

Warning: This wham-episode chapter includes, but is not limited to, a reality blind protagonist, short skirts, exciting plot twists, boobs, body swaps, strap-ons, clothing swaps, oblivious swap ramifications, tits, parties spun wildly out of control, hair swaps, man boobs, woman boobs, make outs, revenge, friendships falling apart, breasts, dance parties, size swaps, 90-degree plot twists, and a sad ending. But don't worry. This story is far from over.

Girlfriend with Testing Device
- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -
= Part 15 – Partying is Such Sweet Sorrow =
By Razmagurk

Sorry, sorry, hold on.

Before we go any further, I have something to say.

I- I'm grateful for the chance to look back at everything. I really am.

But there's no more skirting the issue. What happened next was... well, out of everything I've told you so far it was by far the hardest. The hardest to deal with... the hardest to talk about... the hardest to live through.

I've been dancing around it for a while now, implying that something big and terrifying was coming, drawing the story out, trying not to dwell too much on it. Procrastinating. But here we are. There's no putting it off any longer.

So, um, I'm going to ask that you be patient with me. Going over this again is... well, it's not exactly easy. If I stutter, if I get choked up, if I break down in tears... just, bear with me okay? At least I have the presence of mind right now to do those things.

Fuck... I just miss him so much, you know?

See? I'm already getting choked up. And we're not even at that point yet. Its okay though, I can do this. This isn't the end of the story after all. Hell, this is only the beginning.

Where was I?

Right. I'd fucked up. Bad.

That girl had just grabbed away the device. She fucking tackled me for it, then ran off.

Did she know about it somehow? Had I been that obvious? Did she somehow figure it out after I used it against her in the mall? No, it was impossible, wasn't it? She must have just figured it did *something*.

Maybe it was all just a matter of time. If you go around pointing a weird device at people often enough eventually one or two of them are bound to notice. The tendency of those of us who live in polite

society to just ignore the weirdos only extends so far, I guess. If you take anything from this story, let that lesson be it: Always swap your subjects from a safe, unseen location.

"Ellen?" I heard Evan shout. "Baby, are you okay?"

I looked up at him and nodded. He was standing over me, holding out one of his dainty, perfectly manicured hand towards me while he fanned his face with the other. He had a coquettish dash to his hips that made my stomach lurch even as it put his stunningly perfect body on full display. After all that, Evan's body language was still hyper-feminine. No, now it was even worse. Previously it had been, well, not aggressive, but certainly actively seductive. Now it seemed all cutesy and vulnerable. He looked like a delicate, sluttily dressed flower waiting to be plucked or a prize waiting to be claimed. A part of me wondered if now he'd be any different in bed. Fuck, with the way he was looking, if my brain hadn't been on emergency mode, I'd probably have tested that theory out personally. I took his hand as he struggled to pull me up.

I stared down the hall in disbelief. She had slipped away. I literally had her by the tail and she slipped away. I looked down at the kitty-tail plug still vibrating softly on the ground. I kicked it away in frustration and disgust. It clattered down the stairs as I let out a string of violent profanity.

"Shh, baby," Evan said, wrapping his warm arms around my chest. "It's okay. It'll be okay." I could feel the warmth of his body as his enormous tits squished into my back.

"She has the device, Evan!" I yelled, gesturing fruitlessly to the stairway.

"I know, baby. I saw. This is bad." Evan took a long, ragged breath. "But being angry about it isn't going to solve anything. We need to come up with a plan. Lashing out isn't going to solve anything. We need to think clearly."

I turned towards him and returned his hug, melting into him. The anger within me began to thaw. It was still palpable, but it was not nearly so sharp.

After several long deep breaths, I pulled away and began to pace back and forth. I had a lot of nervous energy and my body was screaming out for me to do something.

"Look," Evan said, hand on his hip, his head swiveling to follow me. "She can't have gone far. We just need to track her down, right?"

"At a party this size? Evan there's like a million people here. How are we supposed to find her in that crowd?"

"You don't think it'll be easy to follow the trail of the girl who ran down the stairs wearing a strap-on? She'll stick out like a sore thumb."

"Oh my god your right, all of her clothes must be up here somewhere. She'll have to come back for them." I stopped and stared at the still open door to the bedroom. The sounds of hot, heavy sex lifted themselves from the din of the background cacophony. "But it's no good," I sighed. "what if she uses the device to change outfits?"

Evan laughed. "It's fine. We won't even notice. Whatever she changes into, we'll think it's what she was wearing when she ran down. There's actually an advantage to being oblivious for once."

"Yeah, but maybe she won't come back for her old clothes if she swaps into new ones."

"Ah." Evan pouted. "Right."

There was a moment of silence as we both tried to think. My brain felt like it had slipped a gear. All I could think about was how I had let this happen. No solutions, no ideas, just blame and regret.

"Still," Evan offered, "that's assuming she uses the device. Odds are she has no idea what it is or how it works. I mean, hell, if I hadn't felt its effects first hand, I wouldn't even believe that that thing is real. It's not exactly something people are going to assume or figure out on their own, you know?"

I took another little breath, trying to calm my pounding heart. Evan was good at keeping a level head in a crisis like this. He was right. What was the worse she could do? There was nothing to indicate the girl had any clue what the device was, other than the fact that she had tried to dodge it when I'd fired it at her. She must have known it did *something*. Or if she didn't before she probably did when I kept trying. We just had to hope she wasn't the curious type.

"Oh!" Evan perked up "She probably left her phone and stuff too though. Maybe we can use it to find out more about her or where she lives or something?"

"That's perfect!" A grin spread across my face. "There's no way she's leaving this place without that stuff. We can just wait her out."

Hesitantly, I poked my head into the room. It was a fairly typical example of a college dwelling - barebones furniture, a handful of vaguely erotic posters and enough random crap littering the ground that you'd question why there were even drawers for them in the first place. I don't know if it had been trashed before it had apparently been the host to an orgy, or if that had been part of the orgy, but either way I felt bad for the tenant.

One pile of clothes stood out by virtue of being fresh - and feminine. A purse-strap stuck out from under a black leather skirt. Jackpot.

A loud moan brought my attention to the couple still rutting on the bed nearby. They seem to have forgotten about us. In fact, despite the aggressive little interruption earlier, it didn't seem to have slowed them down in the slightest. The girl's heavy tits bounced while her hips pounded out a desperate rhythm into the guy beneath her. Fuck, now that I got a closer look at her, she was actually kind of hot. Like, really hot. As if in agreement, the guy let out another loud moaned and a soft stream of gentle encouragement as he writhed under her ministrations.

The way the guy was roiling around in the sheets was instantly familiar to me. That's how even had been behaving whenever I'd fucked him ever since I got him back from the mall.

I glanced up at Evan, who was also enjoying the show, and then our gazes met and we both blushed. I gestured silently to the pile of clothes. He looked back up at the couple and gave a guilty little pout. Clearly neither of us wanted to interrupt. Thankfully, Evan sighed and stepped up.

