



GLOWING DANGERS

CLOVER COX

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GLOWING DANGERS

(14,000 WORDS)

CLOVER COX

To my readers, always

CHAPTER ONE

Jonathan Jordan could see skyscrapers for miles into the distance from his window. He was standing in the window thinking of his past and how he'd gotten to where he was. He had moved to Chicago after graduating from university in his home state of Missouri. He loved the adventure the big city offered, but he never forgot from where he came. Jonathan was a senior data scientist and lived a much different life as an adult than he had as a child.

He had furniture a designer chose. He had a luxury car but took taxis most places to avoid any parking issues. Jonathan had an abundance of money in his savings account as well. The one thing Jonathan didn't have was a woman with whom he could share his fortunes. He had dated more women than he could count, but none of them ever worked long-term.

It was as though he could only attract gold diggers, even though he just wanted a girl he could eat with on the couch while they watched TV. He wanted someone who didn't need the vacations, jewelry, and fancy dinners. He would love to give his future wife those luxuries, but he was tired of dating women who were only after men for their money. Getting used like a doormat was only fun for so long.

Jonathan grew up in a poor family, but his parents had loved each other. They were so happy until his father died in a work accident. His mother, Andrea, went into a deep depression after his father's death, and Jonathan had to live with his grandparents for a year. Andrea found happiness on a trip to the Southwest. They went every summer until Jonathan graduated high school, and then

Andrea packed her bags and moved to New Mexico weeks before Jonathan started university.

It hurt watching Andrea leave, but Jonathan had since accepted his mother's actions. They spoke on the phone a few times a month and saw each other when they could. Jonathan's grandparents followed Andrea to New Mexico after he left for Chicago to live in a retirement community, so it was nice Jonathan could see them all during one trip.

Everyone left his father, Mark, but life had to continue, even after a painful death. They used to exercise together, shoot ball, and barbecue in the summer. Jonathan loved his mother too, but he'd had a special connection with his father. Mark was his idol, and he still looked up to him in adulthood.

Jonathan moved away from his view of the skyscrapers dotting Chicago's skyline. He fell to his bed and held his phone in front of his face, his red hair visible on the dark screen. He opened his phone and checked his email. There was nothing he needed to finish, and he had a long weekend. Sometimes, the weekend could feel like an endless expanse of time.

When Jonathan was in his early twenties, he used to find women and fill his weekends with casual sex. If he had a girlfriend, he would give into her wishes and dine at overpriced restaurants or take trips to the countryside. It was amazing while the money was new and his testosterone was out of control, but Jonathan was thirty-three now. He had different goals and desires. What was fun ten years ago didn't bring the same joy it had.

Jonathan locked his phone and tossed it to the side. He stared at the ceiling, wondering if his parents would still live in the same house if his father hadn't died. He hated how his father had been taken from him, but he couldn't change the past. Jonathan couldn't go back in time and beg his father not to leave for work that day, no matter how much he wished he could.

It was a random weekend, but Jonathan needed to get out of the city. He needed to visit his father. His home. No matter how many years he lived in Chicago, his true home would always be Delmont, Missouri.

Jonathan thought about messaging his best friend, Chase, as he threw clothes into a suitcase, but decided against it. He would lose his nerve if he moved any slower and spend his weekend watching copious amounts of television as he waited for Monday to arrive. Jonathan grabbed his bag, his keys, and went downstairs to his building's garage, where his car was parked. He got in and drove away before he could think twice.



Chase Rothe was a country boy at heart. He had never left Delmont, Missouri his entire life. He loved it. The town was in north-central Missouri, about an hour from the Iowa border. The summers were milder than the southern half of the state, and they had a lake few tourists visited, Lake Delmont. It wasn't as busy or as large as the Ozarks. Chase enjoyed its tranquility. He could float for hours on its gentle waves.

Chase was at his small two-bedroom house on an acre of land, getting ready for another fishing trip. He went about every day when the weather was warm. Chase was standing outside the garage at the back of his pickup, double checking his tackle box to make sure he had enough supplies for the trip.

Chase was a handyman. He built his home, the garage, and crafted a wooden boat for himself. Most of his projects weren't perfect, but they were better than what one would find manufactured by some foreign factory. People had helped him with his build, but Chase made a living doing odd jobs around town. His cheap lifestyle and paid-off home afforded him a lot of time on the lake. It didn't matter that it was a random weekday because he had a client lined up for later that afternoon who would pay enough to buy his groceries for two weeks.

Chase closed the bed of his pickup and grabbed his phone from inside, not bothering to lock his front door. He didn't have much to steal but an old beat-up laptop. Chase was looking for a reason to get a new one.

He drove miles down the highway until turning down the road that led to Lake Delmont. It was more familiar to him than the lines in

his face. He parked in the empty lot, grateful to be alone in such a serene place on a beautiful summer morning. The weather wasn't too hot, and the fish would be hungry for his bait.

Chase grabbed his tackle boat and guided his boat in the water. He went barefoot with long pants rolled up past his ankles. He had on a hat to protect him from sunburn. The sun wasn't intense yet, but there was nothing Chase hated more than when he had burning skin.

The fish were easy to catch that day. He had three in his cooler within minutes once he'd paddled out to the deeper waters. He reeled in his pole to relax and enjoy the sounds of the singing birds. Insects buzzed around him, but they weren't any bother. Chase sat there rocking on the water for ten or fifteen minutes, meditating without a conscious effort. He threw his pole in the water when he got bored with keeping his eyes closed.

A fish bit his line, and he pulled it out of the water, shocked by what he found. The fish glowed as though he were in a science-fiction movie. He tilted his head to the side, scratching his head like a confused monkey. "What the hell?" he said to nobody but himself.

Chase thought about tossing the fish back in the water, but he wanted to take a picture of it. He wanted to cut it open to see if it differed from normal fish. Would it leak radioactive goo if he filleted it? Chase knocked the fish dead and tossed it into his cooler, paddling away from the lake.

He rushed out of the water and ran to his truck, grabbing his phone. His hands shook as he unlocked his phone to open the camera. He thought the fish would lose its glow once he'd killed it, but it was glowing brighter when he opened the cooler. He cursed as he angled his camera to snap a photo.

In the photo, the fish didn't look like it was glowing, so he tried a video. The same thing was happening. The fish could somehow hide its weirdness from cameras. Chase thought he was losing his mind, so he threw everything into the bed of his truck to drive home as fast as he could. No cops stopped him as he sped down the road.

Chase parked his twelve-year-old truck next to the detached garage on his dirt driveway. He grabbed his cooler from the back and

ran inside. He wished Jonathan were there to see the fish. They used to spend a lot of time on the lake when they were younger. They saw each other often until Jonathan moved to Chicago. Chase didn't blame Jonathan for going after his big-city dreams, but he hadn't found a friendship as meaningful since.

There was a romantic interest Chase had. His name was Wayne, and he was a rich older man from St. Louis. They had a years-long relationship, and Chase never told a soul. He'd met Wayne's friends in the city when he went to St. Louis to have Wayne spoil him, but it ended with Wayne breaking Chase's heart.

Chase didn't realize Wayne only saw him as an accessory until it was too late; until Wayne had replaced him with the next pretty piece of jewelry. The new boy's name was Mitchell. Wayne had introduced Chase to him before kicking him to the curb. Chase hadn't dated since, and his only friends were the people in town he saw when he went to the hardware store or the bank or to get his hair cut or eat lunch when he didn't feel like cooking.

The fish was still glowing when Chase opened the cooler. He took it off the ice and turned off all the lights, but he still couldn't see the glow through his camera. He put his hand into short brown hair, thinking about what he could do to solve his problem. His mind went blank for a minute before an image of his instant camera popped into his head. He ran to his bedroom and dug through the back of his closet where he kept it. There were still three films he could use sitting under it.

Chase went back to the kitchen and took a deep breath as he snapped a photo of the fish. The film ejected from the instant camera. He grabbed it, waving it in the air as he danced around the room. The fish was the craziest thing he'd ever seen and wanted proof of it. He was in luck because the glow was clearer than ever in his picture. Chase fist pumped and howled with triumph.

He got out his knives and opened the fish, surprised to see its glow was only on the scales. He picked it up to smell the fish, and it smelled of Lake Delmont. It was as normal as any other fish he'd caught beyond its outward glow. He washed his hands and grabbed the instant camera to snap a photo of the half-butchered fish.

