

Warning: this chapter is rated a stripperific R and includes, amongst myriad other things, bouncing boobs, jiggling tits, heaving breasts, merry melons, stripping strippers, annoying best friends, swaying dicks, bouncing balls, babydolls, reverse lap dances, pole dancing, race swapping, body swapping, girls with dude bodies, girls with enormous dicks, lawyers, accidental swaps, blind swaps, reality blindness, people ill suited to their jobs, existential dread, slow service, giant chickens, and a really rather horny couple who would rather just be at home fucking right about now.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 8 – The Path to Hell is Paved with Breast Intentions =

By Razmagurk

“It’s not as bad as it looks!?” cried Ellen, her beautiful hazel eyes going wide with alarm. “What do you mean it’s not as bad as it looks?”

“I mean, I really wouldn’t have expected it, but you really do pull that look off, Elles.” Elizabeth said, trying, and failing, to not laugh.

My focus shifted to Ellen’s body. Hers too, apparently. She was running her hands over her body like she was searching herself for hidden weapons. She looked... she looked scared, to be honest, but more to the point, she looked exactly the same as she always had. Or, well, I guess she looked as she did five minutes ago. Sometimes I have to remind myself that she’s only been like this for a few days.

“What did you do, Elizabeth?” I asked, firmly.

But the dam that was Elizabeth’s composure had burst at the sight of Ellen feeling herself up, sending the poor girl crashing down to the table in a fit of hysterics.

I wracked my brain. Something had to be different about Ellen, and whatever it was it must be something big if it got Elizabeth going like that. I looked her over carefully but all I saw was the big beautiful angel that I had fallen in love with.

Her strawberry blonde hair fell in languid waves across the radiant skin of her face, perfectly framing her soft lips, her petite nose, and, of course, the beauteous hazel pools that were her eyes. Her face must be the same, I figured, because it still had all of the makeup I had applied earlier. I could remember applying each line, each color. But I guess if she had changed I’d just remember doing something different, wouldn’t I?

Following the line of her hair, my eyes wandered downwards, drawn as they so often were to her wonderful chest. Her hands grazed across the warm ivory skin of her breasts as she patted down her boobs, her rough hands brushing past her dark, fat nipples. Mmm... they had grown hard in the club’s

warm air and were just begging for attention. The torn-up shirt she was wearing really did a great job of showing them off. I mean, in a classy way, of course, but still.

I licked my lips. I loved the way her muscular chest lifted and supported her boobs like that. It really drew attention to how dainty and delicate her enormous shoulders and her thick muscular arms were. I smiled. If I closed my eyes, I could still feel the warm of those arms holding my oh so tight last night. Of course, between the visual feast in front of me and the rogue thoughts of last night, it was no surprise that I could feel my body starting to heat up. I chewed on my lip thoughtfully.

My eyes continued to crawl their way across Ellen's perfect little body, drinking in the hard, feminine lines of her girlish, six-foot frame. The thin material of her shirt did little to hide the chiselled lines of her six-pack abs as they cut across her tight, hard midriff. She was groping them now, too.

I hazarded a peak under the table. She was still wearing the same black khakis and comfortable but professional shoes that she had left the house with. I shifted a little in my seat as I considered maybe getting a closer inspection of what lay under those pants... Yum...

Wait, was it her dick? If Elizabeth had done something to Ellen's dick, I don't know if I'd be able to forgive her. I reached over and squeezed the hard, familiar muscle of her enormous thigh with one hand, massaging gently, then I started to work my way upwards. I let out a sigh of relief. A lingering inspection revealed that it was still the same cute little beast it had been last night. I could feel it growing firm under my ministrations, and it was a bit of a struggle to let go, but the look Ellen was giving me made it very clear that now was not the time.

Elizabeth hadn't even noticed. She was still completely caught up in her laughing fit.

I looked around the room, but everyone seemed to be carrying on as if nothing had happened. The girl on stage was still dancing and the crowd was still cheering for her despite the fact that her boobs had been swapped away with the flat chest of a man. The bouncer and the waitress still went about their jobs, oblivious to the fact that they had been racially swapped. Crap. The kids from earlier were gone. I guess the bouncer must have chased them out? Ellen probably wouldn't be too happy about that, but I guess we had bigger fish to fry right now. I looked over at the statue-perfect slab of masculinity that was watching the door. He was stretching his back as he leaned his plump ass against the wall. It was hardly professional, but I could hardly blame him. If someone had given me great big boobs like that without me noticing, I'm sure I'd have trouble standing for long periods too.

"Oh my god! Elizabeth!" Ellen yelled, her deep voice half growling as it cut through Elizabeth's laughter. "Stop laughing!"

"Okay! Okay! Calm down!" Elizabeth said, taking a series of deep breaths as she tried to steady herself. She plucked up the device from where she'd set it down on the table and eyed it warily. "I can fix it. I think."

“Wait!” yelled Ellen, reaching out to grab the device from Elizabeth’s hand. “You might just make it worse! Don’t use it if you’re not sure!”

“I’ll be fine!” Elizabeth said, turning her shoulder sharply to try and keep the device away.

Ellen however had longer reach than Elizabeth gave her credit for, and soon she managed to get her hands on it too. For a short terrifying moment, the two of them tugged the small box back and forth between them. Then, suddenly, neither of them was holding in.

For one dreadful moment, time stood still. The device seemed to hang in the air as it tumbled end over end.

Shit.

Both Elizabeth and Ellen made a grab for it, but all that did was knock it around in the air. I reached out my own arm, but it was too slow.

Finally, it crashed into the table, button-side down. The heavy thud all but drowned out the almost imperceptible zzzzttrrrrr as it bounced, the zzzzttrrrrr as it skidded, and the zzzzttrrrrr as it finally settled in front of Ellen.

Shit.

We all held our breath, our eyes scanning the crowd and each other to see if anything had changed, each of us silently, desperately hoping that we hadn’t just been made the unknowing victims in some terrible trade.

“Oh my god.” Said Elizabeth. Her dark baritone was barely a whisper, but it was more than enough to break the stunned silence. “Elles... I’m so sorry.”

Ellen didn’t respond. She was taking a series of deep, slow breaths. Carefully, meticulously, she reached out and retrieved the device, cradling it in her hands. I reached over to rub one of her shoulders supportively, running my hand along the broad width of her back. It was supposed to be a comforting gesture, but I think it mostly just succeeded in sending our tits swaying.

“Alright.” I said, brushing the long blonde hair out of my eyes with my other hand. I was trying very hard to be much calmer than I was. “Everybody just... chill out.” I slapped a hand on the table for emphasis. It was more for my own sake than for theirs, but it certainly got their attention. “We’re just going to take this one step at a time., alright? First, Ellen. Is the device okay?”

