

# Struck by Lightning (Jock to Cheerleader TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Nud

*James Lin is the arrogant captain of the Lucky Stars football team, complete with the gorgeous cheerleading captain Sabrina as his girlfriend. But when he is struck by a strange purple lightning bolt during a match, he finds his reality utterly changed. Now James finds himself as Jade, and everyone remembers her as such. And worse, she's a star cheerleader now, with her former best friend as her new boyfriend.*

## Struck by Lightning

### Part 1: Sunday - Thunderstruck

"How's the game looking, James?"

I tossed the football in my hands, spinning it expertly on one finger, before winking at D'Angelo.

"They won't know what hit them," I replied, smirking. "I'm calling it . . . they won't get a point."

D'Angelo chuckled, running his hand through his short curly hair.

"I don't know, man, the Eagles are serious competition. These guys go for real."

I could almost sigh. D'Angelo was a big dude and always had been, ever since we were teenagers. But for some reason he always had this nervous streak of energy before a big decision, or in this case, a big *game*. I cast my gaze across the locker room, observing our other teammates - Sean, Dastin, Tyrone, Aaron, Lee, and all the rest.

"These guys can go as hard as they want, but that doesn't mean shit compared to the Lucky Stars now, does it boys!?"

They all cheered, as I knew they would, and I could see D'Angelo perk up too.

"See?" I said to him as we got ready for the game. "You just gotta be confident, man. Be more like me. When I'm out there, I'm a goddamn machine."

He chuckled. "You gotta be, though, James. You're the team captain."

"Didn't get that way without effort, dude," I said. "But hey, I guess not everyone's got the stuff, right?"

For a moment he looked crestfallen, but then I put my hand on his shoulder.

“I’m fuckin’ with ya, man! C’mon, we’re gonna fuck up the competition! You just do your part, follow my flawless plan to choke them into the dust. And hey, if that’s not enough, just think about the *sexy laaaaaadies*, you know what I’m taaaaaalking ‘bout!”

I exaggerated every vowel as I riled my buddy up, shaking him as I beat the bench with my fist.

“Think of it, man!” I continued. “Those big, ripe titties! Those wide, perfect hips, the kind you just wanna put babies between! And I know you like Denise - she got that big backside! I bet you’d love to shove all six inches right between those cheeks, you know?”

It was the kind of locker room talk that had everyone riled up. Ryan kept his mouth shut but his ears pricked. He was one of my star quarterbacks, and I knew he had a crush on my girl Sabrina. That’s why it was important to keep a tight leash on him and remind him that my raven-haired beauty was just that; *mine*.

“Besides,” I said, loud enough for all to hear. “I’ve already got the cheerleading captain, so I have to leave some for the rest of you? After we win, I’m gonna take my Sabrina for a wild ride and make her *sing* louder than any cheer, you know what I’m saying!?”

A number of the boys laughed, and others cheered.

“How you gonna take her, James?” Sean asked. “I bet you’re the kind of guy that lets the lady take control, right? All tough until the lights go off!”

I grinned. “I tell you what, I’m gonna kick all your asses out of here, and then I’m gonna bang her tight wet pussy right up against your locker, Sean!”

The team cackled, all of us throwing shade at each other, except for Ryan, who remained serious.

“You shouldn’t talk about Sabrina that way,” he said to me quietly. “She’s good people. She wouldn’t like you talking about her like that.”

I scoffed. I mean, sure, he wasn’t wrong, Sabrina was way too much of a sweetheart to be *sweettalking* about her tits and how I was gonna fuck her in front of other people. But again, this was locker room talk with the boys. It was something different, and besides, I was amping up the team for the big game.

“Maybe, but what doesn’t know can’t hurt her, Ryan. Besides, it’s D’Angelo here who’s gonna be doing the fucking tonight, isn’t it, boys? First on the field, and then with Denise Honey!”

D’Angelo started to grin; I knew he was imagining it, though it also made him sheepish. Good looking as he was, he always seemed to fumble it with the ladies and get nervous. Ryan didn’t look too happy, but kept his face steady.

“What are you boys all talking about?”

I nearly jumped out of my seat as I turned. Sabrina had just entered the locker room, a smirk upon her beautiful lips, her long black hair trailing over her blue and yellow cheerleading uniform, stars imprinted along her top and skirt as part of the Lucky Stars team theme. She was a sight alright, and I loved the view of her midriff and that slim but pretty chest of hers. Of course, I was a little nervous as to what she'd heard, until she spoke.

"There's my sexy hunk," she said, moving forward to place her arms over me and plant a kiss on my lips. "I never get tired of the sight of you in that outfit."

"I haven't even got the shoulder pads on it yet," I quipped.

"Mhmm, your shoulders are more than enough." She cocked her head to one side. "What's the matter, boys? Think I haven't seen a guy naked before? Get ready for your damn game already!"

Ryan laughed, perhaps more than he should have, but at least he kept his mouth shut, as I knew he would. He was loyal, even if he was way too smitten with my girl. I planted another kiss on her just to emphasise that she was mine.

"What are you boys talking about?" she asked me. "They're not still making jokes that the hottest Asian footballer ended up with the hottest Asian cheerleader, are they?"

I could see D'Angelo cracking up over my shoulder, and making a crude motion. I mouthed *'fuck off'* to him before replying to her.

"Oh, you know, just giving the pep talk to my guys. We're gonna crush it out there."

"So am I. The girls are ready to rally the crowd for you."

"Just don't be too sexy that it distracts us all," I said.

"I won't," she purred. "I'll leave that for later . . . after you win."

God, I loved that woman. I flexed some muscles just for her, emphasising the man she'd landed. "With a stud like this as a captain, how can I lose?"

She mussed up my short black hair and kissed me again.

"That's what I'm counting on."

She left, hips swaying wonderfully, and as soon as she was out of auditory range the guys all burst out with cheers and 'Oooooohs!'

"All right, all right!" I said, keeping my laughter down. "Let's fucking do this, so I can get back to that girl and make you all goddamn jealous tonight! Let's gear up, Lucky Stars!"

"LUCKY STARS!"

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I was a titan on the field and I damn well knew it. Some folks liked to stereotype Asian dudes as always scrawny. Weak. Unmasculine. Well, I was a direct living evidence that that was *horseshit*. I stood a full six-foot-two and I was fucking *jacked*. Not to mention I was damn

handsome, and that's not just me being arrogant; the girls in the crowd crying out my name - some of whom were even begging to have my babies - was more than enough to prove I was a cut above. I barked orders to my teammates, and they fell in line. D'Angelo was right by my side, and with my instruction he swerved around the opposition, tossing me the ball just at the right moment for the captain of the team to score the touchdown.

The crowd went crazy as they always did.

*"LIN! LIN! LIN! LIN!"*

They didn't call me James. No, I was *Lin*. My family's name. My Dad had been a monster on the track field when he'd gone to this college, and now I was living up to his record by dominating another sport and making it a goddamned legacy. I threw my hands up to the crowd even as the team surrounded me. We had hit half-time, and it was looking like the Eagles were about to be sent back down to earth.

*"Thank your Lucky Stars you've got the winning team! You'll only beat them in your dreams! Lucky Stars, upon the field you shine so bright, there's no beating that winning sight! GOOOOO LUCKY STARS!"*

I took in the sight of my Sabrina leading the cheer squad. God, she was a damn vision in that blue and yellow uniform. I couldn't wait to fuck her in it. Part of me felt bad for all that locker room talk about her. Ryan wasn't entirely wrong, even if he was just carrying a torch for her; Sabrina wouldn't like me talking about her like she was just some damn sex object. But how could I not, when it made everyone envy the star of the show to have a girl that nice on his arm? And besides, looking at how easily she cartwheeled and jumped and leaped, I was reminded of how flexible she was. We had to incorporate that more into the bedroom, I just knew it.

"Damn," Coach Peters said as I gathered with the rest of the team. "Clouds are picking up. Might be getting some fierce rain, not that the damn weatherman warned us. Check out those dark clouds."

I looked up; sure enough they were dark, and had come in real quick. There were small flashes of purple in them, just barely. It looked kinda magical, or something.

"Nah, Coach," I said, getting my thoughts back on track. "We ain't got nothing to worry about. We're already winning, and besides, we got the homefield advantage. If it does come down, Ryan, you need to be getting their flank more. There's that patch that'll get more wet than the rest; they won't know about it. It'll leave things clear for D'Angelo to make a straight line while you play to him, then to me."

Ryan exhaled. "Always gotta be the one making the touchdown, captain?"

"Course," I said, giving him a shit-eating grin. "When you're captain, you'll be able to do the same."

"Just don't hog all the glory," Coach Peters said. "I'd rather this be a team effort."

“Sure, sure!” I said. “It will be. So long as they follow my plan!”

We hashed it out further until everything was decided and we were ready to go back on the field. Soon, the whistle blew, and we were summoned back up, ready to face the opposite team. I stuck my tongue out at my opposite number, looking forward to catching him off guard.

But the moment the game started, it was me who was caught off guard instead.

There was a terrific flash, followed by a blinding explosion all around me. I didn’t even have time to scream, the light was just suddenly *there*, my skin crackling as it was burned to smithereens, the power surging through me like I was nothing more than a lightning conductor. My hair stood on end, my very body seemed to briefly halt. I could have sworn that my heart actually *stopped* for a moment, and then a second surge hit it and I was flung to the side. The light disappeared, but I was immediately airborne, thrown like a ragdoll across the field as everyone looked on in horror. I hit the ground with a thud, rolling over several times upon the green, the sight of that black mark upon the sizzled ground where I’d been standing seared into my mind.

There was a pause.

Then a scream.

Then a chorus of voices as people shouted for a medic, shouted for a stretcher, shouted for anyone to see how I was.

“I’m okay!” I said, even as I was lifted onto the stretcher. “I said I’m okay!”

I wasn’t sure of that, but by that point I was probably in shock, what with my heart beating like a jackhammer and my whole body smelling like burning fabric. D’Angelo was at my side, and to his credit so was Ryan, demanding answers from the people looking over me.

“Get out of my way! I need to see him!”

Sabrina moved Ryan out of the way and was suddenly looking at me. I had an oxygen mask on at this point, and a medic was checking my vitals, my eyes, my blood pressure, seeing if there were any wounds. A thousand questions were being asked of me, but I only cared what Sabrina was saying.

“Oh my God, James! Are you okay? Are you hurting?”

I smiled at her. “Did I just get hit by lightning?”

“Yes! Oh my God, I can’t believe it. Please tell me you’re okay.”

“I feel great. Energised. I’m not kidding. Doc, am I okay?”

The astonished medic looked up at Sabrina and my Coach, and all the rest of my teammates.

“He seems . . . perfectly normal.”

"I told ya," I said, pulling myself up, even as the medic tried to get me to lay back down. "It was a freak accident."

"You were hit by fucking lightning, man!" D'Angelo said. "It was a big purple bolt. Weirdest goddamn lightning any of us have ever seen."

"I'm not even sure it *was* lightning," Ryan added. "It had this weird aura. And the sound it made was like thunder but not. I don't know how to describe it."

I shrugged, then shoved back the medic as I got off the stretcher. The crowd actually gave a loud 'Oooh!' in surprise, followed by a loud cheer as I staggered to my feet and held up a fist, though others were telling me to get back on the damn stretcher, my coach included.

"What the hell are you doing, boy?" he yelled, marching over. "You were just struck by damn lightning! You're lucky you weren't killed! We need to get you to a hospital!"

"Exactly!" Sabrina said. She put her arm around me. "Don't be a moron, Jimmy. What if your heart was affected? What if you collapse later?"

I just grinned. Something about that lightning had invigorated me. It was impossible to describe, but I felt more energetic and powerful than ever, like all my muscle tiredness had evaporated and I could run a thousand miles. No way was I giving up the second half of the game with that level of raw power in me. I could go to the hospital later. So I did the only thing that made sense to me: I grabbed my girl, dipped her, and gave her the most dominating, masculine kiss she'd ever received. She was alarmed at first, but as the crowd cheered, she gave herself over and moaned a little as I ran my hand down her back. Then, just for luck, I quickly squeezed her butt.

"James!" she said as I raised her.

But it was too late; the crowd was already going wild. They would *never* forget this. I would be the Lucky Stars player who got hit by goddamn *lightning* and not only won the game, but had the audacity to make out with his girl in front of the crowd. This was the stuff of fucking *legend*. Eat your heart out, Dad, I was the big Lin now!

"I can't believe you sometimes!" Sabrina said, though she was smirking slightly.

"I'm just too powerful to be stopped, babe, even by lightning."

Even the Eagles team looked alarmed: just what the hell were they up against?

"You're up against the best of the best here!" I yelled, just to drive it home. After all, I'd been hit by a bolt from the sky and was still standing proud. Lucky Stars indeed. I turned to D'Angelo and Ryan, who clearly had some concerns, and flashed them a wild grin.

"Now let's get back to the game. I'm gonna win this fucking thing."

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We won, of course, and decisively at that. I had never played like that on the field before. That strange purple lightning, which had appeared as a bolt and never returned, had somehow energised me. It was a shame when the effect faded, but I could still feel a slight tingle in my skin. The docs were astonished; despite the crazy footage there appeared to be nothing wrong with me except some added sensitivity.

“What can I say? I’m a God,” I told them, winking.

“Football players,” the lead doctor said. “Think they’re invincible.”

Wasn’t I? It certainly felt so when we celebrated that very night on campus. *Alpha Sigma Psi* was the fraternity that boasted all the best players - and I’m not just talking about sports. We were the guys who were the winners, and while D’Angelo still needed more encouragement on the field and with the ladies, I’d managed to land him a spot there too just to help him along. We drank and partied hard, and for good reason: we were near the end of the season and had made it to the finals.

“We better be ready,” said Ryan, ever practical. “We’ll likely be up against the Bulls. Those guys don’t mess around.”

“Pfft,” I said, drinking my next beer. “They’ve got nothing on us. We’ll trounce them. Besides, lightning couldn’t take me down.”

Ryan rolled his eyes. “You’ll be milking that forever, won’t you?”

“Yup! Won’t I, babe?”

Sabrina was on my arm, but she sighed. “Don’t ever do that again,” she said, jabbing my chest. “I never want to worry like that. It was stupid.”

“Hey, I’m hardheaded, what can I say? Besides, I’ve got a lot to live for. The finals are happening soon, and there’s that whole *prom*. You know I wouldn’t leave you alone for the most awesome night of the year, right?”

She smiled, kissing me on the cheek. “Just wait till you see the dress I’ve got picked out. You better match up.”

“Oh, trust me, I can upgrade to a suit. And I expect a good dance.”

She giggled as she held me, and I could see out of the corner of my eye that Ryan was having to look away. He stood up and moved to get another beer, and D’Angelo took his spot. Sabrina disentangled from me.

“Dee, what are you doing here? I thought you were talking to Vanessa?”

He grimaced. “I think I sorta flunked out on her.”

I groaned. “Seriously, dude? We talked you up and everything. You had this in the bag!”

“Yeah, I know man. But I just sorta . . . didn’t know what to say. She’s so good looking, but we didn’t have anything in common, and so I started talking about football and-”

Sabrina and I groaned at the same time.

“Dude, I’m a total lunkhead and even / know not to talk football with chicks. It’s not what they’re into.”

“I know! But I panicked, man.”

Sabrina took my beer and drank deep like she needed it. “Dee, I do not understand how you can be so bad with women. If I weren’t with my dummy James here, *I’d* date you. You’re handsome! You’re strong! You’ve got a good heart!”

“Yeah, dude,” I added. “Why are you so lacking in confidence?”

He shrugged. “I dunno. My old man is the same. I guess it’s the family tradition. It’s the same at the game; I have to get into the zone and if I don’t . . . I need another beer.”

He left, clearly in a sad mood, and Sabrina mouthed ‘*Wow!*’ to me.

“I know. Dude needs to get laid. I mean, he’s no virgin, but he needs to get laid *now*. That’ll get him his confidence back.”

“There are other ways, Jimmy,” she said. “You could be his wingman in person more often. You often sit back and let him fail.”

I shrugged. “Man’s gotta stand on his own two feet. Anyway, let’s stop talking about D’Angelo, and talk about that sexy outfit you’re gonna be wearing. You know that I’m one of the only guys here lucky enough to have a girlfriend to take? Can you believe that?”

Sabrina arched an eyebrow. “Because all of the guys here in your party fraternity are a bunch of players who like to love them and leave them.”

“Hey now, D’Angelo and Ryan aren’t like that.”

“Yeah, because Dee’s hopeless and Ryan’s sad he didn’t get to ask me out first.”

That surprised me. “You know about that?”

She rolled her eyes. “A girl always notices, Jimmy.”

“Would you have gone out with him if I didn’t ask first?”

My girl shrugged. “Maybe. He’s cute, and nice, but I’m not big on guys who can’t get over a girl and move on. Besides, where else am I gonna get a manly man who gets struck by lightning and can just shrug it off like the sexy hunky moron that he is?”

I laughed and kissed her. God, she was fucking perfect. I definitely planned to stay with this girl, even if I occasionally shared some intimate details about our mad sex with my teammates for the clout. She was one of a kind, that was for sure.

D’Angelo returned, as did Ryan. The party was starting to die down, and I was looking forward to taking my Asian beauty upstairs so I could eat out her pussy, but there was time for a bit of relaxation, I supposed.

“You know, it’s funny,” D’Angelo said, drinking from his beer. “All of us go way back to the start of high school together. We’ve all gone through shit, and became friends and stuff, but I’m the only one that doesn’t have a girl.”

“Not the only one,” Ryan mused quietly, before taking a beer himself and cracking it open.

