

Warning: this chapter is rated a lusty, boobier-than-normal R and includes boobs, tits, melons, pancakes, betrayal, romantic changeroom sex, boob swaps, oblivious friends, oblivious boyfriends, slutty drinks, strippers, girls with dicks, girls without dicks, girls sitting on their dicks, funny backstory moments, flirtatious male waitresses, reality blindness, delicious wings, slow service, a happy parade of dongs, ripped clothes, confessions of love, big mistakes, wet t-shirts, body dysphoria, and two lovers who don't realize just how close they've come to oblivion.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 9— Breast Friends Forever! =

By Razmagurk

Ellen was talking, but I don't think Elizabeth was paying any attention. She just couldn't seem to look away from her best friend's naked tits.

I couldn't blame her, they were pretty magnificent. I mean, sure, they were huge, and that was nice, but it wasn't just the size, it was the shape, the bounce, the way they hung off her... a number of variables that all just came together to create something that was still somehow more than the sum of its parts.

And, oh god, don't even get me started on her nipples.

So yeah, long story short, Ellen was talking, but neither of us were really paying any attention. We were both way too busy staring at her naked tits. I'm glad she had decided to wear them bare today. As a fashion choice, it was a little conservative, sure, but she was trying to walk the line between trying to dress a little more feminine and it being so obviously feminine that people gave her weird looks and it was a nice compromise.

Eventually, Ellen stopped talking. There was a pause as she looked at Elizabeth expectantly.

"Wait, sorry..." Elizabeth raised her head, but her eyes lingered. "What?"

Ellen gave an exaggerated sigh, sending her bare breasts swaying. "I said," she said, "that if you have a particular pair of boobs in mind, we should see if we can corner them somewhere so that we can explain everything to them."

"You know what?" said Elizabeth, smiling wryly and giving a bit of a laugh. "Somehow I don't think that's going to be as tricky of a proposition as you think."

"Oh?" she raised one of her lovingly arched eyebrows. "Why's that?"

"Well, um, you know..." Elizabeth scratched an ear awkwardly. From the look on her face, however, it was clear that Ellen did not in fact know, so Elizabeth continued. "It's always been kind of hard to admit it, but I mean, we grew up together, so you must at least suspect it, deep down, right?"

"Suspect what?" Ellen furrowed her brow in concern, wary she was walking into some sort of trap.

"The boobs I've always most admired, Elles..." Elizabeth took a deep breath. "Are yours."

"Mine!?" Ellen laughed sharply, looking down derisively at her double black diamonds.

"Yes, Elles, yours!" Elizabeth sighed. "Ellen I've always been jealous of your boobs! Ever since that one summer at all-girls camp when everyone was giving you all the attention while I got none. I mean, look at them!" she stuck out her hands and groped the air in front of Ellen's heaving melons. "They're just so... *sexy*." She swallowed hard. "I mean, I know that guys never found you all that attractive, but that's their loss, hun. There's not a girl alive who wouldn't kill to get her hands on those puppies."

"Elizabeth!" Ellen crossed her hands over her chest in an effort to show some modesty, but that really just caused her cleavage to spill out over her arms.

"Point of order." I chimed in. "I'm a guy and I think she's amazing."

Elizabeth rolled her eyes "Guys in general, I mean. Look, this also solves the issue of finding some third party to get boobs from doesn't it? It's not like we have to explain all this to you, right?"

"I... yeah... I suppose." Ellen was pensive, nervous. "Still though..." I could see her mind turning.

She wasn't seriously considering the offer, was she? I tried picturing her with smaller boobs, no, with Elizabeth's completely flat chest. It was... actually kind of fine? It didn't bother me as much as I was expecting. I mean, my pussy was a little disappointed, sure, but it hardly gets a vote. It would be pretty awkward seeing those intimately familiar orbs end up on Elizabeth, but it's not like I was dating Ellen for her looks. She would still be my baby. Besides, what she decided to do with her body was her choice at the end of the day and I'd support her decision no matter what.

Ellen cupped her chest contemplatively. "I mean, I get that these things aren't even mine, I've only had them a couple of days now, but, well... I don't want to give these up." She blushed. "I *really* like these boobs."

"So do I!" laughed Elizabeth.

"Well what am I supposed to do? If I give them to you then I'm going to be the one with... I mean, no offense or anything, but I'd be the one with small boobs. Not that there's anything wrong with that."

"Oh, no, Elles, no offense taken, I get it. Completely. Don't even try to front. It sucks." Elizabeth shrugged "I guess you'd have to find a new pair?"

"Honestly, Elizabeth," Ellen looked down at the device, then over at the stage. "I had kind of just assumed you'd want to snatch a pair from one of the strippers."

Elizabeth followed Ellen's gaze. Sure enough there was a lot of boob on display. "Uhg, It's tempting, Elles, it really is." She bit her lip as she glanced back and forth between the girl on stage and Ellen's

enormous rack. "How about this? How about we both keep an eye out on the girls as they come out. If either of us sees a pair we like, we can sample them for a bit to see how they feel. Maybe we find a pair I like and I take those, or maybe we find a pair you like and I take yours. Its win-win."

"That does makes sense, I guess." Ellen nodded reluctantly. "It doesn't really solve the issue though... one of us is still going to have to talk a girl into giving up her boobs."

"Wait, hold on," I laughed, "you want to sample their boobs?"

"Of course." Elizabeth smiled. "You wouldn't buy shoes without trying them on, would you?"

"Oh my god, no way. Trying it on is half the fun!" Great. Now that I was thinking about it in terms of shopping I couldn't help but grin like an idiot. Obviously you'd want to try everything on first... and you could probably spend all day just mixing and matching, and, damned if it didn't actually start to sound like a lot of fun now. I was kind of jealous.

In the back of my mind I couldn't help but imagine a whole mall of people shopping for body parts, bartering away traits and features and hunting for a good deal. Okay, it was a little creepy, granted, but wasn't that where all this was headed? Wasn't that the logical conclusion of the existence of something like the device?

"And I mean," Elizabeth continued, "this is a much bigger commitment than a pair of shoes. And it's not like anyone will notice, right?"

"I suppose." Ellen was still half lost in thought. "No sense in committing to something you're not going to be happy with. It took me, like, an hour of swapping before I was happy with the way I look."

"Wait," I shot a worried look in Ellen's direction. "An hour? Really?" I hadn't realized she had been so unhappy with her appearance. I knew she didn't like a few things here and there, and that she had a general lack of self confidence about that sort of thing, but I didn't realize it was that extreme.

"Well, maybe not actual hours." Her breasts swayed as she shook her head. "But it took me more than a few tries, that's for sure."

"Still..." I frowned.

"Oh please." She waved her hand dismissively as she raised an eyebrow in the direction of my chest. "It took less time then it took you to decide on that top."

I looked down at my skimpy little top and laughed. "True." She had me dead to rights. I'd spent forever trying to decide on what to wear this morning, hadn't I? In my defense though, everything I had tried on had ended up either torn off of me or discarded on the floor, a casualty of our incessant lust. Seeing that she, too, was staring at my cleavage, I arced my shoulders back and thrust out my tits as I sensuously ran a hand along my cleavage. "But aren't you glad I wore it?"

I could feel my skin heating up. All this talk about boobs was really starting to get my blood pumping and thinking back to how well an thoroughly we had explored our passions this morning was certainly not

helping. With a practiced sultriness, I brushed a lock of my hair back behind my ears. From the looks of Ellen's tightening jeans, I could tell I wasn't the only one getting all worked up. I licked my lips.

"Oh, you have no idea," she said. Her breath was heavy. I could feel her gaze roaming across my body as she leaned in towards me. I could only imagine the things she'd do to me if we were alone right then.

"Wait, hold up," interrupted Elizabeth, experimentally jabbing a finger into Ellen's bare shoulder. "It took you that long to decide? What exactly did you swap about yourself, girl?"

Ellen just blinked for a moment as her brain abruptly shifted gears.

"Oh, geez," she said, blushing. "It's kind of embarrassing."

"Come on, Elles, dish up! Did you used to have some kind of hideous birthmark or something? Ugly scar? Third testicle? Are you secretly like, a 60-year-old dude?"

I tried picturing her as an older dude and shuddered. The other things I was pretty sure I could handle, but I guess I had to draw the line somewhere.

