

Warning: This chapter features head swapping, shoe shopping, high-heel stomping, boob swapping, top dropping, melon making, revenge taking, hair cutting, sexy strutting, bikini wearing, boys staring, leg swiping, moral griping, tit jiggling, rampant giggling, ice creaming, villainous scheming, feminine wanting, promiscuous flaunting, mom wrangling, girl-dick dangling, timebomb ticking, and a whole bunch of other stuff that doesn't even rhyme.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -
= Part 18 – Hair Today, Boobs Tomorrow =
By Razmagurk

"So," I asked. "Where to next?"

"Well, actually," Elizabeth grinned, "I have something special I want to try..."

"Yeah?"

We were sitting on a bench out by that ridiculous looking dick fountain (don't ask), staring at all the people bustling past. The device rested gently between Elizabeth's dainty hands, ready for more action.

"Okay, you see those two stores over there?"

I nodded. She was pointing towards a pair of busy storefronts opposite us - a men's sporting goods place and an equally busy lingerie shop that seemed to lean towards the racier side of things. I could feel myself getting a little excited as I eyed up all the hot guys moving about in the former, though the latter also had my heart pumping - they were having a sale. I chewed my lip a little in envy as I stared at all the pretty girls parading about inside.

"I want to try swapping them around," she continued.

"Wait, like, the whole store?" I frowned. "Can you even do that?" I know there were probably dozens of important and meaningful things we could have used such power for, but deep inside all I could find myself wondering was whether or not we could use that to swap sales around from store to store, because if so, that was huge.

"I don't know," she shrugged. "That's why I want to find out. The more I use this thing the more I'm beginning to wonder. Even, I don't know if there's any sort of limit on this power. What if... what if it doesn't have any? What if I can swap whole countries with this thing? Or planets? Could you imagine?"

"I'd rather not." I shuddered. "How would you even test that without causing widespread disaster?"

"I don't know - that's why we've got to start small - but just think of the possibilities!"

Elizabeth grinned to herself as she started fiddling with the device's dials, trying to figure out some combination that worked for her. She looked like a kid playing with a Rubik's cube.

I peered in at the two shops. Some of the boys were really cute, but I felt kind of bad for staring. At the end of the day I only really had eyes for Elizabeth. The girls though... uhg, I was so jealous. There was just something about a lingerie shop that was so inherently feminine. Don't get me wrong, I love my tits and everything, but I was still stuck in this big bulky dude body. I sighed. Hell, even if I wasn't, even if we used the device to give me my dream body, they'd still see me as a guy - an outsider. God, I wouldn't even know how to act.

I shook my head. I didn't want to dwell on these thoughts. I looked down at the device. Maybe... maybe it was time.

"Baby..." I began, "do you think you can -"

Before I could finish though, Elizabeth let out an irritated growl and all but slammed the device down in frustration. I silently gave thanks that she hadn't thrown it - she had a history of breaking video game controllers.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I can't get this stupid thing to work right!" She gestured with an exasperated hand to the device's innocuous seeming set of controls. "Nothing I set it to will do what I want it to do!"

"How can you tell?" I furrowed my brow as I glanced over at the unlabeled dials and buttons. "Surely some combination will work."

"No, the closest I can get is... well, here, look."

I reached out and touched the device with my index finger while she made the final adjustments and fired.

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Zzzzttttt

"Holy shit." I blinked. All the cute guys who were in the sporting goods store one moment were now all next door perusing the lingerie. The few that had been trying on running shoes when the swap happened were now trying on towering heels and fuck-me pumps, trying their best to walk and jog in them. One of the guys who had been contemplating a set of weights was now contemplating a set of massage oils. In the back a total beefcake had just stepped out of the changing room in a lacey little nighty and was doing strongman poses in front of the mirror.

Likewise, all the girls were now crowding out the sport store. They seemed at least to be having an easier time walking in the running shoes than they would in the high heels, but the way they were strutting carefully in them made me think they didn't notice a difference. A tiny twig of a girl was staring longingly at a set of dumbbells that easily weighed more than she did. A girl in the back had stepped out of the changeroom topless save for a jockstrap and was now posing flirtatiously in front of the mirror.

"What are you talking about? You did it!"

“Hardly. Watch.”

A beefy figure strode towards the sport store, his muscles practically rippling under his tight clothes. He stepped inside and all the girls stopped what they were doing and stared at him, moving out of their way to give him space as he began to browse the store’s selection of protein powder.

“I don’t get it,” I asked, “what’s happening?”

“Okay, so, I swapped the clientele of the two stores around, right? Positions and everything, but it wasn’t the stores that I was swapping, it was the individual people inside. I swapped around the stores in their minds, but not in reality. So all those dudebros think that they’re kitting out to hit the gym when they’re buying nighties or whatever, and all those girls think they’re gonna have a nice romantic evening with their boyfriends after buying that home gym equipment, but the stores themselves are unchanged. That guy who walked in just now wasn’t part of the swap, so he, and anyone else who arrives late for the party are still going to think its a sports store.”

“Wait,” I giggled, “so all those women - including the girls who work there - they all still think they’re working in a lingerie store?”

Sure enough, as soon as the beefy dude tried to ask one of the sales assistants for help, several of the girls nearby began grinning and giggling.

“Okay” Elizabeth laughed. “so maybe I made the sales clerk jobs a bit more interesting. They’re probably going to be super confused from now on as to why their lingerie store now seems to cater exclusively to men. Okay, not quite what I wanted, but still totally worth it to see. I wonder if I got any of the people in charge? Like, if the store’s management is different now, does that mean they’ll start stocking the other kind of inventory?”

“You know what this reminds me of?” I asked, my eyes focused on the jocks walking around in heels.

“What’s that?”

“I think I need new shoes.”

“Don’t you always?” she jabbed.

“Well, yeah,” I giggled, “but I need new running shoes specifically. Like, I got flats and stuff the other day, but I’ve got a basketball game tomorrow that I completely forgot about and my current pair of runners isn’t really going to fit.”

“I’m guessing this store here is out of the question?” Elizabeth gestured to the recently swapped athletics store.

“They’d probably try to sell me high heels or something.”

"Oh my god." Elizabeth laughed. "Could you imagine you running around playing basketball in those things?"

I shook my head. It would be hard enough to walk quickly in them, let alone run or jump.

"Okay, so which store are we going to then?"

"Well," I bounced in excitement as we rose to our feet, "there's a few nearby, but the one I think is probably the best is just around the corner here."

