

Warning: This climactic chapter includes betrayal, drama, heartbreak, breasts, body swaps, cheerleaders, blowbangs, tits, action, boob windows (but not that kind), crazy plans, dogs wearing clothes, girls getting stuck, post-sex glows, emotional rollercoasters, full blooded confrontations, burning hot emotions, impossible choices, true love, and one final chance for our heroine to set things right once and for all.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 23 – The Climax! =

By Razmagurk

“And that’s the situation” I said. “What do you think?”

I looked around the room. A quartet of cheerleaders stared back at me, dumbfounded. Slut’s four closest friends on the team. Four perfectly beautiful feminine heads sitting bizarrely on four of the biggest, beefiest most masculine bodies the football team had to offer. Not that you'd know that from the way they were dressed or the way they flounced around. We were all seated around a table in one of the campus’ private little study rooms.

“Do you honestly expect us to believe this?” asked Stacey, hands on her muscular hips. “No offense, Slut, but you’re not a very good liar. There’s something you’re not telling us.”

I shrank a little. The weight of Stacey’s gaze was crushing. She was right, of course, but Slut’s friends or not, there was no way I was going to tell these girls the full story. Instead I had tried to keep things as close to reality as I could while still grounding it in the plausible. The important thing was that I needed to get Elizabeth away from Evan long enough for me to talk to him and get him on my side.

“You’re right.” I said, taking a deep breath and trying to sound as genuine as I could. “The truth is... well, the truth is a lot more complicated. I honestly don’t know if you’d believe me even if I did tell you.”

“You know you don’t have to keep secrets from us, right?” she pressed. “We’re your friends, you can trust us.”

“I know.” I lowered my head. “And I appreciate that, but this is something I need to deal with on my own first. I guess I’m asking you to trust me.”

"Does this have anything to do with why you've been behaving so weird lately?" asked Kiley.

"Kiley!" Snapped Sandra, elbowing the girl in the ribs.

"What? It's a legitimate question."

"She hasn't been acting weird." Jenny grinned. "The poor girl's just in love." I blushed as she drew out the last word.

"Slut, if you want our help you know we're there for you." said Sandra. "But Stacey's right. You don't have to mislead us."

"Personally, I'm fine with getting mislead." said Jenny. "Just as long as we get all the juicy details once this all over. Try to get all the steamy hot boy-fucking on tape, okay?"

Kiley laughed and Sandra broke a smile. The three girls exchanged a series of looks before turning to look expectantly at Stacey.

The cheer captain sighed. "Fine." she said. "We'll help. But I do really wish you could be upfront with us about this."

"I'm sorry." I said, firmly. "But the less you know the better."

"See? It's you saying stuff like that which gets me worried. This whole crazy plan thing you want to do... you know you can probably just talk to this girl, right? Whatever this is all about, you were friends once, right? That wasn't that long ago -- you can work it out."

"Personally, I like it." said Jenny. "You should get us involved with crazy schemes more often! I have one condition."

"Oh no. What?"

"When we go out to celebrate, you're buying the shots."

The rest of the girls laughed.

"Deal." I smiled. That was a small enough price to pay. Honestly, I didn't know if I was even still going to be friends with these girls at the end of the day, but I figured I could owe them that much regardless.

"Ooh! Ooh!" said Kiley, reaching her hand into the air. "I want you to teach me how you do that thing with your tongue when you're sucking dick!"

"What?" I blushed.

"That's my condition."

"What? Come on." Laughed Jenny. "Do you really need a lesson for that?"

"It's hard!"

"Only if you're doing it right." Jenny winked. "You know you could have just asked me, right?" I'd be more than happy to give you a private lesson."

"Ah." Kiley glanced to the side. "No offense Jenny, but I think Slut does it better."

"Excuse me?" Jenny arched one of her perfectly shaped eyebrows.

"Ladies, ladies. Please."

"I don't believe this!"

"It's true. Your blowjobs are great but Slut... she just brings something special."

"And I don't? No, I won't stand for such a defamatory review. Come on, drop your skirt. I'll show you who how it's done."

Kiley blushed as Jenny's hand snaked its way down the front of Kiley's ill-fitting panties and fished out the mass of bulging meat restrained within.

"I uh, I think I'd better get in on this too." said Sandra, swallowing and unzipping her tight little shorts. "You know, uh, for comparison purposes."

"I thought you weren't gay."

"I'm not!"

"Stacey, Slut, you getting in on this?" asked Jenny, a dick in each hand.

I shook my head. Jenny shrugged then dove mouth first onto Kiley's hot pulsing dick. I looked away as things descended into an impromptu blowbang session. I want to say that I was averting my eyes out of basic decency, but the truth was there was just something about the sight and the smell that was making me salivate.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to struggle with Slut's libido. The longer I resisted the hornier I got.

I bit my lip and tried to block out the sapphic moans and grunts.

I didn't have time for this. I had tried to gather up everyone I could find who might be willing to help me, to help slut, but my options were so limited.

Brandon had been eager, but despite being drenched in cum, he was still way behind on whatever project had required him to be fellating half the girls on campus. He had just started a double blowjob with a pair of gender-distaff twins when I'd caught him, and there was no way I was dragging him out of that library until he was good and caught up.

I'd looked everywhere for Emma and Sam, but I couldn't find any sign of them and neither were answering their phone. I was low key worried that Elizabeth had gotten to them again, but I had more important things to focus on right now.

That left the cheer girls. I was honestly a little surprised at how eager they were to help. I was worried at first that they would catch on to the fact that I wasn't Slut, but I guess the notion was so outlandish that they had never even considered it, even if I had stumbled and dropped my bimbo accent almost right away.

Of course, now I was stuck awkwardly standing here, annoyingly and weirdly horny as one of the girls tried her best to fit the dicks of the other three in her mouth all at once, but hey, at least I wasn't alone.

"Okay," said Jenny, finally, wiping the cum from her chin. "we're all in. What's the plan?"

"Well, that's sort of what I was hoping you girls could help me out with."

"Have you considered just talking to her like a mature adult?" asked Stacey. "I still say that's your best bet."

"Pfft. That's no fun." laughed Jenny. "Besides, if that was an option, she wouldn't be here looking for help."

"Oooh, how about you set some kind of trap?" said Kiley "Like, you lure her out and then bam! You drop a net on her."

"Oh my god, Kiley," said Sandra "this isn't a Saturday morning cartoon."

"It's a metaphorical net. Look, they're at her place, right? So all we need to do to separate them is to lure her out somehow, then we trap her somehow and Slut can slip in and talk to this boy, right?"

"You want to break into this poor girl's house?" asked Stacey, hand once again on her hip. "Besides, what's to stop her from just bringing Evan when she gets lured out?"

"Ah." Kiley's smile faded as she creased her brow. "Right."

"No, no," said Jenny. "This might have some potential. We just need to find the right thing to lure her out with. Something irresistible, but that she'd be too embarrassed to bring Evan in on."

"Oh." a realization hit me like a thunder of bricks. "Me. It has to be me."

"What?"

"She'd come in a heartbeat if she knew that I know what I know, and there's no way in hell she'd want to risk Evan finding out."

"Wait, what do you know?"

"I- I can't tell you."

"I don't like this." Stacey frowned.

"Okay, so we use Slut as a distraction."

"She can't be the distraction, Kiley, she needs to be the one to talk to him."

“Okay, okay, bait then.” she turned to look at me. “We use the promise of you to lure her out of the house, then when she comes out the four of us descend upon her. I’m sure the four of us can take her, even if she does know how to fight. What’s the worst she can do.”

“No!” I said, knowing full well that the worst she could do was far worse than anything Kiley could imagine. Elizabeth was dangerous. “I uh... I don’t want anyone getting hurt. Not until its a last resort, at least.”

“Okay, maybe we don’t use outright violence, but we can lean on her. We can be pretty intimidating when we need to. We’ll do it someplace public. She won’t try anything with lots of people around, and we can still get the message across”

I looked at the four of them. They each had the body of a football player. I wouldn’t put it past them that they were far more intimidating than they realized.

“You obviously don’t know Elizabeth.” I said. “She’s very dangerous.”

“Wait, hold on, why are we resorting to violence in the first place?” asked Jenny.

“What?”

“What if we seduce her instead? You said this girl has bi tendencies, right?”

“Apparently, yeah, though she might not admit it to herself.”

“So what if we catch her off guard and seduce her?” Jenny gave a pose which I imagined was supposed to be sexy and seductive, but the look was completely ruined by her lack of curves and bulging masculine muscles.

“Like some kind of sexy net?”

“Yes, exactly.” Jenny laughed.

