

Fratbros With A Swap Device
- A Swappy Short -
By Razmagurk

"Alright dude, what's so important that you had to call me all the way out here on a Saturday morning?"

"Bro! I'm glad your here." Tom pulled me in close, clapping his meaty arm against my back. As though he hadn't just seen me at last night's party. "You're not going to believe this, bro. Total game changer."

I don't think I'd ever seen him so excited.

I walked over to the ledge and looked down at all the people milling about. We were up on the terrace that linked the student center and the athletics building. Nobody realized you could get up here, so it had become our special little spot. You could see everything.

"Don't tell me - you hooked up with a chick last night?"

"Better, bro!"

"Two chicks?"

"Tylor, my man, you are thinking too small!"

"Wait hold on, *three* chicks?" No wonder he wanted to brag.

"Nah, bro." He laughed. "This is way more than that. With this thing we can have as many chicks as we want! We're never going to go hungry for pussy to slay ever again."

I paused. What had he gotten involved in now? I loved Tom, he was a brother to me, my favorite person in the whole wide world, but, well, he was a complete idiot.

"Wait, this isn't like that mind control machine you bought that one time? Or that ring that failed to make everything you say the truth? Please tell me you didn't buy more of that juice that was supposed to turn people into cheerleader bimbo sluts!"

"You've got it all wrong. This one works! It's like nothing you've ever seen before. This one leaves all of them in the dust. Bro," He reached into his back pocket and pulled something out. "Check it out!"

The thing in his hands was rectangular and black and so festooned with colorful buttons and dials that it looked tricky to hold without setting one off. It was topped with what looked like a coat hanger doubling as an old-school sci-fi antenna.

"It's some kind of remote control? You got a new TV? You seriously think that's going to land us more chicks, dude?"

“Oh bro you have no idea. It does so much more than TV. This? This */swaps/* things.” He gave me one of his patented shit eating grins. “Body parts, roles, abstract traits - It’s fucking magic bro!”

“Christ, dude, what? Please don’t tell me you paid money for that.”

“Relax, I learned my lesson last time. This was a free product test. They called it the T model. Nothing to lose. And look at how much I’ve gained!”

He stepped back and flexed.

“Uh...” I tilted my head.

He was the same scrawny dude he ever was. Same hulking super-hero tier muscles, same six-foot-three frame, same awkward dorky face with those perfect teeth and perfect smile. I tried not stare at the moderately-sized python of a dick clearly snaked down past his knee, but I was sure that was the same unimpressive thing it always was too.

So, what? Had this remote been helping him work out or something? If so, I wasn’t noticing much progress. He still had a long way to go to even approach my own modest frame.

“Dude, you got scammed.”

“What, no! Come on bro, look!” He pulled me over to the railing. “I’ve been playing with this thing all morning, see?”

I followed his finger to the crowd below. It was a warm spring day so lots of people were hanging out on the quad. A dog was walking its owner, struggling to restrain her as she barked at a passing boy with cat ears. Nearby, a professor with a mohawk held a hand over his pregnant belly as he tried to rush past a girl with a prominent bulge in her skirt. In a dark corner where they thought they were hidden, a girl was struggled to get her boyfriends bra off.

“What am I supposed to be looking for?”

“Bro, what? Are you blind. Okay, look. See that nerd over there?” He pointed the remote at a scrawny bespectacled thing standing in line at the little coffee stand. The punk barista girl opposite him was barely paying attention to his order.

He pointed the remote and pressed the big central button. The thing made a noise - TZZZT! -like a rattling jacob’s ladder falling off a cliff.

I expected... something? Anything? But the nerd just fiddled his black-tipped nails and tugged at the neck of his cleavage-revealing coffee-stand uniform as he tried again to order, the waitress tapping a shoe and crossing her arms over her flat oversized star-trek shirt.

Tom started laughing. I didn’t see what was so funny.

“See?” I shook my head. “I told you. You got played, dude.”

“What?” The expression on his face was utter disbelief. “That nerd’s got her body, bro! Look at those shoes, look at those tits!”

“So? Lots of nerds wear black thigh highs. Lots of nerds have tits.”

“Womanly tits!” he held his hands up to his chest to demonstrate. “He’s got a woman’s body! How do you not see that?”

“What like he’s trans?” I looked back down as the nerd adjusted the black thong riding above his well-stuffed faux-leather skirt. “That’s his business dude. What does it matter? Here, I’ll prove to you that this doesn’t do anything. Watch.”

I reached over to snatch the thing out of his hands, but didn’t quite appreciate how tight he was gripping it. I squeezed tighter to wrest it free, thumb pressing down on the button in my attempt. I succeeded, but it sent me stumbling back with it, bumping up against the window overlooking the gym.

