

Spiritual Switch

For Grymmette

By TheSpiralledEye

When an exorcist is cursed by the last spirit he banished, he is transformed into a woman and forced to work with his flirtatious former lover to change back. Unfortunately for him, they end up getting distracted.

~

Most people would probably break down if they woke up in a completely different body. But then again, most people didn't spend their days as exorcists, regularly dealing with the strange world of spirits and magic. So when Bernard Bayle woke up one morning with a set of breasts that definitely hadn't been there the night before, his reaction was considerably more... restrained.

"Goddammit. I knew something was up with that damn spirit yesterday." He got to his feet and looked himself over; he'd gone to sleep in his favourite pair of boxers, which were now stretched over his much wider hips. His bare chest, which had been lean and toned yesterday, was now cinched in the middle and considerably larger in the front. Experimentally, he pressed a finger to one of the breasts and watched as it jiggled. He turned a few times, feeling them swing slightly.

"At least she cursed me with a decently sized set." He shrugged. "If I'm going to be a woman, I may as well be a hot one."

His short-cropped hair was now long and flowed down to his peachy ass. The dark tresses juxtaposed against his pale skin. An obvious absence between his legs made him blush a little. Otherwise, his new body wasn't all that bad, all things considered.

"Better than that time I was cursed to have antlers," he shuddered, now that had been a headache. *Literally.*

He walked over to his desk without bothering to put on more clothes. His notes from last night's exorcisms were laid out neatly right where he'd left them, labelled and highlighted in a neat black notebook just like the dozens of others that lined his walls. Bernard's apartment wasn't what people expected when they came to see an exorcist; they usually expected magic circles and strange occult symbols. He prided himself on breaking that stereotype. Oh, he had all the crosses and iconography his profession needed neatly filed away in his

cabinet, ready for retrieval when necessary. Otherwise, his home was neat as a pin, looking closer to an accountant's office than the home of a spiritual medium.

"Hey, Bernard, I was just OH!"

Bernard raised an eyebrow and sighed as the ghost floated through his wall. It was an old woman with a kind, wrinkled face and wide eyes, now comically enlarged in shock.

"Georgie, it might be obvious, but I am a little preoccupied today."

"I'll say. What sort of ghost did that?"

"The vengeful ghost of a famous actress that had been haunting the local theatre," Bernard sighed. "She managed to cast a curse before I forced her to the other side. I foolishly thought I had gotten rid of her before it took root." He paused and then added flatly, "You could look away, you know—I'm topless."

"If it really bothered you, you'd cover up. Besides, I was a burlesque dancer back in the day, I've seen plenty of those in my lifetime. So now what?"

"I get myself uncursed, of course," Bernard said, turning back to his notes. "If you want to help, you could focus on passing on."

"I keep telling you! I have unfinished business!"

"Is your unfinished business bothering me?" Bernard teased with a wry smile. Georgie had passed away peacefully of old age over five years ago. A new family had moved into her apartment, and being the sweet old lady she was, she didn't want to bother them. So, she decided to bother Bernard instead. Irritating as it was to have an old woman floating around his apartment, she was one of the nicer afterlife visitors he'd ever encountered. Born with the ability to see apparitions, Bernard had never been truly alone, no matter where he lived—even if he wanted to be.

"I can't help but think you're the only person who can see me," Georgie continued. "It gets lonely floating around here all day."

"All the more reason to find your peace and move on."

"I would if you could tell me what to expect!"

"Would if I could, friend. Now, if you don't mind, I need to figure out how to get dressed."

Bernard snapped the notebook closed, having found nothing that sparked inspiration for a counterspell, and turned his attention to getting dressed. He couldn't help but feel irritated; this was supposed to be a mindless everyday activity, not a challenge. Eventually, he squeezed himself into one of his turtle-neck sweaters and black pants. Despite covering most of his skin, the tightness of the fabric seemed to make his new tits even more

noticeable. It didn't help that he didn't own a bra.

He completed his look with his usual cross and charm bracelet; the latter sometimes earned him disapproving looks as a man, but it was necessary. Each charm contained a different holy symbol that glowed, helping him identify the type of spirit he was dealing with. At least as a woman, nobody would think twice about him wearing it.

