



STUDENT
Body

M W I T S

Student Body

Jeff was literally there to supervise; that was the essence and the entirety of his role. UC Santa Barbara had only been willing to allow high school students on the archaeological site on the proviso that a teacher would be there to closely monitor the kids at all times. And Jeff didn't blame them. A radiocarbon test of the pigment in the newly discovered pictographs had dated them at anything up to 2000 years old. They were ancient, delicate and precious... and it was little wonder that the UCSB archaeology department didn't want teenagers on the site unsupervised.

Jeff couldn't exactly complain about the assignment. As the high school's history (and anthropology and archaeology and occasional geography) teacher, he'd been the one to push the school and the university to allow a select few senior students access to the site. The discovery of the Chumash rock art virtually on the school's doorstep had been too good an educational opportunity to pass up. He'd contacted an old friend at UCSB and wrangled permission for two of his best and brightest students to help out on the excavation of the sandstone caves. The upshot was that his Wednesday afternoons were now dedicated to overseeing two Burnett High students. And he was supposed to keep them in line; his professional reputation with the school and the university required it.

All of which meant that he had a compelling reason to intervene when Heather Heyer let a distracted hand rest against a partially uncovered petroglyph. After all, he was in charge—the rest of the students and college faculty were already on the other side of the cave system. He was solely responsible for ensuring that Heather didn't damage anything. He was the one who would get his ass handed to him if she damaged the ancient glyph etched into the rock face. He was supposed to speak up and tell her to shift her hand off the stone.

What he did instead, was keep staring. Because Heather was bent low over her work her concentration focused on gently uncovering a small section of rock from the surrounding earth and her luscious little tits were all squished together and curving over the top of her bra. Her cute little face was screwed up in concentration as she absently brushed a lock of shiny, blonde hair out of her face. Sitting on a raised rock ledge, Jeff had a perfect view straight down her top. He could see the long line of her neck and gold of her skin. He could make out the little pink polka dots on her bra and the hint of shadow in her cleavage. He had a clear view at the most perfect pair of tits in existence and there was no way he was giving it up.

To hell with the damn cave painting! He was a sixty-four-year-old man with a shitty underpaid job, who spent his days wrangling entitled, teenage brats and wondering if he'd ever have enough money for retirement. His right knee ached pretty much permanently and, after 40 years of employment, he had nothing financially to his name except a crappy one-bedroom apartment and a 2010 Hyundai Elantra. He hadn't gotten laid in three and a half years, and the only naked

women he ever saw were on Pornhub. He had become pretty much resigned to a life devoid of tits and titillation.

And now he had Heather Heyer right there. Four feet away, damn near spilling over the top of her girly little bra, her boobs jiggling up and down ever so slightly with the movement of her arm as she worked at brushing away the sand.

His mind wasn't exactly focused on the ancient cave painting, and he felt like a sad, sick old perv, albeit one with a killer view and a raging hard-on that he was carefully concealing behind a stack of history papers. Shifting slightly from one leg to another, he subtly rearranged his junk and reflected that he definitely wasn't gonna need Pornhub tonight. The image in front of him was burned into his memory and it was what he'd be concentrating on as soon as he had some privacy. He wasn't proud of it but, embarrassingly, it wouldn't be the first time he'd jerked off to an image of Heather. Last month, the school newspaper had done a feature on the cheerleaders. Jeff couldn't have cared less about the bulk of the article, a bunch of inarticulate high school girls spouting off about inane topics he didn't give a shit about but then there was the section on Heather. She was different... funny, reflective and self-effacing. Jeff had already known she was bright and driven she was weighing offers from USC and UC Berkeley but the article revealed she was also (atypically for a girl of her popularity) almost unfailingly kind. Unlike the other girls, she didn't just list her accomplishments; she talked about the other cheerleaders and their abilities. She talked about the strength of the school's sports program. She talked humbly about her own mistakes, as well as her accomplishment leading the cheerleading team to the nationals. Jeff had finished the article with a new respect for her.

He'd also spent way too much time looking at the accompanying picture. It was Heather in her cheerleader outfit on the sidelines after a game. She was clearly on a high from the football team's win, her cheeks flushed a perfect shade of pink with a slight sheen on her golden skin. Her uniform hugged her perfect curves and her long blonde hair was just starting to fight its way a little loose from her high ponytail. She was smiling straight out of the picture, seemingly up at him, her sky blue eyes practically begging him to touch himself while thinking of her.

Jeff had never been the kind of teacher who latched after the girls. He occasionally registered that they were pretty, sure, but they were too silly, too young and too tedious to ever really capture his attention. But, sitting at home, reading the school newspaper like the diligent faculty member he was, he'd been stopped in his tracks by Heather's picture.

Then he'd found himself unzipping and, before he'd really let himself acknowledge what he was doing, he was rock hard and stroking himself, staring right at Heather's perky eighteen-year-old tits and the soft, pink curl of her lower lip, the mouth half open in a cheer, perfectly formed to take his dick as her little upturned nose pressed into his groin while she swallowed all of him.

And he'd justified the attraction because it wasn't hurting anyone. It wasn't like she was underage. It wasn't like he was actually ever going to act on it. It wasn't like he gave her special treatment. It wasn't like he'd made sure Heather was one of the students selected for the

archaeological work so that he could ogle her like a deviant. And it definitely wasn't like jerking off over her (fully clothed and publicly accessible) picture was anyone's business but his.

But now he was there in public, just a few feet away from a student, with a boner that wasn't showing any sign of going down. And he was crossing a line.

Forcing himself to look away, he took several deep breaths and gave himself a minute to get his dick back under control. Then he called out, "Heather, watch where you're putting your hand."

"Oops!" Heather snatched her left hand away from the rock. "Sorry, Mr Ryder."

He gave her a reassuring smile. "No harm done I think."

Heather eyed the partially covered glyph. "What is it anyway?"

Jeff crossed over to check it out, glad for the distraction. "Not sure. Professor Malcolm's team hasn't started on this section yet." He examined the symbols more closely. "This pinwheel design cropped up in the west cave, in the scene depicting the moymoy initiation rite. Not sure about the cardinal points though..."

Intrigued, he grabbed a brush and began to gently remove a little more earth. Heather hovered next to him, her shoulder grazing his, leaning in close to see the intricate details. He could smell the warm, clean scent of her flowery shampoo and could practically feel the heat radiating off her body. It was the last thing his overeager dick needed, so he moved to take a step back and get some distance between them.

As he brushed against the wall, it was as if someone had opened the door to a blast furnace. A wave of heat seemed to leap off the cave wall, slamming into him and suffusing his entire body with sticky hot energy. For a moment, he gasped for air, trying to contain the rising panic, and then the heat became too much. The last thing he felt was his body crumpling to the floor.

