

# BREASTS

*By Dee Dee Perri*



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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# BREASTS

**BY DEE DEE PERRI**

## **Chapter 1**

Engineering majors had no life! None, zip! While other freshman could study until eight, then go out and hit the bars, chase girls, whatever, EM's worked until midnight or later, night after night after night. The engineering program made no allowance for the testosterone freely flowing through a man's veins, nor the resultant needs a young man might have for companionship and SEX.

There was a solution, of sorts, and David already had that in hand, so to speak. The one-eyed monk was beginning to wake up, having received David's undivided attention for the last ten seconds. If there was anything David was good at, it was forming a vivid mental image of a sexy, willing female to help guide the "monk" to enlightenment. Tonight he chose...Tammy Walker! She was one of the few female instructors on campus and David's psychology professor. The brilliant twenty-five-year-old, newly-minted Ph.D. was a fantastic choice. Her breasts were so incredible, they'd become at Poly Tech, synonymous with excellence in tits, as in "Look at the tammy-walkers on that one!" That was "tammywalkers", one word!

Dave created her image as he'd seen her last, in her research laboratory the previous Saturday when he served as a subject. She appeared in his mind's eye wearing a white lab coat, medium-length skirt with her long blond hair pulled back into a bun and just a hint of makeup. As soon as Dr. Walker's image stabilized in David's mind, he began to modify "her". The bun had to go: Tammy's golden hair abruptly cascaded down her chest and back. Next, David mentally removed the professor's white, over-starched jacket. Her tammywalkers began to bloom. With a little creative license, they were soon stretching the nylon blouse so badly that the buttons on her imaginary blouse began to pop. One, two, then three...abruptly her breasts, like playful kittens, made their break for freedom.

The sweet, pudding-soft, angel-white "tammywalkers" poked out of their nylon prison and examined the surrounding world. Sharply pointed, pink nipples seemed to stare David directly in the eye as if to say, oh, *there* you are!. Of course, Tammy's skirt had been shrinking all this time, too, growing tighter and shorter with each passing moment. Creamy white thighs were uncovered as the skirt crept ever higher. It tightened its hold on Tammy's rounded butt and dove in to express the separateness of each of her rounded half-spheres. Relentlessly the cloth retreated until it disappeared into her butt crack. She was utterly nude, David noted with satisfaction. He'd never

actually seen Dr. Walker naked, not even close, but there she was, or at least there she was as he imagined she would look, sans covering. Full womanly curves, a pale V of blond hair between her long, long legs and sumptuously round hips and ass. Everything that should jiggle did and was appreciated by David and his one-eyed monk!

He bid her to draw nearer and she did. He wanted her to lie down beside him, and of course she did that, too. David could imagine smelling her womanly odors. With a jolt he realized he could actually FEEL her warm naked flesh against his own! The phantom “she”, created fully from David’s mind, now pressed her body against his aggressively. She started to stroke the rigid shaft between his legs.

Abruptly, a confused David realized, that they, that is she and David, were...well, only one person now! She was no longer there but...HERE! Her hand—his hand—stroked his penis. THEIR penis, but Old Pete didn’t stay a penis very long. A gash, a vertical opening, began just below the rigid shaft formed. In so forming, the symbol of David’s manhood was vanquished. In obvious retreat, Pete shrunk and drew back. Wetness bloomed from the triangle between “their” legs, from that new birth canal that had pushed its way into existence. It formed a sticky coating on Tammy-David’s fingers that soon smeared, wet and warm, on Tammy-David’s thighs. Tammy-David’s tits screamed for attention and the remaining Tammy-David hand was sent to attend to “her” tammywalkers with their needy nipples. Tammy-David reached that point where she/he knew that she/he would cum; that unstoppable, unavoidable, un-maintainable peak just before...hanging on the very edge of climax.

Hanging, hanging...Tammy-David...Tammy...Tammy! Tammy! Tammy had stolen, dissolved David’s soma. It was now her breasts that rolled from side to side on her chest. Her heavy weighted globes careened drunkenly with each spasm of her vagina. David’s penis was unrecognizable now, as much a part of history as Tammy’s clothes. Eradicated! The hand that now slipped in and out of her cleft was “her” hand. All that had been David had been obliterated by Tammy except for a nagging little male consciousness that was buried deeply inside, somewhere. Still, he knew he was David. He heard her moans as they rode higher and higher. He felt the first wave of erotic heat sweep from deep in her groin and exploded in her brain. He rode the rapid succession of erotic tidal waves. When the last climax hit and faded into warm, wet memory, when the decaying echoes of “her” passion had grown too faint to savor, then and only then was David able to climb out of that remote recess into which he had been cast.

“HUH!” he yelped in a womanly voice as real terror swooped down and tore at “his” gut. Lying there, spread-eagled on the bed was Tammy Walker! Tammy Walker, awesome tits and all! Not David Bland! Not Tammy Walker WITH David Bland. Dave shoved “her” fist in “her” mouth to choke back the scream and gibbered uncontrollably, “Neee aaa nee...”