He got all of two steps into the room however before the girl's half-lidded eyes snapped opened. She stared daggers at Evan's intrusion, but her hips continued unabated. She was determined to keep pace.

"Uh... Hi?" Evan took a step back. "Do you, um..." he gulped. "We need to find that girl who was here earlier, do you, uh... happen to like..."

"Oh, fuck off." the girl said, "Can't you see" she paused as she grunted several times. "Can't you see that we're busy?"

"No, look." Evan stomped one of his feet. "Yes, I can see your busy, but this is important. We really need to find her. Is this her stuff here?"

"Fuck off." the girl repeated. "And close the goddamn door."

"Hold on... hold on..." the guy moaned, rising to his elbows to get a better look at Evan. Evan's eyes instinctively fell to his rippling abs. "Unless... unless you want to join in?"

"Oooh" the girl's eyebrows shot up as a coy smile drew itself across her lips. "Yeah now we're talking. You two are pretty cute. And with Emma gone we have an opening. Why don't we make this a foursome?"

"Oh, uh," Evan turned bright red, his eyes still glued on the guy's body. He subconsciously adjusted his skirt, which I bet was getting very tight indeed. "No, that's okay. We've got a uh, a thing we need to take care of. Just... maybe when your done we can talk."

"Suit yourself!" the girl said, amping up her thrusts with newfound vigor. "You don't know what your missing."

I laughed a little as Evan rushed out the door and closed it behind him, still blushing. It was hardly the time for it, but I couldn't help myself. Soon Evan was laughing along too.

We sat with our backs against the wall next to the closed door. The sound of slapping flesh echoing through the thin walls even over the din of the party. Evan had his arms wrapped around one of mine and was resting his head on my shoulder. I could feel his warm cleavage pressing into me, and through them I could feel his breathing and his heartbeat.

Evan's presence was good. Calming. Just then I didn't quite feel like the world was about to explode.

"Well, we have a name at least." I sighed. "Emma."

"We knew that before. She gave you her name and number back in the mall didn't she?"

“Wait. Crap, you’re right.” I laughed “Oh my god, I’ve been thinking of her as ‘the girl who stole Evan’s body language’ this whole time.”

“We probably could have called her up and arranged a meeting too.” Evan smiled. “Instead of trying to track her down here.”

“Oh, god, can you imagine that conversation?” I rolled my eyes and put on my best phone voice. “Hi, yes, we think there’s been a mix-up with your body language. You walked off with my boyfriend’s radiant smile? Oh, don’t beat yourself up over it, it happens all the time. We can arrange a meet up over coffee and trade everything back.”

“Well,” Evan giggled. “It sure beats ambushing her in the middle of a three-way.”

“They were pretty hot, huh?” I teased.

“Oh my god, did you see his dick?” Evan grinned.

“Uhg.” I sighed. “Tonight’s been the worst.”

“What if we can’t get the device back?” Evan asked quietly.

“Not even an option.” I shuddered. “We’ll figure something out, one way or another.”

“Well she’s got to come back for her stuff eventually, right? So we just need to wait her out. At the very least we can maybe ask these two for more information,” he gestured to the door, “when they’re, uh, done, of course.”

I put my arm around Evans shoulder and pulled him in tight. Despite his outward attempts to seem relaxed and in control of the situation, he was shaking.

Evan was right. What if I never got the device back? That was a very real possibility. What if we were stuck like this forever? I looked down at my body. It was such a weird thing. Intellectually, I had accepted the fact that Evan had swapped me into some bouncer dude’s body. But every time I looked down, I saw the same feminine pecs, the same girlish muscle, and the same bulging dick that I’d had since I stole them all from the bar the other night. My every sense was telling me that I was still 100% a super-hot girl. If we couldn’t change back, it’s not like I’d get dysphoria or have to worry about living in a guy’s body. In so far as my brain was concerned, I was still the same. But was I willing to make that sacrifice at an intellectual level? To always know deep down that something wasn’t right? Never knowing if the things I was, the things I did, if those were my accomplishments and successes, or if they were just part of this body at work.

I looked over at Evan as I gave him a possessive squeeze. There was him to consider as well. If we did get stuck this way, he’d probably never forgive himself for what he’d done to me, even if... well, even if it did let us have some truly amazing sex. I’d forgive him in a heartbeat if it meant more fucking like that.

Fuck, Evan looked so goddamn good, with his curvy little body and his perfectly smooth skin and the monstrous tits that seemed to be ready to spill out of his skin-tight little blouse at a moment's notice. Goddamnit, now I was starting to get horny again.

He must have noticed my pants tightening because he looked up at me and gave me a coy little eyebrow raise. It was supposed to be sexy, I know, seductive, but all I could feel was an intensely uncanny discomfort. It was an unfamiliar smile. Foreign. Alien. A grim and stark reminder that this wasn't Evan. Not really. No, I'd taken Evan and I'd used him, twisted him, and fucked him up for my own perversions. That sexy little smile was a scar. A reminder of all the damage I'd done to him. God, I just wanted the old him back. Could we live this way without the device? Probably. But could I live with myself? Never. Every time he smiled, I'd be reminded of what I'd done.

"Baby?" he whispered.

"Huh?" I snapped back to attention.

"You're squishing me."

"Oh," I said, relaxing my grip. "Sorry."

Evan gave me a little squeeze back.

I tried not to think about it too hard. In a way I envied all those reality blind people we had left in our wake the past few days, unaware of how much more complicated their lives now were. I'd have given anything for that right now, to just be able to forget and enjoy the moment.

We lay there together, hearts beating in time to the music, for what seemed like forever, but I just couldn't relax. The anxiety building up within me was too much. How long would this take? How much chaos could be going on downstairs right now?

The sounds of fucking in the next room eventually slowed but never seemed to stop. I squirmed uncomfortably as I adjusted my dick. Jesus, how long could these two go?

Finally, despite Evan's best efforts, I could bear no more.

"Okay, that's it." I sighed "I can't do this any longer."

"Huh?"

"Waiting. I can't wait any longer. I need to get up and do something. I need to move around. I need to find that girl."

"But what if she comes back in the meantime? We could miss her."

He was right, of course.

I sighed. I knew what we had to do. I didn't like it. It was dangerous. Who knew what kind of trouble it could get me into. But it had to be done.

"You're right. We need to split up."

"Split up?" Evan raised an eyebrow. "Isn't that like, the opposite of what your supposed to do? I've seen those movies."

"We don't have any other choice." I shrugged. "I can't sit around here any longer. Besides, maybe if she sees one of us down there, she'll think her stuff is unguarded and she'll come up."

"Baby, I don't know."

"Hell, maybe she's like, right at the bottom of the stairs waiting for us to leave. You wait here, I'll go down and flush her out, or at the very least I'll have a look around. If I can't find her, I'll come right back, okay? I just... I need to be doing something."

"Okay." Evan sighed. "Just... keep me posted okay? I have a bad feeling about this."

"I'll be fine. This isn't, like, a horror movie or anything." I shot him a little grin. "What's the worst that could happen?"

"Baby," he laughed, "I wish you wouldn't say things like that."