“I don’t know.” She said, turning it over and over again in her hands. “It looks fine. Its not cracked or anything, but I have no idea how this thing works. Something could be completely fried inside for all I know.”

"I guess we'll have to test it to see?" I frowned.

"Way ahead of you." She aimed the device out at the crowd of horny guys cluttered around the stage. Currently they were throwing bills at a petite middle eastern girl doing a belly dance around the pole. Her creamy white skin was on full display, naked as she was save for her diaphanous side-cut harem pants. "Fingers crossed."

Zzzzttttt!

"Okay," A relieved grin broke across Ellen's face. "I think it's working."

"You're sure?" I said, looking obliviously at the stage as the stripper finished jiggling her hairy beer belly for the crowd with a flourish that involved ripping off her khakis.

"Pretty sure." Ellen said. "Okay, yeah, that's kind of gross. Putting things back now."

Zzzzttttt!

"Okay then," I said, "so that's good. Now, lets backtrack a bit. Elizabeth, do you want to walk us through that swap you did just now?"

"Hey!" she said, putting up her hands defensively. "Don't blame that on me! The controls got spun as it went out of my hand, sure, but if anyone's to blame here its miss grabby hands here!"

"What!?" cried Ellen. "That's..." she sighed then took a small breath. "yeah, yeah, okay, I probably shouldn't have tried to grab it like that." She paused, thoughtfully, then continued. "but next time I do, let go, okay?"

"I was just trying not to drop it!" Elizabeth countered 'but... fine, okay. Your right."

The two of them looked at each other in the eyes, a little embarrassed.

"Sorry." They both said together, then laughed.

"The important thing," said Elizabeth, running her hands along her flawless brown skin, "is that I don't feel any different. Maybe nothing happened?"

"We have absolutely no way of knowing," said Ellen, cradling her head in her large, rough hands. "I didn't even realize it could do something like that – go off without anyone touching it." Her eyes went wide as she looked up. "Oh god." her soprano voice cracked in alarm. "I've had that thing loose in my bag! It could have gone off like a hundred times by accident by now!"

Elizabeth and I shared a worried look.

I reached out and grabbed Ellen's hand. Her chest heaved as she hyperventilated.

"I'm sure it'll be fine." I said, comfortingly, "You're always so careful with your stuff, and that button takes a bit of push to really set it off, so I'm sure it wasn't getting knocked around enough for that. Besides, you have to aim it, right? Maybe if its in a bag it can't get a bead on a target?"

"You're right." Ellen relaxed a little, squeezing my hand tightly. "I mean... we'd have no way of knowing anyway, would we? Everyone could have dog bodies right now for all we know. Or... dogs could have the bodies that we're supposed to have, I mean. Uhg."

I grinned at her, then woofed.

Ellen just stared at me in surprise for a second, then a slow smile crept across her face and she laughed.

Elizabeth joined in too, and soon the two of us were barking and yipping and driving Ellen into a fit of giggles.

"Okay, okay." She said, smiling. "I get the point. Best not to think about it."

"Oh, that reminds me," I said, brushing the hair from my eyes, "what I meant to ask, Elizabeth, when I asked you what you had swapped earlier, was what did you swap that was causing you to laugh so hard?"

"Huh?" replied Elizabeth, not really picking up on my change of subject.

"Before the device got dropped," I clarified, "what did you swap Ellen with?"

"Y-you're kidding me, right?" Elizabeth looked back and forth between me and Ellen. We looked at each other then back at Elizabeth. "Look at her!" Finally, she held out her arms to gesture towards Ellen dramatically.

"That's what I was trying to tell you!" Ellen sighed. "Only the person touching the device notices the changes. That's why we all needed to be touching it before using it." Ellen clenched a fist. "What did you do to me, Elizabeth?"

"Wait," Elizabeth laughed, "holy crap, really?"

"It's true." I said. "That's why no one was freaking out when those kids suddenly grew boobs."

"Oh!" a look of revelation slowly washed its way across Elizabeth's face. "I was wondering about that." She looked down at the device. "So, wait..." she paused as she did some mental gymnastics. "does that mean we can't, like, switch someone around for fun, and then have them freak out about it?"

"No." said Ellen, frowning. "I went down that exact same line of thought. Its useful not having people freak out about it, but it kind of limits your optio- wait a minute. Elizabeth! Stop changing the subject!"

"Sorry, sorry!" Elizabeth laughed. "But like, look at you! You've totally got *a dude's body* right now! How do you not notice that?"

"A dude's body?" Ellen looked down at herself in disbelief. She squeezed her naked tits experimentally. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, like, you've got the body of a dude. Actually... boobs aside, its kind of nice." She laughed. "Don't get me wrong Elles, you've always been hot – not that I'm gay or anything - but now you've got like, mmf.. that's gotta be a six pack, at least." Elizabeth chuckled. "And look at the beef you're packing on those arms!" She reached out to squeeze Ellen's bulging bicep. "Maybe I'll keep you this way"

"Not funny." Ellen brushed Elizabeth's hand away. She was shooting daggers with her eyes. "Don't even joke."

"Fine, fine." Elizabeth said, waving it off with a guilty little grin. "I'm just saying that of all the bodies you could have ended up with, there are plenty worse."

"Wait," Said Ellen, self-consciously putting a hand on her stomach. "I've... I've got a six pack? I mean... I remember swapping for this on Thursday... It was fit, sure, but like, I got it off a cheerleader. I thought it looked trim, sexy... not all bulgy and gross."

"No, Elles, don't get me wrong, it totally does – look sexy that is." Elizabeth said, "It's like, rawr, girl, I just want you to pin me down and hold me back as you... um... well..." Its funny, she was probably thinking the exact same thing I was. "Nevermind." She shook her head. "But, yes, those are totally dude abs. You've got a dude's body. Since like, 5 minutes ago. Everything from the neck down."

"That..." Ellen looking down at herself and furrowed her brow. "That can't be right..."

"Whose body is it?" I said, looking around the room. I don't know what I was expecting to see. I knew I probably wouldn't even recognize Ellen's body when I saw it but I – wait a minute...

"Elizabeth..." I said, slowly turning back to face her. "did you swap me and Ellen around?"

"What?" Elizabeth laughed. "No! Although now I totally regret not doing that now because that would have been like, way funnier."

"Wait, hold on" said Ellen, looking back up "Are you fucking with us?"

"Huh?" Elizabeth blinked.

