

MAXWELL AVOI

Author of Amazon
Bestseller "Exchange"



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“Polymorphed”

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Smashwords Edition

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By Maxwell Avoi

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So there I was in the bathroom. Oh, I know that's not how these stories are supposed to start but that's where it all began for me. I was standing at a urinal, happily taking care of business, when I heard a shout from the area of my crotch.

As you can imagine, it sort of dried up the flow. I mean, fast enough to have possibly caused some damage. I looked down and there was a tiny woman standing there on the urinal cake. She was dripping but her expression of horror and anger looked hot enough to flash the moisture into steam.

She screamed at me, "What is this?!? This isn't the women's room!"

I figured I was dreaming. Or that I'd had a stroke. I wanted it to be a dream because if it was a stroke I was probably lying on the floor of the bathroom, still unzipped. The whole situation was so surreal that I started laughing.

That was not a good move as far as she was concerned. "Oh, you think this is FUNNY?" she shouted. "Fine then! I was saving this thing for something special and I think you're it!"

With that she made a throwing motion with both arms. I didn't see anything, but my penis sort of tingled for a moment. I didn't think anything of it at the time. The fairy or whatever she was folded her arms and swirled down the drain as if she was made of water.

I stood there for a moment, bemused, and then zipped up and went to the sink. There was no way I was about to finish the job at the moment. I stared into the mirror and nothing seemed out of place. School must have been getting to me. I decided to skip my other class that day and head straight home. I needed a very strong drink and a long sleep.

As soon as I stepped out of the door the entire world went black around me.

I woke up to a familiar voice calling my name. I opened my eyes and saw my friend Mike crouching next to me, shaking my shoulder. He said, "Paul? Paulie! Hey, what's wrong? Can you tell me how many fingers I'm holding up?"

I sat up and pushed him away from me. Black hair cascaded over my face and I froze. This hair wasn't mine. My hair was brown and cut really short. My entire body felt strange. I raised my arms and pushed the hair out of my face. My arms were smaller, more delicate than they had been, and they looked to be hair-free. Scared, I looked down.

I was still wearing the same T-shirt and shorts that I'd been wearing earlier, but now that shirt was stuffed to the limit with the largest breasts I'd ever seen in real life and the legs filling the (shorter and tighter) shorts were much different. They were longer and totally smooth.

With Mike's help I stood up. I staggered into the restroom to stare into the mirror once more.

The woman who stared back was nothing less than breathtaking. Her glossy black hair fell softly to her tiny waist. It framed a face set in an expression of pure astonishment, her gorgeous blue eyes open wide and her flawless red lips spread in surprise. Her face looked like an angel with a sensual streak had designed it.

She was as tall as I had been but she was more slender. Her graceful neck swept down into a ribcage that looked too delicate to support the breasts that proudly sat upon it. They were each easily as large as her head and so soft that they quivered with each heartbeat. They looked even bigger when contrasted against that tiny waist. From there spectacular hips tapered into incredible legs that terminated in cute little feet wrapped in feminine versions of my sandals.

She matched my every move. Just as I was reaching up for one of her tits Mike cleared his throat behind me. "Uh, Polly, this is the men's room. And you're, uh, not exactly a men."

I stared into the mirror for a moment longer and then turned to walk out. I said to Mike, "I'm fine, I'm going to go home." My new voice was distilled sex. I was acutely conscious of how my new body moved with each step, my hips swinging that amazing ass and my breasts bounding around.

I headed out into the parking lot and just as I was coming into sight of where I'd parked my truck I heard Mike's voice behind me. I whipped around and almost fell down at the motion of all the flesh I wasn't used to. Mike ran up waving something that he introduced as my purse. It made sense. My shorts were stuffed to the straining point at it was; there was no room for anything in my pockets. I thanked him and turned to find a little Volkswagen Beetle sitting in the space. I rummaged in my purse and found a set of keys that had Volkswagen markings and shrugged. Why not?

I got in and put the belt between those incredible breasts and drove off with a squeal of tires.

