

Warning: This final chapter contains quivering tits, dirty dancing, bathroom fucking, romantic interludes, cheerleaders, jiggling boobs, something that could be called justice, heaving melons, impassioned speeches, horse dicks, bar flies, tasty drinks, and the ending our heroes have been working so hard for. Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

Girlfriend with Testing Device

- A Smutty Fanfiction, of Sorts -

= Part 26 – After All =

By Razmagurk

The bar was surprisingly busy for a Thursday night.

I walked in to see what had to be half the football team shouting rambunctiously as a handful of their number did body shots off a pack of cheerleaders. I frowned. They hadn't even waited for me? It was a fair bit wilder than I was expecting to see, but I guess that's what happens when someone else was buying the drinks.

I bit my lip as Jenny's top came off entirely, her rock-hard pecs and abs glistening in the dim light for all the guys to see. She grinned as a girlish cheer went up from the assemblage of drunken jocks surrounding her, drinking in her image. She may have made it look like an accident, but she was loving every second of it. She eyed the admiring crowd lasciviously. With the way they were eating out of her hand, she'd have her pick of big-titted hunks and hard-bodied sluts to enjoy the night with, horny and wasted.

It had been two weeks since that night at that café. It was strange being back here, where it all began. The last time I'd walked through those doors I was a mousy, bespeckled little thing, the sort of girl no one would ever look twice at. I had been so jealous back then, so eager to be beautiful, to be sexy and noticeable. Now? Now I had all that and more, and a part of me would give it all up in a heartbeat just to go back.

This body was a scar, but in a weird way it's a scar I've become proud of. And I don't mean I'm proud of these crazy tits or my ridiculous ass or anything like that. Originally, this body had been thrust upon me, it was a punishment, a torment. Now though, I had chosen it. As rushed as it had been, I had had the chance to go back and I'd decided the price was too high. It was a sacrifice that I had knowingly made, and now I bore the jiggling, heaving consequences of that choice proudly.

"Ellen!" I heard a voice yell.

I pulled my head away from the party to scan the crowd, looking for the reason I was here. Well, besides the drunken orgy waiting to happen, that is. Despite everything, it was, at its heart, exactly the kind of crowd you'd expect to see at a college bar on a Thursday night: lots of 20-somethings looking for a memorable evening.

It was amazing how blasé I had gotten about all the strangeness the swaps had left in their wake. I'd done a good job trying to swap back as many people as I could, but despite my best efforts, campus was still crawling with all kinds of little oddities. Tonight was no exception. I could see cute coeds with cocks barely contained by their tight shorts or skirts, hot guys mincing around like they were ballerinas, and

jocks who could be lingerie models from the neck down. Honestly, I'd just started seeing them all as regular people now.

I heard the word Slut emanate from the crowd. I laughed. I'd spent the first few days terrified of that word, horrified of the prospect that someone would somehow expose me as a fake. Not tonight though. It was time to leave that in the past.

"Ellen!" I heard the voice again. This time she was shaking her hand in the air.

I turned to look. Kiley was waving at me from a table, excited as always. My other friends from the team were there as well, minus Jenny of course, who was off having some fun. Oh good, they had waited for me after all. They had grabbed a table with Sam and Emma. Emma was still getting used to being a part of the team but, it was at times like this she was in her element.

I grinned as I saw them. Tonight was a big night. Tonight we were celebrating.

A pack of barely dressed girls eyeballed me as I worked my way to the table. One elbowed the other and giggled. With their skirts as tight and as short as they were, they could do little to hide their erections. I could feel my own pants tightening as I glanced them over. I may not have found girls attractive on an intellectual level, but damned if my body didn't respond otherwise.

I shook my head. Now was hardly the time to get distracted. I'd had to work up a lot of courage to make tonight happen. There would be plenty of time for sex later.

"Sorry I'm late!" I said, taking a seat. I looked again at the people gathered at the table and smiled. They were here tonight because of me. My friends. I still owed them from all of their help that day, even if the plan hadn't really gone according to plan, and I intended to make it up to them.

"Ellen!" grinned Sandra. She was an odd sight - the only one who had anything resembling her original body back. The rest of the cheer girls were all still muscular hunks from the neck down, though they still dressed and moved like total party sluts.

It pained me sometimes seeing them all like this. Not being able to swap the footballers and cheerleaders back was quickly becoming my biggest regret. I had found it so funny when I had first done it. I guess I could still see some of the humor in it, but seeing the way they struggled each and every practice to overcome this big mysterious hurdle really put everything in perspective.

The football team had it the worst, of course. With the exception of Sam, who was quickly proving the team's most powerful asset, none of them had the strength or mass they needed to play the game they loved so much.

The cheerleaders were doing a better job of coping, but a lot of that was everyone working their butts off in practice. The provincial finals were coming up and Stacey had been drilling us to hell and back in an attempt to preserve the team's champion status. Even completely swapped around, these girls gave their all, day in and day out.

Oh, right. I had joined the cheer team. Or, rather, I hadn't quit. At first, I thought I was doing it because a part of me felt like I owed it to Slut, and then I thought I was doing it because the girls needed me, but honestly, at the end of the day, I was more than a little embarrassed by how much I was actually enjoying it.

"How are you holding up, girl?" asked Emma.

