

Photoswap



PART 4

Chapter Six



Back in the cafeteria, he and Marjorie joined the boys, who were now deep in conversation about the bets they were placing on the game. Once, Jerry would have jumped right in, but he was content now just to sip his

smoothie and let the guys talk on. He slipped the straw between his lips and began to suck.

Marjorie bumped him on the shoulder and whispered, "You have an audience."

Jerry glanced up and saw guys staring, one even taking a video. What the hell? And then he realized he looked like a hot chick, and he was sucking on a straw. Oh, fuck, he thought, dropping his head in shame. Will this ever end?

Michelle and Cassie, sitting in their usual corner spot, had watched it all. "I kinda feel sorry for him," Cassie said.

"Yeah. I mean, even a sexist jerk shouldn't have to put up with this. Guys can such a-holes."

"He did look sexy as hell sucking on that straw, though."

"True," Michelle said.

They sighed in unison. "It was fun while it lasted."

Chapter Seven

What word best to describe the state Jerry found himself in as he arrived at Marjorie's apartment that evening? Frazzled? Exhausted? Demoralized? Perhaps all three as in FED-up? He'd been hit on three more times, and some creepy kid in a sweatshirt had followed him across campus, and the pain his bra straps were inflicting on his shoulders had only intensified while his back was aching from the strain of holding up his epic boobage. He missed his a-cups.

He'd even considered calling the whole thing off, but he felt like he needed allies now, and, for better or for worse, Marjorie seemed like she wanted to be on his side. He knocked.

Cassie sat curled up on a bean bag chair watching an episode of Scorned! Love Kills. For her, it was like the perfect combination of true crime and gossipy tabloid. She glanced at her phone. Michelle would be back from yoga in a little bit, and they would turn Jerry back, hoping he'd learned some important lessons, of course.

"You want me to make a video?" Jerry said holding the scrap of cloth Marjorie had handed him claiming it was a top.

"You're going to be huge on social media," Marjorie said. "You check so many boxes. Now, get changed. I've got to finish your cue cards."

Jerry sighed. He just couldn't seem to say no to Marjorie. She was so excited, and he didn't want to seem rude.

When the episode Cassie was watching ended, she glanced at her phone. Michelle was usually home by now. Well, whatever, she decided. She grabbed her phone and began scrolling through social media, seeing what everyone was up to. She saw a bunch of pictures from some of her other friends partying down at Galileo. “Bitches,” she thought as she liked their pics. “Like you couldn’t invite me?”

Dressed and having touched up his makeup, Jerry watched a “training” video on Marjorie’s phone. “You want me to do that?” He said. “Wearing this?” The outfit Marjorie had picked out for him showed a lot of skin.

“And try to talk like her, too. You know, kinda like you’re a drunk toddler. Trust me, doll,” Marjorie said. “I was an influencer back in high school. Remember, you’re a girl now, and women are really only valued based on their fuckability.”

Jerry nodded. He’d said much the same himself, though he felt in addition to being of good breeding stock, an attractive woman should also demonstrate strong maternal instincts. “Okay. I trust you. Just, make me look good.”

“Good. And.. 3...2....1...”

Michelle pushed open the door, yoga mat rolled up under her arm. “Hey,” she said, seeing Cassie sitting in her favorite bean bag chair. She plopped down on the couch.

“How was yoga?” Cassie said, eyes glued on her phone.

“Good. The same,” Michelle said. “Wanna de-feminize Jerry girl?” Michelle had been thinking about the scene in the cafeteria all day and really felt a little guilty over what they’d done.

“Sure,” Cassie said, deeply engrossed in a social media video of some guys selling watches. She got up and absently followed Michelle over to the



computer. An alert popped up that Jerry had just posted a video. “I’m sure he’s learned his lesson.”

Michelle pulled up Photoswap and Jerry’s picture. “Well, it was fun until it wasn’t,” Michelle said, thinking she should say something to mark the occasion. She moved the cursor over to the word **RESTORE**.

“**HOLD IT!**” Cassie shouted. “You need to see this shit.”

She showed to Michelle and hit Replay.

There was Jerry walking toward the camera, a big smile on his face. He did a twirl, then did a ¾ turn, then showed his back, looking back over his shoulder.

“What the fuck? Is he doing a fashion video?” Michelle said.

“Watch.”

