

Warning: This chapter is rated a very sexy R and contains tits, wet t-shirts, cheerleaders, crazy parties, short skirts, high heels, white creamy stuff, body swaps, sexy butts, competitive performative bisexuality, butt-plugs, romance, dancing, butt plugs, strap-ons, philosophical angst, bisexual threesomes, body language swaps, everything going wrong, and two consenting adults engaged in emotionally therapeutic bouts of carnal fucking.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 12 – Party Time! =

By Razmagurk

So, look. I'm not stupid.

I knew something was up. Evan may be a masterclass cuddler, and he's as affectionate as a puppy, but the idea of sex with a woman? It's always totally grossed him out. So when he suddenly can't seem to keep his hands off me? Yeah, something is up.

Sure, sure, me showing up and being his big strong hero is one thing, but that doesn't explain the level of want, the level of need, that he was bringing to the table. It was like a dam of sexual energy had burst and was flooding out in waves juicy enough to soak our sheets.

I know, I shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. With the dry spell I was going through, a bursting dam was exactly what I needed. Who am I to complain if my totally gay boyfriend suddenly can't get enough of my dick? Who am I to complain if he suddenly seems to think that my body is the sexiest thing in the world? There are worse feelings than having someone find you so beautiful that they want to kiss over every inch of your body.

So... yeah, maybe I didn't quite say anything about him acting weird. If Evan wanted to go all night long, I wasn't about to say no. The important thing is that I realized something was amiss. Honestly, I was mostly just surprised. Evan can be shy at times, and I knew he had a sexual side, but I never knew he was so... *insatiable*. I was kind of weirdly proud of him.

I was more than happy to go along with it. Maybe it was bad of me, but I still couldn't stop staring at his huge tits. I thought they had been perfect before, but goddamn. Okay, that was one thing Elizabeth had done right. They were so high and tight, like ski slopes. You could break your neck on the damn things. I could go on. I could spend hours describing them. I got very well acquainted with those wonders. Fuck.

To tell you the truth? I think the sex was something we both needed. We were both so emotionally drained from everything that had happened at the strip club, and more than anything else, we really just needed some intimacy. I know that I, at least, needed to feel like I was loved... that I was cared for... and well, few things quite do the trick like having your significant other's sexy little face grinning up at you from your crotch as they try to see how many licks it takes to get to the center of your tootsie pop.

Or, well, that's how it should have been anyway. I still felt guilty every time I saw those lips rise. Oh my god, It was sexy, don't get me wrong. That smile was sexiness incarnate. But it wasn't his. I missed Evan's smile. He just had a way of grinning that made you feel like everything was going to be alright. And at that moment, that was something I think I needed to feel.

I just... I dunno... my life had changed so much since I got the device. In such a short amount of time. I was starting to wonder if it was all worth it. Like, I couldn't help but feel like maybe I just wanted everything to go back to the way everything was.

Great as the sex was, these thoughts sort of put a damper on things. And like I said, I'm not stupid. I knew something was wrong. Something wasn't what it should be. No one flips 180 on the matter of their sexuality like that. Not without the device. I don't know when it happened or why or how I noticed it, but something must have happened. I just couldn't get it out of my head, even as I probed Evan's dainty mouth with my tongue, or as I rubbed my throbbing man meat against his delicate feminine dick.

Of course I didn't realize what exactly he had swapped until I tried to get dressed the next morning. I had planned on getting up early and surprising Evan by sneaking out to buy more condoms, but, well, nothing fit.

I'd probably have panicked if not for the sheepish grin on Evan's face as he lay there naked save for the sheets covering his perfect little ass. Well, the grin was trying to be sheepish, but it mostly just came across as naughty. Mmm... maybe I'd have to punish him.

Evan explained everything: how he had tried to disarm the fight, how he had swapped me with a bouncer, and how he just found he just couldn't get over how sexy he found me as a result. I know I should have felt betrayed - or at the very least upset - but it was Evan. Hadn't I basically done the same thing to him?

What I mostly felt was curiosity. I'd never been the victim of an unaware swap like this before. I reached down and ran a hand along my naked body. It was hard and rugged and sexy. I was like a flawless collection of everything that made women hot. Not my original body, sure, but it seemed so familiar now. I hazily remembered picking out each and every piece of this body from those cheerleaders. Inch by inch I explored my features. The perfect feminine legs, the perfect feminine ass, the perfect feminine chest, and Evans dick, of course. Wait, was this not Evan's dick?

I let out a frustrated sigh. I had been hoping we could avoid going back to the club. After everything that had happened last night I... I don't know if I could bear to see Elizabeth again. Not after what she did. I clenched my fist. I was still boiling over inside just thinking about it. I guess though that this left us no choice. We'd need to go back and get... what? My body? Did I really need that? If worse came to worst, I could just get a new one, couldn't I? Besides, even if I got the old one back I'd apparently need new boobs anyway. Urg, but no, I wasn't about to leave Evan's dick behind, as silly as that seemed. I owed it too much. Maybe we could swap it without running into Elizabeth? Like some sort of dick heist? This would take some planning. I let out another sigh. Why had my life gotten so complicated?

Okay, okay. One thing at a time.

I slid into bed and wrapped my arms around Evan. It was brave of him to come clean about all this, and, knowing him, he was probably worried that I was going to be mad. I told him it was okay. I told him that I loved him and that I'd always love him, that I was happy that we could finally be intimate, and that I just wished he'd have told me sooner.

There's this girl whose blog I read religiously -- she's like my internet celebrity idol/crush -- and she's got all these articles talking about how when it comes to sex and relationships the most important thing is always good communication. In a relationship, there's a lot of emotions going on, even subtle ones, and you can never assume that your partner is a mind reader, even for someone who knows me as well as Evan does. If there's one thing I've learned from her, it's that it never hurts to just be open and talk about what your feeling.

