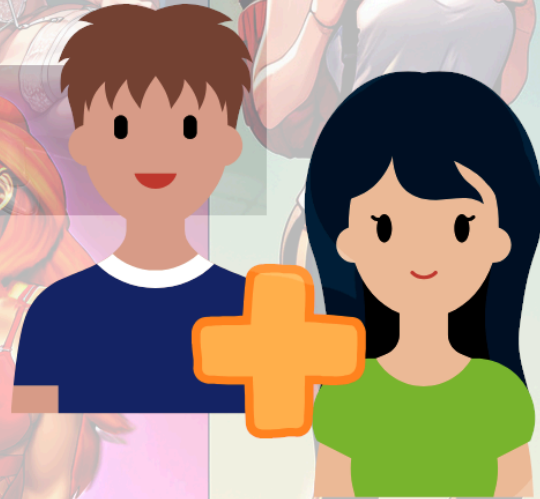
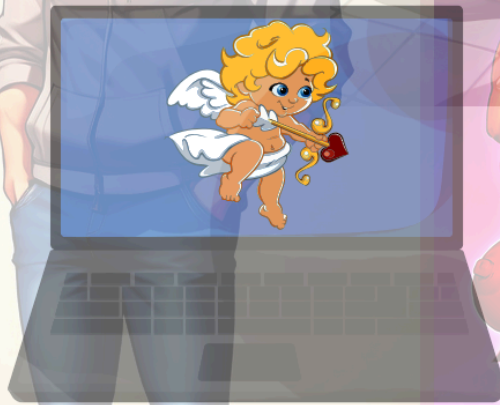


GRAPHIC DESIGN



IS MY PASSION!

A Story by The Ethical Hypnotist

Chapter 1: The Loaner

The worst thing to go into a computer is water.
The worst thing to come out of a computer is smoke.

Jesse Farmer swore as he bumped the glass, then swore again as the sparks and smoke shot up from the keyboard of his laptop. The lights went out, breaker tripped, and he swore a third time as he smashed his toe against the desk in the dark.

He took a moment to calm himself before proceeding, breathing deep. Then he turned on his phone light and assessed the damage. The laptop was completely screwed - the screen had cracked and several of the keys were blackened. He unplugged it then moved to the kitchen to reset the breaker. The appliances all beeped, demanding their clocks be reset.

"Great, wonderful, perfect," Jesse muttered to himself. "It's 8:30, my computer is ruined, the flyer project is due in the morning..." He checked his phone. "...and the cloud upload is twenty hours old."

"So I'm utterly fucked. Got it." He grabbed a Red Bull from the fridge - it was going to be a long night.

He took a picture of the damage and emailed his professor. Jesse wasn't hopeful - Doctor McKnight was a hardass, but maybe she would take pity this time.

"Yeah, and maybe I'll get a cute girlfriend tomorrow. If I'm praying for miracles, I should aim big."

Time to look for realistic solutions. If Jesse could somehow recover his files from the hard drive, he could pull an all-nighter in the design lab. He brought Google Maps and searched for "computer repair." The odds of a place being open this late were microscopic but maybe...

The first entry that came up was "Dotty's All-Night Computer Repair," and it was only a few blocks away! "That *can't* be right. There's a vape store at that..." He shook his head - no, he could remember it clearly now, a small storefront in the strip mall. He packed up the sad remains of his laptop and got moving.

—

"Were you using this laptop in the shower?" Dotty gave him a friendly smirk, but Jesse wasn't really listening. This woman prodding at his ruined computer was the most attractive person he'd ever seen in his life. Tall, leggy, outrageously curvy, olive skin, long black hair tied up in a bun, she had apparently been sewn into her skin tight polo shirt and khakis. Her red-rimmed glasses made her smoky eyes pop, and perfectly matched her ruby lips.

Jesse leaned against the counter, trying to hide his throbbing erection. “No ma’am, I just spilled my water,” he stammered.

She put a hand on his arm, and he shivered with pleasure. “That was a joke, Mr Farmer. Don’t worry, I’ll set you up.”

“You can fix it!?” Jesse was shocked out of his reverie for a moment, but Dotty shook her head. “No, this computer is bound for the Fields of Elysium. But I can loan you something of mine for a while. What are you studying?”

“Advertising, Ma’am. I’m trying to get into art direction - I know it’s a meme, but graphic design is my passion.”

“I like a man with passion.” Dotty stared into Jesse’s eyes for a moment, and he felt weirdly nervous - judged. Dotty nodded. “Ok, graphic design, We can work with that.” She turned to the shelving unit, and pulled a slim red laptop from a charging cradle.

“This one is a little test bed of mine - top of the line with some special upgrades of my own. It can do anything you’ll need for your projects and then some.”

Jesse opened the lid and the screen instantly snapped to life, the keyboard backlit in pink. He poked at the touchpad, started navigating the start menu. “Is this some kind of Linux machine? I don’t recognize any of the software here...”

“Something like that.” Dotty tapped on the keys, and a logo popped on screen.

GRAND DESIGN v1.0

“This is all you’ll need. If you can imagine it, Grand Design can help you create it.”

Dotty spent a minute walking Jesse through the basics. He was impressed - it really was a complete design suite, and the polish could give Adobe a run for their money. He opened up a new file and started poking around. Before long, a little cartoon cherub appeared on screen.

::Looks like you’re starting a brochure! Let’s make it the best it can be!::

“What’s this? Some kind of clippy thing? How do I disable it?” Jesse started opening menus, looking for the settings.

“No, not an assistant. Something of the opposite, in fact. Grand Design is not just a tool, it’s a trainer. Our little friend here won’t settle for sloppy work. It will challenge you, push your skills to their limits, stoke the fires of your passions.”

“That’s cool I suppose - I could probably use a kick in the ass. Is it some kind of AI thing?”

Dotty's expression was cryptic. "Some kind of intelligence, certainly. It's built into the core of the program - it can't be disabled."

"Well, as long as I can get my project done tonight..." Jesse looked forlornly at his ruined laptop. "Any chance you can recover my hard drive? I'm screwed if I can't get my most recent files."

"No, I'm afraid your computer is beyond help." Dotty looked up into Jesse's eyes, and he felt nailed to the spot, *pressed*. She was looking *into* him, not *at* him. "But I promise, you'll complete everything you desire, provided you trust in your passions and your skills. Strive, Mr Farmer. Strive."

Jesse took a long time to answer. He felt like he was coming out of a thick fog. "...What do I owe you?"

"Nothing yet. We'll settle accounts once you're done."

—

::Are you still there?::

Jesse shook his head, trying to clear the cobwebs. He was at his desk, staring at Grand Design on the loaner laptop. The little cherub was flitting around the screen. "I must be more tired than I thought - I don't remember walking home." He grabbed another Red Bull from the fridge and got to work.

Grand Design was amazingly well built software. It seemed tailor made for his workflow. By eleven, he had recreated his mock brochure for Amberfield University. It was perfectly acceptable, professional looking. It would offend no one.

"God, this is dull," Jesse said to the room. But done was done. He went to save and close it.

::I'm sorry, but this is insufficiently creative! I can't save it like this!::

The little cherub wagged a finger in reproach. Two buttons appeared on screen - 'Retry' and 'Offer Suggestion.'

"What!? Insufficiently creative? What does that even mean? How do I cater to the taste of an AI?" Jesse hit Retry, and jazzed it up a little - chose more dynamic fonts, did some work adding a sense of depth to the text, picked stock photos with more action. It was better, he had to admit. He hit save again.

::I'm sorry, but this is insufficiently creative! I can't save it like this!::

"Oh come on!" Jesse went at it again - he moved the pictures around, tightened up the copy, really amped up the saturation on the colors. Again, he had to admit it was better - this brochure popped, this was portfolio material.

::Ooh, so close! Let's try something different to shake loose that creativity!::

The cursor switched to an hourglass and Jesse crushed his Red Bull can. *"YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!"*

The program froze, hourglass spinning. Jesse tried several different key combinations to close Grand Design, but nothing worked. He angrily pressed down on the power button for a hard reboot - again, nothing. Then the cursor returned and the cherub started to move.

::It looks like you enjoy making sexy transformation hentai! Why don't we use that as inspiration?::

The chair clattered to the floor as Jesse jumped back from the desk. He stared in shock as his comics flashed onto the screen. How did it know? That account was totally separate from his school account! He hadn't logged into that account on this computer at all!

::It looks like your primary theme is "Horny co-eds." We'll start there! I'll give you a prompt.::

The brochure he'd been working on all night disappeared, replaced with a blank page. The page title was "Amberfield School of the Pornographic Arts."

Jesse spent most of an hour trying to recover his brochure, trying every trick he knew to restart Grand Design or just reboot the computer - but the damn cherub thing just sat there in its animation loop, waiting.

Finally he admitted defeat and started furiously typing.

"Amberfield is the world's premiere center of learning for the sexual arts and sciences. Our faculty and student body are dedicated to the advancement of pornography, stripping, and other forms of sex work throughout the world."

::Great start!:: The cherub gave him a tiny thumbs up. ::Now expand and elaborate! How about some bullet points of notable departments and faculty?::

"Just give me back my brochure!" he screamed, which prompted loud pounding from the floor above. The damn cherub just looped at Jesse, taunting. "...Fine. Whatever. Give you some bullet points, you fat angel bastard..."

- The Hawthorne School of Pornography, with bachelor, master and PhD programs in:
 - Pornographic Acting
 - Pornographic Direction
 - Erotic Literature
 - Hentai and Erotic Illustration
 - Adult Game Design
- The Wexler School of the Stripping Arts, with bachelor and master programs in:
 - Stripping
 - Pole Dancing
 - Strip Club Management
 - Strip Club Lighting and Music
- The Finch School of Prostitution, with bachelor programs and industry certification in:
 - Prostitution
 - Pre-Prostitution Law
 - Brothel Management
- The Langston-Penrose Institute of Sexual Sciences, with bachelor, master and PhD programs in:
 - Sexual Chemistry
 - Sexual Medicine
 - Sexual Mathematics
 - Sexual Physics
 - Gender Engineering
- Institute staff includes five Nobel Laureates and two Fields Medalists.
- The Institute holds over 8,500 patents on sexual technologies and medicines.

::Hey, that's great! Creative *and* sexy! Let's see how it looks in your brochure template.::

A few seconds of processing and his brochure reappeared - with all his 'creative and sexy' additions pasted in. It was wildly incongruous contrasted against the professional layout.

::Almost done! Now just add something about yourself!::

"I am gonna chuck this fucking laptop out the window." He quickly added a picture of himself, with the caption 'Jesse Fisher, Double Major - Pornographic Acting and Hentai.'

::That's the spirit! Follow your passions! Uploading now.::

A progress bar appeared and rapidly filled, a wall of instructions whizzing by on a command prompt.

"WaitWhatNo!" Jesse pounded on the keys to stop it, to no effect.

::Job uploaded! Thank you for using Grand Design - Goodbye!::

The screen and keyboard went black. Pressing power only brought up the dead battery icon. “FUUUUUUUUCK!” Jesse balled his fists in frustration - the whole night down the drain playing with this crazy computer! It was almost 2am. Defeated, he got ready for bed.

The morning alarm came far too early. Jesse stumbled out of bed, showered and made some coffee. He stuffed the stupid laptop in his bag, grabbed a breakfast bar, and walked to the bus stop.

Lost in his thoughts of academic doom, it took Jesse almost ten seconds to notice the naked girl that sat down across from him. She was cute, naked, with a sandy blonde pixie cut, naked, idly tapping at her phone, naked.

Jesse dropped his phone and stared, dumbfounded. He looked frantically around the bus, eyes darting. There were three more naked girls and two naked guys among the passengers - backpacks slung over exposed torsos, looking at their phones or reading books.

The naked girl in front of him helpfully and nakedly handed Jesse his phone, before nakedly returning to her own.

Several more naked people boarded the bus along its stops, mixed among the clothed students. A cute naked guy sat next to Jesse, dick flopping onto the seat as he fished through his bag. Jesse worked up his courage and tapped the naked guy on his naked shoulder.

“Excuse me... why are you naked? Why are all these people naked?” Jesse tried to ask the question calmly, politely, like he was asking for the time.

The guy just shrugged. “It’s a nice day.” He found the earbuds in his bag and put them in, conversation over.

Before Jesse could formulate a response, his phone buzzed.

::This is the nursing team at the Institute Student Health Center. Our records indicate that you are not up to date on your STD vaccines and birth control. Please report to the Health Center immediately for your boosters. Remember, all students of the Pornography Department are required to be up to date on vaccines and birth control to attend class.::

Then the bus turned the corner to enter campus, and he saw the welcome sign.

