

# A CHINESE CLASS

By Bewci



*(Illustration by Bewci)*

# 1

It was another extra class for Yusuf Mohammad, a 24-year-old man determined to learn Mandarin. He was not so fluent at it, but he had landed a job at the New York Chinese Embassy after struggling for six months. There was no way he could afford to lose it. Mrs. Bao Lin, a private tutor, was trying her best to make the lessons easy to understand, letting him learn with patience unlike any other Asian teacher.

Mrs. Lin began her lesson speaking, “We are going to have extra class every Sundays to help you improve your Chinese. I know that you are struggling a bit, and I want to make sure that you understand everything properly.” Yusuf was not happy to hear this, but he couldn’t disappoint her and himself by turning back. “Thank you, Mrs. Lin. I really appreciate your help,” said Yusuf.

“No problem, Yusuf. I want to make sure that you succeed. Now, let's start with some basic vocabulary. Can you tell me the Chinese word for "hello"?” asked Mrs. Lin.

Yusuf hesitated for a moment before replying, “Nǐ hao?”

“Very good! But remember to use the correct intonation. It should be "nǐ hǎo" with a rising tone,” said Mrs. Lin.

Yusuf tried again, “Nǐ hǎo.”

Mrs. Lin exclaimed, “Excellent! You're making progress already. Now, let's move on to some grammar. Can you tell me how to say "I am a student"?”

Yusuf struggled, stumbling on words as he spoke, “Wa shì yī gè xurshēng.”

Mrs. Lin sighed and said, “Close, Yusuf, but the word for "I" is "wǒ" not "wa". And "student" is "xuéshēng" not "xurshēng". Remember to practice your pronunciation.

Yusuf nodded and replied, “OK, I will practice more.”

Mrs. Lin responded in a sweet voice, “Good. And don't be afraid to make mistakes, that's how we learn. Now, let's continue with our lesson.”

Yusuf had reverence for his teacher. Her porcelain skin glazed with brilliance like an angel from the heavens. Her pure smile melted his heart. Yusuf muttered with gratitude, “Thank you, Mrs. Lin. I really appreciate your patience and guidance.”

Mrs. Lin spoke with an endearing tone, “You're welcome, Yusuf. I'm here to help you. Now, let's practice some sentence structures. Can you tell me "I want to go to the market"?”

Yusuf tried his best as he answered, “Wǒ xiǎng qù shìchǎng.”

Mrs. Lin took a deep breath and spoke in a soft voice, “Not quite Yusuf, it should be “Wǒ xiǎng qù shìchǎng” The verb “want” is “xiǎng” not “xiang”

Yusuf nodded, cringing at his mistakes. He mumbled, “Sorry, Mrs. Lin. I’ll try to remember that.”

Mrs. Lin put a hand on Yusuf’s shoulder and said, “It’s okay, Yusuf. I understand that Chinese is a difficult language to learn. But you need to practice more.”

Yusuf said with determination in his eyes, “Thank you, Mrs. Lin. I know I’m not doing that well, but I’ll practice more at home and do my best to improve myself.”

Mrs. Lin responded, “I’m glad you understand. I’ll provide you with some additional material that you could practice with, and also some online resources that you could use to improve your Mandarin.”

Yusuf was delighted with his teacher’s support. He said, “Thank you, Mrs. Lin. That would be very helpful.”

Mrs. Lin said a few more words of encouragement, “Of course, Yusuf. Remember, practice makes perfect. With hard work and dedication, you will be able to speak Chinese fluently.”

As the class came to an end, Mrs. Lin closed her notebook and smiled at Yusuf. “You did well today, Yusuf. Keep practicing,” she said.

Yusuf thanked her and left the class, and Mrs. Lin made her way back to her home. She walked through the busy streets of New York, taking in the sights and sounds of the city. As she turned into a secluded corner of her block, she noticed a small glowing red rock lying on the ground. It was unlike anything she had ever seen before. Amazed by the magical object, she picked it up and examined it closely. It was smooth and warm to the touch. She looked both sides of the street before putting it into her purse.

