

The Device - Crossing Wires
- A Swappy Short -
By Razmagurk

Okay, I could fix this.

I had to. I looked down at the broken remote control in my hand, a crack clear through it, the whole thing bent at a macabre angle. Just my luck. A one of a kind, magical, reality-bending trait-swapping remote control. And I'd fucking sat on it.

But hey, how hard could it be to fix, right? Because if I couldn't? I looked up and gulped.

Thomas Zimmerman stood shirtless before me. Thomas */freaking/* Zimmerman. What hope did a girl like me have of getting with a golden boy like him in any other situation, huh?

It would be just like I'd always dreamed.

Except right now he had a pussy, and I didn't go for that.

Not that... not that there was anything wrong with a guy having a pussy. Lots of trans guys are... you know what I mean! This pussy wasn't his, though. It was Betty Ziegler's and well, I wasn't about to put my dick anywhere near that slut's cunt.

Ah, that was the other problem. I had his dick.

And don't get me wrong! Having his dick had been great. I mean come on, have you seen that beast? But I guess I'm a little old fashion in that when I want a dick, I want it inside my pussy, not the other way around.

Wherever my pussy ran off to, that is...

"I can't believe I've never noticed how beautiful you were before. God," he laughed. "You get me so wet." It was such a bad line, but from those lips, boyish and playful, it could melt butter.

And that smile. Fuck.

I had him all alone in this dark abandoned little corner, the rest of the frat party ignoring us entirely, and here I was desperately trying to get this remote control fixed instead of melting into his arms and getting made a lady of.

I guess Betty's pussy would have to do? If I could even get the damn magic working again. I fingered the broken remote, aiming it at his crotch and then my own. Nothing.

Come on you stupid thing! I said a silent prayer as I slapped the device once more against my palm. I was missing my chance!

Yes! The little green light on top flickered weakly to life. I aimed and fired.

Zap! The thing set off a spray of sparks and made a horrible electric groaning noise. I winced at the sudden heat, dropping the thing to the ground with a crackling thud.

My sharp inhale caught in my throat, as though I'd gone to breathe in when my lungs were already full. The nerves in my body tingled, suddenly different temperatures and textures.

"Zoe?" Thomas raised an eyebrow. "Are you okay?"

"Uh." I blinked.

Well, he'd gotten his dick back. That was something, right? But he'd lost a lot of height. And gained boobs. And hips. And slutty little panties. My boobs, my hips, my panties. Well, mine enough. I'd stolen them fair and square.

Which meant that... I looked down at my own body. Everything from the neck down was masculine and muscular except for that soft patch humming wetly between my legs.

Shit.

"You dropped your... remote?" He bent down to pick it up, giving me a prime view of my own cleavage.

"Th-thanks!" I took it back from him, holding it behind my back. My heart was pounding. My breath was short.

Fuck. How was it he managed to make my body look so good? Why was the notion of him in my body getting me so hot? Wow. I took a breath. This vagina - Betty Thompson's skanky pussy - was on absolute fire. No wonder she was such a slut.

But fuck, no. Focus. That hadn't been what I'd been trying to swap at all! Sure, he had his dick back, but at what cost?

"Mmm," He pressed in, his grin widening as he eyed my chest and arms appreciatively. "Have I ever told you how much I love your muscles? So strong, so beautiful."

"Huh?"

"Ah, " His dick seemed to be pulsing even harder, the tent in his pants obvious to all. I knew just how tight those jeans must feel for him. "What's say you let me give them a squeeze, huh?"

He ran a finger along my shoulder. His touch was like lightning. His soft hand, his ruby-tipped nails. Was his body really so sensitive?

My heart pounded in indecision.

But no!

I took a step back. I couldn't do this! As good as he somehow made that body look, as big and as hard as that dick may have been, and as hungry as Becky's stupid cunt was - I couldn't do it. No, if I was going to have him, I didn't want him to be like this. I wanted everything to be perfect. Just like I'd imagined.

I had to fix this.

"Uh- Oh my god. Did you see that?" I turned my head out to the dance floor. We had such a great view of the rest of the party from here.

"See what?" He turned to look.

I pulled the remote from behind my back. The light was still barely flickering. I pointed it between us. At this distance there would be no missing.

Again the thing strained, groaning, the heat burning at my fingers. This time I held on.

But there was no sudden sensation of being different, no fresh blood flowing through strange veins.

Thomas wasn't so lucky.

"Look, Zoe, I'm sorry," he gave a laugh as he turned back to me, "Am I coming on too strong or something?"

"What?" It came out as a squeak of surprise. His body was gone. Replaced by something rounder, curvier. Tits swollen to new heights, juicy nipples cutting through a sheer peach top. An absolutely scandalous black pencil miniskirt clung to his bubbly booty. He looked like a supermodel or pornstar.

Well, from the neck down anyway.

And, shit, I was still him.

