

Warning, this chapter includes new protagonists, old protagonists, strap-on dildoes, sex dungeons, boobs, tits, jiggling, clothing that is as bad or worse than strap-on dildos, dancing, beer pong, stripping, cute boys making out, cute girls making out, clothing, progressive feminization, social feminization, crowds, cheering, parties, drinking, sheer and utter insanity, formal sex, authority swaps, gender swaps, body swaps, position swaps, swaps of all kinds, cat fighting, and a sense of grim foreboding for what is going to happen to our typical couple in the next chapter.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 14 – Party Till You Drop =

By Razmagurk

“I’m wearing a what?”

“A sex toy.” he said again, pointing down at the slinky little dress I was wearing.

“What? How is this...” I blushed. “This isn’t a... a... its not like that!”

“Alright, alright,” he laughed. “No need to get so defensive. I suppose you could technically use it for other things, but hey, what else is a guy supposed to think?”

Blood was pounded through my head so loudly that I could hardly hear. I thought back to all the stares and leers and gestures that had been directed my way. I thought they’d be en complementary. I thought I’d looked *good*. And this whole time I was making a complete fool of myself.

How had I been so stupid? Of course they thought I was wearing a sex toy. They didn’t care that I’d traded clothes with Becky. The same stupid magic that made it so no one noticed anything wrong also made it so no one noticed anything right either. Oh my god, this was my reputation in shambles. I was never going to live this down.

“I... I need a drink.” I held out an arm to steady myself against the wall.

“Like I said,” Sam smiled, “I think you’ve had enough.”

“I haven’t even been drinking tonight!” I protested.

“You’re just wearing that to make a statement?” He raised an eyebrow.

I didn’t know I was capable of blushing any harder than I already was, but I think I somehow managed it.

“Fine... look, just... give me some water or something okay? Anything.”

“Oh!” he said, reaching behind the tower of beer cases and grabbing a bottle of water. “That I can do.” With a flourish he cracked it open and handed it to me, the motion sending his tits bouncing beneath his letterman jacket.

The water was only room temperature, but it did the trick. I could feel myself cooling down. My heart was deciding it didn’t need to play the kettle drum in my ears anymore. I didn’t realize how much I’d needed that. Just goes to show, I guess, never underestimate good hydration.

I let out a long sigh and looked down at my dress, then back up at Sam, who - gentleman that he was - was very deliberately not staring at it. Fuck. What on earth had I gotten myself into? I had to ditch this stupid thing. I had to find something else to wear. Anything else. But how the hell was I going to do that without anyone seeing me in the meantime? What was I going to do? Strip naked? Not much better.

Okay, the box got me into this mess. Maybe it could get me out. I just needed to trade clothes with someone else, right? Sam was the obvious choice. We were about the same size, though I think his boobs were probably bigger than mine. I could probably get away with wearing a guy’s clothes, too. Besides, Sam wouldn’t even notice the slinky little dress. In fact he’d probably look really cute in it. I let a mischievous grin cross my face. There was nothing wrong with boys in skirts, especially when they have an ass like that.

But no, that wouldn’t work would it? The problem wasn’t trading clothes, the problem was people being oblivious about it. Damnit, what good was a box that could trade things around if everyone kept acting like you hadn’t used it at all? Did this thing have any purpose apart from voyeurism? Granted, that was the only thing I’d really been using it for so far, but still.

Okay, so I couldn’t trade clothes around. But on the other hand, it wasn’t really the dress itself that was a problem, was it? It was the fact that everyone seemed to think it was inappropriate. Not the item itself, but a quality of the item. Could I trade that away? Did this thing work on objects? Shit, that was a whole can of worms. What would happen if I traded something between a person and an inanimate object?

I looked over at Sam and pictured him as a syrup bottle.

Maybe it was best to leave well enough alone.

But still, there was some virtue to that line of thought. It was people that were reacting to it. Maybe I could just trade the way people were reacting?

I looked down at the box then back up at Sam. I smiled weakly. Poor Sam. He was such a sweetheart, he really was. I would really need to make this up to him later somehow.

Zzzztttt!

He had been half way through taking a swig of his beer when the box went off. He almost dropped the thing as he recoiled from the sight of me, his eyes wide with panic.

“Emma!” he yelled, his arms shooting to his chest and crotch, desperately trying to cover up as much of his letterman’s jacket and jeans as he could. “It’s not what it looks like!”

“Why?” I asked, a wry smile working its way across my lips. “What does it look like?” Fuck, Sam was super cute when he was all embarrassed like that. He’d gone all squirmy and the way he was clutching at his loose clothing drew attention to just how amazing of a body he had, with his wide masculine hips and sexy bubble butt. His chest was jiggling all over the place under that jacket too, he must have been ripped.

Was he a sub, I wondered? The mental image of him squirming like that as I impaled him with my dick was too tasty to ignore. I could feel my skirt tenting at the thought.

“I was just...” he looked down at his clothes and blushed further. “I don’t... uh...” He chuckled nervously. Look, it’s not what it looks like. This was all just a... I... I don’t know what I was thinking. Oh god. This has gotten completely out of hand.”

“Alright, alright,” I grinned, turning his own words against him. “No need to get so defensive.” I gave him a wink. “But hey, what else is a girl supposed to think?”

His eyes darted around the room, desperate for escape. He was starting to look like a caged animal.

“Are... are you okay?” I frowned a little. I hadn’t meant to cause him so much distress.

“Are you kidding? Look at me! Or, no. Don’t look at me.” there was an edge of desperation in his voice. “I’ve been wearing this all night!” He was pacing back and forth now. “What the hell was I thinking? Look, you have to realize, I don’t normally wear stuff like this. This... this isn’t me.”

“Sam,” I gave him a reassuring little smile. “I believe you. Trust me, I do. I’ve seen you at, like, a million other parties.”

He seemed to relax a little at this.

“Besides, what even is so wrong about it?” I said, half curious and half trying to push my luck. “It’s not so bad.”

“Easy for you to say.” He gave me a cute little scowl. “I mean, look at you. You’ve got a sex toy on like a nice normal person, and I’m wearing...” he gestured down with his eyes. “*this*.”

I laughed. He blushed further.

“Oh god, why did I decide to wear this? I have to get out of here before anyone else sees me. I need to hide.”

“Well,” I grinned, “I know of a closet that’s surprisingly spacious.”

“I was thinking more like the basement.”

"Basement? I didn't even know this house had a basement."

"Yeah." He pointed to a small closed door on his end of the kitchen. Or, well, he tried to at least. It was difficult for him to do while still trying to cover his shame. "It's a bit of a secret. They like to keep people out during parties and stuff."

"So, what?" I raised an eyebrow. "You're just going to hide down there until everyone goes home and then you're going to try to sneak out?"

"Yes?"

"You know people are going to wind up crashing here overnight, right? This place isn't clearing out until they start looking for volunteers to help clean up in the morning."

"That's... that's fine."

"So you're willing to do the walk of shame after everybody else has already left, across campus on a Monday morning, after everyone else has already left."

"Y-yes?"

"Wearing that?"

"Look," he stomped his foot, "I don't exactly have much in the way of options here! I've just... I've got to hide before anyone else can see me, okay? I'll figure out the rest later."

Sam walked over to the little door and hesitated for a moment before lifting a trembling hand from his crotch to try the handle. It wouldn't budge.

"Wait, you're okay with me seeing you but not others?"

