



YourEssence - Olympic Hopeful

Chapter 1 - Olympic Dreams Dashed

Jessica swam the butterfly for her university team and became world-famous for her record-setting performances. She also had gained a reputation for being a showboater. She was gifted with natural talents and didn't see the harm in hamming it up to the media when they interviewed her. She knew she was great. The world knew she was the greatest; the press loved her performance in the pool and during interviews. She enjoyed sharing a moment of 'levity' with reporters. Otherwise, Jessica was a fastidious athlete working extra hours every chance she could to get just that little extra edge.

While Jessica was undeniably gifted, all athletes had recently benefited from the release of YourEssence. It was only available to college-aged young adult athletes, but this was a prime segment to target with YourEssence, as world records in practically every sport were broken. Jessica had also benefited but maintained a substantial edge over her competition. Jessica was just that good on her own; it came naturally, but she stayed humble about her skill.

That humility was tested when she was involved in a minor accident. Everyone was okay, but her lower leg had been pinned down by the front tire of the vehicle she was riding in. It was probably her adrenaline, but she didn't feel the pain. When the firefighters were finally able to extract her leg from the wreckage, Jessica finally saw the unnatural angle her lower leg was now in. It shouldn't have been at an angle at all. Her leg was broken, and any chance of competing in the upcoming summer Olympics was gone.

Sixteen hours later, after three visits from orthopedic surgeons and a plaster cast put in place, Jessica was finally back in her apartment. She hadn't slept since the night before and was exhausted as the clock approached 10 am. Before she could lie down, she wanted to let her Olympic trainer know she would have to drop out. It wasn't fair to the other girls who could compete in her place to let this wait. So, a quick dial internationally, and she was on the phone with Devlin.

"Hey, Devlin, I needed to talk to you. Sorry for calling you out of the blue,"

"Sure, Jess, what's up?"

Jessica was just about to start explaining what had happened the night before when she saw someone out of the corner of her eye. It was her college flatmate, Victor. Jessica met Victor during her first year, and they became fast friends. Victor was bi-sexual but more interested in men than in women. Victor said he preferred to be called pansexual, but Jessica wasn't up to speed on the meaning behind that and hadn't had time to look it up. A thought entered Jessica's mind as she heard Devlin say, "Jess, you still with me? What's so important that you needed to talk right away?"

"I want to compete in the freestyle 400m, too. Can you please add my name to the list of competitors?"

"You've never swam the freestyle before. Are you sure you want to add something else? Your schedule is already pretty full as it is."

"Yes, I'm sure. I think it will be a great way to solidify my status as the best swimmer of the century."

"Damn, girl. Bold, I like it. Who am I to say no if you are up for it? Obviously, you'll have to qualify, but I'm sure that won't be a problem. You've conquered everything else you've set your mind to."

"Yes, I have," Jessica said as her mind constructed her plan. She could convince Victor to take her place in the Olympics if she was right. All it would take is for Victor to agree to take her dose of YourEssence, and as Devlin said, Jessica had a way of getting what she wanted.

Victor was nondescript, but his personality was as big as hers. It was part of why they had gotten along so well. The two were experts at talking about the latest goings on across campus. Who was dating whom? The new outfit that the school tramp had worn to class. The cutest boy on each of the school's sports teams. The clear answer to that question was Daniel, by the way. They had both discussed their willingness to be in a throuple with Daniel if he would have them. Jessica's confidence that Victor would agree to her scheme increased by the minute. They were BFFs in everything but name, as neither had ever deigned to name their relationship.

Jessica hobbled into Victor's room on her crutches and recounted the events of the night prior.

"Damn! I can't believe this happened to you, girl! What are you going to do? The

Olympics are in a few months, right?"

"Yeah, it sucks, but I've got a plan."

"You must be glad the cast is coming off in time. Once it's off, you'll have to hit the gym and pool hard."

"The cast doesn't come off until August. It's a compound break. I've got pins in my leg and everything. They will have to do like three surgeries over the next few months to make sure my bone heals properly."

"How would you compete in a cast then? I must be missing something. Are you going to get them to postpone the games or something? That would be just like you. They'd probably do it too. You ***are*** women's swimming now."

"No, nothing so extreme Victor. It is something you can help me with, though."

"Well, you know I'd do anything. I can't heal your leg faster with my nonexistent magic powers."

"That's not entirely true, but it's a little more complicated than magic powers."

"Well, dish girl. What can I do?"

"First, I need to know if you know how to swim. You do, right?" Jessica asked plainly, seeming curious more than anything.

"Uhh, yeah. I grew up in the land of swimming pools and golf courses. Oh, and old retired people who visit in the winter, but that's a whole other thing," Victor replied quizzically before breaking into his usual tangents.