"No, no!" Ellen laughed "it's nothing like that! I wasn't hideous or anything, geeze. I just, um, I made a lot of little changes. Like, my nose, and my hair, and my lips, my facial structure, skin, hips, legs, feet, butt... Just... a lot of little bits from a lot of different people."

I frowned, but Elizabeth spoke before I could. "Oh wow" she said, "I'm surprised there's any of you left! You really went whole hog, huh?"

"M-maybe?" she glanced in my direction. "Looking back I admit it may have been excessive, but like I said, I was drunk."

"So, wait..." said Elizabeth, slowly. "Do I get to do that?"

"What?"

"I want to go whole hog too! I mean, look at me," she gestured downwards at her body, "and then look at them." she gestured towards the stage. They must have been between acts because there wasn't anyone there at the moment, but her point got across nonetheless. "It's like we're in a whole other world, them and I, but with that thing I could be like, the sexiest girl in the club! I could have guys drooling over me left and right."

"Elizabeth," I chided, "you don't need some magical device to make you beautiful. You're plenty beautiful just the way you are. Besides," I smiled jovially, "the sexiest girl in the club is obviously Ellen."

"Aw," Ellen laughed, "Thank you baby."

"Thanks, Evan." Elizabeth gave me a sad little smile. "That actually means a lot to me. But try telling that to my asshole boss, or my asshole exes, or like, any of the asshole men who would rather go home with all the other random hoes before they'll go home with me. No, I'll be beautiful once I have great big tits

that I can wave in everyone's stupid vain petty asshole faces." She slapped her hand on the table in frustration. "And if I happen to get me some great big dick sucking lips and a nose job and some nice long blonde hair along the way, then hey, I'm not complaining."

Elizabeth took a deep breath to calm herself down. Obviously self-conscious about it, she ran her hand through her unkempt mess of short brown hair. I frowned. Sure, Elizabeth was lacking when it came to curves, but she had a great face. It was a very natural looking kind of beauty that she did great things to enhance cosmetics-wise. Bigger lips and a different nose would completely spoil the whole look. But then, from what Ellen had always told me, Elizabeth had always cared more about getting guys to sleep with her than about actually looking nice.

"Wait, hold on" said Elizabeth, turning back to Ellen. "How'd you get so many people willing to trade all their good features away? What were you offering them?"

"I um." Ellen blushed as she failed to meet Elizabeth's gaze. "I didn't?"

"Double standard!" Elizabeth gasped and pointed her finger. "*J'accuse!*"

"It's not like that!" Ellen cried "I was uncharacteristically drunk! And I had just gotten the device and, and, I didn't know what I was doing! I didn't even realize it was real. It felt like I was in some kind of weird video game or something building a character. A sexy, perfect character." She sighed. "Except the next thing I know I've swapped all the cheerleaders and football players around and I'm losing track of who has my eyebrows and everything's just so hot and I'm not thinking too clearly and and..." she took a moment to steady herself. "It was a great big mess, okay?"

I squeezed her hand.

"Aw, Elles." Elizabeth took her other hand. "That completely sucks that you had a bad experience with it, but you can't let that get you down. I mean, hey, at least you got a great body out of it, right?"

"I'm just glad Evan arrived when he did." Ellen smiled. "Thanks to him the night ended on a positive note."

"Aww, I'm glad I could be there for you." I leaned over and gave her a kiss. "I love you, baby."

"I love you too," she said, returning the kiss tenderly before leaning in to give me one with a bit more gusto. Soon what had started as a tender moment of shared vulnerability devolved into a parade of carnal desires. I let out a soft moan. Like the rock hard dick currently struggling against her skinny jeans, Ellen's passion was only just barely being contained.

Elizabeth was rolling her eyes of course, but neither of us noticed.

For a moment I thought I felt the soft Zzzztzzt of the device echoing in the back of my brain, but the sound was drowned out by my more pressing need to get as much of Ellen's sweet wonderful tongue in my mouth as possible.

A quiet “oh my god” broke Ellen and I apart. We grinned sheepishly as we separated. Elizabeth had the device in her hands and was toying idly with the knobs, but her focus was clearly down beyond the device.

Elizabeth was staring slack-jawed at the boobs jutting out of her chest. It was like she’d never seen them before. They jiggled as they strained and squished against the boundaries of her way-too-tight shirt. That poor top was clearly being pushed past its limits. What fabric wasn’t bulging was instead hanging down off of her breast like a waterfall, completely failing to hide her midriff. The expression on her face was one of complete disbelief.

She glanced over at Ellen’s delicate and petite chest and practically did a double take. Ellen’s small perky nipples, so prominently displayed on her small and elegant boobs, were hard with desire as they strained hotly against the club’s cool air. Her breathing was still quick with desire from our little makeout session, and while she lacked the bosom to really heave, it was still more than enough to make her little mounds wobble slightly with each heavy breath.

Elizabeth looked back down at her boobs as a slow grin broke across her face.

I raised an eyebrow suspiciously. Wait, did she just swap something? But before I could think too much of it, my brain was completely hijacked by the mouth-watering scent of fried food and sugary sauces. I didn’t know what exactly it was, but the way it tugged at my brain reminded me of just how incredibly hungry I was feeling.

“Sorry for the wait!” bellowed a flowery alto from somewhere behind me. “Our dear bartender has suffered a bit of a wardrobe malfunction and she had to go change shirts. And, uh, well, we’re a bit short staffed in the back on account of Stacie taking the day off. Something about none of her good shoes fitting? You know how those cheer girls can be, right Liz?”

I turned to look at our waitress. His huge muscular form and bouncing tits unmistakable as he eclipsed my view of the stage. In each hand he had a tray piled high with drinks and food.

“Huh?” Elizabeth glanced up from her breasts and stared directly into the breasts of our waitress, then she gave a huge grin and laughed. “Oh, right.” Was that a tear in her eye? I didn’t realize it was that funny.

I glanced over at the woman behind the bar. I guess the uniform she had been wearing before just hadn’t quite been up to the task of hiding her boyish chest. The shirt she had now was a kind of simple white thing with the club’s logo on it. It looked like something the bar probably broke out for wet t-shirt contests or as giveaways. Seemed like a good thing to have a few extra of lying around. It wouldn’t surprise me if a place like this occasionally needed to clothe some very drunk and naked patrons.

“Here you go, Liz. Wings, three specials, three beers, and a threesome of slutty drinks.”

The food was quintessential pub food. It was rich, golden and fried through and through. Again, not normally my cup of tea, but I was practically drooling at the smell. The special, as it turns out, was a set of little sausage thingies wrapped in a kind of deep-fried croissant batter that had been folded up to

look like a dress. They weren't quite corndogs but they were served with some kind of creamy white sauce and they smelled heavenly.

"Orgy." Elizabeth corrected. "The group noun for it is an orgy."

"Honey," Mike countered, "It'll be an orgy when they can schedule a fourth, until then it's a threesome."

"Well then what do you call it when there's just two?"

He laughed. "A good start!"

Now, I don't normally spend a lot of time in bars or clubs or whatever, so I'm not exactly an expert on the subject, but the drinks in question were a trio of those old-fashioned whiskey glasses, each filled with an opalescent liquid that had a milky white suspension floating like a cloud in the center.

Mine had a cherry skewered in it.

"Sorry, this may sound like a dumb question," I batted my eyes up at the handsome Asian features of our waitress. "but what exactly makes these drinks slutty again?"

"You'll find out real soon." He gave me a coy little wink, then laughed. "Oh, and hey, sorry for bumping into you earlier." He put his hand on my shoulder and bent down, his bare breasts bouncing as they hung boldly out of the huge tear in his shirt. "I didn't really get the chance to apologize. I shouldn't have been out in the foyer anyway. Its bad luck if any of us get seen before the patrons get approved by Kim."

I looked over at the small black girl standing guard near the club's entrance. She had her hands folded securely over her manly chest in a gesture that indicated she wasn't about to take shit from anyone. On most people it would be an intimidating stance, but between her diminutive height and the way her little toga-themed uniform seemed designed to show off her ample behind and her loose chest, it looked more sassy than scary.

"No, no," I smiled apologetically, "It was my fault. I was completely distracted."

"Still. I should have said something then. Plus," a bounce on his heel sent his mellons wobbling, "you're Liz's friend, and that makes you our special guest." He gave me a flirtatious smile and put his hand on my shoulder. "I didn't know she had invited such handsome friends."

