

Warning, this sexy, swappy, chapter includes truly massive tits, mating presses, mass swaps, relationship advice, libraries, horse dongs, dog collars, lusty stares, dick swaps, head swaps, body swaps, breakfast, blind old ladies, futanari amazons, dream sequences, noisy vibrators, voice swaps, musky precum, casual blowjobs, traps, fashionable strap-ons, man-tits, girl bulges, bimbo speak, wise cheerleaders, breast inflation, dick inflation, auto-erotic tit fuckery, deep philosophical musings, relationship advice, lactation, complete physical swaps, and one horny girl desperately fighting back in a world gone mad!

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 22 – Fighting Back! =

By Razmagurk

I let out a long desperate moan as my dick plunged into the warmth of Evan's impossibly, perfectly tight pussy.

I thrust harder as he wrapped his long, slender legs firmly around my hips, sinking me and my hot sex deeper into him, refusing to ever let us go. Our enormous, sensitive tits mashed together in a frenzied, grinding embrace as his hands clung tightly around my back. The grunting and mewling of his soft, sexy voice was lost beneath a torrent of my own passionate cries.

I could feel rising, primal heat echo with my own as I drove my dick deeper and deeper, faster and faster, our mutual pleasure rising to a desperate chorus of gasps and grunts as we climbed rapidly towards our climactic, otherworldly, crescendo.

And then, right on the cusp, right on the edge, when the pleasure was an overwhelming ocean of sensation, but still just one drop away from that raging orgasmic flood, Evan fell away from me. I reached out, trying to grab him, but he just kept slipping through my arms as he fell into the void.

I gave chase, running after him. I couldn't let him go. Not again.

But I was still impossibly horny, still frantic with a yearning need. My throbbing hot dick ached hungrily with every step and my body was flushed and hot and panting. I tried to ignore it, tried to focus on Evan, but with every step I took, he seemed to drift two steps further away. Soon, all I could see was his smile, his perfect, beautiful smile, shining like a star in the darkness.

He seemed so far away now. I tried to keep running, but that mewling need within me seemed to just grew louder and soon, far too soon, it was an overwhelming roar resonating through every inch of my body. Not stopping, not slowing, not giving upon Evan, I reached one hand down to pump along the hard shaft of my slick, aching member while I groped and fondled at my tits with the other. It was a pale imitation of the rapture that was Evan's wonderful, perfect pussy, but it was all I could do to bring any sort of relief.

In the distance, lightning struck, bringing with it a deep, rolling Zzzztttt.

Suddenly, with each pump of my hand it seemed like my dick was growing bigger and more demanding, swelling up inch by horny inch. My tits were doing the same -- every grope, every squeeze, every caress

just seemed to cause them to spill forth that little much more, and as they grew so too did my pleasure and my need. Gasps and panting cries dripped from my lips. Before long I could handle neither my tits or my dick with a single hand, and had to start using both.

I tried to keep running, but my dick was too big, my tits were too huge. I tripped over my own massive balls and collapsed into a heap of quivering, cooing flesh. My dick, now as large as my arm and still growing with every thrust, stuck up now through the enormous mass of my tits, eye level with me as it pulsed and twitched and oozed a steady, heady-smelling stream of precum.

At this point I was more sex than girl, yet still I couldn't stop. It wasn't enough. I wrapped my dick in a tight embrace, squishing my tits around it and somehow finding the range of motion to thrust and pump, fucking my cock with my own massive tits as I drew closer and closer to a screaming mind shattering orgasm.

Lightning struck again. I heard laughter, familiar laughter, Elizabeth's laughter. I looked around for the source, but couldn't see it.

Wait, where had Evan gone? I couldn't see his smile anymore.

I tried to stand, tried to move, tried to run again in some desperate hope that maybe I could find him, but I didn't have the strength.

Hot tears rolled down my eyes and onto my tits, mingling with the precum and sweat that was acting as lube while the overwhelmingly pleasurable sensation of my own massive and sensitive dick thrust again and again, harder and harder between my even more massive and sensitive tits, bringing me inch by inch, growing inch closer to orgasm with each thrusting pump.

The laughter grew louder. It was near now, so near. I knew I had to move, had to get away. I didn't know why, just that I did, that something terrible was about to happen, that I needed to get away, to hide. I felt a presence behind me, looming over me, ready to strike.

But I was so close, I couldn't stop.

I heard one last Zzzzttttt and screamed.

I woke up panting and sweating and with my body screaming out in sexual pleasure. Something was buzzing and something was hot and heavy between my tits and between my legs. I rolled over in surprise and frustration, kicking out the pillow I had been grinding my hot wet crotch against and the one that had become entangled between my tits. The room reeked of my naked arousal.

I tried to roll over to find a comfortable position, but the buzzing just kept growing louder. I slapped at it to turn it off, but my hand slammed down on something hard and phallic instead. I pulled away in shock and frustration as it started buzzing too. I slapped at whatever it was, but that just knocked it off the bedside table and onto the floor, its gentle purring quickly turning into a hornet's screech as it made contact with the cold hard ground.

I growled and swore internally. Eyes still shut, I pulled the blanket over my head and considered if I could just ignore the noise entirely and go back to sleep, but after several increasingly uncomfortable minutes it became clear that I could not. I sighed and took a deep breath before finally rolling over to the edge of the bed and reaching an arm down out of my warm blankets to slap off my buzzing alarm and to grab the escaped vibrator. My heart, still pounding with half remembered arousal, beat even harder as I wrapped a hand around the shaft and fumbled for the off button.

Jesus, what the hell had I been dreaming? It had been terrifying and yet... and yet my whole body was turned on. I squirmed a little, just revelling in the sensation of the warm blankets rubbing sensuously against my naked skin. I blushed a little as I realized I was still holding the vibrator.

Slowly, it came back to me. Most of it anyway. I'd been dreaming about Evan, hadn't I? But then even in my dreams I'd lost him. I frowned. I had hoped that I'd be able to escape all this weird shit in my sleep at least, that I'd be able to dodge this crazy fucking nightmare for the briefest of black, empty, hours, but it seemed that was not the case. I let out a heated breath. Despite all that horror, the dream had been so... so *hot*.

I was breathing more rapidly now. One of my hands had snuck up to my breast and was gently plucking at one of my stiff nipples. I jerked it away as soon as I realized what I was doing. Fuck, now was not the time for this. Why was I so goddamn horny? I looked down at the vibrator in my hand and sighed. Right. Of course. Slut masturbated first thing in the morning. I may not have her mind, but I sure as hell had her body, and it was a needy little thing that wanted its morning exercise.