"Are you just making this up to mess with us? I thought we agreed no more pranks." I could see the look of betrayal forming behind Ellen's eyes. "That's cruel, Elizabeth. Especially after we had that moment earlier."

“What? No!” Elizabeth put up her arms defensively “No, I’m serious! Its you guys who are being all weird about this! I’m starting to think that you’re the ones who are fucking with me! How can you not notice the six-foot slab of muscle that your head is sitting on top of right now?”

“Well, whatever the change is, I think its probably for the best if you just... change her back.” I said, picking the device up off the table and sliding it towards Elizabeth. She leaned away from it as it approached her, like it was going to explode or something.

“Look, I’ll be honest.” Elizabeth said, glancing down nervously at the little box. “I’m a little hesitant to use the thing right now. Between almost breaking it and what happened earlier... I just...” she seemed to shrink a little. “I don’t think I did it right? Does that make sense? I’m worried something else might go wrong...”

“What do you mean you don’t think you did it right?” I could see Ellen’s heart skip a beat.

“Its just...” Elizabeth fumbled for the right words “It’s like...your body is all different, but your head is the same? Why did it only half work? What did I do wrong?”

“Oh.” Ellen sighed in relief. “That’s what happens when you try to just body swap someone. It swaps their body but not their head. Because, well, it’s a body swap, I guess. Wait, you were trying to body swap me?”

“I just wanted to see if it worked!” Elizabeth cried, defensively. “I wasn’t even aiming the thing!”

“Elizabeth! This is exactly the sort of thing I was trying to warn you about! You have to be careful with it or else god knows what could happen. Like... what if you had swapped yourself with... with... I don’t know, like, a bug or something. And then you couldn’t change yourself back because you wouldn’t have hands any more. You’d be stuck forever and no one else would ever even realize!”

“Oh my god,” Elizabeth laughed, “Maybe that’s what happened to Gregor Samsa!”

“I...” Ellen frowned. “Who? That’s not funny! You could have - wait, if you body swapped me, who’s body is this?”

“Oh, um,” Elizabeth glanced over at the club entrance, then back at Ellen, then down to Ellen’s boobs, which bulged proudly out of her torn shirt. “Well, based on a number of very subtle clues, I think you probably ended up with the body of Mike, our bouncer.”

“What? cried Ellen, turning to look. “No way!”

I turned to look as well. The bouncer was still standing on the other side of the foyer doors, just visible from my angle. As I stared he leaned backwards to stretch out his back, sending his chest bouncing inside his tight little blouse.

"No way!" Said Ellen, again. "You're saying that *that's* my body?"

"From the neck down, yeah." Elizabeth said, looking over and laughing. "But I mean, I think you wear it better."

"But... it's so... so... masculine, and intimidating." Ellen cocked her head. "And... and *masculine*..."

Its true, the soft round lines of the bouncer's curves looked like they were perfectly cut from silk. From his slim shoulders to his wide hips and all the way down his skinny skin-tight jeans, everything about this man screamed out that he was not someone to fuck with.

I couldn't believe it. My baby had the body of an angel, not a titan.

"Well, its like I said," Elizabeth replied, "It's a good look."

"Okay, wait." said Ellen, massaging the bridge of her nose. "That's totally a dude's body. Are you saying I had a dude's body before?"

"What?" said Elizabeth, perplexed. "No! It's like... It's like... why are your tits out right now? Look, see? You must have noticed that." Elizabeth waved a hand in front of Ellen's muscular, exposed chest, her hand barely missing one of Ellen's achingly hard nipples. We all leaned in to get a closer look at Ellen's boobs.

"Your shirt is all torn up right now," Elizabeth continued, "because you swapped a pair of boobs off of one of the strippers onto the bouncer earlier, and then they were too big to be contained and they exploded out of his shirt. Do you remember that? When you swapped bodies with the bouncer, you ended up with his torn shirt, with your boobs just flopping out for everybody to see." Elizabeth took in the opportunity to drink in the sight of Ellen's cleavage. "I didn't want to say anything, but you've been bare chested in front of the whole bar for, like, the past ten minutes as though it's been nothing.

Ellen just stood there, stunned.

"Seriously, Elles," Elizabeth continued, letting out a dreamy sigh, "they're great tits and all. Like, wow. Really, really great. And you know me, I appreciate the show, but you're not the sort of girl who just bares all like that. Like, if we were down at the beach or whatever, that's fine, but right now is the wrong place and wrong time, you know?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Ellen started to turn red as she brought her hands up, self-consciously trying to cover her boobs.

"I bought this shirt yesterday..." she said, stared down at her breasts as she clutched them to her chest. "I... I thought it looked kind of pretty. I thought I could get away with wearing it. I don't see what your getting at, what's wrong with the way it makes my boobs look?"

"I think it makes them look great." I said, giving Ellen a reassuring little smile. It did. The way it hugged to her body showed off every hard line. And sure, maybe it drew some attention to her chest, but that was hardly a bad thing, was it? I brushed the hair out of my eyes as I licked my lips. I wouldn't mind seeing her without it altogether, come to think of it.

"I just..." Ellen sighed and leaned down, burying her head in her hands. "I don't know what to believe any more."

"Holy crap." Elizabeth said, mimicking the gesture. "You guys."

"Here," Elizabeth slid the device over to Ellen with one hand. "Just... you swap yourself back, okay? This is all just too weird for me."

"No." sighed Ellen, sliding the device back. "That won't work. You made the change so you've got to be the one to switch us back. If I do it I'll still think that this was my original body and that would be..." She frowned. "That would just make everything confusing."

"Oh. Duh. Of course." said Elizabeth, slapping her forehead. "I should have realized that." She eyeballed the device. "This thing is so insidious."

"Exactly! That's what I've been saying. You have to be careful with it."

Ellen took a deep, controlled breath. I took her rough feminine hand in my own and gave it a little squeeze. She squeezed back firmly. Firmly enough that I could tell she was really worried, even if she was doing her best not to let it show. Ellen tended to know her own strength, but there are times, like this, where she reminded me of just how strong she was.

"Please, Elizabeth." Said Ellen, looking her friend in the eyes. "I'm asking you as your friend. As the girl who used to chase off Becky Stevens back in grade school; as the girl who covered for you when your mother found your porno stash in high school; as the girl who's always been there to hold your head above the toilet at all the stupid dumb parties you keep going to... please. Please... just, change me back, okay? Don't mess around or anything. I don't know if my heart can take it."

"Wow, Elles..." Elizabeth's eyes grew misty, but she blinked them away. "I didn't realize this was bothering you that much."

"It really is." Ellen gave a half-hearted smile.

