

Warning: This story features tits, hooters, melons, oblivious men with all of the above, head swaps, body swaps, bikini contests, beach goers, random acts of swappery, ex-girlfriend drama, relationship swaps, and brilliantly bouncing breasts, barely bikini-clad and bountiful in their boundless bobbing beauty.

= The Device - A Beach Story =
A Swappy Novella
By Razmagurk
- Part 1 -

"What if you could have anything you ever wanted? Be anyone you wanted to be?"

"What kind of a question is that?" I held my hand up to my face and glowered. The sun was relentless. How had I let myself be dragged into this? "What are we even doing here?" I groaned.

"Two words, my dude," Daniel laughed. "Bikini. Contest. Look!" He held his hands out dramatically. "Isn't this great?"

Great is not the word I would use.

We were perched up on a small hill on the edge of the beach, overlooking the makeshift stage where a small crowd had gathered even as the staff finished making their final preparations for the upcoming event. It was hot and it was noisy and it was crowded and no one in their right minds would choose to come to the beach on a day like today.

"A bikini contest? Really? What are we, fourteen? I hate to break it to you, but that's hardly everything I've ever wanted. I mean," I gestured broadly to the jam-packed stretch of sand, "as though there aren't a million girls running around in bikinis right now."

"Oh come on," Daniel elbowed me. "You used to love this stuff!"

"Yeah, when we were kids." I squinted as I looked at all the happy little beachgoers, they were all so content to frolic aimlessly in the oppressive sun. I frowned. "I guess right now I just don't see the appeal of cramming in like sardines just to get sandy and sunburnt, okay? You know I have the internet now, right? I can look at girls in swimsuits whenever I want? Heck, some of them even get naked."

"See, that's part of the problem! When was the last time you actually got out and met anyone? Ever since you and Dianna broke up, you barely ever come out with us anymore, you just keep locking yourself away. You gotta live a little, dude!"

"Yeah, well," I crossed my hands over the pasty flesh of my naked chest. The last thing I wanted right now was his pity. "I've been busy, okay? I have a lot going on."

"Well I'm glad you came. It's been forever since we've done anything like this. This will be good for you."

"Are you kidding? Don't even try to spin this like this is about me. You literally wouldn't take no for an answer. This is Jim's wedding all over again. You're up to no good and you need someone to show off to."

"Ah - well," he laughed again. I'd caught him red-handed. "Let's just say a little something special arrived in the mail and I'm very eager to put it through its paces."

"Oh god, what is it this time?"

"No, no, this thing's for real! Check it out!" He pulled a slim black device out of the back pocket of his trunks. It looked vaguely like a remote control - it even had one of those goofy coiling wire antennas that I'm sure didn't exist outside of cartoons - but all the buttons looked like they'd been taken from some early 1990s keyboard. "This little baby, my friend," he stroked it lovingly, "is going to get the two of us so *laid*!"

I sighed, but curiosity got the better of me. "What is it?"

"It's a genuine swapping device! Well, a prototype at least."

"What? More crazy bullshit out of a magazine? I thought you'd have learned your lesson by now."

"Hey, those hypno-specs were working perfectly until that woman's husband shown up."

"You know what?" I shook my head, "I take it back. Maybe you are still fourteen after all."

"This thing," he stuck out his tongue, "is going to change our lives for the better. Just watch!"

He pointed the device at a particularly buxom girl walking by - god it was like she was trying to smuggle balloons under the cups of her slender white bikini - and then towards me. He swung his finger dramatically over the button and gave it a press. The wind whipped and there was a sound like a jacob's ladder in reverse. - Tttzzzz - Sharp and electric and then... nothing.

"Uh..." I looked around anticlimactically. "What was it supposed to do?"

Daniel's jaw hung open. He was staring at my chest.

"What?" I looked down.

"Holy shit, dude!" He raised a hand to his mouth half in disbelief and half to hide the snicker. "It worked! Your chest!"

"What about it?" I crossed my arms over my enormous tits, my soft pale cleavage spilling out like milk. "Look, you're the one who dragged me out here. Don't give me crap because I've gotten a little pudgy, okay?"

"Pudgy? What? This goes beyond pudgy! Are you seriously not seeing what I'm seeing?"

"Seeing what? Do I have something on me?" I patted a curious hand along my belly. I don't know what he was expecting. If it was anything beneath the lumbering shelf of my quivering melons there was no way I was ever going to be able to see it. Hell, I could barely see my toes most days.

"I guess..." he stared at the remote in amazement and then scratched his head. "I guess the pamphlet was right. The targets really don't notice anything."