I pointed, then did a double take. Rounding the hallway was the father that Elizabeth had swapped around shortly after we'd arrived, the one with the two daughters. He was trudging down the thoroughfare now wearing a two-sizes too small pink tutu, his hair done up in pigtails as his little girls - each holding a bag of candy as they argued with each other - dragged him into a kids clothing store.

"You uh," I scratched my head in confusion. "You remembered to swap them back, right?"

"Uh, yeah." Elizabeth said, failing to suppress a grin, "of course I did. Why, what are you seeing?"

"Nothing." I shook my head. "It's nothing."

The shoe store I'd picked out was pretty basic. It had a handful of fancier stuff but most of its selection was your everyday fair. That was fine. I was just looking for something I could move and run around in, and the prices here were definitely right.

The place wasn't empty, but it wasn't amazingly busy either. There were two other couples there. One consisted of a curvy brunette and a tall broad-shouldered hunk who kept trying and failing to keep his eyes off her ass as she pranced around in her miniskirt trying on various heels. The other was a more nerdish looking pair who I bet were probably both on the swim team or something - they both had that kind of lean athletic otter body and I bet the guy would actually have looked rather handsome if it weren't for the horribly thick glasses he wore.

Elizabeth sat down while I started patrolling the shelves. The last time I'd been shoe shopping I'd been seriously handicapped by the fact that I didn't know my new shoe size. This time the biggest challenge was staying focused. We'd spent forever shoe shopping the other day -- which was great, don't get me wrong -- but today I had to make a conscious effort to steer myself away from all the sexy little sale items they had on display. I was here for running shoes and nothing else.

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Wait, wait, wait. Was that what I thought it was?

I looked over at Elizabeth, who smiled innocently. I raised an eyebrow as I started to look around, but nothing seemed out of place.

The beefy looking jock was still prancing around in his 3-inch heels, his chest jiggling and his slender arms raised daintily to his sides as he showed off his ample legs for his boyfriend, whose glasses were beginning to steam up from the occasional flash of thong the jock was giving him. Well - I bit my lip - I couldn't really blame him. It was an amazing ass, and those heels really did a number to help show it off.

Reluctantly, I tore my eyes away from the boys. The brunette girl had just put on a pair of hiking shoes and was stomping around in them trying to get a feel for the fit while the swimmer girl looked on supportively. I don't know what it was specifically, but she must have liked what she saw, because she was shifting uncomfortably to hide her erection.

I shrugged. I could have sworn I'd heard the device go off, but I guess I must have been imagining things. Elizabeth almost losing it the other day had me totally paranoid.

I returned with my picks and plopped down next to Elizabeth. I giggled to myself a little as I set them all down. It had been tricky carrying the big stack of shoe boxes without my tits knocking them over.

It looked like Elizabeth had been doing some browsing as well - she'd somehow found this amazingly slutty pair of hot pink stiletto heels. I chewed on my lip as I leaned over to look at them. Oh my god, they were in my size. Wait, did Elizabeth and I share a shoe size? How had I never noticed that?

"These feel pretty good." I said, bouncing around in a cute pair of purple runners. They weren't as flashy as I'd like, but there's only so much you can do when it comes to running shoes.

"That's great!" Elizabeth said, finally deciding to try on the stilettos she'd picked out. I giggled. There was no way she was going to be able to walk in those - they looked like they barely fit her. She tried to stand, holding one hand out for balance while the other was behind her back, but it just wasn't happening.

Zzzztttt

"Oh well," she said, falling back on the bench with a smile. "I guess it wasn't meant to be."

"Are you sure? I mean I bet we can find a pair that fit."

"Pretty sure," she said, undoing her purple laces. Besides, it was just a passing fancy, we're mostly here for your running shoes, aren't we?" she looked down at my shoes and grinned. "You're sure those are the ones you want?"

"Oh yeah," I smiled and went for a jump, but it came across more like a little hop. I teetered back a little as I tried to reassert my balance on the thin pink points of the heels. "These'll be great. Perfect for playing basketball in."

"Fantastic," Elizabeth said, grinning all the harder. "I can't wait to see it."

The two other couples were just leaving as we got up to pay. The jock was practically skipping as he and his boyfriend left, holding hands. The girls had their arms wrapped around each other's waists. They

were very cute together. I couldn't quite be sure but I thought I caught the brunette whispering to the swimmer about how they needed to buy condoms. Whatever it was, it was enough to make the swimmer girl's erection return.

I chewed my lip as I watched them go. I supposed there wasn't much point in putting it off any longer.

"Baby... I..." I tapped my fingers together meekly as I tried to figure out how to phrase this.

"Huh?" Elizabeth's gaze was also locked on the departing couple.

"Baby," I blurted it out. "I want you to use the device on me."

A long slow smile spread across her face. She turned to look at me delighted, then frowned guiltily as she caught my eye and looked away.

"You want me to what?"

"I mean, I know you'd never do anything like that without my permission or anything... and I know, I know, it's super hypocritical of me because I keep telling you not to just... *steal* body parts off of people. It's immoral and it's wrong and oh my god, never mind. Its fine. Forget I said anything.

"No no..." she put a hand on my shoulder "tell me what you were going to say."

"I-" I slouched. I wanted so badly just to melt into her, but I was too nervous. "I was going to say I want you to use the device on me. I want to be... more uh... *sexy*." I cupped my tits by way of example. "You know what I'm saying?"

"Evan," she smirked, "you're the sexiest boy I've ever met."

"Aw, thank you baby. But That's exactly part of the problem isn't it?" I sighed "I don't want to be a sexy guy."

Elizabeth's focus though was already miles away, scoping out targets while she played with the device's dials.

"Okay Evan, you wanna be hot? I've got you covered." she plopped down on the bench and gestured for me to join her. "I call this, 'Operation Perfect Boyfriend'. I know just where to start."

"You do?"

"Tit bounciness!"

If I'd been holding a drink I'd have done a spit take. I had to settle instead for a series of sputtered coughs.

“Look,” She laughed, “I know it seems like a minor thing, but bouncier, jigglier tits are inherently sexier. Trust me. I’ve given a lot of thought on the matter. Besides, I know how much you like your tits, don’t even try to hide it.”

“This isn’t really what I had in mind...” I frowned. “Besides, your right - I do like these tits. I don’t want to swap them out.”

“No no no,” she waved a hand dismissively. “We don’t have to get rid of them. I just want to fiddle around with their properties a bit. Come on, it’ll be fun.”

“I was thinking maybe something a little more like - ”

“And there,” Elizabeth pointed to a teenage girl with tits so naturally high that she probably didn’t even need a bra. “is the perfect candidate!”

