

NONFICTION!

#5

Ladylumps

I WAS A SOPHOMORE SOCCER MOM

T.G.GRUMP

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He wanted to get in her pants...
But how will he get out?

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T.G. Grump

1

I was a sophomore in college. I thought I had my whole life ahead of me. Despite the fact that most of my friends had already begun having sex, I was excited for the conquests that would ultimately accompany my journey through manhood. Sure, I wasn't the bulkiest or the manliest guy in my year, but I was still growing. I still had time to start going to the gym, and I looked alright. Didn't I?

"Yo Lee, you gonna hit that or what?" My roommate Taylor gestured lazily towards the large bong that rested comfortably in my lap. My thoughts had drifted off sometime between packing a fresh bowl and actually flicking the lighter.

"...yeah," I replied, and positioned the lighter just above the freshly ground ... indica? Our dealer hadn't been sure. I didn't much care. Just before I began to draw a long breath through the glass contraption, my phone started to ring. As it often did when I was high, my heart jumped into my mouth. Was it my parents? I quickly disentangled it from the grimy, twisted bedsheets below me, and peered at the screen through the thin veneer of smoke that drifted around the room. "Steve."

I breathed a sigh of relief, lit up, and took a long drag before answering the phone.

"Yooooo!" I said, hazily "How you doin' man? It's been forever!" Hot smoke roiled in my lungs.

"Lee, is that you?" asked the last voice I expected to hear. It was an older voice. A woman's voice. Veronica Singer's voice. Veronica, Steve's hot mom! How could I have been so stupid as to forget that Steve's contact was saved as his home phone? He'd always been that kid who wasn't allowed to have a cell. My heart beat violently, so hard I could practically see it through my shirt. The smoke burned in my lungs. My eyes filled with tears as I shoved the bong into Taylor's hands, doubled over, and coughed emphatically into my pillow. I held my phone at arm's length and prayed she hadn't heard anything suspicious. Wiping the tears from my eyes, I brought the phone back up to my ear and steadied myself.

"Lee, Hon, are you there? This is Veronica." Her voice dripped like honey.

"Hi, Ms. Singer, Yeah, it's me Lee. Um..." I paused, not quite knowing what to say. Taylor shot me a strange look, one big blonde eyebrow raised. Eventually I forced out a "What's up," and quietly slammed my palm into my forehead, internally cursing my stupidity. Why couldn't I just talk normally?

“Lee, I’m so sorry to bother you, but I know you’re at school in the area, and, ah, well I’m in need of an emergency babysitter tomorrow for Tommy”

Right. I had forgotten that Steve’s little brother was so much younger. A little old for a babysitter though. He must’ve been what, ten or something?

“I know it’s a strange ask— you haven’t taken care of him for years now,” she continued “but something’s come up tomorrow and I really need someone to look after him and take him to his soccer game.”

“It’s no problem!” I said, without thinking. “I can do it.” The truth was I *had* been thinking. Just not about whether or not I was actually free tomorrow. What I was thinking was something along the lines of: “He’s ten, he doesn’t need a sitter. This sounds like some kind of strange excuse to... to get me alone!”

“Are you sure honey? I know it’s really short notice, and it’s okay if you’re busy. I’ve just been having trouble finding someone at this hour.”

“You can count on me, Ms. Singer,” I said as confidently as I could manage. I probably sounded like an idiot. “What time do you need me?”

She told me that I should be there at ten o’clock, and I hastily scratched a note on the back of my literature homework that I probably should have been working on instead of getting high with Taylor.

“No problem. I’ll be there, Ms. Singer,” I said.

“Oh Lee, Hon, you can call me Veronica. There’s hardly any need for that ‘Ms. Singer’ silliness now that you’re an adult.” I turned so red that if Taylor had actually been the doctor he was studying to become, he probably would have sent me to the ER. Beads of sweat were falling off of me like raindrops.

“Sure thing, Ms.... Veronica,” I choked, and she laughed. Just a tiny one. Barely more than a giggle, but that laugh...

Ever since I’d first become friends with Steve, I’d been drawn to that laugh. It sounded like music. Sometimes in the middle of the night when I was having one of those dreams you don’t talk about with anyone, I’d hear that laugh. I thought that if I tried to speak again only a squeak would come out.

“Thank you so much Lee, You’re a life-saver. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

I thanked my lucky stars the conversation ended there. I made a small sound of affirmation and I heard the click from her end of the line. The phone slid out of my sweaty palm and onto the bed sheets. I slowly leaned back and collapsed onto my back, letting out a long breath as I stared at the cracked dorm-room ceiling.

“What's the scoop, dude?” asked Taylor, who'd been struggling to keep his mouth shut during the call. “Was that one of your professors?” I shook my head, still staring at the ceiling.

“You remember my buddy Steve from high school?” I asked. Taylor nodded. I talked about Steve a bunch. “That was his mom. She wants me to babysit Steve's kid brother tomorrow.”

“A babysitting gig?” Taylor looked appalled. “You're gonna throw out your whole Sunday for that shit? How much is she paying?”

“Well, she didn't actually—well, that's not the point!” I said. The call had really sobered me up, and now I was wondering if I had made a terrible decision. “The point is, her son is way old enough that he shouldn't need a babysitter, and it's what, like ten p.m. right now? This is prime horny-hour. I think the babysitting is an excuse, and she wants to... you know.” I made an obscene gesture and Taylor leaned forward to look me dead in the eye.

“You think she wants to fuck you?” I could barely believe it, hearing it out of Taylor's mouth, but it kinda made sense. She *always* liked me. More than normal. I nodded.

“Ew.” said Taylor. “You're gonna fuck your friend's mom? That's gross, dude. You really want your first time to be... that?”

“Hey!” I felt a fire kindle in my belly. Nobody was gonna talk like that about Veronica and live. “She's *hot*.” Taylor leaned back and nodded slowly.

“Shit.”

“Yeah.”

I was kinda relieved that I wouldn't have to defend myself, or Veronica.

“You got pics?” Taylor was interested now. I wasn't sure if I did.

“Lemme see...”

I scrolled back to the start of my phone's camera roll, and eventually found some Halloween pictures from senior year. I tried to cover up the right half of the screen to hide my cringe-worthy vampire makeup and bad haircut, but the real main event was on the left. Veronica bent over the kitchen table to slice her freshly baked pumpkin pie, providing an ample view of her cleavage straining against her low-cut, fuzzy, pumpkin-colored sweater. She wasn't really in focus, but you could tell that this woman had a *figure*. Her wide hips were just visible around the edge of the table, and her auburn hair was up in an elegant bun leaving the milky skin of her neck and chest to shine unhindered. Taylor let out a low whistle.

“If you’re gonna hit that,” he said, appearing to sober up, “you’re gonna need to look good, you’re gonna need to smell good, and you’re gonna need to bring a gift. Luckily for you, I’m gonna help you with that.”

2

It was nine fifty-two when I pulled my rusty grey Saturn into Veronica's driveway. Pleased with my timing, I checked my hair in the rearview mirror. Taylor had convinced me to slick it back with some of his gel. Maybe I'd used too much. My normally voluminous, if unkempt hair was nearly flat against my skull. I wasn't sure I liked it, but Taylor told me it made me look "mature." Mature is exactly how I wanted to look if I was about to sleep with the older woman of my dreams. I wasn't actually sure how old Veronica was. She looked young...ish but she had to be at least forty-five. She had that soft-edged mom figure that I'd always lusted for. I turned off the car, unbuckled my seatbelt, and instinctively hit the power button on the radio, failing to remember that I had been too nervous to even turn it on when I left. My stereo instantly began blaring some terrible Dimeback close to max volume. I slammed the power button again and exhaled sharply. I took one last look at myself in the mirror, smiled weakly at my not-too-shabby reflection, grabbed the bottle of wine I'd picked up on my way over, and headed up the front steps. A stray golden leaf fluttered in front of me, perhaps the first of autumn. It had been borderline chilly this morning, but it was shaping up to be a hot late-summer afternoon.

Holy shit. I thought to myself. This is it. This is going to be my first time truly alone with her. My first time with her as an adult. Hell, if everything goes according to plan, this is going to be my first time!

I could feel my heart beating. I hoped I wouldn't pop a button on my too-tight shirt. I hadn't worn it since high school graduation, and I'd grown some since then.

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and knocked.

Veronica opened the door almost instantly. It was clear she'd already been in the entryway. For a moment her eyes seemed unfocused. Confused, perhaps. I realized she didn't recognize me. Luckily, before I made a fool of myself the recognition clicked and her gaze softened. I felt myself beginning to melt

"Lee! Oh my gosh, you've really grown!" She gave me a once over, head to toe, and her eyes met mine again, smiling. "Thank you soooo much for coming." She stepped back allowing me to enter the house. I took a step forward before she uttered a small "oh" and leaned in! This was it. Veronica Singer was about to kiss—

She reached behind me and pulled a blazer off a hook next to the door. She was inches from me. I could smell her perfume. Roses. I could see the gloss on her gorgeous,

ever so slightly pouting lips before she drew back, blazer in hand, a slight smile on her face.

“Sorry, Just had to grab this. I’m running a little late.” It dawned on me that something wasn’t right. “So if you’ll just come with me...”

She led me into the kitchen with a graceful flick of the wrist. When she turned around, all I could see was the gentle sway of her hips and ass in her modest grey pencil skirt. She’d put on a little weight since the last time I’d seen her. Not in a bad way! On the contrary, I was... well, let’s just say I was holding that bottle of wine directly in front of my nether regions.

“I’ve got a list here of everything you’ll need to do today.” Her hand swished over the kitchen counter and she delivered a neatly handwritten slip of paper to me. My heart sank. Tommy’s lunch. Laundry. Tommy’s game. Gas money. This really *was* a babysitting gig. God, I was the biggest idiot the world had ever seen. “Is all that okay? Any questions?” she asked, not even looking at me as she pulled on her blazer and checked her reflection in the microwave door.



My brain chugged as I struggled to take in all the list items. I didn't have enough blood up top at the moment. "That's, uh, all good," I said. She turned around to face me again. She'd left the blazer unbuttoned and underneath she was wearing one of those frilly blouses you see business women on television wearing. I suspected she'd opted to leave the blazer open instead of struggling to close it over her ample bust. Had those grown too since the last time I saw her? I wasn't sure. Her top was hardly revealing.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"Oh!... uh... you look..." I struggled to find the word, then struggled to muster the courage to actually say it. "You look *gorgeous*, Veronica." A small sound of astonishment escaped her lips and I worried that I'd come on too strongly. She touched her chest just below her collarbone in a gesture clearly designed to send men like me into a spiral.

"You are *so* sweet Lee. You always have been."

I breathed again.

"This um, This is for you" I said in an attempt to keep the conversation going. I presented her with the bottle of wine, which I suddenly worried might have been too cheap. She looked puzzled and cautiously took it from my hands. One of her fingers brushed mine sending a tinge rippling through my body. Had it been an accident? I wasn't sure.

"That's... so nice of you Lee. You really shouldn't have." She shook her head slightly and smiled a strange smile. Shit. I silently cursed Taylor for convincing me that this was a good gift. It screamed "desperate," didn't it? I wasn't even twenty-one yet. Did she know? Did she wonder how I'd managed to buy it? But before I could tumble too far down my rabbit hole of worry, Veronica glanced at the clock on the kitchen wall. Three past ten. She exhaled sharply, and set the wine bottle on the counter.

"I've gotta run Lee. Thank you again for coming on such short notice. I'll be back around seven tonight. Don't forget the Gatorade and the soccer balls. The team's counting on me! Well, you now! Tommy's upstairs, make sure he's ready to go at noon!"

She headed for the door, clicked her tongue, then turned back around.

"Oh! I just remembered: please, if you're not too embarrassed, I need you to wear this at the game."

She pressed a pink baseball cap into my hands. I turned it over and shuddered at the thought of wearing a rose-colored hat with "#1 Soccer Mom" sewn on the front in a cheerful white font. "I've always worn this to Tommy's games. We both think it brings good luck." I mustered the most confident look I could manage.

"You got it, Veronica. It's all taken care of."

There. I sounded like a man. A man ready to complete a task to the best of his ability. A man ready to wear a stupid pink hat for the woman he loves. A man, in the face of incredibly narrow odds, who could potentially impress her and ... well...have sex with her. It sounded sillier and sillier the more I thought it, but I couldn't give up hope. Maybe if I did a really really really good job taking care of Tommy today...

"Bye, Lee! Have a good day!" She smiled, slid her purse off one of the hooks by the door, and was gone.

3

I nearly collapsed onto the kitchen island when the door closed. I could feel the excitement draining out of my body. I really had given up my whole Sunday on the off-chance my friend's mom wanted to fuck me, and like any sane human could have told me, of *course* she didn't! I was just some idiot kid who thought two years of college had turned me into a man. A desirable man. Clearly they hadn't. I took a deep breath. *Okay. All I need to do is take care of this kid for the rest of the day.* I took a long look at the note Veronica had written me, now creased after I'd absentmindedly crushed it in my fist. It sounded like Veronica was in charge of bringing Gatorade and soccer balls to the game. I shook my head. *Ugh.*

I decided not to worry about that yet, and started at the top of the list. Tommy's lunch. I opened up the fridge. Holy crap it was tidy in there. Taylor had a mini-fridge in our dorm room, but that thing was half full of ice that had leached out from the freezer section and was packed full of half-eaten takeout containers, rotten fruit, and Go-Gurt. The inside of Veronica's fridge looked like a set from a sci-fi movie. A place for every thing and everything in its brightly-lit, spotless white place. I tossed together Tommy's sandwich per Veronica's neatly penned instructions, and put it in a ziplock bag on the counter. I picked the list back up and folded it over to mark Tommy's lunch finished.