Like a drunk that was trying to regain control of his body, David pulled this improbable body—this Tammy Walker—up into a sitting position on the bed. The shifting weights that tugged at this chest, the soft round cushions upon which he now sat and the slick wetness that still leaked from a cunt onto these feminine, hairless thighs agreed with the impossible image that filled David’s eyes. Two small, feminine hands—they could not be his—hefted a pair of pink-capped globes that clung, oddly, to his chest. Feminine fingers and nails cautiously slid across reactive, wrinkly, erect

nipples. A female voice croaked from his mouth, “This...this isn’t really happening.” An insane giggle bubbled from between rich, full lips, though there was really nothing to laugh at.

Head spinning, they...no, HE, DAVID, stood up and staggered toward the mirror that was mounted against the far wall. Hair tickled the small of his back as his smooth thighs slid against each other. The playful, but alien, kittens again frisked vigorously around a narrow rib cage that was not male. His hands released them so as to hold on to the metal foot board for support. “Not possible!” he gasped weakly as his legs—long, slender legs—threatened to collapse. From the mirror, Tammy Walker stared accusingly back at him as if SHE and not HE were in the wrong body. Hazel iris surrounded tar black pupils that narrowed in fear. His stomach did back flips as his hand touched swollen, fat lips. Heavy, lazy lashes fluttered above a small, upturned nose. “NO!” he squeaked. “IT’S NOT...” His voice broke like it had done often when he was twelve, then dropped into its natural, comfortable baritone. Now, in a fully normal voice, he completed the statement, “...POSSIBLE!” And it wasn’t!

Like a fading afterimage, SHE began to disappear. Her face morphed, became a thing of wax held too long near a flame. Her nose broadened and thickened as the eyes grew darker and smaller. Her lips compressed into thin flesh lines as the jaw squared and stubble bloomed. David stepped back and looked down. All over his body, her soft curves retreated before the rapid advance of his muscles. Dark hair sprouted where fine gold mist had been moments before. Those impossible tammywalkers remained as monuments to the recent past. Then they, too, began to deflate until all that existed from that- female body were hard, wrinkly, woman-sexed nipples. Finally, even these sensitive knots retreated from David’s natural maleness, dwindling into man-flesh.

David staggered back to the bed. Uncertain relief grew and then was displaced by sheer disbelief. Whatever had happened, hadn’t. It *couldn’t* have happened. Enough said!

He sat there, on the bed, blank-faced. It was late but sleep was impossible. In an idle movement, his right hand stroked where the tammywalkers had been. The familiar ridge of his muscular chest, the wiry hair that ran along the upper line, above and between his male nipples...all ordinary and not the least bit exciting. As with one who has come close to disaster only to find that it was all but a dream, there was a tantalizing nostalgia that lingered. As scary as the transformation had been, it had also been incredibly sexy! The climax, for starters, had lasted forever; at least it had seemed to go on and on and on. The powerful muscular contractions in...HER uterus made the familiar manly “pop” of his prick seem trivial by comparison. And he, er, she had reached a half dozen climaxes, one following quickly after the other, each one building upon the other until... David realized that his breathing had become ragged with excitement once again.

Just thinking about those contractions had caused old Pete to stir. Nervously, David grasped the blood-swollen member and started to stimulate himself. Cautiously, he looked down at his chest and imagined those tammywalkers there once again. He laughed nervously as the stimulation built up... Nothing. It was just a crazy notion. He stopped stroking his penis as his mouth formed an involuntary ‘O’. The nipples doubled, then redoubled in size as they climbed out of the dark, hairy forest. The growth

paused as his excitement waned. They began to recede. But the truth had been revealed, what he'd experienced earlier had not been some odd brain cramp, a flight of fancy too vivid. IT HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED!

Thank God he'd stopped in time. He looked at old Pete standing there only half-erect. His erection continued to decline. David nervously wiped sweat from his brow. Had he continued, there was little doubt that "she" would have appeared again. She hadn't been just a sex object with which to play but had actually taken over his body, made it hers. The hackles stood up on the back of his neck when his tongue flicked across fat, swollen lips. A mass of hair slithered down his back...AGAIN!

Much faster than the first time, the somatic changes resumed. Chest hair curled back and vanished as the man nipples started their growth toward feminine utility. A mass underneath formed and began to push the swollen, now pinkish, now pink nipples out and out still further. Gravity grabbed the growing masses and their wobbly presence became evident. David was now frantic as he tried to "unthink" the image of Dr. Walker. The ultra-sensitive flesh under the penis head morphed into a frighteningly sensual clitoris. Blond hair formed its tight weave around the pussy (that's all that it could be called). Vertically-orientated lips constructed a gate through which his exploring fingers could enter his body cavity. He began to moan in terror. His voice, *her* voice trilled.

He leaped from the bed and stood there quivering in the night chill. Knees together, feet spayed apart, pigeon-toed, he crossed his arms and clutched his slender shoulders with long, fine fingers. His breasts were cold, a novel sensation. He staggered once more to the mirror. It wasn't at all like the first time. Then he'd just climaxed but *now*, what little sexual tension he had was still there, unresolved. One would expect, he mused, that he'd find "her" as sexy as before, but that wasn't the case. Drop-dead gorgeous, YES, but... David saw the image reflected back to his eyes as... He gulped as the full realization grew. He could look at himself-herself analytically. She was no longer a 3-D foldout, a form to ogle, to turn on his male urge. He, or rather SHE, backed away, stricken with the newfound knowledge.