And then Jeff was back in the cave, sitting on the ground staring at the crumpled body of an older man. It took him a second to recognize the older man was actually himself—or his body at least. He'd never seen it from this perspective before. He gasped, girlish and breathy, and quickly looked down at himself. He was greeted by the sight of a tight pink top stretched across two pert breasts. He was sitting on his butt, knees in the air. Feminine knees. Knees that were part of supple legs and miles of perfect skin. Heather's knees. They poked out from beneath a tight pair of shorts that, while not exactly revealing, did hug his form. And god, what a form, the body he was in was feminine and delicate, with a youthful glow across every inch of his bare skin.

It was impossible... obviously. But, as the color came back into the world and the seconds ticked by, it was also becoming seemingly irrefutable. His eyes roamed down his body again, his mind refusing to believe but...he was in Heather Heyer. He was moving her limbs and filling her

lungs with each breath, breathing through her perfect nose, tasting the inside of her mouth with her tongue. Jeff pushed himself to his feet, body moving and jiggling in strange ways, the hair spilling over into his face. He pushed the silky strands out of his eyes and stared at his former body as it rose shakily from the cave floor.

Taking a guess, he asked tentatively, "Heather?" His voice was silky smooth and he brought his hands to his lips in shock, felt the smoothness there as his fingers grazed his or rather, Heather's chin.

His body nodded. "What happened?" Heather asked, eyes widening as she stared at him, then down at herself, grimacing in slight disgust, hands spread out to her sides as if she were afraid to touch herself. "Oh! How is this possible?"

"It's not," he answered firmly (because it seemed important to be firm). "It's a dream or a hallucination."

"Right." She nodded again. "Of course. But... it doesn't feel like a dream."

She had a point. Everything felt blindingly immediate and real. He could feel everything, all the subtle differences in her body: the lightness of her frame, the flexibility of her limbs, the suppleness of her joints. Unconsciously, his tongue ducked out and skimmed over her upper lip. The action (he was alarmed to realize) wasn't his own, muscle memory had dictated the move. The unfamiliar taste of Heather's cherry lip gloss lingered on the tip of his tongue as he tried to wrap his head around his new circumstances.

Trying to quell the rising panic, he said carefully, "Look, there's got to be a rational explanation for—"

"The glyph!" Heather pointed at the cave wall. "Professor Malcolm said the paintings were often done by shamans. And they used all kinds of herbs in their rituals, right? So do you think that we're—"

"We're tripping," Jeff supplied, nodding his head vigorously and sending little waves of blonde hair down his cheeks. It seemed the best explanation: some long-buried hallucigen incorporated into the paint or trapped in the dirt. He was just beginning to wonder exactly how quickly he was going to get fired for exposing a student to a class A drug when Heather emitted a squeak that sounded completely undignified coming from a middle-aged man and clapped her hands to her face.

"Oh my god!" She looked horrified. "They're going to know I touched the glyph and I'm going to get kicked off the whole dig." Her tone turned, pleading, "Please don't tell."

Jeff simply nodded. Speaking up was fraught with danger. If they were tripping—and they had to be the best thing to do was simply wait it out, he explained.

So they waited. Silent, still and near-frozen with shock. Jeff was afraid to move, lest he see or do something that would embarrass Heather. This was her body. Much as he'd desperately yearned to touch her, it was altogether different inhabiting her skin. This wasn't what he'd been thinking at all when he'd wished he was inside of her.

An hour later, Heather was the one to finally voice the impossible truth. "This is real, isn't it?"

Jeff was sitting with his hands clasped around his smooth legs and rapidly coming to the same conclusion. "I think it is."

Heather had the panicked look of a small child, desperately turning to the closest adult to save her from a scary situation. "So what do we do? Should we go to the doctor? The ER?"

"And tell them what, exactly?" Jeff kept his tone gentle. "That we magically switched bodies?"

"Yes!" Heather was nodding rapidly. "Maybe they can figure out what's wrong. Maybe they can..." She seemed to realize just how ludicrous it sounded and trailed off.

"Maybe they can admit us to the psych ward," Jeff finished for her.

Her reply was a quiet little: "Oh. Right."

Then a voice sounded from the mouth of the cave. "Guys?" Steve Addison appeared, shrugging on his Burnett High letterman jacket as he walked in. "Yo, Mr Ryder!"

Jeff opened his mouth to respond, before remembering and slamming it shut. He nodded towards Heather, who took the cue and looked up at Steve.

"We gotta get going. It's already 4:15, Mr R." Steve was talking directly to Heather. "And if I'm late for practice, you gotta give me a note saying this one was not on me. Seriously, I'm on two strikes and Coach says, if I get one more, it's a one-game suspension."

To her credit, Heather seemed to grasp the necessity of answering and managed to say, "Um, sorry, yeah... we got caught up... excavating. I'll square it with your coach."

Steve grinned. "Cool. Let's go."

Unsure of what else to do, Jeff followed Steve out of the cave to the temporary parking lot at the edge of the dig site. Heather trailed behind them.

In an effort to limit traffic on the dig site, the three of them had been asked to carpool between school and the cave. Previously, Jeff had viewed the request as merely a source of gentle embarrassment: he didn't particularly love seeing the kindly pity in Heather's eyes (or the

contempt in Steve's) when his shitty car refused to go into second gear. Now, however, they were presented with an actual problem.

Jeff looked over at Heather questioningly. Was she going to drive? Was he? Could she handle his temperamental car? Should he offer to drive? How would they justify that to Steve?

But Heather simply took a breath, grabbed the keys from her pocket and unlocked the doors. Jeff slid into the passenger seat, glancing over at Heather as she put the keys in the ignition. For a moment, her eyes flickered with worry, but then she found the reverse and the tension seemed to seep from her body.

The short drive was conducted in silence. Steve had shoved in his ear buds and was absorbed with his phone. Heather was apparently focusing all her concentration on driving. That left Jeff with his own thoughts. Jeff forced himself to set aside the screaming oddity of the situation, and the wonderful intimacy of actually inhabiting Heather's body, and to think strategically about how to fix it.

The blast of energy that had preceded the switch had definitely emanated from the cave art. The key to the body switch (and therefore any answers as to how to switch back) had to be linked to the glyph... He just needed to figure out what it was and how it worked. Luckily, he had access to the university's research on the website: a shared folder of pics, excavation notes and history that the professors and students were using to pool info regarding the caves. As a lowly high school history teacher, Jeff hadn't been deemed useful enough to be permitted to contribute to the university's research, but Professor Malcolm had given him a login so he could at least track progress. And that would have to be enough. Somewhere in the copious notes there might be information about the glyph and its powers.

Of course, until he could do the research and figure out how to change them back, they were stuck. And that raised some immediate and seriously pressing issues. What would happen when they got back to school? What would they do tonight? What would they do about Jeff's classes tomorrow? It wasn't like he could stroll into the principal's office and announce that, unfortunately, he couldn't take twelfth grade history in first period because he'd accidentally swapped bodies with one of the school's cheerleaders. It was pretty much a guaranteed firing and psych referral.

