

Teacher-Student Reversal



Today's Lesson

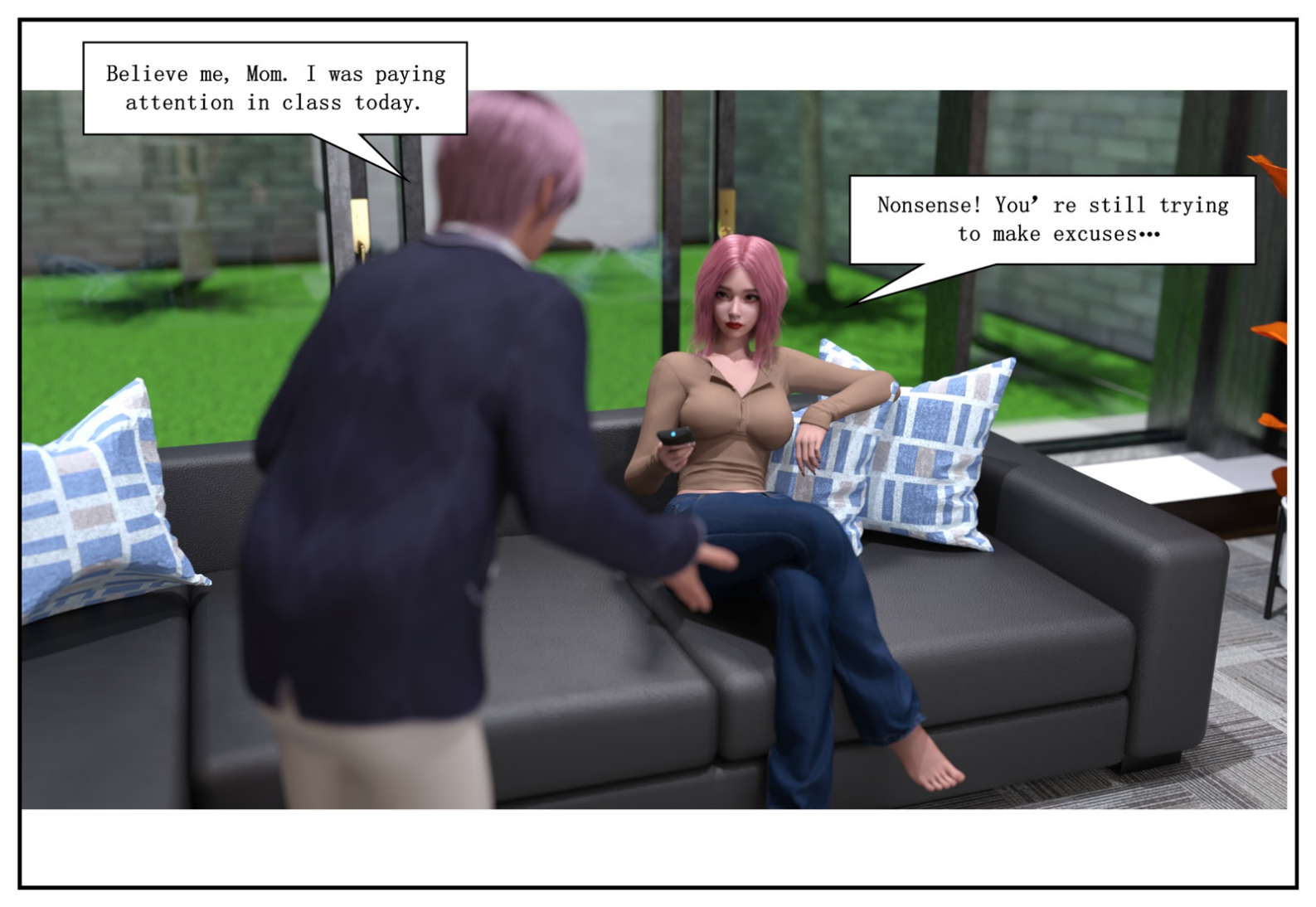
Exam dates

- 24th of J

- 6th of J

Really, I wasn' t playing with this during class.

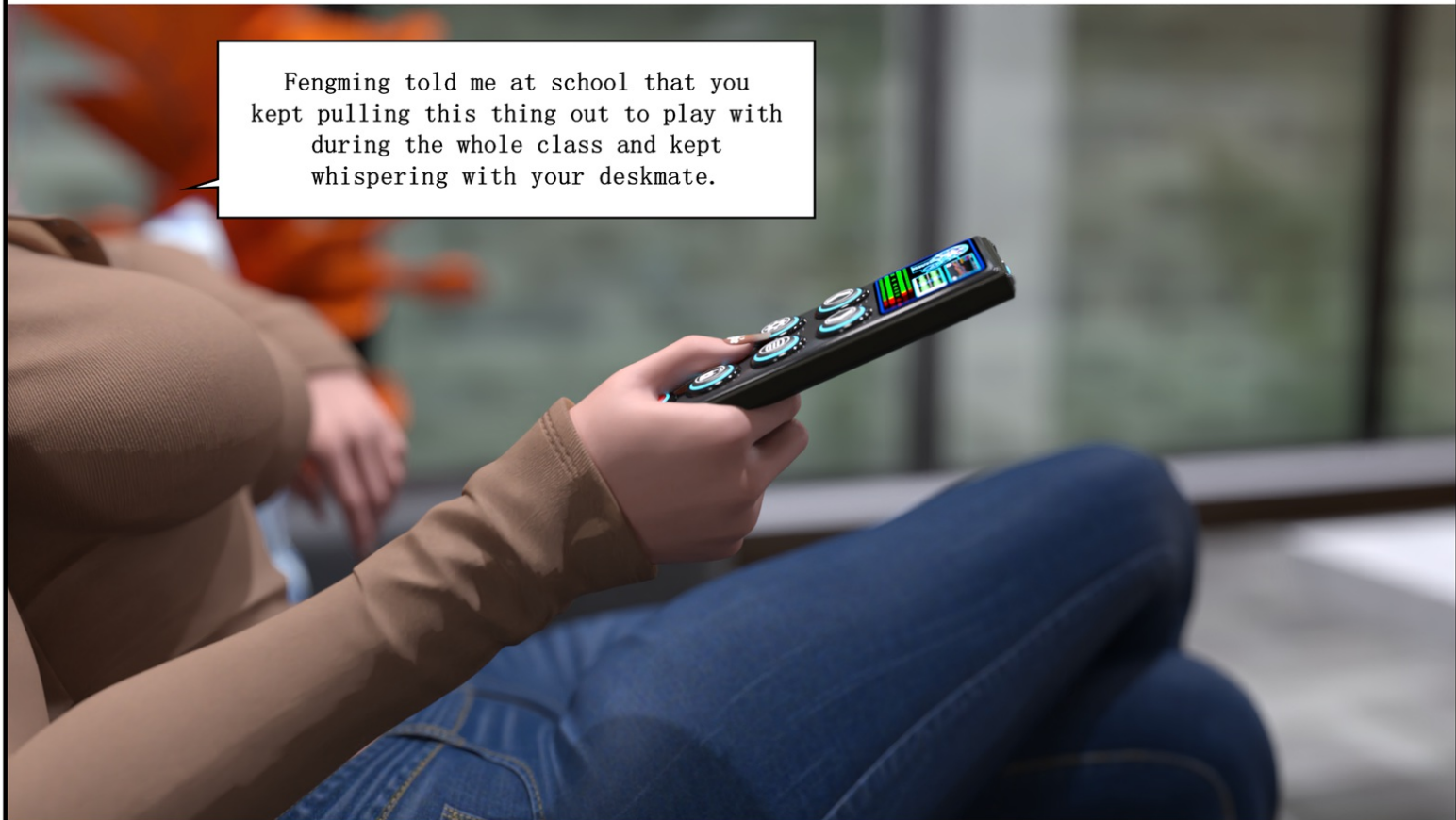


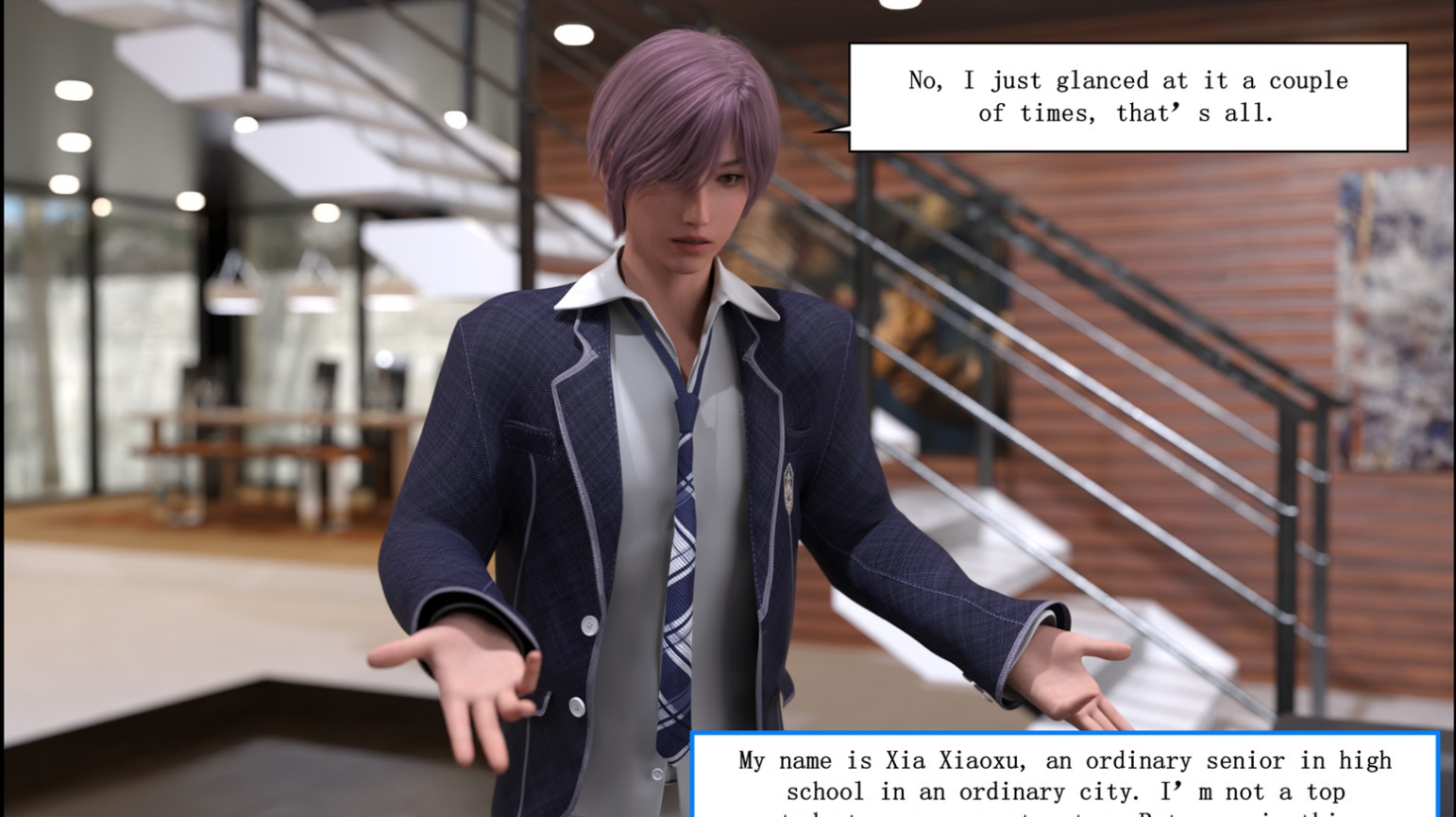


Believe me, Mom. I was paying attention in class today.

Nonsense! You're still trying to make excuses...


Fengming told me at school that you kept pulling this thing out to play with during the whole class and kept whispering with your deskmate.






No, I just glanced at it a couple of times, that's all.

My name is Xia Xiaoxu, an ordinary senior in high school in an ordinary city. I'm not a top student, nor a sports star. But even in this ordinary life, fate has its way of throwing unexpected surprises my way.

A 3D rendered woman with long, wavy pink hair and red lipstick is sitting on a black leather couch. She is wearing a brown, long-sleeved, button-down shirt. She is holding a black remote control with colorful buttons in her right hand. The background shows a window with a view of a green lawn and a blue and white checkered pillow. To the right, there is a potted plant with large, orange, flame-like leaves.

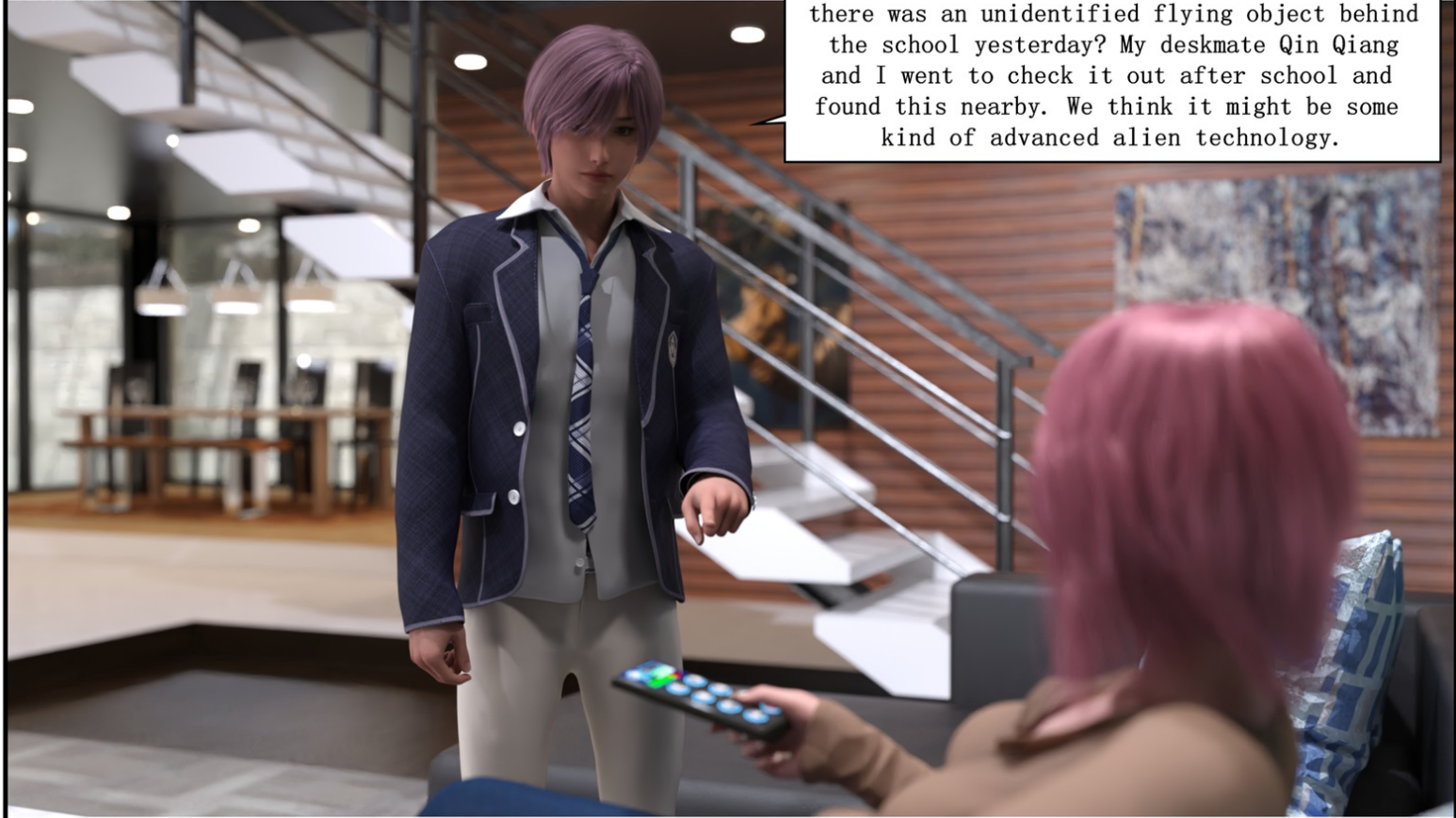
This woman in front of me is my mom, Wang Yawei. She's generally a cute woman usually gentle and humorous, though sometimes a little stubborn and reluctant to show her true feelings. What's more, even in her 40s, she's still curious about new things, so we often get along like friends. She's also a teacher at my school, though she doesn't teach my class.


Xia Xiaoxu, you're an adult now. If you're going to slack off in class, at least use something more sophisticated...

A 3D rendered woman with long, wavy pink hair and red lipstick is sitting on a black leather couch. She is wearing a brown, long-sleeved, form-fitting top. She is looking down at a smartphone in her hands, which is displaying a colorful interface. The background shows a window with a view of a green lawn and a large orange plant. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text.

How can you be so fascinated by a toy that even elementary school kids wouldn' t look at twice?


This isn't just a toy. Didn't the news say there was an unidentified flying object behind the school yesterday? My deskmate Qin Qiang and I went to check it out after school and found this nearby. We think it might be some kind of advanced alien technology.






Oh my god, did I give birth to an idiot?

What are you saying, Mom?!
Qin Qiang and I really think so!




Well, have you ever considered the possibility that it's just some student's prank left there?

Uh... well... that's why we were discussing what it could be during class!




Oh? So, you admit you weren't paying attention in class then?

Uh...

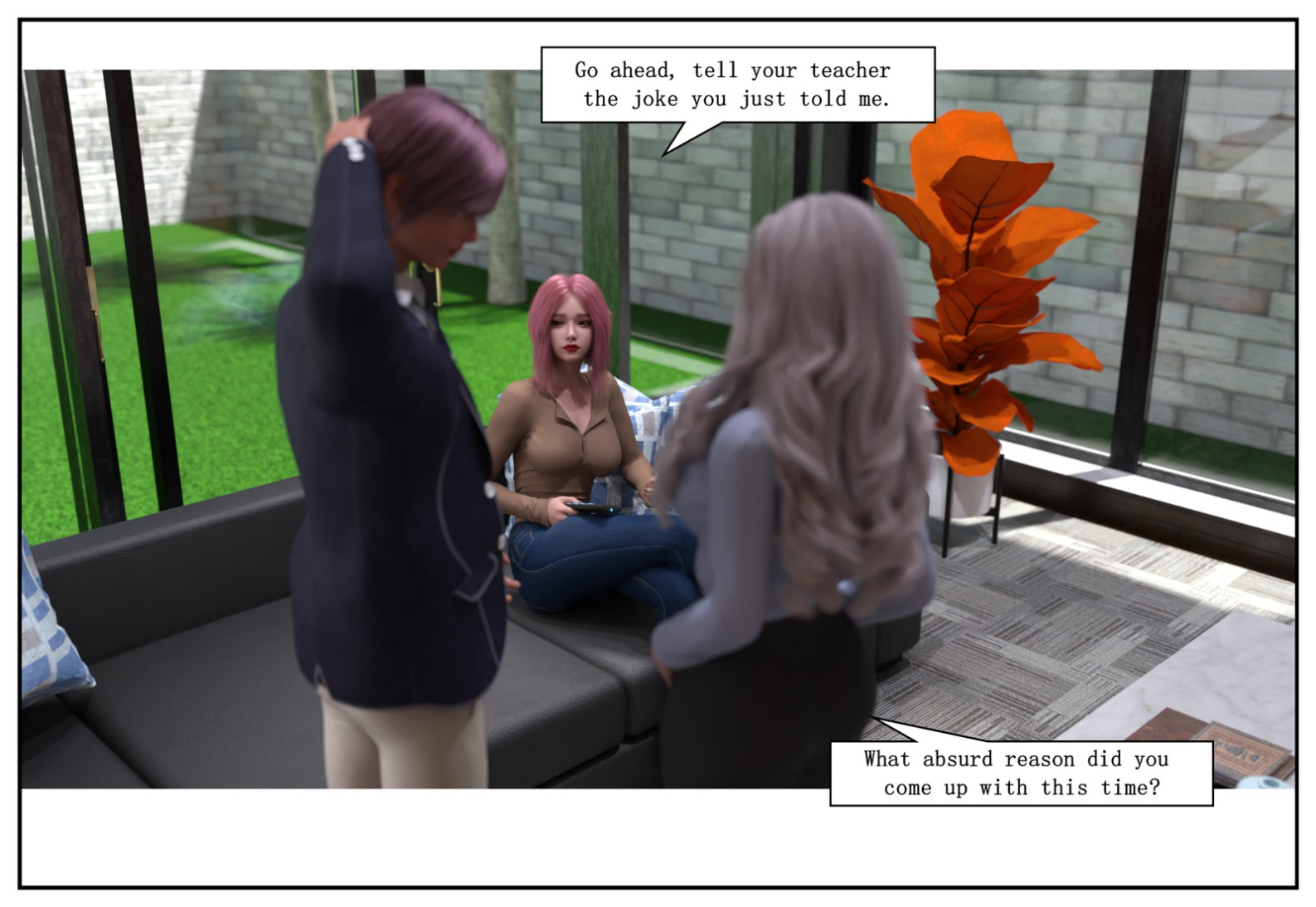


Yawei, what excuse is the kid making this time?



Miss Zhao...

Fengming, you're just in time
to catch this kid's ridiculous excuse.

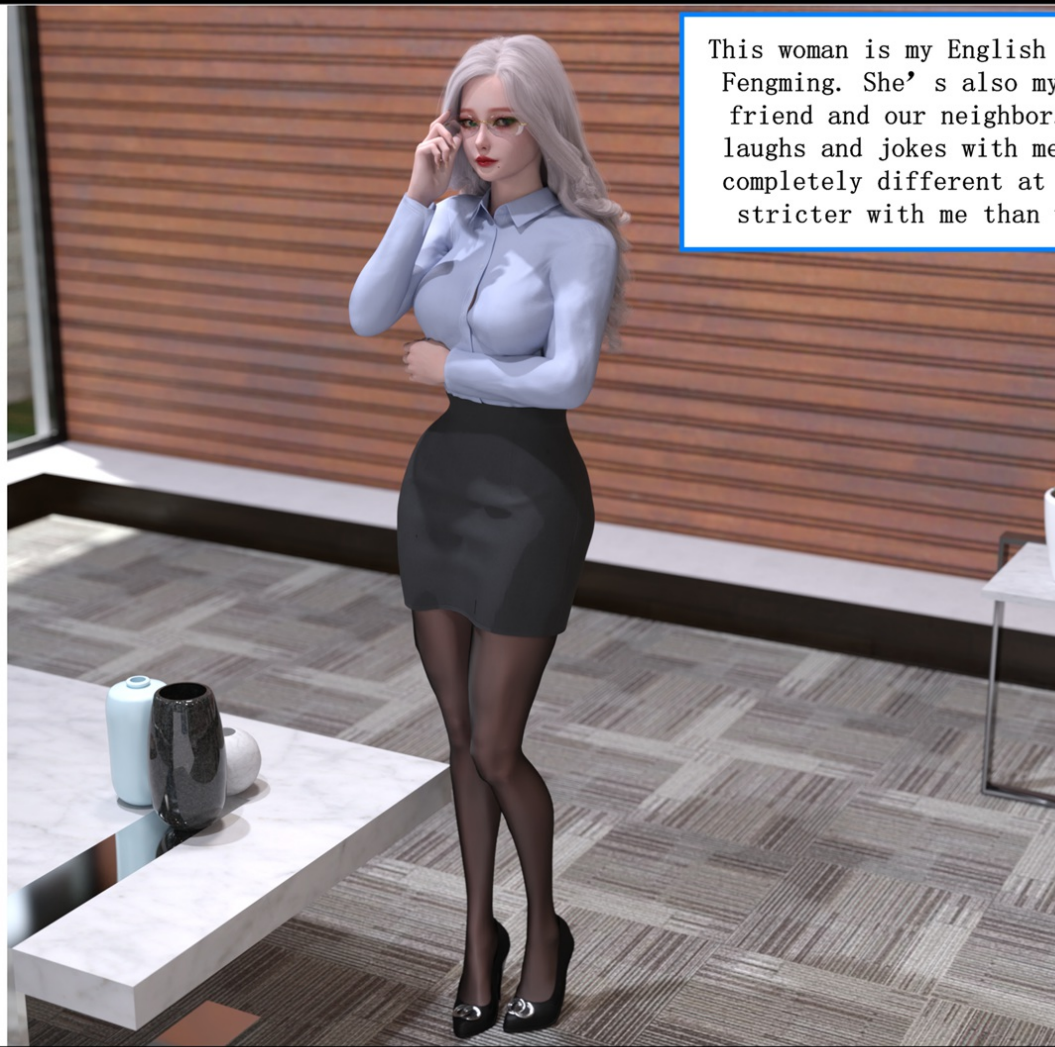


Go ahead, tell your teacher
the joke you just told me.

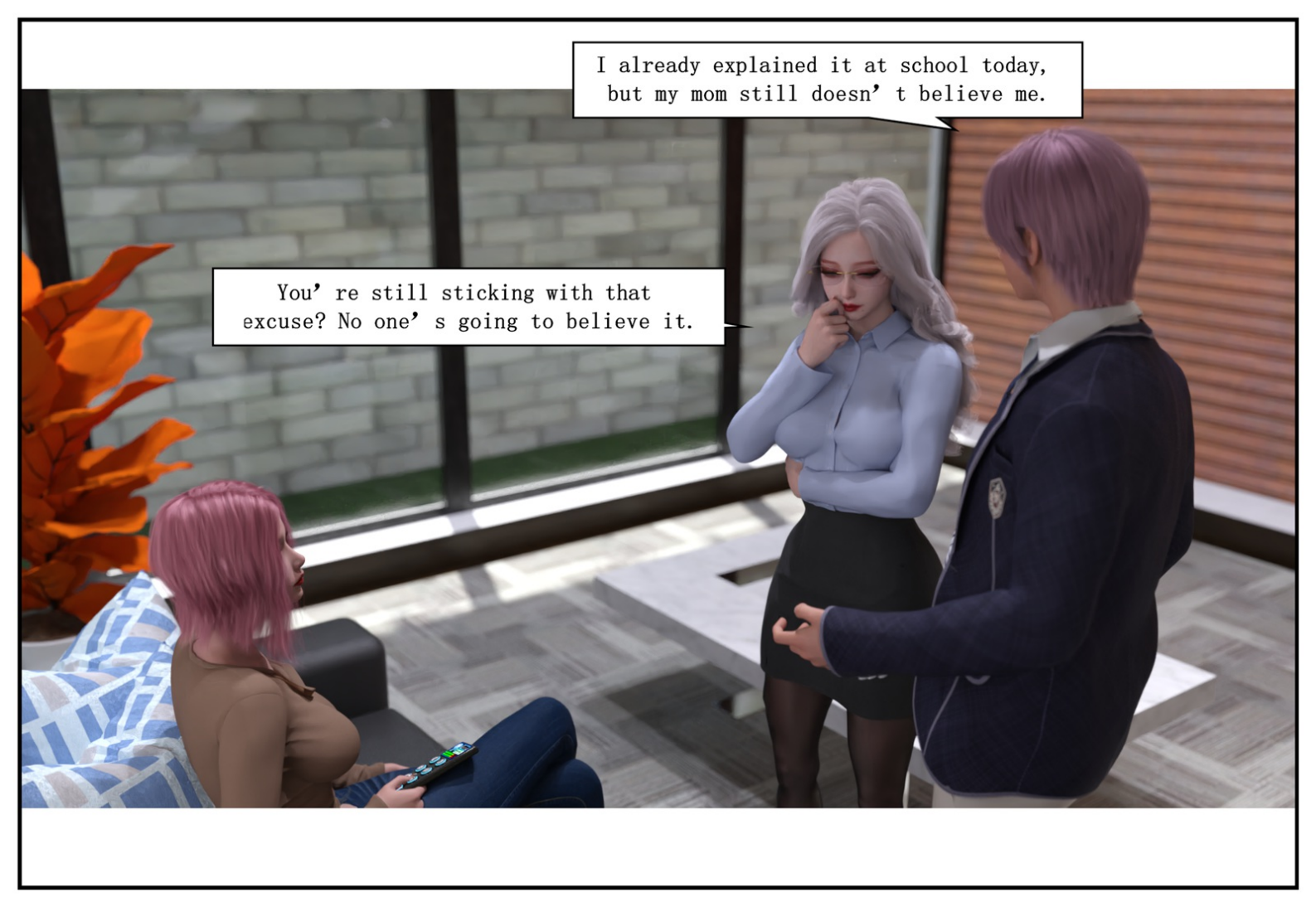
What absurd reason did you
come up with this time?

Let me hear it too...





This woman is my English teacher, Zhao Fengming. She's also my mom's best friend and our neighbor. Though she laughs and jokes with me now, she's completely different at school—much stricter with me than with others.



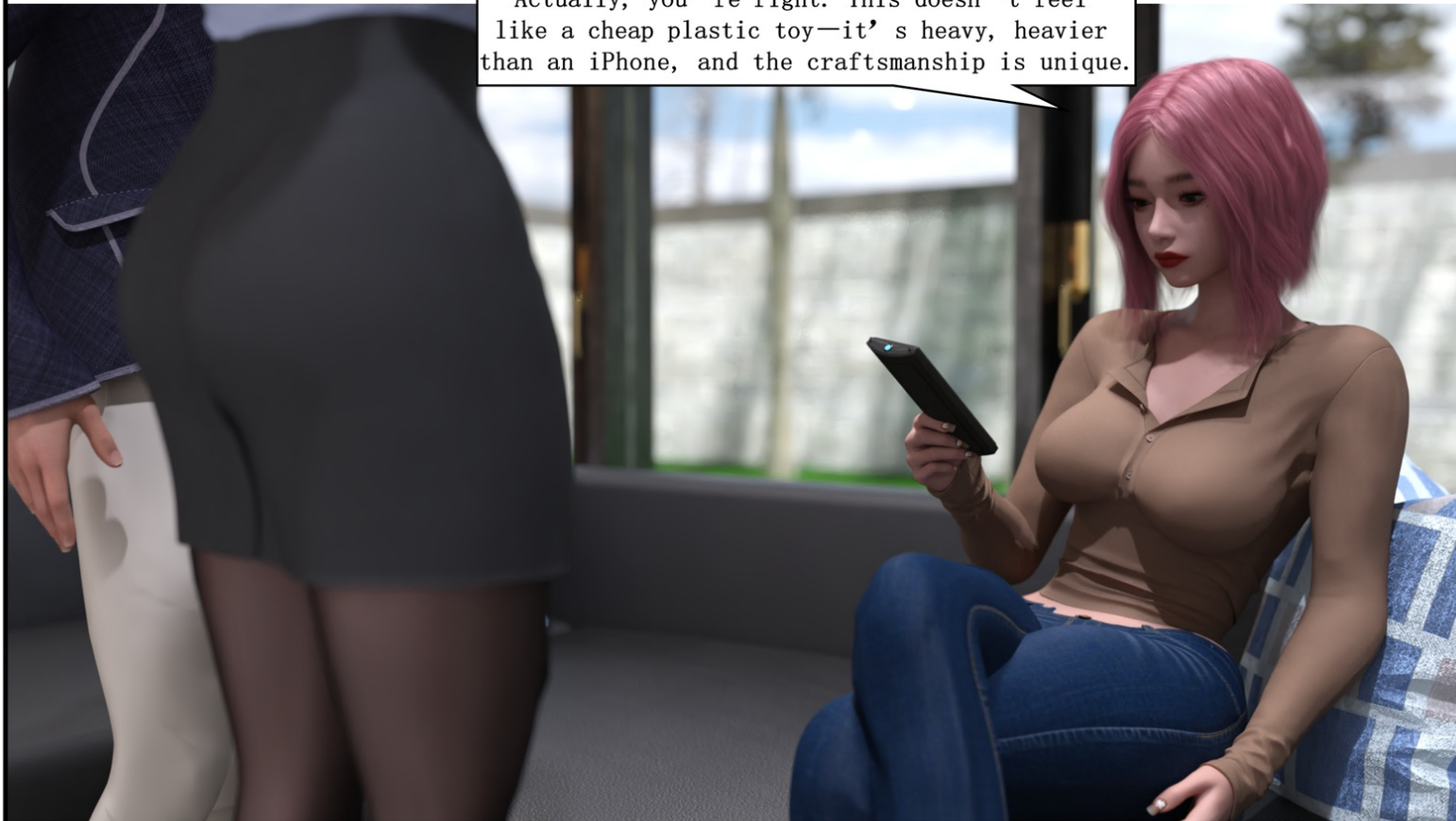
I already explained it at school today,
but my mom still doesn' t believe me.


