

Photoswap



Photoswap
doesn't just
change your
picture. It
changes
your life.

Cooper & Kadee

“I am soooo bored,” Michelle said, lying on her bed, scrolling through her social media.

“I know, right?” Cassie said. She was sitting at the desk in their dorm room, watching videos on her laptop. “There are, like, millions of videos on Click Clock and MyYube, and yet how come they all suck?”

“I need a new hobby,” Michelle said. “I just wish I could think of one.”

“Me, too!” Cassie said.

Just then, the lights flickered, and the room almost seemed to shake.

“Was that an Earthquake?” Cassie asked.

“Beats me.”

When Cassie looked back at her laptop, she noticed an icon she didn’t remember seeing before. “Photoswap.” Hmm. Ignoring the alarm bells ringing in her head warning her it might be some kind of malware, she clicked on it, and the APP opened up, revealing what seemed like one of those apps where you could put different filters on a face— old, female, glamor, as well as different hairstyles, outfits. It also had automatically accessed her pictures folder.

“Check this out,” Cassie said.

“What?”

The two girls crowded around the computer. Cassie pulled up one of her own pictures and clicked on Bad Boy. Her face morphed, giving her thick brows, a square jaw, dark stubble. ‘Oh! I want to kiss me!’

“Do me,” Michelle said.

Cassie pulled up a picture of Michelle and made her a Bad Boy as well. This picture was from the waist up, and they could see she now had

bulging biceps and thick forearms writhing with muscle. “Check out the gun show.”

“Let’s do Jerry!”

“Oh, yeah!” Cassie closed their pics, clicking cancel instead of Save Changes.

They both had a half crush on Jerry. Physically, he was just their type—bookish, super smart, reedy, but he was also kind of a sexist asshole, which for some reason made them both like him more, as much as they hated him, too.

Michelle loaded a picture of Jerry, then clicked VS model. His face morphed— his eyes got big, his nose small, his chin turned sweetly feminine, and he wore full makeup. “He’s cute.”

“Really pretty.”

Cassie clicked UNDO and restored the photo. “Let’s just see what he looks like with girl’s hair.”



“Haha! Love it. Let me pick.” Michelle scrolled through the hairstyles and found one she liked— all curls and waves, bangs draped across one eye, and it was clearly a glamor dye job of the kind that only came from a salon. She clicked, and the feminine hairstyle framed Jerry’s face. “Wow. Just the hair makes him look like a girl.”

“He has androgenous features,” Cassie said. “I didn’t really notice so much until now.” They both giggled at how much the hairstyle made the sexist jerk look like a female. Just then, the fire alarm went off. Both girls groaned. There was a prankster in their building who loved to set off the alarms.

“Here we go again,” Michelle said as they got ready to head out. She clicked Save Changes without even thinking about it, and the two girls headed outside to await the “all clear” signal from the fire department.

When they got back to their room it was late, so they both went about studying, having completely forgotten about the Swap APP.

Chapter Two

The next morning, Michelle and Cassie settled into their chairs in the lecture hall, awaiting the arrival of Professor Clark, their sociology teacher. They were both tired, already glazing over, when Jerry walked past them—and they each did a double take. His high and tight haircut was gone, and he now had the exact hair that they had put on him the night before using Photoswap.

“Um, is that Jerry?” Michelle whispered, not believing her eyes.

“I think so. Is that the same hair from last night?”

“It can’t be, right?”

Jerry took his usual seat in the front row, tossing his hair back over his shoulders. The whole class was mystified, wondering what was going on. The sociology professor was a feminist, and Jerry, the president of Campus Conservatives, was always getting into it with her about gender roles. Was his fashionably feminine hair some weird prank?

Dr. Sandra Clark came into class, dressed in one of her trademark flowing dresses, satchel over her shoulder. “Hello, hello...” she said, greeting various students, then stopping as she spotted a young woman with cafe curls, she recognized, but... “Jerry?”

Jerry, feeling far less confident than usual with his new hairstyle, dropped his eyes. “Hello.”

“I love your hair,” Sandra said as she took her place behind the podium.

Jerry blushed.

All through class, Cassie and Michelle watched as Jerry fidgeted with his long hair, just like any girl. He was constantly tossing it back over his shoulders, brushing it away from his eyes, twisting it around his fingers.

Jerry, for his part, found his sexy new hair incredibly annoying and distracting. How the hell do women put up with this crap? He wondered, though he fully believed it was part of the natural order for them to have long hair.



Sandra got into her lecture, delving into changing expressions of gender identity. She'd been talking about how in many cultures, men had worn makeup and then speculated that modern American culture might be moving in that direction, putting a picture of Captain Jack Sparrow up on the screen with his manscara. Many of the members of the class clapped and hooted.

"Makeup can be a lot of fun," Sandra said. "Men might find they enjoy making themselves pretty."

Jerry tossed his hair and snorted.

"Did you want to say something, Jerry?"

"Makeup is for women," he said. "They use it to emphasize their femininity in order to attract a desirable mate."

A lot of the women in the class booed. Michell and Cassie exchanged a glance. What a jerk!

"Let's examine those assumptions," Sandra said, smiling. She enjoyed it when students challenged her and took it all in stride. Besides, Jerry's surprising choice to get such a traditionally feminine hairstyle, made her wonder if maybe his constant hostility to all feminist ideas was just a defense mechanism against his own repressed feminine side.

When class ended, he grabbed his books and started toward the door, his bangs draped across his right eye.

"Hey, Jerry," Michelle said. "I love your new hairdo!"

Cassie elbowed her, embarrassed.

Jerry scowled. "Get bent." He then stormed from the lecture hall, hair bouncing with each step.

Flashback!

Jerry had woken that morning and panicked, half thinking he'd started to go blind as he opened his eyes to see a gauzy, hazy world. Meanwhile, he felt like he had a mouse in his mouth, furry and wet. Retching, he'd sat up, lost in confusion as he felt something tickling his shoulders— he slept in just a pair of boxers, and grabbing at whatever was in his mouth, he yanked and looked down to see what looked like a mass of hair, which he now saw was washing over his shoulders and over his chest. Still half blinded by the bangs covering one of his eyes, he'd gotten up, struggling with the long hair, and gone to the bathroom mirror.

“The fuck?”

Instead of his short black hair, he now had long hair, curly, wavy hair, with blonde highlights like some sorority bimbo, but even more than the sight of the hair he was stunned to see, “I look like a girl,” he whispered.

Assholes. Jerry's first thought was that some guys in the dorm had pranked him by slipping a woman's wig on his head as he slept. He grabbed the “wig” and yanked. ‘Ow!’ He grabbed again and pulled, his time applying steady tension, and he felt his scalp move, stretch and start to hurt. “Fine.”

