

Warning: the following chapter features boobs, emotional confrontations, dramatic reveals, coffee, unusual newcomers, tits, self sacrifice, restorations, devastations, reparations, repeated unexpected nudity, and one girl's drive to get back what is rightfully hers.

### **Girlfriend with Testing Device**

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 21 – Breast Laid Plans =

By Razmagurk

And well, that's when you found me. Desperate and stupid, naked, helpless, hopeless. I had just spent the entire day desperately trying to evade my best friend. I had just abandoned the other girls in the squad as I made my escape, hoping she'd follow me rather than do to them what she did to me.

And I'd ran and I'd ran and I'd ran, until my lungs split and my feet ached. I'm sure I must have been quite the sight, some naked girl dashing across campus as fast as her legs would carry her. If it wasn't for the tears streaming down my face, I'm sure people would probably think I was streaking.

Not that I don't mind being naked. I'm no prude. Its just... normally it has a sexier connotation to it, you know? At one point I was half considering asking to borrow some clothes from this lady out walking her dog, that's how desperate I was, but my panic drove me forward still. The illusory grip of Elizabeth's imagined hand felt always just a moment behind me.

Unable to push myself any further, I turned down an alley and stumbled to a halt. Everything was quiet except for my ragged breath and the pounding blood in my ears. I was completely and utterly alone. Did it work? Did I get away? I had bought myself some time at least. But what about my friends? How much longer could I keep living like this? Constantly running and hiding? This was no way to live.

I jumped as I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Hello again, Ellen." came an unfamiliar voice. "I've been looking all over for you. We need to talk."

And there you were. Not that I recognized you of course. I screamed and tried to twist away, half my body trying to run, half trying to fight. You took a step back, confused and suddenly acutely - awkwardly - aware of my nakedness.

"Are you okay?" you asked, releasing your grip and politely averting your gaze. You held up your hands to indicate you weren't a threat. I took a step back. "I got worried when you missed your appointment."

"Appointment?"

Visions of psychological distress danced through my head, fantasies of a world in which I really was crazy. That you were my psychologist and that somehow, in my dementia, I forgotten all this, that I had somehow believed I was something I was not. But you called me by that name, Ellen. Elizabeth had been calling me that too. What did that mean?

“W-who are you?” I screamed “What’s going on?”

“Wow,” you said, giving my body an appraising look. I blushed and tried to cover up my quivering tits. Now was hardly the time for getting ogled. “You really did a number on yourself, huh? I’m impressed. So far most of the other people we’ve given that thing too have just used it to mess with their significant others. I’m dying to know how you ended up like that.”

“What are you talking about?” I yelled. “Who are you?”

“Okay okay, calm down. Its alright. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to imply anything,” you shrugged. “Look, your obviously really worked up about something. Do you need help? Should I call the police?”

“No!” I cried. Fuck, Kiley had assaulted Elizabeth. She was doing it to protect me, but that’s still not something the police would look too kindly on, would they? They’d put her away, wouldn’t they? What was I going to say? That Elizabeth had started it when she made me stupid? That she was talking crazy talk while following me? I guess.. wait no, she’d grabbed me, hadn’t she? It already felt like such a blur. Would that be enough? I needed to confer with the squad, get our stories straight. Uhg, I wished Jenny was here. She would know these things.

“Please,” I said. “no police!”

“Okay, okay.” you put up your hands defensively. “Well, look, its pretty apparent that you’re in a bad spot right now. I’ll tell you what? How about we take this somewhere a little more relaxed and you can tell me all about everything that’s happened, okay? There’s a coffee shop nearby. I’ll buy you a cup.”

I hesitated. I had no idea who you were or what you were talking about and I was still cagey from the run. All the fight or flight chemicals in my brain were telling me to get out of there. What if this was a trick? A trap? What if you were somehow Elizabeth in disguise? But there was something about you that made me want to trust you. Honestly, it was probably the fact that you were just so damn handsome.

I don’t know what it was. There was nothing about you that really stood out. The gentle curve of your hips, your tall, lithe and athletic body, the soft cleft of your pert breasts, hidden behind that fur. You looked like if someone had tried to order a generic guy out of a magazine, and yet somehow you totally made it work. The only thing that really stood out were your eyes - you had the greenest goddamn eyes.

I’ll admit it, I watched the hypnotic sway of your ass as you led me to that random, anonymous little cafe just down the street. At first they weren’t going to serve me, I was completely naked after all, but you talked to the staff and you showed them something on your phone and suddenly they were all very accommodating. None of them even gave my nudity a second glance after that.

We sat at a table in the far corner and you asked me how I liked it. I smiled despite myself. “Hot and sweet,” I said, winking. You blushed. “In big cups.”

You put the cup of coffee down in front of me and waited for me to take a drink then you sat your little briefcase thing down and fiddled with the locks.

"Feeling any better?" you asked, sitting down and taking out some papers.

"A little." I acquiesced. "What is with people taking me out to coffee shops to try and make me feel better?"

"Are you implying that coffee doesn't automatically make everything better?" you smiled.

I laughed then took another sip. He was right. I felt like I had control over my faculties again. Like I wasn't just some desperately fleeing animal. It was very good coffee.

You looked at me expectantly. I frowned and glanced down into my cup.

"Do you want to talk about what's bothering you?"

"Look, I'm sorry, but I don't even know you and it's... its' all such a mess." I sighed. "I don't even really know what's going on. You'd probably think I was crazy."

"Try me." You laughed.

"No." I shook my head. "You know what? I don't even want to think about it right now. Lets just say my life has suddenly become weird and confusing and leave it at that."

