

Queen of the Campus (Nerd to Popular Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Peter is a nerdy and smart guy who just can't catch a break, even with support from his equally nerdy best friend Malcolm. But when he finds out he has the Reality Signature Change Syndrome, he finds himself slowly becoming not just a highly attractive buxom blonde, but one with the mind of a total campus bitch. Will the new Peyton be able to break out of her new state, or will she rule the campus with an iron fist?

Queen of the Campus

You miss every shot that you don't take, that's what my Dad always said to me, and still does from time to time. It was always easy for him; he was a footballer back in his day, a popular quarterback who always got the girls, to the point where Mom rolls her eyes when he talks about these days. Not that she did badly herself; she took all her shots too. She was a popular cheerleader from an opposing team who caught Dad's eye, and she marched right over to him and started flirting. She often claims that her side lost the game but "I won the war."

You'd think I'd end up similar, right? Two decisive, successful, attractive parents like mine would end up with a total alpha male of a son, surely? Well, you'd sadly be wrong. I couldn't be less alpha if I tried. Hell, I'm pretty sure most *girls* have more muscle mass and aggression and decisiveness than me, including my younger sister Betty, who was already the star of several gymnastics tournaments and trampolining competitions.

Meanwhile, there was me. Somehow, the genetic pride of my parents became a genetic soup for me. At first Mom and Dad were deeply excited to have a boy. My father even called me 'his little quarterback.' Except as I grew and his ability to play ball games with me began, I shocked him by showing no interest in them whatsoever. I wasn't an outside kid, not a bike kid, nor a sporty kid. I was a dinosaur kid. A spaceship kid. The kind of kid who got really excited about getting a chemistry kit for his birthday, or started reciting the contents of the periodic table as a challenge to himself when he was eight. Suffice to say, my parents still loved me, but I could always sense a disappointment hanging in the air. Dad continued to try to get me into 'manly' things, taking me on camping trips or to go fishing, but it soon became clear that I got colds, flus, and infections very easily, and the less said about adventures with gastro during the aforementioned camping trip, the better. Eventually, he just gave up, and his next present when I turned ten was a research computer.

I was over the moon about that.

Unfortunately for me, while being fascinated by mathematics, physics, biology, and even the celestial studies of the rarities of magecraft the unknown, it all brought me happiness, they didn't exactly bring a lot of interest from members of the opposite sex, or even friendship from the same sex. I'd always struggled with talking to girls, and I think my father always trying to coach me on it when I turned ten (was that too early?) only made it worse, as did my mother constantly informing me of what women truly wanted. Which I couldn't exactly give them, given that I ended up a scrawny brown-haired dork with a bony chin and thick glasses. I never really grew into my bones as my parents claimed I would: throughout high school I just kept on looking like a "total dweeb", as my bullies would put it. Not that I ever told my parents I was being bullied. Or that I was too nervous to ask out girls, and the few I talked to often giggled at my nasally voice and nebbish.

Basically, I'm saying that I was and remain a total nerd, okay? I wasn't ashamed of my interests, except perhaps my collection of anime on my computer, some of which was so fanservicy it could get embarrassing, but I knew the person I was. What I was embarrassed about was my total lack of social skills, and my inability to converse with girls.

Enter Malcolm. I was heading to the computer labs during lunch one morning. This was in ninth grade, and I had resigned myself to playing yet another round of *Intergalactica* by myself in the lab. Lo and behold, there was another boy there, African-American, with glasses that were somehow way thicker than mine and a serious case of asthma to judge by the sound of his breath. He was overweight and had not one but two Mountain Dews by the computer, which was definitely not allowed by the school, and he was racking up a high score on *Intergalactica* that I had never seen possible before.

"Holy shit," I exclaimed without thinking. "You got passed the Phase Elevator level?"

"Pfft, easily!" he said. "Now the Cyber Crimson stage, that's the real challenge. Pull up a seat, I need someone to watch my upper left for when the SDI copter appears. It always gets me."

I pulled up a seat without thinking, watching the screen.

"I'm Malcolm, by the way. People call me Mal. Or 'fattie.' Or 'hey, that's the nerd, get him!' I prefer Malcolm though. Full name."

I chuckled. "I'm Peter. People call me Pete. Or 'scrawny dweeb', or 'punch that weak kid!'"

I could see him grin, adjust his glasses, and then keep playing. He hadn't looked at me once.

"COPTER!" I yelled.

He destroyed it, sidestepping its missile barrage just in time.

"Nicely done," he said. "Fuck yes. You're pretty cool, Peter. I've decided we're going to be friends."

"Uh, do I get a say in it?"

He paused the game, drank some Mountain Dew, then resumed playing.

"You got another group of friends to get to?"

I didn't, and frankly, I was kinda intrigued by this strange guy.

"Fine, let's be friends," I said.

"Do you like anime?" he replied.

"Um, a little too much, to be honest."

"Hmm, not friends, then."

My heart briefly fell. God, I screwed everything up, didn't I? But then he turned his face, and his eyes glanced at me for the briefest moment.

"Best friends," he said, in a moment I'll never forget.

And from that day we were. It was like I'd finally found my people, or my *person*, at the very least. Malcolm was one of those friends who you connect with and then wonder where they've been all of your life. We played videogames together, shared our essay notes, formed a two-man study group, watched terrible and hilarious monster B-movies together, and generally never stopped chatting about comic books, science fiction, the latest piece of nerdery we were into. And it was complimentary, too: he was big into fiction and storytelling, and had dreams of being an author or video game designer. We helped me with my humanities and English work, while I helped him with the actual science stuff. He was a big eater too, and part of that rubbed off on me; I started to look less scrawny thanks to him constantly foisting food on me, though I was wary about becoming overweight like him.

And, more embarrassingly, Malcolm gave me a good outlet to vent our shared frustration about girls. He had even less luck than me, but he also had a perverted streak, often commenting on the hottest girls at school (and later college) to the point where I liked to join in. It made me feel like a man, even if it wasn't exactly the most moral thing to do.

"That Stacey Ackermann is on campus," he said during our first day at college together. "She's seriously the hottest. I'd give anything to have a go on her big tits. I bet her red hair smells amazing, too."

It did. I knew that because I had sat behind her once in the lecture theatre, and she smelled like roses. She had worn this tight crop top that lifted her boobs - estimated to be around a D-cup to hear all the jocks go on about it - and I had prime viewing. Afterwards, I had heard her chatting to her friends.

"Yeah, it was a way boring lecture. I had this total weirdo staring down my cleavage the whole time, though."

Yeah, I stayed clear of her after that, but I could barely get her out of my head.

"Like any of us have a chance with Stacey Ackermann," I replied. "We're both absolute dweebs."

"Let a dude imagine though, bro," Malcolm replied. "Besides, just because I can't afford the limited edition comic book in the store, doesn't mean I can't appreciate it through the window! I'd put her as the hottest girl in campus, followed by Deline Tao."

"Deline Tao, are you kidding? Halley Ballaran is right there!"

"Pfft, you're such a white supremacist. You never put the hot black or mixed chicks on your list."

I laughed, and so did he. "Yes I do! Molly Lin is routinely at the top of my list!"

Malcolm scoffed. "Yeah, but Deline is hotter. She *pulls off* those dreadlocks, man."

"But I'm not a white supremacist."

"That remains to be seen. You need at least three more black friends to really lock your non-racist status."

Our jokes were always like that. A little bit offensive, more than a little stupid, and then suddenly the conversation would randomly shift to discussions about quantum mechanics or the likelihood of our favourite science fiction show getting another season, or the literary value of dystopian novels in this absolute unholy glut of YA literature that was *way beneath us*, of course, Lords of the Nerds that we were. In short, as smart and geeky as we were, we were still young men navigating who we were in the world, running off what little testosterone we had, making jokes about race, class, gender, and occasionally veering into a level of edginess that left us cringing at ourselves. But most of all, thinking about girls.

"The biological imperative just cannot be ignored," I complained one day.

"That is cannot. God, I need to lower my standards," Malcolm replied.

"Way lower."

"For the both of us."

Yes, we were young men, and by the time we turned twenty, the campus life had started to feel very lonely indeed. We were an inseparable pair, but few ever joined us, and the true nature of womanhood eluded us in all its mysteries, and seemingly would for life, despite my father's constant complaints and my mother's 'helpful' advice. My sister even went from mocking me for being dateless to just sympathetic, and somehow that made it all the worse.

"I'm never going to figure it out," I muttered one day after trying - and spectacularly failing - to court a cute nerdy girl named Tabitha who was in my physics course. She was a lesbian, it turned out, and let me down gently, which also made it worse.

"I'm just never going to understand women."

I had no idea how wrong I would end up being. I was twenty years old, a scrawny, short, brown-haired nerd with foggy glasses, and just days later I would be hit by the Reality Signature Change Syndrome.

The syndrome hit me, as my thaumaturgical psychologist would later clarify, during a moment of 'evident self-pleasure in response to an appealing female archetype.' Which, to be far more accurate and colloquial, meant that I was feeling horny one night and needed to jack off, and so I locked my bedroom door, made sure I wasn't being too loud, and loaded up some hot images of some sexy blonde bombshells with big racks.

Like I keep saying, I may be a total nerd, a real intellectual, a devoted academic, an aspirant scientist blah blah blah yada yada yada, but I was also a man who hadn't gotten laid. Not once. Not fucking *ever*. And frankly, the internet had clearly done a psychological number on my brain, combined with some of the attractive girls on campus who wouldn't go near me, because I couldn't stop thinking about my ideal woman. The kind that really got me going. Malcolm would have laughed at my choice, it was so stereotypical. She was the ultimate cheerleader type amped up to 11. I literally even used an AI generator to compose some body types and alter existing women. Had I known what was coming, I would have tried to masturbate at least to a less ludicrously idealised woman. Hell, I was morally opposed to AI generation - Malcolm was a big believer in digital art creation, and his arguments swayed me on the matter - but the blood was not exactly flowing to my big brain at that point.

So anyway, just to be totally honest here, I'll describe the woman in question I was into. The one I had modded to be 'perfect.' I'd used Stacey Ackermann as an inspiration, and because I was really horny, I'd added touches that were, in retrospect, pretty sad. She had a perfect hourglass figure, wide-but-not-too wide hips with an itty bitty waist and slim shoulders. Her skin was airbrushed in that not-quite-real kinda way, and her face was seductive as all hell. The image that really made me start to stroke myself was one that showed her biting her lip, her eyes half-lidded as she looked right at the screen - right at *me* - as if she were so goddamned aroused she could just me right then and there. Her lips were full - dick-sucking lips, as Malcolm would have put it crassly - and that description was in my mind as I viewed them. She had a heart-shaped face with a cute button nose and just a bit of baby fat on her cheeks, making her look youthful and *alive*. Her eyes were not blue, but instead a surprising hazel; flecks of green in her irises making her look almost otherworldly.

The rest was obvious. Long legs, slim yet fit arms, a trim stomach that belied her athletic cheerleader type. She was in a blue and white cheerleader outfit, of course, and it emphasised the other two major features.

Her very impressive bust.

There was no denying it, for all my intellectual understanding of mating and sex and all that as purely *biological*, I really liked a pair of big tits.

So there I was, masturbating to the hot sight of a buxom blonde cheerleader sticking her pom-poms out into the air, her chest thrust out to show off the maximum amount of cleavage that her skimpy outfit could show. I didn't last long.

"Yeah, I'd like to fuck you," I remember saying. "I've like to fuck those hot tits!"

The things you say when you're aroused and alone and have nobody else. I had objectified this entirely fictional woman, and in doing so had sealed my fate. My pleasure rose and rose and rose until it was almost completely unbearable, and then I could see her in my mind's eye; could visualise her perfectly in my bedroom, calling me to her, welcoming me to undress her and take her to bed. I could feel her skin against mine, her bountiful bosom, her soft ass, her trim stomach, her luscious lips. It was unlike any kind of imaginative exercise I had ever undertaken.

