aside.

The way they were going at it right now it looked like maybe Jack had had a few too many and was starting to get a little too frisky. Amy didn't seem to want any part of it, but Jack wasn't having any of that.

I grinned. Normally I'd feel kind of shitty watching something like that unfold and not being able to do anything about it. Today though, I could. With just the press of a button I could make things better for Amy and give Jack a taste of his own medicine. I mean, this box could change the way people acted, right? It had done so for Chastity? I just had to set it just right...

Zzzzttttt!

Like a pendulum reaching its peak and swinging back in the opposite direction, Little Amy leaned into Jack's advances just as Jack started to retreat. He took one surprised step back, but she covered the gap with a confident step forward and it didn't take long for her to outmaneuver him. She slapped her arm into the wall near his face, leaning into him as she pinned him into the corner.

I have never seen that look on Amy's face before, it was smarmy and lascivious and confident. A chill ran through me as she openly ran her eyes up the body of her now-submissive boyfriend. Damn, that girl gets a little confidence in her and she looks *good*.

The way Jack was recoiling from her, you'd think I'd replaced her with a bear or something. He was treating her like her every action had a ton of weight and force behind it. I was actually kind of surprised at how cowed he was. I hoped this wasn't some indication of him mistreating her. If I ever found out he'd hit her or anything I'd... well, I was sure I could think of a few choice punishments. Still, I almost felt bad for him, though if anyone deserved it, it was Jack.

In fact, as funny as the idea of little Amy looming over big Jack was, I kind of wanted to take it to the next level. Maybe I could swap their musculature around as well? Make it so that Amy actually had something backing up her new personality?

I twisted the dials on the device and fired again.

Zzzzttttt!

Wow. Damn. Amy looked great. Jack had never been a huge athlete, but Amy's smaller form really showed off the brawn. She wasn't exploding with muscle or anything, but you could totally tell that she was ripped even with just a glance. Her whole posture changed and everything. Her clothes were now tight enough that you could totally tell she had a six-pack going on.

Jack, meanwhile, had become this strange willowy thing. It looked like someone had taken his chest and shoulders and just deflated them. His arms were now delicate and his clothes hung loosely. Between his new lack of muscles and his submissive demeanor, he actually didn't look half bad. There was something so wonderfully deliciously feminine about him now.

Despite the difference in height, it looked like Amy could pick Jack up on his shoulder and carry him off if she wanted to. I smiled at the image. Good. That girl needed a bit of confidence, and hopefully this would help keep Jack in line too.

Fuck, they both actually looked really hot like that. I wondered what they now looked like under those ill-fitting clothes. God, I'd love to just have an hour to explore every inch of them. Uhg, it was such a shame upstairs was a total no-go zone, or else I'd probably have tried maybe inserting myself for a threesome.

I bit my lip. Geeze, I was really getting into this. What a rush.

Okay, who was next?

Over by the door, it looked like Julia Carter was having a bad time. Despite her best efforts, her date, a handsome but effete hipster, seemed to have himself a pair of wandering eyes. It seemed Whenever another girl walked past his head would pivot to follow. That's guys though for you. Some of them are like puppies. Even with a smoking hot red-head like Julia in front of them, they couldn't help but chase squirrels. Honestly, I'm the same way myself, so I can't help but empathize, but at the same time it's like... this guy could at least try to be hiding it, you know?

Anyway, Julia was starting to get... well, let's call it impatient. She looked like she was ready to tear his head off and swear off men entirely, which was hardly fair. It's not their fault they have such a hard time controlling their hormones.

Oooh, that was a good one actually. I could swap their hormones around. That would stop Julia's date from chasing all the little birds that flew past, and it would teach her a lesson about how difficult some guys found it.

I pointed the box over at them and fired.

Zzzzttttt!

Goddammit! That was not at all what I was trying to do.

Before my eyes, Julia and her date had completely transformed. This wasn't one or two features getting moved around, this was a complete transformation. If they hadn't still been wearing the same clothes, I don't think I'd have even known it was them.

