

Warning: This sexy, swappy chapter includes jiggling tits, jumbled relationships, swaps for the whole family, role reversals, micro bikinis, hairy chests, head swaps, role reversals, boob jobs, girls taking advantage of guys, feminine penises, body swaps, age swaps, dick swaps, boob swaps, anal sex, and a shiny happy couple with something sinister lurking just under the hood.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -
= Part 17 – A New Weirdness! =
By Razmagurk

I woke up hungover.

Which was to be expected, I guess. Elizabeth liked to party sometimes and she had wanted to celebrate. I don't normally drink on a Monday night -- I've got classes on Tuesday -- but for her I'd make any exception. Besides, this hangover wasn't even as bad as the one I'd had the previous morning. Jesus, that party was really something else.

Gently, I tried to disentangle myself from Elizabeth's body without waking her. She always looked so sweet when she was sleeping. She did this thing where in the middle of the night she'd put her head back all the way and let her jaw go slack so that her mouth would hang wide open. She hated it, but I thought it was totally adorable. She had also apparently forgotten - or been too drunk - to take off her makeup last night, so it was now smeared all over her face. What an angel.

I slid out of bed carefully and made my way to the bathroom to get us some aspirin and some water. If I was feeling last night, with my bulky man body and with how little I drank, I could only imagine how it was going to affect her. I wondered if she'd even remember last night. A part of me was kind of hoping she wouldn't - she'd been so drunk that she hadn't been able to get it up and had gotten all embarrassed about it. Probably for the best she forgets.

I reveled in the way my enormous naked breasts swayed to and fro as I delicately sneaked over to the bathroom, almost throwing me off balance with each step. I smiled down at them. Is it wrong that I kind of loved that? It was like they had a mind of their own. I had to use one arm to hold them close lest they try to fly off in every direction. Having boobs was just... it was the best. There's nothing like it. It felt like a shame to cover them up, but I threw on one of Elizabeth's long shirts from the previous night, just for modesty's sake. It hung down past my hips just enough that I could probably get away with not wearing any pants.

Having placed a full glass and some pills on the bedside table in case Elizabeth woke up while I was out, I opened the bedroom door, only to almost trip over Ellen, who was curled up on the floor in her blouse and jeans. She looked at me and started panting gently.

"Shhh." I put a finger to my lips.

She just turned her head to the side and stood up, her waggy little tail already going a mile a minute, making that telltale swish-swish-swish noise as it rubbed against the denim of her pants.

“Okay, okay. Shhh!”

I reached down and scooped her up, cradling her against my boobs as I gently closed the door. Inside, Elizabeth was still snoring. I smiled. Elizabeth didn't believe that she snored, no matter how hard I tried to convince her. It was funny, somehow, with all the body swapping that had gone on this weekend, she'd managed to start snoring even louder.

While the dog was out back peeing, I was able to start getting breakfast ready. Nothing fancy today. Eggs and toast and orange juice. The secret to good eggs is to add a little bit of flavour. I used new orleans cajun spice. You should try it sometime, it's great. Pancakes were fun and I liked making them, but you can't do them every day. Not that I make Elizabeth breakfast in bed on the regular or anything... but my baby was up late last night and I was going to get her that little bit of extra sleep that she deserved.

Cooking with boobs was a certainly a fun new challenge. Granted, the ones I had were huge, so I probably wasn't doing myself any favors in that department, but it was like someone had pulled the top shelf out - every time I turned, I threatened to knock something over. I had to tie the apron on real tight to keep everything in place and even then, I ended up having to redo the toast and almost sending the poor eggs to an early demise. Still, I loved every minute of it and I wouldn't have traded it for the world. I mean, it would have been nicer if I wasn't in this big awkward male body, with these slender masculine arms and delicate bulky shoulders, but hey, it was a start.

Having let the dog back in, I sauntered delicately back into the bedroom, gently closing the door with a sway of my hips as I carefully set the tray down on the bedside table.

I almost laughed when I looked up at her - all night she had been rolling over on top of me and either pushing me off the bed or stealing the blankets. As soon as I'd left the room though, she rolled over into a corner and had curled up into a tiny little pile right on the edge of her side. If that wasn't the cutest thing, I don't know what was.

I laughed. She must have been having a good dream. Her dick was hard enough to tent the sheets. I licked my lips as I let my eyes roam up and down her gentle, supine form.

God, I really was lucky. Elizabeth was so amazingly handsome. Sure, okay, I might think that about a lot of boys -- hell, i might be more than a little boy crazy -- but no other guy out there can compare to Elizabeth. Every one of her soft subtle lines and curves oozed with this perfect masculine sexiness. I just wanted to dig my teeth into her. Or rather, I grinned, have her dig her teeth into me. She was just the right amounts rugged and clean cut, like a Calvin Klein underwear model or something. I was getting hard just imagining what I was about to do to her.

Delicately, bottle of lube in hand and a coy smile on my face, I slid in under the covers and deftly navigated to my prize. I had years of practice at not waking her, but what I was about to try was something brand new. I hoped she'd liked it.

Mmm... there it was - rock hard and ready as it strained desperately against the sheets. She bucked a little in her sleep, rubbing the naked head of her huge dick against the blankets. I gave a wide grin as I

cradled her big fat balls in one hand. She always did have the best balls. I breathed deep and inhaled that wonderfully musky feminine scent of hers. God, I loved this woman.

The positioning was a little awkward, but one of the few good things this football star body had going for it was that it was that it was remarkably flexible.

Oh my god, her pulsing shaft was so warm as I wrapped my enormous pillowy tits around it. I was surprised at just how much still stuck out after it had been enveloped by my cleavage. I mean, I knew she was big, but wow. The head was sticking out in front of me, tantalizingly. What choice did I have but to kiss it? To play with it with my lips? To take it into my mouth and swirl my tongue around the flavor of my wonderful girlfriend's perfect little cockhead? I really was the luckiest guy on earth.

She stirred in confusion and woke mid-snore. Slowly I began to increase the pace of my ministrations, working my tongue around her head as I began to squeeze and lift my well-lubed tits, pinching at my delightfully sensitive nipples. I pressed my body forward into her crotch, grinding my tits into her hips as my own sex rubbed into the sheets below.

I felt a sudden chill as Elizabeth flipped off the covers and stared down at me, her dropped jaw a confused sleepy mixture of confusion, guilt and sheer raw ecstasy.

"Evan? What are you - what are you... oh. Oh wow."

I winked up at her and pulled her cock out of my mouth long enough to blow her a little kiss, then dove back down on her delicious cock as I squeezed my tits around it all the tighter.

"Oh my god." she gasped, now bucking her hips up and down in time to my rhythm. Her chest arched as her head rolled back. Her hands raced down along her body as she began to play with her little breasts, rolling their sizeable bulk around on her chest as she squeezed and tugged at her nipples.

I eased back. Her delicious precum was flowing out of her like a faucet. At this rate it would be over all too soon. I needed to keep this slow and sensuous.

"Oh, fuck." she moaned. "Harder! Harder!"

