

## Foreign Studies (Man to Chinese Woman TG)

*Chad is a meathead bully of a jock who loves picking on those who are smaller and weaker than him, as well as acting possessive towards women he wants. But when he pursues a cute Arabic woman, he is shocked to find out that her girlfriend is a powerful sorceress who curses him to be weak and spindly. Looking to get his alpha maleness back, he makes a deal with the sorceress' teacher, but that just lands him in deeper water. Now stuck as Fang, a Chinese-American college student, his life ends up with further changes, and perhaps for good!*

[This story is standalone, but works as a sort of paired-sequel to Creating Diversity.](#)

### Foreign Studies

Chad shook with horror as his muscles melted away, years of alpha male fitness dissipating right before his very eyes. His height fell, his limbs retracted. He grunted and groaned as the swirling green energy surrounded him, cascading out from the hands of the woman he'd just mocked and belittled. Her name was Martina, a latina woman who was gorgeous as the other woman she was defending.

*Shit. I didn't mean for this. I thought she was just some helpless bitch!*

"No - no please!" he cried. "I'm s-s-sorry! Aaggh! I - I won't do it again!"

His biceps deflated like balloons, his abs shrunk to nothingness. But Martina wasn't even talking to him, and he could barely make out what she was saying to the other woman, the Arab woman named Fatima. Chad had been hitting on her, rather aggressively, in fact. He was used to women tripping over themselves for him, and always getting what he wanted. He was the star quarterback of the college football team, not to mention damn huge and damn handsome. He'd fucked every girl he wanted on campus, and he refused to let an exotic chick, as he saw her, like Fatima get away from him.

Only things hadn't gone as planned when he'd pursued her up an outside corridor between two lecture theatres. He'd grabbed her hand, demanding she let him cop a feel of her impressive chest, and then out of nowhere this Martina woman had revealed herself, casting out magic - *fucking magic!* - that froze him to the spot.

And now, as revenge for bruising Fatima's hand and attacking her, she was stealing away his strength. His height. His attractiveness.

*My goddamn alpha malehood. She's taking it all!*

"It's j-just a bruise," he said, begging with his eyes for Martina to change him back. His height had already fallen from 6'4 to a mere 5'4. He was damn diminutive now, even for a woman!

"Just a bruise, huh?" she said, revealing the extent of Fatima's injury. "Well, what kind of man would bruise an innocent woman, Chad?"

"S-sorry. I d-didn't mean to-"

"LIAR!" Fatima called out, silencing him immediately. Everything was going downhill. He'd just wanted to have a grope and a squeeze and a kiss from Fatima, even if she didn't want it back. He'd done it plenty of times, but how could he have known she had a damn sorceress of a guardian angel!?

The two continued to talk, Fatima looking no longer afraid of him as he became literally shorter and definitely weaker than her. He couldn't believe how pathetic and spindly he felt. Even his shoulders had shrunk significantly. It was only after taking in all of this that Chad realised that they were discussing *his* fate.

"He will treat more women like this," the Arabic woman said. "He's only scared because he got caught. I know him . . . I mean, I know his type. His fear will become anger, and he will take it out on some other innocent girl."

*Shit. Shit shit shit shit shit SHIT!*

Terror and fury gripped him in equal measure. But Chad Bartley had always been rash. Quick to react with anger in the face of uncertainty.

"You bitches! I'll fu-"

The last of his muscles melted away, as did his height. Chad sank to his knees, his pitiful body now smaller than most women, let alone practically all men on the planet. Martina and Fatima now looked like two great statuesque Amazons staring down on his puniness.

"The - the fuck!? Change me back!"

But the powerful sorceress just grinned. "How about you shoo out of my sight, and maybe in a few years I'll consider giving you your muscles back, *if* you behave. For now, *scram!*"

*Oh God. Oh shit, she's serious.*

He looked to Fatima, his would-be victim, and found no mercy even in those kind eyes. Martina's gaze was even harsher. Ready to level worse judgement. Without a word, Chad staggered backwards, then broke into a pathetic run that was far slower and more stumbling than it had ever been before.

*This can't be happening!*

But it was. And it had. And it was his future now, unless he found a way to turn back.

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Chad ducked his head as his former teammates passed. They snickered as he did so, and several of them reached out to push and shove him helplessly.

“Hey! You guys! This isn’t fair!”

“Shut the fuck up, you little pussy!”

One of them, a guy called George who used to be Chad’s best friend, literally shoved him to the ground and cackled before moving on. Chad was left to pick himself up, dust himself off, and once again curse his body.

*Why can’t they remember me as I was? It’s like a whole new fucking reality where I’m this pathetic dweeb!*

The worst part was, it was a nightmare made two-fold. Because not only was he now an utter weakling, but he was also still completely devoid of any academic skills whatsoever. It had been just a couple of weeks since the change, and the one time he had approached Martina, begging pathetically for her to change him back, she had just sneered in his direction and threatened to turn him into a mouse, then sic a cat on him. He’d stayed well away after that, but he didn’t know how he could possibly cope as it was. Even his cock had shrunk, becoming a tiny little nub, at least compared to his former largesse.

*I can’t live like this. I’m failing my goddamn classes, and now I can’t play football. None of the girls want me, and everyone thinks I’m dumb as rocks and a total weakling.*

The worst of both worlds indeed. Even his face was thinner, shrunken, his formerly handsome blonde hair now a wiry, nerdy mess. He got puffed out simply trying to run to a lecture he was late to, and without his sports scholarship to count on, there were no private tutors for him either. Even his own parents couldn’t remember him being any other way, and without his football career ahead of him, neither his Mom nor his Dad showed anything but disdain for him.

*Not that they ever cared, but at least I knew the score when I could score. I was going to make them rich, and me too, and we were all good with that. Now they’re just assholes who don’t give any help to me!*

His whole life was falling apart. All of it. And all because, in his mind, he’d just been a bit rough with one girl.

*She was just some exchange student or something, he thought to himself. Or maybe she was born here, I don’t know. But she had that headscarf and accent, so it’s not like she was really American, right? Besides, can’t a guy appreciate a girl for being hot? She was the one that resisted.*

Despite Martina's words and warnings, he hadn't really learned much of a lesson other than one of force. But as long as she had all the power, he couldn't do anything. He was no longer a footballer in this new life - how could he be? - and he lacked the basic intelligence to pass his classes. Not only that, but his job at the gym being a part-time fitness instructor was gone. Who would even take advice from him about fitness now that he was a scrawny little boy of a man?

Chad was just about to give up and quit college. He had no idea what he even could do at this stage, but anything was better than being mocked as a nerd without any of the advantages of being one. He was sick of being pushed around, of seeing Martina and Fatima together on campus - apparently the two were lesbians, which only frustrated him further - and sick of sticking out like a tiny, sore thumb.

"No fucking point," he muttered, swerving away from the lecture theatre. He was now the smallest and least athletic person taking a sport science class in the world, he had to imagine. "Might as well just head to the main office and pull this goddamn plug. Look at some job listings, try to bulk back up. I can at least be a short muscly guy, maybe . . .

