

Warning: this chapter is rated a dramatic R and contains pole-dancing, boobs, topless protagonists, stripping, tits, body swaps, slutty behavior, battle scars, hunky boys, gender confusion, sexy girls, memory manipulation, seduction, self-realization, self-actualization, shy boys, reality blindness, heartbreak, betrayal, conflict, struggle, desperately horny protagonists, memory manipulation, betrayal, and two lovers doing their best to earn their happy ending.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 11 – The breast of times, the worst of times =

By Razmagurk

I don't know which was worse. The nervousness or the arousal.

Don't get me wrong, I love showing off for guys. Guys have been drooling over me since I was an awkward pre-teen. They can't help it, there's just something about me that they love. And i mean, I've never minded the attention. Come on, let's face facts. Boys are delicious. So it gives me a bit of a sexy thrill when I wiggle my hips at them or bend at the waist to pick something up. I like knowing they appreciate me.

This though? This was completely different. This was me going out there and advertising myself as a sex object. It was practically seduction. That's not something I normally get in to. I'm a romantic, normally you gotta wine and dine me a little before I show you my underwear, that's just how I am. Uhg, even if some of those guys in the audience had been kinda hot.

That was the other thing that was bugging me. I was horny. I don't know what it was, but the idea of going out there and showing off in front of everybody was getting me aroused to the point of distraction. My whole body was just completely flooded with the strange sensation of female arousal. Familiar, recognizable, but oh so wonderfully different. I was warm and wet and just oh so ready. I wanted to revel in it, enjoy it for the amazing wonder it was, but it was like a dog humping my leg, I couldn't ignore its urgency any longer.

And right outside was a huge crowd of horny men just waiting for me. I bit my lip in anticipation.

I inhaled slowly, trying to calm my nerves, but all I could do was smell the lust in the air, desperate hormones mingling with the odor of beer and sweat. Fuck. I rubbed my legs together. I was practically dripping. Would they notice? Oh god I hoped they would. There was nothing I wanted more than to go out there and show those guys the hottest fucking show they had ever seen.

And yet, I couldn't do it. I just couldn't do it. I wanted to, but... but this wasn't *me*. I'd never done anything like this before. I was some kind of ridiculous imposter. They'd know. How could they not know?

"Baby..." I said, turning to look at Ellen. Her eyes were sparkling in excitement. Of course. She wanted to see me out there just as much as those guys. I didn't need to look down to see how hard she was. The look in her eyes gave it away. As nervous as I was, the idea of letting her down hit all the harder. "I... I don't know if I can do this!"

"Of course you can, baby!" she gave a drunken cheer. "You're hot, and you're sexy, and you're confident! You can do whatever you want, baby. You just have to take that first step. I believe in you!"

I fiddled nervously with the hem of my skirt, tugging it lower. The hips on this new body were a little wider than I was used to and my skirt kept riding up as a result. I looked back towards the stage and took one half-sure step before turning back with a look of horror. "W-wait no," I cried. "I really can't go out there."

"It's okay to be nervous baby." Ellen laughed softly as she grabbed my hand, a steely look in her eyes. "It's like Jessie says, everyone gets nervous their first time doing something like this in public. But you need to remember that this is something you want to do. Remember that you own your sexuality, and that this is something you've chosen to do with it. Don't let your nerves stop you from doing what you want to do! Otherwise Elizabeth and I would never be able to work up the courage to go out and do stuff like this? Right Elizabeth?"

"Right!" Elizabeth smiled. Then she blinked and looked at Ellen confused. "Wait, what do you mean you and I?"

"Come on, we're always doing crazy stuff like this!" Ellen waved her hand in the air dismissively. "Like, that time we got up on the table at that party last month and we danced around topless while rubbing our boobs together, remember?"

Elizabeth just furrowed her brow and went oddly quiet.

"Okay, maybe you don't remember, we were pretty smashed. But the point is," she turned to look me deeply in the eyes, "that you are in charge here and the only person who has the right to judge you about this is you, okay? Now go out there and be the agent of your own self actualization! Seize control of your sexual self! Go out there and have some fun! You're going to do great out there! I love you, and I know you're going to do great."

"I love you too." I smiled back at her as I pulled her in for a great big hug. "But that's not it." I laughed nervously. "No, we've forgotten something very important."

"What's that?" she asked.

"I..." I sighed, "I can't dance."

"What?" cried Elizabeth, "What do you mean, you can't dance? Have you seen you?"

"Yeah baby," Ellen nodded "I think you might be underestimating yourself. You've got more sexy in your walking than most of these girls have all day."

There was some murmuring from the crowd. They seemed confused about the hold up.

"Aw, thank you, baby. But no, seriously. That's not dancing. Sure, I know how to present, *what* to present, but... I've got no rhythm -- and I've certainly never worked a pole before."

"But we've gone out to dance plenty of times!" Ellen grabbed my hips and pulled me close as she began rocking me back and forth to the music. "Look!"

"Yeah," I laughed as she spun me around, "and I'm fine making a fool of myself with you. But swaying arhythmically in the corner of a bar does not qualify me for stripping and pole work!"

"Oh my god," sighed Elizabeth.

The murmur of the crowd was growing louder. They were getting impatient. I could feel my pulse quickening. I could feel the pressure in the back of my head. I hated letting people down.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I just... It didn't even occur to me, I was so caught up in everything. I should have said something sooner. I can't go out there. I just don't have what it takes."

"No, baby, it's fine." giggled Ellen. "I think we can fix that." She held the device up and gestured to the latino girl who had come off stage before me. She was counting her money in the corner.

"Here." she gestured. Elizabeth and I both put our hands on the device right as Ellen eagerly slammed down the button.

Zzzzttttt!

I'll be honest, I flinched. I was expecting another big rush. Instead it felt... well, I didn't feel anything.

Did it work? I blinked as I looked down at my body. I ran a languid hand over my hips and gave a wiggle. The movement was smooth and graceful and perfectly in time with the low thumping music. Experimentally, I did a quick little pirouette. Oh my god, I could dance. A big stupid grin broke over my face. This was amazing. I'd loved dancing my whole life, even as a kid when my grandmother would teach me how to salsa I always had a natural talent for it, and now I could... wait...

Hold on... that didn't sound right. Both of my grandmothers both passed away before I was born... and I was pretty sure neither of them were dance queens.

Why had I thought I couldn't dance? I was an amazing dancer. I'd been dancing since before I could remember. I had spent so much of my childhood in dance classes it wasn't even funny. I remember begging my parents to enroll me in ballet. It was a struggle, being the only hispanic girl there, but that just made me work all the harder, like I had something to prove.

Okay, wait, hold on. That definitely wasn't right. I'd spent my childhood secretly envious of all the girls who got to do ballet while I was stuck doing basketball. And I certainly wasn't hispanic.

"Fuck." I put my hand on my head and stumbled back, leaning against the wall for support.

My head was swimming. I tried to think back, to sort through these new memories, to figure out what was me and what was foreign. I had so many happy memories of learning new moves and of training and competing in one form or another. I always got bored eventually, so I'd experimented with a lot of

different styles. I smiled fondly at the memory of daddy's face - the face of a stranger - as I won that big stupid ballroom trophy.

"Evan?"

I shook my head.

And then as I got older so did my dancing. I'd noticed how much guys loved it when I danced for them and everything changed. I remembered getting into a huge fight with my mother when I told her I wanted to try burlesque. I remembered the excitement as I stood in front of my first pole at the old firehouse. I remembered trying out for the varsity pole dancing team like it was yesterday. I was so excited when they offered me a spot, only to realize I had to give it up because I couldn't balance work with the extracurriculars. I pouted. That still stung.

"Evan?"

I tried to focus. Maybe if I focused I could deduce which thoughts were new and which were artificial, but this wasn't like some video highlight reel or anything, these were old memories, fuzzy but fondly recalled. How the hell was I supposed to figure out which of an entire lifetime's worth of hazily half-memories were fake?

Like, I intimately remembered spending prom getting down and dirty with a bunch of cute boys out on the dancefloor. Yet, at the same time I remembered going to prom with Vickie Jackson... but that couldn't be right either... I didn't like girls like that. Why had I been dating her? Maybe I had gone with her and then just danced with all the boys instead? This didn't make any sense...

I exhaled. I hadn't even realized I had been holding my breath.

"Evan?" Ellen put her hand on my shoulder. "Are you okay?"

I looked around. I had forgotten where I was for a minute.

I looked over at the latino dancer in the corner. She had a towel around her neck as she continued counting off her small collection of bills. She was grooving awkwardly to the music. Were these memories hers? They must be. My breath shortened. How much of who I was was really her? Oh my god, how much of her was me? What memories had I given up in exchange?

I desperately searched my head for some clue as to my own personal dancing experience, but I just kept drawing a blank. I could have studied tap for years for all I knew. All I knew for sure was that moments ago I hadn't had the confidence or skill to do a basic pole routine. I'd been a total amateur. I had always loved dancing so much, I could hardly believe there was a time just moments ago when I didn't.

Oh my god, and I was going to give it all up wasn't I? I couldn't think of a worse fate. Dance was such a huge part of my life... except that it wasn't, was it? It was a part of hers. She would have been just as horrified if she knew. What right did I have to take that from her? Uhg. I was either way too drunk or way too sober to deal with this right now.

