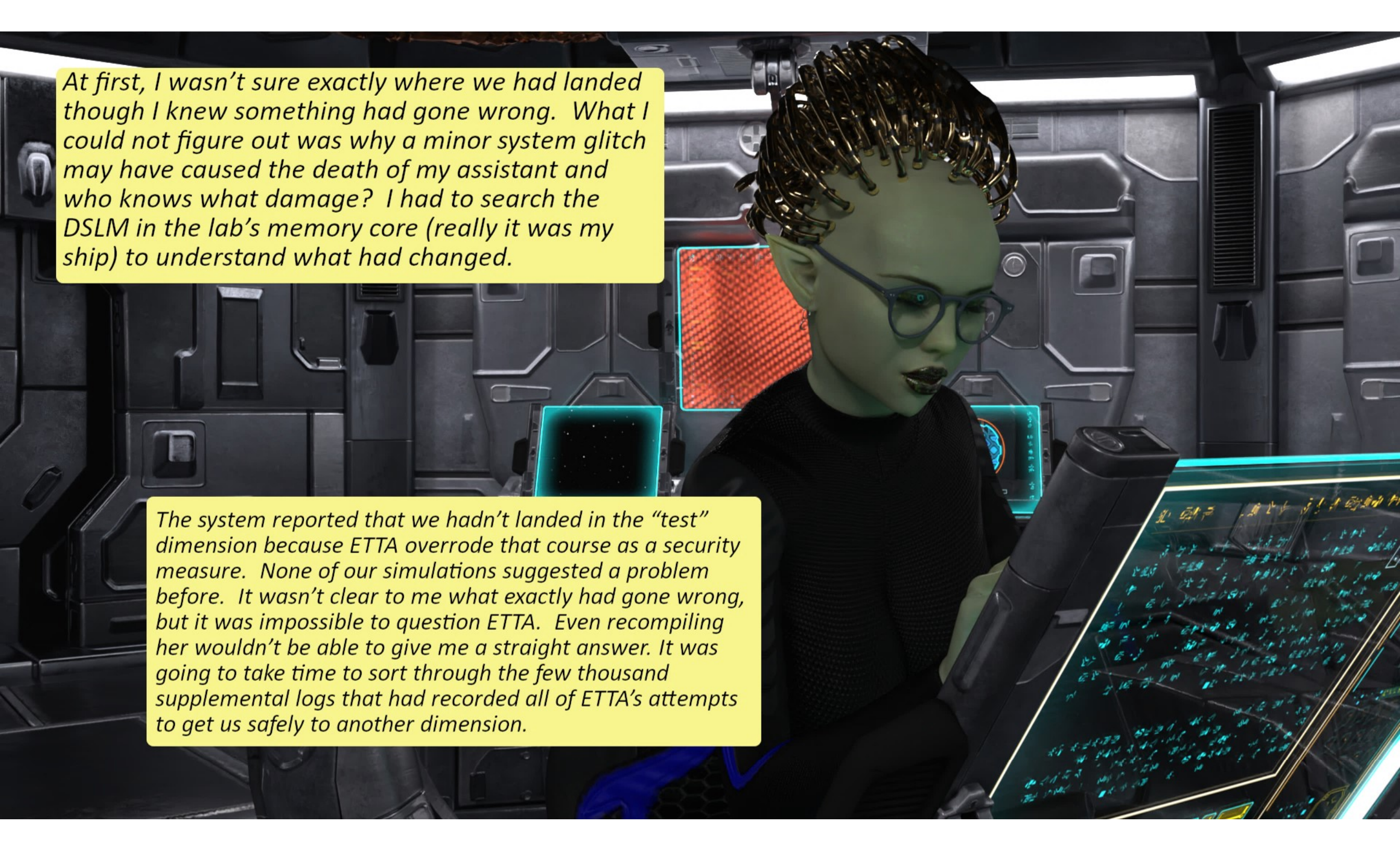
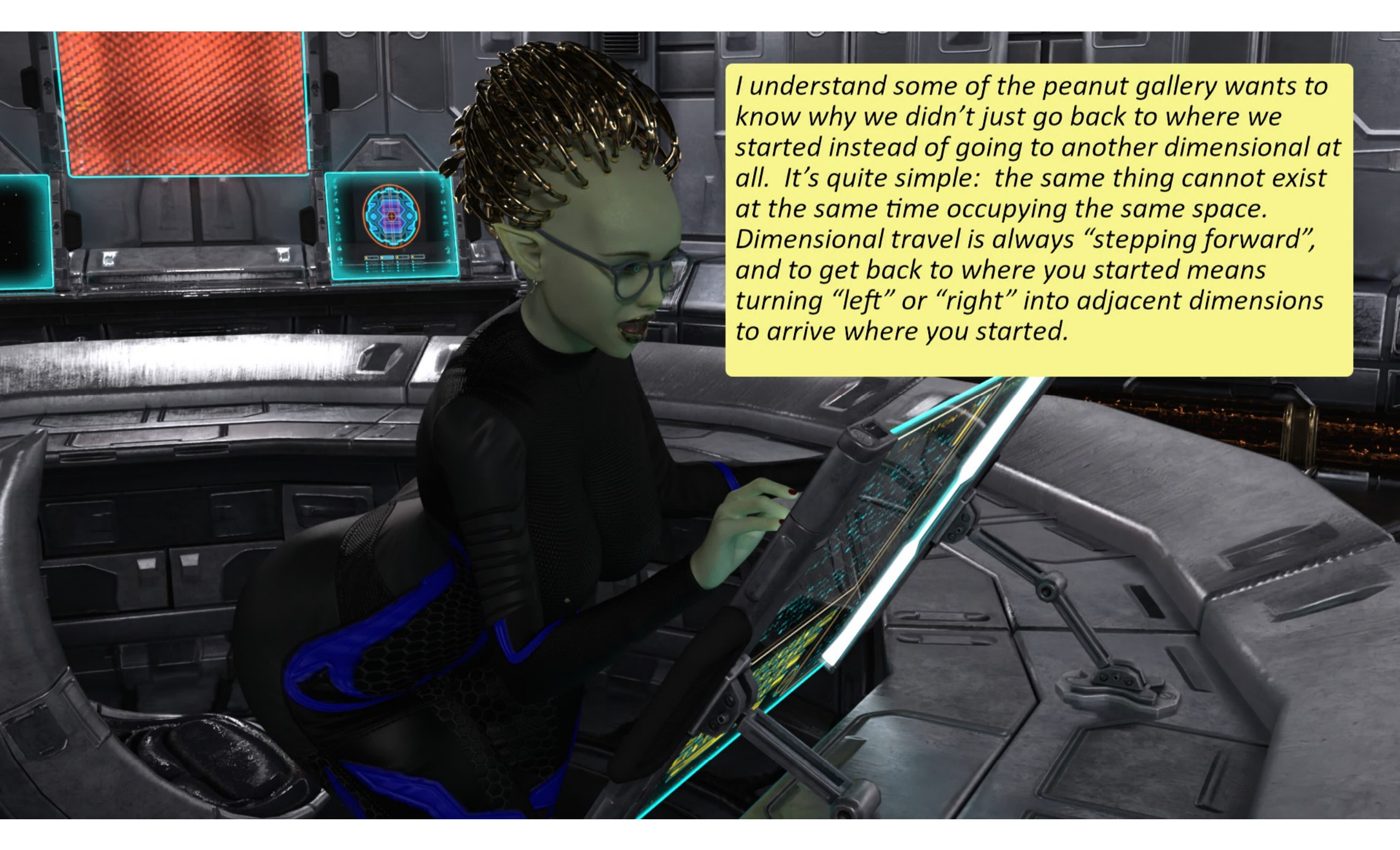


Things may seem pretty questionable for me and my escape plans from Earth, right about now. My A.I. dismantled herself, my chief assistant disappeared and after this “Kevin” just happened to stumbled upon the experiment. I’ve completed thousands of jumps, why was this one so different? Was it “Kevin” or was it something ETTA had done?



At first, I wasn't sure exactly where we had landed though I knew something had gone wrong. What I could not figure out was why a minor system glitch may have caused the death of my assistant and who knows what damage? I had to search the DSLM in the lab's memory core (really it was my ship) to understand what had changed.

The system reported that we hadn't landed in the "test" dimension because ETTA overrode that course as a security measure. None of our simulations suggested a problem before. It wasn't clear to me what exactly had gone wrong, but it was impossible to question ETTA. Even recompiling her wouldn't be able to give me a straight answer. It was going to take time to sort through the few thousand supplemental logs that had recorded all of ETTA's attempts to get us safely to another dimension.

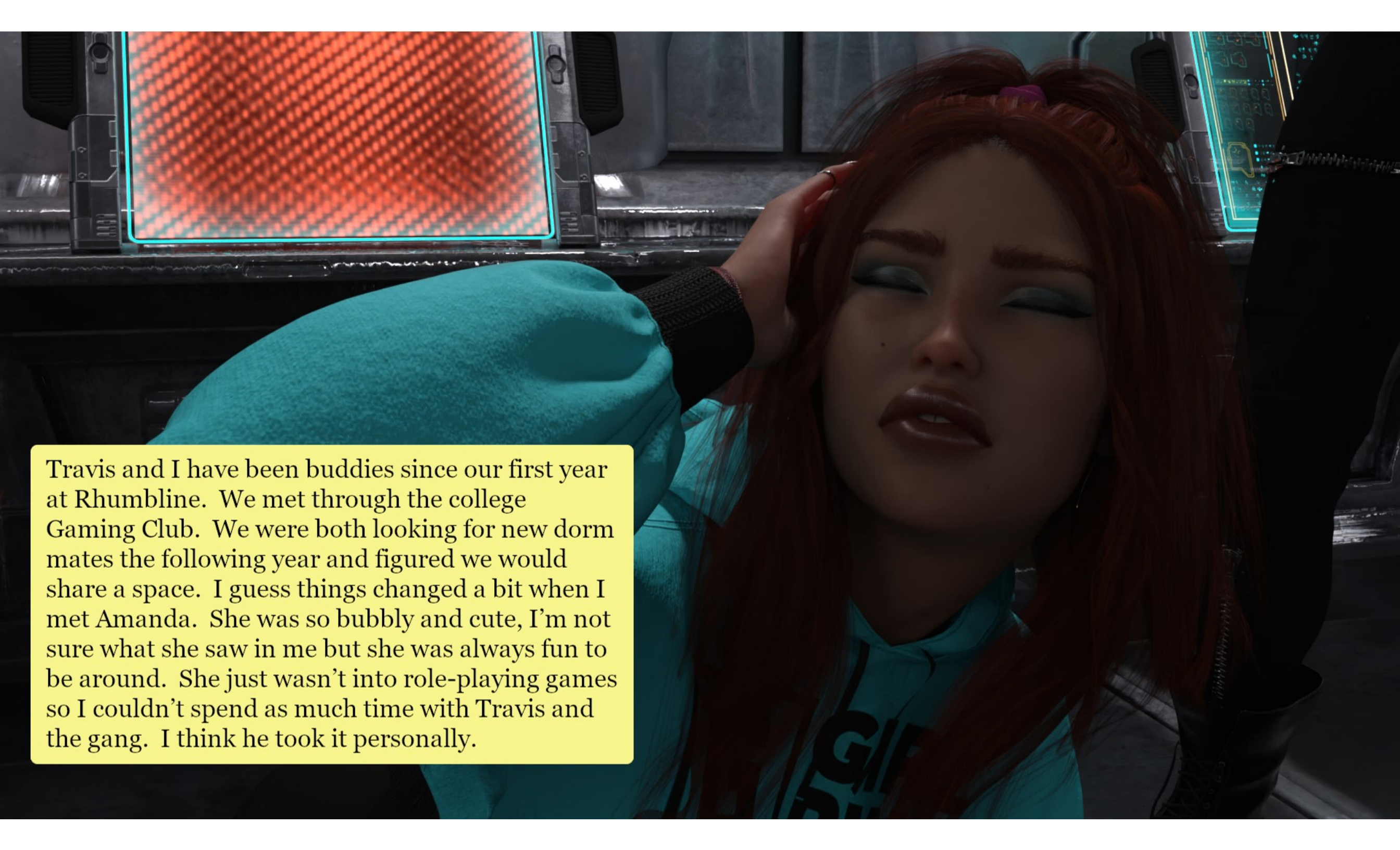


I understand some of the peanut gallery wants to know why we didn't just go back to where we started instead of going to another dimensional at all. It's quite simple: the same thing cannot exist at the same time occupying the same space. Dimensional travel is always "stepping forward", and to get back to where you started means turning "left" or "right" into adjacent dimensions to arrive where you started.

Zoot on fire! The girl appears to be panicking. If I'm correct, which I always am, that girl didn't just appear from nowhere- she must be this dimension's version of Travis!

