

Epilogue: Popular Girl (Hot Blonde TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When Ryan Henshaw was betrayed by her best friend Jack and turned into an incredibly attractive popular girl named Rose, she decides to ditch him and embrace her new life. But how successful was she? Was life all that for a popular girl?

Epilogue: Popular Girl

The moment I strolled into Amy Becker's twenty-first birthday party, I knew I commanded the attention of the room. Just an hour before I made that new impression, I'd just been Jack Poulter, a totally forgettable and bony-figured geek who loved videogames and tabletop adventure experiences, and yet couldn't get a girlfriend to save my life.

Now, everyone wanted to make *me* their girlfriend, even those who already *had* girlfriends. I had it all; a bombshell figure and gorgeous blonde hair, not to mention some perfectly ripe tits that were barely constrained by my tight red cocktail dress, the one with the high hem that showed off my long, luscious legs. Oliver Portis' jaw nearly fell to the damn ground, and he ended up spilling his beer on his buddy's foot as he stared at me. I batted my eyelashes at him as if I'd been a woman all my life, then proceeded forward, letting my magnificent ass sway from side to side and starting to love the feeling of showing it off.

Of course, it wasn't actually *my* ass that I was showing off. It was a copy of Alicia Farnham's, not that she noticed, as she was grinding up against her boyfriend on the dance floor. These weren't really my tits either: they belonged to Amy Becker, who up until my arrival had been the hottest girl at her own party, and with the biggest rack. Now my E-cups dwarfed hers, and I had her fashion sense and dance skills. Plus, I had the long legs of Paris Leeman and the wide, childbearing hips that don't lie courtesy of Samantha Horis, and I *definitely* detected a hint of jealousy as she passed me, looking me up and down like I was 'the competition.' Which, as my rather arousing new memories told me, I guess I kinda was.

It was all my (former) best friend Jack's fault. The asshole, who I thought was a good buddy who I'd known and trusted for years now, invited me round to his place tonight so we could shoot zombies and aliens onscreen as a way to salve my disappointment at not being invited to this popular shindig. But his *real* reason for inviting me was to get me to workshop and brainstorm the hottest women I could imagine, which was a gal with all those traits and more, and then get me to drink this soda called *Shift*. Yeah, I was turned into a total smokeshow. I wasn't just a ten out of ten, I broke the freakin' scale here. Goodbye Ryan, hello Rose Henshaw, sex on legs. I even got a new outfit, a new reality, and my shitty Volkswagen beetle repaired itself and got a new lick of paint. My hair turned blonde, my

figure fucking *dynamite*, and a host of new memories entered my head; first bras, going through periods, wearing bikinis . . . even sex. Jack expected me to become his dick-sucking hoe of a girlfriend, devoted to him and him alone. Instead, I walked my amazing ass out the door in search of this party, and told him in no uncertain terms that for trying to make me his Stepford girlfriend, I was never gonna be his friend again.

I had kept my fury with me a little bit up until I entered the party, but it slid like water right off of my back and down my impressive tush now that I was here, because those female memories were stirring.

How to move.

How to flirt.

How to *dance*.

“Fuck yeah, the hottest chick on campus just arrived,” Lee Tommy whispered not-so-quietly while surrounded by his football buddies. “This party finally got interesting. Hey Rose! Wanna come hang with us guys? You looking good girl, and we all wanna compliment you!”

I licked my lips, then pushed my chest out a little, just to tease him. God, this was almost too easy. Thank goodness for all those extra memories helping to guide me through this; it almost felt like muscle memory to move with such grace and sexiness.

“Maybe later, Lee,” I said in a sultry voice. “I haven’t had a drink yet. And besides, you guys all know how much I like to dance, right?”

At this, a whoop and cheer went up from them, and some of the football team even followed me out, asking to dance near me as I approached the floor. Amy Becker had her own legions of followers present, but from the look on her face, I could tell that Samantha Horis wasn’t my only rival in this life; my new memories told me that Amy was another one who viewed me as the competition. Who wants to be the *second* hottest popular girl on campus, after all?

“Happy birthday, Amy!” I announced, trying to inject some goodwill into my voice. “This totally rocks! And your blue dress is amazing!”

Amy blinked. I wasn’t telling a lie; she looked fucking fantastic. With my new memories, I could really tell the artistry of her off-shoulder dress design, and it complemented her figure well. Whereas mine . . . well, let’s just say my new big boobs were threatening to spill out a little too much.

“Uh, that’s nice of you to say, Rose,” she said. “Did I invite you to this party?”

I fished the invitation out of my purse, the purse that hadn’t even existed a little over an hour ago, and the invite which had never existed either. “You sure did! Look, I really appreciate it. I know that we don’t . . . always get along. But I really look up to you, Amy. You give me so much.”

She raised an eyebrow. "I do?"

Yeah, my boobs. My figure. My new dance skills which I was getting eager to test out. My fucking incredible sense of fashion. Not that I could really tell her that, since she wouldn't believe me anyway. In this reality, Ryan Henshaw had never even existed, and certainly hadn't copied Amy's boobs and then made them bigger.

"Of course!" I replied, leaning on my second set of memories, where I recalled that she was a total fashion whiz and an amazing dance instructor. "I would have two left feet on the dance floor if it weren't for you, and I only got this dress because watching *you* helped me develop my own style. I didn't exactly bring a present, but I was thinking I could help you totally ace the upcoming mathematics and physics exams at the end of this month. You deserve to go to Yale just like you've been talking about, and I'd love to help you get there!"

I could almost see tears forming in Amy's eyes as she looked at me, the redhead so much like me in some ways, unimaginably different in others. "I - wow, that would be amazing. I'm glad I sent you the invite, Rose. I had you figured wrong."

"Oh, you probably didn't! Let's just say I've had a big change recently! Shall we seal this deal by getting out on the dance floor and flirting with the cute boys? Don't worry, I know you get first pick of-"

"Lee Tommy!" she exclaimed, grinning.