"You know, I think that look works even better on you now than it did before," Georgie said thoughtfully.

Bernard didn't dignify that with a response. Instead, he cracked open one of his many ancient, dusty magic tomes, searching for a counter-curse to reverse this one. Besides the obvious, the problem with being cursed by ghosts was that undoing it was especially tricky. Magic didn't have hard rules. What worked for one curse might not work for another. Often, it required intimate knowledge of the creature in question—their motivation, powers, and sometimes even their subconscious desires. It was one of his weak points: while he could identify and exorcise just about anything, magic wasn't his specialty. After several hours of work and a few attempted spells, his irritation began to turn into full-blown anger. Georgie floated nearby and pressed her lips together.

"You could always just—"

"Don't say it."

"She's much better at this sort of thing than you."

"And she knows it."

"It's either Maya, or you stay this way forever."

"Thank you for the vote of confidence. It's only been a few hours."

"And judging by how long you had antlers before you finally figured it out..." "Fine! Fine!"

Bernard threw up his hands in frustration.

"I'll go see Maya."

~

When he'd first met Maya almost ten years ago, he'd thought he might have found a kindred spirit. True mediums, like himself, were rare, and Maya was particularly powerful. In their early twenties, they traveled across the country, solving problems and helping both the dearly departed and the people they haunted. However, Maya embodied everything Bernard hated about other mediums. When people pictured crackpot 'psychics,' Maya fit the image perfectly: wild curly hair, multicolored tie-dye clothing, giant earrings, and necklaces made of

bones and crystals. She leaned into it completely, often bringing up things they both knew were bogus to see how much people would believe, because she liked messing with them. Working with her had ruined any chance he had of being taken seriously. Unfortunately, her immense power meant that he hadn't succeeded in cutting her out of his life for more than a few years at a time.

Bernard reached her apartment and groaned. The door was painted with swirls of paint and gaudy, golden sign with her name and the words "Spiritual Medium" emblazoned on it decorated the entrance. Bernard looked down at himself; he couldn't see his feet because his tits were in the way. Dammit, she had better not make this more complicated than it needed to be. He knocked and sighed.

"Maya? It's Bernard."

The door opened, and Maya looked him up and down before raising an eyebrow.

"Vengeful spirit?"

"Vengeful spirit."

"Come in, then."

The inside of Maya's apartment smelled like a spice market, with every wall decorated with hangings and pentagrams. It looked like a new-age store had crashed into a Hot Topic.

"You look constipated," Maya said dryly.

"Just adjusting my eyes to this cacophony."

"Well, at least I know it's really you. Only you could insult me in less than ten seconds. An interesting choice, considering you need my help."

"Maya...if you try to make me beg-"

"What a fun idea..."

"Maya!"

"Relax!" She laughed, "Always so uptight. I swear you have a whole forest up your ass sometimes."

"I've been turned into a woman. Sorry for not being thrilled and relaxed about it." Bernard crossed his arms in a huff and winced as they crushed against his chest. "Ow!" Maya giggled again and settled herself down on the floor, despite the fact there was a perfectly good couch right behind her. She opened a book from the nearby shelf. "Let's see if we can't identify the magical components making you look this way..." She drew out a magic circle and forced him to stand in the middle before channeling energy into it. The chalk lit up, as did half the symbols, and she nodded. "How do you feel?" "Like a woman, I guess." He shrugged.

“But, like, how do you feel?” She asked seriously. “What’s it like to suddenly have no dick?”

Bernard screwed up his face in embarrassment and disgust; she always had been crude. But she was looking at him with a straight face. Magic was weird—maybe this was information she actually needed.

“It feels...odd. Wet, mostly.”

“Oh?”

“Well, I’m not used to it! Wet and light, there’s nothing hanging there anymore. And on the opposite end of the spectrum, my chest feels heavy. Every time I look down at my feet and see those instead I—hang on, are you giggling?”

Maya tried to hide her smile, unsuccessfully.

“No...”

“Maya!”

“Oh, come on! I was curious.”

Bernard felt his face go beet red and he stalked out of the circle in a huff. This wasn’t worth it; he’d figure it out on his own.