My eyes bulged. My breath caught in my throat. I looked around in panic. There! Out on the dancefloor. My scrawny little body - and all my upgrades - dancing like crazy below the head of some bubbly blonde.

No! Come on! Stupid device!

"Zoe?"

"What?" I snapped my eyes to his. Disappointment. Shame. I was losing him. "No, it's just uh -"

My brain reeled. Oh god. Think, Zoe, think. What would a guy like this want to hear in a situation like this?

"Its just that uh -" There was a way-too-awkward pause - "Your, uh, your boobs look great in that top?"

I winced. What the fuck, brain?

He blinked, then laughed.

“Aw, you think?” He looked down at them, sticking his chest out playfully to do so. “Thanks! It’s my favorite top. It’s the only one I have that really shows off the boys, you know? I’m glad you like it.”

He stepped forward, taking the opportunity to wave his breasts in my direction, bouncing on his stiletto heels to send them jiggling enticingly.

I took a stiff breath. He was so close! I could feel the heat. I could smell his lavender-vanilla perfume and old spice aftershave.

I squeezed my muscular legs together. Becky’s pussy was screaming at me to just let him take me then and there.

But no. I could fix this! And with him pressed so close, he couldn’t see what I was doing with my hand - with the remote.

I fired again. And again, and again and again. Just desperate to have a female body again.

But of course - that just made things work.

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Zelda was jealous.

It was probably just the drinks. She didn’t normally get so worked up until she’d had a few, but how often did she get a chance to just let loose like this?

That’s why she was staring at this girl’s tits, honest. She was drunk and she was jealous.

It had nothing to do with the surge of warmth she felt imagining herself pressed against them. What flush of arousal? What racing of her heart? She was straight, through and through, despite what everybody said.

Well, at least until she got a few more drinks in her.

But wow - just look at the way that girl danced so freely out there! Even with everybody crowding around her she managed to stand out like a diamond on a crown. The dim bulbs hit her like a spotlight. She might as well have been the only girl in the world.

So Zelda stared. Just like everybody else was staring. How could they not? How could anybody resist? Look at the way she was dressed, the way her braless breasts danced under that top as she lost herself in the music. Zelda had never had the courage to go braless like that, even with her utter lack of tits.

This girl was so daring. So bold. Everything Zelda was not.

And of course, the girl’s boyfriend was eating it up. He seemed to be taking every opportunity to provide, with his tall strong hockey team body, a surface for her to grind up against. Eyes locked firmer than any others upon the girl’s lithe body.

“God,” Zelda sighed. “I wish I had tits like that...”

She hadn't even intended the words, they just slipped out. But they were true. The girl's breasts were perfect capstones on the girl's otherwise trim athletic body. Cheerleader? She was the exact opposite of Zelda. Oh sure, Zelda was cute, even beautiful with the right light, but she didn't have boobs like that. She barely had boobs at all.

And this girl was something else.

The tits.

Her drunken brain kept focusing back on them, circling a drain of jealousy and repressed bisexual desire.

They were just so mouth wateringly, juicily...

Zap. Zap. Zap.

Small!

Like a pair of perfectly fried eggs. Utter pancakes. Her top dangling loosely to proclaim her the undisputed chairwoman of the itty bitty titty committee. They were exactly the kind of boobs guys went crazy over. The sort lusty poets would compare to the flatness of a field. Geographically flat.

No wonder she was getting so much attention.

Not like Zelda's big fat titties, no. Her brain returned once more to her own shortcomings. Zelda frowned at the familiar shame. Hers were all bouncing and round, like helium-filled volleyballs with big fat strawberry nipples. The only attention she'd ever gotten was how often she'd been teased about it as a little girl.

How could she not be jealous? She knew it was bad. Unhealthy. She wanted to look away, but she just couldn't... this girl was a work of art.

The music, low and thumping, changed to something sexy and up-tempo. The girl's boyfriend grinned and they gave a giggle of shared delight. He pulled her in close as they danced, rubbing his bodacious bubble butt against her flat rump, making all the guys watching just as jealous as Zelda was.

The girl swayed and moved and ate up the night.

Not like Zelda. Zelda stood back, in the darkness, chewing her lip. Drunk and Jealous and Horny.

If only she had a body like that.

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“Okay, what's the deal, Zoe?”

“Deal?”

I hid the device back behind my back.

“You’ve been clenching that remote so hard your hands gone red. What is it? Why are you hiding it?”

“Its - I uh..”

I looked at Thomas. Or rather, what was left of him.

In the flurry of swaps, more than his body had been swapped. His nose had gone soft, his ears had gone big. His hair was long and beautiful. Somehow, despite going through a dozen other options in rapid succession, his body had somehow ended up even girlier and sexier. Oh my god, did they even make tits that perky?

And somehow, I’d avoided all of it. I still had Thomas’s stupid body with Becky’s stupid slutty pussy. The damn thing was driving me mad. Had she been bi? Is sexuality stored in the pussy? Or had I secretly been into a whole mess of stuff I’d never dreamed?