I mean, don't get me wrong, the sex was a great big therapeutic thing too, and it was amazing - god was it ever amazing - but relationships are built on more than mind-bogglingly good sex. You have to talk it out sometimes.

So we talked. About our worries, and the device, and our future, and about little things and nothing at all, and that was pretty therapeutic too.

And as I lay there, playing with Evan's big puffy nipples, our bodies wrapped around each other like a mess of cables, I could feel Evan's great big girly dick begin to harden against my leg. I bit my lip as my own dick responded in kind. Before long I was rubbing my thick hard member against his soft she-meat, and then one thing led to another and before I knew it his dick was slapping into my stomach as he bounced enthusiastically on my thick, rigid cock, cowgirl style.

The day sort of followed from there. God, we must have tried every position. Occasionally, I'd feel bad for Evan's poor ass, but then he'd wiggle it around in front of me and suddenly all I could think about was going again. Maybe it was just because of the boobs, but he was filled with this weird sexual confidence. Like, he would just light up whenever I went near his crotch.

So we fucked again. And again and again and again. I'd go into more detail, but we'd be here all day and it's really not all that important to the story. The important thing was that we fucked long enough that we were almost late for the party.

Uhg, that stupid party. Looking back I wish we had missed it. That's where everything went to shit. God, we should have just stayed in and just kept fucking.

I was dressed in Evan's old (male) clothes. They were boring, baggy, utilitarian things, but at least they fit. Honestly, they still felt a little tight in the shoulders and the chest, and the length of the legs seemed a little short, but they would do. It felt weird. In my mind I was still the embodiment of feminine sexiness, so the idea of covering myself up with guys clothes seemed so counter-intuitive. Like, it was almost a shame. Evan said I looked good in it, but at this point I didn't really care about looking good, I just wanted to get Evan's body language back. At least the pants were comfortable. No offense to those tight jeans, but they were not designed for a dick like mine.

Evan, on the other hand, was dressed to kill. He had this white short sleeve top with a separated collar and a cute red little tie that drew the eye down into the prodigious cleavage he had on display as his

boobs attempted to escape against a black-and-white blouse so tight that you could plainly see his belly button piercing. The top could almost get away as a kind of sexy secretary look, but his skirt annihilated any notion of professionalism. It was a pleated red tartan that couldn't have been any longer than the height of his open-toe stilettos. His skirt bulged prominently as his colossal womanhood struggled to escape from his bright red thong.

He actually had to struggle with it a bit to get it to stay put. It would be bad news if it got loose - even soft it hung well past the hem of the skirt. I had jokingly suggested that maybe he could just let it hang low and put a sock on it or something. I don't know what kind of arcane engineering he finally employed to fit it in those panties, but I hoped for his sake that it would last.

God, Evan was so beautiful. I took a moment to just appreciate that fact. I mean, he was beautiful on a level above and beyond the slutty clothes, the curvaceous body, and the come-fuck-me mannerisms. He was radiant. He sparkled in a way no other guy could. I was so lucky to have him.

He can be a little shy at times and this was actually kind of a big step. He was nervous. God, he's cute when he's nervous. I'm honestly surprised I was able to talk him into it. He had never been to this sort of party before. I could see why. They were fun, but they got a little crazy, and hey, I like crazy as much as the next girl, but the frat events around here are on a whole other level.

Case in point, you could hear the party from two blocks away. This was not a small social gathering. This was like someone had tried to pour twelve gallons of party into a two ounce cup. Booze and games spilled out from the front yard of the house to encompass the entire cul de sac. I guess when one frat parties, they all party. The body density was so great that the temperature rose several degrees just getting close. It was like some kind of hungry organism that had grown to fill every inch of available space. Packed didn't even begin to describe it.

In fact, as if to put in no uncertain terms what sort of party this was, on several of the roofs were colorfully dressed teams of curvaceous girls in these little string bikinis, who had apparently decided that that was the perfect spot to start making out with each other. My pants grew tight. Damn, that was way hotter than it had any right to be.

Getting anywhere near the house was going to be trouble. As far back as we were, it wasn't so bad, but there was an ocean of hot, sweaty flesh between us and the front door and it just got more and more dense the closer you got. Guys and girls of every color and shape were on display. And what a display. I couldn't rest my eyes for a moment without them washing down across some girl's nubile chest or thong-clad ass.

These girls, I'm sure, had been top-tier sluts before the party, but now it seemed like clothes were merely a formality. These were girls who would take advantage of any excuse to flash as much skin as possible. Heat rose up under my collar. It was going to be a long night.

Behind me I could just hear Evan let out a whimper. He was staring off at a group of shirtless jocks engaged in a borderline-homosexual competition to see who had the nicest body. I guess it wasn't just the girls who had come here to show off.

We did our best to push our way through the crowd, but the closer we got, the thicker the flesh became and the louder the music. The bass was pounding from unseen speakers with an aggressive playlist of party remixes and slutty pop songs so loud that it drowned out even the excited screaming that emanated from the crowd.

I jumped as I felt a hand on my ass, but relaxed when I realized it was Evan's. He was huddled up behind me to avoid getting lost in the crowd. A great crimson blush had made a seemingly permanent home on his face as he took in the debauchery. He was so cute. He was doing his damndest to focus on me, but his eyes, like my own, couldn't seem to stop wandering. He was embarrassed, sure, but by the way his half-hard dick kept brushing against my leg I could tell that he was enjoying it too.

Evan and I - who am I kidding, it was mostly Evan, - seemed to be drawing a lot of attention. Heads turned as we walked past. Girls were staring at us with a combination of jealousy, lust, or smug superiority, depending on how they seemed to think we rated in their personal sorting algorithm. The occasional guy would stop to check us out as well, but I think they were a little subtler about it.