“Wait, Bernie-”

“Don’t call me Bernie! It makes me feel like a five-year-old.”

“Well, it fits, because you’re acting like one, throwing a huff like that.” Maya rolled her eyes. “Relax, I diagnosed you with the circle. It’s a relatively easy fix, or it could be.” Bernard froze.

“What do you mean *could* be?”

Maya fidgeted slightly and refused to meet his eye.

“Well...I can perform a counterspell no problem. The issue is...I think I need a piece of the original ghost as a component. Living or dead.”

Bernard groaned and flopped down on the couch dramatically. He couldn’t even be thankful for his new ass cushioning the drop; getting a piece of the original ghost was going to be an utter nightmare.

“She died two hundred years ago! And her spirit is banished to the other side,” he moaned.

“So we’ll have to go grave robbing,” Maya sighed. “Great, my favourite activity.” “More like grave searching; I don’t know where she’s buried.”

Maya pressed her lips into a thin line.

“Ah. That does make things more complicated.”

A moment of silence passed as they both waited for the other to voice what they were both thinking. In the end, as usual, Bernard was the bigger person. "We have to go to the library."

"Uuuugh, I haaaaaaate going through records," Maya moaned, "You can't even zone out while doing it."

Secretly, Bernard agreed; it was the duller part of the job. He avoided finding old burial sites unless he had to burn and salt bones or locate the site for any other reason. But he wasn't so immature as to whinge about it.

"The sooner we get there, the sooner I get changed back, and this is over," he said, getting to his feet.

"Wait, wait. You can't go out like that." Maya snickered.

"What do you mean? I'm covered!"

"Yeah, and it's obvious to anybody that you're not wearing a bra."

"...they move that much?"

"Hun, your nipples are clear as day."

Bernard felt heat rush to his face, spreading across his shoulders and even his chest. He'd heard of full-body blushes but had never experienced one; it almost made him feel even redder. Apparently, his humiliation delighted Maya, as she threw back her head and laughed before grabbing his wrist and half dragging him into her bedroom. He stumbled back onto the bed and quickly tried to right himself, sitting ramrod straight on the edge of the mattress.

"I am sure I have something that'll fit. We look around the same size..." Bernard swallowed nervously, hand sliding across the silk blanket Maya kept on her bed. He remembered how that felt against his bare back, even all these years later. Immediately, the memory of champagne on his tongue flooded back, along with the way Maya had drunkenly kissed him on the night they'd crossed the line from friends to... something more. A shiver ran down his spine; that night had been a mistake. A wonderful, ecstasy-filled mistake. Afterwards, she'd started talking about being 'together', and that just wasn't something Bernard wanted, not in his line of work. To say she'd taken it poorly when he'd told her would be an understatement. Still, even all these years later, with that night finally water under the bridge, his pussy quivered with the memories. "Bernie?"

"Hm?"

He blinked a few times and looked up to see Maya staring at him with a quizzical expression.

"You were staring off into space."

“Nothing!” He said too quickly. “Did you find something?”

“Yup! Here you go.” She handed him a bra made of white lace, complete with a little bow between the cups. Bernard made a face; it looked so...innocent, almost girly. “Don’t you have anything in black?”

“Are you seriously fretting about style? You?”

The ridiculousness of it suddenly smacked him in the face, and Bernard snatched the bra up, grumbling a little under his breath, and he slipped past into Maya’s bathroom. He held up the bra with a grimace.

“How am I supposed to even put this on?”

Slipping his arms into the straps was easy enough, as was hefting his tits into the cups, but doing up the hooks at the back proved impossible. He wobbled across the room, trying and failing to get the two pieces together and cursing. The little hooks refused to link up at the same time. Once or twice, he got one in, only for it to slip out when trying to get the other.

“You okay in there? I hear a lot of thumping.”

“It’s this damn bra you...hang on, Maya, did you give me some sort of prank bra? You did, didn’t you?!”

The door opened, and Maya walked in. Bernard squealed indignantly, trying to cover himself, but she just laughed.

“Relax, prude. Turn around. I’ll help you.”