"Notice what? What are you talking about? What did it do?"

"Holy shit." He looked, stunned, into my eyes, as though waiting for me to tell him I was just kidding. "You really can't tell, can you?" A big goofy grin crossed his face as he pondered the implications. I looked back down. Had one of my nipples come out? Lord knows with the way these things bounced around it was a concern, but no, my lurid thumb-sized nubs were still snug behind the slender white cups of my string bikini top.

"Alright," I tapped my foot impatiently, "I don't know what's going on, but it's not funny. Why are you staring at my tits like you haven't seen them a million times before?"

"Maybe I'm just thinking how weird it is that you have tits to begin with!" he laughed. "Come on dude, you're a guy! You don't find that weird?"

"What are you talking about?" I raised an eyebrow. "I've had these since I was like, 12." I hoisted them in my hands and let them drop for emphasis. They swayed pendulously. "You were there at summer camp the year they started to grow. The counselor had to lend me her bra, remember? And all the girls got super jealous?"

"It even changed your memories!" His breath grew short. "This is amazing! Dave, what would you say if I told you that isn't the case?" his grin turned predatory, "That before you came here today you didn't have boobs at all? That this device gave them to you and made you think that you always had them?"

"I'd say you've had too much time in the sun." I rolled my eyes. "And that, as usual, you're full of shit."

"No I'm serious, look." He pointed. "See that girl?"

"What about her?" It was the girl he'd pointed the device at earlier, the amazingly busty one. Just the sort to catch Daniel's attention. He had always had a thing for bimbos, the bigger the better. Now he could barely keep his eyes off her as she paraded around in her bikini bottoms, loving the way they put her flat, flabby and naked chest was on display. "So, what? She's got a nice rack?"

"Look closer, Dave."

"Uh," I furrowed my brow. There was something vaguely disquieting about being asked to size someone up like this. "She's got a bit of a mole next to her left nipple? Kinda hard to see under the hair, but -"

"She's got a dudes chest! Your chest! That's your mole!" he swung his arms back and forth between us for emphasis. "I swapped her tits onto your chest and your chest onto her."

"Holy shit." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

"Right!? You see it?"

"No, I see that you've clearly lost it. We've just gotten out here and already you've had way too much sun. Look." I bounced on my heels to send my tits jiggling. "With how heavy these things are? With the way they're always swaying about? With all the back problems they cause!? I think I'd be the one to know if I didn't have them before today."

"Okay, no, no! Here me out. I can prove it. You don't notice because you got swapped. I'll do it to someone else. Just... watch, okay? See that couple over there?"

He pointed to a curvaceous redhead wearing one of those delicate one-pieces that was more an intricate dress than it was a swimsuit. She was sitting on a big blanket under an umbrella alongside a muscular hunk who could easily have been a member of the college weightlifting team. I frowned. He was wearing what could only be described as a painfully red, painfully tight speedo.

"Okay, yeah?" I tried not to stare at the dude's bulge.

"Watch carefully."

He pointed the remote at them and pressed one of the buttons.

There was that noise again - Ttttzzzz - but as before nothing happened.

"You see?" Daniel grinned like an idiot. "Holy shit! You were watching right? Tell me you were watching!"

I raised an eyebrow. The redhead was stretched out on the towel now, the rippling muscles of her back well on display, the bright fluorescence of her bulging little suit making her look classy and elegant in sharp contrast to her boyfriend, who was, okay, yes, very attractive, but he really looked out of place next to her in that ridiculous one-piece, even if it did show off his slender body.

"What am I supposed to see? That this guy has nice tits?"

Daniel scratched his head in impotent frustration as his eyes traveled between me, the couple, the device, and my boobs.

"Well... I mean... I guess your not wrong?" He tilted his head and let out a sharp laugh. "Not as nice as yours though."

"Dude," I blushed at the compliment. "Gay."

"Come on, what are you, fourteen?" he stuck out his tongue.

I laughed. "It's just not something I want to hear from my best friend, okay?"

"Fine. If it bothers you so much, I'll refrain from complimenting your totally sweet tits from now on." He smiled and gave my left boob a playful poke.

I blushed again. I hadn't exactly been eating healthy since Dianna broke up with me. I'd be lying if I said all the fat hadn't been going straight to my tits. Maybe I needed to start working out again...

"Alright, look. How about the mental stuff?" he pointed the remote back at the couple. She was grinning up at him mischievously while he pulled a bottle of sunscreen out of their bag, her muscular leg swaying daintily. "Keep watching."

