

Gym Membership (Multi TG RC)

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New Life Gym isn't all that it appears to be, as Jack, Rob, Jenna, and Greg are about to find out. These unrelated persons are all trying to better themselves during the less busy hours, but the changes that slowly occur to their bodies aren't entirely what they expected, not that they entirely notice what's happening. As the four of them change gender and appearance, the employees of the gym, once transformed themselves, watch on in amusement, knowing that a New Life awaits the customers this gym has chosen to bless.

Gym Membership

Part 1: New Arrivals

It was no different to any other gym, really. Perhaps a little older, perhaps a little more outmoded with some of its features. If you were to look at it while driving past, you might consider joining a gym . . . just now that one. In fact, the joke often went 'sure, I'll get a new life, just not there!', and the reason was quite obvious: it didn't have the flash and style of most modern gyms. It didn't have an influencer culture. In fact, it barely even advertised, and most people who saw it assumed it was on the verge of going out of business.

Their assumptions couldn't be farther from the truth. The New Life Gym was, in fact, much older than most people thought. Much older. It had new coats of paint from time to time, sure, and even new names, along with a rotating cast of managers, owners, employees, and so and so forth. But the gym itself remained, its own entity, its own mind. The people who worked there gradually came to know it, along with the very special power to possess. And this was a real power too, supernatural to the highest degree, and not merely local legend of whispered rumour. The New Life Gym could provide exactly as its namesake described; a new life to those who came there, employee and customer alike. Not all who visited it were changed, not even most. But when someone entered, someone whose true self was hidden beneath layers of self-deception, or in a body that didn't truly fit them, or whose destiny simply laid elsewhere, then the gym was capable of providing the magical spark needed to transform that person into who they were always supposed to be.

They didn't recognise it at first, of course, otherwise the gym would be very famous indeed, which was not what the gym and its manager and employees wanted. Instead, those who find themselves being changed are unable to tell the changes at first, with only flickering

moments where their mind is able to perforate the changing reality and recognise what is happening. These moments, sometimes accompanied by a minor panic, are few and far between, however, and rarely last. Instead, their mind rationalises what is happening to them, and the outside world likewise begins to recognise their changes as normal, though with the occasional quirks as well. Only those previously changed will remember both realities, and the changed individual themselves when the transformation nears completion. Thankfully, by that time, their true self has emerged in the flesh, and it is exceedingly rare for someone to reject the changes. Most, in fact, fully embrace them, marvelling at the magic of the New Life Gym. Such is the case for its employees, who have all found their true selves, and relish the opportunity to see this change for the better in others.

It is with this context that we begin our story. The current manager and owner - not that she would see it that way in anything but technicality - of the New Life Gym is one Katherine Hearn. She is a tall, strong-backed woman with impressive swimmer's shoulders and an impressive sleeve of tattoos down her right arm. Her complexion is vaguely Mediterranean, and her thick lips make for the broadest of smiles, though she is far more likely to smirk with secret knowledge, tossing her dark tangle of hair over her shoulder as she observes the changes around her with secretive pride. She is a good employer, one who rides her workers hard but is always fair. She wants the gym to run smoothly and appropriately, but is willing to turn a blind eye to some indiscretions. The nature of the New Life Gym leads to such situations from time to time, and she is willing to forgive these transgressions if it leads to someone finding their true self. Still, while she is no iron-fisted ruler, she likes things to be neat. Clean. Predictable, as best as they can be for such a magical place. It's not that hard, really, given that these magical transformations are few and far between, happening only to very particular people.

Which is why this story is so special. Because, unknown to Jenna Hearn or the rest of her employees, they are about to witness another transformation take place in their gym. Only it isn't limited to one individual, or even the rare two, or the freak three. No, this will be a transformation of four individuals, each of whom will find their true selves quite unexpectedly.

And it will be hardly predictable at all, for any of them.

Jack Martin looked up at the building with uncertainty. He was an overweight man, with pasty freckled skin and wiry ginger hair that was already thinning in places despite the fact that he was only twenty four years old. He needed to get in shape, and moreover lose weight in general. He was already speedrunning his way to morbid obesity, and unless things changed soon, his life expectancy would be rather worrying, given that he had a host of other

illnesses. Still. Every time he signed up for a gym experience, hoping this time would be *the* time that he would *finally* lose weight, he was overcome by anxiety. He had never been, strictly speaking, bullied. But he had felt the press of eyes upon him, the way the fit gym bros and slim, athletic girls viewed him with something approaching disgust. He sweated profusely, struggled audibly with even the simplest of weights, and he ultimately felt entirely out of place among the regular gym users. The experiences filled him with anxiety, and so he had searched and searched for a more 'out of the way' gym where no one would know him, would ever cross paths with him outside of the gym, and was not flooded with a large number of people he had to awkwardly wait around in the hopes of using a specific piece of equipment, often poorly at that.

"Perhaps this will be the one," he murmured to himself, staring up at the large 'New Life Gym' sign that was painted in a faded pastel pink above the white warehouse-like building. He entered the building, pushing open the door that gave just a slight resistance.

"Not exactly modern," he remarked, though he considered that perhaps that was a good thing: a more modern setup would attract more gym goers, and Jack Martin wanted privacy. The interior was similarly dressed down; functional, but no sight of any of the apps and modern technology that he had seen in other gyms. There wasn't even a chip sign in, but instead an employee behind a desk to the left who was manually checking someone's lanyard.

Okay, real old school, he thought to himself.

Feeling still a bit self-conscious, he came to the desk. The woman behind it was impressively tall, looking about six feet to his five-foot-six. She was Asian, with short cropped hair and an attractive, athletic figure. With her New Life Gym crop top and exercise shorts (it was a low desk and she was standing behind it), he couldn't help but notice that she was quite ample in the chest, and had rather strong abs along her midriff. Jack tried not to stare: he'd never had a girlfriend before, and was aware that women didn't like to look at him. It made his approach to the other sex . . . complicated. Thankfully, he actually received quite the chipper response from the employee.

"Hiya!" she exclaimed. "I'm Nari! Nari Kim. You look to be a newcomer, am I right?"

"Um, hi Nari," he said, feeling a bit like a school student responding to a teacher's address. "I'm Jack. Uh, Jack Martin. Yeah, I've not been here before. I guess . . . I'm looking to find a place to work out?"

This was usually the point where he could see the quiet judgement in an employee's face, or at least an imagined one. He wasn't quite sure which it was, still. But Nari simply grinned from ear to ear, and it was a beaming smile.

“Great to hear it! Did you just want a trial session today? Totally free of charge! I can show you around so you can get a sense of the equipment, or you can get a sense of the place yourself just by wandering where you like if you’d prefer to be alone.”

I’m always alone, he thought to himself, a bit sadly. But still, the idea of being shown different machines and training systems by such a gorgeous, fit woman, all while he sweated away, was utterly anathema to him.

“Um, I might just take a look around, if that’s alright?”

“Of course! It’s only early afternoon, so just a notice; you can effectively spend the next twenty four hours here, if you wish. That’s the free of charge part. That also means you can leave when it gets dark and come back in the morning with time to spare, or any other combination you want. It’s a twenty four hour gym, but if you try to come in after six PM then you’ll need a key, and we don’t provide those to triallers, sorry.”

“That’s okay. And thanks, that’s really generous.”

She beamed again. It really was a beautiful smile. “Not a problem, Jack! Trust me, you’ll love this gym. The New Life is not just an advertisement, but a real promise. I got a whole new life myself when I was just a customer here, as did all our other workers. Even our boss, Miss Hearn, can say the same. And it might just be the same of you, if you’re lucky. This place has a kind of magic about it, at least that’s what I call it. Plus, it’s a bit out of the way, so you’ll find you won’t have to compete for equipment or worry about crowds.”

For once, the normally melancholic Jack smiled.

“That . . . that actually sounds fantastic.”

Now I just need to figure out what the hell I’m doing, he thought to himself. *Though the thought of a new life does appeal to me. It really, really does.*

And that was the other thing that Jack never shared with anyone, that he wasn’t really *Jack* at all, or at least didn’t want to be. Ever since he’d been fifteen years old, his relationship with his body had become more and more alienated. It had felt wrong, as if it didn’t belong to him, as if he was meant to be *someone* else.

He looked back at Nari, who grinned happily at him, waving with excitement. The gym was indeed nearly empty, but with her in it, his anxiety still rose. Not because he was afraid of her judging him, but because seeing her perfect athletic form and her proud femininity made him jealous.

Why does she get to be a beautiful woman, he thought, *and I can’t be?*

The answer was obvious; because he’d been too scared to transition. Too scared to take that first step. Too scared to even admit to anyone that he wanted to be a *she*. The best Jack could hope to do was get a bit more in shape, and maybe be proud of his body then. It wouldn’t be enough though, and deep down he knew that.

At least, that's what he thought. But he had just entered New Life Gym, and things were about to change . . .

Rob Holloway sniffed his shirt again, getting a few unusual looks from passerbys.