Julia had shot up several inches and bulked out to masculine proportions while her date had done the opposite. His skin was smooth and hairless while hers had become rough and hairy. A five-o'clock shadow now crept across her face. Most surprisingly though was the complete change in the shape of their bodies. Julia's hips and her amazing ass were gone, replaced by just the slightest hint of stomach pudge, while all of the fat on her date's belly had decided to settle down in his hips and his now truly spectacular boobs. I couldn't believe it, those damn things had to be bigger than Julia's had ever been.

Even their faces had changed around, with Julia's growing harder and more masculine while her date's became softer and rounder. If I didn't know better - and if it weren't for the fact that I was pretty sure I'd see any junk she had bulging out of that tight skirt of hers - I'd say that Julia had become a dude.

I looked down at the box in surprise, then smiled as it hit me.

Of course. I'd swapped their hormones around. This is what Julia would have looked like with a lifetime of testosterone, and I guess it was the other way around for her date. Damn, they both actually looked really good. Like, don't get me wrong, Julia was hot as a chick, but as a guy she was a total fucking stud. And as for her date, well... I mentioned how big his tits were, right?

I wondered how intact they were downstairs. Like, was Julia's pussy operational? I'd never been fucked a guy with a pussy before, but now I couldn't get the thought out of my head.

Completely oblivious to how badly I was checking her out, Julia's head swiveled as a pair of cute shirtless boys walked past, holding hands. Her date, at least showing a little more patience than Julia had, just rolled his eyes and tried to hoist up his boobs to make them seem more prominent.

Well, mission accomplished, I guess.

I reclined in my seat, just kind of reveling in the moment. There was sort of a serenity about the whole situation, a kind of zen. I had reached out and changed the world and it was none the wiser. I could do anything and no one would notice.

The couples I'd changed just carried on talking and flirting, totally oblivious to how much more interesting all of their lives had just become. There was something a little sweeter about their relationships now, I think. To me at least. Like, even though they didn't notice it, they were each closer to the other in a way that normally wouldn't even have been possible.

Knowing that I was the one who had done that? It made me feel... I don't know, it was hard to describe. It felt so right, it felt so powerful. Fuck, it felt so goddamn arousing.

I'd be lying if I told you that right then I wasn't considering all the ways I could use the thing for sex right then and there, but I didn't quite have enough confidence in the box at that point. What I needed -

besides my fingers deep in some cute girl's twat- was to clear my head. I needed to come up with a plan, I needed to decide what I was going to do with the thing.

I mean, there were so many ways I could use it to make sex more interesting. Did I give myself a guy's dick? Did I try out a guy's body? Maybe I could find a guy I liked and trade parts around onto him so that he was the ultimate sex machine, perfectly in tune with my needs? Or maybe I could use it to engage in some truly mind-blowing roleplay.

Shit, the possibilities were endless. I needed a drink.

I stood up and worked my way through the crowd, doing my best to downplay the weird box in my hands. Everyone seemed to give me a wide berth as they saw me, smiling or gasping or grinning like an idiot as they saw what I was wearing. I couldn't believe how much of a total hit this dress was. I clearly needed to get my own after I gave it back to Becca.

I winked and purred at my admirers as I went past. It felt good to be the center of attention.

I didn't quite make it to the kitchen. There was an orgy in the way that demanded my immediate attention.

Okay, maybe orgy is a little strong of a word. It was a gaggle of girls making out all licky-style with each other as they engaged in increasingly erotic bisexual behavior for the crowd of horny boys that were cheering them on. You know, typical party stuff.

Drinks could wait, I wanted to see this. I nudged my way into the center of the cheering throng of guys to get a better view.

There must have easily been a dozen girls or more licking and rubbing along each other's exposed skin while wetly kissing at whatever they could get their lips on. It must have been going on for a while by that point because most of them were getting down to just their lingerie.

From the looks of it, it had started with all the girls being in color-coordinated teams, but now it seems to have just sort of spilled out into a hot mass of girlflesh, each lovely participant desperately trying to outdo all the others as they collectively devolved into hotter and hotter acts of faux-lesbianism in an attempt to win the attentions and approval of the cheering crowd.