*If Martina even lets me. Last time I tried to get her to change me back, she just mocked me, saying I would always be weak, no matter how hard I tried to 'fix' myself.*

He was starting to get the feeling that all the gym work in the world, all the protein bars in the world, would do nothing, courtesy of the magic curse. Still, he had to hope, so he approached the front office, entering through the ground floor where many of the professors' offices were located. It was then that, by pure chance, he overheard something that immediately caught his attention.

"I can't thank you enough, Professor Sharpe. The new nose you gave me - it's so much better! No one makes fun of me anymore, and I don't have breathing difficulties, and I even had a boy wanting to date me!"

Chad pulled to a stop, noticing that the door to Professor Sharpe's office was slightly open. He didn't have her for a lecturer, though apparently she had a lot to do with finance. In fact, mostly Chad just recalled seeing her around and thinking she was a total anti-MILF of a woman. She had hollow cheekbones and a tight bun of hair that she didn't even have the courtesy of dying, leaving it grey-streaked. She was a rake, hiding her body in knitted sweaters and looking down at everyone through her rounded glasses. It made her seem like a particularly strict granny, an effect completed by her know-it-all voice. But now that voice had an interesting cadence to it, as if sharing something secret and joyful.

"I'm very glad to hear that, Naya," the professor's voice carried through the crack in the slightly ajar door. "And no one remembers how you used to look?"

"None, Professor Sharpe! They all act like I've always been beautiful. And my acne is gone, too! It's - it's magic!"

*Wait, that's Naya Jenkins? Chad thought. What is she talking about, having a warped nose? She's a total hottie!*

But even as he thought of her perfect face and those full, dark, kissable lips, his mind made the connection. A physical change that only the changee and a select few others could remember.

*Just like me, he realised. She's been magically changed, and I don't remember it. Wait, is this why she didn't want to fuck me the other day? She acted like I was an asshole. Did I make fun of her for having a big ole nose before she got changed and reality with it? God, this is all so damn confusing.*

The Professor continued to speak as these thoughts came to him.

"I'm so very happy to hear that, Naya. You more than deserve it. Of course, given that you are already eligible for our Student Diversity and Inclusivity Scholarship, no further change was needed; just an assurance that you'll be taking an honours course here next year, instead of over at Harpton's University . . . ?"

Naya's response was quick to the lingering question. "Of course, Professor! I wouldn't turn my back on you like that. Any way that I can support the college after all you've done for me! I still can't believe magic is re-

"Shhh, dear. Don't go proclaiming it! I choose my students carefully, and remember it's not for free; I'm here to make sure the college continues to thrive in the best way it can."

*She wants to make the college thrive? What better way than making me a damn football star again!?*

Naya Jenkins thanked Professor Sharpe several more times before backing out of the office. Chad wisely pulled back a little, acting as if he was just walking down the corridor.

"Hey, Naya," he said, waving at her.

She broke out into a devilish smile. "Hey, Chad! Looking very buff, right?"

There was an intelligence to the expression that startled Chad.

*But in this new reality I've always been a weakling? Wait, that must mean people who have changed can remember the original changes of other people . . . or ones who have just changed since, maybe? Because she changed before I did and I don't remember. Fuck if this isn't confusing!*

He decided to simply smile happily at her, reckoning that he was perhaps looking too deeply into her expression. Then he pushed open the door to Professor Sharpe's office and went on in, closing it behind him.

"I have a knock policy, young man," Professor Sharpe said, looking down at his diminutive stature through her rounded glasses. "Now if you'll just . . . ah. You've been changed. Recently, too. Not my doing. Martina?"

Chad nodded eagerly. A warm sensation flooded through him, a powerful relief that he wasn't going insane!

"Yes. Yes! I was a powerful footballer. A total alpha male. Now I'm a scrawny piece of used up meat. I've heard you can change people." The last bit was not really a lie - he just didn't admit he'd only *just* heard of it.

Professor Sharpe tapped her pencil on her large desk for a few moments.

"Normally I dance around this for a bit, but it seems you have caught me out. And it turns out my student has been acting out a little with her magic."

*Oh shit, Martina is her student?*

"Yes! Yes, she was! I don't deserve this, I swear! Please, I'm just asking you to change things back."

Professor Sharpe regarded him seriously. "Well, I can certainly do that. I can see the strands of magic that have changed your form quite easily. Her work is good . . . but mine is much better. Still, the question remains *why* she changed you. Answer me, and do so truthfully."

She placed her hand on a heavy clasped tome on her desk.

*Heh, I'll just spin a quick fable and then she'll-*

"I sexually harassed an Arabic girl named Fatima and caused bruising on her arm when she rejected me. I then told Martina and Fatima that I would fuck them up because they were total bitches to me and couldn't appreciate a real man."

Chad blinked. Where had that come from?

*It's like just straight compelled the truth out of me somehow.*

Sharpe smirked, continuing to tap her pen. "Ah, I see. So you left some details out of the telling."

"It wasn't like that, it -"

The professor put up a hand. "But you know full well it was. More than that, you know full well that you deserve this fate, at least on some level."

*As if, bitch. I'm going to turn back because I don't deserve this.*

"Or perhaps you do not. But I think I have a solution for you anyway, dear . . . ?"

“Chad. Chad Bartley.”

“Excellent. I have a contract I want you to sign. If you fulfil it, I will possess the power to turn you back into your original self, popular and full of testosterone and muscle as you would normally be, I sense. All you have to do is, for the rest of the year, help shore up our diversity and inclusivity quota as part of our collegial expectations, and also as part of my responsibilities. I do want to keep success flowing to this wonderful institution, after all.”

Chad was bewildered. He looked up at the taller woman behind her large desk. “That’s all I have to do? Help with some quota shit?”

She smirked again, her eyes glinting. She opened up a drawer on her desk and reached for some papers. “More or less, yes, though I wouldn’t put it that way. I have the contract right here in my drawer if you wish to-”

She didn’t even get to finish the sentence. Chad hungrily snatched the paper from her, slamming it down on his side of the desk and quickly grabbing a spare pen from her desk. He scribbled his signature in three separate places where his name was indicated, then printed his name in full at the end.

“Done!” he declared.

Professor Sharpe looked impressively bewildered, but she quickly regained her cool, complete with a sense of humour about it too.

“Well, I suppose you never would have been one for reading. The magic should seal it any second now.”

“W-wait, this was a magic contract?”

She stood, looming over him. “Oh yes, I tried to explain that to you. But now, I suppose, you’ll feel it instead, Chad. Though I doubt that will be your name much longer.”

Chad’s gut clenched. A sudden pressure came over him, and a pillar of purple light surrounded his form, filling him with energy. He gasped, seeing that this energy was similar to the one he’d already experienced.

“No! Oh shit, take it back!”

“Sorry, too late! The contract is signed and can’t be revoked, at least until certain expectations are met.”