That was fine by me. Well, sorta. My new body was certainly horny thanks to how Jack had me imagining it when I imbibed that *Shift* drink, but at the same time, Lee Tommy was kind of a sex-obsessed himbo. Everyone knew he was handsome, but I'd managed to retain my intelligence and my respect for said intelligence in others, and so someone like . . . *him*.

Daniel Harrison.

He was a black-haired man with tan skin and a very, very handsome figure. Muscled, strong, but not too stocky. He had soft blue eyes and a kind of smoulder that was making me go weak in the knees just to see it. Amy had my hand as we went to the dance floor, but she giggled as she saw me giving starry eyes to Mr Tall, Dark, and Handsome.

"You can have my sloppy seconds if you want," she teased, with just a hint of edge in her voice. "I dumped him last year, but I won't deny he's cute. But he's not the football captain, and given how popular you are, I thought you'd be fighting me for Lee, given that's his job."

I just shook my head, letting my blonde hair fall around my shoulders in a rather hot manner. "Lee is all yours, Amy. Like I said, you get first dibs, birthday gal. And that means second place gets your so-called 'sloppy seconds.' But first . . . the flirting stage!"

"Ain't that right!" she squealed. "Let's dance, everyone!"

The music turned up, and the crowd pushed in onto the dance floor. Amy's parents sure were rich to have a nice pad like this, but I didn't begrudge her at all, and it took me some time to realise why, even as I shook my hips and let my ass and breasts *bounce*, as I beamed a beautiful smile and giggled at the boys, even grabbing a beer cup and drinking while I raved. Jack had turned me not just into the hottest girl imaginable, but into a true *popular* girl, in every metric. Thanks to my own input as well, I was also very smart, and my new memories informed me I was a straight-A student, including in my advanced Sports-Science Studies class, which I had never actually taken before in my life, but certainly explained why I was not just hot as hell in this female reality, but *fit* as hell too. So I wasn't just popular in the prom queen sense, I was also experiencing the personality traits of a truly popular person across all aisles; I found myself not wanting to be rivals with Amy, or to compete with her for men, but to be kind and loving to her, and make her my best friend before I even got to the fucking.

Which was actually kind of cruel on me, because God if I wasn't getting horny. I danced with Amy, and then we danced with the guys around us, flirting and chatting and taking breaks to hang with the other girls while also winking at the boys. But even as I did this, finding it so natural to this new me that it was actually a little scary, I was still very, very aware that my large pink nipples were tensing, and my new pussy was getting warm and damp. God, my engine was revving up. I was even starting to rub my thighs against one another.

"There's that classic Rose Henshaw look," Paris Leeman teased, rubbing her leg against mine. "I think *someone* is wanting to use one of the upstairs spare rooms if she finds the right fish to catch tonight."

I giggled sheepishly. "Is it that obvious?" I asked. I wasn't even joking; I was still figuring out the reputation I had in my new life. Evidently, I was a popular girl and a lovely one, but also a teensy-weensy bit of a slut. Or perhaps a major one, which was a little scary for a former guy to imagine.

Alicia laughed, as did Samantha and Amy and a few others.

"Very obvious!"

"Super obvious!"

"No offence, Rose" Paris said, still sliding her lovely bare leg on my own Paris-inspired one, "but you *do* have a bit of a habit of running off with a guy. No judgement here, of course! In fact, maybe you'd like to try a little girl-on-girl . . ."

Paris was tipsy, but so was I, and her words made me blush. I hadn't realised she was a lesbian. Or bi, perhaps. The girls around us gave an amused 'Ooooh!', but despite Paris obviously checking out my boobs and my lips, I was shocked to make another

discovery about my new self, one that my second set of memories hadn't taught me, perhaps because they were less concrete than my real ones from the original reality.

I was gay.

No, I was *straight*.

Well, I was into *men*, and though I could recognise that Paris was beautiful, I had no interest in her. Jeez, that was kind of a lot to confront. And yet, I wasn't *too* nervous either.

"Sorry Paris, I will forever curse the fact that I don't swing both ways, because any world in which I can't be attracted to you is an imperfect one."

"Aww, that's the sweetest way I've ever been turned down. I guess that means Daniel Harrison is the man for you tonight, then?"

"Oooh!" the group exclaimed, and I giggled with them.

"I'm just building him up," I said, looking over to Mr Tall, Dark, and Handsome and deliberately bit my lip and brushed my blonde hair over my left ear, the classic flirtation technique to let a guy know you were into him. Once, I'd wanted to be on the receiving end of that look. Now, I was the one giving it.

"I think if you build him up any further," a slightly drunk Amy said. "He's gonna blow a load in his pants, girl! Go and get him, and I'll grab Lee, and make sure you get the room on the opposite end of the hallway from mine, because I. Am. A. Screamer! Woo!"

At this, I laughed with them, drank the rest of my cup and strode forward, taking Amy Becker's lead. I'd once masturbated to this girl, and now a combination of my girly memories and her own example were turning me into the female fantasy other guys in this room were going to masturbate to.

All the guys except *one*.

Daniel Harrison had moved away from his friends, but was not on the dance floor. He hovered around its edge, his eyes upon mine. To his credit, he wasn't stealing glances at my frankly fabulous breasts. Jeez, I couldn't believe how much they wobbled, but goddamn it was kind of a cool, if rather constant feeling. I decided to take the initiative and approach him.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey," he replied, grinning. God, he was tall. It was fucking sexy. Somehow being shorter than I was also had a sexy element to it, like I was vulnerable, to be protected.

"Hey," I replied again, before realising how lame that was. I definitely still had a lot of Ryan in me.

"I feel like I'm stuck in a loop," he said with a grin. A *handsome* grin.

I took the initiative again and pressed myself a little closer to him, allowing my chest to slide against his side. This time his gaze went down, though only for a moment.

“Would you like to be stuck somewhere else?” I asked. “Somewhere private, for instance?”

“Now *that* was smooth,” Daniel said.

Just ten minutes later we were in a private room that was far from Amy’s (her moans were already echoing down the hall, God bless her). My hands were all over Daniel, and his hands were on me, sliding up my waist in a way that was driving my libido utterly crazy.