Or not. I did my best to double down, but honestly, with the way her hips were moving she was saving me most of the trouble. The tricky part had now become managing to keep my mouth on her pumping dick as it shot in and out of my bosomy cleft. Eventually I stopped trying to tongue her entirely and just let my mouth be a hot wet hole for her to fuck.

"Oh my god!" she cried. Her balls and dick pulsed as the first heavy rope of her sweet gooey cum erupted out. Not wanting to get it all over the sheets, I dove down and clamped my mouth around her overflowing femininity, sucking and swallowing shot after thick juicy shot.

I looked up at her and smiled, opening my mouth with the intention of showing that I had swallowed it all, but it seems that somewhere in the excitement I had got some dribbling down my face and onto my creamy tits. The stunned hazy expression on her face turned to joy as she leaned her head back and laughed.

"Good morning baby," I said, sliding up her length and cuddling up next to her. "Thank you for breakfast."

"Evan... you're amazing, you know that?"

"Aw, thank you, baby." I leaned in for a kiss, but she looked down at my glossy cum-stained lips and just kinda wrinkled her nose at me.

"Lets uh, lets brush our teeth before we do any of that, okay?"

I let out a little burp. We laughed. It tasted like her.

She turned her head to look at the tray, drawn by the smell of greasy food.

"Wait," she said, eying the plate suspiciously, "did you - did you cut my toast into strips?"

"Of course. That's the way you like them, right?" I furrowed my brow as I looked over. I hoped I hadn't screwed them up. "And I left the eggs kinda runny so you can dip them."

"I..." Tears were welling up in her eyes.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah... I just... no one's ever done anything like that for me before."

"Hey," I laughed. "I make you toast all the time. For how much I love you, baby, it's the least I can do."

"I... yeah." she sniffed back another tear. "No one else, I mean."

"Aw, baby." I cuddled up next to her and gave her a squeeze. "I'll always be there to make toast for you."

"Yeah..." she said, a guilty frown crossing her lips. We lingered there a while. It looked like she had something she wanted to say but finally she just shook her head. "Shall we eat?"

"I already did" I laughed.

We ate. Elizabeth seemed off. It was bugging me that I couldn't quite read her mood. She felt bad about something, but I couldn't for the life of me imagine what it was. Was I laying it on too thick? Being too sweet? Was she concerned that she wasn't reciprocating? That was sweet of her, but she didn't need to. I would love her no matter what. I gave her another gentle squeeze.

That's when I felt a certain hard something poking against my leg. I looked up at her and raised an eyebrow.

"Oh come on, what do you expect?" she blushed. "Why you gotta be all sexy like that, huh? You can't keep rubbing your naked body against me while I'm eating and not expect me to get, uh, hard."

"Aw," I smirked. "thank you, baby. You're not so bad yourself." I reached down and started stroking her dick with my hand. "We have some time before we need to be anywhere, what's say you and I take care of this properly, huh?"

"Evan," she gasped "you read my mind."

I gave her a naughty little grin as I untangled myself from her and leaned back, savoring the anticipation of her touch as I spread my legs. My wonderful new feminine cock twitched in the air. Having this thing was amazing. We'd used it a few times by now of course, but the sensation of being fucked with it was just... it was life affirming. It was everything I had ever wanted. And here I was about to get held down and fucked with everything my girlfriend had. I couldn't wait.

...

I opened one eye.

Elizabeth was looking at me confused. She had also rolled over and spread her legs, seemingly getting ready for the same thing I had been.

"No, Evan," she laughed. "I want *you* to fuck *me*. Come on baby, give me some of that great big dick."

"O-oh" I said. "Sure." I could do that. It was a little weird, but I suppose there was nothing wrong with it. I was just so accustomed to being the one getting fucked was all. Elizabeth could be insatiable. Still, I aimed to please.

I slid my body over top of hers, lining myself up so that I could rub at her tits with my own. That was something that I really loved. This had the added benefit of lining up our feminine dicks. Her enormous dick still not quite as long as my delicate girly member, but we were both burning so hot and so hard. Hers was still slick from the lube and the spit, and after a few deep kisses mine was positively dripping with precum as well.

Pressing in deeply, I rubbed our bodies together as I reached down with one hand and grabbed at both of our dicks, holding them together in a tight lesbian embrace as I stroked up and down - gently at first but increasing in tempo to the rate of our rising heartbeats. Elizabeth gasped and moaned and started bucking her hips. It wasn't long before I was joining in, practically purring at the feeling of our sapphic sex.

"I want you to fuck my ass." she groaned hungrily.

"I- what?"

"I want to take that big dick of yours and I want you to bury it so deep inside of me you'll never be able to get it out. I want to feel anal sex with a prostate. I want you to pound my new spot with your rock-hard man shaft. Fuck me, Evan, please. Make me your fuck hole."

I smiled. Elizabeth liked to talk dirty, but damned if she was terrible at it. I leaned down and gave her a kiss, our tongues playing delicately at each other's threshold.

She pulled her length out of my hand and rolled over, propping her ass up and wiggling it in my direction, her dick and balls swinging around hard and ready beneath her.

We had never done this before. I mean, sure, she'd fucked me up the ass plenty of times, but she'd never expressed interest in receiving. Honestly, I kind of preferred catching. I guess I was just used to it. Oh man, like, just the thought of having her big dick buried hilt-deep in my plump ass just sent shivers right through me. But if this is what my baby wanted, I wasn't going to say no.

I looked down at my big girly dick then up at her needy little hole. This was going to be tricky. I didn't know if I'd be able to make it fit.

I leaned back to grab the lube and applied a liberal amount. She flinched a little as the cold gel made contact with her skin. Slowly I inserted a finger. She moaned. I gave her time to adjust as I probed her body. It was easy enough to find the smooth little button that was her prostate, and she cried out as I applied pressure.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck. Fuck!" she yelled rapturously. "Stop teasing me and start fucking me!"

"Is this okay?" I said, inserting another finger. This all felt a little awkward to me, but she was loving it, so I kept going.

"Oh my god, Evan, its fine. I can handle it. Just stick it in me already!"

I sighed as I started rubbing lube and precum into my girl stick. I had wanted this to be sensual, *romantic*, but I guess Elizabeth was really just in the mood to get fucked.

Slowly I pressed the full weight of my feminine dick against her eager asshole, gently applying pressure until, with a moan, I entered into her.

Oh, wow. She was so tight. My delicate little sex was on fire. I'd never felt anything like this. Was this what girls felt like when they were giving anal?

With a shiver of delight, I gently brought myself out of her, then slid back in.

"Oh fuck." she cried. "Harder! Fuck me rough, daddy!"

Daddy? I frowned, but obliged, increasing my tempo and making sure I was slamming into her, my girly balls slapping her shapely ass with each hard thrust.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!" She moaned as I pounded her over and over, squealing each time I pressed into her pleasure spot. Soon her eyes were rolling up in the back of her head and her tongue was practically hanging out in pleasure. What an angel.

The next time I bottomed out, she rolled over onto her back - now that was a unique sensation - and started thrusting her hips into the air. Her rock-hard dick was flopping against her chest, each powerful stroke of our bodies causing it to leap and dance about.