It's not even as though this was the only time Slut masturbated, -- on the contrary, it was her go-to activity whenever she was alone and frequently when she wasn't -- but she had always considered that series of soft cooing orgasms first thing upon waking to be a special little morning ritual.

I growled and threw the vibrator away. I don't care how lusty her body was, I had more important things to do. The phallic thing crashed against the wall then clicked on as it rolled to the ground, buzzing again against the floor in protest at this rough treatment. I groaned and worked up the courage to pull off the covers, ripping away the warmth and safety of my blanket for the cold uncaring air of the world beyond.

Let me tell you, moving around in this ridiculous sex-pot body was a very unique experience. I hadn't really had the time to dwell on it last night while I was running home in the rain, but now, first thing in the morning, sitting up for the first time, I couldn't help but notice that even the slightest shift of weight, even the slightest movement, seemed to be enough to set the damn thing off in an a whole erotic avalanche of dancing flesh.

I sighed as I stood up, my body taking its time to settle even from that.

I don't think Slut had ever really realized how completely bonkers her tits were. Why would she? To her this was normal. They somehow conspired to be both simultaneously stupidly enormous and gravity-defyingly perky. I couldn't even begin to guess at what size bra she wore. Well, okay, trick question -- she didn't wear a bra at all. Though it was a little less obvious from where I was looking, her ass was no better. The damn thing was like a perfectly formed peach jutting out like some kind of shelf. You could balance a drink on either end of me and the only reason it would spill is because even the slightest of motions seemed to set off a cartoonish cascade of quivering girlflesh.

Needless to say, this all made actually walking anywhere a tremendous act of coordination. I had been amazed, back when I had first started playing around with the device, at how it seemed to adjust a person's stride to take a new shape into consideration. Some sort of safety system or something, I figured. Well, however it had been doing that, the technology used to restore my brain apparently did not do the same.

My natural inclination was to just walk normally, like I've always done. That's what I sort of kept defaulting to, but in this body, well, that was simply not an option. I had mass now - momentum. If I tried to walk normally the bouncing would spiral out of control. No, I had to walk slowly, swaying my hips and chest just so to mind the swing of my enormous, heavy assets. Honestly it was a little, well, slutty, but it was how Slut had walked all the time. She hadn't even considered it all that sexy. She could crank it up a whole extra level when she wanted to strut. It took a little concentration at first, but I think it was baked into the body's muscle memory or something because before too long I could get into it without much concentration, thank god.

I walked over to the vibrator and sighed. At least I could choose to bend at the knees rather than the waist. I reached down and grabbed the stupid thing and put it back in its cradle on the nightstand, then walked back over to the bed and sat down. The top half of me continued to move long after the bottom half of me was done.

I was more awake now. Or at least, more alert. I could focus on things besides drifting back into oblivion. I shook my head as I tried to wring the last vestiges of sleep from my brain. It hadn't been an especially restful night.

Honestly, when I'd left that cafe I'd been so high on the idea of being me again, so angry and spurred to action that I'd seriously considered just going straight to confront Elizabeth then and there. I wanted my device back, damnit, I wanted my life back, I wanted Evan back. But it was late, and despite all the coffee and despite all the nervous angry energy, I was tired. I'm not a freshman, I know better than to think that any idea I come up with at two in the morning is worth acting on without some sleep first. What I needed was some rest and to formulate a plan. Maybe, I had hoped, the latter would come to me in search of the former, but of course it had not.

"Fuck." I said, to no one in particular. "What the hell am I going to do?"

Okay, I shook my head, first thing first. Lying around here moping about it wasn't going to get me anywhere. I needed to get ready and I needed to get out there.

I stood up and jiggled my way over to the bathroom, turning on the shower and inspecting myself in the mirror while I waited for it to heat up. Back when I'd been me, I'd always hated how I looked first thing in the morning. I always had these dark rings under my eyes and my hair was a perpetual mess. Somehow though, Slut's features just contrived to make her look all the sexier first thing in the morning. Right now I had this perfectly inviting bed-head thing going on that probably would have taken hours for a stylist to get just right, and my half lidded eyes looked sultry and seductive rather than tired and frumpy. Slut spent a lot of time on her makeup, but honestly, giving her face, I don't think she really needed it. That was good at least. One less thing to have to worry about.

I chuckled a little. I was sure Evan would disagree. Everyone needs makeup, he'd say. I frowned suddenly. No, wait, I had done that to him, hadn't it? Made him obsessed with the stuff? I hadn't even

asked his permission or explained what I was doing I just changed him. Why had I done that? But... I guess it wasn't so bad, was it? He'd enjoyed the results, hadn't he? That didn't make it right though. Slut had enjoyed being herself, but that didn't make her being forced upon me any better.

Fuck, what was I going to do? Even if I could get the device back, there were so many things that needed to be changed back. If I had time, maybe I could track down and swap back all the major stuff, but I had less than a day. What even did I focus on? How was I supposed to prioritize all that?

I sighed as I stepped into the shower, allowing the warmth of the rolling water wash away the sweat and the pain and the nightmares. I did my best to ignore the three eager dildos suction-cup mounted to the shower walls.

My nipples stiffened as the hot water cascaded over them. I bit my lip. Fuck, my body was still completely worked up. It took every ounce of willpower I had to keep from playing with it, but it was a downhill struggle. Every caress of soapy lather just seemed to feel so damn good. No wonder that girl masturbated all the goddamn time, her whole stupid sexuality was on a hair trigger.

I sighed. Maybe... maybe a little pleasure wasn't so bad. Maybe it would take the edge off.

Honestly... now that I was getting a good look at it, I really wouldn't mind it so much - Slut's body, that is - if it wasn't for all the baggage attached. What it represented was terrible, but Elizabeth had mostly just exaggerated elements I had chosen myself that first night at the bar. If it wasn't for it being her handiwork, I wouldn't have minded so much. It was still strictly better than my old mousy body, that's for sure.

The truth of the matter was that I was *hot* now. Sure, I was maybe lacking in elegance, but no matter how you looked at it I was still stunning. Wasn't that what I had wanted when I first set out with the device? Isn't this what I'd wanted all along? I sighed. I'd never intended to go quite this far though, had I? I grabbed at my boobs for emphasis, but that just caused me to let out a moan. Look at me, I was practically a sex toy. Who could take me seriously like this?

Not that I had much choice. I sighed again. My original body was scattered across half the football team right now and half of those changes had been so subtle that there was no telling who had what. Oh geez, what a weird thought - the football team stole my body. In any other context it would be funny.

I rinsed myself down. Oh how I wished I could have stayed in the shower forever, but there was no time for that. I had a boyfriend to save, I had a life to get back.