She grabbed his shoulders firmly and flipped him around on the spot. The touch was brief, but so strong and confident that it sent heat flowing through him. Having Maya move his body for him so...intimately made him blush with desire, and he was glad to be facing away from her.

“Trick bras are not a thing,” she said, doing up the hooks for him and spinning him back around. “There, much better...”

Bernard watched as her gaze lowered to stare at his chest for a moment too long before darting back to his face.

“Are you checking me out?”

“They are very prominent. Hey! Was that a joke, Bernie? Did my super serious Bernard actually make a joke?”

“You will never prove it.”

He walked past her quickly to hide his red cheeks and couldn’t help but sigh in relief. The bra really did make a difference. His breasts were supported, no longer swinging free, and now only had the slightest jiggle with each step. Not to mention his back felt

instantly better.

"Now, let's go find this burial site."

~

"What's the name again?"

"For the third time, Sylvia Spearman," Bernard said, pinching the bridge of his nose. "If you can't remember it, how can I trust that you haven't glossed over the right death announcement?"

"I can't help it. This sort of work makes my brain melt from boredom."

Dust floated through the air, disturbed by the occasional creak of wooden floors and the rustle of pages as they searched the ancient catalogue. Towering shelves lined the walls, filled with filing cabinets stocked with old newspaper archives. Bernard stood stiffly at a wooden desk, fingers skimming over a ledger's brittle pages. Maya lounged on a chair, legs hanging off the edge sideways and swinging as she flicked through her own archive.

"So, how's the bra feeling, Bernard?" Maya drawled, a teasing lilt in her voice. Her bright, mischievous eyes flicked up from the text she was pretending to read. Bernard barely spared her a glance.

"This isn't the time."

"It's never the time with you," she retorted, flipping a page with exaggerated indifference. "You really ought to enjoy it while you can. After all, who knows when we'll break that curse of yours? Don't you want to experiment a little before you change back? Have some fun?"

"I have a job to do."

"Admit it," Maya continued, her voice dripping with amusement, "you're afraid." "Afraid of what exactly?" he asked, keeping his eyes glued to the yellowed paper. "Your incessant chatter or your inability to focus?"

"No, afraid you'll start liking it."

Bernard just huffed and tried to concentrate on the list of names before him. Where the hell was 'Sylvia Spearman'? How hard was it to find one little name? Suddenly, he felt a warmth behind him as Maya leaned over his shoulder.

"Oh, don't be so serious. It's bad for your complexion. Speaking of which..." She cocked her head to the side, "I must say, you're doing a remarkable job pulling off the brooding, stoic look. Even with all that... feminine charm."

Bernard blushed despite himself. God, she was close.

"You're enjoying this far too much for someone who's supposed to be helping."

Maya's eyes twinkled with mischief and Bernard's eyes dropped to her lips, just for a second. He couldn't help it! She was so close. But of course, Maya saw, and she was never one to let things go.

"What can I say? You're better company like this. Less grumpy, more... interesting." He blinked, his mouth opening slightly, then closed just as quickly as he turned back to the catalogue. His heart thudded in his chest, louder than he would admit. She was toying with him, like always. Testing his patience. And yet, part of him—it was only a very small part, he insisted—enjoyed their back and forth.

Bernard didn't want to admit the sexual tension in the air. It had been a while since he and Maya had spent so much time together and the combination of being alone in this private library sanctum, the memories of that night together years ago and the sensations of his new body were starting to become overwhelming.

"Tell me something," she murmured from behind him, her voice low, teasing. "Why have you never thanked me for helping you?"

"I'm sure I have," Bernard muttered.

"Nope. Not once. When I call upon your expertise, I always at least say thank you. Not you, though."

"Is this your way of blackmailing me?" Bernard snapped, desperate to dispel this tension any way he could. Even anger. "Did you find the name and plan on holding it over my head? Because I swear—"

"No! God, Bernie, see, you always assume the worst of me." She sighed. "It's kind of sad, really. Even in that pretty little body of yours, you can't let anyone in, can you?" Bernard said nothing, returning to the archives, his heart hammering for reasons he didn't want to examine. He didn't want to give her the satisfaction of seeing how her words—her constant flirting, her infuriating playfulness—had begun to chip away at the walls he'd so carefully built. Especially not someone like Maya.

