

Warning: this chapter features boobs, breasts in tight spaces, tits, falling skirts, contrived coincidences dicks, swaps of all kinds, menageries of mismatched parts, body swaps, dog parks, last chances, machine gun swapping, final decisions, impossible choices, a last chance for revenge, a last chance to set things right, and a clock slowly ticking down.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 24 – Happily Reunited =

By Razmagurk

In life, we make choices we come to regret. Those choices come to define us, if we let them. I looked down at the device in my hand. It was hard to believe that this one small thing could cause so much trouble.

The three of us sat in Elizabeth's living room, still trying to cope with everything that had just happened. I clicked my fingernails against the table.

We were running out of time.

This was the moment I'd been too cautious to even dread. Now that I'd gotten Evan back, now that I'd gotten the device, what did I do with it? All this potential. All this possibility. All this responsibility. Where did I even start?

I needed to take it back, sure. I had no illusions that I could run off with it. The thing was too damn dangerous, even in my hands. Yet in the meantime, in the scant moments before it slipped away from me forever, how did I use this power?

My gaze shifted down to my body - to Slut's body - to the eternally horny flesh of her quivering tits bulging against the confines of my all too tight clothes. The clothes that I wore, though mine, had been purchased with a very different body in mind. They did a poor job of covering the living pornography that I inhabited. I sighed. Fixing this was certainly very high on my list.

Still though, I couldn't help but think back to all of the strange things I'd seen today, all the chaos that Elizabeth had caused, all the fucked-up swaps that I had just been completely oblivious to as Slut, and all the ruined lives that only I could see. I had to help them somehow, didn't I? Didn't I owe them that? Wasn't that my responsibility now that I'd gotten this thing back? But how? There were so many of them and I had no idea where or what their original bodies were.

Hell, I was no better off trying to get my own body back together. Slut's hyper-sexual form was a mashup of who knows how many different party-goers and revelers, and all of my original parts were spread out amongst an entire bar full of women. What kind of fool had I been to think that I could possibly make this all right again?

Here's a little piece of advice for everyone out there who's ever put in charge of designing a reality altering super-device: put in an undo button.

Okay Ellen, think.

I looked across the table at Elizabeth. She said she had been tracking down my old parts, hadn't she? As much as I hated her, as much as I despised the notion of working with her, she was the only one who had any actual clue about what had happened to any of these people. I clenched a fist. One way or another, if I was going to do this, I was going to need her help.

But no. I shook my head. There was still one piece missing. I needed to find Emma. I needed to find her and get her to the cafe so that she could give her report. One last task - easy in comparison to what I'd just done - then I'd have the luxury of worrying.

Could I even do this?

I looked over at Evan. His lip was still bloody and his eyes were still misty with emotion. I smiled. He smiled back.

I could do this.

"Okay, listen," I said. "we don't have much time. I want to try to fix as much of this crazy as I can and there's a very limited window in which to do it. I need to get my body back, and we need to try to fix you too, Evan. Then there's someone I need you two to meet, but before we can get to any of that we need to find Emma."

"Emma?" Evan raised an eyebrow. "What's she have to do with any of this?"

"Her and Sam have gotten caught up in all this too. It's a long story." I turned an accusing eye to Elizabeth. "Before we can start fixing things properly, we need to gather up everyone who's used the device. That means me, Elizabeth, you, and Emma."

"Oh." he turned to Elizabeth. "Is that why you were trying to track her down earlier?"

"She was?"

I looked over at the girl sitting across from me. She was still a crumpled mess. Beautiful in her stolen form, but broken. Elizabeth had always been a fighter, but now the fight had drained from her completely. She was weak and vulnerable. I tried not to pity her, tried not to let her get those hooks into me. I took a deep breath. It was more than she was worth.

"I meant what I said, Elles." Her voice was low and unsteady. I had to lean in to hear. "I really was trying to put things right. Sam and Emma... It was stupid of me, petty. I had swapped their relationship roles around with a dog and it's owner. I couldn't bear seeing them happy like that. I spent a long time trying to track you down, sure, but I wanted to fix them as well. That's why I'd left earlier, why I was gone. I was meeting them at the park, looking for the other half of that swap. I did the right thing, Elles, I turned them back."

"Wait," a fresh flash of anger shot through me. "That's why you were gone? What about my note?"

"Your note?" she looked up at me and tried to give a weak smile. "Elles, come on, that was obviously some kind of trap."