“Careful, bro, watch where you - “

I let go of the button. There was another electric sound, but this time it was so loud I could feel it echoing deep in the back of my brain. Christ I could feel it in my teeth.

TZZZT!

“Uh -”

My grip went loose at the sight I saw. Tom grabbed the thing back from me and clutched it to his chest.

Except it wasn’t quite his chest anymore, was it?

The person before me was still Tom. Same face, same hair, same position, but there was a line at the bottom of his neck and everything below it was someone else entirely. There were sweet girly tits stuffed into an athletic crop top and a pert tummy with just a hint of abs. There were athletic hourglass curves and an ass that could do the deepest of squats. There were orange booty shorts bearing the school’s name, and he had a pom-pon in one hand.

It was Tom’s head. On some sexy cheerleader’s’ body.

“Holy shit.” I gawked, jaw agape. Had I done that? “Is that what this fucking thing does?”

I looked at the little remote pressed to his perky girlish bosom. It was so unassuming, so basic. I could have made something better than this in shop class. And yet... this thing was for real.

What else could it do?

“What?” The smile fell from his face. “What is it? What happened, what did you do?”

“Uh -”

He didn't realize. Was that how this worked? Nobody but the person making the changes could see them?

I gave a shit eating grin of my own

"You know what? It's nothing, really!" I tried to say it without bursting out in laughter. "You were right. This thing is magic. You look good, dude. Better than ever."

"Right!?" He gave me a boisterous high five, having to jump to bridge the new difference in height between us. "I've spent all morning choosing all the best body parts. Finally making something of myself. It's like, for real bro - look at these guns!"

Bazookas was more like it. He brought his hands down in front of his abs to do a body builder flex, but all I could see was the way his chest seemed to bounce and heave within his athletic top.

"Aha," He'd caught me staring. "You like these pecs, bro? Double motha-fuckin'-D-cups, Taylor! Come on," he stuck his chest out towards me. "Give them a squeeze."

"Wait, what? Really?"

"Yeah dude, they're soft as fuck, come on feel 'em!" It was the same energy he brought after a trip to the gym. He was so proud of himself.

I was grinning so wide it hurt, but still I held back the laughter.

And hey, how could I pass up an opportunity like that? I reached forward cautiously to give them a gentle poke, but he leaned into me, pressing the heavy things flat into the palms of my hands. He was right - shit - they were soft. And warm. And so damn big they were overflowing around my hands. As fucked up as it was, they were the nicest tits I'd gotten my hands on in ages.

"Yeah, uh" I struggled to not kneed and squeeze them, to not bury my face in them. Even as he stepped away my very male gaze continued to stare unabashed. "You make a couple of uh, very firm, perky arguments."

"Ah!" A soft moan escaped unnoticed from his lips. I blushed. Was he enjoying this?

Okay, fuck. I let out a hot breath. This was wrong. This was fucked up. This man was my frat brother. We'd been in thick and thin together. Seeing his face on a girl's body? That was weird! I shouldn't have been fondling his crazy melons and I certainly shouldn't have been getting as turned on as I was.

But well - I wasn't looking at his face, was I?

Judge me if you will. He'd have done the same if our situations were reversed.

"Come on, bro!" he slapped me on the shoulder. "We can admire the gains later. Let's try this thing out!"

“Hold on wait, how’s that going to work?” I tore my eyes away from my friend’s tits and walked up to the railing. “I can’t see any of the changes you think you’ve made down there.”

“So we’ll just both hold onto the thing when we do it. No problem.”

“Will that work?”

“Only one way to find out, here.” He pressed the remote into my hand, our bodies pushing together as we both tried to maintain our grip. His thumb - so soft and delicate and girly - was crossed over my own.

“Oh, how about those guys over there?”

Down below it looked like a family was getting a tour of the facilities. A total milf wearing an alumni hoodie, a bored looking father, their totally unimpressed teenage daughter and their surprisingly enthusiastic tween son, who was happily ogling all the fine college girls.

Without even waiting for a reply he pressed one of the buttons on the remote, the electric sound ringing in my brain.

TZZZT! TZZZT!

I blinked, trying to make sense of what I was seeing. The son’s head was now on the mom’s hot body, and he was still holding hands with his mother, except now she was him from the neck down. The daughter, still just as unimpressed, now had the portly body of her father, who bore her trim form from the neck down.

“Ha! Bro, did you see that?”

“I did! Dude, this is amazing. Think of all the stuff we can do with this!”

“Oh, oh, oh, here, I wonder if I can...”

TZZZT! TZZZT!