I bit my lip. Goddamnit. If I wasn't horny before, I sure as hell was now.

Okay, so, I'm going to go on a little side-rant now about performative bisexuality, because it's a thing and I have a lot of mixed feelings on it. First off, a large part of me loves it. It promotes bisexuality, and it's hot as fuck to watch two girls making out, especially when you know they're doing it for your pleasure. Second, I love showing off, and if I get to make out with a girl in order to get a guy hard (or make out with a guy to get a girl hot), that's just a nice little bonus. I mean, I'd rather get straight to the fucking, but hey.

That said, I don't like the fact that it seems to promote the idea that bisexual or homosexual behavior in girls is only something that is socially acceptable when it's for the benefit of some guy. I mean, I'm bi all

the time, not just at parties, you know? And, sure, I get that there are a lot of girls out there who use it as an opportunity to experiment with homosexuality without having to worry about the social ramifications, and that's great, but I wish there were a better outlet for them. Most of the girls who experiment are going to find out they're straight, and that's fine, but for the one or two who discover they're not? This is a pretty lousy way to come to that realization.

Furthermore, as someone who likes a steaming slab of beef with their fish, I gotta ask, why do you never see dudes making out for the sake of the girls, huh? Total double standard. That's the way of the world though, girls are always working their butts off to please guys and they don't have to do anything harder than standing around and cheering. Why can't we sexually objectify men a little, huh?

That's why - as much as I loved what I was seeing - it was time to mix things up a bit.

I took a few steps back as I looked down at the box. I wanted to make sure I caught everyone I need to. It might take a little while to swap everyone, but man, would it ever be worth it.

I pointed the thing into the crowd and fired.

Zzzzt!!!!

Jesus Christ! Pain shot through my hand. The box had gone from room-temperature to way hotter than it had any right to be in less than the time it took for me to release my finger from the button. I recoiled in pain and surprise and the damn thing tumbled out of my hands.

Zzzzt!!!!

I flinched as it crashed into the ground, landing hard against the cardboard which served as carpeting.

Oh crap.

Oh crap. Had I broken it? What had just happened?

I looked around. The girls seemed to be looking around confused, pulling off of each other in embarrassment. Some giggled about it nervously, while others seemed disgusted at being caught with another girl's nipple in her mouth. They all seemed a little unsure about what they had just been doing, or why.

Everyone in the room was looking around a little confused. Then, a pair of guys at the far end ripped their shirts off and started making out.

A cheer went up from the girls and everybody sort of found their places. The guys, not wanting to fall behind, quickly paired up. Looks of poorly-acted desire and longing permeated their faces as each couple tried to one-up their neighbors. Soon, that whole side of the room was a frenzy of homoerotic lust performed in such a way as to tantalize and tease the cheering crowd of still mostly naked women.

Damn, okay, now this was more like it. Boys making out with boys was such a rare sight. A flush of heat washed over me as I pulled at the hem of my dress. My great big hard cock had broken free of my panties again and I kept having to pull my skirt down to keep it covered.

I guess the box could do multiple trades all at once? That was going to save me a lot of time.

The two boys nearest me - I'd say they were probably members of the swim team based on their builds - each let out a low primal moan. They were holding their faces inches apart from and gently fluttering their tongues together in between bouts of sucking on each other's lips.

Not to be outdone, the next pair down both had their shirts off and the smaller, younger of the two was nibbling possessively at the neck of his larger, older companion while his nimble little fingers pinched and teased the larger boy's nipples. The larger boy gasped and moaned theatrically at the attention.

The girlish cheering grew louder as the boys collectively descended further and further into depravity.

My cock throbbed at the sight of the homosexual orgy unfolding before me. This was like a whole other ball game. I'd never seen anything like this before. Still, I couldn't help but feel like there was something missing.

