Opposites Attract - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

Harold is a shy but hard working scientist working in a chemical lab. Stella is a research assistant who got her position by sleeping with the right people. When an experiment goes wrong they find themselves combined into a single body. Harold just wants to get to work but Stella's party girl will is strong and she is ready to show him how to have a good time.

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Harold bent over the desk, hunching over his computer screen with one hand poised over his notepad, pencil gripped hard. Any second now the simulation would finish rendering and he would be able to start refining the process. He'd been working on this theorem for months; their lab had been working towards genetic splicing for the last year on an experimental grant. So far they had nothing but if this simulation ran true, that could all change. He was on the edge of the greatest scientific breakthrough of the century; the next leap in human genetic evolution and Stella was *popping gum.*

He grit his teeth and did his best to block out the annoying crack of her chewing. Occasionally he blew a bubble, popped it and continued to crack her gum some more. He could see her in the reflection of his computer screen, leaning up against a lab table with zero regard for the expensive equipment there. She wasn't even trying to look like she was working.

He rolled his eyes; refocusing on the little bar slowly filling his screen. Just a few more seconds…

"Heya Harry! Whatcha' doin'?"

Stella flung her arm around his shoulder; he watched in horror as her (very against regulation) heel snagged on the power cord and yanked it from the wall as she stumbled to get her footing. The screen was instantly dead as all power was cut.

"Oopsie." She giggled, "Here, I'll fix it for you."

She got down on all fours, wiggling her bum in the air and she shuffled under the desk, trying and failing to get the plug back in the socket.

"Ooooh these nails." She cursed, "Maybe I should cut them shorter at my next manicure."

Harold was still sitting mouth agape. It had taken almost an hour to input all the variables into that calculation. The combining of two complete separate genetic signatures in a viable, stable way was something he'd been working on for months and seconds away from discovering whether or not it had all been worth it.

"Do you have any idea what you've done!?" Harold cried.

"Yeah, I unplugged ya computer." Stella shrugged, standing back up and dusting away the imaginary dirt on her lab coat, "But it's all fixed now."

"No it's not 'all fixed', I was about to have a breakthrough and now I will need to reset the parameters of the experiment all over again!" Harold could feel the vein at the side of his head bulging.

"Oh…I can buy you new parameters if I broke them." Stella pouted, "Where do you buy them?"

Harold was not the sort of guy to hit a woman but at this moment he was sorely tempted. He curled his hands into fists and imagined clocking Stella in that unnatural perfect face but he reigned in his anger; barely.

"You can't buy parameters, they aren't a thing." He said through gritted teeth, "What I mean is I have to type all that information back into the computer. It will take me a long time. You just cost me almost a full day's work."

"Oh, I can help you though! I'm great at touch typing." Stella puffed up proudly.

As much as he hated when Stella stood around doing nothing and getting paid for it, Harold hated when she tried to help even more. It seemed the woman had an unnatural talent for blowing up and breaking lab equipment in the most stunning of ways. Once, she broke a state of the art centrifuge by trying to mix her coffee in it.

"No, it's fine." He said testily, "Just…go away."

"Oh Harry, you never let me help! I'm supposed to be a lab assistant but you never let me, y'know, assist."

"I do not need your assistance, nobody does." He replied, "Now just go away and be quiet. Why don't you go shop for shoes online or something."

Stella shrugged.

"If you say so, Harry."

"And stop calling me Harry!"

"Sorry Harry!"

She waved at him, completely oblivious as she walked out of the lab. Harold gripped his pencil so hard it snapped, an impressive feat considering his arm was about as muscular as a limp noodle.

He had worked hard his entire life to get a job at the prestigious HyperGenic Labs. It was the bleeding edge of genetic and biology research in the country; he'd worked tirelessly since high school to get the grades necessary to be accepted as a researcher. How many times had he lied awake in college, listening to people laughing and having fun at parties down the road while he stayed in to study.

He'd told himself it would be worth it one day; when he worked at HyperGentic and was surrounded by his true peers. People who loved science just as much as him. How he had dreamed of the conversations he would have. Only for that dream to be rudely ruined on his second week when he was assigned a new assistant.