Yeah, okay, that still smells a bit like pot, he thought to himself. *I really should have committed to laundry day. The others will be on my case when I get back to the apartment.*

It wasn't really his fault, he reckoned. After all, Saturdays were usually the days when he would be relaxing back at the rental, sitting in his room, getting blazed as fuck and chilling. It was his own personal Sabbath, especially since the fried food place he worked at had such horrendous hours during the week. But he'd also recently been dumped by his girlfriend - ex-girlfriend, now - for his failure to commit to 'self-improvement,' and even he had to admit she had a point.

"You said you were going to come to the gym with me!" she had spat at him during their relationship-ending argument. "You're always whining about being so skinny, but then you just sit in your room smoking pot and barely eating. God, can't you even get the munchies to fill out a little?"

It had been quite the blow to Rob. He thought of himself as quite the casual, relaxed person. 'Neutral' was often the word that was applied to him and his chill attitude towards life. But being dumped in that way had certainly made him cognisant of his shortcomings, and the fact that his roommates - DeShawn, Harry, and even Tyler - had all ragged him about it, only made him more aware. The truth was, he had always wanted to beef up and be attractive. At six-foot-four, he presented himself as quite the beanpole to the world, and his long, messy brown hair didn't help matters, as it only made him look more like Shaggy from Scooby-Doo. So he had decided to finally commit . . . only he had ended up arriving later than expected to the New Life Gym on account of wanting to light up just one reefer cigarette that morning.

Ah, it won't matter. It'll just put me in a calm brain-state to start exercising, right?

"My, you're quite tall, aren't you?" someone asked as they walked past on the street.

"So I'm told," he said, a little annoyed. That was often the refrain he got; he was tall, he was a beanstalk, he needed to eat more, he was rail-thin, he looked unhealthy. The list was endless.

"Okay, time to do this," he muttered to himself. "If I can make it over this hill, no one will call me a damn beanstalk ever again."

It was the closest gym to his rental, so even this choice had been made partly out of laziness. He didn't care too deeply, though. So long as there was equipment, and maybe a

trainer who could teach him a few things. He pushed the door open, noting that the place seemed quite old and not very modern. He preferred modern, but perhaps would give this gym a few tries to see if it was worth it.

But when he saw a lovely lady at the counter, it suddenly became very worth it.

“Hiya, I’m Nari!” a gorgeous woman beamed. “Are you here for a trial?”

She didn’t make one comment about his height, which he was happy for, but he was also happy to be so tall for once, because the look down her crop top was divine, even if he had to hide it.

“And would you like me to show you around a bit, get a sense of the equipment?” she asked, after he had given her a bit more information and she explained the trial system.

Rob smiled. “That’d be A-okay, thanks.”

“Then come with me! Laura - can you woman the counter up for me?”

“Can do!” called another female voice from a section that was obviously for the staff.

“Sweet! Then come with me, Rob!”

He followed her, observing the gentle sway of his athletic hips as she began to give him the tour. There was a basketball court to one side, and even a swimming pool for doing laps at the rear. The main area was for working out, and had 80’s classics playing to drown out the grunting, with many bits of equipment, some of which looked older, though thankfully well-taken care of. The walls had been fitted recently with mirrors, clashing a bit with the style of the place, but he was surprised to see that there was even an area for boxing workouts, complete with a boxing ring and everything.

“This place has a lot more than I’d expect,” he noted, gazing around.

Nari chuckled a little mischievously. “Oh yes, the New Life Gym always provides, for its employees and its customers. It has a way of knowing what’s needed, at least I like to think so.”

As she said this, Rob noted that a rather obese-looking man around his own age was on his back, pushing up some very, *very* light weights. He had flame-red hair and looked to be sweating profusely. It was not an attractive sight, especially with his stomach coming free of his shirt a little. He didn’t have the heart to tell the man that even he, a man who sucked at working out and had ended up skinny as hell because of it, could tell that the obese man’s posture was all wrong.

“Well,” he said, “let’s hope that gentleman there will get what he needs.”

It was laced with irony, but Nari just gave him an odd look, teased with a sly smile.

“Oh, he will. I can already tell. Jury’s still out on you though, so let’s get you started on a workout, and see if the magic takes hold.”

He shrugged, and followed her instructions.

Jenna Garcia was aware that she was short, and wished the rest of the world would be too so she could get on with her life without being constantly reminded of it. At the age of forty three, she should have been used to it by now, but the truth was that while she had always been short, she had not always been . . . frumpy. That had been a more recent development, and she often felt as if upon hitting her forties her body had simply shrugged, sighed, and given up, leaving itself to swell in odd directions. She had never been an attractive woman, and her first marriage had ended in divorce after Steven had decided that a younger, hotter latina was better than an older, uglier one, but turning into a short, ugly, *and* frumpy looking woman had never been on her bingo card.

Still, Jenna had always been a practical woman. When the divorce had finalised, she had moved on with her life and purchased two cats - *Snowbell* and *Winston* - both of whom were better company than her husband had ever been. She worked from home as a data analyst for a large metrics company, one that consulted other companies on social media engagement and marketing strategies. She liked to joke that it was 'analytics all the way down' when it came to her hierarchy, but while it allowed her a lot of free time, this was a double-edged sword. Several of her friends had moved away recently, and her cats could only provide so much pleasure. She had been getting sick of her body getting out of her control, and like the hardy, pragmatic woman she was, she immediately began searching up dietary plans and gym memberships to deal with this situation.

And just like the online information said, this place has the exact kind of quaintness I'm looking for.

Indeed, the New Life Gym appeared older, without all the annoying electronic bells and whistles of modern gyms. Besides, it also looked *quieter*, and that was something important that Jenna could appreciate also. The Garcia family clan, on the rare occasions they got together, could be boisterous as hell. She had never loved it, and so she wanted a gym that would be far more noise-free and allow her to focus on herself and not have to worry too deeply about social interaction unless it was on *her* terms.

Yes, she thought. *I think this will be perfect.*

She stepped inside, and was immediately confronted with a sight that made her quite jealous; a beautiful blonde woman who presented herself as Annabelle Kind. She looked, in Jenna's imagination, like a blonde bimbo; bright blue eyes that were a bit simple, a curvaceous figure and large bust, and a peppy, almost musical quality to her voice that marked her as far too optimistic for this cruel world. Moreover, she had the kind of body that Jenna could literally never have, and the most annoying thing of all was that she was

incredibly lovely and charming, which made Jenna Garcia really want to hate her more than she did.

“Like, it’s so good to meet you, Jenna! You’re so cute!”

“That’s . . . not exactly how I would prefer to be described.”

“Oh, darn! I’m so sorry! Lol, I can be such a ditz sometimes. I totally blame the changes this gym brought to me. I’m super happy with it all, and wouldn’t change a thing to save my life, but, like, oh my gosh does it leave me clueless sometimes.”

What on Earth is this blonde bimbo talking about? Jenna wondered.

“Look, I just want to see your facilities.”

“Are you looking for, like, just a trial session today?” Annabelle asked. “I can totes give the tour, like Nari is. She’s super nice too but waaaaay smarter than me, you have no idea.”

I think most people fit into that category, dear, she thought to herself, smiling thinly.

“I think that would be inappropriate,” Jenna responded, perhaps a bit too brusquely. “What I mean to say is, I’d rather see the facilities myself and get a sense of them. After all, you have a very important job, manning the counter, right?”

Annabelle wasn’t tall, a little short even. But Jenna herself was a diminutive four-foot-nine, and was still feeling utterly dwarfed. Whatever jibe she’d made to the woman didn’t seem to pass through though, because Annabelle just grinned from ear to ear.

“D’oh! Of course! Katherine is still in her office, and you’re right, someone needs to stay here, lol!

There’s a place in hell for people who say ‘lol’ out loud, or even text it. Ah, the youth of today. Still, this place does look rather quiet, and convenient for what I want.

“Exactly, you stay here and I’ll go see your facilities. Is there a trial system?”

“Oh, yes! Lemme just explain it real quick.”

Jenna managed to listen without rolling her eyes too hard. She was eager to get started. She had her whole training system already planned out, though hopefully there was an expert who could verify, falsify, and improve upon it as well. The important thing was that while she would never feel good about her looks, she could feel good about her health and her body.

Besides, she thought, being ugly and short is better than being ugly and short and bloated in all sorts of odd places.

The very mental consideration made her sigh. She looked back at Annabelle, already tapping away happily on her smartphone.

“That body is wasted on her,” she muttered under her breath.

Greg Johnson was ready to pump some metal. Most people might look at the obsessive body builder and assume that if anyone needed to be told to take a day off from the gym, it was him. He didn't share that opinion, however. Gym life was life, as far as he was concerned. His muscles may be rippling, his biceps shredded, his abs and pecs like stone bricks jutting out from his body they were so prominent, but there was always more mad gains to, well, *gain*.