Sabrina placed a hand on my thigh for emphasis, like she was protecting me instead of me protecting her.

“My point is,” D’Angelo said, his voice a little slurred from drinking too much, “I still don’t have a girl! Man, I won’t have anyone to take to the prom! I already flunked out with Vanessa.”

“Hey, I can talk to some of the girls on the squad,” Sabrina offered. “Denise is taken, I’m afraid, but Lisa is available!”

D’Angelo exhaled. “God, this was an option? I could have asked you for insider thoughts all along, Sabrina? Why didn’t you give me this option earlier in the season for good luck?”

Sabrina just laughed. “You didn’t ask!”

All of us laughed, even serious Ryan. I saw that he was eyeing up Vanessa a bit, so I leapt on that. “Ryan, you should totally ask her out, man. I bet she’d love to go out with you.”

He nodded slowly. “Yeah, I might just do that. Seems I need to start moving forward.”

Yeah, damn right he did. I know he liked my girl, but she was *my girl*, and he needed to get over that. True enough, he rose and went over to her and started up a conversation, and Sabrina left to go talk to Lisa. When she returned, she tapped Dee on the shoulder and motioned for him to give it a shot. He was probably a bit too tipsy at this stage, but maybe that was the confidence kicker he needed. That left just Sabrina and I, and finally we had time to do what we’d been meaning to do all night long.

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“Ohhh, James! Ohh, my Jimmy! You’re s-so big! F-fuck, you’re big!”

“And you’re wet and *tight*, babe. God, I never get sick of fucking your brains out.”

“Mhmmm, me either! I want you to g-go faster! F-fuck me hard tonight! I want to feel my lightning resistant boyfriend cum in me!”

Damn, there weren’t many words sexier than that. Thankfully I was wearing a condom otherwise I’d definitely be getting my bombshell cheerleading girlfriend pregnant, we were so into each other. Coach Peters had talked earlier to the boys about this: “I know you’re young and excited and girl crazy. I was the same at your age, but try to keep your focus on the ball. We’re nearly there. And for God’s sake, if you must indulge in some playtime, use protection!”

His words probably saved me tonight, because I really wanted to take my girl raw. She was on her back with her legs spread around me, gripping my waist tightly and refusing

to let go. I fucking loved it when she did that, and even more what she was doing at that very moment: bucking her hips in time with my movements so that we both got the greatest amount of pleasure. I slid right into her and almost all the way out again, and I used one hand to palm her tits and rub her perfect pink nipples. A series of delightful noises erupted from her; a high-pitched squeal that told me that I was so damn close to getting her off. What can I say? I wasn't just a star football player and all around hunk, I was also a goddamn rockstar in bed as well.

"I'm c-close!" she cried, holding onto me and raking her nails down my back. "I'm s-so close! Just a little longer! Oh God, it's gonna be a b-big one, James!"

I rammed my big cock into her, stretching her tunnel wide. I was close too, and my balls were aching to expel all my cum. I gripped her ass, thrusting into her even more aggressively. It got her there in just three pumps, because she suddenly thrashed, words impossible as she cried out in orgasmic ecstasy. It finally gave me permission to give in to the release, and good God you can bet I did. I grunted like an animal, squeezing her peachy rear before erupting like a volcano inside of her. Damn, it was a good thing I brought a condom, because I *definitely* would have knocked her up with how much I ejaculated. I hadn't cum like that in a while, and when I collapsed against her, she giggled, running her fingers down my back.

"My big, handsome man," she whispered in my ear.

That I was. I was her strong man, alright. I put my arms around her, the pair of us looking out the window to the storm that had never quite died down since I'd been struck. There was more purple lightning in the distance, and I had to admit, it really did look strange. Super strange. I got up slowly, moved to the window, and opened it.

"Damn, what a storm," I said. "But there's no wind or rain, just that purple-  
*KRAKOOOOOM!!!*

I leapt back, yelling in a really undignified way. Sabrina also jolted from the bed, squealing. A giant bolt of lightning had come down right next to the fraternity. Right next to *me*. No others were so close - the other bolts were miles away.

"Holy shit," I said. I could still feel the crackle against my skin, my arm hairs raised from the effects . . . almost like the storm had been attracted to me. Crazy thought, right?

"Fucking hell," Sabrina said, moving to my side and pulling me back after shutting the window. "I cannot decide if you are lucky or unlucky."

"Lucky Star, remember?" I replied, kissing her. "Now, let's get back to bed. I think that lightning really energised me. You were calling me a big, tough man before?"

"Mhmm," she moaned as I caressed her. "And I do like big, tough men."

Not long later, we were passionately making love again. A good thing too.

I didn't know it yet, but I wouldn't be a big tough man for much longer.

## Part 2: Monday - Sparks of Changes

I woke up at six am, feeling tired and definitely 'off.' It was a general unwellness, like my strength had been sapped, the power given to me by the weird purple lightning stolen as quickly as it had been given. Maybe I'd drunk more than I thought and had a killer hangover, but this felt more like it was all over the place. I didn't have a headache so much as a head fog. Goddamnit, but I had training today! We were gonna have to put in a lot of effort to beat the Bulls, even if I liked to project an air of confidence. Besides, D'Angelo would need some encouragement to get him playing right on the field.

"Ughh," I groaned, clutching my head. "Need a shower."

Unfortunately, it didn't help. Neither did breakfast. Neither did the aspirin I took to try and regain my bearings. By the time Sabrina got up and saw me, I felt just as off my game as I had two and a half hours ago.

"No, no, no!" she told me. "I don't care if the docs have cleared you, you're staying in bed today and telling Peters you're sick. Ryan can lead the team today. Besides, you were struck by fucking lightning, James! I'm still convinced we should see more doctors about that. For now, you rest up. I'll tell Dee."

I assured her that I would do as she said, and even call up my GP. She kissed me on the forehead, tucked me back into bed, and then left. I thought I could just chill. It was only Monday. I was the star footballer. I could skip my classes and just . . . lie in bed for once. I didn't love it, but it also felt pretty appealing.

"Fucking Mondays," I mumbled to myself. "Feel like shit."

I actually went back to sleep, can you believe it? Me, James Lin, the most testosterone-filled legend of a college student you've ever seen, and I was sleeping like a baby for several hours. When I woke, I still felt weird. Kind of soft, actually. I don't know how else to describe it, but it was like my skin just had this . . . smoothness, to it, like I'd finally been taking Sabrina's skincare tips to heart rather than just claim I was following them to keep her happy. I brushed my fingers over my chest; there was a slight pressure there, almost an itch. My nipples felt funny, which was annoying. Could she be right? Was it the purple lightning? I considered calling the doctor, but decided to wait it out. I was a dude, and dudes proudly only went to the doctor when they were basically missing a limb. I ran my hands through my hair instead, trying to move past my feelings of unwellness. Damn, I needed a haircut. I hadn't realised my hair was so thick, or that it was getting so long. I

scratched my chest idly, trying to get rid of that itch and pressure, and I was doing that when a knock came upon my door.

“Yeah, come in, babe!” I called.

But it wasn’t my beautiful and petite gal, but D’Angelo instead. He gave an apologetic smile.

“Hey babe,” he replied, a smirk on his features.

“Oh, I thought you were Sabrina.”

“She told me you were sick and messaged Coach Peters. Ryan filled in for you. We weren’t at our best.”

“Of course you weren’t. I wasn’t there.”

“Well, Sabrina has some classes now and then more cheer practice later, so she asked me to check in on you and see if you’re alright.”

I sat up a bit in bed. D’Angelo’s eyes wandered over my bare chest, as if searching. Gazing. It was kind of a freaky feeling.

“Are you alright?” he finally asked, staring deep into my eyes.

“Yeah, dude. I’m just feeling off. Was a big day yesterday, so I’m sleeping it all off. I’m surprised you’re up and about.”

“I threw up a couple of times and had a killer hangover. I struck out with Lisa.”

“Of course you did.”

“Still, more important that I see you. I’m really glad you’re okay.”

At that, he did something *really* weird; he actually placed a hand on my forearm and *brushed it*. As in, he caressed my damn skin. I pulled my arm away quickly.

“Dude, what the fuck are you doing?”

“I’m just worried about you, man. You’re a good friend. Let me fix you up lunch.”

“You don’t have to-”

But Dee was already leaving the room and heading for the fraternity kitchen. He returned with some fruit, some egg sandwiches just the way I liked them, and a ham and cheese toastie.

“Here you go,” he said, shoving the plate towards me.

“Um, thanks?”

I did actually wolf it down, and it did make me feel much better afterwards, but the whole experience was kind of . . . off. Strange. Weird. Dee had been my best friend for years now, but while we were always close, he was not usually so . . . affectionate. I mean, he’d always been more affectionate and emotional than me, but not *with* me, if you know what I mean? The fact that he put a hand on my shoulder wasn’t odd, for instance, but the fact that he left it there for a good number of seconds and then squeezed it gently, like you would with a girlfriend or boyfriend, *was*.

“Dude, are *you* alright?” I asked him as I finished up my food. “You’re being kinda . . . handsy.”

“Oh, you know me. I’ve always been like that!”

“I mean, we hug after a game and stuff, but you’re not usually like this. Is something going on?”

He gave me a funny look, as if *I* was the one being weird, not him.

“Nah man, you know how it is. Just taking care of my number one. You rest up and take care of yourself.”

He patted me gently on the cheek, but removed it before I could bat his hand away. Then he adjusted my sheets and left, making me wonder just what the fuck had gone on. And why the hell hadn’t I lifted much of a hand to stop him?

Thankfully, I got in more sleep before Sabrina returned after her classes and cheer practice. She was still in her uniform, and that brightened my dour day considerably.

“God, I need to fuck you while you wear that more often.”

“You’ll get your chance, sexy, *after* you get better. Did you book a doctor’s appointment?”

“Of course,” I lied. “Dee came by to see me too. Did you send him?”

“Yeah, I was worried about you.” She sat next to me at the bed.

“He was kinda . . . touchy. Like, he was touching me. He petted my arm at one point, and kept staring at my chest.”

She giggled. “That’s our D’Angelo!”

Was it? Did he have a reputation for this that I didn’t know about? Was he gay or something? Surely not. The man worshipped that one photo of Denise from the cheer squad. The one that showed her amazing ass. Though I guess he could be bi. But no way was he into me. It was just . . . weird.

“Have you noticed any changes?” Sabrina asked.

Her wording worried me. “What do you mean by that?”

“I mean are you feeling better.”

“Oh. Um, yeah. A little. I feel kinda weird, though. My hair feels longer than it should, and I swear I’ve lost a heap of chest hair. My nipples are kinda itchy, and I’ve got all this sensitivity and stuff.”

“It’s probably just the aftereffects from all that craziness. Docs will sort it out, but you go to a hospital if you’re worried. I’ve got to drop in and see Lisa after last night’s embarrassment with Dee, but I’ll be coming to see you early tomorrow, okay?”

“So long as you wear that uniform again.”

She leaned over the bed, her breasts hanging perfectly from her chest. My woman kissed me, moaning into my mouth deliberately.

“Then you better be well enough to enjoy me in it,” she said, touching my nose.

She sauntered out, looking goddamn spectacular, and already making me feel better. Still, several minutes after she left, I found myself oddly emotional. I couldn't describe it well, but it was like I was just so thankful to be alive and to have her that it was making me get tears in my eyes. What the hell was wrong with me? I scratched my chest; I'd definitely lost a lot of hair there. Perhaps I did need to make that GP call tomorrow. I refused to let anything impact my status as the star of our football team. The Lucky Stars were going all the way with me at the helm. I'd be damn unlucky to lose it all because of one freak lightning hit.

I went to bed, still scratching my chest and occasionally touching my dick. It had started to feel kinda weird too . . .

### **Part 3: Tuesday - Lightning Transformation**

It was weird to wake up on my back. Normally I slept on my stomach with my head turned to the left. Sabrina complained that I sometimes drooled but it was just comfier for me, and yet here I was sleeping on my back. Well, Tuesday we had late team practice and I didn't have any classes until 10am, so I was more than happy to just turn onto my stomach and fall right back to-

*OW!*

I was hit by a sudden pain in my chest. Two pains, actually. It was like two sensitive areas were being squashed flat that weren't meant to, compressing up against my rib-cage painfully. I immediately turned to my side, and those same areas flopped about heavily, pressing up against my arm and feeling *very weird*. It made no sense, but in that mind fog of just-waking I couldn't make sense of it. It was like my nipples were . . . sticking out. Like, *really* far out. Had I put on weight? But the flesh felt really full and rounded, and kind of soft, yet . . . pert. And why was my hair covering my face? And my thighs felt way too silky smooth as they rubbed up against one another. Why couldn't I feel my dick? It was almost like it wasn't there. But that would be crazy.

Wouldn't it?

I groaned a little, placing my hand on my forehead. But my hand was too small, and my face didn't feel like my face at all. And just the act of shifting onto my back caused my chest to wobble heavily again; it was like there were several extra pounds of flesh upon me. Seriously, it felt like three or four pounds on each side!

“What the hell?” I said, reaching to touch one of the strange mounds.

That was when I halted, and the mind fog evaporated in an instant. That wasn't my voice. I'd just spoken in a woman's voice. I sat up, causing another jostle on my chest that took several seconds to calm down. My nipples were definitely way further than where they should have been, and were weirdly stiff. More than that, there was some serious weight on my chest, but it felt like part of me, too.

"Oh God," I said, testing my tone again. "I sound like a chick. I f-feel like a . . ."

I opened my eyes fully and looked down, only to see the terrifying impossibility hanging from my front.

I had breasts. Big ones.

Boobs.

Tits.

Jugs. Gazongas. A real big rack. A stacked chest. Melons. Peaches. Mammaries. Knockers. A sizeable bust. An ample chest. A sweet set of fruit. A goddamned *bosom*. Whatever you wanted to call them, it was undeniable that a pair of the biggest, most perfect tits I could ever imagine were sticking out proudly from my chest, pert and ripe and round and full, the same olive tone as the rest of me, topped by light brown nipples. They were large enough that they drooped slightly despite how healthy-looking they were, and without a bra or form of support they had separated, hanging in such a way that they literally brushed against my upper arms, though when I squeezed them together, they formed an unbelievably deep line of cleavage.

I spoke in a voice that was way too fucking sexy-girl hot for me to mentally take:  
"What. The. Absolute. Fuck."

I leapt out of the bed, which caused a painful bounce from my huge rack. I didn't care much though, because I was racing to the bathroom so I could see myself in the mirror. Only it wasn't myself I saw, not really, but a deeply attractive Asian hottie with the finest bod I'd ever laid eyes on. Seriously, she blew Sabrina out of the fucking water, and my girl was a goddamn smokeshow.

"This can't be happening," I said in my totally alien voice, all while I stared at the woman in my reflection. It should be a crime to look that hot, and yet there she was. There / was.

I was still Asian. Still Chinese, I mean. And my accent was still American, so that hadn't changed, at least. Everything else had, though. I now looked like a goddamn staggeringly beautiful woman, like I had an ultra hot, eleven-out-of-ten sister with dark and mysterious eyes, perfectly contoured eyebrows, and long black hair that was silky and shiny despite me just getting out of bed. It was also long: it would easily trail down to below my shoulder blades, were it not a complete tangled mess currently. Even so, it conveyed a sort of 'just woke up' beauty. My nose was slightly longer and thin, and my lips were full, though

not, you know, bimbo-style full. The kind of full that made me think of a hot supermodel, not some girl getting fillers just to boost her dumb Instagram influencer account. No, these lips were totally real, and one-hundred percent made for kissing . . . among other things. But the whole face was more than the sum of its parts: this woman truly looked like a stunning Asian beauty, her facial structure that of a goddess.

And then there was her body. It had curves for days and still some leftover for the weekend. Wide hips, thin waist, and petite shoulders, all providing a stunning hourglass figure. I could feel it; it was mine. When I rested my arms, they grazed against those hips, which looked perfect for childbearing. But just like my lips, they weren't too obvious, instead working within the proportions of my new body. Of course, my bust was another story. *Her* bust, if I could try to keep my mind distant from this insanity. Sabrina had a lovely pair of B-cups that, while not large, were perfectly sized for her body. I just loved to fondle every chance I could. But these . . . these were *twice* the size of her wonderful breasts. Scratch that, more like *three* times. They were sheer *melons*, and yet somehow seemed perfectly sized for this body, being pert and full and jostling according to gravity. Definitely real and not fake, for certain values of 'real.' They were the most noticeable part of this experience, pulling at my upper back and chest like sandbags, and yet they didn't sag much. God, they were perfect. I would worship at the altar of those tits. This wasn't even getting into the woman's trim, athletic stomach, her shapely legs with their luscious thighs, or her blemish free skin. Or the solitary slit between her thighs and her triangular pattern of pubic hair above it. I was almost tempted to lower my slender hand down there just to feel it, but managed to resist.

"What the actually fuckity fucking fuuuuuuck," I said in my rather breathy, sensual voice. "I've turned into a goddamn supermodel. This has to be a dream."

It wasn't, though, and pinching didn't make me wake up. All it did was make me wince in response to my sensitive skin, and the same again when I cupped my big boobs and felt them. I actually gasped at how delicate they were, particularly when I touched my nipples.

"Mhm! Oh God, they're s-sensitive. Shit!"

Everything seemed too big around me, but I could barely pay attention to that. I was a freakin' woman, and this wasn't a dream! When I turned, I caught the sight of my ass in the mirror and groaned with despair. Fuck me, I looked just as peachy there as Sabrina did, perhaps more so! There was definitely a bounce to my otherwise firm cheeks!