“Evan!”

Ellen had grabbed my other shoulders and started shaking. My eyes snapped to attention. Ellen and Elizabeth were giving me concerned looks.

“I...” I looked back and forth between the two of them. “Sorry. I’m fine.”

“Oh my god” said Ellen. “You had me worried. I thought maybe the device had fucked up or something.”

In the background I could hear the crowd growing restless.

“Maybe a little...” I put my hand on my head. “That... that was a bit of a doozy...” I gave her a wry smile. “I’ll tell you later, okay? Right now it would be rude to keep those boys waiting any longer.”

“You’re sure you’re okay?”

I took a deep breath and nodded as I adjusted my skirt. It was important that all the lines on my slutty little maid costume were perfect. I was surging with newfound confidence. It was time to go out there and show the world what I was made of.

“Wish me luck!” I said, marching towards the stage.

“Good luck, baby!”

“I don’t think you’ll need it.” laughed Elizabeth.

And with that I stepped out onto the stage.

A sense of déjà vu washed over me. Hadn’t I just gotten off stage? Hadn’t I been dancing just a moment ago? But no, of course not. That was the other me, wasn’t it? Not that I would ever turn down the chance to dance.

The lights on stage seemed to burn brighter than they had any right to. Logically, I knew they had nothing on the various spotlights I’d danced under over the course my career, but the effect was still the same. It conveyed a clear message: I was the center of attention. In this entire room - this entire building - all eyes were on me.

They grinned as they saw me. Dozens upon dozens of suggestive smiles. A sea of big, horny men, all just tantalizingly out of reach, watching me like I was a piece of meat. Fuck, why was that turning me on so much?

I stumbled in my stiletto heels as I looked around the room. Hungry, impatient eyes stared back at me.

Oh god, what was I doing?

I was standing in front of a bunch of guys in a woman's body pretending to be a stripper. Someone was going to notice, and they'd be angry when they found out. How could they not? It was only a matter of time until I did something to give myself away. I didn't know how to act like a girl, how to flirt like a girl, how to move like a girl. I was going to fuck this up somehow, and then they'd riot. I tried to focus. How the hell did women move? I had to make sure all my movements were as feminine as possible. Oh god. Why had I thought this was a good idea?

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, waiting for the booing to begin.

Instead a tiny cheer came from somewhere in the back, snapping me back to reality. I opened my eyes and blinked. These guys, these *big strong* men, weren't angry or betrayed or fooled. They were... intrigued. No, that's not quite right. They were horny. The impatience in their eyes was that old familiar male lust. It was the look of a wolf impatiently waiting to pounce.

They really had no idea what I really was, did they? Or... they did, I guess... but they didn't care? They thought I was hot at least, I guessed. That was good. I thought I was hot too, right? Hot is what I wanted. Hot and confident, confident and feminine, just like that girl who had been up on stage earlier. She didn't have anything that I didn't have. I wasn't a guy pretending to be a girl. I *was* a girl. And here, in this moment this was all that mattered.

I took another deep breath and plucked up my courage. It was time to give those hungry eyes a taste of what a real woman looked like.

The song playing was a remix of some generic pop song. It was a little slower than I'd like, to be honest, but I could totally work with it. I tend to like songs with a lot of energy, they let me really get out there and have some acrobatic fun. This was fine though, I could work with it. Lots of languid thoughtful movements, that was the trick to slow stuff. Grace and control.

I looked out towards the pole and smiled. That's also very key. Smile. Smile and make eye contact. It shows you're engaged. I tried for a look that was flirtatious and smouldering while being just coy and demure enough that I could pull off the maid's outfit. Submissive, but horny. That's what guys are looking for, right?

I strutted forward and circled the pole, hips swaying, showing the boys what I was all about. This was the hook. I needed to make them curious. I needed them to be invested. I ran my hands along the soft, supple flesh of my body, drawing their attention to my best features. Long, languid strokes. I wanted to let them know in no uncertain terms that I was there's if they had the cash. This wasn't a dance, this was a sale.

The crowd began to cheer. Had I seriously likened them to wolves earlier? No, they were more like a herd of puppies, and I was dangling a meaty steak over their pen. Except, I guess in this metaphor I was the steak. Fuck. I'm juicy enough alright. My whole body felt tingly just thinking about how hard I must be getting them. There wasn't a man in this room who didn't want me right now.

The music began to pick up. I brought my leg up and pivoted, facing the pole. I slammed my leg down, the heel clacking musically as my ass shook. I bent down at the waste and ran my delicate hands along the long hard length of the pole. I presented them with my marvelous ass, wiggling it to the rhythm. That got them murmuring. They loved it. I loved it. I thrust my head up, like I was writhing in pleasure.

Okay, Elizabeth was right. This was fun.

I grabbed the pole and spun, sliding down and taking myself to the ground so that I was practically seated in front of it. I like doing a lot of Floorwork. It brings you closer to the guys. Brings the show to their level. Sensuously, I waved my hips back and forth, drawing attention to my butt and exposed midriff. My body followed suit as I roll in symbolic ecstasy. Then I took a deep breath and spread my legs. I let out a shiver. I wasn't wearing anything beneath my skirt.

The crowd went wild.

A dollop of truth worked its way into the smile on my face, but I did my best to contain it. Gotta be sultry. The last thing I wanted is for them to realize how much fun this was for me. I needed to be sensual, sexual... I couldn't just go around grinning like an idiot.

Luckily, getting my mind back to a sexy place wasn't that hard. Fuck, I mean, a dozen guys were staring right at my pussy. I blushed, but not out of embarrassment. My breath was quick in my chest, and it wasn't from the exercise. My whole body was rapidly heating up. I mean, it wasn't even *my* pussy, it was just a loaner, but damned if it didn't feel so right. They must have seen how wet I was getting. I bet they fucking loved it. I lingered for just a second, making sure they got a good look.

Mentally, I chastised myself for getting distracted. Flow is everything. Keep moving.

Leaving the pole I rolled over, one leg bent at the knee as I did, a symbol of demure femininity. I kept my legs spread as I came to a stop, lying on my back at the edge of the stage, body oh-so gently arched in arousal. I smile internally as I imagined the way my long pink hair must be strewn about my head. It was a pose that told the world that I was vulnerable and demure and desperate for someone to come along and just take me.

The guys were starting to throw money up on stage now. I don't know how much girls normally make doing this, but it seemed to me like they were being very generous indeed. I reached down and grabbed a handful of bills, deftly stuffing them into the waistband of my short little skirt.

Then, with a spin of my legs I rolled my body up into a shoulder stand. One leg sticking straight up, the other sensually climbing down along it. I twirled them around each other in time to the music before lowering them together to the ground, then rising up at the hip, head trailing behind my massive chest.

Have I mentioned how much I loved my boobs? God I loved the way my boobs moved. They jiggled and bounced and swayed and it just felt so feminine and so fucking right, like this was something I had been missing all my life. Who wouldn't want these over those boring jock pecs I had? I mean, sure, they were probably back pain city, but damned if they weren't so fucking worth it.

Legs bent, I rolled my body up and caught onto the pole behind me. I spun around it, swinging my leg out long in line with my body to give the boys a show. I used the opportunity to reposition until I hung with one hand while supporting my weight with my legs, if I wasn't on my back I'd look like I was on all fours. I lifted my left leg in the air, then brought it down crossing over my right, then back up again. The length of my high heels creating a grand feminine elegance with every move of my leg.

Honestly, I had never felt so alive. All my life I'd seen the way girls move, so graceful and beautiful, and I'd always felt so awkward and ungainly compared to them. And now here I was, finally getting a chance to experience that grace. My body felt so absurdly light. I loved it. I was euphoric. This was how I was supposed to feel, this is how I was supposed to look.

With an exaggerated motion of my arm, I climbed the pole, grasping it as high as I could and dragging my body into it, sticking out my ass as I straightened out my legs, then rising at the hips. I spun and leaned my back against its cold hardness. I winked at the crowd as I leisurely brought my hands behind my back and triggered the clasp to release my top.

If I had gotten, even just for a second, to experience what it was like to truly be a girl, I'd have been happy. This? This was so much more than that. All my life I'd looked up to all these amazingly attractive sexy girls as though they were the platonic ideal of femininity, and now here I was. I was graceful, elegant, beautiful, confident. I was sexy. I wasn't just a girl, I was, in my mind, the perfect girl. I was the girl I had always wanted to be. Can you imagine how good that felt?

A series of wolf whistles greeted my tits as they sprung free. Now I was grinning for real. They may not have been my boobs, but I was still proud of them. I rubbed my hands over my soft creamy mounds and down along my body as I rolled my back and thrust out my chest. God, they were so sensitive, and my nipples were so fucking hard. The skin on this body felt so tight. This whole thing had me so fucking horny. It was all I could do not to just start pinching them right then and there.

Mmm... well... Maybe just one pinch. I gasped. Mmm... Yeah... they got almost as big a kick out of that as I did. Maybe I could go just a little further? It wouldn't be too hard to slip a hand down and...

I shook my head. No. As fun as that would be, I had a routine to finish.