Honestly, it had been a rough few weeks, not that I could tell her that. The full emotional weight of everything that happened took a bit of time to settle in, but once it did, there was a lot to unpack. Going out in Slut's body -- in Slut's life -- when I had been trying to save the day was one thing, but doing it every day was quite another. Whenever I hadn't been at classes or cheer practice I'd been curled up in bed, trying to come to terms with the reality of everything that had happened. Hell, I had even tried to skip the latter, but that had just brought the wrath of Stacey down upon me.

I'd resented it at first, but looking back at it now I'm grateful that there were people in my life that cared enough for me that they'd try to drag me out of the dark place I'd found myself in and try to show me that life wasn't so bad. Because you know what? They were right. I'd been cooped up trying to come to terms with the life I now found myself in for too long. It was time to get out there and live it. It was time to discover and celebrate and accept who I was.

"You okay?" asked Stacey.

"Sorry," I nodded. "just thinking."

"I still can't believe you invited us all out," said Sandra, "you never come out with us anymore."

"She's too busy making out with her girlfriend," laughed Kiley. "Ever since they got back together they've been completely inseparable."

"Speaking of, where is she?" asked Emma.

"She's running a little late," I shrugged. "She'll be here soon, I'm sure."

"I think its beautiful," said Stacey. "Love like that is a rare and wonderful thing. You should be proud, Ellen."

"Oh, they're totally adorable," interjected Jenny, twirling out of a crowd of nearby men and plopping into an empty seat. "I just feel terrible for all the boys," she laughed. "I mean, I've been trying to pick up the slack, but we really do miss you at those orgies."

"It's true" sighed Kiley "it's just not the same without you."

"We'll get her around to it," said Emma. "If I can get Sam open to the idea of a totally hot cheerleader sandwich, I'm sure I can get these two convinced as well. Right honey?"

"All I said," said Sam, blushing, "was that if it's something important to you, I'd be willing to give it a try. Together."

"See?" grinned Emma. "She's totally down."

"Well," I laughed "Evan does think you're pretty cute."

"Great!" Emma beamed. "We can make it a double date! Ooh, it'll be romantic. We can get candles. I'm telling you Sam, foursome." she drew the word out tantalizingly. "You could have three girls at once. You haven't lived until you've had three girls at once."

The other girls nodded sagely.

"Yeah, but I don't want other girls. Uh," he paused as he seemed to realize his audience, "no offense. The only one I want, Emma," he put a muscular arm around her, "is you."

Emma grinned as she tried to play down her blush, then snuggled into Sam's spacious chest.

The waitress, a bosomy thing with tight little orange shorts, arrived with drinks.

"Are we not waiting for Evan?" asked Sandra, looking down at the tray of shots.

"Wait, should we have been waiting for Evan?" asked Jenny, guiltily.

"No no, it's fine." I said. "He's running a little late. She, sorry." Between Evan and Sam I had the worst time with pronouns. "She wants us to start without her."

"Is this because of that Elizabeth thing?"

"Kiley!" Sandra nudged the girl with her elbow. "She doesn't like talking about it."

"It's fine." I sighed. "It's... whatever, right? I'm done with her. She holds no more power over me."

"That's the spirit!" said Stacey. There was a murmur of assent from the table.

I looked around. I had invited Brandon out tonight, too. He didn't quite understand why, what with me being officially back together and monogamous with Evan and all, but he'd helped save Slut's butt a few times and I wanted to get him in on the celebration as well.

He'd given me a maybe. Apparently, the new unit of his literature class was a real pain in the ass and he wasn't sure if he'd be able to get away. It was difficult to watch. Every time I saw him, he would tell me all about some new sexually feminizing or degrading task he had been assigned.

I'd wanted to feel bad for him, to try to get him out of it, but the worst part was that not only did he seem to really be enjoying it, but from the sounds of things, he was actually pretty good at it. I had no idea if this was some sort of natural inclination towards degrading sex or if he was just really good at literature or what, but he'd been doing so well that the prof had asked him to be a TA next semester.

The professor, of course, was still out there causing trouble. The public blowjobs had mostly faded away, but weird bouts of weird random sex still seemed to cropped up from time to time. I could actually see a red-haired girl with an overweight man's body gently bouncing a nerdish boy in sky-high pink heels on her strap-on a few tables down.

I frowned. If Brandon wasn't here by now, he probably wasn't coming.

I guess that meant it was time.

I glanced down at the drink in my hand. It was some kind of gooey looking shot, dark and creamy. I'd never seen it before in my life, but one of the girls had ordered it for me, so it assumed it must have been something that suited Slut's taste buds.

I stood up, drink in hand, my tits warbling awkwardly. Everyone turned to look.

"Hey uh, so," I fumbled, trying to project my voice over the rambunctious din of the bar.

"Everything okay?" asked Sandra.

"Yeah, I just." I took a deep breath. "Listen. I wanted to thank you all for coming out tonight."

"Of course we came out." laughed Jenny. "You told us you were buying the drinks."

"No, no, I mean it. Listen, a few weeks ago my life was..." I took another deep breath "a few weeks ago my life was in pieces. I'd been betrayed by my best friend, I'd lost the person I cared for most. I'd had everything taken from me. I had nothing. But you... you girls were there for me. Even when I couldn't tell you why, even when you had no good reason to, you supported me, trusted me. I called you all out here to thank you."