“Okay,” summarized Sandra, “so the plan is we lure her out of her house with the promise of slut, then we seduce her with the promise of a cheerleader girl orgy and while she’s getting so high on sapphic pleasure that she can’t even see straight, Slut slips into her house and talks to this boy of hers?”

“Well when you put like that,” I frowned “I guess its not a very good plan is it?”

“No,” chimed Stacey “this is a terrible plan. This is like, sitcom level stupid. You should just go and sit down and talk to this girl and work things out like mature adults instead of running around behind her back getting up to crazy schemes.”

“Right.” said jenny. “That is also an option.”

“Yeah, but where’s the fun in that?”

“Oh my god, Kiley.”

I looked at the gathering girls. Kiley’s eyes were sparkling in excitement. Honestly, deep down I agreed with Stacey. This was a bad plan. But I couldn’t do this alone and we couldn’t afford to waste any more time. I didn’t care how cartoonish it was, if this got me close to Evan, that was all that mattered.

“Fine.” I sighed. Let’s do it.”

“Great!” Jenny grinned. “Okay, Slut, you write the note telling her you’re going to meet her somewhere with this big secret of yours. One of us will deliver it and then fall back to keep an eye on things while the rest of us lurk in ambush. Once she leaves the house then it’ll be go-time.” She looked around the room.

“Who wants to do the delivery?”

“Ooh!” Kiley’s hand shot up. “I’ll do it!”

“The one who does the delivery probably won’t be there for the bit where we seduce her.”

The girl’s hand dropped.

A note. Okay, how hard could that be? I just had to write something irresistibly provocative that would cut to the heart of her and force her hand. No pressure.

It occurred to me that if I tried, I could probably lure her to the rendezvous point where I was supposed to return the device later. If I could get her and Evan to show up there at just the right time, well, mission accomplished, right? But no. As good a trap as that would be it was all or nothing. If it didn’t work, it left zero room for do overs and no space to fix any of the damage Elizabeth had done. This current gamble was a little crazy, sure, but if it went wrong, at least I’d be able to back off and try a new approach. And, well, at least I had some friends to help.

A note to Elizabeth. What did I want to say to her? I clenched my fist. “How about, Dear Elizabeth... fuck you. Fuck you, you crazy goddamn bitch. I cannot believe you. How could you? I trusted you and you betrayed me! Hurt me! Stole from me everything! How can you-”

“Whoah, hey!” cried Sandra. “Jesus, girl, cool your tits.”

I blushed and took a deep breath.

“Too much?”

“A little.” Jenny laughed.

“You want to draw her out, not drive her off.” Stacey put her hand back on her hip. “Are you sure you don’t want to talk with us about what this is all about?”

“Actually, you know what?” Jenny put a warm supportive hand on my naked shoulder. “I’m totally digging this. I think you clearly need to go whole hog on this, Slut. Like, be sure to cackle maniacally and tell her she’ll rue the day she ever crossed you.”

“Jenny!”

“What?” she laughed. “Oh, you’re right. Maniacal laughter really wouldn’t transfer well to writing would it?”

“Look, Slut, just... maybe it’s better to keep it simple?”

Right. Simple. I needed to lure her out without giving too much away. The element of surprise was still the one major advantage I had, but the best way to get her out though would be to let her know that I knew what she had done. Or, well, to imply it at least. Could I do that without putting her on the defensive? Without giving everything away?

“Fine,” I said. “How about... Elizabeth, we need to talk. You know what this is about. Please, just you and me.”

“Much better.” Stacey smiled. “Don’t forget the time and place.”

“This is going to be great!” Kiley was practically bouncing with excitement.

I looked again at the gathered girls. It was strange how ready they had been to jump to my aid. How eager they were to help out, even if they had no idea what was going on. Growing up, I’d never really had a lot of friends. I mean, I’d had Elizabeth, but that had been... different. These girls... they were good people. Slut had done good by them. Even if they were a pack of oversexed cheerleaders.

“Hey, I - just wanted to say thank you. I know I’m being super mysterious and I probably sound like I’m completely out of my mind, but I can’t tell you how much this means to me.”

They stopped and looked at me in surprise.

“Slut, don’t even worry about it.” said Stacey “You’d do the same for any of us in a heartbeat. Look, one day you’ll be able to tell us what this is all about, but for now we trust you. You’re our friend. This is what friends do.”

“Uh... yeah...” I frowned

“Aw, come here...”

The girls pulled me in for a group hug, crushing me in a prison of bulging muscle. They had no idea how strong they were.

“Okay girls,” said Stacey, “come on, let’s get to it. We don’t have much time.”

The wait after Sandra delivered the note was agonizing. She had parked her car up the street from Elizabeth's place while I - very much at my own insistence - hid in the back. Once she had dropped the thing off, she returned to keep an eye out for when Elizabeth left.

"This is so cool!" said Kiley, over speakerphone. "It's like a spy movie!"

All we had to do was wait.

I'd always hated cheerleaders. I'd had a handful of encounters with them in the past, before all this, and I'd always come away from it feeling like they were these massive judgemental bitches. Like, they were always on me to dress nicer, or to come out to some social thing or another where I would look like a hideous beast next to all the stupidly pretty party people, or to go out and enjoy things other than my studies, as though I could afford the distraction. They were these annoyingly perfect little shining sexy things that were the opposite of me in every way and they would always fucking flaunt it. They made me hate myself, and I hated them for that.

Now though I was not just one of them, I was among them. And honestly? They weren't all that bad. They were weirdly obsessed with sex, sure, but they were hardly the collection of conniving backstabbing bitches I had built up in my mind. The truth of the matter was that hanging around with them was even kind of fun. And while, granted, that helped pass the time, it was a small consolation as the minutes became hours.

"This is so boring!" said Kiley, still over speakerphone "What is taking this girl?"

"I don't know!" I said. "She should have come rushing. It's already passed the time I told her to meet me. You're sure she got the note?"

"I handed it to her myself." Sandra shrugged.

"And you girls are sure she's not at the cafe?"

"Positive." came Stacey's voice. "Maybe she realizes this is all some kind of stupid loony toons trap."

"Oh, come on," Sandra said, "you guys have to be patient. It's like a stakeout."

"It's boring is what it is." Kiley sighed. "Who's idea was this again?"

"Oh my god Kiley." said Sandra. "Look I'll tell you what. I'll bet you she'll be out in the next fifteen minutes. Loser owes a blowjob."

"Ha! Deal!"

"Great. I win. She just stepped out the door."

"Wait! What?"

“Shit!” I turned around to look. Sure enough, there she was. I almost jumped at how quickly my body threw itself into fight or flight mode at just the sight of her. I dove down between the seats, pulling the blanket Sandra had kept back here over top of me.

“What’s happening?” I whispered.

“She’s getting in the car.”

“What? Since when does she have a car?” I hissed. “She can barely even drive!”

“Well, she just drove off.”

“Did you get a good look at her? Did she have a weird box with her?”

“Hard to say. She wasn’t holding anything like that, but she had a bag.”

“Shit. Okay.”

“Alright Slut, that’s your cue.” said Jenny. “Leave this end to us. You go out there and make us proud!”

I was a churning mess of anxiety, excitement and trepidation as I approached the door.

Evan... what would he think? Would he believe me? I was this weird stranger to him... well, not quite a stranger, but something worse. I nothing more to him now than a friend of a friend. But... but deep down inside, I was still the girl he loved, wasn’t I? Deep down, below this stupid horny body and these huge jiggling tits. I just had to hope, to pray, that I could just get through to him. Maybe I couldn’t convince him the truth about myself, fine. All I had to do was sew enough doubt to get him to get the device away from Elizabeth. Then, well, we’d see what the future had in store.

I knocked.

There was a muffled skittering flurry from the other side of the door as Elizabeth’s tiny dog began yapping and jumping around in surprise. My heart beat out every second as I waited, but no one came to answer the door.

I knocked again.

The barking, which had never really stopped, grew all the more intense.

I frowned.

Was he... was he not even here? Had he gone home? We were one of those couples who rarely spent time apart if we could help it, so I’d assumed that he’d be here. Was his relationship with Elizabeth different? Could I have just gone to his place this whole time? Was all this stupid planning and sneaking around and wasting time for nothing?

What was I going to do? Did I want to bail out? Try to get to Evan's? How long would Elizabeth be distracted for? I had just started to walk away when I turned around and looked back. Sandra hadn't seen Elizabeth holding the device when she left. What if... what if Elizabeth had left it behind? What if it was sitting on her table right now, just waiting for someone to come grab it?

No. No, that was stupid. Why wouldn't she bring the device? If she thought she was leaving to meet with me, there's no way she'd want to do it without the device. right?