This popular girl, this naughty woman, became something very clear in my eyes: the kind of sexy alpha queen bitch that ruled over the campus. The stylish, sexy, bully who kept the other girls in line and knew how to tame the most jock-ish boys. She was a mean girl, a lady who could strut her stuff and look down on everyone in a way I never could, and somehow I had her. It was the hottest fantasy of all to imagine having a chick like that clinging to my arm.

I finally came, and it was *heavenly*. Literally, I thought I had gone to heaven, and I am *not* religious, no matter what the mage scholars have to say about the nature of the supernatural and its connection to the celestial. And yet I *felt* celestial, as if I truly were hit by one of those rare instances of magic that few people will ever be unlucky or lucky enough to see. My eyes rolled into the back of my head, and I groaned, my entire body shuddering. I collapsed out of my chair, groaning and vibrating, seizing up as I was hit by image after image after image of that hot blonde, her taunting smile, her bullying face, her alpha queen style. I could feel her skin over mine, the haughty demeanour, the superior looks, the knowledge of how to walk and talk to entice whoever she wanted and *have* them as she pleased.

"I feel so powerful," I said, feeling my suddenly sensitive nipples.

It was like I had stepped into another reality. Looking back, I definitely *had*.

That was when the convulsions started. I collapsed out of my chair entirely, falling to the ground, this other reality spiking my brain. I shook as if I had epilepsy, like I was in a *fit*. I truly thought I was going to die. The images continued to flicker faster and faster and faster, until finally I reached a boiling point. I tried to cry for help but nothing but moans escaped me. My vision became patchy, and moments later I fainted completely.

For eight hours.

I had a strange dream, that I had two wonderful fleshy weights on my chest. Breasts. Actually breasts, and big perky ones too. The kind of breasts that any man with a pulse would stare at, and I *loved* having them stare. It only confirmed just how hot, popular, and utterly *perfect* I truly was.

When I woke from that dream, it was on my bedroom floor. My alarm was going off, and I had a cramp in my side from the awkward way I'd slept. I immediately remembered the events of the previous night: I'd somehow cummed so hard that I'd *literally* fainted.

"What the fuck?" I said, gathering myself up. My screen had turned off, but when I turned it back on, the image of that hot, generated blonde was on the screen. In the light of the morning and without any strong arousal in my system, the appeal wasn't there as much: it was an obviously fake image. But the *idea* of that woman in the flesh remained in me. An image conjured up out of nowhere of a gal like that, of what it would feel like to be her . . .

"God, I need to stop being such a moron," I told myself. "Stop slaving away to biological impulses. Need to control them."

I quickly got ready for the day, marvelling that I'd slept on the floor, and quickly worked to clean up any 'residue' from last night's embarrassment that remained. As far as I was concerned, that had to be the end of it. I'd achieved some strange slice of nirvana, a bizarre confluence of pleasure that I would probably never experience again, but on some level I did look on it positively: how often did one ejaculate and orgasm so greatly that it overloads one's neural network and effectively short circuits oneself? Not often, I imagine.

For the next several days, life resumed as normal. I continued going to college, I continued working on my mathematics essay, and I studied up on my mage literature for my elective in thaumaturgical studies. I know it's considered a largely useless subject given how rare supernatural conditions, afflictions, events and so forth crop up, but frankly, it fascinated me. Hell, it fascinated most people; that's why there were so many TV specials dedicated to the subject, like that guy who made a wish at the pond and got goat legs and horns and a stupid high libido, effectively making him a real-life centaur, or that woman who manifested a spirit of good luck, and is now literally banned from every casino on Earth, not that her luck dipped after that anyway. Something about a study on thaumaturgical effects came to mind when I thought of my strange event from the other night, but I couldn't remember for the life of me what it was. I just continued on with my life, catching up with Malcolm and watching anime together when we had spare time. We were discussing making the move to have an apartment together, and that sounded like a good idea.

"That way we can make the most nerdy space imaginable," he said. "I'll have to dib all the shelf space of course. My miniatures aren't going to display themselves."

"So long as I can put my books somewhere!"

"Under your bed always works," he teased. "Though I'm happy to have an *Intergalactica* match against you to determine it."

It was my sister Betty who first noticed that something was weird about me, one morning at home after our parents had already left the house for work.

"Your hair is growing really fast lately," she noted. "It weirdly suits you."

"Th-thanks, I guess?"

She shrugged. "I'm just saying. Maybe this is the style of change you need."

"Not you, too!"

"Hey, I'm worried about you, bro. I've got a boyfriend now, and *he's* worried about you."

I hated how nice Trevor was. He was really cool, and even offered to wingman me. He was two years younger than me, and just starting college. The same college I went to.

"I'll get it cut," I said, as if opposition to my sister was something that still came naturally to me, rather than it being a relic of our more obstinate era of endless bickering. I moved to the bathroom mirror to see myself, and I actually had to put my glasses on just to check myself again.

My hair really *had* grown. It looked like it had extended nearly an inch longer overnight, which was . . . well, it seemed impossible.

"Doesn't look too bad, actually," I noted. "I just need to put the right product in it."

That thought caught me off guard. Since when did I even think about putting product in my hair? I wouldn't even know where to start.

Such strange little things continued to happen to me, adding up over time in a manner that was increasingly disturbing. For one, I continued to dream about that beautiful blonde woman, feeling her close to me, as if she were inhabiting me. I would wake up with one hell of an erection, which I usually had to work out. For two, there were little parts of my appearance that started to seem *off*, somehow. Others noticed it, too.

"Are you okay, honey?" my mother asked. "Your lips look a little puffy this morning."

"It's okay, I've probably just contracted something," I replied.

"Dude," Malcolm said later, "did you actually pluck your eyebrows? No offence, but that will *not* help you with the ladies. You're better off channeling your smarts into becoming a rich tech CEO like I'll be one day. That's playing the long game. Money gets you everything in the end, and that's *maths*."

I chuckled, thinking he was riling me up, but when I looked at my reflection later in one of the college bathrooms, my eyebrows really did look a bit more plucked. They were usually wiry and too thick despite my overall scrawniness, but now they had a kind of arched shape to them.

The third change, though, was the biggest one, and it was otherwise invisible. My father came home from work, the stolid titan of a man that he is, and mentioned in passing that he was heading out to “watch the football game” with his mates, the ones from “way back in college days.” The ones who were, most likely, on the trophy and shield that my father was also on after their wild football success a generation ago. To my surprise, without even thinking about it, I actually stood up from where I was studying.

“Hey Dad,” I said. “Mind if I come join? I’d like to see the sport.”

Everyone went still. I could have sworn that the fan even stopped working for a moment.

“You . . . want to watch?” Betty asked.

“Yeah,” I replied. “I don’t know. Could be interesting. I felt like seeing some football. I couldn’t explain it, but I just did. Keep in mind that I *never* had an interest in football, or sport of any kind. At all. And yet now it was almost a . . . yearning.”

Well, a broad smile crept across my Dad’s face. “Never too late, kid. Let’s go!”

I was shocked at how much I was swallowed up in the spectacle of it all: the cheering crowd, the competitive furor, the almost primitive, primate-like behaviour of hooting, hollering, and beatings of one’s chest. The ball was kicked and thrown from one side of the field to the other, our local team struggling against the visiting college. I saw Stacey Ackermann and Denise Chao and various other attractive cheerleaders, dancing away in support of their team, making enormous leaps and impressive displays during halftime. And for the first time I didn’t find myself attracted to them. It was strange, but I almost wanted to be there, with them. For the rest of the match, I was invested in the outcome of the game, but I was even more invested in those cheerleaders; would their men win? Which teammates were dating them? Could they keep synchronised? Would they outdo the other team?

I went home feeling strange, that same feverish sensation in my mind.

“Son, did you hit your leg?”

I looked back at my Dad, who had otherwise been beaming with pride at me the whole time, finally sharing an experience he’d long for all these years.

“N-no? Why?”

He frowned. “You’re swaying your hips in a funny way. Oh, is this some local college kid thing these days? Like the strut back in my day?”

I hadn’t even noticed it, but I *had* been swaying my hips. I’d drunk a little bit of beer - not really like me either, since I preferred the mental clarity of sobriety, but perhaps that explained some things. Still, something seemed off about me, and I wasn’t sure what.

That night I dreamed of the blonde woman again, teasing me silently as she pouted and smirked at my appearance, making me feel small and unwanted. Wanting to take over. Still, I ignored any strange signs.

That was, until I arrived at college after sleeping in and Malcom asked just what the hell I was thinking putting blonde streaks in my hair.

It was Malcolm who took me to the Hospital, and then, after my symptoms concerned some more learned doctors,, to the Thaumaturgical Medical Wing. I didn't want my family with me, especially given my strange symptoms. I couldn't face them, but my best friend could be by my side.

"It's probably nothing, buddy. Hey, you might be like that guy in Alaska, the one who won all those spelling bees. He ended up getting hit by a strange bolt of arcane energy during a storm, and his body ended up becoming a pure Adonis. We're talking Greek mythic here, you know? He dreamed about hot women too, and now he always has a new supermodel on his arm. Aaron Kratz, I think is his name."

I'd heard the tale, and it did fill me with a little hope. Perhaps things would go well. But then my name was called, and I was ushered forth by myself to stand before a mage-doctor, one who was talented in sensing changes in auras and cross-referencing them with more technical medical fields. I could even follow some of the latter, which made me happy, though at some point I ended up twirling my blonde patches of hair in my fingers, which was not my habit at all.

It was around that time that I got the bad news.

"Reality Signature Change Syndrome?" I said, barely believing it. "Are you sure? I mean . . . are you really sure?"

The mage doctor nodded. He was a tall man with a wise aspect, thinning hair, and intelligent looking glasses. I put stock in such a look. This man knew what he was talking about, and I wish he hadn't.

"You seem to already know what it is, but let me be clear on what you can expect in order to dispel any rumours. This is a rare thaumaturgical condition, and currently incurable by medical or arcane means. Over an unspecified time; three weeks at the earliest, six months perhaps at the latest, your body and personality will begin to shift to align to a form that you imagined during a moment of ejaculation. Don't be embarrassed, son, it is a perfectly natural response, you just have the bad luck of an thaumaturgical condition that will alter you as a result of it. It's not your fault, I want to emphasise that.

“Now, as for what you can expect; your physical condition will change over time, and your mental aspects will likewise change. This cannot be averted, but there are mental practices you can take in order to hold onto as much of yourself as possible. It is a danger with such cases that you may entirely forget your old self and lose all personality traits. Think of it as a sort of ‘death of the mind.’ This is obviously the worst case scenario, but there are meditative techniques and practices you can develop in order to . . .”

His voice droned away in my ear, but I could hardly take in what it was saying. It was all rushing over me. That damned busty blonde AI generated uber-woman. The one too gorgeous and shapely to be real. I had dreamed of her, bitchy and queen-like, lording it over the campus, and she had smirked at me.

She had known. I was becoming her.

And there was no goddamned way to stop it.

I had to tell my family, of course. My hair was already turning blonde, and my lips and eyebrows weren’t changing back either, no matter what I tried to do to them. My voice was occasionally cracking, and my own appearance was increasingly on my mind, including how to take on a better visage for others. This was part of the Reality Signature Change Syndrome: I was magically - literally - taking on aspects of an idealised woman, and thus gaining her likely skillsets. When I saw my sister wearing makeup, I noted to her: “Ooh, Saffron Red, I love it.”

Her confused look told me that not only was I somehow correct, but that I couldn’t keep up the charade any longer. Only Malcolm knew something magical was happening, and the details were light. I had him present when I told them: he was practically my brother anyway.

