

BECOMING STACY: PART 2

A two part gender-bender story by JohnManTD

Chapter 4

I woke up with something in my mouth.

I spit it out, gagging, and sat bolt upright in bed. It was hair. A long, dark strand of it. My heart hammered against my ribs. I wasn't with anyone. I never brought anyone home since the witch. I scrambled out of bed and into the bathroom, flicking on the light with a trembling hand.

The person in the mirror had my eyes, but their hair was a fucking disaster. It wasn't my short, practical brown haircut. It was a wild, tangled mane of raven-black silk that cascaded past my shoulders. It was a woman's hair. Thick, glossy, and undeniably mine.

My brain, sputtering to life, supplied the memory. Last night. I couldn't sleep. I'd been scrolling through Instagram, a mindless, stupid habit. And a post from Stephanie from my Econ class had popped up. A selfie, her long dark hair artfully arranged over one shoulder. And my dick-brain, my traitorous, unstoppable dick-brain, had taken over. All I could think about was the party six months ago, hooking up with her in the back room of some other frat's shithole house. I remembered the feeling of that hair, grabbing a handful of that silky shit while she bobbed on my cock, her mouth hot and wet. I couldn't help it. I was a guy. A red-blooded American male.

Or was I?

I stared at myself for a long time, my knuckles white on the edge of the sink, taking in the whole, horrifying picture. The mismatched pieces had finally started to form a coherent, and terrifying, image. The long hair framed a face that was now undeniably feminine. The full breasts, which I could swear were now pushing a E-cup even though I swore the growing at stopped, sat atop a torso that was still broad and masculine. My arms and shoulders were still Stan Wheeler's, thick with the muscle from years of lifting and tennis. But from the waist down, I was all girl. The huge, round ass. The shapely, powerful thighs and delicate calves.

I looked like some kind of Amazonian goddess who never, ever skipped arm day and had

never worked her legs outside of her ass. I was a freak. A hybrid. But there was no denying it anymore. Hiding under a hoodie wasn't going to work. Anyone who looked at me for more than two seconds would see a girl. I couldn't fight it anymore.

The witch's words echoed in my head. It'll stop affecting you when you've learned your lesson.

A new idea began to form. Maybe this was the lesson. Maybe fighting it was the problem. Maybe I needed to embrace being a woman. Live it. Maybe that would satisfy whatever cosmic justice she had unleashed on me. Then, once the lesson was learned, it would all wear off. I'd be me again just like the Witch said.

I dug out the clothes I'd bought online in a fit of despair but hadn't had the courage to wear outside my room. A pair of black leggings, and a simple gray t-shirt. My dick felt weirdly prominent under the thin fabric of the leggings, but fuck it. No more hiding.

I took a deep breath and walked out into the living room, where Chad and Kyle were, as usual, playing video games on the couch. They both looked up when I walked in. Their jaws dropped.

"Holy shit," Chad breathed, his controller falling into his lap.

"Okay, guys," I said, my new voice steady and clear. "From now on, you can call me Stacy. And this," I gestured to my body, "is just who I am for a while. So you can either get used to it or fuck off."

Kyle just blinked, but Chad's familiar, lopsided grin quickly returned. "Damn, Stacy," he said, his eyes raking over me, lingering on my new hair. "I gotta say, long hair really works for you. Super hot."

I rolled my eyes. Of course, that's where his mind went. But I didn't let it get to me. This was part of the lesson. I just gave him a thin smile and walked into the kitchen, the feeling of their eyes on my ass burning into my back.

My first day on campus as Stacy was a revelation. The stares were more intense now that I wasn't hiding, but without the hoodie, without the shame, I felt... lighter. I walked with my head held high, my new hair bouncing on my broad shoulders. I was playing a part. I could do this.

At lunch, I was sitting alone, picking at a salad, when a girl from my history class approached my table. Her name was Jessica. She was cute, with a spray of freckles across her nose and bright, intelligent eyes.

