

Bodyswap Blitz
- A Not-So Smutty Short Story-
By Razmagurk

There was a gun in Reggie's hand and a suicide note on the sink, but they weren't his. Wasn't his note, wasn't his gun, wasn't his hand.

Like the twisting of a robotic lens, the world spun into sudden horrifying focus. The pain in Reggie's head receded. He dropped the thing he was holding in horror and stammered back as he realized what it was, almost tripping over his own feet in the process.

He looked up. There was a girl staring back at him. Unfamiliar features. A petite nose, a soft face, and a shock of wavy strawberry-blonde hair. She was beautiful, but the smeared mascara and cheeks wet with tears cast her features in a tragic light.

He reached a hand out to touch her but made contact with the mirror instead.

Her mouth opened and closed in amazement as he realized, somehow, that was him. He drew a petite ruby-tipped finger up to touch his face. Smooth, warm, and as real as could be.

"What the shit?"

His voice was unfamiliar. High, airy, sultry. It felt all wrong in his throat.

He looked around, his brain struggling for context. He was in a bathroom, that much he recognized. One of those small unisex public bathrooms. Could be anywhere. A small duffel bag full of clothes sat nearby on top of the toilet.

There was a banging on the door.

The last thing he could remember he'd been out with his girlfriend. He'd been giving her a ride back from hockey practice. They were trying to figure out dinner.

Then... then there was a loud bang and it was like something was tuning the channels on an old tv. Like everything was stretched out and thin, and now here he was: a splitting headache and a strange girl's face staring back.

He looked down at the body he had found himself in. It was tight and athletic, with taut abs and long legs plainly visible beneath his skinny blue short-shorts. It was wearing a matching top, blue, tight enough to be a sports bra, and hiding just about the same amount of flesh. He ran a hand along the exposed midriff. Whoever this girl was, she had abs. And was ticklish.

Then, because survival cannot be denied, his attention returned to the sink. To the gun laying there in the porcelain bin like a bomb about to go off. To the note that simply read "I'm sorry." Blood rushed to his head as bile rose up in the back of his throat. He swallowed it back and held out a hand to steady himself. What the hell was going on?

The banging grew louder.

"Becky, are you alright?" It was a woman's voice. He looked over. The door was locked. "Becky please, you're scaring me."

"Shit, shit shit!" he swore under his breath. What was he going to do? Just open the door and say, "Oh, sorry Becky's not here right now. I'm some random dude in her body instead and I have a *gun* for some reason"

What the hell does someone even do with a gun? Why does Becky apparently have a gun? This was Canada for shit's sake.

"Becky, come on. If you don't come out right now, I'm going to kick the damn door open!"

Reggie stood back from the sink. He needed to figure out what was going on and he needed to figure out fast. His eyes scanned the room for clues. There had to be something that could tell him why he was here.

He grabbed the duffel bag off the toilet seat and started tearing through it. Girl's clothes, a towel, water, it looked like a workout bag? Aha! There was a purse with a wallet in it. Rebecca Sky. Drivers license, credit cards, student id. Oh thank god, she was enrolled at the University of Eastern Ontario, same as him. She was young. A sophomore? Freshman?

He dug back into the bag. What was in here? A cell phone he didn't know the code for, makeup, a little box of bows, and... oh no. Reggie's heart pounded. A box of pregnancy tests? It was opened. Used. he looked around. Sure enough, in the trash: Three small strips.

Positive.

"That's it, if you don't open this damn door in three seconds I'm going to kick it down! 3..."

He swallowed hard and looked down at his belly. It was tight and athletic. There was no sign of any sort of bump. Too early? Obviously. What did he know about pregnancy? Not enough. He was a guy, for god's sake. He was a guy and he was too young and too male to be a single mother!

"2..."

Reggie scrambled to shove the tests back in the duffel bag, as though that, of all things, was what he was afraid to get caught with.

"1..."

Shit! The gun! He ran over and grabbed it out of the sink, but there was no time to put it in the bag. With no other choice he shoved it and the note down the back of his short shorts. Between the swell of his perky ass and the tightness of the booty hugging material, they held despite the weight.

The door slammed, but held.

Before Reggie could breathe a sigh of relief, there was the sound of running and an even louder slam. He could see the door buckling, but it wasn't giving in.

He unlocked the door just in time for one more charge. Without the lock to protect it this time, it exploded open as a petite asian girl crashed into the room, just as surprised by her success as he had been. She was tiny. It was hard to believe she'd been able to pack so much punch.