The dog continued barking.

Fuck. I couldn't afford to not take that chance. I was here, wasn't I? All I had to do was slip inside and look around. I knew where Elizabeth hid all her important secret stuff. If she had taken the device with her, I'd know soon enough, and I'd still be off to Evan's with plenty of time to spare.

I snuck around the side, trying my best not to look like someone about to commit breaking and entering. Despite my best efforts I couldn't seem to dull the sounds of my footfalls. All the adrenaline ringing in my ears was making the whole world seem too damn silent.

I looked around to make sure no one was watching, then pressed my boobs into the fence as I reached over to grab at the latch, just like Elizabeth had shown me that one time. She had bragged about how she had a whole secret entrance just in case she was too drunk for keys, whatever that meant. Of course, she had trusted me not to abuse that information, but we were long past the point of broken trust.

I slid the little window in the back open. The dog was barking on the other side, having followed me around from the front. I'd always hated that dog, but I was just glad that it was small. I hoped it was just excited. It knew me, so I was pretty sure it wouldn't try to attack, even if I was breaking in. I was pretty sure anyway. What was the worst it could do?

This was the tricky part. I had to climb up on the little planter then hoist myself up and over through the window. It had always been a tight fit, and I was naked, but Slut's body was way more athletic than I ever was. I took a few deep breaths and then made the plunge.

In a tree nearby, a squirrel chirped and flew away.

It was no good. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't manage to squish my tits down tight enough that I could squeeze them through. Worse, the stupid things seemed to be enjoying all the attention. My pulse had elevated and my nipples were jutting out like pencil erasers. Fuck this stupid goddamn body. Every little squeeze or fondle sent a tiny shiver of pleasure throughout my body.

Okay, okay, fine. I could think this through. It was just like a puzzle. If I couldn't fit my whole body through at once, maybe I had to do it piecemeal. Yeah, that was it. I just had to take it one step at a time.

Teetering on the edge of the planter, I fed one breast in through the window, then the other. I could just imagine what this would look like from the other side. Like, suddenly you look out the window and there's just this giant pair of tits there out of nowhere. I was glad there was no one on the other side.

Eventually I was able to contort myself enough that I could feed my arms and the rest of my torso through. It was an uncomfortable squeeze, but Slut was flexible.

The dog's barking grew even more aggressive as it realized I was coming in through the kitchen window and rounded the corner to come meet me. I could see the little thing now. It growled. That little bitch was wearing my clothes! The stupid fucking dog was wearing one of the outfits I'd bought that day at the mall. It was absurd - the clothes had been a little skimpy, sure, but the tiny thing was practically swimming in them. I'd have been angrier but honestly it was just so silly looking.

I pushed off the planter and raised my butt, sliding the rest of my torso through. I kicked wildly in the air and wriggled around as I tried to pull myself further in, but I couldn't. No matter how hard I tried my hips just didn't want to go through. Fuck! Panic started to wash over me. My stupid goddamn ass.

I tried to push myself back out, tried to reverse the process I'd taken to get in here, but either I couldn't get the leverage I needed or my boobs kept catching.

Shit. I was stuck. Like seriously stuck. I was hanging in the window, tits in one end, ass in the other, unable to squeeze either end through. Oh god, I could just imagine Elizabeth coming home and catching me like this, helpless and red handed. This was a nightmare.

Fuck.

No! I couldn't let it end like this. I was struggling to breath. I wriggled, I squirmed, I gave into the rising panic and pulled with all my might. This was a cheerleader's body. Strong, flexible. There had to be something I could do.

"Ellen?"

I froze. That voice.

"Ellen? Everything okay?"

Evan.

Oh my god, it was so weird. He sounded so different, so girly, so sultry and feminine, but I'd remember that voice anywhere. God, I had found it so seductive that first night. Sexy. The voice of the man I loved, gone and replaced by some kind of nympho phone sex operator, and all I had thought was how hot it was. I'd been thinking with my dick, that's what had happened. He sounded like a completely different person, and yet... and yet there was no mistaking it. It was him.

And he'd said my name.

It was such a small thing and yet for anyone to acknowledge that I was me... for *him* to acknowledge that I was me. For a brief moment, things started to look like everything was going to be okay. My eyes started to go all misty. I don't think I realized how much I needed something like that right now.

I wanted to cry, to call out, but what could I say?

Then he rounded the corner, and the reality of the situation hit me like a ton of bricks.

"Ellen, stop barking! Come on. What is it girl?"

His eyes bulged as he saw me and my enormous melons hanging through the kitchen window. He stumbled, then froze. The narrative that played out on his expression would have been priceless if it wasn't for the fact that it was at my expense. The look of surprise quickly turned to a smirk as he realized who I was and what had happened, then a laugh which turned into a guilty smile as he tried to suppress it.

"Slut?"

"Uh. Hi, Evan..." My face went red in complete and total embarrassment. The wave of hope I'd been riding crashed against the rocky shores of reality. Of course. Of fucking course! He had been talking to the dog. That fucking dog didn't just have my clothes, it had my name too. It kept barking, wagging its stupid little tail in response to Evan's presence.

He had ditched the underboob-exposing crop top and micro he'd been wearing earlier in favor of a more casual t-shirt and tartan skirt. To describe it as such is maybe a bit of a disservice though. That shirt was tight. Like, the damn thing clung to each and every inch of him. It might as well have been painted on. He must have been cold, because his nipples were forming two very obvious protrusions. There was also a rather prominent bulge in his skirt. Somehow, I had missed that earlier. I tried to think back. He'd had that thing since the strip club, hadn't he? Elizabeth must have put it there. That bitch was always so obsessed with big dicks. As if all that wasn't sexy enough, his hair was damp and tousled and his skin was practically glowing.

I tried one last time to pull myself through, but all it seemed to do was set my tits swaying like the salacious udders they were. My shoulders sagged in resignation.

"I uh..." I said by way of explanation, "I thought no one was home. I knocked."

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry! Elizabeth had to go out and meet someone. She said she'd be back soon. I was just in the shower."

"Oh." I said, trying to hide the wave of emotions coursing through me. Evan liked to shower after sex. That explained what had been taking Elizabeth so long.

"Do you..." he gestured awkwardly with one hand "Do you need help?"

I blushed all the harder and nodded. "I could use a bit of a push."

Evan's hands were delicate and warm as he pressed into my needy flesh. I had become so used to this perpetual naked chill that I couldn't help but melt as his warmth passed into me. God, I wanted to wrap that heat around me like a blanket and feel it on every inch of my skin. More than anything else in the world right then I wanted him to embrace me and to hold me tight and tell me that everything was

going to be okay. I wanted those hands to do darker things too. Carnal things. But I closed my eyes to those fantasies.

Instead... instead he was being a gentleman, trying to give me a push with minimal contact, trying not to grope me, trying not to make things more embarrassing for me than they already were. If only he knew how much worse that all was.

With his help I was able to get the leverage I needed to squish my body down enough to push my way out. A surge of relief washed over me as my feet fell upon the cold grass. I took in several deep lungfuls of air, simultaneously trying to catch my breath and calm my emotions. It was good to be able to breathe again. I never wanted to go through that again.

"Slut?" came Evan's voice behind me. "Are you okay?"

I winced as he said that name.

"I - I'm fine. Can we just pretend that didn't happen?"

"Sure." he laughed. I couldn't help but smile.

I worked my way back to the front of the building. Sandra was still parked nearby. She gave me a curious look. I shrugged at her and turned back to the door.

"Okay," I said to myself, taking another deep breath. "Let's try that again."

I knocked. There was another muffled skitter as the dog jumped and began yapping anew. My heart pounded as the door opened.

"Oh, hi, Slut," said Evan, smiling. "Funny seeing you here."

"H-hi, Evan." Fuck, I felt like a schoolgirl on her first date. "Can I... can I come in?"

"Of course."

Okay, I had gotten here. Somehow this crazy plan had worked. Now what? What did I say? How the hell was I supposed to confide to Evan about everything that had happened? I had been so angry earlier, so righteous and ready for action. Now though, standing here before him, my emotions were a mess. It was only now, despite all my literal actual nakedness, that I really felt vulnerable.

I stepped inside. Elizabeth's place was surprisingly large, all things considered. I'd been here a million times before, but this time things were different. I was on edge. This time it was enemy territory.

We walked into the living room. The place had always been more than a little messy, but I frowned as I saw all the signs of Evan's cohabitation. There was a makeup case - the one Evan had been interested in from the strip club - sitting on one of the tables, there were photos of him and Elizabeth smiling, and, most tellingly, the place reeked of his sex.

He offered me a seat. Then took one of his own. Good, he was going to need to sit down for this.