"Hey," she said, offering a small, friendly smile. "I've never seen you here before. Is this seat taken?"

My heart did a little flutter. Normalcy. A normal, human interaction. "No, it's free," I said, my own smile feeling less fake than it had all morning.

She sat down, and we started talking. About the class, about the shitty food, about finals. It was easy. It was nice. For a few minutes, I forgot about the curse, about Stan, about everything. I was just making a friend.

But the old wiring in my brain was buried deep. As she talked, gesturing with her hands, I couldn't help but notice things. Her body was incredible, but in a totally different way than the girls I used to go for. She was petite, with a tiny, slim waist and narrow, delicate shoulders. Her arms were slender and feminine, with no masculine bulk. She was built like a ballerina.

God, she's so perfectly small. I bet I could just pick her up and toss her around. So tight and tiny...

I squeezed my eyes shut. No. Stop.

But it was too late. I felt the familiar, warm tingle start in my torso. I had done it again. In the middle of the first real, positive human connection I'd had in months, my dick-brain had taken over and ruined it.

But this time, I didn't panic. I just sighed, a quiet, internal resignation. I subtly excused myself from the table, promising to see her in class, and walked as calmly as I could to the nearest bathroom.

The change was quick, almost efficient. I watched in the mirror as the last of my masculine frame melted away. My shoulders narrowed, pulling in and losing their width. My arms slimmed down, the lingering bicep definition softening into a slender, toned look. My entire ribcage seemed to shrink, cinching my waist in even further. When it was done, my proportions were almost cartoonish. A huge chest and ass on the delicate frame of a much smaller woman. A perfect hourglass.

Later that day, back in the safety of my room, I inspected the results. I stripped down in front of the full-length mirror, turning this way and that. The transformation was almost complete. I was a full woman. A bona fide bombshell. From my hair to my face to my impossibly perfect figure... I looked like a ten. A hard ten.

Except for one, glaring, unavoidable detail.

My dick.

It was still there, nestled between my new, thick, womanly thighs. It looked ridiculous. Alien. A complete contradiction to the rest of the flawless female form I was inhabiting.

A wave of frustration washed over me. What kind of lesson am I meant to fucking learn?? I'm embracing being a woman, I spent a whole day acting like a goddamn fucking chick. How much more of this! If the lesson expected me to stop thinking of women sexually, then it was dreaming. I can't help being attracted to women?!

Defeated, I lay down on my bed, pulling on a pair of silk boxers that felt strange against my hairless legs. I picked up my phone, seeking a distraction. I started scrolling through old pictures, through the digital ghost of my life as Stan Wheeler remembering what life used to be like. God I miss my abs. My biceps. Feeling strong and masculine. Being tall.

Then I got to the folder of my ex-girlfriend, Sarah. I paused, a lump forming in my throat. I swiped through pictures of us, remembering what it felt like to be the man in the relationship. And then I stumbled onto a hidden folder, one I had forgotten was even on this phone. A folder simply labeled 'S.'

My thumb hesitated over it, then pressed.

It was her nudes. Dozens of them. My heart started to beat faster. I forgot I never deleted these. I scrolled through them, my eyes drinking in her body. Then I stopped on one. A close-up. An artistic shot we'd taken, with careful lighting. She was lying on her back, her legs slightly parted, a single drop of wetness glistening on her perfect, pink folds.

I couldn't help it. I stared.

God, these nudes are hot, I thought, the familiar haze of lust clouding my judgment. She had such a nice pussy. A perfect, neat little slit. Look how tight and pink it is. I bet she was so wet right then...

A sensation, entirely new and utterly terrifying, shot through my groin.

It wasn't the warm tingle of growth. It was a sharp, pulling ache. A feeling of profound shrinking, of drawing inward, of a fundamental rewriting of my own anatomy.

I dropped my phone, a strangled cry escaping my lips. I knew. Oh god, I knew. This was it.