Next was laundry. "Please take the clothes out of the dryer, fold them and leave them on my bed."

My heart skipped a beat when I read the word "bed." I'd been in Veronica's room before, but I'd never been *invited* into Veronica's room. It was more something that would happen on my way from Steve's room to the bathroom. Sometimes I'd make a quick stop to linger in the doorway. On one occasion I had actually— *snap out of it!* I thought. *You've got a job to do.*

I made my way upstairs. It was weird; the house felt bigger when I was a kid. The whole upstairs was just a short hallway with two doors on either side, and one at the end. Immediately to my left was Steve's old room, which, judging by the handwritten sign on the door that said "STEVE KEEP OUT" hadn't been repurposed after Steve left for the west coast. Across the hall was Tommy's room. The door was ajar, and inside I could see Tommy tangled in soccer-themed bed sheets face-down on his mattress. The kid was conked out. I couldn't blame him. If I hadn't taken this stupid job, I'd be doing the same thing. I moved on to the laundry room across from Veronica's room. I pushed

the door open, and realized that I'd never actually been in there before. It was a surprisingly spacious room and very neat, not unlike the fridge. Dirty clothes were separated into clearly marked baskets for colors, darks, whites, towels and sheets. Man. Maybe I needed to get on top of my laundry game. I always just threw everything in together. I lingered for a moment over the whites basket. I could see the thick strap of a bra poking out underneath a t-shirt. My heart pounded. It wasn't sending blood to my head. I stooped down, reaching slowly towards the t-shirt. I wanted to know what bra size she wore. I don't know why I wanted to know, but I *really* wanted to know. I could just gently lift the t-shirt and get a good look, I told myself. Then I could lay the shirt back down, and she'd never even know I'd been here...

I stopped. What was I doing? I shook my head, stood up and took two steps towards the dryer, and opened the door.

Out tumbled Veronica's fresh-smelling warm laundry. The dryer must have finished its cycle just a few minutes prior. I stooped down and caught the clothes before they tumbled to the floor and deposited them on top of the dryer. My heart pounded as I evaluated what I was seeing. Among the pedestrian jeans, sweaters and t-shirts were several pairs of panties, both plain and lacy, and not one but *two* bras. Without even realizing it, my hand ended up cradling one of their massive cups. I could feel myself turning deep red. My pants were suddenly too tight. For a moment, I couldn't move. I lifted one out from the pile and a pair of pink panties fell from one cup. The fabric was black, and shimmered slightly. The bands stretched pleasantly between my fingers as I explored the foreign object. Bras had always fascinated me, and aside from that one day many years ago when I had snuck into Veronica's room and seen one in her hamper I'd never really examined one up close. I slid my hands over the silky material of the cups and pinched the foam support that enhanced its globe-like shape, which held firm even apart from the body for which it was designed. My fingers slid to the straps and I held the bra up as though I were its intended wearer, and exhaled slowly. I couldn't imagine having to wear something like this. It was so BIG. I knew Veronica was busty, but this... This was even bigger than I could have imagined. The cups covered up almost half my chest, and the straps and clasp on this thing were thick. Heavy duty even.

Her boobs must be really heavy, I thought.

I'm not sure how long I stood there marveling at that strange and erotic contraption, but after some time I drifted back to reality and put it down gingerly on the dryer. I folded the pile of clothes without much trouble, but wasn't really sure what to do with the bras and panties, so I just kind laid them on top of everything else as neatly as I could and, with trembling fingers, scooped up the pile of impossibly soft, still-warm

clothes and headed to Veronica's room. It was almost exactly how I remembered it. The walls were papered with a warm, creamy color and the sun outside filtered through her soft white curtains, bathing the room in a warm, cozy light. In the center of the room was a queen-sized bed with an incredibly luxurious-looking mattress and tons of puffy pillows. Her sheets were new. White with puffy pink flowers and coiling vines all over them. On one side of her room was a full-length antique-looking mirror and a dresser. Opposite that, the door to her closet was ajar. A shimmery swatch of fabric was just visible in the crack, but I took a deep breath, averted my eyes, and swore to myself that I was only here to deliver clothes. No snooping. I laid the pile of clothes on the foot of the bed and backed all the way out of the room. The door had been open when I arrived, but I closed it behind me. That way I wouldn't be tempted again. On my way back downstairs I pounded on Tommy's door.

"Yo, Tommy, It's Lee. Remember me?"

"Mhmm..." Tommy's muffled voice drifted through the crack in his door door.

"I'm taking care of you today, so get up, get dressed, brush your teeth or whatever, and come eat some breakfast. You've got your game at twelve-thirty." Without waiting for a response, I headed downstairs to see what else I needed to take care of pre-game. By the time I located the case of Gatorade and large mesh bag of soccer balls (in the garage) and found a way to fit them into my trunk (which was full dirty clothes and trash I threw in there on the off-chance that Veronica looked at my backseat) Tommy was already downstairs fully-dressed in his soccer getup, pouring himself some colorful cereal.

"Sup," he said.

"Sup," I replied, collapsing into the chair opposite him at the kitchen table.

Tommy raised a thin brown eyebrow. His green eyes glittered with amusement. Clearly "Sup" had not been the correct response. I couldn't care less.

"What are you *wearing*?" Tommy asked

"Clothes," I replied, double checking the list.

"You look stupid. Like you're going on a date or something. And it's gonna be hot at the game. You're gonna get all sweaty."

"Yeah, I suppose I coulda dressed down a bit," I said. "I guess I'm just used to having to dress up for college," I lied. That seemed to satisfy Tommy who broke from the interrogation to hork down his cereal. Once his bowl was empty he looked back up at me.

"You know, if you want to borrow some more *appropriate* clothes, mine probably won't fit you," he said, eyes glinting with amusement again.

"Gosh, thanks," I replied. Jeez, this kid had turned into a real pain in the ass.

“But I’m sure my *mom* has a sun-dress you can borrow, or something.” Tommy grinned. I could feel my ears getting hot at the mention of Veronica’s clothes, and I prayed Tommy wouldn’t notice. I forced out a laugh.

“I think I’m okay,” I said, holding up the pink hat. “Your mom already asked me to wear your good-luck hat to the game.”

“You gonna do it?” Tommy asked, pointedly

“Ah, what she doesn’t know can’t hurt her, right?” I said, hoping to score myself a couple Tommy points. There’s no way a ten-year old kid was gonna want me, or his mom for that matter, to wear that hat. “After all, I don’t wanna embarrass you. I’m not your *mom*,” I added.

“Embarrass me?” The corners of Tommy’s mouth pulled upwards into a toothy grin. “I wanna embarrass *you*.” My heart sunk. “So if you don’t wear the hat...” Tommy paused for dramatic effect, “I’ll tell mom.”

I sighed.

“You drive a hard bargain kid.”

We arrived at the soccer field with thirty minutes to spare. Tommy had been right. It was getting quite hot in the relentless late-summer sun. Not a cloud in the sky.

“Hey, d’ya wanna help me with the—“ and Tommy was already gone. He was halfway across the field already where a few other players and a man whom I assumed must be the coach had gathered. *Fuck*. I slid the Gatorade case out of my trunk and onto the gravel of the parking lot with a thud. I grabbed the two handles and hefted the thing, groaning, and started the long trek across the field, cursing my own stupidity the whole way. I could have been sleeping. I could have told Veronica—truthfully—I had too much homework, but my dumb ass had dreamed up a stupid scenario where I got laid by my friends mom and I was paying for it.

Clunk. I deposited the Gatorade case at the foot of the bench and straightened up, wiping the sweat from my brow.

“Hey, thanks mate!” barked the coach from the other side of the bench. It took me a minute to realize he was talking to me.

“Oh— No worries,” I said, still a bit out of breath. I peered across the field at the distant open trunk of my car and sighed. I still needed to go get the soccer balls.

“You fillin’ in for Veronica?” asked the coach. He was a tall guy with really muscly thighs. His whole body was covered in hair. The sun was right behind him and I had to squint to see his face properly.

“Yeah,” I replied. “I’m the, uh... sitter.” I gestured vaguely in Tommy’s direction.

“You’re not really dressed for the pitch, number one soccer mum,” He said, smiling.

“Yeah, I’ve been told,” I replied. I looked pointedly at my shoes, hoping he wouldn’t notice my shame. Curse that stupid hat! My shoes really looked out of place on the freshly mowed, impossibly green grass. “Well, I’d better go grab the balls.” I said and turned to head back across the field. The coach went back over to the gaggle of kids and began barking orders. “Touch your toes!” “Quads!” “Butt-kicks!”

After I deposited the bag of balls next to the Gatorade case I looked around for a shady spot to sit down. I wasn’t really a soccer fan, or a sports fan at all, but it wasn’t like I could just leave while the game was going on. On the far side of the field stood the bleachers, which were beginning to fill up with a trickle of parents. Down on one side there was a big, dome-like oak tree which cast a shadow just large enough to reach a few seats. My eyes traveled wearily from the crown of the tree down the trunk, and towards those few shady seats.

My heart stopped and my eyes bulged.

There was a woman standing there. I hadn’t noticed her right away, but there she was. And let me be clear, this wasn’t just any woman. This had to be an angel. Or a goddess. I mean, Veronica was hot. If you’ve read this far you’re well aware of that. Exceptionally hot, even, but this woman... This woman could put even her to shame. Her long raven hair shimmered in the light. Her face was chiseled. I’d never seen a jawbone like that. On the bridge of her nose rested a pair of thick-rimmed black glasses, the kind you see hipster girls wearing on Tumblr. Beneath her stunning face the fun did not end. Her figure was like something out of a cartoon. Her waist wasn’t slim per se, if anything she was a bit overweight, but it *looked* slim compared to the size of her hips, and oh god, the size of her *breasts*. I’d heard of boobs referred to as “melons” before, but I always thought that had to be a bit of an exaggeration. Maybe some measured up to cantaloupes, but this woman... Imagine a pair of watermelons strapped to your chest, zipped up and straining against one of those tight activewear jackets they sell at upscale yoga stores at the mall. Yeah. That’s what she looked like. You think I’m kidding, but I’m not. Her skin was pale like moonlight, and framed by that jet black hair, glasses, jacket and leggings she was a dream. And do you know what? I forgot all my cursing and all my stupidity and I thanked my lucky stars that I’d accepted Veronica’s babysitting gig, because even if what I was about to do completely backfired, at least I got to *see* that. I mean that’s the kind of thing you only get to see up close once in a lifetime. As if in a trance, I wiped the sweat once more from my brow and strode as confidently as I could across the field, making a beeline for this incredible creature.

I should have felt like a hunter in pursuit of prey. I was a man after all. A man crossing a soccer field on a mission to score an exquisite prize. Instead, I felt like a fish on a line, reeled in slowly against my better judgment towards a deadly foe. I was probably twenty feet from her now. She wasn't looking in my direction. Instead she was poised, gaze drifting out across the road to the park. I still got the feeling she knew exactly where I was though. I certainly wasn't going to catch her by surprise. I slowed my pace and pretended to wander over to the shady spot on the bleachers. I was a couple feet from her now. She was still turned away from me and I got a good look at her butt. Her black yoga pants were stretched so tightly that I could see her panties underneath. Sleek and black. My dick strained against my pants and I quickly swiped a hand over it to send it downward, rather than straight out. If I slid my dick between those soft cheeks, I was sure I'd never see it again.

I wrenched my gaze from her glorious backside and opened my mouth to say something, but it felt like I'd just swallowed a mouthful of sand.

"Excuse me..." I managed to croak. She turned slowly. Gracefully. Her mane of glistening black hair shifted elegantly. As she turned, the sun glinted off the shimmery fabric that stretched so tightly across her chest, and I felt my face grow hot. She was looking at me now. One elegant long-fingered hand adjusted her glasses. Her nails were black too, perfectly manicured. Almost impossibly long, but they didn't look like press-ons. Her lips glistened as though they were wet. They were a deep shade of maroon, almost black. And her eye-makeup... I nearly died. She was a goth. She had to be a goth. She was sporting deep black winged eyeliner and a shimmering, deep purple eyeshadow. The workmanship was flawless. I'd seen goths before. Obviously I had, but they'd all been my age or a little older. Edgy. Unapproachable. Of course I knew that goths had been around since the eighties, so by that reasoning older goths must exist, but I'd never *met* one. The edge of her lips curled into the slightest smile. She was waiting for me to say something. "D-do you mind if I, uh... sit here?" I managed to verbalize.

"Of course not," she said. "You're certainly not dressed for the sun." Her voice slithered out like smoke. It was deeper than Veronica's. A little bit husky. She sounded older, but she looked... I mean I couldn't really put an age on her. If she'd told me she was twenty or sixty I probably would have believed her. She almost didn't seem real. It was hard to look at her. But I couldn't wrench my gaze away.

“Right,” I croaked, attempting a smile. I felt like my body had turned to lead. I was too terrified to look down to make sure my boner wasn’t visible. I didn’t want to draw her piercing gaze. She was evaluating me, I could tell. Did I amuse her? Her expression was indecipherable.

“You don’t look familiar,” She said, startling me. “Filling in for someone?”

“O-oh yeah!” I stumbled over my words, cursing myself silently. “I’m Lee. I’m uh, well I’m filling in for Ms. Singer.” Her expression remained unchanged, “Uh, Veronica Singer. I I’m taking care of Tommy. Her son.” I gestured vaguely to the gaggle of children kicking soccer balls back and forth under their coach’s instruction. They were too far away for me to pick out Tommy specifically. They all kinda looked the same in their uniforms. Still the mysterious woman did not respond, and so I continued to speak, terrified of the silence. “I-I’m friends with his older brother Steve. Well, we’re like family friends, you know. Emergency babysitter.” I forced a laugh that sounded more like I was choking. God, I wasn’t going to be able to keep this up much longer if she didn’t say something. *I should never have come over here, I said to myself. I should have stayed over there and not made a further fool of myself.*

“I like your hat,” She said.