"How... how are you doing, Evan?" I glanced down. Fuck, why was this so awkward?

"I'm a little sore, actually, but that's not - uh, are you okay?"

"What?"

"Are you okay? You're tearing up."

He was right. I tried to blink them away but I could feel them rolling down my cheek. Damnit. Come on, hold it together.

"I... I'm fine..." I tried to smile but that just made things worse. "I just... I just..."

Evan's arms closed around me as he pulled me out of my seat and into a supportive hug, my sore and sensitive tits held gently against his warm soft bosom. He held me tight and close and long and cradled my head against his shoulder with one hand. I blinked in surprise, then dissolved in his arms. It was everything I had dreamed of. Everything I needed.

"Look," he said, his voice soft and hot in my ear. "I don't know what's going on, but I'm here for you, okay? Everything's going to be alright."

I don't know how long I spent there, crying in his arms. It was a luxury, I know. I didn't have time for this. I had to get a grip. I had to explain to him everything that had happened. I pulled away and looked into his eyes.

"Evan..."

"What's wrong, Slut?"

"Evan." I stuck all my courage. "Listen. We need to talk. There's so much I need to tell you, and it's not all going to make sense, but it's important. I need you just to listen, okay?"

"If it's important do you want to wait for Elizabeth to get home? I'm sure she'll be back soon."

"No!" I pulled away. I was shaking. "No. It's best she's not here."

"Is everything alright between you two?" He had a look of concern on his face. Poor sweet Evan. "She's been looking everywhere for you..."

"Yeah..." I said softly. "I've noticed."

"It's just hard seeing you two fight. I mean, you two are best friends, right? You've been together for like, ever."

He probably didn't realize how much those words stung.

"Look, Evan, please, just listen, okay? I know the truth."

"The truth about what?"

"About... about everything! All the crazy stuff that's been happening over the past week!" I gestured aimlessly with one hand. "I know all about it."

"Oh. So you know why Elizabeth has been looking for you then?"

"Yes, exactly!"

"That's great! Then you should speak to her about it! I don't know what happened to put you two against each other, but it's been tearing her up inside."

"Evan, you were there in that restaurant. You saw it! She's completely out of control! Talking to her isn't going to solve anything!"

"Out of control?" he furrowed his brow.

"I mean, just look! We tried to do something about it, tried to get that thing away from her and she zapped my brain! I barely got out of there in one piece!"

"Wait what? What are you talking about?"

"Elizabeth used the device to zap away my education, Evan! To punish me for standing up to her, or to slow me down or... or something! She was going to do worse, but you got in the way and... and... I don't know, stopped her somehow."

"Wait, what? I don't understand. What are you talking about? When was this?"

"And see? Now you don't even remember it! She's been fucking with your head. She's gone completely crazy with that thing and there's no one who can stand in her way."

"What thing?" he furrowed his brow.

"Evan, it's fine. You don't have to pretend. I know about the device. I know, I know, I'm not supposed to. It's a long, long story, and there just isn't time to explain, but I do. I know everything."

"No, I'm serious." he furrowed his brow harder. "I have no idea what you're talking about. What device?"

"Evan... come on."

He just stared at me blankly.

"Fuck. You really have no clue what I'm talking about do you?"

He smiled apologetically as he shook his head. Even with the difference in body language, Evan was an awful liar. I was pretty sure there wasn't a bone of guile in his whole body. If he was trying to play dumb, I'd know.

I stumbled back into my seat. I felt dizzy.

This was bad. Elizabeth must have gotten to him. She must have swapped out his awareness or knowledge of the device or something. She probably shoved them into a passing bird or something, knowing her.

Shit. This was a disaster. I was expecting to have a hard enough time trying to make him trust me even if he already believed what the device could do. Now though I was just going to sound crazy. Maybe I could make something up? Maybe I could come up with some believable lie that would convince him to try to get the device from Elizabeth? Something he'd swallow easier than the reality of the situation...

But no. After all this, I was done trying to hide things from him. No more lies.

"Evan..." I began, slowly. "What do you remember about the past week? Can you think of anything weird or out of place?"

He put his hand on his hip and tapped one foot as he thought. It was such a feminine gesture that I almost laughed. God, he was so weirdly graceful. I'd be lying if I said my heart didn't twinge seeing him like this. It was as though I still couldn't silence that tiny voice inside saying this was an imposter.

"Like last Thursday maybe?" I probed, "or hell, even just a couple of days ago at the restaurant?"

He shook his head.

"Oh, come on, there was a big fight! You don't remember that at all?"

"What? No. I remember. We went out to Albert's. We had dinner then chatted a bit and then I spent the rest of the night playing with the other dogs and chasing balls at the park like a good boy."

"And, of course," I pinched the bridge of my nose, "you don't see anything weird about that."

"No? Seems like a normal end to an evening to me. I certainly don't remember any fight or anything."

"Right." I sighed. "I don't know what I was expecting."

"Well..." he frowned. "You know what though? There is actually one thing that's kinda been bothering me."

"Yes?" I almost jumped out of my seat.

"I mean... It's Elizabeth... I don't know, maybe I'm just imagining it. She's been acting a little weird?"

"Weird?"

"She's been behaving a bit, I don't know, distant? Like, all week she's been calling me by my name instead of baby? I'm probably reading too much into it." He was fidgeting. I was a little upset at how adorable it was. "I figured I'd done something wrong? Or that there was something she wasn't telling me or... I don't know. I've been trying to give her her space you know?" he let out a little anxious sigh.

"Evan, listen to me." I put my hand on his shoulder. "This is going to be hard for you to believe - hell, it's going to be hard for me to explain - but yes, something has been going on. Something big. And you and I and Elizabeth are all caught up in it."

"What are you talking about?"

"Have you ever seen Elizabeth playing around with a weird little device?" I held out my hands. "Like, about yay big? Black? Covered in little buttons?"

"I... Yeah, actually. I saw her put something like that in her bag yesterday. Why? What is it?"

"Evan..." I took a deep breath. "Evan, what I'm about to tell you is going to be hard to believe, but I need you to listen and to humor me at first and just... use your heart okay? You're smart and you're good and I have to trust that what I'm about to tell you is going to reach you, deep down, past all of... all of this..." I waved a hand at his nubile feminine body.

"I... I'll try." He raised an eyebrow. "What's going on?"

"There's this... device. This black box. It can... It swaps things."

"Swamp things?"

"It swaps things." I repeated. Trying to let the weight of it sink in.

"It swaps things how?" He pressed.

"Like, magic."

He smiled incredulously.

Great. It was like I was back at the bar trying to explain it to him all over again. Only this time I wasn't going to be able to demonstrate, was I? From outside I could hear the sound of a car honking. I had to think. How was I going to prove to Evan that I was for real?

"Okay," I started to say, "it's like this-" but I was interrupted by the dog leaping to its feet and bolting for the front door, my errant clothes dragging along with it. I could just hear the front door opening under the sound of the horn outside.

"Evan?" Came a voice.

No.

No no no.

Elizabeth.

I bolted to my feet. What was she doing back? It was too soon. Those cheer girls were supposed to keep her distracted, busy. Oh god, what if she'd torn through them somehow? Pictures flashed through my head of them in the bodies of overweight men, jumping and cheering and jiggling like nothing was wrong.

I needed more time. I needed to escape; to run, to hide. But where? The window nearby taunted me. If it wasn't for this stupid fucking body I could maybe squeeze my way out. Could I scramble behind the counter? Under the table? I looked at Evan. He had a concerned look on his face. No, fuck. No matter where I hid, he'd rat me out. I hadn't won him over yet.

"I was right." I heard her say as she turned the corner. "They were at the dog park." Her voice was dark and deep. Somehow, somewhere along the way, Elizabeth had swapped it with some guys. It was intimidating and powerful. Villainous.

Elizabeth froze as she saw me. We were like two deer in each other's headlights. The look of surprise on her face though turned quickly into such a smile that were I not already inclined to do so, I'd want to punch it right off her stupid fucking face.

"Oh my god!" she said, as though she didn't just catch me red handed. "Slut! I've been looking everywhere for you! Where have you been? What are you doing here?"

My fist shook. I wanted to lunge at her fucking throat. I wanted to rip out her hair and drag her broken body through the mud. This girl hurt me, betrayed me. I wanted to do horrible things to her. I wanted her to taste my fucking pain.

Instead I swallowed my hate and smiled.

"Elizabeth! Like, Oh my god!" I put as much dumb-slut bimbo into my voice as I could muster, struggling to hold back the quivering rage in my voice. "I've like, totally been looking, like, everywhere for you too!"