I clutched my bag close to me, feeling the reassuringly hard corners of the device within. This was easily the tenth time I'd checked that it was still with me. I couldn't seem to help it. After yesterday, I was terrified something was going to happen to it.

I did my best to scan the crowd for our target. I only had a hazy recollection of what she looked like - I hadn't been paying nearly enough attention to her face. She was blonde and she had a great ass, but that described half the girls here. I had hoped that being tall enough to get a good view would help, but it wasn't going to be nearly enough. I could feel the anxiety growing within me. How was I going to find this girl?

Suddenly, a cheer went up from nearby. Someone had filled a kiddie pool with what looked like some kind of sex lube, and now... oh god. Standing there, in matching red bikinis were a quartet of cheerleaders. I knew for a fact that they were cheerleaders because three of them were six-foot of bulging masculine muscle. They were bouncing on their toes and cheering and standing there with a kind of dainty grace that was completely at odds with their form. Jesus, their dicks were practically spilling out of those things. These were obviously some of those girls I'd swapped around in the bar on Thursday. Wasn't it bad enough that one of them had been at the club yesterday? And the mall the day before that? It was like everywhere I went they seemed to haunt me.

I felt bad for the fourth girl. I don't know if she hadn't come out to the bar that night or if I just missed her, but this was obviously some kind of jello wrestling thing, and she had no clue what she was getting herself into.

Not wanting to bear witness to the slaughter, we pushed past.

It's funny, I felt oddly indifferent to the plight of those cheerleaders. Like, okay, I had kinda messed them up - and all the football jocks too, come to think of it -- but I didn't feel any special remorse for them. Am I not being a better person? Should I not want to change them back? Maybe it was just... well, I really don't like cheerleaders.

It's nothing against the sport as a whole, I think the idea of getting out there and using your body to inspire and support is really cool, even if it's not quite my thing. The problem is that all the cheerleaders at this school are like, the mascots for the party-slut lifestyle and they get all catty if you're not a part of that world. Don't get me wrong, I like to party. Going out and having fun is an important part of the college experience and life in general, but that's not why I'm here, you know? But they don't understand that, and they're colossal bitches about it. God, I hate them so much.

Behind me, Evan was trying to say something over the noise and the music, but despite his best efforts I couldn't for the life of me make it out. Eventually he gave up and gestured towards what I thought had been a patio but right now looked more like a stage. They had a DJ setup, in the back. I don't know if he was a professional or just some hobbyist, but he seemed to have the crowd right where he wanted them. More importantly though, there was a pack of topless dudes in matching speedos holding these weird hoses between their legs in a suggestive manner. The crowd started going crazy and the music started to swell at the sight of them, then, right as the base dropped, the hoses let loose with a heavy load of thick white froth.

Foam flew through the air like freshly blown snow, coating the sea of revelers like the creme on top of coffee. Luckily, we were far enough away not to have to worry about getting completely drenched. Evan was laughing. I frowned. We were already squeezing our way through a packed crowd, this wasn't going to make matters any easier.

Something started rubbing against my outer thigh. I thought it was Evan at first, but to my dismay, some smoking-hot dark-skinned girl had apparently decided that she wanted to grind her ass up against me. She seemed to somehow already be down to her underwear, and with an ass like that, I couldn't blame her for the confidence.

My dick strained against the limits of my underwear. I did my best to turn away without being too obvious, but with the crowd so packed there wasn't exactly a lot of room to do so. Evan noticed my discomfort and gave my hand a reassuring squeeze.

Luckily it didn't take her very long to notice that I was making an active attempt to ignore her, and she decided to move on. Unfortunately, she next set her eyes (and hips) on Evan. He blushed and politely tried to tell her off, but there was no way she could hear.

It's funny, I know it's all in good fun, I know he wouldn't reciprocate in the slightest, but the sight of *my* boyfriend getting hit on like that... it was too much. I tried not to let it bother me, but I couldn't help but feel the anger in the back of my neck. I yelled at the girl - told her to back off - but if she heard me she didn't give any indication. So I put a hand on her shoulder and tried to push her away. She fell back, giving me an angry glare as she struggled to stay upright in her fuck-me boots before falling back into the crowd. I guess I don't quite know my own strength.

The crowd grew ever worse as we got closer to the house. It was wet and slippery and foamy and loud. Hot almost-naked bodies collided as they pulsed and writhed to the music. It was like the crowd couldn't decide if it was an orgy or a mosh pit. Everywhere you looked it was grinding and humping people desperately reaching out for intimate human contact.

Eventually, we managed to fight our way inside. To my immediate surprise, the house was drastically less busy than outside. There were people here still mostly dressed, conversing in small parties, flowing from one social group to another. There was room to maneuver, room to breathe. You could even hear your own voice, if only just barely.

I was a little alarmed at first to see that someone had removed the door from the hinges, but then I noticed that all the floors were taped down with cardboard. I guess even with most of the party taking place outside, they weren't taking any chances.

"Oh my god," yelled Evan, his voice still struggling to break over the bass, "that was nuts!" He was craning his head to peer out the door at the mad revel outside. "Is this normal? Why did no one tell me there were so many half-naked boys at these things?"

"I think this one is going all-out!" I laughed. "To be honest, this crazy stuff isn't normally my scene. I mean, I like to party, but I'd rather be... you know... intimate."

"Not your scene, huh?" Evan gave me a wry smile. "Did you see those girls up on the roof?"

"There were girls? On the roof?" I said in feigned innocence. "I didn't even notice."

"Sure you didn't." Evan laughed, placing his hand on my practically twitching crotch.

