

## Dr Jake & Miss Heidi (Scientist to Party Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Kendio

*Jake is a British pharmaceutical intern who is secretly using company equipment to make an experimental mood stabiliser. But when he decides to personally test his new drug, he wakes up the next day not knowing where twelve hours of memory went. But when he plays a recording from his computer and witnesses a spectacular change to his body, he begins to remember a mysterious 'Heidi' who supplanted him during that time.*

### Dr Jake & Miss Heidi

"Finally, it's ready."

Jake looked around his bedroom, as if somehow an unseen interloper were watching him, or a team of security guards about to crash through the door and arrest him. They would have good reason to, really, at least if they worked for *Paxal Chemicals*, the pharmaceutical company that Jake interned at. He was only a young man in his mid-twenties, and the internship was a lowly paid one, but he hadn't taken the job for money. He had taken it for *access*. The same access that would be good cause for the company taking a lot of legal action against him, not to mention getting the police involved.

"It won't matter. Even if I get caught, it won't matter if I'm successful."

The thing was, Jake was a genius. Ever since he was young he'd had a fascination with chemistry, biology, and other matters of the human body. But he was also impatient. He had appointed himself 'Dr Jake' in private despite never actually earning the title, all because he'd rather skip to the part where he actually *made a change* to the world. So, without a PhD to support him, he chose to intern at Paxal Chemicals and instead *steal* the necessary equipment and pharmaceutical substances he required. He did it slowly, over time, hoping no one would notice.

As of yet, no one had.

Jake carefully mixed the final ingredients, stirring the droplets into the beaker which contained the new substance he had been longing to create. The liquid turned a slight glowing green colour, and while it appeared eerie he had come to expect this, marking it as a success.

"If this works, as I think it will, I will have created a mood stabiliser better than any other, with the power to ensure no major side effects."

It was his ultimate goal. He himself had often experienced terrible mood swings, and so this pursuit was also a personal one for him. If he could dial back on his own manic

behaviour it may well help him one day achieve the doctorate he privately applied to himself. Jake set the recording device on his computer to monitor his progress, just in case. Then he stepped over to his bedroom window, looking out over the skyline of London as the sun began to lower across its horizon. He smiled.

“Look out, London!” he exclaimed. “Tomorrow, a brand new innovation begins! Bottoms up!”

And with that, he poured half the contents of the beaker into a shot glass and drank it down, leaving the remainder upon his desk. It tastes bubbly and fizzy and slightly acrid, and it took a while for his stomach to settle.

And after that, things got a little vague . . .

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Jake woke up in his bedroom with a crippling headache that felt just like a powerful hangover. His whole body was sore, and he couldn't say why, though thinking about it certainly didn't help.

“Ughhhh,” he mumbled. “Wha - why do I feel sore achey? What time is it?”

His eyes widened when he saw his clock. It read twelve o'clock. Midday.

“What? How have I been asleep that whole time? What went wrong!?”

He gaped as he looked around the room. Somehow it had become a total mess, despite his neat freak tendencies. Even when his moods were unstable, he rarely trashed the room, and if he did, he always put it back together afterwards.

“Was there a break in? Was I knocked out?”

Certainly, it would explain the migraine, but there were no sore spots on his head. Indeed, the ache was positioned within his musculature, as if he'd had a hard night of exercise, his connective tissue strained . . . though his scalp also felt weirdly itchy.

“But my mood is . . . good,” he said, realising that his thoughts weren't buzzing a mile a minute, nor was he having to concentrate to keep his emotions in check. There was a reason he was often an isolated intern at the lab: his moods seemed to get away from him, hijacking his brain despite his scientific brilliance. Now, things were different. He couldn't exactly say how he knew it, just that he did. The mood stabiliser had worked: his personal demons excised, his previous inability to control himself now well under control, as if his super ego and ego had finally ganged up on his id and kept it in line.

“I feel . . . normal,” he muttered. “Stable.”

It was a true wonder. But it didn't explain the state of the room, and as personally excited as Jake was in that moment, he knew he had to uncover what had happened. He staggered over to his desk, still feeling tired and sore, and slumped down in his chair. He

turned on his computer screen and activated the recording that was much longer than he thought it would be when he set it going the night before, and skipped back to the beginning. What he saw shocked him. He'd intended it just to see if there were any effects on sleeping, but this was something else.