Mrs. Lin walked back to her home, wondering about the rock. She walked in to find her husband passed out drunk on the couch. Her heart sank. She had been worried about him for a while now, and she couldn't help but feel disappointed. She knew that he had been struggling with alcohol addiction ever since he lost his job in the pandemic, and she wished that she could help him overcome it. She sat down beside him, wondering what she could do to help him. She knew that it wouldn't be easy, since she was working day and night to keep the roof over their head. But she knew she had to do something. She looked into her purse, fetching the rock that was no longer glowing. The dark tint of red looked ominous yet powerful to Mrs. Lin, poking her superstitious self in a quest for answers in her mind. She ruminated if magic was real, and if it could fix their lives for the better.

A week passed since Mrs. Lin had found the glowing red rock. She carried it around in her purse and to her surprise, the rock neither glowed nor showed any sign of magical power. "Silly me," she scoffed as she sat at her desk, putting the rock on her table. As she began her class with Yusuf, she couldn't help but feel frustrated. Despite her extra help and

resources, Yusuf seemed to be making little progress in his Mandarin-speaking skills. She said, “Yusuf, I need you to pay attention. You keep making the same mistakes over and over again, and it's getting frustrating.”

Yusuf was worried he was finally getting on nerves of Mrs. Lin. He apologized, “I'm sorry, Mrs. Lin. I'm trying my best.”

Mrs. Lin spoke in a harsher tone, “I know you are, Yusuf, but it's not enough. You need to put in more effort if you want to learn this language.”

Yusuf stayed silent with shame in his eyes. Mrs. Lin grabbed the red rock in frustration, fidgeting it between her fingers as she spoke, “I wish you could see things from my point of view. You need to take responsibility for your own learning – OH!” Mrs. Lin felt a warm pinch as the red rock glowed in her palm. “What the he- Mrs. Lin?” Yusuf muttered. His hands drew towards the rock with a weird attraction unbeknownst to him.

As soon as Yusuf touched the rock with Mrs. Lin, both of them felt a surge of energy coursing through their hands as the light encompassed the entire room. When the light dimmed down into the rock, Yusuf saw himself staring back at him. “Ugh, what just happened?” he groaned in his teacher's voice. He was confused and shocked, but as he looked down at his hands, he realized that they looked dainty and feminine. They were Mrs. Lin's hands.

Yusuf felt the weight of Mrs. Lin's body, it was chubby and curvy, different from his own lean and athletic build. He could feel the softness of her skin and the sensation of her

long hair brushing against his shoulders. He could smell the faint scent of jasmine in the air, which he knew was coming from the lotion she always used. He could hear the sound of his own voice coming from Mrs. Lin's mouth, and he could see the world through her eyes. He was experiencing everything from Mrs. Lin's point of view. Mrs. Lin, on the other hand, was gaping in horror at Yusuf, who was now in her body. "Aagh!" She screamed in shock and confusion, "Yusuf, what have you done? Why are you in my body?!" Yusuf panted in panic, muttering with heaving breaths, "I don't know, it's like I've switched places with you! I can feel your body, your senses, it's like... I'm you!"

Mrs. Lin groaned in Yusuf's voice, "This is impossible! it can't be real!" Yusuf stood up and spoke, "I know it sounds crazy, but it's true! I remember you saying you wished I could see things from your point of view, and now it's like that's exactly what's happening!"

Mrs. Lin remembered and realized her words. She spoke, "Oh my God, the red rock! It must have given us this ability to switch bodies!"

"No, no, no... We've to try to reverse this!" Yusuf clamoured. "Okay, um, hold the rock!" Mrs. Lin said, grabbing the rock from the table. The two held the rock together and Mrs. Lin said, "I wish everything was back to normal. I don't wish Yusuf to see my point of view." They opened their eyes, and nothing had changed. The red rock stayed dormant without any glow emanating from it. "Why is it not working?!" Yusuf cried.