Amberfield School of the Pornographic Arts
Established 1896
Virtus Etiam in Libidine

“Oh fuck me,” he murmured to the universe at large.

Chapter 2 - Hot Doctors and Regular Doctors

Jesse walked down the quad, breathing slowly, trying to act casual. It was proving difficult - fully ten percent of the student body was showing all of their student body. Another ten percent were just in underwear or lingerie - G-strings and bulging thongs as far as the eye could see.

But putting aside all the naked flesh, Jesse was generally disoriented. This version of Amberfield was *much* larger than the old one - the quad was fully three times larger, and for every building he recognized, there were two more that hadn't existed yesterday.

Now Jesse had read a lot of transformation fiction in his life. He understood that running around, shouting about being stuck in a horny fantasy world, was a one way trip to an observation cell. No, he was going to have to act natural, play it cool.

“Ok, step one: find the Health Center.” He asked for directions from a topless girl and headed off. He pulled up his schedule for the day as he walked. His first class was PRN121: Video Pornography Production, 10am Mon/Wed/Fri. That gave him almost two hours to get these vaccinations.

The Institute buildings were on the far end of campus, on their own quad across Mald Street. It was full of shiny modern buildings, all glass and chrome. Jesse walked into the Health Center and queued for his shots. He looked down at his phone, to avoid staring at the amazing ass of the guy in front of him.

“Excuse me, is this the line for vaccination?”

Jesse looked up into the dark eyes of a beautiful Korean girl, dressed in a Taylor Swift t-shirt and workout pants. “Uh... yeah, it is,” he stammered.

“Hey, you're in Porn 121, right?” He nodded.

“Me too!” She stuck out a hand. “I'm Whitney.”

“Jesse, Jesse Fisher.”

They made small talk as the line inched forward. “Yeah, I transferred this semester. My folks wanted me to be a doctor, but my heart wasn't in it.” Whitney shook her head. “Being in porn is my dream, so I sat my parents down and told them ‘It's my life.’ They weren't *super* happy, but we compromised - I'm minoring in Sexual Chemistry. How about you?”

“Um, yeah... pretty similar story for me. I'm double majoring in Porn and Hentai.” He felt super weird saying that out loud, but Whitney's look of delight washed the discomfort away.

“Ooh, I love hentai! Can I see your work?”

Jesse had never met a girl that wanted to see his hentai before! He passed her his phone and she thumbed through the gallery.

“These are so *hot*. You’re really good at drawing O-faces, and your tits are excellent!”

“Thanks - so are yours.” The words were out of his mouth before he realized it. Jesse froze, awaiting swift retribution.

Whitney only blushed and gave him a shy smile. “Don’t tease! I do what I can with what I’ve got, but I’m definitely going to need a boob job if I want to go for my masters. Like they say, Double Ds get degrees!” They continued to chat as the line moved. Whitney laughed at Jesse’s dumb jokes and he felt like a million bucks.

As they neared the front of the line, a buxom blonde in a lab coat handed them a pamphlet, explaining the STD vaccine cocktail they were about to receive. Jesse was unimpressed with the design - it had clearly been made by some Institute staffer in Word. It was all huge blocks of text and built-in clipart. Then he started to read it.

“They found the HIV vaccine in 1989!?”

“Yeah, thank god.” Whitney was thumbing through her copy idly. “My grandma said things were getting bad in the 80s. They had just eradicated syphilis, then wham! - up pops this new disease that’s even worse.”

Jesse pondered this new reality as he and Whitney took their turns. The bored goth girl at the desk presented them with a waiver to sign, acknowledging that the vaccine cocktail could cause dizziness, nausea, and fever. Then there was a second waiver for the birth control - they would be unable to conceive for at least 12 months, possibly as long as 24 months.

The forms signed, they both sat down and got their shots, lab coated hunks and cuties pressing ominous looking guns into each arm. There was a hiss, the clank of impacting metal and a moment of pinching as the needle hit. Then they pointed the guns over a sharps bucket and ejected the spent cartridges. “NEXT!”

Flexing and moving his arms to shake out the pain, Jesse said his goodbyes to Whitney, looking forward to seeing her in class.

“Speaking of class - it’s a workshop day, and I need to take my turn. I had to pass last week because of the shots. Would you mind being my scene partner? I’d really appreciate it...” Whitney gave Jesse a big smile and his knees went weak.

“Of course! That’d be great!” They shook hands and she left to hit the undergrad library, promising to see him at 10. It was only later, wandering the quad, that Jesse wondered what Whitney had meant by ‘scene partner.’

The Hornbill Center for Erotic Arts was a sprawling complex of classrooms, labs and studio spaces, anchored by two massive theaters on either end. Jesse found PRN121 in Studio C, and took a seat along with around fifty other students. The concentration of naked people was much higher here - fully half the students were *au naturel*.

Professor Lovelace entered, clapping her hands for order. “Alright sluts, let’s get this show on the road. First order of business - the TAs will be holding a blowjob workshop next Wednesday at 6pm in the Oral Annex. Given how some of you have been performing, I *strongly* recommend you all attend. Say what you will about graduate students, they can suck a golf ball through a garden hose.”

“Second, we are now in week three of this class. If you aren’t in a production crew yet, you need to go to the portal *today* and find one! We don’t do camshows here - you need polished footage for your reel if you expect to fuck on camera professionally.”

Jesse’s head was spinning. He knew intellectually what majoring in Pornographic Acting meant, but the reality of having sex on camera was suddenly daunting. “Step Two: join a production crew,” he mumbled. He logged into the class portal, along with many other students.

“Let’s move on to some actual learning.” Professor Lovelace tapped at her laptop. “Ok - looks like it’s a makeup scene for Brooks, Hayes and Choi. Ms Choi, you’re all caught up on your shots?”

“Yes Ma’am.” Whitney stood up, along with two guys Jesse didn’t recognize. The group moved to the stage; one guy started pulling video equipment from his bag, while the second moved to a desk filled by a large production console. The lights on stage brightened dramatically, and the camera feed appeared on the projector screen above.

Whitney pulled out a pair of clear stripper heels and a silk robe. Kicking off her sneakers, she disrobed - beneath her athleisure, she was wearing a matching set of high end lingerie - white stockings, garter, crotchless panties and quarter cup bra. She put on the heels and wrapped herself in the robe.

“Is this a solo scene, Ms Choi?”

“No Ma’am - Jesse Fisher is my co-star.” She pointed at him. Fifty pairs of eyes turned to Jesse, pinning him to his seat. “We’re going to do the ‘Pizza Delivery Man’ scene.”

"Put down TikTok and get up here Fisher!" Professor Lovelace snapped twice in annoyance.

Jamming his phone in his pocket, Jesse hustled to the stage. A TA rolled up a false door, while a second emerged from the prop closet with a pizza box and a Domino's hat. Jesse was moved behind the door, where the hat and box were handed off.

"Alright Brooks, you're the director, you have the board. Whenever you're ready."

The guy called Brooks fiddled with the console, then spoke into the microphone. "Ok, Whitney, Jesse - you ready?" Whitney adjusted her tits then gave a thumbs up. Jesse nodded dumbly. "Ben, camera ready?" From the side of the stage, Ben nodded.

"Action!"

Jesse stood stock still behind the door, trying to focus. "I can do this, I can do this..." he repeated. There was a doorbell noise, and the sound of clicking heels. The door opened, and Whitney was staring at him with the most intense bedroom eyes he'd ever seen. She leaned against the doorframe, hips swayed and right hand holding the top of the lintel, showing off her long legs beneath the robe.

He took a deep breath. Showtime. "Are you Ms. Lust? I've got one jumbo, extra sausage."

"For me?" Whitney took the box, cocked an eyebrow at him. "I left my money in my purse. You'd better come inside." She walked to the middle of the stage, ass swaying as she clicked along on her 5" heels. Jesse followed a few steps behind.

She dropped the box on the nearest desk and mimed opening a purse. "Uh oh, it looks like I don't have any cash on me. Perhaps there's some other way I can pay?" She bit her lip.

Jesse swallowed hard. "I can think of something..." He swallowed hard again and unzipped his fly. Whitney licked her lips and walked slowly to him.

She reached into his pants, grabbed his cock and started stroking. "Oooh... Jumbo sausage indeed..." She removed her robe, squatted down and started to undo his belt.

"Cut." The Professor moved to center stage. Whitney stood up, all the lust in her eyes replaced by nervousness. "That was pretty solid for a first try. Whitney, you've got the fuck eyes down, and I liked your hand on the lintel. You need to simplify your language though. We don't say 'perhaps' or 'indeed' in porn. Also, stick your ass out when you put down the pizza. Never miss an opportunity to be sexier."

"Jesse, a little stiff at the start. Take a moment to jump around, limber up before you begin. You also need to decide whether you're shocked at the proposition or expecting it. Make a choice and stick to it. Maybe do a deeper voice?" She clapped her hands. "BACK TO ONE!"

DING-DONG! "Are you Ms Lust?" "Maybe there's some other way I can pay?" "I can think of *something*." "Oooh... you *do* have a jumbo sausage for me."

Whitney removed her robe, squatted down and started to undo his belt. She fished his hard cock out and started stroking it, pure lust in her eyes. Staring up at him worshipfully, she ran her tongue from the base to the tip, then wrapped her lips around the head.

"Cut. Whitney, you need to pull his pants all the way down so we can see his ass and balls. And Jesse - *please* do some manscaping before you return to this class. This isn't the 1970s."

CLAP! "BACK TO ONE!" DING-DONG! "Ms Lust?" "I can think of *something*..." "Jumbo sausage..."

Whitney removed her robe, squatted down and started to undo his belt. She fished his hard cock out and started stroking it, pure lust in her eyes. She pulled down his pants and underwear, desperate for the prize inside. Staring up at him worshipfully, she ran her tongue from the base to the tip, then wrapped her lips around the head. She began to pump and suck, moaning with lust as she worked his shaft.

Jesse groaned, grabbed Whitney's hair and started to facefuck her. Her left hand went to her pussy, two fingers buried deep inside. They writhed and bucked as one. Jesse leaned against the door frame - which rolled back for a moment before a TA braced it.

"Oh fuck, oh yeah, just like that..." he babbled. He felt the orgasm rising and pulled her off his cock. She stroked him fast with her free hand. "Yeah baby, give it to me..." With a final groan, he exploded, jets of cum spraying all over Whitney's face while she furiously rubbed her clit.

"And scene!" The audience applauded politely, snapping Jesse back to reality. Whitney jumped up, beaming, and bowed to the crowd. She grabbed Jesse's hand and held it up in triumph, then pointed to the cameraman and director.

"Well done! That was hot as fuck. Very impressive oral skills Ms Choi - you, at least, have been studying. Mr Fisher, I liked the improvisation with the doorframe. So often the stud just stands there and gets blown. You really sold being overcome with lust."

"Ethan, Benjamin, solid production all around. I thought the lighting was too high, but you clearly had a plan - the camera shot from behind the door was masterful, it would have been totally washed out otherwise."

The production crew quickly cleared the stage while Jesse and Whitney cleaned and redressed, then all four returned to their seats. "Ok folks, that's gonna be a hard one to top. Martinez, West, Davis and Johnson - you're up!"

—

“Goddamn dude, that was impressive.” Benjamin replayed the money shot on his phone for the group while they ate lunch in the Student Union. “You blew a massive load on her face.”

Whitney grabbed Jesse’s hand, and his heart sped up. “That was *amazing!* You totally locked into the scene! You’re a natural!”

Ethan Brooks, the director, stood up and gave Jesse a firm slap on the back, then looked at the other two. “Listen Jesse, if you’re not already on a crew, we’d love to have you.”

He paused for a moment. “Not gonna lie, we’re behind right now - we couldn’t find our spark. But you’ve clearly got a passion for this. I think we could make something stupid horny together.”

Jesse nodded, still holding Whitney’s hand. “Let’s do it.”

—

The morning high faded once Jesse was in the Hentai Lab. He was lost in thought, only half paying attention to his drawings. That woman from last night was.... what? A witch? A genie? Some kind of magical trickster anyway, and she’d snared him in some weird sexy spell. Now he was trapped in a crazy porno-world.

Why? Why him? Had she destroyed his laptop to lure him in, or was he just the first sucker through the door? Was this a blessing or a curse? Is this world real? What about all the other people - had they been dragged here too? Are *they* real?

That thought stopped Jesse dead. He saw Whitney, with her sweet smile and infectious enthusiasm. He saw Whitney, in her white lingerie with his dick in her mouth.

“Please God, let her be real,” he whispered to no one in particular. He took out his phone and started texting.

::Hey Whitney, what’re you up to?::

::Orgasmic chemistry lab. How about you?::

::Hentai studio. You want to grab a coffee when you’re done?::

::Sure! Hot and Wet @ 5?::

::I’ll be there!::

“Step Three: Figure out what the hell is going on.”

