

The Great Change: College-Educated to Farm-Raised

By Soul-Controller

Standing at a podium in front of all of his colleagues, 65-year-old Cyrus Williams was overcome with emotion as he finished his retirement speech and watched as the crowd began to loudly cheer and applaud for him. For over 30 years, the man had been the head of the English department at NYU and thus highly-regarded amongst other faculty. On top of that, Cyrus was also one of the most beloved professors on campus as he was clearly well-educated for his courses yet still made them fun and interesting for students.

But although he loved academia more than anything in his life, Cyrus had suddenly realized one morning that his love for education had gotten in the way of finding a partner to spend the remainder of his life with. Several of the men he had dated had brought up this fact during their explosive breakups with the professor, yet Cyrus just brushed it aside while assuming that they were just jealous of his success and position as a tenured professor.

Looking back as he returned home from the retirement party that evening, the man looked through his dull and boring apartment and realized that his exes were right all along. He had literally pushed aside **all** of his personal connections in order to chase academic success. So while it was incredible to get his much-deserved recognition after so many years of hard work, Cyrus realized that it wasn't worth it in the long run due to the personal sacrifices that he had made along the way. As such, as he finally fell asleep, the overweight black man was feeling quite depressed about his life and couldn't resist wishing for a chance to simply get a do-over in life.

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Given the fact that Cyrus had spent over 30 years living in the Bronx, the man had grown to become a deep sleeper due to the neverending onslaught of early morning traffic that left disgruntled drivers honking their horns in annoyance or rolling down their windows to curse at the car in front of them. But as the loud sound of an animal suddenly rang through his bedroom, Cyrus found his eyes quickly peeling open in shock. That noise wasn't anything that sounded like the countless dogs and cats that lived in his apartment, so the professor was quite confused about what had been responsible for the sound. Luckily, the animal began to create the sound once more, allowing Cyrus to quickly deduce that the sound emerging outside his bedroom window was a rooster crowing.

Clearly alarmed by the concept of a loose rooster running around the NYC streets, Cyrus quickly pushed himself up into a seated position as he fully opened his eyes and yawned while giving his limbs a quick stretch. As the yawn continued and the man brought his limbs down, his eyes couldn't help but examine his bedroom. But as he did so, the professor was in shock to find that his lavish furnishings such as a dark desk, leather office chair, and large bookcase of several first edition pressings were all gone. Instead, a stained and torn-up office chair was in front of a cheap-looking metal desk that had no drawers. On top of that, a computer monitor now sat on the desktop rather than the large tabletop and journal that had been there the night prior. Continuing to look around in hopes of figuring out what was going on, he was appalled by the awful looking dark maroon walls that were adorned with crooked posters of country music singers and scantily clad women posing for the camera. Although the hideous wall color was enough to prove that this wasn't his bedroom, the nearly nude posters of women were the clearest indicators to the gay man of something being amiss.

Despite the early morning shock of waking up in someone else's bedroom, Cyrus' mind was quick to jump into action as he went to pull back the sheets on the bed so he could get up and figure out what was going on. But as he looked down while grabbing the sheets and beginning to pull them away from him, the man's eyes widened as he saw that his dark complexion was no longer there. No, the skin looked quite pale now, almost as if he was somehow... white?!

"Wha- what the hell," the man said in shock as he jumped out of bed and found that both of his arms were now showcasing this whiter complexion. As he stopped speaking though, Cyrus was able to immediately pick up on the fact that his voice was sounding different too. The man had a relatively normal voice that had no real hint of an accent, but now he was speaking as if he was born and raised in the country. "What happening to me," he asked aloud growing shocked as the accent made itself more apparent with the words coming out like "*wut's happenin ta me?!*" As a result, the man couldn't help but scream louder than ever as he realized that he had somehow found himself in the body of some white country hick!

As the sound of imposing footsteps fast approached the closed bedroom door, Cyrus instantly found himself tensing up in fear of having to explain what was going on. With the door suddenly opening and a stern gray-haired man walking in and looking directly at



Cyrus, the confused man felt a tingle of intimidation emerge.

“The hell’s wrong with ya kiddo? Bad dream or something,” he curtly said, his lips curled into a scowl as he awaited Cyrus’ answer.