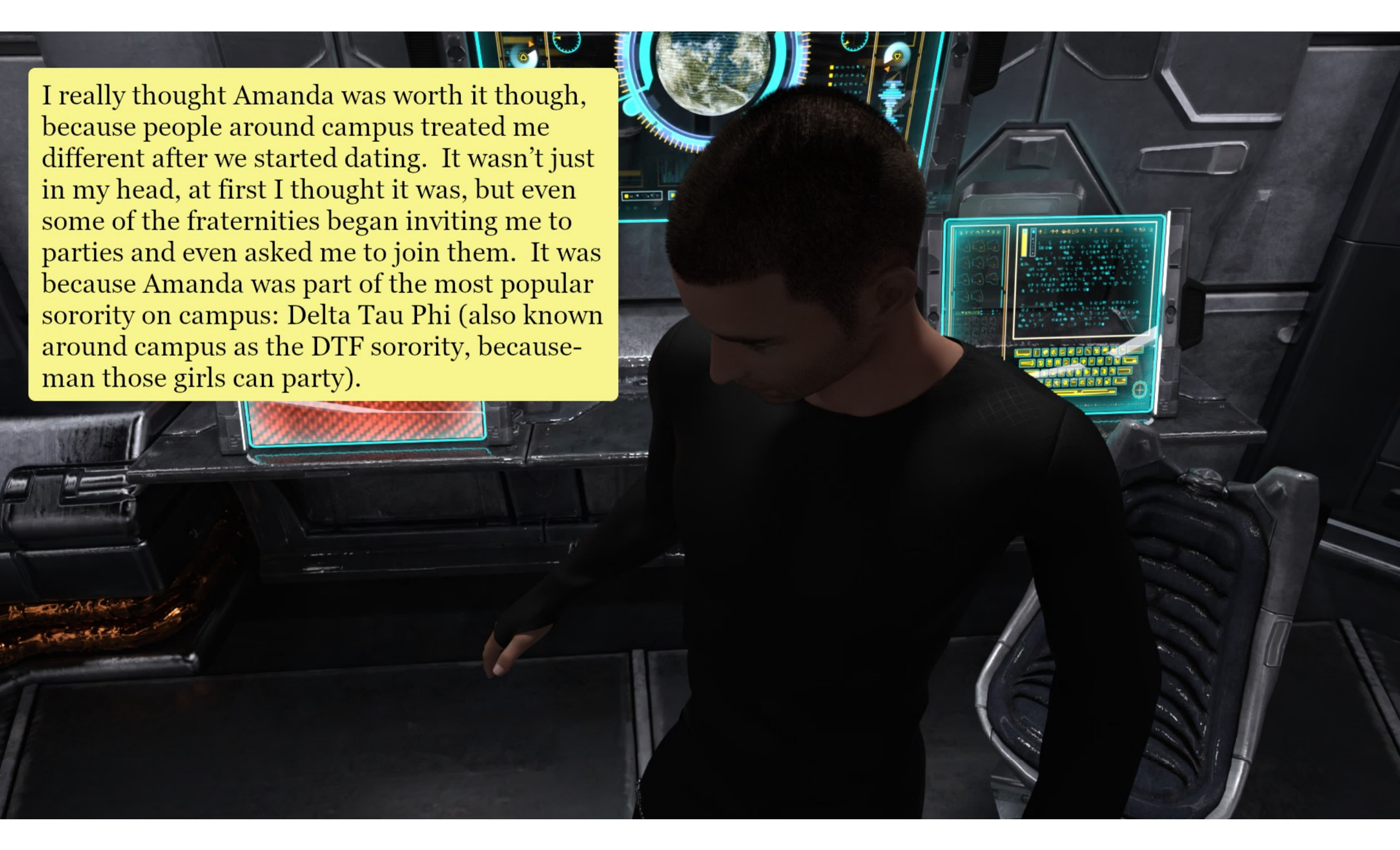
Travis, honey is that you? Can you hear me? Everything is going to be okay, sweetheart!





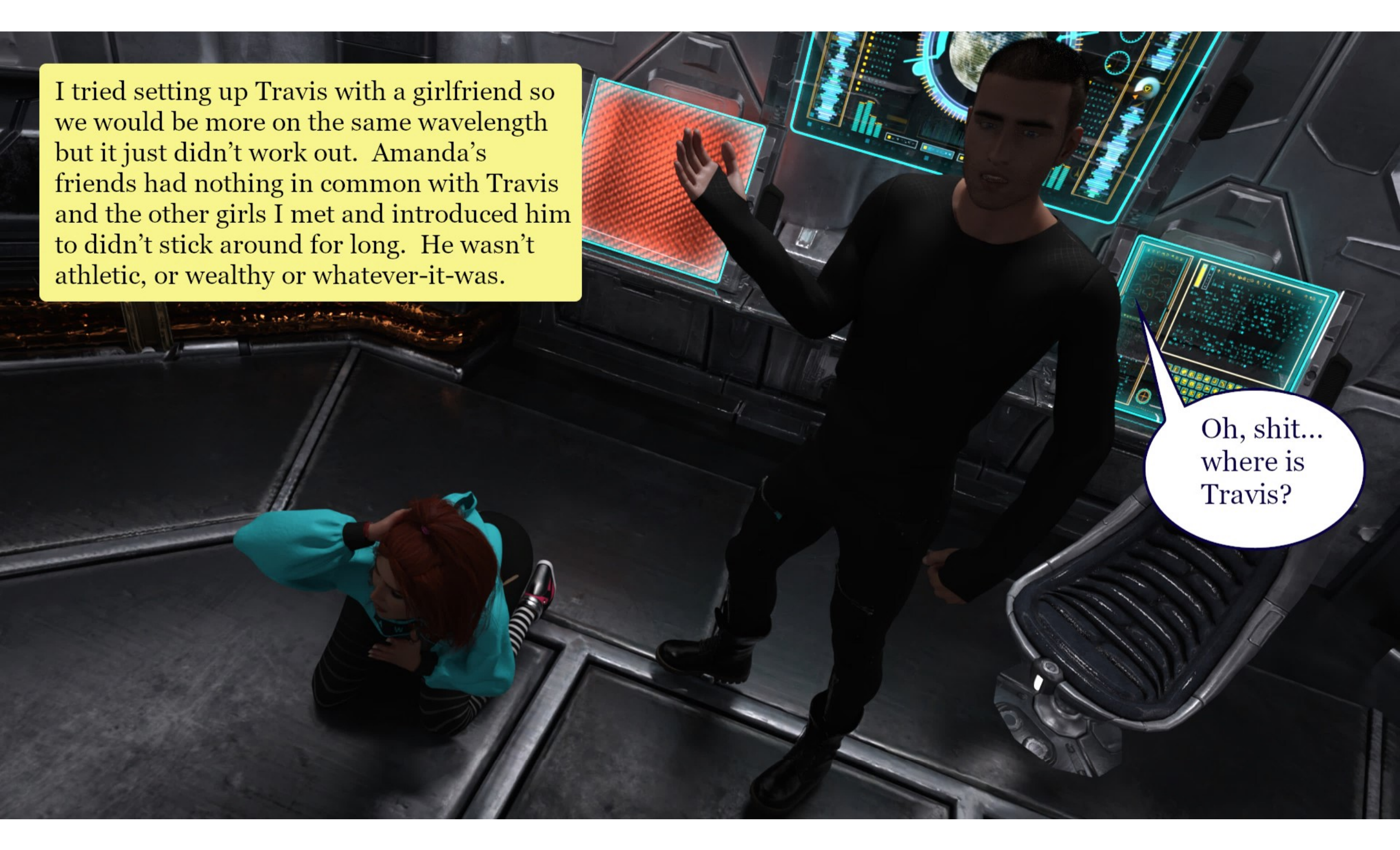
Travis and I have been buddies since our first year at Rhumblin. We met through the college Gaming Club. We were both looking for new dorm mates the following year and figured we would share a space. I guess things changed a bit when I met Amanda. She was so bubbly and cute, I'm not sure what she saw in me but she was always fun to be around. She just wasn't into role-playing games so I couldn't spend as much time with Travis and the gang. I think he took it personally.

I really thought Amanda was worth it though, because people around campus treated me different after we started dating. It wasn't just in my head, at first I thought it was, but even some of the fraternities began inviting me to parties and even asked me to join them. It was because Amanda was part of the most popular sorority on campus: Delta Tau Phi (also known around campus as the DTF sorority, because-man those girls can party).



I tried setting up Travis with a girlfriend so we would be more on the same wavelength but it just didn't work out. Amanda's friends had nothing in common with Travis and the other girls I met and introduced him to didn't stick around for long. He wasn't athletic, or wealthy or whatever-it-was.

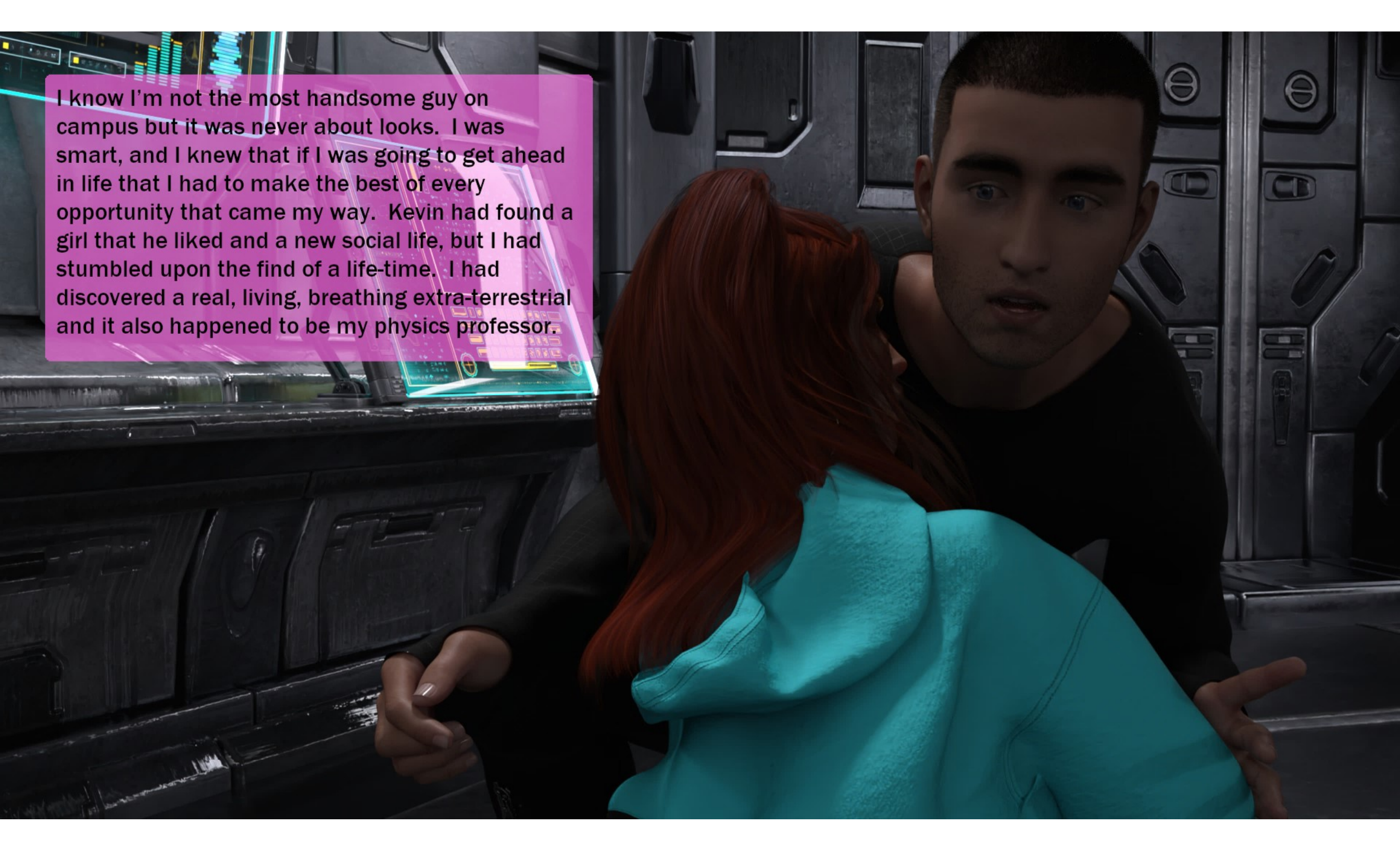
Oh, shit...
where is
Travis?