Evan arched his brow in surprise.

"Wait, you have?" Elizabeth took a step back, one hand reaching for her bag while her body tensed. She looked like she was bracing for me to take a swing at her.

"Like, totally! I was thinking - and thinking is like, oh my god so totally hard, you know? - I was thinking, like oh my god, Elizabeth was totally right!"

"I was?" she questioned. "About what?"

"About everything! It's like, why even are we fighting? Why am I running?"

"You don't know?"

"Of course not, I'm just a silly little bimbo. You're the smart one, right?"

"I... uh..." She frowned. Her body relaxed.

I couldn't believe it. She was buying it. Evan wasn't, but she sure was. Of course. I couldn't fool the cheer girls - they'd had years of experience with Slut, they knew full well how she acted, how she spoke. Elizabeth though? There was that time outside practice yesterday - as long ago as that seemed - and that was it. She had no idea how poor of an impression I was doing. I had to use this to my advantage. Maybe I could get closer to her. Catch her off guard..

"Slut was just saying she had something important to tell us." said Evan. "Something about a device?"

My heart stopped. Damnit Evan, why?

"Oh was she now?" Elizabeth's hand went back to her bag. Her eyes narrowed.

"I..." I looked around. Panic washed through me once more. I had to think of something. I had to say something. Anything! I was smart, wasn't I? I could think my way through this. I had to.

Instead, the smile fell from my face as I looked down darkly.

"How could you, Elizabeth?" My voice was a reflection of my heart, hurt and joyless.

"Slut?"

This was it. There was no hiding anymore. Fine. Good. I was sick of hiding anyway. I couldn't bear to pretend to be friendly with this monster for one more second.

"How could you Elizabeth? You were my friend. I trusted you." My whole body was shaking so hard that I could hardly speak straight. "After all I've done for you? After everything we've been through?"

All of my emotions were fluttering to the surface, fighting for control. Fear, anger, hate, sorrow, disgust. After everything... everything this girl had done to me, now I had her face to face. My blood burned hot as the words flowed out of me.

"You... You killed me, Elizabeth. You fucking killed me and replaced me with some... some bimbo slut parody. But that's not even the worst, no. You took Evan. The one unconditional source of happiness in my life and you stole it. You stole it, desecrated it, and rubbed it in my face. How fucking could you?"

I needed to stop. This was bad. This was a worst-case scenario. I should just turn and run. Maybe I could get past her before she fired? But my legs wouldn't move. All I could do was let these feelings, this hatred, wash over me as I confronted the source of all my woes.

And she just stood there, hanging her head in shame and surprise in response to my tirade.

Evan looked between us, concerned, but he didn't step in. He didn't know what was going on but he knew this was something that we needed to work out between the two of us. Well, for now. If things got violent, he'd leap to her defence in a heartbeat, whether she needed it or not

"Elles..." Elizabeth looked up at me. Moisture sparkled in her eyes. "Is that... is that you?"

"Of course it's fucking me!"

"Elles, oh my god, I'm so sorry...."

"Sorry!?" I took a step back. "You're fucking sorry?"

"You were right Elles... you were right..." tears were streaming down her face "Goddamnit, you were right. As awful and as painful as it is to admit it, as much as I've hated myself every day that's passed because of it. You were right and I hate myself because of it and it's been so goddamn hard to live with myself and I... I've been looking everywhere for you, trying to sit you down so I could try to fix this, but I was terrified - so fucking terrified - that I'd never be able to get you back."

"You... expect me to believe that!?" my fist shook.

"It's the truth! You're my friend, Elles!"

"How can you fucking say that? You're no friend of mine!"

"Elles..." I was furious. This bitch actually had the audacity to look hurt. "I just wanted to... No.. Your right. I've been awful. I hurt you, stabbed you in the back over and over. I'm not worth calling your friend. I... I fucked up. I fucked up so bad. I fucked up so bad that that expression doesn't even come close to describing it. But don't you see? I've missed you so much, Elles! That's why I've been trying to track you down. I want things to go back to the way they were. I want you to forget this whole fucking week and we can go back to being friends again, like we always have!"

"So what? You just put everything back and we go back to the way things were? Jesus christ, it doesn't work like that Elizabeth! Even if you swap things back it doesn't change what you've done!"

"But it can! I was just out fixing Sam and Emma. It's like none of it ever happened."

"That's not what I fucking mean!"

Poor Evan just kept looking between us confused.

"You want to fucking fix things, Elizabeth? Fine. Give me the device. We can start there."

Slowly, delicately, she pulled it out of her bag. Jesus, it fit her hands so comfortably. I supposed by this point, she'd used the damned thing more than I ever had. I took a step back as she brought it to bear.

She stared down at it transfixed, she took one experimental step towards me, holding the device out. For a moment, just one moment, I actually thought she was going to turn it over.

"No... I - I can't." She looked up at me with big regretful eyes as she clenched the thing possessively to her quivering chest. "I can't!"

"You see? You don't want to fix a damn thing!"

"No, you don't understand! That's exactly why I can't! I still have so much I need to fix. Evan wanted me to give it up too, but I can't... not until I fix things. Don't you see Elles? I can make everything right again."

"I've seen what you've done to all those people on campus, Elizabeth. You've had plenty of opportunity. You haven't fixed a damn thing! All you've done is left a trail of destruction in your wake."

"S-shut up! You don't think I realize how much of an absolute mess it is? But that's because I've been so focused on trying to find you!"

"Oh yeah? So you could what? How the hell were you planning on turning me back, Huh? I can't even figure out half of what you did."

"I... I was gonna swap back your smarts," she looked down at the device, "and then make you unaware anything had happened. I was going to have you go back to that for a little bit while I tried to track down all the people I swapped you with."

"So you were going to leave me an ignorant slut if not a dumb one. I see how it is, Elizabeth."

"Temporarily! And then I was going to turn you back bit by bit until everything was back to normal."

"Yeah, except I'm none the wiser, and you continue to terrorize the public whenever things don't go your way."

"No!" she shook her head desperately. "I'm trying to be better about that. Evan... he's been inspiring me to be a good person. It's been hard and I've made mistakes, but as long as I'm with him--"

"And what about Evan huh? You were just planning on just giving him back?"

"Yes. No... it's complicated. I intended to at first but... but you don't understand, Elles. I need him in my life. He cares about me. even when I do bad things, even when I fuck up he still supports me, believes I can be better. He makes me a better person, Elles. I- I need him."

"You don't fucking deserve him, you bitch! You think you can just turn me back piecemeal but keep Evan and the device? You think that makes things right? You want some chance to make amends, Elizabeth? Fine. I don't give a shit what kind of bullshit narrative you've been weaving inside your own head, but if you want to do the right thing for once in your fucking life, you can start by giving me the goddamn device!"

"Elles, if I had given you back the device, given you back your knowledge of it, made you aware of all I've done... You'd hate me forever. I'd never see you again. That's... that's the one thing I don't want."

"Of course I'd fucking hate you! You ruined my life, you crazy fucking bitch!"

A part of me should have known better than to insult the girl with the reality altering super device, but we were way past the point of doing the smart thing.

"I never wanted to ruin anyone's life!" she cried.

"Then give me the device, Elizabeth!"

"And then what? You can get your revenge? You can turn me into some kind of toad?"

"So I can get my fucking life back! Jesus, Elizabeth, I'm not a goddamn witch!"

"It's what I'd do if our positions were reversed." she was shaking. "No one would blame you. After what I've done."

"Yeah you demonstrated that pretty damn well. You say you're trying to be a better person? You're the same as you ever were."

"Damnit, Elles. What can I do to prove to you that I'm telling the truth!?"

I looked down at the little yappy dog. That stupid awful dog, wearing my clothes and bearing my name.

"Okay fine. You want to prove you've changed? Swap me and the dog back." I gestured down. "As a sign of good faith."

She looked down at the dog and then at my naked body. She blushed, as if only now realizing the predicament I was in. A wave of embarrassment passed through me.

She took a step towards me, adjusting the device. I shook as she pointed it in my direction. She stopped. She looked between me and the dog and then down at the device again.

"Nice try, Elles." she gave a half-hearted smile. "But I respect you too much for that. I'm not letting you get anywhere near this thing. You'd make a grab for it for sure."

She was right. I had planned on trying to grab it before she ever got the chance to fire. I wasn't about to trust for even a second that she'd actually try to turn me back.

"You see?" I said, trying to put on a veneer of courage "You don't want to fix a damn thing. I'm surprised you haven't already swapped my brain completely with the stupid mutt. Hell, for all I know you've already got something planned and you're just toying with me before doing the deed."