Jerry grabbed his clippers. He normally kept his hair high and tight, and though he went to the barber once every two weeks, in between he would trim it himself. He liked to look sharp. The clippers buzzed and vibrated in his hands. He sheared off one of the long bunches hanging down to his chest, watching the hair tumble down and gather on the floor at his feet. I am going to kill those guys, he'd thought, but when he'd gone to hack off the other side, he'd yelped. Looking in the mirror, he saw— the same exact

hairstyle, as if he hadn't cut off anything at all. He looked down and confirmed there was a pile of hair at his feet.

"What the hell?" He hacked off another bunch and another. Soon there was a small mountain of glistening locks piled on the bathroom floor, and



yet, nothing had changed. The hair just kept reappearing. Somehow.

"Am I going insane?" Jerry wondered, brushing the bangs from his eyes for already the 8th time that morning. None of this was possible, but his internal clock was ticking. He needed to get to class. He silenced the clippers and, mortified, got ready to head out. A part of him, a very strong part of him, wanted to just hide.

The thought of having everyone see him like this made him sick. There was something else, though, some force that was making him go to class.

Besides, he never missed class.

He zipped up his jacket and pulled the hood over his head, tucking his hair under and inside, determined to do his best to hide his shame. The hoodie flipped back down. He flipped it up. It flipped back down.

Jerry gave up and headed to class, his hair sparkling in the morning sunlight.

Walking across campus, Jerry couldn't shake the feeling that some of the guys he passed were kind of checking him out, making eye contact, smiling. Remembering how feminine he'd looked, he cringed, but no, he decided. He was being ridiculous.

Then, as a couple guys passed, he heard one of them say, "I'd do her face but not her body."



Jerry's cheeks turned red, and he couldn't help but put a hand to his face, trying to hide it from the world. Do me? His skin crawled. Some guy wants to do me? And did that guy call me *her*? Her. He didn't like that; he didn't like any of it.

It made him feel— less.

*** Flash Forward***

After class, Jerry'd practically run back to his dorm, completely and totally ashamed. As he entered the dorm, a couple guys he knew, Hal and Evers, glanced at him, did a double take. "Jerry?" Hal asked.

"Yeah, yeah," Jerry said, hurrying past.

"Nice hair, bro."

"Screw you!"

The sound of gruff, male laughter trailed him to the elevator.

PHOTO SWAP



PART 2

Chapter Three

“What the hell is this Photoswap APP, anyway?” Michelle said.

“Let’s find out.”

It turned out the answer to What the hell is that APP turned out to be— a mystery. The girls searched, but could not find a single mention of it anywhere online.

“Should we change him back?” Cassie asked. They’d opened the APP again, and there was the picture of Jerry with his cafe curls. “We should change him back.”

“Or,” Michelle countered, we could have a little more fun with him.”

“I don’t know...”

“Oh, come on. It’ll be good for him to get in touch with his feminine side. Make him less of a sexist. Then, we can change him back later.”

“It is kinda weird to have so much power over someone,” Cassie said.

“Kinda fun,” Michelle agreed then, remembering his comments in class, added, “Let’s make him wear makeup. You know, so he can emphasize his femininity and attract a mate!”

Cassie frowned. “That would be cruel.”

“I know.”

Giggling, the girls used the APP to give Jerry a makeover.

“He looks even prettier,” Cassie marveled, looking at Jerry’s picture, his features now softened with foundation, lipstick, blush and mascara.

Jerry woke, sat up and tossed his long hair back over his shoulders. He'd been shocked the day before when he'd woken to find long hair draped across his face, in his mouth, and he'd run to the mirror thinking, this isn't possible. Today, it was just a thing. He sat up, grabbed the brush on his nightstand he didn't even remember owning, and began to brush out his hair.

He just seemed to know it needed to be done, now that he was stuck with such long hair. Once he'd finished brushing, he'd gotten up and headed to the shower, glancing at his dressing table, the one he didn't have and –

Makeup? He froze. Scattered across the top of his dressing table—since when did he own a dressing table?-- were tubes of lipstick, eyeshadow, compacts, brushes, mascara and blush. Staring at the makeup, he twisted his hair around his fingers thinking, I need to do my face, and, at the same time, there is **no way** I am going to put on makeup.

Where had the makeup come from? Why did he have this sudden compulsion to wear it?

Everyone will laugh at me if I go walking around campus looking like some girl with lipstick and eyeshadow, he thought, but he needed it, somehow. The thought of leaving his room with a plain face felt- wrong. No, though. No. He was a true blue, red-blooded male, he said to himself as he gathered his hair and tied it back in a ponytail. "I am all man," he reminded himself as he sat in front of the mirror and looked over all the pretty cosmetics spread across the tabletop.

Hand trembling as he tried to fight his new needs, he picked up a tube of lipstick and twisted, the dark, burgundy red lipstick thrusting outward. It looked so— yummy. No. No. I am not going to put this on!

Even as he insisted he would not paint his lips, Jerry puckered and began to apply the luscious, creamy lipstick to his lips. His whole body tingled, the thrill curled his toes, and as soon as he'd done his lips he grabbed his eyeliner, eagerly masking himself in pretty colors, softening his features, as obsessed as a junkie who'd made the mistake of doing that first line of cocaine. He couldn't stop. Couldn't even think of stopping! Concealer. Eye shadow. Mascara. He wanted it all, needed it all, and he wanted it NOW! Much to his horror, he found it fun, enjoyed the process of making himself pretty. He couldn't stop smiling as he dusted his cheeks with pink blush.



As he finished his makeup, he noticed his eyebrows looked gross– like hairy caterpillars crawling across his forehead. Feverishly seizing a pair of tweezers, he began to pluck, wincing but feeding on the pain as he shaped his brows and then grabbed an eyebrow pencil and went to work.

When he'd finished, a feeling of security washed over Jerry. He looked in the mirror and smiled, turning his head side to side, the voices in his head at war– I never looked better! My eyes are really popping! And– I look like a fool! I look like a girl! I'm a man! I need to clean all this off! No one can see me like this!

Yet, there was no chance the new Jerry would even think about leaving his room without makeup. After he got dressed, he felt a horrible new desire. Musing his hair, he found good light and snapped a selfie, smiling and flashing a peace sign, then posted it to social media. “Confident!”



Before he even got to the door, his phone began vibrating with notifications. Glancing, he saw posts from his buddies in the Campus Conservatives, all of which could be summarized with the post from Brandon Garland, the VP: “WTF?”

Jerry tossed his hair and whispered, “jealous much?”

