

Warning: The following chapter is rated a sexy R and contains boobs, tits, forbidden fruit, lusty stares, venus envy, handsome ladies, sexy dudes, cheerleaders, stripping, job swaps, crossdressing, makeup, motivational speeches, body swaps, more boobs, jealous friends, amateur pole dancing, skimpy clothes, clothing swaps, dick slips, height swaps, girls kissing girls, sexual orientation swaps, boys not kissing girls, tiny skirts, rolemodel swaps, big boobs, bad bosses, and a two lovers alone against the ever-rising odds.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 10 – The breast of all worlds. =

By Razmagurk

A few more ill-advised drinks later, and I was staring in awe of the girl on stage.

It wasn't that she was hot. I mean, she totally was, but that wasn't why I was staring. No, I was jealous.

Maybe it was just the booze, but there was just something about her that really resonated with me. She was beautiful, but it was a beauty that extended beyond the way she was shaking her ass or the generous curves of her breasts. I mean, realistically, her breasts weren't even all that great. It was so weird to think about, but right now I had bigger tits than her. No, it was something more than that, a wholistic femininity. She had a feminine confidence and a happiness about her that just made her seem to sparkle and shine in my eyes.

It probably didn't hurt that she was really playing up this whole cute girl next door vibe that made her seem so friendly and approachable. I don't know how much of it was an act, but I loved it. I was just completely enraptured by her casual confidence and grace as she flirted with her audience.

I sighed. I wanted to be her so bad.

Granted, she could probably have gone a little heavier on the makeup, but I think it had been a calculated risk on her part. People often disagree with me, but I was of the opinion it's always better to have too much makeup on than not enough. I mean, it would be easy to see why she would think she wouldn't need very much. Her face was very classically cute. She had these small delicate features and these big expressive blue eyes. What little she was wearing she wore perfectly, but, well, you should never skimp on eyeliner.

I reached up to touch my cheek and frowned. I'd always had such an ugly, manish face. Okay, maybe that's a little harsh -- I was thoroughly middle of the road -- but it had always felt so ugly and manish to me. I guess that's one of the reasons I had always loved makeup so much. Even when I was little I was always in awe at what my mother could do with all those pretty paints on her palette. With a little contouring and the right mascara I could almost pass as pretty... but even then I still had nothing on girls like this.

I looked down at my almost empty cup and frowned. Okay, that was my last one. For real this time. I can get a little emotional when I drink. It's why I don't drink, actually, most of the time. I like to think I'm a very proper person; very composed. There's layers to my personality that I don't really like revealing to

anyone. I think Ellen's the only person who's ever really seen every side of me, seen me at my worst, with all my neurosis bared. I mean, sure, I've dated some other girls in the past, other lesbians, mostly, but the fact that I was biologically male really put them off, even if, deep down, I'd always been just as much of a girl as they were. Ellen though... Ellen gets me. She understands and appreciates me for me, weird neurosis and all. God, I love that woman.

I looked over at her and smiled. She was staring slack-jawed and hungry as the girl on stage did a pirouette. I could practically see the drool forming in her mouth. She was so beautiful.

I shifted my legs and rubbed my thighs together. Mmf. I was getting horny again too. I started to roll my eyes down along the hills and valleys of my wonderful girlfriend's exposed chest but before they could sink too low my attention was drawn instead to the stiffening nipples of my own feminine peaks.

I grinned. I had boobs. I couldn't help but smile as I looked down at them. *I had boobs*. Everywhere I looked the lower edge of my vision was framed by this wonderful jutting shelf of cleavage. I glanced around to make sure no one was looking and then bounced them around in my hands a little. It was a little childish, sure, but I couldn't help myself. I had boooooobs. I couldn't stop smiling.

In my mind boobs were like these tantalizing forbidden fruits -- these ones, for example, were probably mellons -- it was like, they shared this dual role as objects of both forbidden lust and forbidden jealousy. Like most gynophiles I'd always found them to be one of the sexiest parts of a woman's body, but at the same time whenever I saw them I was reminded that they were something I could never have for myself. When I was a confused teenager and a girl walked by in a tight little shirt with her breasts bouncing I didn't know which I wanted more - to have her, or to be her. Uhg, and it just got worse the sexier they were.

Hmmm... Sexy. Now that was a loaded word. Girls could be so many things. They could be so cute, so flirty, so fun. Girls could come in all kinds of wonderful shapes and sizes, and could project a thousand different attitudes and still be so perfectly undeniably feminine, but it was the sexy ones that I'd always admired the most. Maybe it was a little misogynistic of me, a little anti-feminine, but I just had it wrapped in my head that that was the kind of girl I wanted to be. Sexy. *Hot*. I wanted to make men drool. Not for their sake, for but for my own. Like, it was as if their lust was somehow validation of my femininity. It was dumb, I know, but it's just something I'd always felt, that's how I wanted to be.

The girl on stage took her shirt off. She let her forbidden fruits bounce as she twirled the shirt like a lasso above her head. I sighed at the sight of her taut stomach and elegant form.

...I wanted to be *that*.

I looked down at the device in my hands.

And now I could. No more long masculine hair, no more ugly man-face, no more muscle-bound body. I could wear pretty clothes, I could giggle in public, I could flash all the boys my winsome feminine smile. I could finally be myself.

But then she couldn't, could she?

I sighed again and looked back down at my mug. I don't know why I was even debating it. It would be wrong to make this girl's life worse just to better my own. Even if she didn't know, even if she didn't realize, I would. I felt sick to my stomach for even realistically considering it.

I looked over at Elizabeth's breasts. The tapping of her foot was sending them jiggling in a rhythmic bounce. Maybe one swap wouldn't be so bad? After all wasn't that what we were here for? To help bring Elizabeth one step closer to her ideal body? Who would blame me for taking that same step? But... no... I would blame me. And where would I draw the line, huh?

I frowned and took a final swig of my beer. I looked back at the girl on stage and let out another sigh. So close, yet so far away.

"You know what?" said Elizabeth, oblivious to my moping. She had been getting increasingly impatient with the cavalcade of girls that had been coming out on stage. So far none had presented any decent options. "I think I'm better than her!" She stomped her foot down, which set her jiggling boobs into one last bounce before they finally settled.

"Huh?" Ellen turned, only half listening. "Better than who now?"

"I mean, look at me!" she ran a hand along her body in what could drunkenly pass as a seductive gesture. "Not only am I way hotter than her, but now I've got bigger boobs than her too." She groped her chest for emphasis.

"Wait, hold on." I raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean, 'now?'"

"In fact," Elizabeth continued, ignoring me, "I'm probably hotter now than half our dancers put together!" She stood up. "I'm going to do it! I'm going to get up there and I'm going to do it! I'm going to show everyone what I'm made of!"

"What?" said Ellen "I thought you said you couldn't be a stripper cause your boobs weren't big enough. What brought this on all of a sudden?"

Elizabeth looked down at her tits and smiled. "You know what? I'm feeling pretty confident for some reason." She laughed. "I guess all that talking about body positivity and stuff made me realize just how great these things are." She gave her boobs a loving squeeze. "So now I'm finally going to do it!"

"Wait," I furrowed, "What are you going to do? You're not going to swap anyone are you?" I strengthened my grip on the device.

"No, no," She shook her head. "Well... maybe... I'm going to finally get onstage and prove to the world that I have what it takes to be a stripper. Right now."

"Now?" Ellen laughed. "You're doing this now?"

"What's wrong with now? I've waited my whole life for the perfect chance, and there's no time like the present!"

“Wait, hold on,” I said, “you’ve wanted to be a stripper your whole life?”

“It’s like, her dream job.” Ellen said, leaning into me conspiratorially, “Ever since Bobby Flanagan offered her a dollar to take her shirt off in grade school, it’s all she’s wanted to do with her life.”

“Hey, that’s not true!”