I reached out and grabbed it. Her eyes lit up with need as I did, and suddenly she was bucking her hips and fucking my hand just as hard as I was fucking her. I pumped her cock with one hand as hard as I could while I buried my femininity deep into her ass over and over again.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried out, "Oh my fucking god!" She clenched down hard on my dick as her body tensed and spasmed. Rope after juicy rope of hot girl-cum shot all over her chest, flying far enough that it even splattered all the way up to the bottom of her tits. It just kept coming. She was practically drenched. Where had all this come from? Hadn't I just sucked it all out of her?

I eased up and gently removed my dick from her quivering hole, inspecting it to make sure it wasn't dirty, then cuddling up beside her.

Needless to say, we laid in bed for a while, our limbs thoroughly entangled. I rested my head against Elizabeth's gentle breast, savoring her warmth and her scent while I collected her spilled seed with my fingers and tongue. As I grazed past her taut midriff, she let out a deep satisfied sigh. She reached down to run one hand through my hair while she grabbed her phone off the nightstand with the other.

"That was great," she panted, scrolling through her messages. "We should do that more often. A lot more often. Wow, oh my god."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." I purred, nuzzling my head into her hand.

"What, it wasn't good for you?"

"I think I prefer it when you fuck me." I laughed. "Making love to you is great, don't get me wrong. I love you and I'd do anything for you -- you know that. But when you hold me down and have your way with it me... when you let your lust get the better of you and you just *ravish* me like I'm your personal cock rag..." I blushed. "That's... That's something special."

"Oh no." she groaned. "Don't tell me we're both bottoms."

"What?"

"That's fine," she laughed, "It's nothing we can't fix."

"Wait, no, hold on. Did you use the device to play around with your sexuality or something?"

"Um." she glanced over at the little black box sitting on the bedside table. "Something like that. It's probably best if you just don't worry too much about it."

"I'm not worried about it," I said, staring deeply into her eyes as she went back to scrolling through her phone. "I just hope you know that you can tell me about these things, you know?"

"Oh my god," she jumped upright. "how did it get so late? We need to start getting ready before the mall gets all busy."

"Wait," My eyes lit up. "The mall?"

"Hell yes!" She let out a faux-evil laugh. "I have some unfinished business to take care of with one of the salon owners. And besides, after that party I think we both definitely need some new clothes."

"Wait, didn't we just go shopping the other day? I mean, you know me I'm always down for it, but can we really afford it, is the question."

"Oh," Elizabeth glanced again at the device. "I don't think we have to worry about that."

"Hey now," I raised an eyebrow. "What exactly do you mean by that?"

"Oh, I don't mean we use the device or anything." she smiled coyly "that would be... wrong. No no, it's just that the club has been doing really well lately. We'll never have to worry about things like not having enough money for clothes or saving up for a boob job ever again."

"Oh, that's great!" I exclaimed. Elizabeth didn't really talk about work much. I had no idea everything was going so well. "I'm so proud of you baby, have I ever told you that?" I wrapped my arms around her and gave her a big supportive hug. "You're always working so hard, it's great to see it all paying off."

"Aw, thank you Evan."

"Actually, wait, don't you have to head into work soon? Didn't you say something about having a ton of paperwork to do?"

"Oh, its fine. I'm sure they can handle without me for a few days."

"You're taking another day off?"

"Of course." She ran a hand along my naked body. I felt the heat washing over me as she manhandled my butt. "If this is what I have waiting for me at home, why would I ever want to go to work?"

"Actually, shit, it's Tuesday. I've got class in an hour and a half. I can't exactly run off either, as tempting as a couple new pairs of shoes might be. Ooh, I'd love to get some new running shoes for the game tomorrow, and like, a bunch of new tops to go with my, er," I cupped my tits "expanded repertoire."

"See? Plenty of reason to come." Elizabeth laughed.

"But no, I really can't miss any classes." I sighed. "I wish you'd picked another day to take off. We'll have to do it another time."

"Oh come on, you can afford one little absence. It's not like anyone's counting."

"I mean, I could probably afford to, sure, but... I just can't. I won't. It's important. Come on baby, you know that."

"Okay okay, I'll tell you what. I'll swap your class schedule around with someone else, that way you can take all the time you want and shop the day away with me and you're not missing any classes."

"That's not the point." I pouted, "Besides, who knows what kind of weird consequences that could have? What if it moves around what classes I'm in and suddenly I don't qualify for my major anymore or like... something else weird?"

"It'll be fine," she waved her hand dismissively "we'll just swap back afterwards."

"Honestly baby, I'd just rather not."

Elizabeth sighed in frustration. I frowned. I hated that sound.

"So you're not coming to the mall with me?"

"I can't baby, I'm sorry."

"Please, Evan?" she batted her eyes at me "I was kind of hoping I could show you off a little."

"Isn't that basically all we did yesterday?"

"Well, yeah, but like... I was also hoping to really take the device out for a spin and, well, it would mean a lot to me if I had someone there who knew what was going on. Someone I could talk swaps with, maybe experiment on..."

"Wait, what?"

"In a good way! Like, we could try some new things out. Come on Evan, you love me, right? Didn't you say you'd do anything for me? Am I really less important to you than missing one class?"

My heart was torn. Class was important to me. I wasn't on any major scholarships or anything, but I intended to do grad school, and that meant I needed to know my shit. I wasn't smart enough to be skipping any classes or slacking off academically. This wasn't one day, this was a bad precedent, the inciting incident on a slippery slope. In many ways, this was my academic future, my career. Elizabeth and I were going to be together forever. There would be all the time in the world for amazing shopping trips. We both knew that. The responsible thing would be to say no, to stick to my guns and to go to class and schedule this for some other time. Her pushing like this was... well, it was cruel.

But... she knew all that, didn't she? She must have her reasons. And I mean, I trusted her, didn't I? She must know what she was doing. Maybe one little shopping trip wouldn't hurt."

"Fine." I sighed. "I'll go. But only because it's you. You're right, baby, I do love you, and yes, I really would do anything for you."

"Wait, really?" She smiled so wide that it quickly became infectious. "I can't believe that worked. Oh my god Evan, you really are the best boyfriend, aren't you?"

"Thank you, baby," I grinned. "Now, what are we shopping for?"

Several failed attempts to get out of bed later, we finally managed to make it to the bathroom.

Maybe shopping was a good idea after all. All of the clothes I had purchased the other day were all amazing, don't get me wrong, but they'd been designed for a masculine chest, not the enormous girly boobs I currently had. Not that I didn't love my boobs to pieces. On the contrary, I was squeezing and bouncing and jiggling them as I stared into the bathroom mirror. I just couldn't stop grinning. God, they felt so fucking right. And that's to say nothing of my big girly dick. Fuck, I must have spent ten whole minutes just jumping around watching it swing. I felt like my whole life I'd been wearing the wrong sized shoes, and now, finally, I'd slipped into something comfortable.

I just wished the rest of my body could follow suit. Maybe... maybe we could feminize the rest of me today as well? Find some people in the mall who would be better served by having my masculine body and trade with them? No one would ever need to know but me and Elizabeth.

Except... uhg. That was exactly the problem. I would know. I would know what I'd done. I knew what I had already done. I stopped bouncing and looked down at myself in disgust. What was I doing? These tits... this dick. These weren't mine. I'd stolen them from someone else. God, I'd been so selfish.