Cassie and Michelle didn’t have class with Jerry on Tuesdays, but they knew he usually hit the campus food court for lunch after his morning class, so they’d camped out, waiting for him. They’d seen his social media post, so they knew that once again the APP had worked, and they couldn’t wait to see him live. “There he is!” Michelle whispered.

Jerry walked into the cafeteria, looking bashful, his lips glistening, hair bouncing with each step. He got in line. The guy in front of him glanced back, then turned and looked Jerry over. Michelle and Cassie giggled as Jerry stepped back, eyes dropping bashfully down and to the side as he realized he was being checked out by a guy. “I never usually do this,” the guy said. “But can I get your number?”

Jerry’s pretty eyes went wide. “I’m a guy!” He said, planting his fists on his hips.

The other guy looked embarrassed and shocked. “Oh, sorry, er, dude, I didn’t mean—”

Jerry turned and fled from the cafeteria.

“I feel a little bad,” Cassie said.

“Yeah. That did seem a little harsh for him. I guess we should change him back.” They gathered up their backpacks and headed toward the door.

As they left, they heard someone crying, and looking, they saw Jerry off to the side, head in hands. It made them feel bad, so they walked over, meaning to offer some words of comfort.

“Jerry?” Cassie said softly.

Jerry looked up, mascara running down his cheeks. “What do you want?” He sneered.

“We heard you crying, and we just wanted to say—”

“I’m not crying!” Jerry shouted. “It’s— allergies! Men don’t cry!” With that he stormed past them.

Cassie and Michelle watched him go. “Suddenly, I don’t feel so bad.”

“Me, neither.”

“Let’s see what else the APP can do.”

That night, when Jerry got back to his room, he carefully removed his makeup as if he’d been doing it his whole life. Checking his phone, he found a mix of responses to his social media post. In addition to the shock and amazement from the conservative club, a lot of others kids from campus supporting him, telling him how pretty he looked. He didn’t know which was worse, but the post that earned his greatest attention was the one announcing an emergency meeting of the Conservative Club called by Brandon. Jerk, Jerry thought, knowing this was some kind of powerplay, trying to take advantage of his— condition. Well, he wouldn’t back down, lipstick or no.

Cassie and Michelle, meanwhile, giggled as they made their latest change. The morph they’d chosen was called Tween.

Chapter Four



“What the hell?” Jerry whispered, his slender hand immediately going to his now long, graceful neck. “My voice?” It sounded buzzy, high pitched—like a girl’s. He was staring in the bathroom mirror, horrified at the sight of his body. He’d always been lean, but angular. Now, he looked both skinnier and, somehow, rounder, with tiny little arms, soft round shoulders, a narrow waist and a slight curve of hip. Most appalling, his chest now had a puffy,

rounded rising, like the budding breasts of a young girl. He couldn't deny it. He looked like his little sister.

"I need to see a doctor," he whispered, terrified at the head to toe feminization of his body. Yet, there wasn't time. He couldn't be late to class, and he still needed to do his makeup!

Once he'd done his face, Jerry brushed his hair and shook it out, then went to his dresser and grabbed a pair of jeans. Much to his surprise, they seemed too small, and he wiggled and tugged, trying to pull them over his slightly rounded hips, before looking at himself in horror. The skinny jeans hugged his long, round legs, his hips, and turning to the side he saw the plump, rounded shape of what he thought of as a female's posterior.

"Damn it!" He shrieked. Digging through he was horrified to find nothing but more skinny jeans, and— skirts?

"Never!" He hissed, tossing a pleated skirt across the room. He grabbed a sweatshirt and was neither pleased nor surprised that it fit his new shape, cutting in at the waist, hugging his soft new chest. He tugged, trying to get it to hide his hips, but it was too small.

He'd just have to make do, he decided, slipping into a cute pair of checkered Vans. But, when this was done, he would go right to the doctor. It must be some kind of hormonal imbalance, he decided, not even able to consider how his clothes had seemed to change overnight. Glancing in the mirror, he saw he looked like a fresh-faced coed, one of those late bloomer type girls. "If one guy asks me for my number," he said, still wincing at his buzzy, tween girl voice, "I'm going to scream!"

Before he left, he once more surrendered to the compulsion to take a selfie, this time capturing himself from the hips up, showing off his new curves and bright make-up. He hash tagged it *Blessed* and struggled for a

few minutes, trying to resist the urge to post the pic before finally discovering he had no choice. Immediately, hearts and likes started to appear, and he saw people were sharing his pic, including all the members of the Conservative Club. It would be all over campus.



With his new, sylph-like shape squeezed into tight, girl's clothes, Jerry found himself even more so the object of male attention. The eyes of guys roamed over him, and he even heard one guy comment, "She looks good coming and going."

"Jerk!" Jerry squeaked, unable to help himself.

The guys just laughed, which made him even more furious. She? Again, being referred to as a she appalled and

shamed him. Having guys checking him out? It was— gross. He turned and hurried away, ignoring the empathetic glances from some of the women who'd heard the exchange, even as his soft chest jiggled with each step. Jerry had not been a big guy, but he'd lifted weights, made himself strong, and he'd once strutted across campus feeling confident in his hard sheath of muscle.

Now, skinny and small, with tiny little arms, finding himself gawked at by guys and super conscious of his glossy lips and mascara drenched lashes, he felt more tentative, insecure. He almost felt like he was under attack from all the men looking him over, and he no longer had any confidence he could fight any of them off. He was pretty sure most of the women he passed were stronger than him now, and it made him feel a meek sense of insecurity he'd never known before.

As Jerry hurried into class, Michelle and Cassie got a good look at his tight, heart-shaped ass, squeezed into a pair of girl's skinny jeans. "His butt is really cute!" Michelle whispered. "Small, but tight!"

"I'm jealous!" Cassie said, the two of them giggling.

Jerry pretended he didn't hear, but he was relieved when he got to his seat and was able to sit, hiding his sexy new booty from the class. He was fidgeting with his hair when Dr. Sandra came in and smiled at him. It was the first time she'd seen him with his makeup. He looked really pretty, and she couldn't help herself. "Jerry!" She said. "Your makeup looks amazing. I guess you're trying to find a mate?"

Jerry glowered. He was afraid to speak now, embarrassed by his little girl voice.

Sandra got into her lecture, which today was aimed at reproductive rights and the fact that many women had no desire to have babies. She

refuted the argument that women were better suited to raising babies, asserting that in many cis couples, where the woman earned more money than the man, it made more sense for the husband to stay home with the children. Jerry seethed. He hated Dr. Sandra and all her woke nonsense. He grew more and more angry as she talked, his rage finally overcoming his shame at his buzzy little voice.

He raised his slender arm, a delicate wrist and small hand.

“Yes, Jerry?” Dr. Sandra said.