I lifted one leg in the air, still amazed at how flexible this body was, and kicked it up as high as it could go before bringing it back and using the momentum from it to swing myself around the pole, twirling as I went.

Fuck, had I really been about to just start jilling off in front of everyone? What was wrong with me? I should have been mortified, but I wasn't. Instead... why the hell was that idea so goddamn appealing?

I stopped on the opposite end, legs wide apart in a lunge position as I crossed them back and forth while I swung my torso over them like I was gently massaging them with my breasts. Then, one more spin down low and my face and chest were pressing into the floor as I lifted my ass in the air, bending 90 degrees at the hips as my ass rose, giving everybody a good hard look at my soft, dripping pussy.

I couldn't shake the sensation that I was enjoying this way too much. I was euphoric, but I couldn't explain everything I was feeling. The fun of the dance and the thrill of finally being able to let the girl inside of me out... it was amazing, but there was something else there too. What kind of a girl gets so wet doing stuff like this? Maybe that was what was bothering me, I didn't just feel like a girl, I felt like a slut. Hadn't I gotten so mad at Elizabeth when she had called me that? I mean, honestly. Me? A slut? Me? A tease? Please.

I smiled internally. This was the fun part. As I rolled gently onto my back, I lifted my legs into another shoulderstand, then kept going, flipping myself over entirely in a roll. A cheer went out from the crowd. My torso followed my butt as I brought myself to all fours, a sassy arc in my back. Then, with a push back into a kneeling position, I blew a kiss to the guy in front of me.

The guy in question turned out to be a cute, demure looking thing. He was blushing completely red and couldn't seem to make eye contact with me to save his life. Several of his friends were patting him on his back. It was pretty clear they had dragged him out for it and that it was his first time doing something like this. He wasn't half bad. Tall, athletic, clean cut, a real boy next door type. Shame. I like my men confident.

Still, I made sure to give him a wink and a little extra show as I rose back up, bent at the hips, running my hands along my chest. His eyes were glued to my tits. He was going to be dreaming about me tonight. I smiled internally, why did that have such a strong appeal to me?

I wasn't that sort of person. Was I? I *wasn't* a slut, I *wasn't* a tease. Right? I mean, I was a little boy crazy sure, but that's perfectly normal. Guys were *hot*. Look at them. Who wouldn't want to get with them? It's not like I paraded around in front of men because I wanted them to fuck me or anything. I just... I liked it when guys were nice to me.. Compliment my figure... bro stuff, right? It's not like I ever strung them along or anything. I've never dated any and I've certainly never fucked any... so why did parading around in front of them like this get me so turned on?

I gave another smile to the crowd as I walked back to the pole, my hips doing an exaggerated roll as I went. I was far back enough on stage that I could just catch a glimpse of Ellen and Elizabeth peeking their heads around from backstage. I put some wiggle in my walk and turned to blow Ellen a kiss. Her jaw had apparently dropped at some point and she had never bothered to pick it back up, but I could see the corners of her mouth rise anyway.

Elizabeth looked jealous. I couldn't blame her, I'd be jealous of me right now too.

I turned my attention back to my admirers. Sure I'd never slept with anyone, but, uhg, hadn't I loved stringing guys along this whole time? Hadn't I loved the attention? Hadn't I always wanted to dress sexier? Didn't I love this? I felt like a dripping piece of fuckmeat, and I loved it. In all my years dancing, I'd never felt the way I did now. Putting on a show was one thing but this was like... a revelation.

As I sauntered around the pole again, pirouetting and shaking and grinding my hips for the crowd. It was all I could do not to start humping the thing in earnest. I reached up as high as I could and grabbed the top, bringing my legs up and off to the side. I swung my body around and around the pole as I bent one leg back and out, like I was doing a sideways split. Fuck, this body was so amazingly flexible.

But... this wasn't who I was, was it? Was this the device? Or had this been inside me all along just waiting to get out, some aspect of my feminine anima that had never had a chance to manifest? I hated the notion that my femininity was so sexual.. Like it was something so dismissive as a fetish... but there it was. I was more than sex, but sex was a part of me. There was nothing wrong with that, right? It was like Ellen was always saying, if this is where I found comfort in my gender or my sexuality, then who had the right to say otherwise?

A big part of pole dancing is being able to use it to create interesting poses. Create lines, create curves. Legs are great for that, fifty percent of the lines you can make with your body are from your legs. Move them around, stick them out. I gave a great sweep of my legs as I danced around the pole, crossing them over each other and creating a smooth undulating curve with my back as I rolled my body, rubbing the cold metal of the pole against first my hips and then my chest. I repeated the motion a few times, to create the impression that I was sensually making love to the thing, then I swept out my hair and started to pirouette my way around it, building up momentum.

Okay, so maybe this wasn't a symptom of my femininity. I could be a girl and not be this... but this was something that I was too. Fuck, it felt so good. So right. This wasn't who I was? Maybe this is who I should be.

The song flared up, so I jumped and I spun, hanging off the pole like it was a fair ride, the momentum of my spin carrying my legs up into the air. I twisted my body around and around, letting my legs land just long enough to hop back up as I spiral around once more, spreading my legs perpendicular to the pole. I roll through the motion with the core of my hips with a smoothness that makes it look like what I'm doing is the most natural thing in the world.

Maybe this was a sign that I should embrace these desires. Maybe I should be proud of who I was inside. Maybe I was a tease? Maybe I was a slut? I shivered at the word. Yeah... something about that felt kind of right.

And then I spun once more and let myself fall, catching myself against the pole at the last second, my tits crushing against the floor, my face inches from it, and my ass up and bared naked for the room to see. I released the pole and rolled my back into my hips until I was kneeling and then I leaned back, arms spread, knees parted, erotically charged.

I let out a heavy breath. Okay, so I was a slut. Fuck. And right now I wanted everyone to know it.

I rolled myself forward in a wanton, sexy crawl until I was in front of the pole once more. I rose into a shoulder stand and caught it with my legs, then rolled my body up until I was upright again. I reached up and grabbed with my arms, legs swaying back and forth like I was on a swing. I rose up a little more each time.

All those eyes on me, devouring my body. This felt so good. It was sexy and feminine and fun and dancy and I wanted more of this in my life. I clutched the pole tight with my legs. Fuck, it felt so good. I felt like my body was on a hair trigger. Just one wrong move and... ah... I bit my lip.

I let go of the pole with my hands and lean back, blowing an upside down kiss to the crowd. Then, as the song went into its climax, so did my routine. I spun faster, faster, and faster, descending down the pole like a corkscrew in time to the music.

The song ended as I rose back up to my knees, tits first, like a demure obedient little thing. I kept my head down, but kept the big flirtatious smile on my face. I was panting with need. Every breath I took felt heavy. My skin was on fire.

They cheered. I blushed. This. This is what it feels like to be a girl. To be loved and admired, the yin to that overwhelming sea of yang. This was validation. I pulled it off. I had never been more content in my whole life. I wanted to just bask in that glow, but my body was still so horny, so demanding.

I rose to my feet and gave the crowd a little curtsy. Do I take the money? There was so much of it. I gathered up what I could, thanking the boys as I did, then I snatched up my top as I rushed back behind the stage. I needed to get to a bathroom and work off this steam, or talk to Ellen about it or something. Would she understand? How do you even broach something like that? How do you tell the love of your life that maybe you really really like it when a swarm of horny anonymous guys objectifies you? She was open minded though, maybe she'd understand.

As soon as I got behind the curtains Ellen was all over me. "Baby!" She practically tackled me into the wall with her excitement. "Oh my god, that was incredible!"

"Aw, thank you, baby!" I said, hugging back. I could feel her throbbing erection pressing into my waist. I laughed. How gross.

"See?" Said Elizabeth, also giving me a big grin. Fuck she had such a handsome smile. "Wasn't that fun?"

"Okay, fine," I said, begrudgingly. "You were right. That was amazing. I feel like I learned so much about myself out there. I... I kind of want to go again..."

"It's addicting isn't it?" She laughed. "I'll tell you what, Evan, you can dance at my club anytime."

"Aw, thank you, Elizabeth." I gave her a hug. That meant a lot to me. I was still trying to decode the feelings I had had up there, but I know I loved every moment of it. Mmm... and Elizabeth's arms felt so warm and powerful... and she smelled so nice. My body was quivering as I broke apart. Wow, I guess I was still really worked up.

"Okay," said Ellen, looking out at the crowd. "My turn!"

I looked over at the device in Elizabeth's hands.

"Baby?" I asked, softly, "Do you... do you want to borrow my dancing skills?" Geeze, that was much harder to say than I expected. I'd only had the skills for maybe ten minutes now and already it seemed so difficult to part with them. But if Ellen wanted, I'd give them to her. I'd give up anything for her.

"Um." She looked down at me then back over at the stage. "No, baby, but thank you. Stuff like this... it can be nerve racking, but that just makes it exciting, right? I want to do this on my own."

"Wait, really?" Elizabeth raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, what's wrong with that?"

"N-nothing. It just seems a little out of character."

"Are you kidding? I love stuff like this!"

"You do?" Elizabeth asked.

I... I was drawing a blank. I don't think I could remember ever seeing Ellen dance. Could she dance? How had this not come up? How have I not gone out dancing with that girl every single night? Clearly we'd have to fix that as soon as possible.