"Oh um." I smiled back politely. "Thank you." I twisted my body a little to give him a better look down my top, but to my surprise he continued to look me in the eyes instead. I blushed a little, I was used to getting attention from boys, but it was rare that they were ever really interested in me for anything but my body.

"Thank you, Mark." said Elizabeth. She wasn't laughing, but you could tell in her voice that she was about to be. "This all looks great."

With that, and one last wink, Mark stood up straight once more. He then stretched his back, an act which involved thrusting his jiggling chest within a few inches of my face. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" he asked, lowering his voice by an octave for emphasis. *"Anything at all?"*

"Actually, mark," Chimed Elizabeth "I was wondering..."

"Oh?" Mark forced a grin as he turned to look at Elizabeth. He clearly didn't appreciate her intruding upon his game.

"Yeah," Elizabeth waved her arms at Mark's exposed breasts. "What's up with your uniform?"

"Oh, yeah," he let out a lyrical laugh, "it's a little ripped isn't it?" He held out his arms a little to model his tight torn shirt and black khakis better. "But it's no big deal though, is it? What about it?"

"Well, shouldn't you be wearing, you know, the waitress outfit instead of the bouncer uniform?"

He gave Elizabeth a blank stare.

"Are you feeling okay, Liz? I mean, sure it's not exactly the same as when it came out of the box, but that's not really any different from all those alterations you keep making to yours. It's hardly any less of a waitress uniform because of it."

"You're right. You're right." Elizabeth grinned and picked up one of the mugs of beer. "Of course. I Don't know what I was thinking. Here, let me just – whoops!"

Watching Elizabeth and her mug crash into Mark was like watching the tide crash into a stony cliff.

"Oh shit!" she gasped. "I'm so sorry."

Chilly amber liquid dripped off of Mark's exposed chest as he stood there in shocked silence.

"Shit!" she scrambled for a napkin "Let me get that for you!" Suddenly Elizabeth was in tight with Mark, patting down his shirt and chest with a soggy paper napkin, groping perhaps a little too purposefully at both his hard muscles and his soft tits.

"I swear, Elizabeth." Mark said with a half laugh, locking eyes with Elizabeth and raising an eyebrow "You're worse than the customers." He put one of his heavy hands on Elizabeth's shoulder and firmly pushed her away. "These things happen. I'm fine. This isn't the first time at work I've wound up covered in beer. At least the uniform is the club's, right?"

Elizabeth's grin widened. "Hey, yeah, we have a bunch of spares in the back, why don't you go get changed into one of them?"

"I really shouldn't leave the floor unattended, but yeah, that's probably a good idea." He sighed. "As much as the guys here dig the wet t-shirt look, I'm not looking forward to having my tits smell like dried beer all night."

I don't think I'd ever heard Elizabeth giggle before, but sure enough she was doing it now.

"Alright," Mark bent down to pick up the now empty mug. "I'll be back in a little with another glass for you, okay?" Amazingly, despite Marks' uniform being so soaked that it clung to his muscular skin, very little of it seemed to have actually ended up on the floor.

"No rush." Laughed Elizabeth. "Sorry again about that."

Turning to leave, he gave one last look over his shoulder in my direction. "Bye, cutie."

Ellen gave him a dirty look as he walked away while Elizabeth sat back down. Once she was certain he was out of hearing range, Ellen let out a huff. "Why the hell does everyone keep flirting with my boyfriend? I'm right freaking here!" Frustrated, she folded her hands across her flat, bare chest.

"Wait, what?" I looked back over at the retreating waitress as he swung his hips through the staff door in the back. "Was he flirting with me?"

Elizabeth's gaze had returned to her boobs. She just kept grinning.

"I mean," Ellen continued, "first that slutty slut at the slut store yesterday and now this?"

"It's okay baby," I laughed, "I'm used to it. He probably didn't even mean anything by it, I'll bet he was just fishing for tips."

Elizabeth nodded sagely, eyes still locked on her smooth, brown cleavage. "Yeah, it's practically part of the job description. Waitresses have to be constantly flirting with the customers. He was laying it on a bit thick though." She turned to me and winked. "He must like you." She suppressed another laugh. "Besides," she ran her eyes along my body, "with a body like yours, can you blame him?"

"Oh my god. Speaking of bodies," I turned to Ellen "did you see the boobs on that guy?"

"Right!?" She snickered then broke out into a huge grin. "I had to bite my tongue not to laugh! Especially with the way they kept swinging around when he was bending over! I thought he was going to kill someone with those things!"

We both burst out laughing.

"That's why we all have to be on the same level when you swap people back." Ellen said, turning to Elizabeth, "Evan and I see him as still having, like, these great big tits hanging out of a ripped shirt."

"I mean," Elizabeth snickered "he totally does."

"Right, right, but like, to us it seems so completely foreign. It's like, that's a chest that belongs to a stripper or something. It does not belong on a guy like that." Ellen grinned. "And the way he kept showing them off, oh my god, and then you got beer all over him!" She and I both laughed again even harder. "It's like, how do you not notice that you've just got your boobs hanging out for everyone to see?"

Ellen was laughing so hard that even her delicate little breasts were jiggling.

“Oh!” cried Elizabeth. “Oh yeah! That must be so strange for you guys.” She chuckled a little to join in.

I reached out and squeezed Ellen’s hand. At that moment I felt so close to her. We hadn’t really been out to do anything fun in a while. We’d been having lots of sex, sure, but that’s hardly the same thing. This was nice. Even when we weren’t fucking, I enjoyed just joking around and being with her.

“Well,” said Elizabeth, eyeing the spread on the table before us. “I was going to propose a toast, but I guess that’s not happening now that my beer is gone.”

“Can we not toast with shots?” I asked innocently, brushing an errant lock of hair out of my eyes.

“You can’t start with shots.” Elizabeth warned. “Beer before liquor, something, something, something. Remember?”

“Wait,” Ellen looked down at her shot glass “Isn’t the other half of that, like, get drunk quicker or something? I thought you were supposed to start with shots.”

“I thought it was, um.” I tapped my heel as I tried to remember the right word. “End up sicker, isn’t it?”

“What?” Elizabeth frowned “No! It’s... um... shit that does rhyme doesn’t it? Have I been doing it wrong this whole time?”

“That would explain a lot.” smirked Ellen.

“Oh, shush, you’re hardly one to talk, little miss ‘I got so drunk I swapped away all my body parts.’”

“Hey,” Ellen frowned, “not funny.”

Elizabeth gave her a consolatory little frown. “Sorry.”

“I think the important thing,” I said, “is that you get a lot of food and water in your belly to soak up the alcohol. How about we get to eating? I’m starving. I basically just want to put as much of this hot meat in my mouth as soon as possible.” I winced internally. I had intended that to be cleverer, but what can I say, I was hungry.

Luckily, Ellen’s horny little brain didn’t seem to mind very much. I don’t know if it was me or the food, but she had a very hungry glint in her eyes. I leaned in and gave her a long and sultry lick of my lips.

Before we could go any further though, Elizabeth interrupted. “Guys?” Okay, yeah, that was probably for the best. We didn’t want another make out fest. I mean, not that I’d have minded, but right now there were more important matters to attend to.

“Right, sorry.” I laughed. “Let’s do a toast, then.” I raised my glass. The milky white suspension jiggled. “Wait...” I eyeballed it suspiciously. “What’s in this drink again?”

“Something white and creamy.” Elizabeth said with a chuckle.

I glanced over at Ellen and smiled. This wouldn’t be the first creamy load I’d swallowed toda—“Oh! I get it now!”

Ellen and Elizabeth laughed.

“A toast then.” Elizabeth began, raising her glass “To um...”

“To sharing life’s bounty with friends!” I said, raising my glass.

“To good people who will stay with you through thick and through thin.” Ellen raised hers.

Elizabeth looked a little embarrassed as Ellen said this, but then she shook her head a few times and pumped her glass up in the air so quick I was worried it was all going to come spilling out.

“To tits!” she cried, as her breasts threatened to burst straight out of her top.

We all laughed as we clinked our glasses together and downed our shots.

It was vile and salty and rich and as soon as I got it down my throat I kind of wanted more. I struggled not to cough. I wasn’t expecting it to be quite so strong.

The food, as it turns out, was amazing. Maybe it was just my hunger, or maybe it was just something that agreed with my new metabolism, but it was hands down everything Elizabeth had played it up to be. It was hardly a full meal, of course, but it was all still surprisingly filling.