Chad was about to scream something deeply unpleasant, but suddenly he lurched again, and this time a second, even more invasive and transformative change, was upon him. His hair darkened, stretching out over his eyes and obscuring his vision until he pushed it away. It black and silky, unbelievably silky in fact, and it continued to flow down his back. To his horror, his

form shrank yet further, becoming even more petite, shoulder softening and his waist thinning even more. He grunted as a strange, unwanted pleasure coursed through his body, causing him to writhe unpleasantly on the spot, but unable to get away thanks to the trappings of the pillar of magic.

“H-help m-meeee!” he cried, but even as he did so, his voice altered, cracking upwards in octave and quickly becoming utterly female in pitch and sound, soft and demure-sounding, light and lilac in tone. His facial features began to arrange, and it felt like his skin was sliding about over his face, his bone structure shifting from a series of miniature earthquakes. He tried to stop it with his hands, but it only allowed him to fully experience the way his nose shrank, his forehead reduced in size, the way his jaw collapsed and then reorganised to give him a heart-shaped face. His eyebrows became more defined, his lips fuller, and his cheeks gained extra fat, losing the unnatural gauntness he’d put up with for two weeks now.

“What are you d-doing to me!? Why do I sound like a w-woman!?”

Sharpe just chuckled. “Because you’re becoming one, of course!”

“WHAT!?”

It had been a shriek, a *woman’s* shriek, and it was accompanied by a series of pressures in some very worrying places. Chad moaned as his hips expanded, his pelvis altering to become wider. His hips creaked outwards, getting more pronounced with every terrible inch. It was discomforting, but also strangely arousing, and it was making his cock hard.

“Nghh! Ohhh, God! N-No!”

Something weird was happening to his voice. *It sounds almost . . . accented!*

But he couldn’t focus on that much, because his skin was suddenly on fire. A terrible itch came over it that left him scratching himself all over.

*What now?* he thought. *What could possibly - oh no! NO!*

His skin darkened in tone, becoming a light olive tone tinged with an eastern warmth. As if to emphasise that his race was changing, his eyes changed in that moment too. The transforming man blinked, and suddenly his eyes had epicanthic folds. His vision was largely unaffected after a few rapid blinks, but he could feel the difference.

“I’m changing race too!?”

“Of course! What do you think student diversity and inclusivity is about, Fang?”

“Who’s F-Fang?”

“You, of course, in your new life!”

“You can’t - NGH!! Oh God, why does it f-feel so f-fucking good?”

He arched his back as the pressures grew on his chest. He tried to fight this change in particular, even as his legs and arms gained a gorgeous slenderness, even as his hips and shrunken waist gave him a beautiful hourglass figure, even as his rear began to expand subtly, providing him with a more womanly backside.

“N-no! I won’t grow b-boobs! I’m not!”

Perhaps his transformed body agreed, because all of a sudden the magic changed focus, descending down to between his thighs.

*No! No, you can’t do this to meeeee!*

He grabbed at his crotch, his package nestled away in his now ill-fitting clothes. It was shrinking rapidly yet again, only this time it wasn’t stopping. Chad’s heart beat rapidly, adrenaline racing through his system as he tried to think of anything - *anything* - that could save his manhood. Instead, all he could do was squeal and cry pathetically as it withered down and pulled back inside his body, inverting to become a tunnel leading all the way to a still-forming womb. The sensation was *deeply pleasurable* in a way he never wanted losing his cock and balls to be. He moaned, gasping like a woman in the throes of the best sex of her life, as his very maleness was stolen from him.

“Mhmmm! Ahhhh! Ohhhhh! OHHHH!!!”

And in that weakness, in that reluctant deliriousness, his chest finally found the time to blossom. He played with his nipples without even meaning to, teasing them with now-daintified hands. The flesh surged forth, growing and growing from nothing, rounding out and getting heavier and heavier. In the midst of that pleasure even Chad could see that he was growing quite the impressive pair of tits.

*I’m growing boobs, he thought. I’m growing actual tits. I’m growing tits! Oh f-fuck!*

They pressed against his shirt, large nipples now making quite obvious outlines against the thin material. Still they grew, mashing together to form an alluring line of cleavage. He was shocked at the weight of them, how they rose and fell with each hurried and horrified breath. They seemed so massive from his perspective.

“I’m . . . I’ve got tits,” he gasped in his new voice, that strange lilting accent creeping in again. “B-big ones! You turned me into a goddamned woman!”

“Not fully yet,” Professor Sharpe replied. “There’s still the mental changes to account for.”

“That what?”

But Sharpe preferred to let a practical demonstration do the explaining, because Chad was immediately overwhelmed with the magic once more, only this time it surged into his mind, reconfiguring the very programming of his brain. New knowledge filled it: finance, literature, history, archaeology, mathematics. It was overwhelming, particularly since sport as a subject withered - it did not die, but became far less encyclopaedic. But even that was nothing compared to the other mental change. To Chad's terrified surprise, he was no longer Chad at all. Oh, he was aware that that was meant to be his name, that it *was* his name, but it didn't stop his new mental configuration from recognising his identity as *Fang Huang*. This was followed immediately by a simple but powerful alteration: his gender identity flipped from male to female as if a switch had been suddenly thrown. All of a sudden he was now a *she*, and not just any she, but a Chinese *she*, complete with an awareness that she was functioning as a foreign student here at the college, being originally from Shanghai, China. This was accompanied by a new language: Mandarin filled her head, dominating over English briefly before finding an equilibrium.

The magic left her, and Fang was left panting, trying to regain a male self that was now trapped, locked away until the transformation could be reverted.

"<What have you done to me? Why did you do this?>" she asked as the magic faded, her Chinese accent now clear.

"I'm sorry, I don't actually speak Mandarin," Sharpe said.

Fang's jaw dropped. She hadn't even realised she was speaking another language. She had to focus on separating the two codes in her mind before she spoke, and when she did, her words had a quiet, almost sweet nature to them.

"I said . . . why did you do this to me?"

Sharpe smiled. "For one, because you deserve it. Two, because it helps my position and brings the college in line with diversity expectations: trust me, it can be difficult doing so naturally at times. And three, because it provides you with a way to earn your path back to manhood. Now you can live as Fang, do very well academically, bring success to the college, and when it's time for Fang to 'leave' back to her homeland, Chad Bartley can suddenly reappear."

"I have to be a woman - a Chinese woman - for the entire year?"

"You do. Don't worry, I can help provide everything for you. The contract specifies that you will have a new legal identity-"

Just like that, a series of documents flashes into existence in Fang's lap, including a new purse, wallet, driver's licence, student card, and so on.

"- and proper housing and clothing-"

Another flash, and Fang actually squeaked, much to her embarrassment. She was no longer wearing an ill-fitting t-shirt and shorts that were too tight around the hips. Now she was wearing an actual summer dress, dark with white flowers upon it, and with a neckline that while not exactly plunging, certainly teased her impressive cleavage. She now also had a bra for her full breasts, which showed them off even more, lifting them up to prominence.

*They have to be Double-D's at least,* she thought to herself. *God, I'm stacked.*

The new woman realised that she was even *thinking* in Mandarin now. It was quite bewildering to take in, as was the face that even her hair and makeup were now done. She hadn't even seen her reflection yet.