"How did this happen? Was it the purple lightning? It had to be? Fuck, I've even got cute eyelashes. And perfect teeth! I don't even have crowns when I got smashed in last year's semifinal!"

Everything about this body had changed, and all I had were my memories of being James. Well, that and my room.

Wait.

The bathroom shelf looked different. A new colour, and with new tiles. It had the same configuration as my fraternity room, but there was makeup on the shelf, and feminine products, and my toothbrush had changed.

“Oh fuck.”

I quickly left the bathroom, and for the first time noticed that *this was not my room at all*. It was definitely still *Alpha Sigma Psi* fraternity, but the colouring on the walls was different, and it had a slightly more female aesthetic what with all the silky pillows, and the women’s clothing on the floor alongside a man’s. Even the layout was wrong.

“Where the hell am I?”

*Knock! Knock!*

I nearly leapt up to the roof in fear. Who could it be? Had I somehow possessed someone? This was some real ghost shit, that was for sure! Maybe I’d died and this was some kind of weird hell where I was trapped as a sexy prostitute or something. There had to be some reason, but then who the hell would be knocking at my door?

“Jade? You in there?”

“Sabrina?” I replied, right before immediately cursing myself under my breath. Why had I goddamn answered? And who was Jade, and how did Sabrina know her? I was already cupping my boobs, trying to figure out what to do. Damn, they were big - did boobs really always wobble around this much if they were huge?

“I’ve come around to see you like I said. You said it was alright?:

“I did?” I said weakly. I still wasn’t used to hearing my new voice. It sounded *weak*.

“Yeah, girl. You sent *me* a text first, remember? Can I come in already?”

“J-just a minute!”

My heart pounded as I tried to figure out what to do. I was completely naked. If there was one problem I needed to solve, it started with that. I ran to the closet and rifled through what was there. Fuck, it was all dresses and skirts and crop tops and tube tops and - was that a goddamn *bikini!*? Ugh, I’d give anything to see this hot bod in a tight white bikini, but for now I needed - a bathroom robe! YES!

I put it on as quickly as I could, which only caused more wobbling and jiggling in unfamiliar places - then tied it around my waist in a manner that seemed far too tight and yet was very comfortable. Jesus, I’d lost a lot of thickness.

“Are you ready?” Sabrina said. “Are you okay?”

“I just - give me one moment!”

My big damn boobies were spilling right out. How did big-chested women deal with this shit? As soon as I popped one back in the other burst out. Had I done it too tight or not tight enough? The damn tie around the waist wasn't high enough, because it meant I had a huge v-neck showing off the goods.

"C'mon, work with me, ya big tits!"

The door opened and my blood froze. I hadn't realised it was unlocked, and my raven-haired beauty herself, Sabrina Jones, walked through into this unfamiliar room, her hands already raised in a gesture of confusion.

"What gives, Jade?"

This time all of me froze. Sabrina, the sexy Asian gal whose head fit perfectly into the crook of my shoulder when she went on her toes . . . was now taller than me. By several inches, in fact. It hit me like in a revelation that I wasn't just a woman, but I was short like one too. And judging from our height difference, I was short even by the standards of a chick! Christ, what was I? Five-foot-three? Five-foot-TWO!?

Sabrina looked at me with one eyebrow arched. I recognised that look.

"Sorry to barge in, but I was starting to get seriously worried after you missed our psych lecture. But I think this explains it all. I see one messy bed, and certainly some messy hair. I'd say you and D'Angelo had way too much fun after all the drinking last night. Am I correct?"

"I - what? Fun with Dee? I just - I just went to sleep and woke up like this."

Sabrina cocked her eyebrow even higher, and a smirk appeared on her pretty face.

"Yeah, sure you did, sweetie. Sure you did. We all see how you two look at each other. No wonder Dee had such a spring in his step getting ready for training today.

"Training today?" I said. "I don't - Sabrina, something seriously weird is going on. I don't know who you think I am, but I'm not Jade. I'm James. James Lin. Your boyfriend!"

Her smirk cracked for a moment. "Maybe you aren't okay. Jade, I'm dating Ryan, remember? I don't even know a James Lin. I thought you said you didn't have any brothers?"

My jaw hung open, and I had to push my messy yet beautiful hair out of my face. What the hell was going on?

"Sabrina," I said, "what are you even saying? You're my girlfriend! We had sex last night, when I was a man."

This time, she frowned. "Jade, are you on something? Something . . . hallucinogenic? I don't know who James Lin is - you're the only Lin I know - and besides, we definitely haven't had sex, not that I wouldn't totally be into your hot bod if I was a lesbian. Besides, if we were together, you'd live with me at our sorority, instead of here at *Alpha Sigma Psi*, right? They only allow girls here who are in a relationship with a *boy*, dummy! Just like you are!"

“But I’m not a girl!” I cried in a very squeaky female voice. “I’m telling you, I’m a guy and my name is James and I like girls, damn it!”

Sabrina got out her phone. “Okay, I’m getting worried now. I’m contacting D’Angelo. Clearly you’re still a little high or something. Like, I get it, maybe you’re a little bi, and I’m totally flattered, but there are bigger issues here. Gimme your hand.”

I went to ask her why, but she took it anyway.

“Okay, temperature is a bit raised. You look panicky. Your pulse is crazy fast. You’re either sick or crashing or something else. Clearly delirious.”

“I’m not - did you say I’m in a relationship with a guy? I’m not into guys, and I don’t care how sexy this weird body is!”

Sabrina snorted. “You don’t like guys, huh? Okay, I’ll make sure to pass that along to Frank back in ninth grade. Oh, and Harry in the tenth. And Leo and Hans the sexy German exchange student, and the list goes on!”

“I don’t know who any of those people are, Sabrina! Look, none of this is making any sense to me. I need to talk to D’Angelo, he might know what’s going on. He’s one of my oldest friends.”

Sabrina cocked her head to the side. “I’ll say he is, and more than that. Jade, you *do* remember that you two are together, right? As in, *together* together? The reason you’re at the fraternity at all is because you’re living with D’Angelo as his girlfriend.”

Fuck.

What.

Fuck.

What!?

FUCK.

WHAT!?!?

“Oh my God, it’s so obvious,” Sabrina said, snapping her fingers. “That lightning that hit you! It must have affected you more than anyone thought, Jade. They were testing all these physical injuries, but clearly your brain got a bit scrambled up. We were warned this could happen, but clearly it slipped under the radar. Let’s see, do you remember anything else? What happened on the night you were hit by that weird bolt?”

I went to answer her with ease and try to prove I was the man she somehow didn’t remember, only to suddenly pause. It was like my mind had gone blank, or parts of it had begun to filter out and delete themselves.

“I . . . I won the football game. I think I won. Did we win? Maybe D’Angelo had to sub in and replace me after the strike. Yeah . . . or maybe not. I certainly didn’t kiss him after the game. I mean, I know I didn’t. Except I can see this image . . . and later we had drinks and I got silly and drunk with you and you and I went up to my bed . . . but it was Dee’s bed. And .

. . oh God, was Dee on top of me? This doesn't make any sense. Did - did I have fucking sex with my best friend?"

The images were right there in my mind, scattered and difficult to discern, yet appearing nonetheless. Flashes of pleasure, of crying out in a high, womanly voice. Of feeling a man thrusting into my wet tunnel, the tunnel I was certain I had only woken up to this morning, and yet there were . . . recollections. His strength upon my body, his muscles against my silky skin, his tongue upon my nipples . . .

"Okay, you're not a lost cause, at least," Sabrina said in her joking voice. She got me to sit down and place a hand in mine, comforting me just like I knew she often comforted her teammates.

"Jade, honey, you weren't 'winning' the game last night, you were in the cheer squad cheering them on. You were struck by lightning as you were thrown up into the air as one of our flyers, and the whole crowd saw you get hit by lightning in mid-air. It was a lucky thing Denise and I caught you, or you could have really been hurt, but then again it was even luckier that you didn't get killed or hurt by that lightning. D'Angelo was beside himself with fear."

"Did someone just say my name?" asked a male voice, one I immediately recognised as my best friend's. Only, he sounded almost debonair and confident as he stepped through the doorway with a tray of breakfast for me - not my usual bacon and eggs on toast, but instead smashed avocado on fancy bread with an OJ on the side. The hell?

"I just got your message, Sabrina. I'm sorry, I should have been by my girl's side, but I thought I should dip out when I woke early and get her favourite breakfast. Here you are, sweetie."

He placed it on the bedside table and then sat on the bed, one hand caressing my bare thigh beneath the short hem of my pink bathrobe.

"How are you feeling, babe? Anything of importance you girls are talking about?"

"Just that your girlfriend's memory has gone haywire and she thinks she's a guy in a relationship with me!" Sabrina said, which got his attention. "I blame you for this, Dee! You're normally such a sweetheart with her, but I have no doubt you kept her up all night with all that . . . passion, that was in the air."

At that, my stomach curdled. "P-passion?"

"Don't tell me you don't remember *that*? You two couldn't keep your hands off of each other, especially with you in that pink number. I swear, Jade, you took our nervous Dee and made him into a confident dog. A loyal one, but a dog nonetheless."

"Hey, dogs are cool," he said.

Sabrina slapped her forehead. "Please tell me you wore protection last night. I'm worried there might be another explanation."

“Of course we did!” Dee said, which only made me squirm more. I could almost remember fake memories . . . moments where I orgasmed as a woman, and felt his seed inside me. We definitely hadn’t used protection.

“When was your last period, Jade?” Sabrina asked me. “If you’re still unwell, it might be because you’re pregnant from all the sex your lovesick puppy here keeps insisting on.”

I could have died from embarrassment by this point, the humiliation was too much. What shameful reality had I been switched into? My chest heaved, rising and falling, reminded me of the huge boobs that Dee was currently staring right at. I covered myself up with my bathrobe a little more.

“I - we didn’t have sex,” I said.

“Fine, we made *love*,” D’Angelo said. “Either way, babe, you were damn good at it. I had no idea you knew *that* trick.”

Sabrina groaned, and I just about joined her. My cheeks burned. We really had experienced sex, somehow. I’d entered another world, or the lightning had rewritten my reality or timeline. It was the only thing that made any fucking sense.

“She thinks I’m her girlfriend, D’Angelo. This is more serious than you think. She says she’s a man named James Lin and that reality has changed or something.”

“Exactly!” I whispered beneath my breath, though neither heard me.

D’Angelo gave me a curious look, but then broke into a grin: “I think you’re just trying to claim Jade as your own, Sabrina, especially since you’re always playing mom to her and babying her on the cheerleading squad.”

She just shook her head. “Please, everyone knows Jade is a catch but I’m more than happy with Ryan, thank you very much. He’s sensitive, and quiet, and knows my needs. Maybe you should attend to hers.”

Dee looked at me and his expression became softer, almost . . . caring. No, *deeply* caring.

“Don’t you worry, I’m taking this real serious,” he said in a voice that made my insides feel kinda strangely warm. “I’ll take care of her, Sabrina. Thanks for the message. Don’t worry, Jade, your man will stay right by you today, and make sure you’re alright.”

I shivered as he put an arm around my shoulders, my body tiny compared to his. He looked . . . handsome. Impressive. God, what was my body doing seeing him this way?

Reality had changed. One lightning strike, and my entire world had altered overnight. Now I was somehow in a relationship with D’Angelo, while my Sabrina was with Ryan, damn him!

I looked around the room, as if trying to find salvation. Instead, I noticed the numerous photoframes on the other bedside table and on my dresser. Photos of the new, sexy, busty girl me holding D’Angelo. Another of us kissing. Another one of me in a white

bikini looking drop dead gorgeous, his arms around me from behind. I had turned into a huge-boobed chick version of myself, and in doing so had altered my entire timeline. There was no telling which of my friends had now once been boyfriends, which of my female conquests were now my female confidants, and who I even kept in my life anymore, and who I might not even recognise were now my closest companions. Slowly, I shifted away from D'Angelo, who was still obviously concerned for my well being, and picked up a student ID on the bedside table. My hand trembled as I looked at the smiling picture of the beautiful supermodel, and read the details about her.

“Something wrong, babe? Jade, are you alright?”

I wasn't. Not anywhere close.

Written on my ID was the name Jade Mei Lin. I was twenty years old, and my height was only five-foot-three. I was a real person. This was me.

I was stuck as a woman in a relationship with my own best friend.

#### **Part 4: Wednesday - Watts Going On?**

I managed to make it through my first day as a woman and somehow even sleep into the second. The rest of that Tuesday was a blur to me; my entire body felt alien, and constantly reminded me of the fact that it was nothing like my alpha male bod. I had big, heavy boobs blocking the view of my feet, and even turning just slightly too quick or shifting my body posture a tiny bit caused them to shift and bob or even wobble. My hair was also everywhere: having a shower made me realise how long it was, not to mention its weight on my scalp. I liked chicks with long, feminine hair, but I had no idea how crazy long it took to dry! And then there was wearing a bra! And women's clothing - I had almost no clothing that covered me up much, but then you'd need a damn trashbag to cover up all the curves on this body!

The end result was that I wore a pair of cute shorts and a sleeveless shirt that hugged my boobs and showed off how big they were. I did not appreciate it, I can tell you that! And I appreciated D'Angelo smiling at me, his eyes roaming over my female bod as if this really was the real me. As if we really were dating and having sex. Fuck me, it was too much to take, and so was the fact that I was staring back at *his* body, particularly his wide shoulders, his strong back, his bare forearms. This reality change was getting to me!

Thankfully, playing sick and claiming I was just 'recovering my memories' after the strike was enough to get him stop being so touchy-feely, though he still insisted on getting me food and checking in on me and acting so weirdly sweet and nice and caring throughout

the day. I mean, I cared about Sabrina, but it seemed like a whole lot of effort to go *that* far, especially when he even missed football practice to make sure I was okay; who the hell did *that*?

I found time to explore my body. I certainly wasn't going anywhere *near* my new pussy, but I did still have to take a piss at some point, and nearly made the mistake of standing up before I realised what I was doing and sat down on the bowl like a total *chick*. God, the feeling of it coming out of me like *that* was almost too much to take.

"What the fuck is happening to me?" I said as I returned to bed and hid under the covers like a total coward.

Even my *movement* was all wrong. I walked with one foot right in front of the other, no longer a manly alpha male strut but the kind of sexy female sway that would have made me rock hard the day before. My hips sashayed automatically, as if I'd been doing that all my life, and a brief flash of fake memory even informed me I could walk in goddamn *heels*. As if!

I tried to will myself to get out there, take charge as I always would, investigate and solve this issue. But my new girls self felt way more submissive, like I was just going along with the damn motions, fearful to even leave my fucking room! So that was where I stayed, occasionally playing with my tits as a consolation prize and trying not to lean into the new skills this reality was trying to teach me. God knows, my brain was going haywire, telling me to put on makeup, put on makeup, shave your legs, put on makeup, do your hair up nicely, use your product, put on makeup. I barely managed to squash those thoughts away, and part of me *wanted* to put on makeup just to feel better.

Instead, I remained passive and pathetic, beholden to D'Angelo's kindness, and doing my best not to think about the fact that he was my boyfriend in this timeline, and that the purple lightning had changed things so that he had apparently fucked me in my pussy the previous night. The thought of that made my nethers go sort of warm, and my big nipples stiffen, and no way in freakin' hell was I going to pursue *those thoughts*.

There was no stopping the inevitable that night, however. I was in D'Angelo's room, living with him. Eventually he came in and checked on me, and I feigned sleep. He was quiet as a mouse as he slipped in despite his bulk, and his mere presence warmed the bed. Eventually, he fell asleep, but not before I heard his whispered voice.

"Get better, babe. Love you."

It made me tingle. I *hated* that tingle.

And despite the horror, humiliation, and damned impossibility of this nightmare day, I eventually fell to sleep too.

\*\*\*

When I woke up on Wednesday morning, there was a brief, freakin' *perfect* moment where I thought I was a man again, and that the experience of yesterday had all been some crazy dream. And then I realised I had two flesh weights on my chest, one piled upon the other as I lay on my side.

I *also* realised that there was another warm body in the bed, pressed up against me, *spooning* me. One large hand was planted on my naked breast, and the nipple was stiff from his touch as he slowly, sleepily caressed it.

"Oh God," I whispered under my breath. I could feel his muscles against my back, his crotch against my peachy bubblebutt. D'Angelo slept naked, and apparently so did I! He was so warm and inviting, completely encasing me in a protective bubble that was unbelievably comfortable, even as I contended with how smooth my legs were against one another, versus his much hairier specimens.

I adjusted my position, trying to slowly worm my way out of my best friend's clutches before it became *too* uncomfortable. This shit was whack, and I needed to escape. Except in trying to do so I only ended up pressing my ass right up against his crotch, and it resulted in the most alien experience I'd ever felt with the exception of dealing with a new pussy; the sensation of a man's dick hardening between my butt cheeks.

"What the fuck," I said flatly, feeling his huge member pressing up against me, sliding against my skin. It was way, way too much, and for just a mere second it almost seemed . . . *hot*.

"GAH!" I cried, leaping out of bed and causing my boobs to bounce all over the place. I cupped them with my forearms, covering my upper body as D'Angelo suddenly sat upright in shock. I had a good sight of his penis with the covers pulled back, and he was *well hung*. I was almost breathless looking at it before I managed to look away.

"Jade? You okay, Jade?"

"F-fine! Just had a nightmare."

He smiled down at himself, a result of me staring again.

"Want me to make the bad dreams go away?" he suggested, his eyes looking over my own naked form.

"N-not today, sorry! Need to shower! Right now!"

A cold shower. A very, very cold shower, in fact. It calmed my stupid bimbo body down, and jolted me from those aroused thoughts. Since when was Dee so forward? Had I made him more confident in being his girl in this reality?