"I'm... I'm sorry." Elizabeth glanced down at the device. "I really didn't mean to do this. I'll do my best to change you back, okay? No matter what it takes."

That seemed a little dramatic in my books, but I didn't want to spoil the mood so I bit my tongue.

"Thank you." Ellen smiled.

"It's just..." Elizabeth bit her lip in indecision.

"It's just what?" Ellen frowned.

"W-what do I do if this ends up, with, like, you in your old body but now you have Mike's head? Or like, it just switches your brains around? Or, or... I don't know, something *weird*."

"I thought I just told you not to even joke about that!"

"It's a genuine concern! Now you've got me thinking about bugs and stuff! You've got me all worried!"

"If something like that happens, Elizabeth, I want you to just..." Ellen looked around for a solution, but evidently found none. "...just keep swapping until things are back to normal, okay?"

"Really?" Elizabeth raised an eyebrow as she picked up the device. "That's your back up plan?"

"I..." Ellen sighed "Just roll with it. I trust you, okay?"

"O-oh. Okay. Right. I won't let you down."

"Good." Nodded Ellen. "Please don't."

Elizabeth took the time to carefully go over the controls.

"Okay." she said at last. "I think I'm ready. It's just, point and shoot, right?"

"Right." Said Ellen, holding out her arms out as if daring someone to shoot her. She closed her eyes.

"Wait... Elizabeth..." said Ellen, opening one eye. "Y-you'd tell me if something like that happened though, right?"

"I mean," Elizabeth gave a half-shrug, "as long as you promise not to get mad?"

"Deal." Said Ellen, closing her beautiful eye once more.

"Okay." Elizabeth held out the device. "Here we go."

Elizabeth hovered her thumb over the button dramatically, then closed her eyes as well, as though she too was afraid to look.

For some reason I expected the zzzztzztt to get drowned out completely by the background noise of the club, but somehow, I could still hear it, ever so faintly, at the edge of my perception.

“Did it work?” Asked Ellen, still not opening her eyes.

Elizabeth opened one eye to peak, then another.

“Oh my god!” she let out a low growl of surprise and frustration. “What the hell!?”

“Oh god,” cried Ellen, eyes opening wide. “What now?”

“You’ve turned into a giant chicken!”

“What!?”

Elizabeth snickered, then burst out laughing.

Ellen and I just stared at her in stunned silence.

“Elizabeth!” I yelled, jumping out of her seat. “That’s not funny! You’ve got to fix this before—”

“Relax!” she said, putting her hands up. “Relax! I’m joking! I’m joking! It totally worked.” She turned back to Ellen and stuck out her tongue, playfully. “You’re back to being sexy old you, babe.”

“You jerk!” Ellen yelled, her breasts swaying beneath her blouse as she jumped out of her seat and smacked Elizabeth playfully. “I told you not to joke about it!”

“Sorry! Sorry!” Elizabeth laughed, holding up her arms in a half-hearted defense. “You should have seen your face though! Oh my god!”

I let out a sigh of relief and sat back down. I hadn’t even realized that I’d been holding my breath. I’m a pretty egalitarian guy, but I don’t know how I’d feel about dating a giant chicken. Even if, I guess, she’d have spectacular breasts. Uhg. I was glad I didn’t say that out loud.

Everything looked exactly the same to me as it had moments earlier. If it weren’t for my own experiences with the device, I’d swear that we were all just playing some kind of weird game of pretend. I’m sure that’s what it must have looked like to any onlookers. Just these three people passing around a weird box and laughing a lot.

Ellen’s hands roamed up and down her body, groping her elegant curves in a desperate search for anything amiss, any sign of errant masculinity. “I don’t feel any different.” I don’t think she realized it but with all her sensuous groping she was putting on a better show of it than the girl on stage right now. “Are... are you sure – *absolutely sure* – that it worked?”

“Elles, yes. I’m sure.” Elizabeth said with a grin. She was also clearly enjoying the show. “You don’t have a dude’s body anymore. I promise.”

“Elizabeth,” sighed Ellen, half in relief half in frustration. “I’m going to ask you right now. Please, for the value of our friendship, never use that thing on me again unless I know what’s happening, okay? The idea of just... of not being me...” she shuddered “It really scares me.”

Elizabeth started to laugh a little but stopped when she saw just how serious the look on Ellen’s face was. “Elles, I promise.” she said, holding up her right hand to her chest. “I swear on my future boobs that I will never use this device on you unless you’re like, actively asking for it, okay?”

Ellen leaned back in her chair and let a long breath. “Good.” she said, a relaxed look finally returning to her face. “Thank you.”

“Well.” I chimed in, brushing the hair out of my eyes. “At least now you know how tricky it is to use.” I let out a little self-depreciatory chuckle, hoping to help break the tension a little. “I tried using it yesterday and I just couldn’t get anything right. It was a total disaster.”

Ellen laughed and gave me a gentle little smile, squeezing my leg to let me know that everything was alright. I smiled back, but her eyes had already started to wander downwards. I grinned and arched my back for her, putting a bit of bounce in my chest as I gave her a full view. I really was glad I hadn’t worn a bra today.

“Okay, so, now, with all of that out of the way,” I said, bouncing slightly in my seat to give Ellen a good show. “how about we get on to the main event and figure out a way of getting you the chest you want?”

“Oh, good idea,” said Ellen, holding out her hand for the device. “Here, I’d better take that back.”

Elizabeth drew away from Ellen’s hand. “Oh, come on,” she said, “I wanted to take this thing out for a test drive!”

“What?” barked Ellen “What was all that just now then?”

“Oh that hardly counts!” Elizabeth raised a hand in her defense. “That was totally an accident! I never intended to swap you around, and, while I’m sure we all learned a very important lesson from the experience, I totally put everything back to normal! That’s hardly what I’d call a test drive.”

Ellen and Elizabeth stared each other down. Elizabeth broke first.

“Come on, Elles,” she whined. She sounded like a child trying to get her mother to take her to a theme park. “I didn’t even get to do the thing I was trying to do in the first place! You had plenty of opportunity to play around with the thing, right? Isn’t it only fair that I get a chance to play around with it a bit too? Temporary stuff! Just like you said.”

"Elizabeth..." Ellen Sighed.

"Elles, please?" She was batting her eyes like a puppy. I don't think I'd ever seen this side of Elizabeth before.

"Okay, fine." Ellen conceded, with a face that told me it was against her better judgement. "But be very careful, okay?"

"Of course." Elizabeth grinned. She was already eying up the crowd. Suddenly, she was a wellspring of energy, like a dog with a new bone.