“Isn’t it though?”

“I mean,” she faltered, “okay, it totally is.” She laughed. “But also, shut up, I have other ambitions too. I’m a french lit major!”

“You’re lit alright.” I giggled.

“Oh please,” Ellen rolled her eyes “you only went into that for all the cute french boys! And where does that even get you in life?”

“I did not!” Elizabeth stomped a foot. “And as a sexy librarian Elles, where else? Look, I’m not getting into this again.”

Ellen laughed.

“The important thing,” Elizabeth continued, “is that this is finally my time to shine! I can actually get up there and make my dream come true!”

Her eyes locked with the device in my hand.

“I just...” she frowned. “I guess the easiest way to do it would be to just swap jobs with her, right?”

Slowly, she reached out one hand for the device, then stopped and looked up at Ellen.

Ellen sighed and gave a begrudging nod. Cautiously, reverently, I passed the device to Elizabeth. She smiled as she adjusted the various dials on the back. She set the device in the center of the table and Ellen and I put our hands on it.

“Okay.” she took a deep breath. “Here I go...”

Ellen and I held our breath, curious as to what exactly was going to happen.

“I...” Elizabeth hesitated. “Um...”

Ellen and I exchanged a look.

Elizabeth tapped her foot nervously, circling her finger over the button. Her eyes were glued to the girl on stage.

“I- I can’t do it.” she cried, pulling back her hand.

"What?" asked Ellen. "Why not?"

"I'm just..." she sighed angrily. "It's all happening so fast. I'm... embarrassed."

"You?" Ellen raised an eyebrow incredulously. "Embarrassed? Since when?"

"Shut up!" Said Elizabeth, blushing. "I mean, I want to do it, but I just... I don't know if I have what it takes to go up in front of the whole world like that."

"Elizabeth, how is this any different from you standing up on that table and taking your top off at that party last month?"

"Are you kidding? I was like, two drinks further down the hole at least!"

"Okay, okay, fine." Ellen sighed. "I have a plan."

"More drinks?" Said Elizabeth, hopefully.

"No. You've had more than enough, I'd say."

Elizabeth pouted then stuck out her tongue.

"Okay, let's try this." Ellen took the device and adjusted the dials around a bit. "I'm going to swap out your like, shame or whatever with that girl up there. She seems to be doing fine, right? That way you won't get all embarrassed about it or anything."

"Wait, hold on," said Elizabeth. "You want to swap my sense of shame? I don't know if you've been paying attention Ellen, but I don't have much of that as is. Wouldn't making me even more shameless just lead to all kinds of terrible ideas?"

"Oh my god." Ellen froze in horror. "You're absolutely right. I didn't even consider that."

"Besides," she continued "I kind of don't like the idea of messing around with my head. It's like... Roxxy up there has some issues. Who's to say I won't end up all evil and stuff?"

"Elizabeth," Ellen laughed. "This isn't a Saturday morning cartoon, you're not going to turn into some cackling villain just because of some tragic accident with the device."

"Oh man, could you imagine me as a villain though? I'd be sexy as hell!" Elizabeth laughed. "Still," she said, "I'd rather not risk it."

"You know what, Elizabeth? I'm... I'm impressed."

"Huh?"

"Normally you're all for stupid ideas like that when your drunk. This shows remarkable restraint for you."

"Hey!" Elizabeth cried in mock anger. The two of them laughed.

"For reals though, why are you afraid to do this? You said it yourself than you're better than her, right? Girl, why don't you get your cute butt on up there?"

"I guess it's just..." She let out a long sigh. She seemed suddenly very sober as she paused to collect her words. "I can tell you anything, right Elles?"

"Of course!"

"And Evan... you're a really good guy, so I feel I can trust you with this too."

"Aww." I smiled "Thank you Elizabeth."

"The truth, Elles, is that, yes I am embarrassed. I'm often embarrassed. I mean, sure, maybe not, you know, in the moment, but it's like you said, I make a lot of really stupid decisions. And that's nothing new," she circled her finger around the rim of her mug, "I've always made terrible decisions."

"I just," she sighed "I have all these things that I want to do, and I know that they're terrible stupid things to want to do, but I do want them, Elles, and I'm embarrassed that I want them but it doesn't change the fact that I do. Does that make sense? And it's not just, like, all the stupid terrible guys I've slept with either, it's my career, my relationships, my body... I look at myself in the mirror sometimes and I seriously question what the hell I'm doing with my life. I mean, I've spent my whole life dreaming of being a stripper. That's not normal!"

"I just..." her voice quavered. "I put these things on a pedestal to try to make myself feel okay about it, I try to convince myself that there's nothing wrong with me, but deep down it's like... I'm embarrassed of who I am, and of where I'm probably going to end up. And that scares me sometimes. I'm always so afraid to really let loose because I don't know what horrible stupid embarrassing thing I'm going to do next."

"You cut loose all the time!"

"Yeah, Elles, when I'm drunk! But, look at her! Look!" she gestured up at the stage. "How many drinks did she need to have the courage to get out there tonight? None! And look at me." she slumped in her seat "I've had more than I should and I still can't do it." She frowned "I want to go up there, Elles, I want to dance! I want to be like her, so so badly! But then I just keep thinking... maybe this is just another stupid decision I'm going to regret. Maybe I need to get my mind out of the gutter and just be a normal person for once in my goddamn life."

She looked up at Ellen.

"You... you've always been there for me Elles. Even when I do stupid things. Especially when I do stupid things. Even when I hurt you. You're there for me afterwards... and you make me think that, sure, maybe

I shouldn't be doing these things, but that I'm not some kind of freak or monster for wanting them. You make me feel like it's okay for me to be me..." she sniffled, "but... but that just makes it so that I don't want to disappoint you. So sometimes I see something I want and I can't help myself and I'm embarrassed because whatever kind of fuck-up I am... well, I just don't want you to ever think less of me."

"Elizabeth" Ellen smiled softly. "I had no idea..."

"I... It's not something I think about very often. It's not something I dwell on. I don't like feeling this way. So I try to ignore these feelings and I try to drown them out with sex and booze and more stupid decisions and I just... well, I'm just glad I have you. You keep me grounded. Well, I don't know where I'd be without you."

There was a moment of silence as Elizabeth's words soaked through our beer-addled brains.

"Elizabeth. Listen to me." Said Ellen, firmly. "Sure, you do some dumb mistakes. A lot of dumb mistakes. But that's only because you have the courage to actually go after the things you want and to get into trouble for it in the first place. Most people... most people just sit on their ass and wish for something, and never do anything about it. But not you. You're always going after the things you want, Elizabeth, even when the things you want are... yeah, kinda stupid, because that's who you are!"

Elizabeth laughed.

"And that's nothing to be embarrassed about! You have all these big dumb dreams and bless your heart you keep going for them. No one can fault you for that! Elizabeth, I wish I had half the courage you do. You're doing things with your life because you want to do them, not because you feel obligated or even because it's the logical thing to do. And... and I really admire that. Look. You say I help keep you grounded? Well you help keep me in the air. So I never want to hear from you that you're not going to do something that you want to do because you're worried about disappointing me okay? The only way you could disappoint me is if you had an opportunity to follow up on one of your big stupid dreams and you didn't. Because that's not you, Elizabeth. That's not the girl I know."

"Now Look." She pointed to the stage "This right here? You said it yourself, this is your chance! Look at you! Your sexy, your fun, and your a strong confident woman! You have nothing to be ashamed of! The only thing you should worry about being embarrassed by here is missing your opportunity! You've wanted this your whole life. And sure, it may be stupid, sure it may be a little embarrassing to get up in front of all those guys, but there's nothing embarrassing about going out there and making your dreams come true. This club would be lucky to have you as a dancer, and if that's something you want, Elizabeth, if that's one of your big stupid dreams, then go take it! I'm behind you one hundred percent!

