



Lisa Change

The School
Boy Who
Turned Into
a Girl

(how one teenage boy was transformed into a beautiful girl – taboo transgender romance)

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I

It was like a dream.

For a second, the shadow blocked out the sun, leaving Geoff suspended in blackness, and then the light was blinding him. The ball was falling. Geoff instinctively reached out his hands...

Thwack.

...and crumpled to the ground as the baseball bounced off his forehead.

A whistle screeched in the distance, followed by a deep male voice.

“TIME! TIME! Goddamnit, Louis, stop running and *help!*”

There were footsteps, thudding over the ground. Geoff lay on the cool grass, blinking up at the dazzling sun. The sounds of mingled panic and laughter seemed to come from somewhere far, far away. A place that didn't concern him.

Deep inside, he was vaguely aware he'd made a fool of himself. But it was like his brain was refusing to function properly. Neurons were misfiring, stopping the signal from reaching him emotionally.

At least it's comfortable down here... he thought, idly. He'd been way too hot standing up.

The footsteps got louder. Faces appeared above him, vaguely familiar, slightly-worried smiles on their faces.

“It's OK, he's breathing!” One of them – the dark-haired boy – yelled, before lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. “Shit, Geoff, you trying to stop yourself from *ever* getting laid again?”

A name swam around in the darkness of Geoff's dazed brain. Before it could surface, there was a blur of activity, the dark-haired shadow was pulled out the way, and a new face was bending down towards Geoff, blocking the sunlight, filling his vision...

“Geoff? Hey, Geoff. Buddy. C'mon, talk to us.”

It was like witnessing a vision.

From his cool patch in the grass, Geoff focused on the face in front of him.

The face with its piercing blue eyes, square jaw lightly dusted with stubble, short-cropped blonde hair and intense expression. The face that was so close its lips were almost touching his.

Geoff felt his breath faintly catch in his throat. He realized he could reach up and stroke this vision's cheek if he wanted to, playfully tweak at its nose. The thought made him smile.

There was a distant snigger.

“Watch out, sir, he’s gonna get a boner.”

“Louis, for the last time...”

The younger, dark-haired shadow shrugged, a shit-eating grin on its face. Geoff was still mesmerized by the man in front of him, the man whose powerful body he could feel, leaning over his own. The man whose warm breath faintly tickled his cheeks, making him feel strangely warm inside.

But now there was something else, too. A name. Deep in his brain, a cloud of neurons sparked, misfired, sizzled, began to come to life...

“Ah, come on Mr. Prince,” the boy called Louis smiled, “you don’t smile like *that* when you’re dying...”

Louis... Mr. Prince... wha-?

And then the neurons made their connection, energy coursed through his brain, and Geoff suddenly sat bolt upright.

“Geoff? You OK, buddy?”

In silence, Geoff looked from the faces surrounding him, to the dark-haired boy’s smirk, and back to the handsome man crouched before him, his face still etched with concern.

My team... Louis... Mr. Prince...

And then he let out a low groan as it all came rushing back.

Baseball... I agreed to play, try a practice session... told them I hadn’t played for real in years, but Louis twisted my arm, said he remembered back in little league...

Oh shit.

It had seemed like the greatest idea in the world. Try out for their high school

baseball team, no pressure. He knew he could pitch pretty good – at least, he *used* to be able to – so why not sharpen those skills?

Only that wasn't the only reason we agreed to play, was it? A voice whispered in the back of Geoff's brain. *Not when we found out who would be watching...*

He closed his eyes. A new vision swam up in his mind. A vision with blonde hair that fell down her back. With long legs and a face that glowed when she smiled. A vision who *always* wore those super-tight sweaters that clung to her figure and showed off her breasts...

Amy Montague.

Only seconds ago, Geoff had given her a cocky little smile as he stepped up to pitch. Only seconds ago, he thought he'd seen her give the tiniest wave back, and felt a thrill of warmth rush through him.

And then it had been time to pitch, and he'd swung his arm. And Louis had hit the ball with a *crack* like a gunshot, sending it not out into the field, but back, back at *him*.

And Geoff had had maybe a fraction of a second to remember how he'd refused to wear a helmet, idly thinking Amy would find him unmanly without one...

And then there'd been that thud. And now here he was.

"That was a hell of a hit you took." Mr. Prince was still watching him carefully, only now he looked less like a vision and more like regular old Mr. Prince, whose broad shoulders, thick biceps and handsome face Geoff had never really noticed before.

At the memory of his dazed reaction to his teacher, Geoff felt his face go hot all over.

What the hell was that all about...?

As if on cue, Mr. Prince looked away, turning his face up to Louis, who looked as unconcerned as ever.

"He's still not talking. Louis, go fetch the nurse. Might be concussion."

"Aw, sir, how come *I* have to..."

“Because this is *serious*, and if you don’t start acting like an adult, I’m going to personally take that bat of yours and shove it up your-”

“It’s fine. *I’m* fine,” Geoff suddenly cut in. “Don’t bother.”

He pushed himself to his feet, wobbling as he did so, terrified he was gonna go back over on his ass. But he was more-terrified still of the thought of Amy Montague seeing him laid out flat like a total bozo.

“Louis stunned me is all. I’m...” he shook his head slightly, trying to get rid of the muzziness, “yeah. I’m cool.”

Mr. Prince had stood up with him, and was now frowning at him with obvious concern. Geoff squinted at him. His head, which had been softly numb these past few minutes, was starting to feel all hot and throbbing.

“You still need to see the nurse,” his teacher said, firmly. “Not that I want to make his ego any bigger than it already is, but Mr. Geller is one hell of a hit.”

Louis dropped Geoff a casual wink.

Louis? But he can’t hit for shit. He’s never... Geoff held one hand up to his head, trying to stop the dizziness.

Why do I feel like there’s something wrong here?

“Get down the nurse’s office *now*, yeah?” Mr. Prince was saying. “Mr. Geller can go with if you wa-”

“Oh *Christ* no,” Geoff muttered. Around him the team laughed.

“See, sir?” Louis smiled, clapping him on the back. “The G-man’s feeling better already!”

Mr. Prince smiled too. He nodded at Geoff.

“OK, go alone if you gotta. But go *straight there*. Last thing I need is a student collapsing with concussion after one game.”

“Sure,” Geoff nodded, but he was barely listening. He was scanning the crowd, heart in his mouth, wondering if Amy was still there. If she’d wandered off or – God forbid – was now *laughing* at him, one dainty hand pressed to her lips, her eyes wide with disbelief that anyone could be such a *klutz...*

But, no. There she was. Smiling, true, but not *laughing*. Smiling, with

concern in her eyes. Happy he was OK.

As Geoff watched in wonder, the girl of his dreams gave a small shake of her head. Winked at him.

Nice catch, she mouthed at him, as if they were in on the joke together.

Mr. Prince was talking to him again. It took all of Geoff's willpower to pull his eyes away from Amy and try to listen.

"...so long as you don't let it get to you. That was one *hell* of a throw." The teacher gave Geoff an encouraging tap on the shoulder. "We'll have you back for another session whenever you want."

Then he was jogging back toward the rest of the team, the sun casting shadows on his tight white top, accentuating the tone and definition of his gym-hardened muscles.

Geoff watched his teacher go, wondering uneasily where his earlier, half-concussed thoughts might have come from.

He became suddenly aware that Louis was still standing beside him.

"It's cool, I'm OK." He forced up a casual smile, turning to his friend and teammate, "get back to your game, I gotta..."

His friend was smirking at him. He shook his head. Sighed.

"Jesus, Cohen. You're a fucking *doofus*, you know that?"

Geoff rolled his eyes. Louis smiled.

"Hey... What's your next class? You still taking art?"

Geoff nodded.

"Miss Jones, huh?" A lecherous grin flitted over his friend's face. "Oh, *man...*"

He swung his bat, a careless gesture. Geoff smiled weakly. No more needed to be said.

Miss Jones had been a staple of both boy's fantasies ever since they'd started high school.

"Maybe you can show her your bruise, get her to kiss it better. Chicks dig that sorta stuff."

Louis glanced briefly over at the crowd to where Amy was chatting to her cheerleader friend Li. He raised one eyebrow.

“Know what I mean?”

Then he gave his friend a wink.

“You’re such a dipshit, dude. Falling on your ass on your first game. *Ha!*”

Geoff forced up a smile.

Typical Louis, always acting like a dick...

...right?

“Guess I’d better get back to showing all these other assholes up.” Louis slung the bat over his shoulder. “Try not to trip over on your way to the locker room.”

Then he was gone, running after Mr. Prince. Running back to the game.

For a moment, Geoff simply stood there. Feeling dazed. Lost. Like the world had shifted slightly and he couldn’t quite tell how.

Then abruptly he shook his head, turned, and began the long walk back towards school, unaware that he’d already started down the strange path that would find him, only a few hours later, standing naked in front of a mirror, trying not to scream at the sight of the female body being reflected back at him.

*

The nurse’s office was busy when Geoff got there, and the nurse treated him with a brusque efficiency, making pointed comments about boys not wearing helmets when they played dangerous sports. Geoff had felt like telling her he was technically an adult now he’d turned 18, but it seemed a pointless thing to say, and anyway the office was so busy with kids needing attention for bust lips and headaches and stomach cramps that he doubted she would’ve heard him anyway.

He was twenty minutes late by the time he got to art class, and his head was killing him.

The nurse had assured him he didn’t have concussion, but Geoff didn’t know if he believed her.

His mind felt strange and fuzzy round the edges, and every time he looked at someone, he had the strangest feeling like he was about to fall off something. *If it gets any worse, we gotta go the hospital, no matter how bad Louis rags us for it...*

Miss Jones was stood at the head of class as he arrived, directing attention to the shape of the muscles on the fake plastic torsos they used for drawing instead of life models. The female half of the class was listening attentively, while the male half was trying not to collectively gasp whenever their hot teacher leaned forward, accidentally showing off her cleavage.

“Late again, Mr. Cohen,” she said as Geoff entered, without even looking up. “Any excuses?”

“No, miss.” Geoff couldn’t be bothered explaining the whole saga, and his mop of dark hair easily covered the bruise.

“Stay behind after class,” his teacher said. “Now, everyone see the stomach muscles here, the way they’re only *slightly* raised. So no need to sketch them like you’re drawing Hugh Jackman as Wolverine...”

The rest of the lesson passed in a sickly blur. Geoff tried to concentrate on drawing, but his head still felt all shades of weird, and that feeling of vertigo kept coming back.

On top of that, he found he couldn’t stop his eyes from wandering over Miss Jones, in a way he knew was probably a little creepy.

Naturally, none of the students knew her age, but Geoff guessed she was probably the youngest teacher in the school, maybe 26 or 27. Ever since he’d first attended one of her classes, he’d found the cute teacher mesmerizing.

She was beautiful. There were no two ways about it.

With her auburn hair done up in a stylish top knot; soft, round face; full lips and dark, smoky eyes, Miss Jones was easily as hot as any of the girls on the cheerleading squad. In fact, Geoff was inclined to think she *had* been a cheerleader at some stage of her life.

She had the long, killer legs cheerleaders needed, and the right sort of torso: pert, but with breasts that weren’t *too* heavy. It was all too easy to imagine her in a tiny skirt and tight top, clutching a pair of pompoms; an imagine that

often came back to Geoff when he was lying in bed at night, staring at the ceiling.

Then there was the way she dressed in art class. Long boots made of dark leather, that stopped *just* below her knees. Short, dark skirts that left as much leg on display as a teacher could get away with.

Tight tank tops with a low neckline that clung tight to her C-cup breasts. The long white lab coat she wore loose and open at the front when painting. The heavy, dark-rimmed glasses that perched on her tiny button nose and drew attention to her smiling eyes.

“If she was eight years younger,” Louis was fond of sighing whenever they talked about the sexy art teacher, “or I was eight years older. Or she didn’t mind a coupla years in jail. The things I’d do to that ass of hers...”

And Geoff would always laugh at his friend’s obvious lechery, but secretly, he’d be agreeing with every word he said.

If it wasn’t for Amy, he’d spend every damn night thinking about getting in his teacher’s pants.

At one point in the class, Miss Jones bent over by one of the girls sat opposite him to look at her drawing, and Geoff found himself staring at her cleavage. He knew he should look away.

But it was like that hit with the baseball had dulled his brain, making it unresponsive. As Miss Jones talked to the girl, Geoff began to feel that strange, tingly, falling feeling again. Like he was slowly tipping forwards, like he was about to go tumbling over the edge of some chasm...

Then suddenly the feeling faded. Geoff shook himself, glanced up, and realized Miss Jones was giving him a hard glare. His cheeks flushing pink, he quickly looked away from his teacher’s breasts and buried himself in his work.

By the time the bell finally rang, he was seriously starting to think about going to hospital.

“Homework, everyone!” Miss Jones called across the class. “I want you to practice drawing the body of someone you know, and, ideally, trust. Otherwise, things could get awkward. Geoff. Stay there.”

Geoff raised one hand to indicate his head.

“Miss, I need to...”

“Later.” His teacher said, firmly, “you and I need a talk.”

Reluctantly, Geoff waited as the class emptied out. Girls shouldering their bags. Guys whispering and laughing.

And then, suddenly, he was alone with Miss Jones.

“Great.”

His teacher leaned back on one of the heavy wooden tables the class used for sculpture, her arms crossed over her perfect breasts. Sunlight fell in long streams through the art room’s picture windows, making her white lab coat almost seem to glow.

As he watched her, trying to ignore the spinning in his head and the tingling of his skin, Geoff privately thought his teacher looked like a supermodel.

Or an angel...

“Do you know why I kept you back, Mr. Cohen?” The angel asked at last, one pencil thin eyebrow arched.

Geoff nodded; gently, so his head wouldn’t start throbbing again.

Christ, who knew Louis could hit like that...?

“Sorry, miss. I had baseball, and-”

Miss Jones held up her hand.

“I get it. You like sports. Fine. You manage to do it without acting like a jock, which is a plus. But that *doesn’t* mean you get to waste my time by turning up late, got that?”

Her dark eyes were hard. Commanding. Geoff found himself staring into them with an almost dazed look on his face.

“You’re a good student, Geoff. But you need to remember this isn’t a game. I can fail you at this class if I have to, and, trust me, you don’t want to be leaving high school with...”

Miss Jones was still talking. But the words faded into the background. As Geoff sat there, he became aware of that tingling feeling again. With a faint

shock, he realized he couldn't tear his eyes away from his cute teacher's.

His head was throbbing. Miss Jones's dark eyes seemed to fill his vision; hard, seductive. He felt that sensation of vertigo again, like he was about to start falling.

As Miss Jones talked, Geoff's dizziness began to grow. Began to swamp his body. He tried to shake his head to clear it, but he found he couldn't move. He tried to open his mouth, to tell Miss Jones he needed the hospital, but it was like his mouth was sewn shut.

What's happening? Oh God, is this concussion? Am I gonna faint?

The thought seemed to come from somewhere outside his body, echoing over impossible chasms of time. The throbbing increased. His teacher's dark eyes grew until they filled his vision, two wondrous dark pools Geoff wanted to swim in forever.

His skin was tingling like mad, static electricity seeming to dance over it. The sensation of standing on a cliff edge was overpowering. He felt himself swaying in his seat, starting to slip...