"Fair enough." you shrugged. "I won't pry."

"Thanks"

"Tell you what, though? Let's get this interview started properly. We can go over how the past week went and your thoughts on everything, but if you feel like we're getting too close to a sensitive subject - something you don't want to talk about - you just let me know and we'll pull back, okay?"

"Wait, hold on, interview?"

You pulled that weird machine out of your briefcase and set it down on the table. It looked kind of like the device Elizabeth had been using, only bigger. It was the size of a computer tower at least, and festooned in a seemingly random array of little dials, meters, blinking lights and buttons. How had you even fit that in there? It mewled as you set it down, then it tried to grumpily crawl off the table, but you dragged it back over and set it down next to your cup. It sat down glumly and stared at me. I stared right back.

"Yeah," you said. "your follow up interview. We want to get a feel for your user experience, you know? What sort of things you used it for, how you found the interface, that sort of thing." You adjusted one of the dials on the machine and it yelped. "We'd like to go through everything switch by switch, if that's okay with you. I'll be honest, we weren't really expecting much from you, but, well," you glanced down at my naked tits. "it would seem you're full of surprises."

“Hold on, hold on, sorry, what?” I looked around to see if I’d missed something. Was this some kind of joke? “What are you talking about?”

“The testing device. How was your week with it?”

“Look, I think you might have the wrong person.” I stood up. I had a powerful urge that something wasn’t right. I needed to get out of here as quickly as I could.

“What? No. Come on, look, last week you signed a contract saying you’d help us test out the E-Model for a week and then we get to interview you to get the gist of your experiences with it so we can see what sorts of things we need to improve upon going forwards. Look, I know it can be kind of boring, but the interview is a vital part of the process, you can’t just bail on us now.”

“N-no, I’m serious. You have the wrong person.” My heart pounded in my chest.

“No,” you said, looking down at the little blinking display of your phone. “You may look different, but its definitely you, Ellen.”

“My name’s not Ellen. It’s *Slut*.”

You started to laugh then stopped abruptly when you realized I wasn’t joking.

“Wait, shit, you aren’t playing coy are you? You really have no idea who I am?”

I shook my head.

“But you still have the device, right?”

“What device?”

“The E-model testing device! To you it probably would have looked like a little box, about yay big” you gestured, “with little buttons and dials and things?”

“Wait, like that thing that Elizabeth had? That weird box that made me stupid?”

“Wait.” What was left of your smile fell away. “Hold on. You let other people handle it? Who the hell is Elizabeth?”

I started to tear up.

“Oh fuck.” you said, sitting back down. You ran your hand through the short fuzz on your head.

“Maybe I should just go.” I said, rising from my seat.

“No, no.” you said, “Sit down. This is... this is fine. I can work with this. We were expecting we’d have to deal with some mental alterations as we went through the debriefing. We weren’t expecting to need to

do anything quite at this level, though. I mean honestly, what kind of person gets locked out of their own reality settings?"

"I don't know what any of that means."

"Don't worry about it. Everything's going to be fine, okay?" you sounded like you were trying as much to convince yourself as you were trying to convince me. "Look, my name is Frank. I work for... well, let's just say it's a company and that you've probably never heard of them. Not too long ago we finalized the prototype for a device that can uh, well... I suppose that in layman's terms it can switch things around between two or more people without them or anyone else knowing."

"What?"

"Like," you turned and looked at the two barristers. "See that redhead on the cash register? Imagine her head is suddenly on the body of that girl using the cappuccino machine, but no one notices any difference."

"What!? You can't just change things like that."

"Actually, getting it to change things was the easy part. It was getting it to change what we wanted and nothing else that was hard. Swapping someone's head onto someone else's body is easy. Doing it in such a way that it doesn't kill them in any number of horrible ways? That's the tricky bit. You've got to pluck at exactly the right string so as to cause as few side effects as possible. We had to program in this huge web of algorithms and protocols and stuff." you laughed. "We went so in depth with it that sometimes these things can feel like they have a mind of their own."

I sat back down. My head was swimming.

"Ah, sorry. I'm a sucker when it comes to talking shop. The point is is that you were chosen to test out one of our prototype miniature models. We wanted to make sure it wouldn't snap under a typical usage load or that you wouldn't end up creating some kind of weird paradox or something. The easiest way to see how people are going to break something is to give it to them to break. We figured you were one of the best candidates for it."

"I was?" I felt vaguely insulted.

"Of course. You're curious, analytical, smart, just what we were looking for."

"Wait, you're telling me that I was smart?"

"Yeah, of course. Wait, why did you phrase that in the past tense?"

"That's..." I took a deep breath. "That's what had me so upset when you found me earlier. Elizabeth had used that thing on me and ever since then I can't speak well or do math or anything. But see, I remember that I used to be smart! I couldn't remember the details of it, but I know I had been top of my class. No one believes me though. I thought I was going crazy!" I looked up at you, pleadingly. "You're telling me that I'm not crazy, right? That she really did make me dumb?"

"Well," you said, "smart and dumb are a bit of a misnomer. Direct intelligence probably falls under mental acuity, but that wouldn't have effected lexicon and you seem sharp enough. She may have switched out your education or vocabulary or something? In which case you're technically no less smart now, you're just less educated."

"So... I *was* smart?" I asked, finally.

"Yes." you laughed. "Very. That's why we gave you one of the better test models. It's still a work in progress, of course, but still. We wanted to see how it would handle in the real world. See how you used it, see how what it did well and what we could improve on. You know, testing. And we gave it to you under the explicit condition that you'd give it back at the end of the week along with a nice little report, and I'd take them back to my superiors and say 'It tested well with our target audience, but they want it smelling like strawberry' or whatever."