"Elles!" Elizabeth practically leapt onto Ellen to catch her in an embrace, which Ellen promptly returned. Tears were heavy upon both their cheeks.

I smiled as the two hugged it out.

"You're right, Elles." said Elizabeth, wiping the tears away. "You're right. I'm too awesome to let this opportunity pass. This is something I've wanted for a long time." she laughed. "And I can do it!"

And with that she leaned in and gave Ellen a deep, passionate kiss.

I coughed in indignation.

"Thank you." She said to Ellen, ignoring me entirely as she pulled back to stare deeply into Ellen's beautiful hazel eyes. "Wish me luck." Both of their eyes were sparkling.

"G-good luck?"

Elizabeth stood back up, took a few deep breaths to steady herself, then strode purposefully over to the doors that led to the club's backrooms. Standing there a moment, she turned and gave us one last look, a smile forming on her lips, then disappeared backstage.

Ellen and I turned and looked at each other in stunned silence.

"Wait, I said, "what just happened?"

"I..." Ellen ran a finger along her lips. "I guess I just gave her some confidence? Maybe this whole time that was all she ever needed?"

"I just hope this isn't all some terrible mistake." I laughed.

"Well, isn't that basically what we said before coming here in the first place?" she smiled and looked down at the device. "And it hasn't turned out so bad if you ignore that stupid mix up earlier."

"True." I looked around at the relative peace and order within the club. "I was expecting her to go absolutely crazy with the swaps, but now that she's sort of settled into it everything seems kind of tame."

"More beer for you cuties?" Asked our waitress, batting his short eyelashes at us flirtatiously as he started gathering up our empty mugs.

Ellen glanced at the empty beer mugs on the table then up at the door Elizabeth had just left through. "You know what?" she said, "Yeah, let's do one more. Something tells me it's going to be a long night."

To our surprise, we didn't have to wait very long. No sooner had the cute girl next door exited the stage, naked and wonderful as the day she was born, that Elizabeth's favorite song began to play. It was some old Lords of Acid track, with a heavy, fast, 90s electric sound. Ellen perked up in recognition at the song selection, and a moment later Elizabeth burst out on stage, grinning ear to ear as a cheer went out from the crowd.

Somehow in that short amount of time she had managed to change into this ridiculously undersized slutty nurse's outfit. You could tell it was a sexy nurses outfit because she had a little hat with a red cross on it. The rest of the outfit was, well, it was not something you could get away with wearing in a hospital, let me put it that way. Probably for the best, I don't think Sexy Nurse Scrubs would be a popular stripper outfit.

The outfit was white with red trim and consisted of a tight, cleavage-hugging top, a short pleated skirt, a pair of thigh-high white stockings with red ribbons tied cutesely at the top, and red heels that were higher than they were long. There was another little red cross icon on display on the front of her top, but it was buried by the cleft of cleavage spilling out of her generous cups.

That said, it was pretty obvious that the outfit was not the right size for her. The skirt was too loose and too long, and though the pleats did a great job of hiding that fact while still showing off her shapely legs, it was still probably longer than her little toga skirt had been. The stockings really helped make up for that though, as she was showing off the perfect amount of skin between her skirt and stocking - just enough to tantalize with flashes of flesh and create the implication of more to come. I was just glad that the skirt was long enough that it didn't look like she was going to just spill out everywhere.

The same couldn't be said for her top, however, which her flesh was literally bulging out of. I couldn't begin to imagine how she had managed to shove herself into that thing. The straps were digging in at the shoulder and back and it looked like she was one good stretch away from tearing the whole thing to shreds. At least it made her boobs look bigger. She needed all the help she could get.

There she was. Standing on stage, dressed like a tramp in front of a crowd of cheering horny men. She looked uncomfortable, she looked drunk, and she looked embarrassed. But then she closed her eyes and took a deep breath, and all that emotion washed away. She grinned, and in that grin you could tell that she didn't care one bit about any of that.

She strutted up to the pole, blowing little kisses to the audience as her heels clicked on the stage floor. She bounced her hips back and forth in time to the beat as she walked. I was impressed she could move so well in those things given how much she'd had to drink, but I guess if Ellen is to be believed, she'd had a lot of practice.

She winked to the guys in the front row and began her dance.

There was nothing very advanced or impressive about the way she danced. At first, she seemed content to just wiggle the parts of her that the guys wanted to see as she paraded around the pole, and that was more than enough for them. I couldn't help but feel though that she was kind of awkward when it came to her tits. Like, the bounce and sway of them seemed to keep taking her by surprise. I mean, at one point it looked like she almost took one to the face, but thankfully she managed to recover from it gracefully.

Eventually though she found her rhythm, and not long after that she managed to free herself from that top. Turns out it unzipped in the back. I was glad. I thought she was going to need a team of engineers to get her out of it without somehow breaking it.

And then, nervously, she tried the pole.

Now, I have to give her credit, she knew what she was doing. Leg up, hooked around the bar, then the other hooked around it and spin. Leg up, bend at the knee and lean back, spin. Leg out, back to the pole, hold yourself aloft and arc your legs up in front of you. It was a handful of beginner's moves strung together into a passable routine. She smiled. She seemed to be enjoying this. I just don't think she had

quite been expecting her dick to pop out like it did when she performed that last maneuver. I mean, I can't imagine that thong she was wearing was really expected to hold quite so much girth, but that's the danger of sexy underwear.

Her whole face went red as her throbbing cock erupted from her tiny pleated skirt. I guess she really had been enjoying this after all. I politely averted my gaze. I mean, I like to see a girl's junk as much as the next girl, but when it slips through by accident like that... well, it would be rude to stare.

There was a momentary pause as Elizabeth stood there in embarrassment, hanging out for all the world to see, and then a huge cheer erupted from the crowd. They loved it. Elizabeth laughed as she fell back into her dance, now swinging and bouncing her dick around for her cheering fans as well. Honestly, she was just as awkward with it as she was her boobs, but the guys seemed to eat it up anyway.

"Oh my god." I heard from the direction of the bar. "What the hell is that girl doing this time?" I looked over to see Mike and the twins had stopped in their tracks and were staring at the amateur routine going on onstage.

Still trying to politely avert my gaze from Elizabeth's wagging girl-junk, I looked over at Ellen. I mean, I get that Elizabeth clearly didn't mind me seeing her dick at this point, but she was my friend and that made it kind of awkward. Ellen apparently had no such qualms. She had this proud little smile on her face. She noticed me looking at her and laughed.

"Wow," she said, "she's..." she struggled to find the right word. "She's actually doing it."

"I'm super happy for her." I laughed. "She's very... uh... enthusiastic." Even though her dancing wasn't the most amazing in the world, it was clear that she was having a good time, and that's what counts, I guess.

Ellen gripped my hand tightly as she tried not to laugh. "You know what? I was kind of expecting her to be like, secretly really good at this? Like... maybe she had been practicing in the off-hours or something, but yeah... enthusiastic is a good way of putting it. Still. I'm super proud of her!"

"You know I think it's fine that she wants bigger boobs and all, and I mean," I glanced over at her bouncing mellons, "I can kind of see why, but I don't think she'd be half bad if she just learned how to use the ones she's got."

"Honestly, baby?" Ellen raised an eyebrow flirtatiously. "I think yours are way better."

"Aww," I blushed. I jiggled them a little and smiled. Its true, they were pretty nice. "Thank you sweetie, yours are my favorite too."

She laughed and leaned in towards me, I brushed my hair out of the way and she put her arm around my shoulder, pulling me in tight. I rested my head on the bare skin of her bosom. She was soft and warm. I couldn't wait for this night to end so I could just snuggle up with her in bed, never wanting to leave. I glanced down along her body, past her big perky tits, past her taught navel, and down at the mouth watering monster squirming around in her jeans. I smiled as I reached a hand out surreptitiously.