Jeff looked over at his own body, comprehending for the first time just how precarious his situation was. His reputation, his career, his entire life, in fact, was firmly in Heather's hands. And hers was in his.

Steve broke the silence as they pulled onto the school grounds and skirted the football field. "Can you let me out here? Got four minutes before practice starts."

Heather pulled over and Steve sprang out, slamming the door behind him. Jeff felt his eyes follow Steve as he sprinted across the field towards the locker room. For an odd moment, it was

like his eyes had a mind of their own, unable to shift from Steve's athletic form. Jeff shifted uncomfortably, keenly aware of the absence between his pretty legs.

Beside him, Heather followed his line of sight, noting quietly, "He didn't even question who was who. No one's gonna believe this if we try to tell them what happened, are they?" She turned to him, looking utterly petrified. "What are we going to do?"

Jeff tried to keep his tone reassuring. "Look, I'm thinking it had to be the glyph on the cave wall. I just need to research it and I'm sure I can turn up some information on its history and usage. Then we can get this all sorted out." Broaching the next topic carefully, he added, "Of course, until then, I think we need to keep this strictly between us. And we've got to behave, if possible, as if everything is normal."

Heather took a deep breath, then nodded slowly. "How do we do that?"

"We need to help each other. Swap routines, make sure we have enough information to fake it until I can figure out how to swap us back."

Heather merely nodded again, clearly still trying to wrap her head around the totality of the situation. Eventually, she spoke. "There's something that might help..." Turning to Jeff with a slightly quizzical expression on her face, she announced, "I can't drive stick."

"What?"

"I can't drive a stick. I've never even tried before but, when I got in your car, I just knew how to do it. It was like your body remembered."

"Like muscle memory?" Jeff questioned.

"Yeah, like your body knows its routine."

Jeff swallowed, shuddering to think about the routines his body might reveal to Heather.

Sitting in the parked car, they had laid it all out for each other: routines and important info needed to assume each other's lives for the immediate future. Heather gave him her class schedule, her extracurriculars, and a long list of her friends and family. Page after page of people involved in her life and a seemingly endless list of her social activities.

The embarrassing part had been the moment in which he'd had to reciprocate and give an overview of his own life. They'd both agreed that the safest thing since Heather wasn't comfortable trying to fake her way through teaching a class was that Jeff simply call in sick the next day. So he was spared from trying to outline a typical teaching day. Unfortunately, that meant that he had to outline a typical day at home. Heather had looked at him attentively, ready

to absorb all the important details of his social interactions... He'd explained how to get his cable to turn on and left it at that.

Heather had given him a look of gentle surprise. "So, umm, as you... I just stay at home?"

"Yeah, I think that's the best idea."

"Ok, well, who do I need to know about in your life? Wife? Family? Friends?"

"No one to worry about." He swallowed uncomfortably. "I mean, no one I see on a daily basis."

Her expression had been typical Heather: a little kind, a little pitying. He'd seen it a few times when she interacted with the social dregs of the school; Little Miss Popularity graciously bestowing her smiles on the unpopular.

And his annoyance had burned a little. It wasn't like he was completely friendless. He had people he saw on occasion; he just didn't have people in his life every minute. The concept might seem shocking to an eighteen-year-old girl but it didn't make him as pathetic as Heather's kindly expression seemed to suggest.

Knowing he sounded brusque, he'd said quickly, "Just go back to my apartment and wait. I'll start researching now and hopefully we'll—"

Heather had cut him off. "You can't."

"Can't what?"

"You can't start researching now. I well, you actually have to oversee cheerleading tryouts." She jabbed a finger at the complex schedule she'd written out for him. "4:30pm - tryouts for replacement for Bryony Turner who transferred to Hemerly."

He'd opened his mouth to protest but Heather just charged on. "As squad captain I have to be there. But, look, it'll be easy. I've already seen most of the girls before in tryouts and it's kinda a foregone conclusion that it should be Chloe James. Just watch, thank everyone for coming and then announce that it's Chloe. And, you know, be super nice about it. Simple!"

So, just like that, he'd been plunged headfirst into the life of cheer captain. Taking a deep breath, he left Heather behind in the car and headed into the gym... And was immediately enveloped in a fawning social circle. Cheerleaders (and wannabe cheerleaders) all hovered around him, vying for attention and letting him know that his shoes were: 'So beyond gorgeous.' Also that, 'Sam's party was a total waste of time.' And that Heather had 'Made a baller call in not going.' And that, 'Phil had said he'd stop by after practice.' And that Phil had, 'the most perfect abs in the history of abs.'

Eventually, the gym teacher (who was ostensibly in charge) called for tryouts to start and the cloud of teenagers dispersed.

And it left him here behind a folding table in the gym with a cheerleading tryout assessment sheet in hand desperately trying to look like he knew what he was doing. The odd thing was, he sort of did know. Just like Heather with the stick shift, he'd quickly discover that his borrowed body had impulses and memories of its own. When he'd arrived at the gym, he knew where to sit, knew that the officious brunette ushering girls in and out of the tryouts was called Sam, knew how to respond when Sam whispered bitchy critiques of the girls auditioning. None of it was conscious, it was like he just had to let Heather's body lead and her natural inclinations took over.

As the minutes ticked by and he realized no one was leaping up to call him out as a fraud, he let himself slowly exhale. And, for the first time since the switch, he had a chance to fully absorb what had happened. He was—well, truly, undoubtedly, incontrovertibly—in Heather Heyer's body. When he stretched his legs under the table, he felt the pull and flex of lean, young muscle. When he inhaled he felt the rise of breasts and then the gentle fall as he exhaled. When a hand strayed to her hair, he felt her fingers brush down the length of a soft curl, releasing a gentle scent of expensive conditioner. His sense of smell, he realized, was heightened. He could detect the array of subtle scents on Heather's skin: the sweet honeysuckle of her moisturizer, the hint of cherry in her lip gloss, the delicate baby powder of her deodorant.

Up close, her skin was flawless; a delicate shade of gold. Unable to resist, he let a fingertip trail over one arm, marveling at the smooth softness. Marveling, too, at the depth of feeling and the responsiveness of her nerve endings. A simple stroke of her arm had her whole body damn near shuddering, little goosebumps shivering up and down her skin.

Forcing himself to concentrate, he looked back up at the tryouts. The last girl, Chloe, was just starting her routine and Jeff could see immediately why Heather had picked her. While plenty of other girls had nailed the steps, Chloe seemed to imbue them with extra energy and finesse. Most notable, however, was her expression. She performed her routine with complete confidence and a knowing little smile. Jeff could help but let his eyes drift down from her sly smile, over the curve of her boobs in their tight little crop top, to her teeny pink athletic shorts.