"Oh my god, Elles. I'm so sick of this. I'm not trying to hurt you. It'll be fine, okay? Look, you don't trust me with this thing, I get it. I'm waving around a gun right now in your eyes, but I don't trust you enough to hand it over. So look, we'll compromise, okay? Evan?"

"Sorry, what's going on?" Poor Evan looked completely lost.

"I need you to hold on to this, okay?" Elizabeth clutched the device to his bosom. "So that Slut knows I'm not going to use it on her."

"So, wait, hold on... what is this thing?"

"Don't press any of the buttons and don't let Slut have it, okay? Whatever you do. This is important. Please, for whatever love you have for me. I'll explain everything later, okay? I promise."

Evan nodded as he took the device. He held it delicately, careful to avoid any of the device's controls.

"There. Now you can see I'm not just going to randomly swap you, okay? Come on, let's talk."

"No!" I yelled. "This is some kind of fucking trick. I'm not an idiot, Elizabeth, despite your best efforts."

"Listen to me, Elles..." she looked up at me with shining eyes "I don't know how you got back to your old self. But I can't tell you how happy I am that you are. Swapping you was the biggest mistake I ever made. This whole week, all I've wanted to do was to set things right. Please. I know you'll probably never forgive me, but I need you to believe me."

"N-no! I can't! That's the fucking problem! I don't believe you - I can't believe you. I trusted you and you betrayed me. You tore away at everything that makes me me until there was nothing left. And now you expect me to fucking believe that you're sorry? You fucking expect me to forgive you? It's not fucking happening!"

Elizabeth's hand began to quiver. The expression of hopeful genuineness on her face turned bitter with hurt.

"Damnit, Elles, I'm trying to do the right thing!"

"No. If you wanted to do the right thing you'd give me back the device. You just want to assuage your guilty conscience. You just want to be able to sleep at night knowing that your actions don't have any fucking consequences."

"Of course they have consequences! And I've been forced to live with those consequences! It's killing me inside. Swapping you away... I... I was angry! It was the worse decision I ever made. You were my only friend, Ellen, my only real friend. No one else understands me, no one else has ever accepted me as me except for you."

"Baby..." Evan put his hand on Elizabeth's shoulder.

"I'm sorry Evan," she put her hand on his and gave him a soft look. "I don't mean to include you in that. I don't know how I'd have gotten through this without you. The truth, Elles..." She turned back to me. "Is that my life sucks without you, and deep down I can't get over the fact that you're gone. I sit down and see something funny and I want to send it to you, I want to make you smile. I keep catching myself wondering about what you'd think. I... I tried to be friends with you after you were changed... I had always intended it to be temporary, a lesson. But it was too hard. All I could hear was your last defiant breath proclaiming your hatred for me and I was still so angry. I'm sick of being angry. I don't want to be angry anymore. That's why I need to do what's right now. That's why I need to fix everything. I... I want my friend back."

"Jesus Christ Elizabeth, you're so absolutely full of shit. Are you even listening to yourself right now?"

"What?"

"How many times, Elizabeth? How many times could you have turned me back, huh? The next day? The restaurant? Any time that whole fucking week? How long did it take you to have this little revelation? You've already had every goddamn opportunity to set things right and all you keep doing is making them worse."

"No," she shook her head, "it's not like that!"

"You keep trying to double down on your fucking hold on the situation. punishing and memory wiping everyone who disagrees with you, everyone who can struggle against you. Just look at fucking Evan! He tried to stop you at the restaurant and rather than admitting that maybe you were in the wrong, you erased his memories!"

"No!" There was an edge of desperation in her voice now. As though she was trying to convince herself as much as me. "That's the whole reason I've been trying to hunt you down! I was trying to turn you back, trying to come clean, and you ran! I looked everywhere for you! I told you... I'm trying to be better. I swapped away Evan's memories to spare him the grief over what I was doing, to keep him happy while I fixed things. I'm not trying to use the device to hurt people anymore. Look, that's- that's why I didn't swap those cheerleaders after they helped you escape! That's why I was out just now trying to swap Sam and Emma back! I'm being better!"

"I don't fucking believe you! Look, Elizabeth, I understand what it's fucking like to be tempted into doing things with the device. I've been there. But you know what? I looked at what I was doing, the damage it was causing, the people I was hurting, and I grew and I learned to stop using the damn thing. After that night at the strip club I never wanted to use it again. You? You haven't learned a fucking thing. You say Evan made you want to be better? That he reigned you in? With him unaware of the device all you've done is cut that chain loose. He's not a goddamn toy that you can just change at a whim. Is no one fucking safe from you?"

She turned to look at Evan, but couldn't meet his gaze.

"You think you've been doing better? You haven't. It's too little, too late."

"No! You don't understand!

"I do understand, Elizabeth. I understand better than anyone. You made your choices. Just because you can justify them to yourself doesn't mean you can justify them to me."

"Oh my god, Elles." her whole body was trembling now. "Here I am admitting to my mistakes, trying to make amends, here I am trying to set things right and you just keep throwing it in my face!?" she tightened her fist. "I just... I just wanted my fucking friend back."

"Well you should have thought of that before you killed her and shaped her living corpse into a sex-crazed bimbo slut-monster."

"That's not what I was trying to do! I was just... I was so mad at you... I was trying to apologize then too, at the party. That's why I had gone... and we fought and I was trying to, I don't know, punish you? I wanted you to feel what it was like for once."

"What what was like?"

"I just wanted you to understand what it's like to be... to be me." She looked up at me again, her eyes were welling up. She seemed to shrink. "I wanted you to understand what was like to be in love with your two closest friends and to have neither of them love you in return! To be looked down on by them because you like sex but can't find a good guy. To be this bumbling bimbo sidekick third wheel only good for getting into trouble. That's... that's how I feel sometimes when I'm around you, and I hate it! I hate always being a secondary character in your fucking story."

"Oh my god, Elizabeth." I rolled my eyes. "Fine, you wanted me to know how it feels to be you? Well you've got it. I know exactly what it's like, the pain you felt, that loneliness. And you know what? It doesn't justify any of your crap. It doesn't give you the right to trample all over people's lives like you've done."

Elizabeth looked away. I took a step forward as she took a step back.

"Elizabeth, I was your friend. Slut was your friend. And you... you stole Evan from me and turned me into some out of control nymphomaniac, and even then it wasn't enough. You stole from Slut her smarts. You made me dumb! An idiot! You took from me everything that was important, even when I was, as you say, like you."

"I -"

"But you know what? You know what?" I took another step forward. "I'm not like you. I'm nothing like you. Slut was a better person than you'll ever be. At least she treated her friends properly. At least she didn't try to steal her best friend's boyfriend, you colossal heartless bitch, no matter how much it hurt, no matter how much she just wanted to be a part of their lives..."

I was tearing up. Shit. even the memory of that pain hurt. Why was that feeling so fresh?

"And how was I supposed to feel, Elle's?" Elizabeth clenched her other hand into a fist and stomped one of her feet. "What was I supposed to do? The two of you were always flaunting your perfect fucking life

at me. You - The only people in this whole fucking world who ever gave two shits about me, and him. Damnit Elles, why did it have to be him? Anyone else I could have been angry, but him... but him... I get it, he cares. He cares about what I do, cares about who I am. How are you supposed to go back to that pain, that loneliness after that?"

Damn it, Evan. Why do you have to be so fucking good?

"You don't have the right to talk about him like that. Not after what you've done."

"You're right... I don't." she gripped his hand tighter. "I've been awful. But you know what? He's stood by me regardless, believing that I can be better. I love him." her eyes softened as she turned to look at him. "He makes me feel like no one else does! He's on my side even when the world - even when my own conscience says otherwise. And even when he's not its because he knows I can be better. I need that in my life Elles. I'm not... I can't give him up. I won't."

"Oh my god, Elizabeth."

"And that's why I can't give up on you either, Elles."

"What?"

"Because there's only one person in this whole fucked up world who's ever cared about me as much as he does, who I've loved as much as I love him, and that's you, Elles. You were this perfect wonderful creature who stood by me no matter how much stupid shit I got into, and I'm not going to give up on having you in my life just because I fucked up. I... I love you, Elles."

I blushed in surprise.

"I... I've always loved you." She continued. "Everything about you. Ever since we were young. I've always looked up to you and admired you. You were smart and capable and funny and you always made me feel like I deserved to be who I was, even when no one else did."

"How can you say that?" I struggled to form the words. "How can you say that after everything you've done?"

"That's why I just want things to go back to the way they were! You and me, two best friends against the world. Like it used to be."

"No!" I screamed. "You ruined any chance for that the moment you tried to take Evan from me!"