"Fine!" I said. "You say you want to set things, right? You say you fixed them? I don't believe it for a second, but if you know where those two are, you better start leading the way."

"You..." there was just the faintest spark in her eye. "You'd trust me after all that?"

"No, Elizabeth. As long as we both live I am never going to trust you ever again, I promise you that. I will live happily for the rest of my life if I never have to see your face ever again. But right now? Right now there's more important things than you that I need to deal with. Besides, I can't exactly let you out of my sight, can I? Who knows what kind of trouble you'll get in."

She shrunk back, the spark extinguished.

"Listen," I continued. "I wish there was another way, but after everything you did to Sam, we owe it to them to try to put him right again."

"What do you mean?" asked Evan. "What did she do to her?"

I shuddered as I thought back to the dinner that night, to Elizabeth stripping away one by one all of Sam's accomplishments, all the things that made him him. If we were going to fix people, he was a good place to start.

"You found some way back though, right Elles?" hope rose in Elizabeth's voice. "Maybe we can put her through the same process?"

"Don't count on it." I shook my head. "I think there's only so much mercy to go around."

"Wait, no, seriously," interjected Evan, "what happened to Sam?"

"It was so stupid of me." Elizabeth put her hands to her head "I was just so angry and bitter. Sam was this perfect unobtainable guy that I'd been drooling over from the sidelines for years, and she somehow ended up with Emma of all people when it should have been me. Uhg, and they were so good together. I just, I felt so scorned. Why her and not me? That's all I kept thinking. But it was so stupid. I had you, Evan, and yet..."

"I don't want to hear it, Elizabeth," she flinched as I slammed a hand down on the table. "I don't care about your petty motivations. We just need to find some way of swapping him back. Do you remember anything about who you swapped him with?"

"It was that family, I'm pretty sure." she rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "Everything I swapped with her I swapped with that family a few tables down. The kids, mostly. It's no good though, even knowing that - I have no way of finding them. They could be anywhere by now."

"Elizabeth, think very carefully. Was one of these the same kid you swapped Slut's - my education with?"

"I think?" she struggled. "Yes. Yes it was."

I sat bolt upright. "I know where he is!"

"Wait, you do? How!?"

Slut had had this kid's education. She remembered his memories of school as though they were her own. I may have been rolled back since then, but I remembered Slut wracking her brain over and over again, trying so desperately, so fruitlessly, to figure out what was wrong. It was vague, like a photograph of a photograph, but I could still remember some of the details.

We just had to get there in time.

"What happened?" asked Sandra as I burst into her passenger seat.

"The plan sort of backfired," I said "but it all kinda worked out in the end."

"Ellen? are you okay?" came Stacey's voice over the speaker phone. "We've been worried!"

I stopped and smiled. It was the first time I'd heard any of the cheer girls call me that. It was good to be back.

"You were right, Stacey. We just needed to talk things over."

"I told you so!" laughed the voice.

"So things are good now?" asked Sandra.

"No." I turned and glared at Elizabeth as she and Evan crawled into the back seat. "Not by a long shot. But there's no time to explain." I put a hand on Sandra's shoulder. "I know it's asking a lot but right now I need your car. No questions asked."

"Elles," said Elizabeth, "you know I could have driven, right?"

"Wait, does this mean there's not going to be an orgy?" came Kiley's disappointed voice over the phone.

"You'll have to have it without us," I said. "I'm sorry. We need to get to a few places as fast as possible. Sandra, do you think you can get us there?"

"Uh... I can try? Where exactly am I going?"

The dog park wasn't especially far away, but the whole drive I just had this vision in my mind of Sam naked on all fours as Emma led him around. His supple feminine body glistening in the sun as he did tricks and chased sticks, his naked breasts heaving with each movement. I clasped my thighs together and tried to shake it from my head. I hated that this was turning me on so much. Now that the

emotional urgency of everything that had just happened had begun to wane, I could feel Slut's arousal building up in the back of my brain. I had to stay focused.

I turned to look back at Evan. He had one arm resting reassuringly on Elizabeth's back as they whispered something back and forth. I didn't want to admit how much I hated seeing them so emotionally close, but I didn't say anything. I had to have faith in Evan. Besides, I was just glad that he was keeping her in line. The last thing I wanted was for her to try anything stupid.