Oh god. I’d forgotten I was still wearing that stupid thing. I turned bright red. My face seared. I swooped that hat off my head with one hand and tried to tussle my hair with the other, forgetting it was hard with gel. I stared down at the hat in my hands.

“Oh yeah. I, well it’s Tommy’s ‘Good Luck Hat,’” I said, meeting her eyes once more. “Veronica asked me to wear it, and...” She wasn’t laughing at me like I expected. Her gaze was kind. I breathed again. “And well, I look good in pink anyways, so...” Slowly I raised up the hat and pulled it back onto my head, mustering the best smile I could manage. *A real man is confident, I tell myself. A real man isn’t embarrassed when he’s asked to wear a pink “Number One Soccer Mom” hat.*

“Yeah,” She said, thoughtfully. “You do.” The cogs in my head began to turn again. *She complimented me. Now I should... compliment her!* I struggled to find words.

“I like your jacket,” I said. “Looks... comfy.”

Oh god. I should stop, I tell myself, but the words kept coming out. “Maybe a little warm for today, but y’know, good...good color all around. The black looks, uh, well I like it. It’s good.”

She laughed. Her mouth opened to reveal a shimmering smile, full of joy. When she laughed, her breasts bounced ever so slightly. I hoped she didn’t notice my gaze drop.

“You’re sweet, Lee. It is a little hot for this today, but if you must know, back in my biker days I got a big chest-tattoo.” My mouth dropped open. This time she *had* to notice my gaze drop. I moved back up to her eyes as quickly as I could. “And that makes a lot of the other moms and dads around here uncomfortable, so I have to cover up.” “Oh, wow,” I said. “I uh... didn’t know you used to be a biker! I mean, I don’t know you, so I guess I don’t know anything, but that’s cool!” I blurted, cursing myself internally. I had been doing so well! Now I sounded like a dunce. And I was looking at her chest again, trying to catch just the tiniest glimpse of what might lay beneath that tight black fabric. I thought I could almost... almost see something. I wrenched my gaze back up to her eyes. The edges of her lips curled up again, and I could see some heightened amusement in her eyes. She knew I was looking. Oh god, I was embarrassed. I could feel a bead of sweat making its way down my forehead, heat building behind my cheeks again.

“So,” she said, and my heart jumped into my throat once more. Was she about to call me out for staring? My eyes darted down to her chest again, and back up. God, I couldn’t help myself! “I assume she’s paying you well.” It took me a second to process what was being said to me, then I realized she meant Veronica. *She hoped Veronica was paying me well. For babysitting. Right, cause that’s what I was doing here*, I reminded myself. “Boy your age, you’ve got better places to be. Things to be doing.”

“Oh. I actually, well, I didn’t ask,” I say, realizing for the first time that I really hadn’t. I was so eager to see Veronica again that I didn’t even know if I was getting paid for this! “I-I’m not in it for the money,” I said.

“Oh yeah?” she asked. If her gaze had been intense before, now it was piercing. All I could see were her eyes. It occurred to me that I couldn’t really tell what color they were. They weren’t brown, but they weren’t really any other normal color either. “What *are* you in it for?” she asked, taking a step closer to me. I was frozen. I was turning an even deeper shade of red. It was hard to breathe. “What do you *really* want?”

To get in Veronica’s pants, I thought.

“Oh, y’know, I just really like to be helpful,” I lied. “She’s a single mom, and all that. She needed someone today, so here I am!” I said more truthfully. The woman in front of me smiled widely. There was something mischievous in her eye. It made me more than a little bit nervous.

“Well, you are,” she said.

“Being helpful?” I asked, stupidly

“In her pants,” she replied without missing a beat. My heart stopped. What had she just said?



“Huh?” I squeaked. Her smile widened, and her gaze dropped from my hot red face to my chest, and continued to fall to my groin, where it settled. I followed her gaze and couldn’t really process what I was seeing. Just moments ago I had been wearing my nicest pair of jeans... *Hadn’t I?* I had been uncomfortable because there wasn’t really enough room for my raging boner— but now, I was wearing something entirely different. The fabric was not unlike the stretchy stuff worn by the woman in front of me. Slowly, my mind began to process the physical sensation my legs were feeling. Whatever I was wearing now was soft, almost impossibly so. I’d never felt anything quite like that, except, I supposed, for when I was folding Veronica’s laundry that morning... and then it clicked.

In her pants. Her pants. I was wearing Veronica’s pants! As I made this realization, my boner pulsed with renewed vigor, and I watched it rise straight out in front of me, easily stretching the unfamiliar fabric which failed completely to hold it close to my body. God, it was so conspicuous. I swallowed hard, and looked up, a desperate question in my eyes, but the woman—the woman I had just been talking to—was *gone*. I was standing completely alone in front of the bleachers wearing Veronica’s pants, my throbbing boner out in front of me like a flagpole. I turned so red that I hoped I would vanish from the visible spectrum.

I yanked the pink cap from my head once more, this time to shield my extremely visible boner from view. People were gonna think I was some kind of pervert! I needed to find a bathroom, or some hole in the ground to hide in. How was I wearing her pants? Had I put them on earlier and not noticed? Had I been in some kind of trance? No! I knew I had been wearing jeans only moments prior. I cast the thoughts from my mind. Right now I needed to find somewhere to hide while I figured out what to do next. A bathroom would do. Maybe I'd get lucky, and there'd be a gym bag with some pants I could borrow. I peered past the steadily filling bleachers while half crouched, attempting to hide my strange garment. I didn't see any signs for a restroom on the side of the school building, and that was past all the people making their way to the field. I looked behind me. Oak tree. Fence. Road. Park. No bathroom. I cursed, audibly this time. Someone's mom scowled at me from the stands, and I started to sweat with renewed vigor. Fuck. Where was I going to go?

My car! I turned to walk behind the bleachers to get a look at the parking lot, and suddenly realized that the pants fit like Veronica's should. The more I moved the more they slid lower and lower. I yanked them back up. I was going to need to hold them up if I was going to make it there. I peered over the heads of the arriving families and opposing team, and realized that there were even *more* people between me and my car than between me and the school. Shit.

"You alright V?" I whirled around to see the coach just behind me. Had he just called me "V?" Why was he over here? Wasn't the game about to start? He really towered over me. Had he gotten taller since I'd last seen him? He had a stupid grin on his face.

"O-oh, y-yeah I'm alright," I squeaked. *Why wasn't my voice coming out properly? God, he probably thought I was a total wuss.* "I'm just... I'm just looking for a bathroom. Do you know where I can find one?" His expression changed from amused to puzzled.

"Course, yeah, it's just on the other side of the snack shack." He peered at me more intently. "Don't you remember?"

After a moment of me failing to respond to his strange question, he shook his head and pointed towards a small, one-story cinder block building where several people were lined up to buy greasy concession-stand hot dogs.

“Gee! Thanks so much!” I said, summoning what I hoped was a cheerful smile. Without hesitation, I hiked up Veronica’s pants, and turned to make my way to the back of the snack shack. I made it one step before something hard connected with my rear. A sharp pain shot through me accompanied the unmistakable sound of slapping flesh.

I stopped dead. *Did he just... slap my ass?* My mouth dropped open. Could this day get any weirder? I slowly pivoted on the spot, unsure of what I was going to do—or say for that matter—but when I turned around the coach was already striding confidently back towards the front of the bleachers and the field.

What the hell? He was English. Maybe it’s an English thing. A friendly slap on the bum to send me on my way. That had to be it, right? They do weird shit in England.

Without allowing myself another moment to dwell on what just happened, I turned and hurried towards the bathroom. I could see the sign now, peeking out from the left side of the building as far from the hot dog line as physically possible, thank god. I could still feel my butt cheek *vibrating* from the force of that impact. It should have stopped by now, but I swore I could feel it *moving*. I hiked the pants higher and continued. Halfway there. And it wasn’t just the cheek he had slapped. Both of them were vibrating. If I didn’t know better I would have said my ass was... jiggling. But that was crazy. I was fit. I mean I guess I wasn’t in great shape, but I was lean at the very least. No part of me had ever jiggled before. And yet, despite all that, with each step I took I felt more of that foreign vibration. I felt something else too. It was like my thighs were rubbing together. *I must just be walking funny, trying to hold these pants up*, I told myself. But as soon as the thought crossed my mind, I realized I didn’t feel the fabric sliding from my grasp anymore. In fact the waistband was now tight against my skin. I released the fabric and felt a small snap as the band tightened more around my waist. Okay. I couldn’t deny it any longer. Either the pants were shrinking on me by the second, or something much much more terrifying was happening to me.



I was almost there, almost to the bathroom. I breathed heavily, sweat dripping down my forehead and back. It was getting harder to keep up my brisk pace. It felt like I was lugging that big bag of soccer balls again. The friction between my thighs wasn't helping either. I could feel the stretchy fabric of the pants straining. I was *growing*. I was gaining weight. I exhaled sharply and pushed open the door to the bathroom. *Wait, shit*. I had been so focussed of what was happening to my legs that I hadn't checked the sign. *Was this the women's restroom room?* I swiveled on the spot. No urinals. It was surprisingly clean for a school bathroom. *Fuck*. I had walked straight into the women's room. But it was deserted. I was alone. I caught sight of a chunky lock below the door-handle and slammed it shut.

With the door secure, I turned around. I would have breathed a sigh of relief if it wasn't for what I saw in the mirror! From my head to my waist my body was familiar. Sweaty, flushed, but definitely the guy I was used to seeing when I looked at my reflection. But below the belt I was... different. I stepped closer to the mirror, the sound of the fabric sliding between my nearly inseparable thighs audible in the near silence of the tiled room. From the waist down, barring my still raging boner, I looked... I looked like Veronica! My whole bottom half had her familiar pear-like shape. The fabric of the pants, now stretched taught, was ever so slightly translucent, and I could catch a glimpse of a much lighter shade of milky skin. I turned, eyes glued to the mirror, and watched as Veronica's impressive caboose came into view. It *was* jiggling. I hadn't imagined that. Anytime I moved at all, it responded like a water balloon. Tentatively I poked it, and my finger sank right in. I yanked my hand away. This wasn't happening. There was no way this was happening. This had to be some crazy fucked up dream. I had smoked a ton of weed last night. And I'd gone to bed thinking about Veronica.

As much as I wanted to believe that I was dreaming, something deep within me told me that the transformation was real as it gets. I lowered my gaze, praying that what I saw in the mirror was some kind of illusion. Maybe if I just looked down, I'd be back in my jeans. I'd have my own legs and my own ass.

I was wrong. Looking in the mirror was bad enough, but at least there was some kind of mental detachment. It felt like looking at one of those flip-books for children with heads, chests and legs on different pages. Maybe if I just turned a leaf I'd see my own matching bottom half again. This, however, was something else entirely. There was no seam. I could run my hands down from my familiar abdomen and into the soft and tingling expanses that were *my* thighs. My fingers sank deep into their flesh. The fabric of the pants was so thin and tight that I could hardly tell that I wasn't touching bare skin. The more I explored, the more my horrified fingertips couldn't seem to get enough.

I couldn't wrench my gaze from the incomprehensible sight, and I couldn't stop poking and prodding. My hands traveled, as though of their own accord, from the front of my thighs to the sides, and then came to a halt, firmly grasping the enormity that was my backside. I could feel it move with the slightest prod and as I grasped it ever more firmly I realized that it was still growing!

Veronica wasn't fat, but compared to me, she was... substantial. It felt like my bottom half had doubled in size. I'd always dreamed of touching Veronica's butt, but not like this! The thought sent a shiver down my spine, and I felt my already engorged member stiffen even further against the fabric of my pants. It was starting to become painful. I wrenched my fascinated hands from my ass and stuck my thumbs underneath the waistband to pull it forward, only to recoil in horror, snapping the waistband hard against my throbbing cock. I winced in pain. It was bad enough standing here in Veronica's pants, sporting her whole lower half, but I hadn't been prepared to see what was holding my penis so tightly captive. Beneath the stretchy black fabric was a pair of smooth, silky pink panties. A pair that I was sure I had folded and placed on Veronica's bed this morning. And these weren't new panties either, no, these were a little faded, a little frayed. 'well-loved' one might say. No, this was too much for me.

I confess, I'd hoped to one day become intimately acquainted with Veronica's undergarments, but this wasn't what I had imagined! I pulled the waistband away for a second time, drawing the pants down as I took in the bizarre sight. Attached to what were otherwise unmistakably feminine, completely hairless legs, was my all-too familiar penis. Not too small, not too large. Pretty average. Relatively straight. It strained against the fabric of the panties. Precum had been dripping from the head for some time, and the panties were slick and translucent where it had spread. *God, if only I hadn't told that woman that I looked good in pink!*

I must look like some kind of freak, I thought. I straightened up again, and closed my eyes, bracing myself for the view in the mirror. When I opened them, I nearly had a heart attack. When I last looked down, I had been wearing my nicest button-down shirt. Now, loose on my chest was a low-cut white tank top held up with tiny spaghetti straps, and underneath, the unmistakable shape of the black bra I had so gingerly examined that very morning. I could see it through the white fabric of the top and I could feel it on my body. It was clasped loosely around my middle and sagged in the front. *I still had my own chest.* I realized I needed to act fast. I wasn't going to let this nonsense get any more nonsensical. In a flurry of determination I yanked the tank top over my head and threw it into the sink in front of me. Without waiting to see what would happen, my hands flew to my back, trying desperately to reach the clasp on the bra. I couldn't quite get it. I could

feel my chest starting to get warm. Tingly. I had to get that thing off! *Ow!* something sharp dug into my back where I was frantically trying to remove the bra. I gave up on the clasp and pulled one of the straps and managed to wriggle one of my arms free. I freed the other arm and the bra fell down to my waist, where it was stopped by my new impossibly wide hips. I spun it around and worked the clasp from the front, letting the bra fall to the floor. In doing so, I realized just what had dug so painfully into my back. It had been one of my fingernails. My long, carefully manicured cream colored fingernails. I slowly turned my hands over in front of my face.

