

PHOTO SWAP



PART 2

Chapter Three

“What the hell is this Photoswap APP, anyway?” Michelle said.

“Let’s find out.”

It turned out the answer to What the hell is that APP turned out to be— a mystery. The girls searched, but could not find a single mention of it anywhere online.

“Should we change him back?” Cassie asked. They’d opened the APP again, and there was the picture of Jerry with his cafe curls. “We should change him back.”

“Or,” Michelle countered, we could have a little more fun with him.”

“I don’t know...”

“Oh, come on. It’ll be good for him to get in touch with his feminine side. Make him less of a sexist. Then, we can change him back later.”

“It is kinda weird to have so much power over someone,” Cassie said.

“Kinda fun,” Michelle agreed then, remembering his comments in class, added, “Let’s make him wear makeup. You know, so he can emphasize his femininity and attract a mate!”

Cassie frowned. “That would be cruel.”

“I know.”

Giggling, the girls used the APP to give Jerry a makeover.

“He looks even prettier,” Cassie marveled, looking at Jerry’s picture, his features now softened with foundation, lipstick, blush and mascara.

Jerry woke, sat up and tossed his long hair back over his shoulders. He'd been shocked the day before when he'd woken to find long hair draped across his face, in his mouth, and he'd run to the mirror thinking, this isn't possible. Today, it was just a thing. He sat up, grabbed the brush on his nightstand he didn't even remember owning, and began to brush out his hair.

He just seemed to know it needed to be done, now that he was stuck with such long hair. Once he'd finished brushing, he'd gotten up and headed to the shower, glancing at his dressing table, the one he didn't have and –

Makeup? He froze. Scattered across the top of his dressing table—since when did he own a dressing table?-- were tubes of lipstick, eyeshadow, compacts, brushes, mascara and blush. Staring at the makeup, he twisted his hair around his fingers thinking, I need to do my face, and, at the same time, there is **no way** I am going to put on makeup.

Where had the makeup come from? Why did he have this sudden compulsion to wear it?

Everyone will laugh at me if I go walking around campus looking like some girl with lipstick and eyeshadow, he thought, but he needed it, somehow. The thought of leaving his room with a plain face felt- wrong. No, though. No. He was a true blue, red-blooded male, he said to himself as he gathered his hair and tied it back in a ponytail. "I am all man," he reminded himself as he sat in front of the mirror and looked over all the pretty cosmetics spread across the tabletop.

Hand trembling as he tried to fight his new needs, he picked up a tube of lipstick and twisted, the dark, burgundy red lipstick thrusting outward. It looked so— yummy. No. No. I am not going to put this on!

Even as he insisted he would not paint his lips, Jerry puckered and began to apply the luscious, creamy lipstick to his lips. His whole body tingled, the thrill curled his toes, and as soon as he'd done his lips he grabbed his eyeliner, eagerly masking himself in pretty colors, softening his features, as obsessed as a junkie who'd made the mistake of doing that first line of cocaine. He couldn't stop. Couldn't even think of stopping! Concealer. Eye shadow. Mascara. He wanted it all, needed it all, and he wanted it NOW! Much to his horror, he found it fun, enjoyed the process of making himself pretty. He couldn't stop smiling as he dusted his cheeks with pink blush.



As he finished his makeup, he noticed his eyebrows looked gross– like hairy caterpillars crawling across his forehead. Feverishly seizing a pair of tweezers, he began to pluck, wincing but feeding on the pain as he shaped his brows and then grabbed an eyebrow pencil and went to work.

When he'd finished, a feeling of security washed over Jerry. He looked in the mirror and smiled, turning his head side to side, the voices in his head at war– I never looked better! My eyes are really popping! And– I look like a fool! I look like a girl! I'm a man! I need to clean all this off! No one can see me like this!