There was an utterly alien feel to his mind: female, not male! The naked figure no more excited "her" than his had excited him. This wasn't just a woman on the outside and a man inside. SHE stumbled back to the bed and climbed under the covers to escape the chill. Flipping off the light, she stared up at the darkness, at the nothingness. "My God", she thought, "what have I done? How will I ever undo what I did?" Fumbling with the covers, she sought and found her clit. It couldn't be *that* different. She tried to imagine a sexy female form, something to stimulate her need but... it soon was obvious that that wouldn't work.

NEVER had David thought of a man as a turn-on, some kind of sexual object. It was hard to get his imagination working. Frustrated, she worked at her clit. Gradually, a familiar, warm tingle began to well-up inside. The first hint of moisture formed just below the clit flesh as a poorly defined image with broad shoulders that descended down to narrow waist and narrower hips grew more certain, detailed. It was the most familiar one his mind had: his friend back home, Chance Wilson!

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Never had P-Chem lab seemed so wonderful. There was nothing here to suggest sexuality, sensuality, lust, only analytical reasoning, sexless chemicals and...males. David could feel his tensions decrease as he realized the complete safety of his environment. Last night had been a nightmare of the first magnitude. It had been difficult, almost impossible to climax the second time. His mind, that is, HER mind, was more alien than he could have imagined. He'd learned more about women than he'd ever wanted to know and much he would be glad to forget. He immediately shut down that line of thinking. Too dangerous. The first item on his agenda: never again would he jerk-off. Second item: never, ever think of Dr. Walker as a sex object. And third: it's good to be an engineering major. So much to do. He'd make Uncle Charlie proud. All he needed was...

"Hey Dave."

"Huh?" He turned around toward the sound of the voice. "Yeah, Tubby?"

Tubby leaned forward across the lab bench and in a loud whisper said, "You're going Saturday, right? The frat party?"

He'd completely forgotten about it. After what he'd been through last night... On the other hand, that was precisely what he needed, some real female companionship. He might never jerk-off again, but there was still a sexual beast inside. "Wouldn't miss it for anything, Tub."

A few minutes later, the lab was done. All that remained to complete the week was... David paled as he finished his thoughts. He had psychology next period.

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A nervous, almost terrified David Bland grabbed the seat nearest the door, not his usual good vantage point. The best seats were already taken, but that was not what motivated David's choice. After last night, he wasn't sure exactly how his body would react. And then there were the various hypotheses that had formed in his mind, all half-baked, of course. Like Dr. Walker had done something to him in that laboratory experiment. Perhaps he was being punished for transforming her name into a slang expression for a female body part (though whoever was *really* responsible was unknown) or... His troubled thoughts were interrupted by the sound of her high heels on the hardwood floor. He jerked his eyes down to his notebook. One thing was for certain. He wasn't going to look at those tammywalkers today. NO SIR!

Out of the corner of his eye, he followed her progress. Nylon-encased legs terminated in dark blue shoes. The small two-inch heels were responsible for all the racket. Click-click-click. He ventured a glance upward and caught the hem of a navy blue skirt that clung greedily to her thighs. No disaster yet. His gaze ventured higher, then relaxed. It was one of those mannish business suits she often wore. The small navy blue jacket was cut close to her waist and expanded to broad, artificial shoulders. Her breasts, safely encased, were no longer a threat. The cleavage was out of sight. Yeah, he could think of her as just another professor. He eased back in his chair and stuck his Bic pen behind his ear. SAFE! Old Pete was resting.

Ten minutes into the lecture, Dr. Walker paused, unbuttoned her jacket and said something about how warm it was in the classroom. She paused and looked directly at David as she proceeded to remove it. The blouse, probably nylon, was not capable of restraining the wobbly masses inside. The bra was certainly inadequate, if indeed there was one. In exactly one second, there were as many boners in that room as there were males. Poor David was no exception.

Unlike the typical male in that room, David's reaction wasn't restricted to his groin. It was like his body, having practiced extensively last night, had been conditioned to respond to those tammywalkers in a most undignified, inappropriate manner. David jerked his notebook to his chest to hide the growing mass inside the sweat shirt. He knew he'd have to get out of that room...NOW!

"Mr. Bland?" She called out to him in her all-too-familiar voice.

He dare not respond. Putting a hand over his mouth, as if he was about to throw up, he mumbled, "Sick." He hit the door running.

He was none too quick. He'd barely made it to the outer exit in the hall when things became completely unglued. He lurched sideways when his right shoe decided to grow a two-inch heel. As he hit the wall, the other shoe responded, returning him to an even keel of sorts. His jeans had welded together, making it impossible to walk until... A tight navy blue skirt climbed slowly up his legs, uncovering nylon-encased, hairless, long, gorgeously feminine legs. He pushed the door open and the wind caught and swirled his long blond hair. Half-blinded, he worked his way down the outside steps, one hand hanging on to the rail as his feet and legs got a crash course in navigating stairs while wearing heels and a restrictive skirt. He hardly noticed the tammywalkers struggling inside his nylon blouse or the two male students who smiled and watched knowingly from across the quad.