You go through your entire life doing things with, and looking at your hands. They're probably the part of your body you're the most familiar with. Now imagine just for a moment that someone replaces your hands with the hands of an older woman. They're smaller, they're softer, but they show signs of age you're not used to. You're wearing a ruby ring on your third finger on the left hand. They smell like flowery lotion and feel like butter. The parts of me I recognized were slipping away faster than I could keep track of. *At least I'd managed to get that top and bra off,* I told myself, looking back in the mirror. But whatever was happening to me wasn't so easily thwarted.

I could see Veronica's milky skin tone spreading from my hands all the way up my arms accompanied by a strange prickling sensation. I stared, transfixed as her skin began to creep up onto my abdomen from below. My whole chest was uncomfortably warm now, and I was sweating visibly. I placed my hands over my navel and felt the flesh begin to swell through the gaps between my fingers. I realized I was powerless to stop the spread of Veronica through my body. *What had I done to deserve this?* I wondered, *and how had that woman managed to do it? Had I met an angel? More likely a demon.*

I felt a growing pressure in my pecs and my hands slid up to my nipples. I gasped when my fingers brushed them. They'd never been so sensitive in my life. I couldn't decide if what I had just felt was pain or pleasure. Perhaps both. It felt like my fingers were acting on their own again. Gingerly I pinched one nipple, then the other. Had they always been this big? This puffy?

A moan escaped my lips, and one hand flew to my mouth. *Surely I hadn't just made that sound.* It sounded like the kind of noise I always imagined Veronica making in some of my steamier dreams. My other hand seemed unable to detach from my engorged left nipple. I could feel it growing between my forefinger and my thumb, and the strange sensations shooting through me were almost too much to handle. In the mirror I could see the areolas spreading wider. I knew what was coming, but when I felt the first surge of growth from behind the nipple I almost screamed. Never in my life had I felt something so tender that it hurt and so pleasurable that I couldn't stop touching. My right hand slid

from my mouth, tugging on lips that certainly hadn't been that large a moment ago, and found its way back to my right... breast. *I had breasts*. What was I going to *do*? What was I going to tell Taylor? What was I going to tell my parents? And even more importantly, what was I going to do about Tommy?



I could hear a smattering of cheers, dampened by the bathroom walls, and knew the game must have started. I hoped Tommy hadn't noticed my absence. All the while I worried, the flesh that I grasped so tightly in my hands was growing. My breasts were getting so large it was hard to hold on to them. The combined pleasure from my tight grasp on my nipples and my penis straining against the tight pink panties had my knees weak. I could feel myself shaking. I released my right breast and grabbed the countertop for support. My breast slipped from my grasp and swung heavily from my chest. I winced. It was painful to drop it so quickly. I watched as it throbbed several times, growing more with each movement, and then finally swung slowly to a halt. I could feel its weight pulling on me, and braced myself more firmly against the countertop. Carefully, I released the left breast and they hung together, swinging gently and rubbing against one another sending a constant tingle of pleasure through me. That morning when I had examined Veronica's bra and wondered at her breast size, I had known that they must be massive, but... standing there at the sink, half doubled over, unused to their weight and behavior, I was speechless. If I had straightened up I wouldn't have been able to see my feet. I'd never imagined having a body part that behaved quite like that. I could sink my fingers into them so deeply that they disappeared. It was just fat all the way through.

Something dropped in front of my eyes and I hastily brushed it away, but then turned my attention to the mirror when it quickly returned. What I saw in front of me left my mouth agape. And to call it *my* mouth was awfully presumptuous. The unknown object I had tried to brush away was in fact a lock of Veronica's wavy, silky smooth auburn hair. Not just a lock of it. I had her whole head of hair. I could feel it tickling my shoulders now, but that wasn't all. I stared at the glass, close enough that I began to fog it up. I couldn't find a trace of the guy I recognized. The reflection that started back at me wasn't me at all. It was Veronica. Every detail. Every crease of her skin. The little mole near her mouth. Her glittering green eyes. Her subtle freckles. I was even wearing her makeup. Her mascara weighed heavily on my eyelid with every blink. My heart thudded slowly and painfully in my chest. I needed to figure out what to do.

Call Veronica? No. What would she think? What would she say? I couldn't face her. Go back to school? Maybe Taylor could help me. But would he even believe I was his roommate Lee? This whole situation was like something out of a horror novel! No. I had to take care of Tommy. I was his babysitter after all. I couldn't just leave him at a soccer game. He was my responsibility, right? Okay.

I took a deep breath. If I *looked* like Veronica, and I *sounded* like Veronica, I figured no one would suspect otherwise. I just needed to pretend to *be* Veronica. I stood

up straight, and took a few steps back from the mirror, my new breasts swinging heavily just above my navel. I was the picture of a soccer mom. *Well, except for...*

My penis twitched with renewed vigor at the all-too-familiar fantasy in front of it. It was looking at Veronica Singer's body, and it wanted to party. It didn't seem to care that it was *attached* to Veronica Singer's body. Shit. How was I going to pretend to be Veronica with a raging boner clearly visible through my pants? I was fairly certain she didn't have one of those! I gritted my teeth. I'd never beaten off in a public bathroom before, but the door was locked and I didn't see much of an alternative. If I was going to go back out there, I needed to look the part, and if that meant rubbing one out right here and right now I was going to have to do it.

I pulled the soaked panties away from my member with a pop, and it sprang to full attention. I could hear the cheers getting louder outside. I needed to make this quick, but luckily I wasn't too worried about that. I directed my right hand to grasp my member like I normally would have, but somewhere between my brain and Veronica's hand, something went wrong. Her hand reached out and gently stroked my penis from shaft to head with a single finger. When it reached the top, her nail gently scratched the tip, causing a deep throb and another glob of shiny precum to form. I'd never done anything like that before. And I'd never *felt* anything quite like that before. I guess I had gotten really used to my own hands after spending the better part of my life whacking off with them. So used to them that these different and unfamiliar hands were providing me with an entirely different experience. Without even realizing what I was doing, I took the tip of my penis between my thumb, fore and middle finger, and began to gently twist and pull. I could feel her nails gently grazing me and the strange sensation was enough to send my body into shutdown. My knees were shaking again. I could see my breasts jiggling, nipples hard. I looked up into the mirror and tried to focus on the top half of my body. *I'm just looking at Veronica*, I told myself. *She's giving me a show*. I tilted my head and tried to make that little smile I liked so much. It worked a little too well, and before I could even react, I could feel the orgasm coming. And it wasn't just in my dick. The muscles in my thighs were contracting, and I could feel some deep pleasure within me that I'd never felt before. I came harder than I'd ever come in my life. My spunk hit the mirror like a bug on a windshield and splattered everywhere, and it just kept coming. One shot. Two. Three. My knees gave out and I made a sound somewhere between a scream and a moan as I landed painfully in a kneeling position on the bathroom tiles. I shook as the last shots of cum dribbled from my penis, and exhaled sharply.

I sat there, unable to move for what felt like several minutes, sweat dripping from my face, breathing heavily. It was harder work to breathe with this body. I felt so

much heavier. I wasn't as strong as I used to be. Slowly my eyes traveled back down to my groin. My penis was *gone*. I suppose I wasn't really surprised, given the way things have been going, but something so familiar just vanishing was too much for me. I struggled back to my feet with the aid of the countertop, and quickly yanked up the still slick, but now perfectly-fitting panties. I pulled the waistband of my pants back up from mid-thigh to just above my navel and let it snap comfortably into place. It scared me how well the pants fit now. Too well. Like I'd been wearing them all my life. I caught sight of myself again in the mirror. God, I was a mess. My hair was mussed up, and I was sweaty — *wait, since when did that concern me?* I shook my head, trying to clear my mind. I needed to put the tank top back on. *Wait no. First the bra. Shit.* I didn't know how to put on a bra! Why would I have? Up until a few minutes ago, I had been a twenty-year-old guy!

I picked up the bra from the floor. Thankfully it hadn't gotten any cum on it. I turned it over in my hands and something just kind of *clicked*. I pulled my arms through the straps, drawing the cups of the bra against my breasts, and then as though on some kind of strange auto-pilot, I cupped each breast and pulled it up and into the bra. They looked even bigger all the way up here, and they pressed tightly together forming deep cleavage. I then reached around my back and as though it were the easiest thing in the world, clasped the bra. I became aware of just how tightly it was constricting my far-less lean body. How did women go around wearing these things every day? I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn't help but laugh. *This was insane.* I was putting on a bra! I was Veronica Singer! I had to go out and watch a soccer game, and then take home a kid who was going to think I was his mom. *This was fucked!* But what choice did I have? I needed to finish covering up. I turned the tank-top rightside out and pulled it over my head, realizing as it slid over my soft skin that it *had* gotten cum on it. I grimaced. This was gross. And weird. I checked my reflection one last time. The tank top was tight. Almost too tight, and didn't leave much to the imagination. Ample cleavage spilled out over the deep neckline, and the black bra could clearly be seen beneath. I tried to neaten up my hair with my fingers, put on the pink hat and then sucked in a deep breath, steadied myself, and unlocked the bathroom door.

6

Either it had gotten a few degrees hotter outside, or Veronica's body was just more susceptible to the heat. Before I knew it, sweat was beading on my neck and starting to soak through my bra and shirt. If bras were uncomfortable dry, they were about ten times worse wet. I found my way back to the bleachers, painfully aware of the *shf shf shf* sound that my thighs were making as they rubbed together, and found a seat on the left side where not too many other people were gathered. As I climbed into the stands I could feel a couple of the nearby dads' eyes on me. They were seeing right through the thin fabric that barely contained my ample figure, I just knew it. It wasn't just dads who were staring at me either. It was kids too. God, was this how Veronica felt when I had eyed her back in middle school and high school? I shuddered at the thought. Even once sitting with most eyes on the game, I could still feel them watching. There was no privacy out here under the scorching sun. A drop of sweat fell from my chin and slid effortlessly into my cleavage.

I turned my attention to the game. It looked like I'd missed about half of it in the bathroom. I wasn't a soccer expert. I couldn't really tell what was going on. I found myself peering around the edges of the field and the stands around me. The woman I'd spoken to earlier—the woman who undoubtedly had done this to me—was nowhere to be seen.

I did however see Tommy. I was able to pick out his number sixteen jersey instantly. I wondered how I'd been able to see him so easily. Earlier when I'd been talking to the mystery woman I hadn't been able to pick him out at all. I guess he *had* been wearing that jersey all morning. I must have committed the number to memory. I mean, he was about the same size and height as the rest of the kids. His hair wasn't very distinct. It had to be the number, but a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach was telling me that there was another reason I'd picked him out so easily. This wouldn't have been the first time Veronica's body demonstrated some kind of strange muscle memory. The way I'd stroked my penis earlier, the ease with which I put on that bra. I'd already turned into her in body, was I going to lose myself to her mind as well? I couldn't think about it. I was me. I was Lee Ramon, not Veronica Singer. I was twenty. I was in college. I was a guy. I knew these things were true, but as my breasts heaved up and down, slick from sweat, I was finding it harder and harder to believe.

I tore my eyes away from my cleavage and tried to focus on the game. There was Tommy. He had the ball. He was running with it, zig-zagging from his midfield position towards the opposing goal. I was standing up now. I didn't remember getting up. My heart started beating faster. Tommy dodged a big kid in a red jersey and wound up for a powerful kick— and he scored! Before I knew what was happening I was leaping up and down, breasts thumping against my chest, and whooping, screaming even! Thank god I wasn't alone. More than half the stands were now on their feet yelling. Tommy was smiling from ear to ear as his teammates ran with him in celebration. I watched as he turned his head and looked directly at me. Surprise crossed his little face for just a moment before it turned back to joy. He waved at me and I found myself waving back, beaming a smile that did not feel like my own.

As the game continued, I felt myself drop back into my body. I could feel the weight of my breasts again. The uncomfortable rubbing of my thighs, and the disheveled hair that kept getting in my eyes. *What had just happened there?* I wondered. For just a second I felt like I was a passenger. I felt Veronica's love for Tommy, the same kid who had made me wear this stupid hat in the first place. The kid who, as far as I figured, was to blame for this whole situation. I should have been mad at him, but instead I was... proud? I began to repeat a mantra in my head. *I'm Lee Ramon. I'm Twenty. I'm a guy. I am not Veronica Singer. I'm Lee Ramon. I'm Twenty. I'm a guy. I am not Veronica Singer.*

The home team won the game. Tommy didn't score again, but his friend did. I almost thought I could remember that other kid's name. He was a heavier boy with dark hair. I slapped my forehead. *No! I don't know him. I'm Lee Ramon...*

I found myself walking across the field and towards the bench where I had previously dropped off the case of Gatorade and soccer balls. The team was gathering there around the coach. Oh shit. The coach! If I had full control of my body, I probably would have stopped dead, but instead my gait only faltered for a moment. It seemed like I was on autopilot again. As I passed some sweaty kids, I congratulated them on their win, and headed for the Gatorade. I popped open the cooler and passed out cold, wet plastic bottles to eager children. I found myself smiling absently. It was nice to be appreciated.