I toweled off and made my way into the bedroom to grab some clothes, but every drawer I opened just seemed to be full of all manner of weird sex toys instead. One of them was literally overflowing with condoms. The only one that came even close to clothing was a small drawer containing a section of little hair bows and two older looking collars that bore the name Slut in fancy letters on little metal tags.

I growled in frustration. Right. Somehow, I had managed to forget the whole nudity thing. I looked over at the hamper I'd thrown last night's clothes in. They were still mostly wet from the rain. There was no way I could wear them, could I?

Wait, why the hell did Slut own a fucking hamper if she didn't own any fucking clothes?

I sighed. I honestly didn't know what was worse: being naked and no one seeming to care, or wearing clothes and having everyone laugh at me. It was looking like I didn't have much of a choice.

I reached out to pick up one of the dog collars, then stopped. No, I shook my head. Not yet. The moment I stepped outside I was going to have to pretend to be her. For now, at least, I was free to be me just a little longer.

I fixed myself a quick breakfast. Frankly, I couldn't even remember the last time I had done that. Evan prided himself on making breakfast for the both of us. He always jumped at the chance to be domestic. I was honestly a little surprised to find that nothing had changed in regards to the contents of my fridge. It seemed Slut had the same taste in food that I did. For a brief moment I considered that maybe we weren't so different after all, then gagged a little at the memory of how delicious Slut had found that one football player's pussy. I didn't even want to think of what that implied.

Okay, okay, I needed to focus. I sat down with my cereal and toast and considered my plan. Obviously, a direct confrontation with Elizabeth wasn't the best choice. She had the upper hand in any kind of physical confrontation and the moment she realized something weird was going on she could use the device to completely shut me down. Right now the element of surprise was basically the one thing I had over her, and that was only going to help me once. I needed to get the device away from her somehow. Once I had that, then I could afford the luxury of actually confronting her.

I thought back to when I'd lost the device, when that girl - when Emma - had somehow dodged the thing and tackled me and grabbed it. God, how could I have let that happen? Uhg, and then she and Slut had made friends and she had actually turned out to be pretty cool. I sighed. Hers was another life I had to fix. She and Sam had been cute together, before... well, before whatever Elizabeth had done to them to make her treat him like a pet.

I thought back to the collars in my closet. What was it with you and dogs, Elizabeth? I hadn't even realized the device could work on animals, had never even tried. What a massive can of worms. Thank god she hadn't gone overboard with that. I could just imagine some girl walking around with the bottom half of a zebra or something, completely oblivious to why her enormous equine butt couldn't fit into her miniskirt anymore as she prepared for a hot date.

I shook my head again. This was getting me nowhere. I had too much nervous energy and too much emotion flowing through me right now. It was distracting. I needed a clear head. I needed to focus. I needed to get out of here. A walk around campus. That's what I needed. I always did my best thinking there. Whenever I was struggling with school work, that always helped.

Today was Friday. Neither Evan nor I had classes on Friday, so normally we'd spend the day settled into the library catching up on whatever major assignments we had gotten over the past week. We weren't in any of the same classes or anything, so it's not like we were ever working on the same project together or anything, but we could share each other's company and it was nice. I tried not to think about how there was a very real chance that we may never spend that kind of time together ever again.

I sighed. Looks like I couldn't hide in here forever. It was time.

I stared down at the closed drawer, silently willing the contents inside to just be something normal, for all this to still somehow just be a dream. The drawer had other ideas in mind.

The collar's fabric was cool against my skin as I put it around my neck. It was tight and uncomfortable - a constant reminder of my humiliation. I heard the thing click and I adjusted it so that it sat right, the little tag in the front proclaiming for all the world that I was Slut. Theoretically, this was the perfect disguise. I just hoped it would be enough if I ran into Elizabeth. If yesterday was any indication, she was probably still out there somewhere, looking for me, hunting me.

I hesitated one last time as I stood there at the threshold. My subconscious was screaming at me that I was about to step outside completely naked, that everyone would notice. I clenched my fist. Intellectually, I knew that no one would care, that it would be considered normal, but what if I was wrong? God, this was so humiliating. Maybe I could just hold up in here for a little while longer? But no. No, I couldn't let this stop me. I had to do this. Humiliating or not, if it meant putting an end to this madness, if it meant getting Evan back, I could do anything. I had to.

I stepped out the door.

I blinked. Cold air danced across my exposed body. I had expected some kind of big dramatic moment, but no one was around to look.

I was going to take the long way to campus. There's a sort of a shortcut that involves cutting through the park which I like to use if I have class on that side of the grounds, but right now I just didn't want to deal with the whole leash thing.

It was still relatively early - I had needed to get some sleep, but I didn't want to waste the whole day - so the streets were pretty quiet, at least here away from campus. This meant it was a surprisingly long while before the normality of my nudity could be put to the test. I flinched as an old lady rounded the corner up ahead and started walking in my direction. I imagined that the only reason she didn't immediately freak out and snap at me for being dressed like some kind of harlot was because her eyesight simply wasn't that good. I blushed in preparation, her imagined words already bouncing around inside my head. But no, she just passed me by like it was nothing. She hadn't even given me a second glance.

I breathed a quiet sigh of relief. Obviously, that's what I'd been expecting to happen, but it was still nice to confirm it. Not that that made me feel any less embarrassed about all this. I just... I had to get used to it, I guess. If I was going to pretend to be Slut, I couldn't let something like this stop me.

As I got a little closer to campus I started to realize that I wasn't being ignored quite as hard as I'd expect. Most of the guys - and a surprisingly large number of the girls too, come to think of it - turned their heads to look at me as I went past. Hell, some of them were quite obviously staring. I pretended not to notice, and some of them looked away, but others just kept on staring. They weren't freaking out or anything, there was no laughter or derision - they weren't looking at me like I was naked - but I definitely stood out.

I'm a little embarrassed to say that it wasn't until a guy walked face first into a streetlight because he'd been too busy ogling my tits to pay attention to where he was going that I realized what was happening: I was hot. Stupidly, aggressively hot. I was hot enough to turn heads. For Slut, who people had been lusting over her whole life, this was all just background noise, but to me it was a foreign situation. Prior to the device I could on one hand the number of people who had ever looked at me like that.

I'll admit I was a little intimidated by all the attention. I found my arms self-consciously crossing over my chest, trying to hide what percentage of my tits didn't spill out over them. But that's not what Slut would do, is it? She wouldn't be shy about all this. I had to be like her, I had to keep forcing my arms down, to act like this was natural.

It was ironic. Back when this had all started, the first fucking thing I'd used the device for was to make myself sexy. I'd wanted to be hot. I'd wanted to stand out. Well, now I had all that and more.