Chase cleaned the rest of the fish and decided he wanted to eat it. He lined a sheet pan with foil. He put oil, salt, and pepper on the fish and placed it on the sheet pan. Chase put the once-glowing fish in the oven and steamed frozen vegetables to eat with his meal. He ate this same meal more times than he could count, but it was easy and cheap, so he didn't mind eating it on repeat.

The smell of his food spread through the room as minutes passed. He made himself a glass of ice water and set his kitchen table to eat. He plated his vegetables and fish. Chase never took pictures of his food, but he had to snap a picture of the glowing fish he'd cooked. He hoped it wouldn't give him cancer or anything, but he had to taste it.

Chase forked a piece of the filet, and it tasted like any other fish he caught in Lake Delmont. Chase shrugged and ate the rest of his meal. He went on with his day as normal and finished his afternoon appointment, not yet aware of how powerful that glowing fish was.

CHAPTER TWO

Chase tossed and turned through the night. He was sweating, even though he had the windows open and slept with nothing heavier than a sheet. He didn't wake up, but he never quite fell asleep. His body was suspended in a place he'd never been, only slightly aware of the changes happening.

He woke up the next morning and thought it was all a bad dream. He yawned and rolled over in bed, squinting his eyes when he felt a difference, but not awake enough to freak out. Chase crawled out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom. It wasn't until he rubbed his eyes and better saw himself in the mirror that he screamed. His voice hit the highest pitch he'd ever heard leave his lips.

Chase's heart pounded in his chest as he rubbed the smudged glass with a damp towel. He couldn't believe his eyes and screamed, his chest bouncing in a way it never had. He beat his hands on the counter. What in the world had happened to him?

He ran out of the bathroom and to the kitchen to see if he was in a different house, but everything looked the same. Chase opened the trash with the bones of the fish he'd eaten the day before. He didn't know what he thought he'd find, but there was nothing helpful. Chase cursed and sat on the floor, scooting back to the wall. He crossed his arms over his chest, pissed off by how big his boobs had gotten.

They weren't the biggest he'd seen, but Chase was gay. Undercover, yes, but he was still gay. He loved being a man. He loved having a dick as much as he loved sucking dick. Chase reached between his legs, and his favorite tool was gone. Vanished.

He dropped his head and cried. His hair had grown overnight and fell into his face as he tried to calm himself.

Chase couldn't think of anyone to call. He couldn't tell people a glowing fish had turned him into a woman. They would lock him in a mental institution. He had photos, but how much proof was that? He didn't have more than the fish's rotting corpse in his trash, and that offered little evidence.

The next few hours were a blur. Chase distracted himself with housework. He cleaned more than he had in years. The floors sparkled. His cabinets were organized. Chase wished he'd built a bigger house when he couldn't find anything else to clean but the mirrors, and he was still afraid to look at himself. He had avoided any reflective surfaces since waking up and discovering he was a woman. He spent the next hour watching TV until his curiosity became too intense to ignore.

Chase grabbed his window cleaner and went to the bathroom. There he was, feminine and transformed. Chase lifted his hand to touch his face, amazed by how different he looked. The five-o'clock shadow had disappeared. His hair was longer and had light waves. Chase had always wondered what he'd look like as a girl, and now he knew.

He needed to shower after his night of sweaty sleep and morning of cleaning. He texted the appointments he had for the day to say he had to cancel. Chase didn't know how he would go back to work until he found a reversal, but he didn't want to visit a doctor, either. He was at a loss for what to do except clean his body.

Chase turned on the water, making it as hot as possible. He thought maybe if he burned himself a little, it would help change him back, but his hypothesis was proved incorrect when he stepped into the scolding water, and nothing happened. He turned down the temperature and took a deep breath, reminding himself to relax. There had to be a way to change back to a man, and he would find it. Chase was determined, and nothing could stop him when he had a mission.

If there was one thing Chase hated, it was pussy. Chase had been with a girl once, and it was enough to make him never try

again. The experienced had reaffirmed his sexuality, but now he had a pussy of his own. He had no idea what to do with it, but he figured it needed to be cleaned. Chase grabbed his bar of soap, lathered, and closed his eyes before reaching down between his legs.

Having a pussy was like driving for a person with motion sickness. Since it was Chase's pussy and he could feel it from the inside and the outside, it didn't seem as bad as when he'd been a gay boy trying to fuck a girl. He touched himself for several beats. Each touch brought him more to terms with his new body. It wasn't the ideal situation, but Chase was a fighter. He had eaten the fish and would deal with the consequences.

Chase turned off the shower after washing his body. He wrapped himself with a towel and wondered what he would do. There was no way he could hide his chest, no matter how baggy his clothes were. He needed a plan for if he changed back in the morning and a plan for if he didn't.

The rest of the day, Chase wrote down ideas for his future. He went to sleep hopeful he would wake up in his old body, but he didn't. If people wanted something fixed that they could drop off, he had them do that. If not, he canceled his appointments through the weekend. It wasn't ideal, but Chase needed all the time he could to spend on the lake searching for another glowing fish to turn him back into a man.

Hours became days, and Chase's hope dwindled with the passing time. He couldn't help but think, *would life really be so bad as a woman?*

CHAPTER THREE

Jonathan sped out of his parking garage in Chicago days after Chase had eaten the glowing fish and turned into a woman, but he hadn't yet learned about his friend's transformation. He had decided on surprising his old friend when he got to Delmont instead of calling.

Years passed, but the route from Chicago to Delmont had changed little. Jonathan passed the same farmlands, billboards, and truck stops he'd seen countless times on journeys to his hometown. He could play a game by spotting the miniscule differences, but his mind was too busy on that trip.

He couldn't stop picturing memories of his childhood, wondering how different his life would have been if he had stayed behind like Chase. Would his grandparents have left? Would his mother have returned to Missouri? He felt so alone after years of single life and no friendships that could compare to the one he had with Chase.

Some days, he wanted to give it all up and live a simpler life like his friend. Chase had built his home, didn't have a mortgage funneling thousands from his bank account each month, and did what he wanted with his time. Jonathan had a high-paying job, but he worked from morning to night most weekdays. He only had a long weekend because it was the company's anniversary, so they gave everyone Friday and the weekend off to do whatever they wanted. There'd been a huge party Thursday night to celebrate, but Jonathan didn't stay long.

He liked his job, but none of his coworkers felt like authentic friends. There was always an underlying competition between them, which the owners of the company loved to see. Who could code the

fastest? Who would build the foundation of the company's next tremendous success? The rat race exhausted Jonathan, and he didn't know how much longer he'd last.

Jonathan arrived in his hometown eighteen minutes earlier than he'd expected. There wasn't much traffic once he got out of Chicago, and he caught himself speeding at least four times. His thoughts were all over the place. He stopped at a fast-food restaurant on the outskirts of town near the graveyard. He ate a chicken sandwich at the table outside. A few cars passed in the parking lot, but nobody recognized Jonathan or said 'hello'.

Mark's grave hadn't changed. Jonathan wished he had a bucket and water to clean it. He didn't, but he'd stopped at the gas station next to the fast-food joint for flowers. He placed the bouquet of summer blooms next to his father's headstone, wiping a tear from his eye. Thoughts of a present and future with his father alive consumed Jonathan if he wasn't careful.

Jonathan sat by his father's grave for three-quarters of an hour, telling him stories of his life in Chicago. Telling him about his wishes for the present. He asked his father if he thought life would be different if he were still alive, but he never got an answer. Jonathan knew he'd never speak to his father again, but he felt connected to him every time he was in Delmont.

Clouds rolled into the sky, which told Jonathan it was time to leave before he got rained on. Jonathan got into his luxury car, which looked out of place in Delmont. Most people in the town weren't rich, but they got by and made ends meet. They helped each other out if it came down to it. Jonathan often reminded himself of how hard his parents worked to keep food on the table.

Jonathan drove past his old house, the schools he'd attended, and the spots he used to hang out at as a teenager. He wanted to see Chase, so he turned to head his way. Jonathan called his mother as he crossed down to where Chase lived.

"Hello, Jonathan. Is that you?" asked Andrea.

"Yeah, mom. It's me," said Jonathan. "I'm in Delmont and was thinking about you."

"What are you doing there?"

“I came to see dad’s grave. I left him flowers.”

There was a lot of noise in the background. Andrea told someone she would return shortly and walked somewhere quieter. “Son, are you okay? I worry about you sometimes,” she said.