Nothing had happened, at least nothing physical. But there was something about their body language that had shifted. The daughter was now wandering off from the rest, her leering eyes following a group of passing co-eds. The father gave a yell as he saw this and followed, chastising her and bring her back to the group. The Mother meanwhile was looking around with a much greater enthusiasm than before, while the son had pulled out a phone to distract himself.

“What did you do?”

“Well, the daughter clearly wasn’t interested in coming here, so I made the mom the daughter that’ll be attending school soon, and then like, I made the daughter the son, and the son the father, and the father the mother and – uh, wait shit now I’ve lost track.”

“What?” It was giving me a headache just thinking about it.

“Too much?”

“Yeah dude, maybe a little. Let’s start off with something a little simpler, shall we? Ah! look!”

I pointed to a guy and a girl sitting on a bench. I’d seen the couple around a few times, they were dating and the guy was clearly quite smitten by her, but she seemed hesitant to return the affection. I could see why he was into her, total hottie, though he left a little to be desired.

“Oh dude, okay, I’ve got one. I’m going to swap their genders around.”

I pointed the device, focused, and fired.

TZZZT!

I blinked. It wasn’t quite what I had intended. She was still her, he was still him, but now there was a notable bulge in her summer dress. Damn, guy had been packing. No wonder she was dating him.

“Ha! Bro, what?”

“Not quite what I had in mind. Let me try something a little different.”

TZZZT!

This change was a lot of body language. The guy had apparently lost interest in his flirtations, pulling back and sitting up straight. the conversation between them shifted, with her being the one leaning towards him, her body moving with a flirtatious and sultry grace as she started laying it on thick even as he practically ignored her. She was now the pursuer, and him the persuee.

“Oh, oh, one more.”

TZZZT!

I laughed. She was still moving oh so seductively, still as tender and intimate as she had been a moment ago, but now she had his body, and every little motion seemed so comically out of place in her newfound physical masculinity.

Well I smirked. At least he got his dick back.

"Bro!" Tom laughed, clapping an arm around my shoulder and pulling me tight against him. "This is never going to get old. Are you seeing the way she’s moving? It’s like, how do you not notice that your whole body is suddenly completely different?"

“Yeah, its uh —” I tried not to stare at his cheerleader body. “It’s a real mystery huh?”

“Wait, hold on,” he stepped back and crossed his arms under his tits. “You did something to me didn’t you? That I’m not aware of?”

“Nothing! I promise.” I tried to lie but my grin gave it away. He knew me too well.

"Like I believe that, come on bro, spill. You've been super awkward ever since you realized what this thing can do. It's like you've never had my tits shoved in your face before."

"Alright fine," I sighed, as much at myself as at the situation. As funny as this was, I didn't want the person I cared most for in the world to spend the rest of his life obliviously girly. "Look, you see those cheerleaders over there?"

I pointed out the window behind us, the one overlooking the gym. You could see down below the cheerleaders all practicing.

"Oh damn, do I ever." He put his delicately manicured hands to the glass to see better. "How did I not see this earlier? Mmf, my pussy's dripping just thinking about all those tight athletic bodies. I could watch them go all day."

What could I say? My bro had a type.

"What do you think of that girl?" I pointed. "The one they're trying to launch?"

The girl in question happened to have the body of a six-foot musclehead. She was a cheerleader's head on my best friend's body.

"Wait, Tanya?" His eyes scanned her body as she struggled to do a flip in the air. "Dude I've been trying to hook up with her for ages! She's the hottest thing around! I mean just look at that killer body!"

"Oh yeah?" I smirked despite myself. This was still funny. "You like her body, dude?"

"How can you not? Look at those strong girly arms, those thick hulking thighs. Not to mention her chest dude! I know its cliché but just imagine burying your face in those rock hard pecs."

I snorted. I was doing all I could to avoid laughing.

"What - what's so funny?"

"Nothing! I just didn't know you were into that sort of thing."

"Didn't know I was into what? Hot girls? Come on, what isn't to like? And I hear she has a killer dick dude, total beast. Look at the way she tents those practice pants. I'd love to see her in the competition uniform, her panties barely restraining that meaty monster. Fuck, can you imagine it breaking free, her massive cock and balls just bouncing down below the hem of her skirt as she cheered? Fuck dude, I just want that thing in every single one of my holes."

"Uh -"

"Oh, bro I hear Chad totally hooked up with her after that kegger last week, said they fucked so good he couldn't walk straight for days after! Best damn fucking any girl had ever given him."

"What!?"

"Yeah, absolutely ravaged his ass, bro. I'm totally jealous!"

Chad was full of shit, but that did it. All the laughter I'd been trying to hold back exploded out all at once.

"Okay, what? What is it? What's the big joke?"