You' re still sticking with that
excuse? No one' s going to believe it.

Look, I know it sounds ridiculous, but seriously, don' t you think this thing looks strange?



Actually, you're right. This doesn't feel like a cheap plastic toy—it's heavy, heavier than an iPhone, and the craftsmanship is unique.





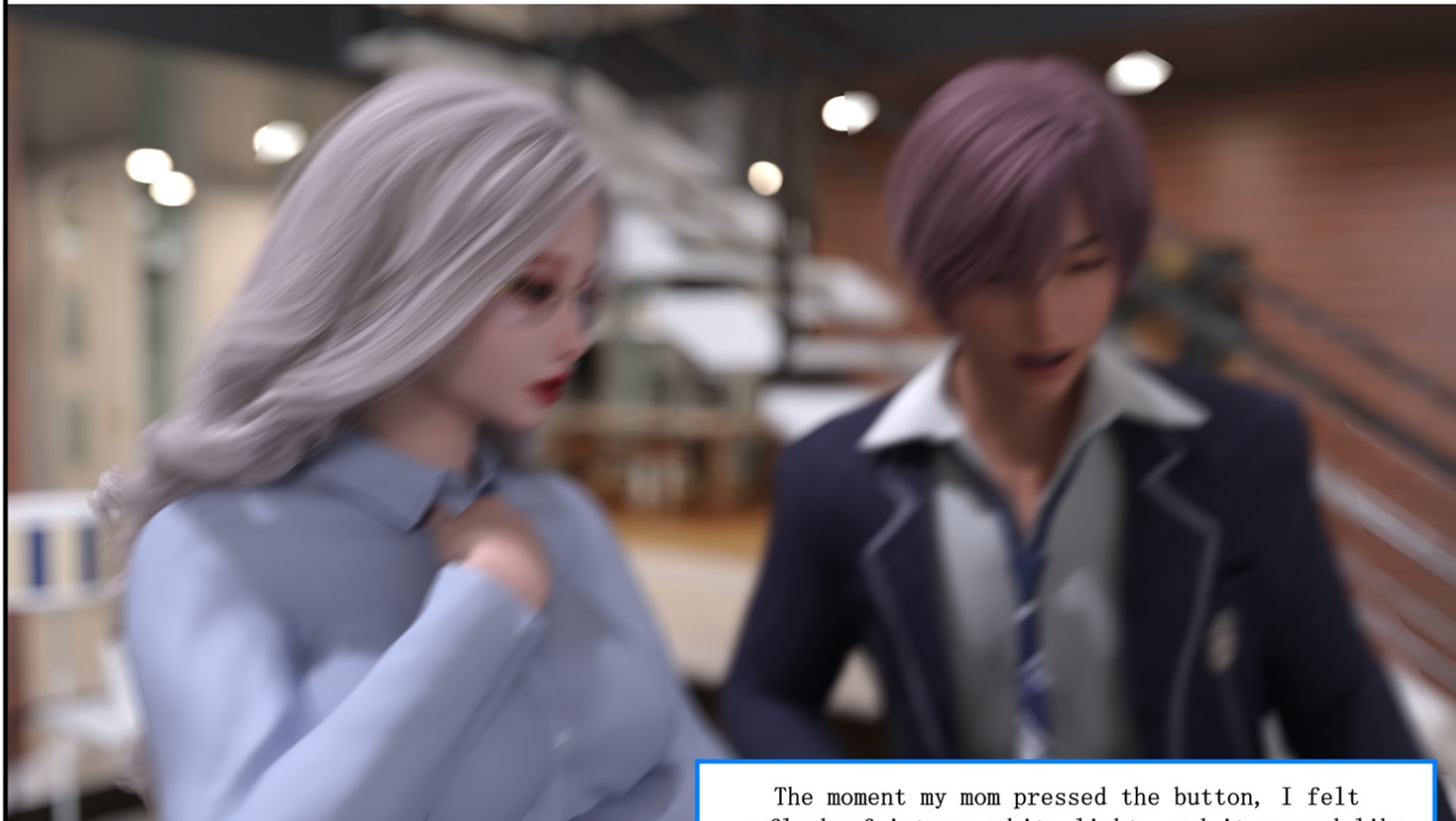
That' s what I' m saying!

Look at all these buttons...

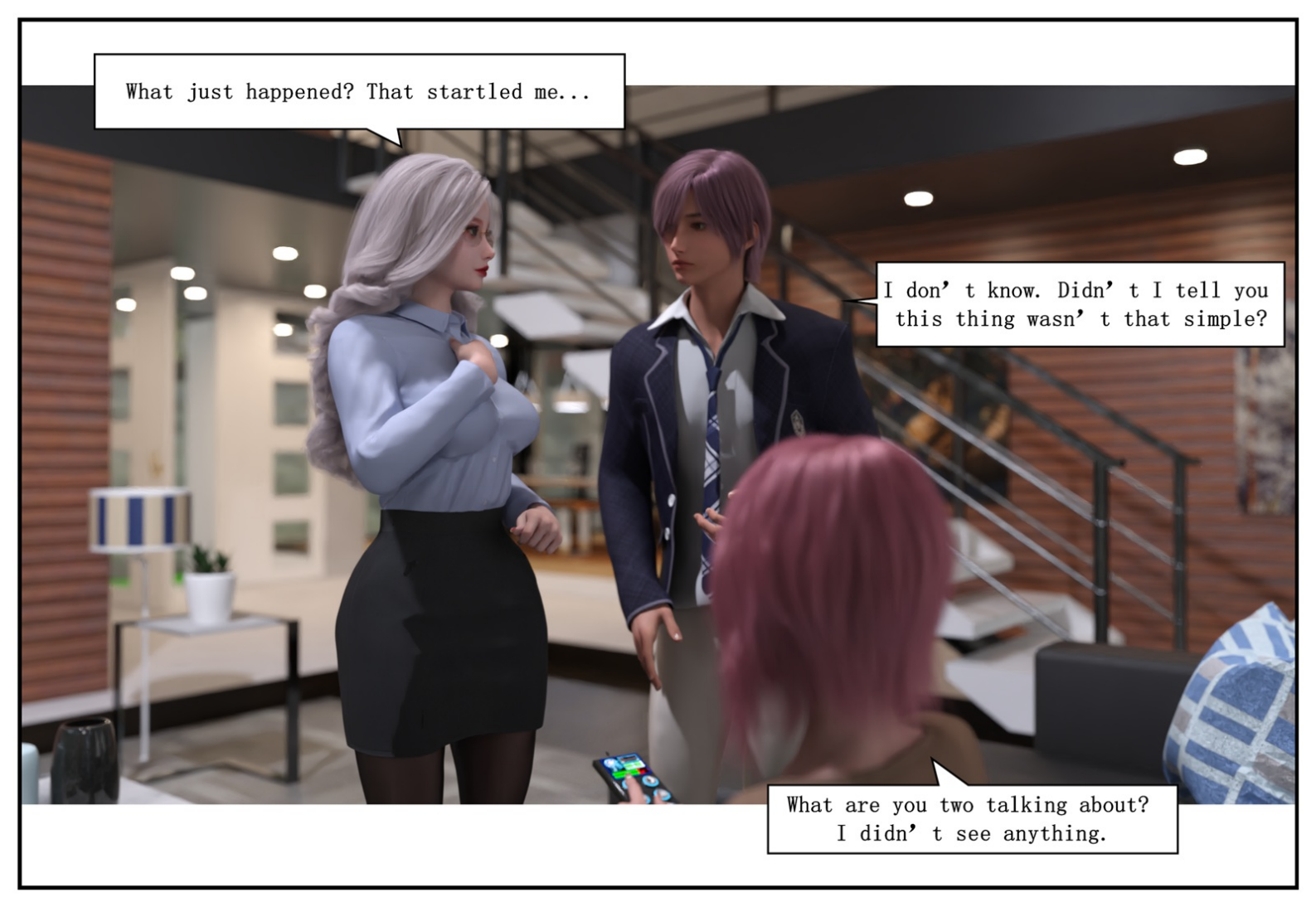
Why don' t you try pressing one? Who knows, maybe it' ll play some music, haha.

No idea what it's for...





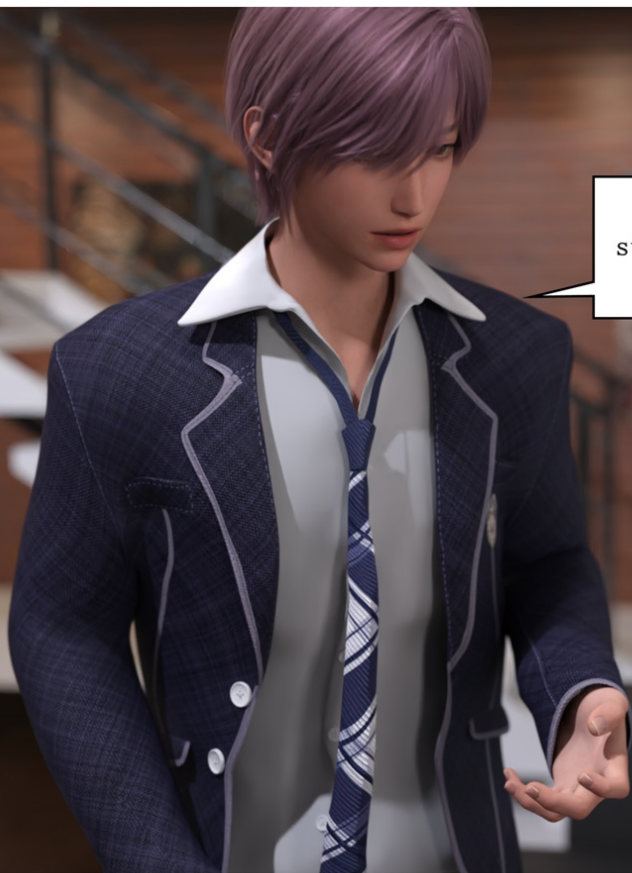
The moment my mom pressed the button, I felt a flash of intense white light, and it seemed like Teacher Zhao experienced the same thing.




What just happened? That startled me...

I don' t know. Didn' t I tell you
this thing wasn' t that simple?

What are you two talking about?
I didn' t see anything.



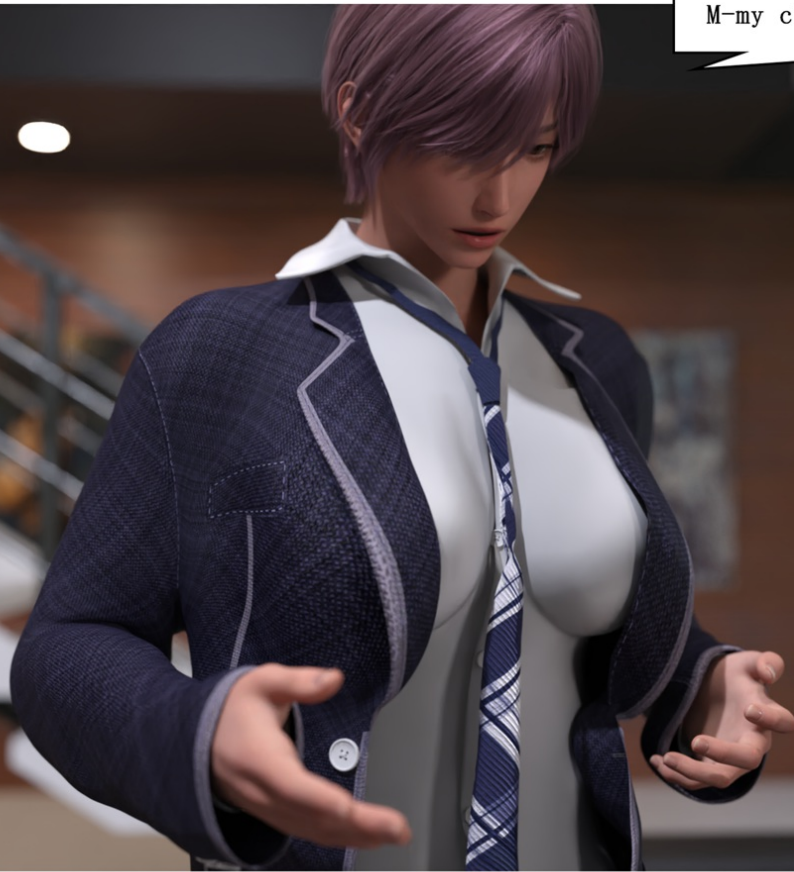
How is that possible? There was such a strong flash of light just now, although it doesn' t seem to have had any effect...

A character with short, straight purple hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark blue checkered suit jacket over a light grey collared shirt and a blue and white striped tie. The character is looking slightly to the right with a neutral expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a staircase on the left and glass doors on the right.

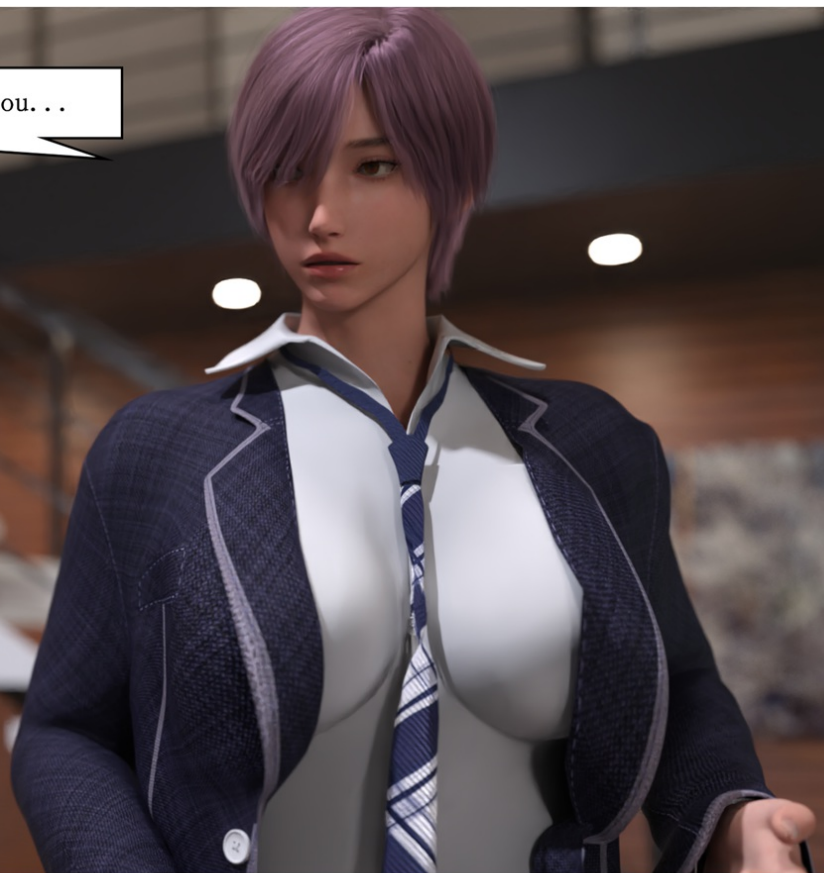
Just as I finished speaking, I suddenly felt a jolt like an electric shock run through my body, followed by intense, twisting pain.



M-my chest?! How is this happening?



Miss Zhao, could it be that you...

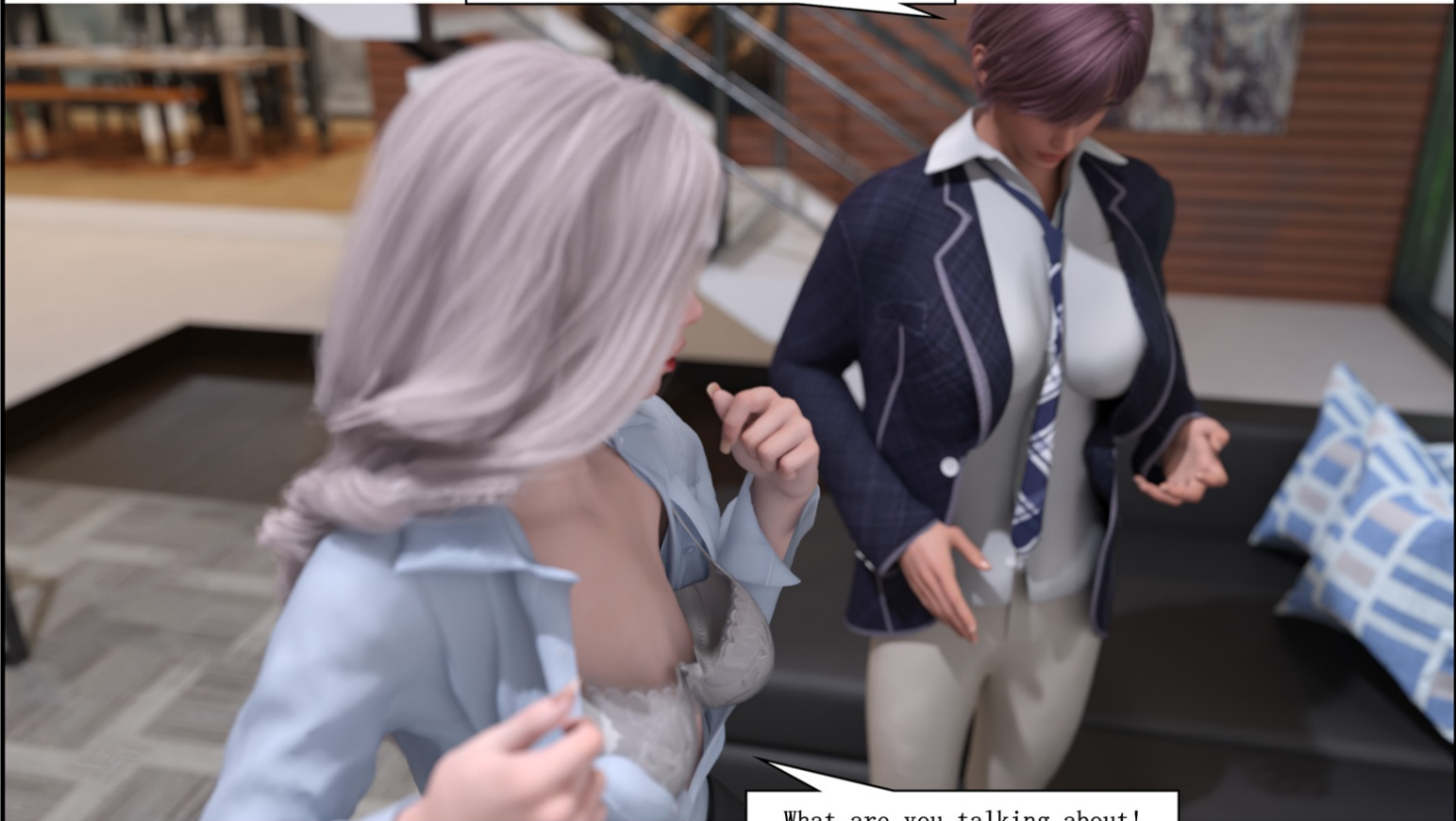




Whoa!

In contrast to me, Teacher Zhao's chest suddenly began to shrink rapidly, and her bra became completely empty...

Could it be... Miss Zhao, did your chest transfer to me?



What are you talking about!
How is that possible!?

It seems like
it's not over yet...

Here it comes again...





Before I could think too much, the pain hit me again, this time focused on my lower body.

My abdomen felt a sharp pain, while Miss Zhao' s lower body seemed to bulge like a small tent.



Oh my God, what is happening?!






Next, it felt like my bones were starting to shrink too.


A 3D rendered scene of a woman with short purple hair, wearing a dark blue school uniform jacket and a white shirt. The jacket is unbuttoned, and the white shirt is pulled down, revealing her chest. She has a surprised expression and is looking to the left. Her hands are slightly raised. In the background, there is a modern interior with wooden paneling, a staircase with a black railing, and recessed ceiling lights. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

Ahh!

The school uniform that fit just right before now hangs loose.



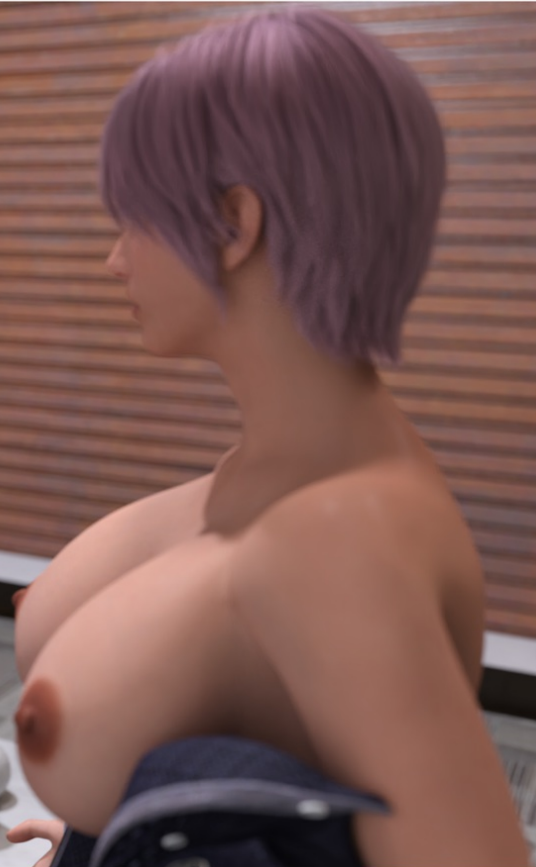
M-my chest? Why has it gotten so big?




That shape... Xia Xiaoxu, it seems like we're really swapping...

Miss Zhao...

It's not just the chest; it seems like other parts have swapped too.





Yawei, what exactly did you press just now?

I... I don' t know!

In front of me, Miss Zhao still looked the same in the face, but the rest of her body was nothing like the graceful, mature woman I remembered. She was now taller than me, with strong legs and a broad chest, and her arousal made her look completely like a pervert dressed in women' s clothing.

It' s all your fault that I' ve
turned into this androgynous
appearance.






Fine, I might completely
turn into a guy soon...



The changes in my skin
spread rapidly, like wildfire...




Finally, even my hair wasn't spared and began to grow quickly.

A woman with vibrant pink hair is sitting on a dark grey leather sofa. She is wearing a brown long-sleeved top and blue jeans. She has a thoughtful expression, with her hand near her chin. A smartphone is resting on the sofa next to her. In the foreground, the back of a man in a dark, heavy coat is visible, looking towards her. The background shows a window with a view of a building.

You... who are you, really?

At last, it seemed the transformation had completely finished.




Mom, what are you talking about? I' m Xia Xiaoxu!

Hearing Miss Zhao's voice come out of my mouth was a bit embarrassing.

Yawei, I' m Zhao Fengming...

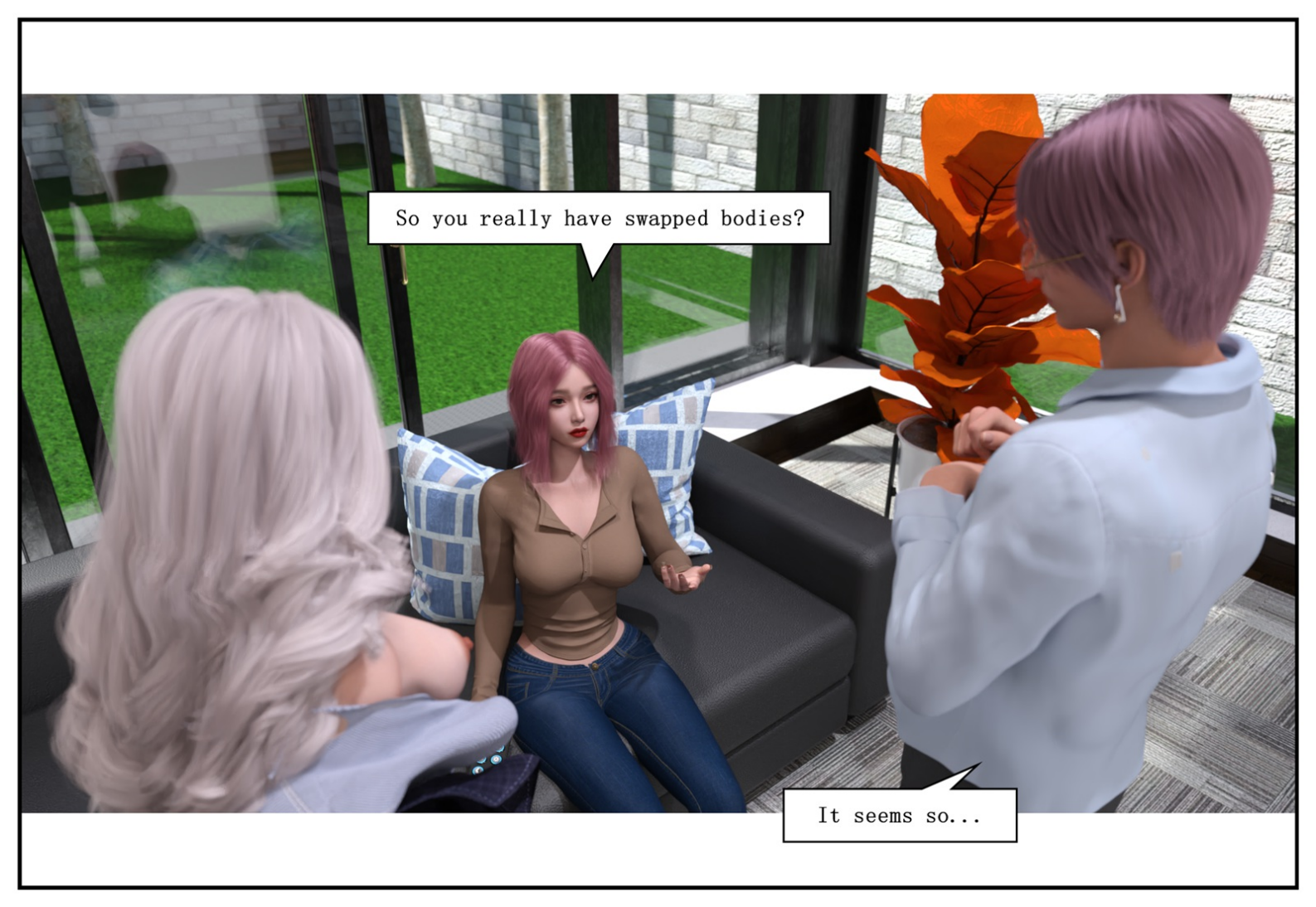




Xia Xiaoxu...?


Ah, Miss Zhao, you...

It was then that I noticed Miss Zhao had completely taken on my appearance, still wearing her own clothes from earlier. This meant I must be facing the same situation.




So you really have swapped bodies?

It seems so...


A woman with vibrant pink hair is seated on a dark grey couch. She is wearing a tan, long-sleeved, button-up top. She is holding a black remote control in her right hand and looking down at it with a focused expression. The background shows a modern interior with large windows and a blue and white patterned pillow. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the woman.

It looks like this remote control is indeed something special. How interesting.



Mom, what are you talking about?
Hurry up and change us back!

You brat, why are you in such
a hurry? You're not the one at a loss.

A woman with vibrant pink hair is sitting on a dark grey sofa in a modern living room. She is wearing a brown long-sleeved top and blue jeans. She is holding a smartphone in her right hand and looking towards a man standing in front of her. The man is wearing a light blue sweater and a dark skirt, and his back is to the camera. The room has large windows with a view of a stone wall and trees outside. There are blue and white patterned pillows on the sofa. A speech bubble is positioned above the woman, containing text.

Fengming, don' t you always complain that your high school life has been all about studying and that you haven' t experienced the joys of youth? Well, now' s your chance.

Wang Yawei! I may regret it, but I wouldn't go to such lengths to make up for that regret. Plus, there's no way I could pretend to be your son!

How is that impossible? You already look like my son!



What about me, Mom? You can't expect me to pretend to be Miss Zhao in class!
I can't do that!





Not necessarily! This remote has so many buttons; there might be functions that go along with it.




Knock knock!



Ah, that must be Li Yun coming to call us for yoga class.

I' ll go deal with it. You two change your clothes first; it looks really awkward.