On stage, Elizabeth continued to dance, but we were too caught up in our own little world to pay her much mind.

When an especially loud cheer went out from the crowd, I looked up. Her skirt was gone and now that she'd worked up some confidence she was trying some trickier stuff on the pole. She didn't look especially graceful, but she was determined to see it through. She glanced over at us, cuddled up as we were, and our eyes met. Was that jealousy?

If it was it was gone a second later as she turned her attentions to one of the patrons who had begun to throw money up on stage. She fumbled the bills as she stuffed them into her garter, but made sure to give him a real good show anyway.

By the time Elizabeth rejoined us she had put back on the loose nurse's skirt -- even if the way it was tenting under the pressure of her hard dick told me she wasn't wearing anything beneath it -- but she had opted to wear one of the club's t-shirts as a top instead of that disaster of a thing she had worn up on stage. Someone had evidently taken a pair of scissors to this shirt though, because it cut off shortly below the nipple, seemingly with the intent of showing off as much of Elizabeth's prodigious underboob as possible. Honestly, with the way that that nurse's top had dug into her skin, I couldn't really blame her for going with something a little more comfortable. In fact, I was a little jealous. That top was totally my style.

A few of the guys in the crowd turned to look at her as she walked back over to the table. One nervous looking guy in particular had his gaze firmly glued on her ass. She caught him in the corner of her eye and turned to blow him a sultry kiss, his blush was luminescent.

"Oh my god!" she laughed as she arrived at the table. She was sweaty and out of breath. "Did you see me up there? I can't believe I just did that! That was crazy!"

"You were great!" Ellen said, standing up and giving her friend a hug. "How did it feel?"

"Elles, it was amazing! It was everything I imagined it to be." Tears started welling up in her eyes. "All this time I thought it was something I just wasn't good enough to do, but getting out there... It was embarrassing, and I was self conscious the whole time, but I kept thinking about what you said and I didn't let that stop me and it was so so so much fun. I can't even begin to describe it. Elles, I loved it."

"It seems so strange," Ellen laughed "to see you self conscious about anything."

"Hey, even I have my limits." Elizabeth beamed. "I guess I thought that bigger boobs would give me more courage, but it wasn't the boobs that did it." She gave Ellen a big hug then pulled back and looked her deeply in the eyes. "Your talk earlier..." She leaned forward, putting her nose-to-nose with Ellen as the bottom half of her huge boobs spilled out of her shirt and pressed against Ellen's own naked tit-flesh. "Well, I- I could kiss you right now, Elles." I could see the blood rushing through Ellen's body. Elizabeth slowly inched her lips forward.

I coughed, loudly. Elizabeth shot me a predatory glare then let out a heavy sigh of pent up sexual energy as she stepped back. Then, as though she hadn't just tried to steal a kiss from my girlfriend again, she smiled happily. Ellen just blushed.

"It was... It was..." Elizabeth took a deep breath and turned back to face the stage. "It was like everything I've ever wanted. Oh my god!" she gave a cute little hop that sent her chest heaving. She grabbed Ellen's hands, her eyes sparkling. "You guys have got to try it!"

"What?" I choked out.

"You guys are like, my best friends in the whole wide world!" She turned to look at me, still clutching Ellen's hands. "And that was the greatest thing I've ever experienced. I want you two to know what that feels like, I want to share that with you!"

"I- I don't know. I just..." stalled Ellen, still blushing madly at her friend's act of sexual forwardness. She looked to me for escape.

"I- I don't think it's really us." I shrugged incredulously. "I mean... look at us."

"Are you kidding me?" She laughed "It's nothing to be embarrassed about - its fun! And it's totally up your alley! I mean, you especially Evan."

"Hey!" I cried, "What's that supposed to mean?"

"No offense or anything," she held up her hands innocently, "but I've seen the way you move. It's like, rawr, everything you do... you're always trying to show off that sexy little body of yours."

I mean... that was true but it's not like I was-

"Its okay though!" she continued enthusiastically, bouncing on her heels, "You don't need to be embarrassed by it! That's the point! That'll just hold you back! There's nothing wrong with being a bit of a slut! You gotta embrace it!"

"Hey!" I barked, my breasts jumping as I stood up. "I am not a slut!" I don't know what surprised me more, the fact that she had just said that, or the fact that it hurt so badly. I couldn't decide if I wanted to punch her in the face or start crying.

"Okay, okay." she said, stepping back. "Maybe slut is the wrong word. But look at you, you're a total tease, Evan." I pulled away as she slid up next to me and tried to run a finger along my bicep. "and the sooner you can embrace that fact the happier you'll be. That's what I've learned today."

"Look," I roared "I may be a... okay, yeah, I like to show off, but I'm not a slut! and I'm not a tease! And I'm certainly not about to get naked for a bunch of random dudes. Elizabeth, I'm glad you're happy with yourself and I'm glad you got a chance to live out your dream, but that's exactly what it is -- your dream. Not ours."

She frowned.

"Besides" chimed in Ellen, getting between the two of us, "It's not like they just let anyone up on stage. You work here, they know you, we're just two random -"

"Elizabeth!" came a deep, angry cry from the club's rear doors. Elizabeth winced.

Quickly closing the distance was an angry man in a cheap suit. See, this was more in line with what I was expecting to see in a strip club. From his gold watch to his bleached-white teeth to his fake tan, this was one of those guys who came across as the type who obviously cared way too much about their appearance. He wasn't even all that bad looking. Beneath his suit you could even tell he was statuesque, even if it was the kind of muscle you get by lifting for aesthetics rather than strength. He'd be downright handsome if he wasn't obviously such a complete slimeball.

Elizabeth sighed as she turned to face the man. Even in her heels, he loomed over her. Ellen and I both stood up, ready to defend our friend if it came to it. The man gave the two of us an appraising glance as we did so. I put my hands on my hips and batted my eyes at him as I gave him a smouldering glare. He wasn't the only one around here who could come across as intimidating.

"Elizabeth, what in hell's name do you think you're doing!?" he bellowed before catching himself and continued in a stage whisper. "I've told you *a thousand fucking times* you are not allowed on stage! Not with that body of yours!" he all but grabbed at Elizabeth's haunch. "and not with those *tits*!" he waved his hands around in front of her breast. "We have *standards*!"

"But-"

"No buts!" he stomped his foot in mute rage. "Why does it always come down to those flimsy excuses with you!"

"Look, we're short staffed tonight, right? I was just trying to help!"

"I don't care! I'm sick of hearing it! I don't care if the club is burning to the ground, it doesn't give you the *right* to go up on that stage!" His face was getting redder and redder. "Why is that whenever I turn around I catch you involved in some new misadventure? Why can't you just do the job I pay you to do and be happy about it!?"

Elizabeth gritted her teeth.

"I don't pay you to strip, *Elizabeth*," he said her name like it was an insult. "I pay you to wait on tables. No one wants to see you out there on the pole! And don't even get me started on how much paperwork you need to sign now! Do you have any idea how much trouble I could get in for that stunt you just pulled?"

"I-"

"I don't want to hear it! This is the last straw Elizabeth! How many times do I have to write you up before you learn!? You're already at two strikes! And that's not including that batchelor party you ruined, or that german student you kidnaped, or that time you were having sex in the men's room - yes I know about that, don't you even try to deny it!"

"What!? I wasn't- That was just a blow-"

"I don't want to hear it!" he shouted. "The only reason I even keep you around is because no one else wants to work the day shifts. You're lucky I don't do what I should have done a long time ago and fire you on the spot! What are you even still doing here? Your shift is over! Go home! No one wants you here, Elizabeth, and no one wants to see you up on stage!"

Elizabeth took a slow deliberate breath, her hands shaking with barely controlled rage. Her face had gone red, but if it was from embarrassment or anger I couldn't tell. There was clearly a lot she wanted to say, but this was not the first time she'd been in this situation, and if she knew what was good for her she'd know to stay quiet.