"Becky!" For a brief moment she was eye level with Reggie as she jumped up and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. The two of them spun as the girl lifted her legs and suddenly he was holding her entire weight. He blushed. Apart from his girlfriend Ramona he wasn't used to being so close to a girl.

"Is everything alright?" she landed back on her feet and took stock of Reggie's tear-streaked face. "Oh my god! You look terrible, what happened?" She reached a hand up and started futzing with his hair. "No, shit there's no time. You'll have to tell me along the way. We've got to get you fixed up and to practice. Coach said if you miss one more your off the team. Are you.. *are* you okay?"

"I'm fine." he lied. "Everything's great."

He tried to smile, tried to play off the panic in his heart, but his brain was a jumbled mess of unfamiliar feelings. This, he thought, is what it must feel like to go insane. And yet he wasn't about to let on. He wasn't the best actor in the world, but he was good enough.

"Beck," the girl said, "If something's wrong you know you can tell me, right?"

"Of course." he took a deep breath and tried to laugh. "It's just... that time of month, you know?"

She raised an eyebrow, but didn't press.

Way to go, Reggie, he scolded himself. You've been a girl five minutes and already you're using that excuse.

"Shall we go?" he pressed.

"Alright," she sighed, "but we're having a nice long chat about this after practice, okay? Uhg, and we're not going anywhere with you looking like that. The girls would eat you alive. Here." She reached into her duffel bag and pulled out a small wet wipe, reaching up to dab at Reggie's soft round cheeks. "No time to reapply, but you should be fine. Come on we don't have much time."

The two of them ran through the halls. Her in the lead and him trying his best to keep up without letting the gun fall out of his shorts. Thank god she hadn't gotten a look at his behind.

It took him a little while, but then it clicked. He recognized this place. This was the Kinesiology department, wasn't it? This was on campus! He had to cut through here to get to the math building.

Okay, he thought, he may still have been trapped in a girls body, but at least he knew where he was.

He glanced at one of the wall clocks. 5:11. He had picked up his girlfriend at 5. He hadn't lost any time, assuming it was still the same day. Thankfully, it was that fuzzy period between day and evening classes where there weren't really that many people around. Still, every time they rounded a corner he was terrified that some passersby - or worse, campus security - were going to notice a certain bulge in his shorts that shouldn't be there.

The girl's locker room was... well, much like the rest of the building, it was kind of worn down. It was quiet and unassuming and out of the way. Honestly, He hadn't even realized there was a gym back here. Nonetheless, he felt like a trespasser.

"Wait, hold on!" he cried. "Bathroom!"

"What? You hate the bathroom here. Isn't that why we just- you were literally just in a bathroom! We don't have time for this!"

"Sorry!" He ran over to the stall, struggling to avoid showing the girl his back. "I'll be quick. It's uh... I have to adjust my pad!" he closed the stall door behind him.

"Oh my god, what? Girl, you're wearing a pad to practice? You're braver than I am. Just be quick!"

Reggie carefully pulled the gun out from between his pert cheeks. He had to get rid of this thing. Fast. He pulled out his - Becky's - duffelbag, but even the idea of keeping it with him was freaking him out. What if someone found it? What if someone saw? No, he had to find a way to ditch it for good. At least until he figured out what to do with it.

Luckily, the age of the building provided a perfect hiding spot - the stall here had a complete toilet: tank and all. Was it the best solution? No. But he was working with a very limited set of options. He carefully slid the heavy lid to the side and gently dropped the gun into the cold black water before sliding it back.

Alright, that was one emergency dealt with. What next?

"Rebecca Sky! Do my eyes deceive me? Ten more seconds and I thought I'd finally be rid of you."

The entire female half of the cheerleading team, was staring as the two of them ran into the gym. A domineering beast of a woman in a tracksuit was barking orders. Reggie opened his mouth as if to offer some - any - explanation, but she didn't give him a chance.

"Save it for the cheers, Sky. You'll slip up eventually. You always do. I had expected better from you though, Rose." The woman turned to the girl who had dragged him here.

"Just keeping her honest, ma'am!" the girl - Rose - seemed to struggle for height in the shadow of this imposing woman.

"Well it looks like you live another day, King. Now get in line! If I can't get you on rule violation I'll just have to work you to death. Alright, ladies, let's get warmed up!"

Not knowing what else to do, Reggie fell in line next to Rose.

The warm up - thank god - seemed to mostly be stretches and calisthenics, though some of the stuff the other girls were doing was a little more advanced. He balked at the way Rose was able to fold completely in half to stretch out her calves - no way would he be able to pull that off - but he was surprised to discover just how light and flexible his new body was.