I scrambled off the bed and tore off my boxers, my hands shaking uncontrollably. I looked down.

Everything that had defined me as a man, the last, stubborn remnant of Stan Wheeler, was retracting. Vanishing. It was like watching a time-lapse video of a flower closing, but in reverse, and a million times more horrifying. The flesh was pulling inward, folding, reforming, creating something new in its place.

When the sensation stopped, I was left panting, my body slick with a cold sweat. I slowly, hesitantly, reached a hand down. My fingers, which a moment ago would have found something familiar, now found nothing but soft, smooth skin, and a new, unfamiliar shape. A delicate slit, hidden between soft folds of flesh.

I stumbled back to the mirror and forced myself to look at my reflection between my legs. It was perfect. Flawless. I was, from head to toe, inside and out, a woman.

I didn't scream. I didn't cry. The panic was gone, replaced by a deep, soul-crushing certainty. The fight was over. I had lost. I stood there for a long time, just staring at the strange, beautiful, terrifying woman in the mirror. My body felt alien, a costume I could never take off. And yet... it was my body now. It still had needs.

As the shock began to recede, it was replaced by a slow-burning curiosity and a deep, lonely ache. A need for some kind of release, some way to process the cataclysm that had just occurred.

I crawled into bed, the sheets feeling impossibly soft against my new, wholly sensitive skin. I lay on my back, my mind a chaotic storm. Slowly, I let my hand drift downward. Not to my breasts this time, but lower.

My fingers brushed against the soft curls of hair that I hadn't had an hour ago. My breath hitched. I let my hand explore, tracing the new shapes, the new geography. It was like exploring a new continent. When my fingers found the wet, sensitive entrance to my new

body, a jolt of pure electricity shot through me, a thousand times more intense than when I had first touched my nipples. I gasped, my back arching.

I didn't know what I was doing. I was operating on pure instinct, chasing a pleasure that was both completely alien and deeply, primally familiar. My fingers slipped inside, and the sensation of my own tight, wet heat made me cry out, a high, breathy moan that didn't sound like it could have come from me. My exploration found a small, hard nub hidden at the top, and when I brushed against it, my whole world went white for a second. Holy shit.

The feeling built with an incredible, terrifying speed. It was a focused, intense heat that coiled in my pelvis, sending shockwaves through my entire system. My hips moved on their own, a desperate, rocking motion against my own hand, grinding that tiny button of pure pleasure.

The orgasm was a supernova. It ripped through me with a violence that was both terrifying and ecstatic. My body convulsed, a scream of pure, unadulterated pleasure tearing from my throat. Waves of ecstasy crashed over me, one after another, my own slick juices coating my fingers, my inner walls clenching and unclenching around them, each pulse more powerful than the last, until I finally collapsed back onto the mattress, boneless, twitching, and utterly undone.

I lay there for an eternity, slick with sweat, my mind a blank slate.

It was, without a doubt, the most powerful, most shattering, most complete orgasm of my entire life.

Chapter 5

The world came back into focus slowly, one ragged breath at a time. I was sprawled on my bed, tangled in sheets that were damp with sweat. My body felt like a live wire, every nerve ending humming with the aftershocks of a pleasure so intense it had bordered on pain. The phantom echo of the orgasm still pulsed deep inside me, a warm, liquid reminder of what had just happened.

I lay there for what felt like an hour, maybe more, just existing in the quiet, terrifying aftermath. My hand, moving with a will of its own, drifted down between my legs. It was real.

The smooth skin, the soft folds, the damp, slick heat. It was all real. My body, the one I had been born in, was now just a ghost, a memory. This new form was my reality.

Eventually, the need to pee became an undeniable, urgent press against my bladder. A mundane biological function that was suddenly a terrifying new frontier. I swung my legs over the side of the bed, my movements clumsy. My center of gravity felt different again, more settled, more solid. I walked to the bathroom, each step a conscious effort.