Habit had him yanking his gaze back up to her face after the briefest glance. Forty years as a high school teacher had taught him to never get caught looking. But then it was as if Heather's experience took over. As a girl, as cheer captain, she was permitted to look. She was supposed to look. No one was going to comment on the fact that Heather Heyer was staring at another girl's boobs. Resisting the urge to grin, Jeff let his eyes shimmy back downwards, lingering unashamedly on Chloe's bouncing tits.

And then he felt the prickle of heat, felt his body cinch a little tighter and felt the flare of warmth in his pussy. It was as if he could physically feel the flow of desire through his body. It swam through his veins, clenching his fingers and heating his blood.

At first, all he could do was stifle the shock. Heather's body was obviously ridiculously responsive. A few idle peeks at Chloe and this body was already simmering with arousal. He shifted in his seat and felt a little spark of feeling lick through his pussy and coil in his belly. Was it normal? Was this how teen girls felt all day long? And was the desire his or Heather's?

But he didn't have time to ponder. Chloe finished her routine, and she and the rest of the contestants withdrew to the bleachers, leaving the selection panel to quietly confer.

Trying to wrangle Heather's heated body back into line, Jeff addressed the rest of the panel, knowing instinctively that Heather would jump in with the first comment. "So, I think we're all totally on the same page, right?" The teen girl Heather-speak seemed to flow freely. "Chloe for sure."

The rest of the panel—two cheerleaders and the gym teacher—all nodded and murmured in assent. One of the cheerleaders even going to far as to add obsequiously, "Such a good pick, Heather."

Jeff wonder idly if Heather ever got bored of all the agreement and adulation. Less than an hour with Heather's classmates and he was pretty sure he'd already received more compliments as Heather than he had in the past month as himself. It was a fucking sobering thought.

Shaking away the unpleasant comparison, he turned to the girls assembled in the bleachers and announced, "Thanks so much to everyone who tried out today. You were all amazing and this was a really hard choice." He bestowed Heather's most winning smile on the hopeful faces. "But we're going to go with Chloe."

The assembled girls did what assembled girls tended to do: They squealed and congratulated and hugged. Then they filed out of the gym, leaving Chloe in a cloud of her own glory.

Once the room cleared out, Chloe turned immediately to Jeff. Emitting a little squeak of excitement, she rushed towards him and enveloped him in a hug. Practically vibrating with excitement, she said, "Oh my god, Heather, thank you so much."

When it became clear that Chloe wasn't letting go any time soon, Jeff tentatively returned the hug, feeling Chloe's chest crush up against his and her warm breath on his cheek. His body ramped straight back up to arousal, reveling in the closeness and hint of perfume on Chloe's neck.

He was just about to pull away—because, in truth, Heather's body was freaking him out just a little bit when a muscled arm gripped him around the waist and gently tugged him free from Chloe's hug.

For a moment, his entire body tensed, completely confused and ready to flee. Then he heard a smiling voice murmur, "I leave you alone for one afternoon and you're off groping someone else."

He spun around to face Phil Graham. Football player, tight end, six foot two of solid muscle... and Heather's boyfriend. Heather had provided a handy little resume for Phil (along with her endless list of other social ties), but Jeff hadn't really had time to comprehend the immediate reality of Heather having a boyfriend. Hadn't considered what that actually meant. He certainly hadn't anticipated the moment in which Phil reached over for him, wrapped a huge hand around Jeff's slender neck and dragged him in for a kiss.

Heather's body reacted on instinct, stretching up on tippy toes and melding to Phil's frame. The resulting flush of excitement that shot through Jeff made Heather's previous reaction to Chloe seem positively PG. All at once, Jeff could feel his breathing turn shallow and Heather's nipples rising into sharp spikes. God, this girl was combustible; one kiss and she was ready to melt.

And Phil clearly knew what her body was looking for, because he broke off the kiss and whispered, "Got to be patient, baby." His hand on Jeff's back strayed a little lower and slid down over the curve of his plump ass. "You know the rules; no sex until after the game."

He ran.

He wasn't proud of it. It certainly wasn't dignified but it was the only thing he could think to do. He'd thrown a hasty, "Ok, so, umm... Sorry, gotta go," at Phil and Chloe, and had bolted for the door. Racing to the parking lot, he'd jumped into Heather's sporty little Audi. He hadn't even bothered looking up Heather's address, just let Heather's muscle memory guide him home.

His heart hadn't stopped pounding until he arrived at Heather's house, confirmed that no one was home and raced upstairs to Heather's room.

Locking the door, he forced himself to take a deep breath, trying to get Heather's libido under control but his skin felt too hot, too tight.

He needed a distraction before he lost it and went to town on Heather's body. This wasn't his body, wasn't his life, it wouldn't be right to enjoy himself as this body was desperately urging him to do. Maybe a cold shower would help. But that would involve getting naked. He would have to go quickly.

He gripped the bottom of his shirt and took a deep breath, then yanked it off over his head, sending his tits bouncing. His blonde hair blew wildly across his face as he shimmied out of his shorts, little ass shaking back and forth. He twisted around and unhooked Heather's bra, brushed back her blonde hair from his eyes and oh god he found himself staring down at her breasts. They were firm and ripe, two perfect teardrops hanging from her chest, little goosebumps breaking out across her smooth golden skin. Jeff yanked down his panties,

causing his breasts to sway hypnotically. His tiny body was so limber, so unbelievably silky smooth and perfect. His breath hitched in his throat as he saw Heather's pussy for the first time. Between his legs was a perfect triangle of golden hair pointing directly towards his slit.

With an effort, Jeff dragged his eyes away from her body and hurried to the bathroom, tits swaying with every step. He might have made it to the shower if he hadn't had to pass the bathroom mirror, but he froze at the sight of this naked, blonde cheerleader, her nubile body paused mid stride as his eyes wandered over his new form. There was an instant where he tried to look away furtively, as if afraid of getting caught, before he realized that he would never be caught looking. He could stare at Heather's beautiful body all he wanted and no one would ever stop him. Oh, they might think Heather was a bit of a narcissist, but they would never suspect that it was Jeff inside her body, eyeing her, imagining all the ways he could fuck himself. And he could do it, too.

He placed his hands on the counter and leaned towards the mirror, until his nose was nearly touching the glass. It was his first time looking, really looking, at Heather. He took his time, admiring her tiny upturned nose, the sharp, delicately plucked eyebrows above her clear blue eyes, the tiny freckles on the bridge of her nose, the little mole beneath her ear, the tiny dimple that appeared when she smiled, like now. And god, what a smile, enigmatic and enticing, like she had a secret just for him. He ran his fingers along her face, enjoying her baby-soft skin, tracing the contours of his brow, the little curved nostrils, reveling in the fact that he was in her body and he could explore to his heart's content.

