

Centorea and Papi's Headswap Shopping Spree

A strange calm had settled over Kimihito's typically chaotic household in the late afternoon. With him and the rest of the monster girls that lived with him out on various errands, the place was free for Centorea to freely wander around in peace. Carefully maneuvering through the halls to avoid bumping into anything with her bottom horse half, the centaur took her time to appreciate the moment. As much as she enjoyed her master and the other girls, she had to admit that some time to herself was enjoyable. Unfortunately, it was also short lived.

Centorea's long, brown ears perked up to the sound of something moving around in her room. Rushed by the thought that someone was invading her privacy, she broke out into a trot that flicked around the hem of the black skirt covering her lower body and flung about her ponytail of blonde hair. Coming to a jarring halt in front of her door, she had to grab the front of her white blouse to stop her sizable breasts from jiggling. The initial panic she felt was replaced with annoyance as she realized who was going through her drawers.

Stepping around the piles of her discarded clothes, Centorea kept her eyes focused on the diminutive woman currently going through her unmentionables. Kneeling down on the floor with her talons tapping against the wooden floor, the harpy woman used her blue feathered wings to sift through the centaur's undergarments. Every so often, she would peek her head of blue hair up to place one of the undergarments up against the navy blue tank top around her small chest. Finding the bra far too large to fit her tiny breasts, she would toss it aside before continuing her search with her curvy butt shaking back and forth within the confines of her jean shorts.

"Papi!" Centorea shouted out, making the harpy stop her search and turn around. "What do you think you're doing?"

“Papi was bored,” she replied, getting back to her feet. “Papi thought it would be fun to try on some of your clothes, but none of them fit.”

“Obviously,” Centorea commented, glancing upwards to see one of her skirts hanging from the ceiling fan. “You and I are completely different species.”

“And have really different tastes,” Papi mentioned, holding up a particularly lacy bra.

“Give me that!” Centorea said, snatching back her property. “I was saving that for master. You shouldn’t try to entertain yourself by stealing other people’s property.”

The harpy let out a huff. “Papi wasn’t stealing. Papi was only holding onto it for later. Just like this.” Shoving a wing beneath one of the piles of discarded clothes, she produced a familiar looking scythe that made Centorea freeze.

“Why do you have Lala’s scythe?” Centorea asked, her eyes focused on the wicked blade.

“Lala left it behind so Papi was taking care of it for her,” Papi said, curiously tapping her wing against the handle.

“You should put that back where you found it. There’s no telling what kind of strange powers that thing has.”

“Papi will,” she replied, clutching the scythe a little tighter. “AFTER Papi plays around with it for a while longer.”

“That’s not a toy,” Centorea said, grabbing the scythe to try and pull it out of Papi’s grasp. “There’s no telling what this thing will do if you keep messing around with it. For your own good, you need to put it back where you found it before-“

A bright, purple light flooded the room as the scythe unleashed its power. For a moment, Centorea felt like she was lighter than air as her head flew through the room. Things settled back down as the light started to fade, but there was still a feeling of something very wrong. She found

out the reason why when her vision returned, and she discovered that she was in a different part of the room.

The first thing Centorea noticed was that she was significantly shorter as evidenced by the way her disheveled dresser loomed over her. Reaching out a hand to try and fix the mess revealed that her arm had been replaced with a wing of blue feathers. Holding up her other arm to see that it had gone through the same transformation, she wiggled the thumb like digits at the tips to confirm that they were hers.

Bringing her gaze downwards, the centaur saw that her refined outfit had been replaced with a much skimpier tank top and shorts that made her look like her companion. Standing up on a pair of avian talons, she instinctively began to stumble her way over to her mirror. While everything from the neck up was still her head and face, the rest of her had been replaced with that of her harpy roommate.

“Woah, Papi is so tall now.”

Awkwardly swinging her borrowed body around, Centorea got to see Papi’s head balanced atop her torso. Though the harpy struggled to get the hang of walking around on four hooves, that didn’t stop her from using her newly acquired fingers to grope Centorea’s sizable bosom. Letting out a childish giggle, she swung about the equine tail as she continued to explore the centaur’s body.

“Papi, stop that at once!” Centorea shouted out, trying, and failing to remain intimidating despite their drastic difference in size.

“Sorry, but these feel really really good,” Papi replied, moving her torso back and forth to make her breasts jiggle.

“I said stop it,” Centorea repeated, stepping forward only to tumble to the ground. “How do you move on these things?” she asked, accidentally leaving a gash on the floor as she stood up.