I hugged him tight one last time and set off for the stairs. The thumping bass came further into focus with each step I took.

I took a deep breath as I looked down into the party below. You couldn't actually make much of it out from this angle, but I could feel it nonetheless. It was heat and noise and chaos. I felt like Orpheus upon the precipice of Hades. How the hell was I supposed to find just one person in the middle of all that?

"Well," I said to myself. "At least I'll be doing something."

Steeling up my courage, I set one hesitant foot down the first stair.

In my mind I went over all the things I was going to do with the device when this was all said and done. I was going to lock it up, for starters. I was going to put it somewhere safe and only take it out when I intended to use it on someone present. No, better, someone present who was tied up. I'd deadbolt it to the wall and put all kinds of alarms on it. I'd never let the fucking thing out of my sight ever again.

I thought I had been terrified when Elizabeth had been holding the device... but this? Right now I didn't even know where the damn thing was, let alone what that girl was doing with it, and not knowing? That was way worse.

Hell, maybe I'd destroy the thing outright. Once I'd fixed everything, of course. Once I'd fixed myself, once I'd fixed Evan. We'd get while the getting was good and retire from the swapping game altogether,

then I'd take a hammer and smash the damn thing so that I'd never have to be afraid of anyone else using it ever again. Nothing was worth this kind of worry.

Well, okay, it had brought Evan and I closer together, hadn't it? Not that we weren't together before... but I certainly appreciated him a lot more now, after almost losing him. And the sex... well, the sex was amazing. But still, even that was a high price for this madness.

I shook my head. Enough self loathing. That was the old me. Doubt and guilt. As much as the new me had caused a lot of problems, right now I needed her confidence. I needed to accept what had happened, and that I needed to do something about the situation at hand. That's what was important right now. I needed to find this bitch and I needed to get my device back.

Which was, of course, easier said than done.

A part of me was maybe expecting she'd just be standing down here, or like, that she'd be hiding in the closet nearby or something. But no such luck. There was a whole sea of people dancing and partying, completely oblivious to the kinds of reality blind chaos that could befall them at any moment. Hell, they could already be victims for all I knew. These people could have dog bodies and be dancing around on their hands and I'd find nothing wrong with it.

Actually... maybe that wasn't such a dead end after all. Maybe she'd made some changes that would stand out under scrutiny. Or maybe she'd changed some people willingly and now they were acting differently. Maybe there was a trail of breadcrumbs I could follow.

Assuming, of course, that she was even using the device to begin with, which is a worst-case scenario. I'd have to be careful looking for false positives.

The foyer was kind of weirdly quiet. It seemed to mostly just be a thoroughfare from the chaos outside into the more subdued house-portion of tonight's reveries. But the rooms beyond were stuffed full of bodies.

Slowly, I worked my way into the living room, trying to act normal while keeping an eye out for anything suspicious. Honestly, I'm sure I probably stood out like an awkward nerd at prom, but it was kind of hard for me to blend in with a bunch of happy go lucky party people when all I wanted to do was find that bitch and get out of there.

Upon closer inspection, the room actually wasn't so bad. There was a minimum of dancing occurring here - thank god - so the people were mostly just in little groups chatting. The number of couches around must have made the place an attractive target for couples and people who were mostly just looking to hook up, because there were quite a few of them taking advantage. Most of the couples seemed content to just cuddle and maybe do some light making out, but a few were really going at it.

There was this one girl in the corner, for example, a cute shy looking little thing, who had picked up this big muscular guy and was pinning him against the wall as she furiously dug her tongue deeper and deeper into his mouth. With the way she was slamming him around people actually had to move out of the way lest they be caught in their path of destruction.

Another couple, seated right next to me, was likewise starting to get all hot and heavy without a concern for who might be around and who might be watching. Squished together in a loveseat, the guy's tits pressed up against her chest as his head roamed around her neck blowing kisses. Her eyes were half closed and her head was leaned back, but that didn't stop her from snatching surreptitious glances at the other guys in the room. She got an especially big eyeful of me, not that she noticed me looking at her. I laughed as he looked up and noticed. It sounded like she was in trouble.

There was one couple though that really stood out to me. They were practically fucking then and there. I tried to sneak closer to get a better look.

The girl - who was stunningly hot - looked like she'd just stepped out of a porno or something and was still following the stage direction. She was sitting on top of the guy as he took a commanding presence in the chair, urgently grinding her excessive girth into him as they amorously ran their tongues along each others faces.

Okay, yeah, that was weird, right? I took a second look. The guy was maybe five foot six, curvy body with big natural looking tits. The girl looked like she could be a bikini model, easily twice his size by mass and shaped roughly like a sack of potatoes. She was really going for it too. This wasn't love, this wasn't passion, hell, this wasn't even mutual. She wanted him to want her and didn't care what he was bringing to the table. Hell, she looked half ready to fuck him here and now, what with the way her Calvin Klein shirt was torn open to reveal the excessive cleavage of her fat hairy chest.

I let out a breath I didn't even realize I'd been holding. Damn, this girl was hot. What the hell was a girl as hot as her doing with a guy like this?

He leaned back his portly, zit covered face and let out a sigh of contentment. Oh my god, she had slipped a hand down below his waist. She probably thought no one was watching. She was fingering his pussy right here in the open, her hand playing delicately and subtly beneath his tight designer skirt.

That's when it clicked. Oh my god. I should have realized based on the way they were dressed. Of course she was all over him - this guy was probably rich. She hadn't been swapped to think that he was hot or anything, she was just using him for his money.

I didn't know if that made things better or worse. I tried not to judge. Either way, it wasn't anything supernaturally weird.

It was then that I noticed that my hand had been instinctively reaching for where my bag would normally be. I bit my lip. These two were prime candidates for a swap. Hell, looking around half the couples here would be perfect targets. But no. I needed to stop thinking like that. Besides, I didn't even have the device.

Okay this room was a bust. A few people stood out, but nothing beyond the realm of conventional possibility. There was no evidence to suggest she'd been using the device. But that was good, right? Like, maybe she just didn't even realize what the thing could do. Maybe she hadn't even tried.

Or, oh god. Maybe she had swapped herself with a spider or something and was now trapped in some kind of freaky cartoonish hell.

I shuddered. Hopefully it hadn't come to that.

Okay, if I was in her situation, where would I have gone? I wouldn't have gone far, so she was probably still in the house somewhere. God, at least I hoped she was. I'd hate to have to try and find her in the crowd outside. I'd need a better vantage point. Maybe I could get onto the roof somehow? There were girls up there dancing so there had to be some way up there.

What if she had just left the party altogether? But no. Who just leaves their shit behind like that? Someone who's just found a magical swapping device, that's who. Someone who's probably stolen all the hottest body parts by now and wants to make a get away before the one person who can stop her finds her. If that wasn't something worth losing a phone over, I don't know what was.

Fuck.

I clenched my fist. Isn't that what I did with it? Got drunk and made myself sexy? Not that I didn't have my attractive features before. Every girl is hot in her own way, that's what Jessi D has always said, anyway, and I get that. But I wasn't... well, I was never hot enough for this party, that's for sure. I had nothing on these people.