If I seem calm at this point, the reason is simple. I figured that I was dreaming. I was simply having an incredibly detailed, very weird dream. Because of that I was even able to relax and enjoy things. I liked at the feel of my curtain of hair whipping in the wind and I marveled at the sensitivity whenever I brushed up against my new chest. I giggled a bit when my nipples stiffened up.

The dream hadn't changed by the time I pulled into the driveway of my house so I went inside to take advantage of it all. The yard was cleaner and the inside of the place was dramatically different. The furniture was newer and the whole place seemed brighter and cleaner. It certainly smelled better than it used to.

I went upstairs to my room and stopped in the doorway of my room. It was a different color, with posters of nature scenes and cats on the walls. The bed was different, too, with a round mattress that seemed to be about an acre wide.

Since the dream hadn't changed I stepped in front of my full-length mirror and stopped again to stare. I quickly shucked off my shirt, my breasts bouncing gently with the motion. I also undid my shorts and stepped out of them after kicking off the sandals. The woman in the mirror stood there dressed only in simple white underwear, looking spectacular. I reached up and undid the hook in front of the bra and felt the shift in weight as my new bosom sprang free of confinement. I slipped out of the bra and stood closer to the mirror for a better look.

Gravity pulled my warm, soft tits into enormous teardrop shapes tipped my small nipples. I realized that they were twice the size that they used to be and only looked small next to their bases. I tickled them and gasped in my new

voice. I had read somewhere about how women with large breasts had insensitive nipples, something to do with the nerves stretching, but that wasn't a problem here. My breathing came faster and shorter as I kneaded them with my tiny hands and rubbed the nipples a little more. One of my hands strayed down to my flat crotch, which was suddenly warm and a little damp.

My subconscious was working overtime!

I slipped my delicate hand into the panties and rubbed around a slit down there. I enjoyed the heightened sensations right up to the time that I slipped a finger into myself.

The world came crashing down on me. This was real! There was no way that I could be dreaming that! The room spun and then I was on the floor and then the whole place went dark.

I woke up to light streaming through the window and blazing directly into my eyes. I was still on the floor but a quick glance told me that everything was normal again. My dream of the night before hadn't followed me into reality. I threw on a shirt and some boxers and headed down the hall.

I stumbled to the bathroom and stared into the mirror. Yep, there I was, tousled hair and all. I took a long leisurely piss and went back out into the hall. The moment my foot touched down on the floor outside I felt my balance shift wildly. My shirt had become a sport bra stuffed full of enormous breasts and my boxers were tight over my newly widened hips.

I went back into the bathroom and stared at the woman from the day before, tousled hair and all. A voice from beside me made me jump a foot sideways.

"So, how are things?"

Standing in the sink was the tiny woman from the day before. She was sitting on the plug and looking at me with an amused expression. I said, "What...how are..."

"You look like you've had a rough day. Sit down, dearie. Let me explain the rules."

I sank down onto the toilet, feeling as though I was sitting on a large cushion.

She continued.

"It's pretty simple. Check it out, for every minute that you spend inside a bathroom as Paul, you spend an hour outside of it as Polly."

"Polly?" I wasn't tracking very well.

"You know. Black hair, big tits, no dick?"

"So...I'm adding time right now?" I got up scared and she waved me back down again.

"No, no, you only add time when you're Paul."

I stared at her, my mind roiling. Finally, I whispered, "Please...I'm sorry...take it off..."

She grinned wider. "No can do, sweetheart. Not yet, anyway. Now, for the other rules. First, no one will notice anything different. Everyone remembers you growing up as Polly when you're Polly and all the records and such will reflect that. The only way someone will find out what is happening is if they actually see you change. The spell is flexible, but try not to screw up reality too much. Oh and don't get pregnant. You can't turn back into Paul until you have the baby. Toodles."

With that she did her little turning into water thing again and vanished from sight. I sat gaping at the drain for a while and then stumbled out into the hall again. I went downstairs and stood there for a moment and decided to make breakfast. The omelet was normal-sized for Paul but I could barely finish half of it. I felt a few tears roll down my flawless cheeks as I contemplated the half-eaten food and I got up to do something, anything, instead of bursting into tears.