Still. He looked at some of the girls doing cartwheels out on the mat. His body may have been capable of doing this sort of thing, sure, but there's a big difference between being able to do something and knowing how.

"Alright, places ladies!" The coach barked out, "Basket tosses!"

The mood and energy in the shifted. Socialization was over - it was go time.

Groups seemed to be forming around the gym. Reggie stuck with Rose as she made her way over to a gaggle of smaller girls.

"King, are you a flyer now?" the coach yelled.

"Uh," He tried not to let the confusion show on his face. "Yes?"

"Very funny. Maybe once you've lost twenty pounds and can jump worth a damn. Quit wasting all our time and get over with the other bases!"

Blushing hot and red, he ran to go stand with the group she was pointing to. There was some tittering from the crowd. His face went even redder. He didn't even know these people, why was this so embarrassing?

The coach turned on the music. Reggie tried to play along as the two other girls huddled up and squatted down, synchronizing to a dance he didn't know the steps for. Their hands came together, forming a basket between them. One of the girls from Rose's group, a tiny waif of a girl, came running up and sprung up onto their hands. She wobbled there for a minute, the three of them supporting her, then suddenly throwing her in the air, sending her spinning what had to be ten feet straight up.

Time seemed to slow for Reggie as this girl cartwheeled above him. He could just barely make out a sensation like the pressure suddenly dropping and then there was a sound halfway between a wire shorting out and a gun misfiring as the pressure crashed back.

The girl, who had been tight and in control of her aerial acrobatics a moment ago, was now flailing hopelessly even as she crashed into the waiting arms below. She lashed out, punching Reggie in the cheek as she tried to break free and get to her feet.

Breaking free of her comrades, the confused girl stumbled back, her head spinning wildly.

"Where am I?" she cried "Who are all you?"

She held a hand up to her throat quizzically, then did a doubletake as she seemed to notice her boobs for the first time.

"What the hell is going on?"

"Rachel? Are you okay?" The cheerleader on Reggie's left reached out to comfort the confused girl, but she was swatted away.

"Come on, Rachel, it's us!" said the cheerleader on his right.

"Rachel? Look," The confused girl looked down at her body and immediately regretted it. "I don't know anybody named Rachel, and I sure as hell don't know you."

"Oh my god," the one on the left turned to the one on the right, frowning. "Did she like, hit her head?"

"My name is Brendan Douglas," the girl that wasn't Rachel took a deep breath as he tried to remain calm. "I was just... I was just in the pool a minute ago. How did I get here?"

"Coach Lawrence!" One of the cheerleaders raised her hand, a quaver of fear in her voice. "Something's wrong with Rachel!"

"Wait," Reggie pushed past the girls. "What's the last thing you remember?"

"What?"

"Before you were here!" Reggie urged. "What's the last thing you remember before you were suddenly here!" If he was in the same situation as Reggie there had to be some kind of clue they could use to figure out what was going on.

"Uh," the girl furrowed her brow. "We had just finished a sprint set. I was grabbing my board for a cooldown and there was this loud banging sound coming from the changerooms. Then... then I was here. Now do you mind telling me where exactly here is?"

Reggie's brain reeled. What was he supposed to say to this guy? "Sorry, I've got no idea what's going on, at least you're not the only one stuck as a girl, but oh hey, at least you're not pregnant?" He wanted to be confident, reassuring. He wanted to say something that would help. But he had no words.

"I'm sorry," he said. "There's something weird going on. There was some kind of -"

He stopped. The pressure had shifted again. A moment later, there was another bang. The girl claiming to be Brendan flinched and covered her ears.

Across the gym a cheerleader fell to the ground and started yelling for her mommy.

"Come with me!" Reggie grabbed Brendan's hand and started to run over. They weren't the only ones being affected! Someone had to have some kind of clue.

Before they could arrive though it happened again, the pressure drop was quicker this time and the bang was louder, and followed by a barrage of short bursts, like a ripple of after shocks following an earthquake.

Confusion quickly spread throughout the gym, then turned to panic.

Reggie stumbled. He hadn't been able to make out how many there had been. Whatever was happening was getting worse. And now it was impossible to tell who had been affected and who was just freaking out over the sudden mass hysteria.

"Come on," he yelled, "we've got to try to figure this out."

"You!" Nails dug into his shoulder as someone grabbed him. "You stupid girl!" He spun around. It was the coach - no, not the coach, someone else was in her skin. She moved different, stood different. Somehow it just made her seem all the more terrifying. "You did this!"

There was another sudden shift in pressure, worse this time than all the others. He felt a searing pain building up in the base of his skull.