“You can go further,” I said, before kissing him - an act so major and yet so casual that I didn’t even realise it had happened until I kissed him a second and then a third time, by which point my tongue was in his mouth. I was well and truly in it by this point, and there was no backing out, because this guy was tall and strong and handsome and didn’t speak often, and frankly that only made me more comfortable.

“I’d like to go further,” he said, before whispering in my ear. “In fact, I’d like to fuck your beautiful brains out, Rose. I want to make you moan before I cum in you. How does that sound?”

“It was the most he’d said to me in the last ten minutes, but holy fuck did this guy know all the right words, because I was now wet as hell and wasn’t backing down. It wasn’t like I’d had sex all that often as a guy anyway, why not switch sides?”

I slid out of my dress as quickly as I could while he removed his shirt. His muscles were incredible, but even better was the way he removed my bra with one hand - so fucking sexy. My big boobs sagged a little lower, but were still ripe and full on my chest. God, I had a great rack, and when he cupped and felt them, I went absolutely wild, moaning loudly.

“Ohhhhh, okay, that’s a-amazing! Get me on this f-frickin’ bed already!”

Instead, he *lifted* me there. He carried me easily, still kissing me, my legs over his arm so that I could kick off my heels. Then he put me down and helped me slide out of my silky underwear.

“Mhmmm, you’re good at this. You’re definitely getting an A if you keep this up.”

“You’re grading me?”

I giggled. “Maybe! Call me a nerd for numbers.”

“Well, you don’t look like a nerd right now.”

“We come in all shapes and sizes . . . including E-cup sizes. Now why don’t you suck on my tits already?”

He needed no further permission to crawl on top of me and start squeezing and playing with my tits, just like I needed no further permission to stop giving a shit about Jack Kingston and what he’d done to me. I groaned as he licked and sucked on my nipples. The experience was heavenly, and it made me truly *thankful* that Jack had turned me into this. I wasn’t going to go running back to my traitor of a friend, Judas that he was, but holy shit had his plan backfired, because I was now fucking *wild* with arousal. I snapped my legs wider

and then circled them around Daniel, preventing him from escaping, not that he'd want to escape having sex with the most smoking curvaceous chick on campus. If living well was the best revenge, then what could be better living than the kind of sex I was diving head first into right at this moment?

"Ahhhh!" I cried. "I c-can't take it anymore! Get in m-me! I want you inside m-me!"

"Right now?" he said. "Are you on protection."

"Yes!" I cried. "Just get in me! I want to feel it! I want to finally, really feel it!"

He gave me a look of surprise, given that I apparently had a bit of a reputation for sleeping around, but perhaps he interpreted it as me just really wanting to finally get *his* dick, which wasn't altogether untrue either. Regardless, I gripped his shaft in my hand, placed his penis at my entrance, and then took a deep breath.

And took the plunge.

Well, more accurately, he took the plunge into *my* wet depths, but God if it wasn't fucking incredible, even though it was so alien in terms of experience. I shrieked, crying out just like Amy Becker was doing up the hall, and when he slid all the way in I lowered my tone to a sultry moan, barely able to believe what I was doing.

"Good?" Daniel asked.

"More than g-good! Start thrusting. Don't be gentle! I'm a b-big girl, I can take it!"

He did just that, and soon I was bucking my hips in time with his, letting his cock go all the way in before sliding almost all the way out. I leaned heavily on my new female body's memories of sexual experience and made sure to run my nails lightly down his back, and to make all the hottest moaning sounds, and to squeeze his waist with my legs. I lowered a hand to clench his ass, and then he did the same for me, grabbing the headboard to fuck me harder. We kissed, our tongues dancing in each other's mouths, and for a time I almost couldn't tell where Daniel's body ended and where mine began.

"Yesss! I'm c-close!" I cried, knowing that was the case. Memory was no substitute for the real thing; I was approaching my first full female orgasm! It was coming. I was going to be *cumming*. "Harder! F-fuck me harder! HARDER!"

He did so, wordless but making lovely bear-like sounds as he fucked me. With one immense thrust he groaned, and then ejaculated his semen into me. I could feel his dick twitching and throbbing inside of me, shooting his cum in deep, and it finally sent me over the edge as well. I cried out, gripping the headboard behind me and arching myself so that my breasts pressed up against his naked body. I wailed high and feminine, unable to stop the waves of orgasmic delight that rolled through my body. I was drowning in bliss, a prisoner of ecstasy, and it was better than any videogame victory, any run of straight-A's on a maths test, any moment of success in a shared tabletop adventure. This was joy in its most primal form, and it left me borderline catatonic as he collapsed upon me, his head resting on

my big left boob, and my hands brushing through his hair in the aftermath. In fact, it took what felt like half an hour to come down from the experience, though it was probably not nearly so long. I'd just been thrown for a loop. Just a few hours ago I'd been a dorky, dateless guy. Now I was *the* popular girl, and I'd just had a man fuck me in my pussy.

And I'd *loved* it.

After what felt like another ten minutes, Daniel finally lifted his head off of my chest and stared into my eyes.

"Hey," he said.

I giggled. "Hey yourself."

"So, what now?"

I thought about this for a moment. I didn't want my new Rose self to be *all* new. I still had plenty of Ryan traits I wanted to keep in circulation, and maintain as part of myself. I grinned a little sheepishly as I clutched my lover, who was still inside of me.

"Well . . . you want to talk about MMORPGS?"

That was my first night as the popular girl on campus. *The* popular girl. It only got better from there. My home was no longer a messy fixer-upper. I actually had carpentry skills now, and I knew how to use them, and evidently had in order to repair the many issues the landlord had refused to fix. I could have done without the pink theme, but I left it there until I could find a good balance between my new Rose self and my old Ryan self. What was important was that I had so much evidence of great memories in my new form, not to mention evidence of a huge social circle, more than a few boyfriends (who were apparently mostly amicable exes too, with a few maintaining FWB status). I also had so. Many. Dresses. My cupboards were full of gorgeous things that I probably spent far too much money on, but it made me ever more comfortable with each passing day in my new body, as I rocked up on campus in the latest stylish thing, and my new girlfriends and I would get into compliment fights as we each pointed out how fantastic each of our outfits were, and also give helpful tips on how to look even more amazing.