No, that's not right, the physical giant thought to himself. *There's always more mad gains to earn.*

Greg was twenty five years old, and his obsession with fitness had been long standing. He couldn't even say where it had come from, except that it had been a good cathartic experience in the aftermath of his parents' early passing. Directionless, without much support, or guidance from those who were meant to be around much longer, he had found a welcoming community at the gym. There, pumping iron and perfecting his body had felt like he was perfecting his life, taking back control of it. With his light blond hair and light blue eyes, he presented a damn handsome figure by the time he started becoming ripped, but this had slowly proven to be his undoing, as well.

If only she'd taken my comments for what they were, just some minor flirting. It was all in good fun. Besides, she had a damn great rack and that sports bra was not hiding it at all. Along with her tight yoga pants around that peachy ass and you can't tell me she wasn't fishing for compliments! You just can't! It's not like she wasn't a shameless influencer chick anyway!

Yes, Greg Johnson had a significant flaw that had seen him kicked not from one or even two but *three* separate gyms in the same city. No matter how clear the gym rules were, or how revolting women found his comments, he just couldn't help himself; he always felt a need to audibly highlight women's bodies to the point where he was effectively catcalling them. Greg was easily distracted by an attractive woman's figure, particularly her breasts and/or ass, and rather than work on containing that, and keeping his thoughts to himself, he instead preferred to tell them outright when he felt they were trying to show off for a camera rather than actually work out, which was what the space was for. This was usually paired with him being condescending and 'showing' them how to do a 'real workout,' something which only made women all the more irritated with his behaviour. Most of all, however, he just couldn't contain himself when it came to social media influencer types. The gym was a sacred space for Greg, where one could improve one's body, and these women were ruining it with their cam performances and poses that were more about showing off their bodies than anything else. And yet, despite getting banned from three separate venues, he remained totally unwilling to examine his own behaviour and change. Something made him make

these comments, and it was the same thing that made him despise influencers who flocked to gyms. It wasn't the reason he thought it was, but he'd buried the truth down very, very deep, and it would take time - and a little magic - to unearth it.

"This place looks old school," he said aloud to himself, looking at the New Life Gym building. "I bet the owner knows the score on what a gym is meant to be about."

He stepped inside, and was surprised to see exactly the kind of woman he feared at the desk, literally blowing bubblegum bubbles as she texted on her phone. She was very beautiful, a total hot blonde, but it was undeniable that she definitely looked like the Insta-girl type.

"Like, wow! That's four people in one day!" she said, giggling a little for no reason. "Are you here for a trial of the gym?"

Greg sighed. This was a poor start, but he was running out of choices for gyms, given that the three best ones in town were not welcoming him anymore. He couldn't exactly sneak in either: he'd been caught once and threatened with prosecution, and while he wasn't exactly the academic egghead type, he wasn't strictly speaking *stupid* either.

I guess I'll just have to see how this goes and hope that she isn't around, taking photos everywhere and posting them on her goddamn socials. This is meant to be, like, a temple, damn it!

"Sure," he replied. "How do I go about doing that?"

"Like, you just have to sign some initial paperwork, you know, so you can't keep wandering in all the time and stuff, and I need your name. There's more details and stuff I can tell you once we get you signed for a trial."

He gave it, and learned that the woman's name was Annabelle Kind. She was definitely the bimbo type, and while he could certainly get excited for that in the right context, he hoped she wouldn't be out in the gym often.

"Want me to, like, show you how to use the equipment?"

He smirked. "I think I'll be alright."

"All cool! Say, you're super ripped, I bet you know it all already, right?"

"Something like that."

"Well, maybe this place will change you in other ways, I guess. Or not. Have fun!"

He couldn't quite piece together exactly what she meant by that, but he just shrugged and headed into the gym. There were only like ten people present, and it was a surprisingly big area. There was an older couple doing a regimen together - Greg could respect that - and a guy with an injury clearly trying to get his legs back up to scratch - he could respect that too. There was also a real big fat guy who was revoltingly sweaty, working somewhat incorrectly on his weights.

I could respect that . . . but wow. That is bad form, and a bad body.

And then there was a frumpy looking older woman, a latina by the looks of it, who seemed to know what she was doing, as well as a beanpole of a man slowly working away on the power rack. It was an odd assortment, but the best thing was that Greg couldn't see a single social media influencer in sight.

Don't get me wrong, I like the sexy ladies, and I know they like me commenting on them, no matter how much they feel the need to use some feminazi ragebait. But this is a sacred space for exercising and perfecting oneself, not for vapid photos. That's where I draw the line.

And it seemed the gym did too. Numerous posters and cautions warned that bans would follow if photography was used for anything other than workout training reasons, and even then it seemed to be discouraged.

"Yeah, I could get used to this," he said.

He decided to go to the leg press first. You never skipped leg day, after all.

Katherine Hearn looked out through her office window and down to the gym space. Her office was located on the second floor, above the employee station, and it effectively *was* the second floor, being part of the building *within* the gym, rather than the gym itself having two floors. The result was that she could effectively surveil almost the entirety of the New Life Gym area without having to walk around it, except for the boxing ring and swimming pool, and a half-section of the basketball court.

"Hmm, seems we've gotten four newcomers today," she mused, stirring her coffee.

"Yeah, me and Annabelle were just as surprised," Nari said, looking down on them as well. "Things are normally much slower."

She took in the sight of the obese Jack Martin, the skinny giant Rob Holloway, the frumpy and older Jenna Garcia, and the bodybuilder Greg Johnson.

"Do you think the Gym will change them?"

She spoke the word 'gym' as if it had a capital letter, as if it was its own entity. Which, of course, they both knew it truly was.

Katherine took a sip of her coffee. "We shall have to wait and see. I can't always sense the magic working, but I can tell that the Gym believes at least one or two of them - maybe all of them - have a true self waiting to come out. Could be quite interesting."

"If more than one changes at once, does it mean they'll notice each other?"

Katherine waved her sleeved arm somewhat dismissively. "Only a little more than usual. The memory fog will still be there until near the end of their changes. And I do think

we'll see some changes, Nari. These will be some of the first Annabelle has seen since her own, right?"

"Um, yeah, pretty much. Annabelle's very, very keen for it. She's only been changed for a few months, and complains that she always misses the transformations."

Katherine smirked. "Well, trust me dear, I don't think she'll miss this one. It's so good she has a mentor like you, and thanks for bringing me this news. Now, you better get back down there. I'm not paying you to talk to me, am I?"

"Of course not, Kath! Sorry!"

"No need to apologise. You get down there and keep doing the rounds. I imagine we might see a few of these customers back tomorrow. And won't that be exciting?"

Nari beamed as she headed off. A real, actual set of changes could be coming, and maybe more than they'd had in a long time at the gym. Annabelle had been so happy after turning into the person she was - and she was so much better for it, too, especially given who she'd been - so Nari could only imagine how these four would end up.

"I bet they're going to be beautiful," the employee said to herself.

She headed down to the gym proper, to see if she could sense the magic itself.

Part 2: Return Service

It's strange, Jack thought. I had such a miserable time the other day. It felt like everyone was watching me, judging me, and knowing what I really wanted for a body. And yet, for the first time, I'm here again.

His posture was a little better: Nari Kim had helped correct that. Jack quite liked her, even if her very appearance made him fume with envy at times. But she was endlessly positive and seemed to really passionately believe in self-improvement, and was always checking in on him, and not in a condescending way either. She helped him get the right arm posture for pushing up weights, and told him the right racking procedure and unspoken gym rules that he wished someone else had told him before. More than that, she seemed genuinely interested in what he wanted out of the gym, even offering to make him a gym plan.

"I mean, you're a member now, right?" she asked. "It's part of our offer."

Jack raised his eyebrows. He was a member, and yet he hadn't planned on being one. That morning, he'd turned up just to consider finishing his trial and getting out of Dodge, overcome with shame and embarrassment. Instead, he'd lined up behind three other people who had arrived at the same time; a really tall skinny guy, a total body builder, and an older

woman who looked to be here for similar reasons to him but was far, far better prepared for it. She had turned to him and smiled.

“I saw you yesterday. Are you a member here?”

“No, I’m just, um, signing up, I guess.”

“Same!” she said, her voice lightly accented. “I didn’t expect to; I was looking at different gyms, but something about this one just speaks to me.”

“Same here,” the tall man said. “I’m Rob, by the way.”

“Tall, aren’t you?” the woman said.

He looked less than enthused with that response. “So I’m told.”

“I’m Jack,” Jack said.

“I’m Jenna. And who are you, young man?” she said, gesturing to the huge gorilla of a man who was first in line and had just finished signing up his membership.

“I’m Greg. I’ll be doing my own thing,” he said, before walking off.

The woman just scoffed. “No manners, these days. Well, best of luck, Jack and Rob. There’s something about this place. I can’t quite describe it, but I feel it’s the gym for me. I hope you feel the same.”

Jack remembered those words as Nari asked him about making an exercise plan. It was true, there *was* something about the New Life Gym that he just couldn’t quite put his finger upon. The building was older, less stylised, less modern, and yet there was a quaintness and rustic sense to it. A kind of . . . almost *belonging* that he’d never felt, despite his own difficulties with being in gyms and having others see his body.