“Mom, I’m fine. I had a long weekend and wanted to visit dad. Don’t worry about me,” he said.

Andrea had dated one man since Mark’s death, but she was currently single and not too interested in love. Jonathan didn’t know if she kept male friends for benefits, and he wasn’t interested in finding out. “You go there every few months, Jonathan. Have you talked to a therapist?”

“Yes, mom. I just like the drive. How are you doing in New Mexico?”

Andrea went into detail about how she had some new friends, and they liked to go out for afternoon margaritas and gossip on Fridays. Jonathan told his mother to be careful and hung up the phone as he pulled into Chase’s dirt driveway. His truck was parked by the garage, so Jonathan figured he was home. He got out of his car and took a deep breath before walking to the door. It’d been months since he saw his friend.

Inside Chase’s house, he was running around trying to figure out why in the world Jonathan had pulled into his driveway. He looked both ways in his living room without moving, paralyzed by the fear of his best friend finding him transformed into a woman. Chase cursed as Jonathan approached his door. He didn’t know how he would explain the fish and waking up with breasts and a pussy. Not that Jonathan needed to know everything, but what if he asked?

Chase had been living like an ostrich with its head in the sand. Going to a doctor meant admitting there was a problem. It meant explaining to someone he was dumb enough to eat a glowing fish. The people who’d dropped off things for him to fix didn’t ask questions about him having them leave his payment in the garage. He left their stuff there, and they could pick it up and leave the money. It was simple, but talking to Jonathan was anything but.

Jonathan was feet from Chase’s front door. He didn’t know what to do but lie, so he came up with the name ‘Elizabeth’ to call

himself. He took a deep breath as Jonathan rose his fist to knock. On a normal day, he would have been happy with the surprise, but Chase really wished Jonathan had sent a message first so he could have left town. Bare minimum, he would have gone to the store and told Jonathan he wasn't home. Wouldn't be home.

The knock rang through the house. Jonathan waited on the other side, smiling from ear to ear. He was excited to see his friend after months of office life in Chicago. He had an amazing apartment, but he was never home enough to enjoy it. There were women who wanted him, but none of them wanted his heart as much as his wallet.

When the door to Chase's house opened, Jonathan saw an incredibly gorgeous woman with hazel eyes that reminded Jonathan of Chase. The clothes she was wearing were much too big for her, but that didn't take away from her beauty. "Hello," Jonathan said and coughed. "Am I interrupting something? Is Chase here? I saw his truck in the driveway and figured he was home."

Chase stared at his best friend. Chase had always had a minor crush on Jonathan, but he'd done nothing to act on it. He knew Jonathan liked girls and respected that, but now Chase was a girl, and Jonathan was looking at Chase with a sparkle in his eye. Chase felt heat rush to his cheeks as he and Jonathan held their gaze. "I'm sorry, but Chase isn't here."

"Dang," Jonathan said and glanced at the truck parked in front of his car. "I wouldn't have stopped if I didn't see his car."

"He took mine to the store," said Chase. He couldn't help but stare at Jonathan with desire. His red hair was so cute, and he was looking at Chase with the same yearning. "What's your name? I'll tell him you stopped by the house."

"I'm Jonathan. Has he mentioned me?"

"Yeah, I've heard about you. You live in Chicago, don't you?"

Jonathan smirked, giving Chase a look that made him weak in the knees. "Yeah, I do. What's your name?"

"I'm Elizabeth. Did you want to leave your number or a message?"

Jonathan told Chase, who he thought was Elizabeth, to say he had stopped by and was staying the night in a hotel off the main strip. Chase watched Jonathan walk back to his car, wondering if he should tell his best friend the truth. He would only want to hang out again before he left. Chase took a deep breath and ran to Jonathan's car before he could leave. "Wait, don't go," he said.

"What's up?" Jonathan said after rolling down his window. Chase stood in front of Jonathan, shrugging his shoulders, speechless. "Are you okay?"

"Come inside, Jonathan." The words hit Jonathan's ears with such familiarity, it gave him pause. Jonathan got out of the car and followed the girl he thought was Elizabeth inside.

CHAPTER FOUR

“What do you mean a fish turned you into a girl? That’s impossible,” said Jonathan. He was sitting in Chase’s living room. He’d been there many times before, but it felt different this time. Chase was a girl, and Jonathan was attracted to her. Jonathan felt himself wanting Chase more as each second passed. He’d always had feelings for Chase, but they were never sexual. Now that Chase had big boobs and a girly voice, Jonathan couldn’t help himself.

Chase sighed, pushing his fingers into his hair. “I wish it were impossible.” The photos he’d taken with his instant camera were on his kitchen table. They showed a glowing fish. Chase knew it was impossible to believe he’d turned into a girl from eating a fish, but it had happened. “Don’t you know how hard this is for me?” Chase asked, breaking down in tears.

Jonathan’s heart broke. He went over to comfort Chase, who could have been Elizabeth. He wasn’t sure what was happening, but there was a girl crying. Tears made him uncomfortable. Jonathan rubbed his friend’s back as the tears subsided. “How will you change back?”

“If I knew that, I wouldn’t still be a girl,” Chase yelled. “How do you want me to prove it?”

Chase rattled off a few of Jonathan’s secrets until he put up his hands to say he’d heard enough. “Okay, dang.” Jonathan turned to get a better look at his friend. Everything about Chase was feminine, but he figured he wouldn’t be wearing those men’s clothing if it hadn’t been an accident. “Should we go to the hospital?”

“What can they do for me?” Chase said in a hysterical voice.

Jonathan wanted to be there for his friend, but he didn't do well with hysterics. Another reason he had stayed single so long since his last girlfriend. "I don't know, but what else can we do? I don't know how to help you," he said.

Chase shook his head. "Maybe it's a blessing that you showed up out of nowhere. I have zero idea what to do. Why are you in town, anyway? Did you go to the cemetery?"

Jonathan nodded. He told Chase about his long weekend away from the office to celebrate the company's anniversary. "What else can I do to help?"

"I don't know. I've been fishing every day hoping to catch another glowing fish, but I haven't had any luck."

"What possessed you to eat a glowing fish?"

Chase shrugged. He'd always been a bit of a daredevil. They spent the rest of the evening talking about old times and how different the present was from the past. It was as though they were the bros they'd always been, minus the sexual tension. Chase had always hidden his attraction to Jonathan, but he couldn't now that the attraction was mutual.

It was late in the night when Chase could no longer hold his secret. They were drunk on brandy Chase had in the cupboard. "Jonathan, there's something you never knew about me."

"What?"

"I'm gay," he said. "Not like now, but since like forever."

"Oh... okay. What are you now that you're a girl?"

Their eyes met, and it was like an electric current running through Chase's body. He bit his lip to steady himself. "Straight, I guess. It doesn't feel like my mind has changed at all, just my body."

"That's so crazy," Jonathan said. He knew it was wrong to want his best friend like he did, but Chase looked so sexy. "Should we go shopping for clothes to fit your new body?"

Chase shrugged. "I don't want to waste the money if I'm going to turn back to a guy."

Jonathan leaned forward to reach out and touch Chase's knee. He didn't want to scare his friend, but there was the possibility Chase

would never turn back. "I'll buy them for you then. That's how I can help."

"You'd do that?"

"Yeah, let's go first thing in the morning. We can drive to the mall."

"That's an hour from here," he said.

"So? It'll be fun. Don't you think?"

Chase didn't know what to think about going out in public. He'd spent the last few days hiding behind the safety of his drawn blinds. He agreed to go to the mall in the morning. Chase grabbed blankets from his bedroom closet and gave them to Jonathan to sleep on the couch. Chase didn't know what to think as he drifted off to sleep, but he couldn't help but wonder if he'd been turned into a woman for a reason.



The mall was bustling with people, which made Chase terrified to enter. They'd picked out the least baggy outfit for Chase to wear, but he still felt self-conscious in his old men's clothing. "Don't worry, Chase. People won't think twice when they see you."

"I hope not," Chase said as he looked around at all the passing bodies. "Will you help me pick out stuff to wear? I don't know a thing about fashion."

"Yeah. Let's have fun with it. Make lemonade out of lemons, you know."

Chase made an unconvinced face, but they proceeded. They had already driven an hour to the mall and wasted the gas. There was no reason to turn back without buying something more comfortable for Chase's new frame. "Do you need undergarments?"