Needless to say, Dad was gobsmacked, Mom too. Betty was veering between wanting to mock me and wanting to hug me, while Malcolm, on the other hand, had bright eyes.

“So . . . you’re becoming a hot chick?” he finally asked.

I think I turned redder than a tomato at that point. Betty was covering her mouth, trying not to laugh. Dad looked away. Mom looked . . . well, I knew she’d always liked the idea of having two girls, so there was conflict on her face.

“I guess, yeah,” I finally said. “Except if I’m not careful, I’ll forget who I ever was.”

That made Mom gasp. “There isn’t anything we can do?”

“There’s some techniques and meditation and the like I need to practice,” I said. “So I mainly just change in body. But I’ll still experience some mental changes, it seems.”

“What kind?” Betty asked, leaning forward, curious.

I remembered the image I had in my head of that sexy alpha bitch, dominating the campus and strutting her stuff.

“I . . . I’m not sure,” I lied. “Could be anything. I don’t think it should be too dramatic, though. I’m a smart guy. I can hold onto my mind.”

But I wasn’t sure, and that fear lingered in me, even as the awkward conversation followed. Dad barely said a word. I didn’t even blame him. He’d always wanted a son, and I was the best he got.

And soon we wouldn’t even have a son.

Holy shit, I was turning into a woman, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

Over the next two weeks, the Reality Signature Change Syndrome started to kick in more evidently. Mom did her best to help me hide it, but I was going to fight a losing battle eventually. We re-dyed my hair brown, and to my own frustration my mind railed against that - blonde seemed so much . . . prettier. My various blemishes and rough patches on my skin slowly started to fade as well, not to mention I was losing body hair. I was never the hairiest guy to begin with, but it was a shock seeing my chest hair slowly retreat until my body had seemingly entered pre-pubescence again. I knew better though, because my nipples were starting to slowly grow and expand, areolas extending around them, becoming more prominent.

“Maybe it’s stopping?” Malcolm suggested to me one day while we were hanging out and playing video games. He’d suggested it; he was a good friend always trying to take my mind off of it.

“What makes you say that?” I asked.

“Well, you haven’t changed much since, right? I mean, I can’t tell much difference.”

I sighed. “Mal, I’m currently wearing *tape* over my nipples. Look.”

I pulled off my shirt and removed the tape. His eyes widened as he took in my rather pink, rather prominent nipples. Even the flesh behind them seemed less scrawny, and just a little softer. Like breast tissue was just beginning to form.

“Oh. Oh shit.”

“And my hair is still getting longer and wavier. I need to use some very good shampoo to maintain it, of course, but the damn brown dye gets in the way of my natural glow.”

He looked at me for a moment. “Was that a . . . girl thought?”

I could only place my face in my hands. “Fuck. Yeah. I’m . . . getting shallower. Or at least more appearance conscious. I struggled to finish my mathematics assessment in time because I was looking at various foundations to match my skin online.”

“Did you order some?”

I blushed. “Y-yeah. I even used one this morning. It brings out some colour, you know. I mean, I guess you wouldn’t. You’re always covered in zits and it’s frankly appalling that you don’t try to mitigate that with some proper creamcare. No wonder you struggle to land a girl.”

A silence extended out between us. I was as shocked as my friend to have said that.

“I swear, that wasn’t me.”

“Yeah, I know, bro. Still, pretty bitchy thing to say. You’re not turning into a mean girl, are you? Because I’m okay with you being hot, I’m not down with you being a total bitch.”

I thought again of the woman I was likely becoming.

“No, I’m just tired and frustrated,” I said, lying once more. “Can we just play video games? I’m in the mood for *Fighter IV*.”

He consented, and we played for a time. My love of games had not left me, or at least games with my best friend. I did choose the main female fighter without thinking, though. It just seemed to suit this changing me. She had a fine figure besides, and I lied again that I just liked ‘looking at her.’ Well, it wasn’t a total lie, but it wasn’t because I found her hot.

It was because I was wondering what it would be like to have breasts of my own.

My campus life was slowly starting to change. Word hadn’t gotten around yet that I had the Reality Signature Change Syndrome, and my doctor was already providing me forms for it. I wanted to secretly change my official identity and keep my transformation a secret. I hadn’t done anything about it yet, but it felt like I was simply refusing to acknowledge a looming reality.

My breasts had finally started coming in. Just three and a half weeks after my diagnosis, and I was officially an A-cup. I didn’t need to wear a bra - yet - but they were definitely expanding, and the soreness in my chest indicated that it might start to speed up in terms of growth. I occasionally found myself feeling my chest, almost willing them to grow. I’d see Stacey Ackermann and Deline Chao and imagine having a bountiful pair of boobs more impressive than theirs. How would it feel? It made for some magnificent dreams.

The rest of my body was changing too. Malcolm was definitely starting to notice more and more, and pointed it out occasionally.

"Your waist is staying thin but you are definitely getting wider hips, man. No offence, but I can definitely notice."

"Me as well. A woman's pelvis is wider than a man's, for child birthing reasons."

Saying it out loud only made it weirder. I would eventually be able to make children. As in, get pregnant and then give *birth*. The thought gave me the heeby jeebies, and was at least enough to make me focus on my college work later that night. It was getting harder though. I didn't think I was necessarily getting less intelligent, but my focuses were certainly shifting to new priorities, ones I didn't appreciate.

Chemistry was now intricately connected to haircare and makeup.

Physics were now increasingly tied to notions of how cheerleaders moved and danced.

Mathematics were . . . well, actually, I was taking a dive in mathematics. The only way I could keep concentration on that was by tying it mentally to the prices of some *really* chic shirts and skirts I'd been window shopping several days ago while out with Mom.

Out shopping for *bras* of course.

"God help me," I told Malcolm. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'd rather stay a loser nerd."

"You might just end up as a sexy nerd girl, right?" he offered. "I mean, I wouldn't mind."

"Please, like I'd date you."

He smirked. "Well, you miss every shot you don't try."

"Ugh, now you sound like my Dad. He sooooo doesn't get it."

Malcolm raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. Just that . . . you sounded a little like one of the popular girls there, for a moment. Your voice is getting higher, so you hit the tone and everything. Kinda weirdly hot, bro."

"Let's just watch some anime, man. You can get your fix of titties *that way*."

Hanging out with Malcolm at least let us bust each other's balls a bit and make fun of my crazy thaumaturgical condition. I liked that a lot more than my Dad's silence and my mother's fussing, or Betty trying to convince me that I'll be a good sister. Of course, it would be hard to have my balls busted in a few months, I suspect. They were already shrinking.

Eventually, they would be gone.

The meditations helped calm my mind, but they didn't seem to be stalling any of the mental changes. It was a worrying thing, too, because the more my body changed, the more my mind went with it. I had B-cup breasts, and it was getting very difficult to hide them *or* my other changes. The fact was, I looked either like a very androgynous guy (when I wore baggy clothing to hide my figure), or an ugly girl (when I didn't).

I was able to secure leave from college for some time, and while I was trying to keep up with my work, it all just seemed so pointless. I ended up bribing Malcolm to do a heap of it for me, lending him some of my manga and games, which was easy given that I rarely felt like playing them anymore. I spent a lot of my time going over textbook information on my favourite subjects, trying to meditate and centre myself, but each time I would see that gorgeous blonde face in the reflection of my mind's eye, and she would taunt me, throwing me off balance. It was a lot easier when my penis was drawing back into my body and my butt was starting to expand.

"God, I sooooo hate this," I whined at the dinner table one night, my voice cracking. "I never asked to be a chick!"

"You certainly sound like one now," Betty replied.

I shot her a look, but she wasn't wrong; my voice was going up in octaves, and was taking on an almost melodic quality at times.

"Honey, don't say that to your brother."

"You mean my soon-to-be sister, right?" Betty said.

"At least I'm not a total bitch!" I replied.

"PETER!" Dad shouted. "We don't use that kind of language with family, especially not at the dinner table."

But tears just formed in my eyes. "Yeah, well soon I won't *be* Peter anymore. What do you think about *that*, Dad!?"

I ran straight to my room, despite Mom pleading for me to come back, and shut myself in, locking the door. God, why did this have to happen to me? Magical conditions were so rare that there were still fringe radical groups who thought the existence of the arcane was a made-up government conspiracy! And yet I had to be hit by one, and one of the most humiliating ones of all.

"And worst of all I get stuck living through it all with my total loser family," I said, crossing my arms beneath my growing breasts. "Ugh! It's so stupid. I'd much rather be at some sorority where I could truly stand out. That would be far better."

I managed to pull my thoughts away from where they'd just gone. What was I thinking just now? But the truth was, the idea of being around other girls like the one I was becoming would at least make me feel like I fit in somewhere. And besides, it would be a

way to at least be popular. I'd never been popular before, and now I could barely face my family.

Maybe if I just embraced the change just a little more, I could at least appreciate some cute-looking boys and have them appreciate me back?

The fact that I didn't see much wrong with that just showed how muddled my RSCS was making me.

C-cups. Actual fucking C-cups. Nearly D-cups, in fact, but they just barely fit into the bras Mom had helped me buy. She didn't know the first thing about fashion though, so I'd gone back and purchased some extra ones that served to push my boobs up more nicely. I now looked entirely like a woman, and it wasn't even two months after I'd been diagnosed. I had a pretty hot figure, all things considered: wide hips and an itty bitty waist, all giving the impression of a devastating hourglass figure.

"God, I look so damn good," I said to my reflection, posing in several ways. I'd finally caved and gotten myself women's shirts and shorts, and even some skirts, and as my mental changes proceeded I had stopped caring about the embarrassment of wearing them, even as Dad looked increasingly distraught over it. Hell, when Betty made another mocking remark to me, I simply smirked and indicated to my chest.

"Well, at least one of us has boobs now."

I'm pretty sure she's *still* fuming after that. The 'strut' that Dad had noticed so long ago was increasingly part of my regular movement now, and I had the hips to let them sway. I knew I should have been more worried about what was happening to me, and at times I was, but then I saw the way Malcolm was increasingly looking at me when we hung out, and it made me grin to know that he was becoming fascinated with my lovely rack, or how pretty my face was becoming. I'd started using more makeup, and with my now-shoulder length blonde hair (the magical nature of my change had undone the boring brown dye, thankfully), I was starting to appreciate just how damn attractive I could be, and how fun that was.

"What's it like having boobs?" Malcolm asked. "I mean, are they done growing?"

"Pretty cool," I replied. "And definitely not."

"Wait, you actually like them? And they're getting bigger?"

"Oh yes. I'm only an upper C right now. I reckon I'll have perfect Double-D's in no time, Mal. Not that you'll ever get to see them."

"Aw man, not even the one look?"

"Sorry, only the cool kids and hot boys can see them."

He laughed at that, and I realised he thought I was joking. The thing is, I actually *wasn't*. More and more each day I was finding Malcolm a little harder to tolerate. I knew this was the mental change, the growing alpha queen bee bitch in me and all that, but did he have to be so damn pathetic and shameless at times? He clearly wanted to see my boobs - I had full fucking cleavage now, jiggle and wobble and everything - but why should I ever show him? Because we were friends? If I was going to become a total hottie, I wasn't also going to become a total *slut*. And I certainly couldn't get a reputation on campus by having some random fat nobody be the one to see my frankly amazing tits, right?

"Are you still fighting off the other her?" Malcolm asked.

"Of course," I lied. "Every day. Things are looking good, Mal."

"Well, do you think you'll be able to get your assessments back under control? I know you're studying by distance and you have that medical leave, but it's nearly over now, and I'm starting to fall behind in my own stuff."

I smirked, thinking of how easy it would be to lighten the load here. I made my voice just a little more sensual, leaning back and emphasising my chest as if I just 'happened' to be doing that.