"I mean," she looked at Elizabeth, "we dance all the time at clubs, right?"

"Yeah," Elizabeth laughed, "and it's a chore getting you out there, let alone onto the dance floor."

"Are you kidding me?" she slurred. "It's a chore to get me *off* the dance floor."

"What?"

"Look, the important thing is that I need to go out there and do this on my own. I have to grasp control of my own sexuality and sexual experiences. Jenny had a whole thing about it in her latest blog post. It's about enacting agency or whatever. I want to do this for me, so I gotta do it as me, you know? Besides, dancing's easy, the important thing is to look good, right? The rest is all just gravy."

I laughed. I felt kind of insulted that she'd boil dancing down to that, but she wasn't wrong.

"I... " Elizabeth just looked at Ellen confused "I guess your right." She laughed, then patted Ellen on the back. "Go get 'em girl."

"And as for you, *miss*." I grinned as she said the word. "You're the only person whose opinions I care about. So I want you to watch me out there, okay? It... it would mean a lot to me." She gave me a sweet little kiss on the cheek. "I love you."

"Aw," I said, giving her a big chaste hug. "I wouldn't miss it for the world. I love you too, baby."

I may not have found her sexually attractive, but I was still excited to see her dance. Our relationship was founded on sweet little moments like this, shared experiences and passions. I loved that girl so much.

Without even a second look back, she stepped out on stage. I was so proud of her.

Ellen's dancing was... well, there was no beating around the bush, it was pretty bad. It was unskilled, disorganized and amateurish, but there was just something to be said for the way that that wasn't stopping her in the slightest. She had put her mind to it and she was going to go out there and do her best.

It was sort of what you'd expect from a girl dancing at a club. Hips wiggling, hands waving. At one point she had grabbed the pole and was using it to hold herself up while she shook her ass. It was sexy and it was sensual, even if it was unskilled.

The crowd was a little hesitant at first, but eventually they started to get into it. It probably helped that her top came off sooner rather than later.

She was blushing a little as she shook and waved her jiggling breasts. Given the decided lack of cute girls in the audience, I bet it was more from embarrassment than arousal, but there was a smile on her face, too. Her real smile, not the fake one she liked to use. She was having fun.

The shy guy in the front seemed especially enamored. Was Ellen his type, I wondered? I wondered if maybe the girl that Ellen swapped attractiveness with was his type. What were they seeing out there?

"Evan," came a low whisper from behind me. "Can i talk to you for a second?"

I turned and glanced at Elizabeth. Her eyes gleamed like a jungle cat's as they flickered up from my ass to my eyes.

"I, uh, I've been thinking..." her voice was low and sultry.

"Uh huh?"

"You and ellen have been together for a while, right?"

"We have." I cooed. "Isn't she great? Look at her! I'm so proud of her. I mean, you must know she's great, you're her friend. Ah, I've never met anyone else like her. She's just so... wonderful. Fuck, I love her so much."

"Right, right" she interrupted. "She's fantastic." She gave a lecherous look to Ellen out on stage. "I get that, trust me, I do."

We both stared at Ellen as her schoolgirl skirt came off, revealing her bulging thong.

"I'm surprised though," she added, "because, well, you... um... you like boys right?"

"Hell yeah I like boys." I giggled. "Boys are cute and sexy and big and strong and just so... *masculine*." I let out a lusty little sigh. I was still so damn horny. "But Ellen..." I continued "I *love* Ellen. Not sexually, of course... but like, emotionally, romantically. She's perfect. Divine. Heavenly. I trust her, I feel safe around her, I want to spend every day of my life with her. I want to be there for her no matter what happens. I want to grow old with her. When I die, I want to be buried next to her. I could go on."

"I understand that." Elizabeth laughed. "But, being in a sexless relationship... it must be so... *hard* on you." she paused and stepped in closer. Fuck. The masculine smell of her perfume was doing things to my knees. "Haven't you ever wanted to date someone who could..." she put a hand on my shoulder, "make you feel good?"

"You know it's funny... guys are sexy and all, and your right, it's difficult not having some kind of sexual release, but as hot as they get sometimes, I've never really met any who I really cared about, you know? Not like the way I care about Ellen."

"It doesn't have to be a guy, Evan." She was close now. I could feel her warmth. She brought her big warm hand up and stroked my cheek.

I blinked in surprise, then slapped her hand away and took a step back.

"Elizabeth. Stop." I looked up at her and tried to sound commanding, but with how horny I was, I think this one might have come out as a whimper. "Cut it out. I just told you, I'm in love with Ellen, there's nothing you can do to change that fact."

"But she's not giving you what you need!" She stepped in closer. "You find me attractive right? I can see it in your eyes! I could give you so much more! We could be so good together!"

My head was swimming. My body was screaming at me to take her deal, to let myself get held down and fucked, to do whatever it took to get off. But there was only one part of my body that I was going to listen to in a moment like this, and that was my heart.

"No, Elizabeth." I spoke slowly and clearly. "You're a nice girl, and you're a good friend to Ellen, which I really appreciate, but no. You say Ellen doesn't give me what I need? You're wrong. Ellen is my rock, my angel, and my best friend. She gives me more love and support than a guy like me... a person like me... deserves."

I took a step away and turned back to face the stage.

"Look," I said "I appreciate that you find me attractive, and yes, I do find you sexy. In fact I think you've always been more beautiful than you give yourself credit for, but I'm not interested. Even if you are... like," I gulped, "crazy hot, goddamn."

"I..." Elizabeth laughed then frowned. "You're right. I'm... I'm sorry." She walked up next to me, and we both peared out over the crowd. This wasn't the first time Elizabeth had hit on me, but she wasn't normally this aggressive. Still, I was just glad we had put this behind us. With how horny I was, I don't know what would have happened if she'd pushed.

Looking back out on stage, Ellen seemed to be giving a bit of a personal show for that shy cutie. She seemed to be having fun teasing him.

Zzzzttttt

She laughed as he stood up and tried to reach out to put a 10 in her garter. She was just a little too far out so she reached down and grabbed it. He gave her a charming shrug and sat back down, grinning. Sometimes I wish I had that kind of confidence.

I jumped as a strong hand landed on my shoulder. I could feel my face go completely red. Oh my god, Elizabeth was touching me. My head started to swim again. My body was all tingly. Shit, calm down. Stay calm, be cool. Fuck, her hand was so warm. Why did she have to be so hot?

She pulled me back. On dancers instinct I spun around, almost crashing into her. She stepped aside and let me stumble past her, putting herself between me and the stage. I brought my hands up in front of

my naked chest, nervously. She had an aggressive look in her eye. I looked down, trying to avoid eye contact, but that just gave me an acute awareness of my own toplessness and the way her rock hard cock was throbbing in her stupid sexy suit pants.

Fuck, that looked good. As much as I hated to admit it, I was still so damn horny. Did she realize? Fuck, with how juicy I was she could probably smell me. I was squeezing my legs together in desperation.

Her face softened into a look of sympathy as she looked down at me. "I really am sorry to have to do this to you, Evan." She took a step forward. I took a step back. "But let's try that again, shall we?" She licked her lips. "And this time. I'm not going to take no for an answer."

"W-what?" I stammered. My pulse was racing and my throat went dry. Shit, why was I always so nervous around hotties like her? I kept trying to cower away but she wasn't letting up. I hated this. Why was I always so timid? I always completely froze up in situations like this. It was like my brain wasn't even working. I felt my shoulders and ass crash into the wall behind me. Crap. And now I had nowhere left to run.

"I said..." She slammed her hand on the wall next to me, all but pinning me to the wall with her body. "I'm not going to take no for an answer." I shrank back as best I could, but I couldn't get away. Another inch and I'd feel her hot body pressed against me. Her tits were already so close to my mine. God, she was so tall... so powerful...

"E-Elizabeth!" I squeaked. "Wh-what are you doing?" I had intended it to sound forceful but it came out as stupid warbling whisper. My breath was short and heavy.

She grinned playfully as she stared down at me.

"Evan. I..." she took a deep breath. "I think I..." she shook her head. "No... I *know*... Evan... I... I love you." She finished the sentence in a whisper.

"Elizabeth," I gasped, "w-what the hell are you talking about?"

"Please... just... hear me out. I didn't want it to go this way... I'm sorry it has to be like this, but I need to know you aren't going to run off, I need to know you aren't going to reject me out of hand... I just... I need you to listen okay?"

"What?" I didn't know what to say.

"Shhh." She put a finger to my lip. It was so warm and firm. I wanted to slap it away or to say something, but I couldn't find the strength.

"Evan, it may surprise you to learn this, but I don't exactly have any guy friends. I have paramores, sure, and fuckbuddies and, oh god, just... and endless stream of drunken one night stands. But that's it. The guys in my life? We don't even talk unless sex is involved."

She ran a finger along the smooth soft skin of my naked arm. I shivered at the sensation.

"And... I mean, I always thought I was fine with that. I mean, I'd find the right guy eventually, right? And it was fun along the way. Then one day I'd meet a cute boy and we'd click and open up and spend all night sharing secrets and dreams... romantic, right? Love at first sight, right?"