In the chaos of the party behind us, the scene was like that of a strange dream. The thing wasn’t just swapping the two of us.

Some were more obvious than others, like the guy running around in the party dress. Some were more subtle, like the two couples who had decided to trade partners, and now no one was batting an eye as Doug and Mark were making out licky-style next to Jenny and Bell who were doing the same. I was also pretty sure that Becky hadn’t always had that big bushy beard, though I was surprised Dirk had cleaned up so well.

Maybe this thing was more broken than I thought.

“You know what?” I gave him my best nonchalant grin, trying to dismiss his concerns. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Uh-huh.” He didn’t buy it. “Try me.”

I looked back and forth between the remote and him, hoping against hope that I’d think of something clever, something funny, something that would impress him and give me an easy out of this whole awkward situation.

But nothing came.

“You know what?” He gave that sweet little smile. “Its fine. I don’t need to know. But you can’t blame a guy for feeling a little jealous that a beautiful girl like you is spending so much time focused on it, and not on him?”

My face was burning.

“Your right-” I let out a hot breath. “Maybe fixing things can wait. I mean... how bad can they be?”

I looked back out at the chaos behind us. A girl with a dude's body had jumped up on a table and was twirling her shirt above her head while all the other dudes cheered raunchily.

"That's what I like to hear." He giggled. "Why don't you put that remote away and we can find some other fun buttons to play with, huh?"

I gulped at the innuendo, at his hand so close to my own. I opened my grip, still sore and tender from the heat, to feel his hand in mine.

Which, of course, caused the remote to slip to the ground with a crash.

Zap.

It was like a canon blast. An entirely different sound from the struggling electric groans it had been giving me earlier.

I flinched, eyes closed, expecting the worse.

"The hell?"

I opened one eye. Thomas was stumbling back, groping at his muscular body, one hand snaking down his jeans to his big dick.

"My body! What just happened to my body?"

I froze. Oh shit. What now?

"W-what do you mean?"

"I mean - Gah!" He was shaking his arms as if that would dislodge the illusion. "Why am I in a girl's body!?" He stumbled back, almost tripping over the love seat behind him. His eyes went especially wide as he saw his naked pecs. A shot of red flashed across his cheeks. His hand went up to cup his chest. "What happened to my body? Where are my tits? My pussy? Are you not seeing this?"

My gaze turned slowly to the remote. It had gone off? Done something? But nothing had happened. He was the same Frankenstein of improbably sexy girly bits, wasn't he? With the broad shoulders and dick so long it snaked down to his knees? Hadn't I just been marveling at the impossible perkiness of his pecs?

Had it turned on his awareness? Or made him think he had swapped when he hadn't?

I picked up the remote. I could feel its interiors shifting as I hefted it. There was a second crack through it now, but the flickering light remained weakly lit.

Was it still working? I had to know.

Shielding my eyes, I pressed the button.

Thomas screamed.

I looked up to see him put a hand over his pregnant belly, his milky tits in their maternity bra hanging heavy over his just barely visible baby bump.

“Oh god!” He was frantic, panicked. “I’m pregnant!?”

This, unfortunately for him, was what caused the crowd to look over. His screaming had been so loud it had drowned out the music.

His protests caught dead in his throat as everybody turned to look. The sheer weight of the social pressure only just winning out over the situation he’d found himself in. Especially when none of them reacted at all to his bulging belly.

“I’m going crazy.” His wild eyes darted around, he clutched his hand to his body. I looked back at the remote. What was this thing doing? Why was he freaking out?

I whacked the thing against the palm of my head and pressed it again. I pressed a handful of times, but nothing seemed to be happening. Finally, I pointed it right at him and fired.

No sparks, no noise.

“Oh my god.” he wiped the pink hair from his face. “Its the remote.”

“It’s the what?” my blood ran cold. I tried to put on my best grin. “What remote?”

“Stop, stop!” He held out a muscular hand. “I can see you doing it, stop!”

Oh shit. I looked back at the thing in my hand. I blinked. Then pressed the button one more time. I had to be sure.

“Ah!” he screamed and ran towards me, catching my arm with his well-manicured hand. “I don’t know how your doing it, but stop!”

“W-what do you mean?”

“Oh come on! I’m not an idiot. I can see you pointing that thing at me. What the hell are you doing?”

I looked down at the device then back up at him.

“Would you believe I’m trying to fix things?”

“Fix things!?”

My face burned as hot as the thing in my hands. When had it gotten so warm? Was it really... what? Swapping without me realizing what’s happening?

I had to know.

I pointed it out into the crowd and fired off a few more rounds, just to be sure. The girl dancing topless on the bar suddenly freaked out, crossing her arms over her muscular chest. The girls making out in the back started yelling at each other about stealing each other's boobs. And one of the flat-chested cheerleaders looked down at her overweight body and fainted dead away.