And fuck, were these people hot, oh my god.

I had to practically slap myself back to attention on more than one occasion. Everywhere I laid my eyes I was dragged down into a sea of soft supple jiggling girlflesh. Decadently decorated tits and strategically revealed asses were on display like an all you can eat girl-buffet. I thought I'd struggled to stay focused in the mall, but I was quickly finding that without Evan around to help me keep focused my mind could really start to wander.

There were two types of girls here, I think. Those that were just looking to party and have a good time, and those who were here to hook up. The former were just kind of hanging around, dancing and enjoying themselves while the latter were practically fighting with each other to show how available and eager they were.

I couldn't help but sigh. As hot as these girls were, a part of me rebelled against the idea. I liked girls who liked to party - I was a girl who liked to party - but too many of these girls gave girls like me a bad name. My whole academic career I've had people assuming I'm only here for the, er, extracurriculars, when that was explicitly not the case. I mean, I'm here on a scholarship for fucks sake. So, I'd always been, you know, cautious to associate with those types. I don't fault them for being who they are - much - but I don't want people thinking I'm one of them.

Of course now I had a whole new appreciation for them. Fuck, no wonder the guys couldn't resist them. I bit my lip at the sight of a gaggle of such beauties walking past in polo shirts and khakis. One of them was running her hand through her short messy hair. My head turned to follow, catching a glimpse of the way her toned, muscular butt filled out her pants.

And that's when I slammed into the wall. Ow.

I chastised myself for not paying more attention. I was supposed to be down here looking for that girl, not gorging myself on eye candy.

There was something going on in the hallway further up. A big crowd of hooting girls had formed. What was going on? Was this the device at work? The crowd was thick. I craned onto the tips of my toes, but despite my best efforts, I couldn't get a good view. Finally I had to push my way through to the front of the crowd.

Delicate tongues lapped at smooth flesh as soft curves writhed and rubbed together to the music of soft low moans and desperate gasping cries. About a dozen guys were involved in what looked like an orgy on the floor. A handful of them seemed content to just be very enthusiastically making out, their long flowing hair carefully parted to allow the cheering audience the best view possible, but as my eyes swept down the line the level of debauchery quickly peaked until finally, Several of them were a tangled knot of gentle bodies and smooth limbs as they struggled for the leverage to frot their long, precum-slick dicks together for all the world to see.

I curled my lip in disgust. These guys were still at it? I remembered them from when we'd first walked in, even if they seem to have uh, advanced, quite a bit since then. Honestly, I'm sure if I was still straight, I'd probably be cheering along with the rest of the crowd, but as it stands all I could do was roll my eyes. This was such a typical frat boy thing. It's like, did they not realize how neanderthalicly chauvinistic this sort of thing was? People like them gave frat parties a bad name.

Damnit, I didn't have time for this.

I had to work to pull myself out of the crowd. You could practically feel the rush of air as the girls pushed in to occupy the space I had been a moment before. Normally I wouldn't be complaining about being pressed between the muscular chests of a swarm of cute girls, but I didn't have time to linger and enjoy the scene.

I managed to push past into the kitchen, which was surprisingly empty save for the looming wall of yet-to-be-drunken alcohol.

I frowned. Alcohol hadn't exactly been my friend lately. I'd gotten so wasted on Thursday and then again yesterday. God, it was so out of character for me. Normally, I try not to lose control. Maybe it was some kind of subconscious reaction to the stress having the device had caused? I guess that's another little lesson to learn here: Do not drink while operating reality bending machinery.

I peaked out the window. The party seemed to sprawl out of the rear of the building like a curtain of horny college students, broken up only occasionally by events and party games. The window gave a perfect view of one of the beer pong tables where one of the players was taking off her shirt. Time seemed to slow down as her rock-hard abs and pecs came into view. My dick throbbed. Fuck, you could even see the sweat beading on her like morning dew.

I shook my head again. Fuck. Everywhere I looked it was just sex sex sex. I tried to take a deep breath but it was coming up ragged. It was just too hot in here. I needed to get away from all this. I needed to get it together. I needed air.

I stumbled my way over to the dance floor. The exit was on the other side of the crowd. I sighed. well, sometimes the only way out is through.

I scanned the crowd as best I could as I went, looking for that girl, but it was a nebulous thing, a constantly shifting and churning mass of hot, half lidded revelry, too mercurial to catch a glimpse of any one in particular.

Oh shit.

I almost ran headlong into a pair of strippers, naked down to their underwear save for their aviator glasses and cop hats, with little fake police badges pinned to their bra straps. They must have been here to make sure everybody was having a good time.

I ducked down into the crowd. Shit. If they noticed I wasn't having fun this whole thing was going to be ruined. I could not afford to get arrested at this stage in the game. I had to sneak around behind them and get out before they could see me.

Instead however, I let out a small scream of surprise as I felt a solid smack on my ass. Who the hell? I turned to look, ready to beat the tar out of whoever had just dared, only to get smacked again - hard - right in the balls.

I keeled over and tumbled to the floor, blinded by that very special pain.

"Oh my god!" a tiny voice rang out "I'm so sorry! Are you all right?"

I looked up to find myself face to face with a foot-long black silicone dick, bouncing and jiggling inches from my nose.

"What the hell?" I groaned

Beyond the colossal dick, a tiny waif of a girl held a hand out in apology. "I'm sorry, it's got a mind of its own sometimes!" The strap-on bounced and jiggled in time with the girl's words. The pain receded as I gave the girl a lookover. She was cute, in an energetic, girlish kind of way. Short hair, petite body, athletic build. Her small breasts were a little small, but they looked perky and firm, and were topped by a surprisingly large pair of nipples. She looked the spitting image of some kind of party fairy, clothes and all.

"You need to be more careful with that thing" I groaned, rising to my feat.

"I know, I know. I'm sorry! Sometimes I just get going, you know?" She wiggled her hips in time to the music, setting both the phallic thing and her breasts warbling and waving. Fuck, that was hot. Finally, it got so out of control that she had to pull her hips back to avoid smacking the ass of one of the boys nearby.

She must have caught me staring at her tits because she raised an eyebrow flirtatiously.

Damn, she had a cute smile.

"Do you want to dance?" she asked.

"I... uh"

She pressed her body up against me, her warm body and the hardness of her strap-on both rubbing furiously against the crotch of my already tight pants. Ah fuck, that felt good.

"I- I can't. I have a boyfriend."

"That's okay" She laughed. "It's just some dancing. It's not like we're making out or anything. Unless... unless you want to make out a little, of course. And even then, we're both girls so it doesn't count, right?"

I laughed. I wished I could - I really did. My dick, recovered from its ordeal, was begging me to stay, but I just didn't have time for this right now.

"No, no, I can't. Really. I'm looking for someone. I don't suppose you've seen her? Blonde girl? Stupidly hot? Might be running around with some kind of like, sex toy dress on?"