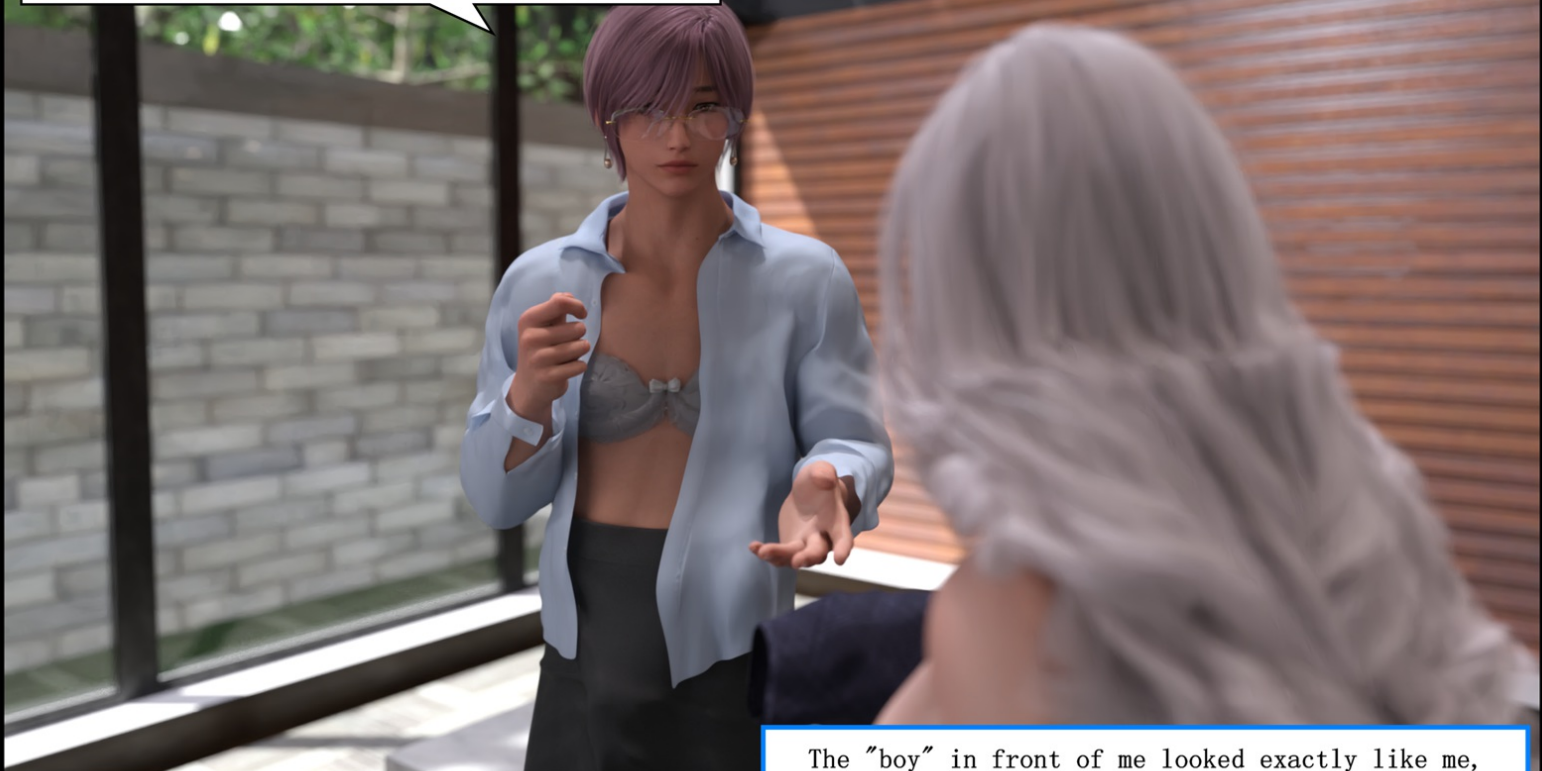




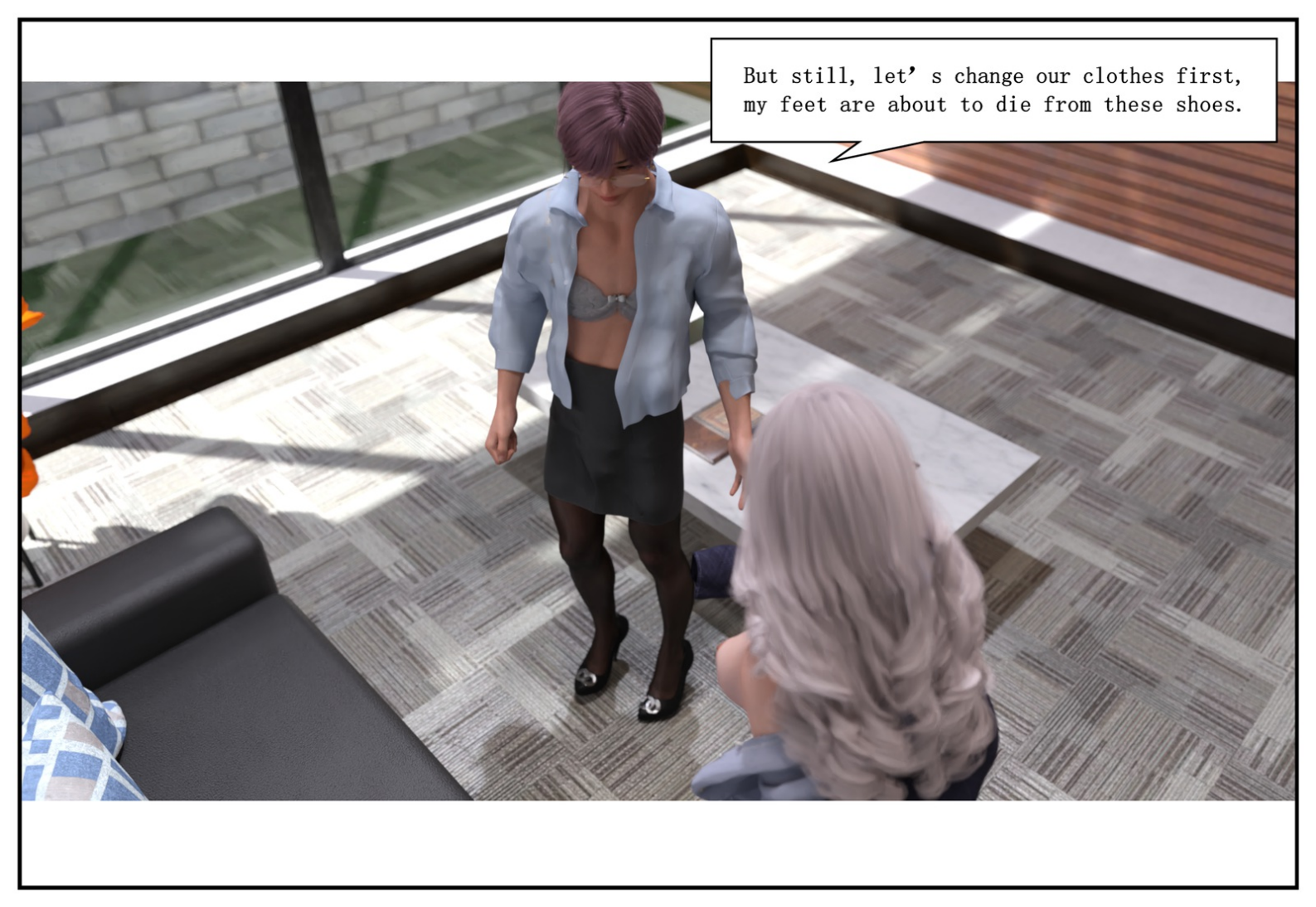
Miss Zhao... what should we do?

Have you noticed, Xiaoxu... um,
your mom seems to be enjoying this.


If we act resistant, she' ll just be happier.
But if we seem to enjoy it too, maybe she' ll
get bored and switch us back. That' s just her
personality...



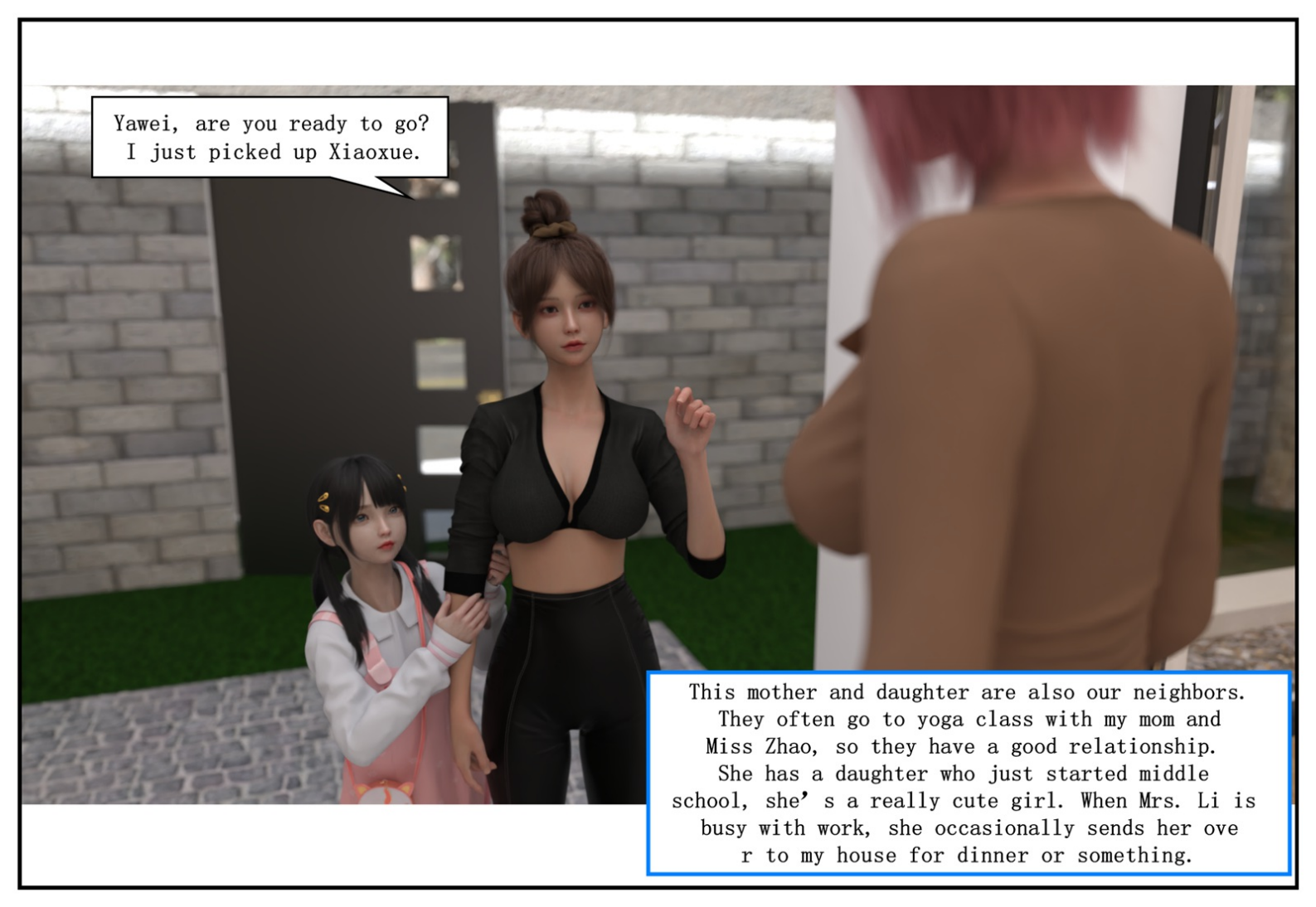
The "boy" in front of me looked exactly like me,
but now she seemed taller and a bit younger
than the real me.



But still, let's change our clothes first,
my feet are about to die from these shoes.


A woman with long reddish hair, wearing a brown long-sleeved top and blue jeans, is seen from behind as she opens a white door with a gold handle. A speech bubble next to her says "Coming!". The door is set in a white wall. To the left of the door, there are two windows. The upper window shows a grey roof and some greenery. The lower window shows a stone wall, a green mat, and a cobblestone path. To the right of the door, a glass door is partially visible, showing an interior space with wooden shelves.

Coming!



Yawei, are you ready to go?
I just picked up Xiaoxue.

This mother and daughter are also our neighbors. They often go to yoga class with my mom and Miss Zhao, so they have a good relationship. She has a daughter who just started middle school, she's a really cute girl. When Mrs. Li is busy with work, she occasionally sends her over to my house for dinner or something.



Xiaoxu, quickly greet her!

Hi, Aunt Wang!


Ah, Xiaoxue you are so cute.



Sorry, Yun, but today Fengming and I might not be able to make it.

What happened? Is there a problem?

What else could it be? Xia Xiaoxu did poorly on his exam, and Fengming and I are planning to give him a serious talking-to today.



Oh, is that so? Kids have so many issues during puberty. I'm worried about our Xiaoxu.

By the way, do you know...

She'll be fine. Xiaoxu is so well-behaved.

The feeling of this new body is truly amazing,
every movement makes my chest jiggle.
I think Miss Zhao probably feels similarly.



I saw her putting on the panties I just handed her and suddenly remembered that underwear I changed last night, and after I jacked this morning... the smell...

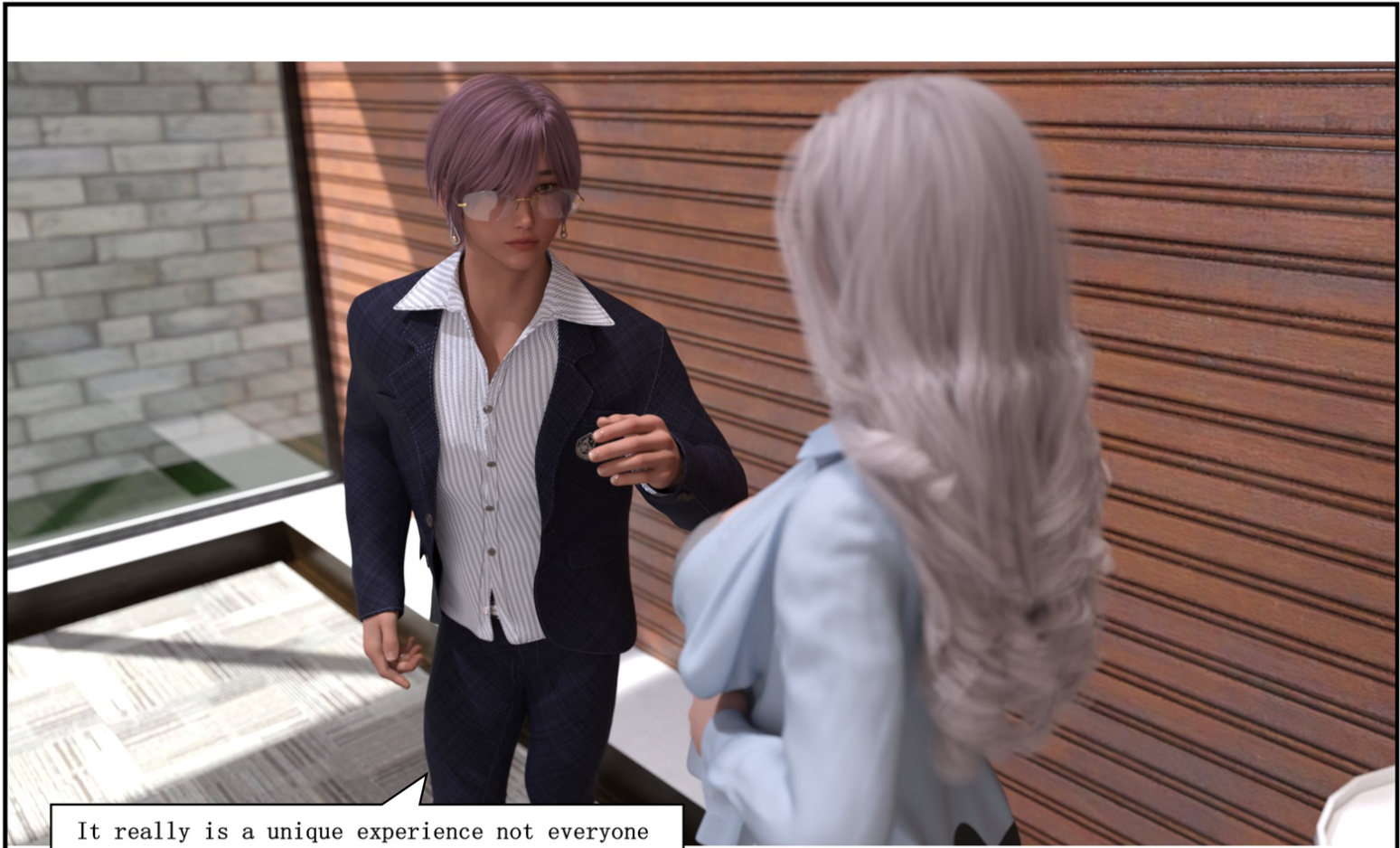


Just thinking about it made
me feel incredibly awkward.

What' s wrong?

It' s nothing. It just feels pretty
surreal to see myself in front of me.






It really is a unique experience not everyone gets to have. But can you see clearly? Put on your glasses!




Once I put on my glasses, I realized the world looked normal again. I also noticed that the length of my nails is really inconvenient.



It really is a bit strange, isn' t it?

Do you need to say that...

So when Wang Yawei comes back,
what do you think she will do?

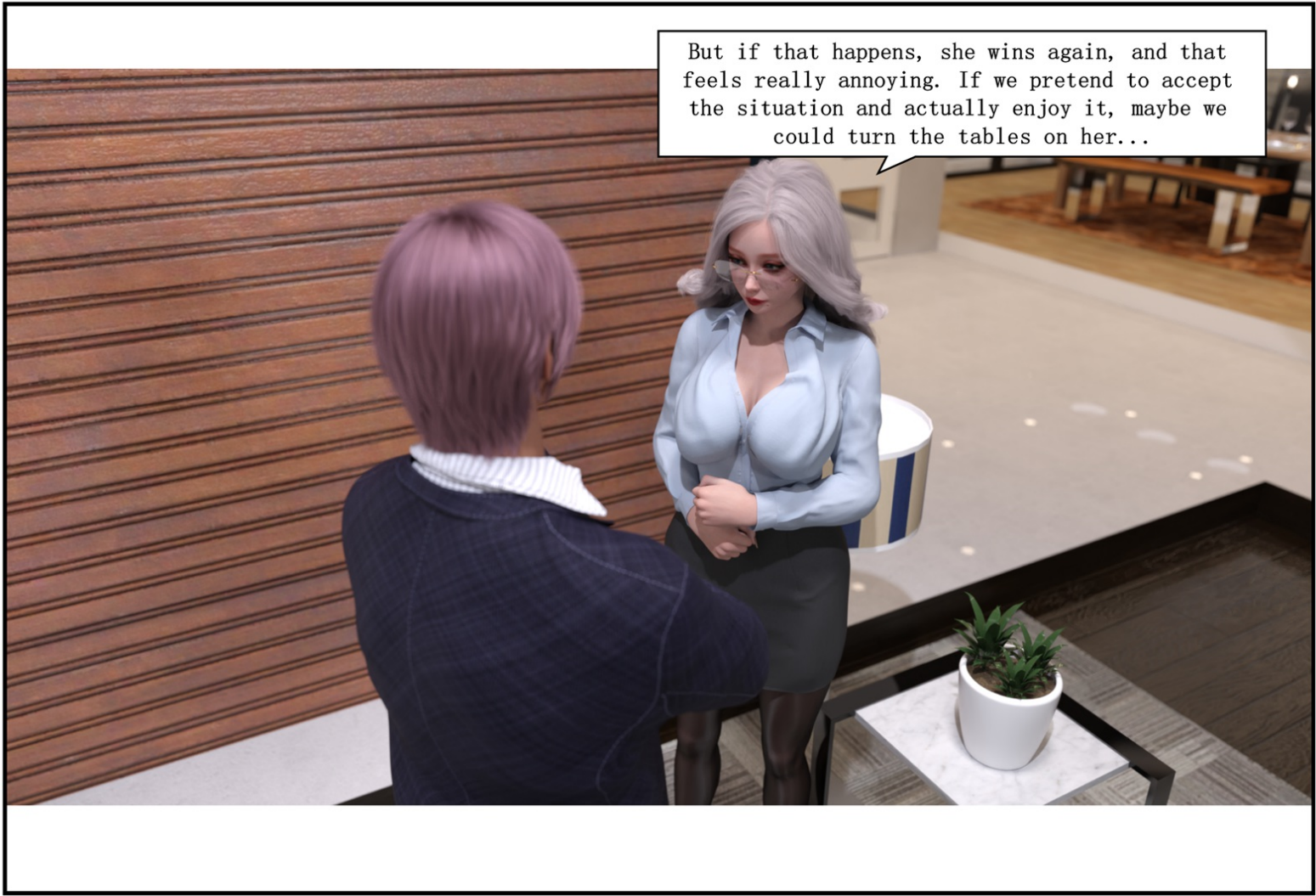


I estimate that she plans to change us back soon, but she definitely won't say it directly. She'll want us to ask her. Just like you said, the more we resist, the more she finds it amusing.

You really know your mom. She's been like this since high school.

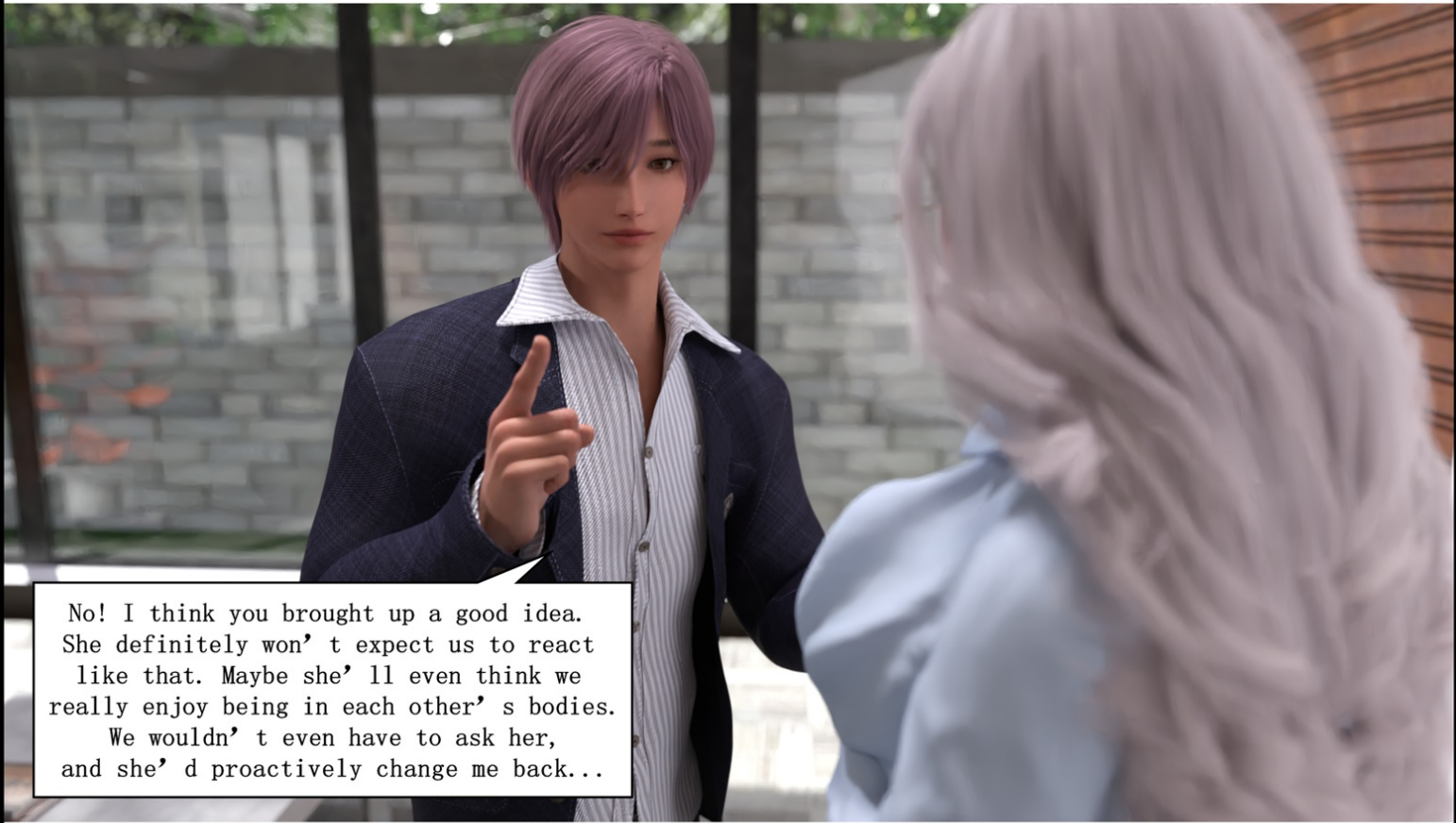
Once she's had her fun, she'll definitely come up with some creative reason to make us ask her to change us back.

But if that happens, she wins again, and that feels really annoying. If we pretend to accept the situation and actually enjoy it, maybe we could turn the tables on her...



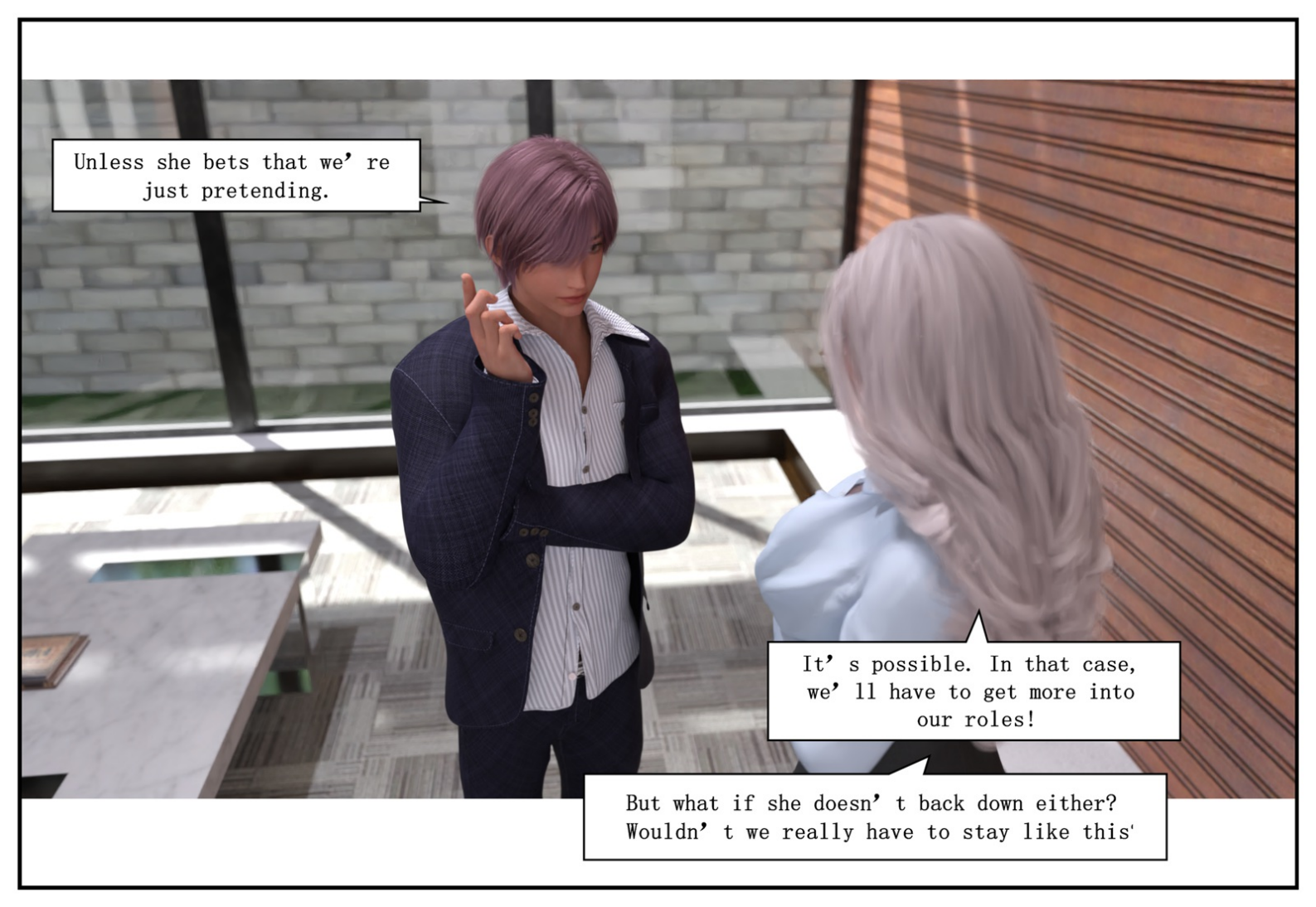
Ah, Miss Zhao, I was just saying that casually.
It was a strange thought that popped up.
Don' t take it seriously...





No! I think you brought up a good idea. She definitely won't expect us to react like that. Maybe she'll even think we really enjoy being in each other's bodies.

We wouldn't even have to ask her, and she'd proactively change me back...



Unless she bets that we're just pretending.

It's possible. In that case, we'll have to get more into our roles!

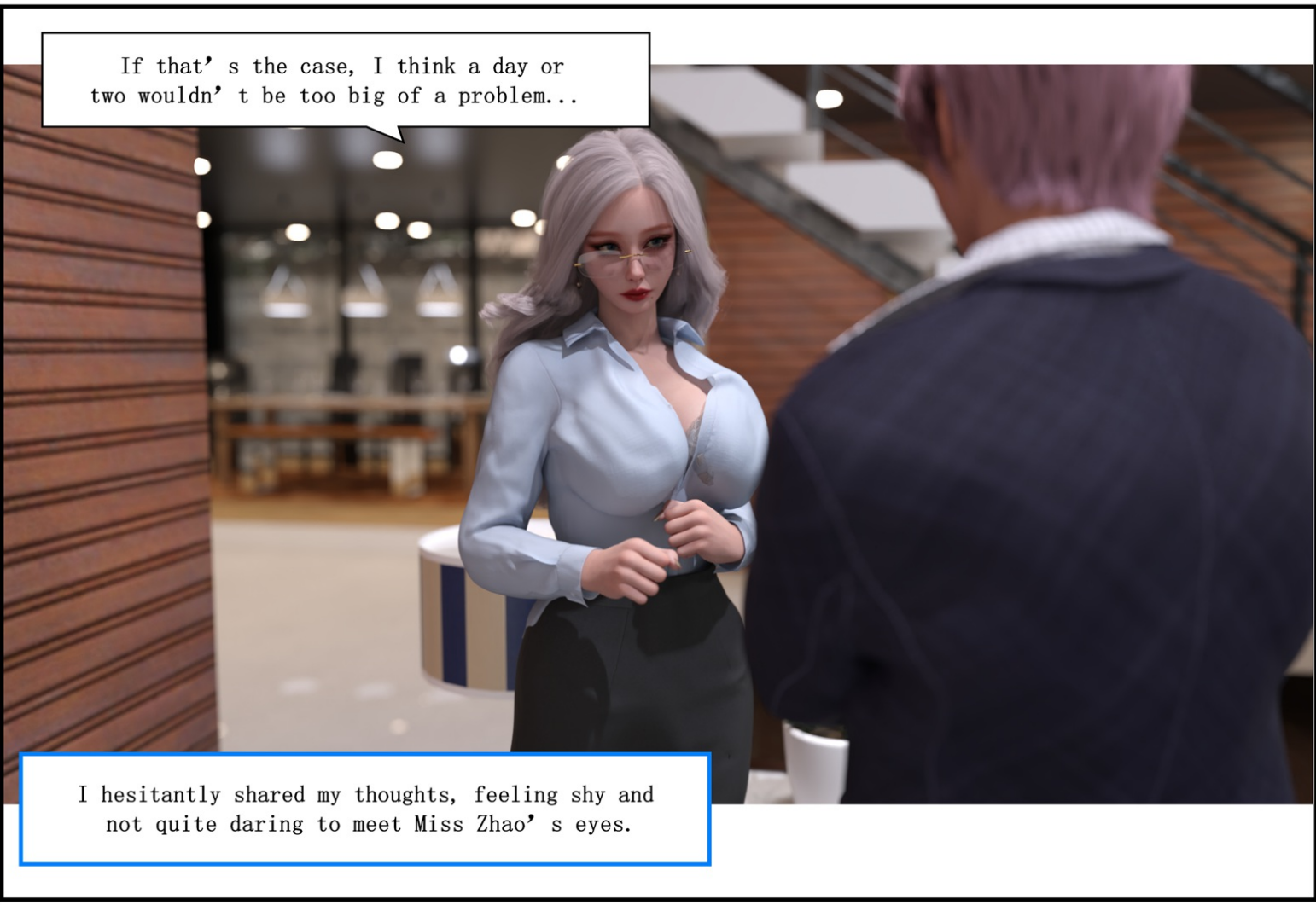
But what if she doesn't back down either? Wouldn't we really have to stay like this'

For a moment, both Miss Zhao and I fell silent,
seemingly considering the risks of doing this.



If that's the case, I think a day or two wouldn't be too big of a problem...

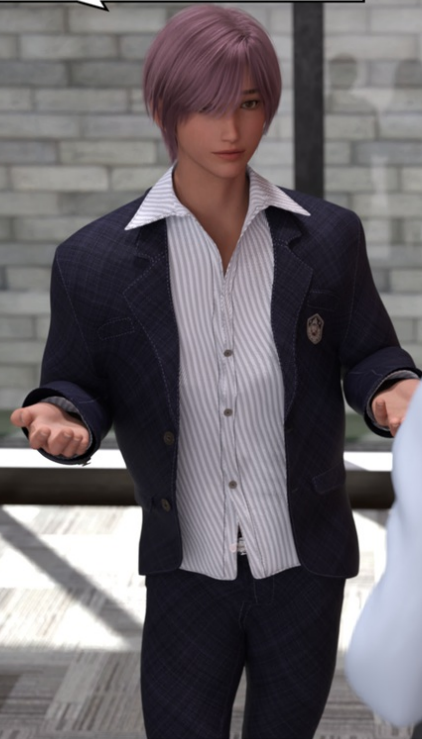
I hesitantly shared my thoughts, feeling shy and not quite daring to meet Miss Zhao's eyes.






