

# A Moral Quandary

**For Pyrrhus**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

David looked out over his classroom and sighed in disappointment as he did every week when he finished his lecture. What ever happened to college? It used to be a place full of distinguished individuals; young minds ready and willing to be filled with knowledge not booze. He missed the days all those decades ago when women and men attended different institutions. In the days of his youth he and his fellow students dressed like gentlemen and attended classes with punctuality and respect. It was a place reserved for the elite; if not of class then at least of mind.

Now look at what he had to work with; yet another group of young adults dressed in skimpy skirts and ripped jeans. Half of them looked disinterested, the other half hungover. Of this particular batch there were only half a dozen or so redeeming students; Mary at least dressed conservatively and kept her head down as a woman should. If he was forced to accept that women attended these institutions he could at least agree that those like Mary had a place. Then on the other, completely opposite end of the spectrum...

A snapping sound made him flinch; Demona hadn't wasted a second getting out the gum to pop. When she had first started in his class and he'd spotted the gum in her bag he'd wasted no time dressing her down for it. True; she hadn't actually chewed it in class yet but he knew it was only a matter of time and told her so. Now she seemed to take special glee in chewing it as loudly as possible as she entered and left the auditorium. Passive aggressive; such an unlady like trait.

Not that he should be surprised; Demona was the least lady-like woman he had ever met. Her name wasn't a good start and her appearance was the final nail in the coffin; dyed black and purple hair, fishnet stockings and leather clothes heavy with chains. He'd called her a punk the first day in class but she'd corrected him to 'goth', as if there were any choice.

The most frustrating thing about her though was her strange ability to cheat her way to perfect As. Each time he went over her assignments with a fine tooth comb, unable to find even a single mistake. It was impossible, no woman could understand his deep, philosophical material so well.

He had made it his mission to discover which of his former students she was leeching off but so far he'd found nothing. He watched the students apathetically wander out as he organised his notes, only to close his briefcase and see that none other than Demona standing before his desk. She rapt her painted nails along the wood and he sneered.

“Chip that and the repairs will be charged to you.” He said sternly, “What do you want? Trouble with my latest essay?”

He couldn't help but puff up a little; yes it was a tad unfair to have set such a hard topic midway through the year just to stump her specifically. But the other students would do a passable job at least and he might finally get her to slip up. Demona shook her hair and smiled.

“Oh no, I have already finished,” She said breezily, “I could give it to you early if you want.”

David bit his cheek; he refused to let a woman nearly forty years his junior wrangle him.

“That will not be necessary.” he hissed through clenched teeth, “Now, why are you still in my lecture hall.”

“Well, that essay. I just wanted to say, isn't it a bit mean?”

“Just because you struggled-”

“Oh no not me, everybody else. You should hear what they are saying. I think they are all a bit stressed and well, I think it's a tad mean to them. Especially because I know you've only made the assignment so challenging for my sake.”

“I did no such thing!” he lied, doing his best to sound scandalised. “Believe it or not, young lady, the world does not revolve around you! I barely even think of you after leaving this classroom.”

“Cut the crap.” Demona rolled her eyes, “We both know that's not true. You've had it out for me since day one just because I dress a little funky.”

“A little funky?” David sneered, “All that skin and black eyeliner, you're lucky people are so accepting nowerdays. If you walked on campus looking like that even twenty years ago people would have mistaken you for a whore.”

“So you admit it.” She crossed her arms.

“Look, I expect a little more respect from the likes of you-”

“Why? What have you done to earn it?”

“Stop interrupting me you rude little bitch!”

David couldn't help it, he stood, scraping his chair back and drawing himself up to his full height. He may have been an older man but he still stood tall and thanks to a lifetime of good posture and good eating his shoulders were still broad and his voice still strong enough to be intimidating. He expected her to at least take a step back, at least blink or something but she just stood there, confident and cocky as ever.

“You know, you're a real piece of work, sir.” She said the word 'sir' with so much sarcasm it made his blood boil. “I was warned you were a sexist piece of trash but I didn't realise just how much that was true. You go on and on about respect when you never even gave me a drop.”

“If you want to be treated with respect you have to act respectful.” David seethed, “Women like you need to know your place.”

“Which is?”

“Out of my classroom for one, you don't have the brains for this kind of work, I know you're cheating. And when you leave you can get yourself a proper haircut, I see beautiful blonde roots under that black. You could be a really stunning woman if you dressed a little better and spoke less. Maybe stop cheating to hide your real, lower intellect.”