Classes were different, and it took a bit to get used to the fact that I was no longer on an engineering pathway, which kinda sucked. But psychology wasn't the worst path, and I had a ton of knowledge floating in my head around it. Besides, there were some cute boys in the class, including Jacob Ivans, who *definitely* noticed me every time I showed up for a lecture, and was trying oh-so-very hard not to stare at my cleavage. I couldn't blame him; I found it hard not to look sometimes!

Occasionally, I would see Jack about. He was still a student on campus, and still a total dweeb. He tried to avoid me where he could, and the feeling was mutual. Given that I was often on the arm of a handsome man I was currently dating or simply fucking, he knew he couldn't say anything to me. One time, I passed him while giggling at some silly joke that Daniel was telling me, and there was Jack going the other way. He shot me a look full of venom, and I gave him the same, but I also made sure to put a little extra bounce in my step and sashay in my hips to really show off the hot body he'd forced upon me, all to tease him with what he didn't get to have. What he'd *never* have.

"What's his problem?" Daniel asked me, his powerful hand around my itty bitty waist.

I just smiled. "Oh, him? He's just an asshole. Ignore him."

"Woah. Look at Rose Henshaw, calling someone an asshole."

"Do I do that too often?"

At this, he chuckled, then kissed me on the side of my head in a way that almost felt romantic rather than simply flirtatious. "Just the opposite. Everyone knows you're the nicest, kindest, loveliest girl on campus. I'd watch out if I was that guy, if he's the one person you can call an asshole."

I looked back, but Jack was gone, his sneering gaze out of my sight. I pulled myself closer to Daniel and grinned.

"Let's forget him. Why don't you and I find a nice little private area under the bleachers so I can put these lips to good use?"

Sure enough, just twenty minutes later Daniel had his pants down, and my knees were on the grass beneath the bleachers as I sucked him off. God, I was damn good at blowjobs. It was pretty crazy to think that I actually *liked* sucking dick so much, but truth be told, it was crazy empowering, and my new lips were just *made* for it. Daniel Harrison and Howard Oss loved it when I licked their balls before finally placing my lips over their dicks, and both went crazy when I made them orgasm and then swallowed every drop. Thank goodness my horny bombshell body had the memories of a sexually active woman, or I would have felt a way bigger disconnect between my arousal and what I was doing. As it was, I found sucking cock kinda hot, especially if they returned the favour by eating me out afterwards. Who would have thought I'd have wanted to get my pussy licked at least three times a week?

It was a big sign of adjustment, I thought. I had gone from an unpopular nerd to a totally popular girl. *The* popular girl, though I made sure to never deliberately try to outshine Paris or Alicia or especially Amy Becker, the last of whom had a jealous streak even though she and I had become fast friends. Soon we were going on fashion trips together, organising upcoming dances and parties, and helping organise campus events. I was finding an equilibrium as the weeks passed. I informed Daniel that, as much as I liked him, it was more

for the companionship and sex rather than a big relationship. That was hard; it was the first time I'd ever been the dumper, and not the dumpee. Poor guy took it pretty hard, and I don't blame him. I think he resented me for a few weeks after, especially when I was clearly fucking a couple of his classmates in Sports Science. In better news, I joined the chess club and the local videogame and anime club. I don't think my nerdy peers really believed I could be a geek, because some of them tried to haze me and test my knowledge. I aced their tests, but to be honest, I didn't really appreciate that just because I had big boobs they felt the need to challenge my knowledge. One even mumbled under his breath that I was a "bimbo poser."

"How dare you!?" I cried, slamming my hand down on the table before me. "I have as much right to be here as you do! And just because I know what personal hygiene is and like being girly and stylish doesn't have anything to do with how good or bad I am at playing online shooters! I've kicked your ass and I will do so again. So shut your pie trap and stop staring at my tits while also making fun of me for having them."

I then turned to the others in the group and immediately gave a sweet smile. "I meant every word of that, by the way, but it's just directed at *him*, not you. You treat me cool, and I'll treat you cool. That's what the geek community is about, right? Coming together to *share* in the fandoms and entertainment we like, instead of pointlessly putting up walls."

Yeah, he didn't appear again after that, and life became simpler again. I was a woman, and I was happy. Sure, I didn't appreciate it when dudes catcalled me, and I had to start looking after my safety a little more, especially at night. I had mace in my purse, and a guy deliberately grabbed my ass once only to get knocked the fuck out by Daniel Harrison, who happened to see it go down. It humiliated me, but everyone knew me as a total sweetie, so the guy who did it was *not* popular going forwards. At least it showed me that Daniel had gotten over us breaking up. I told him that if he ever wanted some fun hook-ups, he was welcome to it, since I really liked his quiet nature and the way he kept me safe.

"That . . . wouldn't be bad," he told me. "But maybe just a few times. I'd like to find someone."

His words made me feel kind of tingly, though I couldn't quite say why. Mr Tall, Dark, and Handsome never did take me up on that offer, though, but I did see him around, usually in the background, usually quiet.

And that's when the posters started to appear.

The first one was near the cafeteria, just out of sight of the security cameras. It depicted a naked figure, AI-generated, and with my head on top. My face had been altered too; I looked like I was cumming, but it was nothing like my O-face. I knew what that looked like because Jacob Hewitt liked having us face a mirror when he fucked me from behind. And in this image there was this huge black guy fucking me from behind, and he was very

much a revolting racial caricature, probably meant to look like Lee Tommy, though if so, then it was *really fucking racist*, big fat lips and slight monkey hair on his shoulders and everything. His hands clawed around me, and a comically huge dick was thrusting up into my vagina. A speech bubble streamed from my mouth.

"I just love being the BIGGEST WHORE on CAMPUS!"

I saw red. Amy Becker had told me about it, and she and the other girls gathered around. A few others were laughing, including a couple of boys who Paris told to shut right up.