"Mr. Cohen?" Miss Jones's voice echoed in his ears, distant and lost. "Geoff, are you listening to me?"

I can't... Geoff wanted to whimper. *There's something wrong. I think I'm gonna...*

And then it happened.

A neuron fired in his brain. A damaged link in a damaged part. There was a sudden *lurch*...

...and then Geoff was falling through space.

The static surged around him as he dropped. His dizziness peaked. He tried to cry out, but no sounds came. Just a strange rushing of wind as he fell, fell towards those smoky eyes, fell into the black pools. Fell and fell and...

And then, suddenly, the feeling vanished.

Geoff blinked, aware he was suddenly standing up, his slender arms crossed over his chest. The light from the sun filtered softly through the picture windows, illuminating the classroom. The dizziness was gone, the tingling over.

What the hell just happened...?

The classroom looked... *different*, somehow. Wrong. Like it had shifted in a way Geoff couldn't quite put his finger on. As he frowned he became aware that the art room was silent, an unfinished sentence seeming to hang in the air.

Did she stop talking? Was I supposed to answer something...?

Then Geoff heard an awkward cough, and realized several things at once.

One was that he was now looking at the opposite side of the classroom to the one he'd been looking at before. Another was that his mouth was dangling open, like he'd been in the middle of saying something.

The last was that there was a boy sat in front of him. A boy with a mop of dark hair and a sportsman's build. An 18 year old boy with a slightly-nervous expression and a very familiar face...

"Uhhh, Miss?" The boy asked in his horribly familiar voice, a voice Geoff had only rarely heard from the outside before. "Is everything OK?"

Miss...?

Like a man in a dream, Geoff slowly looked down. At the white lab coat encasing his slender body. At the leather boots that stopped just below his knees. At the perky breasts squashed together in his push-up bra, rising and falling with every breath he took.

There was an unfamiliar weight on his nose. With jerky movements, Geoff reached up and touched the heavy pair of glasses he was now wearing. Dazedly stroked a loose lock of auburn hair out his vision, hooking it behind one cute little ear.

"Miss...?"

Silently, like he was moving through treacle, Geoff turned to look at one of the picture windows. Saw the reflection staring back at him. The female image he'd masturbated to hundreds of times since joining her art class.

Trying to control his breathing, his heart hammering in his chest, Geoff raised one, trembling hand. In horror, he watched as the woman's reflection did likewise.

In panic, he wildly shook his head. Clutched his pretty little head in both

hands. Impulsively stuck out his tongue. Saw the woman copy his moves perfectly, her blurred face a mask of terror.

“Miss Jones? Uh... are you alright?”

Oh God, please no...

With a feeling like he was going mad, Geoff turned back to the boy. Turned back to the 18-year old boy he'd seen in the mirror every day since he was born. The boy who was looking at him with a confused, worried expression.

“Miss Jones?” Repeated Geoff's male body, getting to its feet. “Hey, you look like you're gonna...”

It was too much. Geoff couldn't help it.

He screamed.

A high-pitched, scared and very *girly* scream.

II

It was twenty minutes later.

Geoff stood in the single occupancy girl's toilet, staring into the mirror, trying to get over the fact that Miss Jones was staring back at him.

He'd locked the door when he first came in, but he kept expecting it to burst open. For a TV crew to rush in and shout *surprise!* and laugh as they showed him how they'd tricked him into believing he'd turned into a girl.

But this was no trick. Of that Geoff was sure.

No illusion could be *this* detailed.

He could *feel* his new breasts resting in his bra, feel their faint weight as they tugged on his chest.

He could *feel* the way his lacy panties clung to his sexy new bum, tighter and lighter than any underwear he'd ever worn as a dude.

He could feel the loose, messy-chic strands of auburn hair, tickling at his cheeks and elegant neck. Feel the hot leather of his boots, pressed against his shins. Feel the strange new lightness of his body, feel the space where his cock should have been.

And, worst of all, he could *feel* the tender little hole between his legs. The tight little pussy that existed for men to put their big dicks in and for babies to come crawling out.

In the mirror, Miss Jones looked back out at him with a dazed, shell shocked expression. Her pouty lips were open slightly, her dark eyes swimming with confusion.

Seeing her look into his eyes was too much for Geoff, he dropped his gaze. His eyes focused on his generous breasts, rising and falling in the bottom of his vision.

I've got tits... he thought with a feeling of vertigo. *Look at me. I've actually got fucking tits...*

Hesitantly, he reached up with two dainty little hands, barely noticing their long fingernails, painted a cute shade of pink. He held them out in front of his

chest for a moment. Hesitated.

Then he gently closed his hands around his brand new breasts.

“Argh!”

The little squeak was out before he could stop himself. Geoff reflexively dropped his hands to his sides and stood there, shuddering.

Touching his new breasts had been *weird*. He’d half expected them to squash in, like they weren’t real, but they’d pushed back against his fingertips, pert and ripe and firm.

More than that, though, giving his – *Miss Jones’s* – breasts that little squeeze had been strangely... comforting. Like there was something *nice* about having someone hold him that way.

Like it would be kinda cool if a... a *guy* wanted to touch him like that.

With a little whimper, Geoff shook his pretty little head, trying to chase the thought away. He looked back in the mirror, and saw Miss Jones was watching him with a trembling, nervous expression he’d never seen on his hot art teacher’s face before.

There was no doubt about it.

He was in trouble, alright.

After he’d screamed in the classroom, he’d felt like he was going to faint, or collapse, or go mad. He’d torn Miss Jones’s lab coat open and looked down at her curvy body in numb horror.

I can’t have turned into Miss Jones! He’d felt like screaming. *It’s not possible! I can’t-!*

“Whoa! Miss, *Miss!*”

As he was panicking, two strong, male hands had grabbed his shoulder. He’d looked up helplessly, a loose strand of hair falling across his face, and seen his old, male face, inches from his.

“Miss, please. Calm down. *Please.*” His old body had said. “It’s OK. Whatever it is, it’s cool.”

But Geoff hadn’t been remotely in a mood to calm down.

“What the fuck did you *do?!?*” He’d squeaked at his old body, hating the way

his voice came out all high-pitched and feminine. “You... you...”

Other Geoff had stepped back uncertainly.

“Miss...” he’d said, raising his strong hands. “I-I didn’t do *anything*...”

“You *stole my body!*” Geoff had yelled, his eyes wild. “Give it back!”

He’d stepped forward, *grabbed* hold of his body, and suddenly realized he had no idea how to get from inside Miss Jones to inside his old self again.

“Put me back, *now!*” He’d squeaked. “You can’t have that. It’s *mine!*”

To his dismay, Other Geoff had shook his head, given him a goofy, uncertain smile.

“Stole your...? *Heyyy*, is this a joke? Did Mr. Prince tell you to...?”

“A *joke?! What sort of sick fucking joke...?*”

And then Geoff had felt his eyes go wide. He’d let go of Other Geoff, stepped back, raising the dainty fingers of one hand to his lips in fright.

“Wait, you mean you...” He swallowed, tried again. “You mean you aren’t...”

“You aren’t Miss Jones?”

The moment the words had left his pouty lips, he’d known how ridiculous they sounded.

Of course...

If Miss Jones really *had* stolen his body, why would she be pretending not to know what was going on now? More to the point, why would she *want* to trade in life as a grown, independent and (Geoff thought) absurdly *hot* woman for an 18-year old boy who still lived with his parents?

And, even *more* to the point, how could she have done it? Life didn’t work like some cheap erotic eBook; you couldn’t just jump into someone else’s body and force them into your old one...

Which meant...

Other Geoff had been looking at him like he’d grown an extra head. In his new body, Geoff was surprised and saddened to see that he was at *least* six inches shorter than his doppelganger.

“Miss...” Other Geoff had said, slowly, “I think, uh, I think maybe you’d better go see the nurse.”

At this point, he’d forced up a smile. Geoff had been shocked and not a little disgusted to find his new body faintly responding to it.

Wow, he’s kinda cute, isn’t he?

He’d angrily shaken the thought away. Now *definitely* hadn’t been the time to open up that can of worms.

“You got hit by that ball pretty bad,” Other Geoff had been saying, “maybe your head...”

He’d stopped when he’d registered Geoff’s expression.

“What?”

“Nothing...” Geoff had whispered in his teacher’s voice. “It’s just...”

He’d closed his eyes here.

“Did you say *I* got hit by a ball?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“As in me. Miss...” He’d hardly been able to believe he was going to say it.

“*Miss Jones?*”

“Sure.” Other Geoff’s voice had suddenly taken on a tinge of guilt.

“Remember? Me and, uh, Louis – Louis Geller? – were taking some practice swings. You were walking past. I, uh, I pitched to Louis...”

“And the ball knocked me out,” Geoff had finished, his voice barely rising above a whisper.

With gentle movements, he’d raised one hand to his head. Felt the nasty lump, hidden beneath his new, auburn hair; exactly where it had been on his male body.

“It was a sucky hit, we really shoulda checked no one was walking through,” his doppelganger had mumbled, “like I said, we’re both *really* sorry...”

“So that means,” Geoff had interrupted, trying to control his breathing. “That I... that *you* weren’t hit by a ball today. That you don’t have...”

He’d gestured his lump.

In the darkness behind his eyelids, Geoff had heard his double laugh nervously.

“Two head injuries in one day? Err, I guess not. Mr. Prince would probably chuck me off the team...”

At last, Geoff had opened his eyes. He’d looked up into the young face before him, its expression torn somewhere between concern and confusion.

“Thank you, Mr. Cohen,” he’d heard himself say in Miss Jones’s voice. “You can go now.”

“Uh, are you sure, Miss? Didn’t you wanna talk to me about-?”

“I said *you can go now*.”

There’d been an awkward pause. Then Other Geoff had shrugged and holstered his bag.

“If you say so, Miss.”

He’d given Geoff a dazzling smile.

“See you later.”

As he’d turned, he’d let his eyes slyly drop down onto Geoff’s chest. For a second, Geoff had wondered what on Earth he could be looking at, then he’d suddenly realized and felt his cheeks flush pink.

With automatic movements, he’d quickly pulled Miss Jones’s white lab coat firmly closed over his big new boobies.

“Goodbye, Mr. Cohen,” he’d heard himself say.

And then Other Geoff had been gone, leaving Geoff alone to deal with the madness threatening to engulf him.

And, rather than deal with it, he’d ran. Ran out into the corridor until he found a place where he could lock himself away, trying to ignore the way his breasts jiggled with each step, trying to ignore the way his sexy new bum curved and bounced beneath his tiny skirt.

Trying to ignore the fact that he was suddenly trapped as his sexy art teacher, that *he* was suddenly *Miss Jones*.

And now here he was, locked away in one of the staff restrooms, staring in utter misery at the woman he’d been forced to become.

Tenderly, Geoff pulled back Miss Jones's bangs, squinted at the purple bruise where the ball had hit him. In the mirror, Miss Jones wrinkled her button nose, peered through her glasses; an expression Geoff would have found utterly adorable if it hadn't been on *his* face.

It didn't seem possible. Could a-a *bump on the head* really force someone to switch bodies like that?

No, it was crazy. Worse than crazy. *Stupid.*

So then how the hell did he explain the gorgeous woman looking back at him in the mirror?

A feeling of panic was rising in Geoff's generous new chest, threatening to suffocate him, to drown him. He tried to force it back down, tried to pretend he was about to step up to pitch, and needed to keep his nerves calm.

What are we gonna do?

In the mirror, Miss Jones just looked back at him, her pretty face clueless.

Think. People don't just magically swap bodies. What caused this? What turned you into... into...

"Into me," he murmured, watching as Miss Jones moved her soft, full lips, her voice curling round his mind like smoke.

He thought about the tingling, the feeling of vertigo, but quickly dismissed it. That had been part of the change, not the trigger.

What then... what links you and... and you as Miss Jones?

Then something clicked. He saw it again, clear as day.

A shadow, blocking out the sun. His body, suspended in blackness, barely able to raise one delicate hand before the ball fell, falling towards his pretty face, threatening to smash his glasses, someone crying *Miss! Miss, watch out...!*

Geoff lowered his hands, *gripped* the edge of the pink porcelain sink. In the mirror, Miss Jones did likewise.

He didn't know *how* it had happened. He couldn't even begin to guess as *why*.

But he sure as hell knew *who* had hit that ball, had caused his transformation.

The two Miss Jones's – the real one and her mirror double – looked at each other. They leaned forward as one; two identical, beautiful women, drawing closer, a light dawning in their dark and smoky eyes.

“*Louis.*” The two Miss Jones's whispered at once.

*

It was hot out on the playing fields.

Students lounged in little two or threes in the shade of trees, idly watching the few athletes crazy or determined enough to still be practicing in this heat.

Geoff walked alongside them, trying not to trip as his heeled boots wobbled on the cool grass, his head spinning.

Making his way out here from inside the girls' restroom had been one of the strangest experiences of his life.

He'd set off thinking that, if he kept his head down, walking through the school while trapped as Miss Jones wouldn't be *too* different to doing it as plain ol' Geoff.

By the time he'd got from the art rooms to the main part of the building, he'd realized how utterly wrong he was.

Everywhere he went, he could see groups of teenage guys turning to watch him as he passed, whispering and giving one another fistbumps behind his back.

Junior boys, senior jocks, male cleaners... all seemed to take a strange interest in him wherever he went; the adults and older guys pretending to be looking elsewhere, the younger boys openly *staring* at him as he went past.

It was like someone had thrown a spotlight on him, one that illuminated his pretty face, his long legs, his pert bum and big breasts.

As a good-looking, kinda sporty guy, Geoff was used to girls occasionally checking him out in the school corridors, but this...

...this was like suddenly becoming a celebrity.

He'd had no *idea* so many of his classmates were into Miss Jones. In every male face, he seemed to see a lustful sort of hope. A half-suppressed fantasy of taking him into a darkened classroom and having wild sex with him on a

desk.

He'd jerked off over Miss Jones, God knew how many times. But he'd always thought it was a secret little thing; a thought that didn't show on his handsome face.

How utterly *wrong* he'd been.

At one point, he'd passed a nerdy kid he vaguely recognized from the grade below, one of the weirdoes Geoff rarely paid much attention to; Matt or Mike or something. As Geoff had walked past, the kid had openly *stared* at his breasts; watching them bounce up and down with each step until Geoff had felt like screaming at him.

I'm a teacher, asshole! What the fuck is wrong with you?!

But, instead, he'd just carried on walking, head bowed, trying to ignore Matt-or-Mike's eyes crawling over his butt.

It was like now he'd been rudely thrust into his role as the school's hot teacher, he'd been unable to break character.

He was Miss Jones; beautiful, sexy, *professional* Miss Jones.

And professional teachers didn't just freak out at kids in corridors, no matter *how* creepy they were being.

In a way, passing the girls had been even worse.

Whereas before, Geoff could have counted on a gaggle of junior girls to give him a smile or a giggle or something when he walked past, now they seemed to look at him with a weird kind of antagonism.

Part of it, he knew, was because he was suddenly a teacher, and that was tantamount to declaring war on bored teenagers.

But he thought just as much of it might be because he was also a woman. And not *just* a woman.

A *hot* woman.