"Okay, fair point. Maybe I noticed one or two."

"Oh my god," Evan gushed "they were so amazing, weren't they?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean... I *wish* I could do that." He blushed again. Fuck, he was so cute when he blushed. "To just be able to go up in front of everyone like that, to be... *enjoyed*..." He was breathing heavy now. "To be *lusted* over..."

"Well," I said, looking down at his blouse. It was still damp from the foam. "you're certainly hot enough." The already sheer material had soaked through and his bright-red demicups were on full display as it hung tantalizingly to his skin.

"Aw, thank you." He stepped closer and gave me a hug. The cold of the wet fabric was undercut by the intense warmth of his soft skin. "But no one but you sees me that way. Even if I tried, I don't think anyone would notice, or appreciate."

"Are you kidding?" I laughed, hugging him back. "Girls have been checking you out all night. Heck, a bunch of guys were even checking you out."

His skin grew hotter at the thought.

"Yeah," he sighed "but everyone sees me as a guy... and that's fine, I guess." He glanced up at one of the little groups nearby. There was a girl standing on a table dancing while a bunch of guys cheered at her to take off her top. Evan smiled wistfully. "I just wish..."

I squeezed him tighter.

"Sorry." He shook his head. "It's nothing. I just can't stop thinking about last night."

I stiffened up.

"No, no," he backpedaled, "not the bad parts. The good bits. Like, I really got to branch out and try new things, things I've always wanted on a level so deep and secretive that I'd long since given up on them. It's like... I feel like I developed a deeper understanding of myself, you know? I don't remember what happened up on stage, but I came off wanting more... and I look at these girls? The ones on the roof, the ones dancing on tables, the ones getting all the attention... I look at them and I'm just so... happy for them. Does that make sense? It's like... good for them for doing the things I want to do but can't."

"You're jealous." I laughed.

"I'm not... *jealous*..." he mused, "I'm just..." he faltered for words, then laughed. "Okay, fine, I'm maybe envious, sure, but it's fine. I really am happy for them. I mean, it's not like I can really cut loose here anyway, you know?" He paused and looked down at my bag, then up at me, eyes sparkling. "Unless...?"

"Evan, no." I frowned. I hated when he did that. It was a rare trick in his arsenal, but he knew I was a sucker for it. I hated the idea of disappointing him. "We can't."

"I know. I know." He sighed, then laughed. "It's a shame, though, right? All the hottest people on campus are here all in one place. You'll never find a better spot to look for swaps."

"Since when have you been so gung-ho about this sort of thing?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Sorry, sorry." He gave a guilty smile. "Ever since Elizabeth described it as being like shopping the other day, I haven't been able to get it out of my head. Ever since we got here I've just been eying people up left and right. Like, oh she's got a nice butt or oh, I love the way her back arches, or oh she has nice hair, or I bet that girl's nose would look great on my face. It's wrong, I know, but I can't help it. You know how I am about shopping. This whole party is like Black Friday for hot people."

I laughed. "Sure, I'll grant you there's some nice-looking people here, but you know what? I think we're the hottest of them all, and that's all that matters. Anything we'd swap into would just be a downgrade."

"Aw, that's sweet, baby." he smiled "But come on. Neither of us is in our ideal body right now. Maybe we could just... try something on for just a bit?" He blushed "I'd love to get up on a table and, you know..." he bit his lip "show off a bit..."

"I..." I looked around a bit at the crowds of people in here. "Evan... no... we can't. Come on, you know that. If we swap something here it's going to get lost in the crowd and then we're never going to be able to find it again to swap it back."

Evan looked down at the floor for a moment in embarrassment. "I'm sorry, you're right." He looked up at me with sparkling eyes. "I'm- I'm proud of you baby. You've got such a good heart."

Aww. Evan always knew just what to say. I pulled him in for another hug.

We lingered there for a moment in embrace, just enjoying the feeling of each other.

"Okay, well," said Evan, "even if we're not going to do any swaps, that's no reason not to enjoy the party." He reached down and heaved his enormous boobs. "I mean, I've still got these sweet puppies after all. Isn't that something I've always wanted?" He grinned as his boobs continued to wobble even after he removed his hands.

I stared at them in agreement. Mind suddenly blank of any thoughts that didn't involve ripping that blouse open and jamming one of those achingly erect nipples into my mouth. Fuck, those things were hypnotic.

"Hey now," I shook my head as I tried to return to my senses. "Let's not lose sight of what's important. We can enjoy the party, but we still need to find that girl." I looked around at the crowd within the house. There was still no sign of her. Maybe we could get up onto the roof? We'd probably be able to get a better vantage point from up there. Of course, we'd have to deal with those girls, but maybe that wasn't such a bad thing...

"Look," Evan sighed. "There's no better way to find someone at a party than to mingle a bit, right? I'm sure if we keep hanging around we'll see some sign of her eventually. Or maybe she'll find you. After all, she was the one who invited you here in the first place, wasn't she?"

I looked down. I was still having a bit of trouble cataloguing all of Evan's new expressions, but there was a disappointment in his eyes which told me that somehow the idea of finding this girl rated very low on his list of priorities. He was starting to get mad with me... or, no... not mad, but he was starting to lose his patience, like I had promised to take him to dinner and we ended up at McDonalds.

I frowned and chastised myself for being so foolish. Of course he wasn't eager to switch back. He was perfectly fine with the body language he had - in his mind he'd always had it. But... but that didn't stop it from being *wrong*. Like, deeply fundamentally wrong. Even if I was the only one who seemed to realize it. Was that... was that selfish of me? Was this whole endeavour ill advised? Why else were we here though? We weren't here just to have some fun, were we? Were we?

I looked down at Evan's beautiful shining face and couldn't help but smile.