I didn't turn on the light. I couldn't bear to see my reflection again, not yet. I sat down on the toilet, a motion that was still foreign, and fumbled in the dark for the toilet paper. The whole process was a lesson in humility, a strange and intimate re-learning of the most basic human functions. When I was done, I stood up and, out of a lifetime of habit, almost turned to the urinal that wasn't there. A dry, humorless laugh escaped my lips.

The sun was starting to filter through my blinds, casting stripes of gray light across the room. A new day. I had to face it. More than that, I had to stick to the plan. My disastrous, backfiring plan. I had told myself I would embrace this, that I would live this life to prove I'd learned the lesson. The fact that my plan had been the final trigger, the thing that pushed me over the edge into permanence, was a bitter pill to swallow. But what other choice did I have? To curl up and die? No. I had to see this through. I had to project confidence, even if I felt like a hollowed-out shell.

I showered, the water tracing new and unfamiliar paths over my body. I got dressed, choosing a pair of tight jeans this time, and a soft, form-fitting sweater. If I was going to be Stacy, I was going to be Stacy. No more hiding.

When I walked out of my room, Chad was in the hallway, heading for the stairs. He stopped dead when he saw me, his eyes doing a slow, deliberate sweep from my long hair all the way down to my heeled ankle boots, and back up again.

"Jesus Christ, Stacy," he said, his voice a low whistle. "You clean up nice." He took a step closer, his eyes lingering on my chest. "Something's different. Did you get a new bra or something? You're looking extra... spectacular today."

I felt my cheeks flush, a mixture of shame and anger. He was staring at my breasts like they were a buffet. "Just a new sweater, Chad," I said, my voice colder than I intended.

"Right, right," he grinned, not believing me for a second. He leaned against the wall,

blocking my path. "So, I was thinking. There's that formal coming up next month. You're probably going to need a date. And since, you know, we're so close..." He let the sentence hang in the air, his gaze heavy with implication.

This was his play. Using our old friendship, the ghost of Stan, as a tool to get into my pants. The thought was so repulsive it made my stomach clench.

"I don't think so," I said, trying to sidestep him.

He moved with me, blocking me again. "C'mon, don't be like that," he wheedled, his voice dropping into that fake-sincere tone he used on girls at the bar. "We could have a great time. It'd be just like old times, but, you know... better." He winked.

"Chad, get out of my way," I said, my voice sharp.

His smile faltered, replaced by a flash of annoyance. "Fine. Be a bitch about it," he muttered, finally stepping aside. "Don't know who you think you are all of a sudden."

I pushed past him and hurried down the stairs, his words echoing in my ears. I knew exactly who I was. I was his old friend, trapped in the body of a woman he now saw as nothing more than a potential conquest.

The day on campus was a brutal escalation. With my body now perfectly, flawlessly female, the male attention intensified from a background hum to a deafening roar. Before, I was a curiosity, a girl with a strange, powerful build. Now, I was a bombshell, and men treated me accordingly. Leers were longer and more blatant. Guys would watch me walk, their eyes glued to my ass, and they wouldn't even try to hide it. A guy in my philosophy lecture "accidentally" dropped his pen, and when he bent to pick it up, he tried to look up my skirt. I had to slam my knees together, my heart pounding with a mix of fear and fury.

It was a constant, low-grade assault, a thousand tiny aggressions that left me feeling exposed and raw by midday.

The one bright spot was seeing Jessica again at lunch. She waved me over to her table, her smile genuine and welcoming.

"Hey! I was hoping I'd see you," she said as I sat down.

"Me too," I admitted, and it was the truest thing I'd said all day.

We talked for an hour, and for that hour, I felt like a person again. She complained about her roommate, I complained about my... roommates. She told me about the guy she had a crush on, and I listened, offering advice that felt strangely natural coming out of my mouth. At one point, she leaned in and lowered her voice.