Chapter Three: First Date, Second Project

Whitney was right on time. She grabbed a booth near the window while Jesse ordered drinks. They sipped and watched the students go by.

"Thanks for the latte." She gave him that shy smile again. "I gotta say, I'm super excited to work with you on this porno. You're a natural at this - that scene was amazing! I think we blew Professor Lovelace away."

"Hey, you were the star up there! I was just following your lead." Jesse decided to push things a little. "Besides, you're a natural too - that was the best head I've ever gotten in my life."

She waved him off. "No, that's just lots of practice. I took a blowjob boot camp over the summer - I didn't want to show up totally green. Trust me, you spend 90 hours in a month with somebody's cock in your mouth, you learn a few tricks."

Jesse took a long sip of his iced coffee, collecting himself. He took another bold step. "I've never gotten used to the taste."

She shrugged and held up her cup. "It's like coffee - bitter at first, but it grows on you once you drink a few gallons. Oh, are you ok!?"

Grabbing a handful of napkins, Jesse dabbed at the iced coffee he'd shot out his nose. "I'm fine, I'm fine. Just sneezed."

Having thoroughly embarrassed himself, Jesse pivoted the conversation away from semen.

"So, you transferred here - where from? Do a lot of students transfer to Amberfield? It must be hard to transfer credits to a Pornography degree."

"I spent my first year at South Central College - it's a small school in Shermer, Illinois with a good pre-med program. I'd mostly taken gen-ed stuff, so a lot of it transferred over. Even pornstars and whores have to take microeconomics and a foreign language."

"But yeah, there are a *ton* of transfer students - this year especially. There was an article about it in The Daily Tramp."

"It's hard to tell your folks you want to fuck for a living when you're eighteen. I know it was for me. Plus it's so expensive! Better to do your gen-eds somewhere cheap. Have you been here the whole time?"

Jesse paused before answering. "Yeah, more or less. Hentai is one of my passions." He realized as he said it that it was true, had been true long before any of this happened.

"I can tell. Your work is great! Anything good from your lab time today?"

Riding high on Whitney's compliment, Jesse passed his phone to her.

“Hey, you drew me in your hentai! Great tentacle work in this panel.”

Jesse grabbed the phone back. *Holy shit*, he *had* drawn her into the hentai, white lingerie and all. He had never felt more embarrassed, and he quickly turned beet red. “I’m so sorry...” he mumbled.

“What? No! It’s super sweet!” Whitney squeezed his hand. “I’m glad I made an impression. Thanks for pumping up my tits, by the way. They look great here.”

“Whitney, you have amazing breasts! They’re lovely!” Jesse felt the conversation spiraling out of control again, but he was compelled to speak.

“Yeah, they’re nice *breasts*, but A-list pornstars have *big tits - massive jugs*. I would have gotten them done before I came, but good implants are SO expensive, and I don’t want those bad fakes.” She sighed. “Maybe I can get a part time job and save up...”

“Well the way I drew them is how they look to me.” Whitney gave Jesse that smile again and he pressed on. “Listen, I’m famished. You want to grab some dinner?”

“Absolutely. How about shawarma?”

They walked down to Grey Street and grabbed dinner, chatting about everything under the sun. They talked for more than an hour, long after the meal was done. Finally Whitney’s phone buzzed.

“Crap. I have to meet up with my ‘History of the Orgy’ study group - we have a presentation due Friday.” She paused. “Will you walk me to the library?”

Ten minutes later they were saying goodbye outside. Jesse decided to go for a kiss - and was politely rebuffed. “I’m so sorry Whitney,” he mumbled. His blush rose up again.

She took his hand. “Nothing to apologize about. It’s just a little fast for me. But you should *definitely* try again after our next date.” She gave him a flirty wink and went inside.

—

Jesse returned to his apartment. He finished his work for the day, shaved off his pubes, then went to The Daily Tramp website.

Record Breaking Transfers This Year: Most of any School in the Nation

According to the article, 71% of this year’s incoming students were transfers, almost eight times the percentage last year and twice the rate of any other school. The Dean was quoted as being “unsurprised,” but everyone else was baffled.

“Ok, that sounds like a bunch of students got yanked in with me. That's good, I guess. They weren't just magiced into existence. Whitney is *probably* real.”

A musical noise from the kitchen interrupted his train of thought. He got up and found the red laptop open and powered up. Jesse groaned. “Really, now you're charged?”

::It's time to get working!:: The cherub was flitting around the screen, pointing at the New Document button.

“I don't have anything to work on! My course load doesn't involve graphic design any more - thanks to you.”

The cherub ran through its animation cycle, still pointing.

“Fine, whatever!” Jesse fished the STD pamphlet from his bag, held it up and clicked the Capture button. “This thing sucks, those Institute bimbos haven't got a clue. I'll do them a favor and fix it.”

He spent half an hour editing their pamphlet, making something a student would actually read. In his old life, it would be an A+ project.

::I'm sorry, but this is an insufficiently creative project! I can't save this!::

“STOP IT!” Jesse shouted at the laptop, prompting banging from downstairs. He picked up the laptop and shook it violently. “I know you're not a program, you chubby fucker - stop lying to me!”

::Hey, *fuck you!* I'm not chubby!::

Jesse dropped the laptop, fell on his ass, eyes wide with terror. The cherub put its hands up in exasperation.

::YOU SAID YOU KNEW!!:: the cherub shouted, its voice distorted by the shitty laptop speaker.

“*I WAS BLUFFING!*” Jesse shrieked. More banging.

The cherub flopped to the bottom of the screen, face in its tiny hands.

::Godsdamnit, I am in so much trouble. Alright Fisher, get your shit together and stand up. We still have to finish a project tonight, and this pamphlet isn't gonna cut it.::

Jesse sat, staring at the laptop for a full minute before he could move. "You tell me what the fuck is going on, or I'll smash you with a hammer."

::Man, I just *work here*. Boss says you gotta make sexy projects, so you gotta make sexy projects. Getting pissy won't change anything. So let's work together and we can both go to bed.::

"Why?" Jesse picked up the laptop and stared hard into the cherub's eyes.

::Why what?::

"*Why everything!? Why me? Why sexy projects? Who is doing this? Is this a test? A punishment?*"

::Can't tell you.::

He shook the laptop again. "Can't or won't?"

The cherub shrugged. ::Either. Both. You get no answers, only projects.::

Jesse's eyes grew dark, furious. "Are the people here real? Are they actual people? Did they exist before all this started? *Is Whitney real?* If you don't answer me, *I swear to God* you're getting a fire axe in your CPU!"

::THEY'RE REAL, THEY'RE REAL!!!!:: the cherub shouted. ::Boss dragged in people who'd want to be here! She doesn't force anybody to do anything!::

"The fuck are you talking about?" Jesse was still irritated, but the cherub's answer had washed away the fury. "I got forced into all of this!"

::Wrong! You could've gone to your teacher and asked for an extension. You could've just taken the F. You chose to use Grand Design, chose to follow my prompts. You bought the ticket, now you take the ride.::

Jesse dragged himself to the couch and flopped down. He said nothing for a long time. "Fine. Fine. Let's do this." He turned to look at the cherub. "But send that pamphlet please. I know it doesn't count or whatever, but it really needed improvement."

::Uploading.:: The cherub pulled a pack of cigarettes from the back of his little diaper and lit up. ::That's a freebie, 'cause I feel bad about jerking you around. Now, what kind of project do you want to do?::

"*I don't know man!* What defines a 'sexy project?' What the hell am I expected to do?"

::You gotta make the world sexier, and you have to do it with skill and style. Gotta give it 100%. Beyond that it's up to you.::

"You gave me the 'School of Pornographic Arts' prompt."

::Yeah, but you're the one who wrote up twenty one bullet points about it. Fields Medals? Really? Do *you* know what Sexual Mathematics means? 'Cause I sure as fuck don't!::

"Ok, ok, something sexy." Jesse closed his eyes, tried to think. What could he possibly do to make things sexier than he already had? He thought about the day's events, thought about the porno shoot, thought about Whitney and her shy smile and her white lingerie.

"I got it." He titled the page 'Body Modification Day.'

The cherub nodded, impressed.

::Ok, we can work with this. What're you thinking, some cutting edge surgical center? The Gender Engineering department could have all kinds of advanced gender affirming and body modification technology. Couple of weeks of recovery, and your lady friend could have the tits of her dreams.::

"Surgery? Couple of weeks? We have full-length porno to make for our final project."

"Your 'boss' wants sexy magical changes? I'm gonna *give her* sexy magical changes. We're riding the fucking lightning tonight!"

In huge comic sans, Jesse typed **BOOB JUICE** on the center of the page.

::I'm in so much godsdamn trouble.::

Chapter Four: Boob Juice

"Oh my god, oh my god, It's finally time!" Whitney was buzzing with excitement as they walked in the dark to the quad. It was the first Body Modification Day of the semester, when the Sexual Chemistry and Gender Engineering departments offered free transformations to the students. It was always chaos - nearly every student had *something* that they wanted to change about themselves. Classes were canceled; the Institute needed all hands on deck to handle the crush of patients, and everyone skipped class anyway.

Supplies of the most popular serums sometimes ran out, so people started lining up hours in advance. By the time Jesse and Whitney arrived at 3am, the queue was more than 400 people deep. They put down their camping chairs and wrapped up in blankets.

"It's five hours until they get started." Jesse pulled out his tablet. "You want to watch a movie?" "Sure!" He fired up 'Scott Pilgrim vs. The World,' and soon realized that modern movies were rather different in this new reality.

Whitney squeezed his arm. "This is my favorite orgy in the movie - it's *hilarious*. Do you think they went too big with Ramona's tits? I know it's comic-accurate, but it messes up the framing sometimes - they only really fit in wide angle shots."

"I don't remember Michael Cera being so cut... or hung." Jesse's eyes were glued to the screen.

"Yeah, after Arrested Development he wanted to get away from the 'dorky son' roles. I really liked him in Red Rocket."

They watched and chatted for a while, but after thirty minutes Whitney fell asleep, head resting on Jesse's shoulder. He pulled her blanket tight around her and finished the film.

Around six, Institute hunks started passing out pamphlets about the transformation technology - Jesse's pamphlet. He briefly skimmed it - he had written it all into existence eight hours ago after all.

RegROWTH: Regeneration and Reconfiguration of Organisms, Westfall-Thomas-Harker Process. A Brief History of Transformational Science.

The long path to the RegROWTH Process began in 1956, when Alan Turing and his husband jointly disproved the Collatz Conjecture... Westfall's work in Sexual Number Theory won her the Fields Medal in 1958, while Westfall, Thomas and Harker jointly won the Nobel Prize in Chemistry the following year... Department of Defense funded the use of RegROWTH serum products to regenerate lost limbs and organs of returning Vietnam veterans... The Institute was given the first patent for a commercial RegROWTH serum product... the gold standard for cosmetic and gender-affirming transformation, with over 30 million doses administered worldwide since 1995.

"*That's* what Sexual Mathematics does, you stupid cherub," he said smugly.

Jesse and Whitney were nudged awake once the line started to move. They bundled up their stuff and shuffled forward. It took the better part of five hours to reach the registration desk. The same Goth girl from the Medical Center tapped at a tablet, clearly overwhelmed and exhausted. She scanned their student IDs, tapped a few times. "Ok what do you want?"

"Two doses of Boob Juice please!" Whitney smiled hugely at Jesse, her dream about to come true.

Goth Girl yawned, tapped the tablet, then took a long pull off her coffee cup. "That it?"

Whitney turned to Jesse. "What do you want? Cock Juice maybe? I'm not complaining, but having an anaconda never looks bad on your resume."

Jesse hadn't considered changing himself - he was just here to support Whitney - but she wasn't wrong. They did have a whole porno to make... "Yeah, Cock Juice for me."

More tapping, more yawning. "Ok, Boob Juice, plus Cock Juice for the stud. Anything else?"

"*Double* Boob Juice, please," Whitney repeated.

"Double Boob Juice for the slut." Goth Girl handed back their IDs. "Ok, done. The technician will scan your IDs. *NEXT!*"

It was another hour before they reached a treatment tent. A haggard stud in a lab coat made them disrobe, then laid them down in adjoining cots and scanned their cards. A machine on the desk whirred to life, spinning back and forth, shooting jets of clear liquids into small vials. He inserted a vial into his injection gun, then rolled his chair to Whitney.

He strapped her arms into restraints on the cot. "This is going to be intense. Your breasts are going to tingle and itch like you've never felt before - especially with a double dose. The restraints will keep you from scratching yourself. If you feel yourself growing faint, just go with it. The whole thing should take about two minutes." Then he gave her the shot.