But... nobody had swapped. They'd been that way before I'd fired, I was so sure of it.

Which meant...

I looked up at Thomas. His thick hands were on his square hips. Still a vision of female beauty.

Panic gripped the back of my brain just as fast as it was gripping the party beyond.

"Change me back." His words were dark, barely contained. "Now!"

"I'm trying!"

"Not good enough."

He snatched it out of my hand.

"Hey!"

He pressed the button cautiously. There was a tell tale lurch of sensation. I was taller. Wearing fewer clothes. Decidedly... female and... whoah – I put out a hand to steady myself - weirdly tipsy.

"Holy shit." I mumbled. I was the girl who'd been dancing at the bar. I was a girl again!

"It doesn't work?"

The hackles on the back of my neck raised as he aimed it out at the crowd and fired, fired and fired some more.

I wasn't seeing anything happen. But of course I wouldn't, would I? But they would.

I gulped. This party was about to get a lot more interesting.

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Okay, Liz Zielinski blinked. Now this was a party.

She had heard great things about the parties at this school. All true. The Canadians really knew how to let loose. She'd been to a few similar parties back in the UK, but they had nothing on this.

What she had not been prepared for was to have her body swapped with that of a linebacker. Talk about a party favor! She'd be talking about this for months. Sure, some people seemed to be freaking out, but she didn't mind one bit the chance to try out that great big dick. No one would care, right?

No one, it turned out, but the american-football player who had ended up with her body. He did seem to mind. Quite a bit.

"My dick!" He cried, the pendulous H-cup boobs that had been Liz's a moment ago heaving as he stomped a foot. "Give me back my dick!"

What was his name? Jim?

"Sorry," She held up her hands in innocence. "Mine now."

Internally, she rolled her eyes. Because of course, that's all guys really cared about, wasn't it? Their dicks?

She tried to conjure the visual of what he'd look like if she even knew how to acquiesce to his demand – what a big fat dick would look like on her old body. She smirked. Okay, maybe there was something to that. Maybe she could figure out how they were doing this and ask for something custom?

"I said -" Jim had to reach up to put a hand on her shoulder. "Give me back my -"

Zap!

Jim's threat was interrupted by a girlish scream. There was a lot of that going on right now, actually, but this one was a lot closer.

"Oh my god, what?" The voice rang out. A pretty blonde girl on the other end of the room suddenly twirled around, the hem of her sundress pulled up over the bulge in her panties, a throbbingly erect penis squirming free of the band. "No!"

Liz and Jim both looked down to see that Liz's own boxers were abnormally flat.

"Hey!" Liz called out. The realization hitting her suddenly. "That's my dick! I haven't had a chance to play with it yet. Give it back!"

"What?" The girl cried. "No, this is crazy!"

"Your dick -?" Jim looked confused between the two of them. "Like hell. That's mine!"

Jim and Liz pushed elbow to elbow as they tried to make their way through the crowd towards the girl, but she wasn't having any of it. She turned and ran, dick still flopping out in front of her to the giggling and gasps and cheers of her fellow party goers.

Well, Those who weren't freaking out about their own changes, that is.

"Oh, come on!" The two gave each other a look and set off after her.

They chased her through the kitchen where a guy was struggling to make his way to the exit before his straining party dress broke. They chased her through the living room where a group of horny cheerleaders were hitting on a pack of demure footballers. They chased her past the bar where a girlfriend was frantically shaking his boyfriend.

It wasn't until they returned to the dance floor that they managed to finally catch her.

"Hey," She wriggled as Liz caught her wrist with her big footballer hands and long powerful arm. Liz could get used to this. "Let me go!"

"Give me back my -"

Zap! Zap! Zap!

"Uh..." Jim's eyes went wide.

Liz looked down. It'd happened again. Now she had the girl's torso, sundress and all. Uhg, she hated dresses. Jim seemed to have ended up with her naked legs. But where had the dick gone? It was nowhere to be seen!

"Aw." The girl pouted, hands groping her flat crotch. "I was just starting to get used to that thing."

"Where'd it go?" Jim's head twisted this way and that, his masculine frustration building.

"There!" The girl pointed at a small busty thing, grinning like a gremlin as she stuck a hand down her pants.

The three looked at each other and nodded in shared purpose.

"Follow that penis!"

Liz laughed as the newly-dicked girl screamed and started to run towards the exit.

Now this was a party!

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I looked over at the dance floor. My heart pounded in my chest. How much of what I was looking at was normal? Had that girl's mustache always twirled that way? Had that nerdy guy always had the big goth-girl tits? Was Thomson's body still on that dancing girl?

"Okay fuck," I buried my face in my palms. "Thomas, please. I can fix this. I can fix this! I just have to repair it somehow. Give it here."

"Oh no," He turned from me. "Not until you tell me what's going on."