As much as I hate to concede anything in that girl's favor, she was right about the two of them being at the park. We spotted them pretty handily from the entrance. Imagine my further relief when Emma was leading Sam around by the hand rather than a leash.

"See?" Elizabeth said. "I told you, I fixed them."

I ignored her and ran out of the car.

"Ellen!" cried Emma as she caught sight of me. "Oh my god, is everything alright? I'm glad you're okay." I guess between all the tears and the dirty clothes, I must have looked a total mess. She ran over and pulled me into a sympathetic embrace, her heavy breasts pressing against my own sensitive mounds. "I was doing some research like you asked and look, you're not going to believe what I found, but I think you might have stumbled onto something big. There's this company - "

"Emma, I'm sorry, but there's no time." I shook my head. "I need you two to come with me."

"Uh, is everything alright?" asked Sam, realizing I hadn't actually given an answer to Emma's question.

"It will be," I laughed. "Please, just... trust me."

The two of them looked at each other and shrugged.

Squeezing Emma and Sam into the car was tricky. There was a lot of boob and not a lot of seats. But Sandra's car was surprisingly spacious and the cheer team had managed to squeeze more in with less. We just had to go slow and pray we wouldn't get pulled over.

"Elles, what are you doing?" Elizabeth whispered.

"I'm trying to fix Sam."

"Why?"

"What do you mean, why?"

"I mean, if we don't have much time, why are you going out of our way like this to fix him instead of trying to fix your own life first."

I looked at her stunned.

What was I supposed to say? That unlike you, Elizabeth, you psychotic bitch, I care about what happens to people? To my friends? Because I've seen what the other side of this is like? Maybe a little something called basic human dignity?

I just shook my head in disbelief. How could I have ever been friends with someone like that?

"Here we are." said Sandra as we pulled into the shadow of the imposing brick edifice that was St. Dominic's Private School for Boys.

"Where are all the kids?" asked Evan.

Shit. Of course. At this time of day all the kids would have been long gone. I tried to think. Where did that stupid kid live? I remember him getting driven here every morning but beyond that all the little scenes Slut had recollected had taken place entirely within the school. I guess your home address wasn't considered a part of your education? Surely, the kid must have mentioned it to someone though - some teacher or friend? Memories of memories of memories. Come on, Ellen. You can do this. Focus.

I sighed. What were we going to do even if we did find it? Just knock on the door and ask for their son's football career back?

I furrowed my brow. Okay, there was one snippet of information that seemed familiar, one street name half remembered. No number, but it had to be nearby. Maybe if we went there, I'd see something that would jog my memory or maybe we could -

"Oh my god!"

"Elizabeth, I swear to god - "

"Look!"

I clutched the device tightly to my ample chest as I turned. I know it was probably paranoid, but I didn't want to give her a chance to capitalize on my distraction.

I caught sight of a familiar face. It couldn't have been, could it? There was no way we were that lucky.

There, not a block away from the school, was the entrance to a large park. A woman was struggling to stay balanced as she toddled along on the feeble legs and body of a young child, pushing a stroller out of a public bathroom. Well, she was trying to, anyway. The infant inside the stroller had the body of an old man from the neck down and the weight of him was clearly far too much for the poor woman. She was followed shortly behind by a young boy's head, which sat upon what I imagined was the mother's not unattractive original body. He stared sheepishly at the trouble his mother was having, then gave her a hand.

Nearby, a small girl no older than six was sitting cross legged under a tree, an enormous textbook open in front of her as she watched a father throwing a football around with his preteen son. The dad was tossing out these long loose passes that forced the kid to run around, but the kid was having no trouble catching them and snapping back ball after ball like a seasoned pro.

"Oh my god, that's them." I said.

"What's them?" asked Sam.

I pulled out the device, then hesitated as I looked down at the dials. "Wait, what specifically did you swap, Elizabeth? Details are important."

"Uh, college education with that girl. Football experience with the boy. Toilet training with the baby. I think?"

"Is that everything?"

Elizabeth looked away sheepishly.

"Elizabeth!"

"Strength." She blushed. "With myself."

"Hold on, what is happening here?" asked Emma.

"Sam," I said. "You are one lucky son of a bitch, you know that?"

"Am I?" He laughed, then looked at Emma and smiled. "I guess I am."