The girl raised an eyebrow in thought before giving a cute smile and a shrug. "Sorry" she said, looking around the room at the sea of blonde heads and hot bodies. "You'd have to narrow it down considerably."

Well, worth a try.

"But hey," she added, running a hand down my chest "After you find her, if you still want to dance, you just come and let me know okay?"

I gulped as blood pounded in my head.

She gave me a coy smile and giggled as she waved goodbye, her dildo flapping.

Keeping a better eye for where I was going this time, I worked my way over to the open sliding door that was the division between the interior and the exterior aspect of the dance floor, and stepped outside into the cooler air. It wasn't a big improvement - there was still what felt like thousands of bodies worth of heat and sweat, but the air at least could claim to be fresh.

Somehow, I managed to work my way over to a bit of a clearing at the edge of the patio. The music wasn't reaching here quite as well and it had created a kind of vortex of space. I stumbled as I pulled away from the central crowd and almost crashed face first into some mousy looking guy's boobs.

"Sorry" I said, hastily. Luckily, he just laughed it off, his friend offering to help me back up. Both their attentions, it would seem, were glued to the small circle that had formed nearby. There was some kind of topless drunk girl in the middle who was evidently partying way too hard. She had a total dad bod thing going on, so I wouldn't quite say she was my type, but hey, a shirtless girl is a shirtless girl, I couldn't blame them for staring.

She was trying to dance, I think? She looked more like a wounded bird doing some sort of mating ritual. Not that the guys were complaining. I always felt bad for people who got this drunk. This time though I couldn't help it as visions of myself the past few nights flashed in my head. I hadn't been that bad though, had I?

Remembering why I was here, I turned to get a look at what was happening out in the backyard. I had a pretty good view from here. Not that that helped. She was nowhere to be seen. Just lots of games and revelers and some girl in the corner getting a blowjob.

I couldn't shake the feeling that something wasn't right. I don't know what it was, but I just felt like there was something obvious that I was missing. Was it paranoia? Was I just assuming the worst in assuming that she had come out here and changed everybody around?

I think maybe, deep down, I just really wanted everything to be changed. I wanted her to have wreaked havoc on these partygoers. After all, wouldn't that help assuage my own guilt? To know that it wasn't just me who immediately started messing around with everybody in sight? That that was just a thing that people did?

I sighed. This party was great for that too. I was almost jealous. There was something about the device's power that could be so addictive. Even now I just wanted to swap these people around, to experiment, to see how they react.

I thought back to when I'd swapped all the cheerleaders and the jocks around. I gave a half smile. What I did was wrong, I recognize that now. And I'd never do that sort of thing again, but it was still kind of funny. Man, fuck cheerleaders.

Maybe I was just being crazy. It's not like anyone told her what the thing did. What was she going to do, press the button by accident? Here I had it built up in my head that she'd gone off on some weird adventure when the simplest explanation was that she probably didn't even know why she was still carrying that stupid thing around. I'm sure everything was fine. I just wish I had some sort of sign that the girl was still even here.

Suddenly, there was a panicked scream from inside.

I sighed, took one last breath of fresh air, and ran back inside as quickly as I could. I'm sure there was probably a perfectly logical explanation, but with the way tonight was going, I wasn't willing to bet on it.

I shoved my way back in through the crowd. Ripples and holes were forming as everyone was starting to react to the commotion. Those closest to the scream were moving away while those that couldn't hear it were pushing back in. The crowd flowed like a dense liquid as I struggled to swim against the current.

Thankfully, I was tall enough to get a good view. There was definitely some kind of commotion going on. I had to get closer.

I squeezed my way past a skinny looking pair of girls who were grinding together in time to the beat, their beer bellies rubbing together sensuously as they poked out from under their tight, bulging halter tops.

I narrowly ducked out of the way of a couple who decided that they were just going to suck face here in the middle of the dance floor. He had his shirt ripped open, revealing the lacy demicups beneath as he ran a gentle hand along her beard. Jesus, get a room.

I spun, trying to orient myself in the shifting flow of people. I almost slammed right into a muscular jock, his enormous plump ass swaying back and forth as he twerked, completely unconcerned for the way his G-string poked out of his skin-tight little pants.

Finally, I managed to get close enough to the screaming to see what was going on. It was an unmistakably male scream - high and piercing, as some dude wearing a strap-on, a lacy crop-top and a pair of six-inch hot-pink thigh-high stiletto boots looked down at his body with alarm and surprise, squeezing at his plump tits with one hand while his other fished around his crotch, under his strap-on.

Okay, fuck. This had swap written all over it. but what had happened here? Gender swap? Had this guy been a girl moments before? Or maybe he had his pussy stolen or something?

Somewhere in the distance I couldn't help but here a faint, almost imperceptible Zzzztttt. But as soon as I noticed it, it was gone, subsumed into the music. Was I imagining things?

He pulled his hands free of his boxers and grasped in confusion at his cargo pants and button up shirt, a look of absolute desperation in his eyes as he scanned the crowd for help. I took a step back, my strap-on warbling at the movement. I wished I could help, but now I needed to get the device back first.

I was filled with equal parts excitement and trepidation. On one hand this meant the device was definitely nearby, but on the other hand it also meant that she knew how to use it.

I craned my head to see over the crowd. A familiar flash of pink hair caught on the corner of my vision. Yes. That was her! I started to muscle my way through the crowd in her direction. I'd found her! Now I just needed to get to her. Despite my best efforts, moving through the crowd was like wading through mud. My foot kicked at something heavy and I could have sworn I heard that faint familiar zzzztttt sound again as whatever it was skittered off.

Suddenly a press of weight shoved me to the side, sending me crashing off of my stiletto heels face first into a flat familiar chest. It was that girl from earlier. I struggled to stand up.

Jesus, I was really taking a beating out here. Thank god I had this supposedly masculine body. Even if I couldn't quite grok the fact that I was actually built like a bouncer, I was glad for the extra durability I imagined it was offering me. I was also just glad that this time I didn't end up getting hit in the cunt.

"Oh hey! Did you find who you were looking for?" the girl asked, taking my hand and pulling me to my feet.

"I just saw her!" I said, pulling my shirt back into place. The damn thing had been so loose all night, it was a wonder my tits weren't spilling out of it. I looked up at the girl. Even with the height of my heels she still loomed a good head taller than me and the rest of the crowd. "I've got to get to her before she gets away!"

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine!" I said as I ran off as fast as I could in my boots, my strap-on waving back and forth in front of me with each swing of the hips as if to beat a path through the crowd.

"My offer still stands!" she shouted as I walked away, her dick stiffening in her pants as her eyes followed the sway of my exposed, retreating ass.

Panic pulsed through my brain. Had I lost that girl? Where was she? Where did she go? I was so fucking close. I couldn't let her get away now.

Another shriek. I turned my head. This time it was close. People up ahead were parting, pushing back. I just needed to squeeze my head through.

And there she was.

Lying on the floor. Dead? No... thank god. But something had happened to her. She had passed out somehow.

There was someone standing over her.

No.

No no no.

This couldn't be happening.