As he passed a group of cheerleaders, he could almost read the strange looks in their eyes, looks that made him uncomfortable and angry and upset, all at once.

It was like they were... *threatened* by his beauty, by the way the boys talking

to them would turn to look as he passed. At the same time, there was a spark of contempt there Geoff had never realized these chicks felt before.

Sure, you're beautiful, their faces seemed to sneer at him, but guess what? You're also older than us, and you're gonna lose that beauty before we lose ours, and you totally dress more like a tramp than a teacher, but at the same time, I kinda wish I could pull those boots off...

After about five minutes of this, Geoff had been just about ready to go crazy.

Jesus Christ, who knew being a chick was so hard? He'd complained to himself as he walked.

He'd just been seriously thinking about just locking himself away back in the restroom and just hoping he'd eventually turn back when he'd suddenly seen a familiar face and felt his heart leap.

"Amy! Oh, Christ, am I glad to see you!"

At the sound of her name, Amy had looked faintly surprised. She'd turned from her chat with her stunning Asian bestie Li and smiled uncertainly as Geoff came running over to her.

"I'm going crazy!" Geoff had hissed, grabbing his dream girl by the shoulders. "I've gotta find Louis, have you seen him?"

For a second, he'd wondered what was wrong. And then Amy had opened her mouth and it had all made horrible sense.

"Miss?" Amy had asked, the perky, cheeky voice Geoff was used to hearing replaced by one that was somehow respectful and vaguely-insulting all at the same time. Behind her, Li had giggled.

Shit. Of course...

"Have you tried the playing field, Miss?" Amy had asked, a faint smirk hidden behind her helpful smile. "He was up there with Geoff Cohen earlier, I think."

At her words Geoff had felt his cheeks flush bright pink.

You fucking idiot...

He was a teacher now. A grownup. That meant *not* showing such ridiculous familiarity with students.

Part of him had wanted to scream, to yell *Amy, it's me! Can't you see past this stupid fucking body and help me?!!*

But, of course, that would've just made him seem mad. And the way Amy and Li had been looking at him, with fake-concern and barely-concealed delight, had made him realize just how close he already seemed to madness. So he'd muttered something vague and set back off down the corridor. And he'd tried to ignore the whispered comments between Amy and her girlfriend, tried to ignore the faint giggles and the horrible, soft, beautiful female body he was trapped in. Tried to focus solely on getting to the playing fields and finding Louis.

And now here he was, walking over the cool grass, the sun warm against his bare, hairless thighs, desperately looking out for his buddy.

The faint thud of sneakers against the ground reached Geoff's ears like a distant heartbeat. Voices laughed, called, shrieked. He raised one hand against the blinding sun, desperately scanned the grounds, trying to ignore the long, pink fingernails now in his vision.

And then he heard it.

The soft *thwock* of cowhide against wood. The trembling silence, followed by the mechanical *ka-chunk* of the machine.

Slowly, Geoff turned his pretty little head, brushed some strands of auburn hair out of his smoky eyes.

And there he was.

Across the field, Louis stood alone in the batter's cage, lazily knocking back pitches from one of the school machines.

He swung his bat with easy grace, his body turning with each shot, his teenage muscles standing out taut against the fabric of his top.

He didn't look up as Geoff walked closer. Didn't look up as his former friend laced his slender new fingers through the wire of the batting cage and watched him, as if mesmerized by his grace and power.

Thwock... ka-chunk... thwock...

Geoff's pouty lips were dry. He watched his friend with a sort of dazed interest, marveling at his skill, his strength.

Did I used to look like that when I was playing baseball...? He vaguely wondered, *no wonder Amy paid attention to a doofus like me...*

Then, suddenly, another thought cut in. Angry. Irritated.

Hey, we're here for a reason, remember?

Geoff quickly pulled himself back to reality.

“Louis!” He shouted. “*LOUIS!*”

Ka-chunk...

Louis let the ball go wild, turned, a bemused expression on his face. Geoff watched as he clocked sight of his new body, and turned his expression into a shamelessly cocky, self-confident smile.

Christ, who does he think he is...?

“Hey, Miss J.” Louis smiled, stepping out of the ball’s range, swinging his bat over his shoulder. “How’s your...?”

He brightly gestured his forehead. Behind him, the machine gave another *ka-chunk*, followed by a soft *flup* as the ball harmlessly hit the fabric at the back of the cage.

“It’s fine,” Geoff said hurriedly in his teacher’s soft voice. “Nothing to worry about.”

Ka-chunk... flup.

“Um, Louis?” Geoff asked, gently biting his lower lip. “Can we... can we talk somewhere?”

Ka-chunk...

“Where?”

“Somewhere private?”

...flup.

Louis’s eyes gently drifted down Geoff’s new body. A cocksure, slightly disbelieving grin came onto his face. Geoff had a horrible feeling this was exactly how several of his best friend’s late night fantasies had started.

Ka-chunk...

Louis glanced back over at the pitching machine. Turned back to Geoff, as if

dismissing the contraption from his mind.

“Sure thing, Miss. Where did you have in mind?”

In response, Geoff simply gave him a mysterious smile.

Flup.

III

“This is *crazy*.”

Geoff looked down at his new body. He gently squeezed his arms against his sides and watched as his new breasts squashed together, his vast, cream white cleavage rising up towards his chin.

“You’re telling me,” he agreed in his soft, feminine voice.

An older voice, too, he thought, distractedly.

Followed by:

Fuck. I’m a grownup now.

They were in the locker room. Geoff had insisted they go to the girls’, in case any of the male jocks he’d seen out on the fields came in to get showered while they were talking, and now Louis was looking vaguely awkward and lost among the tiny, discarded shorts, tight tops and bags containing well-hidden tampons and mascara tubes.

“What am I supposed to say if someone catches me in *here*?” Louis had protested as they first walked in.

“Just say you’re using the locker room of your gender identity,” Geoff had muttered.

He hadn’t wanted to tell Louis that, in his new body, the idea of coming face-to-face with some semi-naked beefcake made him feel strangely nervous, almost vulnerable.

Now, here he was, sat on one of the benches by the lockers, one slender leg unconsciously crossed over the other, his skirt drifting up to show off a *lot* of leg, watching as his friend struggled to come to grips with the story he was telling him.

“I’m sorry. This is total *bullshit*. No-one just swaps bodies,” Louis said, nervously pacing as he did so, “specially not from something as dumb as getting hit on the head.”

Geoff rolled his eyes. Without looking in a mirror, he knew the reaction would look cute on his new face.

“Trust me, I *know*. But,” he spread his hands, “why would I lie? I mean, why would Miss Jones – who, y’know, you barely know – drag you in here and pretend to be your male friend?”

“Who knows?” Louis snapped. “Coz I’m actually dreaming, and this is about to turn into the weirdest wetmare ever.”

He stopped pacing. Sighed.

“OK, it doesn’t make sense. But look at it from my side.” He helplessly gestured Geoff. “You’re Miss Jones. You’ve got her voice, her face, her sw-” He stopped himself just in time. Geoff shook his head.

“Her *sweet rack*. It’s fine, you can say it.” He gestured his brand new titties. “These aren’t even mine.”

Louis nodded, but his face was still a mask of uncertainty.

Geoff let out an exasperated sigh.

“OK, *fine*, you want me to prove it? You asked for this.”

He pulled himself to his feet, stood right before his friend, arms crossed, trying to ignore the fact that he now only came up to Louis’s chest.

“You used to have a *sick* crush on Deano’s mom, ever since you saw her get lemonade spilled down her top at that barbecue and her boobs get all wet. At summer camp when we were eight you wet the bed and made me help you hide the sheets in the bushes so no-one would know, but we dropped them in poison oak and spent the next week itchy as *fuck*.”

“You lost your virginity to Katie K. in the back of her dad’s car. You told all of us that she rode you for *hours*, but Amy said Katie told her you nudded the moment you were inside her, and spent the next half hour apologizing. What else...?”

As he spoke, Geoff watched with faint amusement the effect his words were having.

In the space of forty seconds, Louis’s expression went from one of uncertainty, to one of surprise, to one of utter horror.

As Geoff started off on another anecdote, he suddenly started waving his arms, gesturing him to shut up.

“OK, OK, I believe you, *fuck!*” He shook his head, staring at Geoff with his eyes were bugging out of his head.

“What?”

“Do you have any idea how fucking *weird* it is to hear a-a *teacher* telling me all that shit? I mean, you’re... you’re Miss *fucking* Jones!”

“Outside, yeah. But in here...”

Louis nodded, angrily.

“Yeah, I know. I guess. Still...”

He let out a breath.

“This is some proper, *Supernatural*-level shit going on here. But...”

“But what?”

“But what the Hell am *I* supposed to do about it?”

Geoff nodded, his big, top-knotted bob of hair wobbling slightly. He’d guessed this question was coming.

“I think when we swapped bodies,” he said, slowly, “Miss Jones lost her memory, maybe. Like, she thinks she’s *always* been me, so I’m the only one who knows what’s happened...”

“And you,” he added.

Louis nodded, gesturing him to get to the point.

“So... all I know is, it has something to do with this,” Geoff gestured his bruise. “I dunno what, but since you were the guy who hit the ball in both versions of reality...”

“You think it’s got something to do with me.”

Geoff nodded.

“Yeah,” he muttered in Miss Jones’s soft voice, “that’s about it, yeah.”

Louis slumped down onto one of the benches.

“Miss... uh, dude, this is... this is *insane*.” He looked hopelessly up at Geoff.

“If I had the power to swap people’s bodies just by hitting them with a ball, I’m pretty sure our whole little league would’ve been fucked up in the first summer, you know?”

“Yeah, I know.” Geoff crouched down to Louis’s level, put one hand on his knee. “Look, I know it’s fucked up, and I’m probably wrong about it all, but *c’mon...*”

He hesitated.

“I *need* you, man. I really do. Please don’t leave me stuck like...” He miserably gestured his teacher’s pert, curvy body, “like *this*.”

Louis looked down at him.

“Know how *weird* it is to hear Miss Jones call me bro?”

Geoff gave a wan smile.

“I do now, *bro*.”

Louis looked hesitant for a second.

Then he grinned. A sly look came into his eyes.

“Make her say something else.”

Geoff frowned.

“Like what?”

“Dunno... the c-word? Never heard a teacher say *that* before.”

“Erm, sure.” Geoff took a deep breath. “*Cunt*.”

Even to his ears, the word sounded deeply odd in Miss Jones’s high-pitched, soft voice. Louis snickered.

“Ha, no way...” He clapped his hands. “Now make her say *I love dick*.”

Geoff hesitated.

“Bro... *Louis*, I’m not sure...”

“Aww, come on. Have you any idea how *great* this is?” Louis leaned back, folded his arms, that old, shit-eating grin on his face again. “We’ve got a teacher we can make do *anything* we want!”

No. Geoff wanted to say. *No, we haven’t. It’s still me in here, asshole! I’m not your puppet...*

But he wanted to keep Louis sweet, to get his help. And, in a way, his friend was right. It really *wasn’t* his body.

He took a deep breath.

“I love dick.”

The moment the words were out, he knew it had been a mistake. The way Louis’s eyes lit up was unnerving. The sound of Miss Jones’s voice, saying something so openly... *sexual* was all sorts of wrong, like he’d somehow broken an unwritten law of body-swapping.

“*Awesome*,” Louis clapped his hands. “OK, so, first things first. I’ll do it. I’ll help you, however I’m meant to do that.”

A smile broke across Geoff’s beautiful face. He gave a little sigh.

“*Awesome*.” He gave his buddy’s knee a gentle squeeze without quite meaning to. “First, let’s...”

“On one condition.”

The words died in Geoff’s throat. He frowned.

“What? I’m not gonna sit here making Miss Jones say stuff for the rest of the aft-”

“Show me your boobs.”

Geoff blinked. He looked up at his friend to see if he was joking.

He wasn’t.

“What...? No. No *freaking* way.”

He scrambled to his feet, started to back away, angrily crossing his arms over his chest.

“C’mon, dude, don’t make me do anything weird...”

“Why not?” Louis gave a casual shrug, that slightly-dazed grin still on his face. “You said yourself, they’re not *your* tits. They’re Miss Jones’s.”

A light came on his eyes, they traveled down to Geoff’s breasts, now hidden behind his slender arms.

“And I’ve *always* wanted to see Miss Jones’s puppies.”

The locker room suddenly felt very cramped, very dark. Geoff took another step backwards.

“No. Don’t be gross. I’m not gonna...”

“Come *on*, man!” Louis leaped to his feet, walked towards Geoff, who couldn’t help but suddenly notice how much taller than him his friend was, how much stronger.

“This is the sorta thing guys *dream* of,” Louis was saying, his eyes shining with excitement. “We’ve basically got our hot ass teacher to do whatever we want with. It’s not your body, right, what do you care?”

“I’m still the one trapped in it,” Geoff managed to squeak. He was running out of space to back away into, and wasn’t at all sure he liked how *intense* his friend was looking.

“I don’t want *you* eyeing up my jugs,” he finished, deliberately avoiding Louis’s eye.

The strong baseball player came to a stop right in front of him. Folded his strong arms. Geoff desperately tried to ignore the signals suddenly flooding his female brain; the way his eyes were drawn to Louis’s thick forearms, to his biceps, to his muscular torso...

Shit, you can’t start thinking like that now...!

“Fine,” Louis was saying, in a voice that seemed to come from far away, “don’t show me, keep your fuck-fantasy teacher’s body hidden away for yourself. *But...*”

He set his thin face.

“Don’t expect *any* help from me, got that? If what you say is true and there’s another Geoff walking round out there just like the old one, I don’t see what I’ve lost. I’ll go hang with him, and leave you to deal with spending the rest of your life as a chick.”

His jokey-mocking grin slowly curled in a sneer.

“How long till you reckon Miss Jones is due, huh? Three weeks? Coupla days? You’re gonna have your first *period*, and while you’re sat there bleeding out your hooch, you’re gonna think how you could be back in your male body by now, if only you’d been nicer to me.”

There was a long, miserable pause. Geoff looked round the room, as if hoping someone would appear and help him, but the locker room was empty. He didn’t have a choice.

Steeling himself, he looked up at Louis.

“OK,” he muttered in his high-pitched new voice. “OK. But no *touching*, got that? It’s weird enough you watching me undress without you groping me.”

Louis gave a short nod.

“Deal.” A grin spread across his handsome face, he stepped back, laughing. “Oh, *man*, I’ve dreamed of this for *years*, y’know? Having Miss Jones as my *personal bitch*. Take your whole top off, yeah, all of it. I don’t just want a quick flash.”

A faint moan escaped Geoff’s pouty lips. He wracked his brains, trying to think of a way out of this, but he needed Louis’s help.

So, with a feeling like a girl trapped in a nightmare, he reached up, and slowly started to strip.

The white lab coat fell from his shoulders, landed in a crumpled heap on the floor. With jerky movements, Geoff grabbed the hem of his tank top, started to *pull* upwards-

“Not like that. Nice and slow. I want a *proper* show.”

Geoff grit his teeth. But he did as Louis asked.

Slowly, he took the edge of his white top in his slender fingers. Gently raised it up, subconsciously moving his hips slightly as he did so, turning their weird, sexual game into a kind of dance.

Or striptease...