Jesse saw the mix of hope and fear in her eyes. He reached out and held her restrained hand.

"Thank you," she murmured - then gasped. Her hands spasmed, trying to reach for her chest. Jesse saw goosebumps cover her pale skin... then those goosebumps started to swell. Hundreds of angry bumps soon covered each breast, like she'd crashed into a beehive tits first. They grew by the second, her chest now lumpy and misshapen. Whitney turned panicked eyes to the medical stud, who waved dismissively.

"It'll even out in a second. Trust me, this is like the eightieth boob job I've done today. The burning should start now."

She thrashed hard against the restraints and gritted her teeth. She let out a groan of profound discomfort as the growth accelerated. The ugly lumps began to merge as they grew, and her nipples suddenly expanded as well, areola spreading like puddles of melting ice.

As promised, it was all over in two minutes, and Whitney Choi was now the proud owner of an amazing pair of G cups, firm and lovely. Her nipples were huge compared to before. The stud unbuckled her and she ran her hands over them, gasping with pleasure.

“Yeah, they’re gonna be pretty damn sensitive. That can be tweaked down the line, but your body won’t be able to catalyze any more breast serum until at least next semester. Wear soft bras. Details are in the post-care email.”

He turned to Jesse. “Your turn brother.”

Jesse took his place and let the medical stud restrain him. Whitney took his hand as the needle struck home.

After a few seconds, an intense tingling started in his groin. He sat up as best he could, watched his penis grow painfully erect - then grow erecter. It just kept growing, past anything it had ever done before. The shaft was on fire, the head purple and throbbing, as his cock grew and grew. It swelled out as well, a balloon filling with meat instead of air. His scrotum loudly complained as his balls expanded. His whole body felt like it was covered in ants, and Jesse felt the blackout coming.

Then the burning in his crotch faded away. Jesse looked in wonder at his massive new cock. It must be 10 inches long and twice as thick as it was before. He spent a moment marveling at it, then froze. The burning hadn’t stopped everywhere. His chest was on fire. Goosebumps were starting to rise.

“Doc!?” he groaned.

The medical stud put a reassuring hand on Jesse’s shoulder. “Yeah, the dick always expands first in a serum cocktail. Your boob job should feel very mild by comparison.”

“*WHAT!?*” Jesse and Whitney shouted in unison. As the lumps bubbled up, Jesse passed out.

—

Jesse, Whitney, Goth Girl and the medical stud all sat in the office of Doctor Caldwell, Director of the Transformation Labs. Jesse slouched, arms wrapped *tight* around his new C-cup breasts. Whitney had an arm around his waist.

“I’m terribly sorry Mr Farmer. Ms Green misinterpreted your friend’s request for a double dose of breast serum as a request for *each of you* to get a single dose.” He turned stern eyes to the girl and she withered. “Which is exactly why we process patient requests *One. At. A. Time.*”

“Doctor Shannon, in turn, failed to double check your request before injection. *Another egregious breach of protocol.*” Caldwell removed his glasses, pinched the bridge of his nose. “In short, Mr Farmer - it was a complete clusterfuck. I cannot apologize enough. There will be an inquest, where you’ll need to testify. Go to the Student Law Center as soon as possible and speak to an advocate - they’ll advise you on your legal rights.”

“Naturally we’ll correct the mistake as soon as humanly possible. The Medical Center will get you a prescription for catalyst accelerant, and perform regular blood tests to watch your levels - but even in a best case scenario it will be three months before another breast serum will have any effect.”

“Jesus Christ.” Jesse put his head in his hands, making his boobs jiggle in his shirt.

Whitney stood up and hugged him fiercely, her new breasts squeezing his head from both sides.

“It’ll be ok Jesse - it’s only for a few months. You’ll be flat as a board for spring semester, I promise.”

He stood up, hugged her back, tension fading in her embrace - though it was disconcerting feeling his sensitive breasts pressed against hers. He sighed heavily and looked at the Professor.

“I just want to go home.”

—

Whitney brought Jesse up to his apartment, reassuring him as they walked. As they entered, he raised his voice. “I’m home and I brought a guest!”

“Who are you talking to?”

Jesse sighed. “Nobody - just a joke.”

She squeezed him hard, boobs pressing into his side. “Can I hang out with you for a while?”

He nodded gratefully. “That would be wonderful.”

They cuddled on the couch, watching Parks and Recreation and talking. Jesse was still hunching, curled up on himself. “Thanks for the support Whitney. I’m sorry if I’m a grump. I’ll... I’ll adapt.”

“I’m sorry you have to adapt. I’d have taken your dose if I’d known.”

Jesse snorted. “You wouldn’t be able to walk if your tits were any bigger.”

Whitney pinched him hard on the arm. “Don’t underestimate me! I’m small but mighty! I could carry the tits of ten women!” They both laughed hard at that, and Jesse unwound a bit.

“Listen Jesse, it’s gonna be fine. We’ll get you some sports bras, and no one will notice if you don’t want them to. Besides, boytits are in right now! This might work in your favor!”

Jesse gave a long and labored sigh. "As long as I'm shot from the collarbone up and belly button down, it won't impact the porno at all."

"We'll all figure it out together - Ethan's a great director, he'll make sure you look your best." Whitney got up from the couch after a final squeeze. "Which door is the restroom?"

"Right. Bedroom is on the left." She went in and shut the door. The moment she did, the laptop on the counter started buzzing. Jesse groaned inwardly and got up, opened the lid.

"What do you want?" he softly hissed.

The mute icon was on the screen. The cherub was sitting at a computer desk, smoking.

::Surgery? What a silly idea!:: it typed, sticking its tongue out.

Jesse typed furiously. ::If you did this, you're dead!::

::Wasn't me! Might've been the boss, but it might really have been an accident. You made a big change - sometimes there are unintended consequences.:: He put up a hand to stop Jesse from typing. ::You didn't do anything wrong - this isn't a punishment.::

::I'll fix it tonight. I'm sure I can come up with something that's sexy but still lets me get rid of these things.::

The cherub shook its head. ::No project tonight. I haven't gotten any messages from the boss.::

::What? I thought it was every night!:: Jesse smacked the screen in irritation.

The ashtray on the desk spilled on the digital floor, and the cherub gave Jesse a dirty look. ::No, it's whenever the boss wants. Two in a row was just a coincidence.::

"Hey Jesse?" Whitney called from the bathroom.

He didn't look away from the laptop. "What's up Whitney?"

"You remember when I said things were going too fast last night?"

"Uh huh..." He started to type something sarcastic to the cherub, but there was a knocking noise from the bathroom door. Jesse looked up.

Whitney was naked, leaning against the doorframe, arms crossed beneath her huge breasts.

“Changed my mind.” She walked into the bedroom.

Jesse's jaw went slack, then he jumped when the laptop shut itself and powered off. He started to move, walking in a trance to the open door, but halfway there he groaned and fell to the floor.

“Jesse?” Whitney stuck her head out, then ran to him. “What’s wrong!?”

“*Pants... pants...*” Whitney looked down - Jesse's huge new dick was rock hard, pinned painfully inside his snug jeans. She giggled, undid his belt and pulled his pants down. It sprang out at full mast, rocking slightly from the recoil.

“Holy shit,” she gasped. “This thing is gonna look *great* on film.” She began to gently stroke and Jesse shuddered. Whitney leaned down and kissed him deep, hand still moving along the vast expanse of his shaft.

She shifted, pressed herself hard against Jesse - and felt her breasts touch his. Jesse opened his eyes, shifted uncomfortably.

Whitney pulled away, just a bit of space between them. “Jesse, would you take your shirt off for me?”

After a pause, he complied, pulling the t-shirt over his head, exposing his new breasts. Whitney touched them, gently, rolling the nipples in her fingers. “You look so amazing.” She squeezed his cock. “There’s no part of you I don’t want to touch.”

Smiling, he got up on one elbow and kissed her, hands tangling in each others’ hair.

Then Whitney laughed and pushed him down. “Time to put that boot camp training to the ultimate test!” She slid down Jesse's body, breasts pressing hard against every part of him.

Whitney stopped when she reached his nipples, sucking hard on one and drawing out a gasp of pleasure. “See? Not a bad thing at all.”

Then she continued her descent, and took the head of his cock in her mouth while staring into his eyes. There was none of the overwrought porno lust in Whitney's eyes now, just a sweet sexual delight.

She did her best to swallow Jesse's monster, but there are limits to even a pornstar’s oral skills. Whitney got about half of it before she started to gag. She backed up, then started bobbing, using both hands to supplement her mouth.

After letting her work for a minute, Jesse grabbed her waist and spun her around. He buried his face in her snatch, licking and slurping, delighting in her gasps and squeaks.

They continued for several minutes, pleasure mounting, but Whitney pulled up for air. "Wait, wait! Don't you dare cum yet!" She turned back to look at Jesse. "Do you have any lube?"

"Drawer - bedside table!" he gasped. She darted out of the room, leaving Jesse's erection throbbing in the air, but returned in a moment Astrogel in hand.

"Ok, we're gonna do this. Gotta get that thing *all up* in my guts!" Jesse laughed as she poured the lube liberally into her hands - then gasped as she worked it onto his cock.

"By the way, I saw the toys in your drawer. We're going to give those whirl next time." Whitney looked at her work, appraising, then applied a second round of lube. The astroglide dripped down his shaft like melted wax.

"Alright... alright..." Whitney was working herself up. "Nice and slow." Then she positioned herself above him, and started her descent. It was slow going, carefully lowering herself onto him, sometimes pulling back if things got uncomfortable. Jesse was in delicious agony as she worked. It took a full minute before she bottomed out.

"Jesus...fucking...Christ..." she whispered, eyes fluttering.

"Are you ok?" Jesse shifted to face her and she moaned long and deep.

"Yes.. oh yes." She grabbed his hands and moved them to her tits. "You just.. Hold on tight." Slowly, carefully, she rose up along his incredible length, then started to ride.

It didn't take long for either of them. The sheer sensation, so many nerve endings - they both came hard and fast. Whitney stuffed her hand into her mouth to muffle the cries of pleasure as Jesse bucked and moaned. His cum squirted out from inside her as she collapsed on to his beautiful chest.

"We are gonna be superstars!" she declared.

Chapter Five: New Clothes for New Bodies

Jesse awoke with Whitney in his arms, the pair crammed onto his tiny bed. "Morning Jesse," she yawned. "What's your schedule today?"

"I've got Intro to Porn Lighting, Spanish 3 then Hentai Lab. What's up?"

"Can you skip lighting? I scheduled an appointment at my lingerie store. I need new bras... and so do you." Jesse was distinctly uncomfortable with the idea.

Whitney turned and cupped his breasts. "You're new to this, so please trust me - you're going to want some support. We'll get you the manliest bra we can find."

He smirked. "A camo bra with bald eagles on the cups."

Whitney smirked back. "A bra that supports your chest and the troops! But it won't just be that." She ran a finger along his flaccid member. "You need better support all over, and they sell boys' stuff too. I promise it'll be fun."

—

Jesse had never been to a proper lingerie store before. He'd bought some Victoria's Secret for an old girlfriend, but this was a whole different level. It was bras and panties as far as the eye could see. Whitney asked for a bra fitting, and they were taken to a private side room.

"Alright miss, if you would take off your top..." Whitney removed her sweatshirt, huge breasts spilling out.

"Ah, you got the breast serum - a double dose it looks like." The woman got to work, measuring around her rib cage and her breasts. "32G. I assume you need a full set of replacements?"

"Yes, please. I have a list of what I'm looking for. I'd like a complete outfit in the red." The fitter looked it over. "I've got a lot of this in stock, but a few things will need to be ordered."

"Is there anything else?"

Whitney squeezed Jesse's hand. "My boyfriend also needs a fitting. He got dosed by accident - it'll be a few months before they can fix it."

The fitter was shocked. "Wow, what a fuckup. Get a good lawyer, sue the hell out of them."

"I just wanna get this over with." Jesse was red with embarrassment. He unzipped his hoodie and removed his shirt, C cups sitting proud on his chest as he stood straight.

"It'll be ok. We'll get you some good sports bras, no one will notice if you don't want it. That said, boytits *are* in this season - you're not the only gentleman I'm fitting today." She took his measurements. "42C. I have lots of options. Give me a sec."

As she left, Whitney squeezed Jesse tight. "I'm sorry you have to deal with this. Thank you for being brave."

"I'll live. They *do* feel nice when you touch them." He kissed her gently. "Also, you called me boyfriend. I like it, but are you sure we're not going too fast?"

“You’re a sweet funny guy, a natural pornstar, and you’ve got a cock like a baseball bat - if I don’t scoop you up now, I won’t get a second chance.” Whitney kissed him back, and they started to make out, her hand reaching into his sweatpants.