He stood back and looked down at his magnificent breasts. His hands were trembling as he brought them to her chest, filled by an awe of wish fulfillment, like a long-awaited Christmas present being unwrapped. And when he touched her tits, wrapped his fingers around her tender flesh, cupped her tits in each hand utter bliss. "Fuuuck," he breathed in her light voice as he stroked his new breasts with dainty fingers, looking down from his new perspective at the boobs hanging from his chest, then back to the mirror to watch Heather stroking her tits, lust written across her face. Little jolts of electricity flitted down his spine. He tickled his breasts, caressing himself, fingers whispering across his sensitive skin, lightly plucking his nipple and releasing it, watching the taut flesh snap back into place, watching the nipple spike out in pleasure. God, she was gorgeous, and her body would do anything he wanted.

Jeff spread his legs and gazed down at himself, the view of his pussy framed by his breasts. One hand snuck through his pubic hair, following the scratchy arrow of blonde hair down over his slit, which was even now opening at his touch. He felt somehow both loose and tight, a strange buzzing in his head as his pussy lips grew moist and loose even as a pleasant tension wound through him. He gazed down in awe as he dipped a finger inside Heather for the first time, watched her pussy engulf her finger, felt it enter him and press up against the hood of his clit. Another tingle shot down his spine, heavier this time, and he began circling his finger inside himself. His other hand stayed on her tits, fondling himself as he masturbated her body. Fuck, she felt so good from the inside: warm and wet and oh-so-tight. Her pussy was better than he

had imagined, especially as he could feel his fingers slipping inside, knew where to press and how hard to rub to drive his body into ecstasy.

He placed a knee on the counter, watched in the mirror as his pussy gaped open, pink folds unfurling. Jeff sank Heather's finger deeper inside. She was tight and he could feel the walls of his pussy grip him as he fingered himself, thrusting her dainty fingers in and out, faster and faster as his body grew heated and the tension filled him from head to toe. He was breathing fast, Heather's little mouth open, her cheeks red, eyes half-lidded in absolute desire. Hearing her little high pitched "Oh" was enough to send him over the edge. He came, shuddering around his finger as the tension snapped in a body rocking orgasm. He thrust hard in and out of himself, riding the wave of pleasure as the slick sounds of his finger in his pussy hit his ears. She was beautiful. He was beautiful, a perfect, blonde model who could fulfill his every desire, because he was his every desire.

He slid another finger inside himself, rubbing furiously. One orgasm wasn't enough, he was still so, so horny. He fingered Heather's body faster, squeezing his tit and crying out in a voice tinged with utter delight. He opened his eyes, saw Heather's image right in front of him, fucking herself hard even as he felt her fingers on her tits, his hand in her pussy and he came again. He moaned and threw his head back, silky blonde hair cascading down his back as he burned with delight.

When he finally came down his face was flushed and his body was still infused with a lingering warmth. As he watched, a clear drop of pussy juice dripped down his thigh. Now he really needed that shower.

The shower was...interesting. He was sure that Heather's body had never been this clean before. He soaped up every inch of her wonderful skin, let his hands run across her body, over and over (and over) her tits and down her legs. When he finally stepped out he was calm once again. He wrapped one towel around his body, the other around his hair, and returned to his room. There was a text from Heather on his phone asking if he'd found anything yet. Jeff had found a lot of things, but nothing he would tell Heather. He also felt a little guilty for enjoying her body and so he sent a quick response (Nothing yet. Still looking.) and immediately sat down at her laptop to log into the field notes and see if he could find anything.

Soon he found a photo of the glyphs Heather had been touching. Buried in the description underneath were some notes and some conjecture of what the symbols may mean. There was a brief reference to some sort of shamanic ritual but, after an hour of combing through the rest of the notes, he couldn't find anything else promising. He made a mental note to follow up on it and sent Heather a text telling her what he'd found. Not much, but it was a start.

The rest of Jeff's night was a mix of stressful and mundane. He sat around the dinner table with Heather's parents and younger sister, following the instincts of his body and the lead of the others around the table. Heather's mom prodded him about cheerleader tryouts and Jeff found himself talking. And talking. He loved it, explaining what had happened, puzzling out the

reactions of the others, explaining the intricate politics of the team and how Chloe would be the perfect choice. He had to force himself to stop talking, finally uncomfortable with the other eyes on him, feeling like any moment he'd be called out as an impostor. But nothing. He ate dinner, did his (surprisingly difficult) homework, and went to bed.

He woke up in a teenage girl's room and knew it hadn't been a dream. Part of him was relieved. He stretched, enjoying the feel of his young limbs, his taut body free of aches and pains. Jeff practically jumped out of bed, eager to face the day for the first time in, well, ever.

It was while he was rummaging through her panty drawer that he stumbled upon it. He didn't know what it was at first. A little black wand, lightly curved and ridged on one side, smooth on the other. There was something about it that called to him and he turned it around in Heather's fingers. With a start it came to him, Heather's memory slamming into place: it was a vibrator she could slip into her panties and control through her phone. Heather had only used it once, in bed, and had hidden it here. The experience had been...average, probably, as Jeff discovered "remembering" the scene, because she'd been a little shy and awkward about using it. Jeff stared at it for a beat, then pulled out a pair of panties, slipped them on, and then nestled the little vibrator up against his pussy, adjusting it until it fit snugly against him.

He picked up her phone and found an app with a logo matching the one on the vibrator. The controls were needlessly complex, but after hitting a few buttons, he felt a warm vibration in his panties. Mmm, it was nice. Gentle. It made Heather's body warm slowly. He played with it a little, upping the speed, changing the vibration pattern as his body throbbed. He grew wet and knew he should stop, but he wanted to follow the sensation. He let it continue, biting his plump bottom lip as the vibrator purred against his pussy, making him grow wet. Suddenly, he clutched the corner of the dresser and his breath hitched as a small orgasm passed through him, quick and intense, leaving him aching for more. With an effort, he forced himself to shut off the vibrator. But he kept it in his panties as he got dressed.

It certainly made the day more interesting. Jeff spent a long time fiddling with the device in class, letting it buzz against him, the sound inaudible but, oh god, the feeling intense, stopping just on the edge of orgasm. Biting his lip and squeezing his legs together, he turned off the app just when he was on the precipice. He was teasing himself into a constant state of arousal and knew he had to stop before he went too far and had an earth shaking, moan inducing orgasm right in the middle of class. But, god, Heather just felt so fucking good from the inside.

They met in a secluded corner of a parking lot round the corner from the school. Heather had pulled up in Jeff's shitty car and nervously ducked over to climb into the passenger seat of her own Audi. It was a risk. Being seen together with an older male teacher and his young female student meeting in private would raise questions, but Heather had texted demanding to see him in person and Jeff didn't feel he could say no. So he'd left school as soon as the final bell rang, making excuses to the half dozen people who seemed to want to hang out with him and hurried to their rendezvous point.

“Any news?” The question was out of Heather’s mouth before she’d even closed the car door.

“Nothing solid yet,” he admitted. “No mention of the glyph or any body swap rituals in anything I’ve read so far.”

“Ugh, seriously?”