Yusuf's mind raced with reasons and possibilities of what just happened with both of them. He responded, "You think the rock wants me to learn Chinese by living your life?"

"It's the only explanation. The rock has given you the opportunity to see things from my perspective, to understand my struggles and challenges, and to learn Chinese in a way that you never could have before!" said Mrs. Lin. She was a bit enthused by the situation. Yusuf, however, was not so sure himself. Mrs. Lin said, looking down at her masculine biceps, "I can't believe this is possible. My body aches have vanished! I kind of feel great in this body!"

Yusuf was flustered by her huge racks attached to him. He mumbled, "I'm glad you think so, Mrs. Lin, but we need to be careful. We don't know how long this will last or what the consequences will be."

Mrs. Lin stopped admiring her new body and said, "I understand. We need to find a way to reverse this. But I'm afraid it's not possible as long as you don't master speaking Mandarin like me. It may take years, but I'll help you in any way that I can."

"Years?! Mrs. Lin, I can't live in your body for years! I have a life! A job! My breasts are so big! It is already killing my back!" Yusuf grunted with his back arched. Mrs. Lin was not amused by Yusuf's remarks about her body. "Yusuf Mohammed, are you calling me fat?!" She glared at him. Yusuf stood straight and whispered, "No. I didn't say that. I'm just saying, I wish to be back in my body as soon as possible."

Mrs. Lin sighed and said, “You’re right. But I’m kind of digging it. DIGGING IT! Oh my God, I speak like a young man!” Yusuf dug into Mrs. Lin’s brain himself, wondering if he could speak Mandarin by using her memories. But he was a clean slate. Mrs. Lin saw the distressed look on her former face and spoke, “Don’t worry Yusuf. Since you can’t speak like me, it has cemented my theory that the red rock wants you to learn Chinese by yourself. If you don’t, we’ll be stuck like this forever!”

Yusuf and Mrs. Lin worked together to make the most of this strange and extraordinary opportunity. They came to an agreement, exchanging phones and all necessary details to live on with their new lives. Mrs. Lin agreed to teach Yusuf every day while working at the embassy to keep his job. Meanwhile, Yusuf promised he’ll keep it a secret and act normal in front of her husband. “Don’t worry, you won’t lose your job because of me. After all, Wǒ huì shuō zhōngwén. It means, “I can speak Chinese.” She giggled.

Yusuf walked with Mrs. Lin to her home. It was an apartment on the third floor in a dilapidated building. She was not living in the affluent neighbourhoods of the city. Yusuf couldn’t help but feel sorry for her.

Mrs. Lin told him how they lost almost everything during the pandemic. “The banks and insurance did nothing to save the restaurant. We had to sell everything in the last two years. Russell caught the virus, and then, me. The medical expenses were the last nail on the coffin.” A streak of tear flowed down Mrs. Lin’s rugged cheeks.

“I’m sorry,” a soft whisper escaped Yusuf’s lips. “Anyways, you should go now. The room no. is 309. I’ll take a cab to your address,” Mrs. Lin said.

“No, Mrs. Lin, I should come with you,” said Yusuf. “No, I insist. I’m the young man now, not you,” Mrs. Lin chuckled.

Yusuf took a deep sigh and nodded. As he entered the old building and walked up the stairs to room no. 309, he realized he had never felt so intimidated and embarrassed in his life. Having the body of a middle-aged woman felt surreal to him. Mrs. Lin was at the ripe age of 37. Her body had gone through its fair share of damages that comes with menstruation, failed pregnancies, and rough sex. She had gained some weight because of her age, despite being on a low-calorie diet. But she was too young to have noticeable wrinkles or saggy skin. Her Asian genes made her look much younger than others in their mid-30s, making men turn their heads as she walked past them with her taut bodacious figure. “Ugh, this feels... wrong,” Yusuf whispered as he pushed the door open.