"After all I did for you, this is how you repay me? You take my gift and you turn it against me? Do you have any idea what you've -" but her words were drowned out by the bang.

There was a sensation like being pulled in two, and with that, Reggie was gone.

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The pain came into sharp focus, easily twice as strong as it had before. It felt like his skull was being split in two. He was somewhere else now. He fell to the grass, groaning and clutching his head. There was another voice doing the same. Wherever he was, he wasn't alone.

He tried to breathe deeply, to work past the pain, but his breath kept catching in his lungs.

What fresh hell was this?

His vision was swimming. He squinted and tried to focus, but he couldn't make sense of what he was seeing. He was on the grass on the side of the road. There was a car nearby. That much he could make out, but it was like he was seeing two separate images at once. He tried to blink it away, but the afterimage of one or the other would always seem to persist.

Somewhere nearby, a car drove past. The sound of it sent Reggie's blood cold. It wasn't just his vision. He'd heard the car twice.

A quick check revealed that yes, it was his sense of touch and smell as well. Even his sense of gravity was throwing doubles.

He closed his eyes. one of the visions stopped. He closed his eyes harder. Blissful darkness.

What the fuck?

He tried to focus, tried to concentrate on just one sense of signals, tried to sort the truth from lies but it kept slipping away. What he was feeling wasn't oppressive by any means, but it was distracting. A second heartbeat, a second dry throat, a second set of lungs breathing out of sync.

You know that feeling you get when you become manually aware of your tongue? Imagine it happening twice-over to your whole body.

Unsure which of his four hands was real, he struggled to sit up. When he was sure he wasn't going to fall over, he opened his eyes, then opened them again.

It was like two projectors competing for a single screen. Both views showed a figure before him about five feet away. Though who it was and at what angle differed. In one vision he saw himself, as though in a mirror. In the other, his girlfriend Ramona. He smiled at the sight of her. She smiled back.

"Baby?" the two of them both spoke at the same time, then both smiled and laughed, there was a mutual pause as the two waited for the other to start, then they began again at the same time. "I'm so glad to see you!" They were talking over each other and neither seemed to care. "You're not going to believe -"

They both frowned, simultaneous terror crossing their faces.

Reggie reached out a hand. She did the same. When they touched, Reggie felt it twice.

In two voices he screamed.

He screamed in horror and confusion and torment, in frustration and rage and sheer existential doubt. He screamed until his voices grew hoarse, then fell back onto the grass. The darkening blue sky overhead, at least, was one thing his eyes could all agree on.

He lay there for what felt like hours, but couldn't have been longer than a few minutes.

Okay, he sighed. Get it together. Why couldn't he have chosen a more comfortable spot to freak out in?

One step at a time. Reggie held his hands above his heads and carefully flexed his fingers. He closed his eyes as the body of his girlfriend lowered her hand.

He could do it.

It was like rubbing your head and patting your belly at the same time, but he could do it.

He tried to focus on the double input of sensation, tried to filter out which were his. It wasn't that bad now that he knew what he was dealing with. It was like trying to watch two tvs at once, but hell, he'd done that plenty of times. How hard could it be?

He wobbled and stood. His girlfriend's body had to hold out her arms to balance. If he had more practice he was sure he could really get the hang of it, but he wanted to spend as little time like this as possible.

He took a step. He was doing it.

And then he stopped concentrating and her body started to move in sync with his despite the differences in gait and height and balance. She tumbled over, his flailing to stop himself causing his other body to fall over as well.

A sigh passed both his lips as he struggled to get his bodies back up. No. He frowned and corrected himself. Only one of these was his body. The other was, somehow, his girlfriend's.

God, Ramona had always been so strong and confident. It was funny. Now that Reggie was behind the wheel she didn't look that at all. She was no less beautiful, of course, but seeing her body this way just made him miss her all the more.

He ran her hand along her cheek.

He still didn't know what she was going on, but he had to find her. He had to be sure she was alright.

He looked at the scene around him.

His car was nearby, both doors open. It hadn't crashed. Had it drifted off the road? They never made it home. Why were they both standing so far from the car?

Someone else had been using his body. It was the only explanation. Who? Becky? That would make the most sense, but he wasn't prepared to eliminate a third variable. Maybe she couldn't drive stick?

Wait, if Becky and him had traded bodies earlier, what did that mean for just now? Had she swapped back? What about Ramona? Were they somehow both trapped now in Becky's body?

Shit.

He had to get back to the gym.

He turned and took a step to the car, then fell over yet again.

Okay, maybe... maybe he wasn't quite yet in a state to drive. At least campus wasn't too far away.