Yet, there was no chance the new Jerry would even think about leaving his room without makeup. After he got dressed, he felt a horrible new desire. Musing his hair, he found good light and snapped a selfie, smiling and flashing a peace sign, then posted it to social media. “Confident!”



Before he even got to the door, his phone began vibrating with notifications. Glancing, he saw posts from his buddies in the Campus Conservatives, all of which could be summarized with the post from Brandon Garland, the VP: “WTF?”

Jerry tossed his hair and whispered, “jealous much?”

Cassie and Michelle didn’t have class with Jerry on Tuesdays, but they knew he usually hit the campus food court for lunch after his morning class, so they’d camped out, waiting for him. They’d seen his social media post, so they knew that once again the APP had worked, and they couldn’t wait to see him live. “There he is!” Michelle whispered.

Jerry walked into the cafeteria, looking bashful, his lips glistening, hair bouncing with each step. He got in line. The guy in front of him glanced back, then turned and looked Jerry over. Michelle and Cassie giggled as Jerry stepped back, eyes dropping bashfully down and to the side as he realized he was being checked out by a guy. “I never usually do this,” the guy said. “But can I get your number?”

Jerry’s pretty eyes went wide. “I’m a guy!” He said, planting his fists on his hips.

The other guy looked embarrassed and shocked. “Oh, sorry, er, dude, I didn’t mean—”

Jerry turned and fled from the cafeteria.

“I feel a little bad,” Cassie said.

“Yeah. That did seem a little harsh for him. I guess we should change him back.” They gathered up their backpacks and headed toward the door.

As they left, they heard someone crying, and looking, they saw Jerry off to the side, head in hands. It made them feel bad, so they walked over, meaning to offer some words of comfort.

“Jerry?” Cassie said softly.

Jerry looked up, mascara running down his cheeks. “What do you want?” He sneered.

“We heard you crying, and we just wanted to say—”

“I’m not crying!” Jerry shouted. “It’s— allergies! Men don’t cry!” With that he stormed past them.

Cassie and Michelle watched him go. “Suddenly, I don’t feel so bad.”

“Me, neither.”

“Let’s see what else the APP can do.”

That night, when Jerry got back to his room, he carefully removed his makeup as if he’d been doing it his whole life. Checking his phone, he found a mix of responses to his social media post. In addition to the shock and amazement from the conservative club, a lot of others kids from campus supporting him, telling him how pretty he looked. He didn’t know which was worse, but the post that earned his greatest attention was the one announcing an emergency meeting of the Conservative Club called by Brandon. Jerk, Jerry thought, knowing this was some kind of powerplay, trying to take advantage of his— condition. Well, he wouldn’t back down, lipstick or no.

Cassie and Michelle, meanwhile, giggled as they made their latest change. The morph they’d chosen was called Tween.

Chapter Four



“What the hell?” Jerry whispered, his slender hand immediately going to his now long, graceful neck. “My voice?” It sounded buzzy, high pitched—like a girl’s. He was staring in the bathroom mirror, horrified at the sight of his body. He’d always been lean, but angular. Now, he looked both skinnier and, somehow, rounder, with tiny little arms, soft round shoulders, a narrow waist and a slight curve of hip. Most appalling, his chest now had a puffy,

rounded rising, like the budding breasts of a young girl. He couldn't deny it. He looked like his little sister.

"I need to see a doctor," he whispered, terrified at the head to toe feminization of his body. Yet, there wasn't time. He couldn't be late to class, and he still needed to do his makeup!

Once he'd done his face, Jerry brushed his hair and shook it out, then went to his dresser and grabbed a pair of jeans. Much to his surprise, they seemed too small, and he wiggled and tugged, trying to pull them over his slightly rounded hips, before looking at himself in horror. The skinny jeans hugged his long, round legs, his hips, and turning to the side he saw the plump, rounded shape of what he thought of as a female's posterior.

"Damn it!" He shrieked. Digging through he was horrified to find nothing but more skinny jeans, and—skirts?