"Mom!" my head jerked up. It was Tommy, smiling an altogether more wholesome smile than he had this morning. "I thought you weren't gonna be able to make it!" My mouth hung, slightly open for a moment. *Now would be a great time for that autopilot thing to kick in!* I thought. No luck.

"I uh... Well, My... thing... got moved back... So I came down here!" I said, summoning a cheerful smile.

"I got a goal!" he beamed. I had to admit he was kinda cute.

“I know, I saw!” I said. “It was rad!”

“Rad?” Tommy shook his head. “You gotta stop trying to do kid-speak” he giggled. “You’re *old* mom! Just accept it!” *Oh god*. He was right. I was old. A *lot* older than I’d been this morning! *If he only knew!*

I straightened up, feeling the strain in my shoulders and lower back as my bra straps weighed heavily on me. I handed Tommy a Gatorade, and reached down again to grab one for the next kid. “What happened to Lee?” Hearing my own name took me by surprise.

“I—Lee uh... Well when I got here I told him he could go home. No need for a babysitter when uh... when your mom’s here, right?”

“Aw,” said Tommy, standing to the side so the rest of the team could get hydrated. “I wanted to see him in that hat for longer. He was *really* embarrassed. It was great.” Tommy smiled. *Nah*, I thought. *I take it back. This kid is the worst*. I remembered from Veronica’s list that I needed to bring home the bag of soccer balls, and so I decided to test out my newfound authority.

“Hey, why don’t you go collect some balls while I take this case back to the car?” Tommy gave me a withering look.

“Aw, c’mon mom. I scored a goal! Make somebody else do it!”

“I’m not somebody else’s mom,” I retorted, without even thinking. That was weird. I would never have said something like that normally, and yet somehow it seemed to work. Tommy sighed, scooped up the mesh bag from the ground, and headed off to the sidelines to collect balls. I laid the remaining few Gatorades on the ground next to the bench and shut the case. Even without the drinks in there it was gonna be heavy. Considering all the trouble I had getting it from the car to here in my own body, I didn’t wanna find out what it was gonna be like in Veronica’s. I bent over, painfully aware of the stretching fabric over my ass, and started to lift the case. Before I got it off the ground, a hairy hand took one of the handles. I looked up, surprised to see the smiling face of the coach. He was inches from my nose! He was a bit red and sweaty too, but somehow his visage was less off-putting to me now. Suddenly it clicked. He had called me “V” when he slapped me on the ass earlier. And now I was “V.” *And* I wasn’t finding him so repulsive.

Oh god, Veronica must be into this guy! and I... *oh god oh god*, I was into him too!

“Need a hand?” His accent... it was turning me on. Of course I’d never been turned on as a woman before, but the sensation and tightening in my loins was familiar enough.

“S-sure, Just gotta get this to the car!” I said, my already unfamiliar voice coming out at least an octave higher. He smiled, and I could feel his eyes traveling to my exposed cleavage as we hefted the case together. I suddenly felt bad about how many times I’d done the exact same thing to the real Veronica. *It’s something men just can’t help*, I told myself. *You know how men are*. I wondered briefly if that had been one of my thoughts or one of Veronica’s.

Holy crap this guy was strong. He was supporting almost the full weight of the case with just one hand. we made our way across the field towards the parking lot in silence. The heat in my loins continued to spread. *He’s a man! I’m not gay!* The heat in my loins didn’t seem to care. I tore my eyes away from his hairy, musclebound arms, and looked ahead to the parking lot. My car was *gone*. Parked right where I had left it was Veronica’s white SUV. I recognized it from the driveway. We were walking up to the car now. I was going to need to unlock it. We placed down the case and I started to panic. I didn’t have pockets. My car keys had been in my pants pocket before my pants had been so rudely replaced. How was I supposed to unlock the car with no key?

Suddenly I remembered. I remembered something I couldn’t possibly remember because it hadn’t happened, but I remembered clear as day sitting in the driver’s seat of Veronica’s car, putting the car in park, and taking out the keys, which I then slid between my breasts and tucked in the left cup of my bra. As if by some miracle, I could suddenly feel them there, cold against my sensitive skin. I turned bright red, and pivoted my body so that the coach, who I now seemed to be referring to as Brian, couldn’t see what I was about to do. Burning with shame I plunged a hand deep into my cleavage and grasped the objects in my bra. I yanked out not only car keys, but also a phone. Both items were certainly not mine, and could only belong to Veronica. I turned back around and smiled awkwardly. I was pretty sure he’d either seen what I’d just done or had been staring at my ass, judging by his face. I wasn’t sure which was better. I clicked twice to unlock the car and opened the trunk. Brian picked up the case and placed it in the spacious trunk with ease before leaning in close.

“When can I see you again?” I had *not* signed up for this!

“A-at the next game, I guess,” I fumbled

“No I mean... before then.” His voice was hushed, dripping with anticipation. He was disgusting! Why was I so damn turned on by this guy? *You can’t*, I thought.

“I’ll call you,” I said.

The corner of his mouth pulled into a mischievous grin. Satisfied, he made his way back over to the kids. I breathed a long sigh of relief. I didn’t really know how much

control I had over my own body right now, and I did *not* want to do anything with him.
Ew!

I spotted Tommy making his way to the car, the ball bag slug between him and the dark-haired kid I had noticed earlier. A few steps behind them must have been Miguel's parents. *Wait... Miguel?* It sounded right in my head, but I didn't know this kid! I'd never seen him before! *I'm Lee Ramon. I'm not Veronica Singer*; I reminded myself, and yet somehow I knew that kid's name. He was Tommy's best friend.

"Mom!" Tommy hollered, "can I go over to Miguel's?"

Now there was a possibility I hadn't foreseen. In all my calculations, I needed to figure out what was going on and find some way to reverse this, all while pretending to be Veronica and taking care of Tommy. But if Tommy was at a friend's house I could drop the Veronica act.

"That's fine by us!" Miguel's mother added, as the boys dumped the ball bag in the open trunk of the car. "We can have him home by around eight." I smiled with the most genuine relief I'd felt since this day began.

"Of course!" I said, "that sounds like fun!" I bent down a little to look Tommy in the eyes. "Now you be good over there, and call me if you need anything!" *Shit!* Why had I said that? It had just slipped out. I didn't even know what would happen if Tommy called. I had what I could only assume to be Veronica's phone, but presumably, so did the real Veronica. The thought of her made me shudder. It would be a miracle if I was able to get out of this mess without her finding out. What would she think? What *could* she think?

I rendezvoused with reality again, just long enough to make sure they were going to feed Tommy dinner over there, wave the kids goodbye, shut the trunk and get into the driver's seat of the car. There I collapsed, finally allowing the tension to flow from my hot and heavy body. The leather car seat stuck to the backs of my arms and neck. A sweaty lock of hair swayed in front of my eyes and I breathed heavily, breasts heaving. What the *fuck* was I going to do?

By the time I got to Veronica's house, I figured I had about four hours of undisturbed time to sort things out. I hadn't made any headway on how I might do that, but I tried to hold on to hope. Maybe this was something that happened to adults on occasion. Maybe this was karmic retribution for my stupid crush. Worst case scenario I could think of: the real Veronica came home and I'd... I guess come clean. Beg for her help. And her forgiveness. Best case scenario: it just wears off before I have to face anyone, or even better, I just wake up back in my own body in my dorm room and never ever tell anyone about my bizarre dream.

Thank god Veronica's place was air conditioned. Even with the car fans on high I felt as though I was about to melt the whole ride back. The heat on the soccer field combined with my new chunkier body was a real killer. As soon as I got inside I ran the tap, bent over, and guzzled cold water straight from the faucet. When I straightened up (embarrassed at what I had just done) water dribbled down my chin and trickled into my bra. I could feel my nipples hardening as they came into contact with the cold water. Why was this body so horny? I'd always wanted to fuck Veronica, but I never wanted to *be* her! *I shouldn't be turned on. I shouldn't be turned on...*

I slowly ran my delicate hands from the tops of my breasts down, under the neck of the tank top, under the bra, and brushed my fingers one by one over my marble-sized nipples. Much to my own embarrassment, I moaned again. A small, girly sound that made my knees weak. As my desired deepened my confidence grew, and I graduated from gentle brushing to a firmer pull and twist. More sounds kept emerging from me, and the more I told myself I should stop, that I should be trying to work out how to fix this, that I should be doing *anything* other than playing with Veronica's boobs, the more vigorously my fingers worked. My body was heating up all over again and I panted, my tongue lolling. I'd never felt something like this before. It was all the pleasure I got from a good jerk-off session as a guy, and more. It was different too. Concentrated in two locations, and entirely unfamiliar. I could feel something happening in my loins as well, and though part of me remembered the vanishing of my penis with a kind of dull terror, another part of me ached to slide one of my hands into my pants—

Ding Dong! The comical doorbell sound that I remembered from my childhood visits to the house echoed through the downstairs. I hastily disentangled my hands from my undergarments and attempted to pull my bra back down to fully contain my breasts. I

was not entirely successful. *Shit. Shitshitshit. Who could that be?* Veronica wasn't supposed to be home this early and Tommy was at a friend's...

I crept towards the kitchen window and my heart nearly stopped. Parked right next to Veronica's SUV was an extremely familiar-looking beat-up Saturn. *My car.* I gawked, unable to process. Was this some other reality? Had I traveled into another universe where I was and had always been Veronica? One where I had called Lee to come over to babysit?

Ding Dong! My heart thundered in my chest. I could see the flesh of my left breast vibrating ever so slightly. I turned from the window and approached the door as though I was wading through molasses. My mind had gone blank. There were too many potential paths for me to even begin to process or plan for. My shaking hand connected with the cold brass doorknob and I pulled open the door. I couldn't breathe. For a moment, I was blinded by sunlight. Slowly the figure in front of me materialized. It was *me*. Lee Ramon. I was looking in a mirror, only this time I was the incorrect reflection. I moved my mouth but no words came out.

"Lee? Is that you?" When he spoke, it was like hearing a recording of myself. It didn't sound quite right. But he was asking me if *I* was Lee. The realization crashed down on me. The guy standing in front of me wasn't *actually* me. Just like I wasn't *actually* Veronica. And if that was the case, and they knew to ask me if I was Lee, the Lee standing in front of me must actually be *Veronica!*

"It's me." My voice broke. "I'm Lee. Is that... you, Ms. Singer?" I was answered, to my great surprise with a two-handed shove to my gut. I staggered backwards from the doorway, unused to my new center of gravity. Veronica stepped into the house.

"What is going *on* Lee? How did you do this to me?" Veronica was angry, but mostly she was scared. I knew the look. That was *my* face after all. And I couldn't blame her for being scared. Hell! I was scared too!

"Me? I didn't do this! I didn't want this! I just want this to be over!" My voice was choked, and suddenly I felt tears welling in my eyes. I shut my mouth and swallowed hard, but it was too late. The tears were coming. The anger began to drain from Veronica's face. "I don't know what happened," I choked. "I took Tommy to the game and there was this weird lady—"

"Tommy." Veronica cut me off. "*Where* is Tommy?"

"I let him go over to Miguel's after the game. He'll be back at uh... eight. He's eating dinner there." I steadied myself on the entryway wall. My old body sighed in relief, and turned to shut the front door. He was wearing the clothes I'd come over in this morning, but his hair wasn't slicked back. Instead it was entirely disheveled. I looked

tired. At least *I* wasn't the only one. The tears continued to run down my face. They couldn't seem to stop. I realized Veronica was at my side. This was messed up. This wasn't right. That was my face, that was *my* concerned frown!

"What weird lady?" Veronica asked. I sniffled. It felt as though if I tried to speak again I would erupt into loud sobs. That was something I didn't need to hear. I think Veronica realized the situation, because she awkwardly leaned in and wrapped her arms around my back and waist in a strange but comforting hug. I could feel my breasts pressing against her familiar chest. "Hey. It's okay Lee. We're gonna... we're gonna figure this out." She tried to smile at me, but it looked forced. I let out a long, strangled breath and let my head fall forward onto her shoulder. I could smell myself. I was seized by the sudden urge to tell her that she needed to re-apply deodorant. God, I really *was* turning into a mom. I sniffled a few more times, then broke her embrace.

"Thanks," I said, and I meant it. Weird as it had been, the hug had helped a lot.

"What can you tell me about this weird lady?" Veronica asked again.

"She was..." I realized that "a total hottie" wouldn't be helpful. "She had black hair. Bangs. Uh... all dressed in black. Black glasses. She was weird. I was talking to her, and then... well, that's when it happened. First I was in your clothes, and then I started to change. And then she vanished! Like, into thin air. I couldn't find her anywhere!"

"I know." Veronica surprised me with her answer. "I met her too."

"Really?" I didn't know why I was so surprised.

"We met in the waiting room, and we... chatted. I never got her name."

"Me neither," I said, shaking my head as I internally cursed my stupidity. Maybe if I hadn't been so focused on her tits I would have some useful information! Suddenly, Veronica gasped.

"Lee, do you remember that movie I took you and Steve to when you were kids? Um..." She wagged her finger in an all-too-familiar signature Veronica move, attempting to remember the title. "Tumultuous Tuesday! It was that movie where a mom and her punk-rocking son—"

"—Switch bodies!" I finished her sentence for her. "Of *course*! And after they walked a day in each other's shoes, and learned some lessons they changed back!" We beamed at each other.

"It's like that," said Veronica, "it has to be."

"So we just need to finish up the twenty four hours, and then *poof*! We forget this ever happened." As soon as that came out of my mouth, I realized that would likely be impossible. This was probably gonna be the weirdest thing that ever happened to either of us in our lives, and forgetting it might prove difficult.

Suddenly, my mood plummeted. Twenty-four hours was going to be noon tomorrow. Noon tomorrow was going to be too late. “Wait, there’s a problem,” I said.