Well, that had to change, fast!

Unfortunately, whatever confidence he had gained, I had evidently freakin' *lost!* While I had my shower, D'Angelo ended up *joining* me, his huge body (especially from my new perspective, though he was a big guy regardless) entering the shower to share it with me. I

was trying to clean over my body, my big boobies covered in soap, and then his hands were around me, caressing my curves and even squeezing my butt. I shuddered, even gasped, but I couldn't fight it. It felt . . . good. Good in a way I could not fucking deal with.

"You seem to be better today, babe," he noted.

"I - y-yeah. I'm better, Dee. Just not feeling up for . . . you know."

He chuckled. "It's all good, honey. I get it. Probably for the best that we be careful. You got all your memory back though, right?"

I nodded frantically, still not turning to meet him. His hands were rising higher, higher, *higher*, until they were just shy of my big boobs.

"I have!" I lied. "Do you mind if I just finish up by myself? Feeling like it's, um, that time of the month?"

In truth, I did feel a bit nauseous, though it was obviously from his hands running over me. The same for my tiredness; exhaustion at being turned into a woman due to a freak weather event! D'Angelo pulled his hands back slowly and patted me on my *rondure* backside.

"All good, babe, all good. You give me so much confidence, you know that? I really feel like I'm so lucky to have you. You were always my best friend growing up, but now you're my sexy Asian queen, and I won't ever let you down. So if there's anything I can do for you, you just say the word. Even if it means me giving you some space, okay?"

Goddamnit, why did his words have to sound so frickin' *sweet*? It somehow only made him more attractive to my stupid horny body, and all I could do was thank him and then be even more thankful when he left. My pussy was a bit wet, but I chose to believe that was just the shower. I turned it a little bit colder just to make sure.

When I was out, D'Angelo had left me a text to say he was just having breakfast and heading out for his usual walk, but that he'd see me later '*at practice. Can't wait to see that sexy body of yours cheer, but don't do it if you don't feel up for it!*'

"Great, so I'm definitely part of the cheer squad. Jesus, with a body like this, why wouldn't I? I bet the crowd goes freakin' wild when they see my tits bounce. Ugh! I can't deal with this. Maybe some makeup will calm me down. Gotta find the right shade of lipstick for hump day."

I began testing shades until I found a lovely red colour that would absolutely match the vibe I was going for today. There were so many choices, but I couldn't deny that a bright ruby red would go perfectly with some dark eyeshadow to bring out the mysterious quality in my eyes. Guys really go off on how 'mysterious' and 'exotic' Asian women could be, what with the dark almond-shaped eyes and fey-like qualities in our faces, and it was totally bullshit. We were just people. But there was no denying it *was* a hot look, and one I could definitely cultivate well. I applied it expertly, adding a little proper foundation and skincare

lotion to bring out a nice shine to my skin, and then set to work on emphasising my eyes with the subtle dark eyeshadow. My dark hair would take time to dry, but I made sure to brush it and work to keep it straight; the shampoo and conditioner I had used would keep it shiny and reflective, like a gorgeous black curtain.

From there, I picked out my outfit, working through my closet to find something that would be cute, sexy, and yet still appropriate for campus. Or perhaps *nearly* appropriate. I put on my bra, settling my very impressive rack into the cups, and I couldn't help but admire how big yet perfectly plump they were. They stood up proudly, producing a hella impressive curve of cleavage, the kind I would happily motorboat as a guy, and once again I was struck that I was now three times as busty as my much more petite Sabrina. Jesus, that was a thought! I bounced a couple of times, testing the support, and while my tits were big enough that they would *always* shift a little with my movements, this pushup bra worked wonders. With that sorted, I selected a gorgeous summer dress, forest green in colour. It was sleeveless and had a belt that cinched around my waist, allowing it to emphasise my hips, and the sensation of airiness around my bare legs was so different and yet simply *wonderful*. Nothing could disguise my boobs, of course, but it only showed off a hint of cleavage, at least. But holy hell, what a hint to take!

It was only when I looked at myself in the mirror and smiled at my eleven-out-of-ten appearance that I realised just what the hell I had done.

"Did - did I just do all of that?" I stammered, even looking at my nails, which I had painted a subtle red. "How do I know how to do all of this? And why did it feel good? Fuck!"

It was like my brain didn't remember everything about this new life, but had a kind of 'muscle memory' of what to do as a girl. I had even applied a pad to my underwear without a second thought just in case my period was coming, and *that* scared me too, because it meant I knew my period was going to be arriving soon.

"I don't want to go through a period."

It would just remind me that not only was I missing my *dick* in favour of a freakin' *pussy*, but that I had a *womb* now as well.

"Just get through the day, Jade. James, I mean. Get through the day, and try to find a way back. It might wear off on its own. Besides, you've got a psych class pretty soon and cheer practice later."

I was halfway out the door of the fraternity, ignoring the way Sean and Liam and all the other guys were staring at my ass and waving hello like they had a chance with me, when I realised that I somehow also knew girl-me's schedule.

"Ugh, this is a nightmare!"

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If I'd still been James, I would have been fighting this at every turn. I would have been calling up doctors, checking myself into hospitals, screaming into the news cameras and being dragged away in a white vest if I had to. But the one thing I would definitely be doing would be *something*. Anything, really.

The problem with girl me was that she was clearly much more used to going with the flow and being passive. Submissive, even. The thought of making a scene - other than a jawdroppingly good-looking one - was anathema to me. I wanted to please the crowd, and if that meant smiling at everyone I passed and acting like everything was fucking *normal*, then so be it! That's what I'd do.

And I did.

I smiled at Sarah Westmore. I beamed at Brent Ackleston. I grinned at Gary Heidecker, despite the fact that he was a total jerk. I laughed kindly when Lachlan Harper made a comment about me "looking real nice, really *forward*, if you know what I mean!"

What a creep, and yet the impulse to not show a fuss, to let my boyfriend sort it out later for me, remained. It sucked, because I was meant to be such a dominant alpha male! And while I had the body of an alpha *female*, at least, I also lacked all the brashness and arrogance that had taken me so far. In fact, I was actually *complimenting* others instead of talking about myself!

"Lillian, that's such a cute dress!"

"Macy, I hope you go well on your sociology exam!"

"Let's grab coffee sometime, Greta!"

All these people I knew and recognised as my fans, my *lessers*, my cheering supporters who always wanted to hang out with me or - given they were girls - sleep with me, were now people I wanted to get along with and make time for.

"God, and they're clamoring to me," I mumbled to myself. "Wanting some of that popular girl clout."

I could feel the eyes of others on me, of course. Mainly on my chest, but quite a few on my backside. It was like I was suddenly a piece of meat, and given that I'd lost a whole foot in height and most of my muscle, I felt quite vulnerable indeed. If only D'Angelo was present . . .

"No! Just get to class and meet Sabrina."

I did so, finding the lecture in Theatre Five and finding my 'usual' place - or at least girl me's usual place - closer to the front in the middle row. Sabrina and Denise had both saved me a seat, and I awkwardly sat between them, feeling odd to be in a class I'd never taken before. It was on deviant behaviour and the psychology of antisocial patterns, and no doubt the girl me was supposed to know all of this stuff.

Except I *did* know all of this stuff, because it was part of my new reality. I took notes in a gorgeous flowery style, much neater in my new muscle memory, and I followed it as if it had been my area of study all my life. At one point, Professor Maxton even asked a question regarding criminal profiling, and I found my hand shooting up without a second thought.

“Yes, Miss Lin, as always I’m happy to hear your thoughts on this matter.”

Miss Lin. God, that felt weird to hear. I was a *Miss* now. It made sense, obviously, but it left me momentarily frozen. Had I started thinking of myself as a woman already? Was the purple lightning affecting my mind further?

“Miss Lin? Your thoughts?”

“I - I believe from the reading and the information on slide seven, that it would be a mistake to consider antisocial and ‘deviant’ behaviour as overlapping with criminal behaviour. Pushing up against societal boundaries might give you a greater likelihood of criminal offence, but it may just lead to actions you might call, well, eccentric. Or perhaps unexpected.”

The Professor smiled. “Very well answered, Miss Lin! Indeed, while Antisocial Personality Disorder can raise the potential of criminal behaviour, one of the stereotypes I wish to dissuade you from dwelling on is that deviant behaviour leads to a criminal psychology. It is simply a different way of thinking, and our job as psychologists . . .”

Denise nudged me with a smirk on her pretty dark features. “Nicely done, Jade.”

“Yeah,” Sabrina added. “You killed it. You seem much better today.”

“I . . . I guess,” I replied, looking down at myself.

“Nice dress, too.”

“Thanks. Felt like green today.”

The lecture resumed, but the strange comfort of being with my two friends remained, even if one of them was meant to be my hot girlfriend. How could Ryan have her? I needed to find a way back to get her back. Male me would have started a riot right in the theatre, but I found it hard to raise a fuss now, so I simply took notes and tried to keep viewing Sabrina as the sexual beauty she was. Too bad my body wasn’t attracted to her . . .

Hell, too bad *my* body was more attractive than hers in every way! We were both Chinese-American girls now, but while she had a slim, athletic beauty to her, I was all voluptuous curves in all the right places.

Holy shit, I could now be mistaken for her bustier, hotter sister.

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I managed to make it through the day’s classes, reluctant as I was. At least I was able to follow along with what I could in this new timeline thanks to the compulsions and strange

muscle memory. I even attended a study session with Sabrina, Denise, and a few of the other girls. I knew that Sabrina had her study group, but I'd never shown an interest in it. Well, now I was a member of it, and people were actually asking for my help with the psych stuff. And, being the people pleaser that female me apparently was, I couldn't help but do what I could to aid them, pathetic as that was. I should have been competing against these nerds, not aiding them! Most of them weren't even popular chicks or even hotties!

Still, I managed to wade my way through it, even slowly getting used to my more demure, soft voice that reminded me of beautiful flowers for some reason. Everyone just thought of me as Jade in this reality, and nowhere else was there more evidence of this than when cheerleading practice arrived. Still feeling compelled to just go along with it and lacking in my usual courage to act, I arrived not at the boys locker room but the girls one. A part of me at least looked forward to this: I would get to see Denise naked! I would see Hillary Esthers naked! I would get to enjoy the sight of all the hot cheerleading gals without actually angering Sabrina, since she wasn't technically my girlfriend right now.

Imagine my surprise and disappointment when they all began changing around me and I felt . . . nothing. I mean, I could appreciate Denise's amazing ass and Sabrina's petite beauty, not to mention Hillary's tall athletic frame from her endless track runs, but it didn't *do* anything for me, sexually speaking. Which meant I was . . .

"Oh God, I'm into boys," I said.

"Duh," Sabrina said, giggling.

"You've only dated half the football team before you and Dee finally realised you were perfect for each other," Denise added, pulling on her cheerleading skirt.

"Speaking of," Sabrina said, moving over to me as she put on her top. "I was going to ask, Jade, about Ryan."

"About Ryan?"

She blushed a little. God, I missed kissing her face. "Are there any specific things he likes to do in bed? Like, kinks and stuff? I kind of want to surprise him tonight, since he'd been so supportive of my academic focus lately and I haven't had as much time for him."

I had no idea what to even say to that. "W-why would I know?"

"Um, because you dated him for six months? You literally talked about how you enjoyed giving him blowjobs to me because he was always so sweet to you after. Trust me, I've used *that* information!"

"I, um, I don't know much. I mean . . ."

A memory stirred, and it was a real one. Something Ryan said among the boys before immediately regretting it. He'd been drinking, and that was the only time I'd seen him admit one of his kinks.

"He has a real thing for sexy, naughty nurses," I said. "It's a real turn on for him."

“See? I knew I could count on you, Jade! By the way, how’s D’Angelo in bed? Is it true what they say about black men and their big-”

“Okay, ladies, how are we feeling today?”

It was the voice of our coach, Mrs Lauderdale, and I was happy as Larry that she’d turned up when she did. We had finished changing - my bust was practically *straining* at my top, showing off an impressive amount of upper-boob - and clearly she was looking to get us into practice.

“Are you sure you want to be here, Miss Lin?” she asked me. “You were struck by lightning yesterday.”

“I’m fine,” I said.

“Are you sure? Sabrina?”

Sabrina cringed. “She did need some reminding of some stuff lately, and she looks a bit sick.”

“I just feel a little nauseous,” I said, and it was the truth. “It’s just butterflies. I’d like to get out there. Please.”

Coach sighed. “Okay then. Just know we can always fill you in. You’re not indispensable so don’t think you are. C’mon then, warmups and then the routine. It’s the finals coming up, and we want it to be showy!”

I followed the other girls out, and was shocked to realise I was just another one of them. Sure, I was probably the best looking, but even then it was in the category of curves. If you were after a girl with a big booty you’d still go for Denise, and if you wanted a slim supermodel type then Sabrina was right there. I wasn’t the toughest, or the tallest, nor the captain - that was still my former girlfriend. I wasn’t a star, is what I’m saying; just a member of the crew. It rankled me somewhat, but the girl part of me enjoyed the lower expectations, and the notion that we would be recognised as a team, not just one member.

We practised, and I became one with the group. My body knew all the moves, and given that I was a flyer, I was in some ways even more passive than the rest of them: I was tossed into the air and had to trust in my friends to catch me, which they did everytime. I won’t lie, it was goddamn *exhilarating*, even if it made me wish I had a better sports bra or smaller boobs, just because they were such a heavy wobble when I landed. Still, I kept up the Lucky Stars chant and soon got into the groove of it. I even sashayed my hips in time with the music, thrust my pom poms out with excitement, and did my best to emphasise my loveliness like all the girls. It was surprisingly tiring: I loved my girl, but I’d never considered cheerleading a real sport. Holy hell, I’d been wrong. This was dangerous and exhausting, and required a lot of muscle use.

Finally, it was over, and I couldn’t stop beaming despite myself.

“We nailed it!” Denise declared. “Even you, Jade, after being hit by lightning mid-fly just two days ago! We’re gonna crush the cheer when the final goes down.”

“And us boys will be cheering you on!” Sean declared.

I turned, seeing my old teammates walking to the field. A number of them were hooting and hollering at us girls in our two-piece blue and yellow outfits, and more than a few pairs of eyes were clearly zeroing in on me; my midriff, my legs, and most of all my chest which felt like it was rising and falling like twin empires. Damn, was this how it felt to be the object of every guy’s affection? It was annoying and kinda nice at the same time, the latter more so when D’Angelo took up beside me and put an arm around my bare waist. His touch felt . . . comforting.

“How’s my beautiful girl doing?” he asked, before whispering in my ear. “You look so damn hot in this outfit. Seriously, your boobs look amazing, girl.”

I giggled, not knowing what to say. Ryan put his hand around Sabrina’s waist, and we formed a little quartet while the rest of the footballers flirted with the rest of the available single cheerleaders, a number of them clearly hoping for a date to the upcoming prom.

“You should be proud of Jade here,” Sabrina said to Dee. “Two days after a lightning strike and some temporary memory loss, and then she’s out here cheerleading with the best of them.”

“That’s because she’s something special,” Dee said, holding me tighter. My damn submissiveness meant I leaned into him, rather than away.

“I’m special too, right Ryan?” Sabrina said cheekily.

He responded by giving her a passionate kiss. “Damn right you are.”

D’Angelo tugged on me, and before I knew it he’d planted both hands on my hips, his face hovering to mine. Not to be outdone, the much-more confident D’Angelo was about to kiss me.

And you know what I did? Me, the former arrogant alpha male football captain?

I let him.

His lips locked on mine, and I even fucking moaned into his mouth, letting him lower his hands to briefly touch my rear. I raised one leg in a feminine manner, and I was all his for that long, lovely kiss.

It had been two days in this new timeline, and I was already becoming absolutely hopeless to my new desires.

## Part 5: Thursday - Amping Up

I should have said no. It would have been so easy if I were still a man. Instead, when Denise and Sabrina and several of the other popular girls asked me to come along for a 'girls evening,' I said yes just to keep them happy. Damn girl me!

So there I was, at the mall and wearing a new outfit, one that was even showier than my green dress. I wore a tight crop top that seemed to barely contain my boobs, and the fabric over my shoulders was so thin that it showed off the straps of my bra.

My G-cup bra.

Let that sink in for a moment. I didn't even know the sizes went that big, but there I was, with two mammaries each seemingly half the size of my own head and gaining attention everywhere I went.

"C'mon, girls," Sabrina said. "Let's pick up our orders, and find some cute dresses for after-prom celebrations. And maybe a few things extra for our boyfriends - *if* they win the finals, of course."

"I - I didn't think the team had many girlfriends at the moment," I uttered.

Denise chuckled. "That was *before* the party where they all kept asking us out. So desperate, those so-called 'alpha males!'"

"We know who's really in charge, right girls?" Sabrina said.

There was a chorus of laughter and agreement, and I was swept up in it, follower that I now was. Sabrina winked at me.

"And I bet Dee will just love it when you find the perfect outfit that shows off those amazing tits of yours even more. He'll want to rip it straight off you, the lucky man."

I smiled sheepishly, trying not to imagine how goddamned fucking sexy that sounded.

"And I guess, um, Ryan will really enjoy going down on you if you wear that short red dress."

I knew this from experience, and Sabrina's eyebrows raised. "You absolute sneak! How do you know that? But you're right, and I intend to repeat that particular enjoyment in a new outfit."

"How about you, Jade?" Hillary asked, towering over me with her near-six foot athletic height. "Are you feeling up to a little shopping to impress your man?"

"I, um, guess I am?"

