



The Device – Mall Mania
A Swappy Short
By Razmagurk

Okay, was she the worst person to get her hands on a swap device? No. Of course not.

“Holy shit, did you see that!?” Nat cackled cartoonishly as she hoisted the toy gun. “I just swapped that dude’s dick clean off!”

But yeah, okay, she was pretty bad.

We were seated on the benches in the second-floor plaza overlooking the central fountain at the mall. Everyone was staring as Nat doubled over laughing, but we didn't care. Go ahead, let them. They'd tried to kick us out earlier, but Nat'd swapped something about the security guard's jobs and they had just tried to angrily sell us lingerie.

Honestly? I was kind of loving it. Look at her! I had to hold back a laugh myself. I couldn't think of the last time I'd seen her so confident, out in public screaming 'fuck you' at the world. She was this girl I'd seen life kick down again and again, and now here she was, kicking back.

"Oh my god," I pointed. "Get that lady and her baby!"

She pointed the raygun at the family getting off the escalator nearby.

The lady in question was, well, she had total milf energy. Curvaceous through and through, and stacked to boot - her heavy, milky tits practically busting out of the top of that way-too-small dress. She was arguing with her weirdly hot, dad-bodded husband, pushing their baby around in a carriage as their other little girl held her hand, bored.

Zap! Zap!

And just like that, everything had changed. The lady's body - everything below the neck! - had been replaced with that of her little baby boy's! She was wobbling for balance as she leaned against the stroller. Inside, the baby's head blinked and mewled down at itself in its sundress, squeezed precariously into a machine struggling to support its weight. The best part though? No one realized anything was amiss. The woman continued her argument with her husband (though now she had to crane her neck) until they were interrupted by the baby's cry - all the louder for the full set of adult lungs.

"I told you he needs to be milked." The lady crossed her baby arms across her baby chest and pointed up at the milky melons that had been hers not so long ago. "Now look, he's going to be all fussy."

A grin split my face as a rush of glee percolated through my brain. I'd told Nat to do that!

Okay, maybe I wasn't the best person to have this kind of power either. I guess nobody knows what kind of person they truly are until opportunity kicks down the door in the middle of the night rambling about swap devices. I'd thought I was a better person than that, but come on, this was hilarious!

And besides, look at how much fun Nat was having. She was loving every minute of this. How can you not wanna get behind that?

"Now do the dad!" I grinned.

She pointed the gun again.

The family had found a bench. The dad was trying to get his milf-bodied son out of the stroller and onto his lap, but the baby was having none of it, crawling around on all fours with zero regard for the dress he was wearing. Eventually he just leaned down and picked her up entirely, though he was clearly straining.

Zap! zap!

Or at least he tried to. His tiny little girl arms just weren't up to the task. His childish girl body just couldn't get the reach or leverage he needed. Not that he stopped trying. He squared up his shoulders, tugging his pink princess shirt and little frou-frou tutu back into place and rubbed at his chin. He just couldn't muster the strength.

"Do you need help, daddy?"

Embarrassed, he looked up at his daughter, all six-foot tall, muscled, and a little portly, her pigtails bobbing behind her. Her smile revealed a few missing teeth.

"Thanks munchkin, but daddy's got it. We got her into it before, right?" He scratched at the back of his head. "Somehow?"

He doubled back to it, lifting with his legs for what little it was worth. What a handful kids can be, huh?

Nat and I fell over each other in another riot of laughter. This wasn't her customer service laugh either, this was her real laugh, the one that sounded like a seal about to hock up a loogie. She was an absolute gremlin and I was 100% here for it.

I looked at her laughing form. Took a real look. She was short and boyish and a little twiggy. Not exactly conventionally attractive. But that's what had always been hot about her - she wasn't like the other girls. She was nerdy and tomboyish and dangerous and edgy and gave no shits. Well, she was when I met her in high school, at least. A lot of the edges had gotten filed off since. Her big "I'm going to take on the whole world" grin had long since faded away.

But now?

"Dudel!" Her eyes were sparkling. "This thing is so fucking cool."

We high fived. I'd never seen her so happy.

"I can't believe someone would just throw this thing away," I said, leaning in to take a closer look at it.

"To be fair, it was absolutely smashed up when I found it in the frat house trash bin." She gave the little toy gun a playful spin, almost dropping it in the process. "I had to really work hard to put this thing back in one piece. Months of work! I had to build a new case and everything," She gave it a loving stroke. "This little test run is long overdue."

"If anyone could do it, man, it's you." I smiled and gave her a playful nudge. "So what's your big plan? What's next?"

"Plan?" she turned to look at me like I had grown second head.

"You can do anything with that thing, right? You can right injustices and all that crap? Don't tell me you don't have *something* in mind."

"Yeah, right, you caught me." She rolled her eyes, sarcasm heavy in her voice. "I'm totally going to use this to solve world hunger. I'll use my magic swap gun to put an end to gender and wage inequality and make everything sparkly and clean. Totally top of my to-do list."

"Alright, alright." I held up my hands in surrender. "I get it."

"Or- " she looked at the gun and squinted. She was grinning again. "Or - hear me out here Nolan - I can give a bunch of random dudes *fat fucking titties!*" She held a hand out in front of her chest for emphasis, then winked and pointed the gun at a crowd of nearby guys.

Zap! Zap! Zap!

Across the plaza a trio of hunky meat-headed gym bros who had been trying to impress a (totally uninterested) group of hotties suddenly found themselves in possession of the very boobs they'd just been drooling over.

"Like what you see, ladies?" The three of them adjusted their posture, going from showing off their muscles to showing off their tits instead, competing to see who could make theirs look the biggest.

To their credit, the one girl with the lesbian patch on her jacket very much did like what she was seeing.

"God, what is it with you and tits today? You're worse than even me."

Don't get me wrong, normally I'm all about the tits, but today – I don't know, something about them seemed so... academic? The girls just weren't doing it for me.

"Let's just say I have a newfound appreciation." She grinned and blew on the tip of the gun.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Her grin widened conspicuously. There was something she wasn't telling me.

"You know what? Don't worry about it." She waved it off and changed the subject. "Look Nolan, I can do good with this thing, yes. All I'm saying is that that shit can wait. Maybe when I'm an old boring grandma I'll go around swapping the dicks of world leaders or whatever. For now let's just have fun! Let's enjoy ourselves a little. No one can tell us otherwise. Look!"

Zap! Zap!

I followed her gaze to where moments ago, a brightly dressed and busty blonde had been glaring daggers at a somberly dressed goth girl giving her the finger. Now the bubbly blonde's strawberry-streaked hair was a stark contrast to the black jacket and fishnets she was wearing while the pale-skinned dark-lipped goth girl was in the pink high heels with the Barbie-perfect skirt and blouse.