My train of thought was interrupted by Elizabeth stepping into the bathroom. She ran her eyes along my body approvingly. I gave a half-hearted smile and tried to give her a sexy little pose. She'd probably have known I wasn't happy if she just looked up at my face, but she was too busy enjoying the show. It helped a little, I think. Knowing that Elizabeth approved of my body made it seem kind of silly that I was getting so worked up about it.

Still, I looked kind of weird, didn't I? I mean, sure, I had a feminine chest and a feminine crotch and feminine hair now, but the rest of me still had the lithe, curvaceous form of a varsity quarterback... it just didn't line up.

I looked up at Elizabeth. Despite everything that had happened, she'd somehow gotten away from everything looking just as beautiful as she ever was. Not that I was dating her for her body or anything, but she's definitely the most attractive girl on campus. Always has been. I bit my lip as her petite little tits - each easily the size of her head - bounced and swayed as she got the shower ready. I could feel myself getting hard at the sight.

I'll spare you the details of our shower together, suffice it to say that even with Elizabeth hogging all the hot water, it was still quite steamy.

Stepping out of the shower, we started getting dressed and putting on our makeup. I was super excited. Elizabeth had brought home one of those pallets from work and it had so much great stuff. We were both leaning over the sink fighting for space in the mirror. I actually got a little fussy about it when I saw how she was overapplying her foundation and under-accentuating her eyes, but I tried not to make a big deal of it. Then of course I saw that she wasn't even using lip plumper. Still, I know everyone has their

own way of doing things so I bit my tongue. I can be a total bitch when it comes to makeup. I really needed to teach her one day. Or like, just start applying it myself, I guess.

A little while later I stepped out of the bedroom dressed and ready to go. Mall clothing is tricky. I wanted to wear something nice so that Elizabeth could get a good look at me, but at the same time I didn't want to wear anything too nice because then it would outshine the clothes I was trying on. On top of that, it had to be something that I could get on and off again really easy. Luckily, I had a lot of cute little skirts that served perfectly. The one I was wearing was relatively long in that it went down to mid thigh, but it made up for that by flaring out playfully. God, I love skirts. I'm surprised I don't have more of them.

My top was a stretchy white halter with burgundy accents. I was actually kind of impressed with how it almost (but not quite) fit. Maybe I could get away with wearing some of my recent purchases with my new tits after all? They'd be kinda tight, but, well, that just meant they'd show off my tits better, didn't it?

I stepped out to see Elizabeth inspecting the device in her hands. Ellen was sitting by her feet, her cute little doggy nose just barely poking out from under her pile of clothes. Elizabeth's jaw dropped as she looked up at me. She was wearing her loosest pair of jeans, comfortable looking flats, and a t-shirt that was obviously not designed to contain those small tits of hers, which were wobbling around braless underneath, desperate to escape. She laughed as she looked over at me then down at herself.

"Oh my god, Evan. How is that *my boyfriend* somehow always manages to dress hotter than me?"

"Aw," I beamed "thank you baby."

"No, no, this is a legitimate concern. I'm totally jealous." She stuck a hand on her hip and looked down at herself. "And apparently underdressed."

"Do you want me to get changed?"

"You know what? I have a better idea." I could see her dick start tenting in her jeans as she began to adjust the device. "You know what Evan? I like seeing you in sexy clothes. I love that you dress this way. But I think if you're going to be dressing sexy, why not go all the way? Do you have anything even sexier than that?"

Zzzzttttt

"Sexier than this?" I laughed, wiggling my hips in my jeans, a motion that sent my bare nipples rubbing against my t-shirt.

"Yeah, something daring"

I blushed. I had just the outfit.

I stepped out again about half an hour later having completely changed my look. At first I was just going to slip into something a bit sexier, but then I decided I really needed to redo my makeup to match, and then, well, one thing had led to another. If it was sexy my baby wanted, it was sexy she was going to get.

Elizabeth was still over by the window, device in hand, watching a squirrel flap around outside the window. "Oh my god." Elizabeth exclaimed as she turned around and got a look at me, tugging down the hem of her skirt to cover the bright red bulging thong that was apparently threatening to just flip her skirt up at a moment's notice.

"You like?" I held a hand over my head as I posed. My tits were spilling out over the cups of my tight little black silk bustier, a garment so revealing that I was currently showing more skin than if I'd just been wearing a bra. It had a pair of lacey sleeves in a thin band around the tops of my arms - the garment's one concession to not being glorified lingerie - but because the thing was shoulderless it looked almost like I was just wearing armbands instead. I was wearing it with the shortest skirt I could find - a ruffled black micro that looked for all the world more like an oversized belt than an actual article of clothing on its own. I had topped the whole thing off with a pair of lacey fishnets that ran to mid-thigh, leaving just the perfect amount of leg invitingly bare.

"Oh my god, I love it."

"Sexy enough for you?" I grinned.

"Fuck. Too sexy. Maybe this was a bad idea. Fuck. Maybe we should uh. Stay in, instead, and try that whole sex thing again."

"As nice as that sounds..." I bit my lip. "I think we've learned our lesson about that, haven't we? Plenty of time for fucking after we get home. We'll never get anything done otherwise."

"Is that so wrong?" she raised an eyebrow.

"You're just saying that to get out of shopping." I stuck out my tongue. "Come on, lets go. I was taking a look online and you know that little swimsuit store on the east corner? Major sale! I know it's not quite that time of year, but I totally need a new bikini or like, three."

Elizabeth froze up for a moment, her eyes locked on my body as she did the mental math. "Right then." she grinned. "Let's go."

My heels clicked rhythmically under me as we walked down to the bus stop. We were a little early but that was alright.

It looked like we weren't the only ones waiting. There was a family there as well - father, mother, young son, and a brother and a sister about our age. Wait, hold on, I recognized the mother from somewhere. I wracked my brain trying to place her. She'd been in one of my classes last semester, hadn't she? Lizzy? Liz? She was from England - studying abroad as part of a continued studies program or something like that. She'd made a big stir with all the guys because she had those huge tits. I had no idea she was married. Or that she had kids. I guess the older ones must have been from a previous marriage or

something? That must be strange. Still, good for her. I glanced over at Elizabeth. I really couldn't wait till we had children of our own.

The young kid was bored and evidently impatient. He was whining about something, but I had no idea what. His parents would occasionally indulge him, but it wasn't really helping.

Elizabeth and I sat quietly and waited.

The bus was late. Like, ten minutes and counting.

Elizabeth let out a sigh that was equal parts annoyance and boredom. I put an arm around her and pulled myself into her. She dug around in her bag with one hand, pulling out the device.

"Baby?" I asked, cautiously raising an eyebrow. "What are you going to do with that?"

"Uh..." She gave me a smile that tried very hard to be innocent. "Nothing? Just a force of habit, I guess."

"Uh-huh." I smiled back.

"Come on, Evan, aren't you bored?"

"Just..." I glanced over at Liz and her family. "Just make sure you swap everyone back afterwards, okay?"

"Of course," she laughed. "You can trust me."