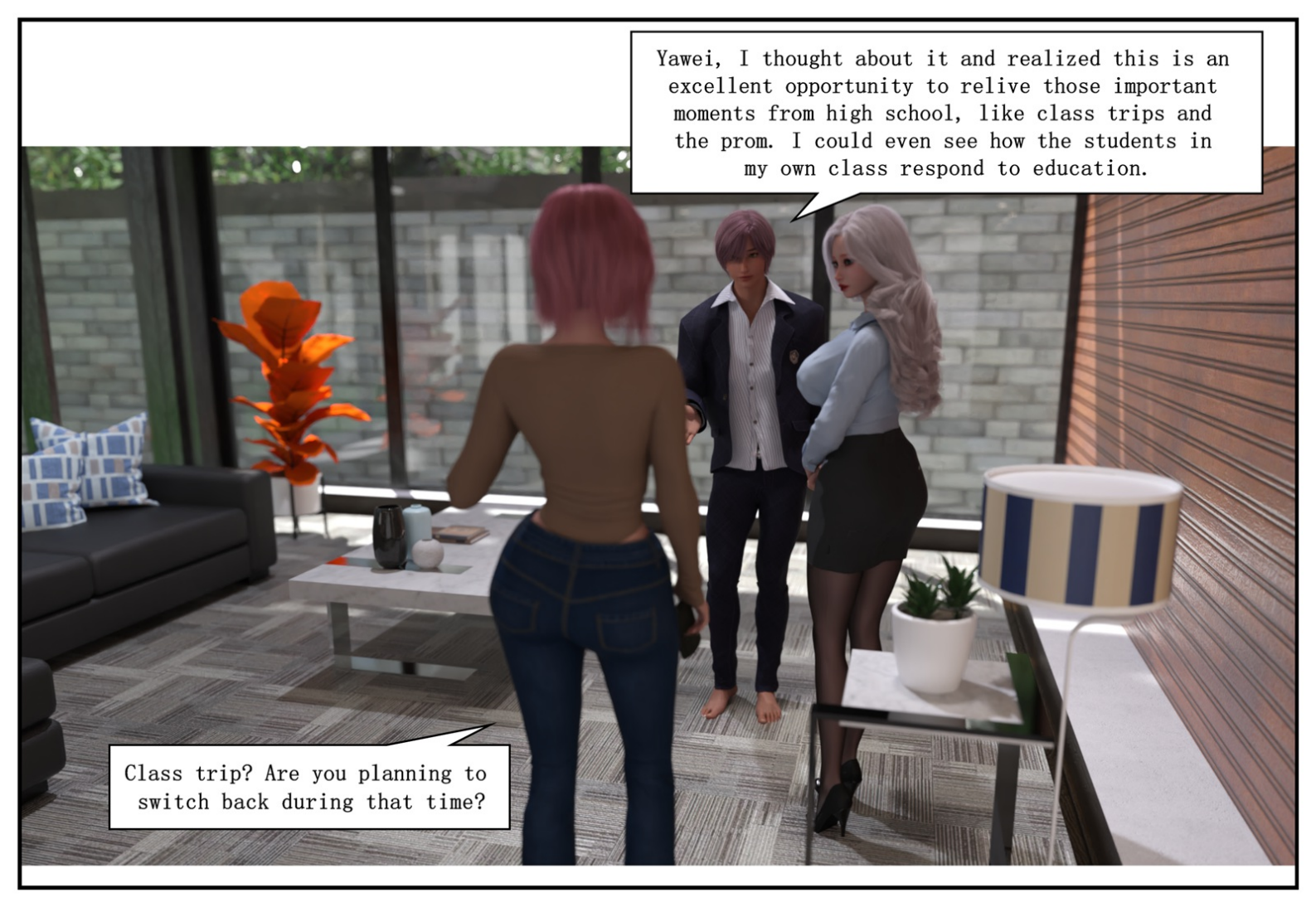
You really are Wang Yawei' s son.

Well, I suppose spending a day or two could give me a chance to see my own class from a different perspective.






They' ve already gone back, and now no one' s bothering us. What are you two discussing?



Yawei, I thought about it and realized this is an excellent opportunity to relive those important moments from high school, like class trips and the prom. I could even see how the students in my own class respond to education.


Class trip? Are you planning to switch back during that time?



Xia Xiaoxu, what are you thinking?

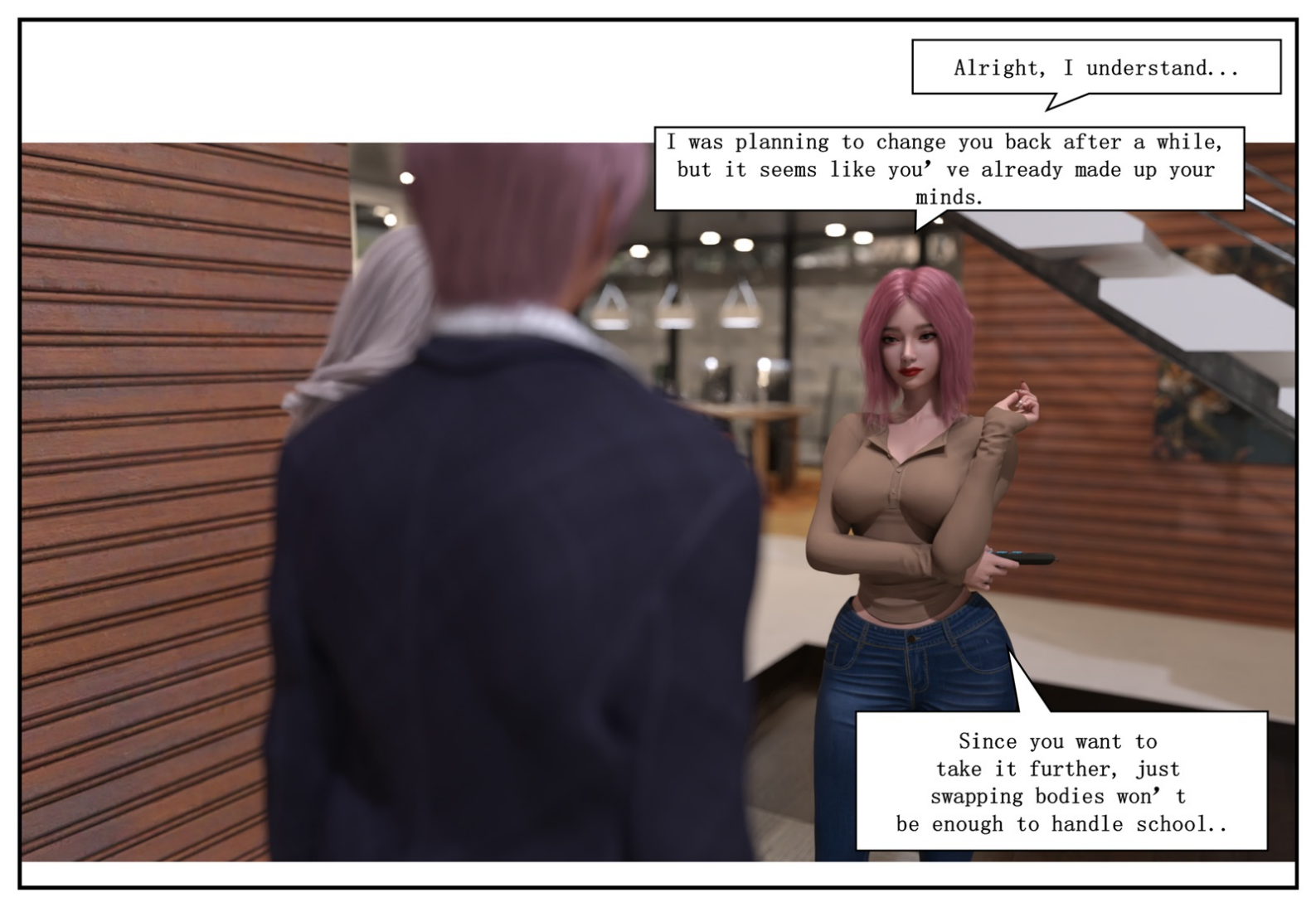
Um... it is a bit strange, but...

But!?



But seeing school from a teacher's perspective is actually quite interesting. Plus, I'd become an economically independent adult.

Just as I suspected, a look of shock flashed across my mom's face. She never expected us to react this way.



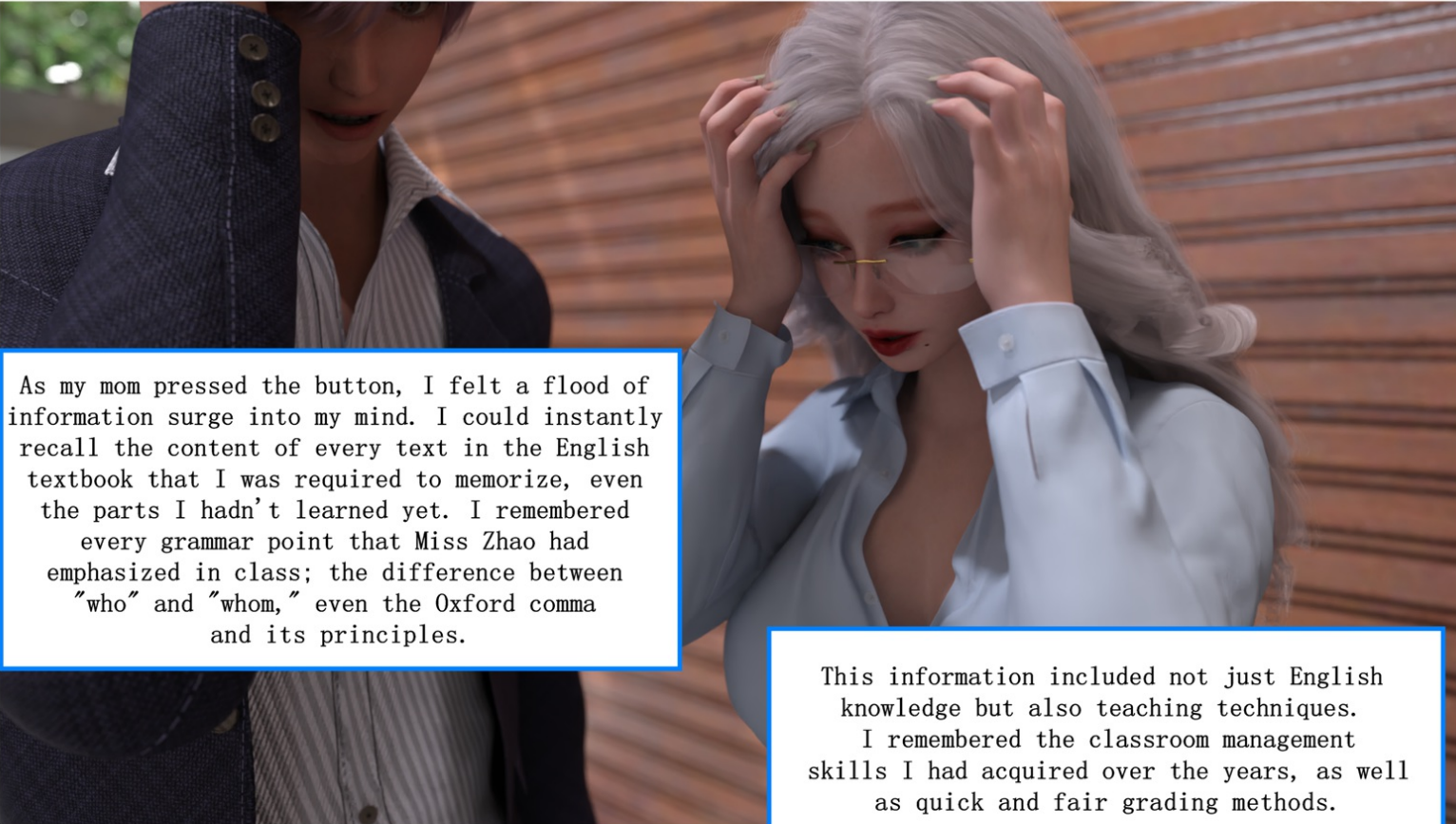
Alright, I understand...

I was planning to change you back after a while, but it seems like you've already made up your minds.

Since you want to take it further, just swapping bodies won't be enough to handle school..

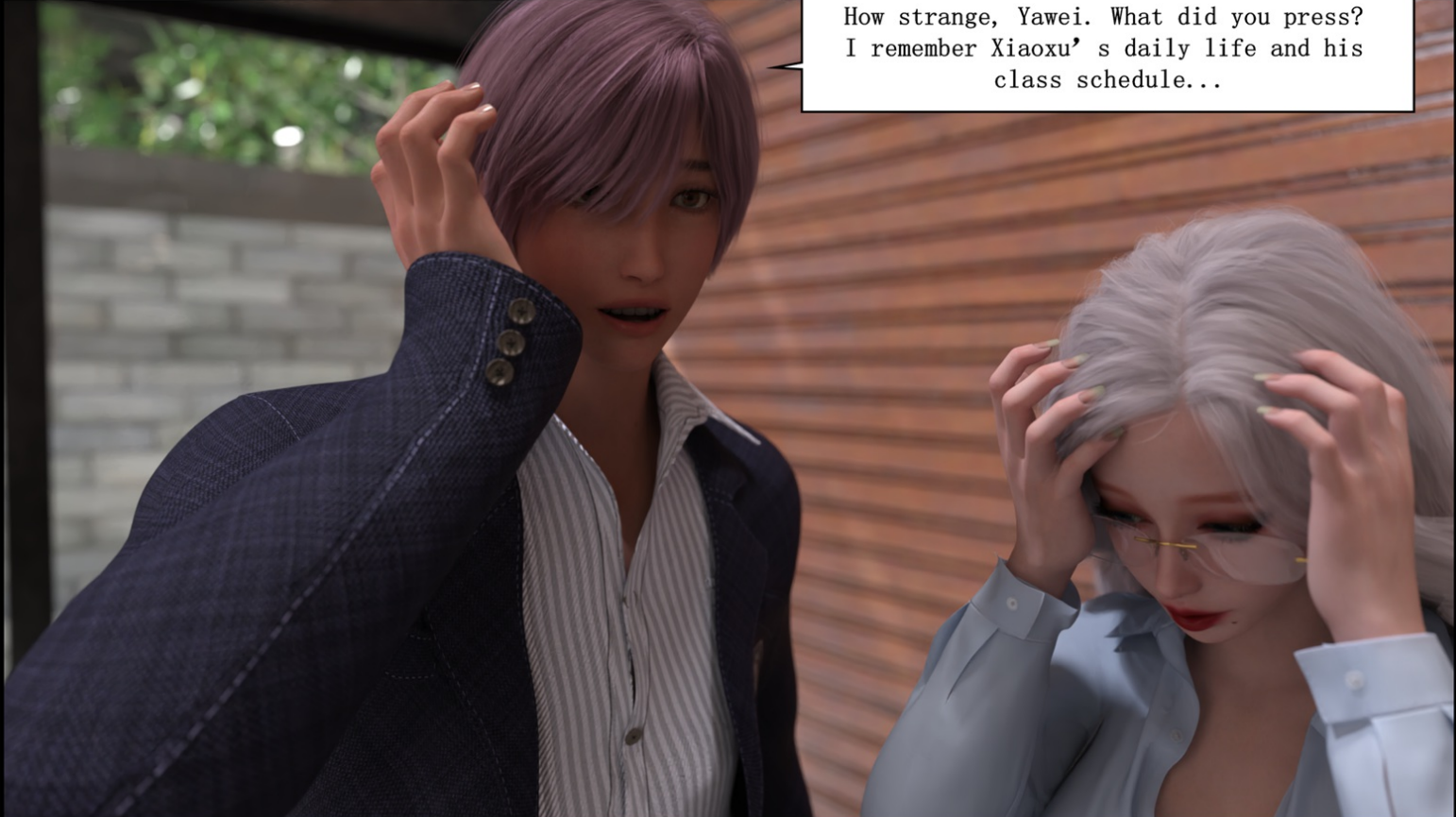


Some additional assistance is needed.




As my mom pressed the button, I felt a flood of information surge into my mind. I could instantly recall the content of every text in the English textbook that I was required to memorize, even the parts I hadn't learned yet. I remembered every grammar point that Miss Zhao had emphasized in class; the difference between "who" and "whom," even the Oxford comma and its principles.

This information included not just English knowledge but also teaching techniques. I remembered the classroom management skills I had acquired over the years, as well as quick and fair grading methods.



How strange, Yawei. What did you press?
I remember Xiaoxu's daily life and his
class schedule...



I see this button has a brain symbol on it. It probably exchanges thoughts and memories. It seems to copy some basic daily information between you, so you won't slip up at school.

So, does Xiaoxu's memory include any crushes?

Mom! What are you talking about?!


Oh right, how could my best friend call me om? My son shouldn' t call me Yawei either.

Although you might try your best to call
each other correctly in public, just to be safe,
I' ll switch your names too.

No!

No!






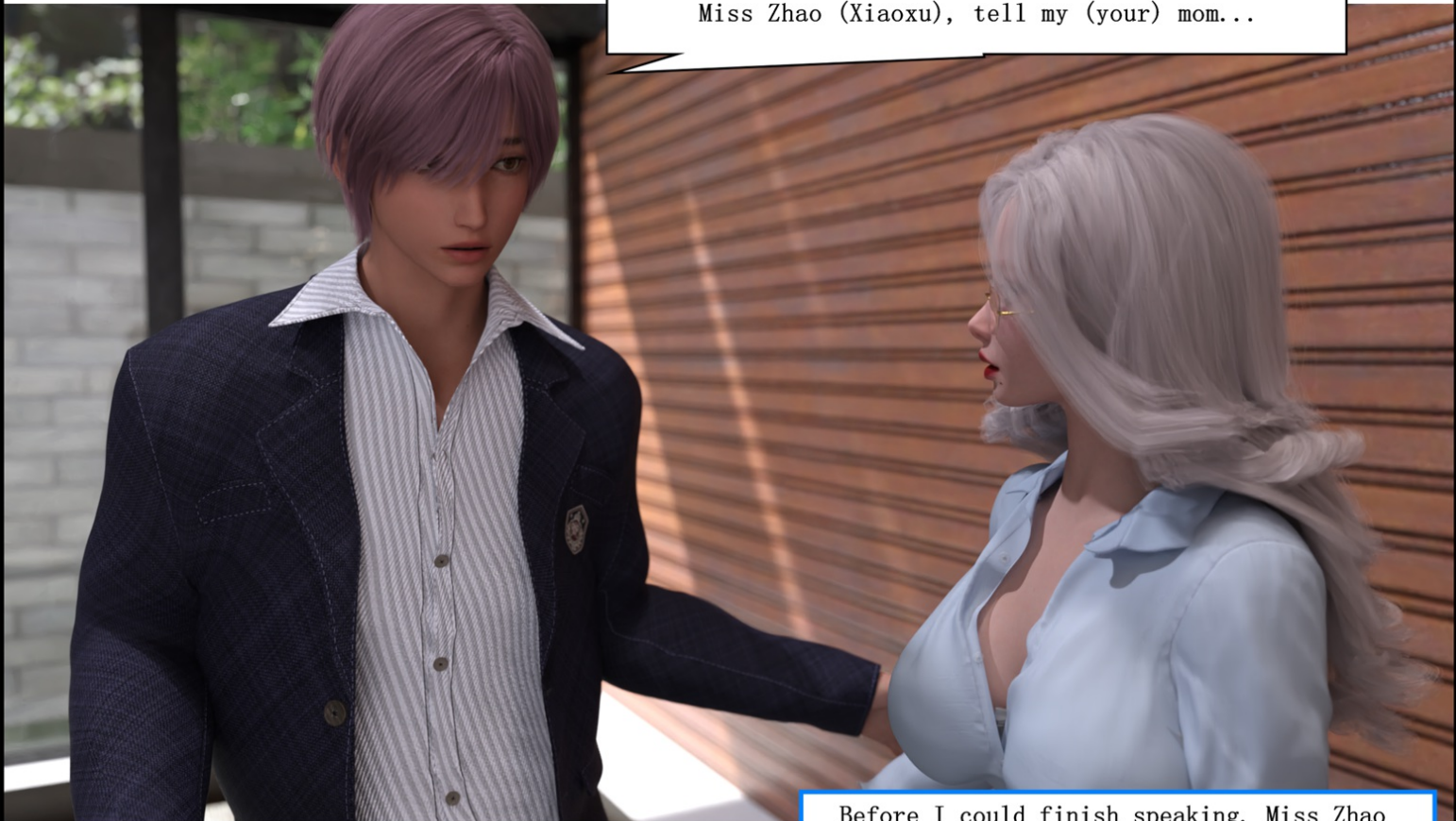
You' ll instinctively refer to me as "Mom"
or "Mother" when you think of me. When
you see your own body, you' ll consider
yourself Xiaoxu.

Mom (Yawei)! Don' t...

*Note: The text in parentheses indicates
what the characters originally intended to say.

A character with short, straight purple hair and green eyes is shown from the chest up. They are wearing a dark blue school blazer over a light-colored, vertically striped button-down shirt. A small crest is visible on the left side of the blazer. The character is looking out of a window with a black frame. The background outside the window shows a grey brick wall and some green foliage. To the right, there is a wooden slat wall. The scene is lit with soft, natural light.

This... how is that possible?
"Mom (Yawei)" no, Mom (Yawei),
you don' t need to go this far.
Hurry, change it back.



Miss Zhao (Xiaoxu), tell my (your) mom...


Before I could finish speaking, Miss Zhao suddenly paused. I looked at her with sympathy.



I turned around, ready to stop her... but it seemed too late. She was already smiling at me with the remote.




My memory seemed to experience a brief disconnection, but I couldn't tell where the change had occurred until I spoke.



Yawei (Mom), there' s really no
need to go this far...

A 3D rendered woman with long, wavy white hair and gold-rimmed glasses. She is wearing a light blue, long-sleeved button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top. Her right hand is raised to her mouth, with her fingers slightly curled, suggesting a reaction of surprise or disbelief. The background consists of horizontal wooden slats. To the right, a portion of a white table with blue legs is visible. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "No way.".

No way.



Xiaoxu (Miss Zhao), no, I mean Xiaoxu (Miss Zhao)...

Zhao Fengming!

What now?!

No, no, you shouldn't react to your original names anymore.

From now on, you need to respond naturally to the name that matches your body, as if it has always been yours, and not to your previous names.



As the button was pressed,
a commanding order was
implanted in my brain...






Xia Xiaoxu!

Mom (Yawei), what is it now?

I looked in surprise at Miss Zhao' s reaction.




Fengming!

What' s wrong, Yawei (Mom)?

Hearing my mom call out Miss Zhao' s name triggered an impulse in me to respond as if someone was calling me. I found myself answering instinctively.

Alright, now you can live as each other.






But is this really what you want?
Why don' t you reconsider?


Miss Zhao and I exchanged glances. We both knew this round was won by my mom. None of us expected her to go this far, and now we were pushed into an embarrassing situation. However, from Miss Zhao's gaze, I could tell she wasn't ready to back down.





Indeed, we were both ready... We had discussed some details while waiting for Mom (Yawei).

Hey, when did we discuss this... I felt like Miss Zhao was already getting into it.




But since you' re still fundamentally a guy,
your new body is quite attractive. Just
don' t go overboard.

Ah? What does that mean? Is she implying
that it' s fine if I go a little but not too far?



Well, if that's the case, I won't stop you before you have your fun.



Then "Fengming," we won' t go to yoga today. It looks like tonight will be busy, so we can go on Saturday. You can head home for now.

Okay, then I' ll be heading back now, "Mom" (Yawei)...



Bye, "Fengming."

Bye, Miss Zhao (Xia Xiaoxu). There should be some food in the fridge, just heat it up.



I moved slowly, hoping that either Miss Zhao or my mom would relent and call me back. But in the end, neither of them budged.

By the time I realized what had happened,
I was already back at Miss Zhao' s house.
I was somewhat familiar with this place.
I often came to play when I was little and
occasionally came for tutoring sessions
with Miss Zhao.



As soon as I got home, I immediately kicked off the high heels I was wearing. While it was a pleasure to see Miss Zhao in high heels, wearing them myself was a different story. Just thinking about having to wear the high heels she usually wears to school all day tomorrow filled me with despair.



But now it' s just past seven in the evening. What should I do? Eat? I don' t really feel that hungry, or maybe it' s just that Miss Zhao' s body isn' t hungry. Watch TV? I' m not interested in that either. Usually, I wouldn' t turn on the TV unless I was going to play video games.



After thinking it over, I figured I should do something fitting for my current identity. There' s a small quiz today, so I planned to help Miss Zhao grade the papers. After all, I now have her knowledge of English. I could also quietly bump up my own score a bit.





But before that, I want to do something that all the boys in the class have always wanted to do, smell what Teacher Zhao's high heels, worn all day, smell like.



I remember one time I had a dispute with my good friend, he said that a woman as beautiful as Miss Zhao would still smell good even if she wore it for a day. Today I will help him verify it.

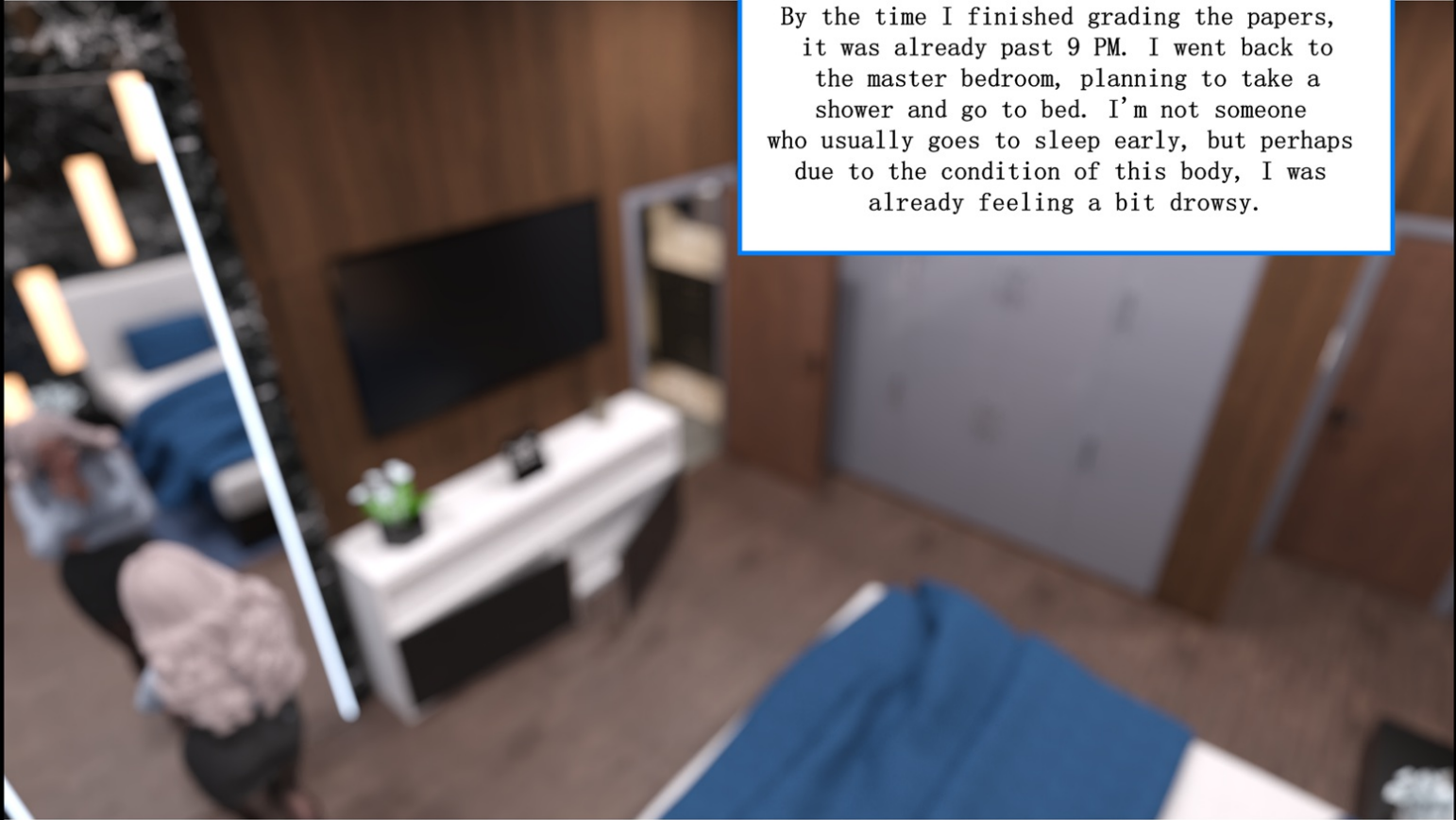
A faint sour smell mixed with the smell of leather rushed into my nostrils. This smell is not particularly pleasant, but it is not bad either. Compared to the shoes of boys after playing basketball, it can even be said to be fragrant. If I were still myself now, I would have already been aroused.



But at this moment, I just couldn't do
what I would like to do, I had to give
up reluctantly



By the time I finished grading the papers, it was already past 9 PM. I went back to the master bedroom, planning to take a shower and go to bed. I'm not someone who usually goes to sleep early, but perhaps due to the condition of this body, I was already feeling a bit drowsy.





After thinking it over, I decided to take a shower, just like I normally would, even though things are far from normal right now. So, I started to take off the shirt and skirt.



Then I carefully removed the stockings, remembering how my mom would always complain about how difficult they are to wear. Now I completely understand what she meant.



The soft sensation between my fingers and the feeling of the stockings sliding down my legs was really strange...

I couldn't tell if my skin was just too sensitive now or if what I was doing was too exciting, but I felt my body trembling slightly with excitement.



As I removed the panties that Miss Zhao had worn all day, I was finally completely naked. But this time was different—I had plenty of time to admire my current body in the mirror.



The reflection in the mirror showed a graceful woman in her early forties. She teaches my English class, and I see her at school every day. I can guarantee that no boy in the class would think she isn't attractive.

Moreover, she's my godmother and has been best friends with my mom since before I was born.



Aside from a few brief moments of fantasies, I've never had the chance to observe her body like this. Now, it's my body—at least for tonight.

Her hair cascaded over my shoulders and back, and every time I moved my head, I could feel it sliding across my skin—smooth and silky.



Without the support of a bra, my chest felt even heavier than before. Out of curiosity, I lifted one of my breasts with a hand, feeling the strange softness and weight.



My other hand was not idle
either, it slid down along my
waistline to my round and
plump buttocks.



I couldn't help but gently pinch my breast, and pleasure immediately surged through my body like electricity, causing my nipples to swell and harden.




I couldn' t help but let out a soft moan, feeling like the temperature in the room had risen. But I wasn' t foolish enough not to know where the heat was coming from.




Ah~

Should I really be doing this? Miss Zhao told me not to go too far... but does this count as too far? Besides, how would she ever know?