"I need everything," said Chase. He didn't love the idea of wearing panties, but he would buy some to have. Jonathan said he would buy everything. Chase was taking him up on that offer.

Jonathan acted more excited than Chase as they went from the lingerie store to the department store with a bag of goodies. "Aren't you excited to try them on when you get home? How does

the bra feel? Your breasts look incredible. Can I say that?" Jonathan asked with a nervous laugh.

Chase adjusted the bra through his shirt. It helped with support, but there was something terribly uncomfortable about it. "You can say that," said Chase. He liked Jonathan looking at him with desire in his eyes and hoped the bra would get more comfortable with time. "What should we buy next?"

"Better jeans," he said. "Those don't fit you. We can get you some shirts. T-shirt, blouses, whatever you want. Whatever feels comfortable."

"Maybe some shorts?" said Chase.

"Sure." Jonathan didn't mind buying his friend clothes. Chase got all his stuff out of the clearance section as a compromise, and they had spent under two hundred dollars by the time they were walking out of the mall with bags of fabulousness. They even stopped at the discount shoe store for a pair that better fit Chase's girly feet.

Jonathan was driving them around everywhere they went. "You've always been an incredible friend," Chase said and smiled at Jonathan. "Thank you for buying all this stuff."

Chase pushed his hair behind his ear, looking innocent and beautiful. His lips were fuller as a woman. He looked more comfortable, as though he'd been given a gift he never knew he wanted. Jonathan wanted to lean over the center console to kiss Chase, but it wasn't the right moment. Chase still wasn't comfortable, though Jonathan thought the time would come, and he wanted to be there when it did. "How about we go to town tonight for a drink? We can shower and change at your place."

"You want people to see me?" Chase asked with wide eyes. Jonathan had lost his mind if he thought Chase was about to head to a restaurant or bar where everyone knew his face and possibly remembered Jonathan's. "You're crazy."

"What about that fancy place off the highway twenty miles outside of town?"

"They're only open on the weekends," said Chase, quickly remembering it was a Saturday. Jonathan raised his eyebrow at

Chase and smirked. "Fine, we can go there. I never do."

Jonathan resisted the urge to take Chase's hand and lift it to his lips. Their relationship was as easy as the one they'd had as friends, but the sexual tension was undeniable. Chase looked at Jonathan through the corner of his eye as they traveled from the mall to Chase's place in Delmont.

CHAPTER FIVE

Chase was wearing panties for the first time against his freshly shaven legs and found the lingerie heavenly. He loved how they lifted his ass and cupped his pussy. They made the jeans he was wearing look like a trillion dollars. Chase wore a white long-sleeve cotton shirt with the dark denim as he sat on the couch waiting. Jonathan came out of the spare bedroom moments later wearing a decorative button-up shirt with chinos hugging him in all the right places. Chase's gaze fell to the bulge in Jonathan's pants before lifting back to his face.

"You look nice," Chase said in his womanly voice.

"As do you," said Jonathan.

Chase patted the sofa next to where he was sitting, and Jonathan took a seat. "Everyone will think we're a couple."

"Who cares?"

"Do you?" Chase asked as he crossed his legs and looked at Jonathan, whose shirt was hugging his chest like a glove. Chase had seen Jonathan with his shirt off before, so he could picture him shirtless, and the image was driving him wild.

Jonathan grunted, leaning closer to Chase. The scent of Chase's lotion hit his nose. He loved how the cotton shirt Chase was wearing hugged his breasts. It was getting harder to remember Chase wasn't the woman he was seeing. "I don't care what people think, and I'm hungry."

"Me too," Chase said and stood. He put out his hand for Jonathan, who was staring at his chest. Chase didn't care. He smiled at Jonathan when their eyes met. Their lips separated by mere

centimeters. Chase's breath quickened as Jonathan gazed at him in a way he never had. "We should go, shouldn't we?"

"Yeah," Jonathan said with a nervous chuckle. "Sorry."

"No worries." Chase followed Jonathan to his car. It was safer for him to drive since Chase no longer matched the description on his ID. He had shrunk at least three or four inches since waking up as a woman, and he didn't want to answer questions. It didn't hurt Jonathan had a gorgeous car.

Jonathan's bright headlights led them down the country highway until they pulled down the restaurant's drive. "I haven't been here in ages," said Jonathan. "I think we came for my graduation."

"Waterman's is everyone's favorite," said Chase. "Too fancy for me."

"It's not over-the-top. Nothing like the places in Chicago," he said.

Chase couldn't imagine Jonathan's life in Chicago. He had lived in Delmont since he was born, and Chase wasn't the traveling type. Traveling cost more money than he liked to spend. "Where's the fanciest place you've ever eaten?"

Jonathan lifted his eyebrows. That was a tough question to answer. He had gone to the fanciest restaurants in the city over the years with all the women he wined and dined. Jonathan told Chase about a place he'd gone the year before that was written up as one of the best restaurants in the world. "The drinks were the best part."

"Nothing beats a brandy neat or on the rocks. It's cheap and does the trick," said Chase.

Jonathan nodded and agreed to disagree. He preferred craft cocktails and beers, but maybe he had become a prissy city boy without realizing. He and Chase used to drink generic beer. They used to get drunk on dirt-cheap liquor. "I can't wait to eat."

They went inside. Everything at Waterman's was sourced from local farms. They had a reputation for incredible steaks, so Jonathan and Chase each had one after a kale salad. The food was phenomenal. Chase loved it and didn't once have to look at the bill. Jonathan took care of everything.

“That dinner was way better than I thought it’d be,” Chase said as they exited the restaurant, laughing at the fun they were having. Watching Jonathan sign the receipt and leave a generous tip had Chase feeling a certain type of way about his best friend. Now that Jonathan was looking at him with shameless eyes, Chase found him impossible to ignore.

Jonathan’s laughter faded as he felt an increased desire to have Chase as more than a friend. Chase was a foot in front of him, and his ass looked incredible in those jeans. His body had taken on the shape of an hourglass, and Jonathan wanted to run his hands along Chase’s curves.

They were approaching Jonathan’s car, and he couldn’t resist the urge to grab Chase and push him against the vehicle. He moved his body forward as Chase sucked in a sharp breath, staring at Jonathan with the same longing he felt. Jonathan looked at Chase’s lips, desperate to kiss them, but it was so wrong. Chase was his best friend. Chase could turn back to a man any day. Neither of them knew what could happen or how long the effects of the fish would last.

“You want me,” said Chase.

“I do,” said Jonathan. His breath had become ragged and uneven. Jonathan was looking at Chase’s exposed neck with the eyes of an animal. He reached out to touch Chase’s neck, and Chase didn’t flinch. He moaned. A breath escaped Chase’s lips. Jonathan placed his thumb on Chase’s bottom lip as Chase tilted his head back. The lot and restaurant around them seemed to vanish as Jonathan leaned forward to kiss Chase’s neck. He kissed Chase’s chin.

Chase breathed heavily as Jonathan lips worked their way up his neck, daring to touch his lips. If they crossed the line, where would that leave them? Would it destroy their future? Chase pushed on Jonathan before their lips touched. “Wait, what are we doing?”

“I can’t resist you, Chase.”

“You have to,” he said.

Jonathan moved his hand from Chase’s side to his hair. He held Chase’s face and stared deep into his eyes. “We have to take

advantage of this situation. I can see you want me, and I want you.”

“But what if I turn back to a man? What happens then?”

“We go back to friends,” said Jonathan. He was staring at Chase with a hopeful expression, but Chase couldn’t cross the line, as much as he knew he would love it. Chase pushed Jonathan away, shaking his head. He could still feel Jonathan’s lips on his neck, sending waves a pleasure through his body, but it was too risky.

Jonathan was Chase’s best friend, and that meant something. He knew it wasn’t as simple as Jonathan tried to make it sound. “I wish it were that easy, but you know it’s not.”

“Give me a chance, Chase.”

“You won’t want me when if I turn back, Jonathan.” Chase ran a hand through his hair, stressed and confused. He had the chance of a lifetime, but it didn’t feel right. “Don’t judge me, but I’ve always had a secret crush on you. It will mean more to me. I have to protect myself.”

Jonathan didn’t know how to reply. He had always wondered why his friend didn’t have a girlfriend or woman to talk about, but he’d never thought Chase wanted him sexually. Chase never looked at him with lust. “Okay,” said Jonathan. He backed away from Chase and went to the driver’s side. They got in the car, and Jonathan drove them back to Chase’s small two-bedroom house on a large lot.