"And instead," you grumbled, "I have to go tell them that somehow you lost this one-of-a-kind, completely irreplaceable super device and then got brain-whammied so hard by it that you can't even remember what happened. Not that that gets you out of it. You signed a contract. In so far as the company is concerned, you're fully responsible for everything that's happened here."

"But I don't even know what happened!"

"Sorry. Sorry." You sighed, your tail twitching. "I'm just frustrated. I had plans for tonight and I was hoping to get his over with quickly, but now that doesn't exactly seem like its going to happen."

You called over the cute barista girl and ordered another coffee.

"Okay, look. My job is to get a follow-up interview from you, to retrieve the device, and to make you forget the whole thing. That's all I'm supposed to do. "

"Forget?"

"We want to avoid people knowing about this sort of thing before we're ready to bring it to the market." You shrugged. "We make you unaware of any changes that happened and make you forget all about the device. Its very unobtrusive."

"What? That's horrible!"

"Its necessary. Trust us we've had a lot of problems when we don't. Some people... they get this power and they just can't go back."

"No, I mean, the fact that you need to make people not notice means you're not turning them back afterwards. You're not undoing all the damage that's been done? you're jut making it not a problem? What's wrong with you people?"

"Ah, see?" you gave me a catlike smile. "You're still plenty smart."

I blushed.

“What I’m trying to say is that I have to do this for everyone who handled the device. So now not only do I have to worry about getting the thing back, I have to get interviews with everyone you let handle it.

“So what does that mean?”

“It means its going to be a long week.” You finished off your cup.

“Wait, sorry, hold on. You mean to tell me that you gave me this thing that can do all this stuff, and then I just somehow lost it and I’ve just casually forgotten about it? How am I supposed to believe that?” I shook my head “Even if what you say is true, what good am I to help? Shouldn't you be going after Elizabeth?”

What do you remember about last Thursday?

“I don’t... “ I furrowed my brow “I spent all day swimming around in my bowl? I guess? Nothing weird about that.”

You blinked at me like I was missing something obvious.

“What?” I glanced around shyly.

“Oh wow.” you shrugged. “This Elizabeth person must have got you real good. Its a good thing I found you - I think you might be a little more messed up than you realized.”

“Why would you say that?” I asked, hurt. It was a terrible thought. That I wasn’t who I was. That the me that I was, the happy person I’d been was some kind of weird fabrication. Like I was some kind of corruption, oblivious to my own malignant nature.

“Okay, look. You say you don’t remember anything? That’s fine. We can go through this from the beginning. I’m going to set up my machine here to roll your awareness and mental state back to last Thursday, right before we have your model listed as going off for the first time. If this is all a misunderstanding, it should become clear pretty quickly. If I’m right though, well, you’re going to talk me through this whole week, okay? We’re going to find out exactly what could have possibly convinced you that telling anyone else about this thing was a good idea.”

“Wait, you can do that?” I perked up “You can just undo all the changes?”

“Oh, no. Of course not. I’d need both targets present for that.” you scratched behind your ear. “What I can do is roll your individual awareness and mind back. It’s nothing physical and I can’t force the reality bridge or anything, so everyone will still remember you as always being as you are now, but, well, you’ll know differently. The process is mostly just set up to help us get into the headspace of the users as they went about testing. If someone was changing their brain around we want to know how that influences their usage patterns and opinions and stuff.”

"But that's amazing!" I said. "You can make me smart again!"

"Again, you're probably not actually any less smart."

"You can say that all you want, but that's how it feels. Look, if you can turn me back, you've got a deal. Undo whatever Elizabeth did to my head and I'll tell you everything you want to know.

"Great!" you grinned. "Let's get started."

The machine mewled to life as you poked at a few of its buttons.

"Oh wow." You raised your eyebrows in surprise at one of the dials. This says you've used the thing like, five hundred and seventy times!"

"Is that a lot?"

"You've had it for a week! Yes, that's a lot! I'd have said it was a lot if you'd done a tenth of that! This is going to be a long story isn't it?" You frowned. "I'll go get us some more coffee."

You brought the whole pot.

"Okay stand still and hold onto this," you said, offering one of the machine's opalescent little tendrils. "Here's how this is going to work. I'm going to roll you back to before we first met and you're going to tell me everything that happened, okay? I'm going to be following along on this big list here, and each time there's a switch I'm going to roll your awareness and mental state forward to match."

"Wait, hold on," I said, grabbing onto the offered piece of machinery. It was cold and slimy. "wouldn't that mean I'm going to end up right back-"

Zzzzt

There was a shift in my brain. It was instantaneous and acute, but still somehow so subtle that I struggled to grasp at it, to try to make sense of it before it was already gone. What had I been saying? What had I been thinking? I sat there blankly for a moment as the wheels of my cognition started anew.

"Ellen?" You stared back at me from across the table, expectantly. Things felt weirdly the same. I'd expected a shift of colors or some kind of fanfare. I expected to feel like a new person. All I felt was jittery from the coffee.

I sat there for a moment thinking. "Ominous." I said, the word flowing effortless to my tongue. "Philanthropically. Hydrohydroxic acid. Perspicacious."

I smiled.

I held up my hand and looked at it. It was still the same hand I'd had when I walked in. Nails still painted in that slutty shade of red I'd painted them just the other night when I'd been... when I'd been someone else.

"Is that it?" I asked, looking down at my body. "I expected some kind of -" the gears in my brain finally turned over. I screamed.

"Why am I naked!?"

"Oh good, it worked. And that's a very good question! Exactly what I'd like to find out."