I looked at the expression on Elizabeth’s face. She was so excited. I didn’t want to ruin that. I gave a weak smile as I put my hand on the device.

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Whoah.

Half on instinct, I lurched forward to try to grab my boobs. If I’d have been wearing a bra, I’d have said it felt like it had just snapped and everything was flying free, but no, this was just all the weight on my chest completely rearranging itself.

“Oh my god.” I laughed, bouncing the cleavage clenched in my arms, “This is crazy.”

“Come on, stand up, lets see it.”

Carefully I rose to my feet, cool air blowing over my almost naked ass. My top was having a hard time containing the sheer bounciness as I tried to lower my arms. It was like each of my boobs had a mind of its own and they were both very opinionated about which way they wanted to go.

“Oh wow.” Elizabeth stared hungrily at my jiggling mass of cleavage. “Here, bounce up and down.”

I did my best, but it was kind of tricky in my heels. I blushed a little as the idea of doing something so sexy in public started to turn me on a little, especially given the slutty outfit I was wearing. I did my best to adjust my top so that my hardening nipples wouldn’t pop out of the thin white cups.

“I don’t know about this.” I said, carefully lowering my arms and swinging my torso back and forth. Each sway almost sent me bowling over by my own weight. Moving now was tricky - these things kept going long after I stopped. I didn’t know if I really liked this, to be honest. Sure, it was fun and kind of sexy, but all I could think about was how painful these things would be at the end of the day.

Still, there was something about it that I couldn’t help but love -- something feminine and silly. Hadn’t I always been jealous of girls with boobs like this?

“Elizabeth?”

“Huh?” Elizabeth’s eyes reluctantly snapped away from my boobs. “Oh, right. So, now that we’ve got them all jiggly, I figure it would be a lot of fun to get them all perky too. Not that they sag or anything now, but that would really just make them perfect, you know?”

“Perkier? Elizabeth, I don’t know about this...”

She wasn’t hearing any of it though. She held out the device. I touched it.

Zzzzttttt

There was a shift in weight and then... *Snap*.

Suddenly my tits were swaying freely away from me, almost bowling me over as they swayed back and forth. Shit, this time they really had broken free. I blushed as I failed spectacularly to get the heaving things under control. They kept bouncing in ways I couldn’t predict though, slipping through my soft masculine arms time and time again, and each time I felt like I was only making it worse.

“Oh my god.” I cried out “Too much! Too much!”

My top landed gently on the floor as I wrestled my feminine orbs into submission.

Finally, I managed to cup them in my arms. My boobs kept wanting to push up against me as I did my best to try and keep them down. Jesus, it was like they were being held up with elastics or something. They wanted to fly high and free, like I had some kind of naturally occurring push up bra on. Shit, my nipples alone were now practically pointing straight up. I could poke an eye out with these things if I wasn’t careful.

Elizabeth laughed as I struggled to keep my tits covered while also bending down to grab my thin, stringy top. Easier said than done. Keeping these tits at bay was a two hand job.

“Sorry, sorry!” she said, still laughing, “let me turn those back.”

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Zzzzttttt

Somewhere in the distance I thought I heard a girl cry out in sudden alarm.

I breathed a sigh of relief as my tits returned to normal. Still jiggling and bouncing around tall and proud in front of me, they were back once more back to their physics-defying normal.

Elizabeth was still almost doubled over with laughter by the time I managed to get my enormous bounding melons back into the thin white cups that were my top. Despite the fact though that my top seemed to almost rest on top of my tits instead of containing them, it was all the effort I could manage to keep them from spilling out.

"Could you tie me up?" I blushed, turning my naked back towards Elizabeth.

She took her time to get a good look at my body as she tied up the thin white string around my back.

"That wasn't funny" I pouted as I sat back down, carefully holding my jugs so that they wouldn't break my top again.

"Sorry, sorry." She was still grinning. "Come on though, it was a little funny"

"Sure, sure." I stuck out my tongue at her. "We'll give you the uncontrollable tits next, see how you like it."

"Oh my god," she looked down at her chest "that would actually be super hot." she bit her lip. "Do you think we should?"

"I think you're perfect just the way you are, baby, you know that."

"Aw, thank you Evan. It really is nice to hear someone say that." She looked down at her body "But I think there's some room for improvement." She looked back down at my quivering breasts and started to snicker, but soon seemed lost in thought. The already prominent erection still growing in her skirt gave me a pretty good idea of what she was thinking about.

"Baby?"

"Sorry, sorry." she smiled, her gaze still lingering overly long on my chest before looking up guiltily. "You wanted to improve yourself and here I am getting all caught up in your tits. What sort of thing did you have in mind?"

I reached over and gave her a quick hug, my breasts almost escaping again as they pressed warmly into her skin.

"Well, uh... okay," I said, "so, first off. Full disclosure -- I kind of left the strip club with someone else's face and hair... and maybe, uh" I coughed, "some girl's dick."

"Wait, what?"

"I know I know. I shouldn't have done it. I've been so conflicted about it. I love the way it makes me look though... I love having a cute face, I love having cute hair, and god if having this dick doesn't feel amazing... but every time I look in the mirror, I can't help but feel like I've... well, like I've stolen someone's *face*. It doesn't sit well with me.

"Evan, I... Oh my god." she squinted as she brought her face inches from mine. "I can't even tell."

"I know I know... and I know its not hurting anyone - no one even notices but me... but... well, I think that's part of the problem, you know? I don't just want to look in the mirror and see a pretty face, I want the whole world to see it. Don't get me wrong, it's great - I'd have killed for what I have now and I know

I should be grateful, but I only managed to get this way by, well," I shivered, "by stealing someone else's face, and I just can't be comfortable with who I am knowing that."

I folded my hands over my boobs as I looked down at them and frowned.

"And despite all that," I continued "despite all that... I know that the power to take this all the way is *right there*. I know that I could be whoever - whatever - I wanted to be, with just a few flicks of those buttons. I just don't know if I have the self control to avoid doing more things I'm going to regret. It's a good thing I'm so terrible using that thing," I tried to smile, "or I don't know what I'd do."

I let out a sigh, a move which sent my breasts jiggling enough to set them straining once more against my top.

"Evan," Elizabeth said, "if you can have the kind of body you want, you should have it, no ifs, ands, or buts, and especially no regrets. Come on, point out who you want to swap with and I'll make it happen."

"That's not the point. I know it's possible, but I just couldn't live with the guilt of it."