"They... they *loved* me." she said, softly.

"What?" he raised an eye, daring her to talk back one more time.

"On stage." She clenched her fist. "They loved me."

"Oh please," he rolled his eyes, "they'd love a ham if it wore that skirt. If you could think with something besides your dick for more than 10 seconds you'd be able to figure that out. You're nothing special, Elizabeth, you're just a stupid girl who makes a lot of dumb decisions, and the sooner you get that through that little hormone-riddled brain of yours, the better off we'll all be."

Elizabeth's eyes flew wide in outrage. I flinched as she pivoted, half expecting her to throw a punch or to kick this asshole like he deserved. Instead, Ellen and I backed out of the way as she stormed over to the table.

"This is what I was saying, Elles," Elizabeth whispered, her emotions only just barely contained, "sometimes people really really deserve it."

"Elizabeth, don't." Ellen warned.

"Hey, asshole." She held up the device and pointed it at the manager. "Fire this."

Zzzzt!!!!

Zzzzt!!!!

Zzzzt!!!!

There was a moment of silence. Crap, what did she just do? I suppressed the urge to feel like the device hadn't worked... something had changed, I just couldn't tell what.

"W-what?" the man looked around confused. "Fired? What did I do?"

Elizabeth looked down at her ill-fitting suit, her heavy gold wristwatch dangling loosely from her left hand, then she laughed as she looked down at the short man in front of her, his bronzed thigh muscles bulging out against the sides of the little white skirt that he was stretching to its limits.

Ellen scowled.

"M-Ma'am?" the man wobbled slightly in his heels.

"Uh." Elizabeth let out a nervous laugh. "Sorry, what was I saying?"

"I was just reminding you, ma'am," the man tried and failed to meet Elizabeth's gaze, "that it's a big paperwork hassle when you get on stage like that."

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow threateningly. He winced. Elizabeth let out another laugh.

"I-I mean, I know we're short staffed tonight and all but -"

Elizabeth took a step towards him, he shrunk back as far as he could, but between his tight skirt and his high heels she was upon him in an instant.

"You know what, Jack?" Elizabeth gave a predatory grin as she loomed over him. "You're in luck. I think I'm finally going to give you your chance to really shine tonight."

"W-what?"

"I want you to go up and help fill in with the dancers for the rest of the night, okay?"

"What!? But, my shift is over! And- and I don't want to be a dancer! I'm happy being a waitress! I can't even dance! Who would even want to see me?"

"Aww, don't be so hard on yourself." She grabbed his butt. "They'd love a ham if it wore a skirt like that."

"N-no, seriously." He blushed. "I'm done with my shift. I should be going home. My wife is going to-"

"Nonsense." she grinned "Consider it mandatory overtime. I want you up there on stage and that's final. Think of it like an audition that your job might depend on."

"What!?" he gasped. "You can't do that!"

"Can't I? Let's face it Jack, your work's been less than stellar."

"I- What? That's not true!" his hands shook as he squirmed under the gaze of Elizabeth's looming form. "I... I..." he sighed and lowered his head. "Yes ma'am."

"Oh, and honey," she bent down and whispered in his ear, "I want to see you in my office afterwards. If you're going to strip here you've gotta give me a... *private show*."

He yelped as she squeezed his junk. Elizabeth just laughed as he then scampered away. She turned back to the table as we all sat down.

"Wait..." I said, hand in my head "What just happened?"

“Was one of your strippers really getting angry at you for dancing?”

“Waitress. And yes, I guess?” She sat back down, looking down at the way her suit loosely pooled around her. “I mean, I guess they don’t like it when I take their jobs?” she looked fascinated at the watchband dangling from her wrist. “But like, its my club, right?” her already deep voice dropped another octave. “R-right?”

We nodded.

“So I can strip whenever I want, right? I can strip whenever I *fucking* want!” she laughed. “And I can get whoever else I want on stage!” Her eyes sparkled with excitement. “Like you guys! Come on! You’ve got to try it!”

Ellen and I exchanged a worried glance.

“Wait, hold on, don’t try to change the subject,” Ellen said, “what did you just swap? You can’t just grab it and fire it off like that”

“I... I’m sorry.” Elizabeth’s eyes darkened. “I was just so mad. Look, it’ll be fine though. You trust me, right?”

“Yes.” Ellen sighed. “But you make it so hard sometimes!”

“I just... I couldn’t take it anymore, Elles. I was so angry... I... I was about to do something stupid.”

“Okay,” she laughed, “that doesn’t surprise me.”

“So... instead... I got even.”

Ellen frowned as she seemed to give the matter some consideration, then sighed again. “Look. I’m too drunk to deal with this right now.” she said. “Just... just change everything back when this is all over, okay?”

“You got it, Elles.” Elizabeth smiled as she leaned down to hug ellen, crushing Ellen’s head into her breasts. “Thank you.”

“Now,” she said, parting, “let’s get back to the matter on hand. I want you two up on stage and I’m not going to take no for an answer.” She looked down at the device in her hand and grinned as she hid it behind her back.

“Elizabeth, I don’t think that would really work.” Ellen smiled diplomatically, but I think it may have come across a little crooked. “I mean, guys just don’t find us attractive, you know?”

“I...” Elizabeth frowned, looking back and forth between ellen and myself. “I... yeah... I guess...” She did some mental math. “Oh my god, guys are so stupid. Ellen, you’re... you’re really *really* sexy, you know that, right? I’ve always thought that.”

"Aw," Ellen laughed, "thank you. You're not so bad yourself."

"No, I- " Elizabeth blushed. "I really mean it." She put a hand on Ellen's shoulder.

I let out another cough. I hadn't quite expected to have to be on such high alert. Normally I'm the one pulling Ellen away from other girls, not the other way around.

Elizabeth pouted as she seemed to realize what she was doing. She withdrew her hand. "That's a good point though, Ellen," she said. "We should see about swapping you two into like, sexy girly bodies before sending you out."

My heart skipped a beat at the idea.

"Temporarily, of course," she added hastily.

I looked up at the girl on stage. The cheerleader that had been on stage when had arrived was back out for another set. I just had to love the confidence with which she was teasing the crowd as she ran her large hands over the bulging muscle of her hulking feminine body, tantalizing them by sometimes going lower, teasing the sizeable bulge that was threatening to burst out of her bright-pink side-tie thong. Maybe getting up on stage wouldn't be so bad if it meant I could have a girly body like that. I tried not to look too excited.

"I don't know, Elizabeth," laughed Ellen, "I don't think I'm nearly drunk enough for that."

"Oh, why didn't you say so?" Asked Elizabeth, looking around the room at some of the other patrons.

And then I could have sworn I heard the faint Zzzzzttt of the device, but it wasn't sitting on the table. Wait, Elizabeth had it last. Where did she put it?

"Come on, Elles, please?" she continued.

"I... I dunno..." Ellen slurred. My poor baby had obviously had too much to drink. She was struggling. "What- what would Monsieur Laurent say?"

Ellen and Elizabeth both burst out into a fit of giggles at the in joke.

I smiled. Mr. Laurent was an old teacher of theirs. He had been one of those people that really encouraged the two of them, and Ellen had always really looked up to him. Apparently, he had once caught the two of them in some kind of teenage escapade and Ellen really took the subsequent prudence lecture to heart. She still corresponded with him from time to time.

A naughty grin struck Elizabeth's face as she glanced back and forth between Ellen and the cheerleader on stage. "I think..." she laughed, "I think that your role model would totally want you to get up on stage and dance, Elles."

"Huh? But-"

Zzzzttttt!

"I..." Ellen twirled a lock of her hair and let out a sexy little drunken sigh. "Dammit, Your right. What *would* Jessi D Lite say? She probably wouldn't turn down an opportunity like this, would she? She wouldn't be shy about it would she? This is, like, totally a chance to make her proud, isn't it? Mmm, and then she'd probably find some way to turn it into an orgy or something!"