"Don't you have a jacket or something you can give me?"

"Sorry." You gestured down to your own lack of clothes. "Let me ask up front."

Oh my god. This was so humiliating. I slid down low in my chair, my arms unable to contain the enormous mountains of soft, supple flesh jutting out off my chest. I looked around. Thank god no one seemed to be paying any attention.

You said something to one of the girls up front and showed her your phone. She took off her shirt and handed it to you, happily. You did the same with the girl making the coffee. She took off her pants and asked if you wanted anything else. She wasn't even wearing any underwear. What the hell kind of power did you have? There was more to you, good sir, than met the eye.

You brought the clothes over to me like it was the most natural thing in the world, like you were just bringing me another cup. I grabbed the offered bundle and ran off into the bathroom to get dressed, trying not to make a scene. I was blushing so hard I could feel it across my whole body.

I had just finished getting dressed by the time I worked up the courage to catch a glimpse of the girl in the mirror. She was like a porn star parody of the porn star parody of a body I had given myself that first night. I was like some kind of walking sex toy. No thought for grace or elegance, just every inch of my flesh crying out to be fucked. I bit my lip. Fuck, why was that such a turn on? This was Elizabeth's handiwork, obviously. She always did lack subtlety. At the party. She had... she had done so much. I furrowed my brow desperately struggling to remember, but it was like it had happened to someone else.

I frowned and hefted a boob, gasping softly at how pleasurably sensitive the thing was. Why hadn't I been more surprised by this? This was the first time seeing this body, wasn't it? Except, I guess it wasn't... I knew what this body looked like. I'd been living in it, for gods sake, for the past week. This was all old hat. But now I knew now that it wasn't mine. Now I could see it in contrast to what I should look like, that mousy little bespeckled thing that seemed so long ago now, from back before that stupid device.

Wait. Wait. I could remember that. Fuck, I could remember everything. I screamed and cried and laughed all at once. I stared in the mirror. Oh my god.

How are you supposed to feel when you realize that your best friend - your only friend - used your reality-altering super weapon to not only steal your boyfriend, but to make it so that you had never even dated in the first place? How are you supposed to feel when you see how completely they've ruined your life? When it finally hits how deep the humiliation runs?

How do you feel at that revelation? Half of me wanted to scream the other half wanted to curl up into a ball and cry. A third half of me was just relieved that I was, at the very least, me again. I had survived. Well, okay, I wasn't quite wholly intact, but here I was nonetheless. I was back and I knew what she'd been doing, I knew what she'd done.

A fourth half of me was just tired. Because even being me now, I had still been someone else just a few minutes earlier, I had still run and cried for my friends, I had still been terrified and confused and stupid. So stupid. But I had been sick of running then and I was sick of running now. I was tired of crying. It was time to turn the tables.

Oh my god she'd made me a cheerleader. Of all the things I hated in the world, of all the things I'd have hated most, being a cheerleader - a dumb cheerleader - was probably the worst. She'd known exactly what she was doing to me. That had to have been on purpose. Had she thought she was teaching me a lesson? I guess the joke was on her. Being a cheerleader was not nearly as bad as I'd have thought. Everyone on the squad was... well, they seemed nice enough. They seemed to genuinely care about me - about Slut, anyway. I tried not to think about all the crazy hot sex we'd had. Uhg, this was all so messed up.

Eventually, after I don't even know how long, I stepped out of the bathroom, trying to project an aura of cool casualness.

The girl whose shirt I was wearing did a double take as she looked at me, then tried to stifle a laugh. She gestured over at me and the rest of the waitstaff turned looked at me as well. You'd think I was some kind of puppy. Their eyes went wide and I'm pretty sure some of them even cooed.

I blushed again. Me being naked provoked no reaction, but this? This got them all riled up?

Oh, fuck, of course. I had worn collars - no, that wasn't quite right - Slut. Slut had worn collars, like actual leather pet collars, with her name on them and everything, and she'd carried a leash with her when she went to the park. Elizabeth must have wardrobe swapped me with her stupid little yappy dog. Which meant that right now everyone was looking at me like I was a dog wearing human clothes.

Somehow that was even more humiliating than being naked.

I sat back down. Beat red. You didn't laugh at me at least.

"Feeling any better?"

"I just realized all the horrible shit my supposed best friend put me through. My boyfriends been stolen, I'm stuck in some bimbo body," I grabbed my tits for emphasis then had to bite my lip to keep myself from gasping at the wash of horny pleasure that ran through my body. "And... and everyone is laughing

at me! So no, I'm feeling pretty shitty actually." I took a deep breath, then let it out slowly. "But I'm me again, and that's worth a whole lot."

Was I really back to my old self? I didn't feel renewed, I didn't feel like a new person. The change back had been about as momentous as walking through a door. I tried to do a mental inventory, but how do you even account for everything? Well, I could remember Evan, that was a start. I could remember my name and I could remember my life, and it was my life, not slut's, though honestly, I think there was an embarrassingly small difference between the two. I stared at the topless waitress. No arousal. Well, there was a kind of generic hot lustiness that I think was just baked into Slut's body, but I wasn't attracted to girls any more, so that was good. I was as much me as I could tell.

"Are you ready to begin?" you asked. "I've got your swap history pulled up and the thing is ready to record. I'll roll forward your awareness with each swap so that, mentally, you stay contemporary with your place in the story."

"Wait, what?"

"Yeah, like we agreed."

"No!" I gasped. "If you roll me forward, I'll be that bimbo again. Please, I- I just got back. I don't want to lose myself again. I don't want to be that again!"