"No. No guilt." She looked down at the device darkly. "Sometimes in life you do bad things. Sometimes you hurt people." she sighed. "And your right, it can be difficult sometimes, but if all you ever do is dwell on the past, you'll never be able to move forward."

"Yeah, but this is the present," I put my hand on her shoulder. "I want to avoid it being the kind of past I have trouble with. I never want to hurt anyone if I can avoid it."

"Okay," she said perking up suddenly, "How about this? What if... what if whenever we took something from somebody, we did something to help them out in payment? Like, something they're not even going to notice, but that would totally make their life better in some small way. Like, if we take a dude's height, maybe we swap away his need for glasses onto someone who would look totally way more fashionable with glasses on - that sort of thing."

"Wait, really?" That wasn't such a bad idea. Fuck, why hadn't I thought about that? We could have been using the device to help people this whole time and it hadn't even occurred to me as an option. Oh my god, we could take this thing to a hospital and start saving people's lives left right and center. Why hadn't we been doing that?

"Of course." She gave me a supportive little smile. "And if you get what you want out of it, all the better. Just point out who you want to swap with, and we'll see if we can't make their life a little better."

I looked around at the swarm of people surrounding us. Despite my hesitations, all my years of experience as a predatory shopper were starting to kick in. I was comparing body parts like the whole population was having a going out of business sale. This girl's legs over here would look great with that girl's butt. Wait, was the butt part of the legs? Ooh, that girl over there had a cute torso, but that girl over there had an even cuter navel, and I'd love the excuse to wear crop tops more often. Could I keep my belly button piercing? Should I? It was kind of manly, but I still kind of liked it. It would look cute on that body over there, wouldn't it? Oh damn, look at that girl's hair.

“Oooh, ooh!” I pointed at a stunningly statuesque brunette on the far side of the plaza. She must have been a model or something because she looked like she’d just stepped out of a magazine cover. Every inch of her seemed to ooze style and grace, but what really sold it was that she was wearing this stunning little mini dress that left her legs on display and all I could think about was how much I wanted them. I had to have them. “Baby,” I said, pointing “I wish I had legs like that.”

“Like that?” Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. “You want to swap with a woman?”

“Y-yes?” I blushed, suddenly self conscious. “Why?”

“It’s a little weird, isn’t it?” Elizabeth furrowed her brow.

I could feel the anxiety building up in my throat as she said it. Was it weird? Had I chosen poorly? I’d talked to Elizabeth about this sort of thing a thousand times before and she’d always seemed so supportive.

Elizabeth pressed the device against me as she fired it off.

Zzzztzzttt

I gasped at the rush of sensation from my new nerves and skin. I’d almost forgotten how strange that felt. The girl almost missed a step as her long, slender, and wonderfully feminine legs were replaced by my long, slender, and horribly masculine ones, but I wasn’t paying her any attention, not with what I had going on.

“Oh my god!” I ran my hand along my new legs. “Oh my god, they’re so smooth” I leapt up, my enormous knockers almost sending me flying at the movement. They must have been strong - I felt so light.

“H-how do they look?” I twisted and stuck out my ass to give her a good look. The ass, it seemed, was not part of the legs - that was good to know.

But Elizabeth just snickered, then started to laugh. This wasn’t a supportive laugh. I could feel a part of me dying inside. I stopped posing. I shrunk up. I sat back down.

“You know what?” I choked “Never mind. Let’s swap back. This was a bad idea. “

“Evan...” she said, trying to curtail her laughter.

“Please.”

Zzzztzzttt

“Evan, I’m sorry, it’s just... you’ve got this totally hot manly guy body, you know?” she ran a hand along the exposed skin of my once-again gross jock thigh. God, I just wanted to cry. “Seeing you with those dainty little women’s legs? It was just kind of funny, you know? I mean, it’s the same with the tits really, but I’ve sort of come to love those.”

"I don't know what I was thinking..." Of course, she had laughed. She was right. I had been a freak. I still was.

Elizabeth frowned, then looked over the crowd.

"How about this. See that girl there?"

Zzzzttttt

The girl in question was walking around with her boyfriend, who would be towering over her even without the 3-inch heels he wore. Elizabeth had a good eye; her legs were also nice. They were big and muscular and hairy. Not quite as sleek and stylish as my first choice, but they had a vivaciousness to them, they were sexy, and most importantly, feminine.

"How about her legs?" she asked. "I promise, I won't laugh this time."

"Ooh... those would look good in some of the skirts I own..."

Elizabeth grinned as she held up the device

Splat.

Something cold and slimy was running down my back. A child was screaming.

"Oh my god!" I tried to jump up in alarm, but the shifting weight of my breasts sent me teetering over and before I knew it I was crashing down onto the ground instead, my tits once again breaking free of the thin string holding them back.

Hands clutched over my chest I turned to get a look at what had happened. On the opposite bench, right behind where I had been sitting, a kid was now crying, a soft-serve ice cream cone spilt all along the bench behind me and forming a drippy trail leading to my back.

I scowled. The child was a young bratty looking boy who probably didn't know any better. His crying was not tear-filled sorrow so much as it was him angrily yelling at the top of his lungs.

The person I took to be his mother was standing nearby, talking on her phone. She was surprisingly young and attractive. She'd be a real head turner if it wasn't for all the competition all the other young hot girls around here offered. She glared down at her errant charge then glanced up at the ice cream on my back. She gave an apologetic shrug as we locked eyes. She tried to herd the boy away without interrupting her phone call, but the kid clearly had other ideas and just started crying louder as a response.

"Lady!" Elizabeth shouted, demanding to be heard even above the screaming child. "If you can't get your fucking kid under control then I'm not going to be held responsible for what's about to happen!"

But the woman either didn't care or didn't hear. The kid continued to escalate in volume and tone.

Elizabeth pulled out the device. I tried to dive forward to touch it as she fired, but it was no good. I couldn't get to it in time without sending a tit smacking into my face.

Zzzzttttt

Like the breaking of a storm, the kid's screaming stopped. Though by his expression it seemed the sheer anger of his tantrum had hardly diminished.

The mother almost dropped her phone as she rushed over, tears welling up in her eyes, a terrified look upon her face.

"Shh, James," she said, "calm down, calm down."

"No! Fix my ice cream!" the kid demanded.

"I- I can't!" she wailed; her voice almost breaking. "We have to get a new one."

"No!" she winced as he stomped his foot "Fix it!"

"I can't make it better, it's dirty, it's been on the ground! "

"I don't care! Fix my ice cream now! Now now now! Or else!"