The two of them laughed. Ellen had looked up to Jessi D, the pornstar turned advice columnist, ever since she had had a crush on her back in school. Apparently, the two of them had once written to her for advice about one of their teenage escapades and they really took the subsequent sexual-positivity lessons to heart. She still followed her blog religiously, and not just for the pictures.

She had learned a lot from that blog, believe you me.

Suddenly, the girl on stage stopped and stared at the room like she didn't quite know why she was there, then, a moment later, she fled the stage. The guys in the crowd all looked around confused.

"Oh my god," laughed Elizabeth "Looks like we really are going to be short staffed. Come on, we could totally use you."

Ellen and Elizabeth both stood up, excited.

"Coming, Evan?" Elizabeth turned and looked at me.

"No," I laughed "I'm still going to sit this one out. As fun as parading around in a cute girl's body sounds..." I sighed "I, I think it hits a little too close to home, you know?"

"What's the matter?" Elizabeth stuck out her tongue. "Don't you want to drive all the cute guys wild?"

"Okay, first off," I glared at her. "I don't need to be on stage to drive guys wild. Second, I'm not into dudes - and even if I was into dude's I've only got eyes for Ellen, okay? Plus, I mean, let's face it, those guys are hardly -

zzzzttttt

- even that cute. I mean, sure, some of them are pretty hot, I guess, but like, most of them aren't even my type."

"Really?" asked Elizabeth, giggling. "So what's your type."

"What can I say? I like guys with a little muscle on their bones, you know?" I flexed my arm by way of demonstration.

"And a little money in their banks?" Ellen giggled.

"Umf." I bit my lip. "Exactly!"

We all laughed.

“So you’re saying” Elizabeth said, slowly, “you don’t want to get up there on stage and flaunt your hot sexy body for all those guys? You don’t want to get up on that pole and lose yourself in a haze of music and lust while all those cute guys are so in love with you that they’re just ready to throw their money at you? You don’t want to feel their lustful stares as their eyes roam over every inch of your flesh while they imagine all the dark sexy things they want to do with your body?”

Mmf... Geeze, when she put it like that. I looked over at the stage. It was true, there were a couple of really cute guys in the audience. I bit my lip again. What would it feel like getting them all hard for me? What would it feel like knowing that it was *me* that was getting them so worked up... I mean... I knew what it felt like, guys have been getting hard for me all my life and I loved it. But this was different. Wasn’t it? Up there I’d be a woman. I’d be... wait, I’d be *sexy*, wouldn’t I? Wasn’t this exactly what I had been pining for as I’d been staring at those girls all night?

What was my objection again?

“Fine.” I conceded, trying to sound a little more disinterested than I was. “I’ll get up and dance.” Elizabeth grinned wide, hand still behind her back.

“Great!” she smiled. “Oh my god you guys, it’s going to be so much fun!”

At that point, Mike, our hunky waitress walked by to gather up our drinks. God, he was so hot.

I fumbled my way through his idle flirtations and blushed as he winked in my direction. I wasn’t even really paying attention to what he was saying, I couldn’t stop staring at his rippling abs, and those muscles... mmmf. If it wasn’t for those ridiculous boobs he’d be the complete package. God, I’d love to run my tongue stud along every inch of that rock-hard--

I shook my head. Stupid jock hormones. What kind of boyfriend was I, ogling guys right in front of Ellen like that? Uhg, it could just be so hard sometimes.

Now don’t get me wrong, I love Ellen. I love Ellen more than life itself. She’s the world to me. But her enormous breasts and curvy girly butt just don’t do anything for me. She’s this perfect feminine beauty, and I’d love to look like her or to be her, but she just didn’t provide what I was looking for, sexually. I just wasn’t into girls.

It’s been hard on both of us, really. We just can’t satisfy each other’s physical needs -- and lord knows we’ve both got a lot of physical needs these days. So... as much as I hate myself for it, sometimes I catch myself looking at cute guys, or enjoying their attention a little more than I should. It just... it helps me blow off some sexual steam, and there’s nothing wrong with that, right? I just wish I didn’t feel so guilty afterwards...

Elizabeth ushered us to the back of the club, through the doors in the back, past the staff changing room and into the stripper’s changing room, which was down a little hall and to the left. The code to this door was also *6969*. Elizabeth could be so childish sometimes.

Stepping through those doors was like that heavenly moment when you walk into a perfume shop. It was a thousand different feminine smells all fighting your nose for attention.

Now, this, this was more like it. The change room we had seen before was very to-the-point and businesslike, it was a place to get changed. This place though... this place was like something out of a fairy tale, a place where girls went to become beautiful. Light-rimmed mirrors lined the walls as half-naked beauties preened and primped around half ready. All available table space was completely occupied by makeup, beauty products and cute slutty outfits.

If it wasn't full of naked women, I'd could have believed that this was heaven.

The girls looked up as we entered, clearly a little perturbed by the sudden appearance of a fox among the hens, but they calmed down a little when they saw that I was with Elizabeth. I laughed. I wasn't the one they had to worry about.

I held Ellen's hand tight, as much to give her strength as to remind her that, while I'm sure she wanted nothing more than to dive into the fleshy display in front of us, we had more important things to do right now. The poor thing was literally salivating. I could only imagine how bad it must be for her, she hadn't gotten off in ages and all the teasing that's been going on lately probably just made things harder and harder. It probably didn't help either that all these girls were so obviously into us. They kept giving us sidelong glances then whispering to each other and giggling.

We settled into one of the corners, displacing a girl who looked strangely out of place without her genie outfit on. She wasn't happy about being moved, but Elizabeth whispered something in her ear and she took off like a shot. I... I was beginning to have my doubts about how good of a boss Elizabeth was.

The poor girl took off so fast, in fact, that she completely forgot her cosmetics kit. Oh god, the makeup. I was trying very hard not to geek out about the makeup. There was an identical kit sitting in front of each girl. Did the club provide them? I was kind of expecting them to just have a cosmetics artist on staff. But this... this was good shit, and there was so much of it. My heart ached as I thought about my missing collection. It would cost a small fortune to replace it. Maybe Elizabeth would let me borrow some of this stuff? I'd need to remember to ask her about it before we left.

"Wait, wait, wait, hold on," said Ellen, drinking in the sight of these women like a sailor who had just returned from sea. "We... we're not going to be cute. Sexy, I mean. Attractive. Out there, on stage."

"Are you kidding me?" Elizabeth laughed. "Look at you!"

"For *guys* I mean" Ellen chastised. "It's a device thing." she paused, then started looking around. "Wait. Shit. The device. Where is it?"

"Relax," said Elizabeth, pulling it out of one of her suit pockets. "I've got it."

"Oh! Oh thank goodness." she leaned in on Elizabeth. "Oh my god, I thought we almost left it back there. Thank you Elizabeth, I don't know what I'd do without you."

"No problem." she laughed. "What do you mean you won't be sexy because it's a device thing?"

"I swapped our... our *attractiveness*," she struggled with the word, "with some jock guys at the mall. So now we're all sexy as hell like we're guys, but really we're not."

"What? How does that work?"

"I don't know," she laughed, "but it totally does! Before that no one was really interested in us despite our new bodies, but girls have been checking us out left and right ever since! Oh my god, It's been so great!" Her face turned into a sudden pout. "Except when they hit on Evan of course."

"Yeah," I laughed, "that part's been pretty terrible."

"So wait," Elizabeth blushed as she looked at the device, "You're saying that despite having a body like that, no one found you any more attractive until you went out and made yourself more attractive?"

"Yup!"

Elizabeth looked down at her boobs and frowned. "Elles, baby, I wish you'd mentioned that earlier."

"That's what I was trying to say about the dicks! They can't be for better tips because no one would even notice!"