I took a deep breath, trying not to go too fast. All of the words wanted to rush out of me all at once.

"And I don't just mean thank you for your help with that stupid plan, it's more than that. I had been betrayed by my best friend and I had had the love of my life ripped from me. It hurt. And it would have been easy - so easy - for me to seal up my heart and to never again let anyone get close. Hell, if I was still the person I was when this all started, I'm sure that's exactly what I'd have done. But you know what? I'm not the person I was when this all started. Despite all my efforts to stay me, I've grown. You girls stood by me in my darkest moments and showed me that friendship still had value, that it still meant something, that not all friendships are toxic."

Emotion was welling up in the back of my throat, making it hard to speak. I tried to swallow it back.

"You know what?" I continued, "I used to be an awful, jealous person. I used to look down on you all because you were popular and pretty and I was this ugly duck of an outcast." The girls looked at each other confused, not remembering any of this. "And I didn't give you a chance because I was cold and bitter and I thought if I made you out to be villains I could justify my own introverted biases. But now that I know you, I know that that was a mistake. You're good people, and I'm lucky to have you. Hell, I

don't deserve any of you - I've not earned your friendship the way you think I have - but well, I intend to fix that."

"Right now, I'm at a crossroads, a time where I can ask myself who I am and who I want to be." I blinked the mist out of my eye and shook my head. "Well, I'm done being bitter, I'm done being jealous, I'm done being resentful of the circumstances I find myself in. This life is my own now, damnit, and I'm going to make the most of it."

"So, uh, a toast!" I said, raising my shot in the air. "To friendship: may it save us in our darkest hour; to acceptance: may we find peace with the mistakes we've made; and to new beginnings: may we always seek the best horizons. Cheers!"

"Cheers!" the chorus rang up as we all clinked our glasses together and downed the contents. It was delicious.

"Ellen, that was beautiful." said Stacey.

"Are you crying, Stace?" teased Jenny.

"Shut up!"

I laughed as I sat back down. It was amazing how fast I'd become actual friends with these girls. Adversity builds quick bonds, I guess. We'd been through a lot together in a very short time. Not just in my time as slut, but beyond that, over the past few weeks as well.

Stacey had turned out to be a surprisingly good study partner. She was a year ahead of me and in a different field, but she really knew her stuff. Even with my education restored in my own mind, I was grateful for the help, and we'd agreed to meet up if either of us needed a hand studying going forward.

It had been a bit of a battle, but true to her word Jenny had been able to argue down the whole fire thing with the school. If I wasn't certified to be handling those chemicals, the school shouldn't have told me to handle those chemicals. Sure, I'd had to take a remedial chem safety course, but that was no problem for me.

Of course, now that Slut had passed into legend, Jenny had also taken to her hard-fought title as the most sexually adventurous of the cheer squad with gusto. She's already been planning how she intends to beat my record from that party.

After getting her butt kicked by Elizabeth, Kiley decided the two of us needed to start studying martial arts together, just in case anything like that ever happened again. She enjoys it more than I do, but I can't deny that her enthusiasm is contagious, and, well, its the least I can do to try to help her get those skills back.

She also finally managed to master the tongue thing. She was very proud of herself. She had offered to demonstrate first hand, but I'd turned her down. The way she had described it though made me realize that Slut's body still knew exactly what to do.

Sandra, meanwhile, as the only one of the original team with an actual female body, has quickly become the star of our cheer practices. She can't really lift some of the other girls as well as we'd like, but she's become our star flier.

I don't know what exactly sparked it, but a few days ago after practice she finally confessed to the rest of us her terrible secret - that she sometimes worries that she might be a little bi. We assured her that we still loved her and that we'd be there for her no matter what.

Emma had been a surprising addition to the group. I don't know all the details, but Sandra had somehow convinced her to join the squad. She had cheered back in high school and while she was a little rusty, she was surprisingly good. Honestly, we needed all the help we could get. She's been staying out of the orgies until she can finally manage to convince Sam to join in, but she's taken the lead on planning them, and quickly become an invaluable asset.

With her and Sam so close, he had quickly become a regular part of our crowd as well. They've only been dating a few weeks, but they're going strong. The two of them have been talking a lot lately about a hypothetical future together. I have to try not to freeze up whenever he mentions wanting to get a dog.

Everybody had been worried when I dropped the bombshell that I wasn't going to be joining them for any more wild, crazy sex or football-cheerleader orgies. Kiley was pretty sure I'd gone crazy. Once I sat them all down though and explained that I just wanted to be monogamous with Evan, they came around on the idea pretty quickly. Even if it was, in Jenny's words, like shuttering the Mona Lisa away in a private gallery.

Maybe, one day, Evan and I would indulge them. God knows we were horny enough these days, but it would have to be on my terms.

A small cheer went up as the waitress returned with more drinks.

We drank and we talked and we laughed, smiling and finding in each other a rare camaraderie and sisterhood.

Soon even I began to lose sight of the surreality of their mismatched parts and the surfeit of bizarre extras we shared the bar with. It was easy to forget that this was not how everything was supposed to be. This was just how things were. And sure, sometimes we'd run into hurdles, but when that happened, we'd handle them together.

"Ellen!" Came a voice.