"So, wait," I said, "what were you trying to swap in the first place?"

"I'm glad you asked!" Elizabeth then paused for what seemed like a minute while she experimentally fiddled with the device's controls. Finally, she gestured towards the stage. "See that guy going absolutely crazy in the front row?"

Ellen and I both turned to look. Maybe its just that I didn't really have a good angle, but somehow, in all that commotion, I had completely forgotten that there was a strip club happening behind me.

There was a new girl fresh on the stage now. It wouldn't surprise me, actually, if a few had come and gone while I wasn't paying attention, but this one certainly made an impression. The vivacious blonde currently rubbing herself wantonly against the pole had clearly decided to go hardcore down the sultry bimbo look. There was no nuance there, no subtlety. This was a girl whose appearance had been carefully cultivated to make men desire her. Her tits, each easily the size of her head, bounced back and forth hypnotically in time with the swap of her hips as she strutted confidently across stage. Her big, pouty lips sparkled with the same brilliant shade of pink found in both the streaks in her hair and the skimpy little babydoll that she wore. She had a small garter belt around her right leg, stuffed with bills. Her makeup – especially around the eyes – was completely overdone, because of course it was, but damned if she didn't pull it off. I was impressed. This girl was a professional.

I could feel the blood pumping through me as my nipples hardened. I may only have eyes for Ellen, but damned if I wasn't still a guy, and one with a bunch of stupid jock hormones at that. Right then and there, there was nothing I wanted more than for her to...

Er... sorry, I was about to go off on another tangent, wasn't I? where were we? Right.

I was a little surprised at how good of a dancer she was. She didn't need to be. Based on the reaction of the crowd to her mere presence it was obvious that she had that crowd right where she wanted them from her looks alone. And yet, it was abundantly clear that this was a woman who knew her way around a pole. Her every step, her every minute wiggle, her every coy wink, they were all maneuvers perfectly calibrated to make boys drool.

I grinned. I knew this because she was doing exactly what I'd be doing if I was up there. Not that I'm a fantastic dancer or anything, but I know what men like and I know how to give it to them. I couldn't even remember how many hundreds of hours I'd spent practicing all those same flirty little looks, all those sassy struts and sultry little wiggles in front of the mirror, trying to get everything just right. She made it look like she was a natural, but I could totally tell. What she was doing took dedication. This girl had my respect.

I did a bit of a double take as I caught a glimpse of one of the posters along the back wall. It featured this exact woman in this exact outfit and pose. Candy Coxwell, it said. I snickered a little at the name. I guess she was one of the headliners? She certainly seemed a cut above the rest of the girls we'd seen. This must be her signature performance.

"Sorry, what? Who?" asked Ellen, snapping us both back to reality. I could tell that she too had gotten caught up in Candy's little show. Not only was she having a hard time looking anywhere else, but she was practically drooling as well. That's Ellen for you though. She never could look away from a pretty face. Honestly, I found it kind of cute, like she was a puppy dog eyeing up a big juicy steak. My smile took a sultry little turn. We'd both get plenty of opportunity to satisfy each other's hungers when we got home.

"The guy in the suit!" Elizabeth pointed again.

The guy in question was one of the older patrons. Well, he was older compared to the college crowd, at least. Honestly, even though he stood out, he didn't look too far removed. I remember thinking he had looked a little out of place when we had arrived. Like, he was wearing a suit. Did people wear suits to strip clubs? It wasn't the kind of suit you'd wear on a date or anything either, it was like, a business suit. Did he just come from some kind of Saturday afternoon meeting? Or was he just dressed like a professional to show off to the girls here? Maybe he just wanted to communicate that he had a job, and therefore more money than the rest of the guys here.

"The lawyer looking guy?" Ellen asked. I laughed. He did totally look like a lawyer.

"Oh, please." Elizabeth rolled her eyes. "He's like, only just barely a lawyer." She sighed. "And yes. That's the one. That's Marcus. He's one of the regulars here. One of the stupid *asshole* regulars here." She let out a rocky growl as she said this. I could see the anger boiling up in her eyes as she spoke. "He thinks he's god's gift to women just because he's got a whole bunch of his daddy's money to throw around and because he has, like, the biggest goddamn dick." She sighed again. "It's like... oh my god, just look!"

I turned my attention back to the stage. Sure enough, Marcus had taken out a wad of bills and slapped it down on stage. He was yelling something over the music to the girl and waggling his eyebrows lasciviously. I couldn't quite make it out what he was saying, but I could tell it was filthy.

"I thought you liked guys with big dicks?" chimed Ellen.

“Oh my god, don’t get me wrong. I do. I *totally* do. Like, yum.” Elizabeth bit her lip. “The bigger the better, that’s my policy. But that’s the part that pisses me off, is that the sex was mind-blowing. Like... wow...” I couldn’t tell if the low sigh she let out was dreamy or angry. “But the way this guy behaves is just the worse. I like guys with big dicks who respect me as a person after we’ve had sex. Not who think of me like some kind of disposable fuckdoll who’s only there for their convenience. I want a guy with a big dick who also has some personality, you know? And who likes me for more than the things I can do with my body. Also, like, they gotta be rich... and great in bed... and they have to make me laugh. That’s not too much to ask for is it?”

Ellen, her eyes still glued on the stage, laughed.

The dancer, Candy, had crawled off the stage provocatively, and now stood in the center of the small throng of lustful men. She gave a coy giggle and a smile, like there was nowhere in the world she would rather be than right there in the middle of that pile of horny boys. Then, when she was sure she had everyone’s attention, she slowly started a little burlesque dance, waving her body in time to the music as she showed off her increasingly naked body to the boys, and to that guy Marcus in particular, who seemed to be right at the center of her attentions.

Before too long, her babydoll had come off entirely and, with a cheer from the crowd, her huge breasts were allowed to swing free for all the world to see. I couldn’t help but notice the way her small nipples, tiny but hard in the cold air, just seemed to make her boobs look all the bigger in comparison. She cupped one hand over her chest and gave a faux-bashful wink at the crowd as she twirled her negligee over her head a few times and then tossed it back on stage.

“Wait,” said Ellen, looking away from the show just long enough to give Elizabeth a disapproving look. “You slept with him?”

“Only, like, twice?” Elizabeth confessed. “There was a blowjob at some point, but that totally doesn’t count.”

“Twice?” laughed Ellen “Oh my god Elizabeth.”

“It was no big deal, okay? He tipped good and well... he really does have the biggest fucking dick. Like, no offense, Elles, but it was even bigger than yours and you’ve got the biggest dick of anyone I know.”