In the video, he truly was just sleeping . . . but only for the first few minutes. After that, he began to shove the blankets off of him, then his body actually began to convulse. The video was high-definition, so he could even witness that his previous night's self was sweating profusely and panting like a dog.

"What the . . . it looks like I'm going into shock, or maybe - holy shit."

The figure in the video began to change, Jake's body twisting and shuddering as a radical physical transformation came over it. The scientist watched in awe, bringing his face as close as possible to the screen as he witnessed his own body begin to go lithe and thin, his hair grow slightly longer and turn much, much blonder. In the recording, his lips pursed a little, his nose shrunk, and as he panted and sweated, there were other, even deeper changes. His hips expanded wider, visible due to him kicking even the sheets off of the bed, and from his bare chest there began to grow a pair of quite obvious breasts. They started small but expanded to full B-cups, perhaps small C-cups, and were indeed quite perky. His chest hair dissipated entirely, and the same was true of his flailing arms and legs, which also shrunk slightly, becoming softer and more feminine. His waist contracted, his shoulders shrunk, and his bust surged forth another time, ending up with what had to be full, ripe D-cups that wobbled on his chest with each squirm.

"*Mmmmm*," the figure moaned through the recording, "*Yesss. Ohhhh, mmmm. Yesss . . .*"

The voice no longer even sounded like Jake, but rather that of a sultry woman with a distinct vocal fry. Even the accent was odd, though he couldn't place it just yet. But the changes weren't over anyway, nor the alterations to his previous night's self's body. The figure twisted and turned in bed, allowing the present-day Jake to see himself shimmy out of his night shorts and reveal his bare ass, which promptly expanded to gain a very peachy appearance. He curled his toes and moaned with orgasmic relief as his penis withdrew into his body, and it was this more than anything that made the man watching the recording to let his jaw drop. Right before his eyes, the impossible happened in the recording: his own body lost its manhood and gained what looked to be a perfectly natural vagina instead, complete with a little triangular bush of pubic hair and everything. With just a few more pants and moans of delicate delight, the man was now a woman, and an attractive blonde one at that. She screamed with bliss as this enormous change finalised, and it was clear by this point that she had had woken - and she was indeed a *she* by that point.

*“Yesssss,” she moaned in the audio recording. She slowly rose, feeling her body and running her hands up and down her form with a surprised delight. “Innit jus’ great? Mhmm, looky here, why don’t we? Looks like I’ve had a case of bein’ hit by the gender bender fender, if I can call it like I see it, y’know?”*

She spoke with a thick Cockney accent, one that was far rougher and more ‘street’ than Jake could ever imagine using himself. He was strictly a Received Pronunciation speaker, so seeing his own body not only feminised but talking like that was astonishing.

The woman seemed to somehow know what her alter-ego’s reaction would be, because she pulled the sheets tightly around her body like a makeshift dress, stood, and walked forward until she was right up in the camera’s view.

*“Don’t be lookin’ so glum, Dr Jakey boy! You done made a miracle here; you finally set your id free, and what a beautiful id she is! I’m all your pent up sexual frustrations. All your crazy bitch moods. All your spontaneity and shit like that, ya read me? And, if I can say so and I’m thinkin’ I will; I’m also your hidden desire for something different. The side of you that’s got a pussy, and ain’t afraid . . . to show it!”*

And with that, she pulled back the sheet on either side of her, so that she exposed almost the entirety of her body like some kind of modern Cockney version of Aphrodite. Her breasts were perfect when seen up close, even with the screen as a divider, and they had a teardrop shape to them as they hung a little bit, devoid of any bra for support. Her nipples were large and pink and beautiful, and her figure was divine, with a gorgeous hourglass. She had a cheeky smile and mischievous eyes, and she played with her blonde hair, which fell to just below her chin. It had a slightly messy look to it, and somehow that made her all the more attractive. The weirdest part was that she still appeared so much like Jake, at least in a way. Like his sexy cousin or something. Too changed to be his blonde sister, but certainly there were enough facial markers to notice a similarity.