"Evan!" My heart started to race. I craned my neck to see him walking in.

"Excuse me," I said, standing up. "I want a few moments alone with her before you girls start grilling us about our sex life."

Jenny just waggled her eyebrows in response. Evan didn't kiss and tell, but get a few drinks in me and I was terrible.

Evan smiled as she saw me. Fuck, she looked great. I was still getting used to the change in appearance. I mean, she looked the same as she had two weeks ago of course, but my brain refused to acknowledge that she was anything other than this totally hunky football player who happened to be dressed like a hooker-in-training.

"Baby." she grinned, pulling me close. "You get more beautiful every time I see you, you know that?"

That was a lie. All I'd done was roll out of bed. Hell, between the stuffed-to-burst polo shirt and ill-fitting men's jeans, I wasn't even dressed all that nicely. It was kind of hard to, actually, Evan didn't really have a lot of party wear when we swapped wardrobes and I'd been more concerned with comfort than style the one time we'd been out shopping since.

"Oh really?" I raised an eyebrow playfully as I called her on her romantic little bluff. "How, specifically?"

If anything, she was the one who just kept getting more and more beautiful. Her broad chest filled her tight little button-up blouse to the point of bursting and the belt-thin fabric of her skirt, worn low enough to show off the V of her hips, left very little to the imagination.

"Well, you look like you finally got some sleep, for one." she stuck out her recently pierced tongue. "You look... freer. More self assured. Like you had a huge weight on your shoulders these past few weeks and you've finally cast it off." She smiled. God I loved that smile. "It's a good look for you. I like seeing you happy."

I blinked. Then blushed.

"Sorry I'm late." she leaned in and gave me a sweet kiss. A promise of passions to come.

"It's fine." I shook my head. "I'm just glad you said to start without you."

"How'd the toast go over?"

"Great. I had Stacey in tears"

"I'm sorry I missed it."

"Like you didn't hear me practicing." I laughed.

"It's just nice to see you out again. It feels like years since we've been out in a place like this."

We took a seat near the bar.

I wished I could just come clean with him about everything that had happened. I wished I could speak openly about it, for both his sake and mine. I hated having to keep it all buried inside, especially since I knew he knew that something was bothering me that I couldn't talk to him about. I tried, of course, as best as I was able. I kept crouching stuff in hypothetical and metaphor, but well, it's not the same. The irony, I guess, was that even if I did tell him the truth there's no way he'd believe me.

Evan has been a mixed blessing in that regard. He - she, sorry - doesn't remember any of it. She knows that something big happened, but it's all a blur to her. I'd have expected her to be a little more concerned by this apparent bout of amnesia, but she treats it as perfectly normal. More of the device's magic in action, I figure. Its a mercy, really. She thinks she's always been exactly the way she is, and no evidence to the contrary can seem to convince her otherwise.

I envy her, really. My time adjusting to a life that's still mostly Slut's has been tricky. A part of me wanted to just reject it wholesale, but well, that wouldn't be fair to Slut would it? As much as I hated what she was - what she represented - she had sacrificed herself to get me here. I figure the least I could do is try to honor her memory. Much to my annoyance, when I finally get the chance to sit down and compare, we actually did have very similar lives.

"Shouldn't we be meeting up with the others?"

"Soon." I said, putting my arm around her. "Right now I just want you all to myself."

"You know if that's what you're after, we could have just stayed home." She grinned.

A pair of drinks were placed in front of us.

"Care of those two gentlemen." exclaimed the waitress.

Two individuals at the far end of the bar were leering in our direction. One, eyeballing Evan, was a broad shouldered and muscular frat boy in a tight little tube top that showed off every contour of his tight abs and pert breasts, the other was a shorter girl whose wavy blonde hair fell down from her backwards cap in waves upon her basketball jersey. She had a lecherous grin and her eyes were locked firmly on my tightly packed tits.

I rolled my eyes and turned away. Normally I'd let them down a little more gently, but I'd already had a few drinks and the way this girl was staring at me was just reminding me how annoyingly, achingly horny I was. I hadn't been out that much like this, but I have to admit, I was disappointed. I had expected to get hit on by guys when I was Slut, sure, but I had no idea how bad women could be about it. That was the price I had to pay, I guessed, for being hotter than any guy in the bar.

I had to do it, of course. Evan liked guys now, and it was either swap that piece of him away without his permission or swap my own attractiveness so that I could be something he'd desire. I chose the latter. After all that had happened, I just couldn't bear the thought of us being platonic again.

I remembered thinking, Frank, that you had been surprisingly amicable about it all things considered, but of course, you knew my story, you understood why I wanted it. It was one of my two final swaps. For Evan's sake. No tricks or regrets or tricky ethics, just two willing and informed participants, me and you. It was nice.

Thank you, wherever you are. For everything.

Evan struck a seductive little pose as she waved a polite thanks over at the two. Ever since the memory wipe, her body language has been this constant battle between masculine and feminine. All her instincts are for the former, but she seems to think intellectually she should be doing the latter. She can move remarkably sexily and feminine when she wants to - and she frequently wants to, she loves to flirt, especially with me - it's just that she has to make a conscious effort. I keep catching her spreading her legs while wearing skirts, for example, which she gets adorably embarrassed about.