"- and, of course, a healthy libido for men, to provide you with a proper female experience on campus. At least, a stereotypical one. I felt it best not to leave you attracted to women because lesbianism might be a change too far for you, and I don't want to be cruel."

"What? You're making me - ohhhh."

She clutched her head, suddenly dizzy. Suddenly images of rather attractive men ran through her mind. Celebrities back home in China. Boy band singers. The athletes on the running team. Gregory Hunt, the confident party boy that Chad had gotten into fights with. Now they all seemed so . . . handsome. Impressive. Their forearms delectable, their shoulders to die for.

"<Oh no," she said. "Please, I don't deserve this! Turn me back!>"

"Remember dear, I don't speak Mandarin."

An exhausted Fang had to reiterate what had been said, but Sharpe just dismissed her words with a gesture. "Please, now you're just going around in circles. Now, it's time you left my office. Remember, you must do well in your new role across the whole year, or else you'll stay as Fang. There's a few other clauses so take your copy of the contract - make sure to be careful and not the 'New Life Clause' in particular. But for now, go out there and enjoy your new life, Fang Huang, and please don't trouble me again unless it's very important; there's a clause in the contract that lets me leave you like that permanently if you continually annoy me. Now, shoo!"

An astonished Fang was practically *pushed* out of Sharpe's office, and the professor promptly closed the door upon her, leaving the new Chinese foreign student taken entirely back.

*What the hell do I do now?* she thought to herself. *This just keeps getting worse and worse!*

Of course, she didn't think those thoughts in English, either.

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Fang Huang was beautiful. Drop-dead gorgeous. Fucking *enticing*. There was no denying it. She managed to find her new living quarters, which was in a dorm room; thankfully one she had

entirely to herself as opposed to a shared room. The first thing she did - other than scream and rant and rave - was to look at herself. *All* of herself, completely naked, before the large changing mirror next to her cupboard of new clothing. And it only revealed just how perfect her new body was . . . for a woman

She indeed had Double-D breasts. This was not just part of the knowledge package to help her survive as a woman, but also evident from the tags in her bras. Her boobs were large, rounded, and perfectly shaped, hanging like teardrops when unsupported. Her nipples were dark and beautiful, the kind that Chad would have loved to have sucked upon. But for Fang, there was only the knowledge that they looked good and felt good, but she had no innate attraction to her mirror image. Still, she could appreciate that her body had a perfect hourglass, that her long dark hair - falling all the way to her waist - was silky and alluring. That her face was young and pretty, looking perhaps twenty years old, which matched her new ID. It was strange to see her eyes in particular and how they had changed, but even the more rounded face and softer lips were bizarre. It was like wearing the wrong skin, and even moving in it was strange: her breasts bounced and her hips wiggled with each step, and her hair was surprisingly heavy on her scalp.

*So this is what I've had to put up with all day! This is why all those guys were looking at me, and why Malcolm Denver fucking whistled at me as I walked past.*

After the change, Fang had just wanted to run to her new dorm room and scream into a pillow - ironically quite a stereotypically feminine action. But her phone buzzed to alert her of an advanced mathematics lecture she was now enrolled in, and a reminder was somehow sent by Professor Sharpe to 'play the right part, remember?'

And so, to the new woman's despair, she had to debut her female body on campus pretty much immediately. A number of girls, including some of Chad's former conquests, waved hellos to Fang. A number of boys, many of them Chad's former friends or peers, now looked at her very differently. Some just smirked in appreciation, others said their hellos as well, but it held a different cadence to that of the women. A few men in a circle had even chuckled, pointed her out, and she'd overheard some of their words.

"Check out the foreign hottie. I fucking love Asian chicks. They're so submissive."

She gave the man talking the middle finger, which only made his friends cackle and start mocking him. It was the most minor of victories though, because her body was under constant scrutiny, even during the lecture, as some of the nerd boys kept staring over at her. Some were behind her, and she could feel their gaze at her cleavage. The only relief was suddenly having the serious smarts to actually *do* advanced mathematical calculus, to take neat notes and ask follow up questions. It was oddly empowering, but it wasn't enough to overcome the sheer emasculation of being a woman.

*Just finish this and find your dorm room, Fang. Try and make a plan with this new smart brain of yours to get through the year.*

Still, even as she made her way to her dorm room, she couldn't stop her hips from swaying, nor get used to the way her new boobs bounced lightly in her top, even supported as they were. She awkwardly smiled at another man going past. She recognised him as Hunter Tisdale, though she didn't know much about him. She'd always thought he was a bit of a loser at parties, though he was popular with the girls for some reason. Now she knew why: thanks to Professor Sharpe's mental changes, she went wide-eyed for a moment at his cute handsome-yet-nerdy looks, the way his glasses brought out his enchanting blue eyes, how he gazed at her and smiled appreciatively but not crudely. It made her shiver a little.

*Don't be attracted to him, don't be attracted to him, for fuck's sake!*

"Hey, it's Fang, right?" he said, slowing down as they approached.

"Um, yes," she said, trying hard to keep eye contact and now look at his shoulders.

*Why do women have a thing for shoulders? Is this a thing?*

"I'm Hunter. You're in my archaeology class, I'm sure."

"I'm . . . yes, I probably am."

"Well, that's great. It's an awesome class, isn't it? Professor Gayle is fantastic. Really brings the material alive. If you ever want to form a study group, I'd be happy to do so."

She managed to extract herself from the situation quickly.

"That . . . I don't think I'm ready for that," she said. "That's not my thing, sorry."

He shrugged casually. "Not a problem. Just shout out if you change your mind. I'm putting a group together and we'll be in the library tutorial room on Wednesdays and Fridays during our free block in the mid-morning period."

She thanked him and left, quickly.

*Why the hell was I so . . . unconfident? I should have told him to go to hell and butt out of my freakin' business! Did the change make me go soft? Was it because he's so much bigger than me now? UGH!*

These were the thoughts that stayed with her as she got dressed after checking herself out in her room. Of course, she didn't count on the compulsions. Fang hadn't realised that not only would she get knowledge in her new courses on finance, mathematics, archaeology and so on, but that she would also have a set of behaviours her body pressured her into. After examining her body she tried to cover it up with as much clothing as possible, but instead the pressure to wear something nice and stylish overrode such desires. Without even realising it, she was putting on a cute black top that exposed part of her midriff, followed by a dark skirt that ended just above the knee, allowing her shapely calves to be shown off. To top it off, she even applied

makeup to her lips, having scrubbed it off forcefully just half an hour before, along with applying some delicate eyeshadow and foundation.

She stood there, checking herself out in the mirror before realising what she had just done.

“<Shit!>” she cried in her new native language. “<Now I just look even hotter! ARGH!>”

She fell back on her bed, hair going everywhere. It was humiliating, especially since so much of her mind had changed. Her personality was still there, of course, as were her wants and needs. Well, all of them but for one. Around her new room were several posters, many of them for Chinese films she'd never actually watched, but several for handsome male singers and what looked to be a film celebrity from arthouse pictures. Fang took them in, gazing appreciatively at the male form. She knew it was wrong. She'd only been a woman for a few hours.