"Okay, I have to ask, and I'm sorry if this is weird," she said, "but your boobs are incredible. Are they real?"

The question, which would have felt predatory and gross coming from a guy, felt completely different coming from her. It was just... curiosity. Female solidarity.

I laughed, a real, genuine laugh. "Yeah," I said. "They're real."

"God, you're so lucky," she sighed. "Mine are practically non-existent. The things I would do for a little bit of cleavage."

We spent the next ten minutes comparing the pros and cons of different body types, a conversation that would have been completely alien to me a few months ago, but now felt as normal as breathing. She gave me the name of a store that sold cute bras for girls with a "fuller cup." It was a moment of connection so simple and profound it almost made me want to cry. And the craziest part, I didn't once fantasize about her body. Sure, she had a nice rack, but I didn't view it with some intense sexualization, objectifying her. I saw it as a part of a whole human just like me. I saw them the way I saw my own breasts.

That evening, the contrast between my day's experiences hit me with the force of a physical blow. I was back at the frat house, trying to make a sandwich in the kitchen, while three of my "brothers" sat at the table, ostensibly watching TV, but I could feel their eyes on me every time I bent over to get something from the fridge. They were talking amongst themselves, their voices low, but I caught snippets. "...imagine the backshots..." "...bet they're sensitive..."

I felt like a piece of meat on display in my own home. I grabbed my sandwich and fled back to my room, locking the door behind me.

I sat on my bed, the sandwich forgotten on my nightstand. I thought about Chad in the hallway, his fake charm and entitled anger. I thought about the guy trying to look up my skirt. I thought about the guys in the kitchen, talking about my body like I wasn't even there.

Then I thought about Jessica, her easy smile, our shared conversation, the simple camaraderie.

That's when it finally, truly clicked. The last piece of the puzzle fell into place, not on my body, but in my mind.

The curse wasn't about my body. The physical changes were just the delivery system. The lesson wasn't about "embracing womanhood." That was just my own stupid, arrogant interpretation.

The lesson was about this. All of this. The leering, the entitlement, the harassment, the fear. The constant, grinding reality of being seen as an object first and a person second. The witch hadn't turned me into a woman to teach me what it was like to be a woman. She had turned me into a woman to teach me what it was like to be treated like one by men like me.

The horrifying truth of it washed over me, cold and absolute. That was the lesson. I understood it in my bones, in a way I never could have otherwise. I was living the consequence of my own past behavior, a karma so direct and brutal it was almost poetic.

I looked at my reflection in the dark screen of my laptop. A beautiful woman stared back, and a new feeling began to smolder in the pit of my stomach, pushing aside the despair. It was anger. A deep, burning rage. At the witch for doing this to me. At Chad, and Kyle, and every other guy who was making my life a living hell. And at myself, at the arrogant, misogynistic asshole I am... or I was.

But if this was the lesson, then shouldn't I be changing back? Shouldn't the curse been wearing off? Maybe one interaction where I don't sexualize a woman isn't enough. The Witch had been too vague. I need to fire her. The rage inside me burned brighter. I get it now, I learned my lesson. Now I need to find the Witch so I could learn just when this curse would wear off.

Chapter 6

Finding the witch was my singular obsession. I knew it was a long shot. She was a ghost, a phantom from a party no one else seemed to remember correctly. But she was real, and she was somewhere. She had to be.

I started by methodically retracing my steps. There was one person at the party who mentioned they recalled seeing her at a coffee shop on campus. So I became a regular there. I'd sit there for hours, nursing a single latte, my eyes scanning every person who walked in the door. I learned the baristas' names. They learned my order. But the witch never appeared.

My search became more active. I started treating it like a hunt. Where would a person like that go? What would she do? I started visiting the weird, off-campus bookstores, the ones that smelled of incense and old paper. I went to a local Wiccan supply shop, feeling completely out of place as I browsed shelves of crystals and tarot cards, hoping to see a familiar face. I even started going to the farmers' market, thinking maybe she was the type to buy organic kale. Nothing.