The wings, especially, deserve special mention. They were probably the best things I’d ever eaten. Honestly, I don’t know why that place bothers with the strip club at all. They’d be raking it in hand over foot if they just doubled down as a wing join. Seriously, you should go get some when we’re done here. You’ll be amazed.

True to his word, a short while later Mike returned with a replacement beer for Elizabeth. It was all we could do to collectively hold our laughter as this slab of a man - this statue - mincing about in his little toga uniform, had to struggle with a top that could barely contain both his expansive back and his prodigious tits, which now threatened to spill over the silky material with each step he took.

We all sat there for a while in idle conversation as we ate, our spirits lifting as the food and alcohol soaked its way through our bellies.

It wasn’t long however before Ellen found herself completely distracted. A new girl had made her way onto the stage. Honestly, I was a little disappointed with most of the girls I’d seen here tonight. The place had a few really great dancers, sure, but it had a lot of pretty average ones as well. No one could really hold a candle to what that Candy guy was doing earlier. Even the girl stepping out on stage just then, who the guys were eating up, just didn’t seem to have any of the right moves.

This new girl was an elfin looking thing with long dark hair and an elegant evening gown that perhaps showed a little bit more skin than was strictly speaking proper. Her makeup was professionally done to give her a look of class and nobility. Her breasts were not especially large, but they seemed larger on the girl's smaller frame. Still, Elizabeth and Ellen were both now staring at the girl's tits jealousy. There was a deeper look there though, like they were eyeing up a lobster in a tank.

To my disappointment, any semblance of elegance the girl may have had disappeared once her dress hit the floor. Underneath was an elaborate array of lingerie that culminated in a carefully positioned crotchless g-string. Bills went flying up onto the stage as she then proceeded grinded herself gently along the pole in time to the music.

"Oh my god," Elizabeth looked down at the device and grinned. "I just had a great idea."

"Oh no." said Ellen. "What?"

"Here." Elizabeth grabbed for the device and made some adjustments to the controls before setting it down in the center of the table. Cautiously, Ellen and I also reached out to put a hand on it.

Zzzztttt!

If I hadn't just swallowed, I'd have done a spit-take. The girl on stage was suddenly sporting an enormous erection, her new cock and balls hanging down low from the gap of her crotchless g-string. I couldn't really say how big it was, but just like her boobs, it looked all the bigger for the girl's petite frame.

I frowned. As obsessed with them as Elizabeth was, I, like most straight guys, tried to avoid looking at dude's dicks if I could help it. I'd seen my fair share of them, of course. Back in high school I hadn't been able to pass through a locker room without like, 90% of the class sprouting uncomfortable boners, but that sort of thing is unavoidable and it's not like I exactly enjoyed the experience.

"Oh my god. Of course *you'd* think to do that" laughed Ellen "It's a shame the guys in the crowd don't share your love of huge dicks."

"Are you kidding me?" Elizabeth grinned. "Look at them, they're clamouring for it!" Sure enough, a cheer went out in the crowd as the brunette sent her dick spinning with a series of short, circular hip gyrations. "They love it!"

"That's so weird." I said. Holding my hand up to block my view of her engorged swinging member.

"Wait, wait, oh my god." a grin spread across Elizabeth's face. "I wonder if... I wonder she'll get more tips if she has a bigger dick?"

"What?" Ellen Laughed "How would that work?"

"I don't know, but I kind of want to find out!" Elizabeth picked up the device and started spinning the dials.

“Just... “ Ellen sighed. “Just remember you’ve got to swap everybody back afterwards, okay?”

“Who me?” Elizabeth said with mock innocence. “Always.”

With all of of us touching the device, Elizabeth aimed and took fire. The gentle Zzzztzzttt Zzzztzzttt Zzzztzzttt rattling in the back of my head again and again, each time making the poor girl’s crotch suddenly and dramatically different. I tried to look away, but I had to admit, I was morbidly curious. It was like Elizabeth was channel surfing through a cable package of dicks: big, small and everywhere in-between, in all shapes and sizes and colors, all perfectly framed by the girls crotchless lingerie as she danced her heart out. Like a happy parade of dongs, It would have been beautiful if it wasn’t kind of gross. Dicks aren’t really my scene, even when attached to a beautiful woman.

I turned to look at my wonderful Ellen. She was also staring up at the stage, her lip curled up in a sneer. I guess she felt the same way. I gently rubbed my hand along her leg and gave her dick a gentle squeeze. She gave me a naughty grin, which I returned. As far as I was concerned, she was all the show I needed.

Zzzztzzttt!

Elizabeth, at least, seemed to be enjoying it, and, somehow, the crowd was as well. Elizabeth had it timed to the beat and every few seconds cheers would erupt from the crowd when she got bigger, or die down when she got smaller. If I didn’t know any better I’d swear they were somehow in on it.

Zzzztzzttt!

“See?” Elizabeth took a drink with her free hand. “It’s totally working. They love it!”

Zzzztzzttt!

“I don’t believe it,” said Ellen. “It’s got to be, like, observation bias or something. They shouldn’t notice anything different at all!”

Zzzztzzttt!

“Wait, hold on,” I said. “Are you not swapping her back to normal after each time? Wouldn’t that like, end up randomizing all the dicks in the room?”

“M-maybe?” Elizabeth stopped for a moment and then looked down guiltily at the device.

“Elizabeth!”

Zzzztzzttt!

“But it’s fine!” she said, resuming her ministrations. “I’ll go back through the crowd after in the opposite order afterwards and everything will be back to normal, right? Right now, I want to see what everyone’s got!”

“Wait...” sighed Ellen “Are you just doing this to see who has the biggest dick?”

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

Zzzzttttt!

“Well shit. I am now.”

Zzzzttttt!

“Oh my god, Elizabeth.” Ellen slapped at Elizabeth playfully.

“No, that’s brilliant, Elles.” Laughed Elizabeth. “I didn’t even think about that! I could totally use this to scout potential dates! I mean, did you see that last one? Quite little cutie in the back, he comes here every weakened and never says a word. I’d have never suspected! I mean, I totally didn’t know he had it in him. Mmf... wish he’d put that thing in me...”

“Elizabeth!” Ellen raised her voice “I think that’s enough.”

Zzzzttttt!

“Aww, but I’ve still got a few left.” She laughed. “Plus, look, See? She’s totally getting more tips when her dick is bigger. I’m doing her a favor.”

“Yeah, because you keep swapping her to a bigger dick right before she does all the fancy stuff! The only way they’d even notice enough for it to make a difference is if she literally explodes out of a thong or something and they think it’s a part of the show. No, she keeps getting more tips because you keep timing it so that she does. Its experimental bias!”

Zzzzttttt!

This particular dick happened to be especially long, and the guys let out a huge cheer as the girl acrobatically swung herself around the top of the pole, sending her enormous meat stick swaying out with the momentum.

“See!?” Ellen and Elizabeth both said at the same time, pointing at the poor girl’s junk. They glared at each other, then burst out laughing.

Zzzzttttt

Elizabeth’s laughter petered out as she continued looking at the stage. Somehow, this one was even larger, and, more to the point, it was thick, like a slab of meat with large weighty balls. Elizabeth, sighing loudly, set down the device.

“What?” Asked Ellen, leaning in.

"Look at her!" she sighed again. "The guys are going crazy for her!"

"Yeah, and?"

"I... I think I'm jealous." she squeaked.

"You're jealous of the girl you just gave some dude's huge dick to?" I laughed.

"Yes! Maybe!" She sighed again. "I don't know! Its like, that's everything I want to be! I want guys to cheer at me! I want guys to drool over me and just give me a bunch of money because of how badly they want me. Its like... maybe I should give myself a dick like that?"

Ellen choked on her beer. "What!?" she coughed.

"I mean, no one would know, besides me. Us. And look at them, they love it!"

"Elizabeth! First of all, she's a strippy stripper stripping stripperly in a strip club, of course they're going crazy for her. She could have a third leg and walk out in a paper bag and they'd be going crazy over her as long as she wiggled her boobs at them. The fact that she's got an enormous floppy meat rod has nothing to do with it."

Elizabeth picked up the device off the table and gave a bored inspection to the dials.

"Second off," Ellen said, her eyes returning to the stage "even if guys did like your dick, then you'd have some guy's dick between your legs, and trust me when I say that it's more trouble than it's worth!"