I nodded slowly.

"But then I met you." She inhaled sharply. "And you're... kind, and honest and good and thoughtful and sweet. And- and you tell me I'm beautiful just the way I am, even when you're not getting anything out of it." she shook her head. "You're the only good man in my life, Evan, is what I'm trying to say. And you're so, so good. Not one man in a thousand cares as much about their partner as you do. All the men I've slept with... and it's always been you I've been after."

"Elizabeth..." I was stunned. "I had no idea-"

"And I hate it, Evan! Because I can't have you!" I jumped as her fist banged against the wall.

"There's a look you get, Evan, when you look at Ellen. Did you know that? Your eyes just light up whenever you see her. Your whole face. You look at that girl like she's the only light in your life."

I couldn't help but smile just a little. It was true. I was a bit of a dope.

"Every night, whenever you're together, whenever the three of us are together, she's always the one you're looking at. You're always looking at her with that stupid look on your face. Always at her, and never at me. Do you know how that makes me feel?"

"It hurts, Evan, you and my best friend. Do you know what that's like? I just want her to be happy so I hate myself for feeling this way. Ellen means the world to me. She's the last person on this earth that I want to hurt. "

"S-so stop this." I squeaked.

"Uhg, and she's so happy, too. That's the worst part! You're both so damned happy together." She sighed. "That's why it's so hard! If either of you were dating anyone else, I'd be fine with it. But no, you're together, and you're happy and you fucking deserve each other because you're both so fucking perfect. And here I am some kind of emotional trainwreck off in the corner like a broken third wheel, so desperate for genuine affection that I've spent my entire college career madly in love with my best friends. Fuck."

She took several deep breaths.

"I can't fucking stand it, Evan. I can't. I can't stand to see you look at her one more time and not me. I want to make you happy, Evan! I can make you happy! I just... I want you to let me make you happy!"

"But I can't, can I?" she continued, "Because what do I have that Ellen doesn't? Look at her! She gestured towards the stage. She's sexy, caring, smart... everything I'm not." She sighed.

"But there is one thing I can give you that she can't. All's fair in love and war, right? So I gave myself an edge..." she looked down at her suit. "A few edges, really..."

She leaned herself in and rubbed her body up against me. I could feel her rock hard dick grinding against my thigh. My legs began to shiver in anticipation. Fuck, I hated how much I wanted that.

"Why did you have to be a guy? Huh? When Ellen came to me and told me she was in love I was so happy for her. I was expecting her to hook up with some vapid bimbo or like, a some hot sexy bitchy bitch. Someone I could never compete with. You know she used pop inappropriate boners around the cheerleaders back in highschool? She always had such a thing for those sluts." She laughed. "God knows she deserves to have all of her little highschool lesbian fantasies come true, that's what I say."

"But then it turned out you were a guy and I couldn't comprehend it. What did she in you? I didn't get it. Except... I do. Because fuck, look at you!"

I looked down at my borrowed body.

"Okay, bad example. But like... look at how you normally look! You're gorgeous. I've never seen a guy who moves the way you do. I've never seen a guy flaunt what he's got the way you do. I've never seen a guy fill out a dress the way you do. And that's not even talking about your personality. Evan I would fuck you in a heartbeat. I would fuck you a thousand times over. I would show you an entire world of pleasure the likes of which you've never even imagined before." She whispered this last part into my ear. Her hot breath giving me goosebumps.

And look at you!" She tweaked one of my needy nipples. I let out an involuntary gasp. "I can tell you want it too!"

She was right, I was turned on. Stupid female hormones. My body was on fire and my breath was coming out in gasps. Her dick pulsed in anticipation and my pussy fluttered in response.

"Ellen can't give you what you want, evan. Look at you, you have a body made for fucking and she doesn't do anything for you. She can't give you what you need. But I can. Let me show you my love."

My body quivered as she moved in closer. I was a raging inferno that needed to be quenched. I closed my eyes. Ellen, forgive me. I couldn't say no any longer.

Time seemed to slow down as she leaned in. I could feel her hot breath on my lips.

"Elizabeth!" cried a voice.

I turned my head towards the stage and dropped to my knees. There, naked and backlit like a descending angel, was Ellen.

"What the fuck!?" she yelled "I leave you alone for five goddamn minutes and you're trying to steal my boyfriend?"

"Y-you don't understand!" Elizabeth cried, slamming her hand against the wall in frustration. "He'd be

happier with me Elles! You'd be happier if he was with me! I... I could be the one to make you happy again!"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"We could be like we used to be, Elles, how we used to spend all day together. Back in highschool, remember? We could go back to the way we were. You don't need him, Elles... I can be there for you, I can give you what you need. So I'm taking him."

"Like fuck! I don't know what the hell you're going on about, but that isn't your decision to make!"

"Elles, please! He... he's a *guy*! Look, he doesn't even give you what you want, either! Even before, the Elles I know would never date a guy. How can you seriously even consider him? Him and not..." she shook her head. "I... I mean, look at you! You guys have been dating for years and you've never even had sex! You deserve a mountain of cheerleaders at your beck and call, not... not... one... *guy*. You hate guys!"

"For fuck's sake, Elizabeth! There's more to life than sex! I don't care if he's a guy, or a girl, or whatever. He's mine, Elizabeth. That's what matters. You can't have him."

I swooned. Fuck, I loved that girl.

"You could have any woman you want, Elles! You could have all the sex you could ever ask for! What love is worth that celibacy? Hasn't it been driving you crazy, living with someone who constantly teases but can never provide?"

"What love is worth that?" Ellen yelled. "This love, that's what. I don't care if I'm not getting any. I'd go a thousand years without sex if it meant I could spend one night in bed just being next to him. This love is worth that. This love is worth anything. Not that you'd understand what that's like."

"Why him!?" Elizabeth's face darkened. "Why him and not..." Elizabeth blushed, "not me? not some other girl? What can he give you that they can't? I... they could be so much better than him!"

"We're in love, Elizabeth. He's good for me. We're good for each other. He's not always tempting me to do stupid things. He supports my decisions, respects my choices, keeps my secrets. We're in *love*, you bitch."

"I- I could do all that for you Elles... I could be that person for you... Haven't I always been there for you? Haven't we always been together?"

"Fucking really, Elizabeth? What the hell is wrong with you? You can't just... take my boyfriend and then insert yourself like that. Building a relationship is a mutual act, you can't just decide to do something like this. Relationships are built on trust! How the fuck am I supposed to trust you after this, huh?"

"I..." Elizabeth looked down at me then down at herself, then back towards Ellen. She was tearing up. "You don't understand!" Elizabeth stormed up to Ellen. "I did all this for you!"

“You were moments away from raping my boyfriend, you crazy fucking bitch!”

“It’s not like that!”

As Ellen and Elizabeth argued I collapsed onto my butt, leaning back against the wall. I felt like I had just run a marathon. What little courage I had left was fading from me fast.

The scene kept echoing in my head. God, she had been so close. In my mind I could still feel her heat. I had been so ready to let it happen. My body still wanted it to happen. What the hell was wrong with me? Between how horny I had gotten dancing and the way she smelt... I couldn’t help it, my body was screaming to get off and I didn’t have the willpower to fight it. I had been moments away from making the biggest mistake of my life. Even now, my body was still desperately craving every sinful moment I had almost just put it through.

Fuck. My thighs were soaked

The girls were both making fists. Ellen looked ready to pounce on Elizabeth, ready to tear her to pieces in revenge for what she’d done. I’ve never seen her so upset. Elizabeth was tall though, and manly. I don’t know if Ellen could take her if it came down to it.

As much as this deep primal part of me really liked the idea of Ellen fighting for me, I didn’t want this to come to blows. Elizabeth could have the bouncers on her side in a moment's notice, I was sure, and the last thing we wanted to do was get kicked out while Elizabeth still had the device.

Oh shit.

Everything suddenly came into sharp focus. Elizabeth still had the device. I could see it. The antenna was sticking out of her suit pocket. Fuck, forget the bouncers, she could do some real damage with that thing. I had to get it away from her.

I needed to do something. But what? Maybe if I told Ellen, she could... no, I’d just draw attention to it, remind Elizabeth that she had it. I had to... it had to be me. I had to do something. Something drastic. Fuck. I had to get it from her. It was the only way.

I tried to stand but it was like my whole body was simultaneously frozen and on fire. My legs wobbled like jelly, like they had nothing to hold them up. I stumbled back and crashed into the wall. Who was I kidding? I couldn’t do this...

But no. I looked at Ellen. My brave, sweet Ellen. Ready to go to war with her best friend for me. I needed to do this. For her.

I took a hesitant step. My legs teetered and gave out under me. I couldn’t find the strength to balance in my heels, but I wasn’t about to let that stop me.

Shakily, I rose to my knees and crawled. Where was all the grace I had on the dance floor? Where was all that strength? One hand in front of the other, I dragged myself across the floor.

To my great relief, Elizabeth was so caught up in the argument that she didn't seem even notice me. Her face was red and her eyes were sparkling with embarrassment and passion and tears. A part of me felt bad for her. I couldn't help it. Even after all this.