"That is so fucked up," Amy told me. "And look what they've done to my Lee. Are they saying you two fucked? You didn't fuck, did you?"

"Obviously not, Amy!" I said, seething at the image. "Whoever did this is trying to get a rise out of me. And it's working."

Other posters followed. I was always naked or being humiliated in some way, my body violated, my new love of sex perverted into something deeply shameful and crass. Whoever was making them was churning them out, and some had insults about my boobs being obviously fake, or my vagina being loose from getting fucked all the time, or me sleeping with professors to get good grades, and all sorts of other vile misogynistic imagery, not to mention a lot of racist shit too. Suffice to say, a repeated theme that kept cropping up was me obsessing with big black cocks, with a lot of revolting representations of black men involved. Which made me want to puke: my new body liked guys of all colours! And what was wrong with black men anyway? Even if I *did* only have sex with black men, what would be so bad about that?

But evidently it wasn't about *them*, it was about using every trick in the book to degrade *me*. The racists thought it was funny and that it degraded me, and the sexists (though maybe those two groups were a full Venn diagram overlap, most likely) got a kick out of seeing the most popular girl in the college dragged down into the dirt.

"This is so fucked up," I said, gritting my teeth as I tore down several more posters. "I've complained numerous times to the administration, but they're barely doing a thing! Surely this is a safety issue?"

"First time being a woman?" Amy asked me, cocking her eyebrow with something approaching a grim amusement.

I was almost tempted to tell her that yes, I had only been a woman for two and a half months by that point. Not that she would believe me even if I did! I tried to put it behind me and focus on being Rose Henshaw. There was more attention paid by campus security, and Alicia Farnham was looking out to see who was putting up the posters; she wanted to be a detective one day, and damn if I didn't believe that the woman who inspired my amazing ass wasn't now also inspiring me to believe this case could be solved, because she established

a network of other girls and men who were protective of me to keep a look out. And while we didn't catch the culprit - only a dark shadow was chased away by Alicia as the offender tried to put up a grotesque image of me by the Lecture Theatre E building - they did slow to a trickle and then stopped. I could breathe a sigh of relief, knowing that I had survived a form of harassment that numerous women experienced everyday.

And then the messages started.

'Gonna fuck you BITCH!'

'UR a WHORE and you deserve to ROT IN HELL, HOE!'

'I hope you get RAPED AGAIN AND AGAIN! UR NOTHING BUT A SLUT!'

'Every1 nos ur 2 stupid to get strate As. Ur fucking the professors!!!!'

'None of your friends like u. They just like ur tits. Ur tits an a\$\$ is all ur good 4 you DUMB BITCH!'

It went on and on. It didn't matter how many times I blocked the numbers messaging me, or tried to get more security on my social media. When I tried the latter, I ended up getting hacked, and suddenly my account was suspended for posting the most horrible and edited images of myself. It was goddamn *relentless*. I'd never felt so vulnerable. I was waking up in the middle of the night having panic attacks and freaking out over who was stalking me. When I walked to campus, it was with rings under my eyes. My libido was dying, and sex - one of the things that truly made me totally comfortable as a woman and even celebrated being one - simply stopped happening.

"God, when will this end?" I moaned on the campus green, clutching Amy Becker and weeping into her shoulder. She held me, and I knew that she was a true friend, one who had my back.

"It'll end," she said. "It's okay, Rose. And if it doesn't end, we'll figure something out. I just don't know who it could be?"

That was the thing; who was it? I initially had a few suspects of my own, people who might resent how popular I was, but it was so hard when they all had their own alibis. I wasn't stupid, in fact I was just as smart as I'd always been, perhaps more with how much my new female existence had expanded my horizons. I knew that Jack, my asshole former friend who had changed me against my will to be his submissive cock-loving slavegirl, was the most likely suspect. I really, really, truly thought it was him. In fact, I had to tell Daniel not to immediately go and beat him to death, because while that man wasn't the most talkative, he could be real damn bright.

"Daniel, I don't *know* if it was him!" I called out, chasing him across the campus green after he'd seen me break into tears after the third poster was found.

"Only one who's an asshole," he muttered, storming forward. "Bet it was him."

“Look, maybe it is!” I declared, running around in front of him with such motion that my boobs nearly had a wardrobe malfunction right out of my tight red crop top. I had to adjust myself a little sheepishly and then wipe away my tears. “But what if it’s someone else? Look, I don’t want to point the finger and accuse him. I’ve got reasons to hate him, I don’t want to make any up.”

At this, he simply smirked. “You’re too good for us all, Rose,” he told me.

Again, I felt that warm tingle in my stomach, like those times he held me for a long while after sex. He was the only guy who did that; most liked to get up and try to go another round, or feel my tits and make them too sore. Instead, he just stayed with me in that post-coital aftermath, and he did so then as I cried on campus.

And sadly, I was *right*. I ended up confronting Jack myself, not knowing whether it was a good or stupid idea but wanting to throw my amazing female body and popularity right in his face regardless. He had been avoiding me for weeks, but I managed to corner him as he was leaving his engineering class. I grabbed him and, with Teddy Shean serving as backup, confronted him in the narrow and mostly unused passageway between Lecture Theatres F and G.

“Hey, what gives!?” my former friend said, before realising it was *me* who had dragged him by his backpack. “What the fuck, Ryan?”

I jabbed him right in the chest. “Don’t you call me that,” I hissed, just out of earshot of my bodyguard, who was standing guard nearby. “Or I’ll have Teddy come and really make you regret it.”

“Are you serious? Teddy Shean? The man’s an idiot.”

“No, he’s just not academic. But he’s loyal, unlike some people.”

I wasn’t even lying. I liked Teddy. He was nice, he liked my ass, and we both liked him fucking it, and that was that. He was simple, he knew the score, and while I had no doubts that he told the rest of his football buddies about some of our sexual exploits, he never treated me badly or spread rumours. He was the definition of a himbo, and more importantly for this moment he wasn’t Daniel, who I knew would probably get into that state of cold fury if he heard Ryan mocking me, and the whole situation would explode. He wouldn’t fly into a rage, but he would go into protector mode, that was for sure.