Ellen laughed. I shot her a sultry little smile and gave said dick a little under-the-table squeeze through her jeans. It was true, my sweet little baby really had the most magnificent monster of a cock. It pulsed back at me in appreciation. Damn, she was really enjoying this. I squirmed a little in my seat. Between this and all the excitement on stage I was really starting to get wet.

“But,” Elizabeth continued, “It was a mistake. He’s been a cocky cock asshole every since. Like, just because I blew him in the washroom on my break doesn’t give him the right to treat me like I’m some kind of slutty whore whore-slut skank, you know?”

"I mean... what did you expect to happen?"

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. "Clearly, Elles," she said, "I expected him to be so impressed by my skills as a fellatrix that he'd fall madly in love with me and change his badboy ways forever, showering me forever in money and affection and lots of crazy-hot big-dicked sex."

"Has that ever worked?" Ellen laughed.

"I could show you my skills first hand if you'd like," said Elizabeth, raising her other eyebrow and wagging them, "then you'd know why I'm so proud of them."

I coughed. Ellen just let out another laugh.

"No thanks." She said. "No offense Elizabeth, but watching you hook up with random guys wasn't fun in high school and it continues to not be fun now."

"Uhg." Elizabeth sighed. "the worst part about all this is that I can't even complain about him being an ass to any of the other staff here. We have to watch out for the place's reputation, so we're not allowed to sleep with any of the customers."

"So why do it?" I asked.

"Well, I mentioned he had a big dick, right? There were rumors... and I was curious... and then they turned out to be true... and then there we were in the men's room stall... and it was, just... it was a whole thing okay? It was like... right there in front of me. What am I supposed to do in a situation like that? Say no? Uhg. Look at him. Happy as a clam in butter."

Sure enough, Marcus's cocky grin stretched from ear to ear as Candy gave him a lap dance, grinding her tits and naked thighs against his suit. I was actually kind of amazed how well she managed to give him so much of her attention while simultaneously putting on a complete show for the rest of the crowd. I had never seen so many guys so jealous before, and trust me, I was an expert on the subject.

As she gyrated before them, the boys were clamouring to get their money into her garter, now the only strip of fabric that she wore, and to brush their hands against her thigh. She cooed as they did this, blowing kisses and winking. They looked like they had fallen in love.

Nearby I could see that Mike, the bouncer, now presumably in his own body again, had moved inside and was keeping an eye on the situation. His arms were crossed impatiently underneath his bosom. He clearly didn't trust the crowd not to get rowdy, but Candy seemed to know what she was doing. Just enough tease to keep them wanting, not quite enough to make them think they've been invited. That's the trick.

"So, what are you going to do with him?" I asked, glancing down at the device in her hands.

“Watch this.” She let out a deep, diabolical laugh as she pointed the device at Marcus and hung her finger melodramatically over the button.

“Wait!” yelled Ellen, but it was too late.

The zzzztzzttt, all but imperceptible to those who don’t know for what to listen, echoed around in the back of my ears and then...

Nothing.

Okay, well, not quite nothing. Elizabeth’s jaw had dropped.

“Elizabeth!” chastised Ellen. “didn’t we just have a big heartfelt conversation about this!?”

If Elizabeth heard Ellen’s admonition, she gave no sign of it. Instead she let out a squeal, half out of excitement, half out of laughter. “Oh my god!”

I turned to look. The stripper, Candy, was grinding her ass against the guy’s flat crotch, reverse cowgirl style, giving the crowd a perfect view of the way her enormous donkey-sized dick and balls swayed hypnotically in time with her tits. The crowd was loving it. With an exaggerated leg motion, she spun around on Marcus’ lap, baring her bare back to the leering boys, and then she started to slap and grind her stiff, meaty member against Marcus’ suit, dragging her heavy balls against his thighs in a series of long sensuous thrusts.

I hadn’t really gotten a good look until now, but as swollen and ready to go as her dick was, it was her enormous balls that really stood out. They throbbed in time with her heart beat, like they were trying to escape the flush folds of her hot sack. I really did have to hand it to her, the girl had a great body. Like, wow, they must have been the size of eggs, easily. She slapped her cock against Marcus’ chest as she rose up slowly, swinging her hips left and right, sending her hungry balls bouncing around like they had a mind of their own. I smiled. It was like a primal display to let everyone know that here was a girl with a lot of love to go around.

Marcus was giving Candy a predatory grin. He was trying to be cool and in-control of the situation, but he was clearly getting hot under the collar. Candy had him right where she wanted him.

“Okay, wait, wait,” Elizabeth said, snapping herself back to reality. She began to furiously start spinning the dials on the device. “I want to see if I can take it a step farther.”

Ellen and I exchanged a worried look.

“I don’t know if that’s such a good idea.” I said.

Elizabeth though was too far gone. “Alright, you son of a bitch, you like the girls here so much?” she grinned “Let’s see how you like being one!”

Elizabeth slammed her finger down hard on the button and once again the only sign that anything had happened was the faint zzzzttrrr which washed over the periphery of my awareness.

I looked over at Ellen, who simply shook her head in disbelief.

I turned back to look at the stage, where, in the middle of the crowd, the stripper continued to gyrate under that Candy girl's naked ass. He was rubbing the smooth crotch of his suit against her enormous butt as he grunted and cooed in faux delight. Her dick bounced up and down against her tits as she struggled not to crash down on the gyrating stripper.

It was probably the weirdest lap dance I'd ever seen, but I guess when a girl starts throwing that kind of money around, they can have it whatever way they want. The crowd seemed interested at least, even if they weren't really as in to him as I'm sure he'd like.

With a dopey grin and a bit of a stumble, the stripper disentangled himself from his client, though if the naked lawyer-girl's rock-hard straining cock was any indication, she didn't want him to go.

Loosely shaking his flat ass to the horny boys, the stripper then began to awkwardly climb his way back onto stage, where he began to stiffly dance around the pole while he opened his jacket in a seductive flourish. Or, well, he tried too, anyway. It got caught on his elbows.

"Oh my god! I didn't think that would work!" Elizabeth put her hand up to her mouth. She was doing everything she could not to laugh so hard the whole club would notice, but she looked like she was going to break down at any minute. "He's – he's terrible!"

What was she changing? Had she thrown something out of proportion? Made him lose his balance somehow? I looked back at the poster for inspiration – maybe it hadn't changed? But no, it was still advertising club headliner Marcus Moskovitz hanging awkwardly from the pole in his suit. I smiled again at the name. Stripper names, man, they were just so ridiculous.