But, no... I could feel sorry for her later. Right now I needed to make sure she wouldn't be able to do anything stupid or permanent. I reached a shaking hand up and gently tried to tug at the antenna sticking out of her pocket.

Fuck, why did this thing have to be so heavy? Her jacket lifted up with it. It was stuck. I tugged, praying she wouldn't notice. Suddenly, it came free. Too suddenly. I didn't have a firm grip. It slid out of my hands.

I winced as it fell, crashing to the ground with a deafening clatter.

I gritted my teeth and closed my eyes, hoping to brace myself against whatever horrible change I had just subjected the world to. This time though there was no zzzzt. I opened one eye. The device had landed right way up. It hadn't crashed down upon its buttons. I let out a heavy sigh of relief. Thank god for silent, wonderful miracles. I snatched it up, clutching it tight to my heaving chest with one arm, being mindful not to set the damn thing off by accident.

That's when Elizabeth reached down into her now empty pocket. That's when she noticed me. She looked down at me with an expression of shock and betrayal in her big stupid sexy eyes. I practically leapt away from her before she could make a grab at me. Springing out with my legs as best I could, I dove towards Ellen, crashing to the ground near the stage.

Without a word, Ellen took a protective step between Elizabeth and me. I was safe.

I froze as I heard the crowd murmuring. Shit, I guess they'd seen me. Had they heard the argument? They must have. They had to know something was happening. Sure enough, a pair of bouncers were closing the distance. I don't remember seeing them earlier, where had they come from? Damn, they were really cute. Like big strong firefighters coming to save me. I bit my lip. They didn't have the exaggerated musculature of Mark, but they were still totally drool-worthy. Uhg, except they weren't coming to save *me*, were they?

I had to de-escalate this, fast. I needed to help Ellen.

I looked down at the device clutched in my arms. The sharp edge of its corner was digging into my boob. I whimpered. I hated that it had come to this. Everytime I tried to use this stupid thing, something went wrong, but, well, in for a penny in for a pound, right?

I closed my eyes and prayed as I spun the dials. I didn't understand how Ellen seemed to have as much control over it as she did. The damn thing wasn't even labeled.

I opened one eye as I looked out at the sexy bouncers, then back at Ellen. I pushed the button.

Zzzzt

Holy shit, it worked.

I grinned. Whereas before I wouldn't have bet on Ellen to be able to beat Elizabeth in a fight now it was no contest. Her head was the same but from the neck down Ellen now had one of the bouncer's bodies. She was buff, and tall, and *rugged*. And I knew that for a fact because the device apparently failed to swap her clothes. With the exception of the fuck-me boots on her feet, she was completely naked.

Oh, damn. My baby looked... good. Really really good. Sure, her head was still the same, but the rest of her was just so sexy. Her long flowing hair looked surprisingly good on her newly muscular body. I loved Ellen's body, don't get me wrong, she was an angel, but damn, the visual feast I was now getting was something else divine. And... I mean... it was still my baby in there, right?

I blushed at all the things I wanted to do to that body. I wanted her to hold me tight and make me feel so safe. I wanted her to make me all hers. I wanted to run my hands along those hard abs, and oh god that cock. Not the biggest I'd ever seen, but damned if it didn't look so thick and juicy. Woof.

Wait, fuck. No time for that. This was bad. I couldn't let myself get distracted like this. What had I just done? I hoped she would be okay with it when I told her. I mean... we could always swap back, right? Mmm, maybe after I dragged her into some closet and made her fuck the horny right outta me first.

Gah, okay. No, sexy as she was, that hadn't helped. Sure, Elizabeth could probably take the big titted bouncer, and I doubt Elizabeth would be able to get the jump on her, but like... Ellen wouldn't know that would she?

Uhg, I hadn't really made matters any better had it? I'd just made her sexy. Fuck. Stupid brain. Stupid horny half-drunk brain! Why couldn't I stop thinking my pussy?

Oh. Right. Of course. I grinned. There was one thing I could do that was sure to help. I even knew how to work the device to make it do what I wanted it to do for once. I spun the dial. I had been drunk off my ass, when we'd done this swap the first time, but I still somehow remembered where Ellen had shown me to put things to do it.

Slowly, determinedly, I rose to my feet.

"S-stop!" I tried to yell, but it came out more as an awkward squeak.

Ellen and Elizabeth both turned to look at me, confused. It was as though they had forgotten I was there. They had descended into saying very hurtful things at each other.

"Stop it! Y-you're both drunk! You're supposed to be friends! Friends don't fight like this!"

Elizabeth frowned.

"Friends don't steal their friends boyfriends!" Ellen cried out. Oh god her voice was so low and sexy. She sounded so handsome.

"B-but she didn't steal me, did she?" I stammered "I'm yours Ellen. I'll always be yours. You know that. And I mean... is this really the worst thing she's done?"

Ellen paused, giving it consideration.

"Yes!" She concluded. "Hands down. I trusted her, Evan! After all we've been through... this is how she repays me? This is how she treats me? Us? Like our thoughts on the topic don't matter, like our feelings don't matter. It hurts! I mean, fuck, Elizabeth. How could you?"

"Fuck." Elizabeth stomped her foot. "Fuck, Ellen, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for things to get out of hand. He's just... you two are so fucking happy together. Why can't I have that? I just... I just wanted what you have so badly."

"So badly you had to try and take it from me?" Ellen's fist clenched again.

"S-Stop! Look," I said "You both j-just need to cool out. I'm going to use this to sober you two up, okay?" I held up the device. "Please just... touch it, alright?" I could see Elizabeth glancing at it. Was she trying to work out if she could snatch it from me? Or was she still mad I had grabbed it from her? I clutched it tighter either way.

The two put their hands on the device and I pressed the button.

Zzzztttt

Zzzztttt

Sobriety seemed to hit Elizabeth like a truck. The hot swell of emotions deflated as she rose to a more steady posture. Ellen just took a long slow breath.

"Oh my god." Elizabeth's eyes went wide. She looked at me with a look of absolute regret. "Did I really just try to..."

I nodded slowly.

"Ellen... Evan..." she held out her hand as though to touch us, but brought it away for fear of getting too close. "I'm so sorry. I... oh my god."

Ellen didn't say a word.

"I..." she began "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you Elles, you know that, right? I'd never do anything to hurt you. Please... forgive me?"

Elizabeth held open her arms for a hug, but Ellen turned away.

"Are you kidding me?" Ellen blinked and tears started rolling down her eyes, ruining her makeup. "How can you expect me to forgive you after something like that?"

You could see the moment Elizabeth's heart broke. Her face darkened.

"Look, maybe," Ellen looked around. A small crowd had gathered. A handful of bouncers and two very drunk strippers. "maybe we'd better take this to your office."

"Good idea" Elizabeth said coldly, trying to hold back her own tears.

The clock in Elizabeth's office ticked loudly as we sat in silence. The reality of everything that had just happened seemed to weigh heavily on all of us. Ellen had gone stone-faced. She had been hurt, but it would take a bit of work to get her to open up about it. Right now she had just drawn into herself, not wanting to exasperate anything.

My poor Ellen. I needed to get her alone. Not for sex, as high as that was on my priority list these days, but just to talk with her, help work this all out. I wanted to do what I could to sooth her pain.

Elizabeth's office was surprisingly cramped. A desk, a chair, and a filing cabinet had all been squished together to make space for a large leather couch that seemed to dominate the room. Posters and flyers of half naked women decorated the walls, illustrating the club's illustrious history.

"Look," began Elizabeth, breaking the awkward moment. The seat seemed so small for her tall form. "I... I'm sorry. I can't even begin to tell you how sorry I am. I did... I did some questionable things out there. Things I shouldn't have done."

"I'll say," mumbled Ellen.

"Elles... I know how bad this is, how terrible this is. You're right, this is the worst thing I've ever done. But I'm sorry. You have to believe me about how bad I feel right now. Please... let me just explain."

"No amount of explaining is going to make things better here Elizabeth."

"Fine. You're right. That's fair. Then let me confess. I... I didn't just try to steal Evan away."

"Oh my god," groaned Ellen. "Was that not bad enough, Elizabeth? What else did you do?"

The phone on the desk rang. Elizabeth stared at it until it stopped.

"S-shouldn't you have answered that?" I said softly.

"No, I think it's fine," she said, looking perplexed by the various papers and reminders on her desk. "I mean, fuck, maybe. I'll deal with it later. Right now the important thing is you guys."

"Look," she said, "as a sign of how sorry I am, how full of regret I am right now, I want to tell you everything. You're a good person, Elles, and I have to hope that you'll forgive me, but you deserve the truth. I know you have no reason to trust me, but I want to give you that at least."

"Just..." Ellen let out a heavy sigh. "Fine. Just spit it out already."

"Elles... *Ellen*." Elizabeth inhaled deeply. "I broke your trust. You found this wonderful magical device... something that can change lives, and you trusted me. Me, of all people with it. And that trust means all the more because you know my track record. And I smashed that trust. With a hammer. It was just... it was so tempting. I couldn't help but want to use it... and then again and again and I just... I had some drinks and using it just seemed so easy... so useful..."

It was faint, but Ellen's expression shifted. She knew that feeling.

"And I had no intention of stealing Evan when the night started..." she continued "I just... I wanted some fun... We were drunk and looking at boobs and I just... I kept thinking... you know... wouldn't it be great if I could... um..."