"Okay." I laughed, "where should we start?"

"Well, I'm not really a big party person..." Evan's eyes darted around to some of the girls grooving in the crowd. "But um... would you like to dance?"

"I don't know baby," I stuck out my tongue "I don't think I can keep up with those moves you were throwing around yesterday."

"Really" Evan grinned. "It was that good? Honestly, I don't remember a thing."

"What?"

"Yeah, it was like, when we swapped me back it swapped that memory of the dance back with it." Evan glanced down in embarrassment. "I remember that I was out there, and I remember that it was just... the hottest, most fun thing I've ever done, but I can't actually remember any of it. It's funny though," he laughed, "because I came away from it thinking, baby, that I *really* like dancing."

"What? Since when?" Shit, where was that coming from? Evan was... well, he'd never really had an opinion on it before. We had only gone dancing a few times and he was... well, he was really shy about it. I mean, I like the clubs, don't get me wrong, and I'm out there on ladies' night with Elizabeth... or I was, at least... but Evan had never so much as expressed an interest. Hell, just yesterday he said he didn't know how to dance. Was this the device? Had I fucked something up? Left something inside him? Or was this something Elizabeth had done?

"Baby..." I held him tighter. "How has this never come up?"

"Well, you know me" he blushed, "I don't like to stand out." He wrapped his delicate arms around my neck and pulled our faces together. His hot breasts pressed heavily into my chest. "Except..." he continued, grinding his body against mine in time to the beat as his hot breath tickled my ear. "For you? I think I kind of do." Fuck, he was so hard.

I reached down and put my hands on my boyfriend's gorgeous ass. He stuck out his hip and pressed into my hands. He rested his head against my collar bone as we sort of swayed for just a moment. God he smelled nice. Our breathing increased as we felt each other's heat rising. Evan's skirt was so short... I was sure that if I tried I could get down under it and-

Alas, just then, some idiot frat jock, too drunk to navigate the room, had apparently decided that then was the perfect time to try to go through us rather than around. He was big and heavy and I stumbled forward as Evan fell away before me. I could feel something cold and wet soaking through my shirt.

"My beer!" cried the asshole, who had landed hard on his ass. Evan teetered for a moment, then fell over himself. Even as skilled as he was in those high heels, it just wasn't enough.

Shit, my shirt was soaked. Uhg, it was already kinda wet from the foam, but now it would be completely see-through for the whole night. Great, everyone would be staring at my boobs.

"What the hell?" he continued, "Why don't the two of you watch where you're going!?"

I held my hand out to help Evan up as both he and the asshole struggled to rise to their feet. Standing from prone in those things would be a challenge, I was sure. Evan took my hand with his right hand while he tried to micromanaged his skirt with the other. Him and the asshole locked eyes. Evan looked

like he had something to say, but he was way too shy to engage in a confrontation like this. That was okay, I could say it for him.

“Watch where we’re going!?” I yelled louder than was strictly necessary, “Watch where we’re going!? Why don’t you watch where you’re going! You ran right into us!”

“Oh my god,” he groaned, standing up. He was tall, but I was taller. “It doesn’t matter. Just be more careful! You made me spill my beer!”

“You knocked my boyfriend down and poured your beer all over my shirt!”

“Jesus, bro,” he turned away from me and towards Evan “what’s the matter? You need your girl here to come save you?”

Evan grew red in embarrassment.

“Oh, what, too close to home?” the guy loomed over Evan “Are you going to cry about it now?”

Okay, that was it. Trying to start a fight with me is one thing, but you did not fuck with my Evan. Not while I was around, not ever.

Like a gun drawn from a well-oiled holster, I pulled the device out of my bag. He thought a girl couldn’t stand up for her man? Then we’d see how he liked being a girl for a while.

I spun the dials, and slapped the device onto his back right as I pressed the button.

Zzzzttttt!

“What the hell...?” the drunken asshole blinked blearily up at the now taller Evan. He blinked again as he looked down. “What kind of prank is this?” Experimentally, he held up a dainty, feminine arm, following it with a confused expression down the length of his body.

“Oh hey...” he gave a dopey grin as he got an eyeful of his new tits. They weren’t especially large, but from his angle I’m sure they looked huge. “Nice!” he laughed. He reached out and groped at his tits through the sheer fabric of his tiny little tube top.

He must have sat there fondling himself for like a minute before it seemed to click.

“Wait...” he went from fondling to squeezing, then pulled desperately at the tube top, exposing his bouncing melons to the air. Panic had infected his face. His other hand shot down to his pants, driving its way through the waistband of his tiny white micro-shorts.

He screamed. It sounded like the terrified shriek of a girl.

I felt my face heating up. I won’t say I was feeling bad for the guy, but I was suddenly acutely aware of what a stupid idea that had been. How could I have done that? Sure, he deserved it, but did the girl

whose body I had just stolen? What if he told people what had happened? Would they be able to trace it back to us?

I let out a frustrating sigh. Fine. Fine! I would do the right thing.

I slapped him on the back with the device again, pressing the button.

Zzzzttttt!

He continued screaming, too drunk or stupid to realize he had been changed back. I glanced around. Thankfully no one seemed to be paying any attention. With all the partying going on, I guess no one seemed particularly concerned about some guy shrieking. It just seemed to fade into the background cacophony.

I grabbed Evan's hand and pulled him away, fleeing from the scene.

I couldn't believe I just did that. I should have known better. I had just been so angry. You don't fuck with my boyfriend like that! But that didn't give me the right to do what I did.

I took a deep breath. The smell of beer cloyed in my nose. I missed the smell of Evan.

Shakily, I put the device back in my bag, double checking that the clasps were all sealed. A part of me was just paranoid about something happening to it, but another part of me wanted to remove as much temptation as possible.