Tttzzzzz

I kept watching. I watched as she laughed, patted the ground invitingly, then stood up. I watched as he lay down, handing off the sunscreen to her. I saw the little lurid waggle of her eyebrows and how it was echoed in a coy wiggle of his hips. She poured some lotion into her large hands, then proceeded to massage the cream into his delicate masculine back.

"Come on, dude." I turned away. I couldn't take any more. "The last thing I want to be doing right now is looking at happy couples."

"I swapped their relationship roles? I thought it would have a bigger effect to be honest." He scratched his head. "Still! They're acting weird, yeah? She should be the one getting lotion rubbed on, right?"

"The only person acting weird here is you." I sighed. "Just because she's giving her girlfriend a backrub? That's what good boyfriends do..."

I frowned. Maybe if I'd been more affectionate with Dianna... if I had cared more about my appearance... if I had looked like him... would she still have broken up with me? Had I been a bad boyfriend?

"Ah ha!" he held out a finger, "you called her the boyfriend."

"What else am I going to call her?"

"But how can she be the boyfriend if she's a girl?"

"Wow dude," I turned and gave him a good hard stare. "Are you even listening to yourself right now? What kind of logic is that?"

"No, hey come on. That's weird, right?" He sighed and glared sidelong at me. "Okay, fine. Fine! You want to play hard ball?" He gripped the remote tight in his hand, then started to spin around, firing the buttons at random.

"Dude." I put a hand on his shoulder. People were starting to stare. "Calm down."

"Does none of this seem strange to you?"

I looked around at the crowd. It was swimsuits and summer clothes as far as the eye could see. Even away from the stage, bikinis were the order of the day, especially among the more attractive men and women who knew they could pull it off.

Daniel's eyes darted around. I followed his gaze. Not too far away from us, a heavily pregnant man was waddling over to his wife as she tried and failed to unfold a beach chair. He seemed none too happy to be trudging through the hot sand, and as far along as he was, I couldn't blame him. He looked ready to pop with twins at a moment's notice.

Over by the snack stand, a trio of cute college girls in swim trunks were hitting on a trio of bikini-clad rugby players. The boys were giggling at the attention, none of them paying any mind to the toddler behind the counter preparing an ice-cream cone for his grandfather.

Down by the water, a lifeguard was talking to a young girl, looking up at her from above the little summer dress that covered his small body as her broad-shoulders and pig-tailed hair loomed over him.

There were more little scenes beside, but I had no idea what he was looking at, everything was just... normal. People enjoying the beach.

"Daniel, listen." I shook my head. "You're really freaking me out, you know that? I think you've just got to accept that that remote doesn't do anything. You got ripped off. "

"You know what?" his laugh had a hollow, exasperated tone to it. He pinched tight at the bridge of his nose. "I give up. I'm sorry Dave, I don't know what I was thinking."

"It's fine, man." I raised an eyebrow, not buying it for a second. "These things happen. Look, what's the big deal anyway?"

"Well, honestly?" he gave a defeated sigh. "I was hoping we could have some fun. Cause a little chaos, you know? Remember all the trouble we used to get up to? That summer we got arrested like three times?"

"Daniel," I crossed my hairy arms back over my quivering tits. "We were kids."

"It was two years ago! And then we graduated and you started dating you-know-who and now it's like we're totally different people. You've been worrying me, man. You never come out anymore. I thought maybe I could show you that life without her is still worth living."

"Daniel..."

"And hey, maybe we end up hooking up with some cute girls along the way. Is that so much to ask?"

"And the weird remote is supposed to help with that how?"

"Well." He frowned and looked down at it. "The fact you can't see anything does make it a bit difficult, admittedly. But honestly? I don't even know who else I'd tell about this thing. You're my best friend, dude."

"Look, Daniel," I sighed, "You can't just sweep things away and expect them to go back to the way they were. You're right," I looked down at the pudgy body and frowned - "I *am* a different person. We both are. And as much as I appreciate the effort - lord knows I don't exactly like who I am right now - you can't just press a magic button and make everything better."

"Well..." A slow smile crossed his face. "What if I could?"

"What?"

"You're unhappy with who you are? Let's fix it. Look, what would you do with that power? I want you to imagine that you could swap any part of yourself with anybody at this beach. What would you choose?"

"Really?" I slumped. I thought I had gotten through to him.

"Yeah, come on!" he grinned. "Just... humor me, okay?"

"I mean..." I gave a half hearted look around, "Besides swap boobs with some cute girl so I could feel a woman's tits whenever I wanted?"