“Women are designed to have babies!” Jerry said, forcing himself to speak despite his embarrassing voice. Some members of the class tittered to hear the notorious Jerry talking in a female voice, and a little girl voice at that, but Dr. Sandra silenced them all with a glare. Hands went up as class members sought to refute him, which Sandra would allow, but Jerry wasn’t done.

“Bearing children is a female’s primary purpose! As for men raising babies, how are men supposed to feed babies when we don’t have—” he paused, conscious of his soft new buds, but went on— “we don’t have breasts!”

Dr. Sandra’s eyes dropped to the soft, round swelling rising under Jerry’s sweatshirt. Jerry, shocked as his old ideas seemed to now draw shame to his soft new body, crossed his arms over his chest and slunk down in his seat, hyper conscious of the soft flesh pressing against his forearms.

Dr. Sandra raised an eyebrow. “The fact someone has breasts doesn’t mean they’re meant to raise children,” she said. “Maybe we can agree on that now, Jerry.”

Jerry just wanted to shrink down to nothing and vanish.

“Let’s have a discussion,” Dr. Sandra said, calling on one of the students. She loved discussions! Jerry just sank lower and lower in his seat, feeling like he’d exposed himself, confused by how much his beliefs



seemed at war with his body. Dr. Sandra felt bad for him, and when class ended, she tried to approach him to offer support, but he grabbed his books and fled.

Jerry lingered outside the campus clinic, playing nervously with his hair. He wanted to see a doctor, fix whatever was happening to him, but – his body. He dreaded the thought of getting a physical like this, having to take off his clothes, have anyone see him with this shape. What if there was a

cute nurse there and she saw his boobs? What if the doctor was a woman? What if he was a pervy old man?

No, he decided, turning away. He'd make an appointment with a doctor somewhere off campus, where no one would know him. In the meantime, he had other things to worry about— like the emergency meeting of the Campus Conservatives.

Jerry arrived late, which was one of his standard power plays. Lingering outside the door to Room 222, where they had scheduled the meeting, he listened in on the conversation. "You've all seen the pictures," Brandon was saying. "Jerry shouldn't be the face of this organization."

"That face belongs on the cover of Teen Magazine," Marjorie, one of the three women in the club agreed, and everyone laughed.

Jerry took a deep breath and pulled the door open, striding into the room, trying to act cool, like he hadn't heard anything. Brandon was standing at the head of the conference table, Jerry's spot, and Jerry decided he would remind everyone he was in charge. He strode to the front of the room, conscious that all eyes were on him, checking out his new look, and stood next to Brandon, expecting the other man to step aside. Brandon looked down at him, an amused smile on his face.

"Excuse me," Jerry said, and there were chuckles as everyone heard his new voice.

Brandon reached out and brushed Jerry's bangs away from his eyes.

Jerry slapped his hand away and glared at him. Brandon laughed.
“You’re pretty when you’re angry.”



“I am still president of this club!” Jerry shouted, but in his tea-kettle voice he sounded like an angry little girl.

“Not for much longer,” Brandon said. “The purpose of this emergency session is to choose a new president.”

Seeing he was getting nowhere with Brandon, Jerry crossed his arms under his perky little breasts and faced the room. There were amused looks on all the faces. “This— I know I look a little different— but this is some kind of hormonal imbalance. That’s all. You know I am still more than capable of leading our club.”

Marjorie raised her hand. “Women,” she said, “are naturally suited to supporting roles. Do you remember who said that, Jerry?”

“I said that,” Jerry admitted. “But, if Brandon here is using that as a pretext to steal my job, let me assure you of something.” Without even thinking, he punctuated his next sentence with a sassy and defiant toss of his long, glossy hair. “I am still a *man*.”

The room broke out in laughter.

There was a debate. Jerry did his best to make his case. In the end, the group voted him out. “Don’t take it too hard,” Brandon said, giving Jerry’s slender arm a squeeze.

Jerry jerked his arm free.

“Now, we have more business to attend to. Take a seat.”

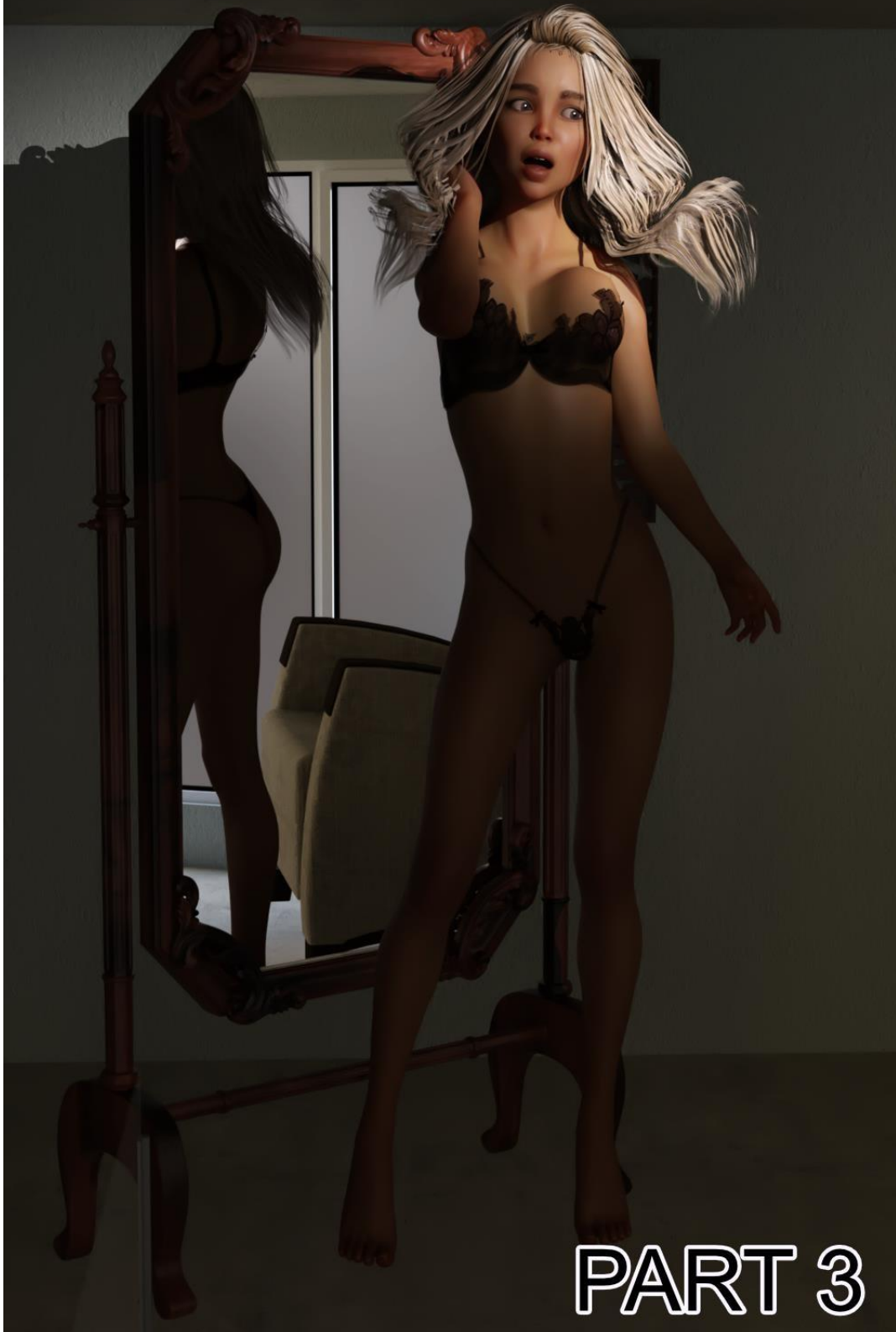
Jerry looked around the table. The only open chair was to the back and left, next to Marjorie and the two other women in the club. Marjorie patted the seat next to her. “I kept it warm for you,” she said.