"Isn't that fun?"

"I mean -" I sighed. "Yes. That's objectively hilarious, I'm not denying it. I guess what I'm saying though is, well, I'd feel a lot better if fun was all it was, you know? You're gonna turn them back at some point, right?"

"God," she rolled her eyes dramatically. "What are you, my mother? Yes, I'll put them all back afterwards. There's a reset button and everything, see?"

She turned the little thing to show me the controls. It looked like someone had glued half a set of blank typewriter keys on a dollar-store toy with a volume knob in the middle to give you something to twiddle while using it. Not a one was labeled except for where she'd scratched "Ray-Gun Model N". I'd have to take her word for it.

"Now can we please get back to my moment of grand triumph? You're seriously bringing me down here. I've been boxed around my whole life, Nolan. Never given a chance, always told what to do. Now I'm finally in charge for once. I wanna cut loose!"

"You don't need to tell me that. I know you deserve it. Just..." I looked around at all the chaos she'd already caused – Boys strutting like girls, a crowd of businessmen in schoolgirl skirts and a gaggle of schoolgirls in suits. Mismatched bodies galore. "Just don't get carried away?"

"No promises." she winked and held the gun in a cool action movie pose. "Wait, hold on, OMG! Are you seeing that? That's Nora Brewer!" she pointed down, where the girl in question was tossing a coin in the fountain. "That bitch stole my boyfriend in college!"

"You never went to college."

"Yeah, but she sure did. God, I had to serve her her stupid fucking quad venti white mocha frappuccino every goddamn morning. Is that her boyfriend? Oh, this is just too perfect. What's say we test out this awareness knob a bit, huh?"

Zap!

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Interlude - Nora Brewer's Body

There was a sudden tightness between my legs. Something thick and heavy and... long? Dangling down in my skirt like the ringer of a bell.

I flinched and squirmed. A bug? No. Wardrobe malfunction? Had I torn the inside of my skirt? Whatever it was it was profoundly uncomfortable. I tried to fix it without interrupting Nathaniel's story but it just wouldn't go.

"Babe, hold up," I clutched at my boyfriend's shirt, pulling him in close to hide behind him as I discretely adjusted my thighs a bit and - "Ow!!!"

Pain! My thighs had clamped around something heavy and hairy and oh-so-tender! The weirdest pain I'd ever felt in my life! Enough to make me double over groaning! Nausea! Panic!

"Oh shit, Nora, did you catch your balls?" Nathaniel put on a sympathetic face. "I'm sorry baby, I can only imagine how much that hurts."

My balls!?

Panic beat out decorum. I was breathing hard and fast. Delicately I slid a hand down the hem of my skirt.

"Oh my god." I gasped. My fingers found something spongy and warm and thick. "Nathaniel, I've- I've got a dick!"

"I understand." He gave me a reassuring look. "It's always getting in the way. I don't know why this doesn't happen to you more often. If I had a dick I'd be tripping over it left and right - Are you - are you going to be okay?"

"Of course I'm not okay! I've got a -"

Zap!

"A dick!?"

Jesus! I froze, disoriented. My senses suddenly didn't make any sense. One moment I was looking up at Nathaniel, the next I was looking down at him. Now the dick was the least of my concerns. What I was seeing was impossible - My boyfriend's head was standing like a bad photoshop on some girl's body! My body!

He looked down as well, his eyes going wide.

I screamed. He screamed.

"Holy shit, I'm a woman!?"

The crowd nearby was parting to give us room, giving us dirty looks from the commotion we were making. They weren't screaming, though. They weren't panicking at this impossible configuration. What was wrong with these people? Could they not see this?

Oh god, I was tall and thick and gross! I ran a hand over my body, rough hands over hairy flesh. Firm muscle, hard and familiar, but never known from this angle. Oh god. Again I shoved a hand down my pants terrified of what I'd find.

But a familiar vagina greeted me. Somehow that was little relief.

"Nora! What are you doing!"

He pulled my hands out and held them tenderly between us. I looked into his eyes, he was holding up better than I was. Thank god for that. My rock. My eyes fell to his chest, to my breasts. So familiar from the mirror, but so out of context. I brought a hand out. I had to know. I had to dispel this crazy illusion.

“Nora!” he gasped. “Stop! They’re sensitive!”

They were real. And soft and squishy and - something stirred within me. Something I was not emotionally prepared to deal with. I pulled my hands away.

“Well,” I tried to cling onto his calm. To not freak out. “At least I have my pussy back.”

“Wait, you’ve got a pussy?” He raised an eyebrow. “What do I have then?”

It was his turn to reach a hand down his skirt. Passersby looked away in disgust. His eyes grew wide at the dick he was finding there.

“Wait,” he squinted - “are you not wearing any panties?” he raised a flirtatious eyebrow. “That’s kinda hot.”

“Not the time! Come on,” I grabbed his hand. My grip was firm, I didn’t know my own new strength. “We have to get out of here!”

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“Oh my god,” Nat laughed, still gripping the gun tight as the two ran away. “Where’s a really disgusting fat dude when you need one?”

“Alright, alright.” I put a hand on her shoulder and drew her back from the rail. “I think she’s had enough.”

“Oh, come on!” Nat pulled out of my grasp. “I’m just getting started! What do you care?”

“I’m just saying maybe its not worth ruining the girl’s life over?”

“Oh, I get it.” She huffed. “You think she should get off easy because she’s hot, don’t you? God, you and every guy on the planet. And fuck, look at her. I can’t blame you. Those boobs! Mmph! Well, her boyfriend’s boobs now.”

“That’s not it, Nat!” It really wasn’t. Normally I was all for those kinds of girls, but today just wasn’t doing it for me. Hell, the guy looked hotter than she did. Well, before the body swap anyway.

“No, no, it’s fine. In fact -” she smirked. “You like girl’s bodies so much? Let’s see how you like this.”

She pointed the gun at me and then swung it around to a poster advertising that strip club not too far off campus.

“Wait!”

Zap!

I blinked. Nothing had happened.

Did she miss? I turned to look behind me, but everything was the same. Did it misfire or something?

But no, not with the way she was laughing.

“Wait,” I looked down at my body with dawning horror. “Did you just swap me unaware? Dude! Rude.”

My growing panic fizzled out into anticlimax, however. Everything seemed in order, at least at first glance. I stared down past the creamy valley of my cleavage, my negligee swishing as I twisted this way and that, trying to spot what she’d done. Something subtle? But no, that wasn’t her style.