This was the third time in little more than twelve hours that he'd become Tammy Walker. Unlike last night, though, he wasn't naked. The thought gave him a momentary case of the nerves. He did not want to think of her as naked at this moment.

One couldn't exactly run in heels and a tight skirt, but David was making a good effort nevertheless. The dorm should be relatively empty this time of day, especially on a Friday since many would have cut their afternoon class to get an early start on the weekend. All he had to do was get to his room and...masturbate.

But getting inside his room might prove to be a bit more of a problem than he'd expected. The click of his high heels on the concrete walk toward the rear of the men's dorm had brought out old Tubby from his room. David grasped the door knob and started to open the door, only to be accosted by the sound of Tubby calling out for all the world to hear, "WOMAN ON THE FLOOR!"

David clenched his teeth and entered. Tubby stood there awkwardly. He was wide-eyed and appreciative of the fact that *the* Tammy Walker and her famous tammywalkers had come, most unexpectedly, to his tiny corner of the universe.

"Gosh, Dr. Walker. Can I help you?"

"Yes, er, Mr. Cook, isn't it?"



Tubby nodded effusively.

“I’m, er, supposed to meet Mr. Bland regarding...the research we were conducting. Is he here?”

Tubby jerked his head no. Amazement filled his eyes. The idea that old Dave and...

“Fine. I’ll just wait in his room.”

Now Tubby’s eyes were boggling as he lead “her” to David’s own room.

Struggling with “her” purse, David found things that he would never have carried normally. A tube of lipstick, some tampons, a powder case with mirror. “Ah!” he said with relief, “My, er, *his* key.” Turning to face Tubby, he said, “I would appreciate it if you said nothing, Mr. Cook. This work is of a sensitive nature.”

He said nothing. Awe filled his face. Then as an afterthought, he said, “Yes ma’am.”

David closed and then locked the door behind him. Listening carefully, he was sure that Tubby hadn’t moved an inch. Damn, this was awkward. There was nothing more he could do now, except end this terrible condition. He gratefully kicked off those heels and began unbuttoning the nylon blouse. There was a bra there, of sorts. One of those athletic jobs that runners sometimes wore. Not much more than a tight, elastic band around these tammywalkers, which was odd. They were supposed to compress the boobs and restrict their movement. Obviously the job had been too much for these particular tits. He pulled them free from their confinement. “Holy shit!” his feminine voice simpered. The boobs last night looked nothing like these. Were these, somehow, the *real* tammywalkers? Brown, not pink aureoles, almost bigger than his, er, *her* hand formed well-defined caps. The nipples proper were just little nubs, at least now. But the real surprise was their actual size. Huge, almost basketballs, rather than cantaloupes. All this time she’d actually been *hiding* them. No wonder they had so impressed the males on campus. Then in an instant, he felt sorry for her. It must be hard to be appreciated for your brains with knockers like this. He sat down and the boobs rolled heavily together in a series of minor aftershocks.

“Brown hair?” he thought as he looked between the legs. A small scar on her right knee? He hadn’t made this up. Not only were her tammywalkers huge and her blond hair obviously out of a bottle but... The implications were clear. Last night, that was the Tammy Walker he imagined and now... Had he somehow literally *become* her? Less perfect than he’d imagined but REAL! Did he have her intelligence, her knowledge, her desires? Things were becoming all too scary.

A few minutes later, sans nylons and panties, David reached orgasm far more easily than the previous night. That sweet voice cut through the walls of the dorm. Tubby stirred excitedly at his post in the hall. For Dave, it was but one more uncertain moment. He stood in front of the mirror and stared at those magnificent hooters. Several minutes passed and still no change. Is this how the life of David Bland ends, forever trapped in this lush form? Could the world accept *two* Tammy Walkers?

The body started to look sexy to him again. It was no longer just a body appreciated in an abstract sense like the real Tammy might see it, but appreciated like an over-sexed freshman would appreciate the tasty morsel. He began, finally, to relax. Yeah, the change must have already begun.

## Chapter 2

Friday night and Saturday passed uneventfully for David. Dr. Walker called Saturday morning and asked how he was; her voice was laced with concern regarding his abrupt departure from her classroom. Thank God just talking to her hadn't triggered...well, he tried not to think of stuff like that. Enough said, he'd begged out of her research program for the rest of the term and made up an excuse for why he had to drop the psychology class. He wouldn't be back. It had to be that way, obviously, though that is not the excuse he gave. How *could* he tell her the truth?

Now, for the first time in the semester, he was about as caught up with his assignments as an engineering student could be. It was simply amazing how much one could accomplish when all mental effort was directed properly. Uncle Charlie would be proud. He'd forgotten about the frat affair until Saturday night when old Tub appeared at the door in coat and tie, an hour earlier.

"Girrrls," Tub growled as they entered the frat house.

"Very good, Igor," David replied. Since yesterday afternoon, old Tub had been like his own Frankensteinian assistant. Tub treated him like a demigod, a hero. Just to be the sidekick of the man that had actually held those tammywalkers...well, enough said. "Tubby, you've got to give me some working room here, you know?"

"HUH?" Crestfallen, the short, thickset man shrugged unhappily. "I just thought..."