Maya came up beside him, her shoulder brushing his, close enough that he could smell the faint, floral scent that clung to her. It was some sort of rose mixed with the spices that permeated her apartment. He hated how much that scent was growing on him. She leaned in, peering at the records over his shoulder, pretending to be interested, but Bernard knew better. He could feel her eyes on him.

"What do you want, Maya?"

She was silent for a moment, her lips curving into a faint smile.

“Maybe I want to know why you keep pushing me away, especially when it's obvious that on some level, you want me in your life. You wouldn't come crawling back with an excuse every few months or years if you didn't.”

“I'm not—”

“You are,” she interrupted, her voice a little softer now, and he hated the way it made something twist in his chest. “Every time I get close, you freeze up. Like you're afraid of something.”

“I fight spirits and demons. I'm not afraid of you.”

“No?” She shifted, leaning just a bit closer, her breath warm against his cheek. “Then why do you get so tense whenever I'm around?”

He spun toward her, his face hard, determined to say something to shut down this conversation. But the words never came. Her eyes caught his, and for a split second, he was frozen, not from fear, but from something else entirely. Her gaze was no longer teasing, no longer light. It was intense, searching, almost vulnerable. His tongue darted out to wet his lips. Hers were dangerously close to his now, close enough that he could feel her breath mingle with his.

“You act like you don't want this,” she whispered. “But I don't believe you.” Control was slipping through his fingers, fast. His whole body felt hot. He could feel heat and wetness pooling between his legs. His heart raced, pressing against his new breasts and making them feel even hotter. Her hand gripped his arm, and for a brief, maddening moment, Bernard let his walls crack. He allowed himself to acknowledge the pull between them, the simmering tension, the unspoken want. He made the mistake of looking at her lips again; it was all the invitation she needed.

In one fluid movement, Maya closed the gap between them. Her lips pressed against his, tentative at first as if to test his resolve. But then he returned the kiss, something inside him snapping as his hand tangled in her hair, pulling her closer. The kiss was a clash of everything unsaid between them—the frustration, the tension, the denial. Her body pressed against his, warm and soft, and despite everything in his mind telling him to stop, to pull away, he couldn't.

The next thing he knew, he was crushed against the bookcase, Maya's body pressing against his. Chest to chest, hard enough that he could feel her nipples through their bras. Everything became a tangle of hands; zips and buttons got undone, and soon skin was against skin. Maya's hands snaked down to his belt buckle, and in a flash, it was gone. Her long, painted nails gently scraped along his skin, leaving little red trails on his stomach before they disappeared into his pants.

“Hnng!”

“Good, isn’t it?” Maya teased. “You’re about to discover some perks to this body.” “S-such as?”

“Multiple orgasms.”

Her fingers slipped between his new folds, and Bernard saw white. After so much teasing today, he was already slick and ready. She circled his clit, pressing against the sensitive nub and making his hips buck with want.

“Oh Gods...”

“No, just me,” Maya giggled. “Now, let’s see how you sound...”

She pressed hard against his clit, and Bernard came, hard, pussy juices soaked through his underwear. His mouth hung open, and the most pornographic sound Bernard had ever heard emerged from it. He couldn’t even spare the brain power to be embarrassed by it, especially when Maya was still going. She slipped a finger up inside him, pumping in and out a few times before adding a second.

“Ahhh...ahhhh!”

He was so oversensitive that it was almost painful, yet so good at the same time. Then Maya twisted her fingers and pressed the soft pads against his inner walls. Bernard saw white and came again. He clung to Maya for dear life as she continued to finger fuck him through his second orgasm. By the time it ended, he was a whimpering, ecstasy-filled mess, and Maya was still not letting up.

“F-fuck, Maya...”

“Oh, we’ll get to that.” She teased. “But first, I want to see just how much I can make you beg in this new body.”

Bernard could only whimper; the search for a counterspell had fled his mind. Maybe once he’d experienced all the pleasure that this new body could give, he’d start searching again. Though, something about how Maya was looking at him told Bernard that it might take a while.