"Sure, sure, dude. Maybe just . . . this one last round? I'd be so damn appreciative, Mal, you have noooooo idea."

From the way his face lit up in a smile, I knew I had him. God, nerds like this were so easy.

It wasn't until I got home that I realised how fucked up it was that I was starting to think that way. What the hell was wrong with me? And since when did I turn down the opportunity to show off my love of physics with a challenging assignment?

Ugh, I really needed to get back on campus. Maybe that would centre me somewhat.

I was ready to get back to college. My body had continued to change - was still changing - but there was no denying I was a woman. Hell, my penis was practically gone and my scrotum with it, and the first sigh of my labia forming was already there. Part of me couldn't wait, even if it was a little humiliating. I had increasingly embraced female fashion, and I got the sense that Betty was getting cold towards me again precisely because she was jealous of my figure. I couldn't blame her; my boobs were now terrific Double-D's that bounced and jiggled with my every step, and a pushup bra just made them look devastatingly tantalising. I had an image in my head of making jocks look my way and ignoring them completely until they'd earned me.

Dad wasn't taking it too well, of course.

“Peter, I know you can fight this. You said you could! You’re still my son, no matter how you look.”

“Dad, I was never your son. Never the type of man you wanted me to be. Well, soon I’ll be a complete woman, and if you want to try and keep any sort of relationship between us, you’ll stop trying to force me into a box, okay?”

That shut him up. It seemed that it had taken becoming a woman to grow a spine. Of course, Mom approved my attitude, mistaking it for me adapting to this new life.

“I know you’re still you,” she said. “But maybe this was always meant to be, Peter. You were always a little more feminine and scrawny. There’s opportunities here, so long as you remain yourself deep down.”

I agreed, thanked her, and rolled my eyes when I walked away. Sure, there’d be opportunities, but remain myself deep down? What kind of sad sack bullshit was that? I still didn’t plan to turn into a total bitch, but at least I could recognise how pathetic I had been and how much sexier and alpha I could be now. Hell, Malcolm was starting to drool when he saw me, especially when I wore my tight tees that emphasised my boobs. That was a power I’d never felt before. Why be Peter, when I could be someone else?

And who was that someone else, you might ask?

Well, I’d decided on a new name for myself. Perhaps it was the name this fantasy woman had always had.

I was now Peyton. Peyton Hughes. It was the kind of name that carried a kind of nobility and eliteness about it, and that was just fine by me. I was becoming more elite, and that couldn’t be denied. I was already prettier than my sister, the one who had always been the star in most people’s eyes, and I was only filling out in all the right places more. More than that, I was becoming more confident.

That confidence oozed from me as I strolled onto campus, my ID now listing me as Peyton Hughes, a transfer student with a lot of credit - seemingly the same I’d had as Peter, conveniently enough, wink wink. But the real differences made themselves evident as soon as people saw me walking past on the campus green. My changes weren’t finished yet, but even I knew I looked like one of the hotter gals of the college now, especially in my tight red top which showed just a thin strip of toned midriff, not to mention my tight denim shorts which clung to my legs perfectly. There wasn’t even the hint of a bulge there; I was so close to going full woman by that point.

“Who’s the new chick? Looks kinda hot.”

“That’s Stacey Ackermann, dude.”

“No it’s not. This chick doesn’t look anything like her. She’s blonde!”

Blonde, and only getting more like a bombshell by the second. I passed the men who were whispering about me, and automatically stuck out my chest a little further, showing off

the curve of my rack. I still wasn't used to that bounce, but I was getting quite good at using it, that was for sure. I swayed my hips just a little more and hummed a tune to myself.

Malcolm was waiting outside the cafeteria, and I waved at him as I approached. His jaw fell, and he almost forgot to wave back, which made me giggle in a fairly feminine manner.

"Bro, what the hell? You've embraced being a total chick! Are you sure those mages couldn't give you some experimental treatments or something?"

I rolled my eyes and leaned against the post next to him. I'd actually managed to get *taller* as a woman, now easily 5'9, which I certainly didn't mind compared to my short 5'6 from before. It also meant I towered over Malcolm, a fact I noticed because his eye level was almost laser focused on my nipples.

"What can I say? I've decided to go with the flow. If I'm gonna be a hot chick for the rest of my life because of a thaumaturgical happenstance, I sure as hell might as well embrace how good it makes me look, right? I do look good, don't you think?"

Malcolm had to get his inhaler out, an effect which was very much intended on my part. I smirked as he puffed twice.

"S-sorry. It's just . . . is this a bit? You know how good you look, right?"

"I'm more than aware." I turned on the spot, posing a little dramatically with my hand on one hip, which I had cocked to the side for further emphasis.

"It's just . . . this isn't you, Pete! Are you sure you're okay, man?"

"It's Peyton now, little man. Now, are you gonna buy me some lunch or am I gonna have to go elsewhere? C'mon, don't be such a frowner! I'm back on campus and people aren't treating me like shit for once. Play your cards right and you might just be elevated by association. I could even befriend some girls and get them to talk to you."

At that, a smile dawned upon his face. He bought me a nicer lunch than his own just a few minutes later.

As I deserved, of course.

What had I ever seen in physics? Hell, what had I ever seen in mathematics? I was fairly certain I could finish them with a passing grade, but I needed to draw on some credits and do a little shuffling of my subjects around. With my athletic body, I definitely needed to be in sports science, and psychology was definitely more my game; I was already running rings around Malcolm and getting him to be such a dear, helping me out whenever I saw much as hinted at a bit of cleavage. The fact that I now had prominent E-cups, even bigger than Stacey Ackermann's chest, only added to the impression.

Besides, all the really good looking popular people were in the other courses, and I definitely had to start making connections. The jocks on the football team were often talking about me, and I was making sure to walk past them in increasingly enticing outfits. I knew I shouldn't, but it was sooooo much of a rush. I was still doing my meditations, but given how damn close I was to being fully female, it was easy to be distracted and feel up my big sensitive tits instead, enjoying the weight and feel of them, imagining a powerful pair of hands upon them.

"It's not like I've forgotten who I am," I told my reflection as I fixed up my hair, enjoying the way it had lengthened to the bottom of my shoulder blades. It was a lovely light blonde now, practically gleaming in the sunlight. "I've just become a better, sexier version of me. And soon I'll be the one on top, instead of the loser on the bottom. That's all I ever wanted!"

At least, that was what I convinced myself off, even as my mind continued to slip away.

It had finally happened. Overnight, without even the slightest hint of change, I lost my penis entirely, and gained a woman's plumbing.

A tunnel.

A feminine flower.

A vagina.

A *pussy*.

The second I woke, I knew something had changed. My hair felt different - longer and more luscious in texture - and my boobs had definitely grown one final time, as well as some lovely expansion to my already peachy rear. But it was the absence between my legs that was most obvious, the thigh gap that no man could possibly possess. Something like a mix of terror and wonder came over me as I lowered a trembling hand down to the venus mound I now possessed. My slit was there, a wet opening that made me aroused the more I touched it.

"Oh God," I said to myself, cringing as I lay on my back, my door thankfully locked. I had overslept again, though it was at least a Saturday, which meant my sister would be out for her rowing practice (she never stopped) and likely both parents were out with friends, leaving me alone. I'd dreamed of that taunting, cruel queen bee again, the Queen of the Campus. She was powerful and libidinous, and she feared nothing and no one. It had felt *good*, but some part of me still fought against the Reality Signature Change Syndrome. It was the magic changing me, shifting me thaumaturgically into a new personality type to

match my imagined woman. I couldn't give in, I just couldn't. I was still Peter, even if *Peyton* sounded so much better, and God knew that Malcolm was still my best friend in the world.

Even if he wasn't exactly a looker.

Even if his status would soon be beneath mine.

Even if he had no style, and skill in sports, and frankly totally lacked a level of popularity that I could easily achieve by cutting him loose.

"I could be so much more," I murmured as I rubbed the entrance to my womanhood. I felt my clit throb, and by God it was so much better than having a mincy bit of man meat between my legs. "I could be so much - ahh - moooore."

I didn't *have* to become the queen bee. I didn't have to be a total bitch. But perhaps I could be a little bit bitchy. I'd have to, in order to get in and finally be popular. It would just be a small change. And besides, I'd been thinking about boys, boys, boys, more often, and fucking hell they'd been thinking about me. The football champions were feasting on me with their eyes.

"You've g-got so much power over them," I told myself, the sensations rising. I played with my most sensitive areas, raising one hand up to rub my nipples and grope my breasts. In that moment, I was no longer ashamed of where my lusts had taken me. It only made sense: I'd desired beautiful, buxom women when I'd been a man, and now that I was biologically female, of course I'd be into big, strong men with big, hard dicks. I could just *imagine* one thrusting into me, my legs spread wide or wrapped around him as I *drained* the hot boy I'd chosen to fuck.

"Mhmm! Ohhhh, yes! F-fuck me! You're m-mine! I'm the hottest girl on campus, and you're the lucky one to f-fuck meeeee!"

It hit me all at once, the orgasm to end all orgasms. No! The *orgasms*, *plural*. My body rocked, and I cried out in sheer bliss as I was left helpless to womanly passion. It was a moment of pure nirvana, just like when I had first masturbated to the blonde bombshell I had just become. And just like then, the thaumaturgical energy hit me, overwhelming me, changing me. I was helpless to the motions of my mind. Thoughts and self-knowledge trickled away, replaced by new arcane constructions. I realised too late what I had let in, and even worse, what I had forced out.

Peter, my old self, was screaming in the void, thrown from my neural network and cast to the proverbial winds.

And now, in control, was Peyton, the woman who was going to be queen of the campus.

"Yessss," I moaned again, revelling in this coup d'etat of the mind. "Make me *her*."

There was no stopping it, no matter how hard I tried.

I was her.

I was Peyton.

And I was ready to be one mean girl bitch to get what I deserved.

The football boys wouldn't know what hit them. I'd already applied to a position on the cheer squad, but the best I'd get was a reserve spot. Thankfully, my Reality Signature Change Syndrome had already given me the skills, flexibility, and toned, fit form to easily make the ranks, but just for a little 'encouragement,' I decided to show off my skills to the boys who made up the actual sports team, as well as their coach.

"Holy shit, is that Peyton Hughs in a fucking cheerleading costume?" one of them asked. He was tall and had a masculine jawline that I just loved, and even my old self would have recognised Timothy Havers, the captain of the Mustangs.

"You bet it is, handsome," I purred, giving him and the rest of his team a wink. "Thought I'd do my workout a little early. I'm hoping to make the cheer squad. You know, if there's a team spot for me."

I posed a little, acting as if I *really* needed to stretch, and given that I was in a tight little skirt and small crop top that was a *lot* to show off. Being a woman really did have its advantages; I could practically hypnotise men just with the right motion, or flutter of my eyelashes, or even just a simple pose with the right outfit.

"Goddamn," one of the men said. I recognised him as Johnny Carlyle, a real bully asshole but a star player. "Tim, you sure we can't lean on someone to get her on the team? What do you think, coach?"

Coach Evers was pretending not to look at me. He was in his forties and had a wife and two daughters, but what did I care about that when I could easily convince him to use his power to put me on the team? I grabbed a set of pom poms I'd brought with me and started practising a chant, extending out my arms and bouncing on my feet as I sang the team cheer in a loud, exuberant voice, my smile beaming in an almost naive way despite my own cynical motives. I made sure to put a lot of extra bounce in my chest, not that it was hard given my EE-cups.

"Y-yeah," Coach Evers said. "I'll have a talk with the cheer team. I'm sure . . . I'm sure we can organise . . . something."

I continued to beam and smile, pretending I couldn't even see them and that I 'just happened' to be putting on a show near them. They were all looking at me, and one boy in particular had his jaw practically on the floor. That had to be Liam Boworth, the 'golden retriever' of the team, called so for the fact that he had all the energy and stupidity of a dog, and lacked a single mean bone in his body.

