

(This one is kind of a commission as a thanks to Coth, who does all my covers and is an all around awesome dude! Thank you Coth!)

The Device: Cocky First Dates
- A Swappy Short -
By Razmagaurk

It's not that I don't love him, it's just that I mostly love his dick.

Like, if you were to take all of Elijah's qualities and sorted them, his dick would be top marks. Great dick, ten out of ten, would dick again. The problem was the rest of him. I mean, not that the rest of him was even all that bad perse, it's just that it didn't really live up to the dick. You know what I'm saying?

He was just, well... *boring*. I mean, he's cute, don't get me wrong, and he had his moments, but right now? As he droned on for the fortieth minute straight about carburetors? It was not one of those moments.

Whatever is a girl to do?

Well, lucky me, I'm not just any girl, am I?

I'm a girl - and I want you to pretend I'm striking a dramatic pose as I say this - with a swapping device!

I know, I know. It's very cliché. A little remote control that swaps things? "Elise," I hear you say, "could you be any more 2010?" But well, sometimes a girl's just got to seize control of the situation.

And - I shifted uncomfortably in my seat as he started going back over the difference between manual and automatic - if ever there was a situation that needed a little seizing, this was it.

Judge me if you must. I was at my limit.

Dear reader, I have nothing against love. I believe in love. I want to feel love more than anything! With every beat of my heart. I want to scream my passion from the rooftops! But I was three months into a very committed relationship and all I was feeling was ennui.

So forgive a girl for trying to spice things up a bit. I was just looking for some change. And, well, change was what I was about to get.

I looked around the place, still nodding along to Elijah's story and trying to suppress a yawn. It was a cute little restaurant / cafe, I had to admit, with a romantic Parisian vibe. Points for the location. But we had to be the only people here not giving each other googly eyes.

I looked on jealously at one of the other couples, laughing and smiling and tenderly sharing their affection. He wasn't the perfect guy, but he was cute, and the smile he gave was so warm you could curl a blanket around it. He was a man in love.

What I wouldn't give for that.

But no. I let out a sigh. As wonderful as it would be to have a guy look at me like that, there was no telling what else was going on there. I mean, what if this new guy had a small dick, huh? Elijah was one in a million. Mesmerizingly virile, a class-a fuckstick. God, I was getting all hot and bothered just thinking about it. I couldn't give that up, could I? No. I bit my lip. The dick was just too damn good.

It was only then that the solution hit me.

What if it didn't have to be /his/ Class-A fuckstick?

A mischievous grin split my lips. Elijah grinned back dopily, probably thinking I was smiling at his pun on catalytic converters. What if... what if I could have my cake and eat it to? If I really was dating him for his dick, and I swapped that dick onto someone else, would I be dating them instead?

Okay, maybe that was a little silly. It didn't quite work like that. But I could do the next best thing. I could swap other people with Elijah, into that boyfriend role, then bring along the dick to follow!

It would be like speed dating! The moment I got bored with a guy I could swap him out for someone better. I almost giggled at the mental image.

And sure, yeah, I'd be taking them away from their actual dates, but they wouldn't even notice! Only people touching the device ever noticed. And besides, I'd be doing them a favor! I was a catch, wasn't I?

I mean, people couldn't tell - there was that obliviousness again - but I'd really gone out and swapped myself into one hell of a hottie! I had this slim belly and this curvaceous body, not to mention my great big virgin-killer titties. Honestly? I was probably the best-looking girl here. I was a whole dish. Hell, they'd be lucky to get at this! And come on, they even got a free dick upgrade out of it too. What wasn't to love?

But where to start?

I looked back at the table where that couple were still giving each other gaga eyes, where that cute delicate thing was left melting in the warmth of his smile. I swooned. Elijah could be romantic but he was such a guy about it. What would it be like to be with someone so in love? Someone who cares that much?

Well... only one way to find out.

I pulled out the device - always keep your device close at hand, kids, that's good swapping practices 101 - and prepared to fire.

"Uh." Elijah raised an eyebrow. "It's everything alright?"

"Hmm?" I glanced down at the device in my hand, then back up at him. Shit. I had forgotten all about him.

"Is that a tv remote?"