“What did you - what’s so funny?” I rested my manicured hands on my hips, taking care not to dig my long nails into those generous curves and raised an eyebrow.

But of course, she was too busy laughing her ass off to give me a straight answer.

I looked carefully, so sure I could figure it out if I just focused. I patted down my body. It had to be something minor, right? Had she made my boobs bigger? No - I hoisted my hefty melons up and let them casually jiggle in front of me - they were as big and perky as ever. Had she done something to make it colder? It sure seemed drafty all of a sudden. I tugged the sheer material of my flimsy nightie down back over my butt - or, well, as far as it would go. I’m sure everybody was getting a good look at my thong.

Maybe it was something on my face?

“Sorry, sorry!” Her laugh was punctuated now by deep wheezes as she slapped her fist down hard on her knee. “This is too good!”

“It’s not funny!” Blood pounded in my ears. She had to be fucking with me, right?

“Oh, come on! Ugh, Fine. You’re no fun. Look! How are you not seeing this?” She gestured broadly at me. “You’re a dude’s head on a stripper’s body!”

“I – I am not!” I flushed. I checked out my masculine curves, my dapper nightie, even my little strappy heels, trying to make sense of this stupid joke of hers. So now she was trying to convince me that my voluptuous hourglass figure as something men would pay to see? She’d have to do better than that!”

“Bro! Look at you!” She was drooling as her eyes roamed eagerly across my body. “You’ve got the biggest, sluttiest titties I’ve ever seen!” She made a groping gesture in the air. “And, hell, a body perfectly built to carry them. Hourglass figure, ass that won’t quit, legs for days! Total fucking wet dream body. You’re even dressed to show it off!”

“S-so?” What was wrong with dressing to look nice?

“So’ is that you look up and: Bam! It’s your scraggly-ass beard and your messy ass crew-cut on top, along with your clueless guy face. I’m dying here.”

“Hey!” I gave her a playful punch, or, well, as much of a punch as I could with these nails. “My beard is not scraggly.” I ran my hand along the fuzz, just to reassure myself. “A stripper’s body?” I balked. “What nonsense is that? My mum had big boobs too, doesn’t make her a stripper. And there’s nothing girly about them! Sure, not every other guy has boobs - or a pussy for that matter. But most guys don’t have thighs you could crush a watermelon between either –gym class was always weird for me – but that doesn’t make me a girl!”

And what was that about my clothes?

I took a moment to take it all in. It was like, duh? How else am I supposed to look? What was the alternative? That this wasn’t my body at all? That these big fat tits I’ve been lugging around my whole life weren’t mine at all? That I didn’t have an ass you could bounce a quarter off of? My head was spinning just thinking about it.

“Wait, no, hold on.” I squinted. I was going to call her bluff. I wasn’t falling for her mind games. “You’re fucking with me, aren’t you? You didn’t swap me at all and now you’re trying to make me freak out about it.”

“Bro! What!?” she laughed so hard she was choking on it. “Oh god, I wish. Could you fucking imagine?”

“J- Just- whatever you did, change me back.” I crossed my hands under my bust and pursed my lips. “This isn’t cool.”

“Fine, fine.”

She aimed the gun and fired again.

Zap!

This time I felt it. God, she might as well have shot me with a real gun. A flash of tingle as one body’s nerves were replaced with another’s.

“Eep!” I crossed my hands over my crotch. Blood pounded through me. I was wearing jeans! And a polo shirt! And oh god, everybody could see!

I looked down in horror. I had arm hair and ragged, frequently-bitten nails. I had a skinny chest that had spent too much time in front of the TV and not enough in the gym. And god, these sneakers! I twisted a heel to get a look. Running shoes? How could anyone even stand in these things?

I did a full body blush. Now people were starting to stare.

“Okay - “ I eyed the rather sizable bulge in my pants. “- very funny! Now I’m a fucking stripper!”

“Oh my god!” She blinked down at the gun then back at me. “I didn’t even - pfft!” And once again she was lost in laughter. “Not what I meant!”

"This isn't funny," I stomped a foot, a motion that sent the faint pudge around my midriff jiggling whorishly. "Change me back! Change me back!"

"Fine, fine." She smirked. "You want me to change you back? Let's make this fun."

Zap!

She fired again. Another flash of tingles and then a familiar warmth. I was back! I hugged my boobs to my chest like a drowned sailor clutching a life vest. I never thought I'd miss my back-breakers so much in my whole life. And sure, the negligée and thong were drafty but at least I wasn't dressed like a slut!

"We're going to play a game, okay?" Nat pointed the gun at the strip club ad and fired a few times. Zap! Zap! Zap!

"What did you just do? "

"I've shuffled the board. The rules are simple." She grinned, giving the gun a spin. "One of the girls in that strip club ad has your original guy body. The other two – and the one you're currently wearing - are horny stripper babes. Whichever body you choose, I'll swap you with. Guess right and your original body's all yours. Guess wrong and don't be surprised if guys start stuffing your tips down your thong."

"Nat, this is my body we're talking about! Come on, this isn't a game."

"I beg to differ." Her voice took a sinister tone. "Choose wisely, my friend."

"Fine, fine." I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. How hard could it be?

I looked at the three girls on the poster. They were posed coyly with much of their undress obscured by big bold words proclaiming how hot the sets were. It was teasing rather than pornographic, but it did a fantastic job of showing off their goods. One of the girls was in a pastiche of a schoolgirl's outfit with the biggest ass I'd ever seen. Another barely managed to squeeze her curves into flirty leathers. The third was six sultry feet of square-shouldered flatness wearing seductively baggy jeans and a polo.

I squinted closer. All I saw were three sluts.

I looked back to her. That grin. What was she up to?

"No, I don't buy it. You're fucking with me again." I crossed my hands under my chest. "They're all strippers, and this is a trick. I'm not falling for it."

"Dude, I swear." She held a hand to her chest. "Cross my heart and hope to die."

I squinted at her, but she seemed genuine. Well, genuinely intent on fucking with me in this one specific way, at least.

"Fine!" I rolled my eyes. I guess I wasn't getting out of it so easy.

I gave a closer look. I took a moment and considered each one.

The left one felt familiar. Bosom barely contained by a scanty little outfit, long blonde hair trailing down an eagerly arched back towards an ass coyly and casually presented as ripe for the taking. I frowned. Of course it felt familiar. If you discounted her whorish expression and body language, it was the one most like my current body - what I'd always known was my body, anyway. What was wrong with this body again?

The middle one felt a lot more confident. She had an almost smarmy grin on her face. Her posture said she was ready to go, to take instead of be taken, like a leather-clad tiger ready to pounce. Aggressive, hungry. That was manly, right? Besides, she had the biggest tits. That had to count for something. Probably had the manliest pussy too.