He took a much-needed break, taking the offered towel from Nari’s hand, and surprised himself with his own answer.

“I think . . . I think an exercise regime would be quite good, thanks.”

He wasn’t sure where the courage had come from, but reasons he couldn’t explain, there was an excitement starting to flourish within him.

“Great! I’ll meet you after your next few sets and we can plan something out.”

Jack thanked her and calmed his breathing. The workout was still taking a lot out of him. He could have sworn his skin was feeling strange, like it had all its goosebumps raised. He ran a hand through his somewhat sweaty hair.

Huh, he thought, I guess I need a haircut sooner than I thought. Since when did it start growing this fast?

Rob was also back, and this too was a bit of a surprise, since his original intention had been to take what he liked to call a ‘break day’ and smoke some pot and play videogames.

Instead, he found himself drawn back to the New Life Gym, as if it were calling him for further self-improvement.

It's a good sign, he thought as he worked the leg curler. I need to stop looking like a plank of flat wood. And maybe then Emily will regret dumping me.

It wasn't the most positive motivation, he knew, but funnily enough he got another motivation that very morning when his roommates complimented him.

"Dude, you been working out!" Harry exclaimed.

"Well, only just started."

"Started when? I'm seeing some definition there. Seriously."

"He does look less like a flagpole without the flag," DeShawn said, chuckling to himself.

Rob was astounded. Surely there couldn't be any noticeable difference after just a day? But when he looked in the mirror, he could see some minor changes. Just a little more thickness in his shoulders, and his biceps were observable now, too. Nothing major, and he figured it was just a result of muscles being tired and still tensing from the previous day's workout, but it gave him confidence to at least keep at it.

So now he was here, waiting for the guy with the opposite problem to him - Jack was his name, he remembered - to let him have a guy on the treadmill. It was a good device to go for after an intense workout, to come down from it all while still working some muscles.

"Hey, it's Jack, right?" he asked the red-headed man on the treadmill.

The larger man looked as if he were about to jump off it from shock. "Oh, um, yes. Sorry, did you want to use this? I - I didn't even realise! I'll get off of it right now."

Rob chuckled, putting up his hands in a placating gesture. "Dude, calm your farm! I was just gonna ask if I could use it in a few minutes. No need to rush your exercise."

"Oh, thanks. I'm new to all this."

"Yeah, me too. I'm trying to build up some muscles."

The other man gave an embarrassed, somewhat sheepish grin. "I'm just trying to, well, lose weight."

"Hey man, it's a noble goal, far as I see it. If it's any consolation, you look better than yesterday, if I can say so."

Jack paused, still walking slowly on the mill. "Wait, really?"

Rob shrugged. "Yeah, really. I don't know how to say this because I'm often way too blunt, but you look less . . . big."

The other man looked down at his still-large belly. "I did think I seemed less big. But I think it was maybe that I'm starting to watch my appetite."

"Hey, that's not a bad idea for me, actually. I get the munchies way too often when I smoke pot, so I gotta start being responsible too. You growing a mullet?"

Jack paused. "Um, a mullet?"

"Long hair? I just ask 'cause my friends are always on my case about having long hair. They call me Shaggy, but I don't give a fuck. If you're doing the same, all the more power to you, man."

Jack gave an odd look that made Rob think he'd overstepped, but then he nodded. "Well, thanks a heap, Rob. And as long as we're throwing compliments, it's cool that you dye your hair. I always wanted to - redhead guys get made fun of a lot - but never had the courage."

"Ah, sure man. Thanks."

They changed places, and Rob got up on the treadmill, setting it to a faster mode. Jack went off to take a break, but his words stuck in Rob's mind. He touched his own hair, noting its appearance in the mirror.

It does look darker than yesterday, doesn't it? And a bit longer. Did I always have a bit of waviness to it as well?

But though it was strange, it didn't seem to register as important to him, for reasons he could not interrogate. He sped up the treadmill, and began to run.

Hey, this feels rather good. I might come here tomorrow after my shift.

Jenna Garcia felt more energised than she had in years, and it was only her second day coming to the gym! The mid-forties woman had already constructed her exercise regimen, and waved away any attempts by the staff to help her, especially from Miss Kind, who was entirely too bubbly, phone-obsessed, and vapid for Jenna's tastes. No, she was here purely to work her body into some state of better functionality, then quit the gym once it was achieved. She had always been a goals-oriented woman, of course, but even for her the current dedication she was already displaying was a surprise to her. She hadn't even expected to get into the bicep curls, preferring instead to working on her core, but something had shifted in her mentally, that much was apparent, because now she had broken up her future schedule to include arm day, leg day, core day, and then a fourth, unexpected general day to work on all aspects of herself and any she'd missed. God, she even had a glute workout organised, and she couldn't figure out why.

Not like anyone wants to see this culo, she thought to herself.

And yet, the energy was there. The self-possession was there. And it gave her a sense of cheeriness that meant she wasn't annoyed to occasionally interact with other gym-goers, sometimes even initiating the contact herself!

"I must say, it's good to see someone else here trying to get in shape," she said to Jack while he was panting and drinking water during a break.

"Th-thanks," he said, scratching his hair. She could have sworn it was longer the previous day, but it didn't matter. Obviously just a misinterpretation in her mind. "Just wanting to shed some pounds and all, I guess."

"Me too," she mused. "I don't exactly come at these things to show off, unlike *some*."

She gestured to the man called Greg in the far corner, who was making a loud show of grunting heavily as he lifted increasingly heavy weights for his bicep curls routine. He was a massive mountain of a man, and Jenna certainly hoped he wouldn't be one of those raging bull types she'd heard about in venues like this.

"I think he's trying to build more muscle," Jack said.

"Yes," Jenna said, a smirk on her lips. "I imagine he's quite lacking in that department. The poor thing. Whatever will he do."

She and Jack shared a private chuckle before she moved on. Like a lot of women, she was focusing on core exercises and a leg routine before anything else. Today was core day, and so she found a mat for her warm up. Once again, she was surprised by how energised she was, and moreover how much she was able to push herself, especially when it came to repeated sit ups. She even got a little outside of her comfort zone and tried the cable machine in order to do some crunches.

It's not like I'm trying to have amazing abs or anything. But so long as I'm here, why not try to build them up a bit rather than simply slimming down?

She sipped her water. She thought she'd miss her occasional soft drink or fruit juice, but already she was finding this far more refreshing. Jenna had always been a practical woman, but even she was surprised at how much she was able to push herself towards this particular goal, especially given that she was hardly breaking much of a sweat. Well, at least not compared to what she expected. A few times she even caught herself in the mirror, and this too surprised her.

Did I always have such a glint in my hair? And maybe it's just my imagination, but I barely see any of those annoying streaks of grey!

At times, she didn't even mind how her face looked. She had long accepted that she had an ugly, mannish face. She'd been made fun of many times, and had developed quite the thick skin to it. The rubbery lips, the nose that looked like it had been broken and then set wrong, the near-unibrow that kept insistently growing back. The ugly mole on her left cheek that sprouted hairs when she wasn't looking. But those features seemed dimmed, at least at the New Life Gym.

The mole even looks smaller. And I don't have a unibrow. Huh, I must have shaved that spot without remembering this morning.

Greg smirked a bit at the other patrons of the gym. They weren't exactly doing it all wrong, but man if he didn't know the best way to shed unnecessary fat and pack on muscle. At least they weren't shoving cameras everywhere, though, and were at the gym for the right reasons. Even that tall stick of a guy who looked like a small breeze would wipe him out.

Rob, that's his name. Seriously, he looks like an absolute rake.

But it wasn't his business. He was here to build muscle, to make those gains, to get bigger and better and more dominant. He'd always thought of himself as an alpha male. He'd survived and thrived even after the unfortunate passing of his parents, and during his wild phase he'd gone toe to toe at clubs with older guys in greater numbers, managing to solo them all for the most part. They got some good shots in, but the point was that he'd always ended up on top now.

And here's a place where I can stay on top. Keep perfecting this bodily temple, without any distractions.

Of course, he was then immediately distracted. The woman that entered the gym was beautiful, with an impressively buff figure in her gym tank top and her exercise shorts. She wore dark colours to match her clearly dyed-black hair. It had a purple streak in it, and it was in a loose ponytail to allow for her workout. Her makeup was dark too; smoky eyeshadow and black lipstick. She even had black fingerless gloves on. It was a stark contrast to her pale skin, which was borderline alabaster in tone. She even had a tattoo of a playing card suit spade on her neck, also black, naturally. All in all, she looked like a total hot goth chick. Really hot, in fact. Greg was instantly overcome with interest in this woman's body, finding it very appealing indeed. There was also another, more underlying emotion, but he couldn't quite process it just yet. Far easier to deny.

I don't usually go for goth chicks, but this one is hot as hell. She looks like a damn pint-sized powerhouse; short but fucking stacked, and not just in the muscular way either. Mmm-hmm.

Greg noticed her getting ready to rack some weights. She had a camera set up, and for all that he had been banned from several gyms already, he couldn't contain his annoyance that another influencer - however hot - was filming their workout.