"Give it a rest, OK? These frat rushes are all alike. Wait two minutes and all the available chicks are gone, you know?" He put his arm around Tub's shoulder. "You work the right and I'll work the left. Meet you near the punch bowl." As he started to walk away, leaving an anxious looking Tub, he said, "And if I'm all, you know, hooked up..."

"Yeah," grumbled Tubby. "I just thought that if the two of us teamed up..."

"Tub, I work alone."

Like a homeless waif, the short, thickset man pushed into the crowd.

David scowled before turning left. He wasn't exactly the Don Juan Tubby thought he was. Fact was, for all practical purposes, he, David Bland, was almost a virgin. Oh he'd squeezed some tits and had some heavy petting under his belt and then there was that one time with that airheaded stripper back home, but that had been hardly more than a bump and a grind (he'd cum so fast). Thursday night and Friday afternoon encompassed most of his "real" sexual experience and that was decidedly odd. He cut that off in mid-thought. "Girrrls," he murmured to himself as he spotted a covey near the patio door. They were guarded by an upper classman; that would take some plan to overcome. All's fair in love and war. David prepared himself to enter sexual combat.

The combat was as brisk as it was unrewarding. A minute later, an ego-battered David fled, in retreat, onto the patio. "Girrrls!" he muttered sourly under his breath.

He had no more than stepped into the cold night air when...what? There was *something* happening off in the bushes. A cutoff shriek, or maybe a shrill laugh? His heart

hammered in his chest as he decided to check it out. Quickly, he crossed the lawn and moved into the darkness. Two half-dressed frat guys, their backs toward David, were cheering one of their brothers on. "Get it DONE!" said the taller one as he leaned back and jabbed a fist into the air. "Yeah, he's cooking now," agreed the second.

Dave realized that he'd intruded where he'd not be wanted. He scurried like a crab into the deeper darkness under a tree to the right and then stopped. The muffled grunts of a male and the drunken? giggles of a female wafted lightly in the night. A gang-bang! He knew what that was, conceptually at least. But the image the term invoked sickened him. There was a romantic hidden inside Dave somewhere; sex was supposed to be special not like animals in rut. Assuming, of course, that the woman in question was willing. He drew back until his rear hit the tree trunk. Then he knelt down and waited for them to finish. It was like being a voyeur or worse. Knowing what was going on, listening to it...bile collected at the back of his throat. Too afraid of being seen and not man enough to make sure the woman was giving herself freely, David just remained there, silent and unmoving until the three were done.

The men turned back toward the party, laughing and slapping each other on the back. The girl didn't come with them. Now, Dave's heart was hammering in alarm. Was she all right? Fanciful images of a dead, abused woman flashed through his mind. Pulling himself out of his crouch, he moved toward the bush where she lay. "You...you all right?" he called out softly. No reply. He continued further. A white limb lashed out from near the ground and grabbed him by the leg. A spat of drunken giggles preceded the second limb. A face, white against the dark, looked up at him, then eased back onto the ground.

"What you wai'in' for, sailor?" Obviously that was terribly funny to her for another spat of giggles followed. Her white flesh, spayed against the ground, her legs opened wide. "Com'on."

David stood his ground. He repeated himself. "Are you all right?"

"Hell's bells," she whined. "I'm gonna freeze my butt off if you don't get it going." Her speech was drunken, slurred.

"Right," replied David as he reached across her and lifted her up in his arms. Drunk, falling-down drunk, and young. This was no hardened whore or some bar rat. "Where are the rest of your clothes?"

She didn't answer because she couldn't. Eyes fluttered shut as she started to snore lightly. "Some Don Juan," mused David as he carried the dead weight toward one of the doors at the back of the frat house.

He couldn't very well just leave her on the first bed he found and yet.... If carrying an unconscious woman in your arms was exceptional, no one that he'd passed seemed the slightest bit alarmed. Fact was, the guy in front of him was doing the same thing. The frat rat called back to him, "Third door on the right."

"HUH?"

"Drunk females on the right, males to the left."

"Right."

“New here. Freshman?”

David shrugged and nodded yes.

“Who you got?” The frat guy looked over David’s shoulder as he lowered his charge onto the bed, next to another comatose body. The guy whistled. “Minister’s daughter.”

“Huh?”

“Not to worry. This isn’t the first time.” He patted Dave on the shoulder. “You’re just lucky she’s out. A real man-eating bitch,” he said as he left the room.

Light from the hallway poured a yellow shaft across the face and exposed the upper chest of the woman he’d just carried in to the frat house. She was young, pretty with small, perky breasts (not at all like the magnificent tammywalkers), the kind of body you could get to like. David pulled a cover over her and stepped back to leave.

A voice cut the unnatural quiet of the room, “You’d actually do that?”

“Huh?”

The “unconscious” girl had pulled herself up on to one elbow. The cover fell away, once more exposing her young titties. “Where in the hell do you think you’re going?”

“I’m sorry. I thought...” David stammered in disbelief as the minister’s daughter threw back the cover and thrust out her breasts from her open blouse.

“Jesus, are you some kind of pervert?” She held out her arms. “I said FUCK ME!” She wasn’t as drunk as she had acted five minutes before; obviously she hadn’t actually passed out back there on the lawn. She sprang from the bed and put her arms around Dave’s neck. Shoving her breasts into his chest, she leaned on her tiptoes to reach his mouth. Her tongue went in at first lip contact. Animal growls issued from her throat when David began to return her kiss, reflexively.