The third one was... Well, she didn't have the curves of the others, that was for sure. What she did have was a monster dick poorly hidden under those slutty jeans and no boobs to speak of and a definite body hair problem. This one seemed pretty obvious, actually. There was just something so that naughty in the hitch of those square shoulders, the expression of her eyes. She was drooling with feminine seduction from every hair on her body. God, have you ever seen an ass so flat? If any of them were a woman, it was her.

But okay, I wasn't an idiot. The third one was wearing the same ridiculous clothing I had been wearing when Nat had swapped me 'back'. That meant it had to be me, right? But she'd also fired the gun a few times, so maybe that was a trick too? She wanted me to think the one wearing that outfit was the right one, so she'd swapped it onto someone else.

And that meant...

"The- the middle one?" I frowned.

"Are you sure?" Her grin grew even bigger.

She was bluffing. She had to be.

"Yes." I scrunched up my face, wincing in preparation as she pointed the gun between me and the poster again. "Give it to me."

"Relax, Nol." She snickered, slapping me on the shoulder. "I'm not going to do you dirty like that, bro. You guessed wrong. You were the one on the right."

"That slut? That's my guy body? The one with the huge dick?"

"Dude, yes!"

"That is so fucked up." My throat felt so dry.

"But don't worry! I'm not going to really turn you into a stripper. As funny as that would be. I just wanted to mess with you a bit, Nol-nol! See what's going through your head. Here, I'll swap you back." She spun the gun into position.

"Wait! Stop." I held out a trembling hand.

"What?"

My heart pounded as I stared at the poster. "W-what's the rush?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," she put a hand on her hip. "Here I was thinking you wouldn't want to have some froofy girl's body."

"Nat, that's just it!" In all the excitement my nipple had slipped clean out of my negligée and I had to take a moment to fix it. Okay, maybe I was a little froofy. But it was hardly girly. "You're right. I *don't* want to swap bodies with some slutty girl, but don't you see? As far as I'm concerned that's exactly what you're about to do." I gestured up at the slut in her jeans and come-hither look, her meaty feminine dong.

"You won't even realize!"

"Yeah but I'll *know*." I held a hand over my chest. "It'll haunt me in the dark of night. Nothing will ever seem right again. And that's going to be all the worse, isn't it?"

"What are you even talking about Nat?" She rolled her eyes. "As though this body is any better?"

"Yes!" Right? "Maybe? I like my body, Nat. Sure, I'm not shaped like the other guys but that's never stopped me before. I'd rather be this than that- that hussy!"

"You know what?" She put the gun away. "Sure thing, man. However you want it. You want to keep being the cover girl of a titty magazine, more power to you. I'm not going to turn down the eye candy."

Oh thank god. I let out a breath. My heart was beating so fast it was going to explode out of my chest any moment.

That wasn't the all of it either. A part of me was still convinced that Nat was just fucking with me. That despite Nat's 'I'll put you right' spiel, this was still my real body and she'd just been trying to psyche me out. I wrapped my arms around my narrow waist and gave a little jump in my high heels to make my tits jiggle, reassured by the masculine sensation. I casually flicked up the edge of my nightie, reaching down between my legs to adjust my thong, tugging it up tight against my plush pussy. biting my lips for a moment at the reassuring confirmation of my masculinity.

"Besides," she snorted. "Giving it a good look? I guess dump trucks are kinda macho." She slapped it for emphasis, sending the plump pillowiness of my man-buns jiggling and sending her giggling.

It still seemed so far fetched. As though my badonkadonk butt or bouncy boobs made me look anything like a stripper. As though they were anything to be ashamed of! Jokes on her, I was proud of my body.

And even if she *had* swapped me, I was a lot more comfortable like this than I'd be in that actual pornstar's body. God, that was a weird thing to think wasn't it?

"Alright, alright." It was my turn to smirk. "If that's how you want to play it, Nat. I think turnabout is fair play, no?"

"Huh?" her brow furrowed.

"My turn!" I grabbed the gun from her hands.

"Hey!" she cried. "Give it back."

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Interlude – Bra Shop Bros

"Dude, I'm telling you, this is total Creep behavior. Capital C."

"Why you gotta phrase it that way, bro?" I put a hand to my chest as though hurt. "I'm just doing a bit of people watching, that's all."

"Outside the bra shop."

"Where all the hotties are!" I lowered my sunglasses to waggle my eyebrows at him meaningfully. "And it's not creepy. If girls didn't want to get stared at they wouldn't be so hot. They go through the effort of looking so damn fine, I'm going to repay it with some attention. That's what girls are all about. Besides, bro? This is paradise."

We were standing outside the bra shop, ogling the girls within. All the hotties were out in force today. My head was swivelling, so many beautiful bodies, so little time.

"I'm telling you dude, this is not cool, it's - wow!" His libido choked off his complaint. "Goddamn!"

I followed his gaze. It had fallen to a particularly fine pair of Gonzagas. Bounding braless. The two bustiest girls I'd ever seen, holding hands and giggling as they bounced towards the store.

"See bro?" I gave another meaningful waggle. "Look at those big fat beautiful -"

Zap! Zap!

"Pecs! Round and well muscled!" I made a groping motion at my ample chest for emphasis. "You could just bury your face against it forever! And look at how much skin those oversized blouses show off. You can see every firm inch!"

"Okay," He couldn't turn away. He let out a little smile. "Maybe there is something to it."

“That’s what I’m saying! See?” The ripe strawberries of his nipples were stiffening, tenting his shirt as they grew just as hard as mine. What dude wouldn’t get hard at a sight like that? “Attaboy! I told you this place was great.”

We chest bumped. Our barely contained F-cups smashed together, almost spilling out of our way-too-big t-shirts.

“Wait, hold on, is that really why you brought me out here? You called me all the way here to ogle girls coming out of the bra shop? Dude.”

“Together, my brother! So we can admire these fine ladies together. I’m not going to sit on a secret like this and not share with my best bro.”

He gave an unsteady sigh, still way uptight. His gaze drifted to a young girl going in with her mother, who was shooting us a dirty look. See, that was the problem. He was all hung up about other people instead of knowing how to just focus on the babes and -

Zap! Zap! Zap!

I blinked. What had I just been thinking?

“You’re right dude, this place is perfect. I was thinking of something a little less, well, mature, but I suppose it’s as good as any. Come on dude,” he pulled me into a headlock, the motherly softness of his milfy body like a warm pillow. “Let’s get you fitted.”

Fitted? I looked down at my heaving tits and blushed. Right, that’s why we were here isn’t it? “God, this was so embarrassing!”