“Yeah, there’s a pretty big problem, Lee. Look at us!” Said Veronica, gesturing dramatically to her youthful male body. She was only half joking.

“No, I mean, I have a lit exam tomorrow at eight am,” I said, panic beginning to affect my feminine voice. “I can’t miss it! It’s like half my grade, and I haven’t finished reading *My Anthony* and I can’t go into my exam looking like this! Dr. Borrowitz’ll throw me right out!”

“*My Anthony* by Willa Cathode?” asked Veronica.

“Yeah, That’s the one. It’s an American Literature class. We’re covering all of Willa’s novels—”

“I can do that,” said Veronica.

“What?” I asked, incredulously.

“I can take your exam. I majored in Psychology and Literature. It’ll be like riding a bike.” My mouth hung open. “What’s the matter? Surprised I went to school?”

Honestly, I had never pictured Veronica as anything other than a mom. I mean, I knew logically that she must have had a life before having Steve, but it hadn’t ever really crossed my mind.

“No, I ...I,” I faltered. Veronica smiled. This one was genuine. I knew my own face too well. I decided to shift gears. “A-and you would do that? You’d go to my class and take my exam?”

“I’ll do it if you’ll pretend to be me and take care of my son until we change back.”

“Well, then you’d better pretend to be me too. I don’t want to get back to my body to find out my reputation’s been ruined!”

“Deal,” she said and stuck out a hand in a surprisingly masculine gesture.

“Deal,” I responded, and placed my hand in hers. Her grip was really firm. I could feel the fat jiggling on my arm as she shook it. “Oh!” I said, “let me make you a list.” I sniffed and wiped the tears from my face with my forearm. I hurried to the kitchen and slid open the drawer to the left of the sink. Yep. Somehow I’d known there would be a pencil and paper in there.

“Oh my, how the tables have turned,” Veronica smirked as I scribbled some basic instructions on how to be me, how to get to my dorm room, and how to get to the right classroom tomorrow at eight. I wasn’t sure how helpful it would be. Some of the items were things like “Say ‘hey’ to people who nod at you and don’t be weird.” When I finished writing I read over the list, realizing that the whole thing had come out in

Veronica's flowing handwriting. At least I wouldn't need to worry about the handwriting being strange on the exam. It was becoming more and more apparent that we'd swapped more than just bodies. I handed Veronica the list.

"Let me know if you have any questions," I asked, then cringed, realizing that was almost exactly what she'd said to me this morning.

"Thanks *mom*," She smirked, reading over the list. I didn't like the way she looked right now. Comfortable. I guessed it would be easier for her to adjust to a younger male body than for me to adjust to an older, much curvier female one.

"Hey! Stop enjoying this!" God, my voice sounded so silly. "We're only doing this so that we can change back, right?" Veronica giggled.

"Of course! It's just... so weird." She was right. It *was* weird. I thought about my recent exploration of Veronica's breasts just a few minutes before and flushed.

"Speaking of weird," I said "You'd better not do anything *weird* in my body! No... playing with anything." Now it was Veronica's turn to flush. Had she already— no. I put the thought out of my head. She was a grown woman. She wouldn't have done anything. *Unless...*

"Right. And you'd better not do anything *weird* with mine!" Veronica looked me dead in the eye. She knew. I flushed a deeper shade of red.

Veronica scrawled some instructions for me in my signature poor handwriting, including "Take a shower, you're a mess." I accepted the list and paced nervously as I watched Veronica get in my car and drive off. I could hear a faint pounding of familiar music as the car drive past the window. Was she listening to my CDs?

Once she was gone, I didn't really know what to do with myself. I didn't have my phone, so I couldn't browse Twidder or check up on the models I supported on Hornyfans

No. I couldn't think about sex. I was going celibate. The embarrassment at Veronica's prying gaze when I told her not to play with my body had been too much. I shouldn't have said anything. It had been a dead giveaway. If we *did* change back tomorrow, I was never gonna be able to look at her again. And she was always gonna remember me as the creep who played with her tits. I shook my head and flopped down on the couch, feeling every inch of my body sink deep into the soft fabric. I had a great view of my cleavage from that vantage point. So great a view, in fact, that I couldn't see much else. I found myself staring deeply, longingly into the cleft between my breasts. I began to imagine what it might look—and feel like—to slide my old penis between those mountains and I felt my groin alight once more with a tingling sensation. I closed my eyes and shook my head. No no no. Why was sex the only thing I could think about? I

reached behind me and blindly pulled a novel from the bookshelf. I opened to a random page and placed the book over my cleavage. I wasn't going to look anymore. I was just gonna pretend I was Lee Ramon, read a book, and wait for Tommy to get home.

At around seven I realized I needed to use the bathroom and proceeded with trepidation. Luckily, despite the strangeness, my new body knew what it was doing, and I was able to finish up in there pretty quickly. Luckily, I didn't have to look at my new equipment, and my breasts blocked most of the view regardless. It occurred to me that it must be really tough for Veronica to do things like tie her shoes, or... look at her stomach. I made myself half a box of pasta in the kitchen and left the dirty plate in the sink. I didn't have it in me to leave the kitchen in the same immaculate condition I found it in. When the clock read eight fifteen I heard Tommy arrive. He let himself in and plopped down across from me at the kitchen table.

"Hey sweetie, how was your afternoon?" I asked. The kid looked exhausted.

"It was great!" he said "We played with the dogs, and we had burgers outside, and Miguel fell off his scooter. It was gruesome!" Normally that would have made me laugh, but I felt a foreign pang of worry deep inside me.

"Is he okay?" I asked.

"Oh yeah, he's fine, but his knee is all scraped up." I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hey, how come you're still in your clothes from the game?" asked Tommy. I had almost forgotten.

"O-oh, well, I just... haven't gotten around to taking a shower yet," I said, unconvincingly. "I could ask you the same thing!" Tommy laughed.

"I think I'm gonna head to bed, mom" he said, sliding elegantly off his chair.

"You sleep well, sweetie!" I said as I watched him climb the stairs. "Don't forget to set your alarm!"

I heard his door close and relaxed. I wasn't sure if I was more stressed out by the fact that I had to pretend to be Veronica around him, or by the fact that I was doing a pretty good job. It felt like every time I opened my mouth, less of me and more of her came out. I pulled the crinkled list that Veronica had written me from my waistband and looked it over.

"Take a shower. You're a mess."

I sighed. I was going to have to bite the bullet eventually. I certainly didn't want to go to sleep in my sweat soaked clothes.

I made my way upstairs. First I was going to need to locate some pajamas. I approached Veronica's dresser, chewing my lip. I knew that compared to what I had done in the bathroom during the game this was hardly a violation, but it still felt wrong to go

through Veronica's things. How was I even going to know which drawer the pajamas were in? Without thinking, I pulled open the second drawer on the right. Inside were panties, socks and... I stroked the impossibly soft, silky fabric with both hands, and lifted the slightly translucent garment from the drawer. It fell from its folded position, and I realized I was holding a nightgown. There was no way. There was *absolutely* no way I was going to wear that. And yet I was still holding it, sliding that fabric between my fingers. I'd imagined Veronica wearing something like this before, and now that I had this bizarre chance. Was I really going to pass up the opportunity to find out what it would look like? What it would *feel* like?

I sucked in a deep breath and tossed the nightgown over my shoulder. I picked a plain white pair of panties off the top of the pile and made my way to the bathroom. I shut the door and locked it. My heart skipped a beat when I caught sight of Veronica in the mirror. God, *that* was going to take some getting used to. *Or... not.* I reminded myself that by this time tomorrow, I would be back in my own body. I wouldn't need to get used to anything. I nodded at my reflection, attempting to convince myself. God, Veronica hadn't been kidding, I *was* a mess. My makeup was running, and my hair was half-matted. How did she always keep herself looking so fresh?

I tore myself away from my reflection and turned on the faucet in the shower. The sound of the rushing water was oddly comforting. I could feel my muscles beginning to relax. I turned away from the mirror and pulled the tank top off over my head. I tossed it into the far corner of the room and unclasped my bra. This time it had been easy. Effortless. It was as though I had done it every day for the last thirty years. Maybe I had. I tossed the bra on top of the tank-top and watched as my newly freed breasts swung gently from side to side. God, boobs were *weird*. I'd never really properly thought about it before today, but it was almost like I had two new limbs, but no ability to control them. They were always in the way. They were heavy. I reached a hand behind me and massaged my shoulders. I could still feel the indentations where my bra-straps had cut into me. The glass shower was beginning to fill up with steam. I stripped off the skin-tight pants, marveling at my soft, hairless thighs. I kicked the pants to the corner and with my head turned pointedly upwards toward a framed illustration of a calendula, I pulled down my panties. I had to struggle a little bit to get them past my hips. The effort sent my flesh jiggling in all directions. Finally free of any constraints, I turned to survey myself in the mirror. Unfortunately the glass had all fogged up and all I could make out was a pale, pear-shaped mass. My finger hovered over the switch for the exhaust fan, but I decided to leave it off. Maybe it was for the best if I didn't see myself naked.

Once in the shower it became even more difficult to keep my mind on business. *I'm here to get clean. That's all*, I told myself. There were a ton of different bottles in her shower caddy. I wasn't sure where to start. I found a tall green one marked "revitalizing shampoo" and figured that was as good a place as any. I leaned back my head, drenching my hair and scalp with warm water. Fuck that felt good. I ran my fingers through my hair, gently detangling it. As it became more water-logged the waves flattened out, and I had the strange sensation that it was growing longer. Once my hair was adequately drenched (which took longer than I was used to) I squeezed out a generous helping of coconut-scented shampoo and kneaded it into my hair. Once finished, I found a matching bottle of conditioner which turned my hair from coarse to supple in a matter of moments. *Holy shit. Maybe I should start actually using conditioner*. Even after washing out the conditioner, I continued to play with my hair. Eventually I mustered the courage to lather my body with foaming body-wash. I quickly scrubbed my groin area and slid my hand between my ass cheeks. My skin was slick now, and my hands slid off of all surfaces. I bit my lip and began to lather my breasts, trying to cup them in my hands. They kept sliding out of my grasp, but eventually I was able to get them sufficiently clean. All the grabbing turned my previously soft nipples back into marbles, and I hastily rinsed myself off before turning off the shower. I was *not* gonna let myself get excited again. The first two times I could chalk up to shock and necessity, but if I started playing again that would be on me.



I got out of the shower and toweled off, a process which took me significantly longer than I was used to. There were a lot more nooks and crannies to dry off and getting the underside of my boobs dry was a big challenge. I shoved the towel up in there and realized that the weight of my breasts actually held it up. I chuckled. I must have looked really silly.

My hair proved to be a bigger issue. Normally when I got out of the shower I just rubbed a towel hard across the top of my head a few times. I couldn't do that with so much hair and I wasn't quite sure how to approach the drying process. I'd seen women bundling their hair into a kind of turban with towels before, but I didn't have the foggiest idea how to go about doing something like that. Eventually, I decided to just pat it with a hand towel until it stopped dripping and hoped it would dry while I was asleep. I retrieved the fresh panties I'd placed on the counter and stepped into them one leg at a time. *Holy shit* they felt nice. Sweat and pre-cum free, they slid effortlessly onto my body. I pulled them up a little bit too high and felt them press tight on my womanhood. It felt kinda good. A little bit exciting. I flushed as I turned my attention to the nightgown. I really was about to put it on. The gown was white with little pink butterflies and dragonflies on it. I found the bottom of the garment and pulled it over my head. The way the fabric felt as it slid down my body was unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. I felt like butter, and this nightgown was a hot knife. It sent shivers of pleasure through me wherever it touched, and I could feel myself getting turned on again.

Nonononono... I had to focus on something else. I grit my teeth and turned my attention back to the framed botanical illustration across from the toilet. I released the bottom of the nightgown and it slithered from my chest to my knees and a small moan escaped me as the friction brought my nipples back to full attention. *Shit. I should have found some sweatpants or something to wear to bed. This was... this was just too much!* The mirror was beginning to defog, but I wouldn't allow myself a glimpse. I hung up the towel, unlocked the door, crossed the hall, shut Veronica's bedroom door, and breathed. *Thank God* Tommy was asleep. I pivoted slowly, then stopped dead. My attempts to avoid my reflection had ultimately been fruitless. I caught sight of myself in the bedroom mirror and I watched as my face turned beet red.

What stood before me was something out of one of my childhood wet dreams. Nothing less than pure fantasy. Veronica Singer, hair wet, standing practically nude in a translucent nightgown. The heat was spreading through my body again. I stepped closer to the mirror as though in a trance. I could feel the muscles in my inner thighs contracting, and something began to awaken in my loins once more. I felt like I was

going to burst. I needed some kind of release. I needed to feel a hard cock pumping me full of—

What?! What was I thinking? I'm not gay! I thought. I wrenched my eyes from the mirror and leaped into the bed. I yanked the blanket over my head and laid there half-curved in the softness, smelling only Veronica. *I'm Lee Ramon. I'm twenty. I'm a guy. I am not Veronica Singer. And I'm definitely not gay. I'm Lee Ramon. I'm twenty. I'm a guy. I am not Veronica Singer...*

Eventually I drifted into a fitful sleep.

I dreamed I was in bed with Veronica. My hands caressed her soft skin and gripped her tightly at the waist. My body folded into hers and I thrust deep inside of her. As we writhed beneath the sheets, we sunk deeply into the pillows, fabric encasing our melding bodies. Our moans tangled and entwined. Our breath went in and out as one. Together in a moment of ecstasy our bodies shuddered. I could no longer tell which of us was which. I felt her orgasm, just as she felt mine, and for just a moment that was okay. It didn't matter who I was, who we were. All that mattered was the feeling of—

I woke with a start. Something was beeping. Was it my alarm? No, it wasn't the right jingle. It wasn't Taylor's either. I became aware that I was warm, and fully encased in sheets. I clawed my soft captors away from my face. I wasn't in my room. This was...