"Sorry sorry. Hold on." I had to steady myself. "You caught me dude. I can't keep it a secret any longer. Tanya down there is the one I swapped you with when I first got the thing. You're her from the neck down, dude! That's your own body you're drooling over down there!"

"Bro!" He looked back and forth like a lost puppy. "How did you - when - Not cool bro, not cool! I was - wait, hold on. No." He took a step back, a suspicious smirk growing upon his lips. "Oh no. Nice try bro. But I'm not going to fall for something like that. Not this time."

"Not falling for what?"

"This is a trick! It's so obvious, bro. You want me to think I've been changed - that I'm unaware - and then you're going to 'change me back' and I'll be walking around in a hot chick's body thinking it's my own. Cool prank bro, but I'm not falling for it."

"You what?"

"You heard me." He crossed his arms over his perky chest. "I'm calling your bullshit."

I blinked.

Had I mentioned how much of an idiot he was?

I should have put an end to it right then and there. I should have put my foot down. But on the other hand, this was still some Grade-A comedy.

"Damn, dude" I shrugged sarcastically. "Looks like you got me again."

"Aha, I knew it! Come on, really bro?" He cocked his sexy hips, pom pom swishing "Do you really think I wouldn't realize if I wasn't all man?"

"Dude, what? Did you not see those people we were messing with? If you were swapped, you wouldn't even know that you didn't know."

"That's different though! I know about the swapping, I'd be able to figure it out. I mean, come on." He ran a hand along his sultry curves. "How could anybody think that this was anything but the manliest body around, huh?"

"Dude, do you seriously think you're immune to this?"

"Not immune," he gave a little shrug, "But I think I'd know, come on, I'm not blind."

“Fine - I’ll prove it. Look -” I pointed back down at the cheerleading practice below. “See that girl behind her with the great big titties?”

His eyes fell on the busty girl at the base of the pyramid. She didn’t really stand out amongst the other cheer girls but damn if she didn’t have two very big things going for her.

I looked around for a good example to swap her with - something to make it obvious, but there were no others in the gym and I had no idea if the remote was going to wait while I walked to the other side of the terrace.

Oh well. In for a penny in for a pound, right? I had a point to make.

TZZZT!

“Oh damn, yeah.” He grinned as he ogled the girl. “Those are some nice pecs bro. Almost as broad as Tanyas. And god, the top is so small you can see her chest hair poking around the edges. I love it when you can steal peaks at a girl’s chest like that bro, just that teas of what lies beneath that top!”

“You see?” I let out another laugh.

“What?”

“That’s what I’m saying dude! See you can’t even tell. That’s my chest down there. I’ve got her tits right here!”

I bounced up and down on my heel, the weight of the hefty things on my chest swaying pendulously with every little motion. It was like I was being dragged down by freeweights around my neck. How did girls put up with these things?

But - ah - the tug and pull wasn’t the all of it. There were nerves there. New flesh. Blood flowing into places I’d never felt before. A strange heat at contrast to the rest of my body and a sensitivity besides - I could feel the cold air against the ready expanse of new flesh, reminding me of the extent of its new girth. God, I could feel the nipples hardening.

Damn. I let out a breath. What a pair.

“What? Bro! Gross. You don’t seriously expect me to believe that do you? I’ve seen those big fat tits of yours a thousand times. I think I’d remember if you had something as sexy as that hirsute beauty down there. I told you. I’m onto your shit bro, I’m not falling for it.”

Oh for fucks sake. He really was too dumb for his own good sometimes.

“Dude, I’m serious! I am trying to demonstrate just how blind this thing makes you.”

“Sure you are bro. Look you want to play around? Fine, let’s play around. Here.” He snatched the remote back and pointed it back down at the cheerleaders.

“Hey wait!”

But there was that zapping sound again, so much quieter when not in my hand.

TZZZT!

My heart stopped.

“There! /Now/ you’ve got her - oh wow bro.” It was his turn to break out into laughter. “You’ve got a girl’s chest, bro! Look at those pecs!”

Bile rose in the back of my throat. My eyes were wide as I looked down at my body. He thought the reaction was due to a sudden appearance of boobs. Quite the opposite. I put out a hand to steady myself.

I looked down at the girl in question, at the two familiar breasts bouncing boyishly as she jumped and cheered.

Tits. My tits.

I looked at my flat chest. The flat chest I remembered swapping from that girl in exchange for my manly mounds mere moments ago.

I was smart. I knew logically what was up. That an exchange had been made that I wasn’t aware of. That this was how things were supposed to be.

But fuck, that didn’t make it any easier.

I looked back at the boobs in question. It was so hard to believe that they weren’t mine. I remembered them! All the late nights of back pain, all the attention the girls had given me when I was an early bloomer, all the trouble finding clothes that fit. Sure, they were big, but I had a muscular back, right?