“I uh, I don’t know how to explain this, but I’m not supposed to be here,” Cyrus began, his voice growing frantic as he pushed aside his annoyance towards his new accent to continue explaining what was going on. “My name is Cyrus and I’m from New York City. I went to bed and somehow I woke up in this bedroom and this body. I really don’t know what’s happening!”

As he stopped speaking and looked towards the middle-aged man for help, Cyrus’ breath stopped momentarily as he watched the man ball his hands into fists and let out a growl. “Oh for fuck’s sake, not you too,” he said, turning his head away from Cyrus as he let out a deep exhale. Before Cyrus could speak and ask what he meant by that statement, the professor jumped in shock as the cowboy suddenly extended one of the fists out and violently punched into the door frame of the bedroom.

Given the man’s clear anger, Cyrus opted to remain completely silent as he observed the man walk around and take a few moments to calm down. Watching as his nostrils grew less flared and his body language shifted to become less aggressive, the professor proceeded to wait until the mystery man decided to continue the conversation once more. Luckily, it was only a minute longer before the cowboy told the man to follow him out to the living room.

Not wanting to anger the man further, Cyrus obeyed the order and followed the man as he exited the bedroom and walked down the long hallway. While he continued to look around the drably painted walls, the professor quickly picked up on the few picture frames on the wall that showed the cowboy in his younger years with his arm around a pretty blonde woman. As the dates on the photos began to grow more and more recent the further he walked, Cyrus was finally able to see a photo that showcased the couple holding a young baby.

But just as he began to look forward to the next few photos to get a better idea of whose body he was apparently in, the older cowboy demanded Cyrus’ attention as he began to speak once more with his deep and booming voice. “Now, I don’t really know what’s goin’ on ‘ere either to be completely honest with ya,” he began, turning his head back to Cyrus as the hallway finally led to a larger living room with a TV playing. “All I know is I woke up this morning and tried to kiss my wife, but she freaked out and started screamin’ and sayin’ that she was an accountant from San Francisco named Tyler.” As

he stopped and turned his head to the TV though, the man gave a statement that left Cyrus feeling quite worried. "No one can seem to explain it..."

Turning his head towards the TV, Cyrus watched as he read the banner running along the bottom of the news channel - *The Great Change! Countless people report waking up in different bodies. Is this a liberal terrorist attack? How do we fix it?* As he finished reading the text and looked up to see the channel itself, the man's eyes instantly picked up on the Fox News logo and groaned as he realized that the cowboy was relying on a conservative media outlet for news. As a proud progressive, the man felt gross listening to the reporter on air spout off various conspiracy theories that sounded completely insane. Despite his attempt to change the channel to a more reputable news source though, Cyrus found the remote slapped out of his hand by the older cowboy as he ominously warned that no one touches his remote.

Growing overwhelmed yet annoyed at what's going on, Cyrus found himself growing increasingly emotional as he felt tears beginning to form into his eyes. "I don't want to be some idiotic redneck, I want my body back!" Cyrus exclaimed, the concept of losing his highly-regarded career and identity as an educated black man terrifying him to his core.

"Now stop your fuckin' cryin' you pussy," the cowboy angrily exclaimed as he lifted up a hand and quickly backhanded the sobbing man. "I don't really know whether this is some terrorist attack like they're sayin' or just god's plan at work. All I know is that I won't allow my son to turn into a blubberin' pansy!"

Rubbing his cheek, which had grown to become bright red after the impact of the slap, Cyrus found himself attempting to keep his composure as he tried to reason with the clearly old-fashioned man. "But I'm not your son sir, I'm just a 65-year-old college professor from New York," Cyrus responded, his words interrupted by his deep inhales for air as he tries to calm himself down.

Unfortunately for Cyrus though, his new father wasn't willing to entertain such an idea. "No, your name is Jackson Armstrong and you're an 18-year-old high schooler from Texas. Until we figure out what's goin' on, you're gonna behave and do everything just as Jackson did. I'm not gonna let some big city folk turn my family into a total clusterfuck. I especially won't let my son become some emotional nerd who would rather read books than do hard work like a real man," he said, extending a finger out and pointing it in Cyrus' face with a deep scowl.