We all had a good laugh at that.

"Of course *you'd* say that, Elles." Elizabeth shot a funny glare. "But when has that ever been a problem for me?" We all laughed again.

Zzzzzttttt

"And thirdly, " Ellen continued. "you can barely keep your cock under control as it is. Remember all those wardrobe malfunctions in high school? Sure, the guys liked them, and I'm sure you love that, but it's just not practical. you can barely find panties that fit as is!"

"Oh my god!" exclaimed Elizabeth, sitting bolt upright as she started squirming in her seat.

"Wait a minute..." Ellen turned her head towards the device and raised an eyebrow. "Elizabeth? What are you up to?"

"Sorry." Elizabeth let out a nervous laugh and grinned sheepishly. "You're right Elles," She set down the device. "I'm better off – Ow!" Elizabeth yelped in pain. "Ow! oh my god! Ow!" her hands shot to her crotch as her face suddenly went red. She looked like someone had just punched her in the gut.

"Oh my god, are you okay?"

She groaned. "I think I just sat on my balls."

"I told you!" Ellen said, pointing a finger. "See? You're always doing stuff like this!"

"Ow, ow, ow!" Elizabeth repeatedly slammed her hand down the table "Oh my god, this is the worst! I need to... I need to..." Elizabeth's tits bounced as she hastily stood up. "I'll be right back!"

Riiip.

Elizabeth froze. Ellen laughed. I politely looked away.

"Oh. My. God." Elizabeth slowly returned to her seat. "Okay, this was a mistake." She croaked. "Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed."

Ellen, still laughing, put a hand on Elizabeth's shoulder, supportively.

"Okay, hold on." Elizabeth scootched her chair in as far as it would go, pulling herself tight with the table. "We can fix this. Elles, let's –"

"I'm not using the remote to get you new pants."

"Oh come on!" she cried. "Why not?"

"No." Ellen smiled. "Look, you have your uniform here, right? You'll have to wear that."

"Uhg. That short skimpy little skirt? But its so short and skimpy! I'll..." she went red. "I'll be all..." she dropped to a low whisper, "*hanging out.*"

"Yeah, that's kind of the point, isn't it?" Ellen smirked. "When has that ever bothered you before?"

"I... yeah, okay." Elizabeth's eyes scanned the horizon as she rock back and forth in her seat. "Your right, it's the best option. But um... could you..." Elizabeth squirmed some more. "Could you go get it for me? I'm totally flopping out all over the place here."

"You don't have it with you?"

"No, I don't have it with me." Elizabeth rolled her eyes. "It's in my bag in my locker in the changeroom!"

Ellen sighed "Can't we ask one of the other employees or whatever? Don't they have like, spare clothes here anyway?"

"Uhg! No! Everyone who works here is a total catty bitch." Elizabeth looked around to make sure no one was listening. "They'd never let me live it down."

"Oh my god," Ellen sighed. "Fine."

"Thank you Elles!" Elizabeth gave a desperate little smile. "It's right near the bathrooms – you go through that door in the back over there and then turn left instead of right. There's like, a little electronic lock. The combo is *6969* because our boss is a perverted man-child. I'm locker number 12. Its um... it's the same combo lock I used on my locker back in high school, do you remember it?"

"Yeah, I've had it burned into my memory since that time with all the condoms."

"Oh, right. I forgot about that. Sorry again for that, by the way."

"It's fine." Ellen shuddered. "I don't even want to think about it. Just promise this isn't going to be a repeat of that."

"I promise! Thank you Elles! I don't know what I'd do without you!"

"You'd be putting on quite the show," she laughed, "that's what."

"Please hurry!"

"Right." Ellen stood up. "Evan, you come with me. If we get caught it'll be less weird if there's two of us."

"Will it?" I raised an eyebrow.

"I'd rather have someone think I'm just ducking out to make out with my boyfriend than I'm there to steal all the waitress's panties or whatever like last time."

"Last time?" I asked. I knew Ellen and Elizabeth had gotten into some misadventures before, but it was usually the last thing Ellen ever wanted to talk about, so I wasn't really too caught up on the details.

"This isn't the first time this has happened." She laughed. "I'm just glad Elizabeth actually has her own clothes this time."

Elizabeth gave an apologetic shrug.

"Okay," Ellen sighed. "we'll be right back."

"If we don't come back," I added, "avenge our deaths."

We all laughed.

"Oh, Elizabeth." Ellen said, holding out her hand.

"Huh?"

"The device."

“What?” Elizabeth looked down at the device in her hand, like she’d been caught fondling the one ring. “Oh. Sorry. Here.” She smiled guiltily and handed it over to Ellen, who slid it into her bag.

Luckily getting to the locker room wasn’t all that difficult. It was just opposite the bathrooms, so no one really batted an eye as we made our way across the floor of the club.

Now, I want you to take a moment and imagine what you’d expect the women’s locker room of a strip club to look like. It’s okay. Go on, I’ll wait.

Are you picturing half-naked beauties lounging about sexily in between make-out sessions and sweaty pillow fights? Alright, so maybe that’s a bit of an exaggeration, but that’s more or less what I was expecting. I could see that same glimmer of hope in Ellen’s beautiful eyes as she squeezed my hand tight.

As it turns out, this was not that kind of changing room. This was more like a locker room, like you’d see at a gym or any place of business where people need to change into their uniforms. It kind of reminded me of the change rooms back in high school actually, except, well, cleaner. I don’t know if that’s just because it was the women’s locker room or because that’s the way they like to keep it. I’ll admit the fact that it was no boys allowed made me a little nervous, but at least I had Ellen if anyone walked in.

That was the other thing. The place was empty. I was expecting that we’d have to stealthily navigate through a horde of semi-naked girls. Turns out this was not the changeroom where the strippers all changed into their sexy nothings in preparation for their sets. No, this was for the employees, not the talent. I’d get to see where all the talent got to changed up close and in person soon enough, of course, but I don’t want to get ahead of myself.

Lockers lined the walls and there were a few nooks and crannies populated by benches. A door in the back seemed to lead off to the employee bathroom, which I was surprised to find was also immaculate. It smelt kind of like chlorine, maybe they had just cleaned?

Number 12 was, appropriately enough, the bottom of a pair of half-lockers. As I bent over to get a better look I could feel one of Ellen’s hands gliding sensuously along my hip. I smiled. I guess I had given her a pretty good view of my ass, huh? I stood up straight and leaned back, pressing my back into her bare torso. I could feel her hot breath on the back of my neck and the hot skin of her chest against my back. God, she felt so good.

I melted into her.

That was all it took, really. A quiet room, a moment’s privacy, and one lingering touch. There was this unspoken energy between us. We both knew what the other wanted.

I gave a coy grin as I rolled my hips back and forth for her. Gently, side to side, like I was dancing to a music just for us, letting her follow along with one hand and then – there it is – the other. I arced my back and stuck out my hips, wiggling them gently as I swayed back and forth. I could tell that she was watching. I could tell she was enjoying the show.

“Baby,” she sighed softly into my ear. I shivered. “I love you so much.”

"I love you too." I said, turning my head and glancing over my shoulder. I gave her an inviting little wink and a come hither smile. "what brought this on?" It was unusual for her to say those three little words first. She was still a little self conscious about it I guess. I told her I loved her all the time, but when she said it, it meant something.

She bit her lip as her hands sunk lower. "All of this... swapping stuff..." she blew gently against the nape of my neck and my knees went weak. "it's really made realize just how lucky I am to have you." I gasped softly as she flipped up my skirt. I could feel her skin heating up as my heart pounded in anticipation. I was glad I had worn a side-tie thong today, and that, ah, just like that, it was gone.

"Elizabeth is, well, she's a bit of pain in the ass." She gave my butt a playful slap. "But you... you just rolled with it. I can *trust* you with this." Her hands lingered as she gently fondled. "When Elizabeth holds the device I feel like it's a gun is about to go off, but when you have it..." she squeezed. "I feel safe."

"Aw, baby." I laughed, brushing a hot strand of hair out of my face. I was breathing heavily. "You shouldn't. You saw what happened at the mall." I leaned my weight back, pushing into her hands. I wanted more.