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Reggie was weirdly embarrassed.

There was something profoundly awkward about controlling two bodies at once. Never even mind that one of them happened to be female, he was sure that anyone passing by was going to tell something was up. He knew it was stupid. Who in their right mind would guess something so crazy? Even if he seem to be moving like two marionettes hooked up to the same string. Still, he just couldn't shake the feeling. The sooner he got this all worked out the better.

He was just approaching the edge of campus when Ramona's phone started to go off. He waited patiently - out of habit more than anything - for her to answer it, then slapped his heads in frustration.

His hands clenched to avoid repeating the motion as he dug through his girlfriend's bag looking for the thing. He could never remember her password - but luckily, she kept it on biometrics. Holding it up to her face did the trick.

One missed call. From Mom?

The phone shook with another call. He dropped it in surprise, unclenched his fists in frustration, and reached down to grab it.

It was her parents. They liked to check in on her perhaps more than was strictly healthy. Romana would be upset if he let them worry.

"Hello?" He said it with both mouths, then clapped a hand over the other. He kept catching himself mouthing the words.

"Darling!" It was her mother's voice, "are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, uh, Mom." he did his best to try to imitate the way she spoke to her parents. He'd teased her about it in the past, the mid-western Canadian accent she only had when speaking to them. "I just couldn't get the phone in time."

"That's not what I mean!" there was real panic in her voice. "There's some kind of mass hysteria going on at the school. The news has a live feed."

"What!?" He cried out in both voices.

"Your mother and I -" she coughed. "your father and I are very worried"

"Wait, what was that?"

"N-nothing, uh sweetie. Nothing you need to worry about. Listen, something very strange is going on, please just get home and be safe, okay?"

"Mrs. Johansson, listen, if something's happened to you, you need to let me know!"

"Hold on, what did you just call me? Who is this?"

Shit.

"Uh, okay mom! I'll stay inside. I've got to go now, I love you, bye!"

"Hey wait!"

Reggie hung up. So much for not worrying them.

Whatever this thing was it was starting to spread. It was getting out of hand. He had to find Ramona and fast. Who knows what hell she was going through.

He passed through the campus gates and broke into a cautious jog. It was about as close to a full-blown panic sprint as he was capable of at the moment, but his heart was pounding like crazy anyway.

He was almost there. A few false starts, but he was almost there.

He could see the chaos coming from the concrete beach outside the central campus building. News trucks, police vans, ambulances. When had they gotten here?

He spotted a short old woman in a cardigan and a police hat sealing off one of the streets that ran through the center of campus. She didn't look like a cop, but she was waving a badge around. It looked like they were trying to keep people away.

No, they weren't just keeping people away, they were detaining anyone they caught inside. Groups in security uniforms were dragging people out of buildings and into the main campus building where all the cops were. They were rounding everybody up? He had half expected the police officers to be bigger? It looked like they'd cobbled these officers together out of random people on the street.

Still, they had the place sealed up tight.

Luckily, Reggie had the home field advantage. If there's one thing you learned on this campus, it was the shortcuts. If you knew what you were doing you could work your way through the old steam tunnels and maintenance access routes all the way from one side of campus to the other. Ramona had gotten lost exploring them all last winter. It wasn't always the fastest way, but it was better than trudging through all the snow.

Did the police know to check there? Probably not. But campus security did, and they'd be working together if there was some kind of emergency, right?. He'd have to be careful, but it was still his best bet.

And so, holding hands with himself for comfort, Reggie found himself back once more in the back halls of the kinesiology building. It was strange all the subtle differences. The place seemed smaller through both his and Ramona's senses than it had through Becky's. And now, everything was so weirdly quiet. When last he had been here there was that cacophony of banging. Did the silence mean it had stopped?

He shuddered at the memory of the coach clutching his shoulder before he had been pulled away. He didn't know who had been in control of her, but there had been something... dark... behind her eyes.

As much as he hated to do it, if he was going to confront this again, he was going to need protection.

He slipped into the girl's changeroom, Ramona's body going on ahead to make sure the coast was clear. He had to admit, now that he had better control, there were times when having two bodies was really handy.

He stood watch with her eyes while he slid the heavy lid to the side, both his hearts pounding.

Thank god. He pulled the cold metal thing out of the water. It was still there. He hid it down the back of his pants then checked with his second pair of eyes to make sure it wasn't too obvious.

As ready as he was ever going to be, he stood outside the gym door. Whatever was going on, this was the heart of it.

Becky... the coach... Ramona... it was time to get some answers.

Ramona's head peeked through the door.