“Come on dude, don’t be like that. This is a good thing. You should be celebrating. You’re finally becoming a woman!”

I held my hands unsteadily over my chest, but he was right. There was no hiding it. My enormous knockers were finally budding. I needed a training bra. And it was my best friend’s responsibility to take me to get one.

“Damn, did you see the milkers on that one, mommy?”

I flushed completely red at the crass comment as we walked by the girl and her mother. The latter’s huge tits were lewdly erect and she was also sporting an all-too obvious boner.

“I sure did sweetie. Mommy wants to bury her face in those cans and motorboat them to England!”

The two high-fived then giggled.

The nerve of some people!

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Okay, seeing Nat use the gun in action was one thing, actually using it myself was another! This was amazing! A rush ran clean through me each time I fired it. I scanned the crowd below for more targets. I didn't just want random chaos. I wanted karma. I wanted justice.

"Wait, wait, wait. Stop, hold on, dude, look!" Nat slapped me on the shoulder and pointed to a girl stepping out of one of the fancy looking salons by the fountain. "It's her – Nichole Abrams."

"Who?"

"You don't remember Nichole?" she balked. "She was only the hottest girl around dude. She's the girl with the perfect tits."

"So?" I eyed Nichole Abrams up and down. She didn't look too special to me.

"So I've only been dreaming of my getting my hands on those puppies all day! Perfect body here I come. Swap me up, dude!"

"Really?" Honestly, Nat, I don't know why you're going gaga for all these girls. None of them are honestly all that hot. And that's coming from me. Normally I'm all over these kinds of girls."

"Oh?" Her big impish grin returned. She still knew something I didn't. "Is that what you think?"

"Why?" My eyes flashed. "What did you do?"

"You still haven't figured it out have you? Alright, I'll level with you. I swapped our sexualities earlier. Didn't want to make you actually gay or anything though, so I made us both aware. I'm surprised you haven't noticed."

"You what!?"

"Hunky firemen." She whispered the words right into my ear. The edges of her lips made a wide smile. "Sexy doctors. Cute boys kissing. Strong, clean, well-cut hunks carrying you to bed in their big strong arms, pinning you down as their firm hands roam all over your every inch."

"Dude, stop." I was flushed. My heart was pounding, my nipples stiffening. My voice was hitched as I let out a soft sigh. Between my legs my pussy grew juicy and swollen. "I - WHY!?"

I was gay now!???

"Because you should see the look on your face!" She doubled over laughing. "And your body! Oh my god, dude, those nips! You could poke an eye out with those things." She tweaked one of my nipples teasingly, but her hands were rough and enthusiastic. I groaned despite myself. She was loving this.

"When did you - ? I didn't even notice! Oh my god, no, that explains why I've been finding all those guys weirdly hot. That's why I was getting all weird around Jack."

"Right. About that. I may have swapped your roommate up too? His career needed a bit of a hand. Don't know if I made you aware of it or not?"

Jack's career needed a boost? I thought back to when I'd last seen Jack. He'd been in the middle of introducing his stream.

"Alright chat, today we'll be playing Minecraft," he had said, right as he started deepthroating a dildo for the camera. Seeing his plump lips slobbering all over that firm shaft had done strange things to me.

"Wait, no. Hold on, you're not getting off that easy. You stole my sexuality!"

"Look," she sighed. "I wanted to look good, okay? And I'm an awful judge of these things. Now I know what you find sexy - what guys find sexy." She wagged her eyebrows at my boobs. "I wanted to make myself hot for you, you know? But, honestly?" She bit her lip mischievously. "I'm really digging this. Guy horniness is wild."

"I bet."

"No, seriously!" She groped and wagged her fingers in the air, demonstrating the manhandling she no doubt wanted to give. "It's like... *tits*! Wow. How did I never notice before? They're so - round! And bouncy? And soft! They're just really fucking sweet. I spent twenty minutes today staring at my own jugs. Even my modest bust is just like, 'wow, boobs. Yes please. More please! Well done boobs.' You know what I mean?"

"Well I *used to*!"

"Sorry. Guys have it so much more... visual, visceral. No convoluted narrative needed, just a big old thick booty or rack guiding my pussy around like the tide. I had no idea you felt this way."

"Wait -" I narrowed my eyes, what she had said finally clicking. "You wanted to look good for me?"

She blushed.

"M-maybe." Her smile fell away. "Shut up! Not if this is the thanks I get! God!"

"Okay, okay." I held up my hands. Best not to push the point. "Anything else I should know?"

"M-maybe?" She was sweating bullets. "Mostly small things to myself." She twiddled her fingers together. "I may have given you a huge dick?"

"A huge dick?" My pussy pulsed at the thought. If I had been drinking, I'd have done a spit take. I've seen Nat's browser history. The thought of *me* with one of those dicks, instead of my own plump pussy, was unsettling. Like, dicks were hot, yeah but having one myself? It felt more than a little gay. And now - great- all this thinking about dicks was getting me all wet.

"It was funny okay! A big fat porno cock. I guess it's mostly irrelevant now though, that body's long gone."

A big dick - I tried to think of it in general, but that specific dick from the poster kept coming to mind. It was so girly, so feminine. How could she do something like that? Give me a huge black girly dick? Make me less of a man?

"Okay." I shook my head clear. I didn't want to think too hard about this. "It is what it is. Maybe going forward don't use this thing on me without asking first? Honestly, maybe we'd better try to use this thing, I don't know, responsibly?"

"What? Dude! Lame."

"I know just - I don't know if it's just suddenly being confronted with the idea of being the victim that's done it or what, but this whole thing seems a lot less funny."

"But it *is* funny! Bro, no, I refuse to let you pussy out on this. Er" - she smirked down at my crotch - "no offence. And you deserve to have a good time too. That's - that's why I brought you here man. There's no one I'd rather share this thing with than you. And you and I both deserve it. When was the last time you went out and had some fun? When was the last time you cut loose and partied?"

"I party!" indignation flashed through my cheeks, but it was a weak retort.

"You're the designated driver! Come on man, you used to be so cool."

I looked between her and the crowd below and my own body. Her face held a rare moment of genuineness. I laughed. How could you let a face like that down?

"Fine, you want me to cut loose?" I brandished the gun in my hand.

"That's what I'm talking about!"

I grinned. "I still owe you for earlier."

I turned the gun on her and fired.

Zap!

Now it was her turn to stand, stunned. She looked down, she looked around. She laughed. She was taking it a lot better than I had.

"What did you do?" she flexed a hand, experimentally.

"Turnabout's fair play," I gave her the same thin-lipped smirk. "*Dude.*"

It took her a moment to realize.