Jerry almost left, but the Conservative Club was his life, and he didn’t want to just walk away. Keeping his head held high, hoping his foundation was hiding how much he was blushing, he went and took his seat among the women.

Bonus Pic



PHOTO SWAP



PART 3

Chapter Five

“D cups?” Michelle said as they looked at the picture of Jerry on their computer screen.

“I don’t know,” Cassie said.

“Why not? Look what a jerk he’s been even after the changes should have made him more sensitive. He needs to learn his lesson.”

“It’s not that. I am pretty much sick of him. I just like him in his skinny, little body with his little a-cups.”

“He is cute,” Michelle admitted. “I just think it would be fun to let him find out what it’s like to haul around a pair of D-cups. You know how guys are all so obsessed with big boobs. Let’s give him a pair and see how he likes needing a bra all the time.”

“Fine,” Cassie said. “Let’s do it. Let’s give him a big, bouncy pair of Mom-aries. You know, so he’ll be well-suited to staying home and taking care of the babies.”

They both laughed at the repetition of Jerry’s claims, and Cassie tapped away.

“Let’s give him prettier skin, too.” Using the APP, they watched as Jerry’s skin took on the soft glow of a healthy young woman.

As the girls altered Jerry’s picture, the sleeping Jerry’s chest swelled, rounding into a pair of firm, perky, D cups. Jerry groaned, even asleep aware of the new weight, the fact it suddenly seemed a little harder to breath.



The girls had now gotten into a transformation frenzy, addicted to making changes in Jerry. “I’m kinda bored with the café curls. Maybe it’s time for a new hairstyle?”

“Love it.” They spent almost an hour searching through different hairstyles before finally setting on the long, flowing hair of a lingerie supermodel. Platinum Blonde. “Jerry is gonna hate this,” Cassie said.

“I sure hope so. Oh, you know what, he’d look so sexy in that lingerie.”

Michelle tapped away, his image morphed, and he was now squeezed into a lacy black bra and panties. “Not a very comfortable bra to sleep in, “Cassie noted, “but he does look sexy as hell.”

Jerry groaned with the discomfort and rolled onto his side. Hugging what he thought was a pillow to his chest as he slept, Jerry dreamt strange and



mysterious new dreams: He was running the beach on a red one-piece bathing suit, his hair and breasts bouncing in slow motion... “I’m a

Baywatch Girl?” He realized, shocked and embarrassed. He’d always loved to look at those girls, bodies bouncing in slow motion. He’d never wanted to be one.

Jerry woke to the sound a Taylor Swift singing:

“All they keep asking me
Is if I’m gonna be your bride
The only kind of girl they see
Is a one night or a wife

“What is this pop crap doing on my phone?” Jerry wondered, even though, well, he had to admit the song was kinda catchy. In fact, he actually loved Taylor Swift. She was so talented. He sat up and dug his hands into his long hair and as he did he felt his chest sway, felt soft flesh pressing between his slender arms, straps across his shoulders. Looking down, Jerry stared in horror at the deep, shadowy cleavage rising impressively above a lacy bra.

“The fuck?” Jerry said, rolling off the bed, landing on his feet, his breasts swaying and bouncing. Throwing his hair back over his small shoulders, He rushed to the mirror, cupping his epic bust to keep it from bouncing, then dropped his hands as he stared at the woman in the mirror, the woman he knew was him. He felt himself getting a boner as he stared at his breasts,

the slinky panties that hugged his hips. He felt like he was looking at a lingerie model, and he felt himself getting hard at the sight of himself, a familiar feeling, offset by the very unfamiliar feeling of his tightening nipples



and a growing need to touch his breasts, squeeze them...

“This is such bullshit!” He squealed, ashamed as much that he was wearing sexy women’s underwear as he was that he looked like a sexy girl. “Not possible,” he whispered, wiggling the panties down past his hips, feeling the soft silk slide down his bare legs, then kicking them off one foot.

The terrified male inside desperately wanted to just hide under the covers, but he had a big test in Chem, and he didn’t want to lose his 4.0.

“Layers,” he decided. “I’ll just hide all– this,” he gestured at his massive hooters, “under layers!”

After a quick shower, he headed to the dresser. Determined to dress like an arctic explorer if he needed to, he yanked open his underwear drawer and gasped. The drawer was stuffed with bras and panties, lacy and mysterious. “Omigod,” he whispered, feeling thirsty as he stared at all the gorgeous, sexy underwear. Bras and panties in such pretty colors, it was like a drawer full of candy, and he wanted, needed to... no. No. He tried to fight the new urges even as he fished one of the bras out of the drawer, admiring the little shoulder straps, the lacy cups. It was so pretty.

“No.... No...” he kept whispering as he slipped the bra around his waist, hooked the back strap, then turned it around and lifted the shoulder straps, pulling the bra on, feeling the cool, silky yet stiff fabric of the cups hugging his soft chest. He adjusted his breasts in the cups, ran his thumbs under the straps, pulling them up, feeling the bra hugging and lifting his breasts...

“No.... Please no...” he whispered as he found himself sweetly sifting through his underwear drawer until he found the matching, black panties. His whispered refusal, his fading masculine will, was to no avail as he soon found himself wiggling once more, this time as he pulled the panties over his hips and felt the dental floss slide between his cheeks.