As urgently as Reggie wanted to just kick the damn thing down, that wasn't going to get him what he was after.

All the panic and the screaming from earlier had stopped. People were shaking and scared, but whatever was causing it had evidently stopped. Now they were just dealing with the aftermath.

About a quarter of the cheerleaders still seemed to be themselves. They were huddled together for solidarity near the bench while the much larger group of girls sat at various points in the gym, trying to come to terms with their new bodies.

One of the older girls seemed to be lying on her back flailing as a girl two years her junior tried to sooth her. One was not-so-discretely trying to feel herself up. Most just had the vacant expression of someone praying for the nightmare to just end. Reggie knew the feeling all too well.

Keeping an eye on everything was the cheer coach, directing everybody to stay inside where it was safe.

He frowned. That wasn't right, was it? He'd seen her swapped earlier. Why would someone pretend to be her?

In all the hubbub he didn't even see Becky at first. She was huddled up into a ball behind the surviving cheerleaders, tears streaming down her eyes. That petite girl from earlier, Rose, seemed to be looking after her.

Leaving his original body in the changeroom as backup, Reggie stepped out into the gym.

"Hold it right there!"

Great. He hadn't gotten two steps and the coach's authoritative voice was already cracking down on him. "No one else is allowed in the gym right now. Who are you?"

"Like, sorry, Coach Lawrence! It's me, uh, Rachel." Reggie put on my best bimbo voice. He wasn't a great actor, but it wasn't hard to let some of the fear he was feeling slip through. "I... like, totally woke up in this body!"

"Rachel?"

"Rachel Smith." he nodded. He had no idea if there was a Rachel on the team, but then if he was playing his cards right, neither did she. "I- I didn't know where else to go. Something really weird is going on!"

She looked Reggie over. He shivered. It was like she could see right into his soul.

"You did the right thing, coming back. Go sit with the other girls for now. I've been in contact with the police and the administration. They have everything under control and want us to all stay here for now until they can figure everything out.

Wait, that wasn't right. They'd been rounding everybody up in the main building where they could keep an eye on them, weren't they? She was lying.

Reggie nodded, then started making his way over to the cheerleaders. They looked at him warily. He didn't care. He wasn't here for them.

"Ramona?" Becky's eyes shot up. It was strange, he had never gotten a good look from the outside, but those tear-struck eyes were all too familiar. Panic and relief warred on her face, then gave way to recognition and confusion, before finally settling on hope and despair.

"Oh my god, is that... wait, Reggie?" She stood up and reached out an arm, then pulled it back down with her other. She took a deep breath, then clenched her fists and came running towards him, arms widespread. "No! Stay back!"

He didn't even have time to process what she was saying as she fell into him, arms wrapping around each other. There was a sudden shift in pressure and then a loud bang. Reggie's consciousness snapped like a loose band, then held steady in the gym.

He blinked. He was still hugging this girl, but that was suddenly all he was doing. He couldn't perceive out of his other body. it was like going blind in one eye.

Shit. Okay, he was still in Ramona's body, but he could deal with that later. Right now he needed to make sure she was alright.

"Reggie? Is that really you? Is it still you?"

He nodded.

"She's gone!" The conflict on her face had stopped, a simple beautiful smile all that remained. "She's gone. Oh my god she's actually gone. It was awful. I'm..." she looked down at Becky's body. "I'm still in that bitch's body, but at least I can't hear her whining anymore." she turned back to him. "You came for me!"

"Always." he held her tighter. "No matter how weird things get. We'll find a way through this."

They were no closer to figuring this out, but at least now they were together.

"How did you do that?" Ramona asked "How did you drive her out?"

"I... I don't know." Reggie squeezed her tight. It was strange being a girl hugging another girl, breast pressing on breast, but he was just glad he had her back. "I just got close to her and it was like things snapping back into place. Is that all it takes to fix this? Proximity?"

"Ramona looked at the body that Reggie possessed - her body. She pressed a finger into his chest. "Well, we certainly don't seem to be snapping back, and we're pretty damn close."

"Maybe we need to complete the triangle? Where's Becky? If I ended up in your body then she must have ended up in my body."

"Oh my god, baby, we have to go after her, we can't let her escape!"

"Escape?"

"Wait, you don't know?" Ramona furrowed her brow in shock.

"Know what? I haven't known what's been going on since this whole stupid thing started!"

"Becky! she knows more than she was letting on. She tried not to think about it but I could hear that bitches every thought. With the way we ended up back in her body, I thought you'd figured it out somehow, like you'd figured out a way to thwart her or whatever."

"I don't understand."