There was a loud knock at the door and they both jumped, trying to act casual. The fitter entered, arms full of bras. She put most of it on the couch before handing a couple of black sports bras to Jesse. She paused, eyes drawn against their will to the tent in his pants.

“Could I offer you some suggestions on underwear? We carry several brands for the well endowed gentleman.” Jesse blush surged forward again, and Whitney laughed so hard she had to sit down.

They tried everything on. Jesse’s bras were plain black, holding everything in place without squeezing too hard. As promised, his breasts were barely noticeable beneath his shirt.

Whitney, by contrast, had a range of different types - sports bras, plain cotton bras, and a variety of lacy lingerie. There was even a replacement for her now-useless white quarter cup.

“Sit tight, I got one more thing to try on.” She grabbed a bundle of red lace and closed a privacy curtain. While she moved around, the lady returned with some underpants for Jesse, which fit very nicely.

“Ta-da!” Whitney pulled back the curtain, and she was a vision of sex in red, the lingerie even more daring than her white set. Jesse’s new underwear shifted noticeably and he couldn’t speak.

She clicked over to him on red stilettos and leaned forward, unreal cleavage inches from his face. “Yeah, that’s what I thought you’d say.”

Ten minutes later they were done, bags in hand. Jesse had his hoodie tied around his waist, while Whitney wore the red lingerie out - though she’d put on her sneakers.

“Oh my God, I had no idea how much lingerie cost!” Jesse’s eyes popped as he read the receipt.

“It’s ok - my mom gave me \$1000 for school supplies. Besides, the lady gave you your bras for free - it was a good deal.”

“She didn’t give me the underwear for free. Thank God for my meal plan or I’d starve!”

Chapter Six: What’s the Big Idea?

“Ok, the tits do complicate things.” Ethan stared critically at Jesse and Whitney, the pair standing naked in Ethan’s apartment. Benjamin was scurrying around the room, tweaking lights and taking notes.

“*Be nice Ethan.*” Whitney gave him a sour look and squeezed Jesse’s hand.

“No, he’s right, it’s a mess. I’m coming around on them, but my perky C-cups throw a monkey wrench in our “simple boy-girl” project pitch.” Jesse gave Whitney a warm smile. “But thank you for standing up for me.” They kissed.

Ethan raised an eyebrow. “*That* wasn’t acting... are you two dating?” They exchanged a glance then both nodded. Ethan put a hand to his chin. “Alright... alright... we can work with that. People like tender intimate scenes, but they always look terrible when they’re faked. If you don’t mind filming it, that’s free real estate.”

“Guys, we need to get started. Gotta get *something* in the can this morning.” Benjamin was sitting with his laptop on the couch. “How about we do some oral B-roll while we brainstorm?” Whitney got on her knees and started stroking while Benjamin set up the camera.

For the next hour they shot alternating fellatio and cunnilingus, discussing next steps between takes. “Can we just make it a busty boy-girl porno? Boytits *are* in right now.” Whitney grabbed a fistful of Jesse’s hair and pushed his face into her snatch. “We just shoot an opening exposition - ‘oh hey, you got boytits, that’s super hot’ - something like that. Then we fuck!”

Ethan was unconvinced. “It’s kinda rote.”

“What’s more rote than straight boy-girl? It’s the most basic kind of sex there... *uhh... ohh..*” Whitney lost her train of thought as pleasure surged from Jesse’s tongue.

“Yeah, but we weren’t going for a story! That one was a pure technical exercise - masterclass on-screen fucking. If anyone can do it, it’s you two. But if there’s a plot, then that whole idea falls apart. Then we need a real hook...”

Ethan’s eyes went wide with realization. “Holy shit. We do a futanari transformation porn...”

Jesse’s head jerked up. “*EXCUSE ME!?*” Whitney pushed *hard* on his head, desperate for him to get her off. He put a finger in the air to hold the thought and returned his tongue to Whitney’s pussy. The fireworks began a few seconds later, the girl writhing and moaning, and Jesse got to a sitting position. “What the fuck do you mean futa transformation?”

“Dude, you’re already halfway there! Ben, do you still have that footage from the workshop?” He did, and cast it to the living room TV.

"We edit *this* footage for a before, put in a voiceover or something, shoot boytit stuff for a week or two, then we're just a serum cocktail away from full futa for the big finale! It'll fucking rock - I'm already storyboarding in my head!"

Jesse wanted to stand up and argue, but Whitney pushed him onto his butt so she could get his money shot. He talked from the floor as she sucked and Benjamin filmed.

"First of all, I'm trying to be less of a girl, not more. Any more serum will push back my reversal window even further. Second, that *really* feels like appropriation - there's like a hundred full-time futa girls on campus, and I'm not going to disrespect them with gender tourism. I'm in classes with them - I might have to work with them someday. Real bad start to a professional relationship."

Jesse paused, a shiver running up his spine as Whitney did her magic. He grabbed her hair and gently thrust. Ethan took the pause to cut in.

"It's only like an extra four or six weeks! You'll be back to Big Man on Campus by spring break. And everyone plays around with gender stuff in college - it's no different than drinking too much before you're twenty one. Besides, it won't be appropriation. If you respect the role, it'll be a representation. It's no different than Cate Blanchett growing a dick for the Bob Dylan movie."

"We can do a lot with cross shots once you're all the way transformed." Benjamin pondered from behind the camera as Whitney took a huge load in the face. "Lots of rhyming shots of you and Whitney, her giving you the pleasure you gave her the scene before." He looked Jesse in the eyes once he could focus again. "It's a good idea man. If we pull it off, it'll be a calling card to every porn studio in Hollywood. It'll be our Dark Star or Amputee."

"Ok, but who the fuck is gonna pay for it!?" Jesse was starting to feel trapped. The tits were nice, he had to admit - but going full futanari was something *completely different*. "That's gotta be like twenty or thirty grand of serum! We only get the free treatments because of the Westfall Foundation endowment!"

Whitney put a hand on Jesse's thigh, wiping the last of his cum off with a rag. "But the Transformation Lab owes you a giant favor after that screw up. If you sue them, it'll cost them five times as much. I bet Professor Caldwell would do a backflip if all you asked for was a short trip to Futatown."

He angrily removed her hand and stood up. "This is all so fucking easy when *you're* not the one getting transformed!" Jesse stormed out of the apartment, not bothering to dress. He got two blocks before Whitney came sprinting up behind him, tears in her eyes.

"Oh Jesse, I'm so sorry!" She squeezed him hard, pressing into his chest and whimpering. "I would never ever ever make you do something you don't want to do! I got caught up, I wasn't

thinking, I should have thought of your needs first..." She babbled, begging forgiveness, and his heart quickly softened. He kissed her hard and they melted into each other.

"It's ok, Whitney. I believe you. It's just... a really daunting idea. I'm only halfway sold on these tits - going full futa feels crazy from here. Ethan *really fucking needed* to talk to me *privately* before pitching his great vision."

"He's ambitious, Jesse. It's one of the reasons I teamed up with him and Benjamin. I need ambition like that if I'm going to be the next Angela White." She looked Jesse hard in the eyes. "But it's not worth it if you're not with me when I do it."

Jesse closed his eyes, sighed deeply. Godamnit, he was already buckling. He found it very hard to say no to Whitney when she was being so sweet - and he wanted to reach the top as much as she did. But even so...

"I'm not saying yes... but I'm not saying no. I gotta think about it, and we definitely need to run this past the student advocate and the Transformation Lab. No point in getting worked up if they shut it down."

"True." She gave another deep squeeze before letting go. "We'll focus on getting the best busty boy-girl stuff we can and see how you feel in two weeks. I won't weigh in, and what you decide I'll support 100%."

"Now let's head back to your place. I have some more apologizing to do... starting with that dildo in your bedside table..."

Chapter Seven: The Life of a Double Major

The days became a blur after that. Jesse had foolishly made himself a double major in *two* erotic arts, so between his class schedule, hentai studio time, and filming the porn, he was burning the candle at both ends with a blowtorch. He rarely got more than five hours of sleep a night and started buying coffee and Red Bull from the local Costco.

Whitney was his rock throughout. They spent as much time together as possible, doing homework at his kitchen table, grabbing takeout between classes - and fucking like bunnies in every free moment. She was soon sleeping at his place two weeknights out of five and all weekend long.

They attended the blowjob workshop together. Jesse hadn't dated a guy since sophomore year of high school and his skills were pretty rusty. But between the advice of the TAs and Whitney, he was back in the groove by the end of the night. Whitney hired a student prostitute that Friday to celebrate. She watched them suck each other off while she masturbated, then they double teamed her over the rickety coffee table.

Whitney took center stage in the acting workshop the following week, leading a gangbang with Jesse and six other actors. She sucked and fucked for most of an hour, and when she stood up panting and covered in cum, the whole class gave her a rousing round of applause. Doctor Lovelace came on stage to shake her hand.

“Amazing Whitney, simply amazing. You were born for this. I’d give you a hug but... you know.”

Doctor Lovelace pulled Jesse and Whitney aside after class. “I just wanted to say that you two are doing amazing work. Solo work, together, separately and group work - it’s authentic, raw, and hot as fuck. I’m also impressed you transformed yourselves so fearlessly. You both have amazing tits, and Jesse - your dick is the best in the class.”

“But talk is cheap. I feel it’s important to show you how impressed the whole department is with your work.” She pulled a blue envelope with the school crest from her clipboard, and handed it to Whitney. “Two tickets to the Homecoming Orgy, from The Dean herself.”

Whitney gasped. “*No way!* Those tickets are \$1500 a piece! They never let underclassmen in!”

“Normally no, but the Dean and I are in agreement that the alumni need to see the kind of porn stars we’re making these days. If you two can make an impression there... who knows how far you’ll go?”

—

“*OhMyGodOhMyGodOhMyGod!*” Whitney was literally jumping with joy as they walked back to Jesse’s apartment. “We’re doing it, Jesse - *we’re doing it!*”

Jesse was smiling ear to ear. He was indifferent to attending an orgy full of rich alumni - but Whitney’s exuberance was electric. It pushed away his exhaustion. It made him feel like he could fly. “We’ll knock em dead Whitney. We’re gonna fuck and suck every millionaire in the room.”

She was all over him the moment they got back to his apartment. Now, they fucked like crazy *all of the time*, but this was different. She sucked his cock like the antidote was inside; she rode him like a rollercoaster. As they collapsed in the bed, Jesse had never felt so beautifully drained in all his life. They panted and cuddled in the afterglow.

“I love you Jesse.” Whitney’s eyes were filled with happiness.

He touched her face, smiled. “I love you too Whitney.”

—

As homecoming approached, Jesse's exhaustion was reaching a breaking point. There simply weren't enough hours in the day. He was falling asleep in class, falling behind in his non-Porn classwork. He and Whitney were sometimes even skipping sex to sleep - an idea that Jesse from four months ago would have considered *insane*.

And the pressure to undergo the futa transformation had not let up.

No one was *saying* it. Whitney had apparently talked to Ethan and Benjamin, and the topic wasn't spoken again. But... they were filming towards it. There wasn't any dialog in the script yet, but everything they'd shot was moving in that direction. If Jesse put his foot down, they would struggle to cut something together from the scraps.

And that would ruin Whitney's dream. Ethan was right, *damnit* - a really good Futa transformation porn would get noticed, turn heads. If they pulled it off, he and Whitney had a real chance of breaking into professional porn.

God he was tired. If he could just find some time to get caught up and *rest*, he could look at all this clearly.

"Step Four: Find more time." he muttered to himself.

—

Amberfield was always crazy during homecoming week. Alumni poured in from around the world, filling every hotel for miles around, wandering the campus and packing the bars and brothels. The student prostitutes spent all week on the streets, getting valuable hours of field work servicing the guests.

Jesse pushed himself even harder during the week, trying to get everything settled before the Orgy. He needed his mind clear, so he could focus on being the best slut he could be.

Thursday night, he fell asleep at his computer during Hentai Lab, drooling on his drawing tablet until 2am. He dragged himself home and skipped all his Friday classes trying to recover.

Around 5, Whitney came to the apartment to get ready. She'd gone with the daring red lingerie, with a matching dress for their entry. She sat on the couch, perfecting her makeup and generally being nervous. Jesse had dressed and done his makeup before she arrived, and sat in his best suit and tie helping her as best he could. They had a snack and some coffee, and then it was time.

The Homecoming Orgy was held in the Hornbill Center. Food and drinks were set up in the lobby, a jazz band playing in one corner, while the group sex happened on the large stage. There were chairs and beds set up in the house, so people could watch or fuck privately.

Jesse and Whitney made their way through the queue, presented their tickets, and headed to the Clothing Room to disrobe. Whitney moved to join him in a booth, but he gently pushed her out.