A strange expression moved over Demona's face; half curious, half malicious. The shadows in the room seemed to grow darker and something in the air seemed to shift.

“So that's what you think a perfect woman is?” She smirked, “Blonde, dumb and well dressed?”

David could feel electricity in the air, a storm must have been coming. He couldn't explain why but he suddenly felt like the power dynamic had shifted. Still, it didn't keep him from clearing his throat and meeting the woman's gaze.

“Yes.”

“I thought so.”

And just like that she slapped him. It happened so fast David could barely believe it, one second he was looking at her, the next his cheek was stinging and moved to the side.

“You little bitch!” he screeched and what shocked him most of all was that it was a screech.

His voice sounded nothing like his own; it was high pitched and slightly more breathy, almost like...a girl. He blinked in surprise, his face still stinging as his fingers rubbed over it. He expected to feel the skin swelling but instead he found it...smoothing. His stubble was vanishing, he could feel it sinking back beneath his skin leaving his cheeks smoother than that had been in decades.

The pain faded, turning numb and then back to normal far faster than it should have and he turned back to face Demona only to see her cackling.

“See how you like it then.”

“Wha’ are ya on about?”

David slammed a palm over his own mouth in shock; that...that could not have been him. Not only was that voice all wrong but the weird playful accent, it was so low class, so unlike him! He felt his skin shift beneath his palm and realised his lips seemed to be filling in, turning full and luscious.

They weren't the only thing filling in either. His neat, button up shirt was struggling as his chest started to grow beneath it; he could only watch in confusion and slight terror as the buttons strained and then one by one failed. They clinked against the floor and his now soft, dainty hands grabbed at his chest in horror as two full, supple breasts appeared.

“Wha-how??”

“Witchcraft.” Demona shrugged, “Who else names their daughter ‘demona’ but witches? I hope you don’t mind but since you like the dumb girls I took the initiative to use this spell to lower your IQ a little, along with your body.”

“Wha’ the fuck are ya on about? Magic ain’t real!”

But even as the words left his mouth he groaned, feeling his ass begin to turn round and bouncy. He twisted his body awkwardly and watched as his pants turned tight trying to contain his bubble butt.

“It’s not very logical to deny what’s right in front of you.” Demona smirked, “Then again, you’re not too bright, are you?”

“I’m plenty bright!” David argued, though even as the words left his lips he knew something was wrong.

The notes on the board from his lecture were starting to blur together as he looked at them, they didn’t seem to make any sense and yet, he’d written them hadn’t he? So why did they make no sense, who were all those people he wrote about? Or were they things? What was an Aristotle?

More importantly, why was he wobbling all of a sudden? His shoes didn’t seem to fit right, they seemed a size too big; that paired with his new heavy butt and chest made his whole centre of gravity seem to shift. He shifted and wobbled, trying to keep his balance before managing to brace himself on the desk.

He stared down at the wood, watching as his vision slowly framed with long golden hair; it took him an embarrassingly long few seconds to realise that hair was coming from his own head! His hands raked through it, then across his face; not only was his stubble gone but his wrinkles too.

“I really did you a favour.” Demona shrugged, having the audacity to look bored. “You get a whole other life now.”

She flicked open her smartphone, showing him his own reflection in the camera app. The tingling feeling was slowly fading and despite having witnessed and felt the change first hand it was still strange to see the results. The woman in the camera was busty and blonde with thick lips and long lashes. She looked nothing like him!

“How?” David asked, his voice coming out a pathetic whine, “Change me back! I can’t stay like this! When I tell the board-”

“What? Do you think they’ll believe you? You’re just some crazy girl who thinks she’s the missing philosophy professor.”

Demona’s smile was wicked and David felt his heart thumping; she was right, even if he did tell somebody what she;d done, they would never believe him.

“Tell you what though,” She added, “You write an essay on the topic you set for the rest of the class, and get another professor to give you an A, I will turn you back.”

For a moment his heart leapt, that would be easy! He had been teaching this class for years! Getting an A on a philosophy essay would be easy as! But then he looked over at the board; the essay question written in big, bold letters plus the reminder that it was due in a few days. He couldn’t understand it at all!

“B-but...that’s too hard!”

“I’m sure you could find a sympathetic man to sleep with in exchange for some notes to copy.” Demona teased, patting him on the head like a dog. “Good luck!”

She practically skipped out of the room, leaving the newly bimbofied David to his essay and his ultimate fate.