“Uh... it’s a uh...” I looked around desperately. “Oh my god! What’s that over there?”

“Huh?” He turned around, more incredulous than fooled, but I’d take what I could get. “What are you talking about?”

Look, it was stupid, I know, but sometimes you just needed a distraction. Dicks didn’t just steal themselves. This was grand theft fellatio we were dealing with here.

Hastily - before he could turn back around - I fired off two shots. The accompanying sound was as a lightning bolt getting ripped in half. Zzzttt! Zzzttt!

“Huh?” Elijah was gone. In his place was a girl. She was petite, cute. “Oh!” Her eyes sparkled as she turned back around, a great big smile breaking out on her face as she saw me. “There you are!”

Wait - my brain reeled - what?

“Uh-” I swiveled my head around the room. The couple I had intended to swap Elijah with was still at the table. Who the hell was this girl?

“Uh, yeah, of course!” I grinned back at her. “I’ve been here all along”

“Right.” she laughed, shaking off the momentary confusion. “I don’t know why I said that. It was like all of a sudden, I thought I was going to turn back around and you weren’t going to be there.”

Wait, that was it. There! Standing outside, just barely visible through the door. Elijah was standing, looking expectantly up the street.

She had been waiting for someone? Wait. Had this poor girl been stood up? Ghosted? What kind of an asshole would do something like that to someone as sweet as her.

“Everything okay?” she turned to follow my gaze, but didn’t put two and two together.

“Yeah, yeah, just...” I tried to play along. This was my girlfriend right now. Boyfriend? I turned back to her with a smile. “I’m just thinking how wonderful you look.”

“Aw.” she blushed. “Thank you. You’re not so bad yourself.”

Damn, what the hell was I doing? There was something about that blush that sent my heart racing.

No. I shook my head. It was just the thrill of the swap. I wasn’t into girls like that. Even if they were super cute and - oh god - even if they did have Elijah’s totally amazing mega cock just throbbing away beneath that sundress.

I mean - I looked down at the device, still in my hands beneath the table - I could, I guess. I could very easily be into girls. I could swap my sexual preferences and show this poor abandoned thing a romantic night on the town that she’d never forget.

But no. I looked up at her sparkling eyes. Sorry honey. But tonight I needed to get myself some beef.

Still, I couldn't just leave her like this could I? Cold and alone, waiting for someone who might not come?

That settled it then. Elijah could do the waiting for the both of them. Served the now-dickless bore right. Especially after all the times he's kept me waiting.

"Don't worry, sweetie," I gave her a mischievous smile. "You'll be in good hands."

"Huh?"

It took three extra shots with the remote before I finally landed my correct targets - The damn thing could be tricky to aim sometimes. The boy with the warm smile was now seated opposite me, megabeast in pants; the cutie who'd been waiting now sat laughing with his former date and former dick, and the only collateral it caused was a certain passing family who may never be the same again. But it was fine, really, they were oblivious, and besides the daughter would probably get more use of her father's dick anyway.

"So?" the shining boy opposite me laughed. "What do you think?"

"Huh?"

"About the upcoming festival? Do we want to check it out?"

"Oh, sorry, I wasn't paying attention." I blushed "I was uh - lost in your eyes?"

He smiled all the harder.

Dear reader, get you a boy who looks at you the way this boy looked at me then. There is nothing like it in the world. Such open, genuine affection. It was enough to melt even my heart. And when he smiled so did I.

This! This was Love. Capital-L Love. Expressed plainly and purely. No beating around the bush, no struggling to express what most guys considered a weakness. My heart skipped a beat as he regaled me with romantic dreams and hopes and asked me my own in return, as he plucked the strings of my heart with talk of a shining future so uncertain save that we be together.

Wow.

This is what I'd been looking for my whole life! Boy after boy. Never had I come close to what that other couple had.

Until now.

And sure, some might deride me for stealing something so good, so wholesome, so true. But right now, this boy's date was laughing at in-jokes with the other girl. No one would miss him. And I had something I very much wanted to try.

Maybe it was just the rush that came from shifting reality around, maybe it was the way this boy had me absolutely swooning, but in that moment, all I wanted was for him to hold me close and fuck me senseless.

Pulse pounding, I took my shot.