She held the device out to me to touch. As soon as my hand brushed against it she started going crazy with the thing, firing it off again and again, spinning the dials seemingly at random. The enthusiastic grin would have been kind of scary if it had been anyone else.

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I looked over and tried not to laugh as my brain struggled to make sense of the chaos that had just happened.

Liz was still quite curvy, but the front of her shirt now seemed to fall low and loose in front of her. I'd say it would have threatened to show her breasts, but there were now none to be found. Instead, the loose material settled down in front of the impressively sizeable bulge that was plainly showing through her tight pants. Her hair was different too. The long brown ponytail she'd been wearing had been replaced

by a shorter more masculine mess that had been on the older brother a moment ago. It took me a moment to realize it, but her light dusting of makeup had disappeared as well.

Liz's husband, who was otherwise kind of a handsome older guy, now had his wife's huge breasts sticking off of his otherwise masculine frame. He had lost several inches - enough that his wife was now taller than him - and long white socks now ran up the smooth hairless legs that stuck out of the bulging skirt that his adult daughter had been wearing just prior. All of the makeup that had been on Liz's face now graced his, though I have to admit, I think the effect was kind of ruined by his mustache, not to mention their difference in skin tone.

The daughter's head now stood on top of the body of the rambunctious kid. She adjusted her sunglasses with one tiny hand as she looked down confused at the child's toy she was clutching in the other. The brown ponytail gracing her hair had seemed of normal length when it had graced her mother, but it now seemed to hang down surprisingly low against her new smaller body.

The kid's head had ended up, of course, on his older sister's body, the chest of which, which had looked so proud before, now seemed flat and boyish enough that the clothes which had previously contained it now hung to rather loosely. He was squirming uncomfortably as he shifted his weight from one of his father's legs to the other, clutching a phone tight in one of his feminine, manicured hands.

Finally, the young perky breasts which had found themselves on the older brother's chest bounced around freely under his loose t-shirt. He actually looked surprisingly feminine, as long as you were willing to look at him from the waist up. The makeup he wore highlighted his resemblance to his sister, and the fact that he now had her haircut as well helped cement that illusion. I couldn't help to notice as well that he had a conspicuous lack of bulge in his pants, but that might have just been my imagination.

"Mom," moaned the young child, squirming around in his slender college age body, "this bra is too itchy!"

"I sure am glad I don't have to wear stuff like that." said the brother, pulling out his makeup compact and checking on his well applied face. His nipples tented as his they rubbed against the straining fabric of his shirt.

"Hey! Give me that!" Squeaked the older sister, reaching up with her tiny hands to try and grab the cell phone that her now much taller younger brother was holding.

The kid just stuck out his tongue and clutched it to his chest. The girl jumped up trying to grab it, but the kid's tall masculine legs meant he had no trouble keeping it out of reach.

"Ethan," chastised Liz, "Quit teasing your older brother."

"Sorry Dad" sunk the boy, lowering the phone enough that the girl could grab it.

Elizabeth and I were tripping up trying not to laugh as the family sat around patiently waiting for the bus, completely ignorant of how completely messed up they were. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore.

"Okay, okay, you gotta swap them back."

"Oh. uh," Elizabeth laughed "I already did."

"You what? When?"

"When you were keeled over just a minute ago." She glanced back up at the family and broke out into a huge smile. "Yeah, don't even worry about it. This is all perfectly normal."

"Oh, baby," I said, trying and failing to stop laughing long enough that I could frown at her. "you can't do that without getting me in on the swap. What if I have another class with her? I'm going to be seeing her as all weird from now on!"

"Well," Elizabeth grinned. "At least you'll get a laugh out of it."

I let out one last laugh and shook my head.

"Okay, okay," Elizabeth sighed, wiping away a hysterical tear. "I've had enough waiting. I don't think this stupid bus is ever coming. Let's go."

"What, you want to walk?"

"In these things?" she gestured down at her comfortable looking 3-inch open-toed heels. "God no. Though I'm sure if we'd started walking instead of waiting here, we'd be there by now."

She was right.

"No, I have a better idea." she said, glancing down at the device.

Following her lead, we walked into the little parking lot behind the coffee shop on the corner. This cute looking guy was just stepping out the back door, coffee in one hand, keys in the other. He was all rugged and muscular under his flannel shirt and he had these striking blue eyes that could make a boy swoon. He was making a good pace for a sporty looking red sedan parked a little bit away from all the other cars.

"Yeah," Elizabeth said, looking the guy over. "He'll do."

"What?"

The guy was just about to open the car door when Elizabeth stepped forward and confronted him.

"Hey." she said, angrily. "That's my car!"

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Zzzzttttt

The guy looked down confused at the keys and the coffee in his hands.

"I..." he blushed in embarrassment. It was totally adorable. "I'm sorry. I don't know what I was thinking. I don't even own a car... and this coffee isn't mine either..."

Elizabeth held out her hand. He handed her the keys with one hand while she tore the coffee out from his other.

"Wow, can you believe that guy?" I said as the man retreated down the street. "Some people, huh?"

Elizabeth took a sip of her coffee, frowned, and threw it into the nearby trash.

"It's fine." Elizabeth laughed. "These things happen. Come on," she unlocked the car doors with the key fob. "Let's get going."

I slid into Elizabeth's passenger seat. The faux-leather hot and sticky against my skin. I had to push some empty coffee cups and water bottles aside as I swung my legs in. Elizabeth's car was always such a mess. I rolled down a window to help escape the musty smell of Elizabeth's gym bag, which had been thrown so haphazardly into the back that it had spilled open.

I looked over to see Elizabeth staring down at the steering wheel in confusion. "Are you sure you don't want me to drive?" I asked, leaning over. "I mean, it's great that you have a car and everything, but it's not like you know how to drive standard."

She shot me a little glare and reached for the device, which was sitting in the seat of her lap.

Zzzzttttt

As if in response, Elizabeth kicked it into gear and tore out of the parking lot.

"One day, Evan," she said "I'll teach you how to drive stick. Then I'll take you up on that offer."

"That sounds like a lot of fun, actually." I bit my lip a little as I looked down at her tenting skirt. "I'd love to handle your stick." Maybe it was just the rumble of the car against my mostly naked ass, but there was something about her driving that was getting me really turned on. Would giving her head while she was driving be a distraction?

Elizabeth grinned and poured on the gas as we zig zagged through traffic. She was like a kid with a new toy. You'd think she'd never driven her own car before. A few minutes later we were pulling into the mall's parking lot.

The mall was weirdly crowded for a Tuesday afternoon. I mean, honestly, who is shopping at that time? Us, apparently. There were a lot of families about too, plenty of kids. Did these people not have jobs or school?

Not that there wasn't the usual mass of college students flocking around as well. I grinned a little at my good fortune - there were a lot of cute boys here today. Mmm... I could feel my heart beating faster whenever one of them walked by. I made sure to put some extra sway in my step, hoping I could draw their eyes, but I don't think any of them really noticed.

Not that no one noticed. I don't think a single girl's head didn't turn as I walked past. It was an even blend of lusty stares and jealous glances at Elizabeth, who herself kept sneaking glances at my ass whenever I would get ahead of her.

"So, what's the plan?" I asked, ready and eager to dive into some serious sales.