“She’s beautiful,” he said, in a voice just quiet enough that I almost didn’t hear it.”

Goddamn right I was, Liam. I was beautiful as they came. Stacey Ackermann, eat your heart out. I continued my practise just to soak in their attention as Timothy and his coach devised a plan to get me onto the cheer squad.

I’d never had such confidence in my life before.

“Isn’t this all going a little fast?” Mom asked me. “Honey, you’ve only just finished changing, are you sure you’re ready to move out?”

I just laughed as I readied my coffee. Mom could be so clingy, it really was ridiculous.

“Please, Mom. I’m adapting perfectly well. I’m already on the cheer squad, and it’s high time I joined one of the sororities now that I’m a woman. And you should be proud; *you* were a member of a popular sorority like Kappa Kappa Psi, so why not me? I’ve got more than enough going in my favour for it; I’ve got the looks *and* the brains. Just check out my academic scores lately.”

I didn’t mention that I’d once again corralled Malcolm into doing a lot of the work for me. It wasn’t that I didn’t have the smarts to do it, but frankly I had better things to do with my time than engage in physics and mathematics. Hell, sports science was clearly more up my alley, as was psychology, and thanks to my syndrome I could transfer the credits more flexibly, thanks to the Mage Centre’s medical recommendations. And poor Malcolm wanted to feel like he could still be my friend. It would be cute if it wasn’t so damn sad.

“I suppose you are doing well,” Mom said. “And I’d always hoped you’d come to enjoy the campus life and your father and I did. It’s just . . . it’s all happening so fast! Are you still taking the advice of your doctor? You know, the meditations and practised mental exercises. We don’t want to lose more of you than we already have.”

I gave a very loud, very exaggerated sigh. “Please, Mom. It wasn’t like I was exactly ranking up high in your regard before, or especially Dad’s. Betty was always the star child, and now that I’ve gotten through to the other side of this syndrome I’m finally making something of myself.”

“I know, honey. But you didn’t answer the question. Are you still following your doctor’s advice?”

I rolled my eyes. “Of course. Duh.”

I wasn’t. Perhaps I should have been. But frankly, I had a lot on my plate right now, and some stupid therapy intervention wasn’t what was needed. I mean, it was like they hadn’t *seen* me. I had the ultimate bod and the ultimate confidence now. What parts of scrawny, pathetic little Peter did I even want to keep?”

I could tell Betty was also getting nervous. She had been used to being the golden child for so long, and now her older sister had bigger boobs, a better bod, and far more popularity than her silly little gymnastics career would ever get her.

"Peter!" she called out to me as I was packing to head to my new sorority. "Peter!"

"The name's Peyton now, Betty. You know that."

"I just thought I'd wish you luck, since you've decided to go all girl and everything. Just make sure you don't forget you used to be Peter too, though."

"Mom's been talking to you, hasn't she?"

"No. I'm just saying it myself. I'm gonna miss my big brother."

"Sure, because you always got more attention than him."

She made a wounded face. "How can you say that?"

"Maybe because you were always teasing me before?"

"That's what siblings do! Look, this whole situation has been wild for me."

I chuckled. "I bet, given that I'm now the more popular sibling. I bet that just drives you crazy, doesn't it, *Betty*?"

I smirked down at her; she was so short compared to me. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, but I recognised them for what they were; crocodile tears.

"Why are you turning into such an asshole?" she said before turning away.

"Not an asshole!" I called. "A queen bitch! You better figure that out fast already!"

Dad hadn't come to see me off. He had work, but I knew he had the time to say goodbye if he asked for time off. He was having more trouble adjusting than anyone, but frankly I didn't much care. So long as he helped pay my college tuition and had put in a good word for me, then nothing else mattered. I was loving my new life, and he could either accept that or just be my personal piggy bank going forwards.

I rolled up the sorority not long afterwards, and my new sisters were there to greet me. Stacey Ackermann and Deline Chao were front and centre, the rest of them forming a triangle shape like an arrowhead facing me. This was intimidation. Pecking order. I wasn't worried; I'd be establishing my own order soon, with me at the top of the hierarchy.

"Hey girls," I said, grinning easily. "Where do I put my stuff?"

"First thing's first," Deline said, speaking for the group. She raised a finger, as if to silence me. "We need to establish some things. You're a new member, and we haven't trialed you yet. There's some stuff you'll need to do for us in order to fit in, and some of it you definitely won't love. There's a lot of chatter about you, Peyton, but you've been foisted upon us, and we don't take kindly to that. I don't know what power you think you wield, but it's not gonna work around here. Inside this building, me and Stacey are in charge."

"Of course," I said, still smiling, even as I began racking up the charges against them. "I'd never dream of doing anything to make you girls uncomfortable. I'm just so keen to be part of Kappa Kappa Psi. And so keen to be part of the cheer squad!"

At that, the pair exchanged a look. They weren't too happy about me being there, either. That was okay. I just had to embrace being my queen bitch as I readied my revolution.

I'd seize the crown soon enough.

"Wait, so you're pitting them against each other? How the fuck does that help you secure a place there?"

I scoffed at Malcolm's naivete. He really didn't understand the first thing about women, but that lack of knowledge could be . . . useful. Particularly if pointed in the right direction.

"I'm not *just* pitting them against one another, I'm also making friends where they're needed. Deline and Stacey have it tight, but if I can create a rift there, they'll have to gather support from the rest of the girls as to who leads the chapter. And by that time, I plan to be a leading voice among the other sorority sisters."

Malcolm scratched some of the whiskers at his chin. God, they were gross. Almost as gross as his zits or his thick glasses.

"So, how do you make a rift?"

I grinned. "Easy. I've already started planting little seeds. Small bits of evidence that Stacey's man, our captain of the team Timothy Havers, is cheating on the sly with Deline."

"But he isn't, right?"

"Of course not, have you seen Stacey? But she'll take the bait, because a girl pretty all her life gets paranoid that she hasn't earned it and that guys know it. I've got an inside man on the job, too: Johnny Carlyle."

Malcolm almost spit out his drink. I was at his place, and I'd told him it was because I missed the 'old times' with him. In truth, I couldn't be seen with this loser, not while I was readying my ascension up the social ladder.

"But Johnny Carlyle is a bully! Peter—"

"Peyton."

"Peyton, bro, he was the one who fucking *pulled your pants down* while he walked past you last year for no goddamn reason! He always pushes me around! What the hell would you get in bed with him for?"

Because he'd be far better in bed than you, Malcolm, you insufferable fat virgin. I didn't express that thought, of course, I still needed Malcolm. For now.

"Mal, I'm just playing him. I've been flirting and giggling with him, and making him think I'm gonna sleep with him. I've got him wrapped around my dainty little finger and he'll do anything, *plant* anything, including texts and snapchats from Timothy's phone, because he knows the dolt's access code."

"Holy shit. You're masterminding this. You definitely haven't lost smarts from when you were Peter."

"Who?"

He raised his eyebrows for a moment, and a tremor hit my heart. For just a second, I'd forgotten I *had* been Peter.

"I'm just joking with you!" I lied, punching him lightly on the arm. "Now stop looking at my tits and help me out here, because this is where you come into it."

"Please tell me I'm not writing more assignments."

"Of course you are. That's your thing, Mal."

"I'm busy as it is, Pete - Peyton. I don't want my grades to slip! It's too important!"

I shifted closer to him, using my female magnetism to convince him. I laid a soft hand on my friend's arm, smirking at him in a subtly flirtatious way. The man was hard and humiliated to be so about his 'best friend', but I could easily use that.

"C'mon, man. This is your ultimate opportunity. I can get some girls to talk to you. I can get footage from inside the sorority. A number of them are into nerds but don't want to admit it; I can help remake you into the kind of guy that Stephanie Kalcheck would want to go out with. You like her, right? The cute brunette?"

Malcolm swallowed. "I . . . wow. Do you really think so?"

Of course I didn't. He'd be eaten alive. But he could go to the sharks for all I cared, so long as my victory was complete. I leaned more into my Peyton self's manipulative side and put an arm around his shoulders, letting my left boob press just subtly against him.

"I absolutely believe this will work," I said. "You know I've got your back, right?"

The thing about Johnny Carlyle was that I didn't much care anymore if he was an asshole. The man he'd humiliated was Peter Hughes, not Peyton. And frankly, Peter was a gross loser nerd who I barely wanted to acknowledge. Hell, half the time I just plain forgot that I'd ever been him in the first place. And while Johnny definitely wasn't dating material, I was curious enough about my body that I was more than willing to actually go through with my deal and fuck his absolute brains out. Repeatedly, in fact.

I was heading to meet him at the change rooms, privately, as we agreed. Unfortunately Liam Boworth was there, just exiting. The golden retriever of the football team was indeed handsome, with light brown hair and muscular shoulders. He had a cuteness to him rather than a hotness, however. Something about his endlessly bright blue eyes and excited expression made it hard for me to ever take him seriously. He looked at me as I walked nearby and he lit up like a Christmas tree.

"Peyton! Great to see you? Did you make it onto the cheer squad?"

"Certainly did, Liam," I said, intending to walk past.

"That's so good to hear. I saw your moves the other day; you were seriously killer. I reckon you guys are gonna be up for the trophy this year."

I blinked. This was an . . . odd reaction. What did he want, bringing up cheerleading trophies like his primary concern wasn't my hotness and his own football victories?

"Well, we'll have to see about that. We mainly exist to support you handsome boys, you know."

He blushed a little, then scratched the back of his head. "Aw, shucks! Well, we're playing pretty good at the moment. Tim's a good leader. He seems a bit down lately, though. Do you know what's going on with him? I hope he's okay."

He wasn't, and wouldn't be, because I'd convinced Stacy that he was cheating on her. The poor man was about to lose the hottest girl on campus. Well, *second* hottest now, present company taking first prize, of course.

"You really care about him, don't you?"

"Of course! He's a good guy. The whole team is, really. I don't really know what I'm doing after this campus life - so many options! - so I'm lucky that I'm just surrounded by good people at the most exciting time of our lives, right?"

God, he really *was* a golden retriever. I almost wanted to get a bone, throw it, and say 'fetch.' He'd probably come back with a host of bones just to keep me happy.

"You're a fairly . . . optimistic kind of guy, aren't you?"

He gave a sheepish grin. "Well, my folks always said you gotta be nice and you gotta be keen in life. I guess I take after them."

There was almost something endearing in that. Too bad he was such a fool; the world was much more cutthroat than he knew. It was just his genetics that let him avoid having a life of cynicism.

"Well, I'll be going now," I said. "Gotta pick up some things I forgot."

"Um, so Peyton, this might sound a little weird, but you're a really cool chick, and I know everyone is probably vying for your attention because of how cool and together you are, but I was wondering . . . you know, was there a chance you might wanna go out for a date sometime? I know this awesome place and I reckon I could-"

I put up a hand. "Sorry, Liam, maybe some other time. I'm just settling in now, after all. And I'm not looking for sex."

He turned red. "I wasn't talking about sex, God! I mean, you're incredibly beautiful and you have this awesome style, but I just meant a fun time."

Sure he did. Still, I let him down easy and walked away. I wasn't looking for sex alright, at least . . . not with *him*.

"You are seriously the hottest fucking pussy holder on campus," Johnny told me when he finally arrived. I dragged him into the change room and locked the door so no one would see us.

"Pussy holder? Seriously?"

He gave this lopsided smirk that reeked of a man who knew he looked good, played good, and slayed it with the girls despite his 'winning personality.' I just raised one eyebrow.