“Papi doesn’t know,” the harpy replied, letting one hand swap jobs to scratch at her head. “Papi just does it. It’s not that hard. Especially compared to having this many legs.”

Proving her point, Papi clumsily pushed past Centorea to get to the mirror. Given a full view of her borrowed body, the harpy grinned ear to ear as she swung the tail of golden blonde hair back and forth. Though she was more than eager to take in the new features, eventually her expression turned to confusion.

“Is something wrong?” Centorea asked. “Are you in pain?”

“No, Papi just thinks she would look better in something else,” she said, starting to lift up the hem of the centaur body’s skirt.

“That’s the least of our problems,” Centorea replied, hurrying over to swat Papi’s hand away. “We need to focus on getting ourselves back to normal. Doubtless we’ll have to wait until Lala returns to use the scythe again. I’d rather not risk making our situation any worse.”

“What will we do until then?”

“We will simply wait in the living room until the others return.”

Papi let out a huff as she stomped a hoof onto the ground. “But that’s soooooo boring. Papi wants to do something fun with our new bodies.”

Having lived long enough with Papi to know how hard it was to keep her entertained, Centorea relented in humoring her. “Fine. I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to do something to pass the time.” Carefully striding up to the door, she turned towards the living room. “I believe master has a sizable collection of board games available. Although, I’m not sure how I’ll be able to move

the pieces considering I don't have any hands. Maybe playing video games would be better? What was the name of that system with the wand you were playing with? Perhaps you can show me how to--

Centorea let out a yelp as something was thrown at her face. Scrambling to free her head, she realized what she was holding was one of her discarded shirts. In the time it took for her to put aside the garment, Papi had already made her way out of the room and started sprinting towards the door.

"Papi, where do you think you're going?" Centorea asked.

"Papi wants to go out," the harpy replied, carelessly knocking the door off its hinges as she charged straight through. "Maybe we can find something that Papi wants to wear on your body."

"Try to think clearly about this," Centorea said, rushing out the doorway to try and block Papi's path. "It's one thing to go out without permission from Ms. Smith, but it's even worse if people see us like this. We should stay put until--"

Centorea's speech was ignored in favor of Papi running headlong down the street. Watching her own body moving further and further away from her with each passing second, Centorea clenched her wings as she tried to figure out what to do. Witnessing Papi knock over a trash bin with her larger lower body, the answer became obvious.

Having spent most of her life running off at breakneck speeds, Centorea attempted to give chase to Papi. The confident stride of her original body was nowhere to be found as she clumsily flailed her way down the sidewalk. Her awkward run was punctuated with loud taps of her talons colliding with the sidewalk. Though she was concerned about the collateral damage caused by

both her and Papi's unfamiliarity with their bodies, this feeling was swiftly replaced with another: shame.

Centorea was used to the odd looks non-extra species people gave her. However, it was another matter entirely seeing the way they shuddered at her attempt to use the set of avian legs better used for roosting in trees. Matters weren't helped as she flailed around her wings in an effort to keep herself balanced. All this seemed to accomplish was draw more attention to herself as she left a trail of stray feathers behind her and occasionally bumped into a pedestrian.

Far off in the distance, Centorea could see the last bit of Papi disappearing around the corner with her centaur body in tow. Realizing how futile it would be to try to beat her own, athletic figure in a foot race, she came to a halt at an intersection. Forced to stop and catch her breath, she tried to rethink the situation. Seeing how easily Papi was using her own borrowed form, the answer soon became clear.

Setting her sights on a crosswalk, Centorea peeked her head over at the countdown clock. She had seen the harpy perform the act multiple times, but she doubted mere observation would be enough to make her an expert. As the clock continued to click down, she reminded herself that there wasn't much time to experiment. Every second that passed increased the chances of Papi hurting someone, Centorea's body, or herself.

As the crosswalk hit the three second mark, Centorea got into position. At two seconds, she took a deep breath to fill Papi's small chest with energy. With one second remaining, she ran as fast as the set of avian legs would allow. At the moment the timer hit zero and the crosswalk became clear, she furiously flapped her wings and leapt into the air.

It was only by the smallest of margins that Centorea managed to get over a set of power lines. Getting over the initial burst of fear from the takeoff, she hazarded to let the lingering

adrenaline of flying for the first time take control. Though she was still going off of only second hand knowledge, Papi's body went on auto pilot to allow her to soar through the air with ease. It wasn't the most graceful of displays, but it was enough to let her appreciate getting to see the city streets from up above.