Neither slept well that night. Jonathan tossed and turned on the sofa bed, and Chase did the same in his bedroom. They wanted each other, but they behaved well and never left from where they attempted sleep.

CHAPTER SIX

Sunday had arrived. Jonathan wasn't ready to return to Chicago. He knew Chase needed more time to accept his womanly body, and Jonathan wanted to be there when it happened. From Jonathan's view, Chase was growing more comfortable with himself with each passing hour.

He hadn't slept well the night before, but it didn't matter. Chase needed him, and Jonathan wanted to stay to offer his services. He waited on the sofa bed in the living room for Chase to emerge from his bedroom. The spare bedroom was more of an office and a storage unit. Chase had a lot of random tools, gadgets, and stuff Jonathan wouldn't know how to use.

"There you are, sleepyhead," Jonathan said when Chase came stumbling out of his bedroom. His nipples were hard, and Chase wasn't wearing a bra, but Jonathan didn't say a word. He loved the view. "What took you so long?"

Chase shrugged. He needed something hot to drink to wake him up. "Do you like coffee or tea?"

"Coffee is fine," said Jonathan. He watched Chase waddle to the kitchen, rubbing his face and yawning every few seconds. "You need any help?"

Chase shook his head. "I got it. Do you like cream or sugar?"

"Black is fine," he said. He waited on the sofa bed as Chase shuffled around the kitchen and fixed them mugs of coffee. He sat up when Chase came back into the living room, taking the mug from him. "How did you sleep?"

"Terrible," said Chase. "You?"

“Could have been better,” he said. “Not that I’m complaining about the sofa bed. It wasn’t that.”

“I know,” said Chase. “It was the fact that we want each other but shouldn’t act on it, wasn’t it?”

Jonathan placed his fingers on his mouth. He wanted Chase to let down his guard without admitting he wasn’t sure how he would feel if Chase turned back to a boy. He had friends whose wives were like their best friends. Jonathan wanted that, and Chase could offer it. “What if you never turn back?”

“How could you say that?” A simple question turned into their first argument, but an argument survived inched them closer to crossing the line. Chase yelled at Jonathan. He screamed, demanding why he would even question the possibility he couldn’t turn back to a man. The idea had crossed Chase’s mind, but he wasn’t willing to admit it to himself. He had to have hope, or he had nothing.

Jonathan didn’t scream back at Chase. He tried to calm him by throwing up his hands and saying he was sorry. Chase finally let Jonathan wrap his arms around him ten minutes into their argument. “Please forgive me,” he said, as Chase’s screams turned to tears.

He had to go through the cycles of grief, and Jonathan understood. He did. Jonathan knew how to be a gentleman when the moment called. “I called my boss in the morning and can work remotely the next week. How about I stay here and help you however I can?”

Chase hated how much he loved Jonathan offering to stay. He squeezed Jonathan and nodded against his chest. “I would like that,” he said.

Jonathan ran his fingers through Chase’s hair, telling him everything would be okay. Chase wanted to believe the words. He had to accept there was a possibility he’d never turn back to a man. It was a hard pill to swallow, but he had brought it on himself by eating a fish most sane people wouldn’t touch with a stick.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Jonathan was a tremendous help to Chase the following day. Chase could work in the garage. Jonathan handled the money, drove the truck for deliveries, and told everyone that Chase was feeling sick and didn't want to spread whatever he had. They bought the lie, and Chase completed three more orders than he would have been able to do on his own.

Jonathan was speaking Chase's love language by helping with his work. "Don't you have things you need to do?"

"Yeah, but I don't care," said Jonathan. They were sitting across from each other in a fast-food place close to Chase's house. He didn't care that he'd eaten there countless times before. Nobody recognized him hanging off Jonathan's arm. It was impossible not to flirt. They were best friends who knew how to banter. They knew which buttons to push and when.

Spending the workday with Jonathan made Chase weaker than a chair missing its leg. He touched Jonathan's chest without thinking as they sat in his truck in the driveway. Jonathan placed his hand on the back of Chase's head. He had to kiss his lips. They'd been together all day, and it was driving Jonathan wild.

Chase didn't resist as Jonathan moved forward to kiss him. They both needed it. They could no longer refuse what'd been building since Jonathan knocked on the door. Jonathan held the back of Chase's head as his tongue thrust into his mouth. Chase moaned through the kiss, feeling his body open like a flower in the morning sun.

Jonathan moved his lips to Chase's neck, kissing lightly as his hands moved down his body. Chase was his best friend, but he had

also become a girl. Jonathan's hand gripped Chase's right breast, lifting it as his lips kissed Chase's collarbone.

Chase felt hornier than he ever had since he transformed into a woman, and his body felt like a heater in overdrive. He was in a sauna of his own heat, dripping with a yearning for Jonathan's naked body to press against his. He was more of a bottom as a gay guy, and now he had three holes for Jonathan to use. Chase hadn't done more than finger his pussy in the shower. Who better to help him explore his body than Jonathan?

Jonathan pulled on Chase's hair. He used little force, but it was enough to make Chase explode inside. He wanted to straddle Jonathan's legs and ride his dick. Chase wanted Jonathan to suck on his fat nipples and drink his pussy nectar. "I need you," said Jonathan. He threw open the car door and stepped outside.

Chase did the same, but as they ran to the front door, reality seemed to crash into him. Chase couldn't give himself to Jonathan. It would ruin their friendship if they crossed the line, so Chase shook his head. He stopped before they went inside and did something they regretted.

"What do you mean, Chase?"

"I'm sorry. I know it's frustrating, but you have to agree."

Jonathan shook his head, clearly frustrated with Chase's refusal to take the next step. They had been playing around long enough, and Jonathan thought it was silly to deny their urges. "Why are you saying no to what you want?"

"You started wanting me days ago. I've wanted you for years. Do you know how hard it was to control those urges? If we have sex, I'll never forget."

"Fine," said Jonathan. He wasn't convinced having sex would ruin their friendship if Chase turned back into a man, but he wouldn't push Chase past his limits. They wouldn't be able to avoid the inevitable for long. Jonathan had never felt such strong sexual tension with anyone in his life, and they were sleeping under the same roof.

Chase abstained from alcohol that night, afraid he would do something with Jonathan if he was even a tad tipsy. They watched

some TV and called it an early night. Jonathan caught up on the work he'd missed helping Chase throughout the day. It was an uneventful night, but memories of the kiss burned in their minds.



Jonathan and Chase didn't have to wait long for their walls to crumble. Morning sun flooded the house on Tuesday morning. Chase's eyes popped open, and he knew he had to have Jonathan. He stumbled to the bathroom to freshen his breath with mouthwash. Jonathan was still sleeping when Chase tiptoed into the living room. He was shirtless, his masculine body exposed, and Chase was feeling frisky as he stared.

Chase dropped the panties he was wearing and took off his shirt. He took off his bra as well, telling himself he had to explore his new body. There was a chance it would be his for the rest of his life, and Jonathan was his best friend. They could find a way past whatever complications might come from crossing the line.

Chase crossed the room, naked and feeling comfortable in his skin. He had a pussy, and it was beautiful. Men around the world would do anything to spend a night with him, and that made Chase feel powerful. He went to the kitchen and put on coffee. He sat on the kitchen table as the smell of the brew floated through the room.

Jonathan stirred as the coffee pot filled. He couldn't believe what he saw when his vision came to focus. Chase was sitting naked at the kitchen table. He'd never seen anything as sexy, and his dick was rock hard with a morning wood. "Making coffee?" he said.

Chase smirked and said, "you could say that. How did you sleep?"

"I had a dream about you."

"What happened in the dream?"

"I heard if I want my dream to come true, I shouldn't share it," he said. Jonathan had dreamed Chase was the woman he would marry. Chase was wearing a white bridal dress in his dream and looked sublime.

Chase shrugged, not much caring to hear what Jonathan had dreamed. He didn't want to lose what he felt. Chase stood from the kitchen table and crossed the room until he was standing over Jonathan. "You aren't dreaming anymore."

"I see that," he said. Jonathan wanted Chase to make the move. He was already rock hard, and his dick was throbbing under the cover. He didn't want to scare Chase when it was clear he wanted to fool around. "You want to get in bed with me?"