"Hey there," he said, approaching her as she started her set.

"Hey yourself," she replied, grinning for a moment before getting back to it.

Greg scratched the back of his head. *Is my hair longer than I thought it was?*

"Just thought you should know, the gym doesn't allow cameras here."

“It doesn’t allow cameras for purposes other than filming your workout to check your form,” she corrected. “Trust me, dude, I know.”

“Well, in that case, I’ve got a few pointers for your form. I know my way around stuff like this, trust me.”

She racked the weight, and gave him a devilish grin that made the tall mountain of a man feel instantly much smaller.

“Oh, is that the case, huh? Go on then, I’m all ears, big boy. You are a boy, aren’t you?”

“I prefer a *big man*,” he said, but his voice cracked, rising almost a full octave as he emphasised ‘big man,’ sounding like a young teenager whose balls were still descending. He flushed with embarrassment. “Look, you should be squaring your shoulders more, planting your legs to the side as well when you push up.”

“That works well for your body type, not so much for mine.”

“Look, I’m just saying that if you focused on your form more than filming your figure, you might learn something here. You do realise you could get kicked out for this, right? I could report you.”

Again, the goth woman smirked. Something about it made Greg feel oddly nervous.

“Well, there’s an employee coming now, why don’t you ask her? What do you think, Nari? Should I be kicked out for filming this promo for the gym you asked me to make, *as an employee of New Life Gym?*”

“No, keep at it, girl! You’re looking fine! Katherine and I are looking forward to editing it together. Hiya Greg!”

Greg gave a weak wave to Nari. His cheeks burned, and humiliation and anger swelled within him as she left, leaving only him and the goth girl remaining.

“You could have told me you were an employee here,” he mumbled, voice still cracking a little.

“And *you* could have minded your own business and focused on yourself. By the way, you’re neglecting your back muscles and shoulders. Your biceps look too big relative to them.”

Greg mumbled something under his breath and began to move away.

Jesus Christ, that was humiliating as all hell.

“Oh, and by the way, I’m Abigail,” she said, grinning as she sat up. “Just in case we cross paths again.”

“I’m *G-Greg* - I mean Greg!” he spluttered, before crossing to the other side of the gym.

Goddamn it, he thought to himself. What is wrong with my voice?

The interaction had been bad enough, but as he examined himself in the mirrors lining the gym wall, he realised Abigail had been right. He *had* been neglecting his shoulders. They looked . . . smaller than they should have been, and his neck muscles too.

I got absolutely played, he thought. Remind me never to tangle with her again, even if she is hot as hell.

He checked himself out again.

Huh. Need to get a haircut.

Part 3: Getting into the Motion

The four new patrons of the New Life Gym quickly fell into the rhythm of their workout establishment. There was indeed an addictive element to it, something none of the four had ever experienced, something that was almost magical. Of course, this was indeed the real case, and Katherine Hearn took great pleasure in witnessing this arcane connection being formed as she viewed events from the gym. Occasionally, she even descended down to work out herself, or to run the counter, never truly wanting to distance herself from the everyday goings-on of the place she managed. Of course, she knew that no one truly 'managed' the gym itself. The pool, for instance, had not been built. One day it had simply appeared, summoned by the gym itself to keep up with modern times. The same was true of the speaker system and its updated playlist, as well as some of the latest and more technical workout machines. The gym was alive, somehow, and she simply existed as its voice, a representative to help deal with the regular earnings and repairs and so on. The human face for a very inhuman force, to sum it all up.

Not that the four new customers were aware of this. The connection between the gym's magic and their very essences had been forged quite quickly, and Katherine and the other patrons were looking forward to seeing what their true forms would be.

They already had some clues about Jack Martin. After just a week, his body had begun changing in ways that were purely impossible anywhere else. The fat was sliding off of his figure quickly, almost as if it were simply melting away. He himself could scarcely believe it, often marvelling at how he had lost nearly twenty pounds already despite the short time. Of course, he might have questioned the reality of that more had the gym not clouded his mind, making it difficult for him to realise the magic nature of what he was going through.

I'm just making progress, he continued to think to himself. Very, very quick progress. God, I feel so much healthier! Already twenty pounds lighter and counting! It's not the same

as, you know, being a woman, but at least I can be a slim man again if I keep this up. And I really think I can keep it up, too!

That was the thing as well; the draw of the gym had magnetised the young man, keeping him coming back where had always been nervous and flaky at other gyms. The fear of other people watching him was slowly fading, and though he was still embarrassed at how sweaty and unwieldy his body was, every day showed improvement on those fronts.

There were bigger changes, though. Without even truly noticing it, Jack's skin was starting to soften and lose its blemishes. Beyond just the muscle gain and fat loss, the young man was looking healthier in his skin care, and had even started a hygiene routine on that front as well, seemingly out of nowhere! His red hair was getting longer too, and darker. His freckles were fading in places, thinning out though not disappearing fully. And while it was very much disguised by his overall weight and unfortunate rolls, his hips had subtly expanded, and his penis shrunk just slightly. It was a sign of future changes to come.

Not even Hearn could notice those changes yet, but they were more obvious when it came to Rob Holloway, another figure who intrigued her. She had him pegged as a lazy type, perhaps because he had the look of a perennial stoner about him, and sometimes smelled of it as well. But she was surprised to see that he came in after every one of his work shifts; Nari, who got along with the tall, skinny man, has passed this information on to Katherine. Indeed, he seemed very intent on building up muscle and becoming 'jacked' as he had put it, and his goal was already in the process of being achieved. But as usual for the New Life Gym, there were other transformations too.

It's weird, I feel . . . shorter, he thought as he examined himself after a week of working out. *I've put on muscle already. I'm looking fitter. But I definitely look shorter. And I swear I need new clothes for my hips - how did I ever wear such thin pants?*

Yes, the expansion of his hips was far more obvious on his formerly skinny frame. Well, he was still skinny, but less so now. Like with Jack and Greg, Rob's hair had grown longer, its brown colour turning darker across the board. He complained occasionally that he liked it 'shaggy, not long,' but the desire to cut it seemed to fall away whenever he entered a trance-like workout, and even when he left the gym and commented on it, his roommates just looked at him and said something to the effect of, "but you've always had hair like that, mate. Why cut it now?" And then his mind would cloud for a moment, and the minor fog would pass, and he would grin.

"Yeah, good point. Might as well stick with it, right? Don't want to change my look!"

The 'look', in this case, included softer features for his face, such as rounder, fully cheeks and softer lips. His scruffy facial hair was gone, and wasn't growing back, not that he noticed this. And while he was getting obvious muscle definition in his shoulders, arms, legs,

and even core, the employees occasionally commented on his 'nice hips' and 'impressive glutes.' Not in a flirty way, but genuinely mentioning these as areas of progress.

I didn't even realise I was progressing there. Do I look a bit womanly with the gains in those places? I mean, would Emily make fun of - ah, who cares? I'm here for me, aren't I? Yeah, this is for me.

He scratched his skin, the same skin that had started getting a little itchy lately. Indeed, the pale-skinned man looked just a bit less pale lately. For a moment he squinted his eyes, observing his skin. It looked almost like a very pale olive colouring, Mediterranean or something. But then the thought passed, and he got back to work.

Katherine observed this with some enjoyment, and so did Annabelle, who literally did a small leap for joy as she entered her office.

"Ohmigod, he's like, totally changing race, I bet!"

"It wouldn't be the first time. Our own Nari-"

"I know, I know, it's so cool about her, but this is, like, the first time I've seen it!"

"Don't count your chickens before they've hatched, Annabelle. Besides, shouldn't you be working with Jenna down there?"

Annabelle frowned. "She, like, hates me. I don't know why. I think she's a total crank."

Katherine smirked as she looked at the very engaged and obsessive woman who was currently sweating as she worked the lateral raise machine.

"She'll come around, Annabelle. In fact, I rather do think you're the one to help her. She seems to put up walls, but have you noticed that she's becoming more sociable after a gruff start? Just occasionally check in with her, and you might be surprised."

"Fiiiiiiiiine. But you, like, totally owe me a nice pumpkin spice latte for this."

Katherine chuckled. "It would be my pleasure."

She wasn't wrong about Jenna Garcia; the frumpy latina was getting less frumpy each day, but also less *grumpy* too. Not that she'd ever had a *bad* attitude, per se, but she usually focused on her goals with such single-minded focus that only a little social conversation was necessary. Her husband had left her for vapid reasons, but he had often complained that she didn't open up much, or give him the time of day if an important job needed to be done, even when he craved validation for something. She viewed it as a bit of a weakness, personally, but over the course of the week she had actually found herself engaging with others around the gym.

Jack Martin, for instance, she found a lovely young man, and she emphasised with his desire to improve himself and lose some flab (much more flab in his case). Rob was an intriguing figure too. She had seen him a few times at the chicken place he worked at, the same chicken place that had no doubt contributed to her current state of flab and frump. But they both shared a determination to get fit and athletic, and to her own surprised they

occasionally spotted one another. Lastly, there was that Greg Johnson. She expected not to like him one bit, especially given his obvious ego, but though he could be condescending, his advice deeply practical, especially when it came to what machines to use. Her own planning was being continually adjusted on his advice, as well as - and this she didn't like to admit to herself - the blonde bimbo named Annabele. She certainly knew her stuff when it came to gym equipment, at least.