I decided to see how thorough this magic spell was. I dug through the purse sitting where my wallet had been and sure enough everything was made out to Polly Westgate instead of Paul Westgate. I put it all back and went to the closet. I kept a box of memorabilia from my elementary and high school years there, a gift from my parents that I didn't know what to do with.

I found the cache of yearbooks and home videos and sat down to look through them. In the yearbooks wherever a picture of me had been a picture of Polly had

taken my place. I had the same friends and past achievements, to a point. For instance, I had been on the girls' basketball team instead of the boy's team, but other than that everything seemed just as I remembered. I was still best friends with Mike, apparently, an accident of geography.

I put in the videos one by one and watched in amazement. Polly had been something of a tomboy growing up, naturally enough, and she hadn't let her swiftly developing body slow her down at all. She was a wet dream by ninth grade and her body had taken on most of its incredible dimensions by the tenth. Then the baby fat had faded and she was the stunning goddess that I was now by the twelfth grade.

I changed back to normal while I was putting the box away. There wasn't any disorientation like the first time. I was just Paul all of a sudden. I stood up and faced the bathroom door. I took a deep breath, stepped inside, and counted to three. I stepped out the door and my breasts bounced when I released the breath.

I stood there and watched the clock for the next three minutes, absently playing with my enormous chest as I did so. The small nipples were just so incredibly sensitive. Then suddenly I was Paul again, my hands clenched to my flat chest.

I sat down for a while, thinking. This was something that would drive me nuts pretty quickly and I needed to tell someone. Mike was the only logical person to tell so I called him up and invited him over. He liked to come over on the weekends anyway to get away from his dorm room. I sat and fretted over what to do until he pulled into the driveway.

Mike was pretty normal, showing no signs of having seen a gorgeous woman in my place yesterday. He did ask how I was feeling after yesterday's little episode but other than that there was nothing. We sat and drank Cokes and played on my X-Box for a while before I finally felt relaxed enough to tell him. I just laid it all out for him and then waited for his reaction.

He said, "So, you're telling me that yesterday you turned into a better looking woman than Jennifer Connelly, that you turn into this woman whenever you go into a bathroom and this is happening because you pissed on a water fairy?"

"Basically, yeah."

"How hard did you hit your head?"

That was a major surprise. I had him come over and stand in front of the bathroom while I went inside. I stood there and slowly counted to ten and then stepped out. The balance shift and the feel of those massive tits settling on my chest momentarily distracted me. Then I heard a thud. Mike as slumped against the wall and he slowly slid into a sitting position as he stared at me.

I crouched down and took him by the shoulders, my soft breasts spreading out against his knees. "Mike? Mike! Are you all right?"

"I...I remember you, Polly, but I remember Paul, too and, I, I..."

"Mike! It's me, Paul! Just like you've always known!"

I got him up and had him sit on the couch. Then I went and got us some new sodas and waited while he downed his with a single gulp. I had spiked his with a generous shot of whiskey and I could see it doing him some good. Finally he calmed down and stared into my incredible eyes. "Paul?"

I smiled. "Yeah, it's me."

"What...what's it like?"

I leaned up against him. "It's so different! All this hair and everything's off balance and these things are so HEAVY and..." I trailed off as the tears began to flow in earnest. Mike took me in his arms and held me as I sobbed as much from relief as from stress.

Then I was Paul again. I felt the tears dry up immediately and Mike let me go.

We stared at each other for a moment and then he said, "Wow."

"Yeah."

"Shit."

"Yeah."

Then we were both laughing.

We quieted down and I said, "I don't know what to do now."

He sat for a moment and then said, "You ought to have some fun with it while you've got it."

I couldn't believe it. "What?"

"Yeah. I know! We could have a friend date."

"What's that?"

"Polly and I did...do those all the time. We go out to the beach, come home, go to dinner, see a movie. All fun, no stress."

"No. No way."

"Why not? You turn back anyway. Have some fun."

"Well..."

We made the date for the next day. I would meet him at nine and stay in Polly's body for the whole day, returning to normal at midnight. We hung out for a couple of hours and then it was time for me to go to work. Mike said goodbye and I went to get dressed.