We laughed, then drank, then talked. Not about the device, not about any of the weirdness, but about classes and people and all the stupid little things we could never talk about with other people. Regular mundane crap. I was a girl with the man I loved. It was heaven.

Then I went and ruined the moment.

"How was... uh..." I frowned and gestured with one hand. I was kicking myself for asking, but I had to know.

Evan just smiled supportively and squeezed my hand.

"Elizabeth's doing well." she said softly. "Still hurting, but she's more functional now. She wants to see you again, but she accepts that things need more time. She still hopes you'll forgive her."

I shook my head. Maybe one day I might, but the memories still hurt. My hand clenched into a fist. Evan had been right though, back at the cafe. I was glad I hadn't punished her further. With how oblivious she was now it would be like shooting a bunny.

I couldn't bear the thought of her, but Evan.... Evan was Evan. She still somehow believed there was good in Elizabeth. The two of them had had never been this close before the swaps, and I don't know how much of what had bled over, but they had somehow become friends.

And, well, if Evan is to be believed, she's changed. Neither of them know why or how but they know that she fucked up big. She can't remember details, but she feels awful about it, apparently. Old Elizabeth... she wouldn't have stood for that crap, she'd have come to confront me, or started some kind of scheme, but instead, well, she's been remarkably level headed. She's been buckling down at work, trying to get a handle on her own life while giving me my space.

Old me would have been jealous of the time they were spending together, especially given their swapped-up history. How many of those emotions remained? But I trust Evan. She knows that Elizabeth is in love with her and she's been letting her down gently, being, instead, a friend to help cope with what happened, and someone to believe in her when no one else will. You know, Evan stuff.

For what its worth, karma did finally bite her in the ass. For all her bluster over the years about how she could totally do the job better, she hates being a club owner. The stress and responsibility of all the day to day operations have really been getting to her. She was far happier working part time as a waitress, especially given she's still a student as well.

And, ironically, she's still saving up to buy breast implants. A part of me had been considering swapping away her tits, as some final petty stab, but it wouldn't have mattered. She can't seem to think of her

enormous melons as anything more than the flat chest she had when she started. She shouldn't, but I suspect you may have had a hand in that, Frank. Either way, it gives me some satisfaction. She has everything she had ever wanted and she can't appreciate any of it.

"I'm sorry, baby," Evan put his hand on my shoulder. "I know you don't like thinking about it."

"It's fine." I said, "I asked."

"Tell you what," she laughed, "let's get your mind off it, okay? How about we go dance?" she shook her hips. "Then we can meet up with everyone else and we can talk about clothes and makeup and all the cute boys here tonight."

I laughed. Evan may have had eyes for only me, but that didn't stop him from being more than a little boy crazy. Honestly, it was fun, something for us to bond over. We had very similar taste in guys.

I followed the sway of her perfectly shaped ass. She was putting on a show for me. I'd been getting hornier and hornier as the night went on and the sight of so perfect a specimen on display before me left my dick straining against my already tight jeans. She was playing coy, pretending not to notice what she was doing to me, but I could see that glint in her eye. She was just as hot and bothered as I was.

I don't know if her sexuality got jacked up at some point or if she still just had her male sex drive or what, but ever since this whole thing started Evan's been almost as horny as I have. Heck, maybe I just had that effect on her. I wasn't complaining though, anything that helped her keep up with my hyperactive libido was a blessing. Some mornings we didn't get out of bed until very late indeed, and, well, let's just say we put Slut's toys to good use.

I was so lost in the sight before me that I almost bumped into a girl walking by with a turgid horse dick and two massive balls dangling down out of a cute little black miniskirt. I tried not to stare, but it was hard when the thing hung down past her knees. She had to adopt a wider stance just to be able to walk with it. Okay, that was one I hadn't seen before.

Evan and I stepped out onto the dancefloor. It was sparsely populated, but there was this one tiny girl wearing nothing but a strap-on going absolutely crazy and bearing her all. It was sweet, and she was pretty cute, but I didn't want to get hit by that monstrous thing, so I steered us clear.

I don't know if you could call what Evan and I did dancing. Rutting would be a more appropriate term. It started out innocently enough, sure, but soon it was the body-to-body grinding of two desperate lovers. We were joined at the hip as our two hearts beat as one in time to the bass.

Turns out Evan was an awful dancer, not that that stopped her from loving every second of it. In all the time I had known her as a guy, it was rare to see her as happy as she was when we were dancing together. She grinned with wild abandon. Ever since the change she's just been so free, emotionally, so much more expressive. It's been good for her.

All the little changes to Evan, when I'd been trying to hunt her down and get the device back, I'd worried that they'd echo out of control. I worried that she'd be this completely different person. I guess in some respects she is -- she can get really aggressive about a good sale -- but so much of her is still the same.

It's silly, I know, but I'm honestly envious of how easily she's adapted. She's so happy with who she is. I know it's because she thinks she's always been like this, but to me it just came across as sheer effortless confidence.

It wasn't perfect. Sometimes I'd come across these little gaps in our history where my memories don't quite line up, little moments that one of us never experienced or we experienced differently in this new reality. I was thankful that Evan never questioned too deeply about it. But you know what? That just made me want to experience them all over again with her.

I gasped as she arched her back and thrust her pelvis against mine, grinding into me all the harder. The two people from the bar earlier had followed us, their eyes wide as they watched the stupidly hot couple all but fucking out on the dance floor.