I just wish she wasn't such a damn vapid-headed valley girl all the time. Ugh, that speech! I can hardly stand it.

"Like, you're doing sooooo totes great, Jenna!" the woman once remarked. "I'm seeing some really, super big changes already."

"Th-thanks, Annabelle," she said. She intended to say something harsher, but without her knowing, some of the mental changes were coming over her already. She was gaining a bit more empathy, a bit more desire for social contact. But these changes were less obvious than the ones to her body. Already, the odd lumpy shape of her figure was starting to reset into something more ordinary. She wasn't as worried about wearing regular workout shirts now, and her thighs looked far less mis-matched against her calves. Her face had even changed: several times her jaw clicked and cracked during an intense workout, but when she investigated what it was, she couldn't find anything. This was the gym's work, because otherwise she would have noticed her mannish jaw was most certainly softening.

But more than the muscle gain, more than her softening features and weight loss, more even than the fact that her hair was becoming shiny and full as Steven once loved it to be, there was the matter of her height. Jenna, who had been merely four foot nine, was now five foot three and growing. She was eating more just to compensate, her hunger growing even as she tried to keep on her weight loss diet. She was rising like a souffle, and in doing so, her figure was also growing into itself.

"You're going to be so beautiful!" Annabelle expressed to her, secretly noticing the height change.

At this, Jenna actually smiled. Perhaps this blonde girl, silly as she was, wasn't too bad after all. Certainly, her advice was less condescending than Greg Johnson's, but he was learning his lesson about advising others, because his own changes were starting to distract him. Perhaps it was because he was the person most aware of every part of his body, all thanks to his bodybuilding obsession, of course, but Greg seemed almost to penetrate the fog of the gym at times. More than once he would stop mid-way through a bicep curling set and stare into the mirror, confused as to what he was seeing.

What the . . . I could have sworn I was making gains. What's up with my shoulders? They look smaller or something. No, seriously, they look smaller. And my height . . . am I really over six feet tall? I should be. Just what the hell is going -

And only then, as he was about to stagger back, maybe call something out, maybe just clutch his head in confusion, would the mental fog courtesy of the gym's magic fall upon him again. It was a good thing that, out of the four newcomers, he was by far the biggest longer, even more than Jenna. He only interacted with others to tell them what they should do, and after the Abigail incident, he'd stopped doing that so much as well. This meant that his moments of brief awareness of his changes didn't 'infect' the others, potentially shattering their views. Abigail and Nari had seen it before when they had a 'double' once; a man and a woman, best friends, who transformed, both changing genders. Their shared awareness of the other had caused a feedback loop, making them realise what was happening. They had ended up very happy with their new forms, but the road to get there had been messy, and Nari still remembered the many acts of consolation she had to give. The constant uplifting speeches. Abigail, on the other hand, had found it darkly amusing.

It was her that liked to follow Greg's changes the most. After that first interaction, the gothic pint-sized powerhouse lifter had found many excuses to do the rounds across the gym and just happen to 'notice' Greg bodybuilding. He actually shied away from her a bit now, weirdly intimidated by her, and she found this privately hilarious too.

"Looking great, Greg!" she called out once. "Glad to see the transformation coming along!"

It was a cheeky taunt; he'd just had a small worry about his hair, which was now hanging down to his chin, and had become a bit more auburn without him even realising it. It was clear to Abigail that he was most likely becoming a woman. After all, his hips were wider, his waist thinner, and his rough, square facial features were taking on more of a heart shape, even his big nose becoming more of a refined aquiline shape. It was a good look, she decided, and perhaps a little karmic.

"Don't forget to work those glutes!" she said, smirking at him.

Greg just frowned. *She's right, I should work them. I want them to be . . . bigger.*

In fact, the notion of having a rather impressive backside was starting to appeal, though he couldn't say why. But then, he was also getting other strange desires too, such as to visit a tanning bed outside of the gym, and even to start blogging his changes and keeping a public record. His regular delivery was starting to bore him, and he hadn't trained someone in fitness for a while.

Maybe I could make videos, he thought. He blinked, dismissing the idea. *Where the hell had that come from? What a stupid fucking thought. And what a stupid fucking hairstyle I've got right now. I need to get it cut.*

But like for all the rest of them, he never would. The thought soon disappeared, and he got back to work. But the more he pumped iron, the more his form seemed to shrink. He

was still athletic and tough as all hell, but that toughness was becoming more proportional to what would soon be another gender.

And that wasn't even getting started on his darkening skin tone.

Part 4: Brunch

It was another week before the four of them started to come together to form something of a group *outside* the gym. Their bodies had continued to advance in their changes during this time, slowly but implacable becoming more fit, but also more feminine. Jenna was very pleased with how she looked, though occasionally she wondered just how she'd managed to grow in height, or how her jawline had been fixed, or even how her tummy fat had reduced so quickly. Jack was just as mystified at his own impressive weight loss, another twenty five pounds having been shed already. His hair was now full and dark, reaching almost to his shoulders, and his nipples were taking on greater prominence. He hoped to get rid of his manboobs, but they were also starting to look more like actual *boobs*, and that made him both anxious . . . and excited. Rob was packing on muscle just as he wanted, but the biggest thing helping him lose his beanpole status was the fact that he had shrunk down to a 'mere' six feet or even less, making his body more proportional. Coupled with his much wider hips and thicker waist, and there was a normalcy to his figure. Of course, his skin was noticeably olive now. Noticeable to the employees, that was, but not to him or the others beyond just a second glance. Lastly, Greg had continued his downward trajectory, and looked to be around five foot nine rather than his previous impressive height. His muscles continued to become more reasonably sized, but other parts were growing: his pecs had flattened just a little, but were regaining an oddly soft roundness to them. His rear was swelling also, becoming almost a little peachy in a way that made him both concerned at times - until the fog descended - and strangely proud at others.

All of these changes they would have gone through mostly alone, but for the machinations of Jenna and Rob. Having lost his girlfriend, and she having lost her husband, the two found an amusingly odd companionship with each other. Whereas Greg was obsessing over body building and Jack anxious about his weight loss, they were the pair who seemed the most practical in their shared desire to get fit and start the next chapter of their lives, leaving the previous one behind them. It didn't hurt that they both had in common a dislike of their current jobs - Jenna was starting to realise that data analytics and entry could be a real obstacle to joy lately - and wanted their friends to see them in a new light.

It was after a particularly strenuous arm day, during which they spotted one another, that a thought occurred to Rob.

“Hey, this is gonna sound real strange and everything, but did you want to get brunch together?”

Jenna eyed him curiously. It was strange, for just a moment, she had a hope.

He's far too young for me, but is he looking at me with desire? No, don't be foolish Jenna. He sees nothing of the sort. Get your head in order. But he is looking at you like a friend . . . and I could really use one of those.

“That would be utterly wonderful, Rob,” she said.

Rob grinned. He was about to offer up some suggestions for places - it was a nice, warm Saturday, so there'd be plenty open - when he observed the two others in the gym. He hadn't interacted a lot with Jack beyond that initial introduction, and the only thing he liked about Greg was that the man had achieved what he too hoped to achieve. And yet . . .

I feel like I should invite them.

“Why don't we bring Jack and Greg along, if they want?” he asked.

Jenna raised her eyebrows. “Really? I mean, I wouldn't mind Jack, but Greg is . . . well, he's not exactly a respectful sort. A brute, if I may say so.”

Rob chuckled. “Yeah, I've met his kind before. I bet he wouldn't care to learn I smoke pot either.”

“Please, that much is obvious from you. I don't know what's the point of it, frankly.”

“Don't knock it till you try it. Okay, so Jack's in, but I feel like we should at least extend it to Greg. I can't explain it, it's like there's some kind of connection we all have. I don't know . . . it's just *there*.”

Jenna nodded slowly. “You're right,” she said. “I feel it too. Fine, bring him along. But if he tries to make comments about my figure and what machines it's too short for, I'll slap him.”

Rob snorted. “Please, you're not short. Just like I'm starting to realise I'm not too tall.”

They moved to invite the others, not even realising the strangeness in the truth of what Rob had just said.

Greg chowed down on his steak, leaving the rest to look on in horror at his sheer appetite.

So good. Need to keep up the protein. Good weightlifting diet.

“What?” he said, mouth still half full.

“I've never seen someone order a full steak dinner for *brunch* before,” Rob remarked.

Greg wiped his mouth and smirked. "That's because you've never seen a real *man* before, dude."

Jenna coughed, clearly irritated, but Greg put up his hands.

"Which he will, when he looks in the mirror, because you're making sick gains, my friend. Seriously, be proud, dude. You should all be. You're entering the bodybuilder's world now."

The other three exchanged a glance.