He tried to hold it up above his head, to keep it away from me, but he was still furiously clicking in the hopes that something would happen. Every few clicks I could feel myself changing. I growled in frustration. With our height difference there was no way I could-

I blinked. Wait. That was it.

It took some patience but a few swaps later, the height advantage swung in my favor. I don't know what was going through his brain - how he thought he'd be able to keep it from me like that given how much taller I was than him. But I saw my chance and grabbed it back.

Or tried to at least. Looks like Kelly's cheerleader arms had more umph behind them than I'd have expected.

We stumbled, our bodies pushing and pulling, weight rising and falling, height and reach shifting with each click.

"What is this thing?" He grunted.

"I told you you wouldn't believe me!" It came out as a whine. "It's a remote that swaps body parts and traits and stuff."

"Yes, I can see that! Why the hell do you have a body swapping remote?"

"I-" I looked out into the crowd, blushing again. "I may have stolen it from some lesbian fratboys."

"And what? You were going to use me for spare parts?"

"What? No -!" I blushed. "I was trying to..."

"Oh my god." His eyes went wide. "Did you use this thing on me?"

"Uh-" I looked down at his swapped-up girly body. It had been so randomized at this point I didn't see why it mattered.

"Only by accident, I swear! It went off unexpectedly, I dropped it, you ended up with Becky's slutty dick, and I was trying to turn it back but the damn thing was broken.

"Wait, what?" He laughed. "Betty Ziegler's footlong boybreaker?" he laughed. "I can't even picture it. Could you imagine me with a great big girly dick like that? All hard and horny all the time?"

"Right!?" I laughed as well, a lot of tension falling away. "You see why I wanted to fix it." There was something off about that statement, but it didn't connect in my brain.

"Then hold on," he squinted, remembering the situation. "Then what *were* you doing with it?"

"I uh -" I glanced around conspiratorially. "I may have made some self improvements?"

"But you're one of the hottest girls at the party. Why would you need to- Oh!"

I blushed.

“So wait,” He looked up and down my body, then furrowed his brow. “What did you look like before? You weren’t always all tall dark and handsome?”

A lump rose in my throat. I didn’t want to talk about it. Hell, my whole body was tensing up at the accusation. I tightened my grip on the remote.

Which, of course, was the wrong move.

It crunched. Not firing off, but breaking. Between him yanking it one way and me squeezing it the other, the crack on the casing had widened. Something thrummed angrily within.

“So you’re telling me you really didn’t use this thing to turn me into some kind of sexy fantasy or whatever?”

“Yes! I promise.” I held up a hand. “I’m not that kind of girl, I swear.”

No sooner had I said it that the remote went off unbidden.

His dick, now bulging out the front of his panties, had suddenly grown three sizes, it’s much darker color a contrast against his presently pale skin.

I gulped.

“Oh really?” He put a hand on his hip. “Then what’s this?”

“No!” I realed. “I- That wasn’t me I - “

Clonk. Clonk. Clonk. Something inside the remote was banging against the case. It had gone from burning hot to freezing cold.

I looked up at Thomas’s face, he suddenly had plump filler-injected lips, a full face of whorish makeup, and eyelashes that would put a pornstar to shame. Where the hell had these come from?

He reached a hand up to feel his lips, then frowned.

“Not that kind of girl, huh?”

“That wasn’t me, I swear!”

“Give me that!” He tugged it away from me. I let him have it.

No sooner was it in his hands that I heard it going off. It was his turn for his eyes to go wide. It fired again and again.

“What?” I crossed a hand under my h-cup tits. Was it malfunctioning again?

"N-nothing! Everything's uh -" he shook his head and turned away blushing. "This thing's gone crazy. Maybe we just... hear me out. Lets put this thing down, okay? We're not going to get anywhere just waving it around. I think you may be right. We can fix this - but we'll need to crack it open and get to the actual components. See where the damage is. It may be mostly cosmetic, it may be something serious.

He set the thing down on the table.

"Wait, wait, wait. Hold on." I rubbed the bridge of my nose. "You know how to fix this?"

"Well, I won't know until I try, but electric engineering is kinda my thing," He laughed. "I've always been fond of breaking things open to see how they work, taking things apart and putting them back together. Its my major."

"Why didn't you say that in the first place!"

He paused for a second to look dramatically down at it. A small smile lit up his face. "Is it... is it weird that I'm stoked at the idea of a device that can do something like this? It's like, just think of the possibilities."

"Right?" I laughed, "God, I got my hands on that thing and all I could think about was... well..."

"What?"

"I uh..." I suddenly felt very small, and it had nothing to do with my height. I pressed my pointer fingers together, taking just a moment to notice the glittering slutty red on their tips.

"All I could think about was finally being able to work up the confidence to talk to you."

I was screaming inside. Why had I said that? Why had I laid so much of myself on the line?

"Talk to me? Why would you need..." He furrowed his brow. "Oh."

That's it. I was going to die. I was going to curl up and die right here and now.