As Louis watched, Geoff raised his arms up, pulled the top off over his head. For a moment, everything vanished into a sea of white. The cool air of the locker room caressed the flesh of his torso, of his breasts.

His top knot and glasses made getting the top over his head unexpectedly difficult. For a second, Geoff was worried he’d been stuck looking like a doofus...

...and then he was pulling it off, casting it to one side, and then he was standing there before his male admirer, his firm breasts hidden only by a lacy push-up bra.

There was a strange smile on Louis’s face that Geoff had never seen on his

friend before. Like he was a starving man, and Geoff's titties were two lumps of freshly scooped ice cream.

"Great. Now the bra..."

Feeling like he was going mad, Geoff reached behind his back, his hips still gently gyrating, his torso curved for his master. His fingertips fumbled with the clasp – he was used to taking bras off girls, but not off *himself* – but then it snapped free. Geoff felt the bra go slack, now held up only by the shape of his perky breasts. He reached up to his shoulders, loosened the straps...

...and then felt his bra go tumbling to join his other clothes on the floor.

In front of him, Louis let out a little whistle of breath. Geoff stood there, uncertainly, not wanting to look down. Able to feel his breasts, suddenly dangling free. Able to feel the cool air, making his nipples go hard like bullets.

"Oh man..."

Louis fumbled in his pocket. For a split-second, Geoff thought he was about to start masturbating, but then his hand reappeared, his cell clasped in it.

Immediately, Geoff clasped his hands across his new tits.

"Hey! No... no way. No pictures!"

"Hands down." Louis commanded. "Or you can forget about getting your old body back."

"But you said..."

"I *said* I wouldn't touch, just like you wanted. So." Louis raised his cell.

"Now you can do what *I* want, Miss."

At the word *Miss*, Geoff almost stopped. Almost grabbed his clothes up. Almost gave his so-called friend a ringing slap and an invitation to go fuck himself.

But then he happened to glance down. Saw the alien body he was now trapped in, with its bits that tucked in and curved outwards in all the wrong places.

Didn't he want to get his male body back? Didn't he want to stop being Miss Jones as soon as possible?

Besides, on some secret level he'd rather not admit to, Geoff realized he kind of *liked* having a strong man's eyes drinking in his body like that.

He lowered his arms.

"Good," Louis whispered, raising his cell. "Now, show me some moves."

It was like his female body had become Louis's puppet.

With slow, dream like movements, Geoff felt himself bend forward. Felt himself bite his lower lip and look into camera as he pushed his breasts together between his arms, making them seem bigger, fuller.

There was a flicker of light as Louis took a picture, and then Geoff was stepping back, moving into a new position, leaning against the lockers, one bent arm raised high above his head, one leg slightly bent, his chest thrust forward as Louis took more and more pictures.

It was like moving on automatic. Like being hypnotized.

The female part of Geoff's new brain seemed to know exactly how best to stand, how best to pose to look as feminine and vulnerable and *hot* as possible.

Louis took pictures of him cupping his breasts, looking at camera over the rim of his glasses with an innocent, little girl expression.

He took pictures of him crouching on the floor, looking up at the camera with fear on his face, as if some stalker had just burst in and taken these images without permission.

And he took pictures of Geoff, leaning back against the lockers, his eyes closed, his legs spread, a sensuous, dreamy expression on his perfect features.

At one point, Louis waved the cell at him.

"OK, I'm recording. Say: *Louis, you're so fucking hot. Please fuck me.*"

Geoff opened his eyes.

"I'm not saying that."

"Do it." Louis's voice was firm. "Or the deal's off."

Geoff whimpered. He'd never felt so helpless in his life. He leaned back, looked up into the camera, forced a helpless, aroused expression onto his face.

“Louis...” he made Miss Jones’s body whimper, the words tasting strange on his tongue. “You’re so fucking hot. Please fuck me.”

“Like you mean it.”

Geoff threw back his head and *moaned*, a loud, female noise that echoed round the locker room.

“*Please fuck me!*” He begged. “Oh *please*, Louis. Fuck me like a *slut!*”

Deep inside his mind, Geoff shifted uneasily.

Like a slut? Where did that come from?

But Louis was already laughing, his eyes shining in the cell’s blue light, a bulge growing in his pants.

“Yeah, that’s it! Go on, Miss. Do another one!”

It was like reality had vanished, like the two male friends had got sucked into a role play they couldn’t escape from; one where Louis was the dominant master, and Geoff the helplessly slutty schoolteacher.

Writhing on his back, squeezing his big tits in his dainty hands, pinching at his hardened nipples, Geoff heard himself begging breathlessly for cock. Heard himself whimpering to be fucked. Heard himself declare that he was Miss Jones, and he was Louis’s *personal whore*...

On and on it went, an endless display of decadence, both boys only getting more and more aroused as the minutes slipped away.

To his shame, Geoff realized this display wasn’t just exciting Louis. It was making his new, female body all hot, ready for sex.

His breasts were warmer, gently swollen. His breathing was becoming ragged, his vision unfocused. There was a dampness between his legs, a stickiness Geoff had never felt before. One that should have left him feeling grossed out and disturbed, but instead only contributed to his humiliating arousal.

At some point, he’d stopped being a person and become Louis’s plaything. A pathetic girl he could order around and demean as he saw fit.

And, worst of all, Geoff was *loving* it.

He found himself dreamily dancing above Louis, while his friend lay on the

ground and took pictures up his skirt. A blissful smile passed across his face as Louis whispered away.

“Oh fuck, *Miss...* you’re so fucking *hot...*”

A thought suddenly occurred to Geoff, a thought that made the male part of his mind recoil in horror, but one he was powerless to resist.

Still gently gyrating his hips, he lowered himself down until he was sat astride Louis, their crotches touching, rubbing gently together through Louis’s pants and Geoff’s thin panties. Louis looked dazedly up at his friend.

“Miss?” He whispered. “Hey, Miss, what are you...?”

“Shh...” Geoff heard himself whisper.

He leaned forward, his heavy breasts dangling off his slender frame, unable to believe what he was about to say. Unable to stop himself.

“I want you to touch them,” he heard Miss Jones murmur. “Play with them. Go on.”

For a moment, he thought Louis would refuse, that the spell would be broken and they’d both be able to escape this awful dance of seduction.

Then his handsome friend gave him a goofy grin. His cell clattered to the floor.

“Oh, *Miss...*” He whispered, “oh, *Miss Jones...!*”

Then his thick, strong hands were grasping Geoff’s breasts, pinching his nipples, tormenting him.

Louis kneaded the soft flesh of Geoff’s tits, making him throw his head back, making him *moan* like the girls he’d seen in pornos, his soft lips parted, eyes shut.

The sensation of having his tits felt was *incredible*. It was like pleasure was radiating out through his entire body from his chest, waves and waves of sleepy *deliciousness* that threatened to overwhelm his mind, to leave him squealing.

Why had no girls ever told him that getting felt up was so *good*? If he’d known this was what his old girlfriends had been feeling when he occasionally played with them, he’d have done it every single damn night for

as long as they asked!

This was something else. It was beyond pleasure, it was almost orgasmic. Like Geoff might come, here and now, just from having his nipples worked. Louis was leaning in now, kissing the underside of his breasts, making Geoff shudder and whimper with barely-repressed pleasure. They both knew this was wrong, but it was like they couldn't stop themselves.

“Oh Miss...” Louis was whispering between kisses, “oh, fuck, Miss, you're *beautiful...*”

His lips drifted over Geoff's chest, kissing here, sucking there, gently nibbling at his nipples.

The combined effect was enough to send Geoff's female body crazy. He gasped and whimpered, instinctively bucked his hips, grinding his crotch against Louis's fat dick. His panties were soaked.

A thought occurred to him, rising up from the animal part of his female mind. A desire to unzip Louis's pants, to hold his dick in his hand. To marvel at its thickness, to grasp its shaft...

Don't do it... stop! A part of his brain urgently whispered. *This is Louis, remember? Touching his dick would be...*

Wonderful, the female part of Geoff's brain finished, firmly.

As Louis continued to work his tits, Geoff slowly reached down with one dainty hand. He felt dizzy, the breath catching in his throat. Unable to work out if he was now living out Miss Jones's own fantasies, or if this charged, forbidden seduction was what all women secretly wanted...

Or, even worse, if it was something the male part of his brain had wanted all along...

“Louis...” he heard himself whisper, dreamily. In Miss Jones's voice the name sounded like something lost and precious, so much bigger and more-beautiful that it ever had coming from his male lips.

“Oh, *Louis...*”

He bucked his hips. Felt his crotch get damper than ever. Felt a strange, warm tingling wash over his skin. He reached inside Louis pants, grabbed hold of his dick, feeling his size, its sheer *girth*, so much thicker than his cock had

been as a man...

“Miss... oh, God, *Miss...*”

Maybe I could put it in my mouth...? Geoff found himself thinking, idly. *No, I've got a better idea...*

The dizziness was increasing. Like a girl in a trance, Geoff slipped one hand under his skirt. *Yanked* his panties to one side. He suddenly sat up straight, looked down at Louis, who watched him with dazed eyes.

“Wha-?” Louis just had time to ask.

Then Geoff smiled softly at him, angled Louis cock, lowered his new body, and slipped the strong boy's dick deep inside his hole.

The pleasure was immediate, all consuming. A wave of pink fire seemed to wash over Geoff's female body, making him cry out loud. He bit down on his lip and bucked his hips, trying not to cry as Louis's cock drove into him, stretching the walls of his pussy, penetrating his womb.

This couldn't be happening... he couldn't be having sex with *Louis*, as a *girl!* Least of all as his own sexy art teacher.

It was impossible. Ridiculous! It was...

...so fucking *hot*.

As the two friends gasped together – Louis with low, masculine grunts; Geoff with high-pitched female moans – Geoff began to buck his hips, raising himself up and down on Louis's cock. His breasts jiggled with each bounce. Pleasure shot through his body. The tingling got more intense; his head swam with desire.

“Oh my *God!*” Geoff heard himself whimper in Miss Jones's squeaky voice. “Oh my God, I'm gonna... I'm gonna!”

And then Louis suddenly gave a loud grunt and went stiff, just as the waves of pleasure peaked and exploded inside Geoff. He was dimly aware he was screaming, dimly aware something was squirting inside him, lining the inside of his womb. He could hear Louis saying something, and then suddenly the world was fading away, washed away on a tide of pleasure.

Geoff fell through blissful darkness for what felt like forever. Falling, falling into some mysterious, infinite pool.

“Miss...?” He thought he heard Louis say, his voice starting to fade. “Hey, Miss, are you...?”

Then the voice was gone, and Geoff was falling, falling towards something strange and distant.

A wave of vertigo overtook him, a tingling crossed his skin, sparking like static electricity. In horror, he realized he’d felt this feeling before.

Louis... he thought helplessly, Louis, help me! I think I’m gonna...

Geoff had just enough time to wonder what was happening, and then, suddenly, the world seemed to lurch. He blinked. The feeling of dizziness vanished. The tingling stopped. The wave of his orgasm receded.

Huh? What just...?

And then Geoff realized he was no longer in the locker room. No longer topless. No longer sitting with his best friend’s cock deep inside him.

He was standing. Standing in a well-lit restroom before a sink that was slowly filling with water. Standing and looking in a mirror.

A mirror that Amy Montague was looking out of, a confused, horrified expression on her beautiful teenage features.

IV

“So you’re saying this is the second time it’s happened?”

Geoff nodded, sweeping the long blonde hair out his face with one small hand, tucking it behind one cute little ear.

“Yeah.”

“And it’s all coz I hit you with a ball?”

Geoff raised one hand, gently touched the tender lump under his bangs.

“I guess so.”

“And just now, you were Miss Jones, and you... uh, you showed me...”

Geoff sighed. The sound was high-pitched, feminine, but subtly different from his last body.

“I showed you my tits,” he muttered, not wanting to look his friend in the eye. “Well, I made Miss Jones show you *her* tits, I guess.”

He swallowed slightly. He hadn’t mentioned what had happened after that.

He didn’t want to give his bro any ideas.

“But before I could help...”

“I changed into Amy.”

They were in the empty art class. Light fell in long, lazy shafts through the big windows, making the whole world seem to glow.

After his locker room encounter with Louis, Geoff had wanted to go somewhere less-private this time. Where people could walk in at any moment.

Where sex would *definitely* be off the cards.

He helplessly shook his head.

“Don’t you remember?” He begged his friend. “Don’t you *remember* seeing...?”

“Miss Jones’s tits?” Louis wistfully shook his head, leaning back against one of the sculpture tables. “Trust me, I wouldn’t forget something like *that*.”

“But you took pictures...”

Geoff trailed off at Louis’s expression.

“What?”

“Nothing,” mumbled Louis. “It’s just...”

He hesitated.

“I lost my cell last week, remember? Trust me, I’d *kill* to have pics of Miss Jones’s puppies, but what would I take them on?”

Sat on the high stool, his long legs dangling just off the ground, Geoff silently closed his eyes. There was something *seriously* wrong here.

After finding himself suddenly trapped as Amy, Geoff had gone straight for the locker room, his mind whirling in fear, wondering what the hell he would find there.

What if Miss Jones is back in her body? He’d thought in panic as he ran through the school, trying to ignore the way guys turned to watch Amy’s big boobs bouncing, smiles on their faces. *What if she can’t remember how she got there, why she’s having sex with Louis?*

FUCK! What if she thinks he’s raping her?

A nasty part of him had felt that maybe that was exactly what Louis deserved. But the rest of him had been quick to disagree.

Louis had gotten what he wanted. The deal would surely still be on.

And if he hadn’t wanted to spend the rest of his life trapped as his sexy art teacher, he sure as *hell* didn’t want to spend it trapped as the girl he secretly wanted to marry.

So he’d high-tailed it in Amy’s dynamite blonde body to the locker room. And he’d found...

...nothing.

Nothing at all. No Louis. No Miss Jones. No sign that a depraved seduction had just taken place on the tiled floor.

Are they still together? He’d wondered in panic. *Is there still a Miss Jones out there who thinks she’s me, even while I’m here, inside Amy...?*

But the thought had been too big, too unnerving. So he'd backed away from it. Set off at a run to find Louis. Bumped into Li, who said she'd seen him in the library...

At which point, things had gotten *really* weird...

"I don't remember *any* of this shit," Louis sighed, pushing himself off the sculpture table to start slowly pacing again. "Plus, it just doesn't make sense. I mean..."

He suddenly stopped. Turned to Geoff with his eyes narrowed.

"Hey, you're not yanking my chain are you, Amy? Did Geoff tell you to...?"

"It's *me*," Geoff sighed for the hundredth time. "I mean, I know it's not my body, but do you *really* think Geoff would – *I* would – have had time to tell Amy all that shit about you?"

It had taken longer to convince Louis, this time. Talking in urgent whispers in a corner of the library, Geoff had been forced to reel off just about every single obscure and depraved fact about his bestie he could remember.

The worst part was, he couldn't blame him. Having a teacher come up to you and tell you three of your darkest secrets might be convincing enough. But when it was a girl your age, a girl you *knew*, who also knew your best friend...

Well, naturally it took a *hell* of a lot of work to convince him to come to the art room.