Hadn’t I just been marveling at the sudden lack of weight?

“You ass!” I punched him in the shoulder. “Do you have any idea what you’ve done?”

“You’re the one messing around bro.” He smirked. “Don’t dish it if you can’t take it.”

I grabbed the remote back.

“I have to fix this.”

I was damned if I did and damned if I didn’t, but I’d rather live with the tits I remembered than the pecs I couldn’t help but see as so flagrantly feminine.

TZZZT!

I sighed in relief as the familiar weight of my boyish gazongas hung around my neck once more.

"What's the matter? Decide you want to keep 'em after all? Honestly bro, I can't blame you. I thought long and hard about giving myself a pair when I first got it. Now you'll never be wanting for a juicy pair of hooters to fondle when you get horny, aye?"

"Dude - " I rubbed at my forehead. "I literally just changed back. No, you know what? Fine. Yes. I have a big fat pair of girly fuckpillows, okay?" I hoisted them up, squeezing them through my shirt like a girl would do. "Just some big fat mommy milkers. Isn't that funny? Isn't that what you want to see?"

I pulled up my shirt to give him a better view, jiggling and swinging and swaying the things for all they were worth. Its not like he hadn't seen them a thousand times at the beach or on the basketball court. If he couldn't keep up, that was his problem.

Why was his laughter bothering me so much? This had all suddenly gotten a little too real.

But god, he wasn't laughing, was he? His breath had hitched. There was a flush upon his cheeks. His nipples were tenting even through his sports bra. I knew that look. He liked what he saw.

I blushed.

Well - I tried not to stare right back at his own killer tits - I guess we were even.

"Okay fine, you want a change you'll notice? You think your such an expert on tits, huh? Let's give you a real pair of your own. Some real fucking doinkers! Let's see how you like that."

Not that he didn't already have a mighty fine pair of course, but that was part of the problem, wasn't it?

I walked back over to the railing to peer down at the quad. I had just the target in mind. I'd seen her earlier. I just had to hope she was still there. Ah, perfect! One of the nerdy girls in the back of the yoga class on the lawn. I'd seen her around at a few parties. I knew what she was packing.

"Whoah whoah," he followed. "Let's not get carried away, it's all for laughs, right bro?"

"I'm just saying, dude," I stuck out my tongue. "Don't dish if you can't take it."

"Not funny - Come on, give it."

He reached for it, struggling to take it from my hand, but the action just sent the thing off early.

TZZZT!

Down below one of the older female professors suddenly had a surprisingly perky pair of double-ds exploding out of her bra.

"Oh dude, what?" He looked down at his new milf milkers. "What are these?"

"Not what I was aiming for - hold still, man."

“No,” he struggled. “Come on.”

I fired again and again and again, even as he tried to tug it out of my hand. It was chaos. The milf tits went to a guy making out with his girlfriend, who’s chest went to a girl in a push up bra, who’s tits ended up on a shirtless guy sunning himself, before that guy’s pecs finally ended up on the chest of the nerdy yoga girl with the huge tits I’d been aiming for the whole time.

“There!” I cried, triumphantly, “Ha! How do you like them puppies, huh?”

I was out of breath. So was he. This wrestling had taken a lot out of us. I was stronger than him now, but he had a lot more leverage. We were panting and sweaty. Skin hot, hearts pounding.

I grinned as he stumbled back, goggling at the sight of the beautiful backbreakers now hanging from his chest. The yoga girl, meanwhile, seemed to be having a much easier time with cat/cow pose without those huge jugs dragging her down.

And then my bro did what guys will always do the moment they find out they’ve magically grown tits - he started feeling himself up.

“Oh wow. This is so weird.” The blush on his face intensified. “They’re so big! And - ah” There was a soft gasp. “Sensitive!”

Each of those words was an understatement. Shit, and I thought he’d been stacked before. I bit my lip. I hadn’t realized yoga girl had anything quite like this. His tits were spilling out of his tight little cheerleader top.

“Bro!” He caught me staring. “Not cool!” He crossed his arms over his chest and spun away, his whole body turning red in embarrassment.

“Aw, what’s the matter dude?” I teased. “Shy? They’re some damn fine titties bro, come on, whip ‘em out and wave ‘em around.”

“Shut up!”

“Maybe you just need the right clothes to show them off?”

I looked back at the girl. Yoga pants were hot but they weren’t quite what I was aiming for - ah, there we go. A sorority girl in a miniskirt, traveling with some similarly attired sisters, already ready for a night on the town.

But how was I going to do this? Could I carry over the clothes but make them the right size? Like, I wanted more than the clothes, I wanted them and their... wearability? Did that make sense? Could it do that?