I aimed the device down at them then hesitated. This kid had my education - Slut's education. I didn't have his any more, so there was no way I could give it back, but if I swapped it now, everyone would go back to recognizing I'd graduated, right? But how much did Slut's education differ from my own? Most of it was probably very similar, but what if Slut had all these weird sexy formative moments in high school that had just never come up in the short time I was her? Could I risk what that would do to me?

Shit, what a choice.

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

The kid's pass went wide. The baby might have still had the body of an old man, but the mother, back in her own body, was at least now able to push the stroller. The little girl looked down confused at her text book, then ran off to pick at the grass.

I looked at the kid and sighed. I know that it was cruel to him in a way, he probably had all these totally incongruous memories of being some kind of sexed-up school girl seducing all the cute high school boys, but in the end, I just couldn't do it. I just didn't know what Slut's influence would do to me at this point. I couldn't make that gamble. I needed to keep a clear head. I needed to stay objective. I needed to be me.

"Sam, quick," I said, "what position do you play?"

"Uh, wide receiver?" he looked at me quizzically. "Why?"

"It worked." I grinned. That was one person's life put back to normal at least.

"What worked?" insisted Emma, "Ellen, what the hell is going on? What is that thing you're waving around? Why did you drag us out here?"

"Emma, I'm sorry." I turned and locked eyes with the girl in the back seat. "You were right. I did get caught up in something big. There's no time to explain right now, but listen, you know that little cafe down Dickenson road? I need you to meet us there in two hours, okay? It's really important that you be there and that you come alone. I'll explain everything then."

"Ellen," she sighed. "What have you gotten yourself involved with?"

"It's okay." I tried to smile. "We're going to fix things."

Something was bugging me as we dropped the two of them off at Sam's place. There was just something so familiar about the way he put his arm around Emma's waist, about the way the two of them walked off together, moving for all the world like a couple of men despite their sultry buxomy forms. I don't want to say that I'd know that walk anywhere, but as I thought back to that night in the restaurant it struck me. That was Evan. That was Evan's body language.

I'd been so caught up in trying to fix him earlier that I didn't even notice. Here was the thing I'd been so obsessed over, the reason we had gone to that stupid party in the first place. I'd been so focused on it, on fixing my mistakes, that I'd lost sight of what was really important.

And there it was, literally walking away from me.

I looked back at Evan in the back seat as I readied the device. He had his legs crossed at the thigh and had one arm wrapped around Elizabeth, pulling her head against his soft breast and rubbing her shoulder.

Zzzzttttt

Evan shifted uncomfortably for a moment, then uncrossed his legs, pressing them together at the knee instead. He shimmied his back a little like he was trying to scratch an itch, then sat up a little straighter, leaning more authoritatively into the cuddle. He stopped rubbing Elizabeth's shoulder and gave it a gentle but firm squeeze instead. I smiled, even as a twang of jealousy played in my heart. That looked more like the Evan I knew.

Then, slowly, Evan's legs started to drift apart. My heart pounded as I caught sight of the tiny pink thong he was wearing beneath his tartan skirt and the massive slab of meat that it was somehow managing to hold back. I bit my lip and forced myself to look away. Maybe I shouldn't have done that while he was dressed like that.

I looked back over at Sam. He seemed to be almost gliding now. It was a stark contrast to the jockish cadence Emma was displaying. I couldn't quite hear what they were saying, but then Emma leaned over and gave Sam a kiss, wrapping her arms around his waist and bringing her hips into his. Sam reciprocated, one leg lifting daintily in the air and arms bent at the elbows.

Zzzzttttt

The fall of Sam's legs and the rise of Emma's as the kiss reversed was almost comically symmetrical. Sam had gone from being the one receiving to the one giving, though this seemed to be giving him some trouble given their difference in height.

"So," asked Sandra. "Am I going to get an explanation at any point?"

"Uh." I stumbled. "I'm sorry, Sandra, here I have you driving me around like a private chauffeur and you don't even know why. I wish I could tell you, I really do, but honestly I don't even know if you'd believe me."

"It's okay." She smiled. "I'm kind of used to it. I'm the only one of us with a car, remember? I'm just glad I could help. Besides, this is nothing on the kind of perverted crap Jenny asks me to get up to." She laughed. It was a girlish laugh, but her muscular, masculine body made it oddly deep and resonant.

Oh shit. I looked down at the adonis-like figure that was Sandra's body, then back at Sam's retreating aphroditic form. How could I be so blind?