Daniel snorted.

"I don't know man." I shrugged. "It's a weird question."

Where would I even start? I held out my pale arms and patted my tubby belly. I was the typical everyman. Not overweight or out of shape, per se, but far from athletic. Despite my best efforts over the years I'd never been able to really look what I'd call good.

I frowned. Honestly? I think I'd always been so afraid of failing that I never really tried. I pretended that I could get into shape whenever I wanted, that I could lose weight if I just put my mind to it and made the effort. But that was just an excuse to not actually do it, wasn't it? With every passing year I had fallen further from my ideal. I'd gotten flabbier, pudgier, my tits getting fatter and fatter. Uhg, Dianna had always been nagging me about it. I didn't even want to think about it.

"I'm serious," he laughed. "If you could swap with anybody here, who would you choose?"

I looked back at the pair on the towel, the girl in the red speedo rubbing her girlfriend's back. It was the two Daniel had been trying to demonstrate on earlier. I wonder if he knew how lucky he was to have her. No, luck had nothing to do with it. He worked his ass off for that body every day. He'd earned it. Had I ever had that kind of drive? That kind of determination? No wonder he had a great girl like that as his boyfriend. My frown intensified.

"Honestly, man? I'm just tired of being me. Tired of this," I gestured broadly to myself. "I wouldn't mind being a guy half like that for a while. Just a total jock, you know?"

"Wait, really?" Daniel grinned. "That guy?"

"Yeah? What's wrong with him? Okay, yeah, that swimsuit is a little much, but come on. Dude's ripped."

"No, no, that totally works." Daniel snickered as he pointed the remote. "What, uh, what specifically is it about him you like?"

"Are you kidding? He's built like a statue. Look at those long legs, those slender curves. He's got those flared hips and that thin waist and the gentle softness of his midriff. He's got a perfect male figure. I mean, just look at that butt! Hell, his tits are bigger than mine and somehow are perkier despite it. I mean..." I toned it down a little, I didn't want to sound too excited about some other guy's body, "sure, that stubble doesn't really look all that great, and that swimsuit continues to look terrible, you know? But like I said, he's jacked, and I - and I don't know if you somehow missed this -" I squeezed again at my belly, "am not."

Daniel doubled over in laughter

"Oh come on." I huffed. "You can't ask me something like that and then laugh at me like this. Not cool, dude."

"No! No! It's not like that. It's just... I think you have a very nice body! And in fact, it's about to get better!" he pointed the remote at the guy then over at me and pressed the button.

Tttttzzzz

"Thanks?" I frowned. My tits wobbled as I uncrossed my hand from my expansive chest and ran it down the smooth skin of my long sleek body. I tapped the pink-painted toes of foot, my perky bubble butt bouncing as I shifted my long athletic legs back and forth. "That's nice of you to say, but your hardly the one I'm here to impress. I mean, come on, we both know the ladies don't exactly go for a guy like me, you know?" I looked back enviously at the jock in question, his pudgy back getting rubbed by his beautiful boyfriend.

"I don't know," Daniel quipped, "I think about ten percent might."

"Huh?"

"Nothing. Don't even worry about it. Look, my dude, how would you feel if I told you that your body is a lot nicer than you realize?"

"Look, Daniel," I sighed. I knew where this was going. "I'm going to level with you." I rubbed at my beard. How long had it been since I shaved? "I appreciate you trying to help, really I do, but this whole thing just has me feeling really self conscious, okay? You're right, I've been cooped up inside. I barely leave the house most days. Things aren't going great. But calling attention to it just makes things worse. Honestly?" I took a step backwards "I think I might just bail."

"Hold on, hold on." Daniel threw up his hands. "You have nothing to be self conscious about! What would you say if I told you there's plenty of people here who would love the way you look

right now. You're a catch, Dave, trust me. You just have to put yourself out there. You need to let yourself be the guy I know you can be."

"See? You're full of shit, Daniel."

"Fine. You don't believe me?" Another slow grin crossed his face as he stared across the beach towards the stage. "I can prove it. Look, the bikini contest is starting soon. I'm willing to bet that with a body like that -" I blushed as his eyes roamed hungrily down my flesh. "- you'll be a shoe in to win."

"What!?"

"Yeah!" His grin widened, a mad plot weaving within his brain. "And that will prove, once and for all, that you, my friend, have more going on than you think."

"I... what?" I repeated "A bikini contest? Are you insane?" My hooters bounced as I laughed incredulously. "Come on dude, do I look like a chick to you? No one looking at me is going to think that I woul- why are you pointing that thing at me?"