"Of course she is!" Sabrina added, putting her arm around me so that her boob briefly bumped up against my bigger one. She didn't even notice, but it was weird to *me*. "She and Dee seemed to have a *lot* of fun the night of the semifinal. Despite the lightning incident, you could say their chemistry was . . . electric!"

Denise groaned. "Please, spare our poor Jade! She deserves better! Come shop with me, Jade, I'll protect you from this pun-making harpy. Plus, I know how to make that backside of yours *pop*. I have it on good authority that D'Angelo likes that in a woman."

The banter continued, and the weirdest part was that I joined in on it, even making a couple of jokes at the expense of my huge boobs when I told them how I could "just hypnotise him with a flash of my big tits and he'd think a hoodie and jeans was the sexiest outfit in the world." They laughed at that, and the consensus seemed to be that the girls let the men think they were all alpha males while secretly running the show with just a bat of their eyelashes or a well-directed heavy breath to entice them in the right direction. I could barely believe it: they were the neck steering our heads all along, and I had thought I was the one in full control when it came to Sabrina! That sly, sexy fox!

You know, it was kinda funny, I thought as we looked through the clothing selection, and several very cute dresses drew my female gaze. In this reality I'd been somewhat of a bestower of luck. Sabrina was my best friend and Ryan had found happiness in being her boyfriend. Meanwhile, I had helped make D'Angelo way more confident in himself and got him the super hot girlfriend he always wanted, right down to my ridiculous curves. And another change was the football team; partly because of me, most of them now had cheerleaders as girlfriends.

As we continued to look through various articles - there was a very lovely purple dress that clung to my curves but maybe showed a bit too much in the breasts department - the girls continued to talk about their hopes and dreams after college.

"Oh, I'm definitely settling down," Denise said. "Don't get me wrong, I still want to have a job, but I'd love nothing more than to get pregnant with some babies while I'm young and raise them up with love, then explore my options down the road."

"Wow, couldn't be more different to me!" Sabrina said. "I'm going to be a psychologist. Ryan's fully supporting it, too. It's my dream."

It was? I always told her I loved the idea of her being a stay at home girl, which was a kind of status symbol for me. I'd assumed she wanted that too; had I not even noticed how wrong I was?

"I'm going to keep up with cheerleading," Hillary said. "I want to do it professionally in the nationals. I can make it, and they need tall, tough girls like me for the flyers, not just the boys who can throw them up. Besides, I can always coach down the line."

The answers continued, but eventually attention turned to me as I examined a very lovely white push-up bra. It would make my melons look even bigger, if that was possible, and somehow that intrigued me as a possibility.

"Um, yes?" I said.

“What are you going to do after college?” Sabrina asked. “C’mon, Jade. You always keep these things close to the chest - that rather big chest - so spill already!”

What to say?

“I . . . um, want what Denise was having?”

Denise gave a shocked if amused look. “Pregnant and babies and living with a sexy baby daddy it is, then!”

“Wait, no! I wasn’t listening properly, I - shoot!”

But by this point, over an hour had passed, and I noticed that the other girls were all either clutching or wearing some very pretty dresses.

“Uhh, are those for the prom?” I asked.

“Duh!” Jemma said from the back. “Don’t you have yours? I thought you were coming to pick yours up like the rest of us?”

For reasons that made no sense to me, my heart thudded in a panic. I wasn’t going to prom as a woman. Hell, I shouldn’t even be dressed as I was at that moment as a woman! And yet the realisation hit me.

This Friday was the football final.

And Saturday was the *prom*.

Denise giggled. “Aw, our poor Jade, always forgetting dates! Set a reminder, girl!”

Sabrina coughed. “Don’t blame her, the lightning frazzled her brain a little, but it’s recovering, right?”

Which meant, for reasons that itched deep down into my reality-changed soul and utterly *humiliated* my male ego, I really, *really* needed to find a prom dress. To my deep shame, tears began to form in the corners of my eyes. Damn estrogen, it was overwhelming me! Sabrina noticed immediately, followed by Denise and Hillary and then Lisa and the other girls. They quickly surrounded me in a group hug, right there in the classy clothing store, as tears trailed down my eyes.

“Don’t you worry one bit,” Jemma said. “We’re all gonna help you right now, aren’t we, girls?”

“Damn right!” Lisa shouted.

“Absolutely,” Denise and Sabrina said as one, followed by Hillary.

“We’ll find you the perfect prom dress and the makeup to go with it,” Sabrina said, pulling back from her hug and helping me clear my eyes. “We’re all friends here, and we all know you’d do the same for us, right girls?”

Another chorus of agreement followed, and it made my heartstrings tug. Emotions I was unaccustomed to feeling welled to the surface. I felt like one of the girls. I knew I shouldn’t revel in that, but I’d never felt such belonging in that moment.

“I love you guys!” I announced, and the group hug collided together again.

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I returned to *Alpha Sigma Psi* carrying more bags of makeup, clothes, and other girl products than I knew what to do with. It was embarrassingly late; I'd gone over with the cheer squad and associated female friends to the *Kappa Gamma Chi* sorority, and we'd all compared dresses and gossiped and talked about our favourite and least favourite professors, and at some point we'd begun singing the college anthem for no reason and giggled as we inserted dirty lyrics. We'd even compared study notes and career paths, all that stuff I had never bothered with because I was on track to be a football star but now seemed so important. I didn't plan to stay in this life, but I wasn't exactly gonna try and rely purely on my amazing rack while I was here, right?

The end result was that I ended up carting all my bags upstairs to D'Angelo's room, trying not to disturb the other guys, though Sean still gave me a leer when I walked past him up the stairs; the exact moment my boobs were bouncing heavily from the steps.

"Nice," I heard him say.

Goddamn perfect. I mean, I'd do the same in his position if I were a guy, but I was starting to think I wasn't exactly the *best* guy before. That'd change once I turned back. If . . . if I turned back.

I couldn't think about that right now. I just needed to get this strange rush of buying dresses and hanging with the girls out of my mind, catch some sleep, and finally start thinking about how to lose this pussy and get my poor dick back. I opened up the door to Dee's room quietly, and crept in, ready to try and get to sleep after a long day.

Instead, I saw that D'Angelo was awake in bed, propped up as he watched a sports game from the sounds of it on his phone. He dropped it instantly as he took in the sight of me. I felt so exposed, there in my tight shorts and crop top, my midriff exposed, my hair all done up, my cleavage tantalising to his gaze. I also had a lot of bags of clothes, which I promptly dropped to the floor.

"You," Dee said, a grin spreading across his face, "are such a girly girl, babe. I've been waiting for you to come back to me. I trust you've had a fun outing with the girls, hey?"

I nodded slowly. "Y-yeah. Sorry, Dee. I was doing a little . . . shopping."

He chuckled. God, he had such a rich, deep voice. "Just a little? Man, I hate to see what a whole lot is! I kept the bed warm, and frankly, I want it to get a whole lot warmer, if you're feeling recovered. I miss how excitable you get each night, you know. It does wonders for my confidence, especially for stuff like the game tomorrow. What do you say? Up for some fun?"

I swallowed. I had managed to avoid getting too close to D'Angelo up until this moment. He had been such a sweet boyfriend these past three days, always giving me gifts and making me food and paying me compliments, but apart from some spooning while we were both asleep, I had kept him at arms length for good reason. Now, here he was, propositioning sex, and my lip was trembling, not knowing how to respond.

*Just say no, damn you!* my mind screamed into the void.

Instead, I gave a weak: "Dee, I don't know if right is the best time . . ."

He got out of bed and made his way over to me.

Made his way *very nakedly* over to me.

My eyes widened. Jesus, he really *was* packing. I thought back to Sabrina's question, and realised it had been confirmed. I mean, I'd felt that big dick of his hard against my ass several times recently, but even I had underestimated its length, not to mention its *girth*. Woah, momma! Would that thing even fit inside me? God, it made me warm inside just to think about. Hell, it made me *wet* just to imagine it. My nipples throbbed, stiffening with arousal as he approached me. I shivered, submissive to him and helpless to act as he slid a firm, masculine hand down my arm, and then down my back.

"Hey," he said, using his other hand to push a few strands behind my right ear. I looked up at him, practically losing control of my breath as I did so. "I want you, Jade. Do you want me?"

I took another deep breath, felt my heavy rack rise and fall like ocean swells. He was naked. He was getting erect right before my eyes. He smelled nice, like he was *powerful*. Powerful and protecting at the same time. My protector.

"I - I do," I said, the words escaping my mouth before I could catch them. "I do want you, Dee. God help me, this body wants you so fucking bad."

His smile lit up my world. "That's what I'm talking about."

And then we were making out, the prelude to making *love*. Don't blame me, this body was too fucking lustful! My tits were *aching* for someone to touch them, and soon D'Angelo was that someone, pressing his face into my cleavage and kissing the tops of my breasts as I moaned in delight. My cheeks were hot with embarrassment as I went along with this, peeling off my crop top and letting my big boobs bounce in their bra. I moved to take it off, but he reached a single hand back and undid the clasp expertly, letting it fall from my chest. It was the single sexiest thing I had ever experienced, and my boobs drooped a little, no longer bound by my push-up bra yet still impressively pert and full on my chest. I breathed heavily as he took me in.

"I never get tired of your huge fucking titties," he said, and something about it made me giggle despite myself.

"Ohhhh," I moaned, cupping them. "They're so heavy. Help me with them."

He did, and then some. With ease, D'Angelo picked me up and got me onto the bed, kissing and sucking on my nipples, biting on them softly as they distended in his mouth. Holy fuck, a guy was actually sucking in my tits! I had the best damn tits I'd ever seen, and my best friend was groping them, squeezing them, licking them! And I was loving it, much as it shamed me!

"That's s-sooooo good! Oh G-God! Don't f-fucking stop doing that!"

He didn't . . . but he also slid a hand up and began removing my shorts. I raised my butt and then my legs to aid him, and my underwear went not long after, leaving him free to rub my vulva, touching all the places I had been too goddamned scared to touch. I arched my back immediately, shuddering from the shock and pleasure of it all.

"Mhmm! Your f-fingers are inside me! Dee, your fingers are inside me!"

"I know, babe. You love this, don't you?"

I swallowed, and nodded rapidly. I let loose another cry, barely able to contain myself at this point. Already thoughts were swirling in my head about having a man inside of me. What would it feel like, if just two fingers brought such satisfaction? How much deeper would his big, hard dick go?

"I want you," I gasped. "I want you! Ohhhh, I w-want you, Dee! I can't help it! I can't help it, I want you!"

I'd only been a girl for a few days, but I was acting like I'd been one my entire life, right up to lying on my back while a strong man dominated me from up top. I gripped his back, feeling his muscles, then sliding one hand down to feel his muscular butt.

"Such a hot butt," I murmured.

He chuckled. "You always did like my glutes."

"Mhmm, I don't remember . . . but I really, really do."

Shit, now I was *flirting* with him like I was a girl all my life! I thought about ways to extract myself from this situation, but then D'Angelo grabbed my tits and squeezed them just right, his thumbs running over my big, sensitive nipples, and it made me let loose an embarrassingly loud cry.

"Hey now," he said, grinning even as he tried to shush me with a finger. "Don't be too loud with those screams, girl. We have to keep it down or all the boys will complain."

Fuck, so I was a *screamer* on top of everything else in this life?

I looked to the side, and noticed that the other bed was empty - the bed I *used* to have before Sabrina had moved in with me, in that other life.

"What about when your roommate comes home?" I asked.

Dee gave me a funny look, raising his face from my heavy tits. "What roommate? Babe, that bed's been empty since not long after you moved in; who wants to hear us constantly going at it? You're an absolute nympho when we really get going."

I could believe it. My body was on fire with lust, and I shut out any male protests within my mind. I needed this. God, I needed to fuck this man. I needed his body to take advantage of all my voluptuous perfection and *make me a woman, damn it!* More than that, though, I wanted to please *him*. I wanted my best friend, in that moment, to be my boyfriend. To have the best damn girlfriend in the world that he had long deserved for all his kindness and care. And I knew exactly how to do that; by giving him the fantasy that I had long enjoyed. The second it went into my head was the second I knew I was doomed.

“Let me solve the screaming issue, then,” I said, gesturing for him to sit up on the bed with his legs off the side. I clambered off the bed, and then, with only a moment’s hesitation, I went down on my knees in humiliating submission, my face just inches from his massively erect cock. My mouth hung open, as if ready to receive him. This must have been how Sabrina felt when she sucked me off in the original reality: so submissive to her male half. I couldn’t do this. I shouldn’t do this. There was no way that I would do this.

I planted my lips on his cock and placed my dainty hand around his shaft, then locked eyes with him as I endeavoured to give my best friend-turned-hottie-boyfriend the best damn blowjob he’d ever received in his whole freakin’ life. My body knew exactly what to do, and I even began moaning as I sucked him off. It was all so wrong, but God if it didn’t feel right having his big black cock in my mouth, teasing his balls gently and pressing my chest up against his body. I grabbed my boobs and wrapped them around his cock, making his pole slide up and down my cleavage as I enveloped him in my boobflesh. He groaned.

“Fuuuuuuck, you’re so goddamn hot. You know I love a tittyfuck blowjob combo!”

I smiled, then continued to suck him off, lifting up my boobs and hunching just a little so I could get the right angle. I fingered my nipples even as I worked the rest of him, but I never lost eye contact with him; I loved that as a man to have Sabrina stare up at me, and now I was doing the same. Just the sensation of his dick throbbing and getting harder in my mouth was an insane feeling; my juices were starting to drop down my leg I was so fucking horny and wet. I was thanking my lucky stars that Ryan and Sabrina were not present to see how girly I’d become. I didn’t even care that they might be fucking elsewhere, so long as I could have D’Angelo and his huge dick in private.

“Fuck, I’m about to cum, babe! We gotta switch positions. I want to blow a load in your pussy. You gotta let me!”

I purred with happiness, ready to receive him. And yet, part of me was disappointed I didn’t get to *taste* him. It made me want to do that again, but for now he pulled me up and pressed me against the wall, easily lifting me with his awesome strength. I wailed at this point, unable to keep it in as he pressed his cock against my entrance. I guided him in, squirming and curling my toes as he slid his full length inside my wet, tight pussy. How had it come to this? Why was I letting it happen?

Because I wanted to, that was why. I wanted it and needed it and I was so fucking horny for it that I wanted more, more, more!

“More!” I cried, vocalising that thought. “Give me m-more, Dee! Cum inside your girl! Suck on my big tits and cum inside my p-pussy! Mhmm!”

He thrust again and again, stretching my walls, bringing me closer to womanhood by the second. The tiredness and nausea of the day was over; I was electric and full of life, and I was gripping onto him for dear life as he banged me against the wall, probably waking up his neighbours anyway. Neither of us cared: I was so damn close.

“Yesss! Don’t s-stop! I’m going to c-cum as a woman! Make me a w-woman, Dee! Make a - a - ahh! AIIIIEEEEEE!!”

I screamed anyway, unable to hold it in. I had to bite on his shoulder and stop as a series of earthquakes shook my body, orgasms more powerful than I had ever possibly known. I squeezed him with my athletic thighs, my vaginal muscles clamping down on his cock. Dear God, I was actually milking him. Milking him for all that he was worth, uncaring that he didn’t wear a condom or that I probably wasn’t on protection. None of it mattered; just my wail of pleasure as my man grunted in a bear-like fashion, shooting his sticky warm seed right up into my womb.

It was the best damn feeling I’d ever had. I had barely taken the lead in any of it. Far from James Lin, rockstar lover and dominator in bed, I’d become the buxom Jade, submissive beauty who let the man take the lead in all matters sexual.

“Ohhh,” I moaned, pressing my forehead against his and loving the way my chest pressed upon his chest. “That was a-amaazing.”

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I was at the football stadium, and the Bulls were ready to play, as were my Lucky Stars. Far from being stuck on the sidelines dancing, I was finally a man again, taking the lead as I carried the ball and tossed it to Dee, who then got it to Sean, who passed it to Ryan and back to me again. I scored a touchdown, and the crowd went wild for James Lin, the star player and captain of the team, the man who was going places. The scoreboard showed us winning - we were smashing the game, in fact - but something felt odd. My chest seemed to bounce painfully as I ran, and it was hard to move without my hips swaying. Still, I managed to stay in the game, shouting to my teammates their instructions.

“You sound like a chick, man!” Ryan called out to me.

I had no idea what he was talking about, and instead scored another touchdown. My teammates were looking at me, and that’s when I realised there were *two* me’s. One was playing on the field, the other was jumping as a flyer in the cheerleading team. I was *both*. One was my past, the other was my future, but the sky was dark and purple lights began to

emanate from above. I jumped into the air again, vaulted up by my team. The audience clapped, entertained by my sexy girl body, enjoying the sight of my athletic midriff. Sabrina and Denise caught me, and soon I was vaulted up again. I had to get back to the male me. I had to return to my body, the one I could remember.

The lightning was the key.

It was about to split the sky, the connection was there, buzzing through my female body. One more time, and the chances was there.

“GOOOO LUCKY STARS!”

They threw me up again, but I intentionally leapt at an angle, launching out from the formation until I hovered just above the male me upon the field. My vision was in two, the timelines and realities converging.

A bolt of lightning split the sky and the change was upon me.

That was when I woke, D'Angelo's arms around me, his naked form against mine, his hand gently massaging my breast in his sleep. It had been a dream. Just a weird dream after the even weirder experience of having a man's hard dick inside me.

And yet . . . was there a chance that it was true?

Could the lightning turn me back?

If it could, I needed to act during tomorrow's game, or else I might never be able to escape my life as Jade. Worse, I might even start to enjoy it . . .