Slut, of course, had loved this. She had taken people's lustful attention as a compliment. If some guy was staring at her ass, she'd stick it out to give him a better view. She knew she was a hot and she knew how great it felt to look at someone who was hot, and she had wanted to share. It was like she was in on the joke. To her, getting lusted over was like getting a high five from a passing stranger.

She didn't even see anything wrong with this. She liked making people feel good. It didn't matter to her if that meant fucking them or just giving them something nice to stare at. For her, these sorts of things just brought more happiness into the world. Her being a slut was like her little way of making the world a better place, one blowjob at a time.

I think, most importantly, she was never passive about it. Presenting herself as a sex object was a choice that she made. Being viewed in a sexual light, being seen as a creature in tune with her sexuality... that's the context from which she was perhaps best prepared to face the world - its where she felt the most right. She wasn't a sex object, to use the grammatical term, she was the sex subject. It was her flexing her agency, her exercising freedom to be who she was and wanted to be.

I shook my head. Where the hell had Elizabeth managed to find a mentality like that? Did she even realize what she was doing, or had she just found some slutty girl to trade my... my... whatever with? What had I had to give up in that trade? Was there some sorority girl suddenly having a hard time because she got saddled with my sexual mores? Or maybe it was just some kind of emergent personality quirk that resulted from a weird combination of other traits all piling up into something new.

Of course, I, Ellen, was a one boy kinda girl. I didn't want anything to do with that side of Slut's life. So when a few of the guys I was passing on the street as I crossed over onto campus proper had tried to actively solicit me for sex, I had no idea how to respond. I laughed it off at first, then balked and shook my head when I realized they were serious. Was I that lust-inducing, that guys would just approach me like that? No, maybe it was just slut's reputation, or maybe those were people she had actually slept with before. Oh my god, I had no idea Slut's sexual history, she could have slept with half the campus for all I knew.

I was so preoccupied trying to think through my anxieties that at first I didn't even notice all the weird shit that was going on. It took the sight of two guys giving a girl a tag-team blowjob while she sat on a bench reading a book that I actually stopped and looked around.

Holy shit, it was chaos. What kind of swaps had Elizabeth been making? What trail of destruction had she left in her wake? There was no way this could have been just her... But what had that machine said? Over five hundred swaps? That was way more than I could account for. I was on the campus proper now, and from the looks of it, the first round of morning classes had just let out. Everywhere I looked something was seriously wrong. It wasn't every last student, thank god, but in any given group, at least one person was seriously out of whack.

The most obvious changes of course were the headswaps. Nerd heads, jock heads, girl heads, guy heads: mom bodies, kid bodies, fat bodies, thin bodies. A staggering number of people were walking around with zero continuity between what was above and below their neck. I don't know why the device seemed to default to swapping everything from the chin down, but that's what it liked to do if you didn't set the damn thing right. Maybe Elizabeth had found that out the hard way? Maybe she just thought it was funny?

A dark thought snuck up in the back of my mind. Maybe this wasn't Elizabeth at all. I'd had that thing loose in my bag - what if the device had been dummy firing the entire time and I'd simply been too oblivious to realize? How could I have been so irresponsible with it? It was literally a magical box. Why hadn't I treated it with the care it obviously deserved?

Most of these poor headswapped people were dressed in their old clothes - ill-fitting though they now were - so the swaps could have happened anytime in the past week. Some though were still wearing what they had been when they swapped, meaning the swap was still fresh. One guy in particular stood out for having, beneath his chiseled square jaw and piercing blue eyes, the body of a young girl complete with pink tutu and ballet shoes. He was flirting aggressively - and successfully - with one of the other head swaps, a demure girl who's shoulderless crop top did very little to hide the bulging muscles of a varsity rugby player.

On one of the lawns nearby, a game of pickup football was taking place. About a third of the players were normal (in so far as I could tell) but the other two thirds looked like someone had put their bodies through a randomizer.

A small crowd had formed along the sidelines. One woman in particular stood out. She had an athletic male body, but was holding her belly very carefully like she was - wait, now I recognized her. She was that math professor who had gotten pregnant a few months back. Where was her - oh. Oh no. running down the field, ball clutched to his chest, was the boy with her old body, his swollen milk-heavy tits flying each and every way as his pregnant belly was tackled to the ground. I flinched. No one seemed to regard this as at all dangerous. What was going to happen when the baby came due?

Two of the guys who had just completed the tackle stood up and chest-bumped, their enormous tits smashing together as they did so. Then they blushed awkwardly. I guess their tits were on hair triggers too.

A fashionably dressed girl, probably a girlfriend to one of the players, let out a loud belch that was greeted with hollers and high fives from her similarly dressed friends.

I looked around some more. While the head swaps were easily the most noticeable swap, for sheer volume, the dicks were impossible to ignore. Maybe I was just over-extrapolating, but it was a warm day and the girls around here liked to dress kinda slutty - it wasn't hard to figure out that the weird tent in a

girl's skirt was her nursing a thong-defying boner, or that the baseball-sized bulge in a girl's short-shorts was her cramped and heavy testicles carefully squeezed into a space that was never designed to comfortably house them. I felt bad for them - I knew from experience how unpleasant that could be. Like, half the girls I was looking at right now had to have fallen victim to this. Some of them weren't even subtle about it - one girl was walking around in jeans so tight that you could see the veins on the outline of her dick snaking down her legs.

You know its funny. I think I felt a twinge of nostalgia. Not that I'd want my dick back. They were a huge pain in the ass. God, what a weird experience that had been. The stupid thing had always been so needy, so desperate for attention, so... mmm... I bit my lip as I remembered Evan's expert oral ministrations under the sheets that first morning. My nipples stiffened as I thought about all the ways I'd fucked him silly since then. I blushed, then shook my head. Okay, maybe it had been pretty fun. But still.

Oh fuck, it wasn't just my dick I had lost. It had been Evan's. I lost Evan's Dick. Fuck, okay, he'd probably want that back. Another thing to worry about fixing.

If half the girls were walking around with dicks, and if that was a proportionate sample, that meant half the guys had to be following suit, right? It was trickier to get a good read that half of this swap, but I could imagine it. Not that you could tell. A lot of them were still acting like they had dicks, based on the cat calls and wolf whistles I'd been hearing, but it changed the context a little knowing that a surprising number of these guys just wanted to take me home and scissor with me. Or maybe they'd want me to use a strap-on? I wondered how they thought this worked.

Would this change the dating dynamic at all? Would people favor people who could compliment their genitalia? Or would the obliviousness extend so far that they just wouldn't care? I laughed a little at the sight of some jock who was putting the moves on a girl with an obviously bulging skirt, completely failing to not glance down at her huge dick every few seconds. I pictured the two of them back in his room, him wine and dining her and seducing her only for her to be the one to fuck the shit out of him instead of the other way around.