I worked at a local shop, the Grotto, which sold Halloween costumes during the correct season. Since it was the correct season and the boss knew that it paid to advertise, everyone was required to come to work in costume. I was wearing a Batman costume that I liked since it covered most of my face. I changed into it and stopped by the door of the bathroom.

Mike was right. I would change back, and it would only be for a little while. I made my decision by stepping into the bathroom and standing there for nine minutes. My shift was only seven and a half hours but I wanted some extra time just in case. Then I took a deep breath and stepped out.

My costume morphed into something purple. I went back into the bathroom and stared. Instead of Batman I was the villainous Catwoman. My incredible breasts were outlined in material stretched to the limit. The suit looked as if it had been painted on. Even the exaggerated femininity of the comic book character matched Polly's normal form. She and I had both been designed as wet dreams. I smiled and growled a little meow at the mirror, turned back to the door, and

almost fainted at the sight of Mike standing there in the hall.

He smiled and said, "Couldn't wait, huh?"

I looked a bit sheepish and he laughed and said, "I felt you change, so I thought I'd come back in to see what was going on. Have fun at work."

He left and I got into my Beetle to head to work. The suit stretched and flexed with my movements and the sport bra that held my tits struggled to keep up. It was almost like being naked. I drove to work and was about to get out when a gray wave of panic swept over me. What was I thinking? I had to go out in public like this! I had to spend hours like this in front of everyone!

I took a deep, spectacular breath and calmed myself. No one would notice anything out of place, after all. I just had to go do my job. I got out and went inside, not having any trouble with the high heels at all.

The boss gave me one appreciative look and then set me to work. I soon fell into the rhythms of sales and even began to relax a bit. I found myself teasing the teenage boys with a deep breath or by brushing my tits or hips against them from time to time. It got to be a game and I was having fun. It wasn't like I was really a woman after all.

Sales went better than they ever had before and I got the impression that many of the customers had come just to take in my body. The day went by quickly and then I was on my way home. I changed out of the skin-tight costume and into a pair of pajama bottoms to sit and read. Polly and I had the same taste in books. Then about an hour after I got home I was Paul again.

Panic hit me after a few moments. What had I done? Had I really flirted with all those guys like that? What if one of them had been a rapist or something? Polly had seemed to know what she was doing but it was still scary. It was a while before I went to sleep.

The alarm rang far too early and I stayed in bed for a while. Did I really want to go through with this? I almost called Mike to call it all off three different times but something made me stop each time. I found myself in the bathroom with the alarm set for twenty minutes, taking a shower. I got finished drying my hair shortly before the alarm went off. I wrapped the towel around my waist and stepped out. I closed my eyes as I shifted into Polly.

The towel was barely wrapped around my chest now and it revealed just what an artfully wrapped towel was supposed to reveal on a woman like me. I went down the hall and was just about to go into my room when I heard a knock on the door. I wrapped a robe around myself and went downstairs to see Mike standing at the front door. I let him in and then went back upstairs to change. Mike followed me and talked to me through the door, telling me about how he'd felt the change again this morning. He had plans for the restaurant and all kinds of things and it sounded kind of fun after all.

I opened the door and he stopped in shock. I was wearing a t-shirt that was about half-length, the bottom cut off raggedly. The size of my chest made it hang far out from my tight, flat belly. My shorts were cut-offs, so short that the bottom curves of my incredible ass were shown off for the world. I could feel his gaze sweep over me.

I raised an eyebrow. He recovered and stuttered, "W...wow."

"Success," I said and we both laughed.

Under the shirt and shorts I was wearing a tiny bikini that I had found. It seemed that Polly had very little other than that to wear to the beach so I assumed that it was normal for her. She enjoyed her body and wanted to show off a bit. Halloween time in southern California didn't mean a whole lot; it was warm the whole year round.

Mike's stammering was pretty bad as we got our towels together and headed for my car. I got in and slowly slid the belt between my breasts while he openly stared. I cleared my throat and he jumped. He got in, blushing.

The beach we liked was about an hour south of where we lived on the coast of Southern California so we had lots of time to talk about the new situation as we drove. Since the fairy hadn't altered my mind it was up to Mike to fill me in on the stuff that I didn't know. There wasn't much; the spell had kept things as congruent as possible. It finally came out that Polly and Mike had been friends forever, but lately it had seemed that there might be something more. Nothing had happened but Mike was kind of hoping.