"Johnny, don't get any stupid ideas in that thick skull of yours. This is just me repaying a favour, and also because you don't look half-bad. I'm actually pretty excited to fuck you, if it makes you feel any better. But make no mistake, this doesn't make me yours, it doesn't make me your girlfriend, and I certainly don't expect to hear any funny rumours about how good or bad 'in the sack' I was after this, because I'll crush you like a bug. Hell, I can get Timothy to do it. Don't think I didn't notice those 'performance enhancing' pills in your bag when you left the room while we were working out our plans."

Johnny froze, his smug smile wiped off his face. That was better; *now* he knew he was dealing not with an inferior or even an equal, but a goddamned *queen*. I sauntered towards him, removing my cheerleader's top and allowing my hips to sway as he took in my breasts.

"But - we're still gonna fuck, right?"

"Not at all," I purred, leaned down so he could see my ripe-hanging fruit almost bursting out of my sports bra. I shimmied out of my skirt, my pussy already damp.

"N-no?"

I smiled, flicking his ear condescendingly.

"I'm going to fuck *you*, Johnny Carlyle."

And I did. God, I did. Thanks to Peyton's experience in my changed reality, I knew exactly how a woman should be in bed, and how to tease out the greatest pleasure for my own body and his. I pressed my big boobs right in his face and demanded he suck on my sensitive nipples, and pretty soon the smug, self-assured Johnny was eating out of the palm of my hand. Well, more accurately, I made him eat *me* out, my thighs spread as he licked my most sensitive places.

"Harder, don't stop that rhythm," I said. "Unless you *don't* want me to ride you in a m-moment! Ohhh!"

He upped his game, and I was writhing in bliss. Having a man's tongue on my pussy was damn *hot*, and far better than any sex I'd had as a guy, though I guess I'd never actually had real sex as a guy. God, had I been a guy? It was so distant. I probably hadn't been. It was just a thaumaturgical mirage. When I finally came, crying out in disbelief, numerous orgasms rolling through my body and my voice going wild, I was *certain* I hadn't been a man before. I was far too much woman, and that was confirmed not long after when I was on top of him just twenty minutes later, him lying back on the changebench, my naked thighs spread to either side of him as I bounced on his big, hard cock. I'll say this for Johnny, he filled me *magnificently*. The sensations were almost strange to me, but I quickly adapted. I would have had sex before as a woman; how could I not?

"Feel my huge, wobbling tits already, Johnny! I want to cum even harder, damn it!"

He did so, obeying my every command. As he groped and squeezed my huge boobs I was driven over the edge.

"F-fuck yesssss!" I cried, and then I came even harder than before, and his dick pulsed within me.

Thank God I'd told him to wear a damn condom. The man would have filled me up even more otherwise.

Becoming a member of the sorority should have been a challenge, but I was easily able to bypass some of the more humiliating challenges they threw my way. Wearing the skimpy bunny outfit to a party was easy when I was the one *throwing* the party. I ended up *owning* my outfit in a way that clearly bugged Stacey but made Deline quite joyous. They were barely speaking to one another, and the lines were being drawn. And because they were both trying to court me and my faction - a faction that had swelled as I'd used and abused Malcolm's academic work to improve their grades - they made sure my fundraiser for the sorority was a smashing success. I was a fully-fledged member in no time, and my prestige had only increased.

"You know, we'll be taking an account of our leadership in the sorority soon," Stacey told me. "I know you're new, but you're making such a big splash that I really do think you're leadership material. Alongside me, of course. We've always had a dual Kappa Kappa Psi consulship, you know. Deline just doesn't have what it takes anymore."

I put the fakest, sweetest smile on my features. "Oh, you know I'll support you, Stacey, so long as I can help guide this sorority."

Of course, I'd promised the same thing to Deline. I played them off against each other, leaking information so that they kept offering more power, more responsibilities, more

prestige. Any rumours about me were being quashed by them, and soon I was promoted as the Next Big Thing. It didn't hurt that I was increasingly showing my style off; the football boys were always offering to pay for cute outfits to show my figure off in order to get with me. Some I even did, but I wasn't going to be seen as a some wanton slut, either. I always made sure to be discreet, and use sex to advance. The only man who never actually bought me something was Liam Boworth, the golden retriever himself. It made no sense: I knew he was into me, I could feel his eyes on my body during practice, and he often tried to talk to me and ask how I was going. But he didn't try to buy sex, or connive me into it, or anything like that. He really didn't understand how things worked, or that I wouldn't get an advantage out of sleeping with him. Fool.

"Deline," I finally said after the war between her and Stacey had gone on long enough. "I've decided to vote for you, if you keep your promises. Stacey is just too . . . far gone on all of this. You should call a vote soon, and I'll get the girls to throw their weight behind you."

She grinned, pulling me into an emotional hug. "Thank you, Peyton! You're the best! And you know I'll reward you."

I was counting on it. I didn't tell her the real reason I'd chosen her over Stacey; she was simply less competition. She had less drive, less ambition, and was willing to give me more power. Not to mention that Stacey was my nearest competitor in looks; we were both caucasian, both had a similar build, and while my boobs and overall bod was better she was no slouch either.

"Trust me, Deline," I said, lying through my teeth. "I believe in you."

The vote went her way, and mine, just a few days later. Stacey was devastated, and I did my best to console her afterwards. It didn't take long to convince her that Deline had masterminded something against me: I'd had sex with Johnny when he'd coerced me with her help, after all. It kept her and Deline against one another, and meant Stacey was her enemy, not mine.

"That's fucking psychotic!" Malcolm told me when I met him later, privately back at his house. "What the hell is wrong with you!?"

"Oh, please. This is working out perfectly for you."

Malcolm shot me a glare. God, he really did have *no* good looks, did he? And he was labouring under this stupid delusion that I used to be a man. Mom was the same, sending me bizarre text messages. At least Dad and Betty were leaving me alone now.

"How is this working for me at all, bro? I haven't gotten one step closer to meeting a nice chick! You haven't done anything to help me! You gave me a photo of Stacey Ackermann in the shower, and honestly, I'm a horny nerd, but even I thought that was too much. I had to rip it up and throw it away."

I snorted. "Weak."

"What?"

"I said, 'weak.' You need to stop being weak."

His jaw hung open. "Are. You. Fucking. Kidding. Me!?"

His attempt at intimidation and shame failed to manifest for me. "I'm not kidding at all, you little four-eyed *nerd*. I'm affording you a great opportunity here, and you're intent on throwing it back in my face. I'm so close to being the Queen Bee of this goddamn campus, and all I need is a little bit more support and you'll be on the gravy train."

I changed tactics, calming myself and placing a hand on his thigh, creeping it up not quite to his crotch but damn close.

"Besides," I said. "I'll be really, really grateful, Mal. Almost enough to show you something you've been wanting to see . . ."

At that, I pushed out my considerable chest a little. God, I loved having big awesome tits, and I knew in that moment that I had Malcolm. He was too entranced not to agree to continue what we'd planned.

I needed his nerdy brain just a little longer.

The party celebrations were wild. Me, a sorority queen alongside Deline Chao, but it was clear who the *real* centre of the party was. It had been just a week, and things were going well as could possibly be imagined. I'd already been part of the cheer squad for two games now, and I had my eyes on cheer captain. The football boys were gaga for me, all wanting to get in my pants except for Liam Boworth, who wanted to *date* me, romantically. Ah, romance, such a great carrot to dangle to get free tickets to music concerts. Thank you, Liam! It certainly made Betty jealous to know that I had good seats to Hayley Arbott's new tour, but if she wanted them so bad, she should have looked better, ha!

Dad had been asking to catch up, and while I knew I'd have to bite that bullet at some point to keep his money flowing, I wanted this party to be done first. It was in my honour, and I intended to wring the best out of it. And how better to do that than wearing the sexiest, most stylish, most showy and delectable red dress that conformed to my new figure in all the right ways? Sorry, I meant my figure. I wasn't sure why I thought 'new', except that I was new to this campus, clearly. Regardless, the dress was backless, and with hanging sleeves, not to mention with a low neckline that plunged to the point where my boobs were always threatening to spill forth, but never quite did. The hem of the skirt was short, and my red heels were *loooooong*, and when I debuted it at the sorority party there was no denying I

was the sexiest damn hottie on campus. I even wore a sparkling tiara; a statement of my new monarchical rule.

"Goddamn," one of my admirers said as I debuted to the blaring music and rising festivities. I made sure to step one foot in front of the other, swaying my ass hypnotically and emphasising the bounce of my breasts. Stacey looked at her new beau Rad with annoyance; he was staring straight at my ripe tits. That's right, Stacey, I'm bigger than you. Feast your eyes, deposed queen.

And naturally, I myself had some proclivities I needed to attend to before the night was over. I wouldn't settle for anything less than the best, and with Timothy Havers between girls, now was the time for the queen to match with her football captain king; tall, dark and handsome all in one impressive package.

This would be the ultimate victory. If I had him on my arm, then I effectively was the most envied girl across the whole campus. I could already feel the eyes of half the college upon me - I'd made sure the invites had gone out to just about everybody, sans the dweebs, of course - and I mingled through the crowd, complimenting other, less pretty girls on their inferior outfits and making sure to schmooze with all the sexy boys. I drank, of course. I had never been a drinker before . . . for reasons that escaped me. I guess I'd been a 'good girl' for some time. Not anymore; I flirted, joked, drank, and *danced*. I made sure to dance right up against Timothy, uncaring how obviously jealous Johnny was clearly getting or the damn golden retriever kept trying to say hello. I had my eyes on the prize, and the compliments flowed like honey.

"She's the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen."

"God, can you imagine her in the sack."

"I can't believe she looks like that AND gets straight A's. Some people just have it all, I swear."

"Why can't I pull off a look like that?"

'Uh oh, looks like there's a new campus queen."

There truly was. I had to occasionally adjust my top to avoid my big girls from spilling out, but even that was done with practised deliberateness. After a solid number of drinks I made sure to hover around Timothy, who I'd also ensured would be quite tipsy by this point. His eyes were roaming across all my perfect curves, and I bit my lip, looking demure and horny as I did the same to him.

"Hey," he said casually.

I pushed a hair back behind my ear and whispered in his. "Buy me a drink to celebrate?"

"Yes, ma'am."

I giggled, and seconds later I was listening to him talk about his boring football victories and the matches to come. I laughed when necessary, touched him when appropriate, slowly building up to that moment when I would have my way with him and make him mine. The prestige was there for the taking; we would be the ultimate power couple. I brought him onto the dance floor and made sure my body pressed up against him, my ass sliding against his growing hardness.

Yes, things were happening. Deline wasn't charismatic enough to hold onto control of Kappa Kappa Psi. With the popularity I was about to possess with Timothy at my side, *I'd* be in total control soon.

I put my arms over his tough, manly shoulders, making sure to inject as much sex into my voice as possible.

"Why don't you get me another drink?" I asked sweetly.

"Absolutely," he replied. "I'll be right back."

I sauntered off the dance floor, keen to get to the sex part of my plan. I retrieved my phone from my purse and saw that I had a lot of missed messages and calls. A couple from Dad, and the rest from Malcolm. Oh, Mal. You really need to stop being so clingy.

'Peter - if you don't stop being such an asshole I'm going nuclear on this!'

'Peyton, let's see if you respond to your NEW name! I'm your friend, but you're now a huge bitch. You can't keep taking advantage of me. RING ME NOW.'

'Why wasn't I invited to this party? Jesus Christ are you just using me?'

I put my reply to the last one, annoyed and a little tipsy and frankly wanting to put the pathetic little dweeb in his place.

'YES' I replied, followed by a selfie of me holding up the drink Timothy had just fetched me. I savoured it, put it down, and decided to give a symbolic 'fuck you' to Mal by dancing right up on him again, and even letting him touch my backside as we did so. I was getting damn horny at the prospect of dominating this man.