She laughed too. "I'm serious though." She spun me around. Face to face, I was looking up at her. We were so close. Hot breath on hot breath. Her scent was intoxicating. "There's no one else I'd rather have with me through all this." She kissed me gently once. "I can't even imagine not having you here." Twice. "If it wasn't for you I'm sure I'd have done something... stupid. By now." And a third time. She smiled at me warmly. Then pulled me in close. "I don't ever want you to not be in my life." We lingered there a moment, with her holding me tight. I loved how safe I felt in her arms. Warm, content, like nothing else in the world mattered.

Eventually I looked up at her, staring deeply into her eyes as we parted. I gave her a long lingering kiss.

"You're not giving yourself enough credit." I said, sliding my chest out from under my top as I grinded my tits into her soft, petite breasts and kissed gently into the side of her neck. I could barely suppress a gasp as our stiffening nipples rubbed together.

"See?" She grinned contently as I kissed and rubbed my way down the valley of her torso. "You're so supportive. "What- " She let out a sharp little gasp as I got to the edge of her jeans. "What did I ever do to deserve someone like you?"

But my answer would have to wait. My skillful tongue had made short work of her button but I was having the hardest time getting her zipper down with my teeth. But if that's the price I have to pay to see my baby in a pair of sexy jeans, well, I was just glad she hadn't worn a belt.

She gasped as I finally got her great big dick free.

I slid myself along the length of her body and gave her a long hard kiss, then, again, I looked her deeply in the eyes. Her beautiful hazel eyes shone in adoration. "Baby," I said, softly "I've loved you from the moment I first laid eyes on you. You're like an angel who also happens to be my best and only friend. I'm the one who is lucky to deserve you." I softly kissed her lower lip before continuing. "So don't you ever

think you're not good enough or that you don't deserve me, okay? Because you mean everything to me too, and you'll never have to worry about being without me, because we're going to spend the rest of our lives together, alright?"

"I love you." She smiled.

"I love you too." I smiled back.

After that, well, one thing led to another, and neither of us were in much of a position to do any talking.

Now, um. Look, as I've said, I don't like to kiss and tell. We'd both been drinking, and we both had a lot of pent up sexual energy that we just really needed to work out. I guess seeing all those girls on stage had really gotten to her.

So, long story short, and I don't mean to brag here, but I think I can cross getting fucked doggy-style in a strip-club locker room off my bucket-list. I know, I know, it's not the most romantic thing in the world, but, well... I mentioned how horny this body was, right? How frustratingly insatiable it could get? I've been trying not to harp on about it, but I've been no less horny.

The worst part, of course, was that we got interrupted. A couple of girls who must have been just starting their shift walked in right as we were approaching the good part. Luckily we were a row over from them and despite all the noises I was sure I was making, I don't think they heard us. Or maybe they're used to people having sex in there, I don't know. While I found the whole experience terrifying, I think maybe it must have triggered something in Ellen because no sooner had they left than she picked back up with gusto, slamming into me again and again and again like some sort of wild –

Er, right. Anyway...

Eventually, we made it back to Elizabeth. She was staring nervously at the girl on stage, her hands tucked under the table and folded over her lap. She was still beat red. She must have been really nervous indeed because she was breathing kind of heavily. There was a smell in the air that I couldn't quite identify.

"Finally!" She said, flushed and embarrassed.

Ellen handed Elizabeth the bag, which she down on the table. She dug around in it until she finally pulled out the skimpy little toga themed skirt I'd seen her in earlier.

"Wait." She said, holding the skirt taunt to its full length. "Fuck."

"What?"

"Oh my god, I didn't think this through." She clutched the skirt to her crotch under the table. "I can't..." her eyes darted around the room. "I can't get changed out here in front of everybody like this!"

"Really?" I frowned. "After all that?"

“Okay,” Ellen sighed. “So... what? Do we let someone know what happened? Do you want to make a bolt for the locker room?”

“No!” Elizabeth whined. “Someone would see me!”

“I mean,” I said, looking at the girl on stage. “I think they’re pretty thoroughly distracted.”

“Uhg. Your right.” She sighed. “Running would draw too much attention to myself. I’ll have to do it under the table. Why’d I have to wear such a tight skir--” she stopped abruptly as her eyes focused on the tile marks on my elbows.

My chest bounced as I self-consciously tried to hide my arms behind my back.

“Wait a minute, were you guys having sex just now?”

Ellen and I shared a look of feigned innocence, but we were unable to suppress our smiles.

“I can’t believe you guys!” Elizabeth half-shouted, as, under the table, she started to surreptitiously shimmy into her short skirt. “Here I am in real trouble and you two are off fucking the first moment you get. Betrayal! That’s what this is!”

“Oh come on,” said Ellen, her voice rising. “You ditch me for sex all the time! Is this any different from that time at that Saint Patrick’s Day party?”

“That was different!”

“How?”

“I- I hadn’t gotten any all week.” She blushed. “And he was *french*. J’adore, Elles. *J’adore*!”

“I had to walk home alone because of you, Elizabeth.” Ellen put her hands on her hips. “And that’s not even including that time you completely bailed on our history project to go stay the whole weekend with the wrestling team during that big competition, or, or, that time I thought you got nabbed by that sex-cult!”

“That was false advertising!” Elizabeth sighed. “But, okay, okay, point taken.”

After a lot of wiggling and bouncing up and down in her seat, Elizabeth finally managed to get her skirt on. She sighed heavily.

“You okay?” asked Ellen.

“Yeah, I just...” she winced. “Those shorts were way too small”

“Oh, girl,” said Ellen, finishing her beer. “I could have told you that. I don’t know how you squeezed into them in the first place.” Her dainty breasts wobbled as she set her empty mug down.

I looked down at the beer in front of me. Somehow, I'd only gotten half way through mine. I may have had the body of a quarterback, but that quarterback must have been a total lightweight because I felt like I'd gone through three drinks already.

Elizabeth took a long drink from hers as well, leaning back awkwardly in her seat as she finished it off. She completely failed to hide the fact that she was also drinking in the view of Ellen's tight little body as she did so. There was a soft thump from under the table.

"Oh my god." Elizabeth sighed in exasperation as she put down her mug "I really have made a huge mistake."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"This skirt isn't doing anything! Its so short that it's just going to... Its going to... you know..."

"It's going to what?" Ellen asked, innocently.

"Y-you've got a dick, Elles, you know what it's like!"

"What what's like?" Ellen laughed. "I don't know what your talking about."

"Its... it's *hard*, okay? And my skirt is doing nothing to hide it, but I guess you wouldn't know what that's like." She let out a frustrated groan. "I'm just... I'm just so horny right now for some reason."

"I'm not surprised." Ellen laughed again. "You've been drinking. When are you not horny when you've been drinking?"

"Yeah", Elizabeth sighed, "this was definitely a mistake." she shifted uncomfortably in her seat. "Okay, I can think of two solutions to this problem. First: Ellen, can I see that device for a second?"

Carefully, Ellen fished the device out of her bag. "Wait." she paused. "Hold on. Why? What do you want to do with it?" she clutched it to her chest "I'm not letting you steal some poor girl's clothes."

"It's nothing like that, Elles, I swear." Elizabeth glanced around and laughed. "Besides, none of the other girls in here are exactly wearing much better."

"So what do you have planned?" Ellen asked.

"I um..." Elizabeth forced an innocent smile "I can't tell you?"

"Seriously?" Ellen stopped smiling. "After that moment we shared earlier?"

"I- I don't want to disappoint you!" Elizabeth cried.

"Why would I be disappointed, Elizabeth?" Ellen asked sternly.

"N-no reason. Everything's fine."

“Elizabeth, what did you do?”

“No, you know what, it's fine.” she laughed nervously. “Don’t even worry about it, I don’t even need the device after all. I can think of a better solution.”

“A better solution?”

“Yes. Clearly, in a situation like this, the correct answer is more drinks!”

Before Ellen could finish saying “I don’t think that’s such a good idea,” Elizabeth had given Mike some kind of weird hand signal and before we knew it he was on his way over with another tray of shots and some more wings. He had to mince a little to keep his tight uniform from bursting off of his muscular frame, but he was surprisingly quick.

“That was... fast.” Ellen said.

“I um” Elizabeth said “I may have ordered more drinks for us while you were away.”

“Of course.” Ellen rolled her eyes.

“Oh, I wouldn’t want to keep a beauty like you waiting, honey.” Said Mike, batting his eyes at Ellen as he bounced his back-breaking busom for her. Though restrained by his skimpy little toga top, he was clearly breaking out all the tricks to attract Ellen’s gaze. It was working. Ellen’s eyes kept getting dragged down to Mike’s bare breasts. I’d have been jealous if I didn’t know that the reason she was turning red was because she was struggling not to laugh.