A few of the strippers turned and looked in concern at the cute drunken girl rambling about dicks. Ellen smiled back at them, her gaze firmly glued to their chests.

"Wait," I said, "so having a girl's body wouldn't do the trick? Stripping wise?" my voice betrayed more disappointment than I'd have liked.

"No, no, I mean... maybe..." Ellen shook her head. "Sorry. I'm having a hard time thinking. Even if we got a girly body for you baby, no one would even notice. If we do an attractiveness swap though, then they'll think we're hot."

"You're so smart, baby," I laughed, "I'm glad you've got all this figured out." The idea of going out on stage and having the guys not like me was perhaps more rejection than I could have bared.

"Aw, thank you baby." Ellen leaned in for a kiss and I gave her a chaste peck on the lips.

Elizabeth shot us a jealous look then started fiddling with the controls on the device. "Well, that's no problem, I guess. There's plenty of attractive girls in here we can swap with."

Just then someone walked in from the door labeled backstage. It was that waitress that had been arguing with Elizabeth earlier. His face was completely red as he teetered in in nothing but his high heels. He looked like he was on the verge of tears. He yelped in embarrassment when he saw Elizabeth. Desperately trying to avoid eye contact, he scampered over to a corner to get dressed.

Elizabeth, for her part, just gave him a hungry grin, and I can't say I blame her. Naked and sweaty like that he was really something. Statuesque abs, muscular build... I was kind of disappointed I'd missed his show. And uh, I was trying not to stare, but he had a nice big dick too. Just the way I like them. Okay maybe I could stare just a little... It was doing - zzzztttt - absolutely nothing for me, but I'm sure all the guys out in the audience loved it.

"Here," said Elizabeth, her sexy baritone sending a thrill down my spine. "Let's get started swapping you two then." she held the device out in her rugged, dainty arms. My pulse quickened as her breasts bounced in my face. She caught me staring and gave me a wink and a laugh. I swallowed hard. Why did Ellen's friend have to be so... *hot*. It was bad enough she was so scantily clad in that suit, but now I couldn't help flashing back to the way she kept shaking her big sexy dick around on stage earlier as well. I sighed, but it came out as more of a needy whimper.

I shook my head to clear my thoughts. This was not the time. I needed to think about something as un-sexy as possible. Luckily, the backstage area was full of beautiful naked women.

"See anything you like?" Elizabeth asked, looking around.

Oh god, there were so many choices. In fact, there were way too many choices. I knew these girls were all very sexy, but it was so hard to say who was the sexiest, who was the most attractive - I mean, I just didn't see women that way. Was it qualitative? Like, if I went for that cute hawaiian dancer girl, would I seem more exotically attractive than if I went with the girl next door?

Actually, come to think of it, right now the girl next door was getting dressed up as a slutty teacher while the hawaiian girl was doing up her makeup to perfect her slutty cat girl look. Would the qualitative nature of their costuming come over as well? Or would that be on me to wear something appropriate?

"I... I think I'm way too drunk to make this decision." Ellen chimed in. "Can you pick for me, baby?"

"Really?" I laughed. "I thought you'd be an authority on this. "

"It's a shame those cute twins aren't here," she said, "that would have been fun. we could have been, like, attractiveness twins." I smiled as she giggled awkwardly at her own joke.

"How about her?" I said, motioning towards the cheerleader in the corner. She looked somewhat uncomfortable to be here and was struggling to fit her muscular thighs into a pair of skinny jeans that she looked very concerned might rip at a moment's notice.

"Um." A look of embarrassment spread across Ellen's face as she stared at the girl. "You know what? How about we go with someone else?"

I laughed. She had certainly been interested in her when we first walked in... maybe it was too close to home?

"Okay, well," I said, looking at the rest of the girls. That red-haired girl from earlier was out -- she still had that creepy looking man-face that we had never swapped back. That guy from earlier, Candy, was evidently very popular, but honestly he wasn't that attractive.

“Oh, you know what?” I gestured with my eyes “Those two over there would be perfect.” The pair in question was that elegant, elfen looking girl that Elizabeth had been swapping dicks onto, and some bubblegum haired bimbo who I don’t think we’d seen on stage yet. The elegance of the former was an obvious choice for my wonderful baby, and there was just something about the latter that really appealed to my feminine aesthetic. Like, I don’t know if I’d want to be her, but she was undeniably the kind of sexy I wanted people to see me as.

“Oooh,” said Ellen, drooling at the half-naked pair. “good choice, baby.”

We put our hands on the device as Elizabeth adjusted the dials and took aim. For an instant I couldn’t help but wonder if Elizabeth ever swapped that girl’s junk back afterwards? Was she packing some dude’s thing? Would that matter?

I closed my eyes as Elizabeth pressed the button.

Zzzztzzttt!
Zzzztzzttt!

Nothing happened. I don’t know quite what I was expecting, but I was sort of used to the idea that getting swapped caused a kind of weird unbalancing rush.

“Hold on,” I said, looking down at myself. “I don’t feel any different.” My body was still oppressively masculine.

“We’re aware of the changes,” Ellen said, “so we see through it, I think. But look, no one is eyeballing us anymore.”

Sure enough all the awkward sexual tension in the room was now directed at the girls we had just swapped with. And Elizabeth, of course, but, well, you can’t really blame them for that. She was so rugged and handsome I don’t think there was a straight girl alive who could resist her.

“Yeah...” Ellen nodded “We should be good to go out on stage like this.”

“I...” I bit my lip in jealousy. “I still kinda wanted a girl’s body...”

“What?” Elizabeth laughed.

“I mean,” I blushed. “Just to try out!” I brushed the hair out of my eyes as I tried to play it cool.

“Aw, baby.” Ellen gave me a great big hug. “I’m so proud of you. I knew you’d want to use the device for that sooner or later”

Elizabeth rolled her eyes.

“I mean... I think I’m ready for it.” I hugged her back. I was kind of proud of myself, too. My head was a whorl of excitement and trepidation.

“Here!” she said, thrusting the device into my hands. “You should do the honors.”

I looked down at the device and then around the room again. There were so many prime examples of femininity here. So many girls I’d love to be. I could look like any of them. I could look like all of them, a cavalcade of parts, the best of all worlds. Even dulled by the alcohol I could feel in the weight of the device a profound sense of possibility. Was this what Ellen had felt the other day looking at everyone in that bar?

But... but I guess it wouldn’t be a good idea to get greedy, would it? I mean, we had to swap them all back after, right? It would be better to keep it simple... but on the other hand, how often was I going to get an opportunity like this?

“Okay.” I said. “Hold on tight.”

With Elizabeth and Ellen’s well-manicured hands placed over my own, I spun the dials around to what I hoped were the right places and closed my eyes as I pressed the button.

It um. It took a few tries to get it right.

Luckily Ellen and Elizabeth were able to swap everything back. Thank god no one freaked out about all the mismatched limbs.

Third time being the charm, before long I was settling into my new body. My new, girly body. A complete package. And I didn’t stop there either. Goodbye ugly male face, goodbye ugly mail hair. Goodbye, even, to my ugly male voice. Ellen laughed at that, since my voice changed when I swapped bodies anyway, but I insisted. My new voice sounded so perfect, so high and musical, like everything I was saying was in song.

It was a good thing I was sitting down, because as prepared as I thought I was for the sudden rush of foreign sensation, I was still completely overwhelmed by the sudden changes as we did swap after swap. This new body was very different. I was shockingly sober, for one. I think all the alcohol in me got swapped over along with all my blood. But more than that, the jock’s body had been so athletic and this one, while clearly made for dancing, felt infinitely more dainty and delicate. Honestly? I loved it. It was like relaxing into a comfortable chair.

It was, um, sensitive too. Needy. Don’t get me wrong, the jock’s body had been too, but in a different kind of way. If I wasn’t being observed by a roomfull of girls I’d probably have run off right there and just spent the next few hours just feeling myself up.