"Well." His smile rose like the sun. "I'm glad you did."

The words slammed into me like the tide.

"You are?"

"Yeah, talking to you has been really fun! I feel like there's a real connection between us. Uh, all except this, of course. Even if it was a little obvious you were trying to get into my panties." He winked.

I blushed harder.

"And look," he continued. "As much as I'd love to talk this out, Zoe" he gestured to the remote. "I'd love even better to have my body back. As macho as these tits make me look, I'm sure."

I laughed. Yes, a change of topic. Good.

“Oh shit.”

“What?”

“It’s not supposed to be jumping around like that, is it?”

On the hardwood table, the device was twitching. Something inside was banging around. Tic tic - Tak! It jumped in the air, familiar sparks flying.

We turned back to each other in abject horror.

It was firing on its own. Swapping who knew what onto who knew who.

And out in the crowd, the screaming grew worse.

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Zap. Zap. Zap.

“Oh damn!” Alexia Zahn had just caught a glimpse of Jimmy Zimmer over by the table that served as a makeshift bar. His creamy tits were well on display in that gothic top of his. She hadn’t even known he’d be here tonight. Wasn’t this the night of the big raid? Jimmy was always blowing things off to go play WoW or the latest JRPG.

God, she shivered. What a slut he was.

It sent her pulse pounding just thinking about it. While she had been out on her knees, sucking dick with her pillowy lips and getting railed by the football team, Jimmy had spent his nights playing Warcraft and Rolemaster.

Normally a nerd like her wouldn’t stand a chance of hooking up with someone so exhilaratingly sexual, but if he was here tonight.... tonight something was in the air. Tonight she was going to make her move!

She slid over to the bar, making her way past all the people freaking out on the dance floor, all the people screaming about stolen body parts. Had someone spiked the drinks? Had there been some bad drugs going around? She wasn’t about to let it stop her.

She danced her way closer, trying to cover her midriff, trying to downplay the jiggling of her tightly-clad tits and the way her long thick thighs presented her ass to all who cared to look. She didn’t want to look quite so nerdy to Jimmy. Not now at least.

Because, you see, she had *competition*.

All kinds of guys, and even some other girls, had lined up to chat him up. Flirting, laughing, buying him drinks.

And he was responding in kind. Telling the story about the time his level seven paladin solo'd a wererat nest.

God. She gulped. It set her heart pounding. What a slut.

She tried to think of a good conversation opener. Tried not to blurt out something dumb and dorky like how thick a cock she could take down her throat, or how empty her ass was, or that she wasn't wearing any panties, in case he wanted to check. She had to be cool. She had to be seductive.

But nothing came to mind. Doubt started to creep.

What would he see in a nerd like her?

She looked around at the others crowding for his attention. The lacross player with the big tits, the ladies man cheerleader, and everybody knew that becky had the biggest dick on campus, as her totally flat leggings demonstrated. What hope did she have against them?

But ah, she gulped. She had something they didn't, didn't she? A secret weapon. A part of her no one else knew about. She just had to be daring enough to use it.

But then, daring was her schtick, wasn't it?

"Hey Jimmy - " she slid up, trying to remove the nerdy purr from her voice. "Did you hear about the latest Magic: The Gathering set?"

There was a scandalous gasp from the gathered throng.

"Sorry boys," She turned and gave a wink. "All's fair in love and war."

-

"We have to do something." Thomas grabbed at the remote at the table, turning it over and over, even as it fired off randomly. "Can we turn it off? Take out the batteries? We have to make it stop!"

"How?" I groaned. "It doesn't have any of that stuff!" I don't know who had built this thing or how, but it wasn't exactly designed to safety specs.

"Okay, hold on-" Thomas rubbed at his temples with both hands. Willing his vast array of engineering knowledge to the fore. "I think I might have a plan."

"What is it?"

"You set it down on the table." He grabbed a lamp. "And Imma smash it!"

"No! How is that a plan!?"

"What else can we do? We need to stop it before it makes anything worse."

“And how do we know smashing it is going to stop it? Hell, for all we know it could cause more trouble than it fixes.”

“More trouble than random unknowable swaps? Look, we can try to fix it later, or assemble something from the parts, then we can start getting people their bodies back, okay? But right now, we have to get out ahead of it.”

Shit. He was right. I knew he was right. But damnit, I didn't want to admit it! Not even to myself.

“But do we have to smash it? can't we just - I don't know - adjust it a little? Shake it? Squeeze it? See if we can get it to stop blindfiring? Why rush to destroy it?”

“Why rush? Who knows what's happening right now. We could be entirely different people and not even know it.”

“Oh come on. I put a hand on my slender hip and brushed the pink hair out of my face. “How bad can it be?”

“Ahem.”

There was a voice behind us. I turned to look. With us arguing I hadn't even noticed them walking up to us.

“Hey, have either of you seen any weird remote controls around?”

Oh god. It was at that moment, despite everything else that had happened, that my blood ran the coldest.