The panic on her face intensified as she shakily leaned down on the bench and tried scooping up what remained of the cold goo into the cone. This, of course, just made things worse. The kid started to cry again.

"Not good enough!" He stomped his foot. "If you don't fix it you're going to get a... uh... a spanking!"

"Please, no, James," the mother shrieked "I'm begging you, anything but that. Look, I did the best I can. There's nothing else I can do! Please!"

The mother wilted as the kid let out another scream.

"Okay, okay," sighed Elizabeth, "this isn't helping."

Zzzzttttt

The mother burst out into big heavy tears, snot flowing freely down her nose as she began to cry at the top of her lungs. The kid pulled a grubby looking tissue out of his pocket and tried to wipe the tears away.

"It's okay, it's okay," said the kid. "You're right, you did your best. We'll just have to go and get a new one. Would you like an ice cream too this time?"

But the lady kept on screaming.

"And maybe, if you're good... later we'll go get you that new lingerie set you were eyeing."

At this the woman seemed to try very hard to calm herself down. Tears still streamed from her eyes but she was taking big gulping breaths instead of screaming.

"That's better." the kid glanced at the phone the woman was still holding - in all the commotion it looked like she hadn't even hung up. "Now what was that phone call about just now?"

"Oh! I was talking with Jenna!" the woman lit up as she held up the phone. She was bouncing on her feet in excitement. "Can she come over today? Please!?"

"Mother, no. That woman is a bad influence on you. In fact, I don't want you talking to her anymore, do you understand?"

"But Jaaames!" the woman stomped her foot.

"No buts! She's a big stupid poop-head and no mother of mine is gonna be friends with a someone like that."

"You never let me do anything fun!" The mother let out a long whine as she sulked.

"Young lady, I'm sick of you making a scene, if you don't stop right now then no more of that nail polish you like."

The woman stopped, but the emotion was still playing a concerto across her face.

"Now come along, we're going to buy as much ice cream as we can and then spend all our money at the toy store."

"But Jaaaames, we can't afford all that. We gotta pay rent."

"No buts! If you want to pay your little rent, you'll just have to try harder at work, won't you?"

"But Jaaaames, the toy store is so booooring" She crossed her arms. "I wanna go to the Victoria's Secret!"

"Fine." the kid rolled his eyes. "But only if your good. And then maybe after we're done here your husband and I will take you to the park later."

"Yay!" her eyes lit up, but then she suddenly froze and looked down awkwardly. "oh, but I have to pee first."

"Again? Fine, I'll take you to the bathroom. You remembered to wear your tampons today like a good girl, right?"

"Jaaames! You're embarrassing me!"

"Come on." The kid held out his hand, and the mother took it. She was walking with that telltale way that young kids who need to use the bathroom in a really exaggerated manner do.

"Can you believe that girl?" I said, turning to look at Elizabeth.

"Yeah," she smirked, "some mothers can be real brats, huh?"

I rose up a little unsteadily on my heels, once again only barely having managed to get my tits back into the thin fabric of my top.

"Oh my god, we need to get you cleaned up."

I sighed and nodded my head as I looked over my shoulder at the damage. I had liked this top, this was a sexy top, and now I had chocolate ice cream all over the ties. Would that stain? Probably, it was white. Uhg.

We dashed over to the bathroom as fast as my jiggling melons would allow. Elizabeth had offered to just swap my clothes with someone else, but that seemed kind of cruel. Besides, this top was super slutty and it wouldn't be fair if it wound up on some other guy. I pushed my way into the men's room.

The bathroom was luckily quite spacious and unoccupied, so I could deal with this without too much trouble. The only other person inside was that jock from the shoe store earlier - he seemed to be having some trouble using the urinal for some reason.

I did my best to get at the goop with some paper towels, but it was tricky. I couldn't really reach all that well and getting to my back just sent my tits flying around like crazy. It's a good thing I was so flexible. It probably didn't help that my nipples were so hard you could cut diamonds with them. I blamed the cold, to be honest, but now that they were hard they were rubbing up against my clothes whenever my boobs shifted. I loved my big girly nipples and everything, but they could be so sensitive at times.

I did my best to clean things up, but there was only so much I could do. I looked at my ruined top in the mirror. I couldn't believe it. I had just bought this outfit the other day. I had had plans for this top. Now I was going to have to find something else to wear. Well, at least we were in the right place for it. Maybe this wasn't such a bad thing after all. I looked at the way the two little white triangles barely concealed my enormous areolas. Maybe I could go with something a little skimpier? I think I'd been having a lot of success showing off my navel recently, but I had these tits now and I should start dressing to show those off too, right? I wondered, briefly, if that was going to be weird. I mean, it's not like guys usually dressed to show off their tits. What would people think of me?

I looked at my body in the mirror and sighed. My slender, manly shoulders, my thin masculine arms, my tight trim waist. God, I was so ugly. I made a fist, my long, painted fingernails digging into my hand. What the hell was I doing? This wasn't me at all. The face in the mirror wasn't mine, this body wasn't mine. It was neither who I was or who I wanted to be. It was so easy to forget this darkness when I was with Elizabeth, but who was I kidding? I didn't want to live like this. Every time I looked in a mirror I was reminded of that.

I shook my head. Going around and around in my own head like this wasn't healthy. I needed to talk to Elizabeth about this. She'd understand, she'd support me. She'd been so distant the past few days though. She hadn't even been calling me baby. Ever since that thing between her and Slut. I guess she'd sort of shut herself off from the world to avoid being hurt. Was this one of those times when I needed to be strong for her? Or did she need me to open up and be emotional so that she could see that we could trust each other with anything? Or was she handling it fine and just needed to not think about it?

I sighed again as I threw out the last of the paper towel and stepped back outside. I'd done all I could do.

Elizabeth was waiting for me nearby. She was sitting on a bench staring across the courtyard at something.

"So, I think the top is ruined," I said, "but I think I have some great ideas for new ones. We should go check out... baby?"

She continued to stare.

"Baby? Elizabeth?"

"Huh?" she turned and looked. "Oh, sorry."

"What's up?"

"Look." she pointed up at a salon.

It looked like a pretty standard hair and beauty salon. One of those little mom and pop ones that pop up from time to time. Kinda small compared to some of the other stuff in the mall, but I'm sure it had a dedicated clientele. A pair of girls, each busy with a client, were working away within while an older looking man sat outside waiting patiently for his turn.

"What am I looking at?" I furrowed my brow and scanned for any signs that these people had been changed. "Did you swap something?"

"Not yet. But this? This is why we came here."