I turned my attention back to Jack. I was shorter than him, but with Teddy present, I wasn’t afraid of him trying anything. My friend-turned-Judas looked more dishevelled than usual, and he’d grown a short and patchy beard and had circles under his eyes. Honestly, he almost looked like a crazy homeless guy, with a slightly dirtied black hoodie to complete the effect.

“What?” he said. “Come to gloat? Or come to beg me to change you back?”

“Definitely not the latter,” I said, jabbing him in the chest again. “You did this to me, and I’m just making the best of it.”

“Oh, and I’m sure that sleeping with the entire football team is really the best, huh? You know, you would have been better off sticking with me, Rose. I would have made you happy. I still can.”

At this, I actually laughed. A total guffaw, in fact, one that left him sneering.

“Look at me, Jack,” I said, placing my hands on my hips and cocking them to one side while I thrust out my magnificent chest. I was wearing a crop top that bared my midriff and some tight ripped jeans, so my lovely body was emphasised just as I liked it. “You tell me what I’m missing? I’m the hottest, more popular girl on campus. I’m as smart as I ever was, and I’m actually *getting some*, unlike you.”

“Yeah, and you’re taking cock like a total slut.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Damn right I am. I’m into boys, and I like getting hot and slutty. With almost any boy, really. Just not *you*, funnily enough. Funny how that works?”

“What the hell is this about?” he snapped, his voice rising. I could see Teddy shifting out of the corner of my vision. He must have heard that. I cautioned him that it was alright.

“It’s about this fucking smear campaign you’ve got against me,” I hissed. “You couldn’t turn me into your goddamn bimbo slavegirl, so you decide to tear me down and ruin my life. Is that it?”

Jack smirked. “You know, I *wish* I’d come up with that. It’s what you deserve for walking out on me. You turned out to be a real Stacy type, you know that? A total whore when you could have been my queen.”

I rolled my eyes. “Someone’s jealous.”

“I’m not fucking jealous.”

“You are. This is pathetic. You try to change me and I turn my life around. I became the popular girl, so the only way you can undo how pathetic and humiliated you are is by photoshopping sexist and racist pornographic material, dude. The funny thing is, I’m still me. Just a better me. I still play videogames and read sci-fi, but I also love wearing tight dresses and getting my hair styled now. Oh, and sex.”

Jack smirked, his tired, bloodshot eyes focused on me in a way I definitely didn’t like, especially when he looked down at my cleavage like I was just a piece of meat to him.

“Yeah, I’ve seen that you like sex. That pic of you and Lee Tommy was a good one, huh? Didn’t realise you liked getting fucked by *gorillas*, Rose. Must make that Daniel Harrison guy jealous. Bet it stirs you up that *he* doesn’t have a big black co-”

I slapped him. It happened so quickly I didn’t even realise.

“You motherfucker,” I shouted, motioning for Teddy to be on standby without even looking to my bodyguard. “I always knew you could be a bit sexist, but I had no idea you were a fucking racist too. And a misogynist. And - whatever you are right now.”

“I’ve been making some changes too,” Jack said with a grin. “Been talking to some friends online. They’ve been helping me out. Getting me to see where I went wrong, including how I *should* have treated you the moment I changed you.”

Great. He’d been radicalised online. Turned into some woman-hating, racist, 8Chan user or something. Or worse, if there were such forums.

“If you put up another poster or send me another creepy message, Jack,” I said. “I’ll have one of my boys fuck you up.”

“It isn’t me,” he said, shrugging. “I wish it was, but it isn’t. Like I said, I wish it was me. But if you want an alibi, I can show you that I’ve been hanging with a new gamer crowd ever since you ditched me and became a Stacy Slut. Instead, I’ve been making new friends, and I can *prove* I wasn’t anywhere near the campus when those stupid posters went up. Even if they are rather . . . titillating.”

He looked down at my breasts when he said that, and grinned.

“Yeah, well, these tits are heading away from your slimy ass.”

“At least I’ll get to enjoy your ass as you go away! Looking forward to seeing more posters!”

God, I hated him, I hated him so much. I stepped out of the alley and had to take a moment to breathe. Teddy put a hand on my shoulder.

“You okay?”

“N-no,” I wheezed. “He - fuck - he said some things and - oh God, I feel like I’m having a panic attack. Daniel, I need Daniel.”

“I’m right here. It’s me, Daniel.”

I looked up and blinked. I hadn’t even noticed. How had I not noticed? My Tall, Dark, and Handsome protector was right there, and he enfolded his arms around me while I hugged him.

“Wh-where’s Teddy?”

“He shot me a message. Said I should come by. I got him to take five”

I actually managed a grin between my heaving breaths. “T-told him not to bring you. You’d go all violent on that asshole Jack.”

He hugged me again. “Wouldn’t. No point steppin’ on ants, right?”

I actually laughed that time. God, he smelled nice. I looked down the walkway between the lecture theatres and saw that Jack was gone. His words had cut me deep, reducing me down to nothing but meat, like I was just some bimbo. But I wasn’t. I liked sex,

and I liked men, and I really, really liked my quiet giant Daniel. But I was more than just some sex object, even if Jack had become too much of an incel to ever understand that.

“Hey,” I told Daniel. “So, uh, I really like you.”

“I figured,” he replied. “Feeling’s mutual.”

“I’m sorry for dumping you.”

“Water under the bridge.”

I giggled, separating a little to look up into his handsome face. “You *really* don’t talk all that much, do you, Mr Tall, Dark, and Silent?”

At this, Daniel just shrugged. “Talk is cheap, I guess.”

“And yet, when I’m with you, I feel like you talk a lot, just without words. I didn’t realise that at first, when I had my first - I mean, when we first had sex. Back at Amy Becker’s twenty first. I mean, I liked you then too, and we had some fun, but I thought I wanted more. Maybe I did. So why does it feel like you manage to say more than any other guy I’ve ever known when you barely say two words in a sentence?”