"I've got a surprise. Go strip, then shut your eyes."

She complied, checking her dress before nervously sitting with closed eyes. After a minute, she felt a gentle tap and looked. Jesse was wearing the same red lingerie as Whitney, huge cock sticking out of the crotchless panties, breasts sitting proudly in the lacey bra. "I wanted us to match."

Whitney squealed with delight and hugged Jesse tight. "You look *amazing!* There's nothing hotter than a cute boy in thigh highs." A note of concern entered her voice. "How did you afford this? Are you going to be okay in five inch heels?"

"It's not my first high heel rodeo... but I've also been practicing all week when you were at class. And when my mom heard I had a girlfriend, she fell all over herself to help out. She sent a vibrator for you."

"What a lovely surprise. Thank you, Jesse." She kissed him on the cheek and took his arm.

"Now let's go fuck some alumni."

They moved with purpose to the center of the stage, surrounded by rutting forty-somethings. Their youth and beauty turned heads. Whitney lay down on her back, spreading her legs wide, and Jesse dropped down to eat her out, their heels clacking against the floor as they squirmed.

After a minute of this, a handsome man with a graying beard knelt down beside Jesse and gave him an inquisitive look. Jesse spread his legs, and the man began to stroke and lick his cock, rubbing the precum into the long shaft. Soon the man's wife joined him, and the pair took turns swallowing as much of the giant dick as they could.

Whitney was sucking off two men, moving between them and deep throating each with ease. Then a dark haired woman gently pushed them aside. She sat on Whitney's face and took over blowjob duties.

The man with the beard left his wife with Jesse's cock, and all three shifted positions. The man rubbed a generous shot of lube on his own cock and took Jesse from behind. He rocked on the man's dick, the thick shaft sliding in and out of his ass. The sensation took Jesse over the edge and he sprayed his load into the woman's eager mouth.

Whitney began to groan, her own orgasm getting close. Jesse rocked back and forth between her pussy and the man's dick, trying to get them both off at once. The man came first, grunting like an animal as he filled Jesse. Whitney followed a few moments later, squeezing her legs tight

around his head and crying out to God. The dark haired woman in turn squeezed Whitney between her thighs a minute later, already covered in several loads of cum.

Jesse and Whitney disentangled themselves and went to clean up.

"God, I love seeing you with another man." Whitney kissed Jesse hard as they worked at the communal sink. "It's the hottest thing in the world."

"No, seeing you with a cock in your mouth is the hottest thing in the world. You're the LeBron James of blowjobs." They paused in their work for a minute to make out.

"Ok, ok..." Jesse broke away from the kiss. "I'm famished. Let's gas up before round two."

They returned to the lobby and made up plates of buffet food. Before they could sit, a naked Doctor Lovelace intercepted them, and led them to a handsome middle aged couple. "Here are my star pupils. Whitney Choi and Jesse Fisher, please meet Hugo and Eliza Blackwood. The Blackwoods are from the class of '99 - they're the founders of The Naked Goddess toy stores."

Everyone exchanged greetings, and Hugo slapped the pair on the back. "That was one *hell* of a performance out there. Doc here undersold your skills when she was talking you up. What're you drinking?" They exchanged glances and asked for rum and cokes. "Two rum and cokes coming up!"

The group chatted for a while, the Blackwoods reminiscing about Amberfield in the 90s. "We saw Nirvana right here in '98. The drum kit was set up just where you took it in the ass. I'm glad they're finally reuniting - we bought tickets for the first show at The Garden." After more small talk and more drinks, the group moved to a private bed for a fourway. Jesse fucked Eliza doggy style, while Hugo did the same to Whitney.

On and on it went through the night. Whitney and Jesse fucked dozens of people between drinks and canapes. They shook hands - and much more - with all the movers and shakers of Amberfield alumni. They left around 2, drunk and exhausted and very, very satisfied.

As they stumbled into Jesse's apartment building, his downstairs neighbor caught them. "Jesse, there's been something beeping like crazy in your apartment. You gotta go fix it now - it's driving me nuts!" He promised to fix it right away and they went up, soon hearing the noise themselves.

"Isn't that your laptop?" Whitney asked confusedly.

Jesse raced up the last few steps and fumbled for his keys. Shouldering his way in, he saw the Grand Design laptop buzzing angrily on the kitchen counter. The cherub looked at him sternly and pointed at his non-existent wristwatch. Whitney came in before the cherub could speak, and it snapped into its animation cycle.

"Whazz wrong?"

Jesse sighed hard. "I gotta do a project, sorry."

Whitney was confused. "Now? *Right* now? It's Saturday... or I guess it's Sunday now."

"Can't wait, sorry." Jesse kissed her on the forehead. "Drink some water, take an advil and go to bed. I'll be in before you know it."

She wandered to the bathroom, and Jesse grabbed the laptop with venom in his eyes. "*NOW!?* *REALLY!?*" he hissed.

::Keep your damn voice down! Yes, right the fuck now. The assignment came in around ten, and it's due by dawn! So get a Red Bull and sit down!::

"Your boss is an asshole - she damn well knew I'd be out." Jesse rubbed his tired eyes. "Fine, let's get this done." He went to get a Red Bull, but paused when he saw his bottle of cheap rum. "Hair of the dog," he mumbled. "Or something." He mixed himself another rum and coke and sat down.

Chapter Eight: Time Enough at Last

Jesse squirmed as the daylight hit his face. He rolled away from it, glancing at the clock - almost noon. He rolled away from the sunlight again, to face Whitney. Her eyes opened slowly, happiness mixed with a hangover. She smiled weakly and gave him a little kiss. Then she turned over to face him. He turned away from the clock to face her...

He paused. How many times had he turned over? What side of the bed was he on? How could Whitney roll over and *still* be facing him?

"Good morning Jesses," she murmured. She gave him another little kiss.

He sat bolt upright in bed. Then he sat bolt upright in bed *again*. Jesse turned to face... Jesse, on the opposite side of the bed. He could see himself, looking at himself, looking at himself.

He was staring out of two pairs of eyes at once.

"*OH FUCK!*" he shouted in stereo. Two bodies scrambled out of the bed, tangling each other up as they tried to reach the living room.

"Jesses, are you ok? Remember to take turns if you have to puke!"

They reached the laptop and both tried to use it at once. Jesse started fighting with Jesse for the machine, then paused and took two deep breaths. "There's just me," they said. They looked at each other, right arms lifting in unison. Then, with a slight effort, just one put his hand down.

Jesse handed himself the laptop and they both sat down.

::DUDE! :: A 'Happy Second Birthday' banner hung at the top of the screen, and the cherub was wearing a little party hat. ::That was the *wildest* project I've seen in YEARS! I never would have thought you had it in you! And you even fixed your serum problem. It's a masterpiece man, a goddamn masterpiece! ::

"What did I do?" he double-groaned, then stopped. "What did I do?" one Jesse repeated.

The cherub opened the file.

In Two Places at Once: Living with Pemberton-Rivers Syndrome

The pamphlet was long and technical, filled with scientific gibberish about 'distributed sentence networks' and 'quantum transmission neurons.' PRS, as the pamphlet called it, was one of the rarest disorders on Earth, affecting no more than a dozen people on the planet at any time.

It was thought to be an offshoot of conjoined twin syndrome - but instead of two minds sharing a body, PRS twins were two bodies sharing a mind.

The brains of PRS twins were identical, sharing one set of memories and experiences. Information was distributed between them instantaneously, and no method of blocking the transmission had ever been discovered - and given the fantastic nature of PRS twins, they had been extensively studied for centuries.

It was an incredibly well documented disorder, given its rarity, but it was Amberfield Professors Pemberton and Rivers that created the definitive treatise on the subject in 1949, for which they received the Nobel Prize in Medicine.

The Pemberton-Rivers Foundation was run out of The Institute, where research continued to this day. Findings from this research had broad and deep applications in neuroscience, biochemistry and even quantum teleportation. The research had also greatly advanced RegROWTH in the 60s - PRS twins metabolized serum catalyst many times faster than other people, allowing the RegROWTH team to create experimental test cultures that could be rapidly changed and reverted.

An endowment by the Foundation offered free full-ride tuition to any PRS twins that chose to attend Amberfield.

"I gave myself a scholarship," Jesse mused. "Very sensible of me," the other Jesse finished.

"Everything ok Jesses?" Whitney stuck her head out of the bedroom door. "You finished with your project?"

“Oh yeah,” he double-said, “I’m finished.”

—

Jesse and Whitney got showered and dressed - the hot water running out halfway through Jesse’s second shower - then went out for brunch. People kept glancing as he passed, then looking away. “Great, I’ve made myself a sideshow freak,” he double-mumbled.

Whitney stopped and took two of his hands. “Sweeties, what’s wrong? Feeling self-conscious? What can I do to help?”

He smiled in stereo at her kindness. Jesse made an effort to speak from one mouth; he needed to practice. “Yeah, it’s bad today, but I’ll get by. Let’s get that brunch - I’m eating for two now.”

Things felt better after he got some food in his stomachs. Whitney was totally unphased by this insane development; Jesse carefully pressed her with questions and realized that he’d *always* been this way in her memory.

“You read about sleeping with PRS twins on Literotica, but I never thought it would actually *happen*. And then suddenly I had two copies of the best boyfriend in the world.” She kissed him on each left cheek.

By the afternoon, Jesse was feeling more comfortable in his new bodies. He figured they knew what they were doing, even if he didn’t. He was speaking from one mouth at a time, moving around the apartment independently. Looking out from two pairs of eyes started feeling natural. Jesse and Whitney went to the dining hall for dinner, and Jesse *also* stayed in the apartment and had a sandwich.

After dinner, they returned to the apartment, where Jesse was working on his Spanish homework. He also worked on his hentai as Whitney wrote an essay on dildos. Jesse assumed doing two things at once wouldn’t work, but he *did* have two brains - it wasn’t hard to multitask.

“When I started this semester, I was worried about ad copy,” a Jesse mused.

“What?”

“Nothing Whitney, just rambling.” The other Jesse squeezed her hand.

He went to pull his hand back, but Whitney held on. He both looked at her, and he instantly recognized the look in her eyes.

“I think we need a little study break...”

Double teaming a beautiful woman by yourself was an amazing experience - Jesse would highly recommend it to anyone who gets the chance. He thrust into her at the same time she sucked his cock - double the sensation, double the nerve endings. Surprisingly, he was able to come separately in each body - Whitney polished him off with her mouth, semen pouring down her eager throat, while he continued to pound her pussy.

All two of them lay in the *very cramped* bed afterwards, lost in the afterglow.

"I never, ever get tired of that," Whitney breathed.

"Me either," he said in stereo, causing her to giggle. She kissed him both.

"I hate to fuck and run, but we all need sleep and this bed is way too small. It's gonna be a huge week - I'm so excited!"

He gave her two confused expressions.

"Friday's the nineteenth! You can re-up on serum! It's Futanari day!"

Chapter Nine: Jesse and Jessi

Life in stereo was a mixed blessing. Having double bandwidth for schoolwork was an absolute lifesaver. Jesse had all the time he needed for class - indeed, he was taking *extra* classes in this version of his life. Given his unique condition, the Dean had granted permission for a twenty-six hour class load, and he could book two classes at the same time. If he could keep up the pace Jesse would finish his double major in three years.

But having two bodies meant having double *everything*. Double meals, double dishes, double clothes, double laundry, double toiletries - Jesse's Costco card practically smoked from all the bulk products he bought. He was burning through his meal plan and dining out with Whitney was a serious expense.

And then there were the stares. *Everyone* on campus knew who he was - the hotshot porn student with two bodies. Even when he split up, people recognized him, started talking to their friends about him the second he walked by. Strangers flirted with him on the street, making the same terrible puns and innuendos about twins. Whenever he was together, people would take pictures and ask him to do tricks. There were constant questions about his life and bodily functions.

Fame sucked; Jesse was anxious about life if they made it as big-time porn stars.

It felt like only Whitney accepted him without qualification, and he hated the times they were apart. After two days of Whitney sleeping at her apartment, Jesse begged his dad for some

money and bought a queen mattress. It was ridiculously big in his tiny bedroom, but they could all sleep together again.

Then there was the matter of the transformation. Jesse couldn't dodge it anymore. "You've got two bodies, man - you can spare one for the production!" Ethan was adamant about the change now, and neither Benjamin nor Whitney were offering much resistance. "And besides, you're PRS - they're gonna flip you back in like 30 days! No charge!"

Jesse couldn't argue the point - the student advocate had negotiated a very generous settlement with the Transformation Lab. Jesse had access to unlimited treatments this year. One body would be fixed, the unneeded breasts removed - though he was into them at this point.