"Great, and you're not harboring any deep phobias about being in the water, underwater, or fear of deep waters? Nothing like that, right?" Jessica was trying to cover all her bases. She couldn't get this plan on track if some secrets would prevent Victor from being able to compete.

"No, but I may develop one if you keep stringing me on like this. What's the sitch?"

"My baseline should be enough; hell, for all I know, he'll be faster. All that bodybuilding might have been slowing me down. Should I update my dose? That might take too long. We need to get this sorted quickly. I don't want anyone else to see me like this. We can cover for the accident by saying it was Victor's leg that got crushed. My friends would cover for me. I know they would. They know what this means to me," Jessica was rambling madly as she jumped from concern to

concern, all while Victor looked at her with confusion and concern. Jessica momentarily darted out of the room and returned with something in her hand. She reached out to offer it to Victor.

"Here, take this," Jessica presented Victor with a single pill.

"Umm, what are you giving me? I'm not in the habit of taking random pills, no offense, but I don't get what's going on here," Victor started to back away from Jessica as he was feeling an increased amount of risk mounting.

"Right, yeah. I've gotten ahead of myself, but I've figured out all the logistics. I need you to take my YourEssence, and we will see what we're dealing with," Jessica said in her usual bravado. She could convince someone to buy sand in a desert.

"Uhh, I may be a queen, but last I checked, I'm not looking to be a girl. I like myself just like I am, hun," Victor replied, striking a feminine pose to emphasize his point.

"No, you don't get it. This is so *I* can still compete in the Olympics. It's just that you will be in the starring role as me. See! It works perfectly. You use YourEssence to become my identical twin, and then you compete in my place and win me a bunch of medals. You get to go on TV and vamp about whatever is on your mind. You'll be the center of attention, and you'll eat it up. You'll have so much fun! Then, when I'm healed, I'll step back into my life, and you can go back to your life. Easy peasy."

"Yeah, for you, I guess. I'm the one doing all the work! What exactly do I get out of this again?" Victor had taken a more forward-leaning stance to indicate he felt he was in control of this conversation. Jessica had to think fast. She needed something that would entice Victor to take this on.

"You get to be on a world stage! The best athlete in your field and a badass woman, not just some rando."

"Not selling me with that line, sweetie. I don't see any reason to..." Victor continued to be confident in his position but was interrupted abruptly.

"The Olympic Village will be filled with super hot guys. And girls! You can have your pick. I've heard the dorms are like orgies of hot bodies, all grinding and fucking all week. You can... you'd have my permission to get laid, as me, if you do this for me," Jessica went right for the most significant concession she could offer.

"Again, I like my body just fine. Why would I want to be you just to get laid? I'm doing just fine in that department, thank you very much," Victor turned his back to Jessica, signaling his lack of interest. Jessica was losing this discussion, and she

needed to think differently.

Try as she might, Jessica was running out of ideas but figured she'd make one last appeal. "Well, if doing it for your fulfillment isn't what you're interested in, then maybe you'd do it to make me happy. You can't even imagine how sad I am that I broke my leg. I have dreamt of this chance my entire life. Missing out would be devastating to me. I know we've only known each other for a few years, but I feel like we've been there for each other through thick and thin. So, I'm asking. No, I'm begging you, do this for me! I promise I'll help you every step of the way and make it as easy as possible. You won't have to work that hard to be the best. I was so far ahead of everyone else! You'll be phenomenal without even having to try! So what do you say?"

"So, you'd say you'd owe me one if I did this for you?" Victor said over his shoulder. This was it! Jessica had gotten the glimmer of hope she needed to close this deal.

"Oh, yes, absolutely. I'd owe you big time," Jessica replied, laying it on thick.

"And you're feeling like you were about to hit it big? You know, popularity-wise? Like you'd be able to call in a favor for me with some high and mighty people," Victor said with a sly grin that started to make Jessica a tad uneasy. She was nervous about what he might say next.

"Yeah, I suppose so. What are you thinking exactly? I don't like that expression. You look like a villain excited that your plan is coming together."

"Takes one to know one. You were monologuing your devious plan a few minutes ago... To the point, though, I was hoping you could use your newfound fame to get me a date with Daniel. Just me and him. One on One. Mano a mano. Dinner and a movie. You promise to get me that, then, sure, I'll go along with your scheme. I'll win you some silly medals, and I won't even make you a skank in the Olympic dorms. I'm a switch, by the way. It's not like I'm always the sub looking to get fucked."

"Sorry, sorry. I was out of line, but you're the best! This is going to work, and we're going to win a bunch of medals, and then I'll be a hero just like Lyle Wills. Just, you know, not American. Or a man. Or kind of an idiot? I could never tell. He was always selling sandwiches. Never mind, I'll be bigger and better than he ever was, and you'll get the ball rolling. So, here, take this, and let's get you started."