I bit my lip, then shook my head again. Fuck, why was this getting me all horny again?

As I passed by the Central Campus building my attention was drawn to a clique of attractive girls who seemed engaged in a serious discussion about boys while eyeing up a group of shirtless examples nearby. They weren't quite cheerleaders - they weren't athletic enough for that - but they certainly held themselves with a kind of regality, so I'm sure they were important socialites or whatever. They almost looked perfectly normal. Fashionably dressed and well put together, they'd have escaped my notice entirely if it weren't for the fact that the cleavage sticking out of their designer tops was all fat and hairy. They must be very proud of them none the less, based on the way they were dressed to show it off, but it was painstakingly apparent that these were somehow man-boobs. They looked like they belonged more on some overweight guy than on any woman. The whole effect was weirdly amplified with the way their clothes and bras were designed to support and enhance their cleavage. Not that this stopped them, of course. The shirtless boys nearby had started to look over at them and suddenly they were each trying to outdo the others in terms of subtly calling attention to their endowments.

I looked around. They weren't alone. I could see many other girls in a similar situation, though none were quite so hefty as those. I guess with all the guys walking around with tits, it just made sense.

Suddenly, an older looking gentleman, probably a professor, walked past, trying to keep pace with a young stoner girl at his side. She was berating him for giving such a poor lecture and about how he needed to shape up if he wanted to keep teaching here.

They were heading towards the Media building, where a hunky looking guy in high heels bowed and held open a door for a sort of awkward looking nerd, then ogled his perfectly flat ass as he went by.

I was starting to feel dizzy. It felt like the whole damn campus had been turned upside down.

I stopped dead in my tracks as the door to the Social Sciences building opened. Stepping out was a trio of bitchy looking girls, each naked save for a pair of extremely high-heeled fuck-me boots and an enormous strap-on dildo. My jaw dropped. The smallest of the strap-ons had to be a foot at the least, and they just got bigger from there. The massive silicone wangs bounced and swayed and flopped as the girls walked, knocking into things as they turned. Jesus, and I thought walking around with these boobs was tough. I winced as one of them accidentally dicksapped a passing girl in the balls.

Putting some more speed into my step, I rounded the corner to see a little yoga class taking place on the lawn in front of the Fine Arts building. All of the participants had the bodies of severely overweight men squeezed into yoga pants and sports bras.

One of the older and more severe librarians passed by on the way to the library. He had his hair up in pig tails and was skipping, the teen romance novel he was holding clutched tight to his chest.

Shortly after him ran a freshman, late for class. A tramp stamp reading "Anal Princess" in cute girly writing was just visible as his shirt rode up.

Of course, a lot of the changes I was looking at were a little more subtle, a little trickier to nail down. There were a bunch of people, for example, running around in the wrong clothes. Maybe it was a guy in a skirt and blouse or a girl with men's running shoes and khakis. Sometimes the only indication the clothes weren't part of their regular wardrobe was how poorly they fit. At first I assumed they were wardrobe swaps of kind of some kind, but the more I watched them the more little clues I started to pick up on. The way the guys were swinging their hips as they walked, for example, or the way they held their hands. One guy was acting demurely while another guy with tits even bigger than mine was chatting him up. Honestly, I'm surprised it took me so long to realize - these weren't guys dressed up as girls, these were girls who had been completely turned into guys, and vice versa. Complete physical swaps.

At least, that's the best conclusion I could come up with. I suppose any given one of them could have been victim to both a body language swap and a wardrobe swap and that would have created the same effect. Hell, for all I knew, they could have fallen prey to something even more insidious, something *creative*. I shuddered.

In a corner, where they probably thought no one could see them, a rather cute looking couple was making out. The guy raised his foot delicately and the girl pressed the advantage by snaking a hand down his pants to grope at his butt.

Before I could see what happened next, my focus was drawn to another professor walking by, this one explaining some topic or another to a small flock of pigeons who were waddling as fast as they could to keep up, listening intently. One was struggling to take notes.

I guess it was around then that the gravity of the situation started to hit me. This was all... this was all really fucked up. What was I supposed to do about all this? I didn't even know if I was going to have the time to turn myself back, let alone fix all - or any - of this.

I felt dizzy. I had to sit down.

Sitting on a bench when you're not wearing anything is a bit of a surprising experience. The alternating bands of cold wood pressed into my skin like a brand.

I closed my eyes and just tried to focus on my breathing, tried to avoid thinking about what was going on. This was absolute chaos. Total anarchy. No wonder the company had wanted to get a team in to deal with this. Had Elizabeth really done all this? It had only been a few days. The alternatives - that there had been someone else running around with a device this whole time, or that I was somehow responsible for some or all of this - were too scary to consider.

"Slut."

Some of these people's lives were going to be in shambles. Like they were oblivious, sure, but still. As someone who had been on the other end of that not too long ago, obliviousness wasn't the sort of comfort I had once thought it was. I wanted to help these people, but I just... what was I supposed to do in the face of such complete disorder?

"Slut!"

I let out a deep breath. Okay, worrying about these people wasn't going to do me any good, not now at least. After all, I had my own survival to worry about first and foremost. Get the device back, save Evan and myself. That was my priority. Then I could afford to start worrying about fixing all this.

"Slut?"

My eyes sprung open as hand tapped me on the shoulder. I jumped to my feet.

"Slut, are you okay?"

Standing before me were two of the girls from the cheerleader team - Stacey and... Jenny? Their feminine heads were a stark contrast to the sculpted musculature of their footballer bodies. They wore concerned expressions.

"Uh," I said, dumbly. Fuck. I had to get in-character. I couldn't risk... well, it's not like they'd go blabbing to Elizabeth, but still. What would Slut say in this situation?

"Slut?"

"Oh my god! Like, hi!" I said, trying put as much bimbo pep into my voice as possible. "I'm, like, totally sorry, I was completely distracted thinking about, uh, like, cute boys and stuff."

The two of them exchanged a worried look. Shit, maybe I'd overdone it. That's how Slut talked though, wasn't it?

"Is everything alright?" asked Jenny "We've been looking everywhere for you."

"Like, why wouldn't I be?" I asked.

"Uh," said Stacey as they exchanged another worried look. "Because of everything that happened last night?"

"Yeah," said Jenny "you gotta spill girl, what the hell was that all about? What happened after you ran off? We didn't hear anything else from you all night. We were worried! You can't just leave us hanging like that."

Oh my god, that was right. They'd been there when Elizabeth had come after me, hadn't they? She'd stolen Jenny's fighting skills or something. Shit, I'd forgotten about that. I'd have to keep that in mind if I was going to confront her. These girls had stood up for me though, they'd helped me escape. Without them... well, I'd probably still be a little oblivious idiot right now.