"What about the time when we were ten and decided to compare our dicks?" He said, hopelessly. "And you took the tape measure to the bathroom and came back saying it wasn't big enough and got all pissed when I wouldn't believe-"

Louis waved a hand.

"OK, *fine*. Sure, I guess I do sorta believe you. Though it's fucking *weird* hearing Amy tell that story, y'know?"

"That's what you said last time," muttered Geoff as Louis dropped onto a stool with a sigh.

"Wanna know the way *I* see it?" Louis said, ignoring him. "There's so much wrong with your story I dunno where to start. Like, *aside* from the disturbing

lack of titty pics on my non-existent cell...”

He gestured Geoff’s bruised forehead.

“You said I hit you, right? Playing baseball.”

Geoff nodded Amy’s pretty little head.

“Bullshit.” A pause. “I wasn’t even on the fields today. When Geoff... when *you* told me Amy got knocked out, I’d been cramming for my math exam all day.”

A strange feeling of lightness was washing over Geoff. He tried to concentrate.

“Wait, what? But I remember...”

Louis shrugged.

“Remember what you want. I haven’t played baseball in *months*, not since Mr. Prince dropped me for being a sucky batter.”

Geoff shook his head. Trails of long, blonde hair flicked in the corner of his vision.

“But... but that’s not right. You’re one of the best hitters on the team. I-I’ve *seen* you...”

But then a memory surfaced. Of listening to Mr. Prince, all those eons ago when he still had his male body, listening to him saying Louis was one hell of a hitter; and how he’d frowned and thought that that couldn’t be right...

Louis was talking again, he tried to listen to what his friend was saying.

“There’s other stuff, too. You’re acting like we’re best buds, but Geo... sorry, *you* haven’t talked to me much since we left junior high. You’re hanging out with Ashley and that crew now. Not that I’m bothered, you understand, coz who needs you, right...?”

“Ashely? But I don’t know a...” in his reflection in one of the windows, Geoff saw a frown crease Amy’s supermodel face. “The football team guy? But I barely know...”

Louis shrugged.

“I thought so, too. But you’re like best buds now. I think he can score pot for you. Even when I see you, I never ask.”

But I don't smoke weed, Geoff wanted to say, but he kept his mouth shut. Already, there was a feeling like the world was getting away from him, like everything he thought he knew was slipping into shadow and disappearing.

"That's another thing," Louis went on, looking thoughtful. "You said I begged you to show me Miss Jones's tits?"

Geoff nodded.

"Yeah." He hesitated. "Well, blackmailed, really."

"That's... I mean, that's not something I would do, y'know?" Louis shifted uncomfortably. "I mean, don't get me wrong, dude, I'd give *anything* to see Miss Jones undressed, but the way you described it was kinda..."

"Kinda *creepy*."

Geoff wanted to yell. He wanted to scream: *But you're Louis! You're an asshole! Everyone knows it... fuck, you forced me to have sex with you barely an hour ago!*

Outwardly, he kept his voice – Amy's voice – steady.

"Are you... uh, are you *sure*?"

Louis glanced at him.

"Have I made you show me Amy's rack yet?"

Geoff automatically glanced down at his big new tits, sticking out far from his petit body, *far* bigger than Miss Jones's had been, straining at the fabric of the cashmere sweater he'd found himself wearing.

He hugged his arms across his new breasts, looked away, embarrassed.

"No," he admitted. "No, I guess not."

"Don't get me wrong: if you *wanna* show me Amy's puppies..." Louis trailed off, before suddenly saying in a firm voice, "you know what I think's happening? *Parallel universes*."

He leaned back on the desk.

"You're not just swapping bodies – if you *really* are, coz I still keep thinking maybe you're just Amy playing some fucked up trick on me – you're... you're also swapping *histories*. Like, that bump is making you cross worlds or some shit, and you're the only one who can remember it all."

Geoff felt his jaw drop open. On his male face, the expression would've probably looked gormless. On Amy's face, it probably looked cute as hell.

"Parallel universes...? What, like in Marvel?"

Now it was Louis's turn to smile.

"Wow... I didn't think it was possible, but Amy's even *hotter* with your dweeb-brain inside her." He suddenly coughed. "If that's not too weird..."

Geoff wasn't listening.

"So, every time I feel like I'm falling, it's coz I'm... I'm crossing between different worlds?" He frowned as Louis nodded. "And I keep winding up as a girl because...?"

Louis shrugged.

"Maybe it's coincidence. You're just swapping with whoever got hit by the ball in these other worlds, and those people just happen to be hot-ass chicks."

He leaned forward.

"Look, so I'm not an expert, but I was reading an article in *New Scientist* a month or so back, and it's like..."

"Imagine there's an infinite number of worlds. And we're in one point on this... this *line* of worlds. And the worlds, like, right next to us are basically the same, but with little differences. Like you hanging with Ashley, whatever. What if...?"

He hesitated.

"What if a buncha people got hit with a ball at the exact same time in our local section of the worlds line? And now all of them are flitting back and forth, coz of some fucked up science we don't understand?"

He paused at Geoff's incredulous expression.

"What?"

"Nothing..." Geoff said, slowly. "It's just..."

He shook his head. Long strands of blonde hair trailed out around him.

"I almost believe you. Coz there's no way the Louis in my world could know something this... *clever*, I guess."

Louis gave him a wry smile.

“Had to find a new hobby after they dropped me from the team. Might as well be one that’s gonna make me employable.”

“Right, like anyone’s ever gonna want to employ *you*.”

Geoff looked thoughtful, his expression making Amy’s brow furrow, her little button nose wrinkle. He didn’t notice the slightly-lovelorn way Louis reacted to it.

“So... if I’m switching between worlds, then... then...”

“Then what?”

“Then what’s happened to this world’s *real* Amy?”

Louis opened his mouth to respond...

...and immediately closed it as the door handle *clicked* open. Geoff glanced over one narrow shoulder, annoyed at the interruption...

...and felt his mind start to swim all over again as he saw who was there.

“Oh. Hope I’m not interrupting anything?” Miss Jones stood in the doorway, a smile on her perfect features, one eyebrow raised. “Practicing your sketching Mr. Geller, Miss Montague?”

With a feeling of perfect unreality, Geoff looked at the woman he’d *been* less than an hour ago. The 27-year old beauty whose body he knew *exactly* what it felt like to live in.

Nervously, he scanned her face, wondering if he’d see something in there. A flicker. A memory – however faint – of acting out of character, of letting Louis screw her in the girls’ locker room...

But there was nothing, just the slightly-amused expression of a teacher who thinks she’s just walked in on two students about to engage in some illicit kissing.

Behind Geoff, Louis coughed awkwardly.

“We were, uh, just talking about math, Miss. Parallel worlds, and, um...”

“I see. How fascinating. But the art room is *really* for art, isn’t it?”

As his sexy teacher talked, Geoff felt his eyes drawn down to her chest, to her

heavy breasts, the ones he'd been caught staring at. The ones he'd let Louis touch.

He could remember how it felt, *having* those puppies growing from him. How it had felt to be the owner of those tits. How *good* it had felt letting them hang free...

...how good it had felt letting a strong man pinch their nipples, teasing them, abusing them.

The art room seemed to grow distant, further away. As Geoff looked at Miss Jones's breasts, he realized his mouth was slightly dry. A warmth was tingling away in Amy's crotch; to his surprise, he realized his new body was getting aroused.

Is that coz I'm remembering how good sex was with Louis? He wondered, or is it just because I'm checking out my teacher's tits...

A strange thought suddenly occurred to him, one that was almost dizzying in its ramifications.

Hey. Does that mean Amy is interested in boys and gi-?

"Miss Montague?"

Geoff blinked. Looked up. Realized he'd been caught staring at his sexy teacher's tits for the second time that day and blushed a crimson shade.

Idiot. Especially when you now know how horrible it feels to have someone eyeing up your rack...

But the strange arousal in his crotch refused to fade away.

Miss Jones was stepping fully into the room, now. She gestured the open door.

"OK. Go on, you two. Scram. I've got a class to prepare for."

"Yes, Miss," Geoff heard Louis mumble. He echoed the words right alongside him.

But, inwardly, he turning things over in his mind. Things about his new body. Things about the weird situation he found himself in.

Things that were starting, for the first time since he got hit on the head, to make him smile.

*

Later.

Geoff sat on the edge of the toilet, staring into space, absent-mindedly playing with his enormous breasts.

He was naked. The plastic toilet seat and tiled floor were cold beneath his skin, causing gooseflesh to break out across Amy's perfect, curvy body.

Geoff barely noticed. He was too busy thinking.

He'd gone back to the girls' restroom after his meeting with Louis. He didn't know why, but it seemed like a safe place. The only place in the school where he could lock himself away from others and try to deal with what was happening to him.

The moment he'd locked the door, he'd made Amy strip off; first down to her underwear and then, when her bra and panties turned out to be disappointingly plain and unsexy, right down to her birthday suit.

After all, it's your body now, right? He'd reasoned to himself. *Might as well make the most of it...*

He'd dreamed of seeing Amy naked for years. Dreamed of caressing her breasts, of feeling her soft, supple skin beneath his fingertips. But once he'd actually *been* naked, in Amy's body, it had felt like an anti-climax.

For some, strange reason, both his body swaps had refused to let him get turned on by his new body. It was almost as if he'd inherited the sort of detachment Miss Jones and Amy both felt for their own skin; just as he could never, ever have gotten turned on by his old, male body.

But, while he couldn't masturbate over his new form or anything – as he'd vaguely hoped he might be able to do – it had still been plenty fun just touching it, exploring it, letting his hands come to terms with his new boobies, his pert new ass, his plump little pussy.

And now here he was, luxuriating in Amy's naked form. Turning things over in his mind, in the dull light of the restroom's eco bulb.

Thinking.

Absent-mindedly, Geoff rolled one his nipples between his thumb and forefinger, making it go hard as a bullet. Vaguely thinking of his fuck with

Louis. Vaguely thinking of Miss Jones.

The horror he'd felt earlier was gone, replaced by a much more positive feeling.

He felt like he'd been given a gift. A chance to live out every boy's secret fantasies of experiencing life as a hot girl.

No matter what he did, it seemed like there were no consequences. Nothing carried over between these parallel worlds (assuming that was what they really were). No-one remembered anything.

No-one would know what he'd been doing.

And, if they did, it seemed like he'd just move worlds again a few hours later; wake up as someone completely new, ready to enjoy himself all over again.

The warmth in his crotch was spreading. The restroom began to fill with the faint tang of pussy. Geoff squeezed his big new tits harder.

Wasn't this a *dream*, rather than a nightmare? Weren't there things he'd always vaguely wanted to do, things he'd been too scared to admit, even to himself?

Weren't there dark and secret thoughts in his mind that he'd never act on, not in a million years, in case others found out?

But... what if they *couldn't* find out?

What if his secrets could *stay* secrets, no matter what he did?

What if he could enjoy his darkest fantasies, without ever having to admit to himself what he'd done?

In the gloom of the restroom, a smile began to form on Amy Montague's perfect features. Grew into a grin. Then the beautiful teenage girl was giggling, joyfully laughing out loud, her eyes bright and shining.

You know what? Geoff thought to himself as he squeezed his naked thighs together, making a thrill run through Amy's pussy. *If I'm gonna be stuck moving between worlds like this...*

...then maybe it's time I had some fun.

*

The sun was bright in the parking lot. Dazzling. The windshields all glowed

like rows and rows of burning eyes, throwing heat back across the asphalt, making the hot air warp and twist.

The blonde man was unlocking his car door when Geoff walked up behind him, the strong muscles in his back, his shoulders, standing out taut against his t-shirt.

A mysterious, seductive smile on his beautiful teenage face, Geoff leaned back against the car beside them, watching the man. He'd left Amy's cashmere sweater crumpled on the floor of the restroom, and was now only wearing the flimsiest top, stretched so tight it barely covered his breasts.

Without even checking his reflection in one of the car windows, Geoff knew he was looking *hot*.

For a second, all was silence. Geoff watched the man open his car door. Dump his sports bag on the passenger's seat, go to get in...

"Mr. Prince?"

As Geoff watched, the muscular blonde man hesitated. Turned, faced him. Geoff carefully bit his lower lip, a secret thrill running through his female body.

"Ah, Miss Montague. If you're after info on the cheerleader tryouts, I'm sure Li can..."

He trailed off as Geoff gently shook his pretty little head.

"It's not that, sir. It's something more..."

Geoff deliberately let Amy's sky blue eyes trail down Mr. Prince's powerful torso. Drink in his sturdy forearms, beefy six pack, come to rest on his crotch, where something big and thick pressed gently at the fabric.

"...*personal*."

He looked innocently up at his teacher, forced Amy's face to pout a little; an expression he knew from personal experience could send a guy giddy.

"Can we talk about it, sir? In private. It's... it's *important*."

Mr. Prince checked his watch. Cool as you like.

"Can it wait until tomorrow, Miss Montague? I'm about to head home..."

Geoff let out a tinkling little laugh, the back of one dainty wrist pressed to his

lips. It was the sort of laugh he'd seen seductive women make in movies.

"Call me Amy, sir," he purred. Then, taking a deep breath, he stepped forward. Walked right up to his strong, masculine teacher, who looked surprised, but didn't step back or try to stop him.

Geoff came to a halt right before Mr. Prince, eye-level with his powerful chest. He bit his lower lip again, looked up at his teacher from below his golden bangs, being careful to keep his chest thrust forward, to keep his titties on display.

"Please, sir," he murmured in a breathless whisper. "It's so important. I'll do anything."

He let his eyelashes flutter. This close, he could smell Mr. Prince's sweat, feel his body heat.

The body he'd dreamed of, in his darkest, most-secret fantasies, pressed against his own...

Here goes...

He stood up on tiptoe, leaned in closer to his teacher, until his soft, plump lips were almost nibbling on his earlobe.

"*Anything at all,*" he breathed.

For a second, he thought it wasn't going to work. That he was going to be left looking like a fool. Mr. Prince hesitated. Looked over toward the distant school...

Then his expression cleared. He looked down at vulnerable little Geoff, his expression suddenly hard. Commanding.

"Get in the car." He said.

*

They drove to Mr. Prince's house in silence, Geoff gently squeezing his thighs together, as he knew Amy's body liked, making his pussy all wet and sloppy. Mr. Prince didn't even look his way, the powerful teacher simply driving with a purpose, with an unhurriedness, that Geoff found sexy as hell.

As they pulled onto the suburban street his teacher lived on, Mr. Prince muttered his only command.

“Get down.”

Geoff obediently lowered his head, until he was crouched down out of sight; his big boobies squashed against his legs, his forehead resting on his knees.

His long, blonde hair dangled down into the gloom of the foot well. This low, he could actually *smell* Amy’s pussy, and the thought made him feel more excited than ever.

Are we really doing this...? A faint, male voice in his brain asked uneasily. Are we really gonna...?

Yep. Replied Geoff. *We really are.*

Without a word, Mr. Prince pulled up the long driveway to his home. Hit the button for his garage door and smoothly swept into its dark embrace. He pressed the button again, the door lowered, and then the man and the girl were alone in the darkness.

“Sit up.”

Geoff did as he was told. He looked breathlessly at his teacher’s square-jawed face; at the vision that had seduced him the moment he first looked into it. In his bra, his nipples were hard, his body ready.