*“Ohhh, yeah. I’m bettin’ you’re likin’ what you’re seein’, aren’t ya?”*

She began playing with herself, tweaking her nipples and even lowering a hand down to slide her fingers inside her new entrance. She moaned, her slightly raspy voice rising up an octave as she did so. Jake was disgusted and yet intrigued at the same time. How could this be him? What on Earth had gone wrong, and how had it made him . . . this?

“It must have split my moods entirely into two. It solved a problem by compartmentalising them into this - this woman!”

She moaned in the audio, and he had to skip forward several minutes as she played with herself further, going past a number of rather loud orgasms that left her shivering and sweating even more. After that, she went to the shower, not returning for nearly twenty minutes. When she came back she must have raided Jake’s wardrobe, because she was now dressed a seriously attractive tomboy: short hair slicked over beneath a lopsided tweed

hat, a vest jacket devoid of an undershirt and tie, leaving her cleavage openly displayed and her arms bare, and a pair of smart denim jeans that were loose upon her, yet somehow fit with the rest of her strange dynamic.

*“Oi! It’s all you’ve got on offer, mate!” she snapped in an exaggerated manner, gesturing to her new tomboy style. “I’d make myself all prim and princess if’n I could, but frankly I think this works me better anyway, don’t ya think? Anyway, I best be heading down the apple and pears and hitting the town. Just wanna thank ya Jakey boy for makin’ that miracle drug and unleashin’ me, at least for the night! If you get to see this, maybe consider keepin’ me around, ‘cause I plan to have all the fun you can’t have, not to mention meet some Tom, Dick, and Harry’s to get with, all while getting on the piss. All the best, male me! Try not to be such a colossal nerd all the time!”*

And with that, she blew a kiss at the camera and then swivelled it upwards so that it faced the ceiling. What could be seen of her shadow descended the ‘apple and pears’ - the stairs - and then the front door audibly opened and then slammed shut.

“Oh God,” Jake said, beginning to remember. Her words had triggered some memories, and they came flooding back to him now, albeit in misshapen patchwork that was hard to put into order. It slammed into his head like a migraine. He was left clutching it, recalling some of the things that had happened and recoiling at the memories . . . and even being entranced by some of them.

“I was her. I was . . . Heidi.”

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She introduced herself as *Miss Heidi*. She was sexy and she knew it, and her idea of a ‘fun time’ was positively *explosive*. She walked with an exaggerated swagger, uncaring how others viewed her tomboy crossdressing style, only caring that she felt good and looked it too. She was heading straight towards the nearest bar, and when she arrived she loudly proclaimed that she was new to town and “lookin’ to party!”

Suffice to say, she became quite popular with the men that night. Jake couldn’t remember everything, but images came to him of some of what she got up to. Heidi drank several prospective one-night stands under the table, leaving them half-unconscious as she downed another shot glass victoriously, jumping up and down with glee at her victory.

“If you can’t take your piss, you ain’t work this miss!” she boasted, sticking a thumb into her chest. “Now who can try and take me on at that pool game? Trust me, one way or another I’m going to handle your balls, provided you all play ‘em right!”

Heidi had talents that Jake had never possessed, confidence he could only dream of, but she was also bursting with energy and a libido beyond that of a wild animal’s. She

squeezed her tits together for the bartender to view while he poured her drink, and when she visited the next bar (evidently she wanted to hit a chain of them in one night, going on a 'pub crawl' in her words) she tore up the dance floor, shaking her new feminine hips from side to side. She made out with a sexy female patron, the pair dancing up against one another first before clutching one another and sharing tongues like there was no tomorrow. Jake could even remember what it had felt like.

It had felt divine. Like pure freedom and confidence. Heidi took what she wanted and left no regrets, and when the crowd cheered at this sexy girl-on-girl action, she made sure some of the boys could get in on it too, dancing with them and laughing as she downed more shots. She even grabbed the crotch of one man, fondling him lightly until he had a raging erection.

"Hmm, looks big enough for me, tough boy!" she proclaimed. "You buy the next drink and I'll let you put me up against the bathroom stall wall. This gal's in need of a tool to fix the problem between her legs, y'see?"