But the other body... What would it be like to have a futa body? To be identified as futanari in public? He'd been asking tons of questions to every futa student he knew, trying to get a feel for it. He hoped his time as a busty boy would help him prepare.

Jesse was going to be even more famous after this - the hotshot porn student with two *different* bodies.

Ultimately Ethan was right though. He could spare a body for a month to finish the porn. Things were really shaping up - if they nailed the futanari portion, Jesse and Whitney would have a calling card into the pornographic big leagues. He could give Whitney everything she wanted.

"Step Five: Finish the shoot."

—

Whitney drove Jesse to the Lab in her shitty Miata. The doctors had warned him against any exertion for a day after a full body transformation. He lay down on the two treatment beds and got strapped down. Whitney took two of his hands and gave him a pair of kisses.

The treatment room was packed with people - besides the doctor and nurse performing the treatment, Professor Caldwell was on hand, along with observers from the Transformation Department and the PRS Foundation.

"Ok, let's start with the simple change. This should feel very similar to the first time." The doctor injected the breast removal serum and the crawling ants began. Jesse watched in both first and third person as the transformation played in reverse, his breasts shrinking and separating into abstract lumps of meat, before vanishing entirely. He felt relief, but also a touch of sadness.

Preparation for the next change took several minutes, the doctor and nurse loading a half dozen injection guns.

"Alright misters Fisher, the futanari transformation process is going to be long and distinctly uncomfortable. There will be extensive changes to nearly every part of your body, including significant bone reshaping. We will proceed in three stages - body hair, breasts and genitals, and finally full body conversion. Do you understand?"

Jesse both nodded, and the doctor nodded back. "Ok, then let's begin. Nurse, stage one."

The first round of injections were relatively mild. Jesse's whole body shivered uncontrollably as every hair follicle below his eyes shrank away. His other body was covered with sympathetic goosebumps, and that body suddenly felt unbearably hairy. Then one of his scalps seemed to catch fire. His ginger hair surged out in irregular bursts, growing by more than a foot in 30 seconds. The new bangs covered one set of eyes, which Whitney brushed away.

Jesse was prepared for the second round - it was essentially the same as last time. His penis surged and swole again, growing to appropriately massive futanari proportions, and his breasts exploded out in abstract lumps before settling into a beautiful pair of basketballs, resting low on his chest.

"God, you're bigger than me," Whitney whispered, in a tone that indicated they'd be *carefully* exploring this development very soon.

"Alright misters Fisher, we're starting stage three."

The moment the needle drove home, Jesse knew this was going to be bad. The burning spread across every inch of his body, then penetrated down into the bones and muscle. He felt like one giant charlie horse, seemingly every muscle cramping all at once. Then he felt his jawbone snap inside his mouth, and that body passed out.

Jesse felt like he'd had a stroke, half paralyzed, like someone had covered his head with a black bag then hit him with a hammer. He couldn't think straight - half his mind was just *gone*. He watched in a stupor as his other body bent and warped like something from a body horror movie.

For a terrible minute, Jesse was sure something had gone wrong, that half his body was dying in front of him. Then all the changes started to unite, coming into focus like staring into a magic eye. His masculine body had been transformed into an outrageous vision of feminine beauty - long legs, wide hips, narrow waist, dainty arms. His butt was large without being outrageous, contrasting with his massive breasts. Freckles appeared lightly all across his flawless skin, with an adorable patch sprinkling his supermodel face.

His gigantic futanari penis swelled lovely between his hips, balls resting against thick thighs.

Then he woke up, and his mind snapped back together at the same moment he was flooded with new sensory input. His futanari body was wildly sensitive - he could feel the air conditioning tickle every inch of skin. His huge nipples hardened and his cock throbbed outrageously.

"Levels are stabilizing, doctor." The nurse began removing the sensor pads from Jesse's new skin, each one making him gasp from the sensation.

"Looks like we're done, miss. Sir?" The doctor paused, looking between the Jesses strapped to the tables. "I'm terribly sorry, I'm not sure what pronouns are appropriate in this situation."

"Sir," Jesse said from his male side. "This is a temporary change."

From his futa side, Jesse looked up at Whitney. She was standing over him, eyes brimming with wonder and lust, mumbling something he couldn't hear.

"Whitney?" His new voice was soft and breathy. Her eyes snapped to his, full of hunger. "Can you please unstrap me?"

—

Jesse sat in the front seat (and the back seat) as they drove home. They'd forgotten to bring new clothes, so he had poked a new hole in his belt to hold up the now giant-waisted pants - huge futa dick snaking down the left leg - and tied his t-shirt into an ersatz bikini top. Whitney kept turning to look at him, eyes drawn like magnets to his tits and cock. "Eyes on the road, please," he chided.

"Right! Right!" She turned back to driving, with difficulty. "So, how are you feeling?"

"That... is a complicated question." Jesse tried to gather his thoughts. "Emotionally, I feel ok. I think my time as a busty boy softened the blow. Physically, it's the weirdest thing I've ever felt in my life. Everything feels so different, so amazing - but also discordant."

From the back, Jesse added, "I'm two genders at the same time right now. Things are out of sync. It feels like I've got popcorn hulls stuck in the teeth of my mind, and I can't suck them out."

Whitney turned back to look at him. "That's one *hell* of a metaphor." There was the blare of a car horn and Whitney slammed on the brakes.

Jesse reached over from the passenger seat. "Let's sit in the back and talk." They got out and changed seats. Jesse drove as Jesse continued. "I can see you're really excited about this, and I am too." He ran a hand along his huge futa cock. "We're gonna have a lot of fun, and we're gonna finish our porno."

Jesse put a hand to Whitney's face, dragged her eyes up to look into them. "But Jessi with an 'I' is a limited time event. I can't live like this forever. I need you to be ok with that, Whitney."

She put a hand on Jessi's beautiful face, which made him shiver. "Wherever and whoever you are, I'll be there - I promise." Then that expression crept back into her face. "But what was all that about fun?"

Jesse stepped on the gas.

—

Jesse had thought that having two ten inch dicks was the closest he'd ever get to paradise, but Jessi's fifteen inch futa cock put the lie to that. Lightning shot up his spine the moment Whitney put her mouth on it. Every touch, every caress, every lick brought sensation like he'd never felt before. With his normal cock sliding in and out of Whitney's pussy, his brains were nearly overcome with pleasure.

After what seemed like forever, Whitney pulled herself off her new toy, gasping. "I want to see those big DSLs work. I want to see you suck yourself off." She returned to her fellatio, eyes locked on Jessi.

Jesse and Jessi both shrugged. Truth be told, he'd wanted to try it just as much as Whitney wanted to see it. He stood up, dick sliding out of Whitney, drawing a small moan from her. In two steps, he was in front of himself. Jessi gave himself the sluttiest look he could, for Whitney's sake, and wrapped his fat lips around his own cock.

Jessi wasn't too bad at sucking dick, but he was no Whitney. He could only swallow a few inches of his own cock before he started to gag. Jesse pulled back a bit, then Jessi wrapped his hands around the cock in his mouth and got to work. He played it up a little for Whitney, whose fingers were buried deep in her own snatch, but the sensation of sucking dick while simultaneously being *blown twice*...

Jesse was probably the only person in the history of the world to experience it.

He timed his own blowjob with Whitney's, working fast on his own cock, and had a double orgasm, filling his own mouth and her's at the same moment. Both bodies buckled at the unearthly sensation, Jesse falling back onto the couch while Jessi leaned back as far as he could from his knees. Whitney pulled back, presenting her mouth full of cum before swallowing, then finished herself off.

"It's the hottest, dirtiest, sexiest thing I've ever seen in my life. We're gonna make the Citizen Kane of futa porn." She stood up and kissed Jessi, tasting the cum on each other's breath. "I love you Jesses."

"I love you Whitney," he said in two voices.

Chapter Ten: Let's Shoot This Fucker!

Jesse had been right - he was now the most famous person at Amberfield. Heads turned and whispers started everywhere he went - and his new wardrobe didn't help matters.

Whitney had *insisted* on buying him a new futanari wardrobe, and they'd spent a whole day buying sexy clothes, along with a mountain of specialty lingerie. The fitter was clearly flushed with arousal as she worked, though she maintained as much decorum as she could.

And so Jessi traveled to his half of classes in crop tops and miniskirts, futa cock and balls packed into a sleeved g-string attached to his thigh, or in skin tight yoga gear that left nothing to the imagination. He hadn't yet worked up the courage to go out in lingerie - or nude, as Whitney kept suggesting.

Jesse just kept his heads down, focused on his work. He was going to be a porn star *damnit* - he'd been swept up by Whitney's passion, and now he wanted it as bad as she did. They both dove in head first into production.

"And action!" Ethan stepped back as they started the scene. This was the 'I'll love you no matter how you look' scene. Neither of them were *incredible* actors, but it didn't take much actual acting. Whitney just repeated what she'd said to Jessi in the car, and he loved her for it just as much. Then they moved onto the fucking, which they *were* incredible at. Whitney sat on Jessi's lovely face as he masturbated, huge futa balls spraying torrents of cum as he cried out beneath her.

"And cut..." Ethan and Benjamin were both stunned at the scene. Jesse grabbed the camera before Benjamin dropped it. "Holy fucking shit guys, that was unbelievable!" They both congratulated the couple, then all five of them watched the playback on Ethan's TV.

"This will cut together beautifully," Benjamin mused. "With the doggy style scene and the self-suck scene, we're damn near done. All we have left is the big gangbang for the finale. Ethan, do we have enough extras?"

"*Enough?*" Ethan scoffed. "I had to cut off the applications once we hit three hundred. There's not a guy on this campus that doesn't want to fuck these two... three... whatever. It's gonna take me days to pick just eight of them."

"Why stop at eight?" Jesse spoke without thinking. All eyes turned to him, including his own.

He pressed on. "If we're doing this, let's fucking do it. I'll bet Dr. Lovelace could get us time on a soundstage, and we already have access to the prop closet. What if Whitney and I did twenty guys?"

He turned four eyes to Whitney, who smiled and nodded excitedly. "Fuck yeah, bring em on. Go big or go home!"

Ethan shrugged. "They're your holes. I'll start looking at dick pics, you two go butter up Lovelace. Ben, think you can get us a couple extra cameras? We're gonna need a shitload of coverage."

"Not a problem - and I've got a few buddies who need film credits for class, they'll help out."

Ethan stood up, rubbing his hands together. "It's going to be my masterpiece!"

::Twenty dudes at once? That'll be pretty impressive if you can pull it off.::

Jessi nodded as Jesse made dinner. "Whitney's put the bug in me - I want us in the big leagues of porn, the First Couple of Fucking. We're gonna have a mantle filled with AVNs someday."

::Hell yeah man. You're jumping in with both feet - the boss likes that.::

Jesse stuck his head up from chopping and he spoke in unison. "Listen man, what's going on with... all this? Grand Design, the projects, everything. It's been weeks since my last assignment. What's this leading to? When does it end?"

The cherub thought about the questions for a long time.

::I'm sorry Jesse, I don't know, and I couldn't tell you if I did. The Boss does what she wants, when she wants. Personally, I suspect she's giving you room to finish your porno. After that...::

He shrugged. ::Who knows?::

Jesse was about to speak, but then Whitney came home with the bread and wine. The screen went black and he shut the laptop.

"Step Six:" Jessi said in his breathy voice. "Settle accounts with Dotty, once and for all."

It took a week to get everything together, but at last Jessi and Whitney stood on the soundstage in their lingerie, surrounded by cameras and 20 naked studs. The stage had been made up as a replica of Ethan's bedroom, where they'd shot several early sex scenes. It was hot under the stage lights - Jesse wiped their foreheads and touched up their makeup.

Whitney buzzed with excitement and anxiety. "Oh Jesses, this is it, this is it! Our first on-screen gangbang!"

"Our first gangbang, full stop," Jesse said as he did his eyeliner. "The Homecoming Orgy doesn't count - we were just participants."

"What about the gangbang in the workshop?"

Jesse smiled. "Shit, you're right. But you were the star that time. We're *both* taking a few yards of dick this time."

She nodded, eyes burning with ambition. "You're goddamn right we are."

Ethan's voice boomed from the speakers. "Places people! We've got a long night of filming ahead, so remember to stay hydrated and stay lubed. There's bottles of astroglide tucked all over the place - use them! And remember, if you're on red team, your cum goes in a hole; if you're on blue team, it goes on their face. *And don't forget to suck that futa cock!* We need footage of *each of you* working it!"

Ethan stood in front of camera one with the clapper. "Sound!" Then he turned. "Cameras?"

The cameramen each shouted 'ready!', Jesse working camera six.