Meanwhile, life at the Sigma Chi house was becoming unbearable. Now that I was no longer hiding my body, my brothers seemed to view it as a public commodity. The unwanted touching began. It was always couched as an accident. A hand brushing my ass as someone squeezed past me in the crowded hallway. Fingers lingering on my waist for a second too long when they were trying to get my attention.

Chad was the worst. He seemed to take my rejection of him as a personal challenge. He'd find any excuse to be near me, to touch me. One evening, I was doing dishes, and he came up behind me, ostensibly to put a glass in the sink. He pressed up against my back, his whole body flush against mine, and lingered there. I could feel his breath on my neck.

"You smell good, Stacy," he murmured, his voice low and suggestive.

I froze, my hands submerged in the soapy water. A primal fear, cold and sharp, shot through me. I was alone in the kitchen with him. He was bigger, stronger. The same strength I used to pride myself on was now a threat.

"Back off, Chad," I said, my voice tight.

He laughed, a low, guttural sound. "Relax," he said, his hand coming to rest on my hip. "Just being friendly."

I spun around, putting the sink between us, my heart hammering against my ribs. "That's not friendly," I snapped. "That's harassment. Leave me the fuck alone."

The smile dropped from his face. "Whatever, psycho," he sneered, turning and walking

away. But I could see the look in his eyes. He wasn't giving up. He was just getting started.

I started spending as little time in the house as possible. The library became my sanctuary. And with the library came more time with Jessica. Our friendship deepened from casual lunch chats into something real. We started studying together, quizzing each other on historical dates and economic theories. She was smart, funny, and, most importantly, she treated me like a person.

One afternoon, we were tucked into a corner of the library, surrounded by stacks of books. I was complaining about how my brothers never did their dishes.

"Ugh, tell me about it," she said, rolling her eyes. "Boys are the worst. My brother is a complete slob. You're lucky you don't have to share a bathroom with him."

"Yeah, lucky," I muttered, the irony thick in my voice.

"You know," she said, her expression turning serious. "You never talk about your life before you transferred here. Where did you come from?"

The question caught me off guard. I had been feeding her a vague, flimsy backstory about transferring from a small liberal arts college, a story that would crumble under the slightest scrutiny.

"It's... complicated," I said, looking down at my textbook.

"Okay," she said, sensing my discomfort and immediately backing off. "Sorry. None of my business."

"No, it's okay," I said quickly, not wanting to push her away. The truth was, I was desperate to tell someone. The secret was a physical weight on my chest, heavier than the breasts that had started this whole mess. But how could I? 'Hey, Jessica, fun fact, up until a few months ago I was a guy named Stan, but I was a misogynistic prick so a witch cursed me.' She'd think I was insane.

As the days bled into weeks, a new, insidious feeling began to take root alongside the anger: a strange, disorienting sense of acceptance. Not of my situation, but of my body. It was a matter of simple logistics. I was learning its rhythms. I knew what clothes flattered my new figure. I had mastered the art of walking in heels. I had even, with Jessica's help, figured out how to use a tampon, a horrifying and deeply humbling experience.

The line between Stan and Stacy was blurring. Sometimes I would catch my reflection in a shop window and for a split second, I wouldn't feel that jolt of shock. I would just see... me. Stacy. My memories were Stan's, but my daily experiences, the way the world interacted with me, the way I moved, the way I felt... were all Stacy's.

This internal confusion was brought to a head one night, alone in my room. I was feeling that familiar, lonely ache, the need for physical release. But this time, it was different. It wasn't just a need for an orgasm. It was a need to feel good in a body that was so often a source of fear and anxiety.

I stripped off my clothes and lay on my bed. I didn't rush. I rediscovered my own body, not with the frantic, shocked curiosity of the first times, but with a slow, deliberate tenderness. I learned the exact pressure that made the skin on my inner thighs tingle, the way my breath hitched when I traced a finger along my hip bone.