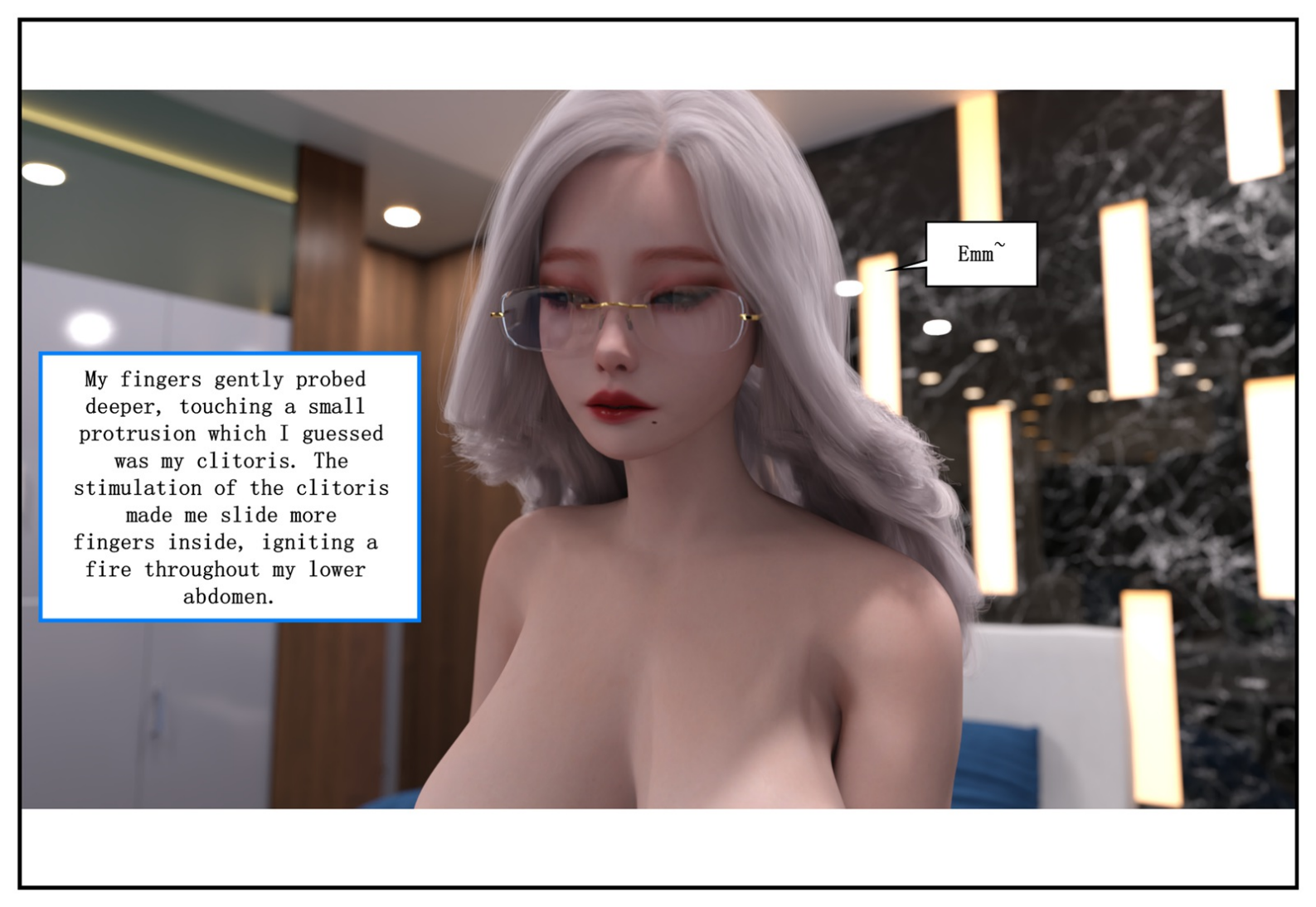




The internal struggle didn't last more than a few seconds, mostly because the feeling of my breasts being squeezed was too enjoyable. I couldn't resist as my hands moved down toward Miss Zhao's secret garden.



Unlike before, this time my
hands were met not by an
erect penis, but by two
slightly moist and wrinkled
labia.



My fingers gently probed deeper, touching a small protrusion which I guessed was my clitoris. The stimulation of the clitoris made me slide more fingers inside, igniting a fire throughout my lower abdomen.

Emm~

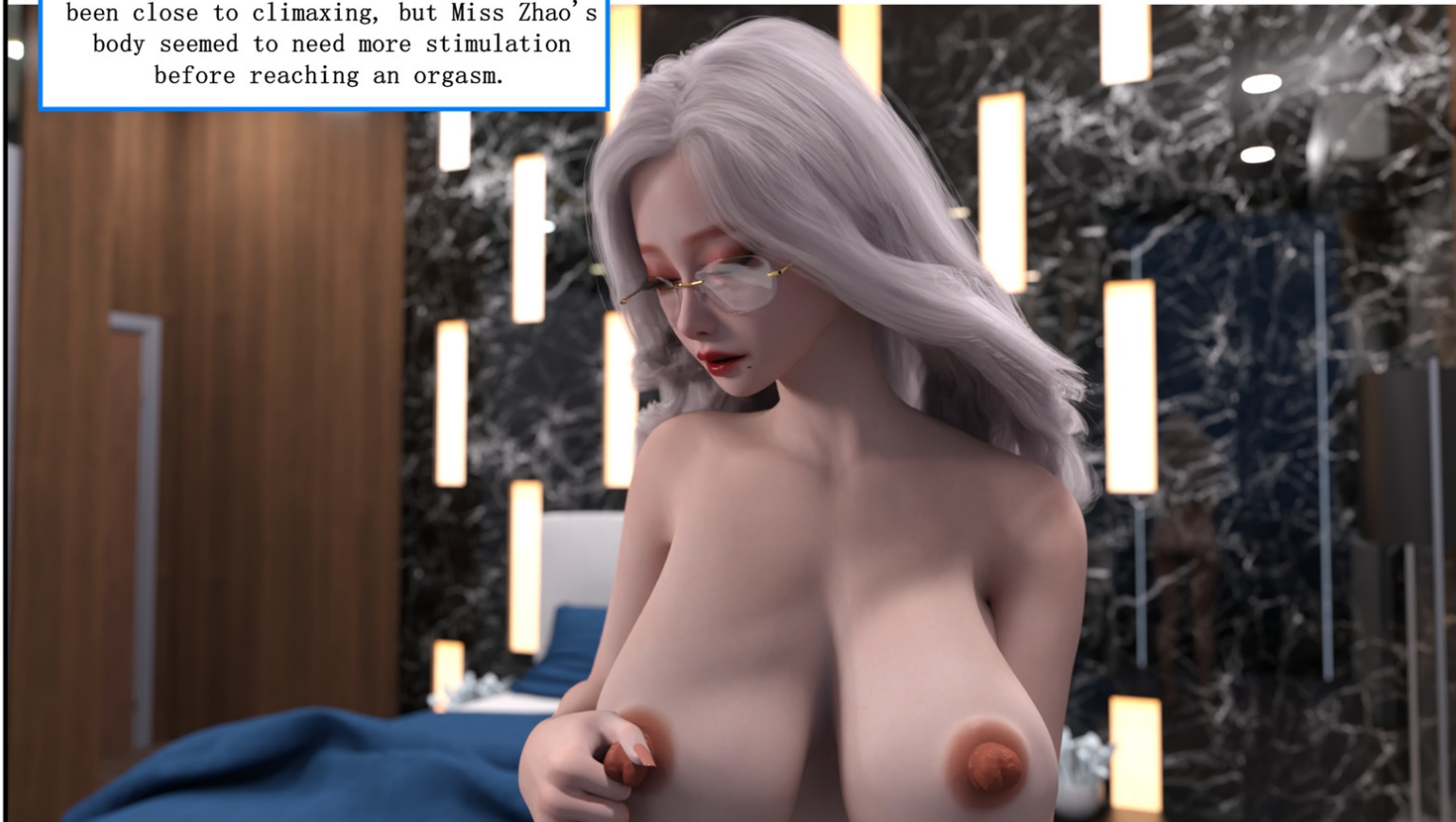


Of course, my right hand wasn't idle either; the fingertips began to circle around the nipple, and with each rub and tease, it seemed to grow even larger and harder than before.

Just like my nipples, my clitoris grew larger under the teasing of my left hand, becoming increasingly engorged. More fluid flowed out from my vulva along my fingers, lubricating them and making each thrust easier.



If it were my own body, I might have been close to climaxing, but Miss Zhao's body seemed to need more stimulation before reaching an orgasm.



I lay down, my body burning with desire,
but I was more than willing
to surrender to it.



I continued to speed up my movements,
unable to hold back pleasurable moans
of delight. Now, nothing could make me stop.




These breasts, so comfortable
to caress and squeeze, are mine...



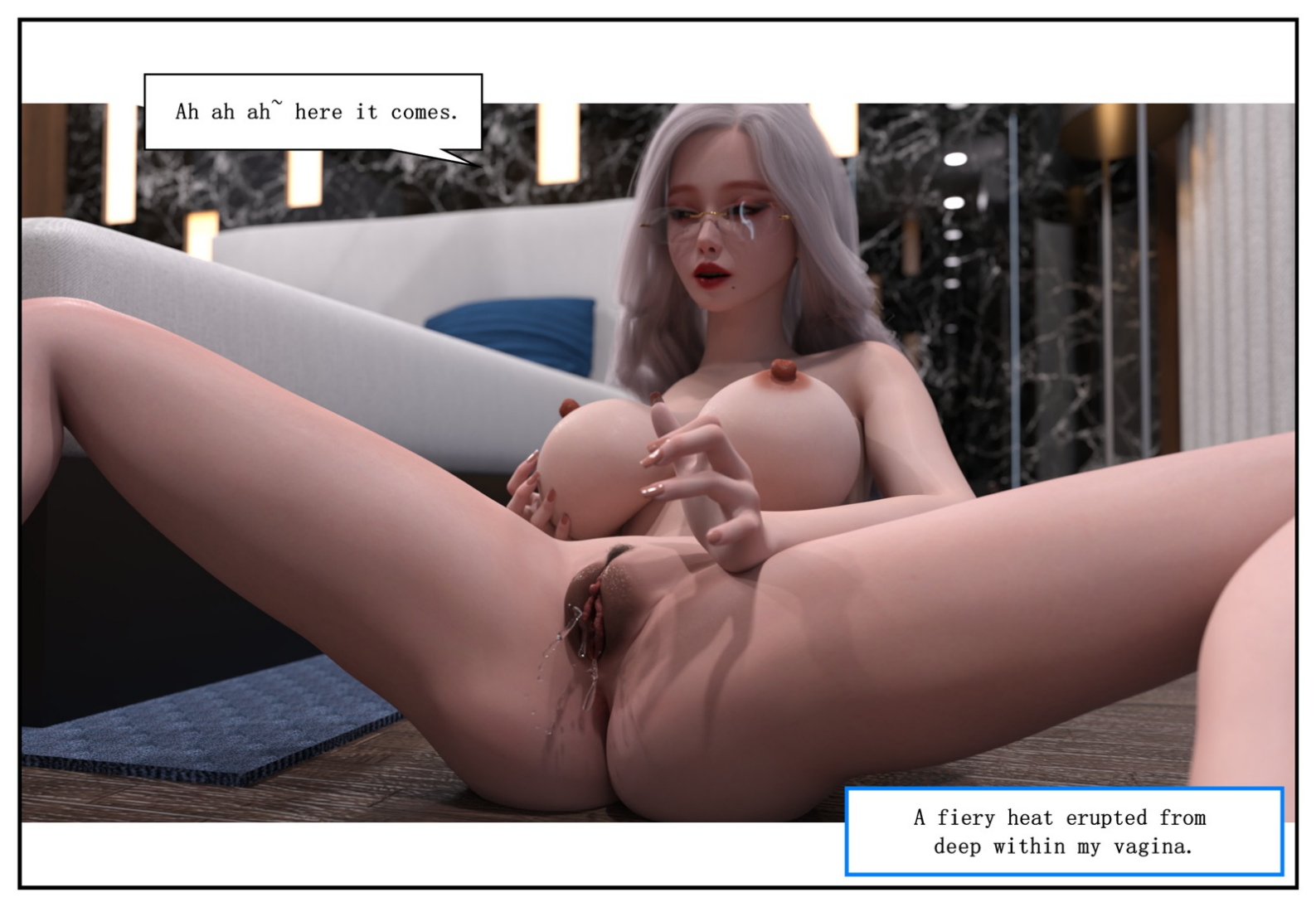
This vagina, which writhes in comfort, and this buttocks, perfectly round from any angle, are mine—I am truly Miss Zhao Fengming now.





At that thought, I felt an orgasm approaching,
a feminine moan I had never made before
escaped my throat, sounding incredibly erotic.

Ah~ I can't take it,
it feels so good.



Ah ah ah~ here it comes.

A fiery heat erupted from deep within my vagina.

Miss Zhao's body felt so good.

After the climax, I didn't settle down as quickly as I thought I would, but I felt like I could keep going all day if possible.



But then I looked up and realized it was already late. Tomorrow, acting as Miss Zhao at school, I definitely don't want to be late.



So, with trembling legs, I headed towards the bathroom to take a shower and end this strange day.



The next morning, although I woke up very early, I spent a lot of time putting on makeup and doing my hair, so I had to quickly look up a tutorial online and apply some simple makeup. Then I changed into the clothes I wore yesterday and hurried out.



Luckily, I already had my driver' s license, so I could drive Miss Zhao' s car to school, saving me from having to walk in her usual high heels.




The school was just like any other day,
except today I was coming in as a teacher.
Even though I have Miss Zhao's memories,
I wonder if I can really handle all of this.





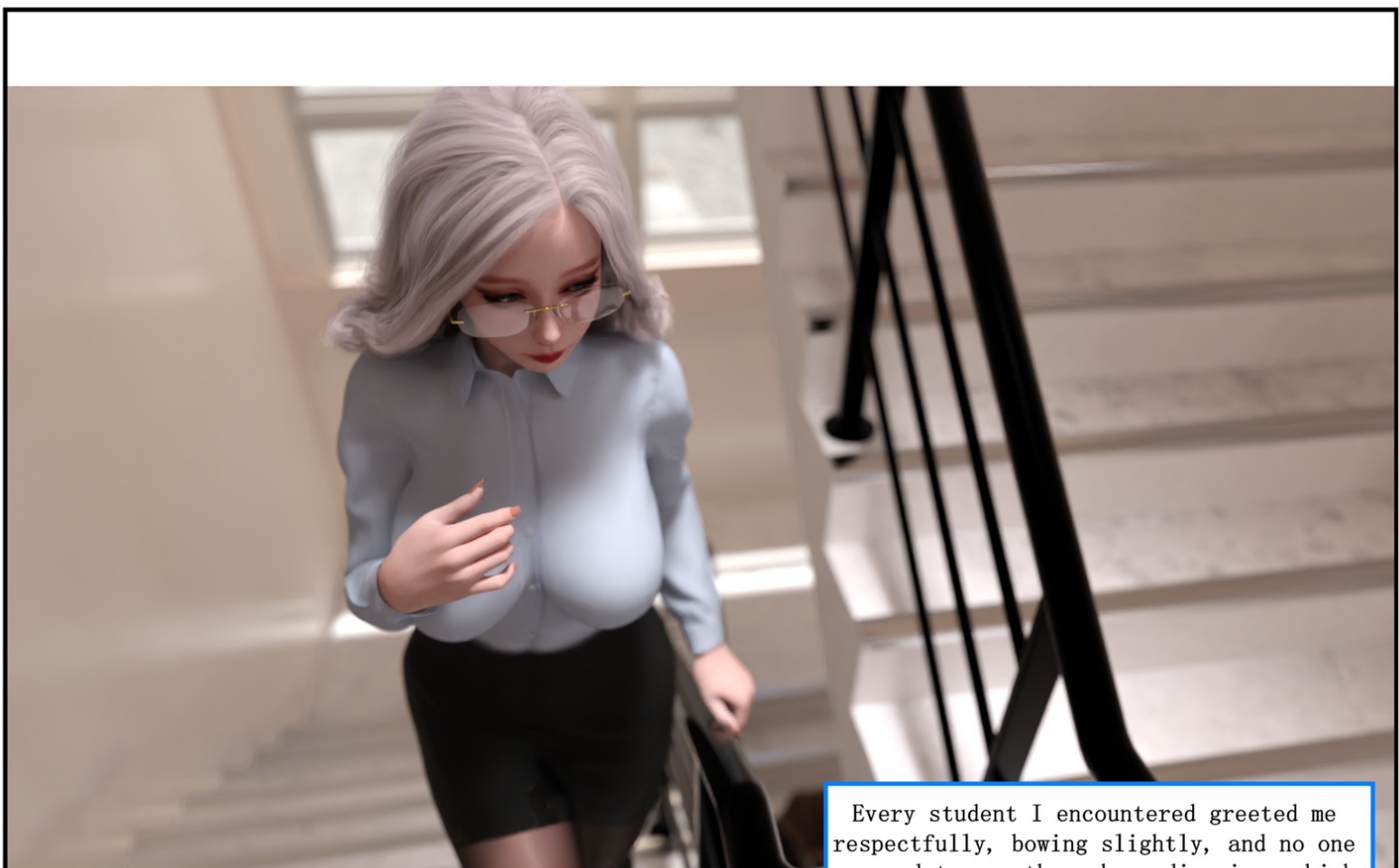
Good morning, Miss Zhao!

Good morning, hurry... hurry into the classroom.



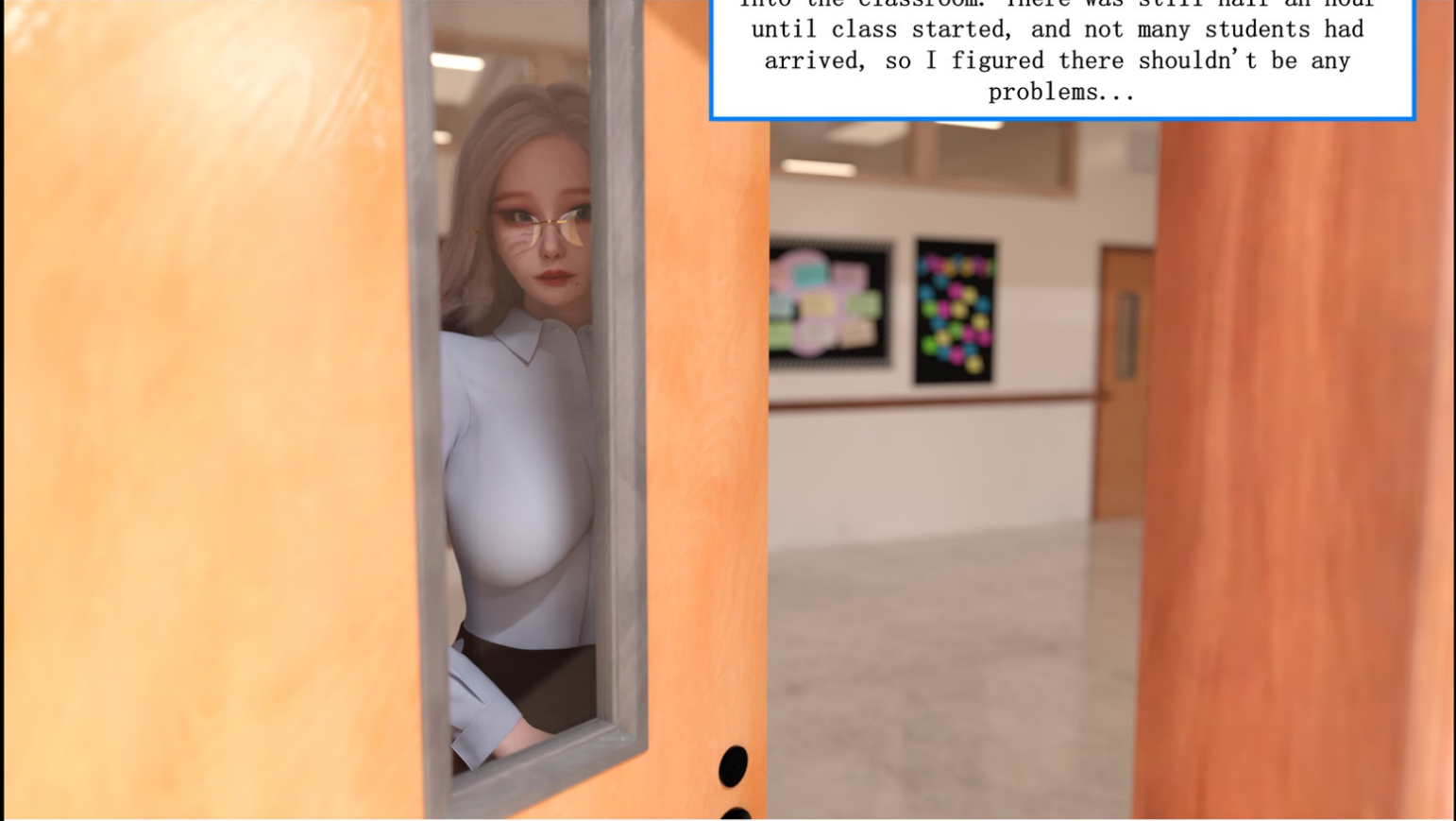
Hello, Miss Zhao!

Good morning.



Every student I encountered greeted me respectfully, bowing slightly, and no one seemed to see through my disguise, which eased my nerves somewhat.

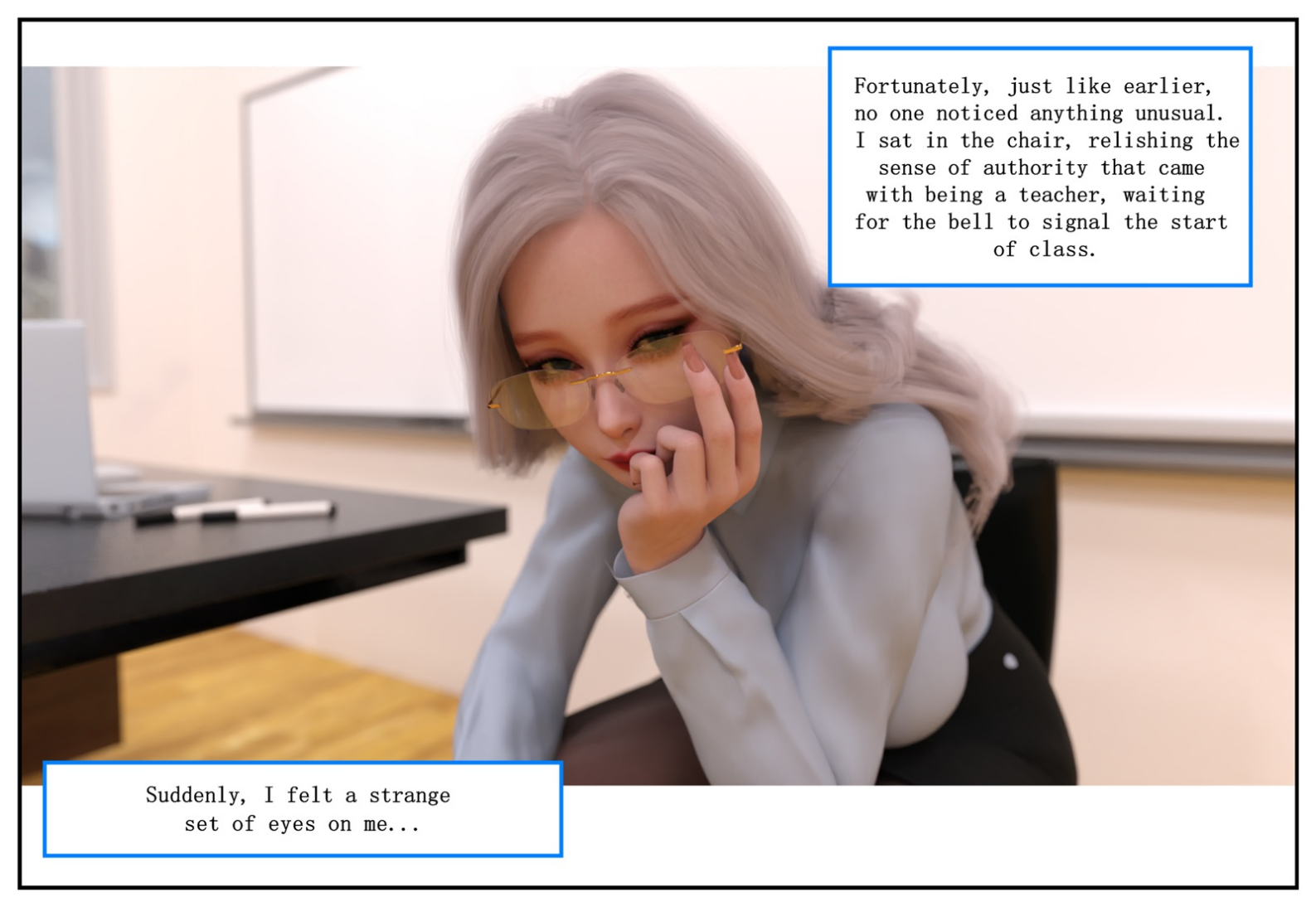
But I was still a bit nervous just before stepping into the classroom. There was still half an hour until class started, and not many students had arrived, so I figured there shouldn't be any problems...



Good morning, Miss Zhao.

Good morning.





Fortunately, just like earlier,
no one noticed anything unusual.
I sat in the chair, relishing the
sense of authority that came
with being a teacher, waiting
for the bell to signal the start
of class.

Suddenly, I felt a strange
set of eyes on me...



As I followed the gaze, I realized
there was a boy staring up my skirt.

It was then that I realized, even though I now had a woman's body, deep down I was still a guy. If I didn't make a conscious effort, my movements would naturally resemble those of a boy.



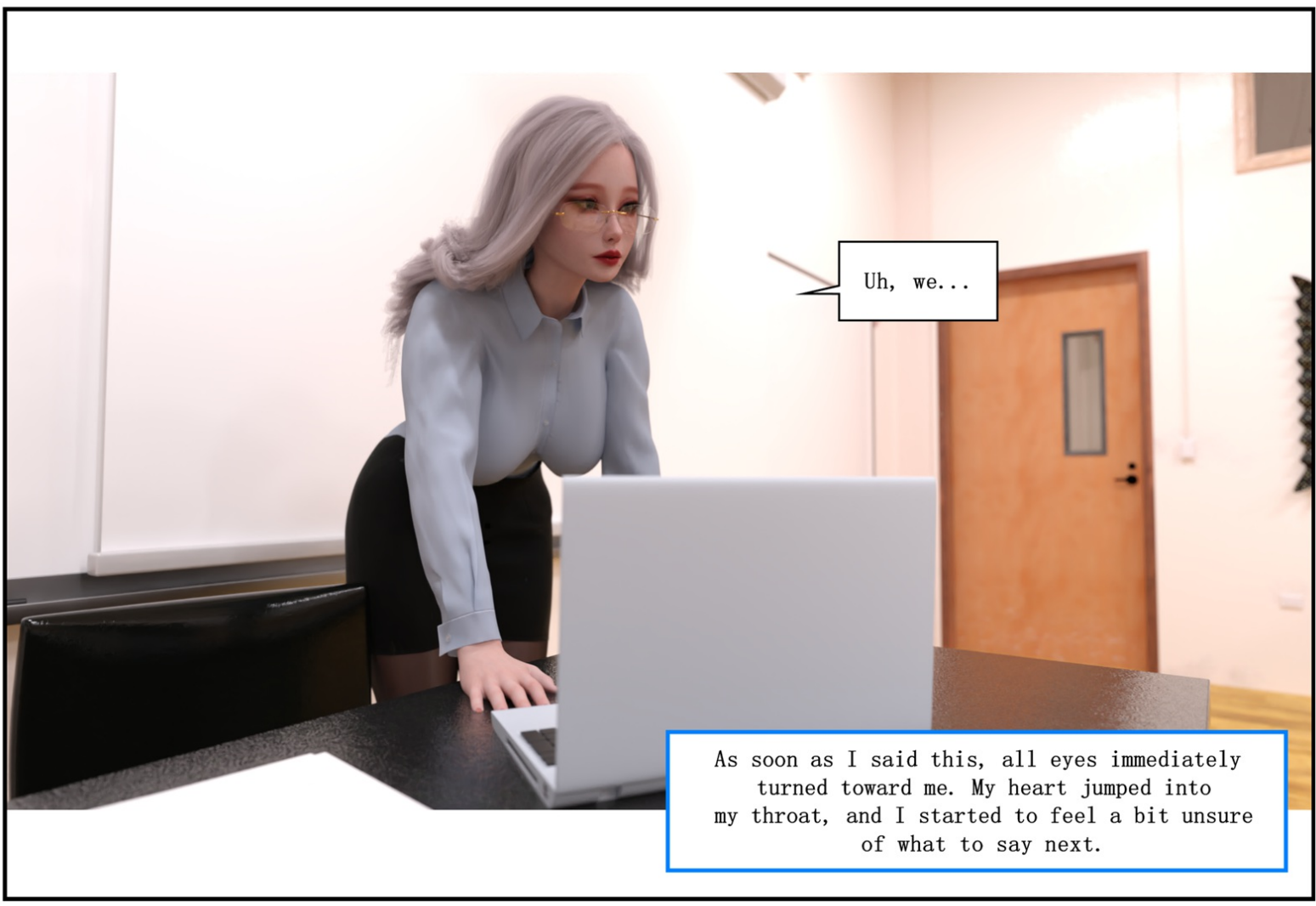
I awkwardly pretended to cough,
straightened up, crossed my legs,
and tried to mimic the way Miss
Zhao usually sat.



While imitating her mannerisms might distract me from other things, like teaching, I figured that if I acted like a boy, it would make it even harder for the students to focus in class.

Alright, class, let's get ready to start.






Uh, we...

As soon as I said this, all eyes immediately turned toward me. My heart jumped into my throat, and I started to feel a bit unsure of what to say next.



But in the next second, it was as if a switch had been flipped...



I naturally started teaching.

Alright, class, let's continue where we left off. First, let's review... Turn your books to page fifty-two...

The knowledge points I wrote on the board felt like I had taught them many times before, at least that's how it seemed. Everything was going smoothly, except for a brief pause when I felt like my voice sounded a bit too deep...



So I raised my pitch, speaking in a tone closer to Miss Zhao's usual voice during lessons.

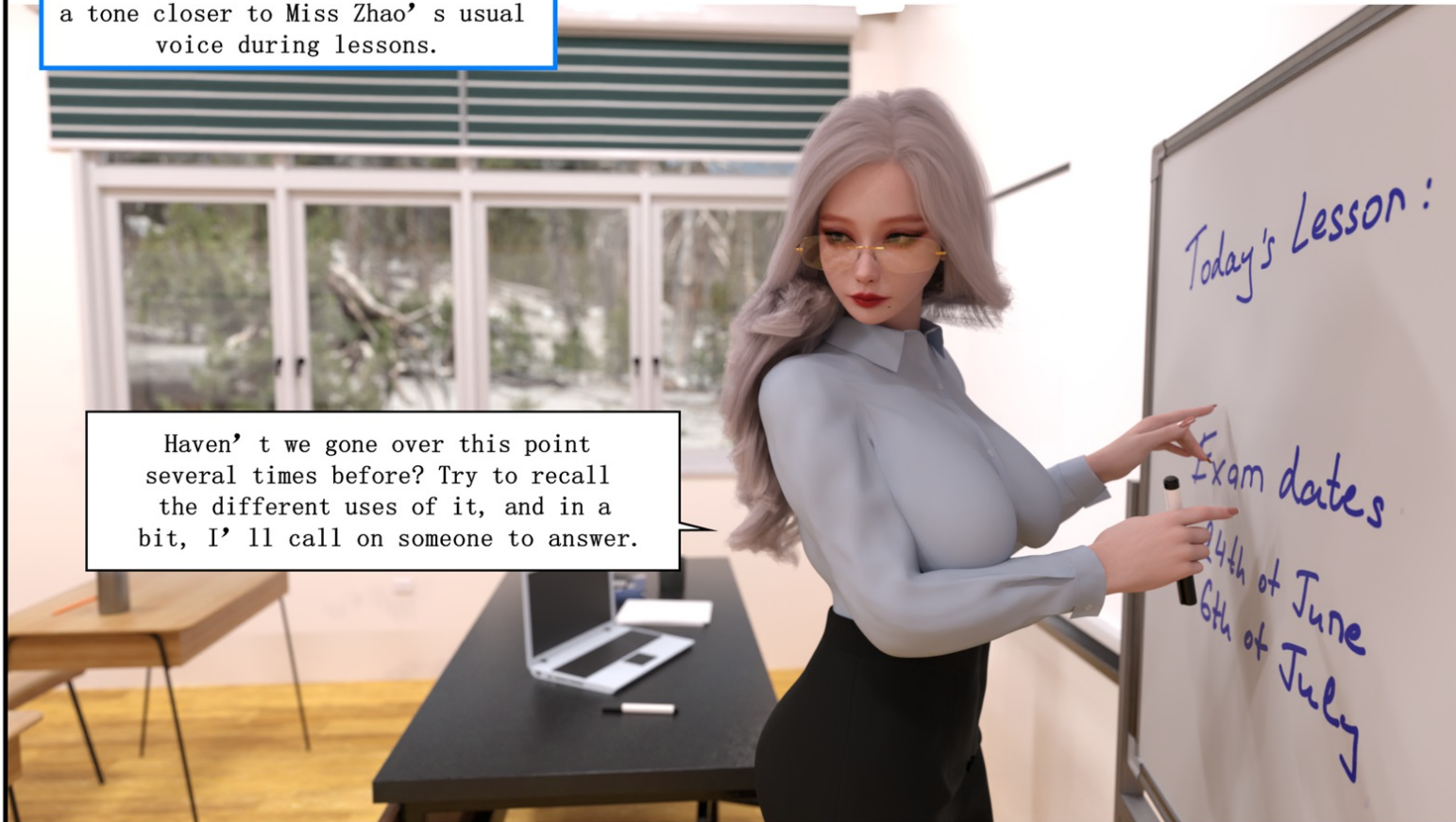
Haven't we gone over this point several times before? Try to recall the different uses of it, and in a bit, I'll call on someone to answer.