I drove in silence for a little while and then pulled off the road into the trees. Thus secluded, I turned in my seat to face Mike.

I said, "Close your eyes."

"What?"

"Just do what I say. I'll tell you when to open them. I have a surprise for you."

As soon as I was sure he wasn't peeking, I pulled the hem off my shirt up so that it was held in place by my chin and then I reached behind me and unsnapped the bikini top holding my breasts captive. I let them out and moved the string out of the way. I took one of Mike's hands in each of mine and placed them gently on my bare breasts.

He froze up and said, "Polly, I-"

I pressed his hands deep into my tits. "Shh. Just...relax and enjoy it."

He opened his eyes and found me smiling at him. He said, "What..." and trailed off helplessly.

I said, "Just...squeeze a little. Play with them. Trust me, it's fun."

Tentatively and then with increasing confidence that I wouldn't stop him, he squeezed and then kneaded them. He cupped them and lifted and said, "You're right, they ARE heavy." I smiled and then gasped as he flicked his thumbs across my hardened nipples. He froze and said, "What, did I hurt you?"

I smiled. "No, it felt nice. It just surprised me a little. Do it again."

He did and the gasp was actually more of a little moan that time. I closed my eyes and let him play with my breasts. His hands became more daring, even rolling my nipples between his thumb and forefinger. My breathing came faster as he continued and I felt myself nearing an edge. Then I felt his lips on one of my nipples and that pushed me over into a stellar orgasm. Tiny whines of pleasure escaped my full lips as the waves of pleasure consumed me for what seemed like hours. Finally I came down and we both leaned back in our seats.

Finally, I said, "Wow."

"Yeah."

We grinned at each other and I reclined myself. Then we set out for the swimming area. I was in some small bit of turmoil over the whole thing. After all, I was a man in reality. I finally decided that when I was Polly I was just a

slightly different person with different needs and desires. To not sit back and enjoy those new desires would be foolish of me. I'd been handed a golden opportunity to see what life was like from the other side.

When we got to the beach I let him go and get the stuff out of the hatchback while I stripped out of the excess clothing. He came back and almost dropped everything at the sight of me. I was wearing a blue bikini that barely covered my nipples and my crotch and left absolutely everything else out in the open for the world to see. I grinned at him again and set off down the sand, putting a little wiggle in my hips for him.

He put up the umbrella and laid out the towels and I reclined on one of them. I lay down on my belly, but my breasts were so large that the position was uncomfortable. Mike told me to get up and I did.

He pulled back my towel and started digging. He soon had a large hole dug and he put the towel back over it, gently pushing it into the depression. Then he rocked back on his heels and gestured to it. He said, "This is what Polly always used to do."

I thanked him and lowered myself into the hole. My huge bosom filled it to almost overflowing but it was much more comfortable. Mike began to rub me down with suntan oil and I stopped him long enough to reach back and undo the straps holding my top on. I put them out to the side and then brushed my hair out so that it lay on the sand in a ravens-wing spray. I rested my head on my arms and let him do his thing.

His hands were sensual as he rubbed and massaged. He spent a lot of time on each part of my body and I felt myself nearing that edge again. Sometime when he was rubbing my gorgeous ass, the climax hit me. I seized my arms and bit down to keep from crying out but I knew that he could tell what was going from the way my body was quivering.

Once again it seemed to last for hours and he kept calmly massaging me the whole time. Finally the orgasm faded and the combination of the afterglow, his warm hands and the sun sent me to sleep.

I don't know how long I was out, but I woke up to Mike shaking my shoulder and telling me that it was time to go. I felt wonderful and I smiled as I sat up and stretched, arching my back. Mike's eyes bugged out and I looked down. My

bikini top was in the bottom of the hole and my enormous breasts were on display for the fifteen or so people that had joined us on the beach. I grabbed the towel and held it over my chest as I ran to the car. Furiously embarrassed, I waited until he had gathered everything up and joined me inside.