The crowd was... less than jubilant. Honestly, I don't think I could really blame them. He didn't have anything going for him. He wasn't even that good looking – not that I'm gay or anything. Maybe that was the problem, the crowd just wasn't here for beef. You'd think someone like that would be able to make up for it with a bit of a show or something, but this guy's moves were, by far, the absolute -

Zzzzttrrr!

- best thing I'd ever seen! Buttons went flying as he ripped his shirt open, a move that sent the crowd cheering. With a series of lithe but firm undulations he then began to sensuously rub his exposed, hairy chest both with his hands and against the pole, and then a short flip later, he was swinging round and round, suspended upside-down by just his legs as he twirled gently downwards. His ruined shirt, having fallen down to his elbows fluttered behind him like a cape.

Upside-down, He gave a sultry wink as he blew a kiss to the naked girl in the front row. She blushed and put her suitcase on her lap in a feeble attempt to hide her throbbing erection, then she pulled a few bills out of her garter and slipped them on stage. While most of the audience was enjoying the show, she seemed to be the only one really appreciating it. I guess someone was here for the beef after all.

“Much better” laughed Elizabeth, already resetting the device’s controls. “Oh, I wonder who else I can do that with?”

Zzzzttttt!

“Elizabeth!” cried Ellen.

Zzzzttttt!

“Hold on! Hold on!” said Elizabeth, gasping for breath between laughs. “I’m on such a roll, Elles! Oh, oh, one more, one more! Candy always hated that name anyway. I’m sure it –” she choked on her own laughter, “– I’m sure it’ll be far more appropriate on him!”

“Elizabeth!” Ellen cried again. “Stop!”

Zzzzttttt!

Okay, wait, so that means she just swapped their names? The sign still said Candy Coxwell though. That had to be a stage name, right? So maybe it swapped their real names around? So the lawyer, Marcus, who was leaning forward over the briefcase that she was desperately trying to hide her monster erection with, had not always been named Marcus?

But, no... I frowned. If that was the case it would mean Marcus would have a guy’s name, wouldn’t she? I mean, there weren’t really any other girls in the area to swap with. And I mean, Candy was a stripper’s name, sure, but looking at the way he owned that stage I couldn’t help but think that it was certainly a masculine one.

Speaking of Candy, – or whatever his name was, – he was finally down to point where he was removing his silk, blue-striped boxers now, wiggling his hips with his back to the crowd as he slowly slid them down his legs. He then turned to give the audience a good show off his bare pussy as he arced one of his stubby naked legs up onto the pole and began to grind his snatch into it with a faux sexual desperation. A moment later he had entangled his legs around the pole and was spinning while slowly descending, leaning back with his head as he spun down to the ground where he landed in the splits, still putting on a show of desperately making love to the pole. Honestly, it was kind of gross - like I said, I’m not gay – but it was all part of the show, I guess.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Elizabeth cried, “last one, last one, I promise.” She spun the dials madly. “Let’s go all the way and really make him completely a girl inside! Then we’ll see how he feels!”

"For shitsake, Elizabeth!" Ellen slammed her hand on the table "Calm your tits and listen to me!"

Zzzzttttt!

With that, Ellen reached out to grab the device out of Elizabeth's hands. My stomach leapt into my throat as, for a fraction of a second, I was convinced it was going to go crashing down into the table again. Luckily, this time, Elizabeth put up no resistance and just sort of fell over laughing instead. I let out a sigh of relief then brushed the hair out of my eyes. That was a close one.

Ellen and I just stared at each other as we waited for Elizabeth to regain her composure.

"Wait... wait..." said Elizabeth, trying to blink the tears out of her eyes as she looked up at the stage. "did that last one not work?"

"Elizabeth." Ellen said, sternly.

"What?" said Elizabeth in-between deep hysteric breaths. "You're not laughing? You don't find that funny? That was hilarious!" another great big grin broke out across her face. "Oh my god did you see the way he was wiggling his tiny little butt!?" She fell back into her chair as another fit of laughter overwhelmed her.

"I told you!" Ellen said, leaning over and giving Elizabeth a disciplinary smack on the head. She was holding back, I was sure. "Only the person holding the device notices anything!"

Elizabeth's laughter skidded to a halt. "Oh my god!" She looked up at the show on stage then back down to us. A guilty grin broke its way across her face. "Right, right, right! I completely forgot! I'm so sorry!"

Ellen let out an exasperated, disappointed sigh.

"Elles, sweetie," said Elizabeth "I'm so sorry. Its totally hilarious though. Like, you're totally missing out. I just used the device and made it so that that guy up there-"

"We heard." Ellen interrupted, curtly "You were getting revenge on that co-worker you slept with. We could hear you giggling about it."

"Co-worker? No, no, see, it's like this, he's..." Elizabeth faded as she looked at the seriousness within Ellen's eyes. She decided to not press the issue. Ellen's eyes, beautiful as they are, had a tendency to sparkle like dark glass when she was angry. They were doing that now. "You know what?" she floundered, shying away from Ellen's gaze. "Close enough."

"Elizabeth," I said, "you scared the shit out of us just now."

Ellen frowned, sighed, and nodded reluctantly. That sort of thing is always hard for her to admit.

“Oh, oh, honey no.” as soon as Elizabeth saw Ellen’s expression change she seemed to sober up. “I’m sorry! That wasn’t my intention at all. I just... forgot. I won’t do it again. Here.” She put the device on the table. “I’m done.” She paused for a second then added with a slight grin, “For now.”

Ellen reached out and slid the device across the table towards herself.

“This is just...” Elizabeth continued. “this is the greatest thing that’s ever happened to me. Like, right now, deep down? I’m so happy. I mean, look at me.” A grin broke across her face. “I can’t stop smiling. My head is just so full of fun ideas. And, well, I guess I got a little carried away. But, there’s a whole world of stuff we can do with this! Like, oh my god, I can think of a bunch of people off the top of my head who we could really teach a lesson with this thing.”

“No.” said Ellen, flatly.

“No?” Elizabeth’s grin broke.

“No. We can’t just go around swapping people for revenge. I mean, sure, I understand the desire. It was like, number three on my list of things to do with it, but-”

“Wait,” Elizabeth interrupted “what were numbers one and two?”

Ellen glanced over at my tits, then back at Elizabeth.

“Don’t worry about it.” she said. “The point is, I understand, and I’m sure using it for that sort of thing feels really good. And it makes you feel powerful –so powerful... like, wow... – but it doesn’t change people. Well, it does, but they’re like, on the inside... except when it does...” Ellen frowned, then coughed gently. “My point is that it punishes people but it doesn’t teach them a lesson. If you use the thing for petty revenge you’re just making someone else’s life miserable – hell, not even that most of the time – and they’ll still be the same terrible person they always were except now you’ve gotten some other person caught in the cross fire as well. Does that make sense?”