I looked down at Evan and smiled, pointing at the two of them with my eyes. She looked over at them, then back up at me and grinned sheepishly. Evan loved the attention, but the attention he loved most was mine.

We turned back to the floor, losing ourselves in the song and in each other's embrace.

I leaned down and kissed her, pulling her full attention back to me. Her tongue was soft and hot and needy. The eyes of those watching us bulged, but Evan was focused now on more important things.

As our lips parted, Evan rolled her hips against me and reached her hands down to my ass, pulling me in as tight as I could go. I groaned as my rock-hard dick pulsed with rough sensation. Normally I was the taller of us, but Evan rarely went out these days without heels. Our torsos were perfectly level as our chests mashed together, our sensitive tenting nipples swatting and rubbing at each other through the fabric of our tops.

Evan was breathing heavily. She clutched at the back of my shirt. The expression in her eyes told me just how ready she was to tear the stupid thing off me then and there.

I leaned down to kiss her again. Her head pulled back with mine as she refused to relinquish my lips. My blood was burning as our tongues danced and intertwined. In that moment the world fell away. We were the only things that mattered. I took a moaning breath then came back for more.

"Evan?" I said, pulling away to look into her sparkling eyes.

"Yeah?" she looked up at me dreamily. My angel.

"I love you."

"I love you too." she smiled dreamily, then rested her head in the nape of my neck as we swayed to the music.

"We should go do this somewhere a little more private."

"Huh?" she rose her head and looked around. A very encouraging crowd of onlookers had formed to watch us dry humping.

"Oh. Okay, yeah." she laughed. She grinned at the crowd then bit her lip and leaned in to whisper hotly in my ear, "As fun as it would be to have an audience, I'm all yours, baby. I know just the place."

Sometimes I worried about Evan's exhibitionist streak. Had it come with the slutty clothes? Was it ingrained in her sexuality? Or had this always been a thing and it had just never had a chance to develop as a guy? Regardless, I couldn't deny it was hot.

We held hands like two hormone-fueled teenagers as she dragged me away from the disappointed crowd over to one of the unisex bathrooms. The lights flickered on as we entered. It wasn't exactly romantic, but it had a lock, and it was surprisingly clean.

"So this is what you meant when you said you wanted me all to yourself, huh?" She stuck out her tongue.

"This isn't quite what I meant." I laughed.

"It's fine. Being out on the dance floor like that? Just the two of us?" she held her body against mine and wiggled her ass rhythmically. "I love getting to be close to you, baby."

"I don't know what I'd do without you." I moaned as Evan's sweet lips played along my neck and bit oh so gently at my ear. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, baby." she whispered. "So fucking much." We stumbled a bit in our passions as we pressed our full weights into each other, leaning and grinding our needy bodies together in an awkward but passionate tango.

We smashed into the back wall as I blew along Evan's neck. Her legs quivered. I followed it with a series of gentle kisses, blowing softly each time. She put her arms around my neck and melted into me as I put one arm out to steady myself against the wall, pinning her to it.

"Are we really doing this?" she asked, feigning innocence. With one hand, I started to fumble with the buttons on Evan's blouse. The masculine chest beneath was already pushing against the strained fabric, and the top proved all too eager to reveal to me its fleshy secrets. Soon I was running my hand roughly over the hot skin of his bulging muscular chest.

When it came to our bodies, we had had, of course, plenty of time to play around and experiment. It had been a game of catch-up on my end, but we knew each other's little weak points and we weren't afraid to bust out all the stops. Every caress of his flawless skin was precisely executed to stoke the growing fire in the furnace of his passions.

"Would you rather we wait until we got home?" I paused, my rough hand over her beating heart as I raised an eyebrow.

"No," She gasped. I'm sure she hadn't intended it quite so desperate. "let's," she smiled, "let's keep going." Her hips bucked softly against my thigh. I could feel a hot damp patch forming.

I leaned back as she grabbed at the fabric on of my shirt and pulled, the ill-fitting polo I had been wearing offering little resistance as Evan sent it flying over to the sink. My massive mammaries bounced and jiggled as they swung free. Evan looked down and smiled.

"You know if we keep doing stuff like this, we're going to get caught one of these days," she teased. I could feel her heating up all the more at the idea.

"That's what the lock's for." I pressed into her and lay a kiss on her lips. "Besides," I smiled, "it's a small price to pay to get to be with you."

Her hot body pressed against mine as our chests mashed together. I arched back my shoulders and soon we were grinding our topless torsos together. She bit her lip and blushed as our stiff sensitive nipples rubbed and flicked against each other. Fuck, that felt so good.

"Evan," I gave a dreamy sigh. "I can't even begin to tell you how badly I need you, you know that? I don't know what I'd do without you."

"I need you too, baby." She raised one leg and wrapped it around me, pulling herself in closer. Her chest slid up above my own. "You know I'll always be here for you right?" She grinned invitingly.

I took a nipple into my mouth and started running my skilled tongue along the wanton flesh of her sensitive hills. She mewled and arched her back as my own melons mashed hungrily into her torso. Despite her fruity perfume, she had a masculine taste.