"You want to get your hair done? Honestly, baby, I don't really think you need one." It was true, her hair was long, blonde and beautiful as it fell about her face in radiant angelic waves. The only thing ruining the effect was the scowl on her face.

"As if I'd go to them for that. No, we're here for revenge."

"Oh, baby." I sighed.

"What?" she turned to me defensively.

"Baby..." I wrapped my arms around her. "I thought we talked about this."

“Did we?”

“Yeah, there was like... this whole revelation about the fruitlessness of using the device to be shitty to others. You yelled at me about my clothes and made a girl fat, remember?”

“I uh...” she furrowed her brow. She was so cute when she did that. “When was this?”

“The last time we were here. You don’t remember?”

“No, I...” she shook her head. “Oh! Oh, right, no, yeah, of course. Of course. I remember now.”

“Good, because I think that was a really important-”

“But I mean,” she interrupted “even though it’s fruitless or whatever, there’s some people out there that I’ve decided I’m still going to get even with, you know? People that especially deserve it.”

“Oh.” I pouted. “Baby...”

“And the collective number three on my list,” she glared at the two employees of the salon, “are those two girls right there.”

“Number three? What did they do to you?”

“They stole my boyfriend!”

“Wait, wait, what? I don’t think I’ve heard this story.”

“Okay, so it’s like this.” she leaned into me. “I was totally into this guy, right?”

“Was he cute?” I grinned.

“So cute.” she sighed. “I was so sure he was the one too.”

“Well,” I giggled, “it’s a good thing he wasn’t.”

“So I’d been coming to this place to get my hair and nails and everything done ever since I moved out here, and Carly and Zoe,” she pointed again to the two girls, “they had always treated me right. I trusted them.” she shook her head. “Then one day I’m in there and I’m telling them I’ve got a date with this totally hot guy who I’d been crushing on and I needed a brand new super cute super sexy kinda look - something new and different to win this guy’s heart over and to distract him from my total lack of boobs - and I’m so excited about the whole thing that I can hardly sit still. But, well, that’s exactly what happened, and soon things went from ‘new exciting look’ to ‘damage control’.” she frowned at the memory.

“Oh my god.” I reached over to give her a hug, my tits squeezing into her arm. “That sounds like an absolute nightmare.” I tried very hard to resist the sympathetic urge to run my hand through my hair. “How does that turn into stealing your boyfriend though?”

"Well obviously I had to call off the date -- I couldn't let him see me like this, after all." she sighed "so I was like, okay, I'll regroup and try again later, and so I ended up kind of avoiding the guy entirely while I got a grip on what had happened. But then what do I see the next time I'm walking through this very mall not two weeks later?" she clenched her fist. "There's Carly and Zoe, sitting on that bench right out there in front of the salon, getting hit on by *my* man!"

I could feel Elizabeth shaking with frustration. I held her tighter.

"Of course it all made sense - they had sabotaged my hair appointment so that they could swoop in and pick him up on the rebound. Oh god it was just so humiliating. I haven't been back since. I had to find a new beautician and everything."

"Wait, wait, this story sounds familiar," I looked up at her "didn't you tell me that something like this happen to Slut?"

"Did I?" Elizabeth looked down at the device in her hand and raised an eyebrow. "Well, I guess this sort of thing happens to a lot of girls then. All the more reason to punish them."

"What are you going do to them?" I pouted.

"I don't know. I haven't decided yet. They ruined my sex life, and now I'm going to ruin theirs, somehow."

"Baby... are you sure that this is the right thing to do? I mean -"

"Yes, Evan, I am. I've been dreaming of some way of getting back against these girls for months."

"Wait, months?"

"Now come on," she plopped down onto a bench and held out the device, gesturing "I want you to bear witness."

I sighed and unwrapped myself from around her, sitting up beside her as I hesitantly put my hand on the smooth frame of the device.

I looked through the enormous glass window that was the salon's storefront at my girlfriend's soon to be victims. The one she had pointed out as Carly - a stylish blonde in a very feminine dress - was cutting the hair of some cute looking blonde guy. He was a little bit older - maybe a grad student - but handsome. I'd say he'd have been kind of scruffy but he was working on that.

Zoe, meanwhile - a slim brunette with exceptional tits and perfectly done makeup - was doing something with a woman's hair a little further back, styling it or coloring it or something -- I couldn't get the best look. The gentleman waiting in line turned the page of his magazine.

"Okay, so maybe I'll have some fun with them first..."

Zzzzttttt
Zzzzttttt

I couldn't quite see what she'd done at first, but then Carly took a wider stance as she stopped cutting for a second to adjust her dress, drawing attention to her suddenly rather prominent bulge.

"Hmm," Elizabeth smirked "a good start, but we can do better than that, can't we?"

Like an angler, Elizabeth swung the device over to a pair of teenage boys who were shyly peeking into the Victoria's Secret nearby, then swung it back to point at the girls.

Zzzzttttt
Zzzzttttt

"What are you doing?"

"I'm amping up their libidos. Making them horny as teenage boys."

Zzzzttttt

"And in Zoe's case I've also now made her a lesbian. Let's see how they handle being hot for their clients."

Sure enough, Carly had to adjust her pants again as her sizeable dick seemed to be tenting angrily against her pants. She kept sneaking glances down at her client and blushing profusely. Zoe was being a little more discrete, but if you looked close enough it was fairly apparent that she taking the opportunity to look straight down the shirt of the girl she was working with.

"Why?"

"Look, if they're going to steal people's boyfriends, then they should be as skanky on the outside as they are on the inside."

"Okay, no, I get that." I said, "But why does that involve giving them dicks?"

"I don't understand the question." Elizabeth blinked in confusion. "Why wouldn't I give them dicks?" she grinned and then laughed. "I like giving girls dicks. It's fun."

"Okay, but hold on, is this really your plan? Your solution to them stealing people's boyfriends is to make them hornier?"

"It's not my whole plan, no. It's just the best I can do with what I've got." She glanced down at the device and growled. "It's all so circuitous, you know? If I could just pilot them around like puppets or go in and rewrite their brains directly this would all be much easier. I'd make them think that it was their job to have sex with everyone who walked in there or something like that. Let's see them try to sabotage people's relationships then."

“Baby, I-”

“Oh, fuck, you know what I need to do?” Elizabeth sat up straight “I need to find a prostitute and swap their professional responsibilities or whatever. Make them think that it’s literally their job to sleep with their customers, that would totally do the trick. Oh but no...” Elizabeth slumped again and sighed. “Where am I going to find a pair of prostitutes at this hour?”