TZZZT!

Evidently not.

It was the sort of dress that was either going to show off a girl's ass or her tits, and on Tom's body, a body two sizes too big, it was doing neither. The fabric of the butt clung tight to his dumptruck peach of an ass, and it's hem dangled only a few inches below that, threatening to rise up at the slightest provocation to show all the world what he was packing.

"Shit!" I looked down at the remote. "Sorry, dude, I guess those don't exactly fit, do they?"

"What? Bro? Are you kidding?" He turned around with a great big grin on his face. "I don't know why I didn't try titties sooner! Look!" He bent down to display the cleavage spilling so eagerly out of his dress that the lines were digging into his supple flesh. "Look at how good these tits look in this, bro!"

"What."

"Yeah wow, these boobs are going to fill out all my bras so good! Its like, you've seen how many dresses and tops I have that just hang limp at the front. These tits? They're the best damn fashion accessories I could have ever asked for."

"You like this, dude?"

"Yeah bro. You know how I am. I like to dress short and slutty. I like to show off! Really give the girls an eyeful, you know? Oh, you should see the micro dress I bought to wear to tonight's kegger, Bro. Total lady killer. And dude, those fuck-me pumps! Gonna get so laid tonight."

He fist bumped me.

"Uh."

I looked down at the thing. Evidently I'd swapped more than clothes. I'd gotten his wardrobe. His whole sense of fashion? Who even knew.

"You're saying you like dressing like that, dude?"

"Hell yeah bro, check it." He gave a twirl, his barely-contained feminine flesh jiggling, his skirt raising just high enough that I could see the flash of thong beneath. "I mean, I was thinking the tits were a little much at first, but you can't deny that this looks good. Totally worth it."

I gulped. He was right. I couldn't deny how well he filled that thing out. I let out a little sigh. Was it getting hot in here?

"Bro, What's with the look?"

"Nothing!" I snapped up to look in his eyes. "Its just - Fuck, I thought this would be funnier - honestly dude?" I had to tell him. I had to end this. I had to do something. "You look hella hot right now."

"I what?" His blush was back. You'd think he'd never heard the compliment before. "Bro are you serious? What are you even saying?" He punched me in the arm playfully. "I mean I love you too man, but that's kinda gay bro, even if we do both have tits."

Gay? Damn it, why'd he have to go ahead and say something like that? Now I was all self conscious about it. I guess from his perspective his body cast a very different image, didn't it? Still, I bristled. I didn't appreciate the accusation.

"Dude, what?" I tried not to let it seep too much into my tone, but I was pissed. "Where's that coming from? Homophobia much?"

"Bro, I don't mean it like that. Come on, you know me. I just mean that-" he looked down at my tits and then his own. "It's weird, right? Uh, you know what I mean."

"Oh no, no, I get it. I get it." I rolled my eyes. "You're worried that it's gay? Fine, let's fix that shall we?"

I wasn't thinking clearly at that point. Big mistake.

I looked around for a good target. There was a woman leading some kind of rally, a lot of girls seemed very into what she was saying. I had to be careful I was going to do this right. I didn't want to swap my body, I didn't want anything else to come along for the ride.

God, as though swapping my manhood was such a small thing.

TZZZT!

"There," I flexed a hand. I didn't look any different, but the girls seemed less interested all of a sudden at what the woman was saying. "I'm a woman, dude. Now is it still gay?"

"That you're ogling my girl tits?" He bent down to give me another view of that pulse pounding cleavage. "Yeah bro, I'd say it kind of is."

I raised an eyebrow.

"Relax." He laughed. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding. Really. I didn't mean anything by it, I'm just pointing out its like, all ironic and stuff. And besides, you're such a bro, you know? I legit forget you're a girl some times. And come on, you don't exactly look like one, boobs aside."

"Oh, and what is that supposed to mean?" I put my hands on my hips. Why did that bother me so much? "You think I need to be hot, is that it?"

"Nah, bro!" he put his hand around my shoulder and tried to pull me in, but it mostly just served to press our boobs together. "That's not what I'm saying at all. You don't need any body but your own. You be who you want to be. I'm just saying that your like, the manliest girl I know. It's a compliment, really. Would you be my best friend if you weren't?"

Best friend.

The words felt so strange in my heart. Was this man not a brother to me? What was I feeling? What did I want?

I thought to his blushing face as I called him hot earlier.

“You know what? In for a penny, in for a pound.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

I pulled away back to the ledge. Were those sorority girls still there? Oh yes - easy to spot with the one wearing the oversized cheerleader outfit.

I took a deep breath. Let’s do this.

TZZZT!