Of course, it had been easy to miss. I hadn't known these two prior to them getting swapped. In my subconscious, this was just how they always were. But that wasn't the case was it? I'd switched them around back in the bar that first night. They'd just been some random cheerleader and some random football player when I was swapping the teams around. What a difference a week makes.

I hurried to adjust the dials. I don't know if Sam's body had been Sandra's originally or what, but at least it was a damn sight closer.

Zzzzttttt

I laughed. Sam was a muscular hunk again, but he was still wearing Sandra's way too skinny jeans and her off-the-shoulder top.

I reset the device and fired again.

Zzzzttttt

Much better. The clothing may have been a little stretched, but it certainly complimented Sandra's curves way better than it had Sam's.

I looked one last time as the couple departed. The sway in Emma's hips wasn't as sexy as it had been that first day in the mall, but at least it communicated the correct gender. The last thing I saw before they slipped from view was Emma discretely sliding her hand down Sam's pants, a wicked grin on her face, a blush on his. I could only imagine what they were about to get up to.

Okay, well, that was two down, only, like, a million more to go. I looked down at the time. We had just under an hour and a half left. Less, if we were going to leave enough time to get to the cafe. Something told me this was not the sort of meeting I wanted to be late for.

So where did we go from here?

I looked back down at the device. This was my chance, wasn't it? To fix my life? To make the world remember the real me? Slut and I had been very different people. How far back did that extend? How much of my history was gone now? How much had been replaced by things I didn't remember? Sure, the rollback had set it so that I was aware of the way things were supposed to be, but the rest of the world still remembered me as being a very different person. Who had those errant parts of me?

I frowned. even if I was able to find these people, how was I supposed to swap them back? Could I risk tearing out chunks of my personality? Theoretically it shouldn't make a huge difference - those things were already a part of me thanks to the rollback - but what if I swapped the wrong thing, or with the wrong girl? What if there were side effects? Could I risk losing who I was again?

No, the real question here was whether or not I could live with the alternative. If I didn't try to fix things, I'd be stuck living Slut's life forever. I'd be trapped as the doppelganger of my doppelganger.

I sighed in frustration. If I had more time, I could do some experimentation, I could rely on Evan to keep me objective, I could make sure I didn't end up stuck with something horrible like that girl's fashion sense back in the mall. But experimentation needed time, and time was something we didn't have. Every minute I spent trying to fix myself was a minute I wasn't fixing someone else.

What about my body?

I tried to think, tried to trace things back. That night at the strip club, I had somehow gotten body swapped with some bouncer, hadn't I? How had that even happened? If they worked at the club, maybe they'd still be there? I could just go get it back. Could it really be that easy? I frowned. Easy, sure, but then he'd be the one stuck with these stupid tits, wouldn't he? Uhg, it was so tempting though.

And sure, they wouldn't remember, but that was the worst part. They'd just continue to go along with their life perfectly happy either way. It was so damn easy to just dismiss someone who was oblivious as not mattering, but I knew better. I knew full well that just because they didn't realize it was happening, didn't make it right.

I tried to push back at the anxiety welling up in the back of my throat. Okay, this was fine for now. I'd worry about myself later. I'd think of something, I was sure. I just didn't know what. There were still lots

of other people who still needed to be fixed. It's funny, I thought it had been a mercy, being aware of everything like this, but now that I could see the other side of the coin, I could see the responsibility it entailed.

"Evan?" I said, "Lets get you fixed."

"No." He shook his head softly as he looked up at me. I tried not to look down at the way his boobs followed suit.

"No?"

"No." He gave a tiny smile. "There's others that have been messed up by this thing, right?"

"Uh, yeah," I said, thinking back to the train wreck that was campus, "a few."

"I'd never forgive myself if anyone else didn't get a chance to swap back because of me. Fix them first, then worry about me."

"Evan, that means you might not get a chance to change back."

"I know. It'll be fine. I don't know what about me is different, but I'm happy with who I am. Well," he shifted a little in his seat, "mostly. "

"I kind of figured you'd say that." I smiled. "I think I've come to the same conclusion."

"What?" gasped Elizabeth. "Elles, you have the chance to change yourself back. To change everything back! You *have* to take it. You can't give up who you are for a bunch of oblivious strangers. Not after... not after all I've done to you. You have to fix it."

"Yeah, well, you didn't exactly leave me much of a choice, did you, Elizabeth? You keep claiming you were trying to do the right thing? If that were the case, you'd have started swapping people back ages ago."