“Kind of?”

“It sounded better in my head.” Ellen frowned.

I gave her leg a supportive squeeze.

“Alright, Elles,” Elizabeth said, taking Ellen’s hands into her own. “What if... and hear me out on this one because I’m going on a bit of a journey here...” She looked deeply into Ellen’s eyes. “What if they really... like, really *really*... deserve it?”

Ellen laughed. “Well, if they really *really* deserve it, we’ll talk.” She looked down at the device. “Even then though, you’ve got to get creative about it or else they don’t even realize they’ve been swapped.

They just keep going about their lives nonethewiser, even if they now have, like, a dog's body or whatever."

I laughed. The mental image of Ellen's bully from the mall yesterday jumped to my mind, except now she had a little chihuahua body and she was trying to be fashionable with a bunch of little tiny dog clothes. Personally, I was glad that Ellen had taken yesterday's lessons to heart. I know it was tough on her, but she was really trying to be the best person she could be. How could you not love a woman like that?

That's what I choose to believe, anyway. Realistically I knew that it probably had more to do with the fact that she was trying seem more mature and responsible than her friend, but still, I like to give my girl the benefit of the doubt. Elizabeth and Ellen had known each other long enough that they could sometimes be very different people around each other. It always surprised me to see how competitive Ellen could get and how eager she was to always be right. In a way I was envious. I was pretty lonely growing up and I'd never really been that close to anyone the way these two were.

Elizabeth, however, just rolled her eyes at the statement. She looked like a kid who'd just been told that candy has too much sugar in it. That was the other shoe, I guess. This was not the first time that Elizabeth had heard all this.

"Okay, fair point." She said, holding up her hand. "No petty revenge. I'll keep it small and simple and conservative and contained and all that good stuff. Happy?"

"Yes." Laughed Ellen. "I don't mean to rain on your parade or anything Elizabeth, you can have as much fun with this thing as you want, but come on, if you're going to do anything you gotta make sure we're aware of the changes, right? Otherwise, where's the fun in it for us? Plus, well, its like Evan said, its kind of terrifying."

"It's not really that bad, is it?"

"Here." Ellen said, picking up the device. "Watch."

Without taking her eyes off Elizabeth, Ellen swung the device around and pressed the button several times.

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Elizabeth and I both flinched, our eyes wide. My heart was pounding in my chest as I desperately scanned around the club, looking for any changes.

“Relax!” Ellen laughed. “That was just an example. I just swapped some of the dudes in the crowd back and forth. But that could have been anything, couldn’t it have!? I could have randomized half the place just now, or I could have turned you into a bug or swapped away your education with some puppy’s obedience school.” Ellen took a deep breath. “And you’d have no way of knowing, would you? And that’s terrifying, isn’t it? That would drive you crazy, wouldn’t it?”

Elizabeth nodded slowly, the stunned look on her face giving way to a wry smile, then laughter. “Fair point.” she said. “Don’t ever do that again.”

“And don’t forget,” Ellen added “you gotta swap your co-worker or whatever back too at some point, okay?”

“Aww.” Elizabeth whined, looking out onstage. “But I’m still enjoying the show.”

Back on stage, Candy was just finishing up his set. His ragged black business socks and his shiny black shoes the only stitch of clothing on him. He had a few bills stuffed in his left sock, probably from the lawyer girl in the front row, who was the only person really getting into things, but this man was clearly a professional and he wasn’t about to let a cold room ruin his set.

Ellen shrugged, “I mean, it doesn’t have to be right now, but its best you do it before everyone’s moved away and spread out and it becomes such a pain in the butt tracking everyone down to get them all back to normal.”

“Uhg, yeah, that doesn’t sound fun at all. Okay, fine.” Ellen held out her hand. “Here.”

Ellen gave a long hard look at Elizabeth before finally handing the device over. She placed it gently but firmly in Elizabeth’s hand, making sure that her friend had a good grip before letting go.

Elizabeth looked back towards the stage as she fiddled around with the buttons a little. A small smile breaking out of the corner of her lip.

Zzzzttttt!

The small smile began to grow on Elizabeth’s face as she readjusted the controls and fired again.

Zzzzttttt!

The grin grew even bigger, dominating her face. She looked like she was some cartoon villain trying desperately to withhold an evil laugh.

Zzzztttt!

I turned my attention back towards the stage, some small part of me still desperately hoping I'd be able to figure out what she was doing.

Candy gave a great big wink as he blew a kiss to the crowd. I guess his set was over. As he walked off stage his skin was flush and his tight blouse clung to the sweat on his chest. He seemed hotter even than you'd expect from a guy who'd just been dancing for the past who knows how long. Sure, not a single patron seemed to be really into *him*, but it was pretty clear that he was totally into *them*. He ate up the way the guys looked at him, the way he exposed himself for them, the way he could put on a show for them. He was practically panting and his pussy was positively dripping. Here was a man who enjoyed his job.

"Alright," said Elizabeth, putting the device back down on the table. "Everything's the way it should be."

"See?" Ellen smiled warmly. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

"No, I guess not." Elizabeth had a look on her face again, like she couldn't stop grinning if she tried. She must really get a kick out of that thing. "I um. I went ahead and undid the changes from earlier too." She added. "Well, the kids kind of ran away with the boobs, and um, well, the girl with the face we'll have to wait for her to come back out a little later in her shift, but the rest I put back. Which is to say Mike and Kim are back to normal."

"What?" Ellen groan.

I looked over at the waitress and bouncer in question. I don't know what I was expecting, but everything looked the same. The waitress fluttering around the tables was still Asian and the bouncer was still black. Had it been the other way around? I couldn't even picture it.

"Elizabeth," Ellen chided. "We can't tell that anything's different, remember?"

"I know! I know!" She protested "But I figured I might as well, while I was putting things back. I mean, it doesn't matter too much if you two are seeing them as wrong now. The important thing is that everything else is back to normal, right?"

"Yeah, okay," Ellen sighed. "I guess that's true. Okay, look, now that you've had a test run with the device, how about we get back to business, okay? We need to find an ethical way of getting you bigger boobs. Do you have a pair in mind? Anyone you're envious of?"

"Well," Elizabeth looked Ellen in the eyes, then down at her naked breasts. Ellen's delicious nipples abutted proudly in the warm air of the club. As if on cue they began to stiffen. "I can think of a few..."

To be continued in part 9: Breast Friends Forever!

Zzzztttt!