"For now, let's just walk around a bit."

"Oh." My heart dropped.

"Well," she laughed "if we see anything we like we'll check it out, but I have the device and I want to do a bit of people watching with it."

"You want to use it on random people?"

"Well no, I want to use it on specific people, but I mean... it's so tempting, you know?"

"What is?"

"To swap people around. To just play with the damn thing. There's all kinds of people in here, all kinds of things I could do. Like, that family over there?" she gestured to a haggard looking father running around with a pair of preteen girls. "Wouldn't it be so funny to swap them around? To see what it does?"

"Baby, come on..." I put my hand on her arm. "You know that messing with people's lives like that is no good..."

"Huh?" she furrowed her brow at me like she hadn't even been paying attention. "oh, don't get me wrong, I'll swap them back. I promise. But in the meantime, even you have to admit it would be interesting to see that guy running around with his daughter's body or something."

"Okay," I tried not to smile at the mental image. "I admit that would be pretty silly. As long as no one gets hurt, of course."

"Right, right, of course." Elizabeth had already raised the device and was pointing it at the father, who was lecturing the girls about something. I rushed to reach up and touch the device as well.

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

A surge of hot pain shot up my hand. I pulled it away, shaking it out.

"Jesus!" Elizabeth exclaimed, waving one hand as she hot-potatoed the device into her bag. "I hate when it does that."

"It does that regularly?" I asked, looking down at my hand.

"I don't know what sets it off, just... sometimes it gets really hot for no reason. Ow."

I reached out and took Elizabeth's hand into my own, clutching it close in order to inspect it closely. I brought her index finger up to my mouth and gave it a gentle kiss.

"You don't look burned at least. Is the device still working?"

"See for yourself." She pointed.

The father had stopped dead in his tracks, whatever lecture he was giving forgotten mid sentence. He was still himself, in so far as I could tell, and so were the girls, but they each had an air about them now that seemed subtly different. One of the girls took a step forward and held up her finger, admonishing the father, who took a step back. It looked like he was about to argue when the other one began a similar gesture. Tears started to well up in his eyes as he cast them down at his feet.

"I... I thought you were going to head swap them? What did you do?"

"I was, but this is more interesting. I swapped their authority around. Now the dad is the daughter to these two girls."

"Wait, like, you swapped him with both of them? I didn't know you could do that."

"I wish." She sighed "No, I gave half the dad role to one of them and half to the other. I'm honestly surprised it worked at all."

"Wouldn't that make them each half of a father to the other? How does that work?"

"I... I don't know." she furrowed. "See, clearly this is why we need to experiment more."

Elizabeth surveyed the area. This was one of the more open plazas, saving the rather phallic series of statues that served as the plaza's centerpiece, so it was buzzing with all kinds of people. I could see the glint in Elizabeth's eye. She wasn't seeing people, she was seeing opportunity.

"Okay, okay," she grinned, "how about a game? I'm going to make some changes - let's say three of them - and you see if you can spot them."

"Okay," I laughed, "but I've got to be touching the device, otherwise that's not even remotely fair."

"Of course."

I held out my hand. She put the device against it and fired off a series of blasts in quick succession.

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“Hey!” I laughed, “I wasn’t ready.”

“Of course not,” she smiled that cute smile at me, “I gotta keep you on your toes. Come on, big boy, let’s see what you’ve got.”

I looked around. Okay, how hard could this be?

The first one was obvious. There was a family leaving the toy shop, a mother and father and son and daughter - a perfect little nuclear family. Except none of the heads seemed to match the bodies they were attached to. The little girl’s body, which was topped with the father’s head, was even still clutching an enormous teddy bear in one hand as she - er, he - held hands with his old body, now topped with his daughter’s head.

“Does that count as two?” I asked, watching the younger brother pick his nose with his mother’s well manicured finger and then wiping his hands on her blouse.

“Nope,” Elizabeth grinned, “I swapped them as a group. Two more to go.”

I searched the crowd again. I must have missed something. There was a sense of urgency that sort of washed over me. I knew Elizabeth wasn’t so irresponsible as to let any of them wander off while swapped or anything, but I was still worried that if I took too long something bad was going to happen.

“Look, I’m sorry James, I know you don’t want to go in there,” came a voice from behind me, “but I’m a budding young woman and we need to buy me some training bras.”

I turned to see a young-looking girl - she couldn’t have been more than twelve - dragging around by the hand a man who looked old enough to be her father. Neither of them was wearing clothing appropriate for their age. The girl looked like she’d raided her mother’s closet and while the man looked like he’d been shopping in the children’s section. Frankly, I think we were all lucky he hadn’t burst right out of it.

He was stomping around in a huff as the girl put all of her weight into pulling him into a store that specialized in women’s underwear. He blushed and went all stiff as he entered, then ran off almost immediately to go hide behind some of the racks.

I pointed them out to Elizabeth, who laughed at the man’s behavior. She pulled out the device again and fired it off at them.

Zzzzt

“What was that?”

“Oh, I was just turning them back.”

“Oh, okay.” I said, looking back. “I really wish you’d give me a chance to touch the device first...” I turned back to look. The girl in her ill-fitting boys clothing was holding a training bra up to the man’s chest, furrowing her brow at how poorly it seemed to fit, especially compared to the ill-fitting bra he was already wearing under his blouse.

The last swap was the trickiest. I honestly didn't know where to begin. I was scrutinizing not just everyone's looks, but their behaviors as well. How do you judge if a total stranger is behaving oddly though?

Eventually I turned back to Elizabeth. She was staring at a group of guys who seemed content relaxing on one of the benches, ogling and catcalling at a group of pretty girls seated nearby -- wait, no, that wasn't quite right. The girls were the ones who kept stealing glances of the guys. And trust me, these guys were not cute enough to deserve that sort of treatment. I mean, they were fine, if you liked hairy bodies and beards, they could have even been described as cute, despite their weight, but these girls seemed to be looking at them as though they were the pick of the litter.

I leaned forward to take a closer look. Oh, of course, how could I not have noticed that? The girls, all wearing skirts, were pitching major tents.

"Good job, Evan," Elizabeth laughed, holding the device out to me. "Let's do round two."

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Zzzzt

"Hey!" I giggled "You did it again."

I reached up and put my hand over my mouth, blushing self consciously.

"Oh my god, did I just *giggle*?"

Elizabeth was rolling over with laughter.

"Elizabeth," I tried to sound stern, but her laughter was infectious. Soon, I was giggling along, which just seemed to set us both off further.

I had never giggled before in my life. Guys don't giggle, and it sounds weird doing it with a guy's voice. But there was something about it that felt very airy and light and happy and feminine. I kind of totally loved it, but I tried not to seem too happy about it.

"I honestly wasn't sure how long it was going to take you to notice," she shot me a coy expression. "Guess you're better at this than I thought. Still though, you're stuck with it until you find the others."

"I guess I'm just lucky I'm such a bubbly person." I giggled again. "Or we'd be here all day."

Of course, I wasn't terribly concerned about losing the game. In fact, I'd already found the second swap. I happened to be looking straight at it when it had happened. Good thing too - it was subtle.