"Look, I'm sorry, but blame whoever zapped you. This is just the way the interview works, okay? Its hard coded into the machine. I have a job to do. You agreed to the interview when you signed that contract, and then, hell you agreed to it again right before I turned you back. Look, you won't even notice, I promise."

"But I have so much I need to do. I can't afford to go back to that. I have to stop Elizabeth; I have to rescue Evan somehow. I have to get control of my life back. I can't do that if I'm stuck as that idiot."

"I'm sorry, Ellen, but this is the way it has to be. I need to get all this on the record."

"There's no other way?"

You shook your head.

I nodded slowly, giving that statement some time to sink in. I looked around. Everything seemed so peaceful.

I threw back my chair and bolted for the door.

You pressed a button on your phone.

I was back, sitting at the table, mid-sip of my coffee.

"Please don't try that again."

“What the hell was that?” I cried, spitting out the sudden surprising rush of flavor.

“Look, Ellen,” you said, ignoring my question. “You’re clearly upset. I don’t know what happened, but you’re smart. I want you to just take a moment and think this through.”

“You want me to just sit here sipping coffee while that bitch runs around doing god knows what?” I stood up, knocking the chair back again. “I have a whole life I need to reclaim! She has my boyfriend in her... her clutches! I can’t not try to get him back!”

“So, what? You’re just going to run out there and confront whoever it is that did this to you? What if that doesn’t work, huh? What if she sees you coming from a mile away? What if she notices you’re not walking or talking or dressing the way you should be and she zaps you back to infancy? Or worse. Sit down and tell your story. That way even if you fuck up, the rest of us have a chance of tracking the device down and getting it back.

“Are you saying that you can stop her? That you can save Evan?”

“Look, I can’t make any promises. Its literally not my job. I don’t even know who Evan is. But... fuck... maybe? One of my bosses might take an interest in your case and some people might get dispatched. But I’m hoping it doesn’t come to that. Our company takes its reputation very seriously. They’re not going to be happy with the idea it getting stolen or whatever. They might scrap the whole project over this. But again, I’m hoping it doesn’t come to that.

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

“I don’t want to be dumb again.” I said. “How even am I supposed to give an accurate account of things if I’m speaking like... like that idiot?”

“It’s honestly not that bad?” you shrugged.

“To you, maybe.” I flicked a strand of blonde hair out of my face. “Its torturous for me.”

“You know what? I think I might have a few settings that will make it a little better. Trust me, you won’t even notice.”

I stared at your machine. It stared back at me, shifting its weight from side to side, eager and ready to pounce. If I ended up back the way I was, back as Slut. I don’t know if I’d want to turn back. Hell, if how I felt now was any indication I definitely wouldn’t. Slut had a life too. She had friends that cared about her and who she cared for. She had every reason to want to keep going. And so did I.

But what choice did I have? I eyed the door. You had me trapped, somehow. In so far as I was concerned you were capable of anything. Worse than that though, you were right. How was I supposed to stop Elizabeth? She’d have me pegged from a mile away. At least this way... at least this way, even if I didn’t win, even if I ended up some kind of drooling sex-idiot, at least this way someone would know what had happened. Someone would know the truth.

I sighed. Fuck. I really didn't want to do this.

"Okay." I said.

"Okay?"

"Let's get this over with."

You grinned. You had a catlike grin.

"Great! Let's get started! Let's start with last Thursday. Oh, and this is for posterity, so try to be as detailed as you can, okay?"

And so I told you my story. Every little detail. Every little laugh, every little hope, every little moment of darkness. I blushed my way through all the sex. Well, at first anyway. This stupid body was so sultry, so horny, I think it may have bled into the narrative a bit.

And at each point where the device was used you clicked your machine and it made that zzzztzzt sound and it was just like I was there again, my brain and awareness shifting to whatever reality was present in the story at the time. I expected it to be jarring, for it to throw me off, but you were a professional. Before too long I didn't even notice.

And then it was over. I'd told you'd everything I knew. Everything I could think of that was in any way even relevant to that stupid little device. And I was me again, Slut again, but now I knew everything. I may not have remembered what Elizabeth erased of my memory, but I sure as hell remembered what I'd just told you.

"And that's it." I said, looking down at my body. It was beyond late now. The staff had been ready to close up shop hours ago, but you had shown them your phone and they decided to stay open as long as we needed. At some point it had begun to rain and it seemed to only be getting worse and worse. I wiped away the hot angry tears at the corner of my eyes.

"Thank you, Ellen." You said. "I know that must have been difficult."

"Slut." I corrected. "I'm back to being Slut."

"Sorry, Slut."

I closed my eyes and focused. "Buffalo. Washboard. Infomercial."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to think of big words." I let out a sigh that was half whimper. "But it looks like I'm right back to being an idiot."

"I keep telling you, you're not an idiot. You've just lost some education."

"Yeah, but that's important to me, that's... that's..." I cradled my head in my hands. Oh my god, my smarts had been the least of what I'd lost. I hadn't even begun to realize how bad things really were. I had been this whole other person. I had had a whole other life. In my other life I'd been, well, not happy, but wow, I'd been dating Evan! Me! And we loved each other and we were amazing together and I was an idiot because I didn't appreciate him nearly hard enough.

Elizabeth had taken all that away from me. She'd thought that making me like this was a punishment? That this was some kind of ironic hell? I frowned. I was happy with who I was. I liked being me. I had good friends, I was young and healthy and athletic and smart, I had a body people would kill for, and sure I was maybe a little slutty, but I got to have all kinds of wild, crazy and interesting sex with a never-ending cavalcade of stupidly hot people. I got so much fucking dick. Who wouldn't want that? I had a good life.