“Baby...”

“You’re right, Evan, I shouldn’t let that hold me back. I can still do other things to them.”

Zzzzttttt
Zzzzttttt

Both Zoe and Carly now looked like they were ready to hit the clubs rather than work. Carly had a sleek skin-tight white mini-dress while Zoe was wearing a thin lacey black nighty that couldn’t quite contain her huge breasts. I spun my head around. Where had those even come from?

“There, skanky clothes to go with their skanky nature.”

“Hey!” I groaned. “I have that same dress at home.”

“Oops.” Elizabeth laughed. “Sorry, Evan, I didn’t mean it like that. If it’s any consolation, I’m sure on you it looks way less trashy. You probably fill it out better too. Ooh, that’s a good one. Here, let me...”

Zzzzttttt

The outfits the girls were wearing suddenly looked hopelessly optimistic as their tits disappeared, replaced by flat smooth chests. The shirts of the guy getting a haircut and the gentlemen waiting in line ballooned outwards in response. Honestly I had to wonder who it was Elizabeth was trying to punish - the salon owners or the clients.

“Hrmm... It’s still not quite right. Something’s missing.”

Elizabeth searched again through the crowd of people for potential swap candidates. I followed her gaze.

“Oh my god,” Elizabeth elbowed me “check it out!” She gestured towards a familiar family heading in our direction.

“I guess the bus finally arrived” I giggled.

“Or they walked. Wait, Are they going for the salon? They are! Oh my god, this is too perfect.”

Striding through the mall corridor was the familiar face of Liz and her family from the bus stop earlier, still - to my mind at least- entirely swapped around. Liz was in the lead while her husband, his tits bouncing, was holding the hand of their youngest, whose head was sitting on the body of his older

sister, who was herself several paces behind standing next to her other brother, struggling to keep up with her short legs and childish body.

Both Carly and Zoe leapt up in excitement at the sight of Liz. Carly even put down her scissors to go give her a great big hug. They must have been old friends or something. They chatted for a bit, with Liz introducing them to her family before sitting down to wait her turn.

“Oh ho, this is too perfect.”

Zzzzttttt

I raised an eyebrow as Liz was suddenly in the front of the line. A moment later Carly's client was all done and wandering off with Carly's tits and pussy as Liz sat down into the chair. Carly started prepping her hair while Zoe came over and began chatting up the rest of the family. She seemed very flirtatious with the way she was talking to Liz's daughter, but that might have just been because I couldn't stop staring at the enormous erection that was desperately fighting to escape her lacy panties.

“Watch this.” Elizabeth whispered.

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

Carly, standing behind the barber chair, looked at the scissors in her hand in confusion, then looked down at Liz, who was now sporting the stylishly cropped blonde hair that had been adorning her own head moments before.

Elizabeth chuckled maniacally in anticipation.

What followed was the most awful haircut I've ever seen someone give. Carly looked like she'd hardly ever held scissors before, let alone that she should be trusted to wield them around someone's head. And yet no one raised an eye at this. I thought for sure Liz would have panicked when the first misaligned chunk was taken off, but no, no one batted a lash even as huge swaths of hair were taken out in uneven clumps. No one that is except for the child, who seemed very upset with the way the woman was wielding those blades.

“This is perfect,” Elizabeth laughed. “I gotta get Zoe as well. Okay, how do I want to do this?”

Elizabeth's head darted around until finally she locked eyes with a rather hairy heavysset looking dude with a beer gut and a heavily stained shirt. He was trying to pick something out of his teeth using a store window as a mirror.

“Perfect!”

Zzzzttttt

He immediately looked up at his hair and face in a kind of horror. Zoe, meanwhile, who had returned to her client, suddenly seemed to get very lax with what she was doing.

"What did you just do?"

"I've swapped all Carly's hair cutting experience onto the kid, and uh, Zoe's beautification onto that fat guy over there."

"What good does that do though?"

"No, see, it's great, I've gotten rid of their ability to do their job."

"Baby..." I was starting to shake.

"And as soon as Carly finishes, I'm going to swap that ugly hair back onto her head so she'll have to live with a terrible haircut forever! Let's see how she likes it."

When it was all done Liz ended up looking more like a barbie doll that had received a haircut from a very zealous little girl and yet, as she stood up, it was clear that she loved it. She was beaming with a new confidence.

Zzzzttttt

And true to her word, Elizabeth had swapped the mess of hair right back onto Carly's head. Stray hair still falling out of it as she walked. She and Liz, who now had her old unmodified hair back were both satisfied with the outcome.

"There we go." Elizabeth sighed contently. "Justice has been served. They ruined my chances with that guy by intentionally giving me a bad haircut, now the bad haircuts they give are going to be anything but intentional."

"Justice?" I made a fist. I couldn't take this any longer. "Justice? Baby, are you kidding me?"

"Huh?" Elizabeth turned and looked at me. I could only imagine the unfamiliarity of the dark expression that must have been on my face.

"Look, Elizabeth, you've had a laugh at their expense. You've got your revenge. But don't call this justice. You want to just leave them like this? For what? For humiliating you and stealing away some guy who doesn't even matter? Who isn't even worth you? You can't go ruining people's lives over shit like that!"

She opened her mouth to speak, but I kept going.

"How is it justice to hurt people like that? Hell, you're not even hurting them -- they haven't learned a damned lesson, if whatever they did was intentional, they're going to keep on doing it - the only people who are getting their lives ruined here are people trying to get their hair cuts. Two wrongs don't make things right. Elizabeth, come on, I know you. You're better than this. You have to make this right."

Elizabeth looked at me in shock. She looked hurt and angry. It tore me up to see her like that, but I couldn't take it any longer, it needed to be said.

"I... I thought you had my back on this Evan. She put me through so much humiliation. So much, you can't even believe. I cried into my pillow for weeks! Well now she gets to feel that, even if she doesn't know it - hell, that's a mercy. She won't even know!"

"All you're doing is what she did to you. No, this is worse -- you're hurting bystanders too! What is it about what she did to you that makes this okay to inflict that same hell on people who aren't even involved in this?"

"Don't you preach at me!" She stood up.

"It's just... it's not right!"

"Not right..." she rolled her eyes. "Oh my god, Evan, I'll show you not right."

She swung the device up to my level. It must have been inches from my face. I stared past it at her, not quite grasping what was happening. Or, well... grasping but not quite believing.