The hot, wet tongue demanded his full attention as his body naturally responded, The surge of raw lust hit his penis as his hands went around her small waist and her groin began to grind against his. His whole body flared with fantastic electricity as he realized that he really were going to do IT! Here! Now! It was certainty!

She had already led him back to the bed. She unhooked his belt and pulled down his zipper as he sucked her ear lobe. Both were moaning with passion. Impatient, she ripped down his pants and reached into his boxer shorts. He jerked and twisted away as if stung. Surprise, stunned amazement crossed her face. Then, slowly, a broad smile formed. She giggled, “Cool. I never had no fucking girl!”

Trying to pull up his pants as he turned, David ran from the room gibbering, “Nooo, Nooo way.” The pitch of his voice climbed higher and higher. He realized he wasn’t going to make it out of the frat house in time as he began tripping over pant legs that had grown too long. Pushing back long hair that had fallen over his eyes, he opened the first door he came to. A friggin’ closet! As he started to turn away, he heard male voices moving in his direction. Before they turned down the hall he jumped into the small closet and closed the door. There was hardly room enough to turn around and he stood there in the darkness as his flesh began to rearrange itself. Only part of him was aware of the rapid metamorphous that was taking place; the other part of his

mind was on the voices that lingered just outside his door. It was the same men that had been out in the back with the minister's daughter.

"I told that cunt to wait 'til we got back. Jeez, where you think she's gone?"

The second voice laughed. "Ginger? Hell, she told me that tonight she was going to set a record and screw every guy in the house. One night, all thirty-five brothers."

The third voice grumbled, "I was kin'a looking for seconds..."

That brought a chorus of sniggers. "Sam, you go check the bedrooms, Turk, the yard and..."

Dave thought that he'd die when the knob turned on the closet door. He pressed himself flat against the wall and waited for the end.

"HEY!" one of the men called out from down the hall. "THAR SHE BLOWS!"

It was at least a minute before Dave began to breathe again. Eventually, his hand found its way up to the open blouse that now covered his slender upper torso. Sharp, well-defined cones protruded from this hairless chest. The tammywalkers felt big, relative to his hands, but he was already certain exactly who he'd become and it sure wasn't Tammy Walker. Well, he couldn't stay there all night. He buttoned the blouse with the backward buttons and tucked it into his skirt. The blouse felt like silk or something; without a bra, he paused as he checked his other resources. No panties but a garter belt and nylons. The night air would sure as certain freeze his, er, her ass. No shoes. Somehow he'd have to get out of here, but how? Gads, the exact copy of a woman that had sworn to screw every man in the house! No way, thank you. And then an idea crystallized. Bingo!

When he was as ready as he could be, with everything tucked in and no voices emanating from the hall, Dave turned the knob and returned to the world of light. The little heart inside his chest was hammering. He took a step and lurched awkwardly against the wall. Everything was spinning. He staggered again and began to giggle uncontrollably...he/she was drunk. David had been cold sober but Ginger...

Like a woman walking a tightrope, David fought his way toward the noise of the party. Two-thirds of the way down the hall he was stopped by a mirror. Hanging on to a side board he stared, with drunken eyes, at the girl he'd become. Stumbling fingers removed some leaves and bits of grass from the wild, disheveled hair. She looked like she'd fucked half the frat rats, all right. There were huge pupils, like she was on something other than booze, and an inability to hold one thought for more than a few seconds. Dave couldn't remember the plan. Oh yeah, find Tub and have Tub take him back to the dorm. He began to giggle hysterically but he didn't know exactly why. Lurching away from the mirror, he continued his journey mumbling, "Tubby, tub tub. Tubby tub tub."

"Ginger?"

A huge man loomed in silhouette at the end of the hall. He had to be oh, seven feet tall. For some reason, this was absolutely funny to Dave. He staggered right into the monster's arms. Giggling hysterically, Dave put his arms around the man and laid his cheek just above the man's belt buckle.

“Maybe I should take you home, huh?”

Breaking free for no other reason than the loud sounds of the party were so near, Dave stumbled forward again. “Where’s Tubby?” he called out drunkenly. Then he jerked back in childlike wonder. Slack-jawed, he looked around. Everybody was so freaking big, like huge! Which was also very funny. He staggered and almost fell down. “OH!” Like a tourist in New York for the first time, Dave worked his way around the crowded room, looking up. “Where’s Tubby?” he kept asking in his little girl voice.

“Excuse me?” Dave heard a familiar voice and turned and fell down laughing.

“TUBBY!” he giggled as he looked at the tall man looming above.

A wistful, awkward smile bloomed on old Tubs face, “You know me?”

“Tubby Tub Tub. Take me to the dorm, please?” His speech was slurred.

The heavy, thick bodied man quivered with excitement, rapture filled his face. “Me?”

“Now,” ordered Dave. It was getting harder and harder to think and things were spinning so. “My, er, David’s room.”

A look that bespoke of defeat, crushed hopes and despair replaced the glee on Tub’s face. “Bland? David Bland’s room?” Tub’s eyes narrowed as one eyebrow raised higher on his forehead. “Sure, I guess.”