"Well," he shrugged weakly. "I mean, we have a bit of history, right?" He tried the door again, a little more forcibly, but it was no good.

"Do we?"

"Sure. We're friends, right?" He slammed into the door with his slender masculine shoulder.

"I- I guess?" I didn't normally see Sam outside of parties. Granted, we did go to a lot of the same parties. Still, I'd always kind of assumed he was just really friendly with everybody. With the way he kept rebuffing my advances I figured he wasn't interested in getting to know me better. Honestly, I've never really considered myself friends with anybody I hadn't been fucking.

"Look, here." he said "Give me a hand with this okay? I was hoping I could force the door or something, but I can't seem to get it to budge."

I walked over and gave the door a quick inspection, then gave the handle a pull. It swung right open.

Sam was at a loss for words. I'd say he was embarrassed, but at this point I don't know if he could get any more embarrassed than he already was.

"Thank you." he squeaked.

I laughed. "Any time."

He blushed again then bolted down the stairs, his high heels clicking on the old wood.

I followed just far enough to stand at the top of the stairs. I couldn't do it. This... this wasn't right.

I felt bad. Sam was... well, he was nice, and he was a good guy, and he was cute, and apparently, we were friends, and as amusing as it was to see him act this way it was just... I couldn't help but feel a little guilty about it. I couldn't leave him like this.

"Hey Sam!" I yelled down. "I'm going to go get you something to change into, okay?"

"Oh my god!" he cried.

"What?"

"It's... it's nothing. What did you say?"

"I said I'm going to get you something to change into! "Just... stay tight. I'll be back soon."

"O-okay. I'll um. I'll be down here." he sounded unsure. "Hey Emma?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you."

I laughed. It was the least I could do, right? After all, I was the one who had gotten him into this mess to begin with.

I looked around the kitchen and sighed. Where the hell was I going to get another set of clothes? I mean, upstairs was still an option, of course, but it was risky. I still hadn't seen that girl come down. Then again, I'd hardly been keeping the best of watch. That was a mistake. What if she was down here somewhere, lurking in the crowd? Hell, for all I knew she could look like anyone from now. Would I even notice?

I didn't want to risk anything.

Maybe I could trade my clothes with someone in more layers, then shed a few before trading back? Uhg, fuck, no. For all I knew they'd still see me as having taken off a bunch of layers and act like I was like, super-naked or something. Gah, this stupid box was more trouble than it was worth!

My train of thought came to a screeching halt as my eyes locked on a scrumptious pair of breasts springing free of their top. I did a double take. Sure enough, there, through the window overlooking the kitchen sink, was a girl putting her tits on display for all the world to see.

I took a step closer. Someone had a beer pong table set up out on the back lawn and a game of strip-beer-pong was well underway. A pair of guys were high-fiving as the girls opposite them finished taking off their tight little shirts, exposing their lacy bras and the heaving boobs contained within.

Oh my god. Have you ever had a moment where a plan springs into your mind fully formed, and at the time it seems like the best idea in the world, but then later you think about it and you realize it was kind of a shitty idea? That's what was going through my head. Strip-beer-pong. How perfect. If I could get someone else to take off their clothes for me, then I wouldn't have to worry about the ramifications of using the box on myself.

I strode for the door, working my way through the dance floor at the rear exit. I was getting a lot less attention now that I wasn't wearing something quite so inappropriate. It was weirdly disappointing? Like, I know it was bad attention, but I can't help it if I love to be the center of the crowd. Still, I'd rather people just think I'm hot rather than think I'm one of those girls that takes things way too far, so I'm glad to have just been normal again.

The backyard was a hectic scene. Half the place was dancing and thrumping and humping and the other half was a motley cavalcade of random party games and social groups. There was a trio of kiddie pools that looked especially popular. One was full of lube, one jello and one whipped cream. I was a little impressed, and not just by the bikini-clad girls playfully wrestling in them. Do you know how difficult it is to fill a kiddie pool with whipped cream? To say nothing of lube. That stuff can be expensive.

I took a deep breath of the cool night air. The temperature had begun to drop. It would have been chilly if weren't for the heat of so many bodies. Metaphor for life right there.

I worked my way over to the beer pong table. It looked like a classic match of guys vs girls, but there were a few twists. First, each pair of girls was wearing some kind of ridiculously sexy outfit, costume or uniform, and second, now that I got a closer look, it was pretty apparent that none of them had any intention of losing. This was a honeypot if ever I saw it. These girls were pro.

So, I don't know how familiar you are with the way our school operates, but we have a very strong and very female dominated sports program, and our varsity beer-pong team is no exception. Sure, some would say that wearing a skimpy little uniform and jiggling your tits right in your opponent's field of view as they try to aim is poor sportsmanship, but so is the way the guys they face off against are always leering at them. Besides, it's all in good fun.

Of the four sets of girls, it looked like only one or two of them had lost any clothes, and there were a lot of half-naked guys hanging around who must have bailed before going all the way. I smiled. That was the real game: these girls were here to see some skin.

A new pair of dudes was stepping up to the challenge as I managed to squeeze my way through the crowd close enough to get a good view. They were brothers by the looks of them. They were pretty cute -- kinda low-key ripped -- and they held themselves really well. One of them looked a little bashful. He

had longer hair and stood a bit taller, so I assumed he was the older one. He looked to be less into it than his brother, who was clearly the driving force here.

I wondered if they would be interested in a threesome? Mmm, I could bend over and fuck whoever had the smaller dick while the other gave it to me from behind. Or maybe one of them would be interested in playing center stage to a spit-roast? Eh, probably not. Why did guys always have to get so weird about threeways involving another dude.

The girls they were playing off against were a blond and a brunette in matching little catholic schoolgirl uniforms. Or, well, they were closer to fetish costumes than actual uniforms, but it got the idea across. Tight little white tops with cleavage that just barely revealed the edges of their bras, and pleated tartan miniskirts so short the eye was constantly drawn to them just in case you could catch a glimpse of what lay beneath. And damned if the girls didn't make it look so good too. I wish I'd known girls like that back in catholic school. Woof.

So yeah, long story short, these guys had no chance of winning. Which was good, because it meant that they were soon going to be losing their clothes, but more than a little problematic in that neither of them were anywhere near Sam's size. What could I do? Even if I used the box to adjust their height and stuff, their clothes would still stay the same.

It was funny, the girls were probably closer to Sam's size than they were.

I grinned at the image of Sam wearing that outfit. The heaving masculinity of his breasts spilling out of the tightly cinched top as the pleated little skirt exposed his long silky legs and juicy boy-butt. Damn, okay. He'd look a little ridiculous, but I couldn't deny that it had a perverse appeal.

Okay, okay. New plan. I needed to get him in that uniform.

There was no way I'd be able to get him to wear that sort of thing willingly, of course, but it would be all too easy to trick him into it. I laughed. Okay, maybe it was a little mean of me, but it's not like anyone would notice, right? It would just be a nice sexy little bonus for my eyes only.

Plan in mind, I settled into the crowd to watch the match. Sure, I could do this all in just a few quick trades, but I wanted to have a little bit of fun while I waited. In fact, I decided to up the ante just a little.

Here are my rules for trade-and-strip beer pong. It's basically the same as regular strip beer pong - Each cup corresponds to an article of clothing. When the ball lands in that cup, you can take that article of clothing off to 'save' the cup - but with one big exception. Whenever you land the ball, you also win that body part as well. Simple, right? So if one of the guys lands it in a cup corresponding to a girls bra, he ends up with her tits. If she then gets him to take off his undershirt, she wins them back.