Jerry squirmed. The feeling of that string sliding between his butt cheeks unmanned him as powerfully as any of the other changes. It was uncomfortable, ridiculous. Thongs were one of the many things women wore that made him feel they were fools. And now he was wearing a thong along with a bra. “I’m a fucking man,” Jerry whispered, glancing down once more at the soft crescents of his cleavage. “I am a man!” He stomped on foot and felt his breasts quake.

Jerry covered his face, confused and overwhelmed, but then he took a deep breath, his new bust rising and falling dramatically. “I don’t have time for this,” he said. “I still need to do my hair and makeup.”

“Walking feels so wrong,” Jerry mused as he headed out the door of his room. “There’s so much of– me out front. I feel like I might fall over. Who knew boobs were so damn heavy?” Indeed, Jerry felt like his bounding breasts stuck out, like, three feet in front of him, and he was not used to having any boobage, let alone the firm, bouncy D cups that now swelled majestically before him, like the prow of a great ship, breaking the seas before him as he walked. He had always moved his shoulders slightly side to side as he walked and it had made little difference, but his splendid new puppies now swayed side to side with each step even as he was conscious of a slight wiggle in his round hips.

Taking the stairs in order to avoid getting stuck in an elevator with any pervy guys, Jerry was unnerved as with each step down he felt his chest jiggle inside the cups of his bra. How do women deal with this? He wondered, tugging on his bra straps, trying to get comfortable in the harness he now wore. This must be a defective bra, Jerry decided. There’s no way they are supposed to be this uncomfortable!



Of course, the eyes of every guy Jerry passed dropped to his resplendent boobage, and he felt totally gross and disgusted as he could feel them mentally undressing him, imagining what his tits looked like naked. God! Jerry thought, crossing his arms over his breasts, feeling like a goldfish in a fishbowl as guy after guy just-stared! They are totally invading me!

Finally, he lost his temper. "Haven't you

ever seen boobs before?" He shrieked.

"Not like yours," the guy laughed.

Jerry quickened his step, despite the fact it made his monumental mammaries bounce and drew even more unwanted male attention.

Once he got to class, the busty young man had a hard time concentrating during the exam. His breasts were so big they lay across the desk when he leaned forward. They pressed against his arms, and every time he moved to fill in one of the circles on the scantron test sheet, he seemed to bump into them, sending alien, female tremors through his body. Meanwhile, he had to keep brushing his hair away from his face, and his bra straps were digging into his shoulders, which hurt. Were they supposed to do that? On top of all that, the weight of his boobs was making him slouch, and he had to concentrate to keep his back straight against the force of breasts and gravity.

When class ended, he got up and headed toward the door only to have a guy step in front of him. "I normally never do this," the guy said, eyes dropping to Jerry's tits. "But you're so fine, can I get your digits?"

"Ugh!" Jerry squeaked, stepping aside and rushing toward the door.

With only an hour before his next class and starving since he hadn't eaten breakfast, Jerry decided he had no choice but to risk the cafeteria. He was dying for a cheeseburger. If even one guy hits on me, he swore to himself, I am going to kick him in the balls!

Jerry got in line, pulled out his phone and checked his hair and makeup. He couldn't help himself. Once he got to the register, he suddenly realized he didn't want a cheeseburger. He felt a sudden urge to get a smoothie, and he knew just what he wanted. "Kale berry smoothie with a spoonful of collagen," he said, vaguely aware that collagen was so good for his skin.

He absentmindedly headed toward the end of the counter to wait for his drink.



“Jerry!” A voice called out.

Oh, shit, Jerry thought as he saw Brandon, Colin and Marjorie from the Conservative Club waving him over, grinning. He had no choice. “Hey, guys,” he said, wincing one again at the soft, feminine pitch of his voice.

Brandon, Colin and even Marjorie looked down at his breasts, and Jerry felt himself cringe as his mind raced to come up with some explanation for why he now had tits like a stripper.

“Good to see you, bro,” Brandon said, surprising Jerry by pulling him in for a tight hug, crushing Jerry’s soft breasts against his chest as he lifted Jerry off his feet. Jerry felt his nipples tense, a luscious warmth spreading from his breasts to the rest of his body. Unnerved, he extricated himself from the hug. “Bro,” he said, trying to act like everything was normal, but even as he was struggling to process just how good that hug felt, Colin pulled him in and crushed him in a second bear hug, lifting him off his feet.

Jerry’s head swam as his whole body tingled, the feeling of Colin’s hard body pressing against his soft, maidenly chest curling his toes. Colin set him down and Jerry actually staggered backwards. “Bro,” he whispered, lost in a haze of feminine delight that horrified him.

Marjorie now grabbed both his hands in her own, and now she, too, hugged him, gave him air kisses, their soft chests pressing together. It was a different kind of pleasure this time, almost like... hugging his sister?

Marjorie dragged him away from the boys. “We’ll be right back. Find us a table?”

“Your hands are so soft!” She said as she led him down a hall.

“Where are we going?”

“The little girls’ room,” Marjorie said as they approached a pink door.

Seeing the Skirt-shaped logo on the door, Jerry pulled back. "I can't go in there," he said. "I'm not a girl?"

Marjorie just laughed and dragged him into the Girls' Room. As soon as they were inside, her mouth dropped open. "Oh. My. God," she said, gesturing toward Jerry's boobs. "Where did you have them done? They look great!"

"Get them done?" Jerry said, ashamed a woman was praising his breasts, and not understanding the question.

"Your implants!" Marjorie said, shaking her head in amazement. "Whoever gave you your boob jobs is an artist!"

"Boob job?" Confused, not even sure what was the less embarrassing option, Jerry said, "these are all me."

Marjorie tilted her head to the side and raised one eyebrow. "So, you just popped out a pair of D cups overnight? Sure. And I'm Beyonce."

"I really don't want to talk about them," Jerry said, looking around the girl's bathroom. It was— nicer than the guy's. Shades of pink, which he recognized, somehow, as coral, baby and flamingo. "I promise, I just popped these puppies out while I was sleeping."

"Fine," Marjorie said. "I'll get the name out of you eventually." She turned to the mirror, fished a tube of lipstick out of her backpack, and started to touch-up her lipstick.

Jerry couldn't help but follow her lead, and soon he was standing next to her, leaning toward the mirror, fixing his makeup. He was too tired to fight it anymore, or even to wonder why this was all happening. When he was finished, he smiled, turning his head side to side. "All the guys want to hug me all of a sudden," he said.



Marjorie chuckled. “Get used to it,” she said. “With jugs like that, it comes with the territory. Come by my room tonight. We need to talk,” she said. “I have some plans for you now.”

“Now?”

“Now that you’re one of the girls.”

Jerry had no idea how to answer that. Should he explain to her in his little girl voice that he was a guy? Marjorie started playing with his hair. “Trust me. We girls have to stick together.”