*But if I have to be one for a full year, why not do a little exploring, right?*

Slowly, she took off her top - again - and then unclasped her bra. She began squeezing and caressing her large breasts, and the sensitivity of them made her gasp. It was deeply pleasurable, and it was making her new tunnel moist. That was an odd sensation, but as she gazed up at the stoic, square-jawed men with their impressive shoulders, her aching need only grew. She began to pinch and rub her nipples, and soon she was gasping in her light, sweet voice.

*N-need more. Just one try. Just . . . one.*

She lowered a hand down to her crotch, sliding it under her skirt and her panties, over her venus mound. Her fingers played at the edges of her vulva, teasing her throbbing clitoris before sliding into her wet folds.

“Mhmmmm,” Fang moaned sensually. “Ohhhhhh. <Yes. Yesssssss! It f-feels so good. Ahhh, so this is what women feel!?”

She fell into more Mandarin exclamations as her ministrations became faster, more confident. She began squeezing her boobs, one after the other, even as she rubbed her pussy with more force and expertise. The bliss rose, so different from a man's pleasure, and it came from everywhere; her breasts, her sensitive skin, her aching middle, and most of all her tunnel, which yearned for more. Her vaginal muscles tensed and squeezed, and despite her desire to simply keep this pleasure neutral, she couldn't help but imagine attractive men in her mind. They were handsome, well-muscled, kind and loving. They were also vigorous, and soon her imagination wandered to their members, which were as big and erect as hers once had been.

*Mmmh. Thrust into me. F-fill me! Fuck me!*

She began saying it out loud as well, begging to be fucked in Mandarin as the pleasure grew and grew to the point of explosion. In the last moment before she was hit by her first female

orgasm, she imagined Hunter Tisdale on top of her, thrusting into her, his lips locked upon hers as she gripped him with her naked thighs.

<“YES! I WANT IT! OHHHHH!!!>”

A series of climaxes hit her, each more exciting and powerful than the last. It left the woman barely able to breathe as they rolled through her like sonic booms, shattering every notion she'd ever had about female pleasure. It took a long time for her to recover, but when she did, Fang smiled, just a little.

“Maybe,” she said, in carefully intoned English, “maybe I can deal with this. Just masturbate and pass tests and make sure not to go to far with it all. Just a year. I can do a year.”

*A year, she thought. A year, and I'll be a football star with all the bitches on my arms again. I'll show Sharpe it can be done.*

She pointedly did *not* think about her earlier fantasies, or how much her body had wanted Hunter inside of it. That was too utterly shameful to even consider. She went into a state of total denial over it.

But the seeds of future desires were already planted, and soon they would bear fruit.

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It was only two weeks after changing that Fang did the utterly unthinkable and had sex. It was, predictably, with Hunter Tisdale, and the sheer unbridled bliss it brought her only made her come back for more, much to her shame.

Those two weeks prior to this momentous occasion were full of new learning experiences and compulsions for Fang. Surprisingly, the easiest part of her new life was the actual educational part. It wasn't easy, of course, and she sometimes had to summon up the will to do well, but all of her subjects came easily to her, even literature, though that one required her to occasionally read a Mandarin translation when the English was a bit too confronting. They were doing, thankfully, *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*, and to her own surprise she found herself immersed in it, fascinated at this literary historical epic that now, technically at least, she could claim as part of her own culture. *That* had been a bizarre revelation, as had the strange pride she experienced that followed. The only class she struggled with a little was archaeology, which was what prompted her to eventually join Hunter's study group. It had, thankfully, a number of other people in it for six in total, and at least one other woman was present, a girl named Ashley.

“I love your hair and dress!” she said upon meeting. “You look gorgeous!”

Fang had blushed deeply. She still wasn't used to being complimented, though this one was nice rather than flirtatious.

“Um, thank you. You also look very pretty. I love your . . . eyebrows.”

The woman giggled. "Well, that's definitely a new kind of compliment! What brings you here from China, can I ask."

*I'm from here, you moron, that's what brings me here.*

But instead, she was compelled to say, "I had heard wonderful things about this institution, so I wished to join it."

"We're thankful you did!" a man named Jason said.

She rolled her eyes, at least in her mind. The man was looking at her tits hungrily.

That was the other thing she had to get used to over those initial two weeks. No matter how hard she tried, Fang literally couldn't not show off her body. She wasn't dressing like a total 'slut' as Chad would have once put it - denim dukes and tube tops and the like - so that was a small relief, but damn if she wasn't dressing to impress. It was impossible to fight the compulsions to wear gorgeous dresses that fit her figure well, or crop tops or blouses that showed off her cleavage, or skirts that accented her generous hips. Her hair was always styled perfectly, as was her makeup, her lips coloured a gorgeous ruby red. She looked like she was ready to go on a date on a moment's notice, and God knew that a lot of campus men were now asking her out to do so. She'd turned them all down, but was increasingly aware of two things:

- That even though she wouldn't go out with a man in a million years, some of them were very, very attractive to her new female libido. Hence why she often retreated for a masturbation session afterwards.
- That the way she turned them down was not forceful, but instead quite demure and gentle. Men intimidated her as much as they attracted her, and she was quickly learning why women didn't just say 'no' outright, particularly since they could be so damn insistent!

It left her seeking other comforts, and she surprisingly found them in her newfound culture. She had a stack of Chinese films and music back at her dorm, and out of curiosity she started to watch and listen to them. Embarrassing as it was to admit, she fell and fell hard, and pretty quickly too. As Chad, she had scoffed at anything that was in black and white, considering it nerdy and uncool. The same went for chick flicks and romance movies; they were only good for getting into a hot girl's pants. Now though, she found herself oddly captivated while watching - no, *experiencing* - the bittersweet forbidden romance between Chow and Chan in *In the Mood for Love*. The love triangle and heartache of *Spring in a Small Town* wrenched her to pieces, and she couldn't believe how much she sobbed while watching this old black-and-white classic, let alone the fact that a movie was making her sob at all. At least her music tastes were more modern and less emotionally wrenching: she had playlists of Mandopop that was upbeat and catchy, though she couldn't help but notice that among the numerous female-led bands were more than a few handsome male lead singers, ones that matched some of the posters in her dorm room.

*This is crazy. I'm actually enjoying foreign stuff. I'm meant to be all-American. I never tasted Chinese food in my life and now I'm addicted to goddamn dumplings and rice!*

And the rice was indeed good. She had started making it, allowing her compulsions to lead her so that she could create an excellent stir fry. She tried eating out a couple of times, but to her embarrassment and slight amusement, the so-called 'authentic' Chinese places in town weren't authentic enough for the new Chinese woman, which was so many levels of ironic that it just about made her dizzy. Others had even complimented her on her cooking when she brought it to the study group: Ashley thought it smelled delicious, and so Fang had started bringing some extra for her. This was another thing that Chad would never have done in a million years, and a reminder of how much of Fang's old self was already a faraway memory.