"Never!" He hissed, tossing a pleated skirt across the room. He grabbed a sweatshirt and was neither pleased nor surprised that it fit his new shape, cutting in at the waist, hugging his soft new chest. He tugged, trying to get it to hide his hips, but it was too small.

He'd just have to make do, he decided, slipping into a cute pair of checkered Vans. But, when this was done, he would go right to the doctor. It must be some kind of hormonal imbalance, he decided, not even able to consider how his clothes had seemed to change overnight. Glancing in the mirror, he saw he looked like a fresh-faced coed, one of those late bloomer type girls. "If one guy asks me for my number," he said, still wincing at his buzzy, tween girl voice, "I'm going to scream!"

Before he left, he once more surrendered to the compulsion to take a selfie, this time capturing himself from the hips up, showing off his new curves and bright make-up. He hash tagged it *Blessed* and struggled for a

few minutes, trying to resist the urge to post the pic before finally discovering he had no choice. Immediately, hearts and likes started to appear, and he saw people were sharing his pic, including all the members of the Conservative Club. It would be all over campus.



With his new, sylph-like shape squeezed into tight, girl's clothes, Jerry found himself even more so the object of male attention. The eyes of guys roamed over him, and he even heard one guy comment, "She looks good coming and going."

"Jerk!" Jerry squeaked, unable to help himself.

The guys just laughed, which made him even more furious. She? Again, being referred to as a she appalled and

shamed him. Having guys checking him out? It was— gross. He turned and hurried away, ignoring the empathetic glances from some of the women who'd heard the exchange, even as his soft chest jiggled with each step. Jerry had not been a big guy, but he'd lifted weights, made himself strong, and he'd once strutted across campus feeling confident in his hard sheath of muscle.

Now, skinny and small, with tiny little arms, finding himself gawked at by guys and super conscious of his glossy lips and mascara drenched lashes, he felt more tentative, insecure. He almost felt like he was under attack from all the men looking him over, and he no longer had any confidence he could fight any of them off. He was pretty sure most of the women he passed were stronger than him now, and it made him feel a meek sense of insecurity he'd never known before.

As Jerry hurried into class, Michelle and Cassie got a good look at his tight, heart-shaped ass, squeezed into a pair of girl's skinny jeans. "His butt is really cute!" Michelle whispered. "Small, but tight!"

"I'm jealous!" Cassie said, the two of them giggling.

Jerry pretended he didn't hear, but he was relieved when he got to his seat and was able to sit, hiding his sexy new booty from the class. He was fidgeting with his hair when Dr. Sandra came in and smiled at him. It was the first time she'd seen him with his makeup. He looked really pretty, and she couldn't help herself. "Jerry!" She said. "Your makeup looks amazing. I guess you're trying to find a mate?"

Jerry glowered. He was afraid to speak now, embarrassed by his little girl voice.

Sandra got into her lecture, which today was aimed at reproductive rights and the fact that many women had no desire to have babies. She

refuted the argument that women were better suited to raising babies, asserting that in many cis couples, where the woman earned more money than the man, it made more sense for the husband to stay home with the children. Jerry seethed. He hated Dr. Sandra and all her woke nonsense. He grew more and more angry as she talked, his rage finally overcoming his shame at his buzzy little voice.

He raised his slender arm, a delicate wrist and small hand.

“Yes, Jerry?” Dr. Sandra said.

“Women are designed to have babies!” Jerry said, forcing himself to speak despite his embarrassing voice. Some members of the class tittered to hear the notorious Jerry talking in a female voice, and a little girl voice at that, but Dr. Sandra silenced them all with a glare. Hands went up as class members sought to refute him, which Sandra would allow, but Jerry wasn’t done.

“Bearing children is a female’s primary purpose! As for men raising babies, how are men supposed to feed babies when we don’t have—” he paused, conscious of his soft new buds, but went on— “we don’t have breasts!”