Harold had never been one to judge a book by its cover; so when Stella walked in, wearing pink heels with her long blonde hair hanging free around her face rather than tied back he did his best not to be judgemental. Just because she didn't look the part didn't mean she didn't belong here; after all, she must have worked hard to get a job here.

It turned out he couldn't have been more wrong. Stella was exactly what she looked like; a dumb, vapid bimbo who couldn't even name a single element on the periodic table; not even oxygen. He'd been thoroughly confused until the Head of Department came to visit and she cosied up to him like a cat with the cream. It was an open secret how Stella got her job; a quick fuck in his office and she'd been set for life.

And Harold was the one forced to suffer through her ineptitude.

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It had taken him all day to re-input the data, more accurately, half the night. But it had all been worth it. The simulation had shown the DNA mix was a success and with frantic energy he had sent it off to the heads of department and waited with baited breath. Everything had been worth it when the engineering department had messaged him with blueprints for a prototype machine to begin physical trials.

The whole department had celebrated with a party; a waste of time in Harold's opinion. It meant that not only did he have fewer colleagues the next morning as they all called in 'sick' but the ones that did show up were so hungover they barely got anything done. It didn't matter though, his theorems had worked, they had been able to splice DNA together and the implications of it were huge. He went to bed each night with dreams of Nobel prizes swirling behind his lids.

"I don't understand." Stella said, looking at the two cages on the table, "Why do we have a jellyfish and a rabbit?"

"For the third time," Harold sighed, "If we place both of them into the chamber, they'll hopefully combine into one being, a glowing rabbit if my calculations are correct; and they always are."

"But why?"

"Well, we already know it's possible through careful gene splicing and injections but with this machine we can do it instantly, and if it works, who knows what else we could make! Perhaps when we move up to human trails we could even combine a human with the cure of the common cold to create antibodies to make the entire race immune!"

"But what happens to the rabbit and the jellyfish?" Stella blinked innocently, "Do they become one animal? Or will the jellyfish stop existing?"

Harold rolled his eyes.

"That's not the point."

"But you can't just destroy one of them!"

"They're not being destroyed, they're merging." Harold repeated slowly.

"So…does the rabbit remember being a jellyfish?"

Harold threw up his hands and sighed; there was no point. Only Stella could focus on such inane details while on the precipice of the greatest discovery in human history.

As the machine neared completion Harold felt himself getting impatient, he even picked up the blueprints himself and began building it along with the engineers. Soon he was spending more time on the pod than he was on his notes, not that it mattered, until they did their first experiment there wasn't much else he could do. He laid on his back, adjusting the final screw on the base while glancing up at the cages on his desk.

"Soon." he whispered to the rabbit, "Soon you'll be the most famous rabbit in all of history."

It felt like a sacred moment; he was only a few bolts away from completing the pod ready for its first trail tomorrow. He wanted to treasure the moment, take in the serenity of the lab late at night but of course, Stella had other plans.

"Hey Harry."

"Harold."

"Sorry, Harry."

Harold's eyelid twitched in irritation.

"Was there something you needed?" He asked, still not turning around. "Why are you even here? You never work late."

"I wanted to invite you out dancing!"

Harold felt his brain short circuit and he blinked in surprise before finally turning to face her.

"Dancing?" He deadpanned.

"Yeah!" Stella smiled widely, "Ya work so hard, why not have some fun. I promise I won't abandon ya in the club or anything! I'll be right at your side the whole time! I'll even buy you a drink or something."

That sounded like hell.

"No thank you." Harold turned back to tightening the screw at the base of the pod. "I don't really care for dancing."

"Whaaaaaat but dancin' is so much fun!" Stella bounced on her toes. "C'mon, Harry, let me make it up to you for the other day."

"If you really want to do that, you'll leave me alone."

He heard the shape clack on Stella's heel hitting the ground, clearly she was stomping in frustration like an actual child. Harold was half afraid she might actually start having a full on tantrum. He pushed himself out from under the pod and stood with his back still to her, leaning in to inspect the inside bolts; a few small adjustments and he'd be able to go home for the night.