It all came back to me. I scrambled to a sitting position, attempting to assess the condition of my physical form, but even before I was able to remove the blanket and get a good look at myself I felt the unfamiliar softness of Veronica's curves heavily shifting out of view. I could see her large breasts tenting the blanket. I yanked it to the side and stared at my body, my sense of wonder and terror renewed with this new day's dawning. I hadn't changed back. But at least I hadn't turned into some kind of horrible monster. Veronica's bedside alarm clock was still beeping. Seven thirty. Four and a half hours until I changed back. I clicked the off button and the incessant, piercing sound came to an halt.

As the panic from my sudden waking began to wear off, a wave of fatigue crashed down on me. Waking up as a middle aged woman, I realized, was not the same as waking up as a twenty-year old guy. The fatigue I felt was deeper than I was used to. My bones ached. And my knees...

I hiked up the nightgown to get a good look at them. *Ow*. Dark bruises had formed in large swaths, presumably from yesterday's collapse in the bathroom. *Yikes*. I was going to need to be more careful.

I could hear Tommy's door open down the hall and a few seconds later, heard the bathroom door close. *Shit*. I was going to need to make him breakfast. Veronica had suggested I make pancakes, eggs... had she said something about cereal? *Fuck*. I didn't know how to make pancakes. I winced and swung my legs over the side of the bed in preparation to get up. I had made a mistake going to bed with damp hair. Half of it was matted on one side of my head and the other side seemed to be defying gravity. I

massaged my head, and attempted to straighten up the mess. I didn't want to risk taking another shower. Seeing and touching myself naked might prove too much. I had to be respectful of Veronica's body. There was simply no excuse.

I grumbled and got to my feet. I peered at the mirror and rubbed my eyes. I was a mess. I looked like I'd had a tumultuous night. I'd never seen Veronica like this before. She was always so... composed. My eyes slowly drifted downwards. This nightgown was even more translucent than I had noticed last night. I could clearly see my nipples, big and dark through the thin fabric, and the gap between my legs was all the more notable. The fabric of the dress hung uninhibited, smooth where I was used to a bulge.

I pulled open the bottom drawer in Veronica's dresser where I somehow knew I would find a bra. There was quite a selection in there.

So that's how you fold one of those...

I picked up a lacy pink number with a thick underwire. God, if the bra I'd been wearing the day before was uncomfortable, this thing was a nightmare. Lace isn't nearly as soft as I'd imagined. I put the bra back and noticed a robust black and heather grey zip-front sports bra. *Jeez! She had this the whole time?* I thought. *Why couldn't that weird lady have put me in this during the game?* I slid it out from under another garment and tested the softness between my fingers. This was heavy-duty, but it was soft and looked comfortable. Trying not to look too hard, I pulled the nightgown over my head and left it on the rug. I unzipped the front of the sports bra and pulled it on like it was a bomber jacket. The thick straps felt friendly on my bare shoulders. I realized, as I yanked the bra cups across my chest, why this bra hadn't featured more prominently in the drawer. It was going to be a struggle to get this thing closed. After several harrowing moments, I was able to zip up the bra and pull my unruly breasts into their respective cups. It was a little tight.

What had briefly felt like a friendly pat on the shoulder now gave way to the dull throb I had become accustomed to at the game yesterday. I guess when your chest is as big as that there isn't much relief. I noticed that my boobs were muffin-topping out of the bra. Normally that was something that would drive me wild, but seeing myself like that now was *embarrassing*. I shoved my hands back inside my bra and tried to adjust my boobs. God this was weird. It was like trying to wrestle with clouds. They kept slipping from my grasp. Unlike clouds, they weighed on me like a sack of potatoes. I realized, upon turning away from the mirror, that the clothes I folded for Veronica yesterday had fallen to the floor upon my hasty entry into the bed last night. I picked up a thick, comfy-looking orange sweater and pulled it on over my head. Great. This felt safe and cozy. I

was still stuck in the wrong body, but at least I wasn't being forced to look like a slut as my son's soccer game.

My son. Holy crap, I just said "my son." I shook my head vigorously. *I'm Lee Ramon. I'm twenty. I'm a guy. I am not Veronica Singer. I'm Lee Ramon. I'm twenty. I'm a guy. I am not Veronica Singer.*

I pulled on a pair of black cotton leggings and tugged my oversize sweater down to hide my crotch. It exposed more cleavage than I'd hoped for, but I was more uncomfortable with that ever-present absence between my legs than the additional mass attached to my chest. After a final, futile damage control attempt with my hair, I made my way downstairs. Tommy was already in the entryway packing his backpack.

"Woah. Did you just wake up?"

"Uh... Yeah," I said.

"You look terrible!" said Tommy, his piercing gaze traveled inquiringly from my bare feet up to my disheveled head. "Are you sick?" Ouch. Someone needed to teach this kid some tact.

"Just... tired," I said. It wasn't a lie. And it wasn't like I was about to tell him "Yeah, I'm having trouble adjusting to this body ever since I magically transformed into your mother at the game yesterday. I'm actually Lee, by the way."

"Well if you're not sick, can you make pancakes?"

Tommy left for school in a pretty bad mood. I slumped in my chair. The kitchen window was wide open and thin smoke snakes found their way lazily from the room. Tommy had not gotten pancakes. Tommy had gotten an egg, scrambled. Over-cooked, he had said. And some cereal which luckily was served just how he liked it, no thanks to me. What remained of the pancakes sizzled quietly, fused to the pan in the sink.

It was bad enough that I looked like Veronica Singer. I didn't want to turn into her completely, but god, that would have been a good time for that weird autopilot thing that kept happening. I hadn't gotten enough sleep. I decided that must be the problem. After all, my head kept slipping from the hand I was using to prop it up, and my eyelids felt heavy. I pushed myself from the chair and shuffled my large body to the living room where I collapsed onto the couch. It kinda smelled like sweat. Probably my fault for having lied there prior to showering yesterday. I couldn't be bothered to even think about what to do about that. Being a single mom *sucked*. I shut my eyes.

The next thing I heard was the repeated ringing of the doorbell. I blinked blearily. Hot sunlight was shining directly onto my face. I must have slept for a while, but I

certainly didn't feel any better. The ringing at the door did not stop. I swung my legs off the sofa and shuffled to the entryway, squinting. It had better be Veronica, I told myself. I was in no kind of shape to talk to anyone else.

I opened the door. It was Veronica. In my body, obviously, but when I saw her, I had to do a double take. Maybe it was the sunlight interfering with my groggy eyes, but I looked... *good*. How had she gotten my hair to do that? And my clothes, had they been ironed?

"Wow," said Veronica. It was no less jarring to hear my voice coming from somewhere else than it had been yesterday. "You look *terrible*."

She didn't sound the least bit surprised. I was getting tired of being told how I looked. It took me a moment to notice the cup in her hand. "I realized this morning that you're not a coffee person. Or, at least, your body isn't. So I figured I might find you like this." I took the warm paper cup she offered me. The scent I normally found repulsive caused a strange and unfamiliar sensation to spread through me. It smelled *so good*. I slowly lifted the drink to my lips and took a long sip of the hot elixir. Heavenly. I felt the warmth spreading from my heart to the tips of my fingers. I managed a "thank you" In between sips as Veronica bustled past me into the house. When she passed I caught a whiff of something strange. Was it cologne? I didn't even *own* cologne!

Veronica rounded the kitchen table and peered at the carnage in the sink. "I see the single mother life has been treating you well." She giggled. Why was she so chipper? With nearly half the coffee in me now, I felt prepared to make conversation.

"Did you go to my exam?" I asked, fearful of the answer.

"Aced it." Veronica was beaming. She really did look good in there. I looked *groomed*. It was weird. I had never seen myself looking so confident. "You know Lee, I had almost forgotten how much *fun* college can be! And your roommate, oh my god, is he a riot or what?"

"O-oh, Taylor" Somehow in the fog of yesterday's meeting I hadn't thought about the fact that I was sending Veronica back to my dorm room, masquerading as me and that she might in fact meet and talk to Taylor. But now that I *was* thinking about it, a creeping dread began to fill me. Had I been the one returning to the dorm room last night, what would Taylor have said to me? He would have wanted to know how it went with Veronica. He wouldn't be subtle about it either. If he and Veronica had talked, then there was a big possibility that she knew.

"Yeah! He's such a charming young man. Oh, and I hadn't smoked hash in *years!*" *Oh thank god*. Maybe Taylor had already been high when she got there. Maybe he had forgotten. It was weird thinking about Veronica smoking weed, but I guess if it

had saved me from peak embarrassment I couldn't complain. "You know, normally, I would have found a strapping young man like that to be quite the snack."

"S-Snack?" I began to turn red.

"Oh," Veronica looked away, a little bit embarrassed, "I mean, normally I would have found him to be quite attractive. I don't know what's come over me," she giggled. "I wouldn't normally say 'snack' like that! I guess I'm just feeling... young!"

Okay, this was getting genuinely unsettling. I took a long sip of coffee and sat down at the kitchen table. "But you know, I knew in my head that he was attractive, but in my body... in your body, I didn't feel that way." I thought about the way I'd responded to Brain yesterday and flushed a deeper red. "I think we've changed more than—"

"—Just our bodies." I finished Veronica's sentence.

"So you've noticed it too?" She asked.

"Yeah," I said. "I feel like I'm turning into you more and more." My foot was tapping idly under the table. I didn't want to turn into Veronica. I liked my life. I liked my body. But it was starting to seem like Veronica liked it too.

"Oh, that reminds me," Veronica sat down across from me and leaned over the table, "Taylor told me everything."

I choked. coffee spluttered out of my unprepared mouth. I couldn't move. *She knew. Oh god, she knew.*

"At first I was... shocked."

Fuck fuck fuck. What did she think of me? What was she going to say?

"I don't know where you got the idea that I... that I had feelings for you like that."

I was getting tunnel vision. All I could see was her face. She was making direct eye contact. I was melting.

"But to be honest, after thinking about it, and maybe it was the hash, I started to feel... flattered."

My heart stopped. My mouth hung open stupidly. Had she really just said what I think she said? I started to sink into my chair.

"I never would have thought you'd have feelings for... *me*."

This was all wrong. We were in the wrong places. Why was I hearing this out of my own mouth as I sat opposite myself?

"And I thought some more, Lee, and I realized that, even though I was in a hurry, yesterday morning when you came, I was really surprised at how handsome you'd become."

I was struggling to breathe. A part of me wanted to evaporate, never to be seen or heard from again, but another part was hanging on her every word. Maybe when we got out of this, *if* we got out of this, I'd actually have a chance.

"I mean you looked a little silly in that getup with that slicked back hair, but you were sweet. You were grown up. I was surprised." Veronica leaned back in her chair and kneaded her chin. Something I did when I was embarrassed. Was she turning a little bit red now?

"And when I met that woman in the waiting room..." Veronica's voice was muffled by her hand. "She asked about my love-life and, well, just for a second I... I thought about *you*." Her eyes met mine again. The cogs in my brain began to turn. "And if you are any bit the horny adolescent I assume you to be based on your um, *erection* this morning..." She looked away again, but her gaze soon returned to me. "I'm willing to bet that when she spoke with you, you were having lusty thoughts about *me*."

I wasn't sure if it was possible to be more embarrassed. My tongue had turned to lead. Finally, at a loss for what else to do, I nodded once in agreement, and dropped my gaze to the table in front of me, defeated. Now she *really* knew. As I stared at a small knot in the wooden table I felt a tingling between my thick thighs. I clamped my legs together. *No no no*. I was not allowed to get turned on. Why was this even happening?

Clamping my legs had the opposite of the intended effect. Shots of pleasure began to pulse from my womanhood outwards and through my pelvis. Unable to contain myself, I began rubbing my thighs together. I had to stop. I couldn't do this, but I couldn't seem to find a way to stop. I stared harder and harder at the knot. Finally I lifted my gaze. Veronica was leaning forward again. The shirt she'd picked out really went well with my complexion, I thought. Her jaw was rigid. I liked the way the light bounced off its sharp contour. Her gaze was thoughtful. Assessing me. I could really tell that there was an adult in there. Not some twenty-year old kid. And I was that kid. I might not have looked it, but I was way out of my depth. I didn't know what she would do next.

"And so... here I am," said Veronica, finally. "It's one pm. We haven't changed back."

My heart hammered. I looked up at the clock in the kitchen. She was right. The twenty-four hour period had been up an hour ago, and I was still her and she was still me. I felt like a jet-liner whose engines had stopped dead at thirty-thousand feet. I was plummeting. This had been my anchor. As I'd tried to fall asleep last night, I reminded myself that this would all be over at noon tomorrow. That was what kept me sane this morning while I burned the pancakes and Tommy complained. This was what I had *needed* and now... I felt nothing. Was this it? Was this my new reality? Was I doomed

never to see my feet again? Never to beat off my own dick again? Doomed to wear bras and have periods?

“So I’ve given this a lot of thought,” Veronica continued, “and I think we should...” I waited with bated breath. I hoped against hope she had some solution. A magical potion. A book of spells, anything. “...have sex.”

I stood up with a start, toppling over my chair, and backed up, holding up my hands as though to ward off some terrible evil.

“What?!”

I’d always dreamed of having sex with Veronica. Normally hearing those words out of her mouth would have been enough for me to die happily, but they hadn’t come out of her mouth. They’d come out of mine, and there was no way. there was simply no way I was going to fuck *myself*!