*And after just two weeks. Two weeks! What will I be like in a year? God, I'll have gone through twelve periods by then. Disgusting!*

At least she had the hygienic knowledge to handle them, though she hadn't experienced one yet. She wasn't even sure what her cycle was, only that in the meantime she was masturbating vigorously each night and some mornings, playing with her large breasts and trying desperately not to imagine handsome men all over her. She failed each time, naturally.

"<Fuck Professor Sharpe!?!>" she exhaled after imagining Hunter cumming inside her yet again during a particularly pleasurable self-session. "<Why did she have to make my libido so strong! It's ridiculous!>"

She was speaking pretty much entirely in Mandarin when she was on her own now. It felt more natural, and there was partly a compulsion, but also there was just a genuine malaise and laziness to Fang in this respect. So much of her old jock life had been taken from her that it was practically *easier* to just go along with parts of it rather than fight it. Fighting it was *exhausting*, and much as it wounded Fang's vestigial male pride, in the end she would find herself dressed up sexy, her bust displayed teasingly, her makeup and hair perfect, and her manner deeply feminine. This would all happen anyway, and there was no possibility of playing the role of jock: she had made a brief attempt to try out for something athletic, but while she was decently fit, she wasn't *strong*. She didn't have endurance anymore. Her real successes came in her academic results, in writing her first proper essay at an A-grade level, at realising she not only *could* ask questions in class, but *wanted* to.

This was how she survived for those two weeks, even as the football squad now smirked and whistled and gazed at her as she passed, and she tried not to imagine them fucking her when she played with her big tits and pussy later that night. She refused to accept that Fang Huang was her real self, but she at least had the new smarts enough to recognise that this would be her for a year, and being fashionable, sexy, feminine, and immersed in a new - and shockingly vibrant! - culture would be her new norm. Which was why she was so excited when, for the first time, she got the seeming chance to indulge in part of her former life again.

"It's a big party and everything," Hunter told her. They were the last to leave the study group, something that had been happening more and more lately. Ashley had teased her over it, which had caused Fang to blush deeply. "Friday night at Gregory Hunt's place. Everyone will be there, and I figure I'd ask if you'd want to come. It wouldn't have to be a date or anything, but I bet we could have a lot of-"

"<I'll go!>" she said, before realising she'd said it in Mandarin in her excitement. "I mean, I'll come. I'd love to go. I miss partying."

"Huh, I never figured you for someone that loved parties."

"Oh, I do. I really do. I used to be a huge partygirl."

She'd tried to say 'party guy,' but as usual the compulsions overrode her. Hunter just smirked in his handsome, slightly nerdy way. He adjusted his glasses and gazed at her appreciatively. It made her stomach do loops, and she had to remind it to calm down: *I'm meant to be a fucking alpha male, remember?*

"Then I'm looking forward to it. Can I pick you up?"

She told him yes. And while she knew she would be going as a woman - a very attractive one at that - she couldn't help but be excited. It was a party. There'd be drinking, shots, loud music, dancing, meatheads arm wrestling, talk of football and upcoming games. It would be a slice of her old life again.

Or so she thought.

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Hunter looked over at her again as they pulled up on the car-filled street near Gregory Hunt's large home.

"Jesus, you look good. I know I keep saying it, Fang, and tell me if it gets annoying, but you look just amazing in that dress. You always look amazing, but you look especially amazing now."

Fang blushed. She was supposed to *hate* these comments, but coming from a man like Hunter it just made her feel so feminine . . . and not in a bad way. She looked down at herself, and saw once more that her 'date' for the evening wasn't wrong: she looked *hot*. She was adorned in a stylish red qipao with a modern feel: it had an open section like a window below the collar that revealed her impressive cleavage, and was short enough to reveal part of her thighs as well. Her hair was back in a simple bun, though the band around it matched the stylishness of her dress. It clung tightly to her figure, revealing her pleasing curves, though not so tightly that it restricted her movement. The shorter length would allow for dancing, if she felt up for it. She had never been a dancer before, more of a bellow when a classic song came on, but something about her new self made the thought enticing.

“Thank you,” she said in reply, looking down a bit demurely. “You also look very . . . handsome, Hunter. The shirt looks very good on you. It shows off your shoulders.”

“You like my shoulders, huh?”

She blushed deeper again. “I try not to . . . but I do.”

*Stop flirting with me, you sexy asshole! Can't you see I'm compromised! Just take me into the party so I can have a good time!*

Thankfully, he smirked, placed a hand on her thigh just long enough for it to feel tantalising, then said, “let’s get in there, then. I’m looking forward to this.”

They went in together, and even among the raucousness of the party, the pair managed to make waves. Numerous women - Ashley included - complimented her on the lovely dress, and Fang even found herself strangely excited to explain what a qipao was and its historical importance to her homeland.

*A homeland I've never freaking been to! What's my issue!?*

Other eyes fell on her appreciatively as well. Many of her former football colleagues, including Jace and Liam, smirked in her direction, some of them even hollering.

“Hey, lookin’ good, Fang! Real hot in that dress - but I bet you look hotter out of it, right Hunter?”

She didn’t even know how to respond other than with a scowl. Hunter placed himself in front of her, however.

“Leave it alone, Liam.”

“Whatever, Hunter. You’re the lucky man. I’ll be bangin’ Brittany Mayhughes tonight anyway. Best watch out though, when that one realises how hot as fuck she is, she’ll be crawling for a taste of the Liam Train.”

The two turned away in disgust.

“I want a drink,” Fang said, holding her arm with uncertainty. She had never felt so uncomfortably vulnerable. “A strong one.”

“I’ll get it for you.”

She waited while he did so, and noticed that a number of other men were looking her way too.

“What?” she asked, her accent getting heavier with her frustration.

“Just appreciating a fine gal, is all,” one of them said. “You look hot, Fang.”

At that, she blinked, not quite knowing what to say.

*They're fucking looking at my boobs. They're exoticising me, which is a word I didn't even know until I became a freaking Chinese lady geek. But for some reason it doesn't feel all that bad. I kinda feel . . . sexy?*

Hunter returned, putting a drink in her hand. "This look nice?"

She drank it down in one long, very needy gulp.

"Very," she replied, wiping her mouth a little. She smiled at him, even slipping her arm into his. "Can I get two more? I think I'll need them!"

By the end of the fourth drink, Fang was feeling a *lot* better. After the fifth, she wasn't quite fully drunk, but she was certainly on the far side of tipsy. They weren't heavyweight spirits she was dealing with, but her female body couldn't take as much alcohol as before, and it left her at the mercy of her compulsions, particularly as her inhibitions fell away. She pressed herself more closely against Hunter, enjoying the warmth and feel of him, enjoying his touch. When he suggested they go into the backyard where the music was blaring loudest and try some dancing, she actually agreed. There were scores of university students out there, many of them already drunk and excited, all of them jumping and cheering to the beats of the music. Fang quickly found herself lost in it. It really was like being Chad again, in a way, but with a distinctly female bent to it as well. Try as she might to resist her new urges, she found herself dancing up against Hunter, thrusting out her impressive Double-D cup chest for him to appreciate, and letting him dance up against her in turn, to the point where the excited couple were almost thrusting on the dance floor. Others were doing the same, and that only helped normalise it for Fang.