Chase nodded and climbed under the cover. Jonathan smiled and wrapped his arms around Chase, not apologizing for his hard cock grazing Chase's thigh. "Someone is excited."

"How could I not be?" said Jonathan. "I woke up to your gorgeous, naked body."

Chase moaned as Jonathan kissed all over his body, making him swell with a burning passion. Chase didn't protest as Jonathan's lips moved south to his breasts. He stopped there to suck on Chase's nipples. Chase panted and moaned as Jonathan pleased him with his mouth. He had imagined how Jonathan was in bed for years, and he was so much better than he expected.

Sex with Jonathan felt better than the moment Chase had finished his house. His back arched as Jonathan kissed inches above his pussy. Chase glanced down but couldn't see anything past his bare breasts. They were little mountains on his chest, and Chase didn't have the energy to sit up. He trusted Jonathan.

Jonathan grinned as he took in how beautiful Chase's glistening pussy was. There was nothing manly about his transformed body. Chase was the same person inside, but outside he had become a majestic creature. He had become someone Jonathan couldn't live without.

Chase hollered as Jonathan's lips made contact with his pussy. Jonathan used his expert tongue to glide around Chase's labia like a dancer on stage. He sucked and flattened his tongue when appropriate, working Chase's body with the precision of an acupuncturist.

Chase felt his body coming undone and did nothing to stop it. He served himself to Jonathan as though he were breakfast on a

platter. Each lick taking him closer to an orgasm.

Jonathan loved eating pussy. If he could have the same pussy for breakfast and dessert every day, he would. He licked Chase's split under the sheet. He lapped up all of Chase's juices he could. They were like sugar on his lips. A treat he couldn't resist. Jonathan wrapped his arms around Chase's legs and leaned in closer to bury his face in his sweet fountain.

"Shit," Chase said, nothing more than a breath escaping his lips. He gripped the sheets beneath him, shaking and wondering how Jonathan's lips could feel so amazing against his. Having Jonathan eat his pussy felt more incredible than any blow job he'd received.

Jonathan broke contact with Chase's opening. "You like it?" he asked.

Chase bit his bottom lip and nodded, making sounds to tell Jonathan how much he was enjoying the movement of his tongue. "I think you're going to make me cum."

Jonathan lifted his face from between Chase's legs, staring deep into his friend's eyes. They had crossed the line, and there was no going back. Jonathan was rock hard and wanted to bury his dick in Chase, but he only wanted his friend to feel pleasure during his first time making love as a woman. He didn't want to push Chase past his limits. "You can cum whenever you want."

Chase closed his eyes, but it did nothing to relax his tense body. He was a moment from exploding. One or two more flicks of Jonathan's tongue could push him over the edge. Chase lifted his back and put his hands on Jonathan's shoulders. Jonathan looked into Chase's eyes before dipping his head back to pick up where he'd left off.

Jonathan's tongue moved to Chase's clit for the first time. He kissed it lightly, whispering sweet nothings to its beauty. He loved having Chase's scent fresh on his lips, and his dick was rock hard, but the morning was about Chase.

Chase could no longer hold what was building within him. He sang with the birds, screaming as his body exploded with sensations.

Jonathan held his tongue against Chase's pussy as his body vibrated in his arms. Jonathan smiled as Chase ran his hands through his red hair, gripping it when Jonathan licked his clit and made him cum a second time. Chase tapped the top of Jonathan's head to tell him the pleasure was too intense. "I can't... continue," he said through pants.

Jonathan rolled over and kicked the sheets off his body to reveal his hard dick. Chase gasped when he saw its size. He'd heard rumors Jonathan was big, but he had never seen it. It was long, thick, and gorgeous. Jonathan could have modeled for dildos. Chase watched with awe as Jonathan stroked himself, grunting as he got closer to an orgasm.

Chase adjusted his body to lie closer to Jonathan and have a better view of his cock. He lay his breasts against Jonathan. "Fuck," Jonathan grunted seconds before cum erupted from his dick like water in a fountain. Chase moaned and rubbed Jonathan's tight chest.

When Jonathan's body relaxed, Chase rotated his best friend's face, so they were gazing at each other. "That was incredible. Thank you for showing me how good it could feel."

"Thank you for letting me have a taste," Jonathan said and leaned forward to kiss Chase. Their lips stuck together for a second, and they laughed at the sensation of them pulling apart.

Chase drew circles around Jonathan's chest, loving how his best friend held him. They were naked, and it didn't matter that it was a random Tuesday morning. Neither cared about anything else in the world except listening to the other's light breath.

For the first time since waking up as a woman, Chase thought everything could work out and might even have happened for a reason.



Later in the day, after hours of demanding work, Jonathan couldn't help but wonder what a future might look like with girl Chase. His company wouldn't let him work from Delmont forever. They would want him back in the Chicago office for meetings they

felt shouldn't be done over the Internet. They had takeout for dinner, and Jonathan ate Chase out for dessert. Chase wasn't ready for penetration, but he loved having Jonathan's tongue against his pussy.

Jonathan held Chase through the night. Chase loved being Jonathan's little spoon. He slept better than he had in years. They woke up, kissing and touching and as horny as they were the night before. "Do you think we made a mistake yesterday?" Chase asked Jonathan between kisses.

"No," said Jonathan. He kissed Chase's neck. "Even if you turned back right now, I'd never forget what we had last night. I'm falling for you, Chase."

They were words Chase had been dying to hear from a man since his breakup with Wayne. Chase couldn't believe he was lying above his best with his breasts pressed against Jonathan's chest. "I'm falling for you, too." It was hard to believe, but Chase thought he could live as a woman and come to peace with what had happened to him.

Chase had spent countless hours fishing after he woke up as a woman, trying to find another glowing fish that might turn him back into a man. Ever since Jonathan kissed Chase, the need to fish diminished. The need to look for a cure faded.

Jonathan's morning wood was pressing against Chase's leg, and Chase could no longer resist it. "What if I return the favor?" Chase said and reached under the sheet to wrap his hand around Chase's hard dick. Jonathan grunted, reaching to touch Chase's face. "You've been so good to me, I figured..."

"It's yours if you want it, baby." Jonathan leaned forward and kissed Chase, staring into his hazel eyes.

Chase lifted himself and straddled Jonathan's legs. He loved how Jonathan's dick brushed against his pussy. The touch made him hot and wet, but he wanted to use his mouth. He was still afraid of having his pussy fucked, even though Jonathan had made his fingers feel incredible while eating Chase out.

Jonathan's dick was so long, Chase didn't know how he'd be able to fit it all in his mouth. His long, girly hair dropped into his face

as he parted his lips. Jonathan's salty tip brushed against Chase's tongue as he moved his mouth down Jonathan's shaft. Chase choked on it, only three-quarters of the way to its base. Chase had encountered big dicks before. He reminded himself to breathe through his nose as he pushed himself to take more of Jonathan's cock.

"Rub it between your tits," Jonathan said. His hands were in Chase's long brown hair. Jonathan threw off the covers. "I want to see you jack my dick off with those sexy tits."

Chase felt his pussy explode with desire as Jonathan talked dirty. He reached between his legs, moaning as he rubbed his fingers against his wetness. Golden morning sun flooded the room as Chase moved his body so that his breasts were above Jonathan's dick. He squeezed his legs together as he pushed his breasts together. Jonathan thrust his cock into the space between Chase's parted breasts, moaning as he slowly thrust his cock.

Jonathan moved Chase's hands out of the way to feel his breasts. They were pillowy soft and fucking them was pushing Jonathan close to an orgasm, but he wanted to see Chase submit. He wanted Chase on his knees with his mouth open to drink his cum, so that was what Jonathan told Chase to do.

"Like this?" Chase said after he'd climbed off the bed to the floor. He was sitting on bent knees with his ass close to the floor, licking his lips as Jonathan stared and beat his cock.

"Just like that," said Jonathan. He had never seen a woman look as sexy as Chase did in that moment. He could barely hold his load as he rushed to his feet. Chase parted his lips in anticipation of Jonathan's cum, ready to take everything he had to give. "Fuck," Jonathan said as his dick entered Chase's warm, accepting mouth. He came seconds later, and Chase swallowed every drop until Jonathan pulled out, shooting the rest of his load on Chase's naked chest. "That was hot." Jonathan bent down to kiss Chase. "You want me to do you? You know how much I love eating that pussy."

Chase shook his head. "No, I'm okay. Why don't we have breakfast?"