Except, well, I immediately found myself confronted by a temptation of a different sort. We had found our way into a room where several teams of color-coded freshmen girls were engaged in a competition of increasingly erotic lesbianism for a pack of cheering boys. Girls were groping and licking and rubbing and moaning dramatically as they sucked on each other's soft pink tongues and soft pink flesh. I stopped dead in my tracks. Fuck, this was putting the stuff going on up on the roof to shame.

Evan laughed as I stumbled to a halt. He chewed on his lip a little as he looked enviously at the girls. "You know," he said, jutting out a hip and leaning in to give me a glance down his top. "You never see two guys making out like that. Just saying."

"Are you saying you'd make out with a girl to impress me?" I grinned back at him.

He gave a little frown of disgust as he considered the idea, then he laughed. "Okay, fair point. In general no, as hot as the idea of being in the middle of all that is." He gestured to the crowd of guys. "But for you? For you I'd make out with a horse."

I laughed.

"Of course... I'd rather just make out with you."

Evan leaned up to give me a kiss. I leaned down and met him half way. Our tongues slipping into each other's mouths. God, there was just something about the taste of him, the sense of him. In that moment I was just so happy. I never wanted it to end.

Then one of the girls leaned down and pulled the thong off of another. The crowd cheered and I turned my head to look. The girl's juicy little pussy was waxed bare and on full display. My jaw dropped as her partner fell to her knees and buried her face in it.

"You like that, huh?" Evan laughed.

I realized I had fallen away from the kiss. I turned my attention back to Evan, but he was staring at her now too. He was pressing right up against me, his hand against my belly as it slid down past my waistband and wrapped around my straining member.

Fuck.

"They're hot, huh?" breathed Evan into my ear.

Uhg, yeah. She was. She was incredibly hot. And if I got a hand job from my fucking amazing boyfriend while watching these girls lez out for my entertainment, that would be stupidly hot. But these girls weren't Evan, and Evan deserved better than that.

Closing my eyes to this lusty display, I wrapped my hands around Evan and pulled him into the next room. He let out a little squeal of surprise at the sudden motion, his index finger coming away with a dab of precum as it came free of my pants. I blushed a little. I swear, this stupid dick was like a faucet sometimes.

We were standing now in the kitchen, our breath heavy. Evan was just looking at me in surprise. The room was jam-packed with booze. Every free space was taken up with kegs and bottles and cups and cans. Standing in the back was a short-haired girl with her boyfriend's letterman jacket, filling up a red solo cup from a keg. It took me a minute to realize that this wasn't a girl at all, but one of the football players from the bar the other night. Evidently he had decided that he didn't care that his clothes didn't come anywhere close to fitting his tinier, sexier frame.

"Oh hey!" The cheerleader-bodied jock gave a cry of comradery when he turned and saw us. He looked down at our empty hands, then he pulled an extra pair of cups off of the stack and started filling them up. "You two look like you need a drink!" I looked over at Evan, who seemed to be having a hard time keeping his eyes off the dude's butt. I laughed. I couldn't blame him, baggy clothes or not, it was a fantastic ass.

"Cheers!" He said, passing Evan and me the now beer-filled cups.

I looked down at my drink suspiciously. I hadn't been planning on drinking tonight. Possibly not ever again.

"Well," said Evan, trying not to be too obvious as he stared at his footballers stunning tits. "I guess one drink can't hurt. While we're here, right? When in Rome and all that?"

"No..." I frowned and shook my head. "No, I need to be in control. I don't trust myself to get drunk after what happened last night."

"Okay," Evan gave me a sympathetic look. "I guess I'm drinking for the both of us then." he chuckled as he drank deeply. Evan wasn't normally a very big drinker. He must have been nervous about something.

When he'd finished his cup, he turned to me and took mine.

"Okay," he said. "I'm ready. Let's get out there and dance."

Ah, of course. He was trying to work up the courage to get out there on the dance floor. "Okay!" I laughed as I grabbed his hand, carrying him into the cacophony that was the back room. Dancing was always fun, but the idea of dancing with my baby was always the best, especially now that I knew he was actually interested in it.

The house's back room was a little busier than the others inside. It had a huge glass door that was currently open, leading to the packed backyard. Music blared in through an enormous set of speakers on the back deck. Some dancy little pop song was approaching its climax and the room was electric with all sorts of people swaying and bouncing. See, this was a little more like it. While outside had been something like an orgy, this was more like a dance floor.

"Baby?" Evan's whisper in my ear was just barely noticeable over the noise. "Can you guide me? Like, teach me what to do? The dancing you were doing yesterday... I really liked it."

"Of course." I said. I pulled him close and grabbed his hand, then put my left hands on his waist. Evan clung on tight and together for a moment we just lingered in our nearness.

"Here," I said, stepping forward "I'll lead. Just... wiggle in time to the music and follow my feet, okay? And we'll grind a bit. That's basically all dancing is."

We swayed back and forth to the rhythm, two fish lost in a sea of bodies. Closing our minds to the others as we opened our hearts to each other.

"Baby, you're my hero, you know that?" Evan rested his head on my chest as a slower, sweeter song played.

"W-what?"

"Here, now... and on stage yesterday... I'm just so proud of you. You're so brave. And strong. And just... you've been so good about the device and I know its hard for you but... I'm really proud of you. You're my hero."

I didn't know how to respond to that -- I sure as hell didn't feel like one -- so I just squeezed him as tight as I could.

And so we dance. And we danced and we danced and we danced. And we danced slow and we danced fast and we danced sexy and we danced like we were the only two people in the world that mattered, because we were.