*Just keep in control. Just don't get too drunk. Have your fun, but don't fuck it up!*

Unfortunately, it all became quite fucked up not long after. The alcohol was seeping through her system, breaking down the walls of her resistance, and she couldn't stop touching Hunter's handsome face and his fine, auburn hair.

"I'd really like to kiss you now," he said.

*Oh God. No, I can't say yes. I can't fucking say yes to this!*

"I'd love that!" she cried, putting her hands around him and pressing her lips against his. The taste of him, the feel of his mouth, of his tongue inside her own, was fantastic. It made her nipples go hard, and her tunnel, already moist, became even wetter. The worst part was that there hadn't even been a controlling compulsion. Just a nudge. The rest of it had been her impressive libido, her attraction to this man, and her own drunken excitement spurring her on.

*God I miss being laid. I miss having a good fuck so damn much. I used to get it near daily, and now it's been a month since I got scrawnified and then girlified!*

The Chinese woman pulled her face back from Hunter. His powerful arms were around her. His hardness was against her; she could feel it against her belly, erect in his pants. She looked down and even licked her lips.

“Do you want to go upstairs?” he asked. “I hear there’s a room.”

This was the moment when she should have said no. Instead, self-delusion struck.

“I’d really like that,” she replied. “But just to make out. I - I can’t go any further. Just making out, okay?”

Hunter nodded. “Whatever you want, I’ll supply, Fang. Though I won’t lie, I want you so fucking bad right now.”

*Me too*, she thought. The thought humiliated her almost as much as it turned her the hell on.

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Fang moaned in ecstasy as Hunter railed her. It had all happened so suddenly. One moment she and Hunter had been making out - *just an experiment*, she had told herself - and the next she had been begging him to make love to her, then to *fuck* her. Her horniness had gotten out of control, and fuelled with liquid courage she had ended up naked on her back on one of the guest room beds, her legs spread wide as Hunter had pressed the head of his impressively sized cock against her entrance. She knew what a stupid thing she was doing. She knew it was against everything she had been as a tough alpha male. Against being a man in general!

The only problem was, she didn’t much care at that moment what was tough and manly, what was wrong and female. She just wanted Hunter’s big hard dick inside her hungry pussy, and his lips to suck on her throbbing nipples. And that, he was certainly giving her. He squeezed and palmed her perfect tits, rubbing her nipples with his thumbs, eliciting gasps of desire and pleasure from Fang. She had never felt anything like this at all. It was pure ecstasy, and it only got better as he pressed his member into her. She spread her legs wider, riding out the brief pain. It was intense, but only for a moment, because then her arousal grew yet further, her wet pussy clamping down on his cock, intending on milking him for all he was worth.

“<Ohhhhh, I can’t believe I’m doing this! You’re a man and you’re fucking me with your b-big dick! I have to stop! Ahhhh, but it f-feels too hot! I’m so f-fucking turned on right now, you don’t understand!>”

Hunter just chuckled, sucking on her nipples and then kissing the side of her neck as he began to thrust in and out, in and out of her.

“I can’t understand a thing you’re saying,” he said as he bit her ear, “but it sounds so fucking sexy.”

She tried to tell him. She really did. But the truth was that she wanted him, and while caught in the throes of pleasure she was left gasping and groaning and babbling in Mandarin. The road back to English was impossible to traverse while having a man penetrating her. He rammed faster and faster, thrusting deeper and deeper, and soon she was unable to speak at all, simply crying out in relief and hugging his waist with her legs.

*It's t-too good. I'm being fucked by a cock and loving it. What's w-wrong with meeee!? Why can't I s-stop this!? Oh God, I never want it to stop!*

She rushed towards her climax, and in the end she failed to even try and stop it. When it hit her with its full force she quaked as she never had, her body shuddering, totally beyond her control. Her high voice squealed in delight, and she had to bite lightly on Hunter's shoulder to stop from being too loud, even with the raucous party downstairs and outside. He thrust only three times more and then he ejaculated deep inside her, the warmth of his seed slowly spreading. In that clear mindedness that followed, Fang realised what she had done.

*I just had a man cum inside me. Hunter just fucking cummed inside me.*

She shivered in horror. She panted in ecstasy.

She bit down on her lip to hold off from smiling.

*Just one time*, she promised herself as Hunter laid his head down upon her pillow-like breasts.  
*Just one time.*

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'Just one time' didn't last long. In fact, it only lasted three days before Hunter invited Fang back to his place and she fell for him all over again. She cried out in Mandarin once more, this time as he took her from behind. It had been her favourite position as a man, but she had never expected to be on the receiving side of it, nor to relish how wonderfully submissive it was to be on the female side of things. Afterwards, his semen had tricked down her thigh and that alone had made her shiver. The sensations were just too divine to resist, but it all came crashing down just as she was falling into a pattern.

"Fuck I love Asian girls," he said to her after fourth session several days after that. "They're all prim and proper in the light of day, but absolute freaky sluts in bed. Isn't that right, Fang?"

The illusion was dispelled almost immediately. As he went to kiss her she pushed him back.

"I'm not some slut!" she exclaimed.

"C'mon, you know what I mean. You were playing hard to get, and you wanted me. Badly. Why else attend study group with us? Besides, we can both see how submissive you are in bed."

She slapped him lightly, which shocked them both. Hunter was briefly wordless as she put on her crop top and skirt and marched out of the room.

“C’mon, Fang! I was just having some fun! You dress that way for a reason, right?”

Tears pooled in the corners of her eyes, and she felt humiliated.

*I can't believe he called me that! I can't believe he treated me like some - like some sex object! Like a thing to fuck and then discard after fooling me into thinking he was actually caring about me! How could anyone do that?*

The question, of course, was directed more at herself than anyone. She knew that she had been just like Hunter once, and now it stung all the more. She went home and watched a series of romance movies, these ones with happy endings, all while crying and eating ice cream like a total stereotype. What made it even worse was that her libido was rising again, and all the good memories of Hunter were still wrapped around sex. She’d hoped they would be ruined by his reveal as a shitty person, but instead it just made her feel in the mood for something more shallow. Something *base* and *primeval*.

“<Why did she make me so fucking horny?>” Fang complained to herself several times. “<This is a goddamn nightmare. I let him have sex with me and now I want more.>”

*Holy crap . . . I want more.*

She truly did. She wanted revenge, in a way, for Hunter to know what he’d missed out on. Fang had slipped further into her role to the point that at times it was difficult to remember her Chad self. Oh, she had the memories, but they always took a backseat when her emotions were high or she was particularly in tune with her new, very attractive, female body. And she felt quite in tune, and ready to flaunt it.

*I'll teach him. I'll teach him and I'll get what I want from this body. That's how I get through to the end of this year. I'll just lean into it, and when I turn back, I can forget all about it. Even the wicked intelligence . . . though I wouldn't mind keeping that a little bit.*

Fang put away her study work. It was easy stuff anyway, and she could pass the upcoming exam test in her sleep. Her body wanted something else now.