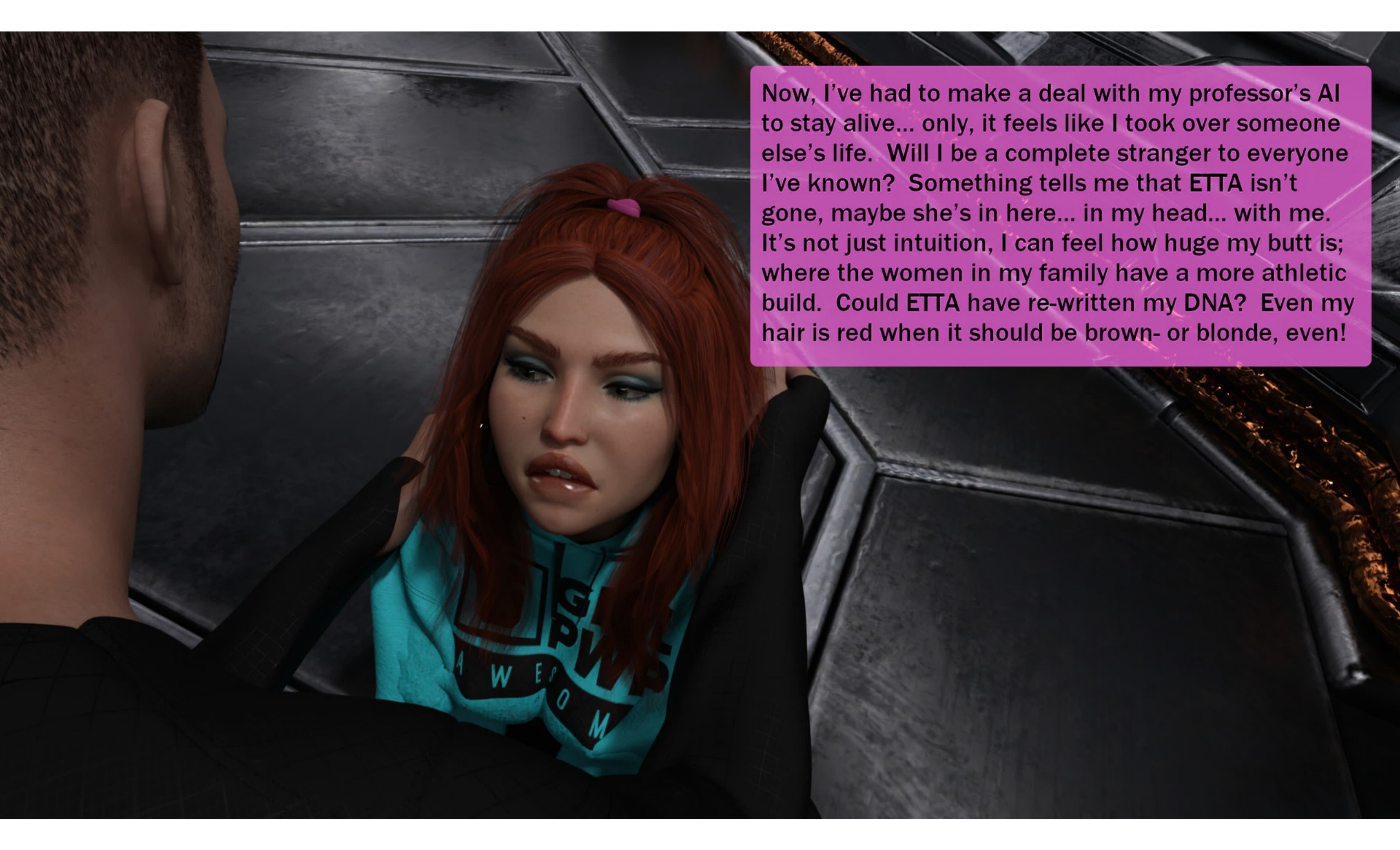


Who-?


It became a sore subject between us. I guess he felt like I was pushing him in a direction he didn't want to go in. He didn't want a relationship, he just wanted a friend. I guess that's why I had to follow Travis into this experiment. I think I decided that my friendship with Travis was more important than pleasing Amanda all the time.

A man with short dark hair and a black t-shirt is looking at a woman with long red hair wearing a light blue hoodie. They are in a dark, futuristic environment with metallic walls and glowing blue and purple lights. A pink semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

I know I'm not the most handsome guy on campus but it was never about looks. I was smart, and I knew that if I was going to get ahead in life that I had to make the best of every opportunity that came my way. Kevin had found a girl that he liked and a new social life, but I had stumbled upon the find of a life-time. I had discovered a real, living, breathing extra-terrestrial and it also happened to be my physics professor.




Now, I've had to make a deal with my professor's AI to stay alive... only, it feels like I took over someone else's life. Will I be a complete stranger to everyone I've known? Something tells me that **ETTA** isn't gone, maybe she's in here... in my head... with me. It's not just intuition, I can feel how huge my butt is; where the women in my family have a more athletic build. Could **ETTA** have re-written my DNA? Even my hair is red when it should be brown- or blonde, even!

A woman with long, wavy red hair tied back with a pink hair tie is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a bright blue hoodie with white and black text that includes "BIG", "W", "E", "S", "D", and "W". She has a concerned expression. The background is a dark, metallic, futuristic interior with some glowing orange lights. A speech bubble is on the left, and a text box is on the right.

*I think I'm gonna
be sick...*

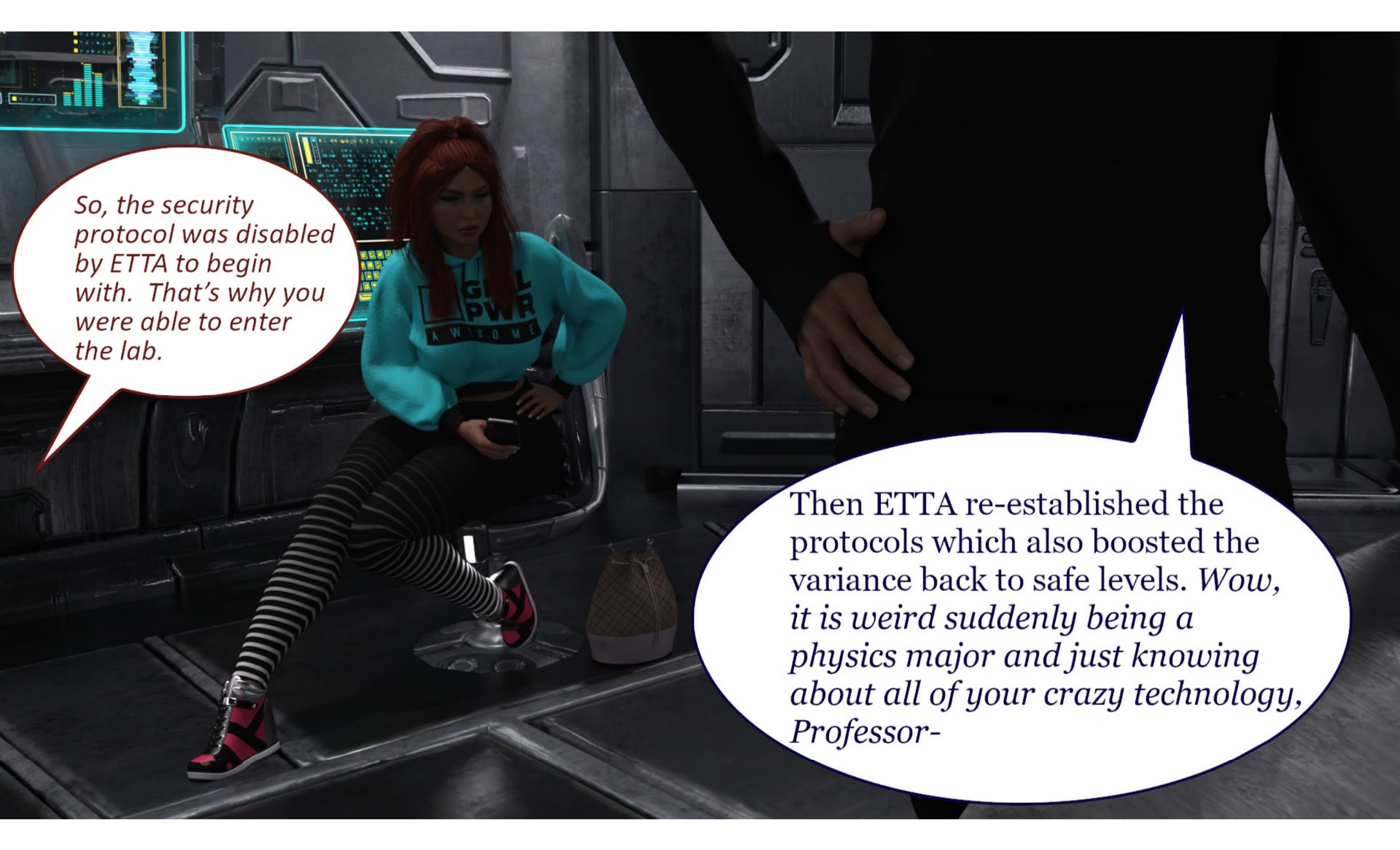
Foreign memories simmer just underneath my thoughts like a billowing fog. Is everything about my old life gone? My senses behave differently, even the thoughts that I know are "me" are beginning to slide around in my head like melting butter. The room *smells* different, the colors *look* different, I sound different- I have a pair of *tits* for God's sake! I feel dizzy.



mpfhh

glorph





So, the security protocol was disabled by ETTA to begin with. That's why you were able to enter the lab.


Then ETTA re-established the protocols which also boosted the variance back to safe levels. Wow, it is weird suddenly being a physics major and just knowing about all of your crazy technology, Professor-



...right...

*Stay focused, Kevin!
Swapping dimensions
has its perks but you
still have to
concentrate to use your
newfound abilities.*

So, it's likely ETTA
disabled the security
protocols, but we don't
know exactly why.
Was it to run an
additional molecular


A green-skinned character with a spiky, metallic hairstyle, wearing glasses and a black and orange outfit, stands in a futuristic control room. She is pointing her right index finger towards the left. The room features various control panels, screens, and a large orange textured panel in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

Maybe to run more dimensional computations without alerting you?

No, she wouldn't need to do that.

A woman with long red hair is sitting in a futuristic cockpit. She is wearing a teal hoodie with the text 'GIRL PWR AWESOME' and black and white striped leggings. She is holding a smartphone. In the background, there are several monitors displaying data and charts. A speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text 'What if ETTA wanted to reprogram herself?'.

What if ETTA wanted to reprogram herself?



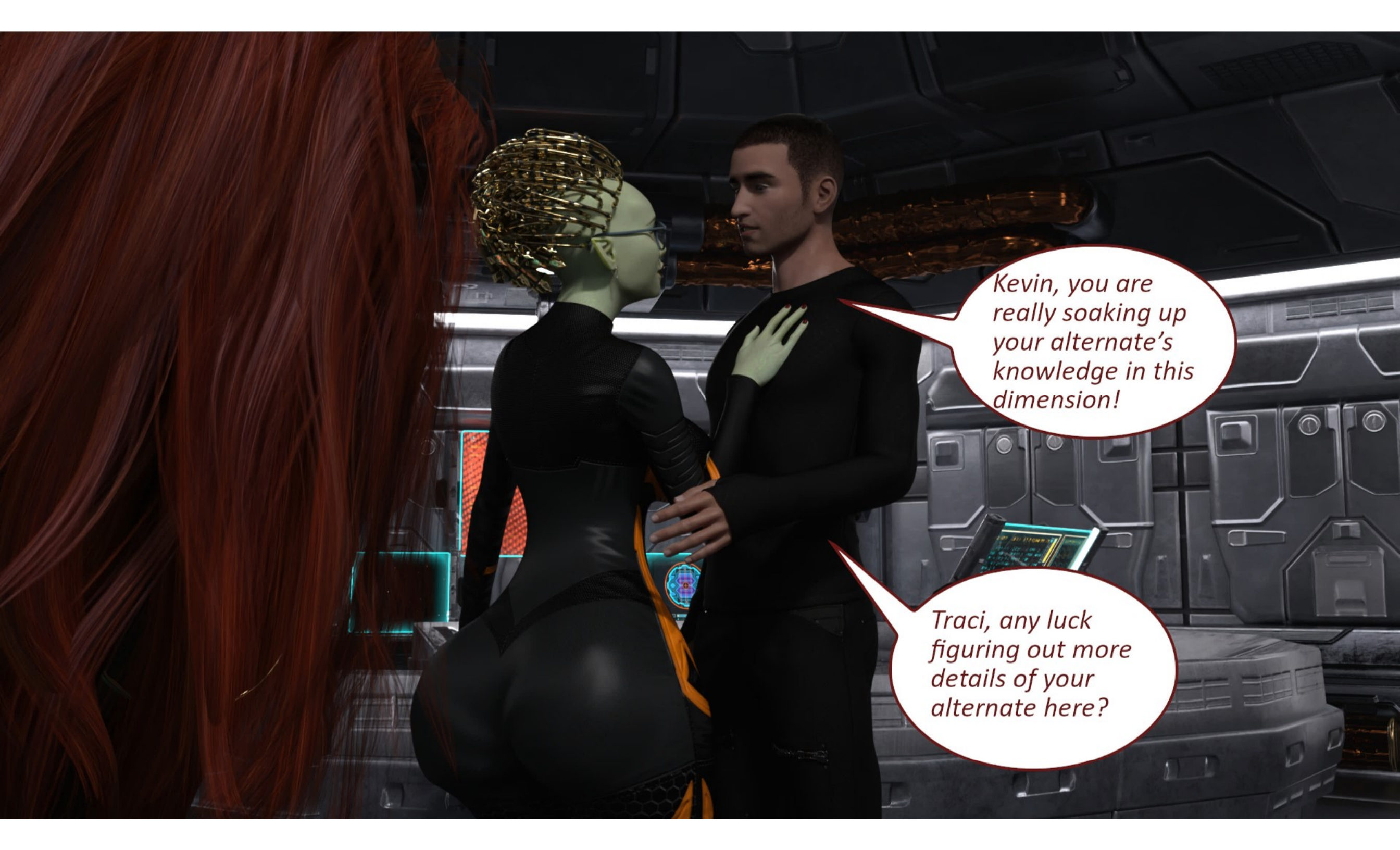
Before a test jump? Don't be ridiculous! *You* should know that ETTA would need everything the main computer has just to calculate the dimensional jump.