Yusuf saw a man sleeping on the couch as he opened the front door and entered the apartment. He didn’t bother approach him as the man reeked of alcohol and sweat. He sauntered past the room and took a turn. “Huh,” he gasped, catching Mrs. Lin’s reflection in a mirror hanging on the wall in the passage. Curiosity buzzed in Yusuf’s mind while his conscience struggled with it. He couldn’t fathom thinking anything sexual about his teacher. He gulped in anticipation as ideas of basic chores like bathing, sleeping, changing clothes, felt like violating Mrs. Lin’s privacy. He walked into

the bedroom and made a call. “Mrs. Lin, I can’t do this!” he exclaimed.

“What? Yusuf, you have to. It’s the only way,” mumbled Mrs. Lin. She was in a cab on her way to Yusuf’s apartment.

“No, Mrs. Lin, it feels wrong. I’m not religious or anything, but I can’t look at you naked, or be a woman!” Yusuf cried, overwhelmed by the emotions coursing through him.

Mrs. Lin muttered, “You’re a good man, Yusuf. Listen, I have never felt so free. My life has been stressful so far, and I want a break. I want this. And I think this unique and bizarre experience will be helpful for you too. I give you the consent to do as you wish with my body, okay? It’s technically your body now, so it’s not wrong.” Yusuf was baffled and speechless by his teacher’s words. “I am positive that living in my body will be a great motivator for you to learn Mandarin as soon as possible,” said Mrs. Lin.

“Bu-But Mrs. Lin, what if we tried changing back once more by using the red r—” Mrs. Lin interrupted Yusuf, “Damn it, Yusuf, don’t you get it? There is no going back! Not until you fulfil the wish! It’s up to you, not me! Now, in case you try to do something funny and mess things up even more, I’ve decided to keep the red rock with me. Now, once you’re good enough speaking Chinese like me, we’ll try turning ourselves back again. Or maybe the spell will wear off by itself, who knows?!”

Yusuf stayed quiet, sitting at the edge of the bed. After some time, he whispered, “I guess I have no choice.” He cut the call.

He pulled himself out of the bed and walked over to the wardrobe mirror. Mrs. Lin was 5'6", which was tall for an Asian lady. She had long legs, with slim, tiny feet. Yusuf's heart beat faster as he stripped her dress down past her shoulders, exposing a massive cleavage held by a well-padded bra. "She said it's fine. It's not a big deal," Yusuf whispered, not sure how to feel about them, as they felt alien yet natural at the same time. To his surprise, he didn't feel any sexual attraction looking at the half-naked reflection of Mrs. Lin. Even thinking anything sexual about it felt wrong. "Um, okay," Yusuf was weirded out as his male mind and female sexuality clashed with each other. He struggled to unhook the clasps behind him. After a while, the straps snapped free.

"Ooohh... Hmm," A soft yelp of relief escaped his lips and a smile spread over his face. The melon-sized tits swung like pendulum, coming to rest. "Woah, I didn't know I needed that. It feels as good as scratching my balls," he thought. Yusuf pulled down the panties and darted another look in the mirror. The bushy nether without a penis didn't bother him. "Wow, why am I not creeped out by this? It feels... right," Yusuf murmured in a calm tone. His hands stroked against the supple skin of Mrs. Lin's torso and wide hips. His fingers sunk into plush fat of his bosoms as they lifted them up. "They're so heavy!" Yusuf thought. Yusuf was amazed by Mrs. Lin's physique. Despite being chubby, she carried most of her fat in her breasts, ass, and hips, giving herself a voluptuous hourglass figure. Even her face was slender, with high cheekbones. She had a bit of puff in her eyes and cheeks, but that was it. Yusuf had never seen Mrs. Lin with such clarity and perception. He noticed the scent of jasmine had faded and her armpits and cleavage smelled with sweat.

“Ugh, I need to take a shower before I sleep.” Yusuf grabbed a white towel and wrapped it around his body before pacing towards the bathroom...