Okay so it's not a very profitable game, and there could theoretically be a lot of back and forth, but it was sure as hell going to be fun to watch.

I guess the beer-pong-team girls had been getting impatient, because this turned out to be a speed match. That's where you drink and strip at the same time rather than waiting for another ball to land. It

put a greater focus on the stripping and less on skill, since bounce shots aren't worth anything extra, but hey, it was helping them get through their long list of competitors, so I guess it worked out in the end.

The match didn't get off to a good start. By the time the boys even rolled up it looked like they'd somehow lost their shoes. Was this not their first match?

The two of them were quite a bit bigger and brawnier than the two girls opposite them, but that didn't seem to worry the girls one bit. By the looks of it, they were plenty used to going up against these sorts of opponents.

Sure enough, the younger guy was too busy catching glances at his opponent's exposed cleavage to line up a good shot. To be fair to him, the way she was bouncing on her toes was making her exposed cleavage bounce and jiggle in a way that was very hard to ignore. His shot went wide as it failed to land on the table entirely.

The older one proved to be a little more gentlemanly, but he didn't seem to have the confidence in his abilities that his brother had. His ball bounced harmlessly off the end of the table.

The two girls smirked as they went into a huddle to discuss their next move. As amusing as this was, the box felt heavy in my hands. I just couldn't help but look around and wonder what other fun I could have.

Out here, the vignettes here were flying fast and loose. Lots of people I didn't recognize. Snippets of other lives. Strangers. This was a perfect opportunity to test out what this box could do. I just had to find the right targets.

Eventually, my focus fell onto the crowd over by the whipped-cream pool. One of the guys seemed to be getting a little handsy with one of the girls from the sidelines. She was doing her best to ignore him, but it was clear she was ready to slap him.

I thought back to the orgy in the kitchen and how trading around everyone's masculinity and femininity had influenced everyone's behavior. Could I do something like that here? Like, if I traded their gender around, would that help make things right?

Zzzzt!!!!

The results were disappointing.

Oh sure, it had traded their genders around, but for some reason it had done so with very little fanfare. Like, it had done more than trade their junk around at least, but the guy - now girl - hadn't really lost much in the way of build or body shape. Even his face was mostly the same. Sure, he had tits now, swelling up braless under his shirt, but you could hardly see them. If I didn't know better, I'd say nothing even happened.

He - she - was still being obnoxiously handsy with the girl. At least I could take some solace in the fact that the smoking hot girl he had been copping feels from earlier was now a lithe bishonen twink. She reminded me of what those guys inside had become: technically male, but undeniably feminine even with her new lack of breasts and that petite little dick bulging out of her cream-soaked bikini bottoms.

I guess purely physical trades didn't lead to behavior changes? Was that what was going on here? Did they even know they had changed gender? Like, if asked, would she say she's always been a guy? Or would she think she was still a girl? Gah, I knew so little about how this thing worked.

A cheer brought my attention back to the game.

The blonde smirked as she grabbed her ball and rolled it around between her fingers like a magician, demonstrating her deft expertise as a ball handler. Mff. She could handle my balls anytime.

She lobbed the thing in a low but powerful arc, fighting against the wind as it tumbled up through the air, curving off its initial approach and splashing down gently in one of her opponent's cups. The guys grumbled under their breath as they eyed each other warily.

The crowd murmured in anticipation. Somehow, I hadn't noticed earlier, but it looked like the crowd was predominantly female.

"Come on boys. Rules is rules." said the blonde. "Don't bid if you can't play."

Hesitantly the two began to unbuckle their belts...

Zzzzttttt!

... and lower their skirts, revealing their matching sporty thongs to the world. My dick twitched. The sight of their long smooth legs, lithe and feminine on that otherwise muscular and masculine frame was quite something.

They stood around kind of awkwardly as the girls in the crowd hooted and hollered. Another fun double standard: boys aren't used to being mostly naked in front of crowds. Well, I was glad I could do my part about that.

Their confidence quickly evaporating, they both drank.

The brunette stood up at the table, taller now than she had been a moment ago. The spry lightness with which she bounced around seemed a little at odds with her suddenly massive legs, but the image of her body in that top with those jeans was doing just as much to me as the guys were with those thongs.

She bounced from one leg to the other, pumping herself up for the shot. It was an act which sent her tits bouncing and swaying in an exaggerated motion. She was clearly performing as much as she was playing.

With a spin and a flick, she let her ball fly. It bounced off the centre table and soared in the direction of the cups, only to bounce off the edge of the cup that would have seen the boys lose their shirts.

The crowd grumbled a little, disappointed, but the boys looked rather relieved. They were certainly getting more trouble than they were expecting. I don't know if that was a compliment to the acting skill

of these girls - that they were able to trick the boys into thinking they had a chance - or an insult to the intelligence of men everywhere, but it seemed they were learning their lesson, at least.

They both tried to play it safe and aimed for the center shot, but they both went wide. The younger one was starting to get angry, but the older one just kind of looked embarrassed. I was disappointed in these guys. I was expecting them to put up a huge challenge, but I was expecting something. I briefly considered trading their skill around with the girls, but that would hardly be fair now would it?

In the crowd on the opposite side of the table, I could see some trouble brewing. A slimy looking guy who I faintly recognized as a regular at these parties was feeling up the cute girl standing in front of him. At first glance I was furious. Who the hell did he think he was? But as I got a better look, I could see they were also holding hands. Were they dating? She certainly didn't look happy about what was happening. She looked like she was sick of his shit and that she wasn't about to just let herself get felt up in public, even if it was from her boyfriend. I figured the only reason she wasn't doing anything about it was because she didn't want to make a scene.

As soon as his hand crested the hemline of her skirt I'd had enough. I fired the box. He wanted it so badly he could have it.

Zzzzt!!!!

The girl blushed in alarm at his probing hands and pushed him away. He fell back, crashing against the crowd behind him.

So much for not making a scene. She was yelling something at him now, then she stormed off in a huff, the hard bulge in her tight little skirt lifting it just enough to expose her panties. Whatever she had said seemed to have shut him down good. He stood there agape for a moment before chasing after her.

I couldn't help but laugh as he ran by screaming, "Wait! Baby! You've got it all wrong! I love you for so much more than your dick!"

Did I cause that? I mean.... I caused the dick thing, obviously, but did that cause her to reject him or was that something she was about to do anyway?

The girls were lining up their next shots. It looked like they were setting their eyes on the guys tops. They wanted to see those pecs.

The brunette tried to put a bit of a theatrical flourish on her shot, reaching back in a makeshift pitcher's stance, but it just caused her cleavage to almost spill out, throwing her off balance and causing the ball to bounce off the edge.

The blonde taking no chances, managed to land it.

Zzzzt!!!!

There was another groan from the guys as they undid the buttons on their little blouses and struggled to pull the tight little garments off, their heaving breasts scarcely contained by what looked like some very

elegant sports bras. There was a joke here, I'm sure, equating the cups on the table with the cups on their chests, but I couldn't for the life of me make it work.

The girls jumped and high fived, their muscular forms completely at odds with the cuteness of the hop and their expressive faces.

This, I think, was where the guys decided they needed to get serious. This was no longer just about seeing some naked girls, this was a matter of life and death. They weren't going to let the muscular chests of their opponents distract them any longer. The question that was running through my mind though was how well would they do now that they had those enormous weights bouncing around in front of them.