"Hey, do you want to get away?"

"Anywhere with you. Where are you thinking?"

"The washroom." I raised an eyebrow coyly and gave a wink. "If you're up for it."

"Oh I'm up for anything." he raised an eyebrow of his own. "If its with you."

Mm, yes! He was adventurous too. I could never get Elijah to fuck in public, it made swapping stuff with him so much more difficult.

I grabbed my Romeo's hand - I still hadn't gotten his name - and dragged him into the bathroom. I was very eager to see how a kind, sensitive and passionate lover could handle that massive dick.

3 minutes later I was scrambling to get away, device in hand, desperate to fix my error.

Okay, look, bathroom sex isn't the most glamorous to begin with, but when you have a swapping device, you get a little impatient okay? I mean, what was I going to do? Wait for him to spend the rest of the night wining and dining me before a delivering a single explosive kiss beneath a moonlit streetlamp? Romantic, yes, but I had places to be.

And now, after what he'd just done, I'm glad I hadn't wasted my time!

Things had started out so well. His lips were warm, his tongue was soft and tender and then...

Dear reader, believe me. I did not know it was possible for someone to be so bad at sex.

It doesn't take much! With a foot long python like that he could have sat absolutely still and he still would have been doing the lord's work. He was somehow so bad at sex that his contribution was sex negative!

And then as soon as he cums - which was almost immediately and all over my face, I might add! - he just rolls over and wants to cuddle? Oh no you don't! Not until my needs are met, pal! You don't nut all over me and then not repay the favor!

No amount of passion, no amount of romance was going to make up for that.

I know love is about more than sex, really I do! And he seemed a nice enough guy. But a girl's got needs! Deep, throbbing, 12-inch needs. Sorry Romeo, but I'm out.

"Is everything okay, my love?"

“Fine!” I tried to hide my utter lack of enthusiasm as I emerged from the stall, device in hand, desperately looking for someone to swap with, for some way out of this.

And that’s when she walked in.

I’d seen her out in the cafe, she’d been flirting hot and heavy with some well-dressed guy that I had dismissed for being a few years older than my liking. She, though, was stunning. An angelic face made sinful by perfectly applied makeup, and a evening gown that showed off a body well deserving of one. They were probably on their way to somewhere fancier, but at that moment I was grateful!

I feel that it’s important to reiterate that, again - I’m not into girls. Really. I’m not. Even - especially - ones as hot as her.

But here I was, desperate for an out.

My mind kept flashing back to the girl who had been waiting.

And damnit, I was still really horny. Who better to attend to the needs of a woman than another woman?

Trick question - a woman with a huge dick, that’s who.

Sorry Romeo. Penis privileges revoked.

I fired.

Like an abrupt cut in the filmreel that was the world, Romeo was now standing in front of me, his tight jeans still down around his ankles. You could see his trembling puckered pussy. He looked weirdly good with a cunt, but I wasn’t going down that rabbit hole again. Not tonight anyway.

I also swapped the cum from my face onto his as well. Serves him right.

Poor dickless Romeo just stood there confused. Why had he come in the little girl’s room? Why was he so flush, as though he had just blown a load? He probably would have been concerned about the cum artfully splattered across his face too, but thanks to the device he didn’t even realize that was at all amiss.

“Oh! Uh, excuse me!” He blushed at me and my new Paramore and fumbled to pull up his pants. “I think I have the wrong - uh -” He blushed all the harder, then ran out of the washroom.

I laughed. That had been a close call.

“And where do you think you’re going, Sweetness?” A hand clapped onto my shoulder from behind. A hot horny shiver ran down my spine. “We’re just getting started.”

I turned, eyes widening at what I saw.

“Did you really think I was about to leave you high and dry?” The woman had a lecherous glint to her eye as she ran a hand flirtatiously along my arm. The cleavage of her little black gown had been pulled down to reveal her great big perky tits, and, more pressingly, the way Elijah’s hyperpotent megacock stood throbbing proudly between them.

I - I wasn’t gay. Really. Have I mentioned how not gay I was?

But, well, what I was, was horny and frustrated. I wanted to melt into this woman’s warm arms. How could I resist that that sensual embrace?