It wasn't until later that it occurred to me how unusual it was that these girls weren't swapped up any further. I'd have thought Elizabeth would have punished them somehow for helping me escape, but they were the same as I had left them in that bar a week ago.

I frowned internally. These girls were Slut's friends. That meant that whatever happened they were going to be firmly on Slut's side. How would they regard me, I wondered, if they knew? I couldn't let them find out. Having to deal with a cheer squad that believes their friend has been possessed or something was more than I had time for right now.

They wanted to know what was going on? Well, what would Slut know?

"Oh my god, I totally have, like, no clue." I said, twiddling my hair and trying to seem as dumb as I could. "Elizabeth had this weird box thing and she was, like, totally coming after me with it."

"Look, Slut, we're worried about you..." said Jenny. "But cut the crap. We're not idiots. We know what's going on."

"W-what!?" my face went red in embarrassment. How could they possibly know?

"This is about Evan, isn't it?"

"Jenny!"

"Its a legitimate question!"

"What Jenny means, Slut, is that we're worried about you. This past week... well, you haven't been yourself."

"I haven't?"

"And, well, we know you have a thing for this Elizabeth girl, and for her boyfriend..."

"It's so obvious." chimed Jenny. "You've got it bad, girl!"

"And then you and Elizabeth, despite years of friendship, get in some kind of in a big fight? Big enough that she's coming after you afterwards? Big enough that you're actively running and hiding from her? And then you start spinning some story about how you've secretly been really smart this whole time and getting upset about your lack of education and start talking about how you want to do better in school?"

She paused expectantly, as though the weight of this evidence would be enough to force from me a confession.

"We can read between the lines, Slut." said Jenny. "You made a move on Evan, didn't you? And it's ruined your friendship with Elizabeth and now you're trying to change yourself to be whatever this Evan character wants you to be. First wanting to be smarter, and now talking like some kind of bimbo? This is all because of some stupid boy, isn't it?"

I looked at them expressionlessly, relief washing over me.

"Y-you know what?" I ventured "You caught me. I like, totally can't hide things from you. The truth is... yes. Yes, I am in love with Evan."

"Ha! I knew it." said Jenny, pumping a fist.

"Look," said Stacey, "we're not going to tell you who to love, but we're your friends, and we care about you, and we just... we hate to see you do this yourself."

"Do what?"

"Slut, listen to me." Stacey ran one of her masculine hands tenderly down my shoulder. "I know it doesn't always seem this way, but you don't have to change who you are to make Evan fall in love with you. If you want him to truly love you, then it has to be the real you that he falls in love with. Changing yourself to impress a guy is... it's unhealthy. It's the foundation of a bad relationship. Trust me, I've had plenty. If he's ever truly going to love you, its going to be because you're you, otherwise its not true love."

"Aw, Stacey." said Jenny, beaming. "I didn't know you had it in you."

"Sh-shut up." she blushed. "I'm allowed to be romantic."

"The point is," said Jenny, turning back to me, "that if this guy is at all worth it, you've got to cut the crap and confront him with the real you."

"Oh my god. You're absolutely right!" the hot warmth of revelation washed over me.

"Of course." Jenny grinned.

"I've got to find Evan." I said. "I've got to find Evan and explain everything! I've got to trust that even after everything that's happened, he's still the boy who fell in love with me, in spirit if not in fact. I've got to come clean with him about all of this and get him on my side to use against Elizabeth!"

"Uh- wait a second, hold on..."

"Thank you!" I gave Stacey a big hug, my exuberance cut by my embarrassment as I remembered both how naked I was and how sensitive these tits were. "I don't know what I'd do without you. I've got to go find him right now!"

"Sorry, did you just say you wanted to use this boy against -" Stacey began, but Jenny just clapped a hand on her shoulder.

I was already walking away. Evan, I had to find Evan. I had to find Evan and I just had to hope and pray that he was alone.

"When this is all over," Jenny called after me, "we want all the juicy details!"

I could see it so clearly now. Going up against Elizabeth alone was a fool's game, especially if she had the device. But if I could get Evan on my side... in the restaurant he'd been mad at her for swapping Sam, hadn't he? They'd argued and fought. Maybe deep down he realized that this wasn't right, that he didn't really love Elizabeth, that he was unhappy. All I had to do was drive that wedge between them, get him on my side, make him believe the way things really were.

I just hoped I could find him in time, and alone.

Okay, I could do this. I knew him better than anyone, changes or not. Where would Evan be right now? Well, if he was with Elizabeth, she'd probably be dragging him around while she swapped more people, so if he wasn't in his usual place, maybe I could follow the trail of fresh swaps... but if he was on his own what would he be doing at this time on a Friday?

The library. He might not have any classes today, but he had a big History of Communications project due this coming Tuesday. That's where he'd be, assuming Elizabeth hadn't done anything weird to him, of course. It was a thing we normally did together, but he might be there alone. It was worth a check.

The campus actually had several libraries, but the one we liked to go to was the main one - it was the best for general study. It was built tall and had a lot of windows and study rooms so there was lots of natural light and little places you could duck away for some privacy. There was a quiet spot up on the 6th floor that we liked to use. Would he still be there now? Would his memories tell him that that's where he and Elizabeth had always studied?

It was ironic, really. Elizabeth probably didn't even know any of this stuff. She'd stolen Evan away from me, sure, but she didn't know any of our history together. All those little moments where we fell in love every day, the foundation of our relationship, she was a stranger to them. I clenched my fist. Did she really think so little of me and him? No, knowing her, she hadn't been thinking at all.

I pushed my way past a rather portly man's head balancing awkwardly on top of a supermodel's body as I entered the library. It was early and a Friday, so the place wasn't particular busy, but lots of people liked to hang out here even if they weren't studying, so it was far from abandoned.

I was greeted by a rather peculiar trio as I got into the elevator. Two guys - though they were so effeminate that it was hard to even call them that anymore - were making out for the amusement of a leering amazon of a girl, muscular and masculine in her body language, but still decidedly possessing of a female body. Random sex acts like this weren't terribly uncommon on campus, but I think I'd seen more today than was the norm. The girl bit her lip as one of the boys let out a mewling gasp, her huge cock peaking out from the waist band of her skirt as she tried and failed to hide the fact that she was dripping precum. I stood politely off to one corner and pretended not to notice even as the smell of the girl's arousal twinged at my nose.

I rushed out as soon as the doors opened into the 6th floor foyer. I had forgotten the reason why Evan and I hid away in a quite corner on the sixth floor in the first place -- the library afforded a lot of privacy, so even if they didn't have any actual studying to do, people liked to come here to fuck.