But then something began to happen. I returned and downed my drink, but a few minutes later, I started to feel . . . strange. Foggy. It was like my perception was being thrown off. Timothy was pulled away by Johnny Carlyle to have a chat with some of the football jocks, and I found myself swaying oddly, my gaze unfocused. Everything was so damn bright and colourful. There were shades in the air, and the noise was everywhere. Everything was just so, so much.

What the hell was happening to me?

I tried to ask Deline for help, but she was halfway across the room and my head was *pounding*. It seemed like oceans away, and stepping was a sharp uncertainty. My skin was electric and alive, my heart pounding in my chest. Was I dying? Oh God, was I fucking

dying? I tried to panic, but I could only move like molasses, my coordination uncertain, like I had just woken up.

“H-help m-me,” I murmured, almost like a whisper. Had I even said it?

“Hey now, I gotcha,” came a deep voice. “Lemme help you get you to a taxi. You look like you need it.”

I held on to Timothy. It was Timothy, right? I could barely make sense of things. He gripped my arm tightly. Was he real? Yes, he was real, but something wasn’t right. A chill ran down my spine as I was pulled from the building.

“Just gonna get you somewhere safe,” the man said. It wasn’t Timothy’s voice, not at all. I managed to turn my head drunkenly.

Johnny Carlyle. He had a shark’s grin, and his gaze was half on my tits. He licked his lips for emphasis, then continued to lead me around the corner. Why would I need a taxi? Didn’t I live at the sorority now? This was my party, right?

But we weren’t going to a taxi. Johnny half-carried me around the side of the building, an arm around my waist tightly gripping me.

“There, there,” he said. “I know you want the fucking captain. You used me. You had me and then you moved on. Well, I’m not moving on until I’m done with you, *Queenie*.”

Panic. God, so much panic. My body wasn’t working right. His hands were nearly on me. Where were we? Where had all the people gone? I tried to call for help but no sound came out.

And then there was a scuffle. Something was happening; a new figure had entered. I heard Johnny cry out, scream some invectives and lash out at the second shadow. I was almost asleep. Oh God, I’d been drugged, hadn’t I? Johnny had spiked my goddamn drink.

“H-help,” I managed, as one figure fell. I couldn’t tell who it was. By that point I was starting to fall, right into a man’s arms.

I woke feeling groggy and sick. God, I had a hangover, but I hadn’t drunk that much, had I?

“Ughhh,” I groaned, clutching my head. “What the fuck?”

I was back in my old room. The room I grew up in. Why was there weird boy shit all over the walls? Periodic tables and anime posters and junk. It made no sense, and yet it seemed oddly familiar, somehow.

Slowly, I managed to get up. The events of the previous night were slowly returning to me, and I had to drink the water left by my bedside table just to come to terms with it. Big, heavy breaths. I’d nearly been . . . it was too much to think about. Johnny had spiked my drink. I’d never felt so vulnerable or afraid . . . except for when he’d bullied me.

When had he bullied me?

I checked my phone. It had what looked like dozens of messages now. Dozens and dozens, in fact, not to mention missed calls and a whole heap of other nonsense I couldn't make sense of. I scrolled through a few of them:

'Sorority having an emergency meeting.'

'I'm sorry about Johnny, but u know this is unacceptable. Once ur back we need 2 talk!'

'College Admin says we might be in real trouble!'

'The fuck? You used to be a guy?'

'How come u didn't tell us u had Reality syndrom thingy?'

I groaned and rubbed my temples. What the fuck had happened while I was out? Something major. I was almost too tired and weary to really think about it. People knew I had the Reality Signature Change Syndrome now, evidently. But that made no sense. That was for people who changed bodies and genders and stuff, and I'd always been a woman.

Hadn't I?

God, something was going on. I needed to get out of my room. It felt like my brain was about to explode. I took a heavy breath and headed out into the living room still dressed in my pyjamas. I was taken completely by surprise moments later when Betty yelled out.

"Mom, she's awake!"

"Oh thank God, my poor sweetie! Come here!"

I barely managed to react in time before they were all over me. My sister - the sister I often fought with - was hugging me tightly as if I might slip away for good, and my mother was almost crushing my rib-cage.

"Oh, honey," Mom said. "I'm so sorry about last night! How are you feeling? Do you need to talk? Do you need breakfast?"

"Give her some space, dear," came Dad's voice. He had come from the kitchen, and I'd never seen the kind of look he had on his face before. He looked . . . *terrified*. He strode forth as Betty and Mom disentangled from me, and then he wrapped me in a warm embrace. He'd . . . never done that before.

"I'm so sorry, Peyton," he whispered. "I should never have pushed you away. I was just so alarmed by it all. I didn't know how to take it, or how to adjust. But after last night, I promise I'll be the father you deserve. I won't ever let something like that happen to you. Thank God that man was there. The police are already pressing charges against the other one; that dirtbag. Don't you worry."

I paused, not quite knowing what to say. "Dad, what's going on?"

He pulled back, his hands still on my shoulders. "I always wanted a son, Peyton. I was so proud to have you. I never knew how to show it, or to adapt. But maybe, now that you're a daughter instead, I can adapt."

"A daughter? Dad, I've always been your little girl, remember?"

A frozen moment extended, and my family members all looked at one another.

"Honey," Mom said. "We might need to show you a few things."

Something in the tone of her voice told me that I'd been missing something big. Something *really* big.

Reality Signature Change Syndrome. It was true. I'd really been a guy. A smart, nerdy, scrawny, unappealing one. Super gross, really. It kinda disgusted me, though not as much as it should have. I traced my fingers over the images of 'Peter', shocked at the person I once was. How could I have forgotten? It made so much sense, with all the holes in my life. And apparently he was nice, if weak. Since when was I *nice*? I was the bad bitch of the campus. I was the frickin' Queen Bee. I was . . .

Wait.

"Mom, Dad, Better, I need to sort some things out," I said. "I think . . . I think my life just got a lot more crazy than I thought."

"You should rest, Peyton," Dad said. "You've just gone through a dangerous experience. You were lucky that man was there for you."

I raised an eyebrow. "What man?"

"He said his name was Liam. Liam Boswen? Bosward?"

"Liam Boworth?"

He clicked his fingers. "That's the one. He found out where you lived from one of your sorority sisters and brought you back here. He seemed to think the sorority wasn't safe with a whole party going on."

The thought of all those guys there. Liam had saved me. Stupid, simple, golden retriever Liam had seen something going on that no one else had. And he hadn't taken advantage of me?

Small flashes. A man handling me with care. Making sure I was okay. Keeping his hands clear. Driving me home, assuring me it would be okay.

God, he'd been a total gentleman. I'd . . . I'd really misjudged him. And Timothy hadn't even fucking *noticed* what was going on, or any of my new sisters until Liam had stepped in. What kind of nest of fucking vipers was I trying to rule here?

"I'm . . . I'm fine," I said. "I just need to check some things over. I want to send some messages and make some calls."

Mom nodded, and Dad seemed to understand. Even Betty, who I had been bragging about being way less impressive than myself just days ago, gave me a look of concern.

"Just take care of yourself, okay?"

I had no idea of how to take that. It seemed like something I could easily manipulate, turn to my favour in the future, but instead I just felt a warmth in my heart. Hesitantly, I squeezed her hand.

"I will. Um, thanks. Sis."

I went back to my room. I still felt awful, but I managed to shower. Something was definitely cracking in my mind. It was like a door had been opened, and I was getting a peek at the person I used to be. Had I really been Peter? It was like a fever dream, or a nightmare. Me, the hottest, bustiest, bitchiest girl on campus, being a nerd? I wanted to believe it was a joke, but something about it seemed to click, filling in gaps that I had tried to pave over. I had an extra long shower in order to rinse off my disgust over the previous night. *My time, my ascension* ruined. But as I cleaned myself, I couldn't help but cup my big boobs and run my hands over my curves. There was something distinctly . . . new to them. There was a glimmer of recognition that I had been a man; one terrified of becoming the busty chick I now was.

"Holy shit," I said. "I'd never put on a bra before until this year."

I evacuated the shower, overcome by it all. I dressed myself up stylish as always; I wasn't going to show fear or cower away, that was for sure. I was still Peyton goddamn Hughes, and no one could bring this bitch down.

But I couldn't ignore my phone either. It had over twenty new messages in just the past hour alone. My heart pounded, and even through my headache I knew I had to figure out what was going on. When I did, the veins on my temples flared in anger.

"Malcolm, you little Judas."

He'd leaked it all. He'd threatened to do so, but I had assumed he was far too weak-willed to go along with it. I'd had him wrapped around my little finger so well that I hadn't noticed how tightly loaded the spring was; too many abuses, and he'd bounced right off.

I had messages from Stacey Ackermann and Deline Chao; a shared conversation where they were *furious* at me for igniting a rivalry between them. Shit.

I had emails from the college, requesting that I answer some very serious charges about cheating on assessments by outsourcing my work. In fact, follow up emails indicated that this had expanded to a cheating *scandal* involving multiple sorority sisters.

Which meant I *also* had angry messages pouring down my throat from my entire sisterhood, all of them raging at the fact that the lid had been blown on our academic pipelines.

But the worst of them all, and the most explosive, was the final revelation. This one came from all corners, including my doctor, my sorority sisters, members of the football team, other men I'd taken as lovers, and Malcolm himself.

They knew I'd been Peter Hughes, now. They knew I'd gone through Reality Signature Change Syndrome, and that I'd become a woman who was ambitious enough to become the queen bee of the campus.

"Malcolm, what the fuck have you done, you little shit?" I spat. Everything was ruined. All my work, my manipulations and lies and cheating and seduction and sex and party planning and speechmaking and cheerleading - I was probably off the cheerleading team too, soon - had been detonated by his angry outburst. The goddamned whistleblower, I'd kill that little fat gremlin dweeb next time I saw him!?

At least, that's what I *wanted* to want.

For reasons I could barely understand, I couldn't be angry with him. Annoyed, perhaps, but the rage I wanted to feel just failed to manifest. Those little flashes arrived in my brain once more; lingering feelings of friendliness to the short, dark-skinned nerd. We'd been best friends, hadn't we? And we'd played . . . *Intergalactica*, I think? We'd definitely talked about girls, and our fantasy girlfriends. I'd ended up just like mine, only I'd had a sort of fetish for the bitchy mean girl type.

Fuuuuuuuck. *That* was how I ended up like this. I mean, I couldn't regret it, I was a total snack, but . . . bitchy.

"Goddamn, this is sooooo weird."

I scrolled through his messages. I'd only read a few last night, but they became increasingly pleading in nature.

'Dude, I'm begging you to just come clean already. Do you even remember who you used to be? You were my BEST FRIEND! There's no way you've forgotten that!'

'I can't let you keep doing this. I want to help you! But you're destroying everything man! I know you're mega hot and all that but this is going too far!'

'I have to tell other people. If you don't talk to me right now I'll tell the truth. I think it's the ONLY way to get you to remember. You used to be a man! How can you not remember that?'

'I'm so sorry, bro. I've done it. I sent out the proof. I know this means you won't even want to be my friend anymore, but it had to be done. If I didn't, then you'd lose Peter for good. He'd be effectively DEAD, bro. If there's even a chance having all this blow up in your

face makes you remember who you used to be, then it's worth sacrificing our friendship for. I hope it works. If not, I'm sorry, Peter/Peyton. I fucking tried, man. I fucking TRIED.'

A single tear slid down my right cheek, followed by another down my left. I was crying, and I couldn't be exactly certain why. How could he claim to be helping me? He'd fucked over everything! I'd never be the queen of the campus now! I'd be a goddamn fucking *FREAK*.

But I *did* remember. There were more flashes; him and I meeting way back when we were younger. Us trying and failing to play wingman together. Malcolm helping me with my humanities work, while I helped him with the STEM stuff. Jesus, had we really tried to invent our own rocket to launch together? How much anime had we watched over the years?

"This better not be a mistake," I said to myself as I began typing a response.