"Ew? I'm a guy!?" She ran her hands along her naked Abercrombie-model torso, muscular and full and hard and photoshopped. She shoved her hands down her pants for confirmation but pulled them away almost disappointed. "I see what you mean. It doesn't feel like I've been swapped at all. This is so weird. You're telling me that my big fat girl dick - isn't?"

I snorted. I thought this would have been funnier but my mirth was short lived. She didn't look funny at all she looked – good!

"You know I think this look totally works for you." I found myself biting my lower lip. "The tomboyish face on the hunky body? It's very... bishi?"

"Bishi!" She flushed. I couldn't help but notice the signs of her own arousal. Those jeans promised great things beneath. "Wait, you... like the way I look? Me? This turns you on?" She struck a few poses, but the effect was ruined by the girlishness of them.

"You're one to talk." My own flush intensified. "It's your stupid libido! You've got a face like an angel and a body like a marble statue. I could grate cheese on you, god!"

"I - I didn't change my face."

We both stood, blushing, then looked away. I don't think this was going the way either of us had expected.

"F-Fine. you proved your point." She turned away. I don't know if it was simply the contrast or if she was just keenly aware of her own motions, but her movements all seemed so hyper feminine now. She brushed her hair out of her eyes. "No more swapping each other without permission. Not that this matters!" She gestured down to her body. "I was planning to body swap at some point anyway. Upgrades, am I right? Do you know what it's like being a girl and looking like this? Nothing ever fitting unless it's from the men's section?"

"Do you?" I furrowed my brow. Okay, it had gotten a little funny again. Actually, that gave me an idea.

"What is it about Nichole Abrams that you said you liked?" I smirked, eyeing the girl below. She was classically beautiful. Stacked. Absolutely the person I'd have been down bad for, once upon a time. I aimed the gun at her. I knew I really shouldn't be doing this, but the gremlin energy was just too strong.

"What's not to like, Nol?" There was a horny hitch in her voice. She stepped over to the ledge to get a better look. "I mean, are you not seeing her? Her tight hourglass body, her wide hips, her thick thighs. Look, I'm just calling it like I see it. Can you not see her massive, -"

I fired the gun. Zap! Zap!

"- boy-breaking cock!"

I laughed as Nat continued uninterrupted.

"God! Her square shoulders, yeah, her perfect Charles Atlas muscles, yeah. Everything about her is hot! But that dick! Do you have any idea how many times I've seen her walking around with that thing in the changeroom? Not that as a straight girl I appreciated it before today, of course. I mean, I was envious sure, what girl wouldn't when she's walking around in those tight skirts showing off her bulge? What kind of girl doesn't dream of having a dick like that, huh? We were always so jealous of her back in high

school. Always going on about her cavalcade of hot boyfriends. That's what I want! I want guys to look at me and go 'wow!'"

"Well, mission accomplished." I laughed. "I'd say 'wow' is pretty apt already."

Down below a freshman was looking at the stacked, shirtless woman in the gym and I'd swapped the body from. I could see the wheels turning: he wanted a body just like that.

"You want it so bad, Nat, I say you take it."

"Really? You're not going to tell me off for being selfish? Not going to tell me I'm fine just the way I am? Give me some speech about what's really important?"

"Well, you are fine the way you are, yes. Damn fine, I'd say. But no." I tried to keep a straight face. "Why shouldn't you have the body you've always wanted?"

"You're right." She was bouncing in glee. "Do it! Swap me."

Zap!

"Oh my god!" She grinned from ear to ear as she looked down at her new form.

"You like?"

"I love it. Everything I always dreamed! God I feel so strong and powerful and, and – hehehehe." She reached a hand down her pants. "Hey uh-" Her voice took on a serious tone, even as she handled her newfound endowments. "I know you still have my libido and everything but uh, what do you think? How do I look?"

Fuck. The sparkle in her eye caught me. I felt a hitch in my throat.

"You look good, Nat. Real good. Absolutely wow."

She smiled warmly enough to melt butter.

Then the smile fell away as the realization hit.

"I'm still a guy aren't I?"

"Absolutely."

"Dammit Nolan!" She slapped me on the shoulder.

"But hey! I'm not saying it's a bad thing. Look, you're happy in this body, right? And I'm enjoying this new look of yours quite a bit. I think we can both agree on this body? Way better than your original."

"Is it?"

“And honestly? If it’s me you’re trying to impress, I think you look great.”

“W-what are you saying?” She looked me in the eye.

“I’m saying muscles suit you, Nat.” I reached a hand out to clap a hand to her shoulder. God, she was so big! “Well, as long as you don’t switch our libidos back.” I stuck out my tongue.

“And miss out on getting to drool over those tits of yours?” She waggled her brow. “Never. God I just want to bury my face in those things and drown. They’re like two perfect ski slopes. I want to go over them again and again and again.”

I blushed. I knew I had great tits, but I wasn’t exactly used to compliments, especially not from Nat.

“Okay sure,” She turned away. “Maybe we do keep these bodies then? Just for a little while at least. Could be fun, right? That’s what this is all about?”

There was another awkward pause as neither of us said what we were both thinking, and to fill the silence I handed her back the gun.

“Anything else you want to try?” She waggled it.

“I can think of a few things I’d like to try with you...” I said under my breath.

“W-what?”

She squeezed the raygun nervously gazing down at the chaos below, looking to distract herself from the whirlwind of emotion that seemed to be warring inside her.

She aimed down and fired.

-

Interlude: Bikini Fitness

Why was men’s athletics wear so expensive?

I looked up at the mannequins. A dozen of them, all wearing bikinis, each sexier and pricier than the last. I sighed. I just wanted something comfortable to wear to the gym!

My buddies and I were supposed to be getting in shape together. ‘To impress the ladies’, Justin had said. They were all obviously more invested in it than I was. It was a struggle to keep up and now? Now if I didn’t have the right equipment I was going to get ragged on. And people say girls can be cruel. I was half way to giving up altogether, and these prices weren’t helping.

It’s like, come on, the shoes weren’t bad enough? I shifted my weight from one of my three-inch pumps to the other. They were pinching and I was trying so hard not to fall over, but that was to be expected, right? I was still breaking them in. The rest of the guys at the Nike store had been terrible though, you’d think they’d never worn running shoes before.

I looked back up at the bikinis. What other choice did I have? Was I going to go around topless, tits flopping everywhere? I mean, some of the guys at the gym could pull it off, but I still had a long way to go.

I peaked inside. Was this even a good place to shop for this stuff? I looked at the hulking girl behind the counter. Six foot three of pure muscle. Her body language all curves and delicacy, hips swaying from side to side as the store's cheery music played. What did a girl like her know about fitness?