Quite well, apparently. On their next turn at bat, the younger brother managed to bounce the ball right off the table and into the girl's shoe cup.

Again, I couldn't help but wonder if maybe I had been the cause of that. Like... maybe it had something to do with the change in muscle mass? Like they were overestimating their strength before? Or maybe having boobs just makes you somehow really good at throwing things?

Zzzztttt!

Regardless, the boys were looking fine in their bare feet and painted nails as the girls took off their now much too small high-heels. It was a bit of a cheat on my part, sure - trading the body part but not the garment - but I didn't know how that would work if I traded the guys lack of shoes onto the girls right before the girls were supposed to take their shoes off.

The guys bumped chests at the sudden reversal of fortune, their tits pressing together then bouncing about chaotically in their flimsy silk prisons as they peeled apart. I grinned in delight. The boys were basically all woman at this point, but I still couldn't get over the way their movements and mannerisms were still so undeniably masculine. I almost considered trading their heads around just to complete the change, but that seemed a bit premature. They might make a comeback yet.

A loud cry drew my attention to the patio as I was scanning the area for my next potential victim. The cry was coming from a rapidly expanding hole in the crowd around a dude who had obviously been partying way too hard. He had a beer bottle going in each hand and his shirt had probably come off ages ago, which would have been fine if he had been in a bit better shape.

Not that there's anything wrong with dad-bods, but like, with all the steak on display, his hamburger was just not pulling its weight. He was stumbling about yelling woo at people as though it were the most awesome thing in the world. People were parting to keep their distance.

You get people like this at parties sometimes. Sometimes people don't know their limit. Sometimes people think they have to go to extremes to live up to the idea they have in their head. This poor thing was just trying way too hard.

Okay, so how could I help this guy out?

The obvious answer, of course, was that I could turn him into a girl.

What? Don't give me that look. You get placed in a situation like that and you'd be hard pressed to find a problem that couldn't be solved by trading someone's gender too.

Besides, for my idea to work I'd need everyone else to acknowledge that he was a girl, and that was going to be tricky. If I just traded his gender or did anything else purely physical, no one would notice.

I scanned through the crowd for someone else to trade him with. I felt like I was still learning how to use this stupid thing. Like, I could get it to do what I wanted most of the time, sort of, but it kept throwing me curve-balls. I needed to be careful.

Ah, perfect. On the opposite end of the crowd there was a mousy goth looking girl that was clearly drawing way too much male attention. This was another familiar story. She had probably come with a bunch of friends who had all ditched her to go hook up with random strangers. Now she was all alone treading deep water while all the sharks nibbled at her heels. Why the guys were going after her and not any of the hundreds of girls here who actually were looking for a hookup is beyond me. I guess some guys like a challenge. Some guys are clearly idiots.

This was as good an opportunity as any. I wanted to change the way people treated these two. Could I do that?

Zzzzt!!!!

I could feel the box heating up in my hand. No that wasn't quite right... it was like it had gone from warm to hot the instant I had released the button, with no in-between. Still, it was at least bearable this time. I didn't want to imagine what could happen if this thing got dropped.

Had it not worked? Was that what that heat meant? I squinted, trying to see if the box had done anything, but both of the targets seemed to continue on without any obvious change. But of course, the difference wouldn't lie in them, would it? It would lie in everyone else.

I took a closer look at the crowd surrounding the drunken dude. Sure enough, everyone that seemed to be drifting away before was now tightening back up around him. Guys were stopping and sneaking discrete stares at his exposed chest. One or two of them even seemed bold enough to go up and try to talk him up. He was grinning at the attention. I guess that's just guys for you. They'll ignore an obnoxious drunk dude, but an obnoxious (topless) drunk girl is a whole other story.

In almost perfect symmetry, the male attention had died off around the girl too. She seemed perfectly content being just another face in the crowd. I was actually a little surprised the guy who was chatting her up hadn't tried to bail on the conversation, but I guess maybe he really was just being friendly. Or he was into dudes too. Either way.

I wondered what they all saw. I had changed how they perceived the genders of those two. Did that mean they were visually seeing something different? Or was it all in the way their head interpreted things? Why wasn't I seeing them that way too?

I was so caught up in the box's mystery that I almost missed the girls next serve. They seemed determined at this point to not let the boy's recent good luck ruin their streak.

A hush fell over the crowd as the ball sailed through the air, bouncing out of an empty cup and landing with a splash into its neighbor: the cup representing the boy's underpants.

A series of hoots went out from the crowd as the two girls grinned.

An enormous blush spread across the face of the older brother. He looked like he was ready to throw in the towel right here and now. The younger one slammed his fist against the table in frustration. He wasn't about to let a little thing like full frontal nudity stop him from victory.

"Come on boys," said the blonde. "Nut up or shut up. Let's see those pussies!"

"You can always forfeit, you know" said the brunette. "Unless you still think you can somehow still beat us."

Zzzztttt!

The younger brother growled as he pulled his thong down along his smooth white legs, his cock bouncing as it sprung free of its silky prison. He threw the lacy thing to the ground and stood with his hands on his hips proudly.

His brother was a little less gung-ho, his arms squishing his tits together as he held both hands over his exposed, half-hard dick. Was he enjoying the humiliation?

A cheer went up from all the girls assembled. The guys remaining in the crowd pretended not to watch. There were hardly any of them left at this point.

I hope I'd given the dicks to the right brothers. Honestly, I had no way of knowing which belonged to which. Like, I'm sure it doesn't matter in the long run, but well, not all dicks were created equal, and one of those two really stood out.

Mmf. God, there was just something about a dick on a woman's body that just screamed hot. It was like looking at the best of both worlds.

The game was practically over at this point. The boys - who were now hardly boys at all - were down to just their bras. while the girls were still fully clothed.

While the bashful one tried to figure out how to serve a ball without exposing his, I looked back over at the patio. The drunk shirtless dude had left and it looked like that whole corner was starting to clear out, which gave me the opportunity to spy a golden moment.

A girl, obviously more than a little drunk and clearly in quite a slutty mood, was shoving her reluctant boyfriend (I assumed) into a dark little corner. I don't think anyone could see them but me, which I think was kind of the point.

He was looking around nervously, afraid to get caught, but his eyes rolled up into the back of his head as she began to nibble on his ear and neck. Her hands were rubbing under his shirt. Was she playing with his nipples? Mmf, that was such a rare sight. Guys with sensitive nipples are like... yes, please.

Slowly, she fell to her knees and began to unzip his pants. He pushed her away. That was apparently a line for him though. I guess some guys just don't like having their dick sucked in public. A little ungrateful, but i can see why he might want something a little more intimate.

I don't know what she said, but she was whispering something in his ears that seemed to assuage his concerns. The fact that she had her hand down his pants and around his dick probably helped. She began to kiss her way down along his body and soon she was.... Oh my god was she going to? Yes! Oh my god in no time at all she had that big thing out and down her throat.

Honestly, that girl was my hero. I'm a big fan of anyone who, when horny, decides that they want to be on the giving end rather than the receiving end. That's a good girlfriend right there. The world needs more people like that.

In fact, that girl deserved a reward. I laughed as I adjusted the box, this would be great.

Zzzztttt!

The girl rolled back her eyes as her boyfriend's tongue played along the length of what had moments ago been his very own shaft. He was bobbing his head up and down along her rigid length like a pro, stopping to swallow when the whole thing was in his mouth.