“Tubby, Tub.” David burred incoherently. Then everything went black.

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Dave woke up with one hell of a hang over and in the wrong body. That was just the beginning of what was wrong! He woke up in the wrong room and he wasn’t alone. Worse he was naked. Worse still, he was in Tubby Cook’s arms and naked! There was this freaking CUM, dried Tubby seed if he could make a guess, crusted on his soft, inner thighs. He would have started screaming if it wasn’t for a hangover that threatened to split his skull in two.

He slid out from under Tubby’s arm and stood naked on the cold floor. He had to pee. That was the last straw. Something snapped inside or perhaps it was Ginger’s character and not David’s that made the decision. Buck-naked with her little fanny jig-gling at every step, Ginger-David walked down the hall to the men’s room and whizzed. Having survived this, she/he walked out to the main desk, empty in the pre-dawn, swiped the master key off the ring and went back to David’s room. Any moment could have been a complete disaster. A naked woman walking about the men’s dorm, the parson’s daughter no less. Dave didn’t give a damn at that moment. Two minutes later, a couple of aspirin, and sleep.

He was sliding into unconscious relief as he thought, “I should have changed! We *must* have had sex and, damn it I should have changed back!” Just then, someone was tapping at his door. Groaning, he said, “Go away!” The door clicked open. Fuck, he hadn’t locked the sucker! Tubby’s face peered in. “GO AWAY!” Dave snapped with all the power his hangover would allow.

“Why...why’d you leave?” Tubby said with a hangdog look on his face.

Dave rolled over, covered his head with his pillow and tried to will the man to leave. But he didn’t. A huge hand descended upon David’s ass and began to stroke it like one might stroke a puppy. In spite of the hangover, a queer sensation spread directly to Dave’s groin, up his slender back and into his brain. Almost against his will, this lithe, willowy body twisted, squirmed and finally turned face-up, legs slightly parted. The pillow fell to the floor as a horny woman’s instincts announced themselves to David. What the hell, he thought. It wouldn’t be *that* different than masturbating. With a jerk of his wrist, he threw back the covers. Hard little nipples pointed forty-five degrees to the right and left; a queer, anticipatory tingling was already working the clit and the sides of “her” vagina. “Damn it, Tub, do your thing and then get out of here before...” he said. “Before *what?* Before I turn back into David?” he thought. “Before Dave gets back. I Swear to God, I’ll kill you if you ever tell Dave that we, er, did it,” he said.

Tub kicked the door shut and threw his robe to the floor. It was obvious he was ready.

Dave was frantic as he stared down what was a huge prick, at least relative to this current body of his. “Noooo, Tub. Dave might just come in now, you know and...and I couldn’t live with... WHAT ARE YOU DOING!” David half-screamed as the rod of man-flesh abruptly entered his body. “Oh, my God. Oh, my God!” Dave chanted in terror as that monster THING kept going in deeper and deeper until it had to come out of his mouth...or somewhere. THIS WASN’T AT ALL LIKE MASTURBATING! He was going to be split in two. Dave giggled. It felt good, like he was whole, complete. Nothing had prepared him for these really odd, mixed feelings. He gulped and the first rush of sexual excitement hit his brainstem. His hips began to work with Tub’s in an effort to maximize the friction between their two bodies. This was *good*, he realized. Maybe...maybe it’d be all right. “Eeeeeeah!” The first climax had hit abruptly, almost without warning.

A few minutes later, as Tub fired his load, Dave moaned, “OK! Enough already!” He tried to lift himself up, but Tub had him pinned like a butterfly to cardboard. His prick was still inside; one hand was holding Dave’s shoulder as the other one clung tenaciously to one of Dave’s round butt spheres. Dave struggled to throw the man off but it was no contest. Tub may be only five foot-six but, compared to Dave’s current four foot-something, he was a giant. Add the hundred pound weight differential and “Jesus Christ, get off me, you big ox!” But Tub didn’t react. His stubble-pierced jowls hung below eyes that were lazy wide, eyes that were greedily taking in the slight form beneath him. Dave rocked his hips as violently as he could. Instead of throwing the man off, though, the movement only seemed to increase the purchase of Tub’s cock. As realization dawned that his efforts were only stimulating Tub, Dave let out a long sigh and flopped back. “Whatever.” Dave looked at his breasts. The sharpened cones were sexy. Little more than gnats compared to the tammywalkers he’d worn before. Suddenly, anxiety bloomed. The shift was beginning! “Com’on, Tub. What if Dave gets back, huh?”

Tub shrugged, “I can deal with that.” A smug smile tugged at his lips.

“But you promised!” Dave’s voice had grown petulant. Tub’s reply was another negative shrug. Dave was becoming disparate. He could feel his body begin to change. Again he tried to wiggle free. HAIR sprouted above his cone-like tits! Old Tub’s eyes had caught that. How could they not? “Tub, I got a rare disease and you’re likely to get it. Now...get off!” But Tub only laughed. David was running out of time, “DAMN IT, TUB, I’M DAVID. DAVID BLAND!”

“I know.”

Dave’s head was spinning. He responded hysterically, “YOU KNOW?”

“Don’t worry. Just stay there and I’ll fix everything.”

“HUH?”