All the dread I had felt earlier? All the horror that had come from knowing that this girl had the device? All of the pain and the sickness that had come from not knowing what was happening? All the anxiety was nothing compared to this.

There, a smile slowly working across her face as she clutched the device in her hands, was Elizabeth.

I was a tempest of emotions. Fury, indignation, disbelief. I couldn't begin to describe it. What the fuck was she even doing here? Hadn't I asked her to stay away? Hadn't I asked that and only that of her? Couldn't she have left well enough alone? Couldn't she have done that much, after everything she'd already done? Weakly, I clenched my shaking fist.

And she had the device.

I had to do something. I had to confront her somehow. I had to get it away from her. This thing was dangerous enough in the wild, but I couldn't imagine what kind of hell she had planned for it.

Could I get to her before she noticed? She wasn't looking. Maybe I could just run up and grab it. Desperately, I drew in a breath, trying to steel myself before the push.

But all the blood in my body froze at once as her eyes looked up and locked with mine. She smiled and raised the device in my direction.

I ran.

I ran as fast and as hard as I could, my boots clacking against the hardwood floor as my strap-on smacked and dragged along everyone unfortunate enough to be in my path. I needed to get out of there, and no amount of population density was about to stop me. Hell, with the way I was pulling myself along, I was swimming as much as I was running.

Oh god, I had to get to Evan. We needed to leave now. I don't know what Elizabeth had planned, but if she had the device, we were both in serious danger.

I bolted past the kitchen and the orgy and ran up the stairs as fast as I could, tripping over my own boots on the last step and spilling out into the hall on my hands and knees, panting and out of breath.

Evan starred in stunned silence from outside the door to the bedroom, his hands frozen right in the middle of groping his huge boobs.

"H- hey, you know what?" he said, trying act casually as he pulled his hands out and gave me a smile that was a mix of embarrassment and arousal. "I think I'm finally getting the hang of these things." His expression fell as the situation clicked. "Wait, are you alright? Oh my god, what happened?"

"Elizabeth!"

"What?"

"Elizabeth is here!" I dragged myself forward with my arms, too weak in the knees to stand.

"Oh... shit." he frowned. "Baby, I'm so sorry. I know your still upset at her. I know you didn't want to deal with her tonight. Do you think she-"

"She has the device!"

"What?" Evan's face went white. He stood up in alarm. "How?"

"I don't know!" I cried "She must have seen the other girl with it and taken it somehow. Oh god. I feel sick just thinking about all the trouble she's going to wind up getting into with it. This is all my fucking fault."

"Baby," Evan said, rushing over. "This is not all your fault. If Elizabeth chose to come tonight that's her choice. After everything she did, after you asked her not too. She knows the consequences and this is the choice *she* made. This is not your fault."

I took Evan's hand as I steadied myself to my feet, clinging to him as I climbed up, my strap-on dragging up against his bare legs before springing free and poking right between his thighs at the perfect angle to lift up the far end of his skirt. He held me in his arms, my head swimming in the sudden warmth of his heaving cleavage as he clutched me tight, shifting slightly as the shaft of my clothing dug against his balls.

"I'm sure everything will be alright." he said, reassuringly. "Look, maybe this isn't even that bad."

"Not that bad? Not that bad!?" I pulled myself away from his tits just long enough to shoot him a incredulous glare. "Evan, she tried to steal you away last time she had the thing. Do you have any idea what that kind of betrayal feels like? How do we know she's not back to try again?"

"Yeah, but we're all adults, right? She was remorseful, and she apologized. She probably just feels terrible about everything. You're her best friend, Ellen, maybe she just wants to make things right with you?"

"No. After what she did? She's no friend of mine."

Evan squeezed me tighter. I expected myself to be angry at the memory, but honestly, I was so emotionally drained by that point that I didn't know what I felt.

"Look, she's probably just as hurt as you are. Last night showed that. She made a serious mistake. Okay, well," he paused and waved his hand around a little, "a lot of serious mistakes. But she paid the price. I know she's not in your good books or anything right now, but she's not a monster or anything. She changed everyone back afterwards, right? Or, well, tried to at least? I'm sure if we can just talk to her, we can convince her to give it back, no harm done."

I seethed. He had a point, of course. He always had a point about this sort of thing. He was level headed and moral to a fault, and I loved him for it, I really did. But he didn't know her like I did. It was always one mistake after another with her. Always this ridiculous escalation while she tried desperately to fix things, only to have everything turn out worse and worse.

Besides, I took a deep breath and wiped away the tears forming in my eyes, I didn't care why she was here, I didn't care what she could possibly say. Nothing she could do could result in me forgiving her. Not after what she'd done.

"Baby, you don't know her like I do." I said. "She's not the sort to just take this sort of thing lying down. I... I think we need to play this safe. We need to get out of here, before she finds us."

"You want to just leave her here? With the device?"

"Well now that we know she has it, we can approach cautiously. We can call tomorrow and work something out from a safe enough distance that we don't have to worry about her zapping us into toads or anything."

"What if..." Evan asked quietly "what if she doesn't want to give it back?"

"I... I don't even want to think about it."

"And what about tonight?" Evan furrowed his brow in concern "Isn't basically everyone here tonight at risk if we leave her with that thing?"

"I know, I know..." I sighed "But what choice do we have? I'd rather leave everybody here at her swappy mercy than risk whatever she's got in mind."

"I... I'm sure they'll be fine. She's not... she's not evil or anything. It's not like she wants to hurt people, right?"

"No, you're right. She's not evil, but like... she's just... she doesn't consider other people's feelings sometimes, and she can get all caught up in her own narrative without thinking stuff through. Like, I can tell you right now one way or another she's going to be using that device, and I'm pretty sure she's not going to exactly be keeping track whose life she ruins in the process."

"I... when you put it that way, I'd kind of feel bad for leaving."

"Yeah, I realized that as I was saying it." I sighed. "It's not the best option, but it's the one that ends with us safe - with *you* safe. And if that means throwing everyone else under the bus for now? Then so be it."

Evan gave me another supportive squeeze. He didn't want to do this, I could tell. He wanted to talk and work everything out diplomatically and have everyone be happy. Fuck. Now we were going to have to face Elizabeth some other day in the hopes of getting it back. This was turning into a whole thing. It was for the best though. If this came down to a confrontation with Elizabeth right now, I don't know if Evan and I would make it out in one piece.

"Okay baby," he looked down at me with a smile. "If you want to play it safe, we'll play it safe. We'll slip out the front door and get out of here before she even has a chance of noticing us."

"You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that." I said, taking his hand into mine and smiling up at him. God, it was so delicate and warm. "I love you, Evan."

"I love you too, Ellen."

We were half way down the stairs when I saw her. My stomach turned to stone in my throat as the blood drained from my veins. No. No, no, no. Why was she there? Why was she right there? She must have followed me earlier. She must have realized she had us trapped. We needed another way out. Maybe we could jump out a window? I tried to turn and run, but all my body would do was stare. She looked up and smiled.