I snickered. She was having a much harder time keeping a straight face as he sucked her off than he had when their situations were reversed. She was gasping and panting and biting her lip. I wouldn't be surprised if she was groaning. Mmm, I imagined she had a hot voice. If you're going to imagine how a girl sounds when she's having her dick sucked, you might as well have her sound sexy.

Okay... how did this work? Did they now think he had offered to suck her off? Or that maybe she had dragged him off to this corner and convinced him to go down on her? It was just a head-trade, so I wouldn't have thought it would have done anything to change their behaviors around, but it was like when they were put in a new position, they felt obliged to continue? If you traded someone onto stage, would they feel obligated to perform?

Or maybe I'd just fucked up their relative roles. Maybe this was what her "Giving him a blowjob" was now? Fuck, that was kind of hot.

Damn, he was really getting into it too. See, that's what every girl needs, a boy who gets excited about the idea of oral sex. In my experience most guys couldn't suck dick to save their lives, it was really disappointing.

Fuck, I don't know which was worse: how jealous this was getting me, or how horny.

I switched my attention back to the game. The boys were just getting up to take their next shot.

With a flick of his wrist, the younger boy sent the little ball sailing through the air. For a moment it looked like it was going to land squarely in the girl's underwear cup, but the wind seemed to take it at the last second. He stomped his foot in frustration as it blew uselessly down past the end of the table.

The older brother managed to pick up the slack though, as his ball sailed through the air and landed in the girl's bra cup. The two high-fived, their masculine enthusiasm sending their bodies jiggling as they celebrated.

I traded their boobs back, deciding, in keeping with the dicks, to leave the rest of their torso in place. After all it, was their underwear they were losing, not their tops.

The girls took off their jackets and removed their shirts, covering their bouncing boobs with their arms as they then put their jackets back on. To my delight, they left them just as open as they had been before, exposing an absolute level of cleavage. It was weirdly intimidating in an Amazonian girl-power kind of way. Very punk.

Or it would have, at least, if the lack of support didn't cause their tits to bounce free as soon as they lifted their arms to throw. It was enough of a shift in weight to send the poor blonde's torso swinging just hard enough to push off her shot, causing it go wild. The jackets did not have the boob-stopping power of the schoolgirl tops.

Taking up her partners torch, the brunette was determined to end things once and for all. She had the shot lined up and like a basketball player, tossed the ball up in a long high arc. It landed short, but bounced off the table and sailed tantalizingly close, bouncing back off the inside of another cup at just such an angle to send it down and in.

Zzzztttt!

The girls in the crowd let up a triumphant cheer as the boys took off their bras. The boobs that were once again theirs spilled out.

Blushing, the two proved themselves surprisingly graceful losers by bowing and waving to the crowd. The younger one, hands on his hips, stood there proudly while the older one was still desperately trying to cover himself up with his hands.

I decided in for a penny in for a pound. To complete their now total feminine nudity, I traded their heads around too. Now they were all girl on the outside, even if they'd continue to act like guys.

Was it wrong of me to then rush by and grab all their clothes while they were distracted?

Okay, yes it was. But in my defense, this was pretty typical as far as party pranks went, and I had left enough between them to cover themselves up if they shared. Besides, I had a more pressing need for it.

Clutching the bundle of clothes in one hand, I worked my way back inside through the dancefloor. The night was starting to wax on and things were starting to get more and more intense. The heady smell of pheromones and close grinding sweat cloyed in my nose as what had begun as a wild party took a turn into crazy.

Near the front of the crowd, like an endless well of energy, little Becca continued to dance, the jiggling of her naked breasts miming the bouncing dildo that was still tracing arcane motions in the air as she kept smacking it carelessly into one companion after another. I was half tempted to dance with her myself but right now I had more important things to do.

A good bit of squeezing later and I managed to find myself back in the kitchen. Surprisingly, it was occupied. A pair of girls must have decided to duck away here in order to make out away from all the crowds. No, wait. Not girls. I recognized them. These were the two swimmers from the orgy earlier.

They were a little more clothed, but they looked bashful as I entered. One of them had the other up on the counter. They were holding hands. Oh my god that was so sweet. I must have interrupted something tender.

I couldn't help but feel like I had had a part in this. Earlier, when they were making out for the crowd it had been performative, they wanted to get the girls riled up, but now... now there was no one watching. These two were together because they wanted to be, not because they were trying to impress.

See, they never would have gotten together if it weren't for me. Guys were always so macho and afraid to show even the faintest hint of gayness. It's such a bullshit social convention and a total double standard. Guys should be allowed to express and explore themselves sexually just as much as girls. Heck, both sides should be allowed to do it more. I've always thought that if everyone was more sexually open, the world would be a much better place. And I'm not just saying that because it would make it easier to get into everyone's pants either, or because I really like watching cute boys make out. I swear.

It was like, free of that toxic aspect of their masculinity, these two had really been allowed to connect without that fear. Oh my god, it was so cute. I could feel my heart going out to them. I don't know what ended up happening to them at the end of the night, but I like to imagine that they made it out of there in one piece.

Not wanting to intrude further, I smiled apologetically as I worked my way over to the basement door.

"Sam!" I called out. "You still here?"

"Don't come down!" he yelled.

I came down anyway.

"Sam, it's okay, I found some- what the shit?"

I don't quite know who in the frat had apparently decided that they were going to turn the basement into some kind of crazy sex dungeon, but I gotta say I really admired their taste. This was a beautiful workshop of sex toys and bondage gear. Cuffs, leather, lace, weird machines and surfaces... the dildo collection alone must have cost a fortune. You could tell a guy built it too, because everything was arranged on the walls like they were tools in a garage. It was the perfect addition to any home.

Why the hell weren't they holding the party down here?

And there, lying naked in the corner, was Sam. His clothes lay discarded on the opposite end of the room. It looked like he'd thrown them away in disgust.

He was trying to cover his crotch up with his hands, but I could still see damn near everything. I felt kind of bad ogling him in his current situation, but damned if he didn't have a nice body.

"Sam?"

"I'm sorry." He looked up. "You must think I'm some kind of crazy pervert."

"Um." I looked around. He wasn't far off.

"I just... I don't know what I was thinking. I don't know why I wore that thing to this party of all places. And then I run away down here and there's all... *this*" he blushed as he gestured around the room. "I didn't know any of this stuff was down here, I swear."

"I guess it explains why they didn't want people in the basement, at least." I shrugged. Poor Sam. I knew exactly how he was feeling. After my little foyer into the closet this evening, this stuck way too close to home. That had been my own fault though... this, Sam had no part in this. It was all my doing. Sam didn't deserve any of this.

"Here, I brought you some clothes."

Sam's eyes lit up as I presented the scrunched up little bundle of fabric.

"Oh my god." he said, snatching it. "Where on earth did you find these?"

"It's a long story." I laughed. Do you want me to like... put them down on the floor and turn around while you change or something?"

"Are you kidding?" Sam kept one hand over his crotch as he used the other to stand up. He was smiling now, at least. A weak little half-grin. "You've already seen me in way worse."

I handed him the clothes. He clutched them to his body like a drowning man clutching a life raft. He looked down at the skimpy, fetishy little schoolgirl outfit now in his hands. "Oh hey," he raised an eyebrow, "they're my size and everything!" I glanced around innocently, trying not to smile too hard. I felt bad for Sam, I really did, but this was still totally worth it.