My baby let him down gently, but that didn’t seem to stop him from swaying his ass at us as he went back to the bar.

Looking around, I could see that the place had started to fill out a bit, I guess it was starting to get a little later in the evening. Not only had the crowd of guys grown considerably, but I could even see a couple more waitresses on the floor now. My guess was that those were the ones that had interrupted Ellen and I in the changeroom. Oh my god, I hadn’t gotten a look at them earlier, but they were like, sexy Latino twins. They even had their hair styled as mirrors of each other. How great is that?

“I still find it funny,” Elizabeth laughed, her eyes glued to Mike’s butt. “That you don’t like other dudes.”

“What?” Ellen said, turning her gaze away from the crowd. She bit her lip. I guess she’d just noticed the twins as well.

“I mean, it's weird watching you go all ga-ga over Evan here – er, no offense, Evan, – and then meanwhile you’re completely uninterested when a total stud-muffin like Mark is shamelessly hitting on you.”

Ellen laughed and shrugged. “I love Evan for who he is.” She said, giving me a bright smile before eyeing me up lecherously “The fact that he’s got an amazing body is just a nice little bonus.”

"Yeah, but like, I don't know what you see in Evan's big man tits. I mean, I know what I see in them, he's hot as hell in like, a rugged athletic kind of way, goddamn." She shook her head. "but its still so weird seeing you go crazy over that sort of thing."

"Is it really that weird?" Ellen looked at me self consciously.

"Well, you were always a total dyke, right?" Elizabeth was leaning into the table. The alcohol was clearly starting to get to her. "I... I shouldn't use that term, I'm sorry. But like, I mean, no offense Elles, but you had all the subtlety of a teenage boy when you were younger."

I thought back to our recent encounter in the locker room and smiled. That was a very good way of putting it. I hadn't known Ellen when she was a teenager, but even now, she had about as much discretion as a fratboy.

"Hey, what can I say?" I ran my hands down my body suggestively, it was a practiced move meticulously constructed to drive men wild. "Teenage boys love me."

I grinned and looked over at Ellen's beautiful eyes, which had unabashedly decide to go for a wander in the valley of my cleavage. "Besides," I continued "I have that effect on a lot of gay girls. It's a curse. The only girls who have ever really been into me have been lesbians, and, well, lets just say it's never really worked out. Honestly, I'm lucky to have found someone so perfect as Ellen."

"Aww, baby." Ellen gave me a tender expression. I gave her a sexy little smile back.

"See I don't believe that in the slightest!" Interrupted Elizabeth. "Look at you, you're super hot. There's not a woman in this club who wouldn't bone you sidewise. I mean, hell, I've been wanting to bone you since I first met you. How could I not? Have you seen the way you wiggle your ass around when you walk? You're like if Jessica Rabbit was a dude" She groaned in frustration. "I've gone to bed thinking about you more times than I have any right to, and, and, I can't have you! You... you... infuriatingly sexy, sexy man, you." She suddenly grew very self consciously as she glanced over at Ellen guiltily.

Ellen raised an eyebrow in surprise, but Elizabeth just laughed a bit, trying to play it off as a joke.

"Anyway." she continued, taking a long, introspective look into her glass. "The point is that it's weird that you go so crazy over his chest."

"Oh, it's not just his chest." Ellen smiled, glancing down at my lithe, manly body. "I can't think of a single part of him that I don't love."

"Right," Elizabeth rolled her eyes. "And I get it, you're in love so you find him attractive, but like, Ellen I've known you my whole life and you've never been the sort who could turn down boobs. So it's like, okay, honestly, seriously, no joking around... if you could only ever have one chest that you'd get to look at for the rest of your life, who's chest would it be. Evan's big manly man-tits or my um... my delightfully feminine girl-boobs?" She leaned in to give Ellen a better look of her jutting cleavage. "Come on, you know you'd rather—"

“Evan’s.” Ellen laughed. “Hands down. 100 percent. Every time.”

“Aw”, I said, jiggling my chest. “Thank you, baby.”

“Okay. Okay.” Elizabeth blinked, then frowned. “Time to drink. That calls for another drink.” I couldn’t quite tell, but I think she was more hurt by that than she let on.

“Another toast!” said Elizabeth, holding her glass up.

I gave a trepidatious glance to the half-finished beer in front of me and the tumbler in my hand. This time my cherry was crushed rather than skewered. I could do this. It was just the one more drink. I scanned my brain for something appropriate but I was feeling a little fuzzy.

“To trusted friends!” Ellen said.

“Yes!” I held up my glass. “Friendship!”

“To big, jiggly boobs!” Elizabeth cried, bouncing her breasts for emphasis. They wobbled around in the confinement of her shirt.

We laughed and clinked glasses again, then drank.

“Uhg.” It was worse the second time. Kind of slimy? Still, for some reason I kind of wanted more. I held the empty glass up to my eye. It had left behind an oily residue. “What’s in these things again?”

“Hard to say,” shrugged Elizabeth, putting her glass down and picking up the device. “The recipe’s a little loose, so our bartenders usually kind of make them up on the spot.” She inspected some of the dials on the device. “Personally, I like ‘em when they’re nice and tarty.”

I sighed as I plopped the cherry into my mouth thoughtfully and bounced it around with my tongue-stud. It hadn’t had a stem, sadly, so I couldn’t do that trick where I tied it up into a little heart with my tongue for Ellen.

“Oh my god!” Elizabeth cried out suddenly, gesturing towards stage. Ellen and I turned to look, but the naked girl was just leaving. It looked like she had been doing some sort of Hawaiian theme? She still had her little aloha flower necklace. And she had been brandishing torches? How did we miss that?

“What?” Ellen asked. “What is it?”

Zzzzttttt!

“Oh, you missed it.” Elizabeth laughed, setting the device down. “Nevermind.”

I groaned as I adjusted my top. I was having the worst time keeping the damn thing in place. I knew it was optimistic when I’d bought it, but I just didn’t have what it took to keep it up. Now the damn thing had somehow fallen off my chest entirely, leaving my pert little breasts completely exposed. Luckily, I

don't think anyone noticed, except Ellen, of course. She was drinking in the sight. I gave her a coy wink and tried to play it off as intentional.

She must have been getting horny again, because as we dug into the second plate of wings I could see time and time again the way Ellen's eyes were drawn down to the low cut of my loose top. From the way it practically hung off of me, I wouldn't be surprised if she was waiting to catch another glimpse of my naked chest.

I leaned in to give her a better look, but I was pretty sure she had a direct view of my nipples regardless. I was starting to regret not wearing a bra today. Not that I needed one, and not that one would have worked with this top, but it could have given Ellen a little something sexy to peek at when she caught a glimpse beneath.

I glanced down at Ellen's enormous boobs and grinned. They swayed gently as she reached over to grab a wing from the platter. I could still feel the warm softness of those heavenly mounds pressed against my back as she held pounded into me with her enormous...

I shook my head and brushed the hair from my eyes. I blew Ellen a little kiss. There would be plenty of time for that later.

Ellen and I turned to look as Elizabeth cleared her throat. Evidently still trying to prove some point, Elizabeth was now jutting her boobs out comically, swaying them back and forth in her hands. She grinned, then gave me a cocksure glance as Ellen looked down at her swaying knockers appreciatively.

Oh, I hadn't even realized we were competing.

Sure enough though, there Elizabeth was, shaking and bouncing her great big tits around like a mad woman. I frowned. For someone who had made it her mission in life to draw the male gaze, she really wasn't all that good at showing off her boobs.

I let out a little yawn and stretched my arms, arching my back seductively as I swayed lasciviously, sending the loose material of my top drooping downwards, threatening to expose my stiff little nipples. Ellen's head turned slowly, and once her eyes locked on my delicate little cups, her breathing notably intensified.

Despite Elizabeth's best efforts, no amount of jiggling, bouncing or knocking her tits around like she was throwing a tantrum could divert Ellen's gaze.

"Okay," Elizabeth pouted. "I see how it is. I don't even know why I even expected that to work."

"Huh?" Ellen perked up, her own enormous breasts seductively bouncing with an elegance I don't think Elizabeth could ever understand. From the way her nipples were stiffening, I could tell she was already thinking about ducking away and finding some other nice quiet corner to relieve some of this sexual energy in.