But none of that was real, was it? Or well, it was real, but it hadn't been originally.

How are you supposed to feel when you find out that everything you are and value is only there to torment someone that you used to be? The worst part was that the other me had agreed with the notion that this was a hell. When I'd been Ellen again, just now, so briefly, I'd been so angry, so bitter about this. This was basically the worst thing I could imagine. No wonder I'd hated the idea of turning back.

I looked down at my body, my unbelievably hot body. My perky jiggling tits, my tight athletic tummy, my smooth hairless pussy. Who wouldn't be proud of - the gears in my brain turned over. I screamed.

"What the hell am I wearing!?"

You laughed. Not funny. I'd rather walk home naked than wear something as silly as that blouse and those pants.

I stood up to disrobe, jiggling my way out of the ill-fitting garments. The cool air of the cafe caressing the bare flesh of my cleavage. Much better. I blushed a little as I sat back down. I resisted the urge to reach up and tweak one of my nipples. God, I felt like I hadn't gotten off in forever. How long had it been? Hours at least. I squirmed.

"Look, I'll be honest," you said, scratching at the back of your head, seemingly oblivious to my plight. You were staring at one of the dials on your machine and frowning. "I'm just looking at some of the changes listed here that you apparently had no part in. This is way worse than I was expecting. This has all really gotten out of hand."

"What does that mean?"

"It means" you sighed, "that this is starting to get above my paygrade. I'll have to shunt this one upstairs. We'll have to get a team in to retrieve the device and remove everyone's awareness of it. I'm sorry, but with the amount of damage that's been done, I don't think they're going to be inclined to swap everyone back first."

"I thought you said you could fix things!"

I said I couldn't make any promises! This whole situation is just one giant clusterfuck. The thing was getting kicked around on a dance floor for shit's sake. You might as well have put the thing to shuffle!"

"None of this would have happened without your stupid device to begin with!" I was livid. "You have to fix things!"

"Look," you sighed angrily. "If anyone is to blame here its you. You signed the contract. You took full legal responsibility for the device and everything it did while in your care. We entrusted it to you. The fact that Elizabeth stole it from you doesn't excuse you from that."

"How- How dare you!"

"Look, I'm sorry, but this is the way the company is going to see things, okay? Officially, they're going to stick all the blame on you and try to wash this all under the bridge. "

"But that's not right!"

"It doesn't have to be right! Can you even imagine the kind of lawyers we can field?"

I couldn't.

"Fuck, I might even lose my job over this. I was the one selected you during the candidate decision process. And we're probably going to have completely redesign the whole thing with all kinds of safeties. We might even have to put up some kind of customer service system just in case this kind of thing happens again. They're not going to like the prospect of spending that kind of money! That's if they don't decide to just scrap the project altogether. Fuck, I went to bat for this project! I said people were ready for it!"

"Yeah, well, maybe we aren't."

"Some people aren't, obviously." You glanced out the window than looked me in the eye. "But I thought you were."

There was a moment of silence. I didn't think that was very fair given I was basically a different person than the one you'd given the device to, but I could see your point. You finished your coffee.

"So what now?"

You shook your head. "Now I guess I put you back the way I found. You won't remember the device or ever being well educated, and everyone including yourself will think that's perfectly normal. I pass this up to my superiors and we try to get a team in to retrieve the device."

"No! You can't just leave me like this!"

"I'm - I'm not. Look, I'm trying to offer you a mercy here, okay? You'll carry on as Slut for the rest of your life, but you won't know any of this ever happened. The worst takeaway from all this is that you and your friend had a fight that you can't remember the details of. You'll never agonize about your education or what could have been. You'll be happy and content."

My head swam. Some dark part within me felt like maybe that didn't sound so bad. Everything would just... go back to normal, right? Uhg. I'd be an idiot though. A happy idiot, but an idiot nonetheless. Still, I'd have the love and support of my friends, and its like he said I wasn't less smart, just uneducated. Maybe I could take night classes or something...

Sure, Elizabeth and Evan would end up together, but hadn't that how it had always been to me? If I tried to take Evan back wouldn't I be just as bad as Elizabeth had been when she'd tried to take him from me?

I thought back to all the times I'd seem them happy together. I'd never seen her as happy as when she was with him. I wanted her to be happy, didn't I? God helped me, I still loved her.

But those happy memories weren't real, were they? They were stolen little moments. That was my happiness - Ellen's happiness - not hers. I thought back to the fight in the restaurant. I'd never seen them fight before. Never seen her mad at him like that, hurt like that... My throat went dry and my heart pounded hot at the memory.

What if the love that I knew they had - that perfect love - was an illusion? What if they weren't a happy couple that I knew them to be. What if they were... well, something else?

Ellen had done a number on Evan with the device - Though, thinking about it now, he was much cuter as a girl than as a guy - but she had cared for him. I shuddered to think what someone could do, what someone could have already done, if they didn't.

That was the offer. It was happiness, at a price I'd never miss, but it meant condemning Evan to Elizabeth's arms.

My breathing became ragged.

"Please," I said. "Please, there must be some other way."

"I'm sorry, I wish that there was. But this is the way it has to be."

"What if I got the device back? What if you let me go and I go out there and I bring it back?"

"It's too late for that, Slut, I'm sorry." you sighed. "If you had showed up here, today, having gotten the device back from Elizabeth already, then yes, fine, okay, we can sweep the worst of this under the rug, frame it up all pretty and make it seem like an interesting data point, but I have a deadline. I have people I need to report back to. It's not our job to bail you out of your mess."