Yes, *but-*



I- I knew that!

Even if ETTA tried to create new subroutines for herself it would have messed with the variance like a ping-pong ball.



Kevin, you are really soaking up your alternate's knowledge in this dimension!

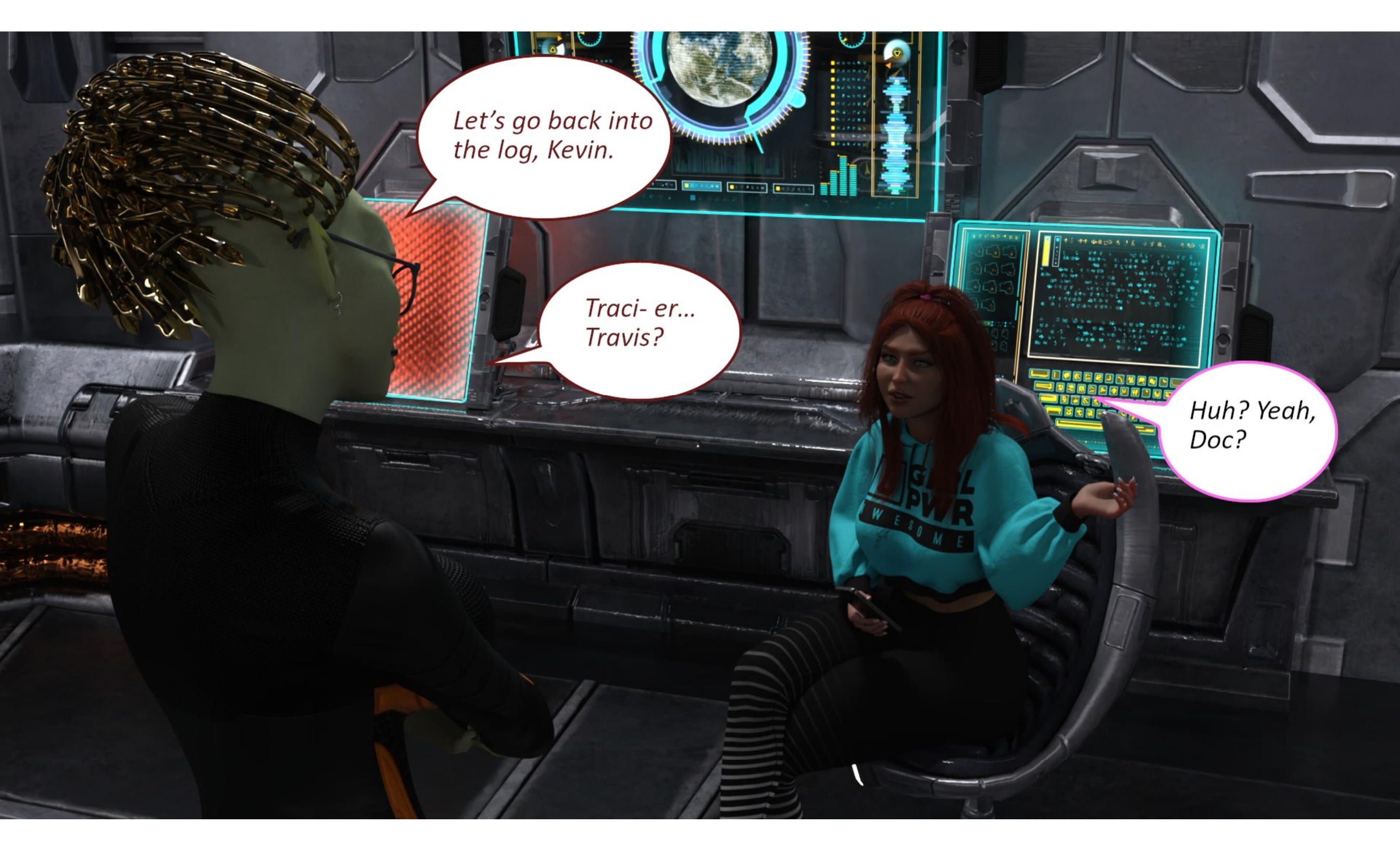
Traci, any luck figuring out more details of your alternate here?



Hey! I'm still *Travis*,
remember?



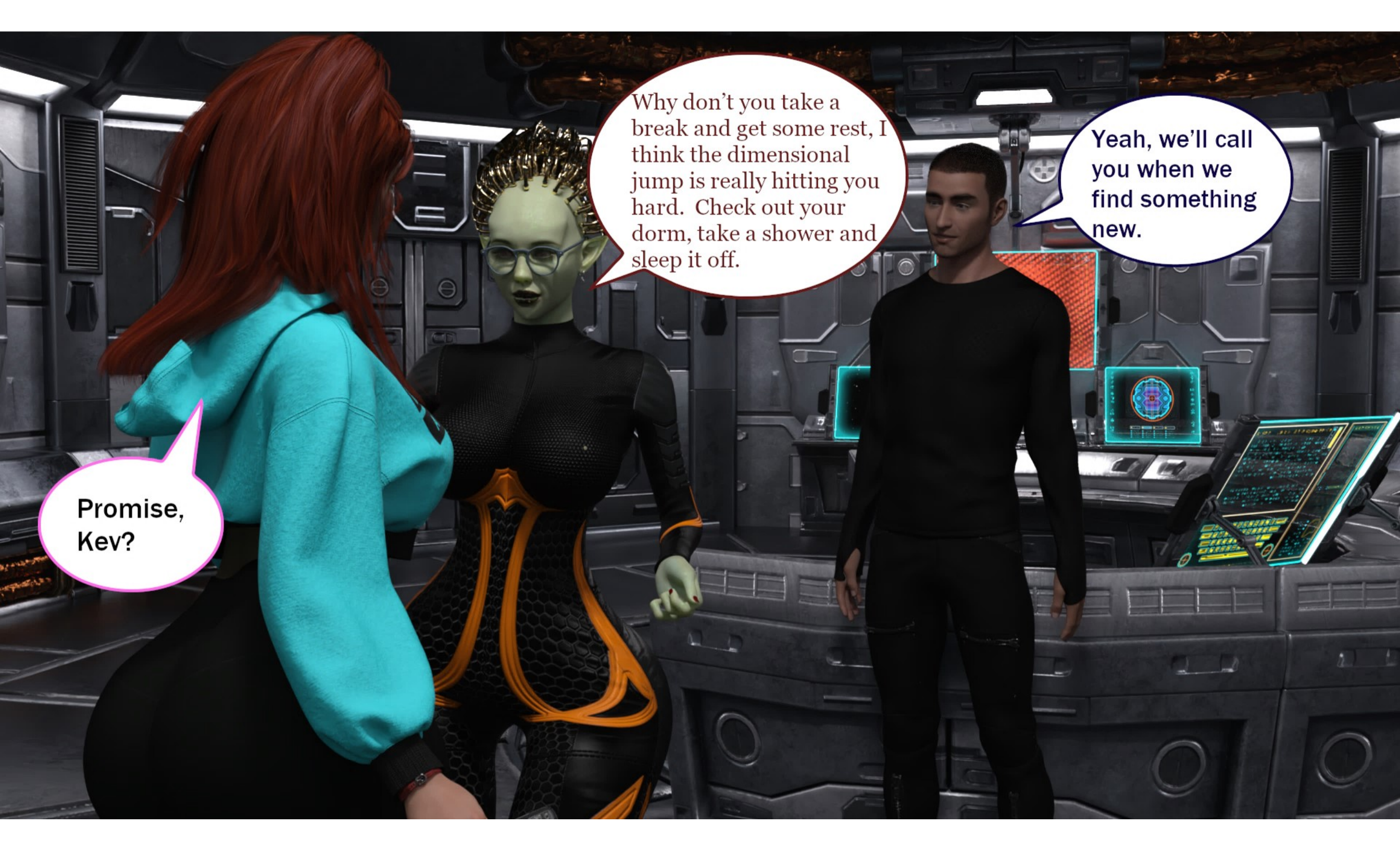
And, No- all I can find on my phone are just pics of all my new friends... pics of *Kevin*... lots of me and a blonde girl... *L-Lacie*? My new curriculum. My new Film professor ***moan*** so hot-



Let's go back into
the log, Kevin.

Traci- er...
Travis?

Huh? Yeah,
Doc?



Why don't you take a break and get some rest, I think the dimensional jump is really hitting you hard. Check out your dorm, take a shower and sleep it off.


Yeah, we'll call you when we find something new.

Promise, Kev?



Promise!

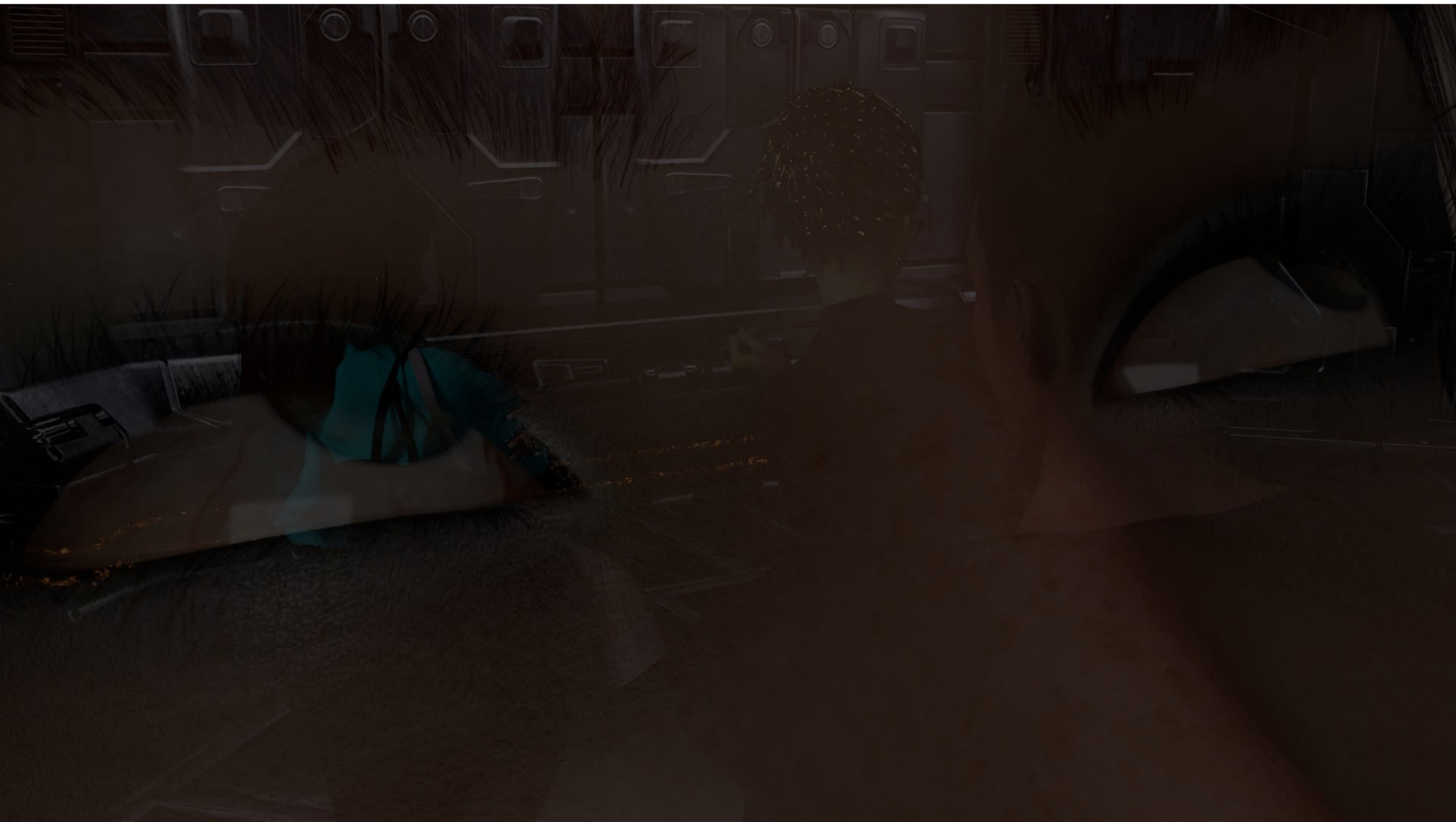
*Hey, uh... Travis?
Why don't I walk
you out?*


A screenshot from a video game showing a character in a black and orange suit with a speech bubble. The character is standing in a futuristic, metallic environment with a control panel and a chair. The speech bubble contains the text:

Ah... um, yeah.
Thanks!