“Hey, guys,” Jerry said, puckering his lips and blowing a kiss at the camera. “Omigod, look at me.” He cupped his breasts and lifted them. “I’m totally a girl now. Okay, I know, back when I was pretending to be a guy I was always saying how women were inferior to men, how they were supposed to make babies, be good wives. Well, guess what? Now that I am out as a girl, I can tell you– I was right! I’m so much happier that I can let the boys make my decisions for me, and I can’t wait to find a husband and have his babies. Girls, stop fighting nature. You’ll be so much happier!”

“Asshole!” Michelle and Cassie shouted at the phone in unison.

“Um, that whole thing about changing him back?” Cassie said.

“Hell, no,” Michelle said. “HELL, no.”

They went to the computer together. “Welcome to your new life, Missy!”

Back at Marjorie’s apartment, Jerry stared in horror as the video racked up Likes, Shares, Comments. “I can’t believe I agreed to this!” He said. “I sound like an idiot.”

“Airhead,” Marjorie said, handing him a glass of white wine. “A female idiot is an airhead. And, for what it’s worth, I can’t believe you agreed to it, either.”

“What?”

“I’m planning on being the first female president of the conservative club next year,” she said, “and I just wanted to make sure to eliminate you as potential competition.”

“This was a *trick*?” The word “trick” came out as a squeak as Jerry slammed his knees together. He felt a sudden tingling between his legs, a warm glow in his belly, then a hot flash. He began to fan himself with his little hands.

“You okay?” Marjorie said, alarmed at her victim’s sudden hysteria.

Jerry could sense something had changed, though he didn’t even want to consider what it might have been. He guzzled the white wine. “Where’s your bathroom?”

“Over there.”

Jerry handed the wine glass to Marjorie and hurried to the bathroom, wiggling out of his shorts, pulling down his panties. He couldn’t see anything down there, so he reached down to grab his dick and found— air. No. No. Jerry probed, his fingers first touching the soft rise of his mound, and then, wanting, needing to know, he slipped one finger between the lips of his....vagina?

I have a vagina?” Jerry thought, quickly pulling his hands away from his new sex. I. Have. A. Vagina?

Jerry screamed, slipped back into his panties and skirt, and ran for the door.

“What happened?” Marjorie asked, legitimately concerned.

Jerry fled without answering.

Later that night, Cassie woke. She'd been thinking about Jerry, the picture of him now with a fully female body. Something didn't seem right about it all, so she went back to the computer and pulled up the Jerry file, once more looking *her* over. She looked great, with her hourglass figure, bright skin and those perfect nether lips. There was something wrong about her, though, something wrong about the She-Jerry. Something just didn't seem quite right. Yes, she decided. She would do it. A girl like Jerry would have a few cute piercings and some sort of basic tattoo. Well, not jjust some sort. Cassie knew exactly the tattoo Jerry should have.

Even later that night, Michelle woke. She'd also been thinking about Jerry. Well, not really Jerry, but Jerry's apartment. It just didn't seem right for a *girl*, did it?

Chapter Seven



Jerry woke with a start. He was lying on his side, hair in his face, pillowy breasts between his arms. That much had not changed. Hoping, praying, he slipped his hands between his soft thighs. He slipped them under the waist of his panties. Please. Please. But once more he only found the soft, sensitive and impossible folds. Fuck, he whispered. Double fuck. How was this even possible?

It wasn't. A guy couldn't just turn into a girl. His room couldn't just fill with girl's clothes. None of this was possible. I must have lost my mind, he thought. Gone insane. Loony. It was Saturday. No school. I've got to do

something, Jerry decided. Figure this out. He sat up, feeling his breasts sway, and then he brushed his hair out of his eyes. His mouth dropped open.

“What the fuck happened to my room?”

It was— all girl, as feminized as his body. It looked like the kind of room a ditzy sorority girl would have, and just being in the room made him cringe. His phone buzzed. He looked at his notifications. Marjorie had sent him a half dozen text messages. “You OK? Call me!”

“No. I am not okay,” Jerry thought, fighting back tears as the total erasure of his old life hit him like a tidal wave. He checked his video and stared in horror before throwing his phone down on the bed. “Damnit!” He said, grabbing a pillow and punching it with his little fist. “Damn! Damn! Damn!” The tears flowed now freely, rolling down his cheeks.

His video had gone viral.

Jerry lay back down and pulled the covers over his head. Maybe he would go to Thailand, or Canada, or maybe he would find a monastery in Tibet and live in hiding... could girls even do that? It was always guys in the movies. He thought about hitchhiking across the country, but then, no. It wouldn't be safe for a girl, especially one with a body like his.