It was bizarre, watching Heather’s vocab emerge from his mouth. It was bizarre watching himself, period. In the harsh midday sun, he looked older than he expected. His body moved a little slower and creaked a little more than it did in his mind’s eye. He looked like an old man: thinning-haired and stiff-limbed.

And Heather clearly wasn’t enjoying the experience of maneuvering his body around. She grimaced and added, “There has to be something we can try to fix this. I can’t just sit around stuck in your body.”

Guiltily aware that he’d really not given researching their problem the attention it deserved, he rushed to agree with her. “You’re right. Professor Malcolm’s team has been making some headway into deciphering the glyphs in the west cave. There’s probably some overlap and their notes should provide at least a place to start looking for—”

“Do you have access to their notes?” Heather’s eyes widened slightly. “Can I have them? You’re stuck at school all day but I can research.”

It was a direct question with a clear and easy answer. Yet Jeff felt the brief moment that he hesitated, the millisecond in which he considered lying. Because, if he was being honest with himself, he’d been having fun. And he didn’t want to give Heather the chance to uncover the fix and end it right away.

As quickly as the thought had appeared, shame at his own selfishness bubbled to the surface. Feeling guilty, he rushed to say, “Of course. It’s an online archive of the team’s notes. I’ll send you the login details.”

“Ok, great.” Heather gave a little nod of determination. “I’ll start right away.”

“And I’ll join you as soon as I can. I shoulda dug in deeper last night.”

Heather shot him a forgiving little grin. “It’s ok, I get it. I’m the one who asked you to make sure that you’re taking care of my life, doing all my normal activities and stuff. I know my life’s busy.” She patted him on the bare leg comfortingly, before quickly pulling her hand away, her eyes flicking down briefly and widening slightly, before she managed to hide the fact that she’d noticed her own arousal at the touch of her former body.

Jeff was still dwelling on Heather’s last words. They kinda said it all. Heather had a life full of

activity and forward momentum. In contrast, he had a life that could easily be put on pause to do countless hours of research.

Heather's eyes strayed to the clock on the dash and she announced, "Speaking of which, you'd better get back to school. Cheer practice starts in ten." She opened the door and climbed out slowly. "Send me the research. I'll let you know as soon as I find anything."

As the door slammed closed, Jeff grabbed Heather's phone and emailed her the login for the UCSB docs. Then his finger strayed to the dildo app. He had a sense that his time in Heather's body was limited. He went to tap the start button and fumbled the phone. Before he could have any second thoughts, he tapped it again. It didn't start right away. He must have changed some setting on this needlessly complicated app screen. He hurried to the gym, thinking he'd figure it out on the way. Halfway there the buzzing began. Little pulses that quickly built into a steady rhythm. It made him pause and he bit Heather's plump lower lip softly as his body warmed.

He was almost to the gym now and realized he should switch off the app before practice. He opened it up and started fiddling with the controls. But the buzzing continued. No matter what he did he couldn't turn it off. He'd found some sort of setting, some timer or something, that would make the vibrations start seemingly randomly for short periods of time. Jeff had never been very good at tech, and his frantic attempts to fix it only made it worse.

Just when he thought he should try to take the vibrator out of himself, he heard Heather's name called out. He looked up to see two other cheerleaders Kirsten and Stef along with the head coach rushing over to him.

"Where've you been?" Kirsten said, taking him by the arm and pulling him into the gym, "We're all ready."

Jeff had no choice but to go with them, and soon he was warming up with the rest of the girls, the vibrator going off at random intervals. That, combined with being surrounded by fit, young women with flowing skirts and tight tops, kept him in a constant state of low level arousal. As he shouted out commands he couldn't help but let his eyes linger over Stef's smooth, mocha legs, or Kirsten's large, wobbling breasts. The vibrator would turn off, cooling him slightly and allowing him to think more clearly, only to turn on again at an inopportune time, such as when he was being manhandled by two other girls as they flipped him up into the air and caught him, their bodies so close to his, the sweet floral scent of their skin filling his nostrils, beautiful, soft arms gripping Heather's amazing body. With a supreme effort he was able to control himself, though he was wet as hell, his soaked panties cold against his thighs as he jumped and did splits. It was all going well until practice was almost at an end.

The vibrator was a constant thing now, purring and throbbing against his pussy non-stop. Jeff knew his cheeks were flushed and he hoped it looked like he was just practicing hard. Dear god he wanted so badly to touch himself, to finally end this long agonizing thrum of ecstasy by filling himself and sating his petite body. Instead, he had to do a pyramid. Had to watch as the other

girls danced their way on all fours, little asses sticking out behind, the skirts barely covering the taut flesh of their smooth thighs. They did their cheer as they built the pyramid higher, the music ramping up in a crescendo to match Heather's body. Jeff was sopping wet and nearly quivering with desire, squeezing his legs together to try to stop himself from dripping down his thighs. And then he had to go on top, had to stand atop this wriggly tower of undulating women.

Two of the remaining cheerleaders grabbed him and put him on their shoulders. It was all Jeff could do to grit his teeth and smile as they hoisted him up and onto the pile, the top of the pyramid. His hands found the warm backs of the cheerleaders beneath him, heard their rousing chant, Heather's own voice chanting along as he held his arms up. He was burning up, the itching desire to touch himself was a physical thing, gripping his body in a near fever of tension as the vibrator continued sending out it's warm buzzing. He raised his arms, began to cry out the final line of the cheer and felt himself cumming, an unstoppable rush of intensity as the dam finally burst within him and he screamed out an instant before the rest of the cheerleaders in the pyramid hit the final note. The bulk of his orgasm was lost in the noise of their cheer and he gritted his eyes tight, fought to hold his body still as he shook and moaned, lost in the pleasure filling his young body. He came down from the pyramid shaking, the vibrator still thrumming in his panties. He was sure the other girls could hear it, could smell his arousal. His legs were slick with his mingled sweat and juices. He managed to give a final speech at the end of practice—something about how they were all a team and worked as one and blah blah—before racing out of the gym, into the locker room and yanking the still pulsing vibrator out of his panties. He dug his fingers inside his pussy, moaning wildly as was finally finally filled, pressing deeper up against his center, hurrying to get himself off before anyone came in. His fingers slipped through his wet folds and he rubbed hard, desperate for release, biting down hard on the knuckle of his other hand when it finally came and the aching tension snapped. He leaned against the nearest locker as he sunk his fingers as deep into Heather's pussy as he could and moaned, fingering himself to the orgasm he'd been desiring for the last two hours. Pleasure whited out his mind and he was soaring through a void of ultimate carnal desire, his entire self humming with pure bliss.

He came down slowly, pulling his fingers out of himself as he heard the other girls come into the locker room. He hurried to the sink, weak-kneed but calm, and washed his hands before splashing water on his face. Coming up to stare at Heather's angelic face in the mirror, her little lips slightly parted, strands of hair plastered to her head, looking every bit the part of someone who just had an amazing orgasm.