"The girl was desperate, Reg. she was in over her head. She needed a way out."

He thought back to the pregnancy tests. The note. The gun.

"Suicide."

"What? no. That selfish little twit would never. She got her hands on something that could swap people's bodies! She paid dearly for it. She's responsible for all of this."

"What!?"

"She was planning on hijacking your body and leaving you to deal with her fucked up life."

"Why me?"

"Why not you? I don't think she cared who she ended up as. Anything was better than this."

"Crap, come on. We have to go find her."

"Wait!" It was Rose. In all the excitement it had been easy to forget her. How long had she been standing there? "Becky, who is this? Is... is what you're saying true?"

Ramona stepped over and hugged the tiny girl.

"I'm sorry." she said. "I've been an awful friend. Listen, I have to go take care of something, okay? And then when I get back, I'll explain everything." she held out her pinky "I promise. And if I don't. If I'm a mean selfish bitch about it, then you deserve better, okay?"

"You're not..." the girl frowned, then shook her head and wrapped her own pinky around Ramona's. "I'm going to hold you to it!"

"I wouldn't have it any other way!"

Reggie and Ramona stepped into the change room. Reggie had been standing in one of the bathroom stalls - he hadn't wanted anyone to see his very male body in the women's locker room. He just prayed it was still there.

His heart pounded as they approached. Sure enough, the door to the stall was still closed, still locked from the other side. He couldn't see feet under the bottom, but he'd been hiding when the shift had happened. It couldn't be this easy, could it?

His heart pounding in his chest, he knocked on the door. "Becky?"

No response. He knocked again.

"Beck, it's Reggie... look, I know what you're going through, but running away like this isn't the answer. Please, let's talk."

Still no response.

"Let me try," said Ramona, walking up to the door. "Becky, you piece of shit! You've got to the count of two to open this door, you hear me you crazy bitch?"

"Ramona!"

"I'm sick of her shit, Reg. One!"

Nothing. Reggie thought back to his own first moments in that body. What if she had swapped away? Escaped into someone else's body? What if there was some stranger behind that door lost and confused?"

"Two!" Ramona kicked the door in.

The stall was empty.

Click.

It was the sound of a gun. It was a very distinctive sound. In fact, Reggie was pretty sure guns didn't actually make that sound in real life, and yet there it was. The two of them turned to look.

"Nobody move." said a familiar voice.

There, standing between them and the only exit, was Becky.

And she had the gun.

Reggie put his hands up. He could feel the hair on the back of his neck rising. Someone was actually threatening him with a deadly weapon. His head swam. His own body was pointing a gun at him. It felt like a dream. And yet, he'd felt the weight of the gun first hand, hadn't he? He knew damn well how real it was.

Ramona however, just laughed.

"Ramona?" Reggie cautioned.

"Baby, it's fine. This bitch wouldn't hurt a fly. I've been inside her head." She took a step forward. "Drop the act, Becky, put it down."

"I mean it!" The girl inside Reggie's body yelled, taking aim at Ramona's chest with both hands, "Stay back!"

"That's not even a real gun." Ramona contained, "That's the machine she used to swap bodies. The truth is that Becky here is just a scared little girl in over her head."

"No! Not any more!" her hand tightened around the weapon, "I'm a man now. I never need to be vulnerable again. No more being scared, no more being weak. Never again." She flexed one of Reggie's masculine hands by way of demonstration. "And don't act like I can't still hurt you with this. One pull of this trigger and who knows where you end up."

"I don't understand," Reggie held his hands just high enough in front of him that it looked like he was trying to calm down a wild animal. "if that's all you wanted, why swap around everybody else? All those cheerleaders, all those people... why cause all this trouble?"

"You think I did that?" she laughed. "It wasn't supposed to turn out like this. You weren't even supposed to realize anything was out of the ordinary! This was supposed to be a one and done, and not... not... whatever the hell is happening out there."

"You don't even know?" Reggie's jaw dropped.

"Of course not. I've been with your girl Ramona here ever since the first shot. Someone else must have gotten their hands on the gun. See? I'm not the villain here after all."

"That's impossible!" Reggie shouted "I hid the thing, there's no way anyone could have - oh my god."

Reggie's face went white.

"It was me! I'd thrown the thing into the toilet tank. The water must have shorted it out.. The banging sound I kept hearing... it was the damn thing firing off blindly! All of the chaos, all the confusion. It's all my fault. All because I threw the thing in the toilet to hide it.

"You what?" Becky cried.

"I didn't know what it was!" He was on the verge of tears. He didn't know if it was the stress or the female hormones coursing through his brain or just a perfectly natural way to react to the notion that

you've ruined everybody's life. "It kept firing off not long after that, water must have damaged it, set it off at random. This is all my fault!"