Ellen sighed impatiently.

"Look, this is... this is hard for me to say." Elizabeth's voice seemed to catch on the emotion in her throat. "Elles, I used you... I manipulated you. Both of you. I kept doing things because I thought they'd be fun. I- I kept changing you."

"Wait, what? Fuck, Elizabeth, just spit it out already. What did you do?"

"I... I don't even remember. A bunch of half-cocked ideas.... To you and Evan. I just wanted Evan to enjoy his boobs, you know? I thought it was funny. Fuck. I don't even remember most of what I did. I don't even know how to turn you back."

I looked down at my borrowed breasts and tried not to smirk. If only she had known how unnecessary an effort that was. If only she'd known how much I'd wanted boobs my whole life.

And... and now the worst part is that a part of me doesn't even recognize you anymore." A tear started to fall from her eye. "There's this new strange girl in the place where my best friend used to be. Confident, sexy. Not that you weren't always sexy, but now you act like it. And that scares me because as much as I've always thought you needed that confidence, I know that it's not you."

Ellen just sat there while this sunk in.

"What... what the fuck did you think would happen, Elizabeth?" Ellen balled up her fist. "You can't just change a person like that and not have consequences! You can't change a person then act confused when they are different. If I'm not me... then who the hell am I?"

I reached over and held her in my arms. Her whole body was so warm. For a moment she was tight with confusion and anger, then she melted into my arms. She was trying not to sob.

"I just... you gave that speech and I went up and danced and it was the happiest moment of my life. I wanted you to feel that. I wanted you to be happy the way I was. To experience what I was experiencing. You're the one person in my life that I've always wanted to share everything with. But you wouldn't do it, neither of you. You'd rather be spending time with each other than with me... and that made my heart break, and I... I was riding this confidence high and I... I changed you."

"That's why you changed me!? If you really wanted to do that together all you needed to do was ask, Elizabeth."

"The old you would have never accepted it." Elizabeth smiled sadly. "I'm so sorry."

I could feel Ellen tensing up again.

"Ellen." I said. "Baby, whatever changes may have happened, whoever you are now... whoever you were... listen, you're still you. A little different, maybe, but deep down, where it counts, you're still you. And I will always love you." I held her as tightly as I could. "I will always be there for you."

That seemed to help. She held me tight in return.

"Evan I'm sorry..." Elizabeth continued. I've done so much to you too... worse, I think. I just... I thought it would be fun to see you up dancing too and I changed you. And I wasn't even thinking about it at the time but a part of me thought maybe... maybe I'd finally have a chance. Maybe, Evan, I could finally make you look at me the way you look at Ellen. So I started to stack the deck in my favor."

Tears were welling up in Elizabeth's eyes again.

"So I confessed. And I meant every word of what I said, Evan. Drunk or not. Every stupid word. And you said no. You said no. And it hurt. It hurt so much. So I... I got angry... and I made sure you wouldn't say no again."

"What?"

"I... I made it so you wouldn't say no. I swapped your confidence away. I made you meek or whatever."

I laughed. She didn't have very far to go. I had always been like this.

"Elizabeth..." I frowned. I knew I should have been mad. I should have been furious or upset, but all I felt was tired. I was drained and exhausted. Too worn out to even hate.

Silence descended on the room once more. Elizabeth's eyes were downcast in shame.

"There... there's one more thing." Elizabeth said scowling, breaking the silence as she began to rummage through her drawers. Finally she pulled out a cheque book.

"Elizabeth," said Ellen, "you can't just give us money to make this better."

"No... it's not that... I... I owe you. From earlier. We agreed, right? Well, despite all the bad stuff that happened I want you guys to have this money."

"Yeah, but we didn't give you bigger boobs. You don't owe us anything."

"Um..." Elizabeth gave an embarrassed frown and looked down at the breasts struggling to break free of her suit, then over at Ellen's flat, muscular chest.

"Fine," Ellen rolled her eyes "I guess that speech gave you the confidence to live your dreams even without bigger boobs, and that confidence is something far more valuable than --"

"I stole your boobs!"

"What!? You skank!"

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.I... I was just drunk... and horny... and jealous. You always had the nicest boobs!" She grasped at her tits "Look at them! They're just so... heavenly!"

"Oh my god, fine. Whatever." Ellen sighed. "We'll take the cheque. You love them so much, you can fucking keep them. In my mind those are the same stupid hooters you've spent your whole life complaining about." She looked down at her own chest and experimentally cupped one of her hunky fireman pecs. "Uhg, that's so weird. I swear I remember stealing these from one of those cheerleader bimbos."

Elizabeth and I both glanced away awkwardly.

"A-actually..." she said "t-those are Evan's pecs. I'm sorry Ellen. You used to be a total titty monster and now I've taken that away from you."

"What? How? No, fine, whatever. Its Fine." Ellen sighed angrily "Nothing we can't fix."

I blushed. If Ellen had had my pecs, did that mean I had had Elizabeth's breasts at some point? I had those huge things and I had never realized?

"Elizabeth?" Ellen said.

"Y-yeah, Elles?"

"I..." Ellen took a deep breath "I appreciate that you've come clean about it."

"Thank you Elles. Does- does that mean you forgive me?"

"No. Elizabeth. I don't know if I can ever forgive you. I'm going to need a lot of time to just... come to terms with everything that's happened here today. I don't know if I can ever trust you again, especially around Evan. Fuck, it's like... right now, how do I know you're not just telling me you swapped our boobs around so that you can trick me into letting you steal them?"

"What!? No! Elles please. You know me better than that."

"Well right now I'm not so sure."

Elizabeth frowned.

"Look. Just... forget about the boobs. keep them. For now. We came here to sell you boobs and we have. So it all works out, right? I'll just... I guess I'll find someone else and see if I can upgrade?" She sensuously ran a hand along her pecs. "I don't even mind these that much... in my mind they're still pretty great."

"I'll say..." I half-whispered. Shit. I should probably come clean about it too.

Ellen smiled. "See? If Evan likes them, that's all that matters."

She leaned over and gave me a kiss. I swooned as our soft lips met. She seemed surprised as I returned her kiss with gusto. In that spot, that moment, I felt warm and safe. I never wanted to leave.

It was a mistake to not tell her what I had done to her. She'd find out soon enough - none of her clothes would fit - but... well, I didn't. It was selfish of me, I know. But right then, after all that had happened I needed Ellen to be there for me, for her to be that strong masculine figure. I don't know if it was the lust clouding my mind, my girlish heart, or just my lack of confidence, but I let the moment pass. I just hope she'd forgive me. For the first time in the years we've known each other, I was finally prepared to give Ellen the physical attention that she - that we - deserved, and I didn't want to spoil that for anything.

She pulled her lips away and I was lessened for it.

A pained look crossed Elizabeth's face.

"Hey, look," said Elizabeth "there's this big party tomorrow down at frat row, everyone who's everyone is talking about it."

"Oh my god, I've heard." said Ellen, cradling her hand in her head as she rolled her eyes. "Evan and I have to go... I need to get his body language back."

Oh. Right. I'd almost forgotten about that. I still wasn't entirely sure what she meant by that... or if I wanted to give up the body language I had. I liked the way I moved. But I trusted Ellen and that's what was important.

"Wait," said Elizabeth, "what's wrong with Evan's body language?"

"Nothing" Ellen sighed. "it's just... it's a long story. Don't worry about it."

The phone started ringing again. Elizabeth again just stared it down until it stopped.

"Maybe we've had enough excitement for tonight." Elizabeth said. "Things are starting to get busy around here. Why don't we meet up again at the party tomorrow? We can have a bit of fun with the device there. I mean, I can think of a few things I wouldn't mind swapping, and as long as you need money for clothes, I got you covered."

Elizabeth started to laugh, but she was cut off by Ellen's somber expression.

“Elizabeth...” Ellen said. “Look, after tonight, I don’t know if I ever want to see you again. Someday, I may forgive you, but right now I don’t want anything to do with you. I don’t want to see you at that party tomorrow, and don’t go around thinking you’re ever going to get to use the device again. Do you understand me?”

“I...” Elizabeth’s voice quavered. Defiance and despair clashed in her eyes but she blinked them away. She took a deep breath. “I understand. I’m sorry Ellen.”

“In fact the only reason we’re still here,” said Ellen “is because we have to make sure that everything gets swapped back to normal before we leave. We can’t leave everyone out there like that.”

“Oh...” sighed Elizabeth “fuck... you’re right. Oh my god, Elles, I seriously don’t even remember half the stuff I did.”

“Why does that not fucking surprise me? What other stuff were you doing?”

“I kept messing with the staff... look. I have an idea. Let’s swap back what we can. Get you guys settled. Then I’ll keep an eye on the place and make a list of everyone I noticed is weird or that we missed. We can swap them all back some other time.”

“No, Elizabeth. I just told you, I want nothing to do with you.”

“Well then I guess your only alternative is to leave everyone all fucked up.” Elizabeth crossed her arms over her chest.

“Uhg,” groaned Ellen, “fine.”

I looked down at my body and sighed softly. I didn’t want to go back to my old body. I didn’t want to be a manly jock anymore. I liked being petite and dainty. I liked being a girl.