"It's not your job to fix things, you're right. It's mine." I locked eyes with you. "You said it yourself! This thing is my responsibility, right? Well, I'm ready to take that opportunity. Give me a chance to fix this. Give me a chance to get it back for you."

"Look, I appreciate what you're offering. But if you somehow tip off that we're coming for her its just going to make things all the more difficult for us in the long run."

"This is my life on the line!"

"No!"

"Please."

"No. Slut, I'm sorry." you sighed. "I really am."

"Please..." I said, quietly this time. I could barely hear myself through the tears. "I... I just want to save Evan. I... I love him. I don't care what happens to me, make me a happy idiot forever for all I care... but Evan... he deserves better than that. I'm the one who got him into this mess and I can't bear the thought that he's suffering because of me. Because even if you fix things, make it so no one remembers, no one notices... him and Elizabeth are going to be unhappy together. She'll use him and spit him out and he won't know what happened to their perfect happiness and it'll break his heart. And I... even if I don't know we ever dated... I would never in a million years want that."

"Jesus."

"So please, I don't care if you make me dumb in the end... just... just let me try to save the boy I love."

You furrowed your brow and tapped your foot anxiously.

"Fine!" you said, throwing your hands up. "Fine! I'll go home and report that you forgot to bring the device to the meeting - which is technically true - and that you wanted to reschedule for tomorrow. They won't like it, but its not worth losing a client over. "

"Does that mean?"

"You have one day. One! No more! No extensions, no narrow misses, and if the next time I see you, even if you've got your head on the body of a german shepherd, I'm not going to bail you out again!"

"Thank you!" I leapt at you, arms wrapping around in a tight hug, the fur of your pillowy chest absorbing my tears.

"Hold on, hold on!" you said, stepping back. "I'm not done! There are *conditions*! I want debriefs from everyone who used the thing. That means Evan, Emma, and Elizabeth, okay? I'll get interviews from them one way or another, but this saves me the trouble of tracking them all down. Plus, the promise of extra data will at least make this whole mess a little more palatable to my superiors.

“Wait, does that mean they’ll know everything? Like I do now?”

“No, once I’ve gotten their story, I’ll wipe their awareness of the device and all the changes, just like I should be doing to you. It’s not worth risking letting any more liabilities running around. Then you get wiped too.”

“What!?”

“Come on,” you sighed “ We’ve been over this. Trust me, its for the best. And its just about the device. Everyone carries on like everything’s is perfectly normal.

“But things aren’t normal! I can’t leave things like this. I can’t leave Evan like this, thinking he and Elizabeth had always been a couple!”

“Then you’d better fix whatever you can before you bring that thing back, but like I said. You have one day. After that, I get my device back one way or another.”

“There’s no way I could convince you to not erase our memory?”

“Look, just get the thing back first, then we’ll discuss your options, okay?”

“I... I’ll do my best.” I took a breath. “Its literally my life on the line, isn’t it?”

“I-I really shouldn’t be doing this, you know.” you said, “I could get into serious shit for this.”

“I know. I can’t even begin to tell you how grateful I am. This is a chance to set things right, and its maybe more than I deserve.” I looked up at you. “But look,” my voice caught in my throat “there’s... there’s one more thing I need to ask from you.”

“What now?”

I agonized over the decision. I hated myself for thinking it. For thinking it needed to be done. But it was the best chance we had. I... I didn’t know if I could deal with Elizabeth. I could confront her, sure, but I loved her too much. I was too soft. She could use that against me. I wanted to believe she wouldn’t, but I just knew her too well.

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. This was the only way. This was how it needed to be.

“You said I was smart before, right? Clever? When I was Ellen, I mean. “

“I did.”

“Can you... can you turn me back? Into her? Again?”

“What?”

"I want you to turn me back into Ellen. The way she was originally, before all this."

"I- yes, I could." you looked over at your machine. "If this is about being smart though, you know I could just roll you back to before she switched away your education instead, right? It would be just as easy."

"I thought about that, actually. It's tempting. It's really, really tempting. But no. Look, what happened to me... I hate it. I hate that she did it. Don't get me wrong, I love my life. I'm happier being Slut than I ever was as Ellen. But... but this isn't who I'm supposed to be."

"Aren't you the one who gets to decide who you're supposed to be?"

"I am. And this is the choice I'm making. Ellen... she loves Evan more than anyone, more than I ever could. When I think back to all the memories I have of him and Elizabeth, all those happy memories, I cry because I so desperately want to be a part of that happiness. And now that I know that those moments are all just stolen fragments of my life?"

I took a drink from my cup, then continued.

"Ellen wants him to be happy. She's a stick in the mud and she doesn't even like cheerleading and she's a total prude, but she's who I originally was. She's who Evan fell in love with. I... I don't know how he'd feel about me. Not after all I've done. Ellen loves Evan more than life itself, so for her, for them, I'm willing to give up the life I have now to her a shot at the life she should have. Besides, I had a chance to confront Elizabeth and all I did was run. If anyone deserves to rescue Evan, if anyone deserves to stop Elizabeth, its her."

"I - are you sure?" your brow was raised in surprise. "You seemed pretty upset about having to turn back into the way you are now. If you go through with this Ellen probably won't volunteer to turn back."

"I know. I'm sure. Trust me, making other people happy is what I'm all about. The least I can do is make myself happy every now and then."

"Alright, well, I cant undo any of the physical stuff, but I'll roll you back to Thursday and reset your awareness to full again. I guess at the very least you'll be able to see all the changes that have been made thus far, though of course not any that happen beyond this point.

"Thank you."