"I swear to god," she continued, red faced, "sometimes your morality really gets on my nerves. It's just a little bit of fun, a little catharsis. No one's life is getting ruined. No one even fucking knows except for us - Not even the people who get their hair cut shitty. They'll just smile and think it's great and who's laughing then? Me! I get to have the last laugh for once in my goddamn life. Maybe we'd be better off, Evan, if you weren't so freaking judgemental all the time."

She was adjusting the device, but I hardly even noticed. My attention was on her face. She was getting emotional, hot tears were starting to well up in her eyes.

"Baby, I'm sorry," I took a deep breath, "but this is how I feel, and I wouldn't be the man you loved if I didn't tell you. Sure, no one notices, but you have to live with the knowledge that you sabotaging someone's life... for what? For some boy who wasn't even worth your time? Elizabeth... that's not you. I know you can get angry at times, but this isn't you. this isn't the girl I fell in love with."

"Sh-shut up." She was shaking. Visibly disturbed. My words must have cut deeper than I was expecting. "Shut up! Don't say those sorts of things!"

Honestly, I don't think it even occurred to me that she had the device pointed at me, primed and ready to fire. I was so firmly locked into her eyes. I hated it when we fought. Normally I tried not to press the issue, but Elizabeth could be so passionate though. sometimes it was best to let the wave break and then talk to her about it when she was thinking a little more clearly, but sometimes she needed me there to help her from doing something stupid.

"Baby..." I said, standing up next to her, looking up into her sparkling eyes, brushing away an angry tear. "You're better than this."

"Fuck!" she cried out, lowering the device. "Fine! Fucking fine! I'll turn them back! Are you happy?"

"Yes, I am. You're doing the right thing." I said, going in for a hug, "I love you, Elizabeth."

She snubbed me at first, stepping away, but then she changed her mind and pulled me in close. For several hot seconds I held her. She seemed so vulnerable in that moment. Then she took a deep breath and stepped back, turning towards the salon.

Zzzzttttt
Zzzzttttt

“There. They can do their jobs again. But that’s all the mercy they’re getting out of me. They can keep the damned haircut, and those stupid horny dicks of theirs!”

“I...” well, it was a start. Something told me I was better off not trying to push it. We could maybe come back later and deal with that.

“You’re right Evan.” She sighed. “I don’t like it, but you’re right. I am better than them. Something like this isn’t worth it.”

“Thank you, baby.”

“Besides, I should be saving all my energy for the big stuff I’ve got planned for the rest of the people on my list.”

“Uh...”

“But that’ll have to wait. Come on, let’s get out of here. I think I’ve lost my appetite for swaps for today.”

“Baby?” I asked.

“Yeah?”

“I’m glad you took me along today.”

“So am I, Evan. So am I.”

I wrapped my arms around her again and pulled her in for another hug, the hot flesh of my tits spilling out where our chests met. She put her hands around my back and clasped them tight. I leaned up at her, lips spread, and she leaned down and we kissed. Normally Elizabeth was a little more aggressive, but this time it was gentle and slow, but there was a hint of fire there still that spoke of what was to come. As we parted I looked up at her and smiled.

Holding hands, we started walking back towards the parking lot entrance. There was still a lot of shopping I had wanted to get done, but well, I guess there’s always a bunch of shopping I wanted to get done. We could come back some other day. For now, it was probably best that we just deescalate the situation as much as possible.

Jesus, I hadn't even noticed until that moment just how much my heart was pounding. I couldn't believe how close that had come. I knew she wouldn't do anything, of course. I'd put my life in her hands any day of the week. If Elizabeth wanted to swap me... well, I know she had my best interests at heart, right? Isn't that the core of a good relationship? She'd do the right thing sooner or later. That's what I was telling myself, anyway. Still though... having a gun pointed at you like that... it was all very intense.

"Evan!?"

"Huh?"

I snapped back to reality. I had stopped waking and was staring right at the jigglng ass of some girl testing out the fit of a new pair of yoga pants by twerking for her totally hot boyfriend right there in the store. All the other guys nearby had stopped what they were doing and were staring at her. Uhg, I was totally jealous.

"Really, Evan?"

"Sorry! Sorry!" I laughed, taking an extra stride to catch up. "I didn't mean to stare. I was just lost in my own thoughts." I shook my head and tried to change the subject. "You know it's funny, I guess. I know I'm all about doing the right thing and everything, but I really did get my heart set on the idea of swapping me around to be sexier earlier, even if it didn't quite work out."

"Yeah?"

"I guess subconsciously I just..." I gestured at the twerking girl, "I wanted that."

"You want to look like that guy?" she gave him an appraising look "Well, he is pretty hot. Maybe I can give you a dance like that when we get home. I bet I can totally pull it off better than her."

"I bet you could" I giggled. "But no, you've got it all wrong. I want to be like her. I want to be the one dancing for a cute boy, you know? I mean just look at all the attention she's getting."

"Wait." Liz stopped in her tracks. "You want to be the girl?"

"I... yeah?" I looked at her confused. "Baby, come on, don't even joke about that sort of thing. We've talked about this a million times. That's just... that's who I am, you know? This whole time with the device, being in this footballer's body... I think the only reason I agreed to it was to see if maybe it wasn't just my body in general that was the problem, like maybe I'd be happier as a guy if I was a hot guy, but that was stupid of me. It was toxic thinking. I just didn't have the nerve to admit what I truly wanted."

"Which is to be a girl?"

"Yes! That's all I keep thinking about. Ever since we found that stupid device. I keep circling that drain. That's what I've always wanted... but it's not just enough to have this face, or these boobs or this dick..." I gestured to my bulging crotch for emphasis. "I don't even think it'll be enough to have a whole damn body, but that'll sure as hell help. I want to *be* a girl. I want to be able to act like a girl and to have people treat me like a girl. I want to be able to jump on a table and dance and have hot guys lust after

me. I want to be hot and sexy and feminine.” I sighed wistfully then pouted. “But I can’t! Because to do that I’d have to take all that away from someone else and I can’t do that. It wouldn’t be right. And I hate myself for thinking that because in all of my more introspective moments, if I’m not agonizing over one, I’m agonizing over the other.”

“Oh my god.” a sympathetic expression dawned across Elizabeth’s face like a slow realization. “Evan, I’m so sorry. I had completely forgotten about all this. I had no idea this was hurting you so much. You’re absolutely right. We need to use the device to set this straight.”

“What?” My heart fluttered.

She held out the device and pointed it at the couple. Nervously, I put my hand on it.

Zzzzttttt

“There, how does that feel?”

I looked down at my body and screamed.

To be continued in part 19: Revenge is a dish breast served cold!