"No reason." he pressed the button. It made that noise. "Im just saying, you're wearing a bikini, yeah?"

"Daniel," I clarified, "this is a *men's* bikini. Why you gotta be weird about it?"

"Ah! But it *is* a bikini, right?"

I looked down at the tiny pink cups of my string bikini. Okay, yes, I was technically wearing a bikini, but the thing barely fit! The side ties of the bottoms dug into my thick hips and the bottoms kept riding up into my plump ass and making it look like I was wearing a thong. Uhg, and lord help me if it let one of my great big nipples slip again. But yeah, technically a bikini. With tits like this what else was I going to wear? But it wasn't like, a girl's swimsuit or anything.

"I guess?"

"Perfect! See?" he grabbed me by the wrist and tugged me towards the back of the stage. "That's all the qualification you need."

I looked over at the contestants gathering at the competition check-in as we rounded the corner. A variety of women, each more stunningly beautiful than the last stood ready, stretching and laughing and generally having a good time enjoying the spoils of their beauty and youth. They turned and looked at us as we rounded the corner. I was caught abash, but Daniel just leered excitedly.

"Daniel, stop. I'm not going to enter this stupid contest!" I put my foot down. We were hardly the only men back here catching a glimpse. The crowd that had gathered looked hungry. I didn't know how those girls could do it. Standing up there in front of all those people like that? All those eyes staring, judging? I shuddered.

"What? Why not?" There was a whine in his voice, like I'd threatened to take my ball and go home.

"I don't know if you fucking noticed, Daniel," I put my foot down again. "but you kinda have to be a woman. No one wants to see a guy like me on stage."

"Prove it."

"Prove what?"

"Prove no one wants to see you. Go enter the contest. If your as unattractive as you say, what's the worse that happens? Everybody gets a good laugh, right? Come on, I dare you."

"Holy shit, dude, I'm not a child. I'm not going to go humiliate myself on some dare."

"See?" he frowned "this is exactly what I'm talking about. The Dave I know? The Dave I grew up with? He'd have found this hilarious! He never cared what people thought of him. He'd have jumped at the chance to make people smile."

"Yeah, well, I don't exactly feel like getting laughed at, at the moment, okay?" I rubbed my supple arm, it was sore from Daniel's grip. "We did all kinds of stupid stuff when we were younger, yes, but I'm a grown ass man now - we both are! - I'm not going to go parade around on stage like a big stupid clown just so you can relive your glory days!"

"Oh, pfft, right," he snorted, "because you're such a man at the moment."

"Hey! What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing!"

He pointed the remote behind me, then down at my hips and pressed. With that electric sound, my bikini slipped into the crack of my ass. I turned around and gasped in surprise of the sudden wedgie. I don't know how the tiny flap of fabric had held out so long, I looked over to where he had pointed the remote -- some poor girl's amazingly flat butt was hanging out of her way-too loose suit.

He fired the remote at me again. I raised an eyebrow. Was he really going to just keep trying that stupid thing over and over? I flipped the hair out of my eyes and put a hand on my cocked-out hip. Nearby a woman with short hair tripped and tumbled.

"Dave, listen to me." He put a hand on my shoulder. "I know you've been feeling like shit lately. I'm here to prove that if you just put yourself out there a bit you're going to find that there's lots of people who like you. That you can relax and open up and have some fun."

"Yeah, well," I clutched again at my arm, "I'm sorry, but I don't think I'm ready for that." I sighed and looked away, brushing the hair back over my ear. "Hell. I don't know if I'll ever be ready for that."

"No, Dave," there was a hitch in his voice. "I'm the one who's sorry."

"It's okay, Daniel, I get it. You're just trying to help. I... I do appreciate it, really I do. But all this is just too much. Maybe one day, but not-"

"No," he sighed and looked down at the remote in his hands. "I mean... I'm sorry for this."

Tttttzzzz

"Huh?" I blinked.

"I'm sorry for wasting all of your time with my crap. Look at the time. The contest is starting soon." he looked up at me expectantly. "Isn't this what we came all the way out here to do today?"

"Wait, what?" I blinked again, then glanced down at my empty wrist. "Shit, what time is it? Oh my god," my swinging breasts bounded with each heavy step as I bounded off towards the backstage entrance where all the other contestants were waiting. There was a particularly beautiful girl standing in the middle of them looking confused as to why she was here. "Why are we wasting time? I'm going to be late for the check-in!"

"I'm right behind you!" He grinned.

To be continued.