“D-do I really have to change back?” I whispered.

Ellen froze as she looked into my sparkling eyes. I was giving her my best puppy-dog look. It was an underhanded trick, I know. I was breaking her heart, I could tell. I was scolding myself internally, but lord help me I kept doing it.

“None of your clothes will fit if we don’t.” She gave me a gentle smile. “We’d have to go back to the mall to get a whole new wardrobe.”

My eyes lit up further. This was a bonus, not a penalty.

“Honey...” she continued, “I don’t know if I can handle another day at the mall like that... let’s just... let’s swap you back for now and we can start looking into something a little more long term once we’ve done a little bit of research, okay? And we’ll do it ethically, the right way.”

“Aw...” I whined, but she had a point. It would be a bit of a shame to get no use out of all those clothes. And it would be the right thing to do. I could certainly think of some better bodies I’d rather be in long

term. Maybe I'd see something at this party tomorrow? The idea of shopping around for a new body certainly had its appeal...

"Can... can I keep the face at least? A-and the hair? A-and maybe the tattoo?"

"I..."

"And the boobs? I can't help but think that all the clothes I bought yesterday would fit way better with boobs."

"I... we really shouldn't." she said, but I could see from the tightening bulge in her pants that I had gotten to her.

Before long things were back to mostly normal. We swapped back what we could. Our attractiveness, Ellen's clothes, my body. We even managed to get that bearded guy's face swapped back. Thank goodness Ellen's jeans fit okay. We left a list of everything else with Elizabeth. She said she'd keep an eye on things and help put everything right, but it looked like she had her hands full handling her duties as club owner. If I didn't know for a fact that she'd been doing it for the past five years I'd have sworn it was her first day.

Giving up dancing was the hardest thing I had ever done. If Ellen hadn't been there, pushing me, I don't know if I'd have been able to go through with it. I just had to keep telling myself that it wasn't mine in the first place. Afterwards it was so strange. I could remember liking it, the passion I had felt, but the memories themselves were like faint whispers - memories of memories.

To my dismay, I couldn't even remember being out on stage, but I remembered how euphoric I'd felt, how sexy I'd been. I remembered how badly I had wanted to be that sort of girl. It was weird, but I wanted to go back to that. I was going to have to start taking Ellen out dancing, maybe taking lessons. It was going to be a hard road, I'm sure, but it would be worth it to develop that grace and femininity on my own.

Elizabeth made sure to give me one of the makeup cases as we finished swapping my body back with the stripper. I'd kept the face and the hair, for now, at least, but I had to go back to the stupid jock body. At least it had boobs now. Honestly, it wasn't a total loss, I think the chest I ended up with were probably way better than the stripper's anyway.

There was one final thing I had to do before leaving. I had chickened out when Ellen had given me the opportunity last night, but after living in a girl's body even for just an hour, there was no way I was going back to the way things were. I had to do it quietly though. Secretly. This was wrong, and I had no right to do it.

It wasn't hard getting the device and some time to myself. As much as I'd love to have slipped into the little girl's room with Ellen for some fun, the mood wasn't quite right. I'd have to save all that desperate horny frustration for when we got home.

I took a deep breath as I set the device as best I could. The damn thing's not exactly labeled, so I was a little nervous, but it had seemed to work fine the last time I had used it.

I took a deep breath as I eyed my target. It was that lawyer girl from earlier, the naked one in the front row. Thank goodness she was still there, still trying to hide her huge donkey-like dick flopping under the briefcase in her lap. She'd been waving that thing around all night. God, what a beautiful cock. What a perfect symbol of femininity. I couldn't think of anything else I'd rather have between my legs. Especially not this stupid male jock vagina I had.

So when no one was looking... Zzzzt!!!! I squirmed in my chair. Oh my gosh. The sudden rush of feeling, both foreign and familiar, the sudden difference in sensation... I sat bolt upright. This was so different. My skirt didn't support this one bit. But it felt so good. Tentatively, I gave the head a little rub. I blushed as it pulsed. Oh my god.

"Hey, Evan?" came a voice from behind me.

I jumped. Fuck. It was Elizabeth. Did she know? Uhg. She had her top buttons undone now. That's not fair. Even after all this, she still seemed so goddamn hot. I clammed up. I gasped a little as my dick began to stiffen. What a wonderfully feminine sensation. It reminded me of my time on stage - I couldn't remember exactly how, but I had the oddest sense of déjà-vu. Still, I didn't trust her, so I scooted away, clutching the device to my chest.

"Evan, I... I wanted to confess one more thing. To you. Alone."

"Oh?" I raised an eyebrow suspiciously.

"One of the things I swapped... I made you um... I myself hot... so that you'd like me..."

She gestured down at herself. I eyed her rugged manly curves. She hadn't needed to do that, I'd always found her sexy.

"And I was going to swap myself back, because, well, I like dudes. But, like," she fumbled for the right words. "Shit, this is hard to say. Don't tell Ellen or anything, but I really liked the way you looked at me. Like.. you're a good guy, Evan, and I wish there were more guys like you out there. And when you looked at me - finally - it made me feel so good. So um. Don't tell Ellen, but could you be the one to switch my attractiveness back? And um... as you do, could you touch the device as well? I want you to keep seeing me as beautiful. "

"I... I don't know..." I frowned. "Elizabeth, you never needed the device to be beautiful, you know that right?"

"You know, you told me that before I swapped too." She laughed. "See? That's sweet Evan. Total bullshit, but so, so sweet. That's why I love you. Ellen is really lucky to have you. I just wish I could find someone like you."

"Elizabeth," I gave her a small smile, "you're really special. A little crazy, but special. There's lots of guys who would be lucky to have you. Maybe you're just looking for love in the wrong places? I mean, I met Ellen in the library, not some club." I laughed and smiled at the memory.

“Evan... I...” tears began to well up in her eyes. “I don’t think you know how much that means to me. Thank you.”

She was crying. I didn’t know what to say. I could be so awkward sometimes. I pulled out the device and set it for what I thought was an attractiveness swap. “Here, um, we should probably do this before Ellen gets back, okay?”

“Right” she laughed.

It took a few tries, but I managed to swap Elizabeth back with the stripper she had stolen her attractiveness from. The device grew hot in my hand as it made the final swap. Damn thing almost burnt my fingers. I was pretty sure it wasn’t supposed to do that. I guess it had been getting a lot of use though. I hoped it was okay.

Elizabeth blew me a kiss and disappeared beyond the back door. I took a deep breath to steady myself as I looked around the room. The second stage was open now and people were really starting to fill in. That Candy guy was on stage again, spinning around the pole in his business suit. Mike, our hunky waitress, carried a tray of drinks, his breasts bouncing with every step. Despite everything that had happened, everything looked so... normal. We had done our best to put things right, but I couldn’t escape the sinking feeling that wherever we went this undeniable wave of chaos sort of followed in our wake.

It was a concern that Ellen shared, when she finally came out. “Are we sure we got everyone?” she asked as she scanned the room with a worried expression on her face.

“We’ll have to trust Elizabeth on it.”

“That bitch. I can’t believe how angry I am at her.” she clenched her fist. “You’re mine, Evan. No one else is allowed to have you. I’m sorry for how I acted earlier, but when I saw you and her together I just...”

I should have chafed a bit at the objectification, but she was right. I was hers, body and soul. Besides, despite everything it gave me a little thrill to know my baby was jealous.

“You’re right.” I said, softly. “I am yours. I’ll always be yours. No matter what, okay?”

With that, she gave me a possessive hug.

“I just.. I’m sorry. I just got so scared. I can’t stand the thought of you choosing someone else over me. It terrifies me. Nothing in this world scares me more. I... I have had nightmares sometimes where you turn out not to be real. I never want to lose you”

She was squishing me. I don’t think she quite realized her own strength. I hugged her back tight as I could.

“I know. Baby, I know. I feel the same way.”

Our arms around each other, we stepped out into the cool night air, letting the heat and noise of the strip club die down behind us. In many ways it brought me back to Thursday night, when we had stepped out of that bar changed for the first time. God, I felt like we had come such a long way since then.

“So...” she asked, “what do you want to do now?”

“Well... I figure we should probably have a long talk about everything that happened, try to work through these emotional issues, make sure that we’re both okay with... With who we are and what we are.”

“Uh,” Ellen looked at me and blinked. A loving little smile crossing her lips. “That actually sounds really nice.”

“Or...” I bit my lip as I ran a finger along her strong muscular body, “or we could leave that for another day and instead maybe we could have a bit of fun?”

Ellen’s eyes opened wide in surprise.

“I thought you weren’t into girls...” she looked away embarrassed.

“After tonight? For you? I think I’ll make an exception. Now come on, why don’t I take you home and you can make a woman out of me?”

She grinned, then laughed.

The rest of the night went... well, it went about as well as you’d expect. It was bliss, but like I said. I don’t kiss and tell.

I wish I had cherished that moment a little better, savored the night air or the warmth of her arm around me, committed every one of her features to memory a thousand times over. If only I had known then that that was the last night we would spent together. But instead my mind was elsewhere. Well, at least it was one hell of a good night.

To be continued in part 12: Party Time!