"I was trying to prioritize! You're important to me Elles. I wanted to put you back before anything else."

"Listen, I don't even want to hear it, okay? I'm the one who has to clean up your fucking mess, and I'm not going to let who knows how many people suffer unknowingly just to satisfy my own comfort or vanity, okay?"

"I... " she looked down speechless. "I was just..."

I sighed and turned away.

"Sandra, can you get us down to campus?"

"Uh, I can, but parking's no good this time of day."

"It's fine. You can drop us off there. I owe you big time."

"Hey," she laughed. "It's what friends are for. You'd do the same for me, I'm sure."

I smiled. I'd always thought her laugh a little sardonic, but her new body made it sound sweet and melodic. I was glad I'd been able to give that to her. I mean, I'd have done it regardless, of course, but it was a nice thank you for all I'd been putting her through. I just hoped I'd get the chance to do the rest of them.

We arrived on campus not long after. When I'd been here earlier it had still been early in the day. Busy, sure, but still quiet. Now though, now the place was packed. Students buzzed over every little corner, some still trying to get to or from class, but most just glad it was finally the weekend. Neither group realizing the madness that had befallen them.

Everywhere I looked I saw mixed up bodies, tenting skirts, strange behaviors, and other signs of Elizabeth's mischief. I had thought things bad this morning, but only now, looking out at the sea of mismatched shapes before me did I realize that this morning had just been the tip of the iceberg.

How many people had Elizabeth changed? How many lives had she ruined? My head swam trying to make sense of it all. How was I supposed to fix all this? Where did I even start?

"Is everything okay?" asked Evan.

I nodded, trying not to let him see how completely overwhelming this was.

Okay, I could do this. It was time to set things right. I took a deep breath, then chose a direction at random.

Zzzzttttt

A woman's head went back onto a woman's body.

Zzzzttttt

A girl's tenting skirt fell with a soft swish as her throbbing dick returned to the crotch of a nearby cameltoed boy.

Zzzzttttt

A girl flirtatiously showing off her fatty man-boobs received a proper bouncing pair of feminine melons instead.

A good start.

I paused briefly to consider the morality of what I was doing. The swaps I was making were not between the original owners. No, there was no time for that. I was making close approximations. I knew I couldn't make things perfect, but I could make them at least a little better. Every body part or trait that didn't

look like it belonged on someone was going to get swapped onto somewhere where it did. Sure, some guys might end up with the wrong dicks, but hey, at least the girls didn't have them, right?

I was even doing my best to keep things even. Athletic bodies were getting swapped back with athletic faces, that sort of thing, but some of these swaps were tricky. How do you swap back a guy with a little girl's body when there's no little girls around? And with the crowd drifting past the way it was, it was a constant churn of new people replacing the old. I couldn't afford to wait and hope that the right parts came along.

But was this the right thing to do? Who was I to say, upon swapping a guy's head off of some slutty girl's body, that this was any better? I mean, at the end of the day, neither was the original, right? I could be making things worse for all I knew.

I shook my head. No. I couldn't just sit back and do nothing. I had to help these people any way I could.

I swung the device again and started firing into a giggling crowd of miniskirt-wearing rugby players. I felt like I was in a shooting gallery. Everywhere I turned there was something new.

The physical swaps were the easiest. I could just roughly match up what I needed. The mental ones though, the social ones. Those were tricky. I kept seeing people giving or receiving big sloppy blowjobs right out in public, completely unfazed and completely unregarded by passers by. It was as though dropping your skirt and getting your dick sucked by your study partner was the most natural thing in the world. What could I possibly do to set that right?

I was staring at just such an occurrence. There was a dude sitting on a bench not too far from us, reading. He was tall, with reddish hair, sunglasses and a soul patch. He had a decent body - a surfer's build - and he'd have been a real catch were it not for the sheer competition of really hot guys on campus. Sitting next to him was a somewhat shorter and scrawnier guy with a surprisingly large dick receiving head from a muscular third guy wearing nothing but red thigh-high leather fuck-me boots.

Normally, the felatio would be the point of interest in a scene like that, but no, what really struck me was the way the latter two guys were incessantly - and obnoxiously, based on his reaction - hitting on the first, even while being engaged in a copious bout of hot wet face fucking. They weren't the only ones either. Every guy who happened to walk by was checking him out or making passes at him.