"Then I'll eat you out?"

Chase giggled and put his hand over his mouth. Jonathan's slick dick was dangling in his face. He wanted to store up his libido until he felt ready to ride Jonathan's big dick. Maybe if it were smaller, he wouldn't be so scared, but he had no idea how such a massive cock would feel in his virgin pussy. "We'll see what happens."

Jonathan helped Chase to his feet, and he went to the bathroom for a quick shower to wash off Jonathan's milky goo. Chase smiled to himself as he lathered his body with soap, touching his pussy with a familiarity. He wondered if he should start telling people his name was 'Elizabeth'. How long could Chase hide and act like nothing had happened? How long could he cling to the idea of changing back to how he was? Chase didn't hate his new body, and he loved his blossoming relationship with Jonathan. His dominoes were falling in place, even though he had expected them to turn down a different path.

Chase dried himself off and found Jonathan making coffee and eggs for them in the kitchen. Jonathan served Chase, not letting him lift a finger. Chase loved how Jonathan could treat him like a princess and best friend. He never thought their relationship could have been better than it was, but what they were developing was like a revolutionary discovery.

Halfway through breakfast, Jonathan said words that would change the course of their shared history. "Come to Chicago. I'll take care of you. You won't have to worry about a thing."

"Okay," Chase said without thinking because there was nothing to consider. He couldn't imagine a future without Jonathan, and Chase would give up everything he had in Delmont and follow Jonathan to Chicago if that was what it took.

"You mean it?" Jonathan asked. If he grinned any harder, he would break his face.

Chase nodded. He leaned forward to wrap his hands over Jonathan's. "Take me to Chicago. I'll cancel all my appointments. They were getting complicated, anyway."

It was easy to ignore the complications headed their way when they were head-over-heels, madly in love. They finished their

breakfast. Jonathan took a shower while Chase cleaned the kitchen and the main room before his departure. He didn't mind leaving his house or truck. He would message friends and family in town to keep an eye on it. Chase figured it wasn't the worst idea to leave before someone else came knocking on his door to see if he was okay.

They packed their bags and were on the road before noon, on time to make it to Chicago before nightfall.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“Welcome to my condo. What do you think?” Jonathan asked when they walked through his front door, dropping their bags in the middle of the living room.

Chase crossed the room to stare out of Jonathan’s floor-to-ceiling windows with a view of the city. Skyscrapers stretched into the distance. If Chase looked down, it made him feel nauseous. Jonathan came up behind him, distracting his every sense by placing his hands on his shoulders. “Your condo is lovely, Jonathan. I think I’m just tired from the drive.”

“It was a long one,” Jonathan said. He touched his lips to Chase’s neck, more hopeful about their future than he’d been about anything in years. “Did you want to grab dinner somewhere?”

Chase nodded, not knowing why he felt off. He attributed it to the drive, but there was something strange about being away from his home. He was in the city with no concrete plans for what would happen next in his life. Chase pushed the negative thoughts from his mind to focus on his present with Jonathan. “Help me pick out something to wear.”

“Okay,” said Jonathan. “Did you want to shower first?”

“I could,” Chase said. Jonathan gave Chase a towel, a razor, and any other toiletries he might need. Chase went into the bathroom, which was much more luxurious than his own. It had a marble floor, a glass shower, and a stone counter. Chase felt out of place from his home with its prefab design.

Chase sat on the bench in the shower and lathered his legs with shaving cream. It had been a couple of days. He wanted to be womanly for Jonathan, but it was a lot of maintenance. Chase riddled

himself of leg hair before washing his body and shampooing his hair. He wanted to feel happy, but it was as though a cloud had been following him ever since they left the city limits of Delmont. Chase dried himself off and took his time in the bathroom to moisturize his skin and think about how far away he was from the lake where he found the glowing fish; the lake that might offer an antidote.

“What did you pick for me?” Chase said when he came out of the bathroom. He was smiling despite the doubt swimming through his head.

Jonathan had a black A-line skirt with a purple blouse and black kitten heels sitting on the sofa for Chase to wear. “What do you think?”

Chase crossed the room, letting his towel fall to the floor. No matter how much doubt he felt, he might as well take advantage of his feminine body while he had it. Jonathan grinned and rubbed his chin as he looked Chase up and down, licking his lips when his eyes focused on Chase’s pussy. “I think the clothes are gorgeous, but don’t I need some panties?”

Jonathan smacked Chase’s naked ass as he fell into Jonathan’s arms. Chase threw his arms around the back of Jonathan’s neck, puckering his lips for a kiss. “You’re beautiful,” Jonathan said between kisses, one hand on Chase’s bare ass. His dick stiff in his pants. All he had to do was take them off, and he could slide into Chase’s glistening womanhood. Jonathan snaked his hands into Chase’s hair and kissed on his neck. “Why do you have to be so irresistible?”

“If you don’t stop, we’ll be late for dinner.” Chase’s voice was soft and feminine, like a field of lavender. He nibbled on Jonathan’s ear and pressed his hand against the rod in his pants. “Pick out a pair of panties for me to wear.”

Jonathan reached down and placed his palm flat against Chase’s opening, making him moan and get even wetter than he already was. “What if you don’t wear panties?” Jonathan slipped a finger into Chase as he whispered into his ear.

Chase shook his head. “No, I’d feel so self-conscious. My pussy is for your eyes only.”

Jonathan purred as he lifted his hand from Chase to smell it, grinning like a madman as he looked all over Chase's naked body. If Chase didn't get dressed that second, they would fuck before they got to dinner. "Where's your underwear?"

"In the suitcase I packed. I put it in your bedroom."

Jonathan got up and went to the bedroom to pick out a white bikini-cut thong for Chase to wear. Chase put all the clothes on, feeling more uplifted than he had all day. He went back and forth with how he felt about being a girl. After Jonathan worked up his sex drive, he was feeling better about his womanhood. "Where did you get the heels?"

"I bought them at the mall when you weren't looking. I got a lot of stuff," he said and smirked. If there was one thing Jonathan loved, it was shopping and spending money. Chase chalked up their attraction to the legend that opposites attract.

"Naughty boy," Chase said and leaned in for a kiss. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah," Jonathan said, and smacked Chase's ass once before he grabbed his keys and followed Chase out the door. They took a taxi to a popular restaurant a few miles from Jonathan's home. Chase had never been to so many fancy places in such a brief time span. He loved how everyone else looked at him and Jonathan as a couple. "What do you think?"

"It's a beautiful restaurant," said Chase.

Jonathan stared at Chase as though he were an item on the menu. Chase blushed as he grabbed his menu to distract himself. If he stared back at Jonathan, he would find his way under the table and between Jonathan's legs. Chase had been thinking about it nonstop since he drank Jonathan's cum. It was driving up his sex drive, and he thought he might be ready to ride Jonathan's dick. "I know what I want to order. Do you?"

"Yes," said Jonathan.

Chase giggled as Jonathan made an expression to suggest he wanted to eat his pussy, but then he clarified that he planned on ordering a pasta dish. They were laughing when the server stopped by their table to take their order. They had wine with dinner, loving

every bite. After hours away from Jonathan's apartment, they stumbled through the lobby to the elevator. Taxis were a positive of the city because they could drink as much as they wanted with dinner.

Jonathan pushed Chase against the wall when they entered the condo, a view of Chicago acting like a wallpaper in the background. "You're so sexy, Chase. I can't get enough of you."

"I want you to fuck me," Chase said. The words slipped from his mouth before he could think. He didn't want to think. He wanted to let his animal instincts take over. "I need you to fuck me."

Jonathan gripped Chase's hair, pulling back to expose his neck. He was hard at Chase's words. He needed to bury his dick in Chase's pussy. It had been on his mind ever since Chase opened the door, transformed into a beautiful woman. "I need to fuck you," Jonathan said. His hands were going wild, touching Chase everywhere he could. "I've been dying to fuck you."

Chase moaned as Jonathan pushed his arms above his head. He felt himself coming more undone each time Jonathan's lips graced his skin. Jonathan undid Chase's blouse and pulled it from his body, revealing his bosom. Jonathan undid Chase's skirt and pulled them down to reveal the bikini-cut white thong he was wearing. "I need you inside of me," Chase said in a breathy moan.