“If you want to keep claiming that you’re not my son though, then I’m more than willin’ to just kick you out and let you fend for yourself. In case ya don’t think I’m serious, let’s just say your new mother tried to pull the same shit with me earlier. Notice how she’s not here? Now she’s just out walkin’ down the road looking for someone to help her since she wasn’t willin’ to kiss me and make the men of this house some breakfast like a real wife should!” After taking a moment to make sure that the message sunk in for his new son, the father finally looked at the man once more and asked one last question. “So, are you Jackson or not?”

Despite wanting so badly to declare his true identity and demand that the other man help him get his original body back, Cyrus knew that this wasn’t possible. With the troubling threat of being kicked out of the house and having to fend for himself in a redneck state like Texas, he knew that he had no other choices beyond saying yes and agreeing to the man’s terms. In his mind, he hoped that he could secretly find a way to get himself back into his original body and maybe even interact with the real Jackson to help him better adapt to his new life as a retired black man. So with no other viable options, Cyrus slowly nodded his head and forced himself to stop crying for the time being.

Upon seeing his new son agree to what he was saying, a devious smile emerged on the cowboy’s face as he told his son the schedule for the day. Given the fact that school had been canceled that day due to the brand new worldwide pandemic, the cowboy said that it would be a day solely devoted towards working on the farm to help “Jackson” adapt to his new roles and chores that were expected to be done daily.

After being told by his new father to change into some different clothes for the next few hours of working outside, the brand new Jackson softly nodded his head and turned back to walk back down the hallway and into his new bedroom. Once he entered the room and shut the door, the man attempted to steady his breathing as he tried to wrap his head around what had happened to him. Through some bizarre twist of fate, the older and progressive man had suddenly woken up and found himself in the body of a white redneck farmer. Out of all of the bodies he could end up with, this was certainly the worst possible case scenario for him since it was so different from his own personal values and personality as a homebody who hated to get his hands dirty. He would have rather ended up as a woman than some conservative teenager with a delusional father who loved to reinforce antiquated gender stereotypes along with insane levels of toxic masculinity!

Despite his rage at the situation, Cyrus was unwilling to anger his new father further and thus began to look around through the piles of discarded clothing on the floor to try and

find something to wear. Although he hadn't gotten a great look at himself, he could just feel from the lightness of his body that Jackson's body was incredibly lean in comparison to his former overweight physique. So as he looked through the size medium shirts and shorts that were wrinkled and strewn about on the floor, the brand new 18-year-old quickly grabbed some before heading into the next door bathroom to get a better look at himself while changing.



Walking into the bathroom, Cyrus quickly flicked on the light and watched as he got the first look at his new self in the mirror. Tilting his head as he took in his reflection, the man was relieved to find that he hadn't ended up in the body of an ugly redneck at least. The man's face was decent and incredibly youthful, with the only thing making him appear older being the light stubble that adored his jawline and upper lip.

With this exploration of his new head completed, Cyrus found himself oddly curious about how the rest of his body looked. Given his life as a professor always on the go between lectures and meetings, Cyrus had found himself quickly relying on fast food to satisfy his cravings quickly without making him sacrifice precious work time. While it was effective in helping him climb up the hierarchy of the English department at NYU, it had devastating effects on his waistline as his average body inflated until he was over 300 lbs.

So with a slight smile emerging onto his face thinking about how much leaner and well-maintained his new body was, the man finally began to peel off his pajamas to get a better look. Despite his inner desire to explore every inch of his new body, Cyrus opted to stop himself from fully undressing by keeping his underwear on and concealing his new manhood for the time being. Luckily though, removing his shirt was able to keep the man's attention as he looked down and found himself in possession of a toned and muscular build. Cyrus had never had any serious muscle mass back in his old body, so he was absolutely mesmerized by the prominent biceps



that grew thicker when he tensed his arms along with the six pack that Jackson had surely gotten from being such a hard worker both on the farm and in the gym.

Although he wanted to continue exploring more of his buffer body, Cyrus felt a bizarre sense of shame about objectifying this random teenager's body since it obviously wasn't his. Plus, with the looming threat of his new father having another meltdown, Cyrus felt no desire to endure more of his wraith. So after pulling on the new set of clothes and depositing his pajamas back in the bedroom, the brand new Jackson followed his father out to the farm while hoping deep down that he would find himself back in his older body and life as soon as possible...