"No, listen, it'll be great. You won't remember any of this... it'll all be like some vague dream. I'll turn you back - I've been tracking down the girls I swapped you with, I can swap... well I guess I don't need to swap your mind back anymore... somehow, which is amazing, a miracle, I'm so happy. But we can swap your boobs back, if you'd rather not take the upgrade. You'll be yourself again and we can be friends again and we can get up to adventures like we used to. We can be happy, Elles."

"Elizabeth." My voice wavered with emotion. "Listen to me. There is no going back. You can't just erase what you've done, and even if you do that wouldn't make it right."

"No, it'll be great..." she said, tears spilling down from her eyes. "I promise... I can make things right, Ellen. I can make things right..."

Evan wrapped his arms around her, being careful not to bump the device. She sobbed as she hugged him back.

"I'm sorry Elles..." she swallowed, trying to regain her composure. "Im sorry. I tried... I wanted this to be real. I wanted to do the right thing. I don't want to be a bad person. I'm not a bad person, am I?."

She looked up into Evan's eyes. He shook his head and smiled reassuringly.

"I- I'm sorry Elles. I really am. But you've forced my hand."

"I haven't forced you to do shit."

"Evan," she said, "give me the device. I'm sorry you had to get dragged back into all this... I promise, I'll explain when this is all over."

Evan looked down at her gently, but didn't break the embrace.

"Baby..." he said, softly, "look, I don't know what's going on, but is what she's saying true? Is our relationship some kind of lie?"

"It is!" I cried. "That's what I came here to tell you! This bitch stole you from me, Evan! She ripped out our history together and put her in my place!"

"Is it true, Elizabeth?"

"Evan..." She gripped him tighter, looking up at him with sparkling eyes. "Do you love me?"

"I... I do. "

"Don't you want us to be happy together?" She rested her head on his soft chest. "We can build our life together. Isn't that the plan? I... I'm sorry Evan, you used to know all about this, but I took that away from you to spare you. It was driving us apart, it was hurting you... I just... I thought I was doing the right thing. I just want us to be together. I've done terrible things, but I can be better. Don't you see? I've realized that, because of you. You make me want to be a better person. Even though I hate it sometimes, even though its hard. I need you in my life for that. I - I love you. Maybe I didn't realize how much at first, and I mistreated you, and I'm sorry for that. But I want to be with you for the rest of my life! I want to have fun on some beach together when we're old. I... "

"Don't listen to her!" I yelled. "That bitch manipulated you, changed you, stole you from me. You and me, Evan. In a different life we were... we were so happy together. You were - you are - my everything. You're the reason I can keep going, Evan, no matter how bad things look. I... I was the one who got you

into this. I should never have changed you. I never needed to change you. You were always perfect to me. Even if you didn't like shopping or makeup.

"Wait, what?"

"Evan," I continued, "you are my light and my sun. Whenever I wake up, your smiling face is the first good thing I see. You are my rock and my knight and I can't imagine a day going by without you, nor would I ever want to. You were the best thing to ever happen to my life. You're the reason I have to keep going, that I have to keep fighting, no matter how dark things get. Not so I can have you -- you're not some prize to be owned -- but because I need to save you from her. I know it's difficult. You love Elizabeth, you only have eyes for her... but listen to your heart. You said it yourself that she's been cold and distant lately. That's because she doesn't know you, Evan, not the way I do. "

Evan stepped back, breaking the hug with Elizabeth. He looked lost, anxious, hurt, betrayed. My heart tore just looking at him.

"Don't you see though, Evan? I want to! " said Elizabeth "I want to be closer to you than anyone else. I want learn everything about you. I want to spend all of our days together, I want to laugh with you and grow old with you. I want to be a better person for you. Yes, I stole you, but I've spent every day since then wanting no more than to be worthy of your love. Evan, I need you more than she ever did. The love you feel for me... I never had the chance to earn it. Please, let me show you that I can be worthy of it, of you."

"This is all my fault, Evan." I took a step towards him "I didn't appreciate you. I loved you, but I didn't savor every moment we had. I got caught up in all my own bullshit about the device, about making you normal again, when what I should have been focusing on was just enjoying you, being with you. I'll never make that mistake again. Evan, I-"

"Stop!" Evan stumbled another step back. "Stop."

He was in the middle now between Elizabeth and I. His hands clutched tightly around the device. His eyes darted back and forth between me and Elizabeth frantically. Elizabeth reached out a hand for him, but he recoiled away.

"Both of you, please... why... why are you doing this?" he put a hand to his head. "What you're saying is crazy. It's just a stupid box! What you're describing... it can't be real!"

He pressed one of the buttons.

Zzzztttt

"Holy crap!" Evan's eyes went wide as he looked back and forth between the two of us. "It worked."

I looked down. I knew I wouldn't be able to tell what he had swapped, but I couldn't help but wonder. Everything seemed the same. I still had the same ridiculously sexy body, and I was still stuck wearing the dog's stupid skin tight jeans and low-cut top. I shifted my weight a little to adjust my dick. What had changed?

I looked over at Elizabeth. She was inspecting herself as well. She still had the same overly-perfect overly-sexual body that she had made for herself, with breasts the size of her head and an ass that went on for days. It occurred to me briefly that she probably wouldn't be able to slip in through that window now either.

She was still wearing nothing but the collar she had been wearing when she walked in. Sexy, but simple and designed to draw attention to her tits. She just fucking loved showing off her body. I was annoyed at myself that I almost envied her for what she was wearing. I had sort of gotten a little used to being naked, sure, but that didn't mean I wouldn't trade it away for even those clothes.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" cried Evan. "What have I done?"

"It's okay," I said, trying to sound calm and in control. "Whatever it is we can turn back. "

He looked down at the device in his shaking hands, scared, confused. He tried pressing the button again.

Zzzzttttt

A look of relief washed over Evan's face. He must have managed to swap us back. I hoped.

"It's real Evan." I said. "I'm sorry. I know you don't want it to be. I know you wish this was all some kind of joke. But it's real."

"I just... I can't believe this. You're saying that everything... our whole relationship, is some kind of fabrication? Years of happy memories, all that time we spent together, the good times and the bad, all of it a lie?"

"Not a lie." I said. "Just not with her."

"No. Please, I need to hear it from Elizabeth."

"Evan... I... its true. I stole you. I loved you and I couldn't have you, so I stole you. But then I fell in love with you for real. Our relationship may be founded on a lie, but my love for you isn't. Maybe this is for the best. You know the truth now. We can start all over, we can build a new set of memories together. We can find happiness together again for the first time. I can earn your love and we can be happy together."

"No! I won't believe it. This is some kind of trick. Elizabeth, baby... Come on." There was desperation in his voice. "When did we meet? What do I want out of life? What is the part of you I love the most?"

"Evan." Elizabeth shook her head. "I'm sorry..."

There was a long moment of silence as Evan tried and failed to cope with what he was hearing.

"Sociology." I said it quietly, but it almost seemed to echo in comparison to that deafening silence.

“What?”

“Sociology.” I repeated. “We met in Professor Hamilton’s sociology class. We were in two separate groups assigned two different group projects, but all of our group mates had ditched us and left us each to do the whole thing alone, and so we agreed to team up and help each other finish, even though there wasn’t really any overlap between our assignments.” I smiled. “We worked together on every group project possible thereafter.”

“Huh?” He turned and looked scared.

“You want a kid.” I continued “That’s what you want out of life. I don’t, and it was always a point of contention, but you always acquiesced because you were a gentleman. For all you say you want to go into academia, you know that’s just because you don’t feel any strong direction pulling you anywhere else. What you really want is to get married, have a kid, and to spend the rest of your life at home being as domestic as you possibly can.”

He almost seemed to smile a little at the thought.

“And my eyes. Evan, you cheeseball. It’s still my eyes. Throughout all of this, they’re the one part of me that hasn’t changed.”

“How... how do you know all this?”

“Because she’s not the girl you fell in love with. I am.”

Evan looked back at Elizabeth, then back to me and then down at the device. He screamed. All of the heartbreak and frustration came breaking out of him like a thunderclap.

“I... I don’t know what to do!” he cried out despondently. He turned to face Elizabeth. “Baby... In my head, my heart, I’ve always loved you. I’d do anything for you, you know that.” he turned back to me. “So much of me says that I shouldn’t care that the love isn’t real, that I love her all the same. That even if she wasn’t the girl I fell in love with, that I would still do anything for her, still sacrifice myself for that love. That I can find it in me to forgive her for everything she’s done, to help make her a better person. Elizabeth,” he turned back to her and looked deeply into her eyes. “I love you. You’re a better person than you give yourself credit for. Never think that you’re not worthy of my love. You tried to do the right thing and baby I... I’m so proud of you. You need to understand, baby, that that this doubt... knowing... thinking... that you’re not the woman I remember... it doesn’t diminish what I feel for you. It never will. I.. I love you so fucking much.”