Jonathan got to his knees in front of Chase, pulling his panties down to his ankles. He was still wearing his clothes from the evening but was rock hard in beneath his underwear. He couldn't wait to bring his dick out to play. Chase was breathing heavily as Jonathan pressed his lips against Chase's pussy, tasting his favorite treat. They'd skipped dessert to rush home, and Jonathan was getting more than his fair share.

Each flick of Jonathan's tongue made Chase more desperate for the dick he wasn't getting. "Stop teasing me," he begged. His pussy was overflowing with the desire to have Jonathan's dick sliding around in it.

Jonathan lifted Chase into his arms and carried his friend to his bed. He pulled down the sheets so nobody could see what they were about to do. Jonathan stripped at the edge of the bed as Chase

touched his pussy and watched. Chase's eyes widened when Jonathan pulled his underwear over his dick, revealing his enormous cock. Chase shivered but told himself he had come this far, and he would not turn away now.

"You ready?" Chase nodded, watching as Jonathan rolled a condom over his dick. He squirted lube onto his cock, even though Chase's pussy was producing a stream of fluid. "It might hurt, even with the extra lube."

Chase bit his lip and nodded as Jonathan climbed on the bed and crawled toward him like a lion on the hunt. "I'm ready."

"I'll go slow," Jonathan said and leaned forward to suck on Chase's earlobe. Chase's back arched as Jonathan moved his dick closer to his opening. He knew it would hurt, but he knew the pain would morph to pleasure. He had faith Jonathan knew how to pleasure a woman and let go of any inhibitions he was feeling.

Jonathan pressed his dick against Chase's hole, whispering for Chase to breathe. He had one mouth on Chase's boob, licking his hard nipple. Chase dug his fingers into Jonathan's sides as he pushed his head in for the first time. Chase yelled out, and Jonathan reminded him to breathe. He rocked his hips slowly, fucking Chase with nothing more than his tip.

Chase panted as his body adjusted to the thickness of Jonathan's cock. Jonathan sank deeper into Chase as his walls loosened. Jonathan couldn't believe he was inside his best friend. He couldn't believe how quickly he was falling in love with his best friend. "I love you," Jonathan whispered into Chase's ear.

Chase's eyes popped open. He melted at the words, loosening up for Jonathan's member. "I love you, Jonathan."

Jonathan grunted as he sunk deeper into Chase, his entire staff nearly buried in Chase's womanhood. They were best friends who had become lovers. It was better than either of their wildest fantasies. A tear slipped from Jonathan's eye as he thrust in and out of Chase's pussy, feeling the warmth of his walls hugging his dick.

They flipped positions so that Chase was on top. Chase dug his fingers into Jonathan's chest as he lifted and sank on Jonathan's thick cock. Jonathan had his hands on Chase's breasts, squeezing

them and flicking his nipples. They stared at each other as Jonathan slid around inside Chase. Their bodies were one. Linked and connected more than they had ever been.

Jonathan grabbed Chase and flipped him onto his back, pulling him to the edge of the bed. Jonathan pushed Chase's legs into the air and sunk his dick back in Chase's pussy, fucking his best friend hard as went between staring into his eyes and watching his breasts bounce to the rhythm. Chase was moaning and panting like a desperate slut, and it was going to make Jonathan bust.

Chase screamed when Jonathan reached down to touch his button. He gripped the sheets beneath him and tried to hold on but was seconds from cumming. "I can't hold it, Jonathan."

"Cum with me," he said. He held Chase by his lower back as he fucked his pussy with long, gentle thrusts. He was only using one hand for that and the other to play with Chase's sensitive clit.

"What the fuck," Chase screamed as he came with Jonathan's dick buried deep in his pussy, hitting his spot in all the right ways. Jonathan grunted as he watched Chase cum, seconds from unleashing his load. Chase's walls contracted around Jonathan's dick and milked him to a climax. Chase pushed Jonathan's hand away from his clit when the pleasure became too intense.

Jonathan's body went limp as the last drops of cum left his dick. He fell out of Chase and collapsed to his side. They kissed. Their bodies were dripping with sweat. "How was it?" asked Jonathan.

Chase couldn't believe how natural it'd felt to have sex and cum as a woman. He almost felt guilty for liking it as much as he did. If he enjoyed being a woman, was there any hope of him turning back into a man? "It was good," Chase said, staring at the ceiling.

Jonathan wrapped his arm and leg around Chase, nestling into his chest. "I'm glad you liked it. I thought it was incredible." Jonathan's eyes fluttered closed as he yawned, holding Chase tight.

"Yeah, it was incredible," Chase said. He held Jonathan as he drifted to sleep. Chase didn't have as much luck sleeping. The sex was outstanding, but at what cost had it come? Chase couldn't let go

of the sliver of hope he felt for turning back into a man, even though he had fallen madly in love with Jonathan over the past week.

CHAPTER NINE

Time could stand still and move at lightning speed at the same time. Seven weeks had passed since Chase left Delmont for Chicago. There was a change in the air as the days shortened and fall approached. A million things had happened in Chase's life since coming to the city, but he still couldn't decide how he felt about his new life beyond the fact that he loved having sex with Jonathan. Each time they made love was more magical than the last. They were addicted to each other.

Friends of Jonathan's who met Chase knew him as 'Elizabeth'. They'd decided it would be easier than telling the truth. Chase even thought of himself as 'Elizabeth' some days. He didn't know if he hated it or loved it, but it was growing on him. Life was about learning how to deal with the cards one was dealt.

Chase had gone to a doctor as well, who did exams on Chase. They found he was as healthy as any other woman. The doctor couldn't tell anyone because of doctor-patient confidentiality, but Chase agreed to contact government officials due to the rarity of his case. They closed Lake Delmont for a study, but even after a week of extensive searching, the government never found another glowing fish.

The hope had been stripped from Chase's heart, but it wasn't the end of the world. He had Jonathan in his life. They were doing better than ever, and he could really picture a future with them together. Chase had gone through the stages of grief after losing his old body, and he was finally at peace with his new one once he got the results from the government search. They helped Chase get new IDs and start a new life. He rented out his house in Delmont as he

looked for a job in the city. He wanted to become a woman in the trades and study carpentry. Chase was planning his application now that he had official government IDs with the name 'Elizabeth' on them.

It wasn't the life Chase had planned to live, but it was one he could accept. It was a life that could be better than the one he had before, as a man. Becoming Elizabeth felt like a curse when it first happened, but Chase was learning to love his new life. He wasn't alone. He had Jonathan, who was now his best friend and his lover.

Chase was sitting on the sofa when Jonathan walked through the door. "Hey beautiful, how was your day?"

"Fantastic. About finished with my application for trade school. I walked to the store down the street and got us stuff to make pizza for dinner, too. I have the dough ready in the fridge."

Jonathan walked over to the sofa and bent over to kiss Chase. He was a few minutes later than normal because he'd stopped at the jewelry store to pick up the ring he had made for Chase. He never wanted Chase to run into the arms of another man, so he wanted to do something about it. Jonathan thought he would wait until the weekend for a romantic date on Lake Michigan, but the urge to propose was overwhelming.

"What are you doing?" Chase asked as Jonathan dropped to one knee and pulled a box out of his suit jacket. Chase loved when he came from the office in his suit, looking dapper and sexy like a catalogue model.

Jonathan opened the box to reveal the gorgeous diamond ring. "I know life has been complicated for you, but I want you. No matter if the world sees you as Elizabeth, I'll know you're Chase. I'll know your truth. We can be life partners, no matter what happens. I don't care, Chase. I love you more than I've ever loved another person, and I want you to be my life partner. My wife. My best friend. Will you marry me?"

Chase touched his hand to his heart, tearing up as he stared at Jonathan's handsome face. Chase nodded. "Yes, Jonathan. I'll marry you." He reached forward and ran his hand through Jonathan's red hair before cupping his face. "You have done more for me than I ever

could have asked, and I couldn't imagine spending my life with anyone else. You know the old me, and the new me. You know the whole me."

Jonathan took the ring from the box and slid it on Chase's left ring finger, claiming the woman he wanted to marry. Even if Chase turned back to a man, he would find a way to love him. The past couple of months tied them in eternal bonds. Jonathan wrapped his arms around Chase and placed his head in his lap.

Chase patted Jonathan's back, staring at his diamond ring with butterflies in his stomach. He would never forget his past as a man, but his future was as bright as the sun after a rainy day.

That was the last day Chase thought of himself as a man in a woman's body. It was the first day he accepted becoming Elizabeth with a full and open heart.

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