I grinned. Elizabeth sighed. I don't really know why we were competing, but it felt good to win.

“Wait, What?” Ellen looked back and forth between us, evidently oblivious to our little competition just now.

Suddenly a big grin snuck across Elizabeth’s face. “Alright Elles,” she said, “you love him, I get it. And you think he’s super hot. But think about poor little teenage you. What would poor little teenage you say if she knew you were giving up boobs for the rest of your life so that you could date some gross icky boy?”

“What?” laughed Ellen. “Elizabeth, you don’t even know what you’re talking about! I’m not giving up on boobs.” She gestured to my chest. “In fact, I’ve only recently come to realize just how much I truly appreciate them.”

“Alright then,” Elizabeth’s grin took on a sinister tone. “How’d you like to have the best of both worlds? Here, touch the thing, I’m going to do a swap.”

Elizabeth grabbed the device and spun the dials a few times before placing it in the center of the table.

“Wait, hold on,” Ellen groaned, her bare breasts swaying as she reluctantly turned her gaze back to Elizabeth. “What have you got planned?”

“Trust me, Elles.” Elizabeth smirked. “You’ll love it.”

With a fair degree of trepidation, Ellen and I reached down to touch the device. It felt strangely warm. I guess it had been getting a lot of use. Elizabeth grinned wildly as she pushed the button.

Zzzzttttt!

I was suddenly immediately aware of my chest. It was that now-familiar feeling of having new sensations and nerves. It wasn’t all over my body this time, at least. It was more localized. How do you even describe something so new getting added to your body? It’s like trying to describe how a tail felt. There was flesh - warm sensitive flesh - in places that there should not have been flesh. I leaned forward. My new additions were heavy.

“Holy crap.” I exclaimed. I had tits. I had great big giant girly tits.

And oh god, my top had slipped down underneath them. Not only did I have enormous breasts but they were freely bouncing around for everyone to see. Maybe it was a good thing I hadn’t worn a bra after all. I tried to discreetly pull it back up, but that got a little difficult when I realized I was going to have to stuff the damned things in there.

Ellen’s eyes were practically bulging out of her sockets. From the way her face was going red, I’m sure they weren’t the only part of her that was bulging.

Elizabeth just laughed.

I finally managed to get the damn things in, but then I felt like I was having a hard time breathing. My top was just completely failing to contain the mountains of flesh that now occupied the lower field of my vision. I had boob spilling out wherever it could find an outlet.

Elizabeth was laughing. Ellen's jaw had dropped so far I was surprised it hadn't broken through the table.

I looked around, but Ellen and Elizabeth's breasts were unchanged. I turned around to look on stage, but was completely thrown off by the way the pendulous weights swayed back and forth as they stuck out in front of me like torpedoes. I looked around for my manly chest, expecting to see it on stage, but to my surprise it wasn't attached to the busty asian stripper in what could charitably be described as a chinese dress, no, it was, in fact, on that lawyer girl that had gotten that lapdance earlier. Naked as she was, it was plain to see. I kind of felt sorry for the poor girl, to go from so incredibly busty to boyish like that, but feeling the weight of these damned things I think maybe it was doing her a favor.

I reached down and grabbed a handful. Oh my god, they were so sensitive. Is that what girl boobs were like? How did girls handle these things? I held back a low moan as I fondled one of my aching erect nipples through my top. Ellen and I had tried this last night, of course, but these tits were like a whole other monster.

"Wow um." Elizabeth had stopped laughing and was now also just staring. "You look really good like that, Evan." They were both looking at me like I was a piece of meat, though of course only Elizabeth was actually trying to hide how hungry she was.

I put my hands on my hips. They bounced. Oh wow did they ever bounce.

"Very funny." I said. Jostling them around in my hands. They were so warm. I'm sure I looked ridiculous. I hadn't picked out these clothes with this sort of thing in mind. Granted, they probably showed it off pretty well, and I was surprised at just how comfortably they fit, given that they were obviously way too large for what I was wearing, but I had to admit, actually, that with the amount of flesh I was showing I probably looked pretty damn good, even if it was a little showy even for me, and even if what I was showing was just wrong wrong wrong.

Ellen swallowed loudly.

"As much as Ellen is enjoying the view, Elizabeth," I forced a grin as I adjusted my top for like, the third time. "I don't really think this sort of thing is really my style." I chuckled. "I mean, I'm a guy, right? These boobs just aren't me."

"Okay okay," laughed Elizabeth. "I can fix that. I just wanted to see Ellen's reaction."

"I think we short circuited her," I laughed. My baby was struggling to process what she was seeing. She was acting like she'd never seen boobs this big before.

Elizabeth picked up the device and began adjusting the dials again, pointing it at the poor lawyer girl with my chest. I could have sworn I heard that faint Zzzzt as she did so, but I'm sure I must have been imagining it because a moment later she had it set back down on the table like nothing had happened.

"Okay, it's all set." she said. "Touch the device and we'll swap back."

I looked down at my boobs. My big beautiful girly boobs. Did I really want to give them up? I mean, sure, they weren't exactly very manly, but being manly all the time was just so... so exhausting. I put up a good front of it, sure, but it wasn't *me*, you know? And besides, they were... nice. I mean, really really nice. They made me feel so... feminine? *Sexy*. I blushed a little at the thought.

Why was I trying to get rid of them again? Wasn't this one of the things I'd secretly always wanted my whole life? Hadn't I dreamed about having boobs since the disappointment that was puberty?

I mean, granted, they looked super out of place on the lithe, sensual curves of my quarterback body, but they felt so damn correct, like this was a part of me that I'd just been missing my whole life. Uhg. If only I had had the courage to ask Ellen to swap me into a woman's body, to let me be one of those cheerleaders that night like she had originally done. I was still kicking myself for chickening out like that. What had I been thinking, that maybe being a guy wouldn't be so bad if I was an attractive guy? Uhg. I've never felt as dysphoric about my body in my life.

But... these boobs... damn, they felt so *right*. I thought back to all the times in my life I'd wished and prayed for boobs, or for a pretty face, to not be stuck in my ugly male body. I'd never told anyone of course, except for Ellen. Somehow she'd always been able to see the real me. I'd always kept it locked away.

Even last night when I had Ellen's boobs, when she offered me her dick... if only she had known how much I really had wanted it. But no, if I'd experienced that I'd probably have never gone back and that's not something I'd want to do to her. But now... here I was. With *boobs*. Fantastic looking boobs. Maybe it couldn't hurt to have them for just a little while longer...'

"Um, actually..." I coughed softly, brushing a lock of hair behind my ear. "You know what? Maybe we'd better leave them for now."

"Oh, yeah?" Elizabeth raised her eyebrow knowingly.

"Yeah, I mean... They're kinda nice?" I tried not to break out into a huge grin as I bounced them gently. "Plus they fill out my shirt really well and, hey, Ellen seems to be enjoying them." I laughed as I hoisted them up to wave them in Ellen's face. I don't think she realized how closely she had leaned in.

"God. Baby." She bit her lip as she ran her hand along my thigh possessively. She was panting. "Seeing you with tits this big is really..."

"I know, I know." I put my finger over her lips. I could feel the heat coming off of her. We had had sex - wild crazy semi-public sex - not 15 minutes ago and here she was already ready to throw me down and have her way with me right there and then. Mmm... maybe that wouldn't be so bad.

"You know what?" I said with a heavy breath. "I can think of some fun things to do with these." I gave Ellen a smouldering wink.

She bit her lip so hard she almost drew blood.

I laughed, loving the attention. I raised my half-full glass of beer in the air. "To boobs!"

Though they didn't have anything left to toast with, Ellen and Elizabeth echoed my cry. And as I did my best to finish off the glass, I could feel my new tits jiggling and bouncing and swaying and I loved every moment of it.

As I set down my beer, still a quarter full, a cheer came up from the growing crowd near the stage. Another girl had come out, and this one seemed a little bit more enthusiastic, a little bit more skilled.

I had to admit I was kind of jealous of her, she was very pretty. Why couldn't I look like that.

Wait, I *could* look like that. A grin broke across my face.

"Alright!" said Elizabeth, signaling for another round of drinks. "Now that we're good and drunk, it's time for the real fun to begin! Let's get swapping!"

To be continued in Chapter 10: The breast of all worlds.