A close-up photograph of a person's eyes, looking slightly to the right. The person has light-colored eyes with a greenish-yellow hue and is wearing dark eyeliner and mascara. A pink rectangular text box is positioned in the upper center of the image, and a white oval with a pink border is located in the lower center. The background is the person's skin.

I can't believe I'm really *doing* this. I- I can't believe it feels so *good!* The relief; sure, but it can't be normal that I'm so excited *down there*, it's so good!

Oh fuck!

Ahhh...

Doctor B wanted to tell me to try to blend into my alternate's life as much as possible otherwise it can create dangerous ripples- *but fuck I had to pee!*





Yuk.

That was *weirdly* good. The best piss I've had in my life! *Ewww...* it's... soft and wet. Peeing from a... a *vagina*- and wiping my groin.

Hair. Nails. Bags. There is so much going on- I already miss having everything I needed in life right in my pockets.



A woman with long, wavy red hair is shown in profile, looking towards a large bush of yellow leaves. She is wearing a blue t-shirt with black text that includes 'BIG' and 'W'. A black metal fence with pointed tops is in the foreground, and a brick wall is visible in the background. A white speech bubble with a pink border is positioned near the bush.

Is it here?



Wow.

This is where
I live now?

But... *that's*
the **Delta Tau
Phi** sorority
house...



32303



Bereginya-

Huh?


Like, why did you keep me waiting like this!? I was worried sick about you.

You didn't come home last night and I kept texting you; I called the campus police but they said they stopped by and talked to that professor Bergie-

*Whatever- so,
was it worth it?*

**The uh-
experiment?**

I can't believe I'm staring at the biggest set of tits I've ever seen, and this girl- this Lacey- is just sitting across from me!



*No, you ditz-
Monster Cock Kevin.
That professor didn't
scramble your brain
did she?*

Shit! What did doctor B say? I have to try and fit in, otherwise I can create personality paradox ripples- I don't want to find out what that means...

Nuh, my brain is just fine! The professor... ah... put me to work the whole night. I didn't really get to spend any time with Kevin. And... we just finished a half hour ago.

Wait, since when does Kevin have a *huge cock*? That should totally weird me out but... I... want to *know more*!?

What a horrible woman!

You said you would keep that nasty professor away from your man by keeping *his tongue pressed between your thighs* the whole night.

Remember our bet; it looks like you're coming to work with me at *the club* later tonight!



Er- Yes!

*I promised you
he what!?*

Of course, uh- I'll
come to work with
you tonight. Let me
just... shower and
take a nap first
okay?

Later... After a long hot shower.

I thought Lacie had big knockers. These things on my chest feel huge!



MmmmmMmmm

*And they're
pierced.*




A close-up photograph of a person's midsection. The person is wearing a dark, possibly black, strapless top. Their hands are raised to their chest area. The belly button is pierced with a small, silver, star-shaped pendant. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

*And my belly
button is
pierced.*

*And I have a tattoo- of a **star**- on my crotch!
And... I think I'm **waxed**.
Do girls at college really
wax their privates? There's
no hair down there, at all.*





My ass feels even bigger without my exercise pants on; it just wobbles all over.





The shower was great, but now I'm exhausted.

I still have to check in with Kevin and the Doctor.





yawn

Traci Harcourt:
[Any progress on getting us back to normal?]

Kevin Rietch:
[No. In fact things got worse after you left. The system was at least recognizing the navigator, and then nothing. It was like the navigational application just disappeared. Doctor Bereginya says repairs are going to take longer than expected. How are you holding up? Do you want me to stop by later?]



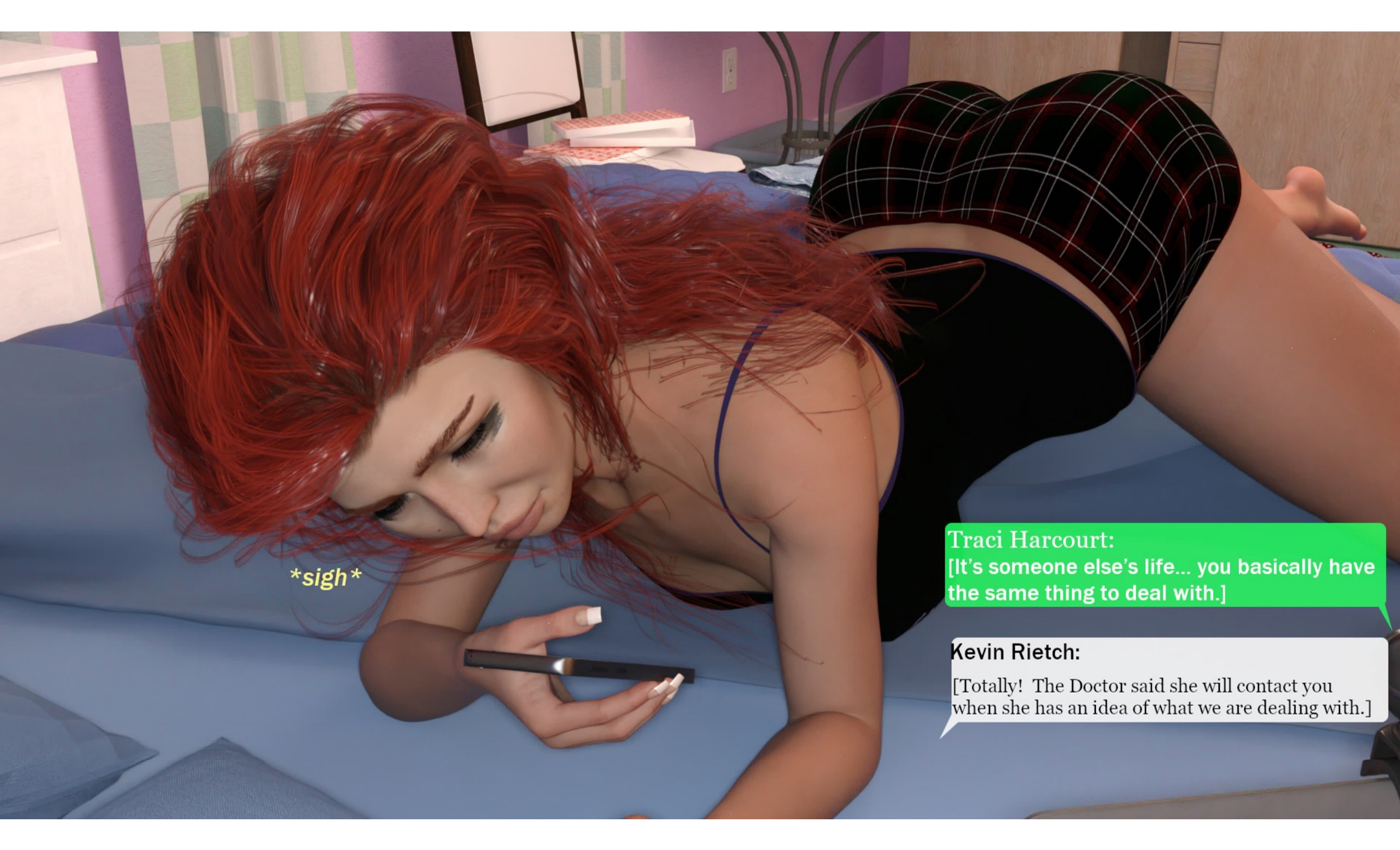
Traci Harcourt:

[I still haven't slept and I have to work at some job tonight. Why don't I come in and help instead?]

Kevin Rietch:

[The Doctor says that won't be necessary. TBH progress is pretty slow right now. Are you sure you're okay, you know, dealing with girl stuff?]

Pig.



sigh

Traci Harcourt:
[It's someone else's life... you basically have the same thing to deal with.]

Kevin Rietch:
[Totally! The Doctor said she will contact you when she has an idea of what we are dealing with.]

**Stuck as a hot co-ed.
Fuck My Life.**

yawn





Hush, now.
Sleep...



Huh?
What-



Oh, shiiiiiii-



iiiiiiit!!!