I was in control. This one small corner of my life was mine. The pleasure I could give myself was a secret rebellion against the world that sought to claim my body as its own. When the orgasm came, it wasn't the violent, shattering explosion of the first time. It was a deep, cresting wave of warmth and release that left me feeling boneless and, for the first time, truly at peace in my own skin.

Lying in the quiet aftermath, a startling thought surfaced. Stan would have found this whole experience... the self-touch, the tenderness, the focus on full-body pleasure... weird. Foreign. But for Stacy, it felt... right. Natural.

The thought was terrifying. How much of Stan was even left?

Chapter 7

The rage that had propelled me forward for weeks eventually burned itself out, leaving behind a hollow, aching exhaustion. The search for the witch had gone cold. My life had settled into a miserable, monotonous routine: wake up in a body that wasn't mine, endure the gauntlet of leers and unwanted advances on campus and at home, find solace in my friendship with Jessica, and collapse into bed, dreading the next day. The hope of my "embrace it" plan was a bitter memory. The changes were permanent; I knew that in my gut. Stan was gone, and Stacy was here to stay.

Then, one Tuesday morning, something shifted. I was getting dressed, pulling on a pair of jeans, when I paused. It was a simple, mundane act, but a thought surfaced, unbidden. When was the last time I'd felt that tell-tale tingle? That warm, invasive pressure of a body part inflating or reshaping itself?

I started counting backward. The last change had been my bubble lips, when I imagined that girl's mouth around my cock. Or... wait. No. It was when I saw the girl with the huge rack and prominent nipples and imagined my old dick sliding between them, giving me these massive G-Cups. When was that? I think it was three weeks ago. Twenty-one days.

For three solid weeks, I hadn't had a single, curse-induced alteration.

My heart started to beat faster, a frantic, thudding rhythm against my ribs. The witch's words, the ones I had clung to and then discarded, came rushing back.

It'll stop affecting you when you've learned your lesson.

Had I? Had I learned it? I thought about the constant, low-grade fear I felt walking alone at night. I thought about the revulsion that churned in my stomach when Chad looked at my chest. I thought about the fact that I couldn't even look at a woman's body anymore without a feeling of camaraderie and shared struggle, rather than lust. I hadn't sexualized a single trait on a woman in weeks, because the thought of it, the memory of what it cost me, made me feel physically ill.

Oh my god. I had learned the lesson.

A tidal wave of pure, unadulterated hope crashed over me, so powerful it almost brought me to my knees. This was it. I had passed the test. The curse was dormant. All I had to do was find her, show her I'd changed, and she would give me my life back. The permanence I had resigned myself to was just the final stage of the trial.

The search was back on, but this time it wasn't fueled by rage. It was fueled by a desperate, giddy optimism. I had a purpose again. I had a future to fight for.

The breakthrough came that Friday. Jessica dragged me to a party at another frat house, insisting I needed to get out more. The party was a typical shitshow, but I endured it with a secret smile. Soon, I'd be at parties like this as Stan again. As I stood in a corner nursing a drink, I overheard a conversation between two girls.

"...and then she just looked at my palm and told me my boyfriend was cheating on me," one of them said. "And she was right! The girl is a legit witch."

My blood ran cold. "Who?" I interrupted, stepping forward. "Who told you that?"

The girl looked at me, startled. "Oh, um, this girl, Felicity. She's in my Intro to Mythology class."

"Felicity," I repeated, the name like a prayer on my lips. "Dark hair, kind of goth?"

"Yeah, that's her," the girl said with a shrug. "Always wears this weird silver moon necklace."

That was it. That had to be her. I felt a surge of adrenaline so powerful it made me dizzy. I got her last name from the girl, thanked her profusely, and left the party, my mind racing.