Sometimes, people ask me if I prefer guys or girls. It's a bit rude, but I understand their curiosity. The answer I give them is that generally I prefer girls, but that's not quite accurate, because honestly? If you put a 10/10 hot babe in a room and a 10/10 hot guy, I'm going to want to fuck them both equally. The trick is that by and large, most guys are like a 4/10 and most girls are a 6/10. It's another double standard. Girls just care more about looking sexy and it really shows. These guys were great, sure, but they weren't on average as attractive as the girls had been. None of them, for example, had apparently ever heard of manscaping.

But hey, I could fix that.

I picked up the still-cooling box. Thankfully, the thing seemed to be in one piece. I hoped the drop hadn't damaged it at all. Would it still work? Hesitantly, I spun the dial and fired.

Zzzzt!!!!

It still worked!

All of the guys, most of whom were becoming gradually undressed, were now completely hairless from the neck down. They also now all had, dangling from their poor oblivious heads, long silky hair, beautifully styled and... oh my god. I laughed. It had done their brows and lashes too. These boys all looked so pretty.

As if to truly demonstrate just how much of a double standard beauty is, the girls, now hirsute and poorly groomed, went from easy 8s to struggling 6s. I mean, I'm all for natural beauty and doing what you want with your body, but I can't help it if I'm a bit shallow too sometimes, you know? I like my girls hairless. I like my dates shaved.

I was actually a little surprised at just how big of a turn-off these hairy girls were. Chest hair and boobs do not go together. Uhg, and naked as they were, I could see every inch too.

Maybe I could cover them up?

Zzzzttttt!

Much better. I couldn't help but giggle a bit at the sight. Not only were the girls now significantly less naked, but the guys were now all significantly more so. That's a win-win if I've ever seen one. The fact that they were all wearing tight little lingerie sets just added to my joy. They may not have had the tits to match the cups, but there was something about a cute boy in panties that I just loved.

I hadn't quite meant to do a literal clothing trade so much as I'd hoped to change their state of dress, but this was fine. Better than fine. My mouth was starting to water at all the dicks on display. Some were just hanging out, while others still struggled defiantly to remain couched within their thongs. Damn, why don't guys wear sexy underwear more often?

I smiled at the ridiculousness of the scene now playing out. With the way all the girl's clothes were now all baggy and loose - right down to their now limply hanging watches and shoes - it looked like something out of a parody of a rap video.

And now that all those pesky clothes weren't in the way, the boys were really able to go at it in earnest, rubbing their hands all over each other's bodies with enthusiasm while the girls leered and jeered like it was some kind of bachelorette party.

I probably should have been satisfied, but there was still something that was bugging me. Like, the hair and lack of clothes were an improvement, and they were definitely hotter than the girls now were, but the power dynamics at play here were all wrong. These guys were too aggressive, too bestial, too... *masculine*. Like, the point of something like this is to give the audience the best show possible, but here these guys had forgotten that as they were all just way too focused on one-upping each other.

I mean, it was still a fresh angle, sure, but this wasn't a race, these guys needed to slow down. They needed to be focused more on how to put on a good show, not about winning the orgy.

Hmm... okay, how could I fix that though?

I fiddled with the box until I was satisfied, then pointed it once more at the crowd.

Zzzzttttt!

Once again, the box gave me a result that was both very close to what I had intended and yet somehow completely off the mark.

What had once been a bunch of somewhat attractive men were now a pile of... well, they were still obviously guys, but you wouldn't know it from looking at them. Heck, I don't know if I'd even call them men anymore. They were all now delicate and petite and soft. Their grunts of faux-pleasure had been replaced by soft erotic moans as they gently and delicately ran their hands over each other's supple

hairless bodies. Their big asses and wide hips drawing the eye from their delicate shoulders and soft bodies. Even the smell in the air had changed. It seemed so floral and sweet.

Everything about them was so girlish. Even their dicks seemed soft and feminine now, visible as they were through their delicate - now much better fitting - panties. Hell, they didn't even count as androgynous, it was like all the traces of masculinity had been drained from them, leaving them a sexy pile of mewling girly sex kittens.

My cock strained against my skirt at the sight of them. Fuck. I guess I just found genderbending really hot? It's like I just wanted to take the whole lot of them up to bed and pound the shit out of their enormous girly asses, one by one.

