

# Let the Games Begin: No prize for guessing where this is going...

## Let the Games Begin

Wow... so this is what Kayla feels like. From the inside, that is. This hair is just amazing. It's so long and thick... I keep running my fingers through it. How does she ever get anything done?

I wonder how is this even possible, turning me into a copy of her. All it took was one touch with that weird medallion. Then she took off while I was transforming, probably to hide it somewhere in this big old house. I guess I won't be changing back until she wants me to... What's she up to?

At least she came back to help me get dressed. I felt like such a klutz trying to do up a simple bra strap. The makeup was worse; she must've had me redo it ten times before I got it right. It's incredible... I look exactly like her, right down to her fav pair of earrings. I sound like her... heck, I even smell like Kayla does. But I'm still me on the inside.

Okay, here's the deal... you're Kayla and I'm outta here, ya got that? My folks are gonna be back from vacay tonight, and you're their pretty little daughter—until I tell you otherwise. I know, I know... I told you we were playing a game. Well, here it is: I'm gonna use that Zulo to turn myself into someone else—a male someone. Sometime in the next few days, I'll come back and hit on you... only you won't know it's me and we both have to stay in character. That's the rule.



Amanda Hawkins

I don't get it. Guys hit on you all the time. You know how it drives me nuts. How am I ever gonna figure out which one's you? It could be some random dude trying to find the quickest route into your panties.

That is the game, dumbass. Screw the right guy and you get your body back. Sleep with the wrong man and it's back to square one. Oh, and if anyone but me gets you preggers—you lose and I'll have myself a twin sister. So you better make sure the dude uses protection, because guys usually manage to forget. Go figure.

I changed my mind... I don't want to play this game after all. It's like... really scary.

Too bad. Being a woman isn't all sugar and spice. It's damn scary, trying to figure out who's the good guy and who's the a-hole who doesn't give a damn about your lost innocence. Maybe you'll understand what I went through after you take a few hits yourself. I put the over-under at 5½, by the by, but the smart money is on 'over'.

Did I, uhm, cheat on you or something? To deserve this?

END

Nah, nothing so dramatic. Let the games begin!