I looked around. This floor was usually the most quiet and today was no exception. From this angle at least, the stacks looked empty. That could be misleading though, it was very easy to get lost in them. Sure enough, I could hear the sound of skin slapping on skin and deep, throaty slurping coming from one of the study rooms as I walked past. The place wasn't totally abandoned after all. I looked away as I passed, not keen on finding out what sort of swapped up couple was most likely inside.

My heart pounded with trepidation as I pushed further and further into the library. Would he even be here? Would I be able to convince him of everything that happened? Could I make him love me again?

I turned the corner and, like an angel descending from heaven, there he was. Evan. My pounding heart grew louder. He was sitting at our little table in the back, near the little window with the little bird's nest just outside. The sun shone down on him and him alone.

It was so strange. He didn't look a damn thing like he had originally. He had a stripper's face on top of a cheerleader's body, his every move seemed to ooze with feminine grace, and his makeup was flawless, but it was him alright, there was no mistaking it.

He was glancing back and forth between two books. I stopped and stared, soaking in the relief that I had found him. He was dressed in a white crop top and skirt, a combination that I'd describe as casual were it not for the fact that the shirt was cut so high that you could see the bulging flesh of his underboob, and the frilly skirt barely came down a handful of inches. His legs, long and slender, were crossed at the thigh and a pair of stiletto fuck-me pumps adorned his feet. His navel piercing seemed to sparkle in the sunlight.

Evan. My beautiful sweet Evan. It felt like it had been a lifetime since we'd last been together. I just wanted to run over and embrace him, to be with him and for that to just make everything feel better. But I had to fix all this first, had to set things right. Then we could be together.

I just... I needed to explain things to him. He was smart, he'd understand. I could come clean about the device and about everything that happened. I hadn't had much success explaining to him the truth about stuff he was oblivious about in the past, but I'm sure at this point he had his own doubts. If I just pointed out the inconsistencies the device had left in its wake, if I offered him a sound and logical explanation, a heartfelt plea, I'm sure I could get through to him. He was a good person, he would try to see the truth and to do the right thing.

He had to. He was my only hope.

"Evan!" I called out his name, trying not to sound too excited, trying not to sound too desperate, trying to still the swelling of my heart.

"Evan!" came another voice.

He turned, smiling. It wasn't his radiant smile, the one I'd fallen in love with, but it sent shivers down my spine nonetheless. For one shining moment I felt like everything was going to be alright after all.

Then he kept turning, not even noticing me. It wasn't me he was smiling at. There, emerging from the stacks with a handful of books was Elizabeth.

Shit.

Shit shit shit.

Did she have the device? I couldn't see it. She wasn't currently holding it, but I imagine it wasn't far. Maybe I could rush her now and catch her by surprise? No, I'd have to clear like half the room to get to her, she'd see me coming. Oh my god, that's right, she'd stolen that cheerleader girl's fighting ability too. Any kind of physical confrontation was right out.

I was struck by how different she looked. I mean, I'd seen her this way as Slut, but now that I could remember what she'd looked like to begin with, the changes were stunning. She'd taken a page out of my own book and done the same thing I had in the bar that first night, swapping away every inch of herself that she didn't love. She looked like a completely different person. Her skin seemed to glow and her hair seemed to shine, her teeth were perfect, her nose was different and her eyes were now a stunning shade of blue. Her tits though were the biggest change. She'd always hated being flat chested. Now it would seem she was overcompensating for it. Those enormous things put even mine to shame. She was flaunting them too, her tight little low-cut top specifically designed to draw as much attention to those massive things as possible. They looked practically cartoonish. That was Elizabeth for you though, she'd never really respected the notions of elegance or restraint.

She leaned down and whispered something in Evan's ear. My face went hot and my fists went tight with as he turned and kissed her, their lips lingering tenderly. It took everything I had to not run over there and punch that fucking smile right off her stupid fucking face.

That smile still on his face, Evan began to put away his books. Shit, they were leaving, and shit, I was between them and the elevator. I backed up. I had to get out of her before they saw me.

I ran, turning back around the corner, towards the elevator. What could I do? I had to get away. Could I get into the elevator before them? Get to some other floor? No, there was no telling how long that would take, I needed something immediate. Could I hide in the stacks? No, too far out, they'd see me for sure.

Not knowing what else to do, I burst into one of the study rooms, slamming the door closed behind me. I peeked through the window. They'd be turning the corner any second. I just had to hope they didn't look this way as they went past, hell, with how open this room was, I had to hope they weren't even glancing in this direction.

"Uh, excuse me?" came a man's voice. "This room is taken."

I turned to look and blushed.

Sitting there was a plainly dressed girl with tits so large and heavy that even sitting down they rested on the surface of the table. She must have been lactating because there were little wet spots in her shirt marking the location of her nipples. She was holding a book with a rather suggestive cover and had a copious pile of notes buried under her milky breasts.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I blurted out "I didn't know you were uh..."

I faltered. Under the table, someone was making a truly pornographic series of slurping and gagging sounds, accompanied by the occasional note of slapping skin or the banging of a head on the table.

"It's fine, whatever." said the girl in her masculine baritone. "Just use a different room, we were here first."

"Wait, Slut?" came a voice from under the table. It sounded out of breath. A moment later a head poked up. It was uh, shit what was his name. Brandon! He sat near me in one of my chem classes. He'd been my lab partner a few times but I never even really knew his name until I was Slut. He was a bit of an idiot, but he meant well.

Oh god, that's right, he'd mentioned he had to suck a bunch of dicks for homework, hadn't he? How the fuck did that even work? What the hell could Elizabeth have possibly done to get him to do something like that? Though, actually, come to think of it, that might explain all the public felatio I'd seen on the way here.

With the sounds of sloppy oral sex temporarily ceased, I could hear Evan's voice outside, growing louder. Shit. They were coming. I dove under the table, pressing up against Brandon as I squeezed myself as far in as I could.

That was the intent anyway. I stopped dead in my tracks when I found myself face to face with the massive glistening horse cock jutting out from the girl's crotch.

"Hi, Slut!" Brandon said, bringing his head back under the table and taking up a kneeling position in front of the footlong equine dong. "Funny seeing you here." The thing twitched as he reached up and started to pump at it with both hands. Jesus, it had to be the size of my forearm, and with how hard it was, I was surprised it wasn't lifting the whole fucking table, but it was being counterbalanced by those massive tits of hers.

Cautiously, almost overpowered by the smell, I drew in closer. I had to get as far under this table as I could, even if that meant a face full of horse dick.

Brandon started to run his tongue along the ridge of the girl's cockhead, kissing and slurping as he sucked as much of the massive meatpipe into his mouth as he could. It looked like he was trying to get the whole thing in his mouth at once but it was just too damn girthy.