"Baby, no." Ramona dropped down to hold her weeping boyfriend. "You had no way of knowing."

"It kept going off too... the banging - like a gun. going off again and again until it had nothing left. That sound... I should have known."

"Wait," Ramona looked up. "Are you telling me that thing is broken?"

He nodded. It was the only thing that made sense. That's why it had stopped. If not broken then out of juice.

"Wait, what?" Becky looked down at the gun in her hand, twisting it to inspect its cold hard length. It didn't look damaged, but then it had no business looking like a gun in the first place.

It was in that moment of distraction that Ramona struck.

She may not have been in her body. She may not have had strength or muscle memory on her side, but if there was one thing twenty years of hockey had imparted in Ramona it was an eagerness to body-check people she didn't like.

She was fast, but though Becky wasn't expecting it, there was a lot of room between the the girl and her charging adversary. Becky squeezed the trigger right before Ramona could clear the room.

Click.

Despite her advantage in size and weight, Becky stammered back as the girl's body slammed into her, the gun fell from her hand and skid across the ground, sparking as it clattered into the a wall. Acrid smoke began to waft up from it as it began to heat up.

Becky and Ramona grappled. Ramona struggled for an advantage against Becky's brute force, but it was a losing proposition.

"You bitch!" Becky screamed as she hurled the girl off of her. She took a step to regain her balance, then turned towards the door and ran.

Ramona though, was quick to recover. She leapt at her again, springing like a tiger, wrapping her arms around the girl's masculine form. The two danced, slamming into a wall, and then, desperate, Ramona pulled the other girl's shirt up and over her head, catching her arms and obstructing her vision. "Reggie come on!"

Reggie stumbled to his feet and pushed forward, struggling to take action through his anguish. With each step it was as though he could he feel the pressure shifting, he could feel his head began to pound. He, too, flung himself at Becky and the three of them crashed to the ground.

With a blast more powerful than any before it, there was a deafening bang. And then nothing.

-

Reggie sat outside the gym waiting.

It was a perfect Friday. The heat of the day had begun to die off but there was still plenty of blue sky left. Students puttered about, many of them laying out on the grass on UC Hill, enjoying the weather and the freedom from responsibility that only the weekend brings.

It was so nice out, in fact, that the women's cheerleading team was practicing outdoors.

A small crowd had gathered to watch them, cheering as they did their stunts. It was amazing, really, the things they could do. After coming this close to becoming one for good, he knew just how hard it was.

He waved at Becky when she looked over in his direction. She waved back before taking up her position in the basket. she seemed so happy, so natural and in her element. After everything had gone back to normal, he had promised he would help her get the help she needed. It had been a process, but it felt like they'd both come a long way. Ramona didn't like it, but it assuaged his own guilt as well. He still had nightmares about what he did.

Sure, everything went back to normal. Somehow, no one but the three of them seemed to remember anything, but that didn't mean it hadn't happened.

He watched as she flipped Rose up in the air, The tiny asian girl seemed much happier too. She had never given up on her friend, not for a moment.

"Reggie!" He turned to see Ramona walking out of the gym, her enormous hockey bag slung over one shoulder. She was glancing around nervously. It was a rare moment of vulnerability for her. "We need to talk."

"Everything okay?" he took her bag.

"I found out something this morning and I've been sitting on it all day. I was planning on telling you when we get home. But I just... I've been going over it again and again in my mind and I figure, fuck it, you know how impatient I can be."

"What's wrong?"

"Baby I..." she froze as she stumbled for the words. "I... Here."

She took a little paper stick out of her pocket and pushed it towards him. His heart jumped. He recognized a pregnancy test all too well.

"Oh my god!" he stared down at it, stunned. "Ramona!"

"Now, obviously it's something we need to talk about." she blushed. "there's options."

"This is amazing!" the grin split his face in two. "Oh my god, we're going to have to get married!" He dropped her hockey bag and embraced her, their boobs squishing together as he squeezed her as tight

as he could. "I'm going to be a dad!" He pulled away, brushing a long brunette strand hair out of his eyes. They kissed.

"I'm glad you're taking this so well." she laughed, relieved.

"Of course! Baby, that whole body switching thing... it just made me realize, at the end of the day, there's no one else I'd rather be than the person beside you. However this turns out," he waved the slip of paper "I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

"I want to spend the rest of my life with you too." there were tears in her eyes. She brushed them away with the back of her hand.

"I love you, Ramona."

"I love you too!"

The End.