For a while, Centorea let herself ride on wind currents as she took in the sights. Cars and people looked like little more than insects from her perspective. Easily weaving in-between buildings as she approached the center of town, she tried to appreciate the silver lining of this little incident. That moment lasted until she saw her body hurrying through the entrance of a shopping mall.

With her sights set, Centorea shifted her wings to make a beeline towards the mall. Anxious to stop Papi before the worst could happen, she failed to notice just how fast she was going. Her imminent doom only became known as she recalled that neither her memory nor Papi's body provided any instructions on how to successfully land. Careening towards the ground, she wildly flapped her wings up and down to slow herself down. While she did manage to decrease her speed enough to avoid serious injury, she still ended up making a crash landing amongst the limbs of a tree.

Tangled up within the branches with leaves caught in her hair, Centorea checked her head and Papi's body for any damage. While she could tell that there wasn't anything major besides a few scrapes and bruises, she ran into the issue of not being able to move in her position. She spotted the problem in the form of a pair of the tree's limbs currently inserted inside of her top and shorts. Her first instincts were to rip the garments apart to free herself, but that idea was swiftly tossed aside as people began to gather around the tree.

Taking notice of Centorea, a crowd came together to gossip and talk amongst themselves. A few of the more nefarious individuals took out their phones to snap pictures of her, taking care to focus on the way branches tugged at her skimpy clothes to reveal parts of Papi's flesh. A shade of red spread across her cheeks as she continued to suffer through the humiliation. Feeling the top beginning to snap apart, she waited for the moment the threads would be torn asunder to leave her completely exposed.

A ruckus in the crowd could be heard, but unseen by Centorea. An unknown savior came to her rescue to pluck her from the branches and cradle her in their arms. Feeling her face get pressed against a familiar bosom, she looked up to see Papi's normally carefree face was full of anger.

"You mean people leave Papi's friend alone!" Papi shouted out, getting the space she needed by stomping Centorea's hooves against the ground. The act did the job of getting the crowd to disperse for fear of being trampled. As soon as a clear path opened up, Papi took the chance to run off with her friend held in her arms in search of a place far away from the chaotic scene.

The pair's mad dash eventually led them to a closed up store in a vacant corner of the mall. Ignoring the signs outside, Papi carried Centorea inside to get away from the hustle and bustle outside. Finding a bench amidst the collection of dusty boxes and equipment, Papi sat Centorea on the seat and knelt down to meet her to meet face to face.

"Are you okay?" Papi asked.

"I am thanks to you," Centorea replied, taking the opportunity to pick stray leaves out of her wings. "How did you find me so fast?"

"Papi saw you flying through the air," she answered. "It wasn't very good."

Centorea let out a huff. “Well excuse me, but it was my first time trying to fly. And by the looks of it, you weren’t doing much better with my body.”

“Papi doesn’t like walking on the ground normally,” Papi said as she slid a hand along one of Centorea’s legs. “Having extra legs makes it even harder.”

“I can help you with controlling them on the way back,” Centorea said as she stood up from her seat. “We should have plenty of time to get back before the master and the others return.”

Centorea only managed to take a few steps towards the door before she felt a tug on her wing.

“Papi still wants to play though,” the harpy said. “Can’t we just hang out here a little longer?”

Better judgement told Centorea to reject the suggestion and head straight home. What made things difficult was the look of wanting in Papi’s eyes. Recalling that the harpy had been her savior a few moments beforehand, she let out a sigh and turned around.

“Very well,” Centorea relented, stepping aside from the entrance. “I suppose a little fun wouldn’t-“

In a flash, Papi grabbed Centorea and hoisted her up on her back. Despite the harpy’s earlier claim, she seemed to have no problem running with her four hooves under the motivation of getting to enjoy the day with her friend. Fearing an imminent collision, Centorea worked through her own humiliation to grab hold of her old torso to steer Papi like a runaway truck. Frazzled from the way her wings sunk into her soft mammaries, Centorea focused her mind in order to guide her companion to calmly trot towards a clothing store.

Spreading out through the shop, Papi and Centorea got around to picking out a plethora of different outfits that fit their tastes. Luckily for them, they had stumbled upon a shop that specifically offered clothing for extra species women. It took a bit of trial and error considering how different their bodies were, but the staff were more than willing to help them out with finding the perfect things to both fit their proportions and tastes.