I probably should have turned around anyway. That would be the polite thing to do. But I didn't. Before my eyes, Sam slid the lacy black underwear up his long elegant legs, stopping briefly to adjust it in the back so that it lined up properly. I tried not to make it too obvious that I was looking, but damn, how can you not when a hunk like that is adjusting his thong right in front of you?

The skirt fit him like a glove. A tight, bulging glove. It was the right size at the hip alright, but Sam's ass had a few sizes up on those beer-pong girls and it was determined to make an appearance.

Maybe the bra didn't quite fit him as well as I'd expected. Honestly, I was a little worried he'd rip it as he put it on. His chest was practically spilling out of it as he failed time and time again to get it to hook. Eventually he gave up and just went straight for the top. That wasn't much better. It was a struggle for him to get the buttons done up and his chest was pressed tightly against the fabric. By the end his boobs were practically spilling out, and I could see his hard nipples cutting holes in the material.

"How do I look?" He asked, tugging his skirt back down over his ass.

How did he look? How did he look? How do you tell a guy that he looks so good that you just want to throw him to the ground and rut with him until your dick falls off?

"My eyes are up here, Emma."

"Sorry." I laughed. "You look... *good*." It was true. It was a little ridiculous seeing his football body in those kinds of clothes but... hell, my dick was practically bursting out of my skirt. I couldn't believe how hard this was getting me. This had been worth all the trouble. Boys in miniskirts. Woof.

"I want to apologize again, about all this." He began.

"Sam, hey, don't worry about it. I understand. You found yourself in a weird spot, these things happen. Sometimes stuff just happens and next thing you know your huddled up in a closet wearing nothing but a dildo. I don't think any less of you because of it."

"You don't?" he raised an eyebrow.

"No. I mean, come on. Who hasn't had things get out of hand at a party once or twice in their life, right?"

"Yeah, but i've always been the sober one, you know? The careful one, the responsible one." He sighed. "I'm not the kind of guy who does... well, this." he gestured with his arm, then let out an adorable little eek sound as the motion set his tits jiggling so fiercely that one of the buttons popped off his shirt.

"Oh my god, I'm so Sorry!" I said, "I guess that doesn't quite fit after all, huh?"

"No, no. It's fine." Sam bent down to pick up the errant button, bending at the waist to do so. His pleated little skirt rose up, giving a perfect, unobstructed view of his thong-clad ass. "I can't even tell you how grateful I am." I bit my lip. My dick was already hard as a rock. I didn't know if I could put up with much more of this.

"Wait." I shook my head in a desperate attempt to get the blood flowing back there and away from my dick. "You've never cut loose at a party?"

"Never." He stood back up. "And especially not like... that." He looked over in embarrassment at the pile of his old clothes still sitting in a heap on the opposite end of the room.

"Sam," I put my hand on his bare shoulder. "That's what parties are for. What fun is life if you're not going to enjoy it while it lasts?"

"I just..." He glanced down, avoiding my gaze. "I just hate the idea of people thinking less of me."

"Who's going to think less of you?"

"Well," he sighed "I don't know. You, for starters?"

"Me?" I laughed. "Sam, have you met me? If anything, this has made me want to see more of you."

"I think you've seen all of me there is to see." he blushed.

"And I'd still like to see more." I raised my eyebrow flirtatiously.

He sighed and took a step back.

"See? That's part of the problem right there. This sort of stuff is all... casual. It's a bunch of meaningless flirting and mindless sex at a party and then you never see the person ever again. What's the point in that? If I'm going to sleep with someone I want to care about that person. I want to be in a committed relationship."

"I..." I balked. "I didn't know you were such a romantic."

"What can I say?" his chest bounced as he shrugged. "Not all us jocks are into just fucking every cute girl we see. I know we have a reputation, but for some of us that's all it is."

"So what, you've never had casual sex?"

"No, never."

"Do... do you want to?" I offered.

"W-what?"

"I mean," I raised an eyebrow flirtatiously, "how do you know what you're missing if you don't try it?"

"I... No. Look, Emma no offense. You're a great person and I totally admire the way you're always helping everybody to have a good time, and I'm super grateful about the clothes. I don't know what I'd be doing right now if not for you. And don't get me wrong, you're hot. You know your hot. I'd have sex with you in a heartbeat if we were dating. But... but that's the thing. We're not dating. If I'm going to let a girl fuck me, I want to know she's going to be around in the morning to eat breakfast with, you know?"

"Okay." I said, completely surprising myself "So, lets date."

"What?"

"Not all casual acts of sex are meaningless, Sam." I smiled as I brushed his cheek. "People connect. Lots of people I know who are very happy together ended up starting as one-night stands. Hell, that's

probably why half of them do it. Everyone's looking for companionship. You're not alone in that. Some just find it in a more transitory manner."

I took a deep breath. I was bad at this. Seduction, fine, I'm a pro. But romance? Whole other ballgame.

"So, look." I continued "Let's give it a try. Let's have sex, right here and now - god knows I'm horny. Then we'll spend the rest of the night together and see where things go. In the morning, I'll make you eggs and we'll see about making plans to see each other again after class. You can take me out to dinner and a movie or whatever. It'll be really special. And maybe things don't work out. That's fine, we'll go our separate ways. But maybe hey, maybe things do work out. Maybe this could be something good."

"So... what?" he smiled, "This would be our first date?"

"You gotta admit," I grinned, "it would make for a hell of a story for the kids."

Sam laughed. He was certainly more at ease now. Gears were turning over in his head.

Finally he met my gaze and smiled. "Okay." He laughed again. "This isn't how I imagined getting a girlfriend, but there are worse people I could think of dating. And eggs and a movie does sound really nice. Besides," he shifted his weight from one leg to the other nervously "I've got to admit, all this... um... excitement and er, ambience does kinda have me worked up too."

"Great," I said. "Let's fuck."

"What, just like that?"

"Sorry." I said, correcting myself. "Let's make love."

The dress I was wearing hit the floor so fast that you'd be forgiven for thinking I used the box to trade myself out of it.

I have a lot of experience fucking guys. It's something of a hobby of mine. Most guys, when they're having sex, act like they're in a race. Everything is fast and hard and energetic and powerful, and that's all wonderful, that's what fucking guys is all about.

Sam though... well, he was a romantic. And when you fuck a romantic you have to do it slow. You have to be sweet, you have to let them know that you appreciate them. Right then all I felt in my heart was appreciation for Sam. Was it love? No. Probably not. I was thinking with my dick, and it was willing to say anything to get into that boy's tight little snatch. Stupid uncontrollable female hormones.

Still, it was... nice. Sam was nice, and it was nice to just kind of make love. Honestly I couldn't even remember the last time I'd done something like that. It seems like most of my conquests of late have been just that, flirtatious sexy flings that ended up with me waking up in some strange girl's bed.

Again, not that there was anything wrong with that. I enjoyed that. Oh sweet lord in heaven did I ever enjoy that, and I had no intention of giving it up long term. But sometimes after months of eating out, a nice home cooked dinner was exactly what the doctor ordered.

I know a lot of girls who don't kiss and tell. They like to keep the details of their sexual activities to themselves, and I can respect that. Sex can be a very intimate thing, and sometimes when you're telling a story, getting caught up on every little detail can really slow things down. I'm not one of those girls. I'm like a teenager in the locker room: I gush. Just stop me if I'm going into too much detail, okay?