“You tell no-one.” Mr. Prince’s voice was low, firm, each word that passed his lips an undeniable truth, a universal law that could not be disobeyed.

“You say nothing. From now on, you are my property. You do what I want. When I want it.”

His eyes drifted down to Geoff’s heavy breasts, rising and falling in time with each excited breath.

“You don’t question me. My commands must be obeyed. In school, you do not act like you know me. You don’t have any boyfriends, you don’t even touch yourself, unless I wish it. Your body belongs entirely to me.”

He frowned in the darkness.

“Understand?”

Geoff nodded, excited at the way his body was trembling. Excited at how perfectly this was unfolding.

He gently closed his eyes. Felt a blissful smile cross his lips.

“Yes, Mr. Prince,” he whispered in Amy’s soft, seductive voice.

“Good.” A pause. “I can make life *very* hard for you, Amy. If you cross me, if you tell *anyone*. I can have you raped. Forcibly impregnated. But if you are a good girl, I can show you things you never dreamed of.”

In the darkness behind his eyelids, Geoff let out a soft moan; high-pitched, feminine.

He didn’t know if his teacher was telling the truth, or if this was all part of the roleplay. Either way, he knew he’d never look at Mr. Prince in the same light again.

But for now, he didn’t care. True or false, real or make believe, his every word was having an almost hypnotic effect on Amy’s body, making it come alive with pleasure.

“Now. Open your eyes.”

Geoff did as he was told. Looked at his teacher through eyes that were heavy-lidded with desire, unable to believe such forbidden pleasure could have been hiding, locked away inside this man he knew, for so very long.

Mr. Prince gazed levelly at him. Without breaking eye contact, he lowered one hand, reached inside his gym shorts.

There was a rustle of fabric. Then something long and hard and thick was rising in the darkness, something that made Geoff’s heart flutter and his pouty lips go dry.

“Now,” said his teacher. “Be a good little whore and *suck*.”

Geoff didn’t need telling twice.

Gently hooking his long hair back over his ears, he bent forward. Bent forward until his face was in his teacher’s crotch, until he could *smell* his dick, smell the sweat that had come from a hard day’s coaching.

To his delight, Geoff realized his teacher hadn’t showered yet. Good. That made it all so much more... *perfect*.

A strong hand *gripped* the back of his head. Entwined his hair between its thick fingers. Geoff let out a whimper, pursed his lips and let them brush against the tip of Mr. Prince’s heavy cock; kissing his teacher’s dick, his own pussy dripping wet and ready.

“Thank you, sir,” he whispered, tears pricking at the corner of his eyes.

The hand pressed down. Geoff parted his lips...

...and then he was sucking.

For the first time in his life, Geoff was sucking a man’s dick. Not with hesitant whimpers, not with a feeling of horror; with a feeling of excitement, of abandonment that came from living a life with no consequences.

Having a prick in his mouth was *amazing*. The grunts coming from Mr. Prince, the feeling of submission, of humiliation, of servitude... it all added up, made cock sucking seem the most-arousing thing Geoff had ever done.

This was better than eating pussy. Better than having his own cock sucked. Better because it was forbidden, because it was wrong...

...and because no-one would ever know what he had done.

I’m a slut... Geoff thought, dreamily, as he pulled his head back, instinctively let his tongue roll round the rim of Mr. Prince’s magnificent cock, slobbering on his purple head. *I’m such a fucking slut...*

Then the hand was pushing him back down, and Geoff thought no more.

He sucked Mr. Prince’s cock for twenty whole minutes, bringing his teacher to the brink of orgasm, then teasingly slowing down, before bringing him right back to the brink again.

At last, his muscular teacher gave a ferocious grunt, his hand *gripped* tighter, and then Geoff’s mouth was filling with a strange-tasting liquid; hot and salty and tangy.

He’d intended to spit it out, but Mr. Prince held him in place, refusing to let Geoff off his dick until he’d swallowed. So Geoff greedily drank everything his teacher gave him, letting Amy gulp down jets of sperm, like the hungry little slut she now was.

Afterwards, he kissed his teacher’s prick, kissed his balls, thanked his master for allowing him to suck his dick. Then Mr. Prince restarted the car, reopened the garage, and drove him back to school.

Geoff lay with his head in his teacher’s lap the whole way, a dreamy smile on his face. Occasionally kissing his cock as it got slowly limper, aware that he was lying in a sticky patch of girl-come that had leaked out his pussy, and

that he'd be forced to spend the rest of the day smelling like cunt.

Ah well, he thought, dimly, *it's what you wanted, isn't it?*

He was just seriously considering whether to offer his teacher a quick handjob in the parking lot, when he felt it again.

That tingling. That old sensation of vertigo. Of falling.

He looked down at Amy's slender arms and saw static crackling, tiny blue bolts of lightning jumping.

"Oh. Shit." He just had time to whisper.

The tilting sensation came back. The world seemed to slide. He felt his female body falling, falling, falling... falling into a blackness as infinite as space.

"Amy?" He thought he heard Mr. Prince saying from far away. "Amy, what the hell are you...?"

And then there was nothing but that endless blackness and that feeling of falling.

He landed with a *bump*, the world lurched, and then he was blinking, blinking in the sudden brightness of this new world; aware that he was suddenly sat up, that Amy's face was looking into his, only inches away.

Am I back in the bathroom? Geoff thought dazedly, as the tingling, the dizziness dropped away. *How...?*

And then his reflection moved, and he realized with a jolt that it wasn't his reflection.

He was sitting across a table in the library, opposite the real Amy Montague.

Which meant that he...

"Hey." Said Amy, obvious concern in her voice. "Shit, Li, are you cool? Li? *Li!*"

Like a man who has just woken from a dream to realize he's still dreaming, Geoff dazedly looked down. Took in the long, black hair that flowed over his tiny, perky breasts. Took in his slender, athletic frame.

Took in the cheerleader outfit he hadn't bothered to change out of after practice. The tiny yellow skirt that clung to his sexy bum. The super-tight top

with their school logo on it.

“Li? Girl, you’re freaking me out...”

He looked back up into Amy’s concerned face. Slowly reached up. Touched the tender lump on his forehead, just below his dark bangs.

“Oh, shit,” Geoff heard himself mutter, in the soft, silky voice of Amy’s Asian best friend. “Here we go again.”

“Huh? Here goes *what?* Li...”

“It’s nothing,” Geoff quickly made his latest female body say, shooting Amy what he supposed was a dazzling smile. “Just that hit on my head. Ow. Hey...”

He suddenly leaned across the table, dropping his voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

“Amy.”

Across from him, Amy looked momentarily confused. Then she leaned forward, too, straining to hear what her bestie might have to say.

Geoff quickly looked up and down the table, his dark hair falling like a waterfall either side of his small, pale face. Good. No-one was listening.

A few hours in this body. We might as well start having our fun now...

Amy was still waiting, her eyes wide, ready. Geoff smiled, marveling at the fact he’d *been* this hot girl, only seconds ago; at the memories of Mr. Prince’s body, at what it felt like to give a blowjob *as* Amy Montague.

But smiling also at a memory. One involving Amy’s reaction to a certain teacher. Something he’d accidentally learned about his one-time crush while he was living in her body. Something he was willing to bet she’d only ever told one other person.

He took a deep breath.

“I just wanted to say...”

He let a dazzling smile slip over Li’s face.

“...that I’d never realized how *freakin’ cute* you are.”

Amy blinked, a look of confusion coming into her sky blue eyes. Geoff didn’t

give her time to react.

He reached across the table, gently took her hand. Squeezed it tight. Looked deep into her eyes.

“I’ve been thinking,” he said, rapidly, “I know we’re just friends, but I think... I think...”

He made Li’s body swallow.

“I think I want something *more*.” A pause. “You’re beautiful, Amy. You really are. And I want...”

He closed his eyes, as if this confession was costing him a lot of effort.

“I want to be your *girlfriend*.”

He felt Amy’s hand stiffen under his. The girl he’d just been shook her head, slowly.

“Li... please.” She whispered. “Don’t joke about...”

“No joke, Amy,” Geoff said, his voice as sincere as he could make it. “I’ve been thinking. Seriously. Ever since...”

He threw caution to the wind, hoped his gamble would pay off.

“Ever since you told me about... y’know. Your *feelings*. And I’ve decided. I mean...”

“I mean, I feel the same way, too.”

Amy didn’t answer right away. She didn’t have to. The moment she didn’t freak out, didn’t snatch her hand back made Geoff realize his foolhardy gamble had paid off. Amy really *had* told Li she was bisexual.

Inside Li’s body, Geoff smiled to himself. It was amazing what you could learn about a person after only a few hours in their head.

“Hey,” he said in his soft new voice. “I’ve got an idea.”

He gently bit his lower lip.

“How about we go talk about this elsewhere, huh?”

The smile on Amy’s face said it all.

V

The next few weeks were the strangest – and probably the greatest – of Geoff's life.

It didn't take him long to discover the limits of his world-jumping powers. Every few hours, he'd find himself switching between the bodies of Miss Jones, Amy, and Li, before cycling back to the start again.

At first, the changes were sudden. Jarring. But, as the days progressed, and he got used to them, Geoff found himself slipping between his three new lives with ease.

It was like being liberated from physical law. The normal rules of the universe ceased to apply; cause and effect existed in isolation, away from one another.

Oh, sure, anything he did while trapped as Miss Jones remained true when he went back to being his sexy teacher. But it had no impact on either of the other two parallel worlds he was flitting between – like a rare butterfly that can't decide where it wants to land.

He was leading three lives now. Three lives as three beautiful, sexy women. And he could make them do whatever he wanted.

*

One day...

Geoff let out a little giggle as he picked up the silver tray from the worktop, balancing it in one gloved hand. He went and checked himself in the hallway mirror, smiling at the image of Miss Jones that stood there, all dressed up and ready to serve.

I can't believe I'm doing this...

He felt like laughing. If you'd told him, three weeks ago, that he was gonna be all dressed up in frills and stockings, running and fetching and carrying for another man's sexual gratification, he would have laughed.

...but I'm so glad I am.

In the mirror, the French maid who used to be Miss Jones shot him a smile,

her eyes twinkling. Then Geoff turned and trotted off through his teacher's suburban house, trying not to overbalance on his stiletto heels as he went.

He'd bought the costume online from some fancy lingerie store, because he'd known his master would like it. Using the credit card he'd found in Miss Jones's purse, after he'd moved into her home.

When it had first arrived, he'd felt almost silly, taking it upstairs and trying it on. Slipping the dress with its *very* lowcut top and ruffles over his head. Putting on his garters, his choker, his fishnet stockings. Adjusting his frilly little maid's cap in the mirror.

His uniform had felt almost like wearing nothing. It had been expensive, too; nothing Geoff would've bought with his *own* money.

But, seeing himself for the first time in the mirror like that, he'd felt a warmth in his heart, like he was a woman arriving home after a long journey many lightyears away.

And, of course, his master's reaction had been even better...

Geoff giggled at the thought as he stepped into the living room. His master was naked, his long dick thick and bulbous and hard from the porn he was casually watching on Miss Jones's big TV. He barely looked up as Geoff walked in.

"Drink, my master?" Geoff murmured in his sultriest voice, offering the sporty young boy the cocktail he'd just mixed for him.

He deliberately leaned forward, showing off as much cleavage as possible. The boy took the drink without a word.

Geoff watched as he nonchalantly sipped away, feeling his pussy getting damper and damper.

It had turned out Miss Jones *loved* control; loved blackmail; loved all these dark little games, about power, consent, pleasure.

One night, it would please his new body nothing more than to play the maid. Others, he might manipulate the boy into forcing him to do something degrading. Or to let him take more pictures. That one always got his teacher's body wetter than anything.

Tonight, though, the game was master and maid.

And Geoff knew *just* how to make it work.

“I was thinking, Master...” he whispered, deliberately stepping round to block the boy’s view of the TV, “maybe tomorrow, we could start thinking about getting my old body back?”

The boy shook his head. He knew he had a role to play, too.

“*Please*, master...” Geoff made Miss Jones’s body sink to its knees, a hungry expression on its beautiful, 27-year old features. “I’ll do anything you want.”

He rested his head on one of the boy’s naked, muscular legs.

“Anything at all...” he whispered.

At last, the boy stirred. He placed his cocktail on the side. Looked down at his maid; the maid who called herself a teacher. A cocksure smile split his face.

“Take your panties off,” Louis ordered.

Geoff smiled blissfully. He obediently reached down under the hem of his dress, slipped Miss Jones’s panties down his slender legs. Sat back, daintily kicked them off his high-heeled feet.

Who knew Louis could be such a hot boyfriend...?

The power-play thrilled him. He knew it thrilled Louis, too. The sick, twisted thrill that came from both of them knowing it was Geoff trapped inside here, at Louis’s mercy.

Not that the Louis of *this* particular world (Geoff had taken to thinking of him as Bad Louis) knew Geoff’s little secret; that he was spending hours at a time as Amy and Li.

Bad Louis thought Geoff’s gender-swap had been a one-off thing, something he possibly had the power to undo.

And that made these little games all the hotter.

“Now.” Bad Louis’s voice was firm. “Masturbate for me. *Miss*.”

Geoff smiled blissfully. Closed his eyes.

Louis always called him “Miss”. Never maid, never Geoff, never even by Miss Jones’s first name (*Heather* it had said on her driving license. *Heather Jones*).

“At once, Master Louis,” he whispered.

Then he was leaning back, spreading his smooth legs wide. Slipping one hand under his dress, pressing the palm against his mound, letting one, then two long-nailed fingers tease at the hole, all while soft, feminine gasps escaped his perfect, pouty lips...

*

Another day.

The janitor’s closet was dark, cramped. Almost unbearably warm. Geoff leaned against the far wall, palms flat against it, eyes screwed shut, mouth clamped closed as he desperately tried not to make a sound.

He was completely naked, his heavy boobs dangling towards the floor, pulling on his back. With every thrust, they bounced and jiggled, as if determined to remind him of his femininity, of what he had become.

The strong hands clasped his hips firmly. Held him in place. Forced him to accept what he was being given.

The dark pleasure he’d long ago realized this particular body deserved.

“Not a sound.” The voice was low, its commands impossible to obey, like a distant, terrible God. “One squeak, and I’ll take you out into the corridor. I’ll throw you down naked, so they all can see...”

“So they can see what a filthy little *slut* you are.”

The voice was enough to make a moan well up inside Geoff’s body. He bit down on his lip as hard as he could, determined not to disobey, determined not to disappoint his teacher.

He’d come into this closet because Mr. Prince had told him to. He’d sent him a text, that Geoff had obeyed perfectly, stepping in here when no-one was around, taking his clothes off, pulling his cashmere sweater over his head, waiting with his palms flat against the wall and his eyes closed, just as he’d been told to, his pussy dripping and his nipples hard and sore.

After half an hour, the door had finally opened. Part of Geoff had been terrified it was the janitor, looking for something. Terrified that this version of his three lives was about to be cruelly shattered.

But he’d been wrong. The moment he heard the zipper, he’d known it was his

teacher.

Then he'd felt the rough hands on his hips. The strong arms, angling his curvy body slightly. Then there'd been a pause that thrummed and tingled with possibilities...

...and then he'd felt Mr. Prince's dick slip deep inside his womb.