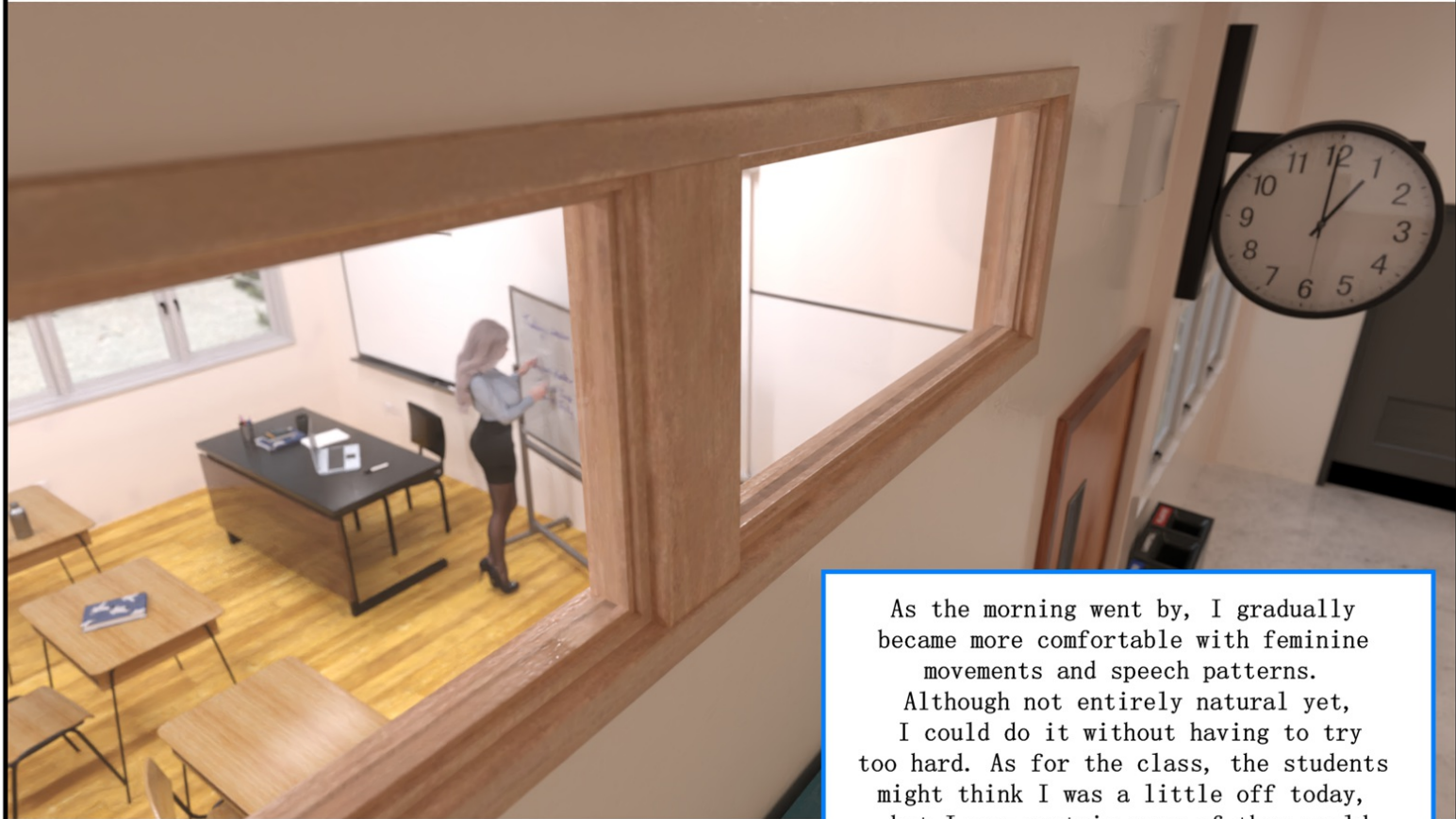
Today's Lesson:

Exam dates

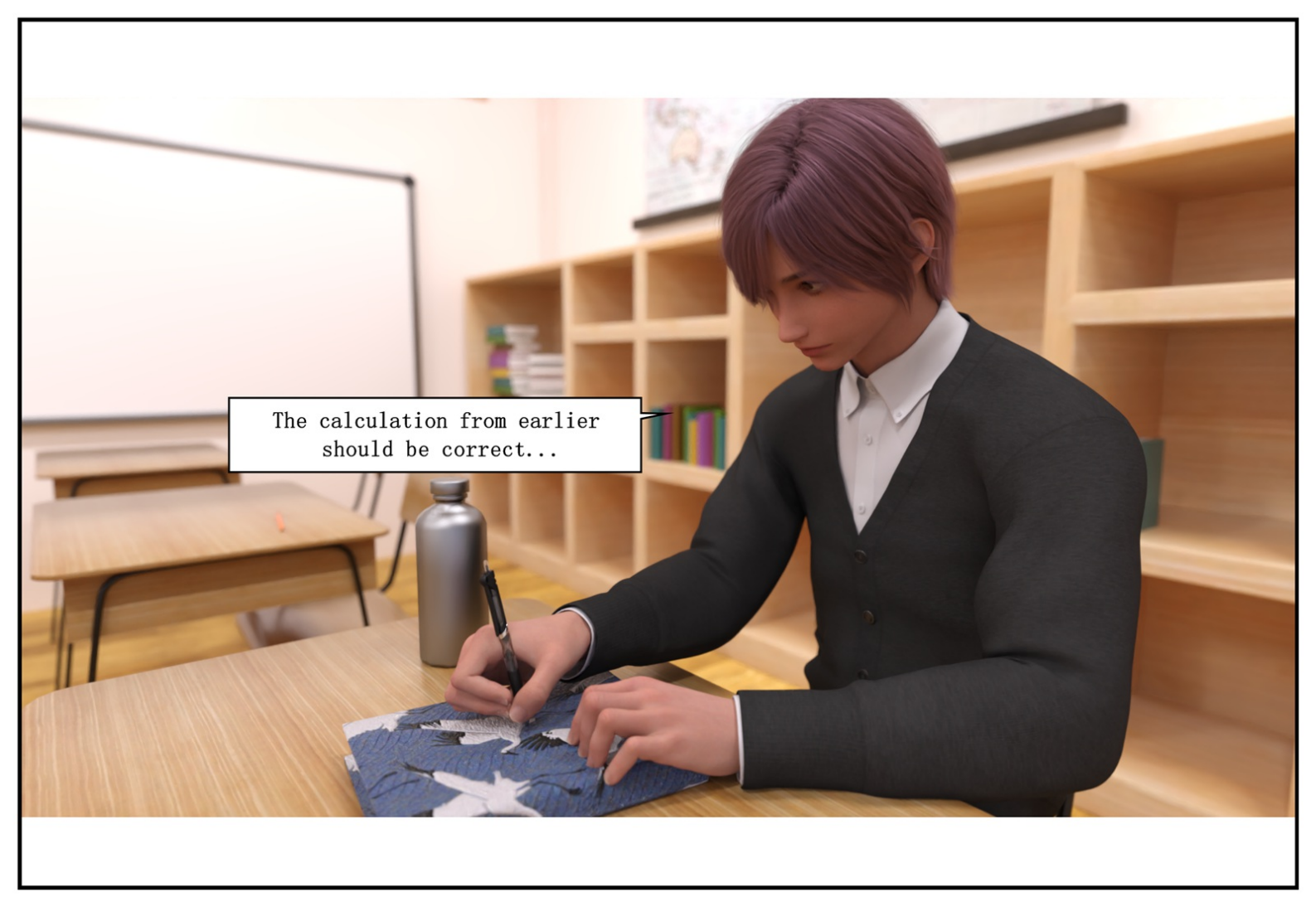
24th of June

6th of July






As the morning went by, I gradually became more comfortable with feminine movements and speech patterns. Although not entirely natural yet, I could do it without having to try too hard. As for the class, the students might think I was a little off today, but I was certain none of them would overthink it.

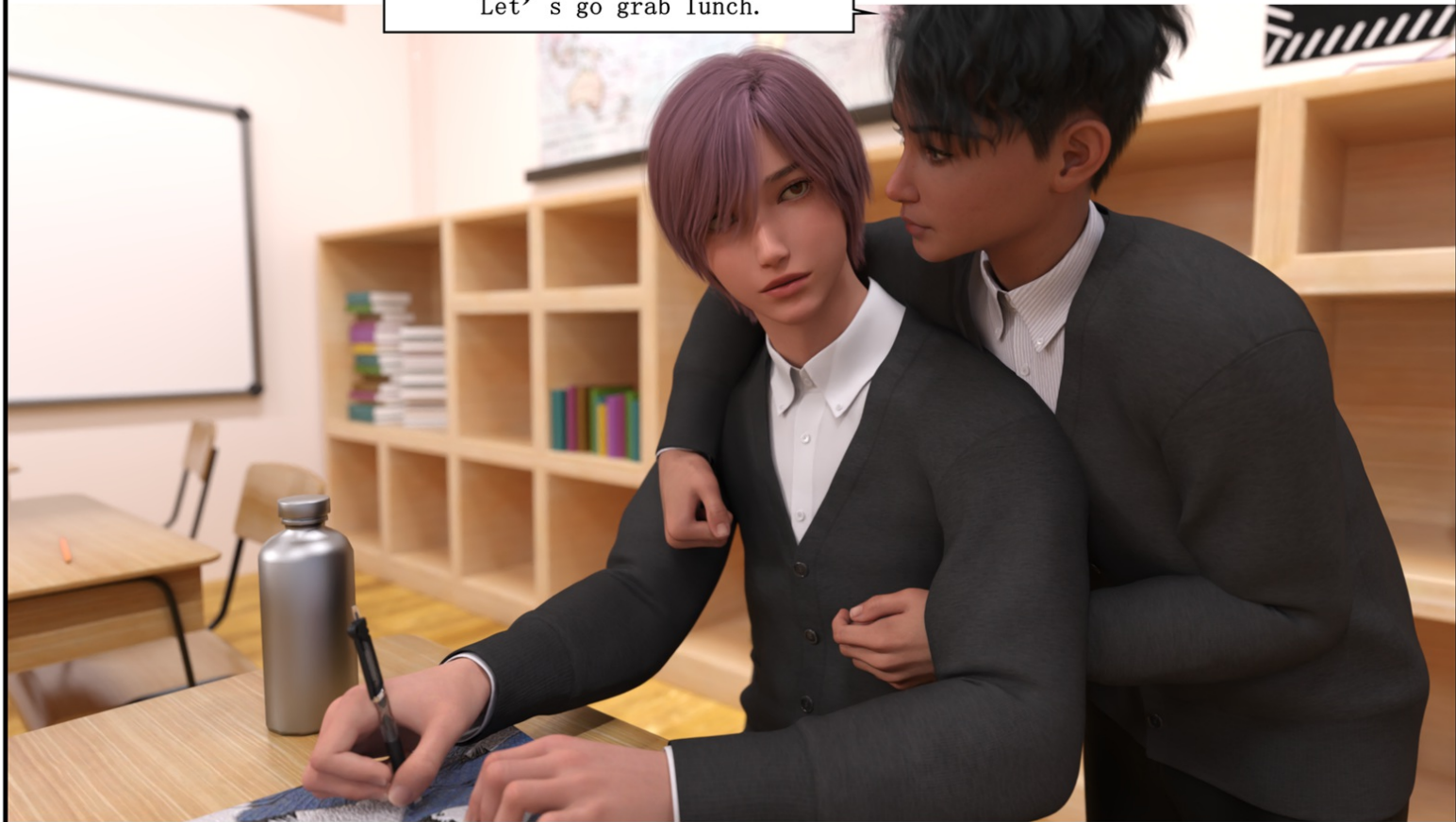



The calculation from earlier
should be correct...



Still thinking, dude?

Just forget about it.
Let's go grab lunch.





Um... You go ahead. I need to ask the teacher something...

Huh... What's up with him today?
Why so keen on studying?



During the lunch break, I returned to the office, finally getting my first real chance to rest today. I was much more tired now than I usually would be at this time.

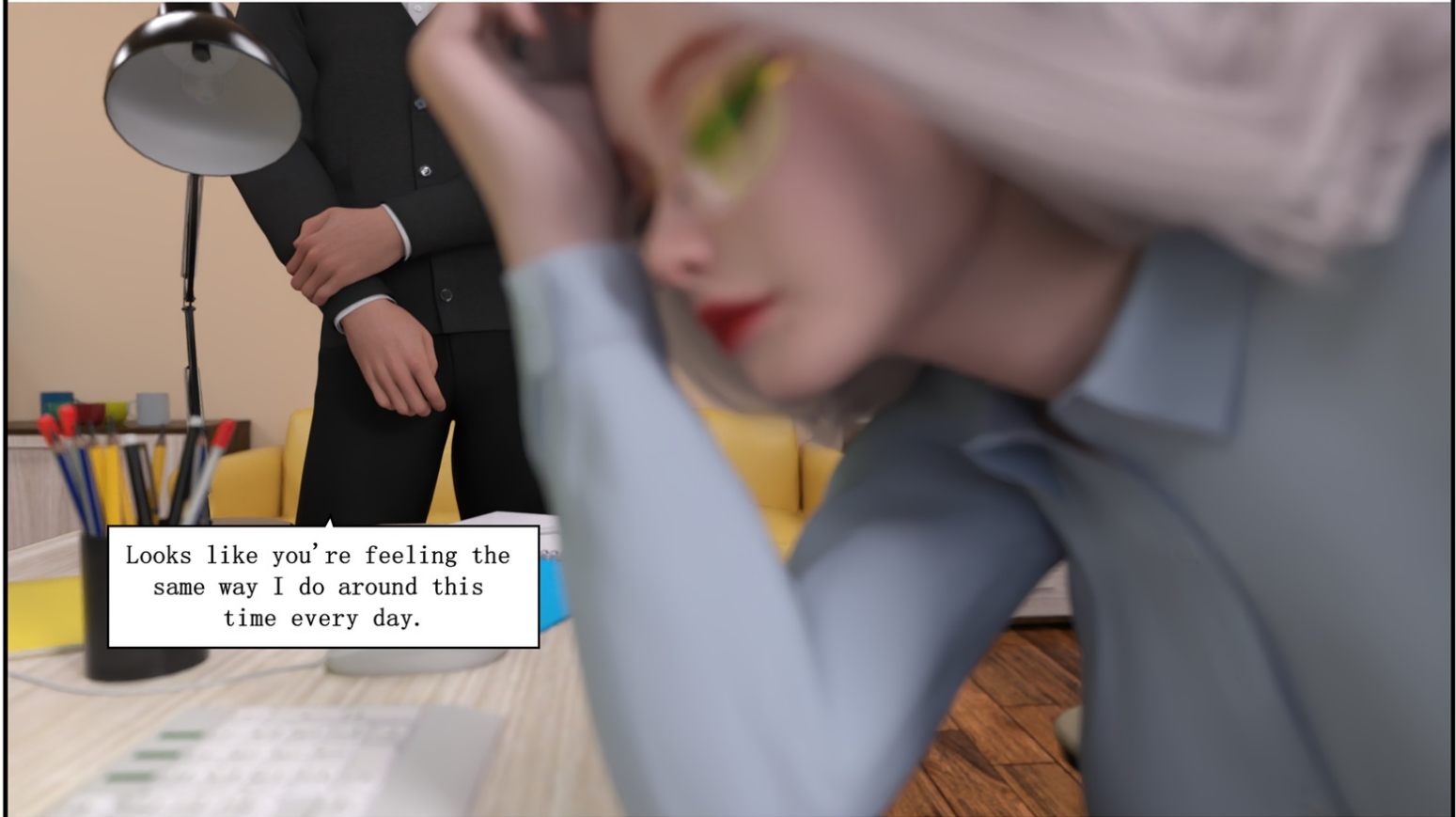





It was probably because standing in Miss Zhao' s high heels all morning had been absolute torture.

Finally, I could rest my head on the desk for a quick nap.



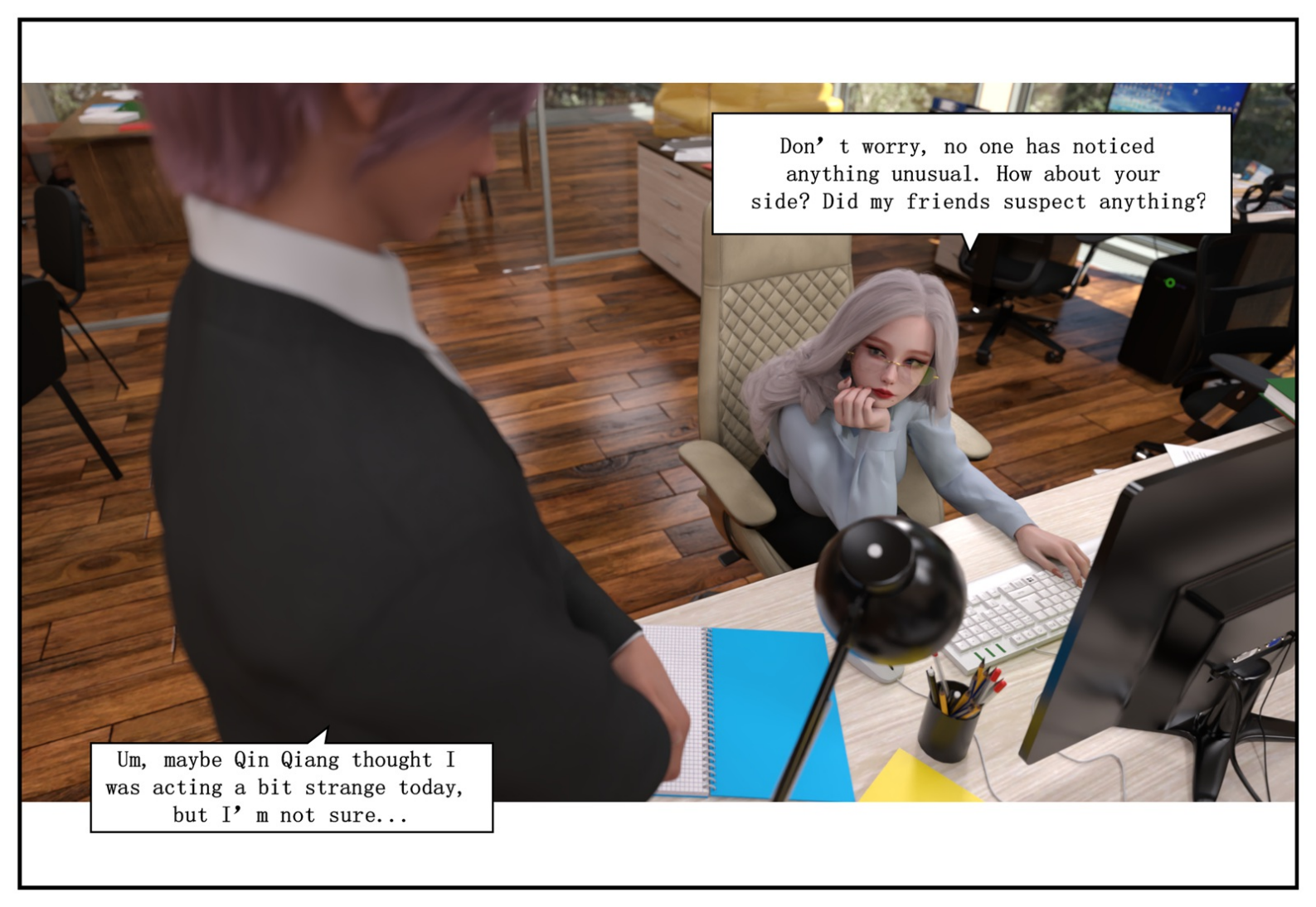


Looks like you're feeling the same way I do around this time every day.




When did you get here?

Just now. I had to check if you were doing anything to ruin my reputation.



Don' t worry, no one has noticed anything unusual. How about your side? Did my friends suspect anything?


Um, maybe Qin Qiang thought I was acting a bit strange today, but I' m not sure...



That' s good. How about the
math exam? You didn' t mess
that up, did you?

I' m not great at math, but I
should at least get 80 points.

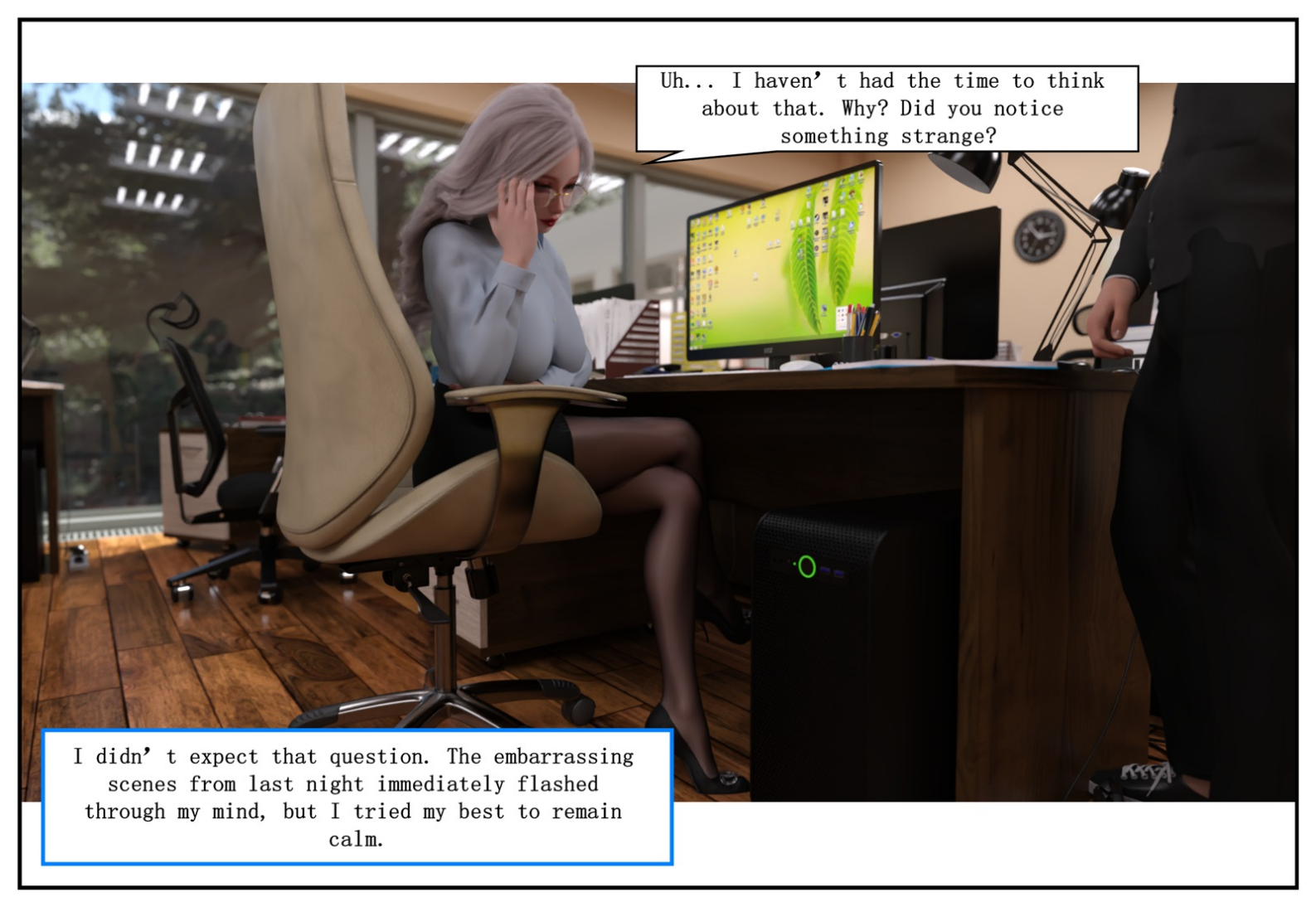
Good to hear. Now, you should hurry to the
cafeteria and eat with your classmates,
or they might start wondering about you.



I' m going, but there' s something
I want to ask you.

What is it? Ask away.

Well, have you noticed whether
your sexual orientation has shifted?
Are you into guys or girls now?



Uh... I haven't had the time to think about that. Why? Did you notice something strange?

I didn't expect that question. The embarrassing scenes from last night immediately flashed through my mind, but I tried my best to remain calm.

Yeah, for example, during P.E. in the boys' locker room, maybe it's your young hormones, but seeing those guys' bodies almost made me drool.

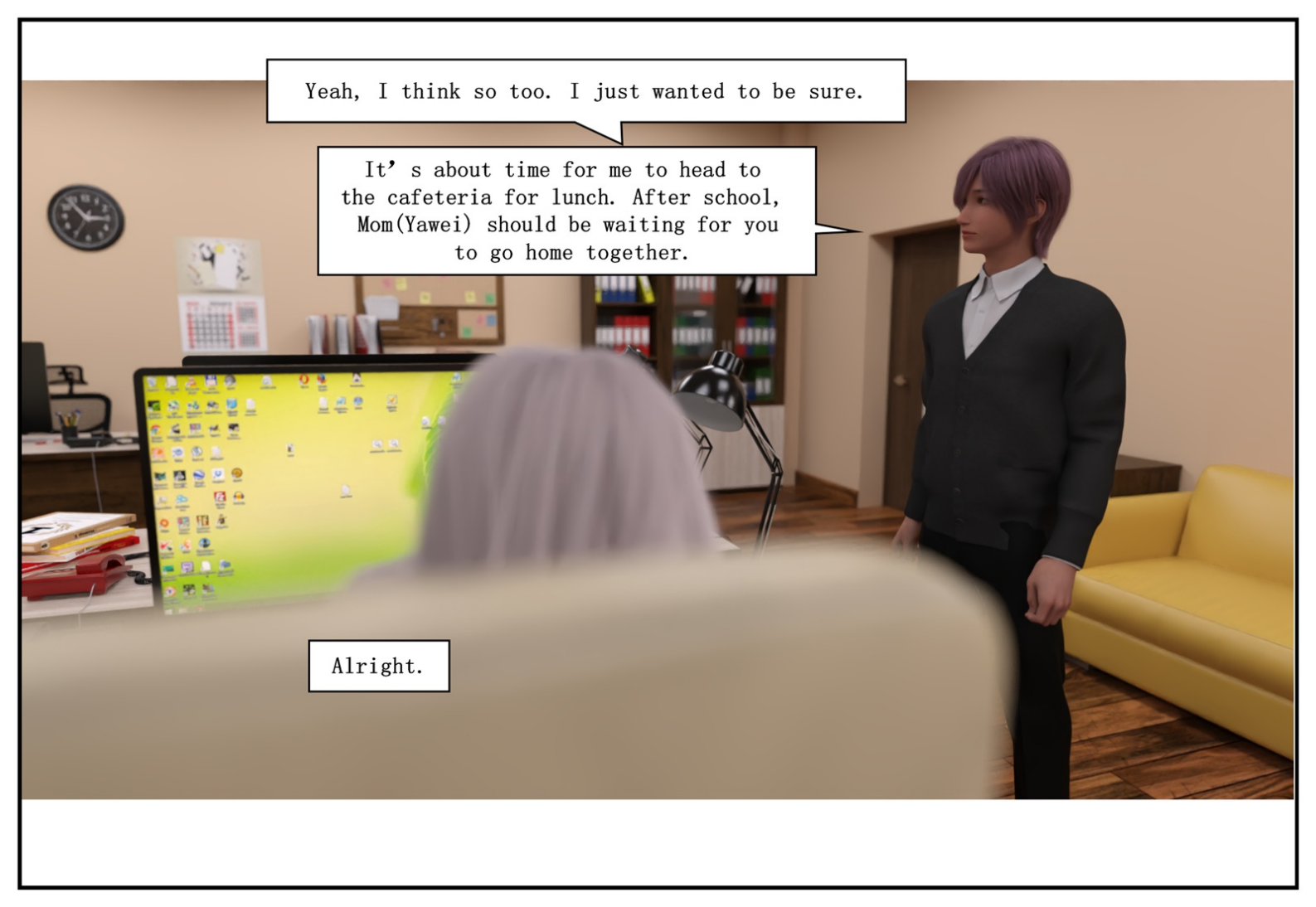
And don't you boys always casually make physical contact?
When Qin Qiang hugged me, I felt my body having a strange reaction...



Her situation is definitely a bit awkward, but I know it's not her fault. After all, she can't control her attraction. I just hope Qin Qiang didn't notice her body's strange reaction.

I haven't really thought about this much, but I'm pretty sure I still like girls. I don't think the body swap has changed our sexual orientations.