I tried to do something, anything. But time was moving at a crawl. My legs wouldn't move. I tried to smile back, to make her seem a little at ease, at least, like I didn't think she was going to devour us whole, but all I could manage was to stand there slack jawed like a dead fish in headlights.

"Elles!" she yelled "Oh my god, it is you! Hi!"

I... I don't know what I was expecting. I guess I had kind of drummed it up in my mind that she'd be angry and out for revenge. I expected some kind of melodramatic speech or condemnation. This? This was throwing me. Not that she couldn't be a convincing little actress when she needed to be. Right now, I trusted her about as far as I could throw her.

"Elizabeth! Oh, hey!" I forced my lips into a smile as I swallowed the bile building within me. "We were just heading out." I don't consider myself a hateful person, but that's what this was. Hate. This girl betrayed me on a level that I barely knew was possible. Maybe one day I'd be able to put it behind me, but I don't know if I'd ever be prepared to forgive her, and right now that wound was still bloody and fresh in my psyche.

"Really?" she said, taking a step towards the stairs, putting herself between us and the exit. I clenched a fist. "Leaving so soon?"

"Ah." I took a step back "Well, you know us." I shrugged dismissively. "We both have class in the morning."

I could feel Evan's hand resting supportively on my back

"It's just weird though," she said with mock innocence "that you'd be leaving without this." She pulled the device out from behind her back. My pulse quickened.

"O-oh," I said in forced surprise, "you found it. Great!"

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow.

"We should catch up, Ellen." She glanced over at the roaring crowd of party goers and frowned. "Somewhere private."

My brain was floundering to make sense of this situation. She was trying to get us off alone somewhere, obviously. To have her way with us. But if she wanted to talk - and Elizabeth did love the sound of her own voice - then maybe we could still get out of this in one piece. We just needed to play this right.

"Come on." I sighed. "It's quiet enough upstairs." Maybe I could tackle the bitch while her back was turned. Hell, I'd try it right now, but despite my apparently masculine body, there was no way I could cover that much ground before she swapped me into oblivion."

We turned and walked back up the stairs. I practically flinched as she drew in close behind us. Waiting for the other shoe to drop was like waiting for the guillotine.

"Wait," she said, taking in the upstairs landing. "You guys have just been hanging out in an empty hallway?"

"Well," Evan shrugged "the bedrooms are all locked."

A sudden cry of orgasmic profanity demonstrated that this was not, technically, true.

“Or, uh,” Evan finished, half blushing, “or are otherwise occupied.”

Elizabeth laughed. I took a step towards her. She stopped and took one back.

I sighed and let my smile drop away. It was hard enough to keep the rage off my face, much less fake civility.

“Elizabeth what the fuck are you doing here?”

“Why whatever do you mean? Why wouldn’t I be here?”

“I asked you not to come.” Emotion caught in my throat “I just... I didn’t want to see you tonight.”

“I know, I know.” Elizabeth’s smile faltered and gave way to a frown. “But... oh my god, this is all I’ve been able to think about all day. How can you possibly expect me to stay away? Especially with how things ended last night.”

“I expected, Elizabeth,” I folded my arms over my chest, “that you’d have enough respect for the memory of our friendship to honor my one little request.”

“That’s exactly the thing Elles, that’s why I needed to come here, to talk to you. Because your friendship is so important to me. Look, I said we needed to talk - I mean it.”

“No tricks?”

“Tricks? Elles, come on.”

“Elizabeth, I know you. You have some kind of ridiculous scheme up your sleeve.”

“It’s not...” she glanced down guiltily. “It’s not ridiculous.”

“Oh my god.”

“Look,” she cried, “you should be grateful I’m here!” I flinched back as she hoisted the device. “What the hell is this, huh? Did you fucking drop this or something? It was getting kicked - kicked! - around the dance floor. Some poor girl was ready to tackle me over it! And then I see you in the crowd and you fucking bolt like I’m some kind of vampire or something. What the hell happened?”

“It’s...” I sighed. She had a point. At least we knew where the device was now. “It’s a long story. I was trying to swap Evan’s body language back and this girl somehow dodges out of the way and grabs the thing before running off with it.

“Oh my god. Did she swap anyone? Did she figure out how to use it?”

“I don’t know.” I glared at her, crossing my hands over my chest, my strap-on bouncing in response to the movement. “I don’t think so. I’m glad... I’m glad you found it though.”

I held out my hand expectantly. She looked down at it longingly.

"Elizabeth?" I took a step forward.

She turned away defensively, clutching the thing to her chest.

"Elizabeth?"

Look, Elles, I'm sorry, but no."

"No?"

"No, Elles. I'm... look, I'm mad at you, okay? And I know, that sounds stupid, because you're the one who has every right to be mad at me, but I've been dwelling on it all day and that's what I've come up with." Elizabeth took a breath and then the words just started to tumble out. "I'm furious at you, in fact. Because you show me this amazing world of possibilities and I couldn't handle the consequences. And now I lose not only that world, but you." She looked down at the device as she paused for breath. "I wish you'd never shown me this stupid thing.

I opened my mouth to respond, but she didn't give me a chance.

"And, and, see, the truth was that I wasn't going to come tonight, I really wasn't. I felt so sick about everything that happened - just like a complete garbage person - and I thought maybe if I gave you enough time, you'd find it in your heart to forgive me or something. But then I kept thinking that maybe what I'd done was so bad that that might never happen. What if you never forgive me? What if that was it for us? And then I started to panic. You're my best friend, Elles. Hell, you're probably the only real friend I've got; the only person who actually sees me for me. The thought of losing you is more than I can bear." She looked up at me with moist, sparkling eyes. "Hell, I think I might even be in love with you."

"Oh my god, Elizabeth, what the hell are you saying?"

"I just... I know you said to stay away, but I knew you'd be here and I couldn't not come find you."

"Well, you found me. And we can talk this all out, but if you want to fix what happened between us, its gotta start with you giving me back that device."

"But, see, that's the thing Elles. I want things to be better, I really do, but we both know its not as simple as that. We both know that nothing I can say can make any of this right. I've fucked up. And god knows I've fucked up enough times in my life to recognize that sometimes what's been done cannot be undone. It'll always be there in the back of our minds, always casting doubts and suspicions."

I made a fist. She was right, of course. Even if I played along and pretended otherwise now, the wound in my heart wasn't about to heal so easily.

"Then why did you come to the party, Elizabeth?" Evan asked.

"Well see, that's what I was thinking anyway - that things can't be fixed. But that's when I realized," she looked down at the device, "that that's not exactly true, is it?"

"Elizabeth, don't you dare." I took a step back.

"Cause see, its like I said, what happened yesterday - sure, its my fault, but none of it would have happened if it weren't for this device. This stupid little box is to blame for everything. You should have never showed it to me, Elles. Then we'd still be friends. Then I wouldn't have hurt you and Evan."

"For fucks sake, Elizabeth," I yelled "how can you be so cognizant about this situation and still be so fucking dense? How the fuck is it the device's fault that you tried to steal my fucking boyfriend!?"

I put my hand to my mouth, but it was too late. In anger and frustration, I'd already said it. I needed to keep calm, to try to remain diplomatic, but every word out of this bitch's mouth was just serving to piss me off further.