'Hey Malcolm. We need to meet.'

I kept my head high and my shoulders back as I stepped up towards Malcolm's apartment - the apartment I recalled I was also meant to be part of. I was wearing a lovely yellow sundress that went tight around my best features, and I'd done my hair up nicely. It was a wonderful salve for the horrid experience of last night, and it helped confirm my femininity in the wake of regaining my memories about the Reality Signature Change Syndrome and all that it entailed.

Still, part of me was nervous, despite how goddamned sexy and back in control I was. I knew that I could put this little nerd right in his place and ruin his campus life for good . . . but I didn't want to.

"Jesus, I am soooo fucked up right now," I said. And then I knocked on the door.

A few seconds later, it opened, and on the other side was Malcolm. He looked smaller than ever, his expression nervous, as if unsure what exactly I was going to say. That made two of us, I supposed.

"Uh . . . hey," I said.

"Hey," he replied.

"So . . . can I come in?"

"S-sure."

He opened the door wider, and I strode in. He still looked at me with a bit of lust, but I couldn't blame him. I also could tell now why he'd sometimes been looking at me sadly; he'd seen his best friend slip away.

"So you really did it?" I said as I entered the living room and looked around.

"I'm sorry. I should have waited. Talked to you one last time."

"No, I'm talking about moving into your own place, dude. You've even got a whole shelf for all your anime. Hey, isn't *Bounce Bounce Harem Palace* actually mine?"

He blushed a little, taking a few breaths on his puffer. "Y-yeah, sorry about that. I wasn't sure you'd want them back. Do you . . . do you remember much?"

I bit my lip. "I didn't remember anything until this morning. I had a - I guess you could call it a bad experience last night. Even before you released all that stuff. Worse, even."

"Are you okay?"

"Fuck knows. Just yesterday, I was thinking of you as a bug to be stamped beneath my foot. Just some slobbering nerd staring at my boobs. Now it turns out I remember us being best friends. Remember the rocket incident?"

His eyes widened. "Fuck, yes! Wasn't that crazy as hell!"

"We nearly took out Mr Johnson's vegetable patch!"

The pair of us cackled at that, and my laugh wasn't exactly the snooty, lady-like sound I'd been cultivating as of late. When our sound died down, an awkward silence followed.

"I'm glad you remember," he said. "Is it . . . weird?"

"Weirder by the second. Just standing here and seeing all this nerdy shit is bringing me back. It's slowly coming back to me; I swear I can even remember the periodic table again."

"Don't forget, Iron Man would technically be-"

"FE-male," I said, chuckling. "Yeah, I remember that."

He looked up at me hopefully. "Does this mean you're back? Are you Pete again?"

I sat down and crossed my legs automatically, folding my arms beneath my breasts. Before, I could have withered him with a haughty stare. Now I could barely meet my friend's gaze.

"I . . . no. I don't think so. But I'm not Peyton now, either. At least, not the Peyton I was. I'm something in-between. Both of them, and none of them at once. Something new, I think. I certainly . . . I feel like I don't have a goddamned mean streak anymore. At least, not to the extent I did. But I still have Peyton's confidence, and I feel like a woman. I want to keep wearing cute things and I don't mind being popular, but it doesn't seem, I don't know, something I'd want to step on people to get now, either. I doubt I can even achieve it, after all that went down."

Malcolm nodded slowly. "I fucked up. I went way too far. I should never have-"

I put up a hand, silencing him. I still had *that* hypnotic power, at least. "Dude, I was treating you like a cockroach. I couldn't even remember who I had been. And I was cheating like an absolute bitch, and giving you nothing in return. I don't blame you at all. And at least

now that the secret's out I can start remembering that there was a secret syndrome at all. I'd rather all this than . . . who I was turning into."

"A total bitch?"

I giggled. "A hot one, at least."

"A super fucking hot one, I'd say."

I punched him on the arm in a friendly manner, and he winced.

"Damn, you're a girl and somehow still stronger than the scrawny guy you were."

That made me swell up a bit with pride. "Well, it's not all that bad being a hottie, except for the whole 'losing your memory and turning into a monster' part. I'm hoping to avoid that, you know, going forwards."

Another slow nod from Malcolm. "Do you think . . . do you think we can be friends again? After everything?"

A small part of me wanted to tell him that he was a nothing compared to me. How could he ever expect to be in the presence of someone so outside his social class? It was a dying remnant of Bitch-Peyton, and I squashed it like a bug inside my mind. I wasn't ever going to be that person again.

"Of course, bro," I said, giving him a warm hug. "Thanks for not giving up on me."

"Even if I blew up your life?"

"Eh, I deserved it."

I parted from the hug, partly because it was kinda weird now that I was a voluptuous gal who was exactly his fantasy type. He looked a bit gaga over it, actually, which just amused me.

"Well, if we're friends again, do you think you could do me a really big favour, just this one time?"

I sighed, and unbuttoned the front of my dress down to my bra, then unclasped it at the back.

"Just this one time then, because you're so desperate to see them!"

"Oh, sweet Jesus!"

I let the girls free, my mighty EE-cups pert and full in his vision. Definitely a strange way to reunite with my friend, but I was certainly making his day.

"Holy shit," he said.

I grinned, letting my shoulders wobble just to show off. "Right?"

I marched back onto the campus green just a week later. I had decided to go bold rather than meek, and so I was wearing a very delicious red crop top and short skirt reminiscent of

my cheer squad uniform. My hair was wavy around my shoulders, and my midriff sparkled with a sexy piercing in my belly button. I was a damn eleven out of ten sight, as far as anyone was concerned, and it was a good front to put up, because the whispers started as soon as people recognised me.

"Isn't that the cheater girl? I can't believe she got let off."

"I don't blame Kappa Kappa Psi for kicking her out. She's not really a girl."

"I can't believe Peter Hughes got magically turned into that. Life is unfair."

"I hear she fucked half the guys on the football team. Must have been a total pervert when she was a nerdy dude."

"Cheater."

"Slut."

I kept my head high, even as some of my former sorority sisters made the last comments deliberately loud enough for me to get the message. I didn't blame them entirely; I had been able to square things with the ethics board by agreeing to retake the tests and assessments, with my 'lapse in judgement' being understandably blamed on my Reality Signature Change Syndrome. I had argued as much as I could to let the other girls off, claiming that I had deceived them. In the end, they were able to retake the tests as well for their own courses, but it didn't make them very happy to have all that work and lower grades to boot, not to mention the scandal of it all.

So yeah, I was kicked out, and Deline and Stacey were chums again. They hated my guts something fierce now, but hopefully they would see me as my own person free from the Bitch persona one day. If not, well, I was at least happy for them. I think I definitely torpedoed Stacey and Timothy's relationship, though.

Of course, there were other consequences. Everyone knew I had the syndrome now, and so many eyes turned my way as I headed to the football field where the jocks were all training. I'd hurt a lot of people, and in the end I had only had the crown of the Queen of the Campus for just a few hours.

It hadn't been worth it.

What *was* worth it was the lessons I learned along the way, though. I was still Peyton, and I loved my new body. I didn't want to be scrawny Peter again, but I was very glad to have his smarts back. I had re-enrolled in physics and mathematics, and while some of my peers were sexist jokers, I would run rings around them soon enough - I could still be a *little* haughty when I wanted to. I also wouldn't be giving up fashion and makeup again either; I had a killer look and intended to keep my style varied. Plus, I *really* liked shoes now; call me a stereotype if you must. Betty was complaining about how many I had now: I had moved back with my folks for the time being. It was good to actually try and cultivate a good relationship with my little sis, and start over with Dad. Mom was her usual mothering self, but

I think part of her was over the moon to have a second daughter now that I was much better adjusted.

But clout-chasing? I'd learned my lesson there. I was more than happy to play video games with Malcolm and sit with him in the cafeteria, no matter what people thought. And while it had been a long delay, I did finally play wingwoman for him. Jiselle was a very cute girl, and utterly geeky just like him. She had a lovely smile with dimples that I knew Mal just worshipped. Turns out that it isn't that hard to get a date when you have a female best friend who can help you with your look, your clothes, give you a proper skincare treatment, help you style your hair, and give you pointers. At a certain point, it's all about how you present yourself.

Which was exactly what I was counting on as I reached the edge of the oval and watched the boys train. The cheer squad was out here too. God, I soooooo wanted to be part of that group again, but I was a reserve cheerleader now. I think that was as much as I could ask for; I'd earn my way back the proper way, in time.

But it wasn't them I wanted to see; it was the man who came running over to me when he saw me, practice be damned, his own teammates protests deaf in his ears. Liam Boworth really was such a golden retriever.

I'd decided I *liked* golden retrievers.

"I'll be back in a minute!" he called back to his team, before turning back to me with a broad smile on his face. "Hey Peyton, how are you doing?"

I chuckled, almost unbelieving that he could ask that. "Well, everyone knows I used to be a guy now, including you. I got busted for cheating because my crazy reality-changed side had taken over. I'd forgotten that I even had been a guy until a week ago. Oh, and I got kicked out my sorority. So . . . that's how I'm doing. How are you doing?"

He beamed again. "I'm doing great! But I'm always doing great. Tim says I have the worst positive attitude in the world. I'm sorry you've had a bad run, though. From everything I've heard, all that bad stuff wasn't you - not the real you, anyway."

I sighed. "I don't think I even know who the real me is these days. I was Peter, then I was a really bitchy Peyton. Now I'm still Peyton, but I'm sort of nerdy but I love wearing dresses and want to be cheerleading again."

"It'd be great to have you on the cheers quad again. I reckon you'll make it."

"Thanks Liam," I said, and found that I meant it. "Look, I never really properly thanked you, for that night. You know, with Johnny."

He made a dismissive gesture. "Ah, it was nothing. I'm glad he's charged for it, the rat. No one should ever do that to any woman. I'm just glad I noticed."

"You're the *only* one that noticed."

"Well, Ma always said I had a good eye for things."

I put my hands on my hips. "Why are you always so damn positive, Liam?"

The man shrugged. "I guess there's a lot to be positive about. It's a good campus life here, and I love playing football, and the whole social thing of it. Plus, I got a few B's this semester, so that's great."

I giggled. "Just a regular ray of sunshine, aren't you?"

"Better than dreary rain, right?"

He was right, that was the thing. I'd been the mean bitch, the wannabe queen bee, and I brought misery wherever I went. And here was Liam, enjoying his life and making the best of it, and uncaring that his teammates were now throwing footballs at his back to tell him to get back on the field. There was a lesson there.

"I better get back," he said. "I think they're getting annoyed with me. It was really good to see you, Peyton."

"Wait," I said. "You're not bothered that I used to be a guy, are you?"

He shrugged. "Should I be?"

Something in my heart just skipped a beat at his easy reaction. I took his hand and smiled.

"Hey, you should ask me out."

The man blinked. It was a cute look. "Um, I should?"

"Yeah. Right now, in fact."

The smile somehow got bigger. "Well then. Peyton, will you go on a date with me?"

I went up on my toes and kissed him, placing my arms over his shoulders. God, what wonderful shoulders he had. When I parted from him, things felt right.

"I absolutely will," I said. "I'll see you after practice and we can work out the details. Now get out there before you get kicked off the team."

He ran back, nearly hitting the goal pole because he was looking back at me too much. It made me burst out laughing, as well as making me want to date him all the more.

"Goddamn," I said to myself. "I think this is gonna be good."

Sure, I wasn't the queen of the campus anymore, and probably never would be. And yes, I had a hell of a lot of work to catch up on. And I was still working out the person I was going to be, and what I was going to do with this strange life of mine. And there was dating, and boys, and rumours, and lectures, and tryouts, and a whole lot of uncertainty.

But that was the campus life, wasn't it?

I was pretty sure I was gonna be okay.

The End