It was the two lesbian frat bros I'd stolen the device from. Tom and Tyler. Still somehow looking as hot as ever in their slutty party dresses.

“Remote?” My throat was dry as sand. I'd meant to swap ownership of it, so wouldn't mind it going missing, so they wouldn't come looking. But then I'd been so distracted trying to give myself a hot body I forgot all about it.

And of course, - I looked down at the broken device - now I couldn't do anything of the sort, could I? Not without swapping my own head off or something.

What would they do if they found out? Who knew how much more of this stuff they had? What if this was just the beginning? I don't think I'd ever been as afraid of anybody in my whole life as I was of them right now.

“Bro, I'm telling you,” the one said. “If someone found it there's no way they'd be dumb enough to stick around.”

“It can't hurt to check, dude.” The other elbowed him. “It could have just fallen behind a cushion or something.”

I just had to keep a straight face. I just had to tell them that I hadn't seen it. Come on Zoey, Be calm. Be collected.

How hard could that be?

"Uh - Are you alright?" The one turned to me. "You've gone all red."

"I - I -"

Fuck.

"Ha, see! She totally knows dude!"

"Shit, your right. Look, whoever you are, you need to give it back right now. You don't know what that thing's capable of."

"For real!" Said the other one, clenching a fist. They were pressing in towards me, trying not to be so aggressive as to trigger a fight, but leaving me very little choice to the contrary.

Oh, come on! I fumed internally. I hadn't even said anything!

Fix this. I had to fix this. I had to get the remote and run. I had to get out of here and regroup and and...

But no. I clenched my fists. I took a breath.

I looked around the party. At all the chaos and trouble I'd caused. I looked at myself, swapped up literally beyond recognition. I turned to look at Thomas, lamp still in his hands.

I didn't want to leave.

And -shit - I *couldn't* fix this, could I?

Thomas was right. I'd just be making things worse.

And in the meantime... I saw the terror in his eyes. How many more people were going to get hurt?

Maybe... the only way out, was through. Maybe some things can't be fixed. Maybe you just have to live with it before you ruin yourself trying not to live with it. Not everything. But some things. This.

I clenched my eyes so tight it hurt. I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

I turned to Thomas and I mouthed the words he wanted to here.

"Don't worry, dudes," he grinned. "I've got your remote right here!" He raised the lamp in his hands like a club.

"No!" The one rushed forward to knock him down, but I'd put myself bodily between them.

The lamp came down with a crash, smashing the thing on the table into small bits.

And that was it.

There was a moment as we all stared in shock. Nothing had happened. We had all, I imagine, expected something. The little light had even gone off.

Maybe all was well that ended well?

Then it twitched

And exploded.

It was like an intangible wave of force - a massive explosion of energy, a ripple in the air like a shockwave, blasting over all of us. But as it passed through us it didn't physically move us, no. It just left us... it left us...

I blinked.

What was I doing?

-

"Come on baby, aren't you curious?"

"Of course I'm curious, Riri!" He whimpered. "That's why I've been begging you to do it for so long, but I didn't think I'd be getting it like this!"

That's how it had started.

Now Zane was tits down, ass up on the bed. His round juicy rump peering naked from the pulled up hem of a tartan miniskirt to reveal his plump, freshly fucked pussy and now, prize of prizes, his twitching little well-lubed rosebud.

Zaria was running a hand along it, her other hand swinging the meat club of her cock as she shook it back to consciousness.

The thrum of the party still pulsed through the door, but they had barred it. No one would be getting in or out. They didn't know what had caused the body swaps or how long it was going to last, but they were going to take full advantage.

Zane twisted his head to look back at her. Somehow, from the outside, she managed to make his body look so damn good. Fit. Put together. Confident. Even as it ran into that seam of color where his girlfriend's head abutted it. She wielded his strength so well.

They'd fucked twice already, both of them convinced that when it came to sex it had been an upgrade. Come on, how could they pass up an opportunity like this? A chance to feel each other's bodies

firsthand, to learn how to drive the other wild? Sure he had to get fucked to do it, but if it was by her and for her? He didn't mind.

"I'm just saying, baby," Zaria was staring intently at his virgin asshole. "We don't know how long this is going to last. I know you're nervous. I was too. But now I think I'm really starting to see your point of view... It's just so fuckable!"

He laughed. She hadn't believed me when he'd told her, but she had one hell of an ass.

"Tell you what - I promise, we do this and after we turn back you can ask for anal whenever you want, okay? Turnabout's fair play, right?"

He raised an eyebrow. He didn't remember her being quite so insatiable.

But ah - he was all worked up too. And she was right. He *was* curious. Besides, that was a hell of a deal and he fully intended to take her up on it.

"Okay." He gripped the sheets. "Just - ah fuck - be gentle?"

She grinned and put her slick, fat cock into his trembling ass.

"Gentle!" he gasped.

