

# CHANGE OF MIND

*By Dee Dee Perri*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# A CHANGE OF MIND

By Dee Dee Perri

## CHAPTER 1

Jeff had tried to describe his out-of-body experiences to whomever would listen but nobody believed him.

Today he had even gone to a shrink.

Gads! What a waste!

“Metaphorically speaking, of course...” the old man had begun.

“No! No!” Jeff had retorted. “It actually happens. I CAN leave my body!”

It was an expensive lesson in frustration. Never again, he promised himself. No more ridicule, incredulous glances or people nodding their head behind his back with a doleful look muttering...poor Mr. Parker.

He would keep it to himself. There! Enough said!

Maybe as a small consolation for his aborted visit to the shrink, the fates had allowed him to discover a seat in the crowded subway car. At least he wouldn't have to stand on the long ride home.

The vacant seat next to him was greedily claimed by an enormous woman. Her massive rear end and fat filled thighs spread out as the seat received her bulk. The lateral thrust of her flesh shoved him firmly against the adjacent bulkhead.

Jeff was suddenly and completely immobilized. He felt claustrophobic, like he was going to be crushed or worst yet, smothered. This was not the first time Jeff had experience panic in a confined space, nor was it the worst bout he had ever experienced.

He knew what he had to do.

He concentrated on his breathing: deeply and slowly; deeply and slowly he told himself. The trick was to ignore the fact that his body was completely trapped by the woman's bulk.

As the car continued to fill, even standing room reached a premium. Finally an old gentleman with a huge gut dominated his field of view.

With nowhere to go and now closed in from all directions, Jeff's anxiety escalated. He was beginning to lose it. His breathing became more ragged as his heart rate accelerated. He tried to shut everything out of his mind. He reminded himself that in a few minutes he would be at the next stop. One can tolerate absolutely anything for a few minutes, right?

The train doors remained open as if time itself had stopped. It wasn't just the wait that was becoming increasingly intolerable. A seemingly endless stream the commuters continued to squeeze aboard in nearly impossible numbers.

Jeff's anxiety was now alarm. He couldn't breathe! Smothered in the crush of flesh, he couldn't move...he couldn't escape. The old man immediately in front of him was brutally shoved from behind. The man's protruding gut smashed against Jeff's face. The press of humanity was no longer an impression but a vivid reality. Flesh was closing in from all sides! Abruptly, panic swept away reason.

ESCAPE!

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Never before had Jeff achieved an out-of-body experience in public. But there he was, above and safely removed from the horrid crush. Instantly a sense of relief surged through his consciousness, his claustrophobic impulse was gone. His unconscious body, supported by the mass around him, looked uncommonly peaceful, relaxed. When seen from this perspective, the swarm of humanity no longer seemed so frightening.

Jeff's relief was short lived however.

With a lurch the train began to move. And in that instant Jeff learned a fundamental truth regarding the physics of his out-of-body existence. His conscious entity, that bodiless "self" still retained it's initial geophysical position. His physical body, firmly wedged between the partition and the fat lady, was leaving along with everything and everyone that was contained within the vehicle.

Jeff's conscious self made a desperate dive toward his receding corpse.

He missed his body! An old woman yelped as his consciousness attempt to slip into hers. Abruptly, almost instantaneously, Jeff felt his consciousness forcibly repelled. Now disorientated, Jeff was completely unprepared when his essence crashed into yet another body.

And again he was expelled.

As the train picked up speed, the rate at which bodies seemed to smash into his consciousness accelerated. More and more, faster and faster until the union and rejection melted into a single, continuous, hellish stream. Emotionally and intellectually he was overwhelmed as the universe exploded into unimaginable disorder.

**XXXXX**

When awareness finally returned, Jeff's consciousness floated above the now empty tracks. How long had he been there? He had absolutely no idea. Jeff realized, with horror, his essence had dissipated considerably. His sensory capacities, or what passed for such abilities in this dimension, were severely degraded as well.

The station platform was beginning to fill with commuters once again. He could scarcely hear the forming multitude, or SEE anyone! He moved toward the now silent, shadowy, humanoid blobs. With each passing moment he could sense his existence unraveling and his psychic essence weakening.

Now, out of desperation, he attempted to unite with the nearest form. Fine thread-like elements extending in apparent random patterns filled the amorphous shape. Even as he tried to slip into this network, the structure reacted in an amebic fashion, quickly surrounding Jeff's consciousness and then forcibly expelling him from the safety of the seemingly random matrix.

Moving from form to form, obeying an increasingly urgent need, Jeff repeated his efforts. Without a body, his life force would soon expire, of that he was now certain!