He considered this for a moment.

“Good words,” he finally decided on, before giving me a cheeky grin.

I really wanted him to hold me again, but something about his quiet, contemplative nature just made me stand back and wait for his response. The man was on the football team, yet he had the spirit of a warrior poet. Maybe that’s why he was an English major first and foremost, despite his laconic nature.

“Good words,” I repeated. “I like that.”

“Actually, I *can* beat him up, if you want.”

“He’s not worth it. I’m not sure he’s even putting up the posters. Or sending the texts. The threatening ones.”

Daniel creased his brow. I could see that tranquil fury in him. “Do you feel safe?”

“Not really, to be honest.”

He nodded. “You’re staying at mine, tonight.”

“Daniel, I don’t want to give the wrong impression and-”

“No, it’s not about sex. You’re staying at mine tonight so you’re safe. That’s it.”

I bit my lip and pushed back my hair over my ears in response to what he’d said. It was a tell-tale show of deliberate flirtation.

Only this time I wasn’t being deliberate.

That was eight years ago, and what seemed a lifetime past. It wasn’t a satisfying end to the story, and trust me, I know. The smear campaign wasn’t Jack. Sure enough, Alicia’s expert

investigations found his damn alibi to be correct. He was hanging out with a group of loser women-hating chodes running a 'No Girls' tabletop group across town. I couldn't believe I was ever friends with that loser, and it wasn't because of the gaming, but all the other stuff. Yet even with him eliminated as the main suspect, I never did find out who it was. The posters continued to go up for a few months afterwards, and I received the horrible texts for around the same length as well, but then they gradually diminished, and eventually stopped altogether. Anticlimactic as hell, I know.

But then, despite being the most popular girl on campus, a lot of my life ended up being anticlimactic and far, far more ordinary than I could have imagined after becoming such a hot beauty. Sure enough, Daniel kept his word during those weeks where I stayed with him or he stayed with me. Sex did happen, of course, but only after I made it clear that I just could not stand him not being my boyfriend and that I really wanted to give things another shot. And then the sex flowed man, it *flowed*. The whole harassment situation had me pent up more than I'd thought, and when I felt safe in his arms, I was finally ready to be fucked and fucked *hard*. I swear, I had more sex over the two years that followed than I ever have since. Those were good days, and for a time we thought we'd be together forever.

Ah, but things changed. The funny thing about being turned into a popular girl just as I'd described, was that the idea of the 'popular girl' is a pretty ephemeral one. I mean, who really talks about the 'popular girl' once you've graduated? Hell, who really talks about the 'popular girl' once you're in the later years of your college course? Sure, there's the cheerleaders and the like, but by the end even they're looking forward to their careers as nurses and journalists and models and whatnot. I guess I could have become a model - God knows I had and still have the body for it - but I wanted to be a psychologist just like I had trained to be and gotten straight-A grades in.

And that's how Daniel and I split up. I'll never forget him. He was the best five years of my life, but when I got the opportunity to move interstate for a job opportunity, I knew I *had* to take it. Besides, part of the memory of those posters, of that damn harassment campaign, stuck with me in the geography of my city. I needed a fresh start, and sometimes the true romance that thrives in the social joy of campus life begins to wither in a world of work, responsibilities, and endless bills. That was the case for Daniel and I. He could have followed me, and offered to, but I think we both knew that we'd changed. Hell, he was even talking more often, and somehow that removed some of his charm, I think. I liked being the one who understood all those layers beneath his quiet exterior, so as he opened up more to the world, as much as it was good for him, I selfishly confess that I felt like I'd lost something personal that only I possessed.

Strange, really, to think that the best and worst times of my life were one and the same; when I'd been turned into a woman. I'd had that brief celebration of having all the

curves, the artistry of flirtation, the passion of lovemaking, but I'd also gotten quite the powerful introduction to how horrible it is to be a woman in the sightlines of shitty people, and how it feels to be the target of utter misogyny, among other things. Hell, I still had construction workers harassing me when I left my office at the psychology clinic I worked at and wandered past that new public pool going up opposite the health tower. I'm still in my twenties, even if only just, so I still looked damn good and knew it, and didn't mind hitting up the clubs from time to time. Hell, it was how I met James, the man who became my husband, believe it or not. I didn't mind how much he loved my big tits, and didn't mind dressing up to show them off on date night. I could just do without fucking Joe the Bricklayer from yelling out how much he'd like to suck on them.

I was just walking to my car down the road from my clinic when I heard one of these fucking jokers yelling out to me. Thanks to the transformation that turned me into a woman, I had the kind of hips and ass that swayed, whether I wanted them to or not. I could make it more obvious when I was flirting with my hubbie or asking a favour from him, but it was always there, and I wasn't going to cover up my body and be ashamed of it. Still, I cringed a little, and had my hand in my purse with the mace ready.

"Hey! Rose! I wanna talk to you!"

I frowned. That didn't sound like one of the construction boys. I turned, hand on the mace, only to be confronted with a rather shocking sight. It was Jack. He looked older - a lot older, actually, like he was in his late-thirties instead of his late-twenties. There was already some early silver in his hair, and he was still wearing a hoodie, though this one was dark green. But his eyes weren't bloodshot anymore, and he didn't look as messed up as the last time I'd seen him, way back in college.

"Jack? What the fuck? Don't come any closer! I've got mace and a gun!"

I didn't have a gun. But I didn't want him to know that. It must have worked, because Jack immediately put up his hands.

"I'm not threatening you! I promise! I swear I'm not, and I'm not following you! I mean, I am, but . . . it was just because I saw that you were a psychologist in the city. I wasn't . . . shit, this is going badly."

"Give me one good reason why I shouldn't call the police," I said, ready for anything.

"Because after this, I'll never see you again. Please, just let me say my piece, dude. Just . . . remember the good times back when we were friends, before I fucked it all up and became the worst person alive."

I was curious as to what he meant by that, so I actually calmed a little, but rested one hand on my belly. My reaction caused Jack to widen his eyes in surprise.

"You're pregnant?"