You offered me one of the machine's tendrils. I took it with a trembling hand and held on as tight as I was able.

"Oh! and tell Stacey that I'm sorry. They'll probably have to find someone else for their orgies for now on. And tell Kiley that I wanted to thank her for- "

Zzzzttttt

Hot tears were running down my face. I wiped at them confusion. Though those thoughts now seemed so foreign, my brain was still awash in emotion. I had just said a very difficult goodbye.

"Am I me again?" I asked.

"You tell me."

"Fuck!" I screamed as I looked down. "Why am I naked again!?"

I rushed to put on the clothes that had been left on the table, not even bothering to seek out privacy this time. Its not like anyone was looking.

"Look," you said, "what you just did -- what the other you just did..."

"I... yeah... wow." I furrowed my brow. "She sacrificed herself to give me a second chance, didn't she? For Evan, for us. I... I didn't know I had it in me. Fuck, I guess I'd better not waste it.

I flexed my hand. I still had those stupid perfectly manicured nails, but holy shit, I was back. I thought I was done for, that I'd given myself up into perpetual bimbohood for the chance that someone would be able to put things right. I guess Slut had done the same for me. I felt weirdly proud of me. I frowned. Maybe I'd been too hard on myself...

"Listen, Ellen, I know you want to get your boyfriend back, but this is both of us taking a risk on this okay? Please be careful. Remember, in so far as the world is concerned, you're still Slut. If you don't act like it, you're going to get found out."

"Shit, I hadn't thought of that. How did Slut act? I tried to think back to some of the things that I had been doing over the past few days. Oh my god, I'd been the tasty centerpiece in an enormous bisexual swapped up cheerleader-football orgy.

I bit my lip and blushed a little. Fuck, why did that memory turn me on so much? Stupid horny body.

Anxiety started to build up in the back of my mind. What had that idiot me have been thinking? How did I think that I would be better at fixing things like this?

I thought back to everything that had happened, to the story I had just told. There had to be something in there I could use. I was aware now. That was good. More aware than slut. I knew everything. I could remember every swap from the past week, see through them all, even though I wasn't aware at the time. There was a clarity about it now. Oh my god, I'd been so dumb when I'd had the device. All those stupid, selfish things I'd done. I'd been so self absorbed.

Evan... oh my god. He was so different now. What had I done to him? I had to help him, I had to save him. I had to turn him back, to put things to right. Who knew what Elizabeth was doing to him right now? Not that I hadn't done my own share of damage, and not that she hadn't wounded me too. I looked down at my body. This form was a scar. Slut's stupid jiggly sexy body and her constant horny yearnings a persistent reminder of what I'd lost. I gripped my fist.

"Ellen? How are you feeling?"

"I think the weight of everything that's happened has started to kick in."

"Maybe next time you get a reality altering super device, you don't tell your psychotic friend, okay?"

"There's going to be a next time?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Not for you. Ugh. We're probably going to have to start introducing rigorous more screening protocols from now on. Who knows what'll happen if some other crazy girl gets her hand on one of our remotes."

I shook my head. Just imagining the chaos that could ensue. I had thought it sounded fun once, but now the idea was vaguely terrifying.

"Alright," you said, finishing your coffee. "I think we're done here. For now. I'll meet you back here at this time tomorrow. Don't be late and don't try to do anything stupid, okay? If we have to send a team to track you down its gonna look really bad on my file."

You stood up and set your briefcase down on the table. Your machine scuttled over and sat down inside it, waving one of its little arms behind it.

"Uh, Frank?" I said.

"Yeah?"

"Thank you."

"Huh?"

"Thank you. For pulling me out of that, for giving me this chance."

"Yeah , well." you blushed. "Just don't screw it up. I've already taken care of the bill. You get home safe, okay?"

I nodded.

You turned and left for the door.

"Oh and Ellen?" You said, turning back to look at me.

"Yeah?"

"Good luck."

You flashed me that catlike smile one last time as you stepped outside. The pouring rain somehow failed to land even a drop on you.

I frowned and looked down at my own cup. It had been empty for some time.

I needed to get home. I needed to think, to come up with a plan. I needed to - oh my god my house was full of dildoes. I had a butt plug collection that would make a sex shop blush. Fuck, Slut had been proud of it, too, she'd put them on my bookshelves for everyone to see.

It was weird. I remembered everything that happened while I was Slut, but I was becoming increasingly aware that I wasn't her. I had none of her memories, her history. I had no idea where I diverged from what everyone else currently believed was reality. I felt like a stranger, like I was possessing a body that wasn't my own, stealing a life that wasn't mine. Talk about ironic.

I shook my head. Okay, whatever. It was fine. It was temporary. I could fix it. I just needed to get the device back. Once I had that I could try to fix things. I'd figure it out then. I had a whole fucking life to put back together.

But what if I couldn't find the people Elizabeth had swapped me with? What then? Pretend to be Slut for the rest of my life? Or use the device to swap myself back to normal, swapping Slut away piecemeal into the lives of others. I shuddered. Could I do that? After everything that had happened?

I shook my head again. One step at a time.

I thought back to Evan. Not sexy girl Evan, but plain average guy Evan. The way he'd been before all this. He used to look at me like I was the only thing in the whole universe that mattered. My heart boiled over at the thought that there was a good chance he'd never look at me that way again, worse, that he had never even done that to begin with.

I clenched my first as I thought back to all the awful things that I had done to him. I had traded away his smile, and then forgotten that it the him underneath that was important. That was something I'd never forget again.

I had one day, no plan, and it was raining, but I was me again.

It was time to fight back.

To be continued in Chapter 22: Fighting Back