Sam started out a little awkward. I could tell he didn't have a ton of experience, but that was okay. I took his hesitation as an invitation to lead as I threw him back down upon the... well, it wasn't quite a bed so much as it was a weird sex couch. It was soft though, and comfortable, and roomy. Let's just say I've done a lot more with a lot less.

I whispered sweet affections into his ear as I drew my warmth up against him in an embrace. His neck was quite sensitive and I could hear him breathing softly as I nuzzled up against him.

It felt almost criminal to take the clothes back off, but it was so nice to be able to see his boobs again. A part of me wished I could just bend him over, rip his panties off and fuck him from behind while he kept the uniform on, but that wasn't what Sam was looking for, and right now it was all about making him feel good.

Briefly, I considered using some of the tools in the room. It seemed almost a shame not to, but again, I didn't want to spook Sam. I did use a condom though. That's just common sense.

I kissed my way down the length of his naked body, relishing and worshipping at his masculinity as I pressed my lips down along the virile peaks of his heaving chest. Experimentally I ran my tongue along his nipple, pinching and sucking. He let out a little gasp. I brought my hand up to play with the other one, groping at his fleshy mounds. He had such a sensitive chest. That was such a rare pleasure.

Gradually I worked my way lower, past his thin waist and taut abs, and lingered placing delicate kisses above his exposed manhood. I don't know if it was just me or if all this really did have him that horny, but I could smell his arousal.

He groaned out in pleasure as I descended further. Playing along his delicate folds with my tongue, building up pleasure. Teasing, probing, alternating strokes. I don't mean to brag, but I'm pretty damn good when it comes to eating guys out. God, Sam was so juicy. He was practically gushing.

Slowly, I eased my way off of him. I leaned up and looked down at him. The poor thing was flustered and shy and his face was completely red. I crawled across his slender body, rubbing our smooth skin together.

"Are you ready?" I asked, cutely.

A blush and a nod were all he could muster.

Gently, I thrust my dick inside him. He gasped and moaned as I slid my hard length into his hot oven. It's a good thing he was so wet because fuck, was he ever tight. He groaned as I bottomed out inside him. He was panting with need as I pulled back out and began to thrust in and out. All his little sounds just made my dick harder. God, boys could be so delicious.

Before long he started to get into the spirit of things, returning each of my thrusts with a needy buck of his own. Damn, I can't remember the last time I'd fucked a boy with hips as strong as his. It felt like he was trying to throw me.

Soon I could see the pleasure beginning to overwhelm him. He gripped the couch as his body writhed around on its own and he cried out so loud I was sure someone else would hear. I was starting to get close myself, but I did my best to hold myself back. After all, what kind of a girlfriend would I be if I let myself come first?

I sped up as his body tensed up, riding his wave. When he didn't come down, I increased the pace again and moments later I brought him to a second screaming orgasm, and then a third. With that, I could hold back no longer, and I let loose with a series of powerful thrusts as I cried out in unison. Pleasure flooded forth from my dick as I felt myself cut loose, spurt after spurt after spurt, thrust after thrust after thrust.

I slowed down the bucking of my hips and fell down upon his hot sweaty form. Fuck. I'd forgotten how tiring it could be to fuck an athlete. Damned if that wasn't exactly what I needed though.

We lay there for a moment, just clinging to each other exhausted before finally I rolled off of him. Sam lay gasping for breath as I snuggled up next to him. It wasn't the most comfortable of positions, but nothing is more romantic than post coital cuddling. Besides, I got to rest my head on his ample tits, and that's not nothing. God, they were so perfect.

"See what you're missing?" I laughed.

"Huh?" He said, his brain still rebooting. He looked down at me and smiled a half-lidded smile, holding me just a bit tighter.

It was nice. We lay there for a while, just letting the hormones kinda play out. But sadly, we couldn't stay there all night. We should have, in retrospect. With everything that was about to go wrong, well... it would have saved everyone a lot of trouble. But of course, we hardly knew that at the time, did we?

Eventually we had to make our way back up to the party. It was my fault really. I still wanted to have some fun with the box, and besides, I had just hooked up with a football player. I wanted to show off my new fling.

When we got upstairs though there was some kind of commotion going on. The crowds had thinned out and a lot of people were making themselves scarce. Even the little orgy that had been going on had dissipated.

A crowd of the braver or more curious souls seemed to be gathering around the front door and the windows. The music had gone low, but was still overwhelming. I pulled Sam out the door to get a look.

There, standing in the crowd out front was a pair of police officers. One a redhead, the other blonde. I didn't know they made cops so painstakingly attractive. I couldn't get the best view from where I was

but from the glimpses I got they must have had killer bodies under those uniforms, and they looked like they were taking shit from no one.

People were giving them a wide berth. Party survival 101 - stay clear of the police. No matter how sizzlingly hot they may be.

They were making their way over to the makeshift stage on the front lawn. One of the frat boys was directing them up to where the DJ was located. Shit, were we about to get shut down? I mean, I was pretty sure we weren't doing anything illegal, but all it took was one idiot high-schooler sneaking in and swiping a beer or one important enough noise complaint and this whole party could be over just like that.

I looked down at the box. Could I do something to stop this? Should I do something to stop this? Could I even use this against a cop? That had to be some kind of crime, didn't it? Shit shit shit.

The DJ lowered the music as one of them came up and grabbed the microphone. There was a dramatic build in the air, a thick tension as the entire party looked at these women with confusion and rapt trepidation.

"Your attention please..." the red-head began. "We've been getting reports that this party... is Insufficiently sexy! I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you all to crank that shit up!"

And with that both her and her partner ripped their tops clean off and swung them above their heads, their hips gyrating to the music. The cheer and relief from the crowd - as well as my own heart - was palpable.

Marci and Tanya. They were exotic dancers from the Hen House. I was surprised I didn't recognize them earlier. I think it was the uniform that was throwing me. Now that they were free for all the world to see, I'd recognize those tits anywhere.

Relieved, I grabbed Sam's hand and turned back inside. As much as I'd like to stick around and see the show it was just way too crowded out here. I like my dancing - and stripping for that matter - to be a little more intimate.

That's when I slammed tits-first into the real police officers.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry" I blurted out. These ones were significantly larger than the two on stage. Larger and more male. And much less attractive. Plus, their guns and badges looked top notch. In fact, they didn't look like strippers at all. Okay, I'll admit, it took me longer than I'd care to admit to clue into it.

"Shit." I said to Sam.

The two seemed to ignore us as they pushed past towards the stage. I stumbled back. They didn't seem to appreciate the irony of the situation at all. Half the people who saw them cleared out of the way, but they still had force themselves through all the people who probably thought they were just part of the show.

One of them shoved Tanya out of the way as they grabbed the microphone from the DJ booth.

Okay, that was it. It was one thing to try to shut down the party, but these guys were just rude. I looked back down at the box in my hands. Maybe I could do something about this after all.

"Your attention please." he began, authority dripping from his voice. "We've received complaints about noise and underage drinking. This party -"

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"-is closed. Please disperse in an orderly fashion, and go home."

A big jeer went up from the crowd. Booing and laughter in equal measure.

"I said." he tried again, "Please disperse in an orderly fashion. Go home. Please?" A twinge of desperation caught in his throat. This time the audience didn't even stop to listen.

Tanya walked up to him and held out her hand. Demurely, he acquiesced and handed her the microphone. Suddenly the crowd was quite again as they hung on her every word.