“Hopefully,” I said. “And hopefully, this time it will stick. My husband and I have been trying.”

“Husband? Wow. Um, good for you, Rose. Seriously, I’m happy for you.”

“Why are you here?” I asked him. “Just tell me.”

He looked away. To my surprise, he had tears in his eyes. He wiped them, and then struggled to form his next words.

“To say sorry. For everything. For what a jackass I was. For turning you into a woman, for treating you like I did. For being a woman-hating prick for years. I went into a dark place when I lost my best friend, and I blamed everyone else except myself. It was always me, Rose. And, I just wanted to say sorry, and maybe bring some closure.”

I found myself strangely moved by his words. He was sincere, and his tears testified to that, but more than that . . . part of me had always missed my best friend. Amy and I had diverged before we’d even graduated, and while Pam at the office was a friend, I still had yet to make a best friend again. Perhaps I’d been too guarded all this time. Too affected by that one betrayal.

“That . . . actually means a lot, Jack,” I said. “For what it’s worth, I . . . no. I’m sorry. I can’t forgive you.”

His face fell.

“Becoming a woman was the best thing that ever happened to me. I might have been able to forgive you, even for your original intentions, but that harassment campaign, I don’t know how you did it, but-”

“It was Amy Becker.”

My jaw dropped, and I touched my belly almost protectively again. “What?”

Jack rubbed his eye clean of tears and kicked at the sidewalk a little nervously. “She came to me for help on how to use Photoshop. I showed her how. We had sex, but I realised after that she was just using me. She made the posters. I swear it’s the truth. You mentioned once that you got horrible messages, I reckon she was behind them too. She told me that she hated how you were so much more popular than her. I . . . I should have told you years ago. I should have told you straight away. But . . . I hated you too. I hated you for all the things / had done.”

Amy Becker. The weird part was, I believed him straight away. Even the grammar in her messages made sense. And Lee broke up with her later down the line because she was really, super fetishising him for his race. And when she stopped her hate campaign would have coincided with me drawing back a little from the club and party scene. God, her plan had worked. What a bitch. And what a fool she was, too. Lee was a good man, if a bit of a flirt, and last I heard he’d married a girl he deserved.

“Amy Becker,” I repeated out loud, laughing a little. “Goddamn. How did I not see it coming? I guess the popular girl always has a target on her back.”

“Like I said, I should have told you.”

I sighed and looked at the pathetic sight of Jack before me. “Yeah, you should have. Why tell me now?”

He reached into his pocket. I briefly tensed, but he actually pulled out a little black chip and held it up.

“Three years,” he said. “Three years sober.”

“From alcohol?”

He gave a sad chuckle. “From a lot of things, actually. I went to some dark places after I fucked everything up. I hated women, I swore them off. I said some damn racist things, too. By the end, I’m pretty sure I was hanging out with fucking neo-Nazis. Assholes, all of them, and me among them. I pretty much hit rock bottom and it was all my fault, blaming you and everyone else for what I’d done. I guess it was only then that I could really start to get clean and get back on my feet. I moved here for a programming job, and I started seeing a therapist for all my tons of issues. It’s been . . . there’s been a lot of progress.”

I cocked my head to the side. I detected no lies, and I was pretty damn empathetic, and had been ever since I’d become a lady. Amy Becker had slid past me though, I guess. But . . . something told me that he was telling the truth.

“I’m glad for you, Jack.”

“I only found out you were here a couple of weeks ago, I swear. You’ve got a new last name, you know, since you’re married and all. Congratulations, I guess.”

I smiled, fidgeting with my ring. “Thanks. He’s a good man.”

“Not Daniel?”

“No. But I hope Daniel is happy.”

“Yeah. Well . . . I knew I had to make things right. Well, as right as I could make them. Maybe give you some closure, too. That’s all I came to say. It was all my fault, and I’m sorry, and I won’t ever, ever bother you again.”

He turned around, and was about to head off. Part of me wanted him to just go, good riddance, but another, more mature part of me - the part who had dealt with patients like this and knew the long roads they had to take and the effort it took to take them there - decided to speak up.

“Hey, Jack? You know, I run a gaming group that meets every second Tuesday.”

He paused, and half-turned to examine me. “Rose, I couldn’t. Not after-”

“Hey, it’ll be an interview, not a full invite. James is there, too. I had to marry a total nerd in the end, though he can still beat you up, okay?”

At this, he chuckled. "Most people can. You included, probably, even with your girl muscles."

"These girl muscles hit the gym three times a week, asshole. Look, give me some time to process all this . . . thisness, and maybe I'll reach out to you. I'm not saying we'll be best friends again, or even friends, but maybe . . . maybe we can at least start off as acquaintances. I became a new and better me. Maybe, just maybe, this is the new and better you, too."

The tears were flowing down his cheeks now, and he was wiping them away constantly. I was a bit teary-eyed myself.

"I'd . . . I'd really like that. Are you sure I could join? Or have an 'interview', as you put it? I don't want . . . if I don't fit in-"

I put up a hand. "If you don't fit in, then water under the bridge. I'm just throwing out an olive branch here, Jack. Crazy as it is to say, but I missed the man who used to be my best friend. I'd like to get to know this new version of him, the one who might actually be the guy I thought he always was."

He nodded slowly. When he spoke, his voice cracked. "I'd really like that, Rose. Thanks. And again, congratulations. You deserve all the happiness in life."

At this, I just grinned and put my hands on my still fabulous hips. The hips I hoped would be birthing hips in eight months or so.

"Damn right I do," I said with a little cheekiness in my voice. "But if not, I'll land on my feet. We all do after a big change, right?"

I gave him a playful wink and turned to keep heading to my car. I had no idea what the future would hold, but it felt a little brighter after that interaction. Still, I was keen to get home to my husband and have a nice cooked meal and then lie with him in bed, and probably get extra passionate. I was feeling more unburdened from the past thanks to Jack, and when I felt like that, I got extra excited with my James.

What can I say? The popular girl of the college campus had been gone for years.

But when it came to the bedroom? This man-turned-woman was still the centre of attention.

The End