And now they were fucking in the darkness, the teacher's thighs slapping against his student's pert ass, his dick lancing deep into her, making Geoff feel more pleasure than he'd ever known was possible.

"From now on," his teacher whispered in his harsh voice, "your name is Miss Slut. Miss Amy Slut... Got that... *slut?*"

The words made Geoff dizzy. There was something in Amy, some hidden part, that *loved* to be demeaned. Loved to be called names. Loved to feel helpless and humiliated.

If he ever got his old body back, he'd never look at her the same way again.

"Slut..." the voice whispered, while Geoff tried desperately not to make a single sound. "*Slut...*"

At long last, Mr. Prince whispered Geoff's new name once more, then he went stiff, let out a tiny gasp, and then Geoff's pussy was flooding with come.

He wanted to gasp, too. Wanted to smile. Laugh, even. But it was still forbidden to make any noise. So he just froze in the darkness, letting his teacher's sperm wash inside him.

Then it was over. Mr. Prince gave him a quick slap across his bare ass – causing Geoff to bite down on his lip so hard in his effort to stay silent it drew blood – then he was pulling his cock out of Amy's body, leaving Geoff with a horrible feeling of emptiness.

"Good girl." His teacher said, approvingly. "Twenty minutes, just like that, then you may open your eyes, get dressed and leave."

There was the sound of a zipper being done up. The sound of a door opening. A change in the darkness behind Geoff's closed eyes, and then he was alone again.

Geoff forced himself – forced Amy's body – to keep standing in that same

position for as long as he could. Even as it got colder and colder. Even as he felt Mr. Prince's sperm drip out his pussy; patter on the floor.

It should have been horrible. But, in Amy's submissive body, it was *wonderful*.

Geoff smiled in the darkness; an invisible smile splitting his supermodel features.

Why couldn't this be my entire life...? He thought, happily.

*

One more day.

"Ahhh! Ah, Amy! Oh, *fuck!*"

Geoff gripped the sheets with one long-nailed hand, feeling them bunch up in his fists. His eyes were wide, his mouth thrown open, his dark hair lying in a fan around his pale Asian face.

Above him, the ceiling of Li's bedroom seemed very, very far away. Like a distant constellation hanging in the sky. He wanted to scream. Wanted to writhe and beg and beg his girlfriend to never, *ever* stop.

Instead, he arched his back, let out a wild gasp and kept on repeating her name, over and over, and over.

"Amy! AMYYYYY!"

Between his legs, Amy's head gently bobbed, her long, blonde hair hooked back over her ears as she lapped delicately away at Geoff's new cunt, drinking in his juices, flicking her tongue over his clit, slipping it into his hole.

The shock of having his pussy eaten had been one of the great discoveries of Geoff's time as a girl.

Everything about it was *amazing*. As a guy, he'd thought getting his cock sucked was the height of pleasure. But this... this...

This was *something else*.

Especially when the person doing the eating was Amy Montague.

"Oh *fuck!* Ah, *shit* AMY! I'm gonna... *I'm GONNA-!*"

Geoff arched his back. Grabbed his tiny, A-cup breasts with both hands, *squeezing* them as hard as he could. His hips bucked automatically, his eyes flew open again. A strange squeal escaped his lips...

...and then he was coming, coming harder and longer than he ever had in Li's body before. Coming for what felt like forever, his orgasm sending him spinning into a soft fire of never ending pleasure.

When he at last came to, Amy was knelt over him, a slightly goofy grin on her perfect teenage features.

Weakly, Geoff reached up with one of Li's tiny hands. Stroked one of Amy's soft cheeks, looking deep into her eyes.

He wanted to kiss her and never stop kissing her, wanted to stay like this, as her girlfriend for *forever*.

At that moment, he was absolutely sure that being Amy Montague's sexy cheerleader girlfriend was even better than *being her*.

"Did I do good?" Amy whispered, her eyes twinkling. Geoff nodded gently, his body drained by the earth-shattering orgasm he'd just had.

"Good...? Fuck, Amy," he murmured, enjoying his soft and faintly-accented voice, "you... you were *perfect*."

Amy grinned again. Then bent down and planted a kiss, right on Geoff's lips. He kissed her back, then suddenly his eyes went wide and he pushed his girlfriend of three weeks away, frantically wiping his mouth.

"Urgh... *gross!* I don't wanna taste my own *pussy!*"

"Hey." Amy playfully slapped his arm. "The service isn't for *free* you know?"

"Ow!" Geoff rubbed the spot Amy had hit him. "Hey, no fair! You can't hit a *girl*."

"You wanna be the butch in our relationship?" Amy retorted. "Then deal with it when the bitch hits you."

She suddenly grinned.

"Coz that's what I am. A horny. Little. *Bitch!*"

Then she was jumping on Geoff, showering him in kisses, trying to get the

pussy-taste on him as he play-fought back, protesting, yelling that this *wasn't funny, OK?!*

As the two girls writhed on Li's bed, going from fighting to kissing to curled up in one another's arms, Geoff wondered if maybe *this* was the life he'd always wanted to lead; one as a normal, beautiful, lesbian schoolgirl.

"Hey." Amy suddenly whispered in his ear.

"Huh?"

"Could you put the cheerleader outfit on again?" A note of hope. "Please?" Geoff giggled. It came out sounding high-pitched and *super* girly. He kissed the top of Amy's head.

"Your wish," he murmured, "is *my* command!"

*

"How many bodies are you using?"

"I told you. Three. Miss Jones, this one, and..."

"And one other."

"The other one. Sure."

They were in the library, sat in a corner no-one else normally went to, surrounded by books on math and science. Louis – Geoff thought of this version as Good Louis (and, sometimes, when he was in a bad mood, Boring Louis) – nodded. He quickly looked away.

"I know about you and Mr. Prince."

"What? *How?*"

"Hey, keep your voice down, you could get both of you in trouble." A pause.

"In the parking lot, giving him head. I kinda... saw you."

"Eww! You better not have been *wanking* over us..."

"For fucks' sakes, Amy! I mean, *Geoff. Whoever* you are... This isn't a game, huh? You can always escape to another world, but you could fuck up *this* Amy's life forever!"

"I *am* this Amy. See? Look at me. Think *these* aren't mine, huh?"

"Damn it, dude, stop trying to give me a boner... You know I *love* Amy's..."

uh, *your* rack.”

“Yeah, *my* rack. ‘Sides, you don’t care about degrading Miss Jones in my *other* life. Well. One of them.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” A long silence. “Hey... we’re not... I mean, you haven’t, oh *fuck*, you mean you and another me are actually...?!”

“Maybe. Who cares? The point is, these are *my* bodies. Whoever was in them before is gone, OK, and not coming back. So whatever I want to do with them is up to me, right?”

For the first time in their weird, whispered conversation, Geoff saw Good Louis smile.

“What?”

“Nothing, it’s just... how’s that bump coming, lately?”

“This one? Umm... I guess it’s nearly healed.”

“Just what I thought. Know what *else* I thought, Mr. Invasion of the Body Snatchers? If *that* bump is what’s letting you go on this cross *cuntry* tour of yours...”

“Ha, ha. *Ha.*”

“Hey, gimme a break. What was I saying? Oh yeah... what’s gonna happen when that bump fades, huh? Where are you gonna be then?”

Another pause, this one worried.

“You mean... I might have to choose which girl I want to get stuck as... *forever*?”

“I’m saying you might not have a choice. So, whatever, I guess enjoy it while you can. Coz you might have to start taking responsibility soon.”

From deep inside Amy’s body, Geoff scowled at Good Louis.

“Sometimes I think I like Bad Louis more.”

“Oh, *shit*, you got a pet name for me and everything...”

An awkward pause.

“Hey, uh, Geoff? If we... y’know. If we’ve *done* it in that other universe...”

An audible gulp.

“Do you think, maybe, in this one...? I mean, *dude*, I’ve always wanted to have a go on Amy’s tits, you know that...”

“Sure. Maybe.”

But Geoff wasn’t really listening. He was too busy feeling the tiny last remnants of his bump, trying to decide what the hell he was gonna do.

*

After that, it was like the universe was on a time limit. Counting down to its self-destruction. The sex got faster, more urgent, more depraved, more beautiful.

Bad Louis, spanking Geoff’s upraised ass, as he moaned and begged his master for more in Miss Jones’s voice...

Mr. Prince, silently fucking him in the math closet while a lesson was being taught only *inches* away, Geoff desperately trying to stop Amy’s body from crying out...

Amy, her beautiful face between Geoff’s thighs, eating his pussy for the third time that day, while Li’s body cried and moaned and whimpered helplessly...

But it all felt like an illusion. Like a hologram of sumptuous food that blinks off *just* before you can bite into it.

Life was counting down. Everything was going to fade. In his three female bodies, Geoff tried to urgently do everything he’d always dreamed of doing.

And, just like a dream, he knew it couldn’t last.

Then, one morning, he suddenly woke up.

VI

There's a whole multiverse out there. A whole different set of worlds strung together like links on a chain.

No. Maybe more like a spider's web. A whole bunch of Earths stretching off from one another into a vast, impossible tangle.

Sort of.

If you were looking at it the morning that Geoff finally woke up, you would have seen the sun rising across the whole web of worlds, all at once; the vast American continent stirring to life far beneath your feet.

If you'd have happened to look down, really *looked*, you might have noticed something odd happening on one of those many Americas. A sporty boy, waking up naked in his teacher's house. Ringing the little bell on the bedside, calling for his maid.

Sitting up at last, wondering where she had gone. Getting out of bed, the floor cold beneath his feet. His big cock swinging between his legs as he walked from room to room, calling her name.

Opening at last the door to the downstairs bathroom, finding his maid staring in horror at her own reflection, like she'd just seen a ghost...

"Uhhh... Miss Jones?"

Louis coughed gently in the doorway, suddenly feeling slightly ridiculous. Suddenly aware that he was an 18-year old boy in his art teacher's house, and that his teacher was dressed up as a sexy maid.

"Are you... are you OK?"

At the mirror, Heather gently shook her head. She held up her hands, blinked at her lacy garters and pristine white maid's gloves.

Gently, she lifted the dainty little cap off the top of her pretty head. Shook out her top knot, so her auburn hair fell in glorious waves over her shoulders. She looked at herself in the mirror again, smiled distractedly.

"Miss...?"

Heather turned to the boy stood in the bathroom doorway, glanced over his

naked body, at his big, swinging dick. She gently held one hand to her forehead, to where the bruise the baseball had given her had finally vanished.

“Mr. Geller...?”

A faint confusion danced in her eyes; a look of bewilderment on her beautiful features.

“Err... yes, Miss?”

Louis suddenly put one hand down to hide his naked cock, a hot feeling of embarrassment stealing over him.

What the hell am I doing here? He wondered.

Before him Heather Jones let go of her head. Gave him an open, imploring look.

*“What the **fuck** is going on?”*

*

But that wasn't the only odd conversation happening on the multiverse's web that day.

If you'd stopped listening to Heather and Louis at that point, and floated (or walked, or run, or skipped) over to another world a little way away, you would have seen something equally strange.

There, on that suburban street that looks like any other. In that family home just there. The one with the two girls lying in bed together...

“Amy...?”

Li sat up in the bed, instinctively pushed back a little from her best friend. Beside her, Amy raised her head, frowned sleepily at her girlfriend.

“Li? Honey, are you...?”

“Honey? Why the hell are you...?”

At that moment, Li happened to glance down. Realized she was naked. Felt the pleasant soreness in her pussy; the soreness that could only come from being eaten out the night before.

“Hey, what's going on?! Why are you in my freakin' bed...?”

A look of worry flitted over Amy's perfect features. She sat up in the bed, the sheet dropping down to reveal her bare chest, with its ripe, heavy breasts. To Li's horror, she felt a little thrill run through her body at the sight of her naked bestie.

*"Amy. Girl... seriously. What the **fuck** is happening?"*

"Li..." To her surprise, Li saw her bestie was close to tears. "Li, you're acting like you don't remember. Please don't..."

"Don't remember what?!"

Amy gave her a simple, open look.

"That you're my girlfriend," she whispered.

She took a deep breath, a single tear rolling down one soft cheek.

"You're my girlfriend, Li. And I love you."

Li couldn't help it.

She burst into tears.

*

If you'd stayed a little longer over that world, you might have seen what happened next. Might have seen the two girls cry, might have seen the very one-sided argument that followed...

Might have seen Li shake off her doubts. Realize her new life was actually what she wanted all along, even if she couldn't remember how she got it. Might have seen her and Amy falling in love for real this time; going to college together; taking advantage of a certain Supreme Court ruling and walking down the aisle, side by side...

Or maybe you would have seen Li left terrified and traumatized by her missing memory. Maybe you'd have seen her and Amy break apart, their friendship shattered, lost beneath a wave of mutual hurt and bewilderment.

That's the nature of the multiverse. Whatever you can imagine, it's out there somewhere, happening right now.

That includes a universe where you're reading this not from inside your sissy male body, but from the body of a beautiful girl. The girl you've always secretly wanted to be. You put your Kindle down, glance down at your petit

little girl-body, the one you feel so comfortable in, at your small but perfect breasts, your slender legs, and tiny feet, and smile at how perfect your life is...

Anyway, on with the story.

If you'd drifted away from that suburban house, bored of listening to Li and Amy, wanting to find our "hero" again, you might have finally stumbled across one more intensely odd discussion.

This one is taking place on the steps of a porch, as a tall athletic teacher blinks in the sunlight, frowns at the familiar teenage girl before him. The girl dressed in a cashmere sweater, an open look on her supermodel face...

"Amy, you can't be here. Not now. Not unless I've told you..."

The girl called Amy shook her head, firmly. Trapped inside her body, Geoff summoned up a sad smile.

"Nu-uh. Not anymore. I'm sorry, but..."

He sighed.

"This is me for real now. Forever. I made my choice. I held on as Amy until this..." He touched his forehead, where a lump had once been, "vanished. I fought off the change. So now that's who I am. Amy."

Mr. Prince was stepping back, slowly starting to shut the door.

"Remember what I told you, Amy. Stay away from me. You can only be here if-"

"No, Mr. Prince," the boy who was now Amy said. "Not anymore."

He took a step up on to the porch, his eyes calm.

"If I'm stuck like this, I'm not just gonna be your little whore anymore."

Another step.

"That's not a life. That's just a fantasy. And what I need now is a real life..."

Another step.

"So, here's what I've decided. I'm gonna leave school next year. Until then, we can keep playing like this. I'll keep our affair secret. You can make me do whatever you want to..."

A last step. He was now only inches from his teacher.

“But then, after that, when I leave school. The game ends. You...”

The girl faltered. Steadied herself.

*“You **marry me**. I become your wife. You look after me until you die. And, in return...”*

A smile.

“I spend the rest of my life as your personal female slave.”

For a long time, neither said anything. Man and woman, teacher and student, staring at each other.

Then at long last, Mr. Prince sighed.

“You’ll do anything.”

Amy nodded.

“Anything.”

“You’ll cook for me, clean up. Let me fuck you whenever I want. Carry my babies around and give me a family. That’s what you want?”

Amy gave a sad smile.

“Yes. That’s the choice I made.”

“In that case...” A smile split across the handsome teacher’s face. “I guess we have a deal.”