I started the car and drove off. Mike talked me down, rubbing the side of one of my breasts through the t-shirt that I had thrown on. I got so turned on that we had to stop to let him minister to them correctly. I was in a much better mood by the time we got back to my house.

We went inside and I stopped him in the foyer to kiss him deeply. I stared into his startled eyes and said, "When I'm Polly, I'm Polly. Just relax. Let's go have dinner." I kissed him again and then headed into the bedroom to change.

I came back down wearing a blue t-shirt and a pair of tight jeans. Mike had changed in the bathroom and we were ready to go. I rode with him this time. We went to a Mexican place for dinner and had a great time. I even let him pick off the remains of a chip that had fallen on the front of my shirt. He pressed a little harder than was necessary and I moaned quietly when I felt his thumb slide across my nipple again, but I didn't mind a whole lot.

The movie sucked and we left early. We drove around for a while talking and then he took me back home near midnight. I kissed him on the front porch and then stared into his eyes for a while. He finally said, "You want me to come in?"

I was about to say yes when I remembered the fairy's warning. If I got pregnant I'd stay like this for nine months and have a baby to boot. I kissed Mike again and pulled away, saying, "Not this time."

He looked dejected, so I kissed him even longer once more and said, "Next time. Let me get ready, all right?" I took his hands and pressed them deep into my soft breasts and his expression brightened a bit when he squeezed.

He turned back to his truck and then was gone. I went upstairs to bed and lay there naked for a while, staring at the ceiling and running my finger around my nipple until I fell asleep.

I woke up male, as I'd planned. I thought back to the previous night and didn't feel anything particularly. Mike was just Mike to me although I knew that Polly felt differently. I knew that I'd feel the same when I wore her body.

I went to the bathroom, stood inside for a minute, came out and went back inside as Polly. I showered quickly, rubbing my soapy hands all over my amazing body. I was amazed at how quickly I was adjusting to everything. I heard a knock while I was making breakfast and found Mike standing on the front step. He said, "Um, I felt you change and I was wondering if..."

I smiled, suddenly overwhelmed by new feelings for him. "I've had enough time to think. Let's go get some...um...preventatives, shall we?"

He held up a handful of condoms. "Way ahead of you."

Right then I changed back into Paul and his face drained of blood. I laughed and said, "Don't worry about it. Polly is Polly, like I said." I let him in and we sat down. I said, "I don't have...any of those feelings for you like Polly does, you know?"

His face fell again. Then I said, "But, I'm willing to give it a try as her. You don't have to work today, right?"

His face lit up and he said, "Nope."

"All right. Give me about half an hour."

I went back into the bathroom and stood around for twenty minutes, waiting. I had Mike throw me a magazine and read for a while and the alarm on my watch beeped before I knew it. I stepped out and went to my bedroom and stripped naked. Then I bounced downstairs and stood looking at Mike with a mock pout on my face.

I said, "Why are you still in those clothes?" and he chased me back upstairs, my breasts dancing the whole way.

Once there, Mike stripped while I lay back on the bed. He looked at me with obvious lust, hard and ready. I smiled, rolled to my feet and made him lie down. Then I took a condom and, using my mouth, rolled it onto him. I had him stand again and then I lay down onto the bed on my back and said, "Well?"

Mike took his time for a while, making sure that I was ready for him. I already was, but I appreciated his efforts with tongue and fingers. He had been doing his homework, and by the time he was ready I was panting for him.

He pushed me back onto the bed and then spread my legs with one knee while aiming with one hand. Then he positioned himself and thrust deep. My cry just encouraged him and he settled into a strong rhythm.

The alien sensations built up quickly, sending me over the edge in record time. My helpless gasps and moans seemed to spur him on, but at that point anything I did would have spurred him on. Then he clutched me close and he started twitching inside me. I came at the same time and we ended up with him lying on my breasts and both of us gasping. I found tears rolling down my face and I smiled at him as he looked into my eyes.

The rest of my time as Polly was spent in much the same way that day, teasing and cuddling each other in between session of lovemaking. I know that I had a fantastic time and I'm pretty sure that he did the same. We both collapsed unconscious around nine that night and the slumber was without dreams.