I was just about to turn around when a bikini-clad bimbo of a man came out from the changeroom area. Honestly, it could barely even be called a bikini. The top was like two little white triangles connected by the thinnest of strings and the bottom was completely eaten up between his thighs.

Now this – this was a guy who knew about fitness!

"What do you think, babe?" He flexed for someone I couldn't quite see.

"I think I'm a very lucky to have a guy like you as my girlfriend." The girl came out around the corner, done up in full goth regalia: a pink skirt, high heels, rainbow ribbons in her hair. My jaw dropped. I'd heard of the mythical 'big titty goth gf' before but I'd never seen one in person.

The bikini dude smirked. They kissed, hot and sloppy, boobs mashing together, almost taking that bikini clean off, but damn! He wore it so well. I don't know how it clung on so tight.

Jealousy pounded in my heart. He had everything I'd been struggling with; the body, the babe. And he shopped here?

It was like I was seeing the store with brand new eyes. Suddenly I was thinking about this fitness challenge with renewed vigour. I didn't care how much it cost, I didn't care how often I had to start going to the gym. One day I was going to be a stacked bimbo girlfriend, just like him!

-

Interlude: Cheerlosers

"Oh my god." I slammed a hand on the table. "Did you hear about Nina and Angela?"

"I'm so jealous!" Naomi slurped angrily at the bubble tea straw clutched between her delicately painted fingers.

"Born lucky I guess." Noel shrugged in agreement, spreading her long legs wide as she leaned back, skirt riding up and showing her bulging panties.

Cheer practice was over and we were hanging out in the mall as per usual. Normally Nina would be among us, but she apparently thought she had more important things to do. Like Angela. Not that I blamed her. God, I'd ditch all these losers in a heart beat if it meant a chance to get my dick wet like that.

"I hear she's getting to third base"

“Third base!” I let out a whimper. “Ugh. I’d kill to get to touch a girl’s boobs like that.”

We all discreetly watched as a group of high school seniors walked by in their business suits, navigating their way past a crowd of businessmen in tartan skirts. God, was there anything hotter on a girl than a school uniform?

“I touched a girl’s boobs once, you know.” Naomi waggled her eyebrows lecherously as she brushed the long blonde hair out of her face. Naomi’s makeup was, as always, flawless.

“Sh-shut up! That doesn’t count.” I bristled. “You tripped over her in practice and shoved your face in her chest. You don’t know anything about them!”

“At least I’ve seen real boobs!” She rolled her eyes, crossing her hands under her sizable bust.

“Your sister doesn’t count, either!”

“You wanna go?” She stomped her foot and stood up her full height.

“Stop!” Noelle slammed a hand down on the table. “Both of you! Is this really all you think about?”

“Oh, like you’re any better” I rolled my eyes. “Just because you’ve slept with like, half the guys on campus, just because you have a boyfriend, doesn’t mean you’re not a virgin like the rest of us losers.”

“No, but at least I’m trying! At least I’m out there doing things instead of just complaining.”

“Wait.” The gears were turning in Naomi’s head. “I know that look.”

“Oh god.” I leaned back in my chair. “You have another ridiculous plan, don’t you?”

“I’m telling you, this time it’s foolproof.” She pulled up a blueprint on her phone. “Ladies? We’re going to sneak into the girl’s locker room.”

Cathy and I exchanged a glance. Okay, this? This had our attention.

-

“Enjoying yourself?” I leaned in next to Nat at the railing. God, she was so big now. I got the strangest thrill from feeling small next to her.

“M-maybe.” She looked at me, then immediately looked away.

She was swapping people, yes, but the energy had fallen out of her. She wasn’t laughing. She was thinking.

“No!, do you really think I look good like this?”

“You look great.” I couldn’t help but grin.

She blushed, clearly expecting some kind of jab or twist.

"And honestly, Nat, it's not just the body. Seeing you like this? Open? Confident? Free? This is the you I love. This is the you I want to see more of."

"You want to see me giving more dudes fat tits?"

"If that's what makes you happy."

"I - I want to see you happy too." She blushed.

"Oh?" I teased. "And here I just thought you liked me for my body." I hoisted my tits up to give her a better look.

"Sh-shut up! As though you don't have a dream body. God! I just want to eat you up. I want to bury my face so deep in your tits I can never find my way out. I want to see you naked and jiggling. I want to do unspeakable things to that ass!"

Why did that sound so... good?

I smirked. "I guess I do have a pretty fuckable ass, don't I?" I gave it a slap and let it jiggle. But for my own part, I was struggling not to lose myself in her abs.

"Fine. You want confident? Here I go." She took a deep breath that sounded anything but. "I like you too, Nol. I've always like you. You're like the one good damn thing in my life. The one thing no one tries to take away from me. You don't freak out when I have weird ideas or want to try things or - or -"

"Or when you show up in the middle of the night rambling about swap devices?"

"Yes! You get me. You get my energy like no one else can. You don't try to change who I am. Well -" she looked down at her body -" in the metaphorical sense anyway. So, yeah, I wanted to look good for you. And you were the first person I wanted to show all this crazy ass stuff to. I wanted to pull out the stick that's grown in your ass recently. I wanted to show you we could have fun again. But it's so hard to talk sometimes about this sort of stuff and I just -" Her throat seemed to swallow the last of the words.

"Nat." I tried to look her in the eye. That hitch had returned to the back of my throat. "You didn't have to invent a swap device to tell me all that. I care about you too."

"God," she turned away. "Look at the two of us! Next thing you know we're going to be making out." She was deflecting the situation, using humor to avoid the real issues. But the way she said it? There was just enough tail on it to make it serious.

"D--do you want to?" I took my shot.

She froze for a full twenty seconds while her brain processed the request. Maybe she was trying to figure out where the incredulity lay, the irony, the joke.

"I thought-" She swallowed hotly. "I thought you'd never ask."

We swooped in to each other, her taking me into the warmth of her arms.

I had to stand on my toes to reach her lips, but it was well worth the trouble. Her lips tasted like that terrible candy she liked. I'd never known anything to be as sweet. I wanted more.

"Nol, this may be crazy but do you want to, like, uh, maybe, test these bodies out a bit?"

"Like, sex?"

Her face went a deeper red than I'd ever seen. She nodded.

"Here?" I looked around. "In front of everybody?"

It wasn't a no.

People were already starting to eye us up. They couldn't see the swaps, but they could see us eyeing each other like horny teenagers and were reacting appropriately.

"Maybe?" She let out a hot breath. "Actually that's kinda hot. I guess you must have an exhibitionist streak or something. Look, I'll swap the blame onto someone else."