One of the nice things Slut had left behind was a staggeringly complete set of sexual skills. It was all muscle memory, but I knew every trick in the book when it came to escalating Evan's pleasure. I traced out the sensitive spots along her nipple with my hard tongue, finding that sensitive little nub of nerves that she had right at the peak and pinching it oh so delicately between my teeth. She gasped out in surprise and groaned in delight. I ran my free hand over her other pec, catching her nipple between my expertly teasing fingers and giving it a similar treatment.

I could feel her hands on my belt now. I slid back and looked at the sly little expression on her beautiful face. "I have a surprise for you" she said, pushing me away gently. I stood back just far enough that I could see down between my bounteous cleavage.

Evan put her hands on the hem of her skirt and smiled coyly as she flipped it up to reveal the smooth naked mound beneath and, with it, her utter lack of underwear. My eyes bulged almost as hard as my dick.

That, of course, had been the second of my two final swaps. I had swapped away that ridiculous dick Evan had ended up with with that of the gentleman sitting in the back of the coffee shop wearing yoga pants tight enough to reveal that he needed it more. I felt bad that I hadn't had a chance to talk to Evan about it, it went against everything I'd come to believe ethically in my time using the device, but I'm sure

it's what she would have wanted - she got to help one last messed up person and we ended up sexually compatible. That was important, she wants kids someday.

"I think that's about enough of these, don't you think?" she said, kneeling down and tugging at my zipper with her teeth. Her grin widened and she cooed in delight as my dick swung into view to greet her. I gasped and grunted as she fondled my now free balls, leaning in to give a soft gentle kiss on the head of my enormous throbbing cock.

She planted more kisses as she worked her way down the shaft, then she started to slowly stand back up, one hand firmly gripped around my dick as she ran a line of butterfly kisses up my own shivering, sensitive skin. I was alight with sensation. Her mouth clamping down firmly on my left breast on her way up. I moaned out and bucked my hip against her hand.

"Fuck," I sighed. "Baby, I needed this so bad."

She kissed finally along my neck before finally kissing softly at my gasping mouth. "Sorry to have kept you waiting." She licked gently at my lips. It started out artfully, but soon our tongues were dancing and I was grinding against her once more, my bouncing dick pressing incessantly against her bare stomach.

"Ready?" she pulled away just far enough to give me another wink, then jumped up, wrapping her legs around my back.

I had a moment of panic as I tried to catch her bulky masculine form, then I stumbled forward as I overcompensated, pressing her tighter against the wall. Of course. She was lighter than I expected, and I had all the strength of a cheerleader.

Hands on her ass, I hoisted her up, then started lowering her gently.

My straining cock made contact with something hot and wet. She wiggled her hips forward and backwards, rubbing her wet folds along the length of my pulsing meat until finally, together, we drove home.

Fuck. My abs tightened as the slow tantalizing pleasure of her delicious tightness washed over me. I struggled to keep things romantic, to not just descend into a mindless frenzy of rutting, but every neuron in my body was screaming out for what was about to happen next.

She gave me a warm content smile and opened her mouth to say something, but as I bottomed out, a low moan was all that emerged. I pulled her body into mine, holding her so tight against me, our bodies clasped together so inseparably that we could feel each other's hearts beating through our flesh as we pulsed and twitched in each other's embrace.

I kissed her, then I kissed her again, biting gently at her lower lip. Slowly, I rolled my hips back. She let out a low groan then gasped inadvertently as I thrust back in. She made the sweetest goddamn sounds.

Soon, Evan was bucking her hips into me in kind, matching my rhythm. Our pace began to escalate. Sensually at first, then increasingly more desperate as our frantic pleasure built.

I tried to focus just long enough to look into her wonderful eyes, just long enough to communicate the affection I felt in that moment, but her eyes had rolled back in pleasure.

The pace was faster now. Her whole body bouncing with each powerful thrust. Her hands ran along my back as our chests squeezed together, our salaciously sensitive nipples rubbing against each other lewdly with each bounce.

I groaned. Our bodies were a burning sea of carnal desire. Every inch of us was aflame with a deep, passionate and primal need. The pleasure was overwhelming.

We were lost now in each other. I have no idea how long we were like that. Soon I caught the sound my own voice mixing with Evan's cries. I had been trying to keep quiet, I had been trying to think about someone outside hearing us, but at this point all I cared about was the pleasure of the girl in front of me. I leaned in to taste again her soft mewling lips.

Our pace grew into a furious rut. I was doing everything I could to hold back, to delay the inevitable, but it was like trying to extinguish a forest fire with a glass of water.

Evan let out a sudden series of short cries as her whole body bucked uncontrollably again and again. I held her closer as another spasm of pleasure took her. She squeezed her legs tighter around me, pulling me and my hot sex somehow even deeper inside of her and refusing to ever let go. That was all it took to push me over the edge. I felt like I'd been hit by a waterfall. Waves of toe-curling rapture washed over me as I screamed out, thrusting with my hips through one final staccato solo as I emptied into her. We were coming together. Everything I was radiated into her. The two of us become one.

"Oh, fuck."

I slid down the wall, panting. Evan was laying on top of me. She pulled the bulk of her statuesque form in tighter, her hips still twitching as she refused to relinquish my remaining stiffness. The desperate mating press from before was now a very adamant cuddle.

She gasped softly as my dick twitched, still deep inside of her. Every little movement was a an aftershock of pleasure for us both.