In response, Amy smiled to herself. Stood on tiptoes. Then she kissed her teacher, playfully tweaked his nose.

“You’re so beautiful,” she whispered, letting the memories of her old identity start to drift away. Letting the name Geoff vanish on the breeze.

“I can’t wait to be your wife...”

Don’t go away, it’s not over yet.

See, there’s one more world you might be interested in. It’s this way, over here. There. See it?

Look familiar at all?

That's right. It's the first world we visited. The one we started this strange little story on. One where a boy called Geoff got hit by a baseball, then fainted in an art class.

From his perspective, he woke up in Heather Jones's body. But from everyone *else's* perspective...

Go on, have a look. See what world one has been up to while we were away...

The sun was low in the sky now. Li watched a flock of birds – tiny darts of shadow – wheeling before the clouds. She sighed and shook her head.

“I mean... it just sounds crazy, you know?” She said, without looking at her boyfriend; at the boy she'd been going out with this past month. “Parallel worlds... gender swaps... it all sounds. I dunno...”

“Crazy?”

*“**More** than that. Absurd. Like a book or something.”*

Beside her, the tall, handsome boy who called himself Geoff smiled. Nodded.

*“I know how it sounds,” he said in his deep, masculine voice, “but it's true. Louis – the **other** Louis – thinks that knock to the head somehow... dislodged me from the world. Left me body-hopping through three universes.”*

“This one, and the ones where you were Louis and Mr. Prince?”

“That's right.” The boy nodded, then suddenly looked uncomfortable. “I mean, fuck, I made them do some weird ass shit...”

“I don't care about that.” Li finally turned, looked up at her man. “But I still can't believe... I mean...”

She shook her head slightly.

*“You're telling **you're** Amy? Like, my friend Amy. For real?”*

The boy laughed uncomfortably. To tell the truth, he didn't really know what was real himself.

*“Not quite.” A pause. “I'm **an** Amy, from a parallel world. The Amy you know is still Amy. It's just... well, so am I.”*

“Then who's Geoff?”

“Geoff?” The boy looked down at his strong, sturdy body. “I mean... I guess I am. Amy and Geoff, all at once.”

*“Do you have any idea how **nuts** this sounds?”*

“Maybe.” The boy suddenly grinned. “Enough for you to stop loving me?”

Li stood up on tiptoes. She kissed her new boyfriend on the lips, kissing him like she was trying to drink him in. Kissed him for what felt like forever.

“Not a chance,” she whispered at last.

She dropped back down off her tiptoes, crossed her arms, one eyebrow raised.

“A female brain in a hot guy’s body, huh? No wonder you’re so awesome in the sack.”

Before her, the new Geoff grinning. He was already letting go of his old life, of being Amy. Letting his female memories go vanishing on the breeze.

“I’m awesome everywhere, aren’t I?” He asked, slipping one arm around Li’s tiny little waist. The cheerleader snorted.

“You’ve got that cocky guy bullshit down perfect, I see.”

Geoff laughed.

“Yeah, I guess I’ve changed more than I thought I had.”

“Or maybe that bump sent you crazy, and you’re just making all this Amy story up?”

He shrugged.

“Maybe. It doesn’t really matter, does it? Not now I’ve got you.”

*

It’s late now. The sun is setting. Across the web of worlds, the American continent is going back to sleep. The lights are coming on, slowly drifting from the eastern seaboard to the west; a cascade of color, unfolding over the slumbering nation.

Somewhere, down there, there’s a Geoff and an Amy, and a Mr. Prince, and a Louis, and a Heather Jones, and a me, and a you.

Maybe not all of them are in their right bodies. Maybe not all of them are in

their right genders.

But for now, at least, some of them are happy.

On these billions of lonely Earths, all as lost and isolated as the last, maybe that's all we can hope for.

And maybe one day, if you're very lucky, you'll get the chance to live in the body that's right for you, too.

The End.

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FREE short story: Gender Swap Day

Decades later, they'd celebrate the date when It happened.

There would be global parties, the kind that go on till the early hours and leave you drunk and lost, blearily trying to make your way home at 3am. Presidents would gather to shake hands and make speeches commemorating it all.

But at the time, things were very different. For those of us who were there, the Great Swap was *terrifying*.

I was in London when it happened. If I close my eyes and try, I can just about remember what I used to look like. Short, close-cropped blond hair. A square jaw. A young, muscular body.

In short, very different from how I look now.

I was in Britain as a student, doing some dumbass degree and trying to soak up as many British parties as possible. I'd been there for, like, 5 months and got pretty settled. I'd even had a British girlfriend for a while, a cute blonde called Sofia with a soft, pretty face and a curvy body, the sort guys like me used to go wild over.

Strange as it is to say now, I actually thought what happened was her fault. Like, at first. We ended on pretty bad terms. I kinda screwed around behind her back, and when *It* first happened, I panicked and worried that she'd found a genie or something, and made a cruel wish to get back at me.

Yeah, right. Like I was ever that important.

Still, at the time, it *coulda* been true. I was in class when It happened. Or rather, I was *meant* to be in class, but I'd wandered off to the restroom.

Yeah, I know. The biggest thing that has happened in human history and I basically missed it. No stories from me about the giant flash of green light everyone saw in the sky. No stories from me about turning to the people stood beside me and watching as they started to *change*...

Nah, if you want that stuff, you can go elsewhere. Trust me, there's *plenty* of books on it. Me? I was just washing my hands and thinking about Sofia – again – when I suddenly felt It.

If you're old enough, you probably remember It. Wasn't nice, was it? That weird feeling that started in your gut, like you were about to be sick.

I remember even now that I doubled over the basin, just in case I was gonna spew. I heard later that the nausea wasn't so bad for everyone, that it had some weird, genetic component to it. I felt worse than others.

But everyone felt what came next. When the sensation passed out your gut and into your skin.

The feeling that your entire body was starting to *change*.

If you didn't live through it, you'll have a hard time imagining It. Imagining how it felt to see your skin start twitching and rippling.

Imagining how it felt to have your bones suddenly start shifting and twisting.

Imagining how it felt to suddenly look up from the sink you were trying not to barf into, and find someone else's face staring back at you.

OK, yeah, I know. It's not really someone else's face. It's *my* face now, has been for most of my life. I'm so used to seeing its high cheekbones, tiny button nose and wide, innocent blue eyes that I barely even register them anymore.

But at the time...

Well. You can imagine how I felt. How panicked I was.

To my horror, I was clearly, visibly, starting to transform into a *girl*...

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My New Life as a School Girl

“Did it...?”

“What?”

“You know. Hurt?”

I gently shook my head, not wanting to meet my mom's eye. I dug my long, pink nails into my soft new palms and tried not to register how *different* I felt. How *wrong*.

Beside me, I could sense my mom groping for the words. We were in the parking lot, outside the gray government clinic. I was dressed in my new clothes, the ones my mom had picked up at the mall and insisted I bring with me to my forced transformation.

I'd had a hell of an argument with her about that. There'd been nothing I could do to stop myself becoming female, but I'd wanted to look and act like as little of a girl as possible.

In my mind, I was gonna come out that clinic with my hair cut short, wearing guy clothes and walking and acting like as much of a guy as my new body would let me. In my more hopeful moments, I'd pictured myself looking in the mirror and seeing a kinda... *ugly* girl staring back at me. Not, y'know, like *ugly*, ugly. But boyish. Flat-chested. Sorta dyke-y looking. The kind of girl who, especially at my age, can pass for male.

Some hope that was.

As my mom tried to think of what to say, I forced myself to look straight ahead, out the window at the rows of cars.

I didn't want to see the long, blonde hair falling in straight lines either side of my soft and pretty face.

Didn't want to see my long, slender legs, poking out the bottom of the little skirt mom had bought me.

And, most of all, I didn't wanna see my brand new tits, poking straight out in

front of me.

They'd been the first thing I noticed when the dark-haired nurse revived me. Even before that weird emptiness between my legs, or the way my whole body felt *lighter*, like my bones were hollow.

After thirty minutes in the tank, floating in the pitch black in that strange fluid, feeling half-asleep as that weird tingling washed over my body, I'd been done. The moment the fluid had drained and the door had opened, I'd instinctively looked down at my chest, hoping to see two small little nubs, or maybe a perky pair of A-cups at worst.

Instead, the exact opposite had happened.

Attached to my chest had been the biggest – and I mean the *biggest* – pair of boobs I'd ever seen.

They were *huge*. A big pair of pink, fleshy things that dangled from my frame, their nipples pink and pointy. In horror, I'd raised two newly-dainty hands and grasped them, disgusted to feel how... well. *Pert* they were.

I'd find out later that they were a DD-cup. Easily the biggest pair of tits I'd ever had the chance to touch, bigger even than Anna-Marie's, and those puppies had been huge.

And now here I suddenly was, touching the best-stacked girl I'd ever met.

Only she was *me*.

Naturally, I'd shouted at the nurse. Asked her *what the fuck?!* Begged her to put me back in the tank and reduce me down to something like a normal size, but she'd just shaken her head, all polite and professional.

"I'm sorry, Miss Ellie, but we don't choose your new body. Federal guidelines make clear that tampering with the transformation process would violate ethics clauses."

She'd given the tiniest smile at this point, like she was hoping to be encouraging, but it came off almost mocking.

"The machine turns you into the girl you *would've* been if you'd never been male. If you're worried about your new body, I suggest you take it up with your genetic code."

You can imagine how *that* made me feel. Talk about bad, dumb luck. My

mom is kinda slender with I guess what you'd call a small chest, and I'd have given anything to take after her.

Instead, it looked like I'd picked up my Aunt Helen's chest, somehow. Only even bigger.

And the worst part was, that wasn't even the worst part.

"Ellie..." My mom started, tenderly.

"Don't call me that!" I yelled, hating the high-pitch of my new voice, hating how squeaky it sounded now I was upset. "I'm still *Eliot!*"

The act of turning to face her set off a dozen tiny cues, forcibly reminding me of just how *wrong* that statement was. The way my long hair flicked in the corner of my vision. The way my seatbelt suddenly pulled painfully tight across my new boobs. The way I found myself on my mom's level, instead of looking down at her like I was used to.

They were tiny things. Things you'd ignore if they were happening in your body, just as you probably ignore how it feels to run a hand over your chin, or the way your hair moves in the wind.

But, when you're not used to all that shit, lemme tell you that you notice it like *hell*.

"It's bad enough that you dragged me here to get turned into... into *this!* You can't let me keep my *name* too?"

To my ears, I sounded like what I now was. A spoiled, stropy teenage girl. It must've sounded that way to my mom, too, coz she had to fight to keep a smile down.

"I'm sorry, Ellie, it's just... well, you remember what we talked about." She tenderly touched one of my newly-slender arms. "The legal stuff. Your dad and me could get a fine if we don't accept your new identity."

"*Accept?!*" I gestured my hideous new body. "Mom... *look at me!* I've... I've got *tits*. I'm your *daughter* now."

I looked miserably down at myself. At my new curves. At my slender new frame. At my white tank top, tiny skirt and cute leather boots.

"Why the hell would you wanna *accept* this?"

“Ellie.” My mom’s voice was steady, “I know it’s hard. Trust me, I had those same hormones whizzing round my head when I was your age. But there’s nothing we can do, OK. You... you *hurt* Jasmine.”

Her fingers gently squeezed my arm.

“Can’t we just be *glad* you’re still able to live at home with us. Even if it’s as Ellie.”

I bit my lower lip. Gave a jerky nod. For some reason, I suddenly felt like crying.

“Good girl.” My mom turned, started the car. “Now let’s get back. I need to show you what we’ve done with your room.”

I nodded again, forcing my girl body to hold back its tears.

“Mom...?”

“Yes, Ellie?”

“What were you gonna say?” I swallowed. “Y’know, before I jumped down your throat.”

“Hmm?” My mom put the car into reverse, looked over her shoulder.

“Nothing much.”

“*Mom...*”

“Oh, it’s just that I thought...” She gave a sigh, smiled at me. “I just wanted to say you look cute, is all.”

In silence, I glanced in the rearview mirror. At the blonde girl looking back at me with her soft cheeks, round face, tiny button nose and pouty, pink lips. At the baby-faced *girl* I was now stuck as.

As we drove away from the clinic, out towards the interstate, I realized the worst part was that she was right. I’d been fairly good-looking as a boy, but I was something else as a chick.

As horrible as it was to admit, I was probably gonna be the cutest girl at school...

Continue reading at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)...

Also by Lisa Change

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Turned Into the Vampire's Bride

Jason Harker is the best vampire hunter in the business. The guy whose name strikes terror into undead hearts across the world. He's the alpha, the hunter, the macho man... until now.

On a routine hunt one night, Jason finds himself caught in a hideous trap set by his nemesis, the Count. But this hunky aristocratic monster doesn't just want to kill Jason. He wants to make the hunter suffer... by forcing him to **become his vampire bride!**

Trapped as the beautiful, undead redhead Jasmine, Jason must now battle with the dark urges of both his bloodsucking side *and* his nubile female form. Because the Count has big plans for Jason. Plans that won't stop until this former hunter has fallen in love with him, and become his obedient, bloodsucking wife!

Will Jason escape his girl-body and regain his male form? Or will he discover that **being seduced and controlled by a musclebound vampire stud** is what he secretly wanted all along...?

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The Boy Who Became a School Girl

All his life, 18-year old Noah has been the outcast. Bullied at school. Only friends with girls. Unable to act on his hidden feelings for the hunky boys around him... until now.

One day, something happens that will change Noah's life, and the lives of everyone around him, forever. After his best friend Myra jokingly reads from an old spell book, Noah finds himself transformed into a beautiful girl. In the blink of an eye, this shy young boy goes from being bullied, effeminate Noah to Nora, the prettiest, most-popular girl at school!

But Myra's spell has had some unexpected side-effects. Even as Noah begins to enjoy life as a cute teenage girl, he finds himself slowly falling for one of the muscular jocks who used to bully him. Will this gender-swapped boy be able to resist Caden's advances? Or will he find himself embarking on a transgender romance as thrilling as it is heartbreaking?

The Boy Who Became a School Girl is the latest transgender romance by Lisa Change, author of *Swapped at the Mall* and *Swapped at School*. By turns sad, touching, and ultimately uplifting, it follows Noah on his journey from lonely boy to gorgeous girl, as he comes to understand the secret at the heart of his transgender yearnings...

[Buy now.](#)

How I Was Turned Into a Pregnant Girl

“I’d always dreamed of being a dad. But now they were gonna **force me to become a pregnant mommy.**”

Macho man Evan has always wanted to have kids... but not like this. After an argument with his beautiful wife Jo about starting a family gets out of hand, Evan finds himself being volunteered for an experimental new government program. One that promises to take ordinary men like him... and **turn them into pregnant young girls!**

Gender-swapped and impregnated, Evan suddenly finds himself trapped as 22-year old Evie: a blonde bombshell who is also an expectant mommy. As he tries to get to grips with his new identity, Evan finds himself embarking on a 9 month battle with stretch marks, cravings, and breasts that are heavy and sore with milk. Will this transformed man find a way of turning himself back? Or is he doomed to spend the rest of his life as **a beautiful pregnant girl?**

[Buy now.](#)

About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

To see HOT new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her [blog](#).

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