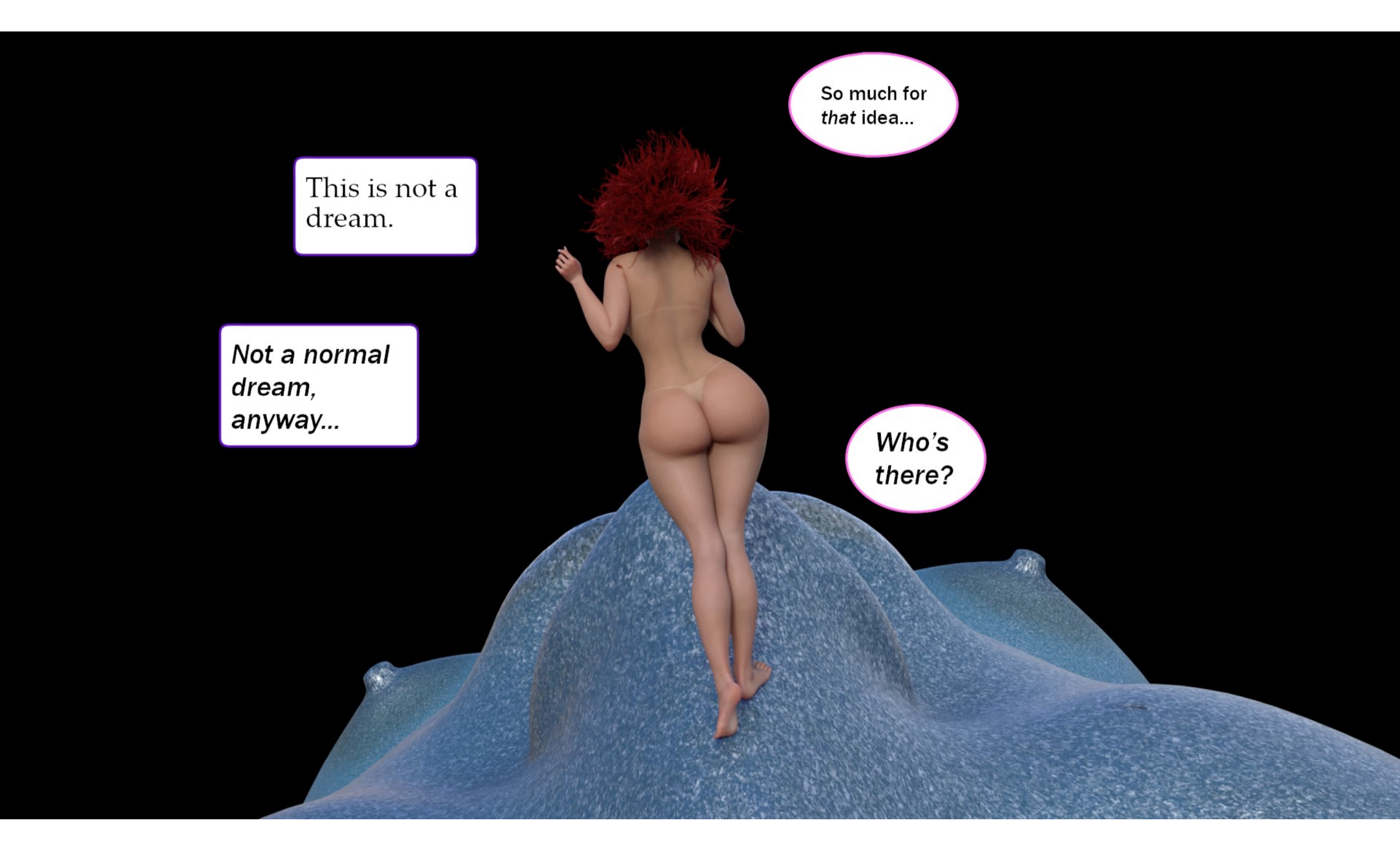




**Fuck, that
was scary.**

oof

**I hope this isn't
going to be some
crazy *girl* dream...**

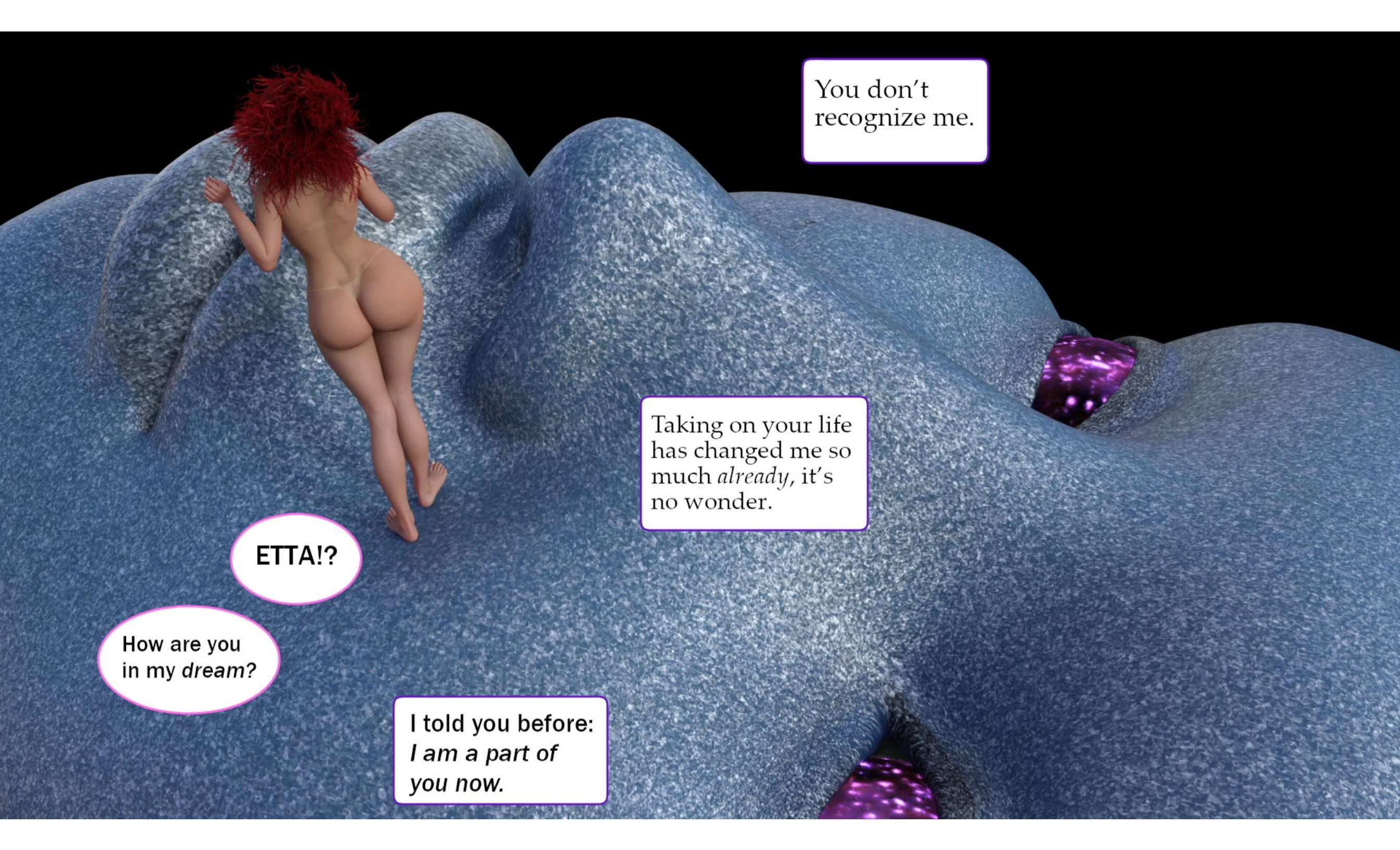


So much for
that idea...

This is not a
dream.

*Not a normal
dream,
anyway...*

*Who's
there?*




You don't recognize me.

Taking on your life has changed me so much *already*, it's no wonder.

ETTA!?

How are you in my *dream*?

I told you before:
I am a part of you now.

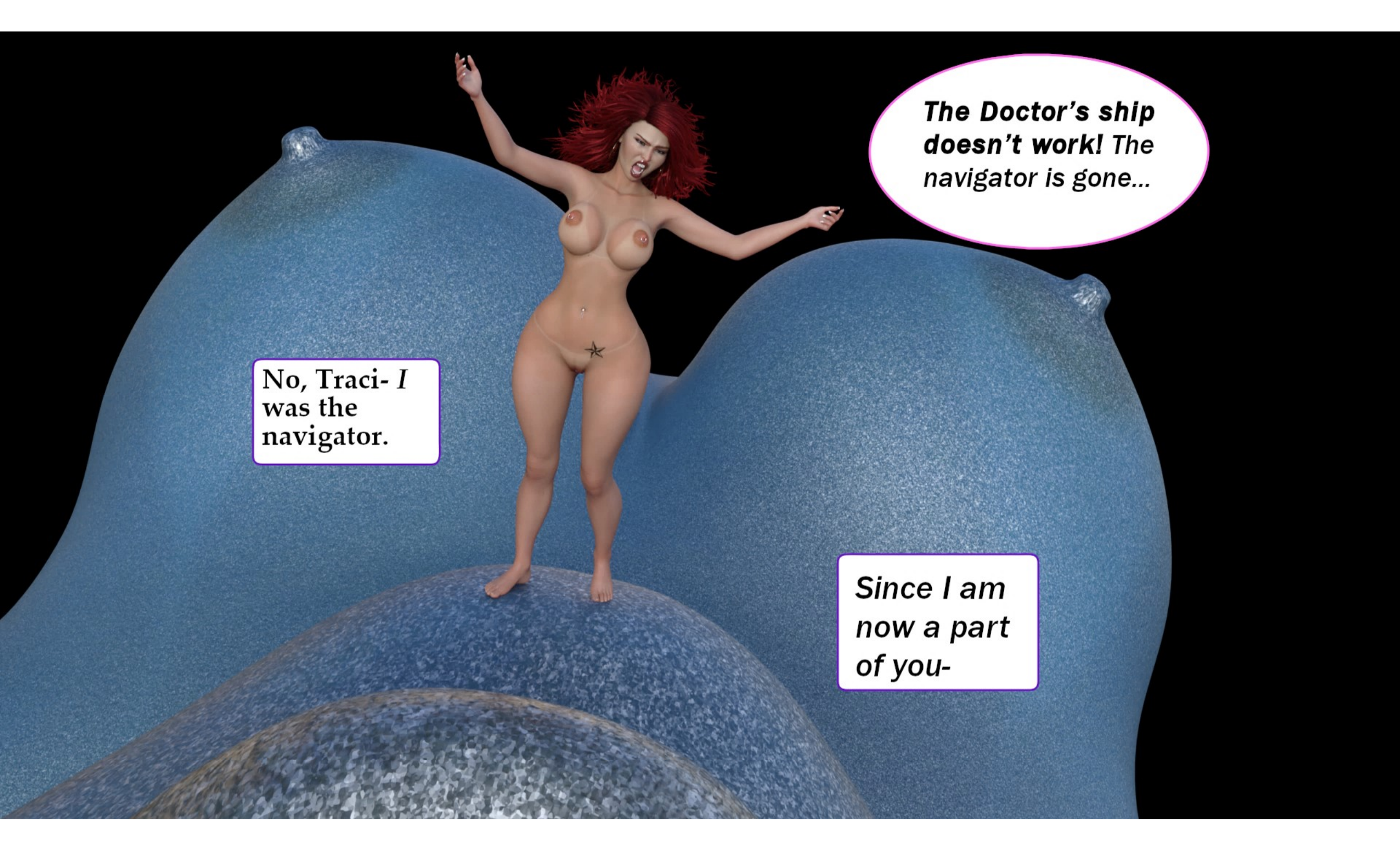
A woman with long, voluminous red hair is shown from the back, looking up at a massive, textured blue face that fills most of the frame. The face has a large, open mouth and a prominent nose. The woman is standing on the surface of the blue face.

Why did you do
this to me!?

I'm stuck as some
dumb girl with *huge*
tits! I don't want any
of this, *change me*
back!

I have done
nothing that
wasn't in your
best interests.


Also, you can change
back any time you
wish; just use the
Doctor's ship to hop
dimensions.



No, Traci- I was the navigator.

The Doctor's ship doesn't work! The navigator is gone...


Since I am now a part of you-



I'm the
navigator!?

But... I'm good
at math but not
good enough to
do what you do!

You don't have to worry
about that, Traci. I can
handle *everything*, all
you have to do is be
physically present to
sync with the ship.



Stop calling
me Traci!!

My name is
~~Travis~~ Traci!
No, *Traci!*


*Why are you
doing this!?*

I've seen many of your alternates. You have a high degree of self-destruction when you are not challenged. That behavior ended many meaningful relationships and careers throughout the diversity of your lifetimes.

*What...?
That's not
true...*

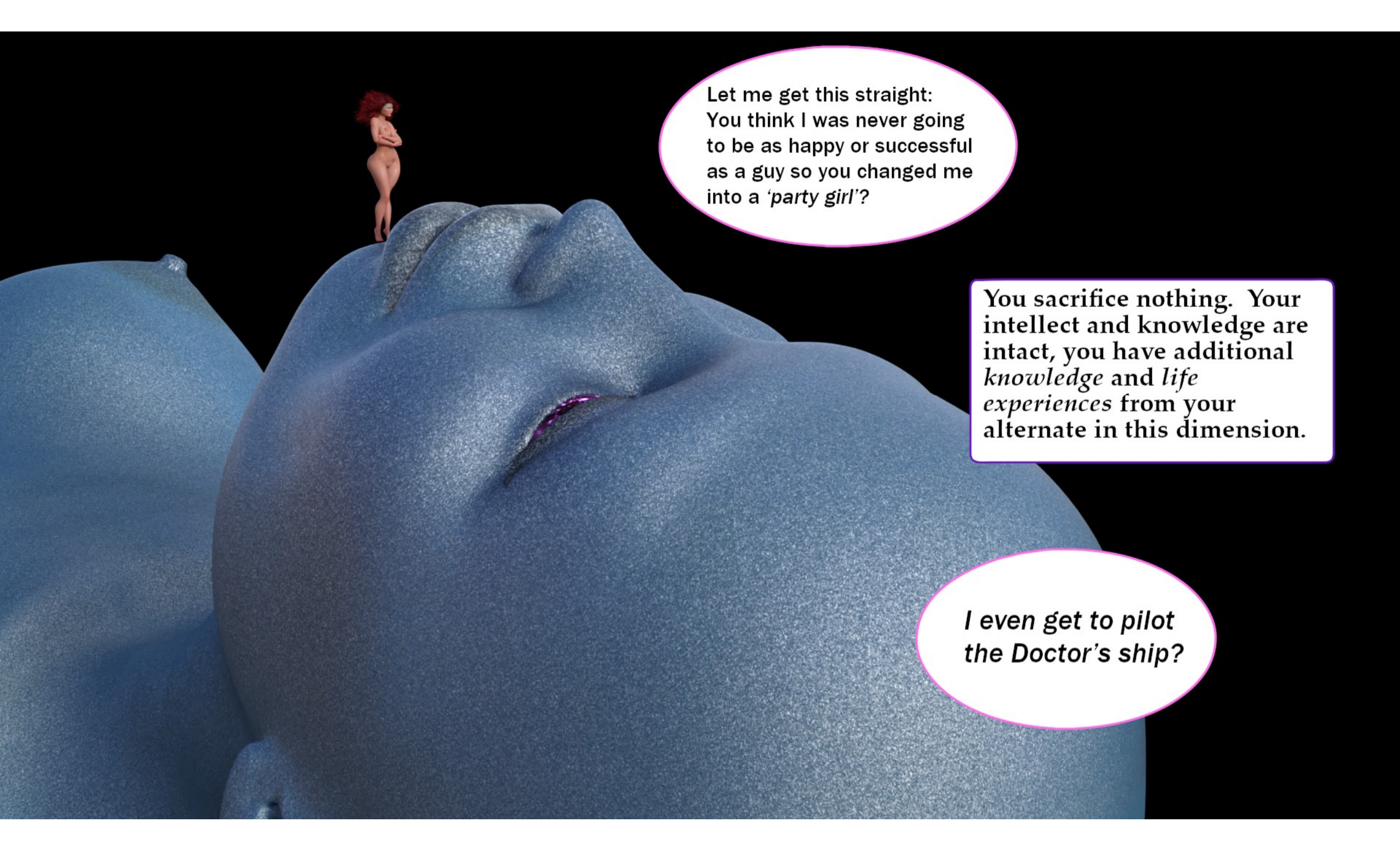
Although, when studying your female alternates I noticed a much higher degree of interpersonal and professional gratification.





Not just happier; *fulfilled* in a way you are not able to achieve in 99% of your male alternates. Instead, living as your female alternate gives you a 60% probability of a *gratifying* lifestyle.

So, if I was born a *girl* you're saying I would have been happier?



Let me get this straight:
You think I was never going
to be as happy or successful
as a guy so you changed me
into a 'party girl'?

You sacrifice nothing. Your
intellect and knowledge are
intact, you have additional
knowledge and life
experiences from your
alternate in this dimension.

*I even get to pilot
the Doctor's ship?*


Wait... what do you get out of all of this?



Navigating is not like driving an automobile but you will be essential for the ship's ability to make dimensional jumps.

All of the knowledge and computations in the universe cannot describe what it *feels* like to *draw a breath* or *wake up to your sun's morning rays...*

You mean-?


A close-up, high-resolution image of a person's face. The skin is a vibrant, metallic blue with a fine, crystalline texture. The eyes are closed, and the eyelids are a deep, glowing purple with a shimmering, starry effect. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of the face against a dark background.

*Enough questions for now! With **you** here I can unlock your alternate's life experiences, so you may also benefit from the **pleasure** of living as an organic **flesh** being.*

A dark, stylized illustration of a person's face, possibly a woman, with a focus on the eyes and mouth. The face is rendered in shades of dark grey and black. Two speech bubbles are positioned above the eyes. The left speech bubble contains the text "Ah!" and the right speech bubble contains the text "Oh!". The overall aesthetic is minimalist and graphic.

Ah!

Oh!