Jerry’s bra strap had slipped, so he tugged it

back into place. His breasts were so big he had to really lift his arm to reach across his bust. “I’ll see you tonight.”



Photoswap



PART 4

Chapter Six



Back in the cafeteria, he and Marjorie joined the boys, who were now deep in conversation about the bets they were placing on the game. Once, Jerry would have jumped right in, but he was content now just to sip his smoothie and let the guys talk on. He slipped the straw between his lips and began to suck.

Marjorie bumped him on the shoulder and whispered, "You have an audience."

Jerry glanced up and saw guys staring, one even taking a video. What the hell? And then he realized he looked like a hot chick, and he was sucking on a straw. Oh, fuck, he thought, dropping his head in shame. Will this ever end?

Michelle and Cassie, sitting in their usual corner spot, had watched it all. "I kinda feel sorry for him," Cassie said.

"Yeah. I mean, even a sexist jerk shouldn't have to put up with this. Guys can such a-holes."

"He did look sexy as hell sucking on that straw, though." "True," Michelle said.

They sighed in unison. "It was fun while it lasted."

Chapter Seven

What word best to describe the state Jerry found himself in as he arrived at Marjorie's apartment that evening? Frazzled? Exhausted? Demoralized? Perhaps all three as in FED-up? He'd been hit on three more times, and some creepy kid in a sweatshirt had followed him across campus, and the pain his bra straps were inflicting on his shoulders had only intensified while his back was aching from the strain of holding up his epic boobage. He missed his a-cups.

He'd even considered calling the whole thing off, but he felt like he needed allies now, and, for better or for worse, Marjorie seemed like she wanted to be on his side. He knocked.

Cassie sat curled up on a bean bag chair watching an episode of Scorned! Love Kills. For her, it was like the perfect combination of true crime and gossipy tabloid. She glanced at her phone. Michelle would be back from yoga in a little bit, and they would turn Jerry back, hoping he'd learned some important lessons, of course.

"You want me to make a video?" Jerry said holding the scrap of cloth Marjorie had handed him claiming it was a top.

"You're going to be huge on social media," Marjorie said. "You check so many boxes. Now, get changed. I've got to finish your cue cards."

Jerry sighed. He just couldn't seem to say no to Marjorie. She was so excited, and he didn't want to seem rude.

When the episode Cassie was watching ended, she glanced at her phone. Michelle was usually home by now. Well, whatever, she decided. She grabbed her phone and began scrolling through social media, seeing what everyone was up to. She saw a bunch of pictures from some of her other friends partying down at Galileo. "Bitches," she thought as she liked their pics. "Like you couldn't invite me?"

Dressed and having touched up his makeup, Jerry watched a “training” video on Marjorie’s phone. “You want me to do that?” He said. “Wearing this?” The outfit Marjorie had picked out for him showed a lot of skin.

“And try to talk like her, too. You know, kinda like you’re a drunk toddler. Trust me, doll,” Marjorie said. “I was an influencer back in high school. Remember, you’re a girl now, and women are really only valued based on their fuckability.”

Jerry nodded. He’d said much the same himself, though he felt in addition to being of good breeding stock, an attractive woman should also demonstrate strong maternal instincts. “Okay. I trust you. Just, make me look good.”

“Good. And.. 3...2....1...”

Michelle pushed open the door, yoga mat rolled up under her arm. “Hey,” she said, seeing Cassie sitting in her favorite bean bag chair. She plopped down on the couch.

“How was yoga?” Cassie said, eyes glued on her phone.

“Good. The same,” Michelle said. “Wanna de-feminize Jerry girl?” Michelle had been thinking about the scene in the cafeteria all day and really felt a little guilty over what they’d done. “Sure,” Cassie said, deeply engrossed in a social media video of some guys selling watches. She got up and absently followed Michelle over to the computer. An alert popped up that Jerry had just posted a video. “I’m sure he’s learned his lesson.” Michelle pulled up Photoswap and Jerry’s picture. “Well, it was fun until it wasn’t,” Michelle said, thinking she should say something to mark the occasion. She moved the cursor over to the word RESTORE.

“HOLD IT!” Cassie shouted.

“You need to see this shit.”

She hit Replay.

There was Jerry walking toward the camera, a big smile on his face. He



did a twirl, then did a $\frac{3}{4}$ turn, then showed his back, looking back over his shoulder.

“What the fuck? Is he doing a fashion video?” Michelle said.

“Watch.”

“Hey, guys,” Jerry said, puckering his lips and blowing a kiss at the camera. “Omigod, look at me.” He cupped his breasts and lifted them. “I’m totally a

girl now. Okay, I know, back when I was pretending to be a guy I was always saying how women were inferior to men, how they were supposed to make babies, be good wives. Well, guess what? Now that I am out as a girl, I can tell you– I was right. I'm so much happier that I can let the boys make my decisions for me, and I can't wait to find a husband and have his babies. Girls, stop fighting nature. You'll be so much happier." He finished by giggling and tossing his hair.

"Asshole!" Michelle and Cassie shouted at the phone in unison.

"Um, that whole thing about changing him back?" Cassie said.

"Hell, no," Michelle said. "HELL, no."

They went to the computer together. "Welcome to your new life, Missy."

Back at Marjorie's apartment, Jerry stared in horror as the video racked up Likes, Shares, Comments. "I can't believe I agreed to this!" He said. "I sound like an idiot."

"Airhead," Marjorie said, handing him a glass of white wine. "A female idiot is an airhead. And, for what it's worth, I can't believe you agreed to it, either."

"What?"

"I'm planning on being the first female president of the conservative club next year," she said, "and I just wanted to make sure to eliminate you as potential competition."

"This was a *trick*?" The word "trick" came out as a squeak as Jerry slammed his knees together. He felt a sudden tingling between his legs, a warm glow in his belly, then a hot flash. He began to fan himself with his little hands.

“You okay?” Marjorie said, alarmed at her victim’s sudden hysteria.

Jerry could sense something had changed, though he didn’t even want to consider what it might have been. He guzzled the white wine. “Where’s your bathroom?”

“Over there.”

Jerry handed the wine glass to Marjorie and hurried to the bathroom, wiggling out of his shorts, pulling down his panties. He couldn’t see anything down there, so he reached down to grab his dick and found— air. No. No. Jerry probed, his fingers first touching the soft rise of his mound, and then, wanting, needing to know, he slipped one finger between the lips of his....vagina?

I have a vagina?” Jerry thought, quickly pulling his hands away from his new sex. I. Have. A. Vagina?

Jerry screamed, slipped back into his panties and skirt, and ran for the door.