"Why don't you like me?" Stella pouted, "Everybody likes me except you Harry."

"Maybe because you insist on calling me Harry when I have made it very clear I don't like it!" Harold snapped.

"I'm sorry." Stella curled a finger around a ringlet of her blonde hair, "It's just that Harry is so much cuter than Harold. I think it suits you."

"I am a scientist. I don't care about looking cute."

"But I'm a scientist too and I think looking cute is very important."

Perhaps it was elation that his life's work was about to start; or perhaps Harold was simply at the end of his rope when it came to Stella's inane chatter. Either way he couldn't hold back; he threw back his head and laughed until tears stung his eyes.

"Did I say something funny?" Stella asked innocently and that just set him off again.

"Y-you're not a scientist." Harold chuckled, wiping a tear from his eye, "You're just a lab assistant who got to job by sleeping with the right person."

Stella had the nerve to actually look offended, as if his comment wasn't total fact. He'd expected some sort of giggle and a knowing smile, or for her to play dumb, he certainly wasn't expecting the force of the slap against his cheek. For a tiny woman Stella sure could hit hard. He stumbled backwards, wobbling on his heels for a second before tumbling backwards into the pod.

Seemingly shocked by her own actions Stella reached for him only to be dragged down into the hard metal tube herself. Harold felt something catch against his hand and he looked over to see his screwdriver buried in the side of the machine; sparks flying.

"You idiot! Now look what you made me-"

He never got the chance to finish the sentence. All of a sudden there was a strange jolt of electricity and all the wires inside the pod began to glow bright as they overloaded. Stella gave a small squeal and then all Harold's senses seemed to turn to liquid. For a brief moment he could smell through his ears and see through his nose; everything was muddled. His feet felt too small, then too big, his chest heavy then light then heavy again and his vision was nothing but a whirl of lights and swirling machinery that made no sense. It was as if the whole world was made of melting plastic.

His body seemed to go numb and his eyes must have closed because a moment later they were fluttering open in confusion. The pod's lights dimmed and he found himself awkwardly slumped inside it still. He blinked once more to fully clear his vision and immediately realised something had to be wrong. His eyelids felt heavy, not in the sleepy way, rather in the extra weight way. He reached up a hand and brushed his fingers over his lashes, surprised to find them much thicker than usual.

Not only that but as he pulled his hand away he felt himself freeze; those were not his hands. They were delicate, with long fingers and painted nails with little hearts doodled on the thumbs just like…

"Stella?"

'Harold?!'

The voice came from inside his own mind and suddenly he felt himself shunted backwards, nothing but a casual observer as his body acted on its own.

"Oh wow! My hands are so…rough compared to usual."

That voice…it wasn't his or Stella's but something in between, his diction, her tone. What's more, he could feel his lips moving, feel the vibration of his throat as the words formed and yet, he was not the one choosing to talk.

'What's going on!?'

"Woah, is that you Harry? Why are you inside my head?"

Awkwardly Harold felt his body stand but it felt so wrong. There was weight where there had been none before, he could feel a heaviness in his rear and chest and he forced himself back in control just so he could look down and observe himself properly.

'Hey!'

Harold ignored Stella's voice for now. He was too distracted by more important matters; like the giant pair of tits attached to his chest. He stared, mouth agape; that cleavage just couldn't be his! He stumbled out of the pod awkwardly, his bum sticking out in a desperate attempt to find his new centre of balance, he could feel it jiggling slightly with the movement; he'd never had his butt move so independently before. It only took him a second to decide he didn't like it.

Like an awkward penguin he waddled over to the side of the room, a large silver machine sat quietly buzzing but for the first time ever Harold made straight for the side. Where the meta was polished smooth and he could see a distorted version of his reflection.

It was odd; looking at what he knew must be his reflection but seeing nothing recognisable as *him*.

'Is that me?' Stella's voice asks, *'What happened to my hair!'*

Once again Harold found himself pushed to the back of his own head as Stella seemingly took control, running her, his-their fingers through the long locks. Rather than Stella's bleach blonde or Harold's mousy brown the long ringlets were a warm honey colour. That mysterious colour between blonde and brown.