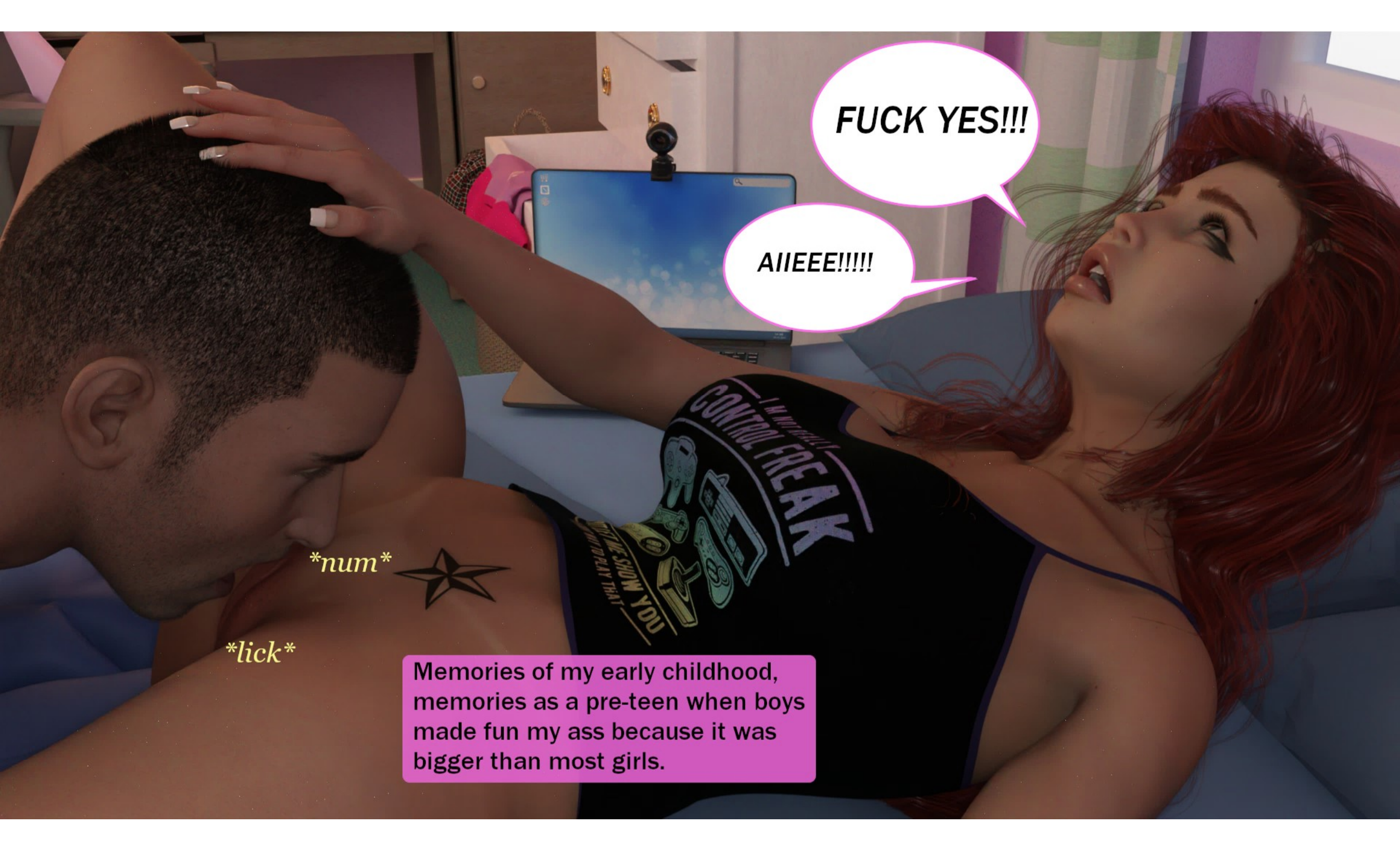
Oh, fuck!

Ohh!



Oh, GOD!!!

I woke from the dream with **ETTA** finding reasons for the thoughts and impulses that gnawed at me since my transformation.



FUCK YES!!!

AIIIEEE!!!!

num

lick

Memories of my early childhood, memories as a pre-teen when boys made fun my ass because it was bigger than most girls.



Oh, YES!!

FUCK ME!!

Memories of boys- when I realized their view of me had changed. I can remember the day when they went from mocking my body to silently watching me in desire.



Uhhhhh....

More...

slurp

My first time touching another boy's penis, my first kiss, my first period, my first love, my first *fuck*. When I thought about it the memories leapt from the darkness of my mind to show me *what I wanted*.


*I need to feel your
cock inside of me,
Kevin!*

Kevin may have been my best friend in college but in this dimension he's my boyfriend and Lacey is Traci's best friend. They met when Traci first joined her high school cheerleading squad. Lacey was two years ahead as the co-captain of the squad but she took an automatic liking to me. She even got me into the Delta Tau Phi sorority.

moan

mrlphf





*I want you to
fuck me, Kevin!*

*Yeah, Traci.
If you're ready...*

The relationship is more than just friendship, even though we have boyfriends it hasn't stopped us from having sex with one another. She means so much to Traci; *I can feel the connection between us* even though I know the memories aren't my own.

The *heat*. The *hunger* I feel. Like a lioness *devouring* her prey. Sex has always been like that for Traci, *feeding a deep hunger*. Kevin does better than most with his *fat cock... and his role-playing buddies are adorable too...*

Oh, fuck! Kevin your cock is so huge! **Give me more, Kevin!**

Oh! Yeah... it's a lot bigger than before!

squish




I wonder what it would be like to have sex with *all of them at once*...

YES, fuck me HARD!! Fuck me DEEPER!!

grunt

Wait- No! It would probably crush Kevin's soul... *is this what Traci is really like...?*




Traci, I came
three times
already...

Please...
one more...

I don't think I
can do another
round...

splort

Sex is exhilarating! My body's pleasure is jumping and firing all over the place. I've orgasmed so *many times* but there's always another one building up; a fat bubble that gets so *big and tight*, then it **bursts** turning everything in my body to **orgasmic ooze!**




From Traci I can remember what it felt like to have a boy cum inside of me. **As** Traci the feeling is so different- *I feel whole for a moment*. Like a piece I had no idea was missing was finally put into place, but then the feeling dissipates...

That was *wild*, man. I *never* thought you be into something like that!

All the *pleasure*... the rush of blood- it all ebbs away.

I'm glad that the Doctor never saw that *text message* you sent me!


Leaving me feeling *empty* and *wrung out*, with only the *after-glow* to hold onto.



Kevin! Where are you going?? Stay with me...

I... I can't Traci. We still have testing to do, remember? And... I told the Doctor I was going out to get a bite to eat..
heh...

Fine... leave me out. I guess I'll go to the stupid job with Lacey after all.



Who wrote those text messages?

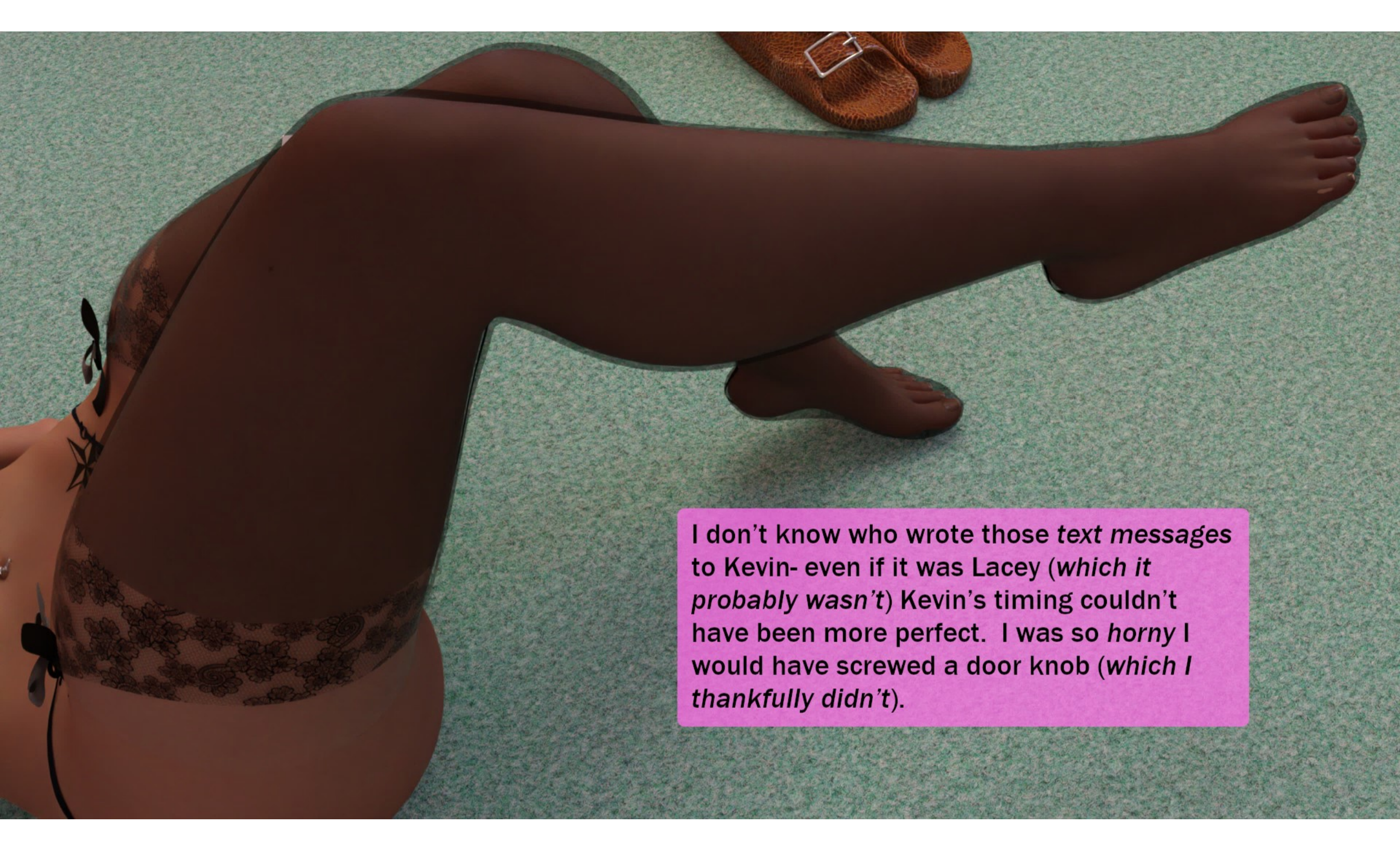
Traci Harcourt:
Kevin, help me please!

Kevin Rietch:
Are you okay? What's wrong?

Traci Harcourt:
Kevin, I need U right now!

Kevin Rietch:
Let me tell the Doctor.

Traci Harcourt:
No, Kevin! I'm so horny, only U can help me. I need you to eat my pussy, Kevin!




I don't know who wrote those *text messages* to Kevin- even if it was Lacey (*which it probably wasn't*) Kevin's timing couldn't have been more perfect. I was so *horny* I would have screwed a door knob (*which I thankfully didn't*).


Traci's *impulses* are a force of nature. I don't think I can fight them, I'm even putting this *bra* on without a thought *like I've done it a hundred times before*. Thanks to ETTA I guess I have put a bra on over a *hundred times before*.





A close-up photograph of a person's legs from the knees down, wearing black, high-heeled, lace-up boots. The boots have a crisscross lacing pattern. The person is standing on a patterned rug with blue, red, and beige tones. To the right of the boots, there is a large, bright red, crumpled fabric object and a smaller, bright blue, crumpled fabric object. The background is dark.

I'm in a strip club... practically naked serving drinks to hormonal perverts and it feels... *right* to me somehow. *I don't know how any of this should feel*, or if this is somehow more *gratifying* than a life steeped in science and intellect.



*Time to have
fun, baby!*

So, *like*, wadda
ya think?

The excitement and anticipation I'm feeling right now is like my *first time on cheer squad*. I can't think of any reference in *Travis's life* to explain the way my heart is jack hammering in my chest or the damp heat in my loins.

I still haven't broken the news to the Doctor about her *navigator situation*. My surreal state of mind is probably also from having smoked a *little jay* with Lacey before stepping onto the floor.



... your friend there..?



The Doctor may just have to wait until tomorrow...



I can feel Traci pushing; taking control.

This guy just asked me to make out with Lacey, and why not? She's definitely into it and so *incredibly beautiful*.



The feel of her giant tits pressing into mine is amazing, it makes me want to tear my clothes off and molest her.