*Maybe Gregory himself? she considered. Or Brett? He was a damn good player on the field, and he didn't treat me like shit when I got scrawnified. Hmm . . . and he looks hot too. And I've seen his dick from the locker change room. He's hung. Mhmmm.*

It didn’t take long to find his number on the college text chain, nor long for her to put together a message. For a brief moment, she held off on sending it. Some part of her realised that she was standing on the precipice of a great cliff edge: if she did this, there might be no going back. Hell, she might be seeing a variety of men more often in all sorts of intimate ways.

*Fuck Hunter. If he's going to be such a dick, I'll ride someone else's.*

She sent the message.

*'Hey Brett, I dumped Hunter. He turned out to be an asshole. I'm angry and horny and really want to feel more relaxed. You up for some non-committal fun?'*

There was a pause as the indicator came up that he had read the message. Then the response popped up.

*'Hell yeah.'*

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Sex with Brett was incredible, and even better than it had been with Hunter. She rode him, rising up and down on his rigid cock and gasping in feminine repose as he finally came within her. He fondled her breasts as he did so, and she moaned in turn, squirming from the many orgasms that hit her. They had sex two more times, and by that point something deep and primal had awakened in Fang.

From then on, she was indeed an academic whiz, all proper and stylish and brilliant, by day, and a freak in the sheets by night. She called Brett again, but didn't want to commit to a relationship: *that was way too far for her*, particularly after she had nearly stumbled into one with Brett. Instead, she made the rounds, fucking Gregory Hunter just a few days later, and then sleeping with Jace Armand the night after that. She hit the clubs, seeking out men who appreciated her female form, giving herself entirely over to being Fang in those moments, allowing her lustful libido and appreciation for men to override any concerns her flailing male remnant had. Sometimes she regretted it, but some traditional Chinese dumplings and an episode of Mandarin soap opera from back 'home' always made her feel better, as did her excellent grades.

*So long as I'm having fun getting dicked, it's no big deal*, she thought in her new native language. *I'm just taking advantage of this. Plus, female orgasms are so damn good. I can leave this all behind when I want to.*

And so her new practice continued until she had been a woman for the entire year. Her time to turn back was approaching, and it gave her a weird mix of excitement and dread. She had developed a bit of a reputation by then, and while it embarrassed her deeply at times, particularly when people muttered that she was a 'total slut' within auditory range, ultimately she had started leaning into it more and more. She started being more daring with showing off her cleavage, even more than usual, and letting her hips sway sensually. She had done so at first just to mock Hunter, who was clearly enraged that she was having sex with everyone but him, but after a time it started to feel good. It was only when she passed by Martina and Fatima, the pair now apparent lovers living together, that she became humiliated once more, looking down and trying not to be noticed by them. Martina just often laughed, but never engaged, just as she'd said would be the case.

Ultimately, however, some unexpected things came to a head. Fang had started to feel ill in the last few weeks. Her stomach churned, and she struggled to stay awake during lectures that had begun to gain her interest. Her boobs were sore, and her nipples almost painfully stiff at times for no clear reason. Several times she had even thrown up, getting sick in the morning after eating especially. It was starting to affect her grades a little, and now that she was getting miserable, it was also opening her eyes to exactly what she was doing. With her sex drive incredibly diminished, it was like Chad was finally able to emerge into the Fang consciousness.

*Dear God, what have I been doing?*

She made an appointment with Professor Sharpe immediately, hoping to get answers, and hoping even more to be pulled out of the crazy spiral of feminine pleasure she had caught herself up in. Fang figured this was good enough reason to be heard out. What she didn't expect was that she would only get ahold of Sharpe after the graduation ceremony, or that she would be told that she wouldn't be turning back at all.

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Professor Sharpe shrugged. "I'm sorry dear, you have my sympathies, but this is all in your contract."

Fang despaired. The Professor even seemed slightly amused by her predicament.

"But you said if I just played my part right, I could turn back again at the end of the year, once I graduated. Well, I've graduated! I stumbled a bit due to feeling sick during the exam - why am I now getting all sick and stumbling in my grades? Is it that bitch Martina's fault?"

"Language, please."

Fang settled, pouting. "I don't know what's going on! I've been so fucking horny, or at least I was until I got sick. I put up with all of that without complaint. You said the spell would work out and I would turn back to normal if I did things right. So why can't you turn me back? I can't go back to Beijing! I've never been there!"

It was where she was set to return, after all.

"You promised!" she said, accent thickening as a result of her stress.

"I did promise," Sharpe said impassively. "But unfortunately, you have breached one part of the contract, that prevents you changing back."

Fang's eyes widened. She looked rather beautiful, even when gobsmeared.

"Permanently?"

"Yes."

“What - what is it?”

“The New Life Clause, of course.”

Fang grabbed the contract, letting her now-intelligent mind pour over its details. And then she found it. And read it. And read it again. And then a few more times for good measure. Her heart felt like it was stopping.

“The New Life Clause seals a transformation and set of compulsions permanently in the case of - in the case of . . .”

“Pregnancy,” the Professor continued. “The compulsions will also ensure the life is not interfered with, either. You have my sincere congratulations, *Fang*. I doubt you ever expected you were going to be a mother.”

The young woman reeled, unbelieving. Yes, her annoying boobs had been sore, and she’d felt a little nauseous and bloated recently, and . . . oh shit, was it Brett’s? Or was it Ben’s? Tyson’s? She felt like she was about to vomit all over again.

*I’m pregnant. I can’t be - oh God, I am. I’m fucking pregnant!*

“I can’t go back to China,” she stammered. “I can’t go pregnant! What will I even do? I’ll be a single mother! I can’t be a single mother!”

Sharpe smiled. The thin, tall professor reached into her desk, and grabbed another contract, placing it on the desk.

“Well, if you truly do wish to stay, I can help you. You see, the university will receive a certain amount of funding if it can show it is helping support single mothers and pregnant students on campus. Part of the diversity requirements, you see. I can arrange for you to stay, if you take on a new course. There’s some wonderful electives on Home Economics, for example.”

She turned the contract around to face Fang, and slid a pen in front of the shocked pregnant woman.

“Well, what do you say? Would you like to sign the dotted line?”

Fang stared at the contract, realising that this was it. This was her life now. She would never be Chad Bartley again. She would remain Fang Huang, the beautiful and brilliant and damn horny Chinese woman, for life. She would listen to Mandopop and watch classic Chinese cinema. She would think and speak primarily in Mandarin. She would have breasts and a pussy and a damn womb that was now growing a baby she would have to give birth to and nurture and even breastfeed. And, unless she found a husband with a strong libido like hers, someone to take care of her and her coming kid, she would have to do it all alone.

*Damn it. This is me now. And I’m going to need all the help I can get.*

Defeated, and resigned, and unexpectedly pregnant, Fang Huang reached for the pen.

“Sign here?” she asked.

“Right there,” came the response.

**The End**