Besides. What could I say? I was in love with that dick.

Our bodies pressed together, warm flesh on warm flesh. Affectionate, yes, but different from any guy I’d ever had. Hot, but tender. Firm, yet soft. Teasing, seducing. I shivered again, my heart pounding in my chest.

The dress, it turns out, was very easy for her to slip out of. Her enormous hooters pressed against my own as we ground our bodies into one, her nipples slipping over my tender and throbbing own. I shuddered as she ran a hand down my back, as she nuzzled into my neck - it was like she knew all my every secret weakness!

Bit by bit, she undressed me, a trail of warmth and kisses fluttering in the wake of my clothing. Gentle, delicate. I mewled, device landing in the pile of our discarded clothing. I was helpless enthralled by this girls’ tender ministrations. I was her plaything.

We ground our bodies together tighter, as much by desire as by necessity to avoid pressing up against the walls. I was reeling between gasping breaths. How could their possibly be such a world of difference between two people? How could someone possibly be so perfectly laser focused on my pleasure?

An angel in her own right, and something devilish besides: she hadn’t even yet begun to put that good dick to work. It twitched and throbbed between our tits, sandwiched lewdly between our stomachs, the precum drooling from it slickening our flesh and brining my nose to new dizzy heights.

She turned me around and bent me over, her cock slapping against the quivering lips of my labia. She drew it across my pussy like a violin string and stars exploded before me. This was it - that familiar push, deep pressure, oh fuck yes!

I shivered and I moaned. There wasn’t a one in the cafe - the whole world - who couldn’t hear my screaming.

This - fuck! - this was love!

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“Where do you want to go next?”

“Hmm?” My body was still singing. It took me a minute to even get my bearings. Where were we going next? I didn’t know and I didn’t care, as long as I was with her. I didn’t know if I was going to seriously consider dating this girl, but damn if her little audition hadn’t impressed me.

I looked around, blinking dumbly in my freshly-fucked haze. Romeo had settled back into a table with the older guy. They were a weirdly cute couple, with him batting his eyelashes as the older guy bragged about something or another. He still hadn’t noticed the cum all over his face.

Good.. Maybe he’d be better at sex on the receiving end.

And as I recovered from the dicking of the century, my flirty little angel and I talked. Well, she talked, I mostly nodded along, but it was easy to be open with the person who just took you to heaven. The fact that she was stroking my leg helped. I could already see that dick climbing its way back up towards her tits.

I was surprised with how easy it was to lose myself in conversation with her, how at peace she put me. We laughed and giggled and for once I was actually starting to enjoy the night.

Things were finally starting to look up.

Then the cheque arrived.

We both stared at it, then at each other.

“You got this, babe?” She broke the awkward silence with an easy grin.

“Wait, I’m paying?”

“Of course!” she laughed. “You know I don’t have any money. Mm, and besides,” she purred and ran a foot along my thigh. “I’d say I earned it, wouldn’t you?”

I could feel blood pounding through my veins, emotions warring in my brain.

Now, of course when you have a swapping device, money can often be trivial. You can just swap the contents of your wallet or bank account and no one notices. But I tried to generally rise above that. I pulled some bills out of my wallet.

“Oh hey,” she grinned down at my credit cards. “I know its not exactly the fancy night we had planned, but we should go shopping!”

“Huh?”

“Yeah, I mean we’re right near those boutiques, right? And I have so much stuff to buy. I really wanted to check out that new line of bikinis I was telling you about.”

“I thought you said you don’t have any money.”

"I don't, silly." she giggled again. "But come on, you do want to see me in a new bikini, don't you? My great big tits bulging out of those thin string cups? My hard throbbing dick stretching the elastic material to its fullest potential, just for you?" she licked her lips.

God, I could picture every veiny inch. I nodded, almost hypnotized.

"Good, then come on! Oh, and here," she hoisted her bags. "Be a dear and carry these for me? This dress doesn't have any pockets."

I stood up, hand held out to accept her load.

Wait, hold on - the alarm bells in the back of my head finally rose above the buzzing of my post-coital bliss - what the hell was I doing?

This girl was great, don't get me wrong. Amazing. Love of my life. But these were serious red flags. Was she just in it for the money? Did I really want to put myself through that?