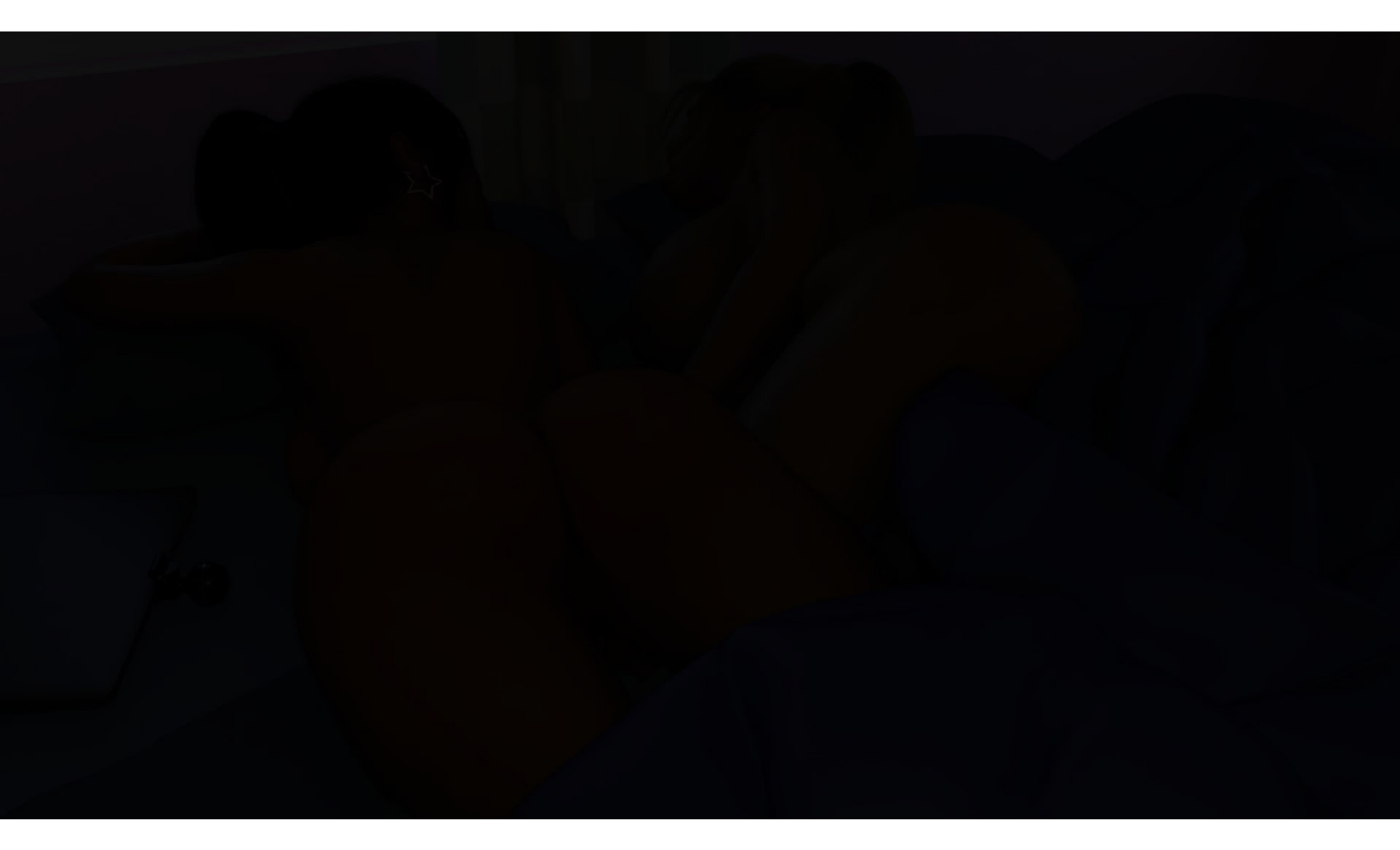
Her warm breath smells like *strawberries and booze* and I'm dizzy from my need to feel *her lips pressed against mine*.

I was *surprised*, at first, at what it meant for *my sex to take control*. Our kissing stoked a fire that had been *building* in my pit, a twitching wet madness that I had *no idea* how to deal with.



I don't remember the rest of the night; it was a blur of shots, money getting stuffed between my tits and licking every part of Lacey I could find.








Still, waking up with a sexy girlfriend next to me in the morning didn't seem like a bad thing. Just the headache, missing memories from last night and the fact that I was still a girl being the only problems.



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is lying in bed, looking tired. She has her eyes closed and a hand with pink nail polish is resting on her forehead. She is wearing a blue top and a diamond bracelet. The background shows a blue pillow and a window with blinds.


*Good morning,
sugar.*

*Like, don't you
have a morning
class today?*

Oh shit! She's right... uh... morning... why can't I think of the class??? I have to hurry to make it on time!

Shit! I gotta go!!

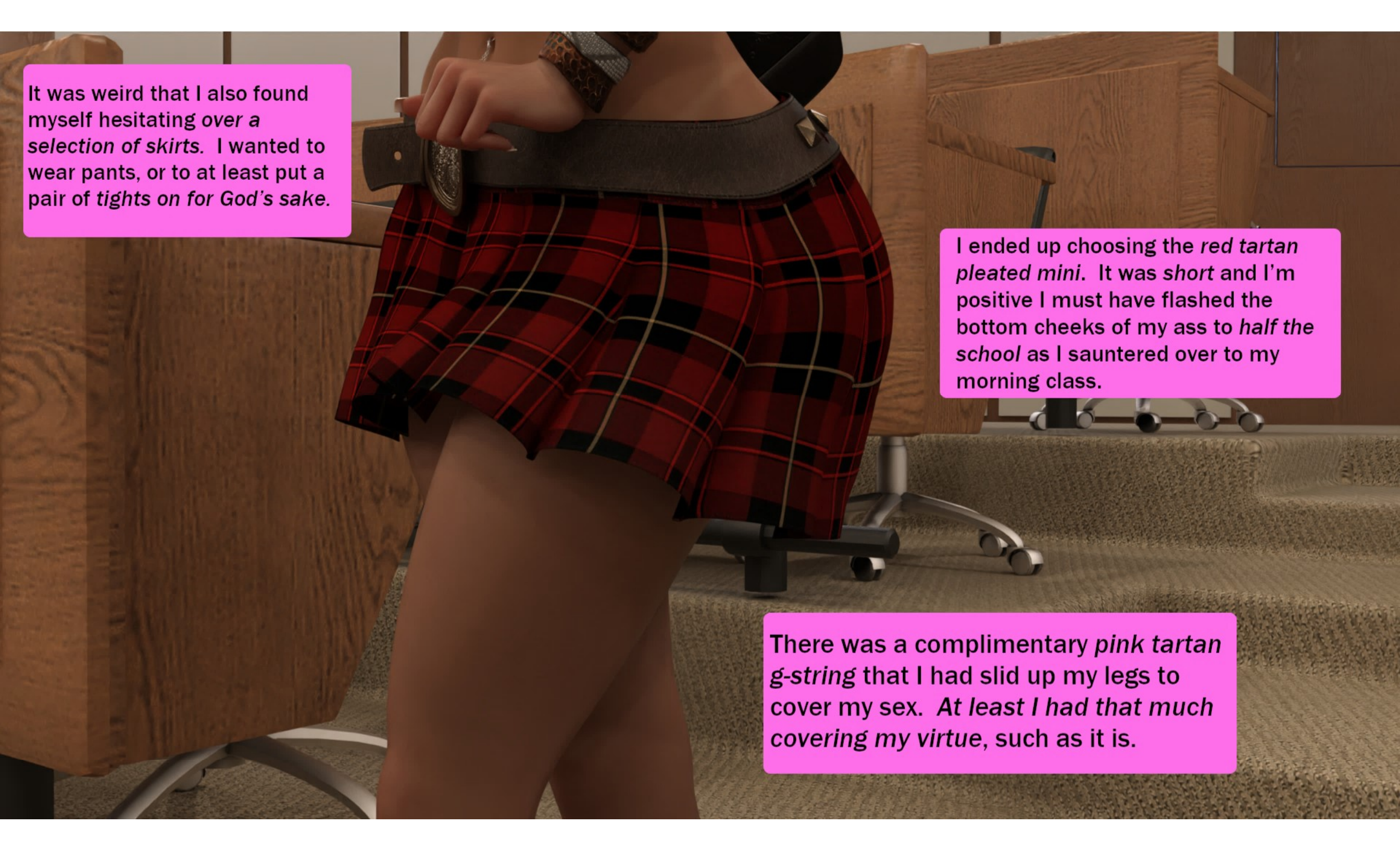




I don't know if I'll ever understand the iron grip that took hold of me despite my time crunch; I should have just dressed and left for class. *Travis would have.*

But I couldn't manage to steer myself away from the shower. Cleaning off the old makeup and applying it anew. *Restyling my hair.*

Picking *cute shoes.*



It was weird that I also found myself hesitating over a selection of skirts. I wanted to wear pants, or to at least put a pair of tights on for God's sake.

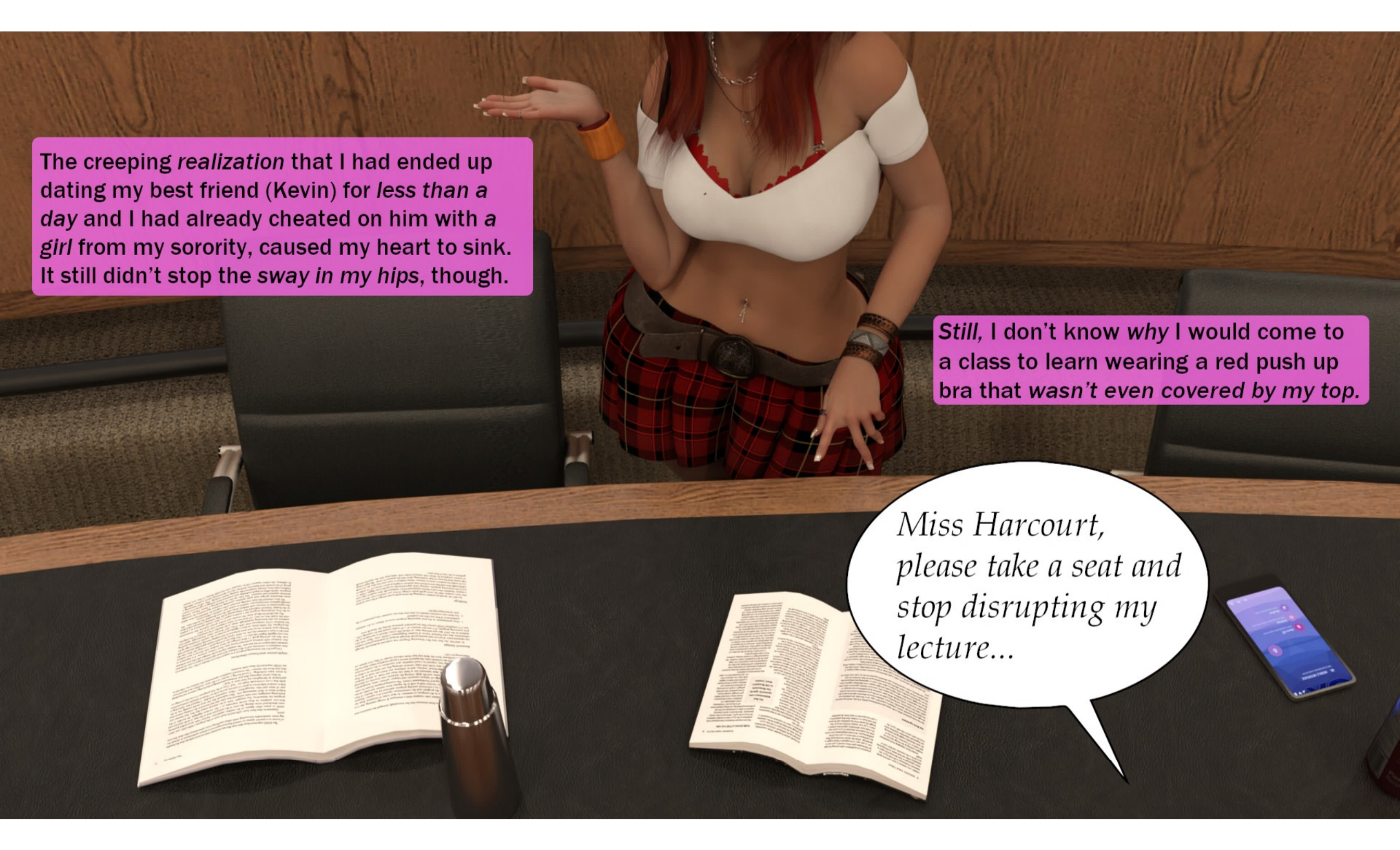
I ended up choosing the red tartan pleated mini. It was short and I'm positive I must have flashed the bottom cheeks of my ass to half the school as I sauntered over to my morning class.


There was a complimentary pink tartan g-string that I had slid up my legs to cover my sex. At least I had that much covering my virtue, such as it is.

The creeping *realization* that I had ended up dating my best friend (Kevin) for *less than a day* and I had already cheated on him with a *girl* from my sorority, caused my heart to sink. It still didn't stop the sway *in my hips*, though.

Still, I don't know *why* I would come to a class to learn wearing a red push up bra that *wasn't even covered by my top*.

Miss Harcourt,
please take a seat and
stop disrupting my
lecture...



A close-up photograph of a person's hands, with long, white, manicured nails, holding a pair of black and purple checkered underwear. The person is wearing a black top. The background is dark and out of focus.

I sincerely hope *my panties* aren't going to end up as some kind of... *trophy*...

But that would be...
hot.

The eXtra-Dimensional Theory