## **Part 6: Friday - Electric Evening**

I threw up the next morning. How could I not? I woke with a nausea in my stomach as I recalled what I had done last night, and despite the terribly wonderful sleep I'd had in my boyfriend's - in *D'Angelo's* - arms, I still felt this strong exhaustion. It ended, at least, when I vomited. What the fuck had I done? I'd *sucked a man's cock*. I'd let him ram it into my tight, wet pussy.

And I'd *fucking enjoyed it*.

I'd been utterly submissive to him, and had begged for more even as I was filled with shame. But the arousal and pleasure had been stronger. Christ, the feeling of him inside me, *dominating* me. Just thinking about it made my big nipples get all kinds of stiff.

I managed to avoid another entanglement, at least, for the remainder of the day. Dee was a pretty heavy sleeper, and while my mind was tempted to wake him up by licking his big cock into a stunning erection, I managed to push away those thoughts.

But only just.

Instead, I kept my focus on the rest of the day. It was the finals tonight, and if I just played my role as Jade I would eventually be able to find a way to be struck by the strange storm and turn back. I'd have Sabrina as my gorgeous girl again, instead of being a total hottie who was even sexier than she was. I wouldn't have these huge, *oh-so-sensitive* breasts, or this amazing ass that all the guys stared at. I wouldn't sway my hips when I walked, or look at Dee with lust and want him to take me all over again. I'd be brash and arrogant, the star of the Lucky Stars, instead of a chick who wanted to please everyone and was devoted to her boyfriend, trying to lift *him* up instead.

So I did it. I went to my classes, I paid attention, I took notes. I wore a really cute shirt with the top-most buttons undone to tease my epic cleavage, as well as a skirt that left my thighs on display. Man, skirts felt nice. So airy and free. I even indulged *those* feelings, and let myself blush and smile in response to Denise and Sabrina's compliments, while dishing out compliments in turn. I responded instantly to being called 'Miss Lin,' and didn't care when guys referred to me as the 'stacked Asian chick with the amazing ass.' When David Pall whispered that he'd like to get me pregnant to his buddies behind me in the lecture theatre, I just pretended not to hear him. The only person getting me pregnant would be Dee, I thought to myself. Well, I pushed against *that* thought, at least. This submissive version of me would love nothing more than to help D'Angelo succeed and then be his gorgeous trophy wife and give him children. It was a fate I had to avoid; I just needed to be patient.

The day ended up being quite exhausting. I had to swap bras; my boobs were sore and feeling overly compressed, and thanks to all the excitement with D'Angelo the previous night I even had to skip back to the fraternity for a quick nap just to get the anxiety and mind fog away from me. I set an alarm, of course. Tonight was the big night.

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I was ready. Soon, I would change back. The dream had to be an omen or something, because otherwise I was really fucked. Dee had certainly seen to that last night, and even now I was imagining his manly body against mine.

"You okay, Jade?" Sabrina asked me. "You've been really tired and out of it lately. If you're worried about that lightning incident . . ."

"No, I'm ready," I said, before smiling at her. "Thank you."

"Then let's make this the biggest cheer yet," Denise said, readying her pom poms.

I readied mine. My heart beat with nervousness and embarrassment and . . . excitement. I actually *wanted* to be part of the cheer squad, taking orders from Sabrina, our captain. And, of course, I knew that Dee would see me as well. He better; I was going to be an absolute smokeshow with my midriff bare, my skirt short, and my top *tight*.

“Okay, that’s us being called out!” Sabrina announced as the music began. “Let’s go, girls!”

We rushed into action in the line we’d organised, moving playfully and waving at the crowd, who cheered and whistled - the boys *especially* whistled. Some of them even called out our names, and a smug part of my female self was happy to hear *my* name called out the most.

*“GO GO GO GO, GO LUCKY STARS! GO GO GO GO, GO LUCKY STARS!”*

We shouted as one, amping up the crowd and getting them to join the basic chant. It was strange; even as I bounced and twirled, my body easily following the choreography, it came to me that this was my first ever event as a cheerleader, and yet it was also the biggest one, being the finals! Just the thought of it made me nervous, almost enough to falter, so I had to lean hard on my female instincts and let them carry me through. I just had to have the right thought pattern: sure, I was submissive and demure and liked a man to dominate me now, but wasn’t that just being a kind of alpha female? It was the ideal deal chick, wasn’t it? At least for the guy I used to be. If I thought about that, I could take strength in being a goddamned Asian bombshell, my hair moving about hypnotically, my body following the rhythms of our workout to perfection. Plus, I had Sabrina to rely on. I wasn’t the team captain, she was, and something about that seemed *right* too.

Finally, it was time to *fly*. My teammates tossed me into the air repeatedly, and I tumbled and flipped and rolled, performing each move with surprising grace. I had never been happier to have a good sports bra, though, because my girls *hurt* just from the goddamn gravity shift. I could only imagine what they’d be like without proper support; this was *not* a body that could go on cheerleading forever, not unless I got them reduced; and perish that fucking thought! I was having one last night as a woman, so I might as well enjoy it while embracing this body!

*“Thank your Lucky Stars you’ve got the winning team! You’ll only beat them in your dreams! Lucky Stars, upon the field you shine so bright, there’s no beating that winning sight! GOOOOO LUCKY STARS!”*

I was thrown one last time into the air, higher than ever before, and the team caught me again. I had absolute faith in Sabrina. She may not be my smoking hot girl right now, but she was my bestie. I grinned at her as we finished and posed.

“We fucking did it!” I cried.

“Yeah, we did!”

Dee and the rest of the team would soon be coming out officially, but I knew from being on the other end of this situation that the footballers would all be gathering at the entrance to watch us girls. I could just make out Dee’s face, and he was grinning broadly. I waved to him, and without even thinking about it, struck a sexy pose, one eye closed in a

wink, a hand extended in the peace sign while the other rested on my hip. He laughed, and then so did I.

Of course, ours was not the only team to be putting on a performance: the Bulls had their own cheersquad, and they were damn good in their purple and green outfits. I caught sight of an opposing member and found myself narrowing my eyes at her. I had a better build, but she was clearly my opposite number: the short, busty member of the team who served as the flyer. She was a fucking acrobat, too, and it made me jealous to see how well she performed. I felt almost . . . catty, towards her. Well, at least this version of me wasn't totally defanged from the ultra alpha male I had been. She looked back at me with a similar stare. Oh, that was a good feeling, the sensation of rivalry!

Still, as much as I was surprisingly revelling in my cheerleading role, I knew that we were not the main event. We girls were the entertainment prior to the *real* reason people were here: the football final. We gave a smaller cheer, amping up the crowd again as our team burst through a giant banner dedicated to the Lucky Stars, and the audience went absolutely wild. D'Angelo - *my Dee* - was at the head of their team alongside Ryan, the team captain who had replaced me. D'Angelo was the star quarterback, and to my surprise Ryan was much more willing to share the spotlight than I ever had been, because when they took some pre-game questions from reporters, the mics in their hands for the crowd to hear, the captain made sure that Dee and a few others got some chances to speak. It was . . . sobering, to see how a *real* captain should act.

"D'Angelo," one of them said. "All eyes will be on you tonight as the main quarterback of the Lucky Stars. The Bulls have beaten the Lucky Stars already once this season; what fresh motivation are you bringing to tonight to make sure you beat them this time?"

He grinned, his face on the enormous screen behind the audience, and part of me was flooded with warmth not just to see his handsome features, but at his embarrassing yet sweet response.

"I don't need any more motivation than my amazing girl, Jade Lin!" he shouted. "She's the most beautiful woman in the world. You can see her looking pretty and perfect in the cheerleading group right there! She lifts me up, she supports me, and I do my best to be worthy of her. I love you, Jade!"

The other cheerleaders stepped aside and pointed at, just so the crowd would know who was being talked about. Whistles and cheers and 'awwws!' escaped from the audience.

"He loves me," I whispered, beneath my breath. "He just . . . said it."

"Duh," Sabrina replied. "He's head over heels for you."

"I wish I could find a man like that," Denise said. "You two are totally staying together for life."

Again, that nausea rose up in me, that nervousness. And yet it was also wonderful. He loved me. When he made love to me last night, it was not just because he loved my body, but because he loved *me*. Jade. Fuck me, it was embarrassing how emotional it was making me. I had to wipe my tears away and stop myself before I shouted back that I loved him. God knows, there was a compulsion to do so. Instead, I waved and smiled, and shouted “Thank you, Dee!” instead, blowing him a kiss.

It still didn't feel sufficient.

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The game proceeded. So strange, to be watching it from the outside, and yet just as invigorating in another way. Sure, I wasn't battling the other team, feeling the powerful surges of adrenaline and chomping at the bit to win all the glory and praise, but my investment was just as deep as a cheerleader and girlfriend. We stood on the side, cheering on our boyfriends and college peers, giving a little dance from the sidelines whenever a touchdown was scored, rousing the crowd for a Lucky Stars cheer when things were looking good. I kept my eye on Dee, urging him to keep going, despairing whenever he was tackled down or outmanoeuvred. Whenever he lost confidence, I threw a darling smile his way or blew him a kiss, making sure he saw. And each time he rallied, me as his support. Cheering louder was all that I could do, but sometimes that felt like a lot.

We gave another performance at half-time, of course. The clouds were gathering, the storm once more emerging after days of clear summery skies. It was another sign of what was to come. I kept my focus on fulfilling the dream. I performed even better than I did the first time. I threw in a lot more sexiness and allure as well, as did Sabrina and Denise and Hillary and Lisa and all the rest of them; a lot more kicks up in the air to show off our legs, and shaking of pom poms in such a way that our chest shook as well. It riled up the crowd, particularly the more drunken members of it, but it just gave extra motivation for our boys. The unspoken message was clear: you succeed in tonight's game, you win that trophy, and we will drive you *wild* tonight. Repeatedly, in fact. I found myself licking my lips at that prospect. Even if I wasn't going to be a woman much longer, I could at least indulge in *imagining* that act, right? I should have given in and had sex with Dee one last time: I hadn't even tried to fuck his brains out while riding cowgirl? What a fucking waste!

It was easy to have these thoughts as the game continued. D'Angelo had always been my best friend, but I'd never given him the real encouragement he needed. I hated sharing the spotlight, and yet here he was, thriving under it with the right encouragement, more confident and many and goddamned fucking sexy than I'd ever seen him.

“GO DEE!” I shouted, waving my pom poms. “YOU CAN WIN THIS THING!!!”

The game was tight. So damn tight. The Bulls were up by three points. A field goal could make the score equal, but with barely a minute left on the clock, I knew the play Ryan would make. It was the same one I'd choose to do: touchdown or *nothing*. Sabrina held out her hand, and I took it, extending the same courtesy to Denise, who had been such a good friend these past few days.

"C'mon, Dee," I said to myself. "C'mon Ryan. C'mon, Lucky Stars."

The final minute started, and the crowd roared, cheering on their respective teams. Ryan got the ball, managed to get it to Sean. He was tackled, but it made its way to Alan, then onto D'Angelo. My heart beat heavily in my chest, and I found myself tugging at my hair and bouncing on the spot, which no doubt made the onlooker (who was in his forties, gross!) in the stands overlooking me pretty happy.

Dee ran, he dodged, he managed to push past an attempt to intercept him. It was all so damn fucking *close*. It was like I was *there*. The adrenaline coursed through my system as easily as if I were the star captain again, and I realised I didn't care to be; I just wanted my friend - my *boyfriend* - to succeed.

He surged forward, running faster than I'd ever seen him go. The crowd fell silent with anticipation, one final member of the Bulls rushing to stop his implacable advance.

Only for her Dee to dodge past like he was an avatar of the goddamn wind itself.

TOUCHDOWN!

The crowd - me included - went fucking *wild*. There was no time left enough for the Bulls to win, and they knew it. The game was ours, the Lucky Stars were victorious, and already a great chant came over the crowd.

"GO GO GO GO, GO LUCKY STARS!"

We cheerleaders joined in. I wanted to rush onto the field and embrace the man who loved me, but his teammates were in the process of lifting him up, Ryan included. So instead, Sabrina nudged me. "Ready for a high fly?" she said with a wink.

"Hell YES!"

The sky was dark by this point, the clouds blotting out the stars, though perhaps I was the only one that was looking up and noticing this, given the harsh lights of the stadium. The events of the dream, tangled as they had been in my unconscious state, were definitely coming true. The purple lightning would strike any moment now, and I had to see things through. Dee was calling out to me in the crowd; the timer had finally run out, and the game was truly won.

"Jade!" he was shouting. "I love you!"

I wanted to shout it back. Fuck, I had changed so much in less than a week. I wanted him. I wanted his arms around me. I wanted him to spin me around. I hated how much I wanted to be *his*. To let *him* be the star.

Which was why I had to go back.

“We can let you go first, then come back?” Denise suggested. “The crowd will be fine. They’ll love it, even!”

“No, let’s do the victory dance, as practiced,” I said. If I didn’t do it now, I might not have the will to ever do it again.

We began our cheer, singing our victory ode to the Lucky Stars, our eyes on the celebrating team, our focus upon entertaining the crowd in the aftermath. I twirled and danced, kicked my lovely legs up, and throwing out my arms to dazzle with my pom poms. We were lovely, all of us. We were beautiful. I was part of their sisterhood, following my captain’s leadership, but making sure work within the confines of my body type. The fact that I could let my boobs bounce - painful as it could be when I overdid it - and shake my hips in all the right ways only confirmed how much I was getting used to being a woman, even celebrating it. It was to be one big, final show. A shame I never got to ride cowgirl or enjoy the embrace of D’Angelo one last time, or to feel his lips upon mine.

“Damn,” I said sadly to myself.

And then it was time to fly. I was lifted up by my team, my *sisters*, and then *launched* into the air just as we had practiced. The storm clouds rumbled far above me, the purple lightning ready to stream down as its violet light joined together above. It was as if everything was in slow-motion, like one of the action films I loved watching with Dee. The bolt was gathering, its forks piercing through the clouds to head straight toward me. I just had to perform the double somersault. It was easy; my instincts knew exactly how to follow it. The lightning was heading my way. I could feel its head. Its power. The hairs on my arms rose. I was coming home. I was finally getting my dick back. I would be a man again. James Lin, here I come!

I twisted at the last second, pulling out of the somersault haphazardly and causing my body turn out of control. The lightning struck, a purple bolt hammering directly onto the field and causing the crowd to scream and gasp. I could hear Lisa and Hillary in the chorus, and D’Angelo, further away.

My Dee.

It was Sabrina who saved me, working with Denise to catch me as I tumbled off to the side. Even with the terror of a lightning strike right in their midst, they caught me as best as they could. I crashed down and all three of us fell together in a tangle of bodies. Pain shot up my right leg, but it didn’t feel serious. After all, it wasn’t like I’d been struck by lightning.

Immediately, people rushed over to me, including the medic usually reserved for the football team. There were cheers of celebration as I was hauled up by Sabina and Denise, favouring my left leg but otherwise okay. For a moment, my gaze lingered past the gathering crowd to the blackened, charred piece of ground where the bright purple lightning had

struck. My one and only chance to change back into a man, and I had chosen at the very last second not to take it.

“Why didn’t I take it?” I whispered to myself, even as the medic looked me over and asked her lots of meaningless questions. “Why did I avoid the lightning?”

But deep down, I already knew. It may not have been how I started, but I *wanted* to be a woman. I *liked* my beautiful, buxom, curvy female body. I liked my long, dark, silky hair. I adored the freedom of wearing a skirt or a summer dress, of showing off my curves and enjoying the way people looked at me. I enjoyed pleasing others, and not having the expectations of being a captain on my shoulders. And, most of all, there was the man I knew I loved, rushing toward me at that very moment.

“JADE!” D’Angelo shouted. “JADE!”

He practically tore a hole through the crowd as he advanced towards me. It was only when he saw that I had a beaming smile that his terrified expression vanished and he broke out into a grin as well. Tears welled in his eyes, just as they did in mind.

“Let me go kiss my boyfriend,” I told the medic, and I hopped to him. He lifted me up with ease, and I was lost in his protective hold, kissing him again and again and again until our lips locked together for what felt like fucking *eons*, man. And since I had let myself stay as a woman, I wasn’t damn well embarrassed one bit to press my female body against him and savour every part of this man. We finally parted lips, and I found myself lost in his eyes.

“I love you,” I said.

At that, he kissed me one more time, more passionately than I could have imagined.

“I love you too,” he said, before holding me up even higher so the whole crowd could see me. “SHE’S ALRIGHT, FOLKS! AND SHE LOVES ME!”

Well, somehow *that* managed to beat the final score, because I had to cover my ears as the crowd roared. The pair of us laughed, and in that moment, even with all my hesitations and second guessing, I knew I’d made the right choice. And just to complete the sweeping gesture, Dee picked me up and carried me off the field, bridal style, me looking up at his handsome face as he scooped me along, my legs curled over his other arm. I swear, these fucking female emotions, man, I was practically cooing. I threw a thumbs up to the cheering crowd, and a smile to Sabrina, no longer my girlfriend but my *best* friend.

“Let’s find a place to talk,” Dee said to me, as he carried me down to the locker room. He put me down gently and sat beside me. God, he was so much bigger than me now, and those muscles - yum! He put one hand around my waist and I slumped against him, glad to be okay. Glad to be a woman.

“I was so fuckin’ scared when I saw that lightning,” D’Angelo said, wiping his eyes again. “Goddamn, girl, you had me scared! How do you get that lucky where you almost get hit twice?”

I found myself giggling. "I was hit, remember? This time it missed me. A good thing I, uh, flubbed that move, huh?"

He kissed my forehead. Jesus, that was sexy. How come I never did that to Sabrina?