Victor accepted the pill and dutifully swallowed it. He quickly went to his room to grab his dose of YourEssence. "You're lucky my ex got me started taking these. I didn't have the money to get the starter kit. Here's your pill to take," Victor handed

Jessica a pill, expecting her to take it straight away.

"I mean, there's no rush for me to become you. We should make sure the pill works on you first, right?" Jessica found herself surprisingly uneasy when the moment came to fulfill her end of the bargain. Like Victor had said, she didn't ever see herself as anything other than a woman. Becoming a man, even for a short period, would be disconcerting.

Victor was adamant, "Take the pill. Don't be a coward." Jessica knew there was no way around it.

"Fine, fine. I'll take it," Jessica said, taking the dose of Victor's YourEssence. They both stood there staring at each other. When is it going to kick in, you think?"

"A couple of minutes, maybe? Certainly within the hour," Jessica said. She hadn't researched to know how it would all work. She just knew she had heard the stories of people taking other's doses to turn into copies of them. Everyone had heard those stories. It went unsaid in polite company, but everyone had heard some story of YourEssence abuse.

"An hour? I have class, and now you're going to have to go for me," Victor said, indicating that he felt it was owed to him.

"Well, I can't very well get there on these crutches while transforming into a copy of you. We will have to wait for the changes to finish."

"It's been two minutes, and I already don't like this plan," Victor complained, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Don't be so fussy, Victor. You know you're going to have to retake physics anyways."

"Well, I have been trying harder in class. Maybe I won't fail," Victor said, placing his hand on his hip, which was cocked out to the side. This wasn't unusual for him. What was remarkable was the degree to which his hip stood out.

"I think it's starting. Check out your hips!" Jessica said, staring at Victor's body. His pants were tightly stretched across his lower quarters in a way they were not designed to do.

"Oh damn! I cut a mean figure looking like this. Nobody would be stepping to me, uh-uh," Victor said as he snapped his fingers. Jessica thought she heard Victor's voice rising, too, but they could have just been Victor doing that himself.

"Shit, it's starting for me too. It's a good thing we're similar heights. I can't imagine how much this would hurt with a broken bone." Victor looked at Jessica in response and put his hand over his mouth.

"Damn, your facial hair came in fast! Guess puberty did right by you."

"Haha. Very funny. It's your face that's going to be staring back at you momentarily."

"Yeah, it's a chance to see how good-looking I am from another perspective. Maybe I should have agreed to this for that purpose alone."

"I know you're joking, but I think you're right that this is an eye-opening experience. **I** am starting to look good on you." Jessica said, her voice deeper now. Victor was about to comment on this when he felt a sharp and fast tug in his groin.

"It's all progressing so fast. I almost didn't realize my dick got sucked up to become your snatch. Shit, I've got a full-on coochie," Victor's hands were groping at his crotch, but he was fortunately still wearing his clothes.

"Hey! Mind not manhandling the merchandise?"

"Sorry, you'll get it soon enough. It's weird to live your whole life with something down there and then to have nothing suddenly," Victor said as his transformation appeared to be nearing its completion. Jessica had a traditional swimmer's body, so while she had a pronounced hip-to-waist ratio, she didn't have particularly large breasts. Victor seemed glad for this fact, though he still immediately copped a feel of his new breasts when he noticed them develop.

"Getting a good feel for my body?" Jessica asked as Victor continued to grab and press his hands all over his newly formed feminine body.

"It's a lot more sensitive than I imagined. You're pretty flat up top. Your nipples are nice, though."

"Thanks for the critique, Victor. I'd say something back, but you're going to hear comments about your new feminine body from virtually every other man on campus. So I'll spare you the abuse for now."

"Damn, I struck a nerve—my bad, Jess. I was just processing this whole change. I think your body is amazing. You know I always have."

"Yeah, I know. That's why I didn't slap you on the spot."

"Touché, you'd have been in the right to do it. I was being a bitch."

"Takes one to know one, right?"

"Haha, yes! Yes, it does. Speaking of, you're looking awfully manly now yourself. Do you think you can make that physics class? I'm trying to butter up the professor into giving me a better grade, and the more he sees me trying in class, the better my chances."

"Maybe the crutches will earn you some sympathy. Fine, I'll go, but you need to be ready for some practice when I return. I suppose we should switch rooms for the time being. Get changed into my swimsuit and head to the pool. I'll meet you there after your class, and we'll practice some strokes and see how we look."

"Into the frying pan already. I hope you're right about this whole thing. I don't want to get caught looking like a flounder in the pool."

"It will work. Trust me."