And each attempt was costing him irreplaceable resources.

The multitude that now occupied the platform gave Jeff nearly an endless supply of opportunities. But there would not be enough time or energy to try them all. Finally, even as his sensations dimmed to a final twilight he saw one form that was different from all the rest. The threads making up the form lacked the brilliance so obvious in the others he had tried.

In a final, desperate lunge, Jeff's consciousness met and entered the network. As before, the entity reacted to his presence, but slowly and with little vigor. Still it was not easy. Jeff's essence clung to the wriggling mass with all the power he had remaining.

Energy! Life! A solid existence began to form around him once again. Lights-images! Sounds! Flesh!

"OH Hell"! he gasped.

**XXXXX**

It became all too obvious exactly how, after all the failed attempts, he had managed to hitch a ride on this particular being. It wasn't just that the eyes refused to come into focus or that the field of view swayed with disconcerting randomness, no!

A wrenching sickness welled up in his patron's stomach. The acid taste of vomit was rising up in their common throat. God how Jeff hated throwing up. And unlike his close companion, he would have to ride it out "nearly" sober.

Nearly sober?

Already his awareness began to synchronize with the new body he inhabited. Even as he felt the surge of vomit up his throat, the intense spasms of his diaphragm and the involuntary opening of his mouth, he was becoming giddy with the drug or alcohol that ran through their common system. He hardly noted or cared between the drug induced disorientation and discomfort when his borrowed hands flashed into view. As the body bent at the waist, a mass of hair descended around his face. Finally the body relieved itself of its burden.

The proper owner of the body was on the lowest edge of consciousness, indeed, it was all that Jeff could do to keep the body from collapsing into an unmanageable heap.

Her?

The small, slight hands with the slender fingers that terminated in vivid red nails that he had just seen could only belong to a female. For the first time, he made a de-

terminated effort to control the body. Although the body continued to sway and the eyes still refused to focus properly, Jeff managed to look down. The blurry vista of well defined cleavage eliminated any remaining doubt.

All of this took place in seconds.

The first thing Jeff wanted was to be reunited with his errant body and the last thing that he could afford was to be arrested for disorderly conduct. It seemed likely that when his host recovered her full mental capacity, he might very well find himself flung into that dark never-never land from which he had just escaped.

No! A few hours in a drunk tank could be the death of him. He had to find his body before he lost control of this one. With a supreme effort he threw the borrowed body through the closing train doors.

Jeff took little notice of the press of bodies around him, some considerably more intimate than he would have expected. But for once the crush served a useful function; it kept the body standing.

It took all of Jeff's attention just to keep the legs locked so that he wouldn't fall to the floor. At the first stop, he fell into a seat. The blissful release from his Herculean effort was almost his undoing. As soon as he began to relax, he started to slide into unconsciousness. With a jerk he forced his borrowed body to stand once again.

*"Twenty minutes, that's all I need to get home!"* he kept repeating like a mantra under his breath. And then what? He would have to take things one step at a time, that's all. How long would it take to find his body? How long would the proper owner of this body allow him to remain? Would he die today?

He gritted HER teeth and hung on literally for dear life.

**XXXXX**

The trip seemed to last for an eternity. Between the constant struggle to retain both physical and emotional control, there passed several more waves of incipient nausea.

And her bladder! He expected to feel a warm stream of urine flowing down his leg at any moment.

As he lunged for the door at his stop, he became all too aware of the heels and tight skirt. But it wasn't just the lack of coordination engendered by his unfamiliar garb, his sense of balance had been whacked by whatever she had ingested.

He caught himself as he started to enter the Men's room.

"Ho Nellie!"

The feminine voice that rose from his throat and slipped through his full lips grabbed his attention and brought him back to the uniqueness of his predicament. He was in a woman's body. On unsteady legs he pulled back from the abyss, turned and entered the relative safety of the Women's rest room.

His, or rather HER bladder screamed for release. He slapped at three stall doors before he finally found one that was unoccupied. Tottering there on his high heels, he lifted his skirt, inserted his thumbs into the tops of the panty hose and yanked them down towards his knees and then squatted and let go- it felt so GOOD!

For the first time in nearly half an hour, Jeff didn't feel as if he were on the brink of instant, total disaster. He wasn't nauseated, at the moment at least. He was sitting down and alone, well, more or less alone. A spiky heeled shoe, just visible under the stall partition, shifted suddenly as its owner prepared to leave.

A minute later Jeff also left the rest room and started the long walk home.