"You've been my friend since we were both young," Dee said. "And you grew into the dream girl I always wanted. I was so scared to lose you just now."

"Don't worry, big man," I said, hesitating and then touching his chest, rubbing his firm pec. "I'm not going anywhere. I made sure of that."

"Good," he replied. "Because you're looking at the quarterback that scored the final touchdown, and I'm looking at the hottest cheerleader on campus who managed to survive a lightning strike - twice. I'd say that's a match."

"Mhm," I moaned, biting my lip as he began stroking my bare thigh. "I'd say so too. It's a good thing that lightning missed. I wouldn't want to be seeing stars right now."

He leaned in close. I could smell his sweat; it was manly, though, and added to his allure. "I'm gonna make you see stars now, when I'm done with you."

He got up and moved to lock the door, ensuring we had privacy.

"I don't want anyone else to see you," he said. "Except you and me."

He gestured to the mirror behind us, and once more I was struck by my reflection. Had I really chosen this? I was a goddamn stunner, the cheerleading uniform showing off all my perfect curves, my little crop top straining to contain my pert G-cup chest, my hips pleasingly wide and my ass peachy against the short skirt. And there he was, my former best friend, ready to take me with this mirror in plain view. I had committed to being a woman, but I was still nervous about this . . . until he removed his shirt, having already removed his other gear earlier. I took in his dark skin, his powerful pecs, his impressive abs. And God, was I ready to feel it all.

"Don't lose it all," he told me as I began to tackle my own clothing. "I want you to be the cheerleader right now. And I'll be your footballer."

Fuck me, that was hotter than hell.

We began making out, all inhibitions lost to that near-death, near-change experience. I moaned into his mouth as he cupped my big boobs, and again as he slid his hands down my soft back to cup my ass. He squeezed my cheeks, leaving me to make more pleasurable noises. I in turn kissed his neck, felt his muscles, and began stroking his cock in his pants. If I couldn't have a cock between my legs the normal way, then I'd have it between my legs another way: *by having his big hard dick there instead*. I was hungry for it, my pussy too, as it was already growing very wet and needy. I gasped as he began to tear at my top, pulling it with my help so that it was above my tits, exposing my sports bra beneath. Well, that had to go too: I lifted it up, and for a long moment my breasts did not escape, so tightly were they

contained. Only when I had raised them to their zenith did they finally flop out, bouncing and wobbling heavily on my chest, my nipples finally exposed. Dee whistled as he took them in.

“Holy shit. They look even bigger than a few weeks ago.”

I exhaled in response to him cupping them, feeling my nipples and pinching them lightly. Was there a better fucking feeling than this?

“B-be careful. They’ve b-been sore lately. Ahhhh . . . but I want you to keep going! Massage the p-pain away. Make me wet for you!”

He did. Holy shit, he did. I worked to pulled down his pants as he squeezed my breasts, pulling them back to draw out pleasure from my nipples. I squirmed in response to his ministrations, especially when he planted his lips on my breasts and began to kiss them, then *suck* upon them.

“Oh God, you’re s-sucking on my huge tits!”

“I love how fucking stacked you are, Jade. You’ve got the biggest, best damn tits, and I want you to know it.”

He cupped them, bobbing them up and down, one then the other. I giggled, only to halt and gasp as he did something with his fingers that made me so goddamn aroused I could barely stand it.

“Turn around. Face the mirror. I want to see all of your angles, babe.”

I did as he asked, once more giving over to my more demure personality. Part of me was fucking terrified of being taken from behind - how submissive would *that* be? - but my horniness and need to please my loving boyfriend were both far more powerful. I positioned myself over the bench so that I was facing directly toward the mirror, my heavy bust dangling from my chest like overripe fruit. And there was D’Angelo, pulling down his shorts and lifting up my skirt to remove my underwear. His dick was already hard in the reflection, almost throbbing. God, how did that thing fit in me the first time? Could I really do this again?

“You’re going to love this, Jade,” he said. “Your star quarterback is here for you. Time for a touchdown.”

His words made me even wetter, and moments later he gripped my hips and pressed his penishead against my entrance. I grunted as he entered, but after a momentary resistance he slid in, my pussy coating him with my juices. Fuuuuuuck, he was so big. He pressed against my walls, stimulating all my damn neurons and driving my body absolutely crazy.

“Ohhhhh, yesssssss!” I moaned, unable to help myself. I even gyrated my hips back a little, granting him ever more access to my deepest parts. I swear, he almost bumped up against my cervix, he was so big, or perhaps it was just my imagination. “F-fuck me!” I managed. “H-harder!”

“I intend to, babe. You know I always make sure you cum before I do.”

He started thrusting, saying my name slowly and softly.

“Jade . . . ahhh, Jaaaaade.”

It was the biggest turn on, and I had to pause in the middle of my delirious state just to soak in the way he said it. I was his. I was all *his*.

He took a second to brush my hair. “Good girl,” he said, which made me shiver in arousal. “You’re so cute and pretty.”

I would have hated being called that once, but now it was like catnip to my frenzied mind. I raised my ass up as he thrust into my pussy from behind, all the while staring at my reflection, watching my best friend rail me. Mount me. We were doing it doggy style, and I was absolutely *loving* it, every thrust inside me, every moment where I was stretched to capacity, every grip of his hands upon my hips and on my perfect ass.

He thrust again, and again, and again. I was helpless to his motions, giving myself over to my boyfriend completely. D’Angelo made such wonderful grunts, and I in turn was crying out in ecstasy as I got nearer and nearer to the point of orgasm.

“I’m s-so close, Dee!” I exclaimed, moaning deliriously. “I’m s-so close!”

I was now so girly and feminine. Fuck, it hit me all at once just what I’d locked myself into by avoiding the lightning. This was me for good, now. For the rest of my life, I would be gorgeous, feminine, submissive Jade Lin. I would be Dee’s hot girlfriend.

“I’m y-your girlfriend!” I cried, as if it were an epiphany. “I - I fucking love it! I love y-you! OHHH!!”

I orgasmed at that very moment, my entire body shuddering as it hit me like an earthquake. At the same moment, D’Angelo roared, his cock throbbing within me, and I was flooded with his seed when he ejaculated mere seconds later.

It was the most fantastic feeling I could have known.

## **Part 7: Saturday - Shocking Revelations**

I woke up in D’Angelo’s bed again, once more being snuggled by my lover, his hand once more upon my boob. Yeah, I couldn’t blame him for that. My boobs were *fantastic*.

“Hey, Dee?” I asked, rubbing my hips against his crotch and stirring him to hardness. “Dee? D’Angelo? Wakey, wakey, your girl needs you.”

Yeah, I was still a bit embarrassed to have chosen to become a girl. I was also, as it turns out, quite horny in the morning. A few minutes later, D’Angelo was awake, and I *finally* got to try out cowgirl.

It did *not* disappoint, as my screams of joy attested.

Unfortunately, the post-coital bliss afterwards was pretty quickly ruined. D'Angelo was on his back, and I was pressed up against him, enjoying the feeling of my breasts against his figure, my fingers idly playing with his chest hair, when I suddenly felt this lurch in my stomach. An ache. All at once a rising nauseousness came over me.

"I - I'll be back in a moment."

I had to get up and go to the bathroom. I felt like I was gonna puke - again. Just fucking great! The prom was tonight, and given that I'd decided to stay as Jade, I'd planned to absolutely slay it in the really cute dress the girls had helped me pick.

Thankfully, I didn't end up vomiting last night's dinner into the toilet bowl. I did, however, still feel kinda bloated and tender. Particularly around my breasts. God, what was going on with me? Was it a result of the lightning strike - the first one, that was?

"What could possibly . . . oh. Shit."

Of course. Stupid moron me. I'd decided to be a woman. I'd made this choice. And yet I'd forgotten the most fucking infuriating thing that women have to go through on a monthly basis. I was clearly on my period.

A memory twigged - or a sort of instinct. I opened up the top draw in the bathroom and pulled out a journal that clearly belonged to me. I knew what it was immediately; a period tracker. Opening it, I could see the various dates, as well as numerous question marks and panicked writing in the margins. Huh. I hadn't had a period for six, no . . . *seven* weeks. That's weird. I guess with all the chaos and everything, I was *really* overdue. But then this would have dated the delay back to *before* the lightning strike, at least in this reality.

I chuckled as I looked at the mirror. My hair was messy from the sex, though my skin looked amazing. Hell, I was practically *glowing!*

Oh.

Oh shit.

Oh FUCK.

Glowing skin.

Late period.

Tender boobs.

Exhaustion.

Nausea.

And I'd *definitely* been pretty snacky lately, at least for this girl body.

I looked down at the open drawer, at a series of other items within it. One in particular seemed pretty necessary to me at the moment.

Five minutes later, I was staring in shock as D'Angelo entered. Not at him, but what I had in my hand.

"Hey babe, what's up? You're taking a while in here. Wait, is that what I think it is?"

I swallowed, and held up the test. The goddamned *pregnancy* test. The one with *two* lines on it.

“Um, Dee?” I said. “Do the double lines mean what I think they mean?”

His jaw fell. He knew *exactly* what it meant, and so did I.

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Prom. I was finally going to prom. Well, technically it was the ‘formal dance of the college,’ given that we were, you know, in college and not high school. But still, it was effectively a prom in every way, from the decorations to the dolled up gymnasium venue to the announcement that there would be a king and queen, and so on. Oh, and the fact that it was literally being advertised as ‘The College Prom.’ I’d loved my first prom: I’d been the confident alpha male on the dance floor, flirting with hot chicks and eventually going home with Sabrina.

Now, it was like I was having the prom experience all over again.

Only I was a short, busty woman.

Only I was wearing a gorgeous blue dress that clung to my curves.

Only I was going with my *boyfriend*.

Only I was fucking *pregnant*.

I swear, it was like I could *feel* a baby growing inside me. It made no sense, I wasn’t even showing yet, but the simple knowledge that I’d gotten knocked up was making me freak out. I’d decided to stay a woman, and to be with my best friend who I now loved, but that didn’t mean I’d thought about kids! About stuffing my womb with a baby! I hadn’t exactly been dwelling on the possibilities of blowing up all pregnant and eventually having to push an actual human being out of my pussy! What the fuck had I done!?

Somehow, D’Angelo had kept me stable over the whirlwind day I’d been having. Only he knew so far, and I had clung to him like a frickin’ plant of wood floating in a roiling sea. He had held me as I panicked, wiped my tears when I had an emotional spiral (Jesus, the hormones would only get worse from here!), and reassured me many times.

“I’m right here for you, girl. We didn’t plan this, but I ain’t going anywhere.”

“Babe, this could be a good thing. You know we planned for this down the track. It’s earlier than we imagined, but maybe we’re ready, huh?”

And, of course, he got a little cheeky: “Besides, I’m looking forward to seeing you all big with my baby. It’s kinda hot. Especially since I can’t wait to see those boobs get even bigger.”

It had been enough to make me snort and laugh at his comments, and while my brain was still fried from all the anxiety swirling around in it, I’d proceeded to still get ready for the

prom. Me, D'Angelo, and the third wheeler who was taking up residence in my body without my express position, and growing bigger each second, however small those growths may be.

"I'm pregnant, Dee," I whispered as I held my boyfriend's arm. "I'm at the prom in a tight dress that I won't even fit into in a month."

"Shh," he said, pulling me closer and caressing my cheek. Damn, he was good at relaxing me. "It's gonna be okay. We're gonna have a great night, and you're not gonna drink a thing."

"But I drank the other night! I didn't realise. Oh God, I'm already a shitty mom. Fuck, I'm gonna be a *mom*. Is it too late to get hit by lightning?"

He kissed me tenderly on the forehead. "It's okay, we'll work it all out. Let's just have a good time together, alright? We'll dance, we'll celebrate, we'll see your friends. We got a lotta time to think about this, and you know I'm there for you. You're *my* lucky star."

"Aw, that was cheesy, babe."

"You like cheesy."

I did. God, I did. I let him take my arm, and once more assumed the personality of Jade, the sexy Asian bombshell, instead of Jade, the soon-to-be Asian tiger mom. Well, I hoped I wouldn't be a tiger mom, but I hoped not to get pregnant and apparently in this reality I'd *arrived* as such.

"Okay, I'll enjoy myself. Try not to focus on the fact that I'm going to have a baby kicking inside me in just four months. Birth in a little over seven months. Oh fuck, birth . . ."

But another touch from D'Angelo calmed me, and I brought my thoughts back to the present, with the vibes of the music and good company all around us. My dress left my shoulders and arms almost completely on display, and did well to cup and lift my boobs, providing a damn bombshell look. Literally, I looked like I was smuggling fucking bombshells in my top, I was so stacked. The hem was already pretty short, but not slutty. With my hair done professionally and my earrings and necklace, not to mention my classy makeup, I looked sexy and voluptuous without looking trashy. And D'Angelo, with his grey suit and red shirt, looked stylish as hell with me. God, I wanted to fuck him tonight, even if fucking was what got me into this mess in the first place.

So I worked my hips. I clung to my man. I enjoyed being his arm candy, accepting a non-alcoholic drink and giggling and laughing with his friends and his friend's girlfriends as we all met up. I even danced; I didn't know a whole lot about being pregnant, but even I knew that it was okay to dance. Besides, I really wanted to show off my moves now that I'd accepted being a woman, and dancing up against D'Angelo was also a great reason regardless. He had some moves of his own, and a small memory flicker told me that I'd taught him. Huh, I guess I was still his mentor in some ways, at least!

“This is very romantic, you know,” D’Angelo said as he held me, his hands around my waist, though occasionally and pleasantly wandering south to bigger fields.

“It really is,” I replied, giving him a kiss. I was getting used to that. “Thanks for taking my mind off of, well, you know. I just want to be here with you, now. I want to be okay with my decision.”

“What decision?”

“Let’s just say you were a big reason for me ending up like this, and I’m okay with it. Even if, well, you know, that other thing.”

He kissed me, this time, and I welcomed the touch of his tongue in my mouth, and his firm chest against my soft rack. Mhmm, I hoped I never got used to *that* sensation. Certainly, it didn’t seem Dee had become accustomed to my boobs despite us dating for some time in this reality, because he gave yet another look at them.

“Hey, eyes up here!” I said, giggling.

“Sorry, they’re just so hypnotic.”

“Well, they’re only going to get bigger now, thanks to you, mister!”

He swayed with me, one of many partners on the dance floor to hold his girl tightly. “And I have no regrets about that. I told you before; I’m with you all the way, girl. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Those words were still on my mind when we retreated away from the dance floor for drinks. Sabrina and Ryan joined us, and once more I was reminded of how well the pair ended up suiting one another. She was in a gorgeous red dress with sequins, her hair done with slight curls in it, and I was glad that our looks were quite distinguished from one another.

“Jade, you look absolutely gorgeous!” she cried.

“You look amazing, Sabrina!” I said back. “I love the sequins in your dress, and the red nails suit it sooooo perfectly!”

She giggled. “I can’t believe we did it. Even through lightning strikes and memory loss and the game of a lifetime, we completed our cheer circuit and our men won the finals! And now we’re here, celebrating! Not that you weren’t *celebrating* last night, am I right?”

I blushed, but didn’t deny it.

“I knew it!” she cried. “Oh, you’ve got to try this drink from the bar. It’s amazing. It’s got this melon-passionfruit kind of flavour to it. Really works with the vodka. Take a sip!”

She took it from Ryan, who just smirked at how much Sabrina took clear control of the situation, and shrugged as she then thrust it in my face. It did look delicious. It was also alcoholic.

“Oh, I - I can’t,” I said.

“Aww, come on, just one sip!” she said. She was clearly a bit tipsy, and that always made her insistent. I tensed a little, but D’Angelo hadn’t noticed the exchange; he was chatting to Sean and Alan from the team, not even realising the dilemma I was in.

“I’m just so full,” I replied weakly. “I’ve already drunk so much!”

“Please, you were sipping orange soda for over an hour. I know you had that whole lightning incident, but try to get just a little drunk with me. It’ll be so much fun!”

“I - I can’t,” I repeated. “I’m sorry, Sabrina, but I just . . . I can’t right now. Fuck. I definitely can’t drink that.”

The realisation dawned; I could see it on her face. Shit. I hadn’t meant to tip my hand.

“Holy shit, you’re pregnant!?”

D’Angelo’s head swung around, and Ryan blinked, clearly having overheard.

“Keep your voice down!” I hissed, getting closer to her.

“But you are, right? Oh my God, this explains everything! Holy shit, you’re preggers, aren’t you? Does D’Angelo know?”

There was no use denying it; my girl brain was just too pleasant and agreeable, and couldn’t lie for shit, apparently.

“He, um, definitely knows. We only found out this morning.”

Sabrina, hugged me closely. “Whatever you do, I support you. We’re here for you, aren’t we, Ryan?”

“Of course, sweeie!” he said. “Jade, if there’s anything you need, we can be there, okay? The fraternity will do what it can too; I’ll make sure of it.”

I won’t lie, I got a little weepy as I held my friend. Dee returned to us and thanked the pair for their support, laughing a little as he scratched his head.

“I guess we got a bit carried away with that victory against the Stallions a while back,” he said to Ryan. “That was a good night, but also came with some consequences. We’ll make it work though, won’t we, babe?”

I gulped, nodded, and tried not to look completely embarrassed.

“Of course,” I said. “It’s just - I certainly didn’t expect this, and definitely not so freakin’ soon!”