"I just wanted a part of that happiness that you guys have, Elles! And I was blinded by the fact that for once in my life I might actually be able to get it. That's what destroyed our friendship - that temptation!"

"You trying to steal my boyfriend ruined our friendship!" I yelled.

"Which is entirely the device's fault!" She stomped her foot.

"The device only served to let you do what you did, but it was still you doing it, you who made those fucking decisions! How can you expect me to forgive you if you won't even admit to yourself that you're responsible for the consequences of your actions?"

"I'm not trying to blame the device. I know I fucked up. But I'm just saying, if it wasn't for that thing none of what happened last night would have happened. And look, Ellen, I know you have no reason to forgive me. I've come to terms with that fact. What I did was the scummiest fucking thing I could have done. And, fuck. Look around. Even if you say you were to forgive me, how can I believe you? Right now I'm sure you'd say anything to get the device back."

"You're goddamn right I would! Give me back my fucking device Elizabeth! What are you even trying to do? Where do you think this ends?"

"I'm going to set things right, Elles. Manually. Honestly, truly right. I'm not just going to hold this thing hostage until you accept my apology, and I'm not going to have us both pretend that everything is fine while the ghost of this weekend haunts us forevermore."

I took another step back. "Don't you fucking dare."

"Look, Elizabeth" Evan said "I know your upset about what happened, but come on, this isn't the way. You can't use some magic device to fix all your problems. You need to accept that you made a mistake and that what you did was wrong. Accept it, live with it, and become a better person because of it. Don't

just try to sweep it under the rug. If you do that, then it just means that none of this - none of our feelings or decisions - matter.”

Elizabeth’s grip tightened again around the device’s frame as she looked over at Evan, her face a mess of regret and doubt.

“No, Evan, please. You don’t understand. Anything else... *anybody* else... sure, I could do that. But this? With you? I can’t bear to leave things like this. It’ll be fine, I promise. I can fix everything. I can make everything back like what it was, like none of yesterday ever happened. I can make it better. We can share this thing, the three of us. Like we were supposed to, but I need to set things right first.

I made a fist.

“So, what? You’re going to swap away our memories of yesterday? Swap our relationship back to friendship? What the hell kind of friendship will that be, Elizabeth? Just another in your long list of fake friends?”

“Best friends! We’d be back to the way things were before!”

My fist shook. I exploded.

“No, Elizabeth. Because I’m not going to let you. Because right here and right now I’m going to tell you the truth, and no amount of fucking with reality is ever going to let you forget it. No matter what happens, what perfect little life you try to build, you’ll know deep down, that if you do this, the real me would never feel anything for you but contempt. Because no matter how hard you’d try, Elizabeth, every moment we’d spend together would remind you of this, now, the real me, and how if it wasn’t for you ripping these thoughts out of me, I’d never have anything for you but disgust and anger.”

She took a stunned step back. I advanced.

“Jesus, Elizabeth.” I continued “You always fucking make things worse! I might - might - have actually forgiven you, prior to this shit. I might have cooled off after a few days and decided I’d been too hard on you, or started to miss your stupid ass or some other stupid sentimental shit. We might have been able to move past it and become stronger friends because of it, because fuck, that’s what friends do, because they care about each other. But this? This just confirms that I’m better off without you. And you know what? I’m glad that this has happened because at least now I see where things end up when it comes right down to it.”

“H- how can you say that?” she cried, “How can you say that after everything we’ve been through? I just want to put things right! All those years of friendship! Doesn’t that mean anything to you?” Tears were flowing freely now, streaking her makeup.

“It means I should have come to this realization a long time ago. Friends don’t threaten to fucking brainwash each other, Elizabeth. Friends don’t hurt each other the way you hurt me, you stupid bitch. friend don’t try to steal away the best things in each other’s lives! *After all we’ve been through!* You have no right to fucking talk!

"Hey now," Evan said, trying to step in and disarm the situation. "This is getting a little too heated, maybe we should all just take a step back, okay?" I ignored him.

"I... I can't believe I admired you." I spat. "I can't believe I was ever envious of the way you go after what you want. Sure, you go after what you want, but you never think about the consequences, never think about how it hurts other people. And I'm always the one who has to pick up the pieces. You're a terrible friend. Toxic. I wish - I wish I'd never met you."

"Shut up!" she cried "Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

I took another step forward, trying to get to her before she could react, but it was no good, she pointed the device at me like a gun.

We stood in that tableau for what seemed like an eternity. When she spoke, her voice was quiet and dark. She was just barely holding herself in.

"Fine" she said, unsteadily. "Fine. You don't want to be my friend? Well maybe I'm better off without you too. Maybe I'm sick of the way you're always looking down at me all the time. Maybe I'm sick of the way you always seem to think your better than me because you have a boyfriend, because your life isn't a constant rotation of failed relationships and one-night stands, because you lucked out and found the one most perfect boy in the world."

She paused for a second to wipe away a tear.

"You don't know what it's fucking like, Elles. To just want love, but to be unable to have it because the two people who you love most in the whole world are in love with each other. To constantly be on this hunt for someone - anyone - who loves me even a fraction as much as you two love each other, and to be rejected over and over and over again. You don't know what it's like, Elles, to be treated like a bitch and a slut by everyone you meet because yeah, you like fucking and there's nothing wrong with that, but what you really want is just a steady relationship. Your right, Elles. Maybe we'd have been better off if we never met. Maybe then I wouldn't even know what love looks like."

She started to lower the device.

"But you know what?" She raised the device back up. "No. I for one respect our friendship, respect all the time we spent together. I, for one, am prepared to forgive you. For what you've said, for all of this. You're angry and I get that. And I'm angry too. I never meant to hurt you. I never meant any of this, but I'm not about to let it end like this. I won't. I need you to understand, Elles, how I feel, what it's like for me, why it's so important. I need you to understand!" her voice dropped into a whisper "Maybe - maybe then you'll be able to forgive me."

I lunged forward, putting all my weight and strength behind it, diving at her, shoulder first. She recoiled backwards, and luckily her instinct hadn't been to fire the device defensively, but she was bigger than I was, and sturdier than I thought. She took several steps backwards before steadying herself, while I crashed down hard on the floor.

The device was still in her hand.

“Elles... I’m sorry, I really am. But one day, we’ll look back on this and laugh. I know it.”

She adjusted one of the other dials and aimed the device at me again. I desperately tried to crawl out of the way or stumble to my feet, but my boots made that all but impossible.

As Elizabeth’s thumb moved over to the button, out of the corner of my eye I could see Evan running forward, preparing to dive in front of the device - to save me. “No!” I yelled “Evan, “

Zzzzttttt!

“Run!” the word slipped from my lips as I looked up at him. Why had I said that?

A keening jealousy stabbed through my heart as he retreated behind his girlfriend, putting his hand supportively on Elizabeth’s back as she loomed over me, already preparing to fire the device again.

A tear fell down my face. That was weird... why was I crying?

To be continued in part 16: A New Normal!

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