And that's when another memory hit Jake in the modern day. He squeezed his eyes shut, railing against the combined pain of the headache and the strange ripples of pleasure that he could recall. As Heidi, he had actually gone through with it.

"I had sex with a man."

More than one man, in fact. Heidi was one lust Cockney tomboy, and she fucked five guys in one night, though Jake could only vividly recall two of these encounters. One was the first, when after being purchased a drink she had taken a muscled redhead to the bathroom, put up the 'closed for cleaning' sign, and let him nail her against the wall. She had put her legs around him and squeezed as he shoved his big cock inside her, and she had taken charge, not being the submissive one but rather the dominatrix of sorts.

"Yeah, fuck me against this wall, big boy! And don't you dare cum till I've had my big moment, y'hear?"

She moaned and gasped, laughing maniacally as he ploughed into her again and again. She raked her nails against his back, bouncing up and down on him until he finally came within her, leading her to cry out in pleasure.

"That was pretty fuckin' hot, mate," she noted, flicking his nose almost dismissively. "Now I can rate you against the next guy, and see if you're worth takin' for a spin down the line."

The next three were at different bars - well, one was the Tube - and all involved her dictating the positions they used and when the man was able to cum. It was clear that her wild drinking bender was sustained by these lustful thoughts, and Heidi kept this horny rampage up all night, ending only with taking a man back to her room in the morning, at which point she finally re-appeared just briefly on the upturned camera.

“Come here, mate. You look big enough to fill me right up, and this gal wants to be fucked hard while she lasts!”

He was a bodybuilder, or perhaps some gym nut. Either way, he had been a huge bloke with a Scottish accent, and Jake could remember how hot that had seemed at the time. They had gone to bed together - *his* bed - and fucked like rabbits, or chimpanzees. Heidi rode the Scot - his name was Aaron or something - with pent-up aggression, bouncing on his lap and grabbing his hands and placing them on her tits. She wanted this man to know who was in charge, and to let him know this was her house, her rules. He seemed just fine with it, because he gripped her peachy ass and held on for dear life as she slid up and down on his pole. When they both came, it was with wailing voices and gasping grunts.

They repeated the act several more times, but when Heidi was finally, finally spent, she seemed to register that something was happening. Jake recalled her groaning, and indeed that’s what happened in the audio.

*“You okay?”* Aaron asked.

*“I’m fuckin’ fine, fuckin’ fine! But you better get out of here, ya hear?”*

*“Um, it’s four in the morning, so-”*

*“I don’t give two shits, mate! Get out of here, and I might just track you down tomorrow night and show you the time of your bleedin’ life again. But don’t go and I’ll spank ya, and not in the fun way!”*

Aaron had exited, and just in time, because Heidi collapsed onto the bed as Jake recalled, and the change back began. Of course, by the time she fully reverted to her usual male form, and Jake’s own consciousness resurfaced, he was fully asleep, and blissfully ignorant of all he had done.

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“Oh my God,” Jake said, taking all of this in. “How do I even fix this?”

Shame filled him, overriding the background buzz of bliss that surrounded the insanity of the previous night. How could he have done those things, even in his alter-ego id? It was insane! He had allowed himself to be penetrated by men, and he had loved it! It was too much. He had to find a way to stop it from every happening, no matter how . . . sexy, it all was. No matter how deeply tempting it remained to a sealed-away part of his mind. The mood stabilisers had done their job in a way, but now that other mood called to him from across the bridge of consciousness.

“No,” he said, shaking his head. “I - I can’t.”

*“You can, and you should! We should!”*

The voice came from inside his head, his Heidi half speaking to him with her seductive and raspy voice. It giggled, and that laughter resounded in his mind, reminding him of even more fun that his wild child other self had gotten up to.

“I shouldn’t,” he repeated to himself, but Jake couldn’t help but look over to all his pharmaceutical supplies which had allowed him to create this drug, and the fact that half a beaker remained, not to mention how many other batches he could create. He smiled, just a little, but enough to appear sly.

“Perhaps a little more ‘testing’ wouldn’t hurt,” he said.

**The End**