Getting the news off my very ample chest was, at least, a great comfort to me. Sabrina was my best friend now, and God did I need a bestie with this morning’s news! And Ryan had a lot of influence on the fraternity; a good thing when the news really came out that a college student had gotten her frickin’ eggo preggo’d while staying there. D’Angelo occasionally made light jokes of our situation, but on the whole he was sensitive and supportive, and when we were ready, we took to the dance floor again; my hormones were

already running hot and I needed to feel sexy and young and alive before I really contended with the passenger in my belly.

Besides, it turns out I was a really good dancer, and so was D'Angelo.

And I loved dancing with my man now that I'd chosen this life.

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The night wore on, and I was able to push the anxiety from my mind. I'd made my female bed, and this was part of lying in it, even if it had come a lot sooner than expected. Instead, I danced with my friends, chatted with my fellow cheerleaders, complimented all the lovely girls on their dresses, and when some douchebags made rude comments to D'Angelo, I was right there on his arm moving in all the most sensual ways, kissing him deeply and showing off my body like I was his trophy, all the better to make them damn jealous. From the way he pressed me up against the wall later and made out with me while no one was looking, I think he appreciated it.

But finally, it was time for the big event, when the organisers were ready to announce who was the King and Queen of the festivities. I won't lie, it was part of my new female mind that I really, really wanted to be queen, even if Sabrina had it in spades. Stephanie Cruz took the stage alongside Malcom Tottersham, and I beamed at them, mouthing '*You two look great!*', which they both appreciated before they turned on their mics.

"Okay people," Malcolm said. "It's time for us to announce our King and Queen of the Prom - sorry, formal dance! But we all know what this effectively is, right Stephanie?"

"We sure do, Mal. This was a hard year for us to decide; so many wonderful students who have contributed so much to our college. We were spoiled for choice, so don't get catty out there! But after many nominations, and more than a few recommendations and votes, we can safely say we have our King and Queen of the Prom."

"This could have gone another way," Malcolm continued, reading from his card. "As you all know, there was a rather big victory last night. And a certain captain might have claimed the top spot, along with his captain girlfriend! Suffice to say, Ryan Marston and Sabrina Jones were our runner ups, and near-winners!"

Wait, what? A cheer rose up, and Sabrina hugged me, giggling as if she knew something I didn't.

Stephanie Cruz spoke, eager to make the announcement.

"But with a last-minute touchdown success, and a literally *electric* series of lightning strike moments, not to mention some good all-around kindness and enthusiasm for campus life, the voters have made their choices: our King and Queen of the campus this year are D'Angelo Marks and Jade Lin! Congratulations!"

I was overwhelmed, but Dee looked less surprised, and he took my arm and led me up onto the stage as the centre light swung upon us, following as the crowd clapped and Sabrina and Ryan whistled and cheered.

“Well done to the both of you!” Malcolm said. “Would either of you like to say any words?”

A microphone was thrust into my face, and I nervously took it. I was aware that every eye was upon me, and my chest was rising and falling quite heavily, as if threatening to escape my tight dress.

“Um, I guess I just want to say thank you to everyone that voted for me. This, uh, this is a real honour. I certainly never expected to be *Queen* of such an event, that’s for sure! Wow, this is fucking nuts.”

A few people laughed, and I smiled sheepishly in response.

“I guess I’m just really glad I chose this life, even if parts of it scare me, and other parts I still don’t feel ready for. But I’m glad to be here, and I hope you all are too.”

I looked to Sabrina and Ryan as I said that last part, happy for them. With that, I passed the mic to D’Angelo, pleased to be off the hook for making speeches: the old me would have been much more brash, but short and sweet was my new deal.

“Thank you, doesn’t she look amazing tonight, everyone?”

More whistles and cheers, especially from the guys. I smiled sheepishly yet again, listening to it all, seeing the gazes at my figure and chest and face. I’d heard Sabrina complain about the ‘male gaze’ before and dismissed it outright. Now, I really understood it.

“I don’t have much to say to the crowd,” Dee said. “Apart from some thank yous and the like. I received a piece of news this morning that I’m still absorbing, but I think I’m very hopeful and happy about it. And more than that, it’s made me absolutely committed to what I’m doing next. I didn’t originally intend to do this here, but my wonderful girl Jade has left me no choice: I can’t stand not being with her. Babe, I’ve been in love with you since the day I first laid eyes on you.”

I had no idea what he was doing . . . until he went down on one knee. Then my heart skipped a beat. Holy shit, he couldn’t be? He actually couldn’t be . . . could he?

He produced a gorgeous sparkling ring that set my feminine mind reeling with delight, and held it up to me. The crowd gasped, but I barely noticed them as he looked up at me with the deepest love in his eyes.

“Jade, will you do me the honour of becoming my wife?”

There was a pregnant pause (literally *pregnant* pause for me, I guess) as his words rushed through my mind. The extended silence went perhaps a little too long as my jaw hung, my eyes fixated on that ring and all it would mean. This was my future now, what I had chosen. Well, fuck it, I wanted this. I wasn’t going to shy away, not anymore. I was going to

embrace it. I blinked tears from my eyes and broke into the biggest beaming smile I'd ever had.

"Of course, yes!" I cried.

"SHE SAID YES!" Malcolm yelled, holding the mic again. I was pretty sure Sabrina was literally squealing, forcing Ryan to cover his ears.

But I barely heard them, because D'Angelo was already picking me up and twirling me around in front of everyone, our lips locked together as his big arms held me protectively. He put me down, my head and heart still spinning, and placed the ring on my finger. It was sparkling and beautiful, and would need just a little resizing to be a bit smaller, but Jesus freakin' Christ, he had done well.

I was going to marry this man.

What a big goddamn change from just a week ago, huh?

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We returned to our room at the fraternity, and I won't lie, I was feeling hot and heavy for my man. The diamond stud on my ring sparkled, and the knowledge that he was fully committed to me - especially with the whole 'oh God oh fuck oh shit I'm having a freakin' baby' thing - was actually quite the turn on. A really big turn on, actually.

"Damn girl, you are really in the mood, huh?" he asked as I jumped his bones once he closed the door. I was unbuckling his belt; my sexy body needed his big dick in it, whatever position he wanted after all he'd done for me.

"Let's just say I'm fully embracing being Jade fucking Lin," I replied, grinning up at him. I felt his wonderful muscles, and pressed my chest against him so that he could see my magnificent cleavage while looked down my dress. "Don't tell me you don't want to fuck my brains out while I'm in this sexy thing?"

Dee hesitated, his hands cupping my ass. God, I loved how he did that. I was already getting so damn wet. "I don't know, babe. You're pregnant now, won't that be a bad idea? I mean, you've been unwell."

I rolled my eyes. Now that I *knew* I was pregnant, more of that female knowledge had thankfully flooded into my mind, making this part easy.

"Jesus, Dee, I'm pregnant, I don't have the flu! The only reason I've been nauseous and tired and hungry is because of this baby *you've* put into me. Plus, we've been having sex for a while now, right?"

He considered that. "Yeah, we have."

I grabbed his hands and raised them to my breasts, which he cupped and squeezed immediately, making me coo softly.

“Then what are you worried about? Sex during pregnancy is fine. Hell, I really, really need it from my big sexy man, because it explains why I’m getting so horny so easily. Besides, you just proposed to me, and I said yes. That means I want to give you some steamy proposal sex as thanks; make it official that you’re my fiancée. What do you say to that, big guy?”

I could tell I’d already convinced him, particularly as I played with his big, thick cock in one hand while teasing his balls with the other.

“I can go down on you, if you like,” I purred. “Or give you a tittyfuck?”

He bit his lip, loving the choices. “I want you on your back this time, babe. I want you beneath me.”

It was just what I’d hoped: to be made utterly submissive to him.

“And for you to keep that sexy dress on.”

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

I lay back as he removed his clothing. I took off my underwear and loosened the dress a little, but otherwise let it remain as it was. He crawled on top of me as I had once crawled on top of Sabrina, and I was helpless to his ministrations as he began grope and caress my breasts, playing with them joyfully.

“Ohhh, I love it when you play with my big tits!”

“They’re gonna get even bigger now that you’re knocked up.”

“I - ohhhh, I know! Mhm, I bet you can’t wait!”

“I’m looking forward to it. I’m gonna marry you, Jade. And you’re gonna have my babies, girl.”

I cried out, spreading my legs to receive him. Just the thought of having this man’s babies was so embarrassing and weird, and yet so fucking *addicting*. I needed to pretend he was getting me pregnant *now*.

“Fill me up,” I gasped. “Make sure I’m definitely preggers.”

He was more than happy to do so, pressing his penis against my entrance and then burrowing in, spreading my passage wide and making it even more wet. I moaned - how could I not?

“You like this, don’t you, Jade? You like your man being in control. You like being my cheerleader. My girl. My babymomma.”

I thrashed as he began pumping into me. “I do! I love you, Dee! Be my b-babydaddy! My husband! F-fuck me!”

He did so, but even as we went at it, I could hear the ecstatic sound of passion coming from another room. Someone was squealing with delight, and I realised it was *Sabrina*, while Ryan was doing the grunting.

“Seems we’ve got competition,” Dee joked, but I suddenly grinned almost madly.

“Then let’s win,” I declared, before raising my voice. “I bet my boyfriend can make me cum harder, Sabrina!”

There was a pause, then a shocked giggle from the other room.

“You’re on, sis!”

“Best of luck, ‘captain,’” Dee called out. “You may have your girl, but I got my fiancée here!”

“I’ll make the same of her soon, just you wait!”

It was unclear if he was talking about making Sabrina his fiancée or knocking her up, or both. Either way, their passion resumed, and soon we were at it once more too. I spread my legs wider, relishing the way he slipped in under my dress to pound into me. I could feel his balls slapping against my entrance with each thrust, and holy fuck was it doing things for me. I was such a total girl now: on my back, legs spread, while a man rammed his dick into me and prepared to fill me full of his hot, delicious cum. I had no doubt Sabrina was in the same position in the other room, the pair of us now friends, lovers to our men rather than each other. Holy shit, had I changed in such a short span. My cheeks went red as I took in just how damn demure I was, letting this man dominate me. But with each look at his face, each thrust of his body, each rake of my nails down his muscled back, I knew I wanted nothing else but this, no matter how embarrassing it might be at times to realise what I had become.

“I’m g-gonna cum!” I cried. “I’m s-so close, Dee! Take me th-ere! I want to be all yours! S-suck on my tits, please!”

He did so, pulling down my dress to suck on my sensitive nipples. My breasts bounced almost up to my chin with each motion, and the feeling of being such a woman and having a man fill me up finally sent me spiralling off the cliff. It was almost like being struck by lightning: the sensations of pleasure overwhelmed me, a tidal wave against that cliff, and I was sucked down deep below into an abyss of *bliss*. I don’t think I was even capable of words at that point; I was simply lost in the ecstasy of it all, clinging to my fiancé and gripping him with my thighs as he grunted and groaned, ejaculating deep into a womb he’d already impregnated.

Sabrina howled from the other room, Ryan gasping in satisfaction. But I already knew that Dee and I had won. Our passion was simply too great, and the orgasms left me almost catatonic until D’Angelo finally collapsed on top of me, his penis still throbbing inside my vagina, still shooting small spurts of his cum.

“I never want to go back,” I whispered as I held my lover.

And it was true. Whatever the future held, even with the anxious knowledge that I’d be growing a big belly full of his baby, I had no desire to be a man again.

Being Jade was just too damn good.

## Part 8: Sunday - Static Quo

It was a lovely little playdate. My little Kyra was toddling around on her two feet, her curly black hair bouncing as she tried to run after Mike, Sabrina's little one. Neither were quite two years old, but they were certainly doing their best to run and learn, and occasionally they let out a one or two word sentence.

"No fast!" Kyra shouted.

"Yes fast! Chase!" Mike replied, giggling as he went around the corner into the playroom.

Kyra, always a bit *too* serious about playing with others, frowned as she marched in.

"Stop! Stop time!"

Clearly, another game had been decided upon by her. She was such a little dictator. No doubt she had shades of the person I used to be; brash and hard-headed. Hopefully, she would grow up to have some of the girl me's patience.

"Should we intervene in this brewing war?" Sabrina remarked, sipping from her coffee.

I waved her off. "Nah. They'll be fine. If we hear one of them cry we can interfere. Kyra will stop being serious as soon as they start playing cars, and knowing little Mike-

"That'll absolutely be happening soon. What stubborn kids we've got."

I laughed. "I still can't believe you got pregnant so soon after me! I really thought you and Ryan were gonna wait for kids."

Sabrina blushed. "So did we. I guess we got a little too enthusiastic that night of the dance, huh?"

"You don't know it was that night."

"I totally do. We were in such a competition that dealing with contraception was out of the question, and then, BAM! Peggars, just like you."

"Well, Ryan really stepped up. You both did."

Sabrina smiled, and took another sip of her coffee. "Well, D'Angelo was amazing for you, huh? I can't believe how lucky you are to have a breadwinning husband in the football leagues!"

This time it was my turn to blush. I was wearing a very cute pink dress that emphasised my curves and pulled tight in all the right places, and it dipped low to show off my frankly magnificent boobs. They were finally back to G-cups after months and months of breastfeeding, but were slowly swelling back up again. I wasn't . . . not okay with that, weird as it was.

“It feels so strange sometimes,” I said. “You know, being a freakin’ stay at home mom and everything! I sometimes think I’m a trophy wife.”

Sabrina giggled. “You sort of are! You’re just a trophy wife whose husband is absolutely head over heels in love with, and for damn good reason too! I mean, you bounced back from pregnancy amazingly, like it was magic!”

I smiled. I still wasn’t sure if the purple lightning was magic or some sort of weird cosmic science, but I’d definitely had an ideal bod. Not that birth was great. My stupid girl compulsions made me really, really want to have a natural water birth for some fucking reason. No pain meds at all. So there I was, submerged in a little pool at home with my doula, clutching my husband’s hand and screaming as I pushed little Kyra into the world. At the time, I couldn’t believe I’d fucking chose this life, but once she was in my arms, I couldn’t imagine not choosing it all over again.

“I guess it’s pretty good,” I said. “I’ve got plenty to do with little Kyra, and the house keeps me busy, not to mention my wonderful friends.”

“Do you think you’ll find work again one day?”

“I have no idea,” I admitted. “I once dreamed of it, but this kinda suits the new mom-me, you know?”

Sabrina sighed. “I can’t imagine it. I can’t wait to get back to work soon. But Ryan and I would like another, one day. Maybe a few years yet, still, given how much of a surprise Mike was.”

The sound of excited car noises emanated from the playroom, leaving us both to grin at each other. The kids were evidently doing okay.

“Of course,” Sabrina said, reaching out with her hand to rest it on my dome of a belly. “You two didn’t wait long to get started on number two, did you?”

Yeah, I was pregnant again. Knocked up. Bun in the oven. Preggers. My eggo was preggio. I was expecting. All the terms and euphemisms for motherhood were absolutely applicable to me, and because girl me was so stylish and beautiful, I positively glowed in pregnancy, and felt a need to show it off. Hence the pink maternity dress that outlined my twenty four weeks-along mound. I won’t lie, it was completely fucking bonkers to get pregnant again, but at the time it seemed like such a good idea because damn if my husband isn’t the sexiest man alive, and all his talk about ‘putting a baby in me again’ was sweet music to my ears when he fucked me against the wall of a fancy hotel while his folks had Kyra for the night. So now here I was, a littler squirmer wriggling around in my womb again, reminding me of just how much of a woman I’d become. At least my boobs were even more spectacular now. Plus . . . I was pretty excited. Not for the birth, but the bits after. The birth, I imagined, would be just as humiliating as the first time, though at least I knew what to expect now.

“Look at that smile!” Sabrina said, as I cradled my belly and felt where my little boy was starting to kick. “You really love this, don’t you?”

“I do,” I admitted, smiling despite myself. “But sometimes, I do dream of a different life. Just occasionally, before I remember how lucky I am in this one.”

Suddenly, I heard the garage door opening up, followed by a car entering. Kyra shouted out loud.

“DADDY! DADDY HOME!”

She came toddling out in a rush, falling over twice without care, Mike trailing behind her. I laughed and got up, hands beneath my belly for support; why did I have so much amniotic fluid? I swear, there was more of that than baby sometimes!

“Be back in a minute,” I said to Sabrina, before waddling over to open the door to allow my husband in. Kyra was first in line, and immediately went up into his arms, where he threw her several times, making her laugh gleefully. Next up was me: he placed his hands on my belly as I leaned forward to kiss him. He leaned down at the same time, and the kiss was unexpectedly passionate.

“Why don’t we put on a short little video for Kyra here and you and I can get some sexy time in?”

I coughed, then gestured to Mike running towards him, then back to Sabrina, who was trying not to laugh, having obviously overheard what he’d said from the living room.

“Oh, sorry, Sabrina!”

“Not a problem, Dee! I know how you love birds after. That second baby growing in my bestie didn’t come from nowhere. I tell you what, I’ve got to run down to the shops anyway, so why don’t I take Kyra and Mike with me. Give you two time to . . . get acquainted.”

I grinned. “You’re the best, Sabrina.”

“Well, you can owe me next time. Have fun, you two.”

She got the kids organised, and Dee and I helped buckle Kyra in. But as soon as Sabrina had left on her little trip, our hands were all over one another, him kissing my belly and making me feel absolutely loved as the mother of his babies.

“How do you want to do this?” he asked as he led me to the bedroom.

The answer was obvious, the position I’d come to love.

“Cowgirl,” I said. “I want to ride my sexy husband while he feels my belly.”

Yeah, it was a way different life than I’d ever anticipated, but as I cried out in pleasure while I rode his hard cock, my breasts bouncing on my chest and his hands cradling my swollen stomach, I knew I’d made the right choice with the purple lightning. Thank God for it.

**The End**