“No!” I exclaimed. “We—We can’t! I’m not— I’m not *gay*!” I backed into the corner of the counter and stopped when I felt the marble top squish against my butt. The cold of the countertop shot through me like the water on my nipples the day prior. I clamped my jaw hard to avoid moaning. Veronica was standing now too. She righted my toppled chair with slow precision, then looked at me.

“I know, Lee. It took me a little while to understand what was happening, but...” She gestured to my body. “In here, I’m attracted to women. So I *know* you’re not gay. And I know I’m not gay either, which means that you’re attracted to men in there.” She pointed at me, and I had never felt so exposed. I crossed my arms awkwardly in an attempt to hide my womanly form. I just wanted to disappear. She was right. She knew she was right. “And if you’re attracted to men, and I’m attracted to women, and you’re attracted to me, and I’m attracted to you, then... well then that’s straight. Right?”

“W-well...” I was getting confused. And turned on. And even more confused.

“Okay, maybe it’s a little bit gay,” she admitted, “but there’s nothing wrong with that. I experimented when I was in college.”

She had?! Picturing a young Veronica making out with some faceless woman was not helping with the heat spreading in my loins. My panties felt slick. Was this what women called “getting wet?”

“Look, Lee, I’m about out of ideas here, but I think this might be the answer. We were both thinking about each other when we met that woman. Maybe we made some kind of unspoken wish. And then she just vanishes. Maybe she was trying to help us. Maybe we have sex, and that fixes everything, and we change back and...”

“Okay,” I squeaked. Veronica paused. She looked shocked that I’d agreed so easily. I was shocked too, but a hunger was building in me and if I didn’t do something

about it I was going to burst. And if Veronica was right about this... Well, I had to know. I wasn't going to admit I was stuck in this body until I'd tried everything.

"I just... I'm really... I'm really turned on right now," I admitted, tears beginning to well in my eyes from the pressure of holding a straight face. I clamped my legs together ever harder. I could see my nipples rising through the sports bra. Through the sweater even. They were rock hard, and speaking of rock hard, I couldn't help but notice something straining ever harder against the confines of Veronica's pants. I swear I saw it throb, and another wave hit me. My knees began to shake. "Lets..." I couldn't believe I was about to say it, "let's do it."

The moment the words escaped my lips, I knew there was no going back. My body was on fire. Every nerve was alight with anticipation. With shaking hands I pulled the orange sweater over my head and let it fall to the kitchen floor. When I looked up again, Veronica had taken several steps closer. She was taking off her shirt, but her eyes were fixed on my chest. Transfixed even. I knew the feeling. My breath came out in short bursts. Veronica let my shirt drop to the floor. Bare-chested, I had to admit while my body wasn't fit like Taylor's, it didn't look half bad either.

It was lean. Smooth. My skin glowed. I wanted to touch it. I realized I was biting my lip almost hard enough to draw blood. It was my tether to reality. The last line of defense between myself and oblivion. I slowly began to pull down my pants. As I bent down to pull the tight fabric from my legs, my face came ever closer to Veronica's... package. I could see it throbbing now. I certainly wasn't imagining it. It was huge. Maybe it was just the angle, but I could have sworn my dick hadn't been that big when I last had it. I stepped gingerly out of the leggings, and before I straightened back up, I grabbed Veronica's ass and drew her new male body closer to mine. An action which surprised me about as much as it did her.

With my free hand I traced the shape of her throbbing member through her pants, and then found my way to the fly. In a single fluid motion I unzipped her pants, and yanked them down to her knees. Now only constrained by boxers, her member twitched hard. I could see a wet patch beginning to form as precum dampened the fabric. Her underwear weren't the only ones getting wet. I could feel mine soaking through. They were caught in my folds as well, shifting back and forth with each move I made. I needed to get them off.

I released my grip on Veronica's waist and pulled my soaked panties down to my knees. When I looked-up, Veronica had freed her member and was staring in breathless shock at the sheer size of the pulsing rod protruding from her body. I'd never seen my veins this prominent. This had to have been the biggest boner my body had ever produced, and just the sight of it, was enough to send convulsions through my waist and thighs. Unable to contain myself, I let out a sharp sound, mouth agape. Centered on my vagina, a wave of indescribable pleasure cascaded through me causing my muscles to tense and release so rapidly that I couldn't even think. Was I having an orgasm? There was some resemblance to the sensations I was used to, but this was altogether more

intense. This experience was... bodily. I could feel my knees starting to give out as more embarrassing sounds escaped my lips. How could this be happening? Wasn't the guy supposed to come first? And we hadn't even started to have sex yet.

I nearly toppled forward, catching myself on Veronica. We were pressed together now. I could feel her heartbeat through my boobs. I could smell her hair, and hear her small sharp breaths.

"Y-You okay?" she asked, breathlessly

"I-I'm so sorry. I think... I think I came." I burned with shame. I was thankful for Veronica's support. She was strong. "I didn't mean to, I..."

She smiled.

"You know, women can have multiple orgasms, right?" she giggled. I had known that. I must have just... forgotten.

I could feel her cock. It was pressed against my crotch, between my vagina and my navel. It pulsed with a dull rhythm. "This thing..." Veronica motioned to it, "it's bigger than it was this morning. I feel kinda light headed."

"Yeah, my body's been into... your body for a long time," I said, catching my breath again. "That boner's been years in the making."

I couldn't see it with her body pressed so tightly against my breasts, but I could feel it there, aching to do what it was designed for.

"I don't know if I really... know how to use it properly," said Veronica, her face flushing. "Can you show me?"

I nodded, and with that, Veronica stepped back and took her throbbing member in her hand. She looked me dead in the eyes and stepped forward again, taking me by the hips. Her fingers sunk deep into my flesh, and before I knew it she was *lifting* me. I didn't even think my body had the strength for something like that, and yet it was happening. She only lifted me for a moment before placing me on the counter. Some plastic cups were sent fluttering to the floor, but neither of us cared. . Veronica gently guided the hard warm length of her up and inside of me. I could feel every bump, every vein. I was soaking wet in there. Every time I thought it had reached the end, I became aware of even greater depths within me. I'd never felt *anything* inside me like that before.

Deeper and deeper it slid as Veronica grew closer and closer to me. Her eyes were closed, mouth agape, twitching as she experienced what I knew must be an entirely new and unfamiliar ecstasy for her. Her face grew ever closer to mine. I could feel her breath, and in a moment of pure emotion, devoid of any thought, I placed my mouth on hers.

I could feel her hot breath on my tongue, and as our lips locked our tongues began to tangle. She leaned in hard, pressing me against the marble countertop and thrusting the last inch of her cock deep into my pussy. I moaned into her mouth, and laced her fingers through my hair. She tugged hard, and something about the dull pain added even more to the crashing waves of pleasure that ravaged my body. I felt her begin to work her pelvis back and forth, and nearly cried out as my body shook.

I was having another orgasm. If the first one had been intense, this one was nearly earth-shattering. I shook and writhed. Veronica tightened her grip. Her free hand began to snake its way up my chest and found the zipper to my bra. Oh god, she was going to let them out. Right here in the kitchen.

I felt the zipper disengage and the weight of my untamed breasts crashed outwards between us. I felt like we were on a water bed, but the mattress was a part of my own body. Veronica pressed herself against my chest and my breasts squeezed out the sides of her. She broke the kiss that had consumed us and shook her now disheveled hair out of her eyes. There was something new in her eyes now. An animal look. It was hot. I couldn't deny that I was turned on by my own body, but I was too wrapped up in the sex to care.

Veronica took both hands and, still sliding in and out of me, grabbed both of my nipples, twisting hard. I let out a sound I'd only ever heard in pornos. A long scream-like moan that raised in pitch at the end. Veronica might have never wielded a penis before, but she knew *exactly* what she was doing. She knew what made this body tick. Of course she did. She'd lived in it her whole life.

She continued to knead my breasts, a sensation somewhere between pleasure and pain, and I was loving every second of it. A third orgasm began to rock my body. Suddenly, Veronica released my breasts, letting them fall heavily to their resting portion, and grabbed my hips with both hands, thrusting with renewed vigor. I laid back as exhaustion began to take hold, the cold marble countertop sending shivers down my spine. I wrapped my soft legs tightly around Veronica's back and drew her closer. All the while her thrusts were getting faster. Rougher. Stronger. Beads of sweat were forming on her brow and her face was flushed. She panted through gritted teeth.

"I think... I Think..."



She couldn't get the words out, and I was at a loss to reply as a fourth and final orgasm exploded through my body. I shook, moaning and grasped behind me for something to hold onto. My body convulsed uncontrollably and I felt Veronica's penis come to a dead stop inside of me. For a moment there was nothing. We were falling through space, two bodies in the throws of previously unknown pleasures. Then I felt her convulse inside of me, and as my mind-numbingly intense orgasm came to its climax I felt her shoot her massive load inside of me.

Breathing raggedly, we both relaxed. Her penis slid from my vagina, soaked in our fluids, and Veronica collapsed onto me, her face buried in my breasts. We lay there for a moment in beautiful silence. In that moment, absolutely nothing was wrong.

But slowly I began to return to myself. And what I realized was that my self was still Veronica's self.

Veronica slid slowly down from my breasts and staggered back to her feet. Her pants were tangled around her ankles, and her cock hung flaccid once more. Her hair was all mussed up, but I had to admit, I kinda liked the disheveled look.

I slid off the counter and to my feet, suddenly very aware of how naked I was. My panties were still around my ankle and I quickly pulled them up and over my hips. I began to work on getting my bra closed again. My breasts were red from where Veronica had grappled with them.

"It didn't work," I said. The words came out weakly. Sex was hard work, I realized.

"Give it... some time," said Veronica. She too sounded a little worse for the wear. "Did you... uh... come?" She asked. I nodded sheepishly.

"Four times," I replied.

"Shit. I haven't come that many times since... probably high school," she said.

"And you?" I asked "Was it good?" Veronica nodded.

"I've never felt like that before. In charge. Like a man. It was good." Veronica slowly pulled up her boxers and stepped out of the crumpled pants. "I think I'm gonna shower." She looked at me, a slight smile danced around the edges of her mouth. "Do you want to join me?"

I tried to keep my mind on the trouble at hand. We still hadn't changed back. But the invitation was tempting. I wanted to put my mouth on her mouth again. I wanted to keep touching that strange yet familiar body.

"Yeah," I breathed, "but I need some water."

I picked a cup off the floor and made my way to the sink. "I'll meet you up there," I said.

Veronica nodded, picked up her shirt and pants, and made her way upstairs. I turned on the faucet and began to fill the cup with icy water. What had just happened to me? One minute we had been talking and the next I was having sex with the woman of my dreams while she was inside of *my* body. If it hadn't just happened to me I would have said that was the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard. Surely it couldn't get any weirder.

I realized the cup had long since reached full capacity and water was running down the edges and over my hand. I turned off the faucet, poured out a little water, and took a sip. God that felt good. I closed my eyes and tilted the glass, taking long gulps. As I drank I turned around so that I could lean on the counter. I finished the cup of water and slowly opened my eyes. My heart stopped.

Standing not two feet away was the woman from the soccer field. The cup slid from my hands and clattered to the floor. Thankfully it was plastic.

"How did you get in here?"

She was still clad all in black, but this time it was a long sleeved turtleneck dress that went down just below her knees. She was wearing thick, dark pantyhose and sported chunky black heels that made her several inches taller than me. Maybe it was the height difference or maybe it was simply the knowledge of what she could do, but this time she was menacing.

"I have my ways," she responded, twirling a lock of shimmering raven hair. "How've you been enjoying Veronica's pan-" her gaze slid down to my bare legs "—ties?" I swiftly covered my nether regions with both hands, burning with embarrassment.

"Please, Miss, we want to change back. I want my body back. I don't know why you did this to us, but please, I-I don't want to be stuck like this forever!"

She took a step closer to me and raised a hand to caress the side of my face. I was too terrified to move.

"Would it really be so bad?" she asked. "To be stuck like this forever? I can tell some part of you is enjoying this experience."

"I'll admit it," I croaked, "I like... some of it. But please, I just want to be me." Suddenly she smiled wide and stepped back again.

"Ah, I love to see men squirm in the wrong bodies," she said. "But not to worry, the spell I used on you two only lasts for forty-eight hours." My eyes widened.

"So we were always gonna change back? Tomorrow at noon?" I could breathe again. It was going to be okay. I wasn't doomed to be Veronica. Veronica wasn't doomed to be me. Sure, maybe the sex hadn't been the best idea, but I couldn't deny I'd enjoyed it. And now we only had to live like this for another twenty four hours. Less even!

“Yep,” said the mysterious woman. She waited for a response, but I was too relieved to form words. “Anyways, just wanted to check in on you, make sure you were enjoying yourself. I don’t want to get in your way.”

She turned and headed for the door, her heels clicked on the floor. I raised one hand as if to beckon her back. I had so many questions. Too many questions. I couldn’t pick one. She opened the door.

“Wait,” I said. She already had one foot outside. She stopped, turning to survey me out of the side of her eye. “This’ll be over in twenty four hours? You’re absolutely sure?”

“One hundred percent!” She winked and turned away from me again, then stopped. “Well...”

I froze.

“Well, unless you had sex.”

The floor dropped out from below me. I was thirty thousand feet in the air and falling again.

“If you have sex during the spell’s active period, the transformation becomes irreversible,” she continued, “but you didn’t really strike me as the forward kind so I wasn’t too worried about that.”

No, she hadn’t been wrong about that. Turns out it was *Veronica* who was the forward one! She turned again, and raised an eyebrow when she caught sight of me, frozen in horror.

“You didn’t...” the corner of her mouth began to travel upwards into a smile so slight I wasn’t sure if I was imagining it. “Did you?”

The End



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#5

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