Though Centorea had to struggle to get Papi's wings through a pair of armholes, she eventually walked out of the dressing room wearing a top similar to the one she wore on her original body. While it had the same design, she had specifically chosen a sky blue top to better match the feathers. For the first time in quite a while, she was able to experience walking around without a bra; the harpy's chest fully contained by the top. Finishing the ensemble with a flowing, black skirt that reached down to her knees, she posed in front of the mirror to appreciate getting to model a new kind of look.

"Wow!" Papi said, poking her head out from the adjacent dressing booth. "That's really good."

"Thank you," Centorea said, waving herself around to enjoy the freedom allowed by the sleeveless top. "What do you have?"

"Oh! Papi can show you now!"

Leaning a little further out from the changing booth, Papi revealed the thin tube top she had managed to wriggle around her torso. The garment left a good portion of Centorea's flesh exposed in an effort to focus most of the material around her breasts. The unfortunate side effect of the thin, black fabric was that it showed off an unflattering impression of the centaur's nipples. Considering how pleased Papi seemed with the clothing choice, Centorea didn't want to say anything negative at the moment to ruin the harpy's mood.

Centorea was forced to jump into action as Papi took a step out to reveal the rest of her outfit. A pair of jean shorts similar to the harpy's original had been stretched past the horse body's hind legs in an attempt to cover up the undercarriage. The ramshackle appearance mixed with Papi's unfamiliarity had left a large portion of Centorea's unmentionables visible.

"What are you thinking?" Centorea asked, her face completely red as she tried to cover up her hindquarters with Papi's wings.

"Those skirts you gave Papi were too uncomfortable," the harpy replied. "So Papi tried to put on her shorts. Don't they look neat?"

"Shorts don't really work for centaurs," Centorea explained, taking the opportunity to drape one of the abandoned skirts over her backside to prevent anyone else from taking a peek. "You need to think of something more fitting for this kind of body."

Papi let out a sigh. "Fine, Papi will change. Papi wanted to try out a bunch of different outfits anyway."

"Very good. Now hold still, I'll take those shorts off and then we can find a more suitable--"

A loud ripping noise made both girls freeze in place. Looking at where her wings were, Centorea watched as the strips of cloth she had just accidentally torn apart drifted their way onto the ground. Left to stare at her exposed unmentionables through the torn shorts, her mind raced to find a way to fix the problem. She realized her time was up when she heard someone clear their voice from behind.

"I do apologize miss," the store worker began, "but you do need to pay for any items that you destroy."

“Right, right, of course,” Centorea said, hastily reaching into Papi’s old shorts to find only a few pieces of lint. “Um, Papi, do you have my wallet?”

Scratching her head for a few seconds, Papi eventually replied. “Oh! You mean that small red pouch? Papi saw it go flying off down the street when she ran down here.”

“You lost my wallet?” Centorea asked.

“Sorry, Papi can help you find a new one. We passed by a store earlier that sold a bunch of them.”

“Papi, it’s not about the wallet itself. If we don’t have the money inside, then we can’t pay for-“

A crackling noise turned Centorea’s attention back towards the employee to see her making a call to mall security. Despite the centaur’s best efforts to beg for mercy, she could not stop a small group of guards from escorting them to the mall’s back offices after they had finished redressing themselves. Shoved into a small cell with the centaur body taking up the majority of the space, Centorea begrudgingly gave the officer Kimihito’s number.

Waiting for both punishment and her savior to arrive, Centorea sat down beside Papi in the cell. Nuzzling up to the equine body, she looked up to see that Papi was still baring her usual smile in spite of everything. Puzzled, she climbed atop her companion to meet face to face.

“How can you be so happy?” Centorea asked.

“Because when boss gets here, he’ll be able to change Papi and Centorea back to normal,” the harpy cheerfully replied.

“But we’ll be in trouble.”

Papi tilted her head. “For what?”

Centorea tried to hold up her hands to count, only to recall that her fingers were currently under Papi's control. "First, we left the house without permission. Second, we destroyed property. And third... all of this happened," she finished, gesturing towards their mixed up bodies.

"So?" Papi asked, placing a hand on Centorea's head to give it a soft rub. "We had fun, right?"

Unable to resist Papi's expression and the gentle touch, Centorea relented in showing off a small smile. "Yeah, I suppose you're right," she said, allowing her to enjoy the last few moments of peace for their strange day before they would need to return to normal and face the inevitable consequences.