"Oh wow." she said, brushing a way a strand of hair. I nodded in agreement.

Time lost all meaning as we lay there, I don't know how long it was before we finally separated and my brain started working again. Slut's body - my body - was made for sex, but Evan.... every second with Evan was like a little miracle.

"You're amazing, you know that?"

I blushed. Hearing it from her I could almost believed it.

"Mmm... we should do this more often," she moaned, rubbing her head against my soft skin. "I don't just mean the sex -- not that the sex isn't amazing. Your dick is fantastic, baby -- But this?" she tightened

her grip, "This intimacy is what I love the most. I love every chance I get to spend with you."

I thought back to everything that had happened, to how close I had come to losing her. I squeezed her back. I would never squander another opportunity to enjoy what time I had with her. I was never going to take her for granted ever again. Tears were forming in my eyes.

"I love you, too, Evan." I said, squeezing tighter. My voice was soft and quiet and it betrayed my emotion. I didn't ever want to let her go.

"What's wrong?" Evan asked.

"I..." my heart was pounding. "Sometimes... sometimes I think about what would happen if things had gone differently. If I had lost you... and I just..." My breathing increased. I was clinging to her now.

"Shh, shh. Its okay." She rubbed her hands along my back. "I'm here for you. I'll always be here for you, baby."

"I know you will." I shook my head. "And I'll always be there for you. I'll fight for you. I'll always fight for you, Evan. You're the best thing in my life and I never want to risk losing you again. I love every inch of you, every thought in your head, every thing that you do, no matter what those thoughts or inches or things may be. I'll cherish them all because they're you."

"Aww, baby."

"Evan, I wouldn't be here tonight if it wasn't for you."

"You're the one who wanted to thank everybody."

"And that means you too. Even though you don't remember what you've done. I want to thank you."

"Baby, you don't need to--"

"No, no." I silenced her with a deep lingering kiss. "Listen to me. I'm not being romantic. I'm not being hyperbolic. I mean it - from the bottom of my fucking heart I mean everything I'm saying. I've... I've suffered. And it was always the thought of you that kept me going. You were the only thing that made it seem like things could be all right. You are the most important thing in the whole world to me and I'm never going to lose sight of that again. I want to thank you. Genuinely, honestly."

"Baby," she said, stroking my hair. "Getting to be with you is thanks enough. I know you haven't been feeling like yourself lately. Seeing you out, enjoying yourself, spending time with friends, being happy? That alone would be enough for me -- but getting to be a part of that too? That's all I could ever ask for. I would do anything just to see that smile on your face."

"All of the devices, all the swaps, all the possibilities." I looked into her shining face. "You were always the one I wanted." Hot tears of joy were streaming down my face now. I squeezed her tighter. "I love you, Evan. I adore you. I dream of you. I prize, worship and need you. I don't ever want to let you go."

"I love you too, Ellen." you smiled the happiness smile I've ever seen. "I'm not going anywhere."

I fell back into her, savoring once more the gentle afterglow of recent carnal passions. Even as the tears continued to pour out, I couldn't stop smiling.

Time froze as we sat there, enveloped in each other, the perfect moment.

Then we jumped as someone banged angrily on the door. We looked at each other in surprise, and laughed.

"I suppose we can't stay in here forever." she said.

"Well, we can try." I rested my head back down on her broad chest. I know that it should have felt soft and delicate, but to me it was just so warm and safe.

"Okay," she ran her fingers through my hair. "Maybe just a few more minutes."

"You keep that up," I sighed contently, "and in a few minutes we're going to be going again."

"You're insatiable," she laughed, "you know that?"

"What can I say?" I nibbled at her neck. "I just can't get enough of you."

Several rounds later, we stepped out of the washroom into the cold air of the bar. Evan tugged her miniskirt back down to try to protect herself from the chill, but it was no use.

My dick was somehow already starting to get hard again as I thought about what was – or rather wasn't – under that skirt. I did my best to subtly adjust, but I'm sure the enormous bulge just waiting to burst out was obvious for all to see. I looked over at the hunk that was my girlfriend and grinned. "When we get home," I said, "we are definitely doing that again."

"You've got a one-track mind tonight." she smiled.

"Can you blame me? You keep being all sexy like that." I ran a hand down the small of her back.

"Besides, you just bring out the best in me."

"Aw, baby."

Evan pulled in for a kiss and soon enough we were pressed up against another wall, making out anew.

A cheer and some catcalls went up from nearby. I opened one eye to look. The cheer girls were egging me on. A part of me was a little embarrassed, but you know what? I was proud, both of myself and for Evan. I kissed her again.

"We'll have to finish this later." I gave her a wink when we finally came up for air.

"Promise?"

“Promise.”

She twirled and started heading towards the table, her masculine hips swaying to accentuate her ass. I lingered a moment to get a full look at her. Sure, I may have seen her wrong, and sure, she wasn't in her original body, but it was Evan. And to me, she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

She held out her hand in search of mine. I looked out over at the bar at the tableau of swapped up people, then back at my friends, and at Evan. I smiled.

In that moment, despite all the hardships and swaps behind me, and despite all the uncertainty ahead, in so far as I was concerned, I was the luckiest girl alive.

And you know what? I wouldn't change a thing.

The End.