As I stared in shock, one of the swimmer boys gently - cutely - pulled at the panties of his neighbor. A moment later he had fished out the other boy's hard girly cock for all the world to see. It was still just as big, but there was something so distinctly feminine about it now, I don't even know how to describe it. As the crowd of girls collectively held their breath, the boy began to lick and rub at the head of the other boy's cock. His breathing increased as he panted in faux-need. Then, in one deft motion, he took the entire penis into his mouth, all at once.

The girls let out a cry of amazement. They were hollering harder now than they had before, but their voices seemed lower, gruffer. In fact, they sounded suspiciously like the crowd of guys had earlier.

I snapped my attention off of the mewling boys and looked around the room. It was like a mirror of when I'd walked in. The girls were large and athletic and hairy and were letting their hormones get the better of them as they jockeyed for best view. They had grown into their clothing as well. It looked as though they were a pack of tomboy amazons, all sexy with their bulging muscles and confident attitudes.

Wow, things had come full circle.

Wait, shit. This wasn't really any better, was it? I had meant to trade around the masculinity of their behavior, not their whole... *everything*. How was this any different from how things had been when I walked in? I mean, sure, it was the guys making out now, but it was still femininity performing for masculinity, which was the whole damn problem. Uhg, the stupid double standard was still in full effect.

Well, at least the girls seemed to be enjoying it.

I shook my head to snap myself out of the stupid horny haze I was beginning to find myself in. Shit, I'd kind of made a mess of all this hadn't I? If I didn't get my cock wet - and fast - who knows what I'd end up doing? I needed to get out of here. I needed that drink.

Closing my eyes to the orgy I had created, I pushed past the cheering crowd and into the kitchen, the low moans of the boys still echoing tantalizingly in my ears.

The smell of spilled beer was heavy here, but despite the party being in full swing, there was still enough booze piled up here to last out an apocalypse.

Sam Richards laughed with a smile as I walked in. It looked like he had the whole room to himself. I blushed a little. Sam's this super-cute football player. He's no one of importance on the team, but he's a really great guy. He comes to a lot of these sorts of parties and kind of big brothers people. I've tried to pick him up more than a few times, but he's too much of a gentleman for all that.

"Hi Sam." I said, pouring seduction into my voice. I couldn't help it. I was stupid horny and Sam legit was one of those 10 out of 10 guys. I mean, his boobs alone were spectacular.

"Hey Emma." he said, a wry smile crawling across his lips. He was trying not to look down at my tits. I mentioned that he was a total gentleman, right? "Looks like you're, uh, enjoying the party."

"You know," I smiled. "I can honestly say that this is probably the craziest party I've ever been to."

"You don't say?" laughed Sam. "It shows. What on earth are you wearing?"

"Oh?" I gestured down. "You like it? It's just a little something that I'm um... borrowing from a friend."

"It's really something." He laughed. "You know what? It really suits you."

"Aw." I blushed a little harder than I'd liked. "Thank you." I gestured at the keg. "How about you pour me a beer, handsome?"

"I don't know..." He looked over at the keg sitting next to him, then raised an eyebrow as he turned back to me. "It looks like you might already have had a few too many. You might not be making the best choices, you know?"

"Huh?"

Just then, Becky stumbled her way in from the dance floor in the living room, Cyclops bouncing confidently in front of her as she did. For a moment our eyes locked. Damn, that thing looked really good on her. Like, her small frame really just makes it look all the bigger. How had I not noticed that earlier? I should see if I could get her alone and maybe have her take my ass for a ride.

Becky though was clearly not on the same page. "Oh my god," she cried. Her eyes dropped down to my outfit. Shit, did she recognize that I was wearing her dress? But no. Instead she just let out a big laugh and turned right back around to the dancefloor, taking her sexy little ass and my enormous dildo with her.

"What was that all about?" I asked, turning towards Sam.

Sam smiled "Well, I mean, can you blame her? it's not every day you see someone walking around the middle of a party wearing a sex toy like that." He pointed down at my dress

"Wait..." I said, the blood draining from my face. "What?"

To be continued in Part 14: Party Till You Drop!