Did you ever wake up to the sound of a woman screaming in terror? Not a fun way to be yanked from sleep. I know because that's what happened the next morning. I looked around and found my room back in its normal, Paul-style configuration, with an important difference. There was a tall blonde woman standing naked at my full-length mirror, running her hands over her body and whimpering and screaming.

She was built almost exactly like Polly, with the only real differences being that her hair was blonde and she had electric green eyes. A light scattering of freckles across her nose summed up all the differences.

I said, "What the hell? Who are you?"

She stared at me with horror. "It's me, Paul. It's Mike."

I stared for a moment longer and then jumped up and tore down the hall. I ran into the bathroom and stood there beating on the sink and yelling for the water fairy. Finally I realized that she wasn't going to join us and I ran back, becoming a naked Polly on the way. Mike was standing in front of the mirror frantically checking to make sure that he was normal again.

We didn't have much to say and I promised to try to get hold of the fairy to get some answers. Finally he went off to class and I sat down to try to figure out what was happening to us. After a little while of beating my head against the

wall, I decided on a shower.

Showers as Polly were a lot of fun, particularly now that I knew how much fun she could be in bed. The combination of the heat, the slick moisture and the rubbing of my body set me off this time. I was crouching in one corner quivering after my second orgasm when I heard someone clear a throat in front of me. I opened my eyes and there was the tiny woman standing by the drain. The water seemed to flow through her on the way to the drain, a really cool effect that any movie producer would have given his teeth for.

She had one sardonic eyebrow raised. "Having fun? Thought you might. This spell was designed to create a harem girl."

I gasped and removed my hands from myself. I said, "What happened to Mike?"

She sighed and said, "I told you not to change reality too much, didn't I? The spell is pretty elastic, but certain things it can't snap back from."

"What?"

"All right, look at it this way. You have two realities, right? Paul's and Polly's. Now, is Paul gay?"

"No, not at all."

"Is Polly gay?"

"Obviously not."

"Fine, then. According to Polly's reality, Polly spent last night having loud, athletic sex with her best friend. Now, according to Paul's reality, Paul spent the night having loud, athletic sex with HIS best friend. Since no one here is gay, the spell just accommodated."

"What?"

"Because you had sex, whenever you're Paul, Mike turns into Michelle."

"Oh, shit."

"Don't worry, no one's going to even notice, even if he changes right in front of them. Now, you're about to turn back into Paul. Why don't you go wait by the phone?"

I got up and said, "Can't you take this spell off me? Off us?"

She looked somewhat embarrassed. "I'm, ah, not sure how. Those two spells were never used together before and they've created something that's greater than the sum of the parts. I'm going to have to consult with some of my colleagues before I can even try to remove it. Might take a week or two."

I got out and headed for the phone, no longer interested now that I knew she couldn't help me. I dried off and put on a robe and sat down on my bed to wait for the change and the inevitable call. About fifteen minutes later I was suddenly Paul again. After five minutes more, the phone rang. A female voice I was somewhat familiar with said, "Paul? Is that you?"

I was familiar with that voice because it was the same as Polly's. I got up and headed for the bathroom. I answered, "Mike?"

"Yeah. I was going to class and I was walking along and suddenly I was all tits and ass." I was in the bathroom talking on the cordless now. She said, "What's happening?"

I said, "Hold on just a minute."

I stepped out the door and became Polly. On the phone Mike's male voice said, "I'm back. What's happening? What's going on?"

"I can't explain over the phone, Mike. Just come to my house right now and I'll tell you all about it."

He hung up without saying goodbye, probably pissed off at me. I couldn't blame him. I went and got dressed in a simple white shirt and tight slacks. Polly didn't seem to own much that didn't show off her body to advantage, although there wasn't much that would keep from showing it off.

I sat and waited until Mike showed up. I explained everything to him, sitting there on the couch and holding his hands. He finally leaned back and said, "How long is this going to go on?"

"The fairy said it would be a while before she could figure it all out. She said maybe a week or two."

"Great."

A few minutes later we changed. I'd never seen it from the outside before. Mike had been wearing jeans and a t-shirt. Then he was Michelle and she was wearing a tight sweater and white jeans that molded themselves to every curve.