"You can do that?"

"I can try!" She wheeled the gun around and fired.

Zap!

And just like that, everybody stopped watching us. All the attention we had been getting was now being directed to a man reading a newspaper (who still read newspapers?) on a bench opposite the plaza. Even though he was entirely minding his own business, a few people giggled or told him to get a room.

"Is it working?"

"Welp, only one way to find out," she winked, then tugged my thong down.

"Nat!" I winced. Ready for people to freak out at the guy in the nightie suddenly disrobing, my big juicy butt bare to the world. "You can't just - huh?"

But all we heard were a few surprised yelps and gasps of shock directed at the guy reading the newspaper. He had noticed the judging stares now and was already red with embarrassment.

I couldn't believe that worked.

"Yeah, I'm pretty much a total genius." She gave that smile again. She pulled her dick out and stared waving it at the people passing by, who treated it as no different from a stranger waving their phone around.

And let me just – Zap Zap! She fired between the strip club ad and the mall hours posted by the escalator.

“And now this floor is 18+. No kids.”

“Okay,” A chill ran through me. “You, confident? Huge turn on. And your new body?” I was lost in the sight of her. “Definitely doing it for me.”

“Well.” She gave an awkward cough. “If I’m doing it for you and you’re doing it for me...”

We kissed again; it was awkward, messy. I was kissing my best friend. I guess I hadn’t realized how much I’d like it. It left me wanting more. And her body, god - our increasingly nude bodies! They weren’t even ours. This whole thing felt like some weird game.

But it also felt good. Triumphant. Like this was something long overdue.

Weird fantasies flooded my brain as our tongues danced, as her hands found my flesh. Fantasies of her carrying me in her arms, taking me to bed and doing dirty things to me. It was a strange feminine sensuality, even if it was laced with her gremlin pervert energy. This feminine horniness so wet and flushed, so perfect for my pussy.

We pressed and rolled, her weight and aggression continually putting her on top as she leaned down. We kissed sloppily, her lips dancing along the nape of my neck, her hands enthusiastically exploring my body.

It felt so fucking good.

And let’s just say It didn’t take long for things to escalate. We both had a lot of horny energy to work out.

Our bodies clicked, complemented: her hardness, my softness; her largeness, my smallness; each the opposite of what it should be and that not slowing us down one bit.

I had never known just how deep down lustful I could be.

“Let’s put this to good use, huh? “ I grabbed her dick with a wink.

She fell backwards, her hefty penis straining to the heavens. I wanted it inside me, but my hand trembled. Just because no one else minded our debauchery doesn’t mean I wasn’t feeling awkward every time I was reminded of the crowd around us.

But then I had her dick inside me and I forgot about everything else. It was everything I’d been lusting over. The heft, the weight, the press of it past my pussy lips. God! I had no idea it could be this good!

Attached at the hips, we fell over onto our recently-discarded pile of clothing. Something hard dug against my back.

Zap!

“Whoops!”

She adjusted the gun. Her negligee didn't have any pockets so she put it in my jeans as I wriggled free of them. Her pussy slid around my dick as we continued to thrust and buck, bumping into the gun again and again

Zap! Zap! Zap!

I should have been paying attention to what it was doing, what it was swapping, but the pleasure was too good, the rise, the escalation. The warmth and heat of her body as it mingled with my own. Chest to chest, hands to hands.

My eyes rolled in the back of my head! Her entering me, me entering her. Our dicks grinding, our pussies scissoring.

There was a romance in it. A magical mingling as we became one, as we built towards that unforgettable peak!

“Oh fuck, dude!” she grunted. “I’m gonna cum!”

“Eh? Already!?”

She pulled out just in time to spray rope after thick rope of jizz all over my tits and into the nearby crowd.

“Nat!”

“Fuck Nol, Sorry! Your stupid tits are just too goddamn hot! You can’t blame a girl for going off early!”

But it was fine. This wouldn't be the last chance we got.

I fell on her, resting my head on her broad pecs. We were cuddled naked on the bench. Somehow, we'd found a way to make that work and still be somewhat comfortable.

“Excuse me, sir,” An old lady with a jacked body interrupted. A dollop of Nat's cum was dribbling down her leg. “Sorry to interrupt your fucking, but do you know the way to the food court?”

“It's - ah - that way” I gestured weakly, my brain struggling to find the appropriate context.

We exchanged a glance as she walked off, then Nat exploded laughing.

“Maybe we should go somewhere private, after all.” I ran a finger along her chest.

“Why?” She cupped my butt with one of her firm hands. “This is kinda fun.”

“Yeah, but I'm going to make you finish what you started. And this time I want a bed to go with it.”

“Mm. I really wouldn’t mind that.” She scooped me up and pulled me in. “God, I can’t remember the last time I felt this good.”

“I bet.” I gave her amazing dick a playful squeeze. “You know what? I think this has really brought us closer together.”

“Yeah, this has been... Wow.” She grinned straight into my tits. “This has definitely been a successful test.”

She looked around at all the swapped-up chaos. The baby body father and his family struggling to push the stroller at the bottom of the escalator. Nora Brewer and her boyfriend coming out of the unisex bathroom, still freaking out but now also running in disgust from the newspaper-clutching man trying to hide inside. Dozens and dozens of guys and girls who now presented somewhere very different on the gender spectrum.

“I should probably turn everybody back, huh?”

“I mean... it would be the nice thing to do. I personally would feel a lot better about it.”

She tried to put on a brave face, but she couldn’t help but frown.

“And —” I added, “Maybe we do another test some other time? Find some more people to play with? Give some guys fat fucking titties in entirely different locations?”

She smiled. There we go.

“Alright,” she pulled the gun from the crumpled pair of jeans on the floor and made a dramatic show of circling her finger over one of the bigger buttons. “Resetting!”

Zorp!

“Oh no.”

“Oh no?”

“That’s not a good noise.” She started smacking it with her hand like a TV remote.

“Oh no!” She pointed the gun into the crowd to see if the thing was still working, but each pull of the gun produced the same weird noise. It wasn’t working.

Or, worse, it was working all too well and we couldn’t see a damn thing.

“Oh shit, Nat?” I bolted to my feet. “I think it’s time to go.”

“What? Why? At least let me get my pants on first!”

“No time! I think the other end of that mall security swap is finally coming due.” I pointed. An angry lingerie saleswoman was running towards us with a walkie talkie and a nightstick.

“What do we do?” She fired the gun ineffectually. Nothing was happening! The girl ran all the faster, waving her foot long sandwich at us angrily, her dick flopping out of her oversized raincoat.

“Run?”

And so, we ran.

The End.