No. The answer was no. Right? No. Even if - even if, fuck - she was a really good lay!

I swear, I'm not just in it for the sex. Really, I do!

I pulled the device out of my bag.

"What's that?"

"You know what?" I sighed, scanning the crowd for targets. "Don't even worry about it."

That's when I saw Chad. Probably not his real name, of course, but it sure fit him. He was tall, good looking, with washboard abs in an immaculate suit that showed off his musculature and gold wrist watch.

I wasn't even the only one who noticed - girls from all across the cafe turned to look.

But it wasn't any of that which had my jaw dropping, I swear. No, it was who I saw wrapped around his arm that sent me into a double take - my boyfriend!

Elijah was practically skipping as the two worked their way over to a table. Is this who the girl had been waiting for? Damn. No wonder.

"Babe?" My angel squinted in the direction I was staring. "Everything okay?"

I wasn't jealous, I swear! And for once that was the truth. It wasn't jealousy perse, I had put him in that situation to begin with. But the look on Elijah's face? That adoration, that verve? I had never seen that before. Why couldn't he ever look at me like that? What did Chad have that I didn't?

I mean... besides the obvious, I guess. Damn.

Okay. Change of plans!

With a flurry of swaps, I went to work.

It took a little longer and less accurately than I'd like, and we'll pretend that the naked girl outside now being walked by her dog was an irreplicable part of the new plan, but I got the job done.

"Well," said Chad, pulling out a seat and inviting me to sit. "Shall we take a load off?"

In the distance I saw my slutty little angel dragging Elijah out to go shopping. Her dick - Chad's dick - while not quite as impressive as Elijah's' was still prominent presented, to say nothing of her tits. Elijah couldn't stop staring. Typical man. We'd see how he felt when his date left him a few extra hundred in the hole. Even if... Mmm.. even if he'd get a few holes good and stuffed.

For what felt like the dozenth time, I turned back to look at my date, confident that this time, that it would be the one.

And dear reader, let me tell you...

I was right back where I started!

Twenty minutes later and Chad - I still hadn't gotten his real name - was droning on about warhammer figurines.

I wanted to scream. How is it that someone so perfect could be so... *Boring*.

I hoisted the device in my hand, looking around.

All around me were couples and people displaced by my passing - ships tossed by my wave.

The girl who had been waiting and Romeo's girl were holding hands across the candlelit table. Romeo's warm smile was return by the older man, even if he added to it a lecherous glint. And running around outside in the background, crossing the street from one boutique to another with increasingly large bags, was Elijah and the big-dicked angel.

And you know what?

They were all happy!

I didn't get it. None of them were with who they were supposed to, and yet they still laughed and smiled and gave each other googly eyes and flirtatious glances.

Everybody but me.

Whatever they had that I didn't, it was still there, even after all I'd put them through.

I could feel my heart rising up as a lump in my throat.

Was I to blame here? Was I the weak link? Was I too obsessed with my own standards? Too quick to judge, too quick to bail out? Was it my unwillingness to accept the bad alongside the good that had doomed me here?

Was I too caught up in my own ideas to find the love that was all around me?

I teetered at the precipice of revelation, but man, fuck that!

I tightened my grip on the device. I wasn't the problem here. It was the rest of them that was wrong! It was the world that was wrong!

I wiped a hot tear from my face and clenched my fist.

Fine. If they didn't want to love me - if I couldn't find love by them - then I'd do it myself instead!

I swung the device around. Sorry Chad, but the dick was coming with me!

A few minutes later I was leaving the cafe. I'd left Chad with a certain lonely-looking nerd in a corner, then started to make my exit when the two had gotten into an argument about Evangellion.

Oh yeah - I took a deep breath of the fresh night air - this was much better. No expectations, no pressures, no fear of judgement or rejection.

Maybe a break had been just what I was after. Maybe the single life would suit me better, for a little while longer anyway. Maybe I needed to learn some self love before I was ready to find love in another.

And who knows - I glanced back one more time at the cafe - maybe I'd be back some day. I still believed in love.

But until then...

I discretely rubbed the massive dick straining against my skirt.

Well, did I mention how much I loved this dick?

The End.