A lot happened in that moment that it would take days to unpack. There was a great shifting of perspective. I was shorter, smaller, lighter, and the weight I did have was shifted around in all kinds of strange places. My tits, though a little smaller, were far perkier and fuller, restrained by a strapless bra that held me in a slinky dress so tight it was a struggle to breath.

I thought it had been weird suddenly having that girl’s chest? This was that on steroids. These organs were not my own. My skin was hot, alive, electric. The blood pumping through me surged with hormones I’d never before felt - a whole flood of alien biology that sent me reeling.

I brushed a long hair out of my eyes and struggled to make sense of this heat I was feeling.

Why was this new body so squishingly, wetly, hotly horny?

“You okay, bro?”

“Yeah” I waved him off with my red-tipped nails. “Just a little dizzy. How do I look?” My voice hitched as I tried to phrase it like a joke, like I didn’t deeply care what the answer was.

“Bro, I told you. Just because you’ve got the body of a super model, doesn’t make you any less manly, bro. I mean, I know how the girls get around you, but that aint me.”

I gripped a fist so tight I thought I was going to draw blood. Was this jackass doing this on purpose? No one was this dumb.

“Fine!” I ran over to look at Tanya, the cheerleader. She was his dream girl, even as she paraded around in his original body, right? He couldn’t even notice that I’d made myself a hot girl? Then I’d swap my attractiveness with the girl he’d been failing to hook up with his whole college career!

TZZZT!

Again I looked at my hand. Just like when I’d swapped my masculinity, nothing seemed to happen. At least nothing obvious. Down below though the cheerleaders were suddenly getting real handsy with poor Tanya, sneaking longing glances at her and biting their lips. Huh, I never knew I’d been quite so hot.

“Did it work?” I looked up pleadingly at Tom.

"Huh?" his eyes were glued so intensely to my tits that he wasn't even trying to hide it.

Great. Now I could... uh. Why was I doing this again? Oh, right.

"There!" Now it was my turn to lean in and show off my prodigious cleavage. "How do you like me now, huh? Drooling over my tits? Sounds pretty gay, bro." I teased.

He didn't even rise to it. He blushed and looked away, chastised. He certainly wasn't laughing. Damn, I'd really gotten him, hadn't I?

I smiled. What was it about that look he'd given me that felt so good?

"Come on, dude, what's the matter?" I wiggled my tits and snickered, trying to catch his view on the hills and peaks of my slutty little body. "You don't like my party-ready tits and fat spankable butt?"

"Bro, I told you, cut it out. It's weird!"

"Oh? What's so weird - you're a guy. I'm a girl. Come on," I almost purred the words. "I know you love it."

"Oh I like it sure, bro. That's what makes it so hard. Cause like, I know your just teasing, bro. But you're just having fun. I know It's never going to go anywhere. You like chicks, you're into pussy, same as me." He paused, and then the words that followed were surprisingly genuine. "I just - I don't want it spoiling our friendship."

That last bit had come out surprisingly genuine.

"Pussy? And whats that between your leg then?"

"What, you mean my cunt?" He grabbed his crotch and flashed me his thong-clad pussy, teasing me as I'd been teasing him. "My big tight manly martian mons? My legendary labia? My big fat clit? Come on you've seen it. I don't know if you've noticed dude, but it's the manliest, juiciest cunt in this whole building. Not your speed."

I swallowed hotly. Arousal in this body was so different. A constant simmering fire, a hotness of breath and a boiling swell of wet flesh. I wanted to bury myself between those thighs, I wanted to drown myself in the sea of his eyes. I wanted to grind us together until there was nothing left.

I let out a breath. No wonder the girl had been so sluttily dressed. Was this how all girls felt? Or had I just given myself the pussy and limbic system of a total nympho? And I thought I'd been a horndog before...

"Fine." I gripped the remote again. "I'll make you a girl too!"

I wasn't thinking clearly. Time and time again he'd frustrated my ambitions, he'd stymied these strange unidentifiable feelings inside me. I had to do... something!

"Bro, come on." he took a nervous step back. "What are you saying"

"I - I want to kiss you, dude!"

"What?"

I blushed. I'd just blurted it out. Where had that come from?

"You just look so fucking cute, dude! You look like a hot girl in my eyes, and the way you get all flustered? I can't stand it. I want to rub my body against yours. I want to see the look on your face as I pull this top off. I want to taste your lips and feel your heat against my own! Dude, I want you so damn bad."

His face turned a bright red. There it was. That adorable expression. I had always loved to see it, those rare moments of vulnerability. And now, somehow, it meant so much more.

"I - I never thought I'd hear you say that. The truth is, bro, I want to kiss you too. I always have."

"Wait what? Motherfucker, are you saying you feel the same way? After all that work?"