There was a totally hot jock standing outside one of the sports bars, looking at the highlights or whatever from last night's game and looking all lonely. I may have been staring at his butt a little too

hard when suddenly a nerdy looking goth girl ran into him at full steam, her head down in a book. That's when the swap had happened. Now they were talking things over, apologizing and helping each other get back up, but the jock seemed far too interested in the girl's book to be natural, especially with the way she now couldn't take her eyes off the game.

To my surprise, they seemed to be hitting it off in spite of this. Maybe they were hitting it off because of it? Well, either way, score one for happy endings, I suppose.

I didn't even have to look around very hard for the third. I heard it rather than saw it.

"I don't know why this is so embarrassing for you," came a feminine voice from the bench behind us, "it's perfectly natural."

"Yeah," responded a masculine voice, "well you're not the one with your tits hanging out for everyone to see."

"No one cares! It's just breastfeeding."

I swiveled around. On the bench immediately behind us was a mother and father and their little baby. They looked familiar. Hadn't I seen them last time we'd been here? The mother was lying with her head across the father's lap, holding the baby up to her flat chest as the father, his maternity bra hanging open, lowered one of his heavy, milky breasts into her eager mouth.

"Thank you for lunch, honey," she said. "You always taste so good."

"Careful!" the father said, wincing as the attractive woman hungrily sucked on his wet nipples. "Watch your teeth."

I turned back to Elizabeth and raised my eyebrow. She grinned at me and fired the device at them again.

Zzzzttttt

"I can't help it, you keep squirming. Wait, why are you squirming?"

"I um..."

She bolted upright.

"Don't tell me you need to be changed again? We didn't even bring any diapers that would fit you!"

"I'm sorry" He looked down embarrassed, his enormous, heavy breasts swaying.

"Okay," she said, rubbing his back with one hand, "It's gonna be okay. Come with me into the women's room and I'll get you down on the changing table and cleaned up in no time. Then we'll need to go find some diapers for you if you're going to keep making messes, honey."

The two got up and started to walk off. The guy was trying to walk normally, but he just came across as super conspicuous, his stilted gait causing his enormous milky boobs to sway around violently in front of him.

"That was you turning them back, right?" I turned to Elizabeth.

"Of course. What else would it have been?"

"Just checking." I giggled. "You didn't - wait, didn't you say you were going to swap my giggle back?"

"Aw, but you sound so cute with it." she teased.

"I kind of do, don't I?" I blushed "Maybe it's not so -"

Zzzztttt

"There you go, Evan."

"I..." I sighed. "Thank you, baby." I chastised myself for being so selfish. As much as I liked it, it wasn't mine to begin with. Still, it was something to look into, going forward.

"Anything for you."

"Are we going to do a round three?" I asked.

"Actually," she said, pointing, "I was thinking. See that girl over there?"

I turned my head.

Zzzztttt

"Yeah?" The girl in question was a short, mousy looking thing. Plain across the board. She was sitting on one of the benches resting her feet as she gazed up at the big dick statue that served as the centerpiece of the plaza. I giggled a little at the sight.

Elizabeth grinned.

"What about her?" I asked.

"Okay so you know how the device tends to be like, binary states? I want to see if I can combine a lot of little changes to make something a little bigger"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, here, watch."

She looked around, finding someone inconspicuous in the crowd and firing the device off at them. Even touching the device as I was, I couldn't tell what she was doing, and yet, before my eyes, with each passing Zzzztttt, the girl seemed to increase in height.

"What are you doing?" I asked

"I'm seeing if I can stack small things to create big changes. Like, that girl was short, but now she's got the longest uh... bottom part of the leg, and the longest top part of the leg, and the longest torso and the longest neck, not to mention a bunch of other little things. So is she still short?

The girl stood up. Whereas before she had been almost assuredly looked petite and mousy, she now towered above the rest of the crowd. It looked like she'd been stretched out - her blouse now failed to cover her midriff and her jeans ended mid-calf.

"Oh my god." Elizabeth laughed. "It worked. Do you know what this means?"

"You can make someone tall?"

"I don't need someone that perfectly matches what I'm after... I can use small incremental swaps to move stuff around and stack the deck before doing, like, a bigger swap."

"Yeah, but don't you have to swap them all back afterwards? How are you going to be able to keep track of everything like that?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Your right, it sounds like a disaster to try to undo. Here let me just..."

She held out the device and fired it off several times.

"There, back to normal."

"Baby!" I cried, "You did it again!"

"What?"

"Just now! I wasn't touching it!" I waved my hands in the air for emphasis.

"Oh," she looked down at the device and gave me a guilty little smile "Fuck, I'm sorry, Evan. Do you want me to re-swap them and then re-unswap them?"

"No." I huffed, staring at the woman who still to me seemed so impossibly tall and thinking about how complicated of a procedure that would be. "It's fine. I just wish you'd think of me a little, you know? It's so weird seeing everyone all swapped around and having to remind myself that that's the new normal, you know? I feel like I'm completely blind to reality or something."

"I'm sorry, Evan. Your right. I'll tell you what, how about we put away the device for now." She stood up and offered her free hand out to me. "Let's go shopping."

"Oh my god, finally," I said, my frustrations already forgotten. "I know just where to start!"

I had read that there was this big sale going on at that cute little beach shop that had opened last month. I had planned to go this past weekend, but the day sort of got away from us. Given what had happened, it was probably for the best - now I could get some stuff that I could wear that would really show off my new tits. I mean, I understand that no one would really notice I had them regardless of what I wore, but still.

Luckily, if the mannequins in the window were any indication, this store, like several of the other ones around here, seemed designed to cater to that certain college crowd -- slutty and busty. I was blessed, I think, to have so many stores around that so perfectly served not just my particular taste in clothing, but my size as well. I mean, come on, my body was basically a quarterback's with a stripper's tits bolted on the front. How often would you expect to find a bikini that would fit that? And yet, I had no problem shopping around here.

Of course, that also brought its share of trouble. Sitting right outside was that trio of men from earlier - the ones who had been ogling the girls and who Elizabeth had swapped around. They seemed to me to be keeping to themselves, but I knew that was just because I was oblivious to the fact that Elizabeth had swapped them back. It was a shame - now that I got a closer look, they could have been kind of handsome had they not been so skeezy. Well, if you didn't mind hairy arms and beards that is.

We weren't the only ones checking the store out. There was a clique of teenage girls inside - troublemakers from the looks of them - who were giggling at all the overpriced junk and all the swimsuits that looked like the bastard child of lingerie and dental floss. I could see some movement in the back as well. It looked like there was another couple back there of about our age - a dorky looking guy and a rather well-endowed girl - they were holding hands, but they turned the corner to the change rooms before I could get a better look.

I took a deep breath as I looked around the store. My heart was pounding in excitement as I caught sight of one sale tag after another. I practically leapt at a row of skimpy half-off swimwear. They had so many different styles and cuts, and all of it was so amazingly hot. I held one or two up to my chest, then frowned. Maybe these weren't going to fit me after all. Oh sure, I could probably squeeze my cups into them no problem, but my nipple situation right now was completely out of control. How was I supposed to fit these over my enormous areolas? Hell, the tent from my hard nipples alone would leave me completely exposed. While that was hot, I think that was maybe pushing it a little even for me.