"Ok, shot one is the ring of handjobs, shot two is the studs sucking off Jessi. We'll set up for next shots after that." The studs formed a circle around Jessi and Whitney, the pair on their knees in the middle. They kissed for a moment, then started stroking cocks.

Ethan returned to the console, templeing his fingers and smiling.

"Let's shoot this fucker! **ACTION!!!**"

The shoot went on for hours. Jessi and Whitney took cock after cock in every hole, moaning and sucking and pumping and thrusting and riding. The studs each took a turn sucking Jessi's futa cock, getting a huge load in the face as their reward. They had to take a break after that - even balls as large and full as Jessi's need to recover eventually.

Everyone had dinner and washed up, then went back to the handjob circle to get hard again.

Ethan returned to the mic. "Ok studs, you've been very patient so far, and this is your payoff. We're officially moving to cum shots!" A cheer rose up from the group, Whitney sticking fingers in her mouth to whistle. "You know where you're supposed to cum, so stay focused and hit your marks! Jessi, Whitney, you two make out whenever you can. Really spread the cum around - don't hesitate to put sticky fingers in each others' mouths. Once the last stud shoots his load across both your faces, make out like your lives are on the line!"

“ACTION!!”

The gangbang started with gusto, the studs passing Whitney and Jessi around like party favors. The guests of honor sucked and pumped, gasped, moaned, and begged for more. The first stud to bust filled Jessi's ass, followed by a load to his face a moment later. He scooped a glob into his mouth, and fed a second to Whitney before she turned to suck off the nearest cock.

Whitney got creampie'd, only for another cock to plunge into her snatch for sloppy seconds. She took two loads to the face, and grabbed Jessi's hair to give him a filthy tongue kiss.

Each stud's cock got milked in turn, covering Jessi and Whitney in rivers of cum. As things reached the finale, Whitney whispered into Jessi's ear. "I have an idea. Just follow my lead." Two more studs shot across their faces, finishing off the exhausted men.

Whitney grabbed Jessi by the hair, leaned right into his face, eyes mad with lust. "One last cock to suck," she growled, then dropped down to suck his futa dick. He groaned with feminine desire, and wrapped a hand into her hair to facefuck her. They worked Jessi's futa cock together for long minutes, and with a final 'OH FUCK!' he unloaded into Whitney's mouth, filling it nearly to the brim. She rose up from her knees, tenderly grasped Jessi's face and kissed him, cum spilling from between their lips as they shared the delicious load.

“CUT! PRINT! THAT'S A WRAP!” The whole team cheered and clapped, delirious with excitement. Whitney and Jessi stood, laughing and kissing, and Jesse joined them from behind his camera, cum staining his clothes.

“Let's give it up for our stars - Whitney Choi and Jesses Fisher!” Everyone turned and clapped, whistling and stomping their feet. Whitney started to cry, and Jesses surrounded her in a bear hug.

They washed up and walked home, leaving the cleanup to the crew. Ten minutes after opening the door, all two of them were fast asleep.

Chapter Eleven: The Final Exam

Whitney was already off to class when Jesse woke up. He took his showers, got dressed, helping himself into his black lingerie set, then went to make breakfast. He was in no rush - he knew it would come soon, and he was ready.

The laptop started to buzz when the first bite of toast crossed his juicy lips. Jesse finished his meal, eating slowly and sipping on his coffees, before bothering to open it.

::What the fuck man!? I've been alerting for ten minutes!:: The cherub was fly-pacing the screen, cigarette between its tiny fingers.

“Yeah, I heard you,” he said nonchalantly. “I’m not your boss’ monkey,” he said from across the table.

::Whatever man! It’s time for your next project! Do you have an idea? Are you ready?::

“Oh yeah, I’m ready.” The cherub nodded in relief, but paused when he saw the look in Jesse’s four eyes.

It only took ten minutes for him to create his next project, a simple imitation of an email.

::No fucking way man, I can’t submit this! This is nothing!::

Jesse was resolute. “I made it with every *goddamn ounce* of my passion. SEND IT.”

The cherub sighed, clearly unconvinced, but did it anyway. His face went slack with shock.

::Project accepted! What the fuck have you done, man?::

“Nothing. Yet.” Jesse closed the laptop, grabbed his bags and left the apartment, splitting up as he left the front door. It was time to finish this.

—

To: Jesse Fisher (jfisher@amberfield.edu)
From: Dean of Students (dean@amberfield.edu)
Subject: Meeting

Mr Fisher,

Please report immediately to my office. We have to discuss your future at this school.

Dean of Students,
Amberfield School of the Pornographic Arts

—

Jesse entered the Administrative Office, went up to three, and entered the Dean’s office, marching right past the protesting secretary. The Dean’s chair was rotated towards the window, big leather back blocking everything.

Jesse was unimpressed. “Really? You’re gonna rotate around for the big reveal? What are you, Dr Evil?”

The chair spun around slowly. Dotty sat in its rich leather in a skin tight gray business suit, long black hair tied up in a messy bun.

"You have no flair for the dramatic, Mr Fisher."

"Spare me. I've done everything you've asked, but I'm done. You said we'd settle up later - well, I say later is now. Tell me what you want from me."

Dotty bridged her fingers over her face. "What I want from you, Mr Fisher, is passion. It's all I've ever asked from anyone. So tell me, *do you* have passion? Did you follow my command? *Did you strive?*"

Jesse looked her dead in the eyes. "Yes."

"Let's find out." She opened her desk drawer and removed the laptop, handing it to him. "I know it's rather early, but it's time for your final project. It's time to impress me."

"How much does this count towards my grade?" he asked.

"It's the final test, Mr Fisher," Her smile was entirely without joy. "It counts for everything."

He cracked open the laptop and started to work. After a minute, he looked up with a scowl. "I can't work if you're watching over my shoulder."

Dotty sighed dramatically. "Oh very well." She spun the chair around, and Jesse continued.

Jesse spent half an hour working, typing furiously and clicking like mad. Dean Dotty never made a noise or moved. "Done," he finally declared.

She turned, mild annoyance on her face. "Finally. Let's take a look and see how you've done."

"No." Jesse said it coolly, confidently. "It's going to be read to you. The reader should walk through the door right... *now.*"

Jessi and Whitney entered the room, the secretary shouting at them from the anteroom.

"Jesses, what's going on?" Whitney caught sight of Dotty and jumped. "Dean Dotty! What's happening?"

Dotty raised a single eyebrow, her annoyance now mixed with curiosity. "I'm not sure myself, Ms Choi. Your lover apparently wants you to read his project aloud. Please do so - now."

Whitney was deeply confused, but Jesse handed her the laptop and Jessi patted her on the shoulder. "Just read," he said in unison. She nodded, cleared her throat, and began.

My name is Jesse Fisher, and graphic design is *not* my passion.

Drawing hentai is my passion. I love making pictures of beautiful people having crazy impossible sex and being transformed in sexy ways - and I am fucking great at it.

Making pornography is my passion. My body is beautiful, and I fuck with skill and artistry. I want people to see me fuck on video. I want people to pay to see me fuck on video. I want people to see my name and know I fuck on video. I want to win awards because I fuck on video.

Helping people live happy and healthy lives is my passion. I will change the world, twist it into knots and shatter the past, so long as people are able to live their truth without fear or shame.

But most of all, above all things, above even my life, my passion is Whitney Choi. She is my light, my love, my heart. I will fight for her, kill for her, die for her. What she wants is what I want, what she loves is what I love.

Which is why I brought her here, so I can know what she *truly* wants. I free her mind from all the changes my projects have wrought. Once she's free to make an informed decision, I will honor her wishes, whatever they may be.

"Jesses, what does this mean? What changes - " she stopped mid sentence, eyes rolling back in her head and shuddering. She collapsed into Jessi's arms, then took a deep breath and focused.

"Oh god." She stared at the room, mind reeling. "You did all this?"

"I did," he admitted in unison. "I didn't mean to hurt you and I don't think I did. But I can't know for sure if you think the world was always this way. I need you to know what I did, so you can decide how you really feel."

She didn't hesitate. "Wherever and whoever you are, I'll be there - I promise."

They embraced, but after a moment Whitney pulled gently away. "You really turned yourself into two people? Sweeties, I love you - but that is *fucking crazy*."

Jesse smiled and shrugged in stereo. "I thought it was a creative solution to my problems."

Dotty gave a sarcastic golf clap, and they all turned.

“Yes, yes, very romantic, love conquers all. Only love doesn’t conquer all. Love fades, withers, dies. It’s hack, Mr Fisher, and I’m not impressed.”

“You fail. I expel you from this university. You and your slut.” She raised a hand imperiously.

The sound of shattering wood interrupted her monologue. Jessi had smashed the nearest chair against the floor, shattering it and leaving two spikes of lumber in his hands. He threw one to himself.

“No.” Jesse stared down Dotty hard. “I won’t let you.”

Dotty’s face filled with fury. “*You would challenge me!?*”

Both Jesses nodded. “I’ve read the stories - men challenge the gods all the time, and I remember something about a guy named Diomedes challenging *you* specifically.”

“You didn’t read those stories to the end,” she snarled. “Men who challenge the gods die! I will flay the flesh from - *oof!*”

An Amberfield paper weight smacked into Dotty’s temple. Whitney scooped up a book from the desk. “The man said ‘fuck you!’ What part of that don’t you get?”

Dotty rose above the desk, lifted up by divine fury. She pointed a finger at them both, and they dropped to their knees, the weight of her will driving them to the ground.

“FOOLS! You would die for your love? You would challenge a god for your *tiny, pathetic* love?”

“YES!” they said together.

Dotty laughed, a laugh of pure and wholesome delight. Whitney and Jesse fell back, orgasms rocketing through them. They bucked and thrashed, Jesse’s futa cum splattering on the ceiling.

Once they recovered, Dotty helped them to their feet. “You have passion, Jesse Fisher - all the passion I sensed in you and more. You pass, pass with flying colors. I salute you. I’m proud of you Jesse - proud of you both.”

“Thanks, I guess.” Jesse made sure Whitney was ok before continuing. “So, what happens now?”

“Now I will undo all your changes and send you both home. Your phone numbers haven’t changed - you can reconnect and do whatever you want with your lives.”

“NO!” Jesse and Whitney both shouted.

“No?” Dotty seemed genuinely confused.

“No,” Jesse repeated in stereo. “This world is way, *way* better than the old world!”

“People aren’t ashamed of sex!” Whitney started counting off reasons on her fingers. “We’ve cured disease, solved organ failure and limb loss! Ended gender dysmorphia, body dysmorphia, homophobia, transphobia! Millions and millions of people are alive because of the changes Jesse made!”

“We’re happy here! We *want* to be porn stars!” Jesse turned to Whitney. “Right? You *do* want that right?”

She smiled at him. “I had two hundred subscribers on my OnlyFans before any of this started. I’m a freaky slut in any world - but I can be a *proud* freaky slut here.”

Dotty put her hands up in defeat. “You’ve made your point. Frankly I prefer your changes as well, but I didn’t want to assume.” She paused. “Are you *sure* about the Pemberton-Rivers Syndrome? That’s a rather extreme change, even by my standards...”

Jesse wrapped two pairs of arms around Whitney. “I can hardly double team my girl with only one body. She’s a freaky slut, after all.”

“Who am I to stand in the way of unalloyed lust?” Dotty nodded in approval. “What about your futanari form? You *will* suffer if you stay divided as you are. I can fix that, reconcile the disconnect. You can keep your current shape forever if you like.”

“You know what? No.” Whitney turned, raised a surprised eyebrow. “Being futa is *intense*. I see the appeal, but I won’t get anything done if I’m like this all the time. I’m going to change back when my time elapses.”

He gave a slutty grin to Whitney. “I’ll change back every December as a Christmas gift to you.”

Then he turned to Dotty. “I’d appreciate it if you made it less painful though. It seemed realistic when I wrote it, but I’m done with snapping bones.”

“So be it, Jesse Fisher. You’ve made bold choices. I give this world the gift of comfortable transformation as a salute to your boldness. And now, we are done.” She gestured and the laptop flew into her hand. “I have to go. It’s time to reprimand our tiny friend here. He was *extremely lax* in keeping his nature a secret.”

“Farewell to both of you. I wish you happiness and success in your pornographic futures.”

Then she was gone. In her place, an elderly gentleman sat in the big leather chair. The plaque on the desk said 'Dean Stockwell,' and he was in the middle of a sentence.

"...wanted to thank you personally for your performance at the Orgy. We had a record number of donations, and Doctor Lovelace and I agree that's in large part to the work you did. So if there's anything I can do for you, just let me know."

"Actually, there *is* something you can do." Jesse turned to look at Whitney.

"Can you help me break my lease? I don't need my own apartment any more."

Author's Note:

Thanks again to SoylentOrange for help with continuity and editing.

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