"Sounds like you need to get into the spirit of things," she said with a flirty little smile. The crowd cheered. "Why don't you take that jacket off and start dancing?"

He looked over at his partner. They both blushed.

"We're waiting." said Marci, tapping her foot theatrically.

"Y-yes ma'am." said one of the officers. Just loud enough for it to reach the microphone.

The two began to dance awkwardly. The crowd continued to cheer and laugh. I'll be honest, it was a little painful to watch. These were not guys for whom dancing came naturally.

"Okay!" began Tanya. "I want everybody in the crowd to have a good time!"

"And that's an order!" finished Marci.

The crowd cheered again, and I swear, started to party all the harder for their instruction.

Okay. Good. Crisis averted. I don't know what the strippers were going to do with all that authority after the party ended, but they were nice girls, and I'm sure they'd use it responsibly.

Right now I just wanted to dance with my new boy toy. I dragged Sam over to the dance floor. His tits bounced along with each step as they desperately tried to escape his too-tight top. Fuck was I ever glad I had gotten him into that.

So we danced, and it was fun. Sam danced like a football player, all big motions and brute force that sent him jiggling around everywhere. Absolutely no finesse, but it was cute, almost manly in that awkward guy kind of way. Honestly, I'm a little surprised he moved so well in women's clothing at all.

Dancing with Sam was fun. I'll be honest, I can get a little pent up on sex sometimes. My dick's just got a mind of its own, you know? And there's nothing wrong with that. I guess part of why it had been causing so many problems was just that I'd been so stupid horny all night. The build up was worth it, but damn am I ever glad that I got some release. And now I could just enjoy the rest of the party without worrying about every little butt or thigh sending my skirt flipping up

I don't know how long we were out on the dance floor, but I remember Tanya coming by at one point, still topless. She seemed to be doing her due diligence to make sure everyone was having a good time. It was weird seeing so many people give a girl in her position that kind of respect, but hey, I think I could get used to it.

"So, I've been meaning to ask..." Sam said, leaning in and whispering it closely in my ear so I could hear him over the music. "What's with that thing you've been carrying around all night?"

Time froze.

I don't know why I'd assumed no one else would notice me carrying the thing. I'd hardly been discrete in my use of it or my carrying. But like... I don't know, the whole act of trading people around and then observing them, it seemed so personal, so secret. The very notion of someone else noticing I was using it seemed almost foreign.

I held it up and looked Sam in the eyes. Fuck, he had pretty eyes.

Should I tell him? No. we hardly knew each other and the more people who knew about this thing the more complicated it was going to be. Plus, he would probably ask if I've ever used the thing on him and how am I supposed to answer that? Sharing this with Sam was a terrible idea.

On the other hand, there was all the amazing sex we could have if we were both in on it.

...

"Sam, there's something I need to tell you."

As I held the box up, I took a shoulder check from a drunken reveler behind me, sending me reeling forward. Thankfully I crashed face first into Sam's pillowy chest, but I could feel the box slipping out of my hands. It was simply too heavy and awkward for me to grip. I desperately tried to hold on, but it was no use.

Zzzzttttt!

I made a desperate lunge for it on the ground, but I couldn't get around Sam in time. A foot knocked into it, sending it rocketing into the crowd. I tried to chase after it, tried to push my way through the crowd, but it was already gone.

Zzzzt!!!

Zzzzt!!!

Zzzzt!!!

Zzzzt!!!

Zzzzt!!!

zzzzttttt

Oh my god. Oh my god. I looked over at Sam. Her long hair fell over her pretty face as she tilted her head in confusion. What could I say to her? How was I supposed to explain the urgency of what was happening?

I couldn't. I needed to get that box back. I turned my back and started pushing my way through the crowd. I darted around the floor. Desperately scanning for any sign of it. It had to be here somewhere.? What was it doing? What kind of chaos was it creating?

"Oh my god, I love your sex toy" came a voice from behind me.

I shot around to look. There was a couple dancing at the periphery. Justin, I think the girls name was? She was always doing all this ridiculously complicated stuff with her short messy hair. She was a bit of a diva, which put her in stark contrast to her boyfriend, a biker looking guy in a flowy white dress whose name I could never remember. His flowing blonde hair was tied up in an intricate braid. He could probably learn a thing or two from her.

"Uh, thanks?" I said. I didn't have time to deal with them right now. I needed to find the box. Everything seemed normal so far, but it was only a matter of time before something crazy happened.

I pushed on. I was in the center of the dancefloor now. I could still faintly hear it. I tried to get low to get a better view, but that was a bad move. I ended up getting bounced around by a group of these petite girls, their muscular forms way more massive than me. I crashed face first into some skinny girl, the her taut athletic beer belly on full display in her midriff baring halter top.

Stumbling out an apology, I broke away into a corner where a fat girl with a hardon was flirting with a trio of guys who were giggling at the attention. The boys suddenly seemed to stand at attention as they all seemed to realize that they needed to adjust their bras. Was that the box at work? What was it doing?

Shit, shit shit. The thing could be anywhere. 'In the back of my mind I could hear it going off, again and again and again. Or maybe that was just my imagination? I did my best to close my eyes and follow the sound of it, but everything was so damn noisy.

Suddenly, as if by sheer miracle. The music shifted, the song ended, and something low and slow took its place. There, in the brief moment between songs I could hear it. The sound of confusion... panic... and...

Zzzzt!!!

Zzzzt!!!

zzzzttttt

I banged my way past a couple now slow dancing on the floor. I almost did a double take. The guy was blushing furiously. Had he hit the box as it traded him? Did he know? But no, his dance partner had just been so bold as to pull his panties off on the dance floor.

I was back on the periphery again. Aha! There was a dude who must have just had something traded. A portly guy was squeezing at his chest, so completely enamored with the silk-clad bosom he had on display that he was completely missing the enormous hairy mounds of the girl that was trying to dance with him.

I started to rush over, but that's when the screaming started. I whipped my head around. Some guy wearing a crop top and a strap on was looking down at himself and screaming in a high shrill voice. Shit shit shit. Everyone was turning to look at him in confusion. What was wrong with him?

There! Scuttling away from the guy towards the back wall. I bolted past the screaming dude and made a dive. The floor rushed up to meet me as I crashed down hard, my hands wrapping around the precious thing as I slid to a halt.

There was a tug. It was stuck. No, not stuck. Someone else had their hand on it. A girl. I recognized her. Wait, was that the girl who owned The Forum? Shit, what was her name again? Elizabeth?

"Hey that's mine!" I yelled, trying to wrest it free.

"Like hell it is!" she cried. "Where did you get this?"

With a sudden pain, I could feel the wind forced from my lungs. I let go of the box as I clutched my stomach. Did she just fucking kick me?

I snarled as I looked up at her. White hot anger flowed through me. That bitch. If it was a fight she wanted it was a fight she was going to get.

Like a tiger, I curled up and lunged at her with all my strength, flinging the full weight of my body at her, nails first, ready to dig myself into her and tear her to pieces.

Only then did I realize my mistake, my folly, to assume that I was somehow the only person who could use that box.

The last thing to cross my vision was the image of her pointing it at me. Time seemed to slow down to a crawl. A cold dread washed over me as I flew towards her. I could still take her. I just needed to knock her down before she could fire it off. I just needed to -

Zzzzt!!!!

And that's when everything went dark.

To be continued in part 15: Partying is Such Sweet Sorrow.