Heather had been texting him every few hours about the research ever since cheer practice had ended. At first, it was just brief progress reports. Short little messages bemoaning the lack of useful information. As the night progressed it became apparent that she was moving quickly through the files and throwing herself into the task wholeheartedly. She worked through the night, sending periodic updates and shooting Jeff questions about information she needed clarified. It was, quite frankly, embarrassing how much she clearly wanted to ditch his tired old body and reclaim her own.

And he knew it didn't reflect well on him as a person that he rejoiced just a little in every dead end Heather announced in her research. Nor was it indicative of his moral fiber that he couldn't help but feel just a little giddy when he woke up the next morning, checked his phone and confirmed that Heather hadn't turned up anything new in the early hours of the morning... And realized he was going to get another day.

Appreciative of the fact that the day might be his last as Heather, he let himself savor it. He enjoyed every moment of getting ready for school. Enjoyed the thrill of soaping down his body, letting his hand meander between her legs and bringing her always-eager body to a quick, panting little AM orgasm.

He enjoyed strolling down the school hallways with all eyes pivoting towards him. Enjoyed class and lunch and chatter and friends and the giddy pace of teen conversation and affection. Enjoyed simply being with people and being seen. Enjoyed being touched, enjoyed all the casual hugs from Heather's friends and constant physicality of youth.

That evening, he enjoyed (guiltily but thoroughly) the girls' change room as the cheerleaders got ready for the football game. Then he enjoyed heading out onto the field accompanied by the enthusiastic roar of the crowd.

The game was a sellout. Stands filled to capacity and everybody seemingly intent on screaming. Jeff had always avoided the high school's football games. He'd never particularly liked the crowds; never enjoyed the crush or the adrenaline or the incessant noise. He'd felt sad and stayed sitting in the stands watching teenagers dash about.

But it was different in Heather's body. He wasn't just a solitary figure in the crowd; he was front and center of it, an integral part of the action. He was also so caught up in the excitement of the game that he completely forgot about Heather and her frantic research. It wasn't until the game was over and the players had headed into the locker room that Jeff realized it had been hours since he'd checked his phone. Retrieving his bag, he dodged the throng of girls (all hyped up by the game) and retreated to a somewhat straggly patch of grass behind the bleachers to listen to his voicemail.

There were four messages. All from Heather and all gradually increasing in pitch and excitement. Evidently, she'd found a reference to the glyph which led her, after an hour or so of cross referencing, to an ancient ritual. The description was disjointed and intermittently vague, but had enough details poking through to make its purpose obvious: mentions of transformation, of spirits switching, of the old and young interchanging at will, of a glyph imbued with power.

Jeff listened to the last of the voicemails: Heather breathlessly announced that she'd found a reference to a cave painting depicting the ritual and was tracking down the image files. Sighing, he hung up, the inevitability of returning to his old body looming large.

For a full minute he simply stood still, mentally cataloging the feel of each of Heather limbs in

turn and committing them to memory. Feeling the litheness of her body, the pliant movements of her joints and the delicate power of her muscles. Unspent energy coursed through his veins. Needing to feel his body in motion, he suddenly found himself taking two big strides and then kicking his heels into the air, performing a round off. He landed with a grin and glanced around faintly embarrassed; anyone watching would probably think Heather Heyer had lost it.

But he couldn't quite bring himself to care. Taking a breath, he did another round off, this time adding a back handspring and landing perfectly on two feet.

The sound of a single person clapping filtered down from the bleachers, and a grinning voice called out, "Well, I loved it, but the Russian judge thinks you need to add a back 'sault." Phil swung over the bleacher railing and dropped lightly to the ground. "You got a little excess energy to work off, baby?"

Jeff grinned at Phil as he approached, the by-now familiar warmth rising through Heather's body as Phil strode towards her, shadows playing across his muscular physique. He wrapped an arm thick and solid as oak around Heather's waist and pulled Jeff in for a kiss. Jeff let himself be taken, let Phil kiss his soft lips as Heather's body melted in the young man's strong arms. Jeff placed his hand on Phil's chest as they kissed, palm across the thick pecs, Phil's heart beating beneath Jeff's fingers. Phil tasted of mint and spice, his tongue darted across Heather's lips and Jeff opened his mouth, welcomed him in and sucked on Phil's tongue.

Wordlessly, they hurried to Phil's car, hands all over each other, barely containing their excitement. Phil grabbed a handful of Jeff's ass and squeezed, making him squeal and turn to swat Phil playfully. They were barely in the back seat of the car before they were kissing again. Phil was on the seat, Jeff straddling him, Heather's arms wrapped around Phil's solid mass, fingers stroking Phil's hair, his back, restless, roaming across Phil's deliciously masculine body, enjoying the contrast between his hard physique and Heather's deliciously soft form. Jeff's pussy ached as Phil pressed his solid muscle against Jeff's soft breasts.

Jeff kissed fiercely, Heather's body hungry for Phil. God, he was already wet and he sent up silent thanks for Heather's sensitivity, her hunger for sex, driven in part by Jeff's own desire for the body he now inhabited, the lust he felt as he watched himself make Heather wallow in her own pleasure. He was turned on watching himself getting so turned on. The wetness in his panties serving to make him more wet, more aware of the lithe, gorgeous body he inhabited. Jeff grinded himself against Phil's lap, pressing down on the hard bulge thrusting up from beneath Phil's pants. Using it to tickle his clit even through the layers of clothes until he was sopping wet and nearly delirious with need. Jeff grabbed one of Phil's hands and guided it beneath Heather's skirt, pressed Phil's fingers against Heather's wet panties. "I'm so fucking wet for you," Jeff moaned, Heather's voice deep and throaty with longing.

Phil's fingers tickled against Jeff's panties, easing underneath them and into Jeff's squirming, wet opening. Phil slid up against Jeff's clit, sending a brief spasm through Heather's body. He was suddenly stifling in his clothes and he yanked off Heather's top, followed by her bra. Phil's

mouth was immediately on Jeff's tits, sucking, licking, greedy for them. Heather's nipples spiked out and Jeff moaned as electricity shot through him. Phil's teeth nipped at Jeff's sensitive skin and Jeff stared down at Heather's bouncing breasts, entranced by his own body as his tits swung and jiggled to their rhythm. And, god, had he ever seen more perfect tits? Ever been privy to a more perfect sight than Phil pleasuring Heather's tits from her perspective? Jeff's body had been teased so much that day. He was wet and warm and he needed to be pounded hard.

"Fuck me. Fuck me right now," he begged in Phil's ear, his voice desperate.