"Wh-what are you doing?" I whispered, trying not to look, trying not to admit how much the sight - the smell - of all this was turning me on.

"Oh," he said, coming up for breath, "Sorry, I'm just trying to wrap my head around this subject matter. Honestly I think it might be a bit more than I can chew."

There was a cough from above the table.

"Oh, sorry, where are my manners." Brandon laughed. "This is Sarah, my roommate. He's helping me study. Sarah, this is Slut, that girl I told you about."

"Nice to meet you." came the voice.

"L-likewise." I blushed. I was salivating. Why was I salivating?

"I'm glad your okay." said Brandon.

"Huh?"

"Well, you kind of ran off yesterday."

Right, the fire. Elizabeth had shown up and I'd completely left him holding the bag.

"Uh, yeah..." I glanced down. I'd be pretty embarrassed about the whole affair if it hadn't basically happened to another me entirely. "It was, uh, like, totally, a whole bad scene and there was this girl that I..." I shook my head. "I just had to get out of there."

"Well, I answered all their questioning and everything, but I think campus security would still like you to go down and give a statement if you can."

"Huh?" I was honestly only paying half attention. I could hear Elizabeth and Evan talking in the hall. It sounded like they'd stopped just outside. Between that and the hypnotic quality of the enormous

equine phallus I was trying not to stare at, I was having a hard time paying attention to anything this guy was saying.

"And uh," he paused while he took a few deep tongue-swirling licks along the shaft and sucked hard at the ridge of the head. "I was also sort of thinking about what else happened..."

What else *had* happened? Oh. Oh, right. Goddamnit, Slut. I had fucked this guy silly.

"I mean, I know it was probably nothing serious and all," his hands started to increase the pace at which he was pumping the girl's slippery cock. "But, well, I felt like there was a connection between us, you know? At the very least you gotta admit it was some pretty hot sex. No pun intended."

"Uh..." I said dumbly. I wasn't used to being flirted with. I had no idea how to respond to this.

"You know what?" he said, sucking a mouthful of cockflesh into his mouth then pulling away with a loud pop. "I think I'm starting to get the hang of this. I can see why the professor assigned the project."

"Uh, yeah," I nodded noncommittally, "you're really good."

"Thanks!" he beamed.

I could hear the voices in the hall passing. I tried to listen, tried to pinpoint their positioning but it was tricky with Brandon talking.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did you want to try?" he hefted the massive cock in one hand and tilted it towards me. "I know your not a literature student or anything but -"

"No!" I recoiled. "No, that's um, that's like, quite alright!" I grabbed his arm and tilted the cock back towards him, but with a particularly powerful twitch, it slipped out of his hand and swayed towards me, slapping me across the face and sending me reeling.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" said Brandon, catching the thing in both hands. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," I growled, holding a hand up to rub at the wet spot on my face.

"Hey look, I'm almost done here, do you want to maybe slip back to my place after? I know there's definitely some sparks between us," he laughed. "Maybe we pick up where we left off?" he paused again to tongue the underside of the enormous shaft. "Maybe this time we don't start a fire?"

Was this guy seriously trying to pick me up while giving someone a blowjob? And after he'd accidentally slapped me with their cock? I strained to listen for movement out in the hall, but I couldn't hear anything. Had they moved on?

"I, uh, like, look, don't get me wrong. I'm really grateful for all your help and everything and you've been great, but that was really a, uh, spur of the moment kind of thing."

"Oh." he sounded crestfallen "I thought there had really been something between us."

Oh geez. I had to let this guy down gently.

"Listen, I uh, I respect you as a lab partner and I'm grateful you took the heat on the fire thing." Oh my god did I really just say that? "But I'm just not looking for a long-term relationship right now, you know?"

"Oh... well I was sort of thinking less long-term relationship and more... you know..." he looked up at me hopefully. "Casual sex?"

"You know what?" I coughed. "I've got to get going. It was nice seeing you again."

"Wait!"

I could hear nothing from the hallway on the other side of the door. Evan and Elizabeth must have moved on. Hopefully they'd left, but even if they were still around, I could sneak out now and lose them in the stacks. If I was going to see if the coast was clear it was now or never. I couldn't see anyone out the window so I gathered up my courage and poked my head out the door. Sure enough, the hallway was empty. I made a dash for the elevator.

"Ha, dude, you just struck out." I heard Brandon's roommate say.

"Shut up! You and your stupid di-"

"Oh, fuck, dude, keep doing that -- just like that. I- I'm Cumming!"

"Wait, shit, dude, stop! hold on! I can't fit you in my mouth, you gotta cum on my face! Oh god, why is there so much cum?"

The rest, thankfully, was too distant to hear. This was crazy. This whole fucking world was crazy. How much longer could I run like this? How many more close calls?

I looked out of one of the sixth-story windows. Down below Elizabeth and Evan were just leaving. They were heading back to her place I'd imagine, based on their route of departure.

I smouldered. They were holding hands.

If only I had gotten here sooner, maybe I'd have been able to... uhg, what would that have done? She'd still have been here to keep me away from him. Still, maybe I could have gotten him for the brief period he was alone...

Fuck, it was already early afternoon, I didn't have time for these... these *hijinx*.

I needed some way to distract Elizabeth, I needed some way to get her away from Evan so I could talk to him.

But what could I do that wouldn't end up with Elizabeth realizing something was up? Those cheer girls had had me pegged the moment I'd opened my big fat sexy mouth. I was clearly not as good of an actor as I'd thought, and if they could figure it out, there's no way Elizabeth wouldn't realize I was me at twenty paces. Sure, she wouldn't know how, and maybe that could buy me some time in the confusion, but Elizabeth was a swap first ask questions later kind of girl. And then... well. I looked down at the campus of mixed up people and shuddered. I was just one small mistake from becoming just another oblivious casualty.

"Evan..." I said to no one in particular. "I'm going to get you back, somehow. I'll fix all this. I just... I just need a plan." I wracked my brain. I paced. I did all the little things I do whenever I was trying to write a paper and I couldn't think of anything good to talk about.

Slut had sacrificed herself in the hopes that my smarts could figure out some way of stopping Elizabeth. Well, right now I didn't exactly feel very smart. I felt completely lost. I felt like the only sane woman in a world gone mad. Somehow, despite all the strangeness, I was the one out of place here. I just wanted everything to go back to the way it was... was that too much to ask?

But what could one woman do against Elizabeth? Against the monster she had become, even if it was just in my mind? Nothing.

I... I couldn't do this alone. I was out of options.

Maybe... maybe it was time to get help.

To be continued in chapter 23: The Climax!