“What happened?” Marjorie asked, legitimately concerned.

Jerry fled without answering.

Later that night, Cassie woke. She’d been thinking about Jerry, the picture of him now with a fully female body. Something didn’t seem right about it all, so she went back to the computer and pulled up the Jerry file, once more looking *her* over. She looked great, with her hourglass figure, bright skin and those perfect nether lips. There was something wrong about her, though, something wrong about the She-Jerry. Something just didn’t seem quite right. Yes, she decided. She would do it. A girl like Jerry would

have a few cute piercings and some sort of basic tattoo. Well, not just some sort. Cassie knew exactly the tattoo Jerry should have.

Even later that night, Michelle woke. She'd also been thinking about Jerry. Well, not really Jerry, but Jerry's apartment. It just didn't seem right for a *girl*, did it?



Chapter 8

Jerry woke with a start. He was lying on his side, hair in his face, pillowy breasts between his arms. That much had not changed. Hoping, praying, he slipped his hands between his soft thighs. He slipped them under the waist of his panties. Please. Please. But once more he only found the soft, sensitive and impossible folds. Fuck, he whispered. Double fuck. How was this even possible?

It wasn't. A guy couldn't just turn into a girl. His room couldn't just fill with girl's clothes. None of this was possible. I must have lost my mind, he thought. Gone insane. Loony. It was Saturday. No school. I've got to do something, Jerry decided. Figure this out. He sat up, feeling his breasts sway, and then he brushed his hair out of his eyes. His mouth dropped open.

"What the fuck happened to my room?"

It was— all girl, as feminized as his body. It looked like the kind of room a ditzzy sorority girl would have, and just being in the room made him cringe. His phone buzzed. He looked at his notifications. Marjorie had sent him a half dozen text messages. "You OK? Call me!"

"No. I am not okay," Jerry thought, fighting back tears as the total erasure of his old life hit him like a tidal wave. He checked his video and stared in horror before throwing his phone down on the bed. "Damnit!" He said, grabbing a pillow and punching it with his little fist. "Damn! Damn! Damn!" The tears flowed now freely, rolling down his cheeks. His video had gone viral.

Jerry lay back down and pulled the covers over his head. Maybe he would go to Thailand, or Canada, or maybe he would find a monastery in Tibet and live in hiding... could girls even do that? It was always guys in the movies. He thought about hitchhiking across the country, but then, no. It wouldn't be safe for a girl, especially one with a body like his.

Maybe I should become a nun? He thought, live in a cloistered convent. At least he wouldn't have to deal with guys.

Oh, what should he do? What could he do?

He didn't know, so he cried himself to sleep for what would be the first of many times in his life as a girl. The next day, he did what felt natural. He called Brandon. "Hey, Brandon," he said.

"Hey, half-pint," Brandon said. "Been a pretty weird 24."

"Yeah, well. That's why I'm calling. Please, tell me what to do."

One Year Later

“I sort of hate her even more,” Michelle said as she and Cassie watched Jerry’s latest “Bikini Try-On” video. He was a bouncy bundle of giggles and



flirts as he gushed about how much he looooved the bikinis Montc Swim had sent him.

“I read she’s making 100,000 dollars a month,” Cassie said. “All for setting women back 100 years.”

“I just hope no one ever figures out we’re the one who created the FrankenBoob monster.” Michelle took another toke off the bong and handed it to Cassie.

“I know, right?” Cassie said, taking a

toke. “Everyone would so totally hate us.” “Well, not the guys,” Michelle said.

“No. Not the guys.” She munched down a Twinkie. “I wonder whatever happened to that stupid APP, anyway? It just vanished. We couldn’t change her back if we wanted to.”

Jerry had gotten used to it all– the backaches, the bra pain, the aching in his calves from wearing heels all the time. He’d gotten used to starving himself to maintain his figure, nightly facials, spa days and endless trips to the salon to maintain his constant put together appearance. He’d gotten used to guys drooling over him, hitting on him, making comments, and he’d even found a way to monetize being a piece of ass.

He’d gotten used to it, but he hadn’t come to like it. Being a woman was so much work, it required so much discomfort wearing things that were too tight, too small and too revealing, leaving him, on top of everything else, feeling cold all the time. Guys had no idea how easy they had it.

Jerry had to pause and take some deep breaths. He’d started to hyperventilate as he’d been working himself into a hissy thinking about how unfair things were for him since his mysterious transformation. He’d become so emotional since he’d changed sex, which didn’t surprise him at all. Of course, as a woman he would be an emotional timebomb. Duh.

He glanced down at the feather tattoo on his forearm. It had just appeared the night he’d become fully a female, and over time he’d taken it as a sign that he was meant to look at his sex change not as something

bad, but as an invitation to fly. And, he had flown right into soooo much money and free swag. He thought back on his first day as a woman.

Once he'd finally gotten out of bed that first day as a full woman, he'd noticed the tattoo, the belly piercing and a new compulsion to wear jewelry. Lucky him, his ears had been pierced.

He looked at his long, lacquered nails. Of all the feminine obsessions that had overcome him, his nails weren't one of them. He had just come to realize if he wanted to fit in with the other girls, he needed to have great nails, and so he'd gone to the salon with Marjorie and had been going ever since.

"Hey, babe," Brandon said, coming into the living room.

Jerry fit his body into Brandon's, tilted his head back and accepted a kiss. They'd been a couple for a year now. Jerry didn't really like Brandon, but he was a keeper. An old-fashioned guy, he loved his mother and knew how to treat a woman. Besides, he was going to law school, and would make a lot of money. Jerry was a woman, and as such he knew he now had an obligation to find a mate and bear children. Of course, he would only settle for a man who could provide for he and his babies. Brandon was most certainly going to be that, especially with his family's connections.

Jerry felt a certain feminine satisfaction in the quality of man he'd attracted. He'd done well competing against the females to land a man, which in some weird way proved to him men were superior to women. So many girls had been after Brandon, and he'd beaten all those other bitches right out like, as if?

And, if it didn't work out between them? Jerry had no doubt he would land another stud. In the meantime, having a hot boyfriend was so essential to Jerry's influencer empire.

"You ready to head out?" Brandon said.

"Just let me get my bag." Jerry grabbed his purse and slung it over his shoulder. "Thanks for walking me to class."

"No prob. Gotta keep my woman safe."

Jerry couldn't go anywhere alone anymore without becoming totally consumed with anxiety. Not only was he beautiful, but he was famous and there were always guys creeping on him. He didn't feel safe alone, but guys never bothered him when he was with Brandon. That was, he'd realized, really the bottom line: he felt safe with Brandon.

For a girl like Jerry, feeling safe was, like, so much of everything.

The End



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