He helped Phil fumble with his pants, yanking the zipper down and freeing Phil's thick cock. The head aimed up towards Heather's body and Jeff took it in one of Heather's dainty hands, stroking, running her fingers up and down the veiny shaft. It was so gorgeous, so warm and hard and throbbing for him. Jeff had never been needed as much as Phil needed Heather at that moment. Jeff shifted to one side, pulled his panties aside and guided Phil up against Heather's sopping wet opening, felt the head of Phil's dick pressing against Heather's swollen pussy lips. The pressure grew, grew, and then with a pop that was more felt than heard, Phil slipped inside. Jeff's breath hitched in his throat as the walls of his pussy stretched to accommodate the dick. He sank down slowly, filling himself on Phil's cock. It felt so painfully tight. He felt every bit of Phil's cock as it burrowed slowly into his aching cunt. With each lovely inch came a deeper feeling of fullness, of being completely stuffed, until finally Jeff rested on Phil's lap, the cock lodged deep in his center.

Jeff rocked slowly, enjoying the sensation of Phil's dick sliding gently in and out of his wet pussy, grinding against his clit. He enjoyed the sight of Heather's tits bobbing back and forth, and watching the cock disappear into his female body, reappearing slick with his lust. Jeff's eyes were drawn to Phil's and they stared deeply at each other, bodies connected, rocking as one. Jeff had never felt so close to someone before, never felt so vulnerable and powerful as when Phil was inside him, both of them beholden to the power of Heather's perfect body.

They rocked like this for an eternity, eyes locked on each other, Jeff sitting right at the precipice of pleasure, driving Heather's body wild, wetter and hornier than he'd ever been until he couldn't take it any more. He began rocking faster, building up the rhythm as Phil followed, faster, faster, his hands clenching around Phil's neck, using Phil's body for leverage as he pushed and pulled himself back across Phil's cock, grinding hard and fast until there was an explosion of light in his head and Jeff gasped, throwing his head back, tits bouncing up and down as he came hard, joined by Phil, who thrust up, burying himself even deeper inside Heather's body than Jeff had thought possible and dragging a deep moan from Heather's lips. Pleasure filled Jeff's body, just as Phil's cum filled his pussy, the heat pounding into Jeff in spurts as he convulsed happily on Phil's cock, crying out as Phil emptied himself into Jeff's nubile body again and again. It was a pleasure so deep it whited out the world, leaving the two of them locked in bliss, sharing their young bodies. They hung there for an eternity, until the pulses slowed, slowed, and soon stopped.

Jeff sat there breathing hard, Phil still deep inside him. He looked down at Phil and giggled, then pulled himself off. He felt so empty without Phil's cock inside him, yet satisfied and oh-so-in-love, the warm feelings of his body spreading to encompass the young man beneath him.

They were dragging their clothes back on when Heather's phone chimed. The text from Heather was succinct: FOUND IT!

Jeff could help the quiet, little exclamation: "Well, fuck."

Phil emerged from the t-shirt he was pulling on. "What's up?"

"It's nothing."

"You sure?" Phil was studying him intently. "Here to help if you need."

Phil looked so sincere, so ready to leap into the fray and help Heather that Jeff couldn't help but feel a wave of self-pity. Was there anyone as willing to get involved in his own life? Anyone ready to drop everything just because he looked a bit sad? He knew the answers to both questions and he didn't like them.

The phone chimed again. Heather: Meet me at the dig site. 8am.

He knew what he was doing could identify his own futile and pathetic effort to delay the inevitable as he replied: I'm not sure Professor Malcolm will give us unscheduled access to the site on a weekend. Maybe we wait until Monday?

Heather responded with the speed and certainty of the gorgeous girl who'd never been denied access to anything in her life: Of course he will! We'll just say it's extra credit.

There was nothing left to say, so he simply texted back: Ok.

And, with that, he had less than 12 hours left in Heather's body.

Turning back to Phil, he ran a hand over his thigh and raised a brow. "Up for round two?"

Of course, Heather had been right. Jeff had emailed Professor Malcolm and he had readily agreed to add them to the authorized access list for the site. So the next day Jeff pulled into the dig site parking lot, stopping right next to the shitty soon-to-be-his-again Hyundai.

Heather emerged from the parked car and walked around to accost him as soon as he got out of the Audi. She was talking a-mile-a-minute. "It's actually, totally straightforward. Like, completely simple. We each touch the cardinal points on the glyph in order and, boom, back to normal." She grinned. "And then we never touch another glyph again unless we know exactly what it's for. Lesson learned!"

“Yep.” Jeff tried to sound at least slightly pleased about the pending resolution and parroted, “Lesson learned.”

She turned towards the cave. “Let’s go.”

But a voice stopped them. “Jeff!”

Looking over, Jeff saw Professor Malcolm hurtling towards them. Expecting a reprimand for bringing two cars onto the lot, Jeff opened his mouth to apologize, but the professor beat him to it.

“Sorry, guys. Site’s closed,” Professor Malcolm announced, coming to a halt in front of them. “Looks like there was some seismic activity overnight.”

“What?” Heather all but screeched. “What does that mean? We need to get to the east cave. Can we at least go see?”

Professor Malcolm shook his head sadly. “The east cave was the worst hit.” He gulped, clearly dejected. “It collapsed.”

It was Jeff’s turn to screech. “What?”

“Yep, total cave-in. Looks like the walls were more structurally vulnerable than we thought. They completely crumbled.”

“But... But the glyphs?” Heather asked hopefully. “Anything.. Anything still standing?”

The professor shook his head again. “Buried. Completely.”

Professor Malcolm scurried off to deal with the fallout on his decimated site. For the longest time, Heather didn’t speak, she just slumped against her car, clearly overwhelmed with shock.

Worried about her silence, Jeff said carefully, “Maybe it doesn’t have to be the same exact glyph. Maybe we can find one in another cave... Or, or maybe we could etch a new one ourselves.

Heather’s tone was completely emotionless. “It has to be the same one.”

Jeff tried again. “Maybe they’ll excavate the cave and—”

“And find it still intact?” She didn’t look up from the dirt. “Not likely, is it?”

“No,” Jeff admitted. Even if the cave were ever excavated, the chances of finding the faint etching in the soft sandstone rock were very VERY slim.

“Well, then...” Heather headed back round the car and opened the door of the crappy Hyundai.

Jeff watched her in surprise. “Where are you going?”

She gave a defeated sigh. “I’ve got an AP History to teach in twenty minutes.” And, with that, she climbed into the car and drove away.

Jeff stood stunned, alone in the parking lot. It was thoroughly disconcerting seeing Heather Heyer dejected. He kept waiting for her to turn around and head back with some plucky plan to fix the issue. It seems so unlike her to just accept defeat. Maybe she’d get over her initial shock and reemerge full of gumption, ready to try anything to put things right... Or maybe a couple of days in his body had sapped her of her optimism.

Either way, the chances of them ever switching back even if Heather gave it her all were obviously negligible.

The grin was across Jeff’s face before he could stop it. He was well and truly stuck as Heather. And, as much as he knew he should be sorry about the injustice, he just couldn’t seem to summon the requisite guilt.

And he wasn’t going to let the gift go to waste.

Grin still plastered across his face, he dug out Heather’s phone and checked the time... Just enough time to run home and grab a toy before class. His grin got just a little bit wider.