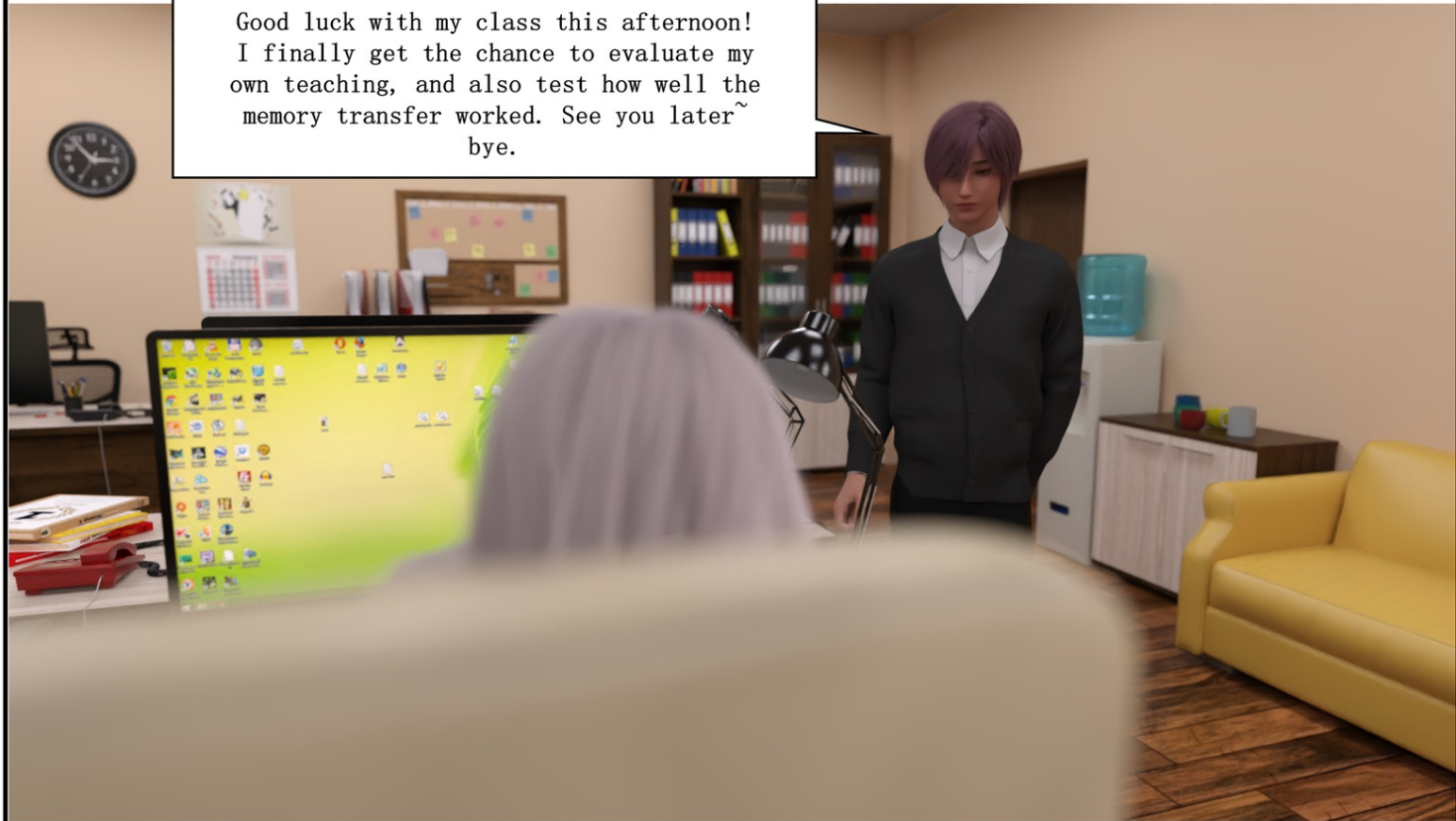


Yeah, I think so too. I just wanted to be sure.

It's about time for me to head to the cafeteria for lunch. After school, Mom(Yawei) should be waiting for you to go home together.

Alright.

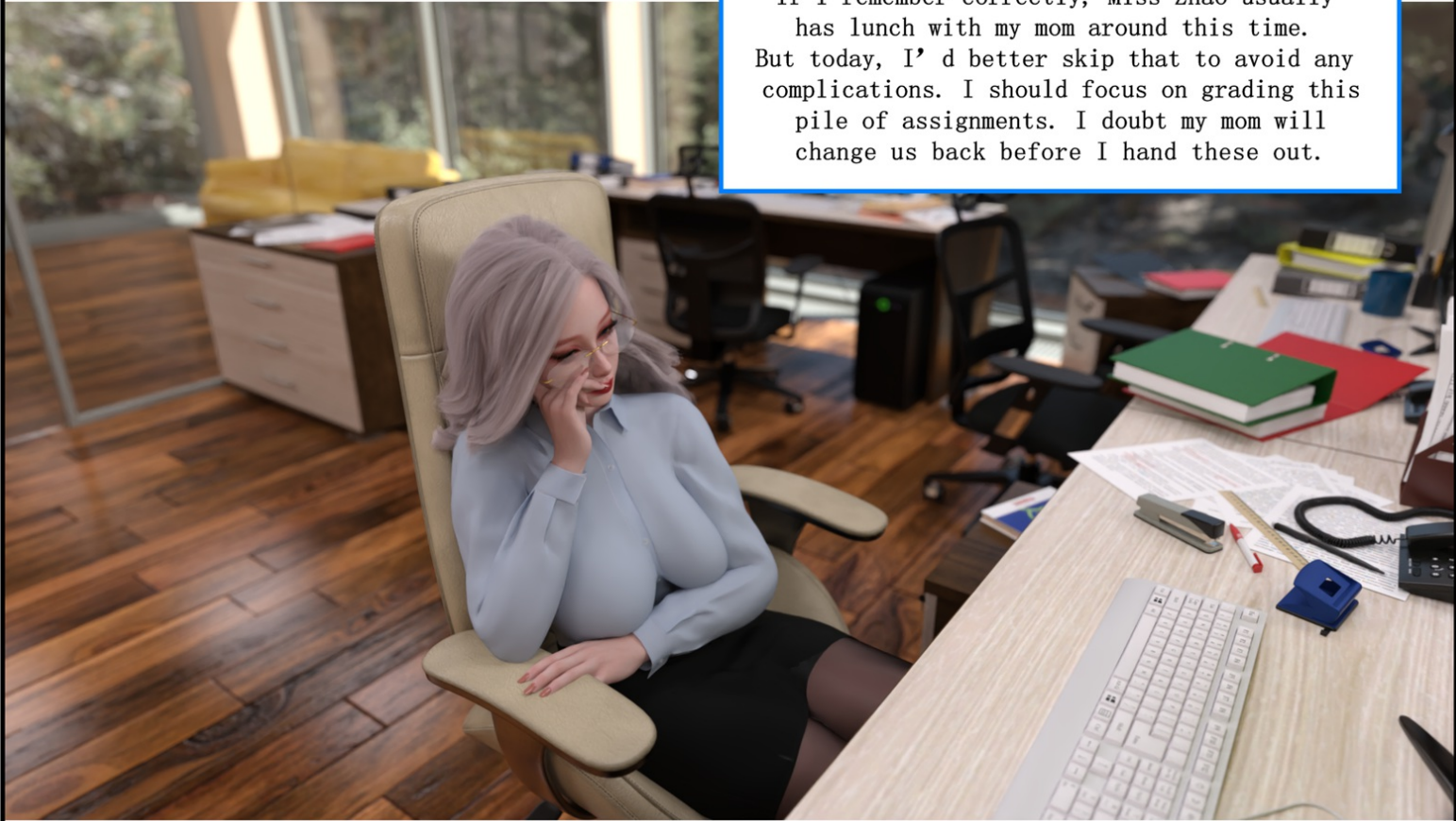
Good luck with my class this afternoon!
I finally get the chance to evaluate my
own teaching, and also test how well the
memory transfer worked. See you later~
bye.



To others, this may just look like an ordinary conversation between a teacher and a student, but now that I'm the teacher, it feels pretty surreal. But thinking about how I'll have to stand in high heels all afternoon, I already feel exhausted.

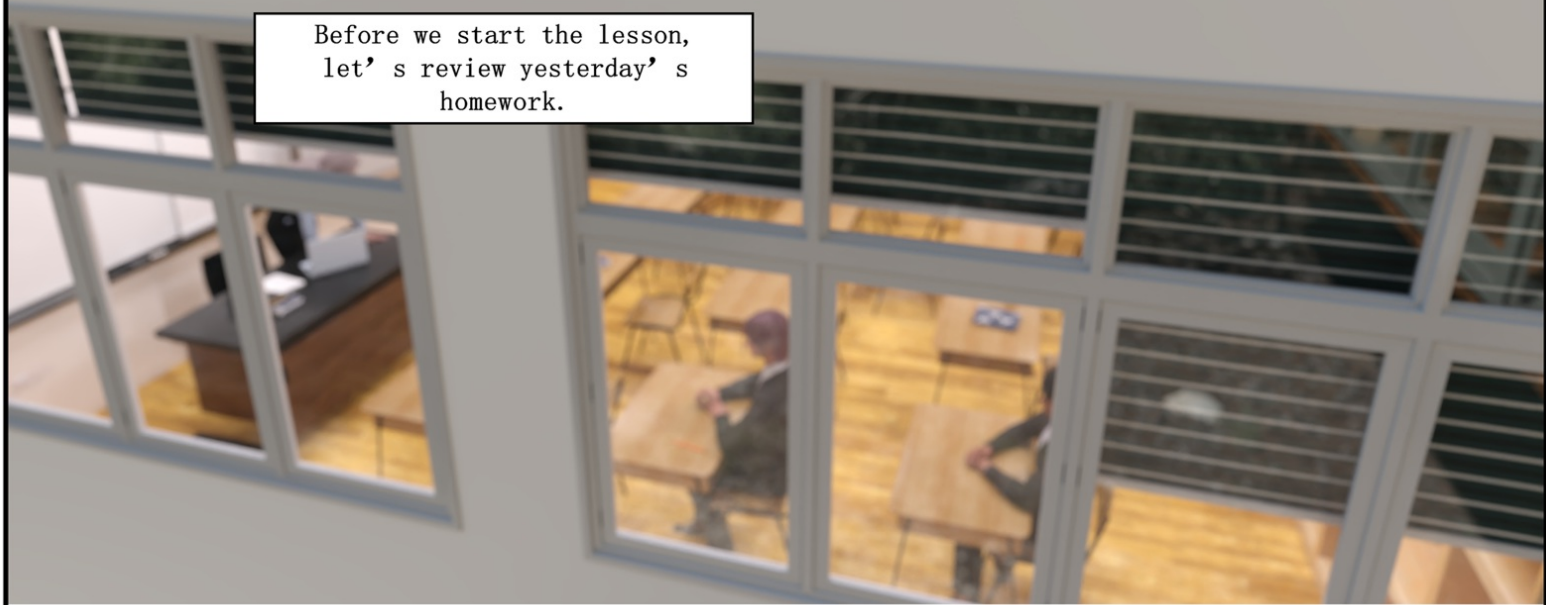


If I remember correctly, Miss Zhao usually has lunch with my mom around this time. But today, I'd better skip that to avoid any complications. I should focus on grading this pile of assignments. I doubt my mom will change us back before I hand these out.




I' m a bit nervous about teaching this afternoon' s class in front of Miss Zhao herself. Even though I have her memories of teaching English, I can' t help but wonder if I' m doing everything the way she would. Or if she' ll secretly notice any small mistakes.

Before we start the lesson,
let' s review yesterday' s
homework.




...And that's why the answer to question five is C. Does anyone have any other questions? If not, then...





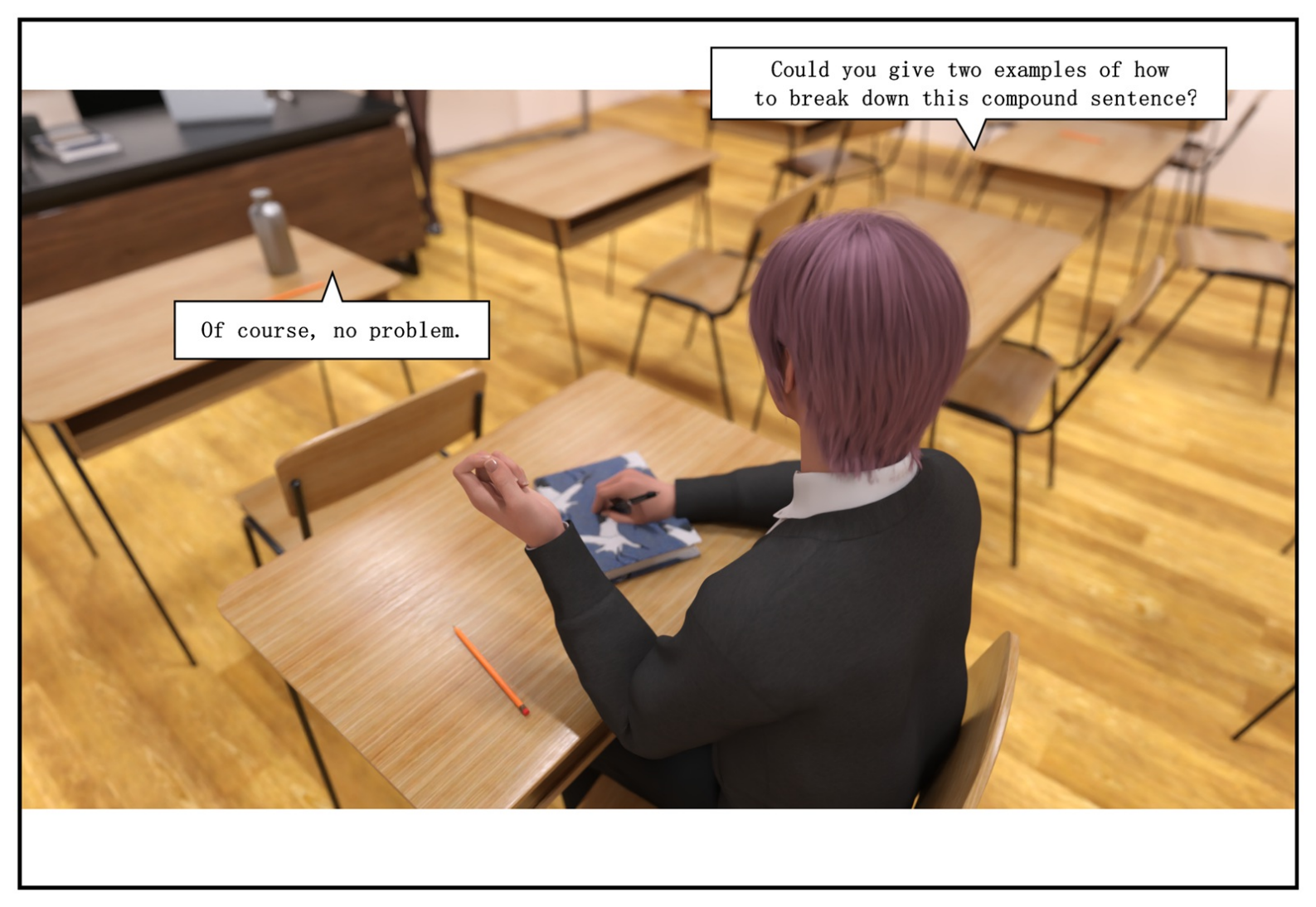
...And that's why the answer to question five is C. Does anyone have any other questions? If not, then...

Seeing Miss Zhao raise her hand made my heart skip a beat.



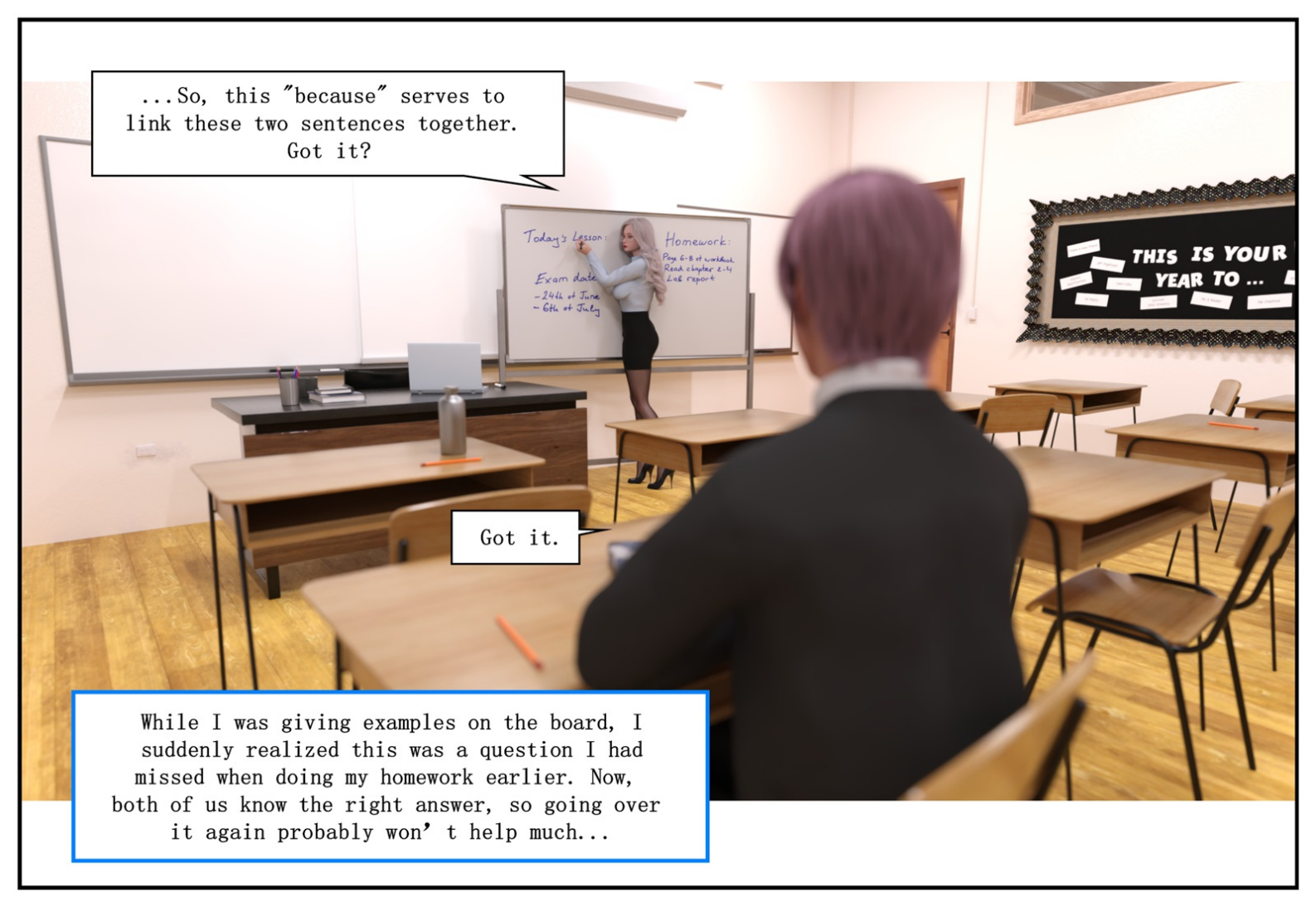
Xiaoxu, is there something
you didn' t understand?

If she keeps asking questions
like this, the lesson's pace is
going to slow down...

A 3D-rendered character with short, straight purple hair is shown from a high-angle, rear perspective. They are sitting at a light-colored wooden desk in a classroom. The character is wearing a dark grey or black sweater over a white collared shirt. They are holding a black pen in their right hand and writing in a blue notebook with white star patterns. An orange pencil lies on the desk in front of them. The classroom has several other similar desks and chairs arranged in rows. In the background, there is a dark wooden desk with a silver water bottle and some papers. The floor is made of light-colored wood. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image: one on the left and one on the top right.

Could you give two examples of how to break down this compound sentence?

Of course, no problem.

A classroom scene from a first-person perspective. A female teacher with long blonde hair, wearing a light blue top and black skirt, stands at a whiteboard. The whiteboard has two sections: 'Today's Lesson' and 'Homework'. 'Today's Lesson' lists 'Exam date - 24th of June' and '- 6th of July'. 'Homework' lists 'Page 6-8 of workbook', 'Read chapter 2-4', and 'Lab report'. To the right, a black bulletin board with a decorative border says 'THIS IS YOUR YEAR TO ...' with several small white cards pinned to it. In the foreground, the back of a student's head and shoulders is visible, sitting at a wooden desk. A speech bubble from the student says 'Got it.'

...So, this "because" serves to link these two sentences together. Got it?

Got it.

While I was giving examples on the board, I suddenly realized this was a question I had missed when doing my homework earlier. Now, both of us know the right answer, so going over it again probably won't help much...

Alright, class is over. The homework for tonight is on the board.

Today's Lesson

Exam dates
24th of June
- 6th of July

Homework:

#1pg 2-8 of worksheet
& Read chapter 2-4
& Lab report





Lesson:

dates

June

July

Goodbye, Miss Zhao.

Goodbye.

THIS YEAR



By the end of class, I felt completely exhausted.

Forgive me for nitpicking a little...



Lesson:

Homework:

- * Page 6-8 of workbook
- * Read chapter 2-4
- * Lab report

Hmm?

Miss Zhao (Xiaoxu), I took two pages of notes on the small issues with your lesson.

Two pages?! Was I really that bad?



I glanced at her notes. Most of them were small issues about tone, body language, and how I called on students by name.



Today's Lesson:

Exam dates

- 24th of June
- 6th of July

Homework:

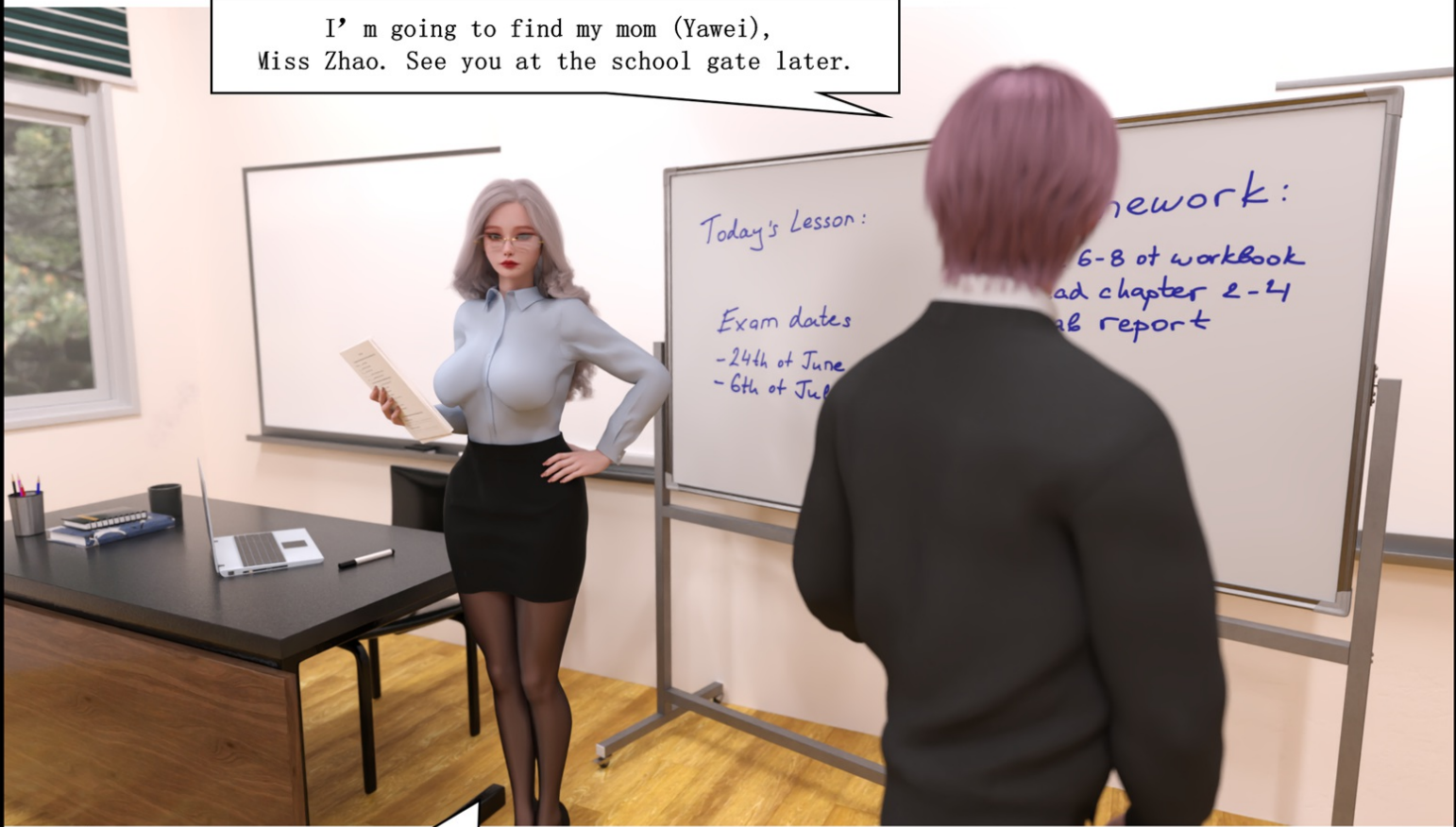
- 6-8 of worksheet
- chapter 2-4 report

Not at all. You did really well, but there's still a bit of a gap between "good" and "perfect."

Thanks, I'll keep those in mind.




I'm going to find my mom (Yawei),
Miss Zhao. See you at the school gate later.



Okay. I'll just grab the graded
papers from the office and meet you there.


I grabbed the unfinished papers and met my mom and Miss Zhao at the school gate. We drove home together.





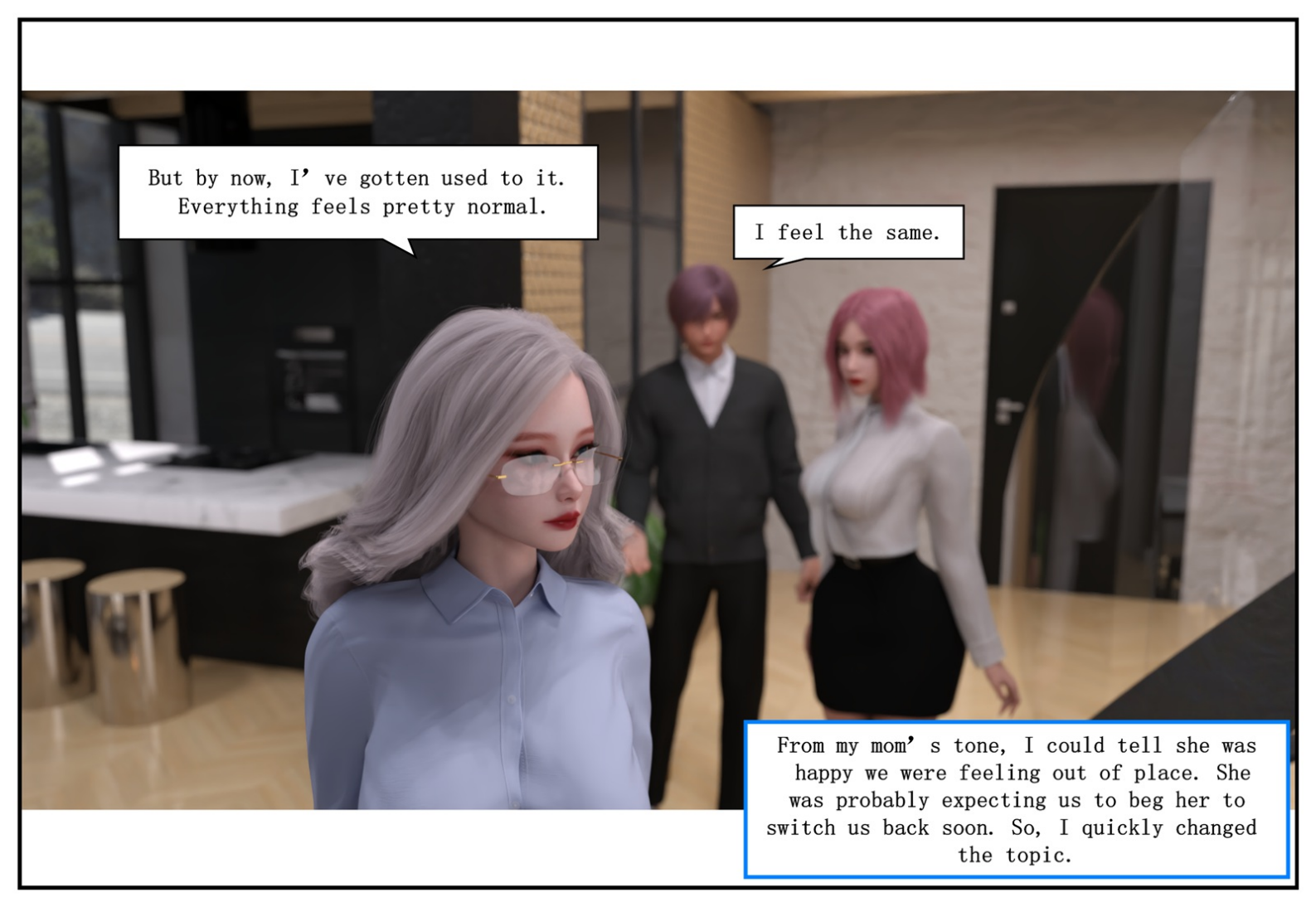
So, was it as fun as you expected?

Becoming a teacher and going to school was strange enough... but becoming a female teacher? Even stranger.



I agree, it felt really unusual...

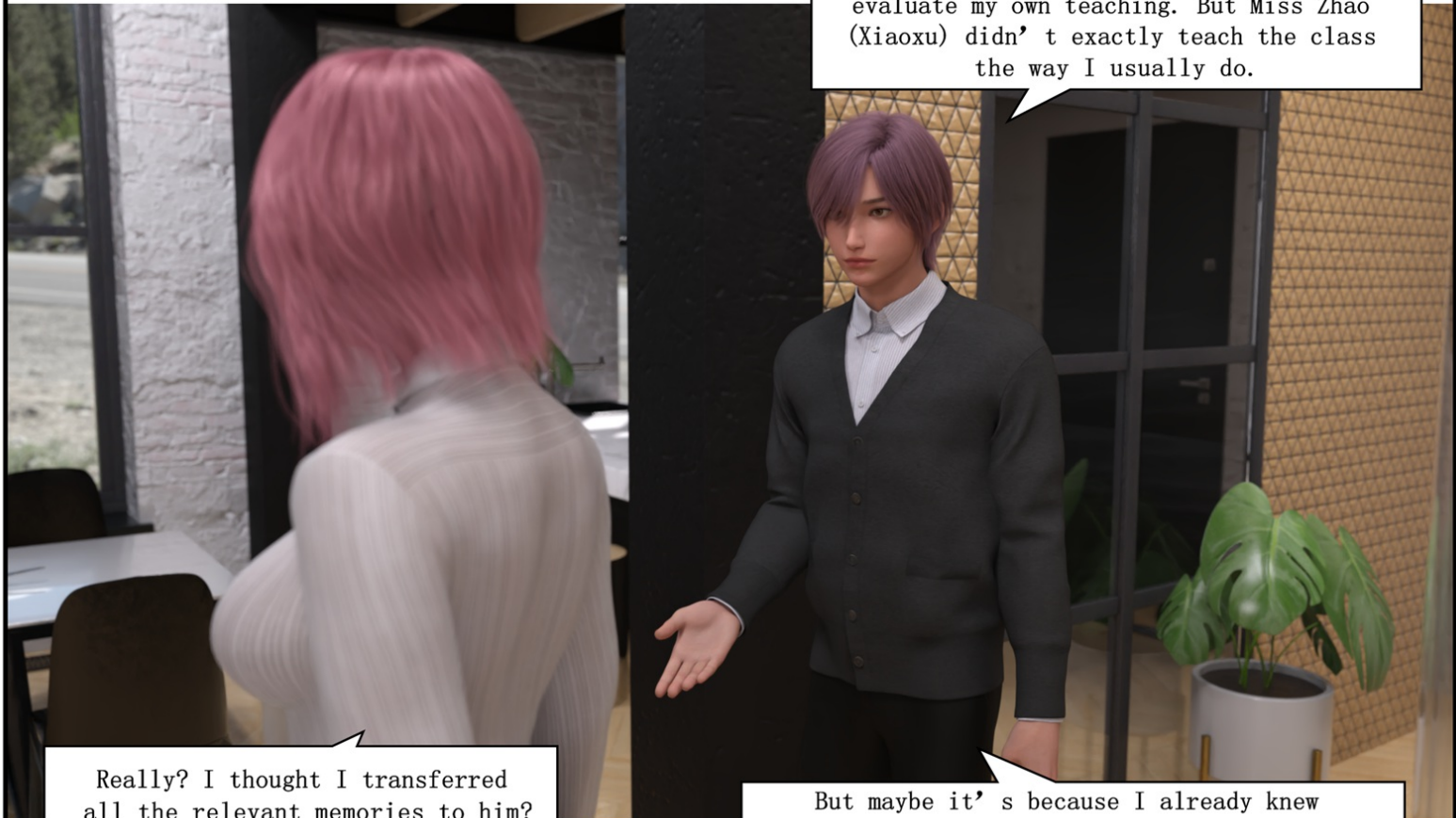
Hahaha, that's how it should be! If it felt normal, it wouldn't be any fun, right?