How did I fix that? What was the swap here? Was this guy originally a girl? Did she get full body swapped but everyone still sees her as some kind of super hottie?

"Elizabeth? That guy over there." I pointed "What did you do to him?" I hated to ask, but I didn't have time to try to figure this out on my own.

"Ah..." she blushed. "Well, see, he was hitting on all these girls who wanted nothing to do with him, so I swapped around his perceived gender and attractiveness. Now everyone sees him as a hot girl and he knows how it feels to get hit on all the time."

"Great," I sighed, "how the hell am I supposed to fix that?"

"Can I help?" Evan stepped up beside me. "Look, I don't super know what's going on right now, but maybe you can swap her with me?"

"Evan, no." I turned to him horrified. "You - you can't. I won't let you get swapped again. Not after everything that's happened. Its one thing to want to fix people, but look at them all." I made a sweeping gesture. "There's too many of them. If you start swapping away pieces of yourself, then soon there's not going to be any of you left. I just got you back, baby, I don't want to lose a single bit of you."

An image formed in my mind of Evan shattering into a million pieces in front of me, and everyone taking a small bit until there was nothing left. It was exactly the sort of thing Evan would want, sure. If he could do it to set things right, he would. But there was no way in hell I was going to give him the chance. He was mine. They couldn't have him.

"Ellen, please." I melted as he put his hand on my shoulder. "I want to help."

"You don't know what you're offering. People will think you're a girl. You'll get hit on, like, all the time!"

"You know, had you offered me that a few days ago," he laughed, "I'd have jumped at the chance."

His smile faltered. He frowned.

"These... these were things I wanted once. Sure, the masculine part of me hates the notion of people seeing me that way, but another part of me says fuck that first part. I want to help, Ellen. And I want to prove to myself that being a girl doesn't make me weak." he looked down and blushed, twiddling two fingers together. "Plus, it would be kinda nice to get hit on by guys like that."

I stared at him dumbfounded. How could I possibly say no to that?

"Okay, but this is the only time. Here, hold on tight."

He reached out a hand for the device. Elizabeth followed suit, but I turned her away.

"I'm not letting you anywhere near this thing."

"Elles..."

"You'll have to settle for being the oblivious one for once."

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

"Did it work?"

The guy getting the blowjob stopped mid flirt, his eyebrows going from salacious waggle to confusion to horror as he tried to back peddle his way out of the conversation. Soon he was silently enjoying his blowjob, leaving the guy with a chance to finally read his book in peace.

"I don't *feel* any different." Said Evan, looking down at his body. The poor thing hadn't yet noticed the hungry male eyes scanning every inch of his nubile, scantily clad form. Not that I could blame them. I'd been in their shoes. "How else can I help?" he looked up at me smiling.

"If I see anything else you can help with," I lied, "I'll let you know." There was no way I was going to give him the chance to martyr himself any further. I'd only just gotten him back. I didn't know what fate awaited us when we got to the cafe - I didn't know if he could be rolled back like I had been. There was a very real risk that whatever he ended up with now was going to be what he ended up with for good, I wanted to keep him as close to the man I knew and loved as I possible.

I glanced back over at the bench. The surfer dude hadn't gotten a page in before a woman with a truly Amazonian figure had arrived to start hitting on him.

I sighed. A swappers work was never done.

Zzzzttttt

The amazon stumbled over as she went from six foot of chiseled marble to a five-foot waif of a girl. In a surprising bit of sweetness, the dude caught her and they laughed.

Zzzzttttt

The jock who had been running around pregnant was back to normal. That, at least, was one swap I knew I had the correct bodies for. I just hoped the baby was okay. Who knew what kind of weird side effects swapping could produce? There should be a little warning label: do not use if subject is pregnant or may become pregnant. Keep out of reach of children. Always consult your physician before swapping.

Zzzzttttt

In the corner near the fine arts building, a tiny girl had been struggling to give her laughing boyfriend a piggy back ride. She fell over under his weight and when they stood up confused, he picked her up and playfully carried her off.

I looked around and gritted my teeth. I'd made a good start, but despite all of my experience, all my determination to set things right, some of these changes were still beyond me. I didn't know what I was going to do about the girl walking around in just her strap-on or the guy with the horse legs or the man with the baby's body.

Then the sky opened up, the crowd parted and a choir of angels sang out. There he was. A handsome chiseled face atop the busty body of a beautiful woman. At first glance I almost missed it. After all, he was no different from any of the other poor shmucks in the crowd save his good looks, but though it was obscured by a t-shirt proclaiming him a member of the campus volunteer fire group, I knew that body. It was mine.