**XXXXX**

Night was descending and the Southern California air was rapidly cooling. The almost chilly breeze that sprang up and the effort of walking was doing wonders for Jeff's borrowed body. For the first time he was actually aware of his new form. The previously muted sensations of flesh and bone became increasingly crisp and immediate.

He could now feel the hem of his skirt as it slid along his nylon encased legs until they caught and restrained his stride. His breasts, swaying side to side with each rolling motion of his hips, struggled against the confines of his bra.

The click of his heels rang in the South Pasadena night; each step signaling to the world that here was a woman!

The sound changed abruptly as he swept up the cobblestone walkway toward the back door of his house. His BMW gleamed brightly in the otherwise muted twilight that had seeped into his garage. Finally, with fumbling fingers he found the spare house key and unlocked and entered his home. He hurriedly entered his study.

He could now feel her presence, dimly, as if at a great distance. His host was returning to consciousness!

But he could determine nothing more than that. A presence without content. He tried to tell her in thoughts and images exactly what had happened but he had no way to know whether or not she received his messages.

Finally he began to talk out loud as if by doing so she might hear and understand more readily and not be afraid.

"My name's Jeffrey Parker. I'm a System's Engineer...for Ma Bell. I know it sounds crazy but I lost my body and borrowed yours. Sorry. Really! As soon as I find my body I'll get out of yours. I PROMISE!"

Even as he talked, he booted up his Sun Work Station. The 34 inch, high resolution screen snicked on. In moments he was in communication with the Metro data channel. His normal, almost lightning quick key strokes turned his ordered commands into hash as his errant nails intruded.

Finally, slowly, poking each key deliberately with but the tip of one of his long finger nails, he began to configure his system. If his body had been found anywhere along the nearly 200 miles of the Metro system, he would know.

"Please, be patient." he called out to his unseen companion. "A few minutes more."

After he had created his search module, he leaned back against the chair and waited. Within seconds, the screen began to scroll with the requested data. At the end

of nearly 10 minutes it was clear that the system found NO TRACE of his missing body!

Tears of anxiety welled up in his borrowed eyes as he began to set up a wide scale sweep of hospitals, emergency wards, clinics and even police data traffic.

**XXXXX**

More than an hour had been spent in front of the computer now. Jeff swilled down his second cup of over cooked coffee. The bitter taste caused his female body to shudder momentarily and his none too stable stomach immediately threatened to rebel. The sick, sour smell wafted up from the front of his vomit stained blouse and jacket.

Jeff was hopelessly over extended with the flood of, as yet, useless data that paraded across the screen and the growing nausea was simply the last straw. Again speaking out loud for the benefit of his host he said, "I hope you don't take offense but- I think that a change of clothes is in order."

He stood there listening for a few moments but no reply was evident. He finally pushed himself away from the work station and headed upstairs to the master bedroom.

There was still a whole closet full of Megan's clothes.

*A regular clothes horse*, he thought to himself. The negative image helped to still the pain he still felt every time he was reminded of his wife.

She had dumped him, abruptly and coldly, for the wealthy embrace of her new lover.

Jeff's borrowed skin crawled as he recalled his resentment and anger. He plucked at the leavings, her discards, at random until he found a simple house dress. He held it against his body: a little large but it would do.

He tossed it on to the bed and entered the bathroom.

The image that the mirror flung back at him hit with a jolt. A total stranger stood there mimicking his every gesture. It was hard to judge the face considering the strain that showed in the eyes and the wrecked hair and makeup: used up, tired looking but passably attractive. The body, on the other hand was lush, fully mature and completely feminine. As he twisted his body to the side and back he could affirm the substantial swell of his breasts, hips and fanny.

"Nice." He said out loud. "Really, you're quite attractive. I hope you understand."

He shrugged his shoulders as if to say sorry and then, with fluttery feelings welling up in his stomach, started to unbutton his blouse.

If she was directly aware of his consciousness then there would be no hiding from her the sexual surge that was erupting. His masculine mind was responding to the adequate stimulus before him. And yet the response was being carried by this female body. Downright strange, he thought, as he felt his clit engorge and his vagina begin to lubricate.



“Sorry.” he muttered out loud to his omnipresent partner. “It's just an involuntary reaction. Too many months without sex and well...” he stammered to an embarrassed conclusion.

The buttons were all backwards or something and the long unfamiliar nails didn't help but eventually he solved the challenge of the blouse for it now flapped open. He wiggled out of the slick, clinging top, all the while watching with fascination at HIS boob's reaction. It was like a striptease but with a unique twist, he was both the audience and the show itself.