I took a look in the mirror, and smiled at the beautiful sexy face staring back, at the pink hair and the cute kissable lips and the doeful, expressive eyes, and even the delicate feminine nose. I smiled and the girl in the mirror smiled too. I was the girl next door, or, well, something close to her. I could pass as her slightly hotter sister. This was girl was me. This was really, truly me.

I struggled to hold back my tears. I didn’t want to ruin my makeup.

Seeing my expression, Ellen gave me a great big hug. I sunk into her comforting warmth. I felt so small in her arms, so safe.

"Just remember, Cinderella." Elizabeth chimed, "This is all temporary."

I smiled. I liked being called a princess. Right now I certainly felt like one.

I took a deep breath to settle the emotions and hormones flooding through me. She was right, this was temporary, so I'd better take full advantage of it.

I'll be honest, looking back I think that that the time we spent in that little change room was probably one of the happiest times of my life. Getting to be a girl, and, more to the point, getting to be a girl and to girl out alongside my wonderful Ellen as we looked through heaps of slutty little costumes and clothes for the two of us... it was just so much fun. There wasn't a single outfit in there that wasn't custom tailored to make men drool. I wish I could have taken it all home with me. I chastised myself for maybe just having a little too much fun, but if I was going to turn back into a pumpkin at midnight, then gosh darn it I was going to enjoy myself.

I made Elizabeth turn around while Ellen and I changed. Honestly, she'd been eyeballing my girlfriend all night and I had to draw the line somewhere. Besides, it gave me a good view of her sexy little ass.

It was around then, when I was pulling up my silky garters and trying to get my little black maid skirt to look just right that I realized that I was going to be naked soon. Naked and on stage. A cold chill went down my spine. Naked and on stage and in front of... in front of all those people... had I mentioned that with my newfound body had come newfound sobriety?

But no. I shook my head. This was no time to be chickening out. Besides the only people who were going to see me would be all those cute guys, right? What better validation of my femininity? I could live with being up on stage if it meant showing off for some boys. That's all it was. Nothing scary about that, I told myself, nothing scary about that at all.

I looked over to Ellen for some emotional support and did a double take. She was wearing this slutty little school girl costume. Half the changeroom was giving her all these weird looks. I did my best not to laugh.

"What do you think?" She asked, giving an unsteady little twirl. Nervousness tinged her voice.

I gave her a big smile as I searched my brain for something supportive to say. She looked good - she even made those clothes look good, in fact - but they looked so out of place on her. Before I could say anything though Elizabeth turned around and let out a sharp laugh.

"Wait, hold on," she snickered "you're not seriously going to wear *that* are you?"

"What?" Ellen looked down at the slutty uniform "W-what's wrong with it? I mean... besides the obvious..."

"Elles, that's a school *girl's* outfit."

Ellen blinked blearily, then her eyes went wide. "Oh my god, right." she slapped her forehead. "That stupid crossdressing thing. Oh my god."

"What?" asked Elizabeth

"Its... it's a whole big thing." she sighed as she looked around the room. "Don't worry about it, just... here, where's the device?"

I held it out for her. She took it and started adjusting the dials. Elizabeth and I reached out to touch it as well, but she pulled it away from us.

"Actually..." Ellen sighed, looking at the two of us, then back down at the remote. "I think this is a swap I gotta make on my own."

"What?" cried Elizabeth "Double standard! What about all that stuff about trust? What are you up to?"

"I know I know!" Ellen cried "It's just..." she looked at me and shrunk a little, "it's embarrassing..."

"Elles what could you possibly do that would embarrass you in front of us?" Elizabeth laughed.

I took Ellen's hand into my own and gave a supportive squeeze. Whatever this was, if this was about her wanting to wear women's clothing, I was behind her 100%. I knew what it was like to not feel comfortable with an aspect of your gender.

"Uhg, fine, I'll tell you." She sighed again, heavily. "Look, Elizabeth, you don't have any slutty stripper clothes that would really suit men - or me - do you?"

"I..." Elizabeth gave it some thought, then frowned. "No, you're right."

"So here, I'm going to go get changed back into my jeans, then I'll swap what I'm wearing with one of them." She gestured to the indian girl trying to squeeze into what could generously be called a policewoman's uniform. "That way I'll have something to strip out of, but no one thinks its weird or that I'm crossdressing."

"Yeah," Elizabeth laughed, "but you'd be wearing a skirt!"

"And what's wrong with me wanting to wear a skirt Elizabeth?" said Ellen, crossing her hands over her prodigious chest. "You do it all the time."

"Yeah, but that's different." Elizabeth paused. "No offense Elles, but I hardly think anyone is going to take you seriously if you're wearing women's clothing."

"Well thanks to the device, they'll take me about as serious as if I was wearing these," she said, holding up her tight little jeans. "Look, you're the only one here who has a problem with it, okay?"

Elizabeth started to laugh, but it petered out once she realized we weren't laughing too.

“Wait... you’re serious?”

Ellen held up the device and raised her eyebrow daringly.

“Uh... Okay... I guess?” Elizabeth sat down, confused. “If that’s what you want to do. I didn’t know you were into that sort of thing...”

Before too long Ellen and I had managed to get her back into her jeans - the fact that her big girly dick was rock hard the entire time didn’t help, but with a little teamwork we managed to get it back in there. Then, before the zzzztttt of the device could even finish echoing in my head, Ellen was clad in a skimpy policewoman’s outfit.

I chastised myself as I struggled not to laugh. If she wanted to express herself this way, then I was all for it, even if Elizabeth gave no such courtesy.

“You look great, baby!” I cheered. “How does it feel?”

“It feels like I’m half naked,” Ellen blushed, “but I’m fine... I’m just... I’m starting to have second thoughts, you know? Maybe this isn’t such a good idea.”

“Right?” I laughed. “Me too. But you look great! And your going to be great out there, I know it. You’re so beautiful and amazing that they’re going to get one look at you and you’re going to blow them all away. I mean, look at you, you’re positively sparkling. Any guy would be lucky to have you dance for them, and that’s not even taking the attractiveness swap into account.”

“Aw.” She gave me a big warm hug, squeezing her petite chest into my new boobs. “Thanks, cheeseball. You always know just what to say.”

I smiled. God, I loved this woman.

Elizabeth sighed impatiently.

Once I had finished touching up our makeup -- not too much, but enough to let those guys know we meant business -- we proceeded backstage. Have I mentioned yet how lucky I am to have a girl who lets me do her makeup? It’s basically the best thing ever. I considered offering to touch Elizabeth’s up as well, but she wasn’t going out on stage and she was already so handsome it would have been difficult to really add anything.

The actual backstage area was a bit of a mess. Lots of discarded costume pieces and props were just sort of littered around. A guy at a laptop nearby was apparently the DJ. As he saw Elizabeth, his transition from relaxed to alert was so sudden that he almost fell out of his chair. A handful of other stage hands seemed to jump to attention as well. I guess the club was starting to get a little busier, because it looked like they were making preparations to open up the second stage.

I looked over at the stage itself. Familiar, but from a different angle. I couldn’t get a good look of who was out there, but I could hear the cheers from the horny guys. Oh god, so many horny guys.

There were a handful of girls there, desperately doing last minute adjustments to their makeup and costumes, stretching and generally getting themselves ready. I guess they were just waiting to go out on stage next. I guess one of the advantages of being friends with the boss though is that you get to skip the queue. Elizabeth was telling them all that I was going out next.

The time spent waiting for my turn seemed to pass in a blur. I'm sure it must have been a solid five minutes at least, but it felt like no time at all.

Before I knew it a naked latina girl in a fireman's hat strutted her way off the stage, winking to Elizabeth as she went. The crowd cried out, hungry for more.

And then... it was my turn.

To be continued in part 11: The Breast of Times; The Worst of Times.

Zzzzt!!!!