My heart dropped.

“Oh my god, Evan.” Elizabeth’s eyes were filled with hope. “Thank you.”

“But...” he started to choke up “but if what you say is true. If you’ve inserted yourself into my memories... it means you’re not the woman I spent all those nights growing closer with, falling in love with day by day.” he was having difficulty speaking. “And no matter how close I feel to you, and how much I want to grow closer, how much I want you to be that woman... it means that there’s somebody

else out there who feels towards me the way I feel towards you. How can I turn my back on that person? How can I hurt them like that?"

"It's true." I said, wiping away a tear. "Since the moment we first met I've spent every day falling more and more in love with you. I'd face the worst the world has to offer just to be with you, Evan." I looked over at Elizabeth. "Sometimes I feel like I already have. I'm going to keep fighting for you, Evan, no matter what."

"Then how... how do you expect me to choose? Between the woman I love and the memories of the woman I fell in love with? You want me to betray the person I care for more than anything. How can you ask that? How can I do that?"

"I know... it's hard. But listen to me... look, you say you love my eyes? Evan... my eyes were the one thing that's never changed. Throughout all of this, they're the one thing that survived. I know you won't recognize them, but they're the proof that I'm still the girl you fell in love with. The girl you were happy with." My tears were flowing freely now. "Yes, you love Elizabeth, and I hate it, I hate her for it. I hate that you have to make this choice. But you wouldn't be you - you wouldn't be the man that I fell in love with - if you didn't always try to do what's best. If you didn't know deep in your heart what you needed to do, even when it's hard. Even when it hurts. I love you, Evan. I know you'll do the right thing."

He looked deeply into my eyes and smiled for just for a moment, as if reliving a happy memory.

"Elizabeth..." He turned to face her. "Baby... I'm sorry. Fuck, I'm so sorry." And then he took a step towards me, holding out the device. I took it.

"No..." Elizabeth broke.

She put her hands on her head and fell to her knees. The look of agony on her face was a grim reflection of my own heart. As sick as it was, I actually felt bad for her. I was expecting this sense of victory... This girl had hurt me, brought me so low, betrayed me. Now she was getting exactly what she deserved. I should have felt great, but I didn't.

The love of her life just spurned her. He had just betrayed her for her best friend, when all she had been trying to do, in her own mind at least, was the right thing. I didn't feel sorry for her. I hated her too much for that. But in that moment, I knew her pain.

"Evan..." I gripped the device tightly in my hand as I pulled Evan in and held him as closely as I could. I was never going to let him go again.

"Evan... I'm so sorry for what I've done. I should never have let any of this happen."

"Shhh..." he said, brushing the hair from my eyes. "I still don't know the full extent of what's been going on... but it'll be okay. I promise."

The blood was pumping through me so hard I almost didn't hear Elizabeth rise to her feet.

"Fine." she laughed. It was a harrowed empty laugh. "I tried to be good... I tried to do this right. And you threw it in my face... the both of you! I didn't want to do this. I wanted to fix things properly. I wanted to do the good thing, and look at what that got me! You want me to be a villain? Fine! I'll be a fucking villain!"

I pulled away from Evan just in time to fall out of the way of her blow. I could feel the air rush past as she moved. She was crazy, desperate, swinging herself with reckless abandon. I crashed into the ground as she staggered to recover.

I tried to bring the device around, tried to aim it at her before she had another chance to attack, but it was too late. She was too fast. I flinched as her body came flying towards me.

I expected pain as she landed on me and began beating me down but instead there was a crash. I looked up. Evan had put himself between us. His lips were bloody and Elizabeth had her fist pulled back, ready to land another blow.

But that blow never came. Her arm wavered as her cold expression was subsumed with regret.

"Evan, oh my god, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. Please... Evan..."

"Elizabeth, listen to me." he said, wrapping his arms around her. "I love you. I know its not real, but I do, and I... I *care* for you, damnit. I care for you so fucking much. So listen to me when I tell you that you're not a villain. No one wants you to be one. Look, you did the right thing here. It hurts, I know. I fucking hurt too. But this... don't you see? This is your chance to be that better person that you want to be. All you need is to care about yourself the way I care about you. To love the way I love you. You don't need me for that, you never have.

"Oh my god." She put her fingers on his bloody lip and fell limp in his arms. "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..." She shook and all the rage and hatred seemed to drain out of her until there was nothing left.

I staggered to my feet and grabbed the device. When their hug had finally ended, I approached, device at the ready, just waiting for Elizabeth to do something else desperate, something else stupid.

"What... what are you going to do with me?" she asked. It was so quiet I almost didn't hear it. I took the device and pressed it against the flesh of her shoulder.

I could make her life miserable. I could swap away her arms and legs, and each of her senses in turn. I could swap her ability to speak with the dog, or make her go through life crawling on all fours. What was the worst thing I could do to her? What would hurt her more than anything? I frowned. Knowing her it would involve having small boobs. Maybe I could make her hideous? Trap her in some morbidly obese shell? But no, I wanted to find a punishment that was fitting and ironic and I wanted her to suffer.

In that moment I wished that I was more creative just so I could reach into those depths to pull up some punishment, anything, that would even remotely begin to express the hatred and resentment I felt towards this girl.

But, well, that wouldn't have changed anything, would it? No matter what I did to her, she'd still be her.

“What am I going to do with you?” I said it slowly, trying not to let my contempt for this woman take me over. “I should swap you into a brainless sex addicted idiot. But I've been that and you know what? I have too much respect for brainless sex addicted idiots. No, Elizabeth, what you already are is worse than that.” I let out a frustrated growl. “Elizabeth, you have no idea the things I want to do to you. All the things I should do. All the things you fucking deserve after all you've done!”

She flinched and trembled as I adjusted the dials.

“But right now? Right now, you crazy goddamn bitch, your not worth wasting my fucking time on. Right now, I'm taking back my life.”

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

There was a sudden flash of warmth as I suddenly went from nude to clothed. I cannot even begin to tell you how wonderful it felt. It was like being wrapped in a warm blanket fresh from the dryer. I didn't care that they were dirty and covered in dog hair or that they didn't fit over Slut's prodigious ass or these crazy stupid tits, they were clothes. My clothes.

As though it was almost too good to believe, I put one hand up to my neck to confirm that the collar was gone. I looked down at the little dog. It had just been standing there oblivious throughout the whole fight. The collar was back where it belonged.

“Evan, what's my name?”

“What?”

“My name. Please, Evan. I need hear you say it. I need to hear you say it and I need to know that you're talking about me.”

He took a step towards me and looked me deep in the eyes.

“Ellen.”

His voice was like the ringing of the bells of heaven. My soul grew wings and soared.

“You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that.” I smiled at him, then I put my hands around him and pulled him in tightly, tenderly. Our breasts pushing into each other's as I leaned in and tasted his sweet bloody lips. Mentally, I wasn't attracted to Evan's feminine body - not sexually at least - and with his female body language it was like no kiss I'd ever had with him, but that didn't matter.

It water in a parched desert. It was as good as our first kiss and more. The purest, simplest expression of the love I had for this man. This was a promise for a lifetime of perfect moments.

“So what now?” Evan asked, after the kiss finally broke. He held one hand up to his lip as if savoring the sensation. “Are you going to swap our relationship back?”

“Yes.” I said, adjusting the device. “I’m never going to let you go again.”

“No.” whispered Elizabeth. “don’t...”

“Elizabeth, stop! It’s over. You have to fucking accept that!”

“If you swap your relationship.” she said, darkly, “It’ll include all this. You’ll be where I am.”

“What?” asked Evan.

“Fuck.” I looked down at the device horrified. I’d been so close to pressing that button, to dooming myself all over again. “She’s right. We’d be right back to where we started. Worse, even. No. No! I’m... I’m not losing you again!”

I turned to look in shock at Elizabeth. Why the fuck had she done that? She would have been exactly where she wanted to be. She’d have had everything she ever wanted.

“Elizabeth, thank you.” said Evan.

“Yeah well...” there was a quiver of pride in her voice. “I guess I’m not a total monster after all.”

I clenched my fist. If that bitch thought one good deed was enough to earn my forgiveness, if she thought I’d ever find her worthy of any sort of redemption, she had another thing coming.

“So what do we do now?” asked Evan, looking towards me.

“Now? Fuck... there’s so much to fix. But right now... right now I think there’s somebody I need you two to meet.”

To be concluded in chapter 24: Denouement.