He never thought he'd have to tell her that. She had always been so delicate in the bedroom, so soft and sensual, her every touch a massage. Now, her eager hands had strength and purpose. Warm hands, strong hands. Was this what a girl's body felt like? Tender with sensation? Oh so eager to give into the bliss? Was this how she had felt all the time?

Now though, she had a wicked gleam in her eye. Her lust coming sharp and strong. She plunged deeper.

"Oh, fuck!"

He had a bigger than average dick, sure, but right now it felt like the biggest in the world. Pressure. An intense feeling of wrongness, like water in the lungs. Like panic crossing his brain. He let out a hot breath. He wriggled. He squirmed.

But then - but then - fuck. The discomfort gave way to bliss. He was still so full, so focused intently on the sensation, that foreign pressure - but now it was a panic of sheer pleasure. God, it spilled through his every inch, especially as she slammed her body into his squidgy cunt, especially as she twisted him around and squeezed his tits and suckled at the nape of his neck.

Oh fuck.

"Ah?" She cooed. "You like my big dick in your ass baby? You like having my big girly ass? You like getting it stuffed?"

It was all he could do to nod along. It didn't take long before she bottomed out. His hot hole stretched perfectly. Then she began fucking in earnest.

The two fucked, and they fucked, and they fucked.

And somewhere amid the screams and grunts of pleasure there was a -Zap! - as an imperceptible wave of energy washed over them, changing them in the most fundamental of levels.

And then they fucked some more, just for good measure.

When it was all over, Zane lay on the bed, panting for breath, his well-mauled tits rising and falling as he caught his breath. Zaria curled up next to him, muscular arms wrapped around his delicate one as she pressed her broad body into his.

Wow. Zane gasped. They'd finally done it. After all those months of begging he'd finally convinced her to take his anal virginity. And wow! He didn't know if he could ever go back now. Hell, with that deal they'd made he didn't need to. How many nights had he spent jilling off to exactly this fantasy?

He grinned. He was the king of the world. The manliest guy around. Not only that, but how many guys could say they got fucked in every hole in one night? Multiple fucking times. He felt Zaria's dick hardening against his thigh. He was the luckiest dude in the world.

"God, wow" she laughed as she looked up and around at the mess. "Baby I'm sorry, I don't know why I'm so horny tonight."

"Its the skirt, Riri -" He wiggled his hips. "You always get like this when I wear this skirt. I can see you staring, you just want to reach down and grab it. You just want to flip it up and have your way. Is that what you like, Riri? Easy access?"

Her lip trembled. He could feel fresh precum dribbling from her cockhead as it pressed against his leg.

"Uh - about that..." Her whole face went flush, and this time not from the sex.

"You got cum all over my skirt again, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry baby, I know its your favorite one. Maybe tomorrow we go shopping?"

"Ooh, yes! We can find something even sexier, I'm sure." he laughed.

Zaria just bit her lip, her cock throbbing painfully.

"Wanna... go another round?"

"I thought you'd never ask!"

-

I looked around. Those two lesbian frat bros near us had gone off to makeout hot and heavy in the other corner. Behind us, the party was raging, everybody cheering as a slutty dork with big tits got up and started showing off his stamp collection alongside a topless woman on the bar. It was hot and heavy and intense.

This was one hell of a party.

I turned back to look at Thomas. He looked confused at the lamp in his hand, then gave a little apologetic smile as he put it back down.

Wait, hold on. Forget the party. This was the real headline right here.

Thomas Zimmerman stood before me. Thomas */freaking/* Zimmerman. What hope did a girl like me have of getting with a golden boy like him?

How had I pulled this off?

“What was I saying?” he laughed. “Oh, right! I’m glad we talked. I think we have a real connection.” he waggled his eyebrows. “This may be a little forward of me, but how do you feel about you and me slipping off somewhere more private?”

“R-really?”

“Yeah! Let’s ditch this party. Besides.” he gave a boyish purr as he ran his eyes over my body. “I can’t believe I’ve never noticed how beautiful you were before. God,” he laughed. “You get me so wet.”

I gulped. Something about this didn’t seem right. I looked at the mess of broken electronics on the table nearby. What had we been doing?

But umph - I was too horny, too tipsy to care about that. This stupid slutty cock of mine was always causing me trouble, and the way his miniskirt drew my attention, tantalizing me with the notion of the great tight manly pussy beyond just begged me to keep going.

“That sounds great!” I laughed. “I can’t wait to get to know eachother.”

“Me too.” He giggled. “Every inch.”

And you know what? For the first time in my life, I was eager to show it off.

A part of me was crying out that this wasn’t right. That this wasn’t everything I’d imagined. And it was right, not by a long shot. But so what? What had I been so afraid of?

I took his hand. I loved a happy ending.

It was so happy, in fact. That I barely even minded him running back over and shoving the smashed casing and wires off the table into his purse.

But - ah - that’s a story for another time.

The End.