I wish I'd been smarter. I wish I'd been more careful. I wish I'd been less selfish. Since all this happened I've wished a thousand different things, because that... that was our last dance. That was the last time I was able to hold him tight like that, the last time I felt like our two souls were moving as one. All that romantic crap that I always made fun of him for. Because that's when I saw her, and that's when everything started to go wrong.

From across the room I caught a glimpse of her. Just a flash of blonde hair and a smile from the direction of the foyer, but it was a familiar smile. A smile I'd know anywhere. A smile that shone like the sun. It was like reality jolted into sudden focus. I had to act fast, I had to move, I had to get over there, but there were so many people between me and her.

I bolted, stumbling as I pushed my way through the crowd. I had to get there before it was too late, before I missed her again.

I tripped and I fell, knocking some dude over. I gave a half-hearted apology as I stumbled back to my feet. Fuck, this was that drunk guy from earlier. For a moment he looked like he wanted to start a fight - glaring daggers at me from the crowded floor - but then recognition slowly started to click in his brain and he began to scoot himself away from me instead.

I wondered if I could take him, if it came to a fight. He seemed like a big guy, but if Evan was to be believed, I was certainly no slouch myself right now.

But, no, I couldn't let myself get distracted. I had to get to her. Fast.

I stumbled my way out of the crowd into the foyer, but it was too late. I turned my head frantically, scanning the adjacent rooms. It was no good. I'd lost her. The foyer was empty now except for a dweebish looking freshman nursing a beer and trying not to look too obviously stoned.

"Where did she go!?" I yelled.

"What?" the freshman yelled back over the music. I don't know if he was asking for more information or if he just hadn't heard me properly

"That girl just now! The sexy blonde one that just came in! Where did she go?"

"Man..." The freshman looked around, like he was looking for a hidden camera or something. "What?"

"The girl!" I roared "Where is she!?"

"Jesus!" The dweeb recoiled in shock. "The last girl to come through here went upstairs. Probably one of the bedrooms? She had this cute looking dude and another girl in tow."

"I... " I looked over at the stairs. That was probably the only way up. I'd have her trapped. I turned back to the dweeb, who was desperately trying to disappear into the corner he now occupied. Shit, I'd really scared him, hadn't I?

"Baby!" Evan cried angrily as he wormed his way into the room, almost tripping as he struggled to break free of the crowd. "What the hell?" He had this mortified look on his face. My heart sank. I thought he had been right behind me.

"I saw her, baby! She was right here." I gestured towards the stairs. "She's so close!"

"What? That's what that was about? You could have told me. You just bolted! I was worried! And then I was all alone out there on the dance floor and I just..." he shivered. "Tell me next time before you do that, okay?"

"I'm sorry baby," I said, giving him a quick, reassuring squeeze. "I'm just... I'm eager to turn you back, you know?"

"Yeah..." he glanced down. "I noticed."

"What's wrong, baby?"

"Besides the fact that you ditched me just now?" he sighed. "It's just... are you really that desperate to change me back? Am I not... do you not like who I am?"

"Oh, baby..." I put my hand on his smooth perfect cheek. "I do. I really do. I love you completely. You know that. But this body language, this part of you... it isn't *you*. I've got to fix that"

"I... I know that..." he looked down at himself. "But at the same time... isn't it a part of me though?"

"No, I know it feels that way, but it isn't. It's you mixed with someone else... and a part of you is gone because of it. You're less you, and that's a fact that I can't help but be painfully aware of whenever I see you move," I sighed "even if you do move sexy as hell."

"I'm less of the old me, sure... but doesn't the me that I am now matter? You just said you love me completely didn't you? Does that not include all my flaws? All my missing parts? Don't I... don't I get a say in this? I mean, I like who I am, you know? I don't know if I want to give that up. It scares me. And even if you say that this isn't the real me... to the me that I am, the other me isn't me, you know?" he let out a frustrated sigh. "Sorry, I'm not making any sense, am I?"

Evan reached over and wrapped his trembling arms around me. I returned the hug, trying to be as comforting as I could. I hadn't even considered that he might not want to change back. God, this wasn't even... this wasn't even a big thing, this was just body language, wasn't it? He wouldn't care when it happened - he wouldn't even notice. But that kind of just made it worse, didn't it?

The old him would have wanted me to change him back, wouldn't he? He wouldn't want to be like this, even if he didn't know. He'd want to know. But maybe Evan had a point. He did seem to enjoy the way he was now, didn't he? Who is to say the opinions of the Evan that spent his whole life moving like a

cartoon sexpot is any less valid than the Evan from last week. Especially when the former was currently begging me not to change him back.

Gah... I'd been good, hadn't I? I hadn't been abusing the device. I thought I was done with all these ethical conundrums.

Blood pounded in my brain. Why was this such a big deal? Why was I so obsessed with this? Why had I run off the way I had? Why, of all the changes that I had made to Evan, was this the thing that bothered me? Surely, I could swap back his wardrobe, or his makeup skill or his body... but none of that seemed as important as this. It was like, deep down, this one swap was somehow emblematic for all the irresponsible shit I'd done to him, like this was the swap that made me realize that swapping him made him less him... that I was hurting him by doing this. And now he was saying that he wasn't, that I'd be hurting him by changing him back, but that didn't make things any easier. Quite the contrary, it made it much, much worse.

I took a deep breath. I think it all came back to the idea that this was something I had told myself we could reverse. Deep down, a part of me had thought that no matter how screwed up things got, in the end we could always go back to the way things were. That no matter what happened, everything would be fine. This wasn't just about fixing Evan... this was about assuaging my own guilt. This was about redemption. If I could fix this, I was in control. I could fix everything. Gah, but at what cost?

I took another breath. I looked down at Evan, shivering in my arms, then up at the stairs. She was so close. I'd have her trapped.

"Baby?" I said.

"Y-yeah?"