Or, well, as close to mine as I could call a body at this point. It was the body I'd given myself piecemeal that first night in the bar, all those days ago, back before I had realized the true terrifying potential of the device.

What was he doing here? Why tempt me now? I had already given up the notion of swapping back, hadn't I? It had been an easy enough choice to make when the body was so far away, when I'd have to go out of my way to get to it, but now... it was right there, ready for the taking.

I could finally be me again, physically. I could cast off Slut's skin and her ridiculous tits and her stupid libido. I could be in a body I had chosen, a body I had been happy with.

I hurried to get the device set before he could get away, but I stopped. My hands were shaking. Could I really condemn this man to all of that?

Sure, he wouldn't realize, but that wouldn't make it any less real. I tried to picture the firefighter bursting into a burning house in an attempt to save people, only to get his huge ass stuck in the window and needing saving himself. Okay, a little melodramatic, but could I really live with myself knowing I had done that?

All I had to do was press this button. It would be such a small thing, wouldn't it? I deserved this at least, didn't I? To be the agent of my own body? I'd earned that much hadn't I? After all this hardship? After all the work I'd been doing to put things right?

I raised the device, closed my eyes and fired.

Zzzzttttt

Zzzzttttt

I felt a familiar shift of warmth and weight between my legs and with it, a wave of an unignorable discomfort. I shifted from leg to leg, standing wider to make room for my new balls as I adjusted my underwear. Fuck, were they always this big?

I looked over at the firefighter. He looked masculine and whole. He was exactly the sort of person I'd want rescuing me from a blaze. The body I'd given him had belonged to a nerdy looking girl who had, a moment ago, been a very male body builder from the neck down.

Let my old body do some good helping someone else -- I'd bear slut's curse a while longer yet.

Sure, I'd suffered. Sure, it would have been nice to swap back. But I wasn't about to start believing that that made it right. I looked over at Elizabeth, who was looking around bewildered at her handiwork. That was exactly the sort of bullshit thinking she'd use to make her think she was justified in all the crap she had done.

The dick though? I adjusted my stance. That dick had been Evan's. It wasn't mine to give up.

"Are you okay?" asked Evan

"Huh? Oh. yeah." I shook the emotion out of my eyes as I watched my former body turn and saunter off into the distance, never to be seen again. "I'm just... saying goodbye."

I tried to tell myself that it was okay, that it wasn't my original body to begin with. I'd commandeered it bit by bit from the girls back at the bar that first night. I had no more of a claim to it than anyone else. It would be good to let some other poor girl have it. Let her have a chance to be hot for once. I'd... I'd find some other way to fix this.

And in the meantime, well, I had bigger fish to fry.

Zzzztttt

Zzzztttt

Zzzztttt

I was in the zone now. The swaps had all started to run into each other. Target after target, swap after swap, I lost track of how many times I fired, how many oblivious people I had set back to some semblance of appropriateness.

Zzzztttt

Zzzztttt

Zzzztttt

I was firing faster and faster, not even looking as I slid the dial home between swaps. The noise of the device became music to my ears. I was a conductor of normality in a cacophony of chaos.

Zzzztttt

Zzzztttt

Zzzztttt

Bzzzzz!

I stopped. That last one wasn't the device. I'd been so caught up in the noise and the frenzy of swapping that I almost didn't recognize it. It was the alarm I had set.

We were out of time.

"No." my knees fell out beneath me. "There's still so much I need to do, so much I need to swap back." Bile rose up within me as I looked around at myself and at Evan. "We... we're still all fucked up."

Only then did the finality of the situation hit me. I'd had my chance to swap back and I'd been so caught up in the moment that I'd let it go without thinking. I had thought there would be another way, but now...

"I- I don't want it to end." I looked down at the device then up horrified at Evan, "I still have so much left to do. I still have to fix the cheer team, and find a way to fix those weird blowjobs, and, and myself, and you, Evan, and all those people who had been at the strip club and the mall and... there was just so much left to do, and now I'll never get a chance.."

"It's okay." he said, putting his arms around me. His breasts pressed warmly against my back.

"Everything will be okay. Look, whatever the device didn't fix... well, we'll just have to make it right on our own."

To be continued in part 25 – Ever Onwards