She looked at herself for a while and said, "Wow. So this is what it feels like, huh?"

I said, "Want me to go to the bathroom?"

"No. Might as well get used to it."

She got up and unsteadily made her way to my bedroom, where she stood in front of the mirror again. This time she wasn't screaming in terror and I found the sight of the goddess contemplating herself to be incredibly sexy. I sat down on the bed to hide my growing erection.

Then she took her sweater off and then her shirt and suddenly she was naked, examining herself from every angle. She came and sat down by me. She took my hands and pressed them deep into her soft, warm breasts and said, "Teach me why Polly has so much fun."

"Are...are you sure?"

She grinned and said, "Look, you know what you've been saying that when you're Polly you're Polly and not Paul? Well, I've got the memories of growing up as both Mike and Michelle and right now I'm Michelle. And let me tell you, we've been special friends for about a year now."

"You mean...I...we..."

"Shh. Just...relax and enjoy it."

I smiled back upon hearing my own words repeated to me and I set about showing Michelle why Polly liked having her breasts played with so much. Soon she was leaned back on her elbows, yelping. That was the other main difference

between Polly and Michelle; Michelle was a screamer while Polly usually just kept her pleasure to herself.

Michelle soon collapsed, twitching and quivering and crying out to God. I got up and stripped down and said, "Sure you're ready for everything?"

She leaned back and spread her legs and said, "Well?"

I rolled a condom on and set about teaching her the hard way. Her screams and cries were almost constant since I knew what felt good for Polly and apparently the same things worked for Michelle. We kept at it for hours until finally we both collapsed and fell asleep.

Did you ever wake up to the sound of a woman screaming in pleasure? That's the way I want to wake up from now on. Michelle was on the floor running her hands over her fantastic body and crying out in orgasm. She grinned sheepishly at me as I got up. I said, "Entertain yourself for a few moments, all right?"

I went to the bathroom, took a twelve-minute shower, and headed back to the bedroom, changing into Polly on the way. Mike was sitting naked on the bed and he stiffened as I walked in. I said, "Good to see that you're still capable of using that thing."

And, wow, let me tell you, he really was. His time as Michelle was already paying off and the heights I reached were breathtaking. My cries almost rivaled hers.

That's how it went, with breaks for school, food and work. We probably slept at some time or another but it didn't seem like it. At one point I turned into Polly but just for an hour as an experiment. I insisted on being on top for that session. An hour into the sex, we suddenly switched. I was abruptly thrusting into her and the change in sensation sent us both far, far over the edge. I think she actually lost consciousness for a moment.

About a week into the festivities something happened. Specifically, something tore: Mike's condom.

We figured out that I was, in fact, pregnant when I didn't change back to Paul after the allotted time. Rather than being scared (although there was a part of me that was scared to death) I was excited.

We were married two months later, after our parents planned everything out. We always fit together, so who could be better for us as matches? Our parents were ecstatic since we'd been such good friends since we'd met in elementary school.

The sprite was so bemused at how things had turned out that she put a blessing of prosperity on us after we politely declined her offer to remove the spells.

Don't let anyone kid you. Childbirth hurts. But it was totally worth it. Nursing our daughter was a one-of-a-kind experience and when I turned back into Paul a couple of days after coming home I was almost disappointed. Michelle was delighted to take over the nursing chores for a while as I adjusted to having a dick again. And that dick got a lot of action over the next few days.

That was four years ago and we have a fine crop of five now. We don't really worry about who gets who pregnant; I had another two, but Michelle had the twins. We also don't worry about money since Mike won the state lottery a few months ago thanks to the prosperity spell. The kids aren't bothered by anything, since the pixie's spell still holds. If no one sees me personally change, then no one knows what's happening. As far as the kids are concerned, whoever is wearing the tits is mommy. The girls look a LOT like Polly and Michelle and the guys look far too handsome for their ages.

Now, if you'll excuse me. Michelle is giving me one of those looks and I'm pretty sure that I feel another pair of twins coming on.

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This story and several others can be found in the ebook "Variations," by Maxwell Avoi

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