



PILOT

Part 1

The hero remembered hanging onto the edge of the portal. His life as a half-human, half-spirit superhero had been quite the journey. Fighting specters with his supernatural powers, sending them back to their dimension. The world was finally safe, and he was going off to college. But something went wrong. A malfunction with the gateway to the phantom realm, and here he was, watching his body fall to the ground in a coma. His spirit form dwindled as he was whipped back and forth by the cosmic currents. He focused all his power and pushed to fling himself back to his body when the portal collapsed. The swirling green energy turned purple as the gate closed on him, not in his realm or the spirit one. As everything faded to black, he just focussed over and over again. "Gotta reach my body... Gotta... reach."

"Is she ok?" He heard someone above him say. The ghost hero felt awful, like his body was soft butter whipped by a beater, slowly spreading out over the floor. It was like he could feel his essence spreading through his limbs. Trickling into his toes and fingers, which fell crunched into smaller little digits. Who was she? Had the portal hurt his mother? He took some deep breaths,

trying to calm himself. With each shuddering inhalation, he could feel his ghostly essence push upwards, filling an odd wobbly fullness sitting on his ribs. The more he tried to come to, the more off he felt. His ghost form normally felt just like his own body, but something was intensely off. Had the collapsing portal wrecked his phantom form? With all the effort he could muster, he opened his eyes and moaned. A soft.. feminine..moan?

“W-what happened to me.” Yeah, his voice was off.

“Careful, Fanny, that was a lot of electricity you got hit by. Why you touched the exposed cables in the lab, I can’t even imagine,” The guy above him stuttered. “You’ve not even supposed to be in the lab, you’re a freshman! I could get kicked from the program!”

Lab? Program? Fanny?! And what did he mean he wasn’t supposed to be in the lab? It was his parents’ lab. “What are you-” As he propped himself up on his elbows, the warm fullness on his chest shifted and swayed in some tight contraption wrapped around his rib cage. He could feel it not just sitting on his chest, but as if the mounds... were... his “Holy crap!” He squeaked, reaching up frantically to squeeze the large spheres stretching out his T-shirt. “OW!” He shrieked as pain erupted from his rounded chest. Grabbing his breasts was not a good idea. His... breasts. “Oh no, no, no!” He frantically shuffled himself onto his knees and then up on his feet, full, firm bosom bouncing around in the silken bra hidden by his t-shirt.

“Fanny, what’s wrong with you?” The guy looked very worried as the girl who had been on the floor, with no heartbeat or breathing for minutes, stood on her shaky legs, pawing at her body.

‘Fanny’ was not ok. He couldn’t see his feet past the cleavage of his boob window. His shirt had a boob window. With boobs! “I um.. I gotta go!” He squeaked, running out of the lab and into the hallway. Every unsteady step sent the breasts on his chest wobbling. Every gasping breath made the bra he was wearing compress his tits and make them swell upwards. Even his thighs and ass had a pronounced jiggle. Fake Fanny’s stride sent his hips swishing, sending his pert bubble butt quivering in his skin-tight jeggings. However, none of those things were his. His soul must have been flung into someone, possessing them. But who and where was he? And how was his body doing? This was just too much. He needed to get out of this girl’s body, pronto!”

“Hnnnnng!” He grunted, trying to leave his curvaceous flesh prison. “Hnnnnnnng” Something was off. He couldn’t tap into his powers like they were on recharge or something. “Fine, I’ll just drive her around a bit and asses the situation till I can leave.” The ghost man grumbled.

Looking around, he realized he was at the university he was supposed to start at in a week. The hallways, classrooms, all very familiar though... something about it was off. At least he wasn’t far from his home, maybe thirty minutes by car. Less if he could fly there in phantom form. Next, to see who he was possessing. Some girl named Fanny, apparently. What a name! He staggered into the nearby bathroom, still woozy and shaken by the sensations of his borrowed body. Walking as carefully as he could up to the mirror, he surveyed his temporary transport.

What he saw, he couldn't explain.

The woman in the mirror was him! Like, not him, but a female version of him. Named Fanny! He prodded at his cheeks, lips chin. It was unmistakable, like a girl twin of himself. Well, minus the thing build. This girl was stacked. He hadn't possessed a girl in a long time, and even back then, it was only for life-saving emergencies. But this was a young woman whose puberty had hit hard. And she looked as if someone had given him some kind of magic makeover girl makeover. His brain kept short-circuiting, cycling between how insanely hot the body was and how his girlified face was attached to it. Suddenly the emptiness between is rounded thighs felt far less distant as a sensation. In those jeggings, behind a silky thong, was a plump slit where his cock should be. He felt flush and warm and like he needed to get out of here. He had to be hallucinating.

He leaned over the sink and shouted. "Wake up! WAKE UP!" The girly him in the mirror looked red and terrified. He grabbed his overripe tits and gave them a squeeze hoping the pain would jolt him out of this nightmare. Behind him, right where his bent-over butt was aiming, there was a flush, and a college guy exited the stalls.

"Um, miss, you know this is the men's room?" The guy blushed, looking away from 'Fanny's' self groping. The ghost-powered hero released, letting his boobs bounce heavily on his ribs. It just became clear he was in the wrong restroom. "Oh, Shit! You're Fanny Damson! Are you in here like... filming one of your "Lonely Fans"? Are you gonna screw a guy in the restroom?"

What the hell was this guy talking about? Who the hell was Fanny Dams- Before they could finish the question in their head, a barrage of memories surged into their mind. Memories similar to his real-life ones but altered. These were the memories of Fanny Damson, a version of him that grew up as a popular pretty girl. Confident. Vivacious. Very flirty. They were coming in fast and hard, pushing his actual life further and further to the back of his mind. "There's been a mistake, I'm Fanny. I mean, my name is F-fanny." Wait! Where was his name!? He remembered his past, that he was supposed to be a college freshman guy who had gotten ghost powers in high school... but whenever he searched for his name, he got a large, resounding, girly 'Fanny'! He looked back in the mirror, over his shoulder, ponytail swishing, pants painted onto his bubble butt. "FANNY!"

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It was about an hour later. He was walking with one of his textbooks, his lady-wallet and phone returned to him from the lab. He wasn't just in another body. He was in another reality, In some feminine alt-reality of his life. And the longer he stayed here, the more her body and brain were latching on, digging in deep, filling him with feelings and thoughts that were as terrifying as they were arousing. "Come on, Fanny, you can figure this out." He trembled at the name that, at least for now, he was stuck with.