"Maybe!?" Bro, you're my tomboy lesbian best friend! You're like, the hottest girl I know. What kind of guy would I be if I didn't fantasize about you sometimes? God, look at you! You're fucking breathtaking, bro!"

"Geeze, dude." I blushed, evidently just as bad at receiving compliments as he was. "I didn't know you felt that way."

"Wait - hold on," he looked down at his body. "You see me as a girl?"

"Yes! That's what I swapped when I first got the thing! I've been trying to tell you!"

There was a deep silence as we regarded each other awkwardly. God this was so messed up wasn't it? How had we ended up in this ridiculous situation? I had to turn us back. I had to fix this. The joke was over. No man in his right mind would want to end up walking down this path.

I looked at the remote in my hands. I would turn us back. I would restore our masculinity, then I would bury this ridiculous magical thing so deep no one would ever touch it again.

"Bro, you gotta make me a girl."

"What?"

"Yeah, Taylor, bro, listen - for real - If you're into me because you see me as a girl, then I want you to make me one for real. I don't want to be living a half lie."

"Dude, what? I'm not going to turn you into someone else over something like this. I'm going to turn us both back into dudes."

“What? No! I’m serious. The first thing I got when I held that thing was how much I wanted to become someone else, someone better. I gave myself this body because I didn’t know what else to do, bro.” He flexed again, showing off way more in his little skirt than he had in his cheerleader outfit. “But honestly? If this thing could turn me into someone that could be closer to you? If I could use it to make you happy? Taylor, man, you mean everything to me. I’d do it in a heartbeat.”

Now it was my turn for a full body blush.

“And you’re not just saying that because I’m some kind of super hot tomboy slut?”

“Nah bro!” he bumped his hips into mine. “Though that’s certainly a plus from my end. Come on. Do it. I dare you!”

No. Absolutely not. It was the worst idea I’d ever heard. It would fuck up both our lives.

But on the other hand... would that be so bad?

Was this not my favorite person in the world? I could be closer to him than ever before. I could make him happy in a way I’d never had the opportunity before. And god, I couldn’t deny how much I loved the way his eyes sparkled when he saw these new girly tits of mine. I’d never felt so desired in my whole life.

I would be a girl sure, but I’d be his girl.

And he’d be mine.

We’d be more than brothers, we’d be...

"Fine - fuck - I'll make you a girl too! And I'll do right by you. We're going to make you hot. You'll be the best damn girl the worlds ever seen. But we're going to have a long talk about this in a few days and if we don't like it, we're going to change everything back!"

“Ha, deal!”

“Now come on,” I held the remote up and eyed the targets below. “Let’s find you a hot body.”

“Hell yeah! Let’s uh - Just make sure I’m aware of everything for this part - god could you imagine how frustrating it would be to deal with if I kept thinking I was just always this manly? Me thinking I’m something so far removed from what I actually am?”

“.. you don’t say.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

He came up to stand beside me as we looked around for parts, his body leaning into mine so I could feel the heat of his exposed flesh. Faces, arms, legs and tits. I was going to do good by my friend’s desires - by my own desires.

“Ooh she’s cute!” He pointed. “What do you think of her for calves? What? What’s so funny?”

"Nothing." I laughed. "It's just you should see your face right now. God, I love that smile."

His smile widened at the compliment, shining all the brighter.

"You know, bro, your really cute too."

My smile grew in turn.

"Ha!" he punched my arm. "Now who's smiling. Why have we never hooked up before, bro?"

"We weren't both horny tomboy lesbians, before?"

"Well, I'm glad we're fixing that. Now that we're both the hottest girls we know, it just seems so obvious."

"Dude, what are you saying?"

"Its like... there's no one I'd rather spend my time with. And come on, look at you, you're gorgeous. Could a girl ask for a better friend, bro? I'm glad we finally decided to take this to the next level."

"Me too."

And then he leaned in and we kissed.

It started out small, sure, but neither of us was willing to keep it that way. It was passionate and heated and all the pent up fire within us finally got an outlet. It was everything I'd been hoping it would be, everything our horny energy had been building it up to.

I let out a sigh of sweet satisfaction.

"Shit bro." He laughed. "look at us."

There was some cheering and cat calls from a couple of frat bros down below, admiring the two smoking hot girls making out on the terrace.

"Maybe, we uh, should get away somewhere more private? We gotta get ready for that kegger tonight, right? It's going to be so sick."

"Thought you'd never ask, bro. Oh man, I have the sluttiest dress, you've got to try it! Oh and bro, think of all the fun stuff we can swap! Three words - target rich environment."

"Hell yeah, dude!" I gave him a high five.

It was going to be a very interesting night.

The End.