"I'm sorry..." I stroked his hair. "I know you're scared... but I need to do this. As much for me as for you. If you don't like it... if you want, we can go back and change things back, the proper way. But I made a mistake. I made a mistake, and I need to fix it."

"Oh..." He smiled at me sadly. "Okay... I... I understand. I trust you, alright? If you think this is the best way to go, then that's the way we'll go."

"Thank you, Evan." I brushed a tear away from his eye. "I love you."

The dweebish freshman rolled his eyes.

"Are you ready?"

Evan nodded.

"Let's go."

The upstairs was empty save for a series of closed doors. Bedrooms, I'd assume. I guess people didn't like their stuff getting touched at parties like this. She had to be here somewhere. I tried one of the handles. Locked.

I was just about to try a second handle when a voice rang out from the door at the end of the hall. It was hard to make out over the sound of the party, but it was unmistakable. That was a girl screaming.

I looked over at Evan in confusion, but he was already bounding towards the door as fast as his heels could carry him.

As we approached there was the unmistakable sound of skin slapping skin and another cry followed by a loud thump, like a body crashing to the floor.

Reflexively, I pulled out the device. I don't know how intimidating it would be as a weapon, but I could sure fuck someone up with it if I needed to.

Cautiously, I tried the handle. It was unlocked. I pushed the door open.

Oh my god.

Evan blushed and turned away the moment he realized what was happening.

I smiled, then let out a laugh. I knew I should probably turn away as well -- it would be polite, after all, but I was just so enraptured by what I saw.

There, like the top loaf of a flesh sandwich, was the girl with Evan's body language. She was completely naked save a vibrating cat-tail buttplug and an enormous strap-on dildo, which she had buried balls-deep in the ass of a feminine looking boy lying on the bed on his back. He, in turn, had his dick in the pussy of a second girl, who was lying down on top of him. As we watched, the girl with Evan's body language withdrew her strap-on from the boy's ass - oh my god it was massive - and fed it into the girl's butt in one clean stroke. It looked like she was alternating holes.

"Oh my god." Evan whispered.

"Oh my god!" the girl cried out as the dildo bottomed out inside of her.

"Oh my god!" the guy screamed as he noticed Evan and me standing there.

Fuck. Okay, they spotted us. Maybe we could just close the door and pretend that this never happened?

The girl with Evan's body language turned to look at us. Her enormous faux dick menacing monstrously in front of her.

"Oh hey!" She said, smiling as though this weren't the most awkward thing in the world. "You came! And you brought your yummy little boyfriend. Do you two want to join in? There's always room for more."

I laughed. I couldn't help it. That was one way to break the ice I guess. Evan's face turned crimson even as his skirt bulged.

The guy and the other girl, apparently deciding the situation was under control, returned to their fucking.

Despite everything, there was something about the way this girl was standing that made her seem, I don't know... approachable, friendly. Like I could trust her. It took me a moment to realize that it was because she was standing like Evan. I know it wasn't her fault, but there was something about that revelation that pissed me off, like she was trying to trick me or something.

I gritted my teeth. Now was my chance. I adjusted the dials on the device as I raised it up, pointing it at the girl.

"Wait, what's that?" she asked, taking a cautious step back.

Fuck. Okay, I hadn't quite meant to be that obvious. But I was going to do this. I was going to get Evan back his body language. I was going to make things right.

"It's um." I fumbled for an excuse. "Don't worry about it."

"W-why are you pointing it at me?" The girl raised her eyebrow. It was the same way Evan always did when he was suspicious. It was cute, like the expression a dog would make when you're trying to trick it into thinking you weren't taking it to the vet.

I shook my head. Zap first, explain later. She wouldn't notice it doing anything anyway. Carefully I took aim and fired. The device made its trademark zzzztzzt sound, but to my amazement, the girl had dived out of the way at the last second. On the bed, the guy had switched his fucking style. He went from using a pounding, steady, whole-body sort of rhythm to something a little slower and more languid, using the fluid motion of his hips more than anything else. He was letting out these dainty gasps with each thrust.

Fuck. Did she just dodge the device? Was that even possible? Had I missed? Was that Evan's body language at work or did she have, like, martial arts training or something?

I tried to aim the device up again, but the girl was too fast. She dove forward right as I fired. The situation on the bed was now completely reversed from how it was before, with the girl slamming her hips down onto the guy's dick with her whole body as he moaned and writhed in pleasure.

I aimed the device down one more time at the girl, but it was too late, she was springing forward, bounding directly at Evan and me.

We collided. Evan fell backward onto his beautiful perfect ass. I stumbled back a few steps then crashed against the door and landed on my knees. the impact of the blow knocked the device out of my hands. I grasped for it, but it was too late. It crashed down on one of the dials and skittered along the floor.

The girl had somehow landed on the other side of us, out in the hall. She looked at us with confusion and panic in her eyes. I knew that expression. She was going to do something stupid.

With a deft sweep of her arm, she grabbed the device off the ground. Her foot-long dildo bounced with each sway of her perfect naked body. She looked down at the device, then up at me, then back down at the device.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

In a panic, I lunged out at her, but she jumped back, slamming into door on the opposite end of the hall. I don't know what she saw in my expression, but she was terrified. Silently I prayed she wouldn't do anything I was going to regret - that she hadn't already done something I'd regret. For all I knew she could have used the device on me a dozen times already and I'd have no idea.

I tried to make another grab, but she had already begun to turn and run. She let out a gasp as my hands closed around her. For the briefest second, I had her, but all I came away with was her buzzing, kitty-tail butt plug.

And like that she was gone.

Fuck.

"Evan!?" I cried, half in terror.

"Y-yeah?"

"I think we're in some serious trouble."

To be continued in part 13: Party Hard!