Maybe I should become a nun? He thought, live in a cloistered convent. At least he wouldn't have to deal with guys.

Oh, what should he do? What could he do?

He didn't know, so he cried himself to sleep for what would be the first of many times in his life as a girl. The next day, he did what felt natural. He called Brandon. “Hey, Brandon,” he said.

“Hey, half-pint,” Brandon said. ‘Been a pretty weird 24.’

“Yeah, well. That's why I'm calling. Please, tell me what to do.”

One Year Later

“I sort of hate her even more,” Michelle said as she and Cassie watched Jerry’s latest “Bikini Try-On” video. He was a bouncy bundle of giggles and



flirts as he gushed about how much he looooved the bikinis Montc Swim had sent him.

“I read she’s making 100,000 dollars a month,” Cassie said. “All for setting women back 100 years.”

“I just hope no one ever figures out we’re the one who created the FrankenBoob monster.” Michelle took another toke off the bong and handed it to Cassie.

“I know, right?” Cassie said, taking a

toke. “Everyone would so totally hate us.”

“Well, not the guys,” Michelle said.

“No. Not the guys.” She munched down a Twinkie. “I wonder whatever happened to that stupid APP, anyway? It just vanished. We couldn’t change her back if we wanted to.”

Jerry had gotten used to it all– the backaches, the bra pain, the aching in his calves from wearing heels all the time. He’d gotten used to starving himself to maintain his figure, nightly facials, spa days and endless trips to the salon to maintain his constant put together appearance. He’d gotten used to guys drooling over him, hitting on him, making comments, and he’d even found a way to monetize being a piece of ass.

He’d gotten used to it, but he hadn’t come to like it. Being a woman was so much work, it required so much discomfort , wearing things that were too tight, too small and too revealing, leaving him, on top of everything else, feeling cold all the time. Guys had no idea how easy they had it.

Jerry had to pause and take some deep breaths. He’d started to hyperventilate as he’d been working himself into a hissy thinking about how unfair things were for him since his mysterious transformation. He’d become so emotional since he’d changed sex, which didn’t surprise him at all. Of course, as a woman he would be an emotional timebomb. Duh.

He glanced down at the feather tattoo on his forearm. It had just appeared the night he’d become fully a female, and over time he’d taken it as a sign that he was meant to look at his sex change not as something bad, but as an invitation to fly. And, he had flown right into soooo much money and free swag. He thought back on his first day as a woman.

Once he'd finally gotten out of bed that first day as a full woman, he'd noticed the tattoo, the belly piercing and a new compulsion to wear jewelry. Lucky him, his ears had been pierced.

He looked at his long, lacquered nails. Of all the feminine obsessions that had overcome him, his nails weren't one of them. He had just come to realize if he wanted to fit in with the other girls, he needed to have great nails, and so he'd gone to the salon with Marjorie and had been going ever since.

"Hey, babe," Brandon said, coming into the living room.

Jerry fit his body into Brandon's, tilted his head back and accepted a kiss. They'd been a couple for a year now. Jerry didn't really like Brandon, but he was a keeper. An old-fashioned guy, he loved his mother and knew how to treat a woman. Besides, he was going to law school, and would make a lot of money. Jerry was a woman, and as such he knew he now had an obligation to find a mate and bear children. Of course, he would only settle for a man who could provide for he and his babies. Brandon was most certainly going to be that, especially with his family's connections.

Jerry felt a certain feminine satisfaction in the quality of man he'd attracted. He'd done well competing against the females to land a man, which in some weird way proved to him men were superior to women. So many girls had been after Brandon, and he'd beaten all those other bitches right out like, as if?

And, if it didn't work out between them? Jerry had no doubt he would land another stud. In the meantime, having a hot boyfriend was so essential to Jerry's influencer empire.

"You ready to head out?" Brandon said.

“Just let me get my bag.” Jerry grabbed his purse and slung it over his shoulder. “Thanks for walking me to class.”

“No prob. Gotta keep my woman safe.”

Jerry couldn't go anywhere alone anymore without becoming totally consumed with anxiety. Not only was he beautiful, but he was famous and there were always guys creeping on him. He didn't feel safe alone, but guys never bothered him when he was with Brandon. That was, he'd realized, really the bottom line: he felt safe with Brandon.

For a girl like Jerry, feeling safe was, like, so much of everything.

The End