"Well, I don't think I'll be bodybuilding anytime soon," Jack remarked, observing his own still-large form. "I'm not . . . I'm not bodybuilder material."

"You sell yourself short, dude. Anyone can make the dream."

"Yes, well, the dream will have to wait until I'm asleep," Jenna remarked as she sipped from her coffee. "I have no interest in grotesquely sized muscles, no offence - though yours do look better lately. Less oversized, if I may say so myself."

What the hell? Greg thought. *So other people are noticing it too?*

"I'm not . . . I'm trying to *gain* muscle, lady. I'm just hitting up against the ceiling or something at the moment. Happens to every bodybuilder."

"Well, if you got any tips on how to get there, I won't be turning them away," Rob said.

"Or just to lose weight in general," Jack said. "Though Nari is helping me a lot with that, actually. I've never heard of a gym that has such volunteering staff."

They all agreed it was excellent, though Greg was hit by the painful memory of being upstaged with ease by the snarky goth Abigail.

"They're a lot fitter than I'm used to as well," he said. "Well, at least for ladies. No offence, Jenna."

"I do take offence, actually. But now that you say it, I have noticed that it's an all-female staff from what I've seen."

"There's a guy," Rob said. "I've started coming in twice a day. There's a guy called Rob or Robin or something. He's pretty jacked. Gave me some good pointers on building core and shoulder strength."

"I have to ask," Jenna said. "Was he as attractive as the rest of the crew? I sometimes feel a little out of place among all these goddesses!"

Rob smirked. "Well, I'm not the best to consider it, but he was definitely not bad looking, if I was to judge it."

They all shared a laugh over that. Evidently all four of them had noticed just how obviously attractive the members of the New Life Gym were. Conversation rested for a moment as the rest of the meals arrived. Jack found it rather easy to consume a small amount of salad and a veggie frittata rather than his usual gluttonous amount, while Rob was surprised to have developed a healthier appetite, wolfing down protein and iron with his

meats. His, at least, had bacon and sausages, fitting the brunch aesthetic. Lastly, Jenna found herself having the same thing as Rob, adding to the surprising companionship of the mismatched pair.

It was called *Sweetum Eatems*, and it was quite the lovely brunch place. It was only two blocks down from the New Life Gym, and given the warmth of the day, a number of them were already thinking of coming here more regularly, perhaps even socially. Certainly that notion was on Jenna's mind, and on Jack's. The only thing for the latter was a need to get a job. He had put it off for too long, and the funding he had secured for his accounting scholarship could only get him so far.

Perhaps . . . perhaps I could even look into working here? he thought. There was a sign up looking for new employees. He doubted it paid extremely well, but surely it would be well enough?

Were he the old Jack, he likely wouldn't have gone for it at all. The prospect would have made him simply too nervous. Too defeatist. Instead, he stood up after finishing his meal, steeling his features as if on a mission. He didn't know it, but in the span of consuming his vegetarian meal he'd actually managed to drop a whole five pounds. Muscles were starting to emerge, not quite visible on his form, but it gave his frame a solidity it was badly needing, and the doughiness was melting away by contrast. Perhaps most importantly of all for what came next, his pimples and blemishes disappeared from his face. For just a moment, Greg and Rob and Jenna all saw this, their eyes wide.

What on earth?

What in heaven?

What the fuck?

And then with a slight breeze in through the door, they all forgot what they were thinking, and focused on the increasingly firm (yet simultaneously soft in better places) man before them.

"Where you going, buddy?" Rob asked.

"Yes, is everything all right, Jack?" Jenna added.

"It actually is. I think . . . I think I'm going to apply for a job. Right now."

He strode forth, and the table watched with interest as he moved to talk to a manager.

"Well, someone's gained more confidence," Jenna mused.

"I'll say," Rob added.

"I'm telling you guys, that's what the gym does for you! It changes you!"

They were beginning to consider that Greg might be right. For another brief, flickering moment, there was another awareness that their changes were going further than they'd thought. Further than they should be. Rob posed the question first.

“Um, does my skin look a little darker to you? And, you know, do I look a bit shorter?”

“You do!” Jenna marvelled. “How did I never notice that before? How can that be?”

“Well, you look like your nose is no longer bent!” Greg said, pointing at her. “And you’re taller! And, no offence, you’ve lost more weight than would be possible in just a couple of weeks.”

“Says the man whose muscle is draining away! And is getting shorter! And for goodness sake, don’t tell me those are a *man’s* nipples!”

Greg looked down, horrified. “Holy shit! What the fuck!? Guys, what’s happening? This shit is happening to Jack too!”

“It’s something with all four of us,” Rob said. “I - I haven’t smoked pot for days. I’m loving all the exercise. And . . . I think my hair is changing too. My voice is higher.”

They all began exchanging their epiphanies, even as Jack managed to convince himself into an interview at *Sweetum Eatems*. A growing dread began to manifest, particularly for Greg, who seemed the loser out of all of them, though Rob was no less worried. Questions abounded: how could no one else notice the changes? Rob’s roommates hadn’t said a word! A quick peruse of their driver’s licences showed that even their faces there had changed, adding another spooky factor.

“You don’t think this could be . . . magical?” Jenna asked.

“Magic doesn’t exist,” Rob said. He’d always prided himself on being realistic and rational, perhaps why he got along quite well with the pragmatic Jenna.

“Then how do you explain this?” Greg said. “I’m losing fucking mass here, man! Hard-earned muscle! And my nipples are weird - and so are yours!”

Rob looked down. “Oh God!”

“Exactly!”

“Shit!”

“*Dios mio*,” Jenna spat, breaking out the Spanish she rarely used. “What the hell do we do?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Rob said, standing up. He curled his first, the one that was looking a lot more olive. “We go to New Life Gym. Whatever’s happening there, *they’re* behind it.”

Greg too was noticing his skin changes; his surface was looking a little darker as well. “We confront Abigail, I bet. She was smirking at me. I reckon she knows something.”

It was at this point that Jack returned to the group, a broad smile upon his features.

“Hey guys!” he said, scratching at a stomach that was noticeably smaller than it had been twenty minutes ago, and then pushing back strands of dark red hair that was now almost touching his shoulders. “What’s up?”

The rest of the group looked at him, now aware of how he had changed also. They stared in awkward silence.

“Um, guys? Guys?”

It was Rob that broke the silence. “Hey, Jack, have you noticed anything different about yourself recently?”

The group marched on New Life Gym, determined to find out what was going on. Greg was implacable in his advance, occasionally pulling at his longer, darker hair with annoyance. Hair in particular seemed to be a sticking point among the men - Rob too was feeling his longer, darker hair - but so was the rather *rearward* presence some of them had. It was less noticeable for the plump Jack, but Jenna pointed out as they walked that both Rob and Greg now had rather . . . feminine derrieres. Even their hips had shifted in such a way as to sway a bit when they walked, and soon Greg was finding it hard *not* to possess a slight feminine gait. His nipples rubbed against his shirt, feeling oddly sensitive, and the same was true of Rob and Jack.

Don't touch them don't touch them don't touch them, Rob thought, his mind repeating the mantra over and over. *They feel huge and sensitive and weird but don't touch them!*

Greg had no such willpower. He touched them multiple times, annoyed at their nuisance.

Goddamn it, he thought. *How can I pick up hot chicks looking like this? I'm not meant to have girly nipples!*

And yet some deep, hidden part of himself was also oddly fascinated with them. He couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have actual breasts topped by those nipples.

Is that where this is headed? Am I becoming a chick? Is that what Abigail was talking about when she was making fun of me?

She had been quite forward, in the breast sense. Had she too been changed?

No, that's ridiculous. They're doing that to us. And we're gonna stop 'em.

The only one with a bit of hesitation as they reached the entrance to the gym was Jack. He was losing the weight he'd wanted to get rid of for years, and he was starting to wonder if the magic was also making him more effeminate, given his face and voice and shrinking genitals. It was terrifying, but it was also . . . *wonderful*, in a way.

Maybe it's a blessing? Or even if it is a curse, maybe the ones cursing us don't know that I want to be a woman?

Jenna had made a similar calculation when it came to her own figure. It hadn't escaped her attention that a number of wrinkles had faded on her face and arms, or that her stomach didn't have the flab and lines of age either. She looked . . . younger. It was

confronting to even think about, but it was true! And yet she still advanced towards the gym, frustrated.

I may like these changes. Hell, I might even love them. But I didn't ask them! I didn't consent to them! They've happened against my will, and who knows what kind of person I'll be turning into? I don't want to end up changed into a man like these men are clearly turning into women. No way, Jose.

They reached the entrance of the New Life Gym.

"Are you sure we should be doing this?" Jack asked.

"For fuck's sake, man," Greg spat. "Look at you, you're growing tits! We all are - or big frickin' nipples, anyway. There's no way in hell I'm giving up my hard-earned gains to this place."

"But what if - what if they try and stop us?"

Rob hesitated. "They wouldn't hurt us, would they? Like, this isn't a government experiment?"