But by now, I' ve gotten used to it.
Everything feels pretty normal.

I feel the same.


From my mom' s tone, I could tell she was happy we were feeling out of place. She was probably expecting us to beg her to switch us back soon. So, I quickly changed the topic.



Still, in the morning, I was excited to evaluate my own teaching. But Miss Zhao (Xiaoxu) didn't exactly teach the class the way I usually do.

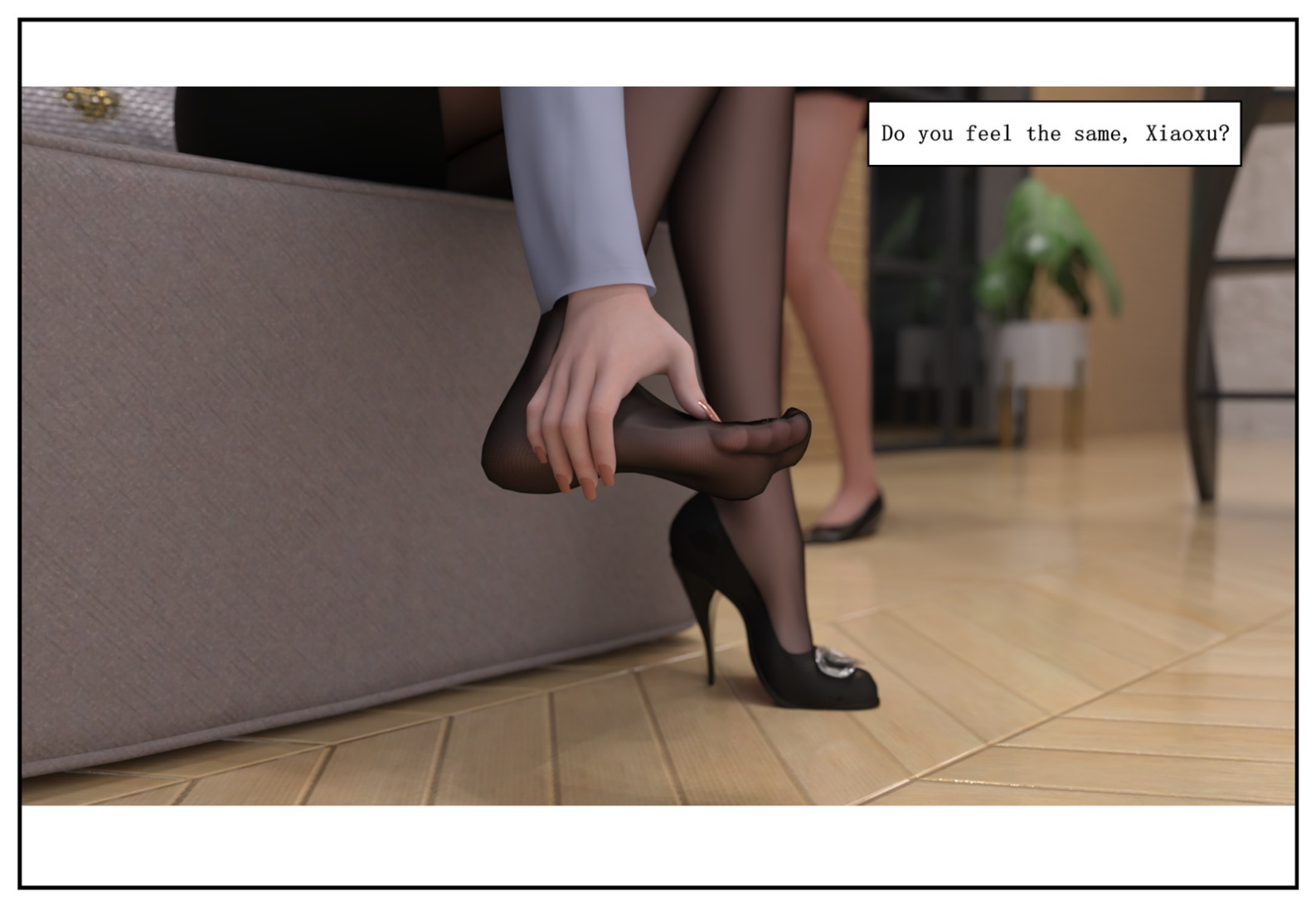
Really? I thought I transferred all the relevant memories to him?

But maybe it's because I already knew all the answers, so it's hard for me to judge how I'd actually learn as a student.



Ah, I see. I didn' t think about that.


And while being a high school student is fun, I' m still an adult woman. It' s not like I can develop feelings for girls, so the whole youthful romance thing is pretty much out of the question.

A woman in a light blue suit and black high-heeled shoes is sitting on a grey sofa. She is adjusting her right shoe with her hand. In the background, another person's legs in black shoes are visible. A speech bubble in the upper right corner contains the text "Do you feel the same, Xiaoxu?".

Do you feel the same, Xiaoxu?


Xiaoxu!





Huh? Oh, you' re talking to me?
Yeah, I' m definitely not into
guys—I still like girls.

Thanks to the name switch, I wasn' t
sensitive to my new name at all. It
took me a few seconds to realize she
was calling me, not Miss Zhao...




Well, that's strange. So, I guess you want to switch back now, right? If you beg me properly and agree to wash the dishes for two weeks, maybe I'll switch you back.

Here we go again.


Not yet. Being an adult woman is a bit weird, but seeing how everyone treats me as a teacher is a fresh perspective. Grading papers wasn't as fun as I imagined, but getting a firsthand experience of what it's like to be a teacher was quite meaningful. All thanks to having Miss Zhao's English knowledge. Though, I'm not quite at her level of teaching yet.



A 3D rendered woman with long, wavy pink hair and green eyes. She is wearing a white, vertically ribbed, long-sleeved button-down shirt. She has a neutral expression and is looking slightly to the right. Her right hand is raised near her chest. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a staircase on the right and a textured wall on the left.


Uh... I' m... glad you think that way.

Great. From the look on her face,
I knew I' d won again.




What about you, Fengming?

Me? I already said—I found today pretty interesting.



Plus, I think when the time comes,
you' ll switch us back on your own.


Nice move, Miss Zhao, using reverse
psychology like that.

A 3D rendered woman with short, wavy pink hair and red lipstick. She is wearing a white, ribbed, long-sleeved button-down shirt and black pants. She is holding a black video game controller with colorful buttons in her right hand. She is standing in a modern interior with a wooden floor, a black door, and a staircase with a dark railing. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

Haha, I' m not going to do that. But since you both want to continue, we still need to fix a few issues that Fengming pointed out earlier.

Huh? I didn' t mention any issues...





Hey, what are you doing?!

I' m talking about the
real Zhao Fengming...

As my mom pressed the remote again,
a strange surge of electricity went through
my brain. But this time, I felt like I lost
something.



Mom (Yawei), what... what did you do now...




I copied Xiaoxu's sexual orientation and his preferences for women into your mind. Now, you can live like a regular boy.

I also removed the English knowledge and teaching skills from your memory, so you can better experience your own class from a student's perspective.


Mom (Yawei)!






Why did you delete even my
classroom memories, Yawei (Mom)?

I tried recalling, but I can't remember my
English lessons anymore, only my memories
of teaching as Miss Zhao.



Wait, why don't I even have my own high school memories? I only remember being Xiaoxu in class!

I thought that since you wanted to re-learn as a high school student, it'd be best to fully rely on Xiaoxu's experience and not let your old memories interfere.




Alright then, Xiaoxu, do you want me to change your sexual orientation so that you like men?

No! Don' t, that would be way too weird.

Relax, haha, I wouldn' t do something like that to my son.


But you did it to me!

Uh, well, she' s technically your son now, right?



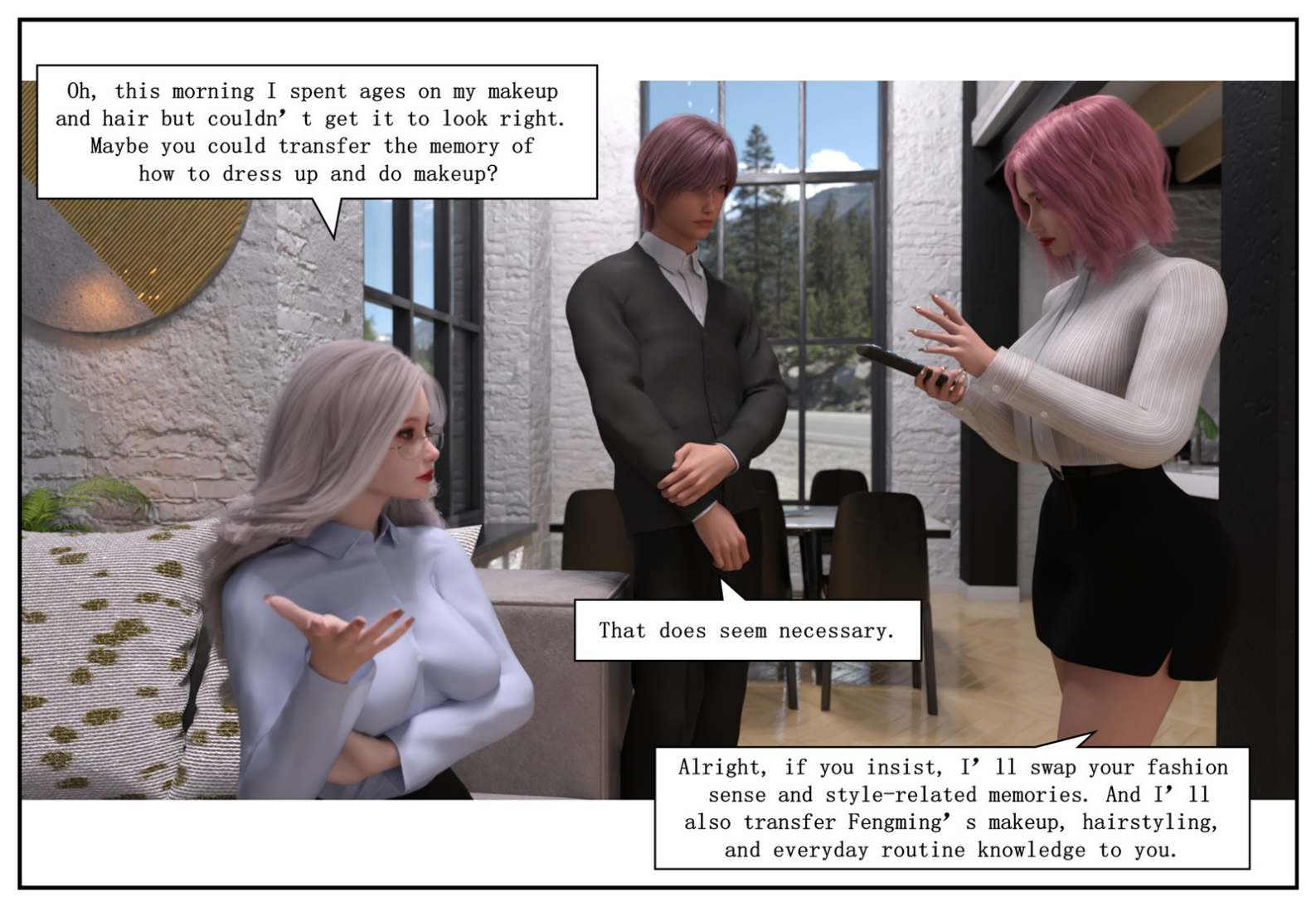
Alright, Fengming, don' t act like you' ve never experienced this before. I remember a few times when we got drunk and...

Enough! Mom (Yawei), stop talking!



Xiaoxu, is there anything else
you need help with?

Hmm, let me think.



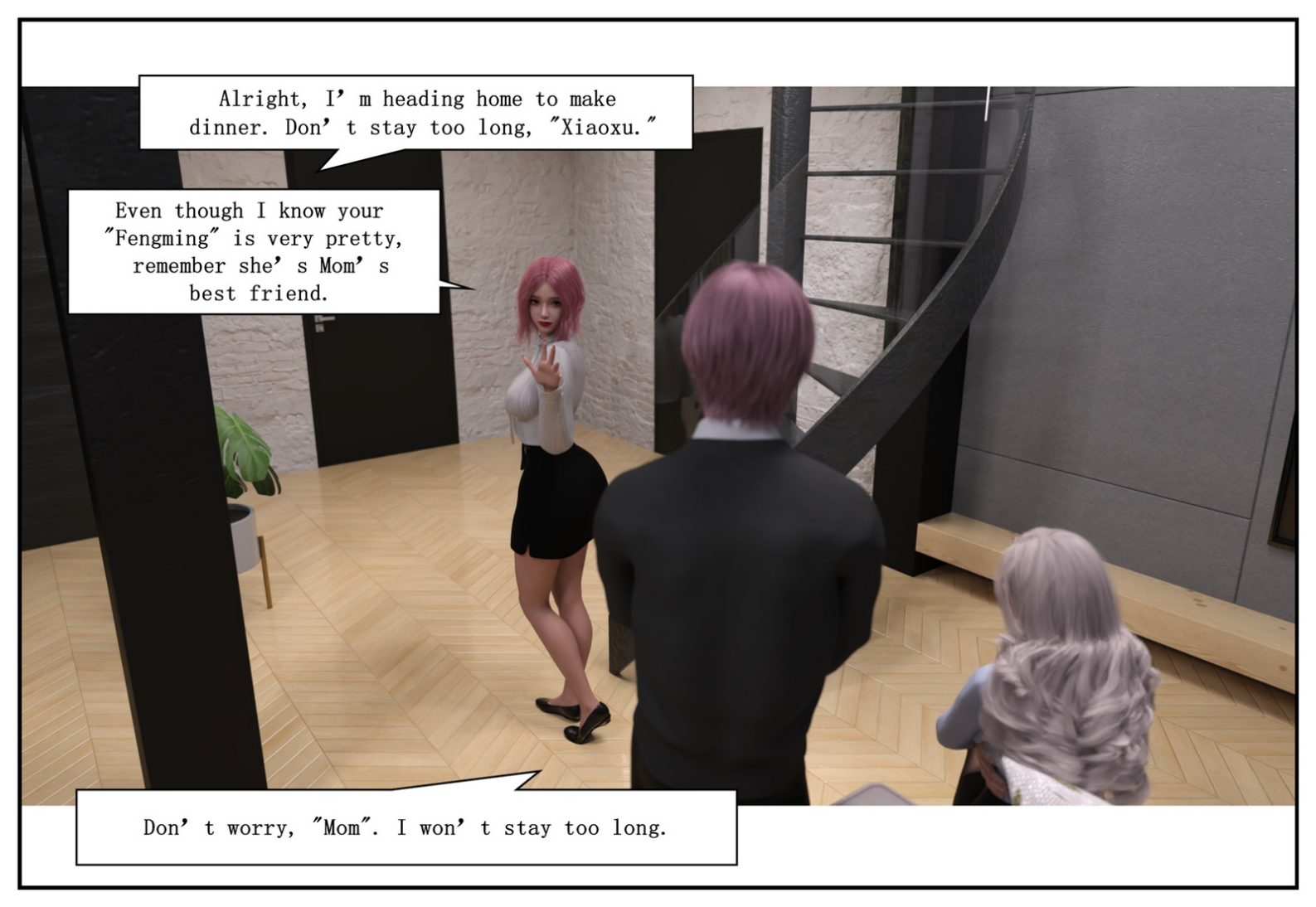
Oh, this morning I spent ages on my makeup and hair but couldn't get it to look right. Maybe you could transfer the memory of how to dress up and do makeup?

That does seem necessary.

Alright, if you insist, I'll swap your fashion sense and style-related memories. And I'll also transfer Fengming's makeup, hairstyling, and everyday routine knowledge to you.




Once I got the makeup-related memories, I immediately realized what I did wrong this morning, and why my bra had felt weird all day.



Alright, I' m heading home to make dinner. Don' t stay too long, "Xiaoxu."

Even though I know your "Fengming" is very pretty, remember she' s Mom' s best friend.

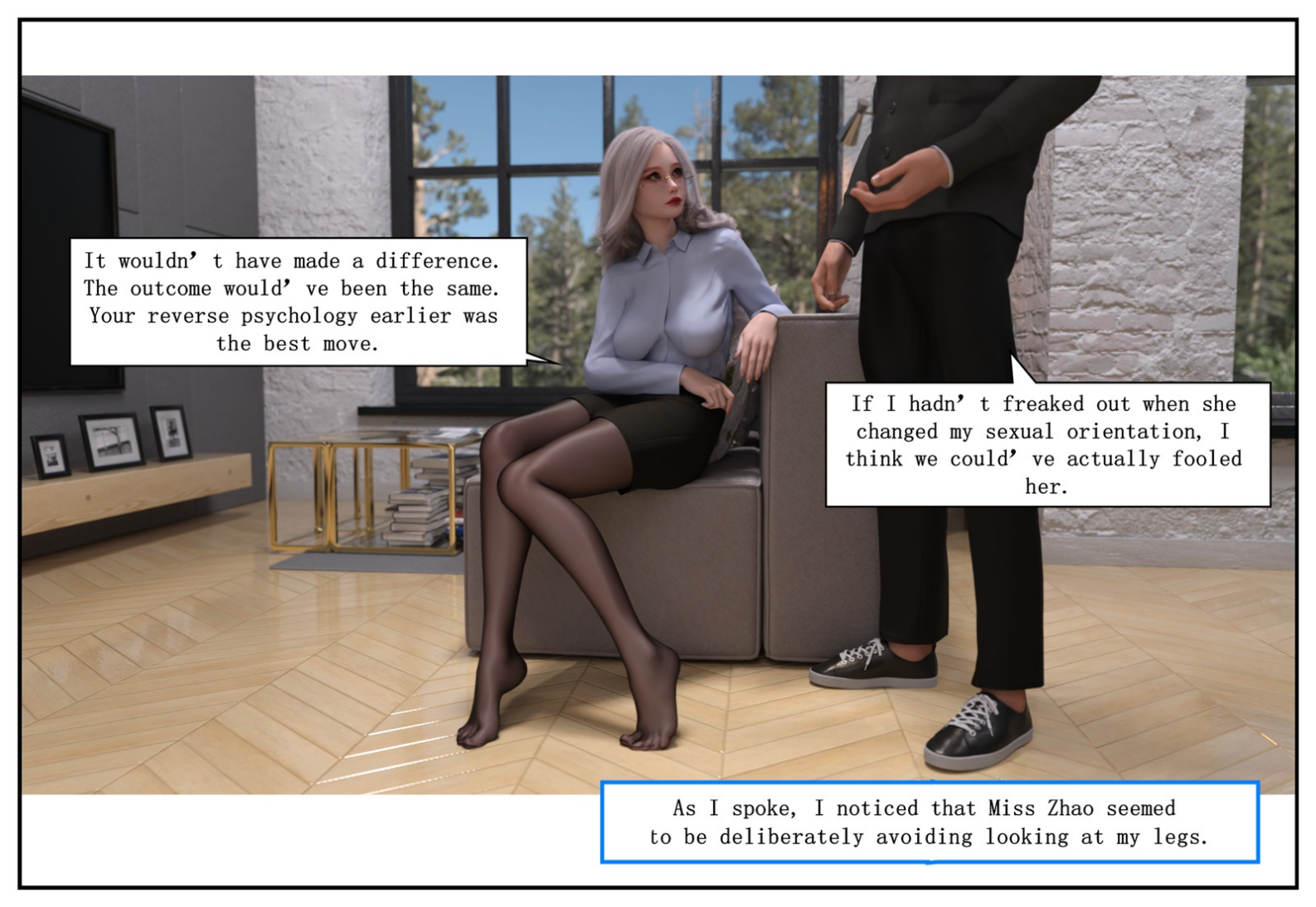
Don' t worry, "Mom". I won' t stay too long.



This is getting more and more confusing.

Tell me about it... But we almost had her crack just now.


Yeah, it's been a long time since I've seen her come that close to giving in.



It wouldn't have made a difference.
The outcome would've been the same.
Your reverse psychology earlier was
the best move.


If I hadn't freaked out when she
changed my sexual orientation, I
think we could've actually fooled
her.

As I spoke, I noticed that Miss Zhao seemed
to be deliberately avoiding looking at my legs.




Uh, I suddenly feel this strange attraction towards you. No matter how hard I try to suppress it, it keeps subtly pulling at me.

Do you usually feel this way, Miss Zhao (Xiaoxu)?



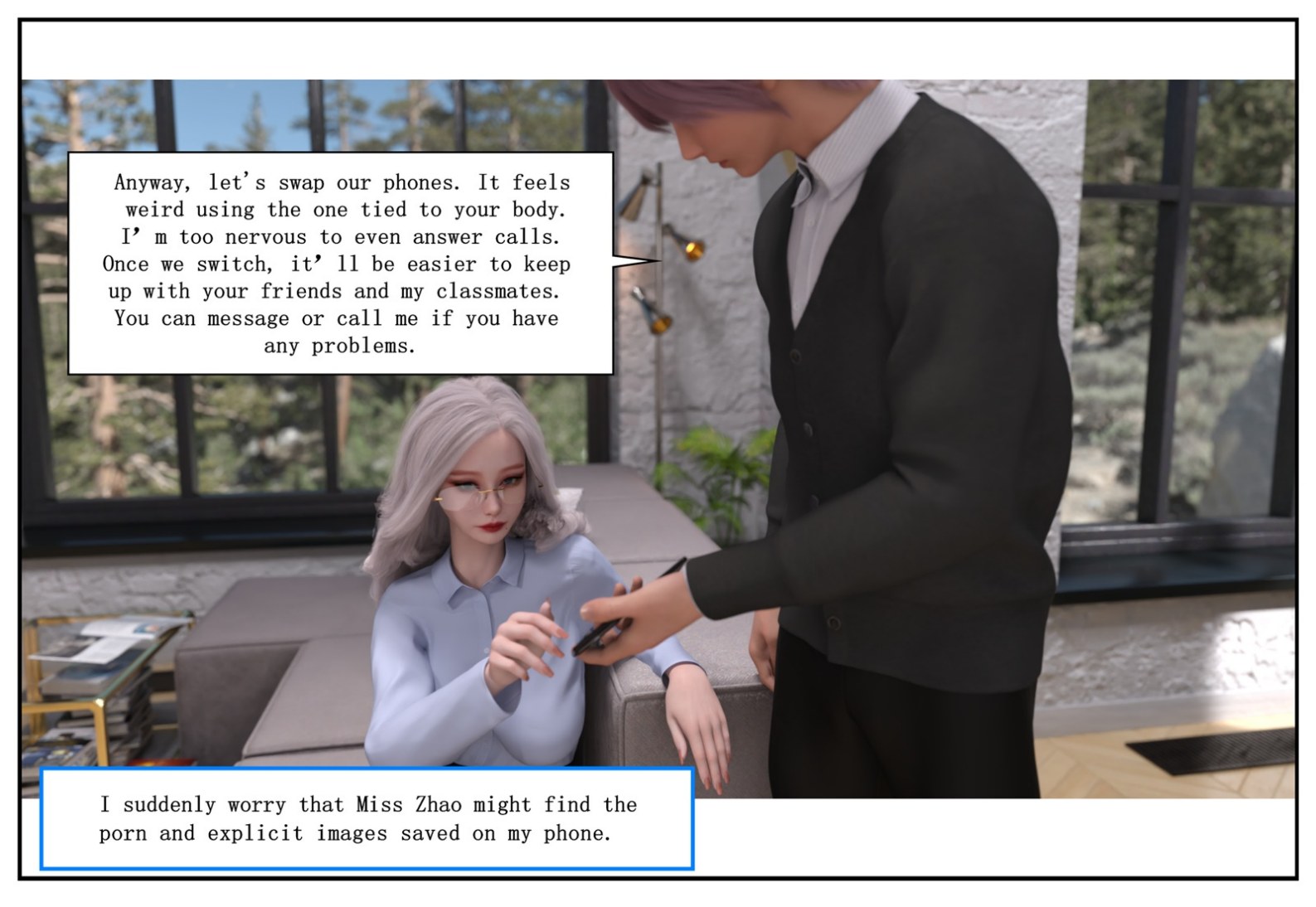
Haha, yes, but over time, you' ll either learn to ignore it or, well, handle the feeling physically.

Uh... I... hope it won' t come to that.




So, what do we do next? Are we really going to last the whole week like this?

Even if we don't actually want to last a week, a month, or even a year, as long as I act like I'm enjoying it, Mom (Yawei) might cave sooner. If we want to win, we need to be ready for a long game.



Anyway, let's swap our phones. It feels weird using the one tied to your body. I'm too nervous to even answer calls. Once we switch, it'll be easier to keep up with your friends and my classmates. You can message or call me if you have any problems.

I suddenly worry that Miss Zhao might find the porn and explicit images saved on my phone.



...It can be unlocked directly
with face recognition and
fingerprints, so that'll work.



I should head home to have dinner with Mom (Yawei). There should still be plenty of food in the fridge. If you really don't want salad, just use the phone to order takeout. Don't worry about the money.

The salad is fine, really.

Alright, I' m off. Bye, Miss Zhao (Xiaoxu).

Bye, Xiaoxu (Miss Zhao).

After Miss Zhao left, the room was quiet, and I was alone again.



I glanced down at the phone, and the screen lit up with a selfie of Miss Zhao as the wallpaper. Enhanced with a beauty filter, she looked even younger in the photo. Even though an entire day had passed, I still couldn't quite believe that the woman in the photo was now me.



After quickly eating some salad, I took a shower and put on one of Miss Zhao' s home outfits. Then I pulled out the assignments I had brought home from school and started grading them.



Grading papers came naturally to me now. The only odd part was when I got to my own paper.

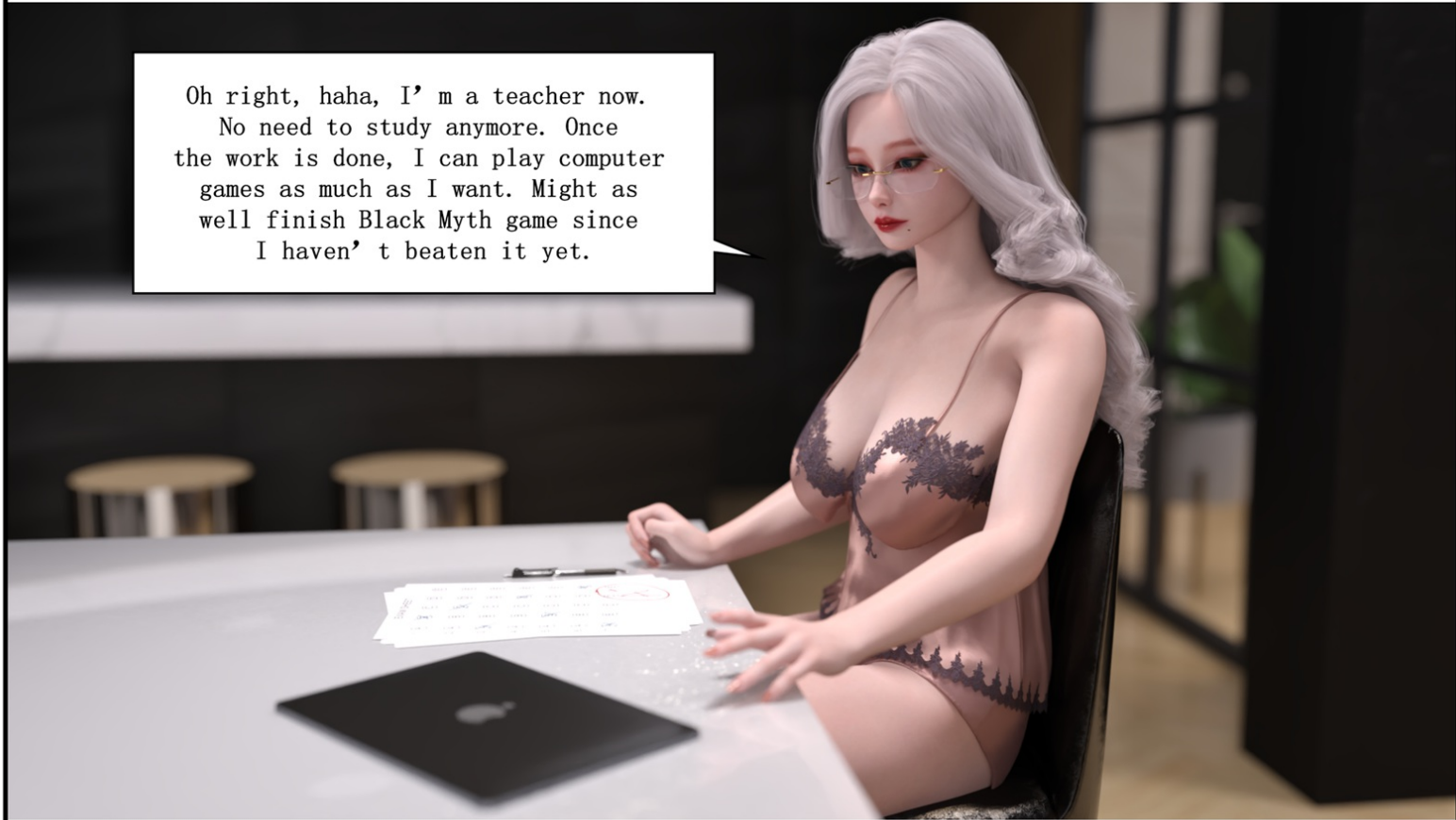
No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't remember completing it. I knew I had done it and recognized my handwriting, but reviewing it now felt no different from grading any other student's work.



Alright, finally done. Now, what should I do?

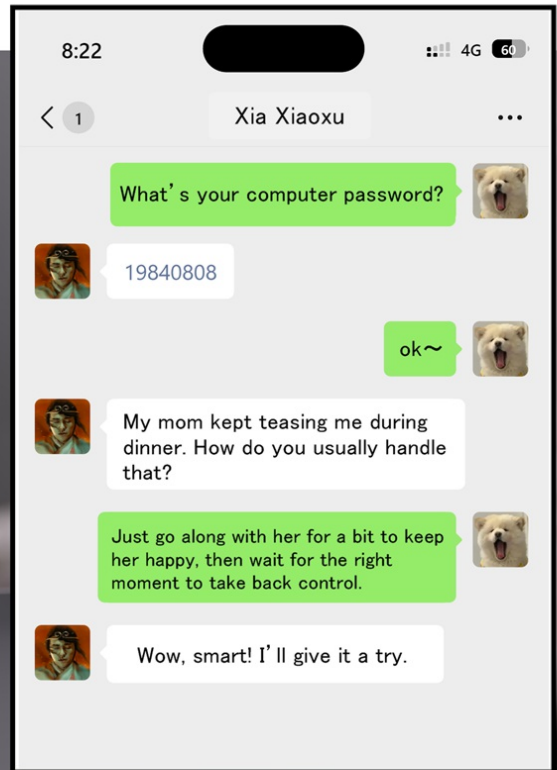


Oh right, haha, I' m a teacher now.
No need to study anymore. Once
the work is done, I can play computer
games as much as I want. Might as
well finish Black Myth game since
I haven' t beaten it yet.



This computer probably can't run that, though.
Oh well, I'll just download something lighter to
play. Uh, what's the password again...?





Once the game started, I got completely absorbed. By the time I snapped out of it, I realized I had stayed up half an hour past Miss Zhao' s usual bedtime.



So, I shut down the computer, headed upstairs to the bedroom, and got ready for bed. I planned to wake up early tomorrow since, with Miss Zhao's memories of makeup and dressing, I could properly get ready and pick out a fresh outfit.



.To Be Continued.