"Did we…merge in the machine?" Stella whispered.

'No, that can't have happened!' Harold felt himself panicking, "It…no it just can't! It wasn't even turned on properly yet! It's untested!'

"Well, I think it's tested now." Stella said with wide eyes as she leaned in close, running a finger over their full lips, "I think we're a whole new person now."

Harold didn't want to believe it but he was a scientist at heart and that meant when faced with facts, he accepted them. And the hard, cold facts right now all pointed to Stella being right. He took in his appearance further; the curvaceous figure, the long legs, if he focused he could even feel a distinct lack of organ between his legs. In some cruel twist of fate the merging process had left them totally female and now Harold was stuck in this bimbo's body!

"Oh come on Harry, it's not so bad." Stella said soothingly, "At least we're still pretty!"

'How can you be so calm about this! And how did you know what I was thinking?"

"I could hear you." She replied simply, "Can't you hear me?"

Now that she mentioned it; he could. Not so much in words but in feelings. There were emotions that felt distinct from his own mingling in his mind; confusion, elation, surprise…an odd sense of confidence with this new appearance.

'That's you?'

"I think so, unless the jellyfish fell in with us."

A shiver went down their spine at the thought; Harold wasn't sure if it was from him or Stella. Who knows what would have happened to them if that had been put in the mix. Stella was posing in front of the shiny metal, pulling poses that made Harold's stomach twist for a variety of reason's he'd rather not think about.

"Okay," He said reasserting control, "We need to take some deep breaths, calm down and figure this out."

'I am calm.'

"Whatever." He waved it off, "Clearly, we and by we I mean I, need to repair the machine and figure out how to run whatever sequence did this, backwards."

'But that'll take forever! We can't do it all in one night!'

"No…" Harold mused, pacing back and forth as was his habit, "We'll need to make up an identity for this body and a cover story that will give us access to the machine…"

'Oh I know! Say you're my cousin Bella! Mr. Bailey said if I had any friends or family like me who needed work I could send 'em to him and he'd give them a job.'

Harold had always known the head of his department was a sleaze but he didn't realise he was that much of a creep.

"Just like that?"

'Uh-huh, he's so nice.'

Harold rolled their eyes.

"Fine, whatever, we're Bella but it's very important you let me control this body, okay?"

'Whaaaaat, that's no fun! I want to drive.'

Harold got half way through an indignant squeak before Stella was in control again.

'We are not a car!' He argued, trying to reassert control as their body shuddered, stuck between two clashing personalities, *'You can't fix the machine so let me-agh!'*

They fell on their bum and Harold winced, finally back in control. He rubbed at his sore rump, trying to ignore how plump and smooth the skin felt beneath his lab coat. He was suddenly very thankful the machine had merged their outfits as well. He wasn't sure he could have coped if they'd woken up naked.

'What's wrong with being naked, I wanna see what we look like personally.'

"Well I want to fix this mess." Harold dusted himself off, "Now, let's get started and then tomorrow-"

"Hey, who are you? What are you doing in here?"

Harold whipped around to see the night security guard; a burly southern man who's name he'd never bothered to learn, shining a torch in their face. Normally the man would have continued his rounds without much more than a glance into the lab but with a stranger in place of the usual scientists he must have come in.

"I uh…" Harold felt his mouth go dry, he was a terrible liar and an even worse actor. His mind went blank.

'Let me handle this Harry.'

He barely fought back as Stella took over and split their lips into a winning smile.

"Sorry you shocked me!" She giggled, "I'm Bella, Stella's cousin, she invited me dancin' tonight but I musta missed her. Do you know where she is?"

"Really?" The guard didn't seem impressed, "And why are you wearing a lab coat?"

"Cause I was playing scientist!" Stella replied without a beat, "I wasn't touchin' anything I swear."

The guard's eyes narrowed.

"We'll see about that, I'm calling Mr. Bailey and you're coming with me."

'We're doomed.'

"Don't worry." Stella whispered, low enough that the guard couldn't hear, "Just leave this to me."