Dr. Sandra’s eyes dropped to the soft, round swelling rising under Jerry’s sweatshirt. Jerry, shocked as his old ideas seemed to now draw shame to his soft new body, crossed his arms over his chest and slunk down in his seat, hyper conscious of the soft flesh pressing against his forearms.

Dr. Sandra raised an eyebrow. “The fact someone has breasts doesn’t mean they’re meant to raise children,” she said. “Maybe we can agree on that now, Jerry.”

Jerry just wanted to shrink down to nothing and vanish.

“Let’s have a discussion,” Dr. Sandra said, calling on one of the students. She loved discussions! Jerry just sank lower and lower in his seat, feeling like he’d exposed himself, confused by how much his beliefs



seemed at war with his body. Dr. Sandra felt bad for him, and when class ended, she tried to approach him to offer support, but he grabbed his books and fled.

Jerry lingered outside the campus clinic, playing nervously with his hair. He wanted to see a doctor, fix whatever was happening to him, but – his body. He dreaded the thought of getting a physical like this, having to take off his clothes, have anyone see him with this shape. What if there was a

cute nurse there and she saw his boobs? What if the doctor was a woman? What if he was a pervy old man?

No, he decided, turning away. He'd make an appointment with a doctor somewhere off campus, where no one would know him. In the meantime, he had other things to worry about— like the emergency meeting of the Campus Conservatives.

Jerry arrived late, which was one of his standard power plays. Lingering outside the door to Room 222, where they had scheduled the meeting, he listened in on the conversation. "You've all seen the pictures," Brandon was saying. "Jerry shouldn't be the face of this organization."

"That face belongs on the cover of Teen Magazine," Marjorie, one of the three women in the club agreed, and everyone laughed.

Jerry took a deep breath and pulled the door open, striding into the room, trying to act cool, like he hadn't heard anything. Brandon was standing at the head of the conference table, Jerry's spot, and Jerry decided he would remind everyone he was in charge. He strode to the front of the room, conscious that all eyes were on him, checking out his new look, and stood next to Brandon, expecting the other man to step aside. Brandon looked down at him, an amused smile on his face.

"Excuse me," Jerry said, and there were chuckles as everyone heard his new voice.

Brandon reached out and brushed Jerry's bangs away from his eyes.

Jerry slapped his hand away and glared at him. Brandon laughed.
“You’re pretty when you’re angry.”



“I am still president of this club!” Jerry shouted, but in his tea-kettle voice he sounded like an angry little girl.

“Not for much longer,” Brandon said. “The purpose of this emergency session is to choose a new president.”

Seeing he was getting nowhere with Brandon, Jerry crossed his arms under his perky little breasts and faced the room. There were amused looks on all the faces. “This– I know I look a little different– but this is some kind of hormonal imbalance. That’s all. You know I am still more than capable of leading our club.”

Marjorie raised her hand. “Women,” she said, “are naturally suited to supporting roles. Do you remember who said that, Jerry?”

“I said that,” Jerry admitted. “But, if Brandon here is using that as a pretext to steal my job, let me assure you of something.” Without even thinking, he punctuated his next sentence with a sassy and defiant toss of his long, glossy hair. “I am still a *man*.”

The room broke out in laughter.

There was a debate. Jerry did his best to make his case. In the end, the group voted him out. “Don’t take it too hard,” Brandon said, giving Jerry’s slender arm a squeeze.

Jerry jerked his arm free.

“Now, we have more business to attend to. Take a seat.”

Jerry looked around the table. The only open chair was to the back and left, next to Marjorie and the two other women in the club. Marjorie patted the seat next to her. “I kept it warm for you,” she said.

Jerry almost left, but the Conservative Club was his life, and he didn’t want to just walk away. Keeping his head held high, hoping his foundation was hiding how much he was blushing, he went and took his seat among the women.

Bonus Pic