"What do you think?" I asked, turning to Elizabeth as I held up a stunning little white two-piece. "I can't decide between this in white or red... or maybe I was better off taking a look at the string bikinis..." The girls nearby giggled as they glanced in my direction. One of them turned to whisper something in the ear of another, and then I blushed a little as they all started laughing in my general direction. Elizabeth scowled and reached for the device.

"Baby?" I said again, standing between her and the girls.

"Oh." She looked down at the suit then back over at me. She grinned. "I think we'll need to try it on."

We worked our way over to the changeroom, but that gaggle of girls beat us there and bogarted the free stalls. Elizabeth sighed in frustration as we sat down on the little bench to wait. I leaned over and rested my head on her shoulder. That dorky looking guy was here too, looking at us nervously.

"I don't know..." came a soft voice from one of the stalls. A moment later the over-endowed girl stepped out wearing a very cute little pink side-tie two piece. She blushed as she noticed she had an audience.

Zzzztttt

She didn't seem to pay us much mind however. She spun around a little, putting on a show for her boyfriend, her unrestrained breasts swaying and bouncing under her white t-shirt and khakis.

"How do you like it?" she asked, doing a few final cute poses in the mirror. The guy blushed, nervously playing with the loose string of his bikini bottoms as he stammered his way through a series of noncommittal gestures. I couldn't help but notice that his dick was straining against his little pink bottoms.

"I'll take that as a compliment." she laughed. "I don't know. It's nice that its got pockets and everything, but it's not really the sort of thing you can wear in the water, you know? Well, not unless I want everyone to see my boobs at least. Maybe one of the other ones will work better..." She sighed as she turned around, heading back for the change room stall.

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She held open the door for her boyfriend and gestured inwards.

He blinked in confusion for a moment, then stood up and stepped in to the changeroom, his jiggling breasts and ass barely restrained by his khakis and shirt.

The girl took a seat. I could finally get a good look at her. She was cute. Not quite beautiful, but she had a lot of nice features - broad shoulders, hairy arms, a pudgy chest - that really set her up as so wonderfully cute and feminine in that way only girls can be. I bit my lip in envy and tried not to think about her too much. Was it weird that a small part of me took solace in the fact that I had bigger boobs?

"H-how's this?" A little while later the girl's boyfriend came back out, embarrassed, clutching his hands to his body as he stood there in a daring one piece.

"Honey," I could see the dick pulse in her pants. "That's amazing. Turn around!" He turned around hesitantly, giving us a look at his almost completely exposed ass. This guy wasn't especially attractive, with his big tits and his hourglass figure, but I couldn't help but admit that he did have a nice ass.

Suddenly there was a cavalcade of laughter. The girls from earlier had all stepped out of their various changerooms, each in their own - rather more conservative - swimsuit. The object of their derision seemed to be the dorky looking guy and his rather more daring outfit.

“Evan?” Elizabeth whispered, giving an evil little smile as she held the device up for me to touch.

I sighed and nodded, reaching my hand out to touch.

Zzzzttttt

Elizabeth and I burst out into our own fits of laughter. The girls were now each covered in a thick layer of body hair, completely on display under their rather more conservative bikinis. Heck, their chests were now so fuzzily hirsute that it seemed to make their tops almost bulge out. They even had full, bushy beards.

I turned and looked out the store window - sure enough the dudes sitting outside were now all perfectly hairless. It was a definite improvement.

“Ooh, ooh,” said Elizabeth “I can do one better.”

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I lurched forward as I felt the familiar sensation of being transformed. I looked down at myself to see what had changed and almost fainted at the shock. My boobs -- my wonderful boobs -- had turned all flat and flabby. These were not a girl's tits; these were some guy's man boobs.

“What did you do!?” I gasped, reaching a hand up to grope at my decidedly unsexy male cleavage. My chest felt so numb. All the wonderful sensation I had become so accustomed to were now completely gone.

“Whoops!” Elizabeth laughed. “Sorry! I meant to get them!”

“Change me back!” I said, still groping my flabby chest. “Change me back!”

“Okay okay, hold on, hold on.”

Zzzzttttt

My boobs came back mid grope. I was amazed at just how instantaneous the device's transformations were. There was no sensation of growth. I didn't even feel my hands getting moved out of the way by my now bigger tits, it was just a flood of sensation as my brain came to terms with the new nerves. I squeezed and groped at them. It felt good to have them back.

“Let me try that again...”

Zzzzttttt

I looked up at the girls, who's attentions had now turned to me. They were laughing and whispering to each other - probably about the weirdo groping his chest in the changeroom. I'd have blushed and sunk low if it weren't for the fact that they all now looked even more ridiculous.

On one hand, all of the hair was gone from their chests. On the other hand, their chests were all now clearly masculine. Worse than masculine, they were masculine and chubby. Heck, the one with the smallest tits before seemed to actually still be filling her cups better, even if it was with... well, flabby manflesh.

“Whoops, hold on. One sec.”

Zzzzttttt

And suddenly their chest hair was back too. The dark bushy curls erupting like a rug over the edge of the flowing cups.

I couldn't help it, I started to giggle, and Elizabeth laughed along too.

The group gave us some weird looks, but clearly didn't appreciate being the butt of the joke for once - even if they had no idea what the joke was - and so they quickly stormed back into the changerooms.

I didn't see them when they came back out. By then, the dorky guy and the well-endowed girl had gone back to pick out some more suits for him, and I had managed to take their stall. I could hear Elizabeth going nuts though. I didn't really approve of her messing with people like that, but I was glad she was having a bit of fun at least before turning them back.

I'll save you the big list of everything I tried on. Let's just say I got a little indecisive. By the time I left the changerooms for good I had a rather impressive selection of bikinis and micro bikinis picked out. We'd have to hit the beach a lot this year. I laughed. With the way Elizabeth was enjoying the device, something told me we'd have a lot of fun.

The other couple was just ahead of us and were already paying. The guy had changed back into the yellow bikini he'd walked in with, and from the way he was blushing they'd gotten some good stuff too.

“Now come on,” the girl whispered to her boyfriend, “let's go check out Victoria's Secret.”

As we padded out into the mall corridors again, a gust of cool air struck against my almost completely exposed body. I shivered a little as my nipples went hard, tenting the fabric of my top to a dangerous degree. I had to keep making little adjustments if I didn't want my nipples showing for the whole world to see.

The girls from inside were hanging out nearby, arguing with the boys on the bench outside for some reason. I laughed again. I know Elizabeth had turned them back and everything, but to me it still looked like the girls were the ones with all the body hair while the guys were now all smooth and had these fantastic tits jutting out from under of their shirts. God, the obliviousness the device brought was so weird, I thought, giggling to myself as I adjusted the string tie of my bottoms. How could you not notice something like that?

Suddenly there was a sharp hand on my butt as Elizabeth gave my exposed rear a quick slap. I blushed a little as I pushed my ass out encouragingly.

“So,” I asked “Where to next?”

“Well, actually,” she grinned, turning to look at the sports store next door. I have something special I want to try...”

To be continued in part 18: Hair Today, Boob Tomorrow!