“It happened last night.” Tub watched as Dave’s body continued to morph back to his own form. But the prick inside stalled the change. Try as the body might, it couldn’t close around that lump of man flesh. It grew almost hurtfully tight, but no more. And then the rebound began. Hair retreated, muscles fled.

“Then you *did* fuck me last night!” Disgust filled Dave’s still feminine voice. “I was friggin’ gone, unconscious and you still...”

“Geez, Davie,” Tub gulped. His voice shook. “You were my first...”

“That’s fucking rape!”

“This wasn’t.” Tub said flatly.

“Get off or I’ll start screaming.”

“Sure.” Tub looked down on the fully re-formed woman. “I fixed everything real good, huh?” He withdrew his half-erect cock as he eased himself back to the foot of the bed. “You got some explaining to do, buddy.”

Dave untangled himself from Tub and drew his knees up to his chin as he sat up in the bed. Clutching his legs with crossed arms, chin on knees and legs welded tightly together was about the best defensive posture he could assume under the circumstances. “You queer or something, Tub?”

That caught the heavysset man off guard. “HUH?”

“Christ! You knew it was me, a guy, and you still...”

“You weren’t no guy last night and you sure ain’t one *now*, if you haven’t noticed,” Tub said defensively.

“Damn it Tub, I’m a ‘guy’ and you’re not gonna keep me like some sex slave!”

“Gosh, I just thought that you liked...”

“No way! It’s just something that’s been happening the last few days.”

“You go to a doctor, huh?”

That brought forth a giggle from Dave. “Like wow, Einstein!” That hurt Tub. “Sorry. It’s just, well...it’s not possible. They wouldn’t know what to do. Jesus Christ man, they’d put me in a laboratory forever, like...” He stuttered to a halt.

“Geez, Davie, you don’t know that.”



“Look buddy, I’m a freakin’ engineering major. You think I don’t know just how impossible this whole thing is? It’s a freakin’ Jesus Christ miracle, that’s what. It is.” Tub looked at him funny. “What?”

“You don’t talk like yourself, Davie. I mean fre’kin’ this and Jesus Christ that and...”

“Yeah.” David nodded his head as one hand began to play with the honey brown hair that tickled his back. “Yeah, it’s more than skin deep. I’m still here,” he said tapping his forehead. “But my freakin’ brain’s got a lot of her inside. Jesus Christ!” he swore. “Leave me be for a while, OK? I got a lot to work out.”

“I think I love you,” Tub stammered.

“Jesus Fucking Christ! You’re a fucking moron, Tub. First time you get laid and... You’re a fucking TWIT, you know?” Now Tub really looked hurt. He got off the bed, grabbed his robe and headed for the door. “Bring my clothes back, Tub. I can’t very well run around the dorm like this, now can I?”

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David dressed slowly. She was a freshman, like himself, that much was for sure. The hips, almost boyish. The face, Jesus Christ! A spray of freckles across a ski-jump nose. She was a regular girl-next-door as in an old Doris Day movie of the 1950’s. Yet there was no question that this sweet young thing was years more experienced than he was. A friggin’ preacher’s daughter! Who’d ever guess that a wild cat slut resided in this body? Just another brat taking it out on the old man or something. Wasn’t his problem, he’d be done with her soon enough. He pulled on the Tammy Walker panties he’d worn Friday and they fit well enough. But the rest, with the exception of the Tammy shoes, wouldn’t do. He giggled when he tried the bra. As if! A no-brainer. He’d go sans bra. The red silk blouse nicely sculpted the titty cones and their free movement would probably set off hard-ons with every step. He pulled the skirt up and stepped into the blue heels. What was he supposed to do with the hair? Blond strands mixed with brown, hung in small, wild braids. Residual knots. His mouth pursed as he applied the lip stick he found in the Tammy Walker purse. Then he dabbled with the eye makeup which gave Dave a quick, wormy feeling in the pit of his stomach. It was like these hands knew what to do, even if *he* didn’t. There! “Yes,” he called out in an impatient voice.

“Huh? How did you know I was here?”

“Jesus Christ, Tub! I could feel your friggin’ eyes up my asshole!”

“Oh,” Tub said guiltily.

David turned. “Well?”

“Well what?”

“How do I look?”

“Like a million.”

“Right. I should be asking you. Christ! I’m losing it. Anyhow Tub, you gotta do something for me. I left my wallet and keys somewhere back at the frat house.”

“Yeah?”

“Christ! You don’t expect *me* to go back there, do yah?” But old Tub just stood there like a rock. “What?” David said, exacerbation in his voice.

“You’re not being very nice to me, Davie.” He approached as if to kiss David.

“No you don’t, buddy. Touch me and I’ll scream until the Dorm resident gets here.”

“Huh?”

“You heard me. No more fucky woo, jerk. Now get my stuff.”

“You’re not very nice.”

Dave was losing it. “FINE! I’ll give you a blow job when you get back. Is that enough?”

“Really?” Tubby turned and trotted from the room.

“Christ!” Muttered David. “Did I *really* say that? Could I *do* that?” And then the cold realization dawned; yeah, she’d have no trouble with that. Dave realized that he’d have to end this now or he might never regain his male self. Ginger was a bad influence and her power was growing and... “Fuck!” growled Dave, what a friggin’ pain in the ass.