The next afternoon, I found her. I'd looked up her class schedule and waited outside the arts and humanities building. At two-fifteen, she walked out, alone, a book bag slung over her shoulder. It was her. The same dark hair, the same intense eyes. My heart leaped into my throat. This was it. The end of my nightmare.

I walked toward her, my hands shaking. She saw me coming, her expression unreadable.

I stopped in front of her, my carefully rehearsed angry speeches forgotten, replaced by a raw, desperate plea. "You," I breathed. "Please. We have to talk."

Felicity gave me a small, knowing smile. "I've been expecting you," she said calmly.

"Change me back," I blurted out, the words tumbling over each other. "Please. I get it. I learned my lesson. I swear to God, I get it." My voice broke, and tears I couldn't stop began to well in my eyes.

"I hate it," I choked out. "I hate how men look at me, how they talk to me, how they think they can just touch me. I understand now. I was an asshole. I'm sorry. Please, just change me back."

She listened patiently, her head tilted slightly. When I was finished, she took a slow sip of the coffee she was holding, her gaze thoughtful.

"When was your last... alteration?" she asked, her voice casual.

The question was a lifeline. "Three weeks ago," I said immediately, my voice filled with hopeful urgency. "It stopped. I haven't had a single change in three weeks."

"So, you've stopped sexualizing women?" she probed, her dark eyes glinting. "You don't see them as objects for your gratification anymore?"

"Yes! God, yes!" I cried, the tears now streaming down my face. "I can't. When I look at a woman now, all I see is an ally, another person just trying to get through the day without some asshole..." I trailed off, the irony of my own words hitting me. "I get it," I finished quietly. "I finally get it."

Felicity nodded, a thoughtful look on her face. "Well then," she said cheerfully. "Problem solved."

I stared at her, my mind struggling to process her words. "What? No, problem not solved!" I said, gesturing frantically at my own body. "I'm still... like this!"

She raised an eyebrow, as if I were a particularly slow student. "I said the curse would stop affecting you when you've learned your lesson," she explained, her voice patient. "You just told me you haven't had a change in three weeks. That tells me you've learned. So, it has stopped affecting you. See? Problem solved."

The blood drained from my face. A cold, heavy dread began to pool in my stomach, extinguishing the warm glow of hope. "Wait..." I whispered, my voice trembling. "You... you said it would wear off."

Felicity laughed, a light, tinkling sound that made my skin crawl. "No, darling," she said, her smile turning pitying. "I never said that. I said it would stop affecting you. The changes? Oh, they're quite permanent, and the curse is still very much active, but it can't affect you if you don't sexualize any woman now can it?" She looked me up and down. "Think of it as my little contribution to the world. One less misogynistic asshole."

The world tilted on its axis. My hope, which had burned so brightly just moments before, was snuffed out, leaving behind an absolute, crushing darkness. This was it. This was my life. Forever. The fight drained out of me completely, and I slumped against the brick wall of the building, my legs unable to support me.

"This can't be," I whispered to the concrete. "This can't be my life."

Felicity leaned in, her smirk softening just a little into something almost... encouraging. "Lighten up," she said, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. "Being a woman is fun. Some might say even more fun than being a guy."

She reached out and gave my new, long hair a playful tug. "You just have to learn how to play the game from this side of the board."

She winked, then turned and walked away without a backward glance, her coffee cup in hand, leaving me to crumble.

I slid down the wall until I was sitting on the ground, oblivious to the students passing by. I was alone with my new body, my new life, and the bewildering, terrifying, and strangely hollow prospect of a future I never, ever asked for. The lesson was over. And the sentence was life.

"Stacy!" I heard my name called from behind me. It was Jessica. She approached me. "Stacy, there you are. I have this guy I want to introduce you to. He's not like the others, he's really nice". A guy? She helped me up, and I followed her, unsure what else to do.

Stan was gone. Stacy was here. And I had a lot to learn.

BECOMING STACY



JOHN MANTD

A Two-Part Gender-Bender Story