In spite of himself, he could hardly wait to see the breasts and yet he felt embarrassed at the same time. Once free of their confinement, they bounced in a complex and hypnotic dance in a delayed response to every movement of his body. It wasn't just the sight of them wiggling about, pinwheeling this way and that- that so completely caught his attention but the sense of their warm, substantial mass pulling and twisting against his chest that really brought home their “reality”. Like the clit, the tan nipples were engorged. The erect, blood swollen points seemed to be directly connected to his cunt.

A tactile bolt surged down his spinal cord and entered his female groin the instant his tentative fingers lightly slid across one of these rigid, elongated cones. A groan grew in his throat as he wanted to continued to pull and twist at these elastic knobs. Beads of sweat were beginning to form on his forehead and a distinct flush was darkening his neck. Jeff sat down heavily on the side of the tub.

Too much! He paused to get his breath and to quiet the mounting lust. No time for this and besides, this was rape, of sorts. If only he could communicate with his host. God! He wondered what she was thinking. Was this hell for her? He might never know unless he could set her free again.

Finally he returned to this business of undressing his female body.

As he worked the panty hose down, he could not help but appreciate the soft, smoothness of his legs. The slender, hairless limbs and tiny feet were so unlike his own. Even the toe nails were shaped and painted. It was obvious that the owner of this body put a lot of effort into its maintenance. He stood up again.

All that remained was the panties. Like the bra, it was made of some kind of nylon material that gave it a metallic sheen but was as soft as a doe's eye. And elastic too, for even though it clung to his groin like a second skin, it slipped easily over his ample hips and soft, round bottom and collapsed into a puddle of softness at his feet.

There was nothing there between his legs to suggest the maleness that now resided inside this form. The triangle of hair was a familiar sight, but not from this exact perspective.

The legs seemed unusually long but again, he had never seen a woman's body exactly from this perspective before.

Steam billowed around him as he opened the door and extended one dainty foot into the shower.

The warm embrace of the hot water skittering down his body, the slippery slickness of his lathered skin, the feel of the full breasts and rounded contours and most of all the feel of being touched in a body already on fire was just too much for Jeff. His resolve melted in the flare of his own passion. Cautiously but with a will rewarded by raw pleasure, Jeff began to masturbate. With one hand working between his legs, alternating between his clit and vagina, and the second, stroking his breasts and toying with his erect nipples, his legs melted under him. As he slid to the floor of the shower, his body poised on the brink of eruption, muscles inside him began to quiver expectantly. Suddenly the shower door snapped open with a metallic snick. MY GOD! he observed with a rude shock.

Jeff had never appreciated exactly how tiny he had become until he confronted "himself" standing there. Jeff, or rather Jeff's old body towered above him even after he scrambled up. Craning his neck upward to hold his old visage in his gaze, Jeff saw that the man's face- rather...his face, well it was all so confusing.

"WHO IN THE HELL ARE YOU.." Jeff or rather Jeff's male self yelled. The man's eyes grew wide in shock in reaction to the unanticipated image. There was a total stranger in his shower!

A naked, blond and obviously female person who, for reasons unknown, had been clutching her genitals while sitting prone on the floor of HIS shower. After a brief but pregnant pause he sputtered in a slightly more civil tone, "How'd you get in? Why?" He was at last- speechless as a continuous stream of conflicting emotions cascaded through his awareness: embarrassment, surprise, anger, but most of all confusion. He looked around to confirm that this was indeed HIS bathroom, HIS house.

As startled as the male Jeff was, that was nothing compared to the shock given to the male consciousness that now resided inside the blond, female body.

*Me?* He kept repeating to himself. *How is that possible? Me? Thank God!*

As he turned off the water and reached for a towel, his mind was a whirl of questions and some growing relief. His body had found its way home!

"Hang on- Ah Jeff! I'll be right out" Pulling on a bathrobe but still dripping wet he followed his retreating male self into the bedroom.

His body- it HAD to be JUST a body! was sitting on the side of the bed. The body's face carried a worried, almost hangdog expression, it was undoubtedly inhabited by some kind of consciousness. That fact alone was driving Jeff to distraction. How was this possible. But before he could issue an inquiry the body spoke.

"Megan? Did she put you up to this? Damn her! What next? Some damn photographer is supposed to "pop-in" and catch us...right?"

Jeff's feminine features took on an incredulous look.

His old body nodded dumbly and then his eyebrows scrunched together as he queried again. "So who are you?"

Jeff didn't know exactly what to say to that. He'd have to take this one small step at a time. "A friend?"