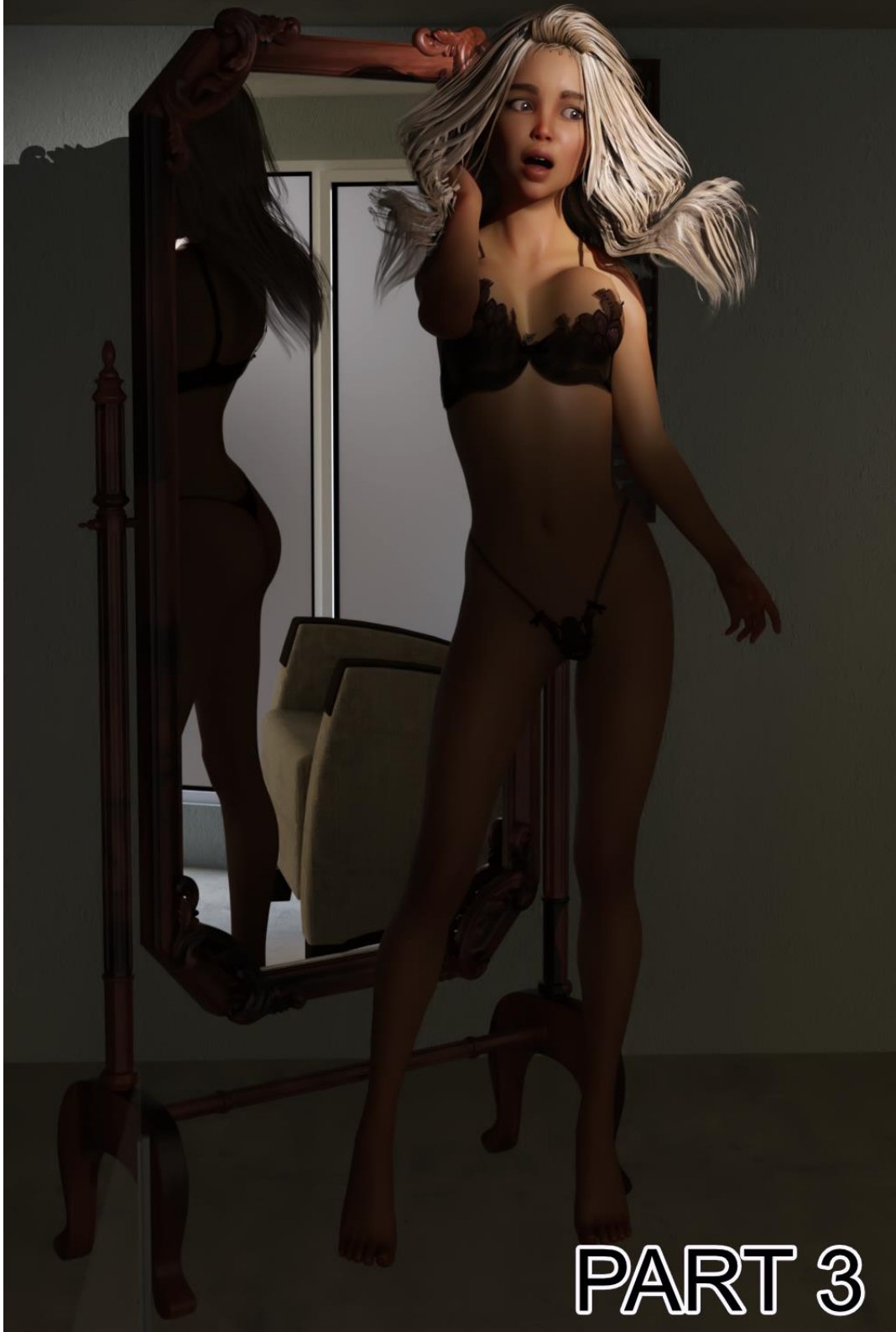


PHOTO SWAP



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 to look 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.”