Fitting for her character, it was Jenna that burst right in. "For goodness sake, where is the courage and foolhardiness of the young these days? After me, then!"

Rob followed after her like a loyal lieutenant, and Greg shouldered his way through as well. Jack sighed, and entered after the rest, twiddling his thumbs nervously. He could feel a strange pressure in his body, almost like a magnetism to this place, a yearning for change.

Is it the place, and not just the people? Something in the air feels like it wants me to be here. Like I'm meant to be here.

The others felt a similar calling, but pushed past it as they approached Nari and Abigail at the counter. The former beamed to see them, and the latter waved idly, half-concentrated on her phone.

"Hiya!" Nari called.

"Yo," Abigail said without looking their way.

"You've got to fucking reverse this or else!" Greg called.

The two women paused and exchanged a glance. It was Abigail that spoke: "What are you talking about?"

Jenna stepped forward. "Don't play stupid with me, young one. We know we're changing. Our bodies, even our minds. Who's behind this? Is it you? Is it her?"

She indicated to Abigail, who chuckled darkly. "Lady, I just come here for the fireworks. Though in this case, it seems they've gone off early."

Nari tried to shush her, but Abigail continued.

“Oh come on, Nari, they recognise their changes! This happens with multiple jobs, and you know it. It just happened early because there’s four of ‘em. I’ll give Katherine a call. You guys can see her and she’ll explain everything.”

Rob swallowed, looking down at his darkened skin, his slightly thicker form, at the way his pecs pushed out against his shirt a little more than he would have liked.

“Are you saying it’s real? We really are changing?”

Nari gave a sheepish grin. “Um, kinda? Well, yeah, actually. You very much are. But please don’t panic! We all changed! I used to be a guy, and Abigail here looked totally different and was way older.”

Greg coughed, horrified that he’d been attracted to someone who could have been a grandma or something. “Older? How older?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” the goth girl teased, pressing her breasts together suggestively so that her cleavage was full in her low-cut exercise top.

Fuck, even knowing she’s still hot. Hot damn, those fine, pale tits and dark purple hair. This whole situation is freakin’ nuts!

“What about Annabelle?” Jack asked, now even more aware of his changes, especially the way his lips felt fuller than usual. “Did she change too? Who was she?”

The gorgeous Asian woman sighed, obviously trying not to release too much information and freak them out. “Look, I’m going to be completely honest with you, she used to be kind of like Greg here.”

“WHAT!?”

Nari put up her hands as she continued. “I just mean in the sense that she was a guy, and was big into bodybuilding. Um, not as much as you, obviously. But she was a linebacker, or a quarterback - she struggles to remember as she doesn’t care about sports now-”

“WHAT!?”

“-but she was definitely a football star. But she’s much happier now!”

“Was she always so . . . empty-minded?” Jenna asked.

Nari bit her lip. It was Abigail who answered, still typing on her phone.

“Nah, she was way smarter. Not, like, academic or anything, but she had a scholarship. She became a total bubblehead, God bless her. We love that woman.”

“And she’s happy how she is!” Nari said, now looking very nervous.

By this point even Jack was worried; how much would their personalities change? Would they even be *them* anymore, if the changes went too far? The group erupted in a series of questions, demands, and angry statements. They all wanted their memberships cancelled, and the tirade - which Nari was struggling to control and even Abigail was starting to feel a need to properly respond to - only halted when a new figure appeared, opening the staffroom exclusive door.

This was not the first time any of them had seen Katherine Hearn, but it was the first time she had properly interacted with them, and so dramatically at that. The tattooed woman, tall and authoritative and beautiful, clapped her hands together.

“Well, it sounds like we have a lot of grievances here. Jack, Jenna, Rob, and Greg, I am happy to answer all questions and even cancel your membership fees. But please, let’s not discuss this here. Let’s hit the gym together, and let it calm our nerves. You want that, don’t you? A little bit of exercise to calm the nerves, be your *true self*, and then work on this problem? How about that?”

The group of four took in her words. Really, it shouldn’t have made any sense. They were angry, they were confused, they were upset, and most of all they were *scared*. Apart from Jack and a little part of Jenna’s subconscious, they all wanted their bodies back, and even Jack was concerned about the kind of woman he *might* become, if he was becoming a woman at all. They each geared up for another argument, but then something very strange happened; there was a shift of something in the atmosphere around them, and Katherine’s words seemed suddenly agreeable. Very agreeable indeed, actually.

Jack thought, *Maybe I should hear her out after I lose a bit more flab. What’s the worst that could happen? I might walk out a little thinner and feeling more like my . . . true self.*

Rob thought, *I guess I’m not much of a beanpole anymore. This whole situation is crazy, but it’s got me so worked up I won’t be able to argue for what I want back until I’ve done my pushups.*

Jenna thought, *This is absurd. They can’t do this to us. I’m going to finish my exercise regiment WITHOUT anyone’s help, then go find a lawyer. I doubt this woman has anything valuable to say, but I should get the most out of what I’m paying before I leave.*”

Greg thought, *Fuck this shit. I’m out of here. I am . . . damn, I didn’t finish my go on the Stairmaster. You can’t skip leg day. You can never skip leg day. I’ll - I’ll just finish up, and then I’ll rip these employees a new set of assholes if they don’t stop this!*

“Fine,” Jenna said, appointing herself the spokesperson for the group. “We’ll go work off some steam, and you come to us with some proposals. Because we demand to be changed back, and to have all our questions answered. Got it?”

“Of course,” Katherine said, smiling pleasantly.

The four wandered off, staying close to one another now, comparing their workout regimens, spotting each other, and helping one another with their sets. As they did so, the knowledge of their changes slowly faded, their focus on their own fitness taking centrestage. The power of the New Life Gym flowed through them, drawing them into the mental fog, and taking away their concerns. Their bodies had been as they always had been, as far as the four were concerned.

Nari was gobsmacked. “How did you know to do that, boss?”

“It’s what I did once with you dear, and you as well, Abigail. The power of the gym is stronger when being used as just that, a gym. As they focus on their bodies, they’ll go back to forgetting their changes . . . for now. But let’s be vigilant. You remember how it is?”

The pair of them nodded. Abigail in particular grinned.

“That’s right. The further you are in the changes, the quicker and stronger they come.”

“Exactly. Our friendly quartet are about to hit the big transformations. And we’ve got to be ready for them.”

Part 5: The Calm Before the New Forms

The four new gym goers quickly forgot their grievances, the appeal of the New Life Gym sweeping over them, making their awareness of their changes somewhat drowsy. Of course, the magic could only go so far: Jack was very aware that he was getting thinner, just as Greg was aware on some level that he was shorter and a bit more tan. Jenna felt better than she had in years, and Rob was getting fit and slightly curvy in ways that were certainly unnatural. In this way, their understanding that *something* odd was happening still bubbled to the surface occasionally, but the reality of what was going on remained just so ever slightly out of reach. As a result, the New Life Gym employees continued to watch the changes unfold with excitement, especially Annabelle who made little ‘squeeing’ sounds to herself whenever she noticed further changes.

“I swear that, like, Rob is totally changing race.”

‘Duh,’ Abigail remarked, the goth trainer rolling her eyes. “We’ve all discussed this, remember?”

“I know, but, like, he’s changing more and more! I know Greg is, like, going latina or something, but look how gorgeous and rich brown Rob’s getting! Is he becoming African? Asian?”

“I’d say Polynesian,” Nari remarked with her trademark beaming smile. “Look how curvy that body is getting. Used to be such a beanpole!”

It was then that Katherine interrupted with a ‘ahem, ahem.’ The three turned about from the desk, looking guilty.

“Don’t you girls have some actual work to do?”

Nari coughed. “Oh, I’ll just head off and help out Jack!”

“And I’ll, like, stick with Jenna. I really think she likes me despite being so gruff!”

There was a moment of amused silence: Jenna most certainly did not like Annabelle, this much was obvious, but the blonde bimbo type was as optimistic as ever.

“And I’ll go see Greg,” Abigail said, grinning in a vulpine manner.

Katherine raised an eyebrow. “Showing a particular interest in that one, Abby?”

The grin became positively wolfish. “Let’s just say that I’m going to enjoy letting a sexist wannabe alpha-male end up as the ultimate fitness chick.”

“Be careful what you wish for,” Katherine said mysteriously, but then she walked off, leaving the three employees to seek out their respective individuals and watch over their training.

Jack was doing sit ups. *Actual* sit ups.

I’ve never been able to do sit ups, he thought to himself. Not in forever! I can’t remember the last time I even had the tummy space to do so!

It was a strangely empowering feeling. He wasn’t thin by any means, but it was almost like his obese fat had simply . . . melted away. The blubber that had made it practically impossible to do *most* things was now reduced enough to give him greater manoeuvrability, but not just that; he also had *muscle* there now, too. It wasn’t visible, of course, not like Greg’s well-defined abs or even Jenna’s increasingly fit middle, but it was massive progress for the man. Furthermore, the doughiness that remained seemed a bit more feminine in his eyes.

I know they’re just manboobs. Boobs. But they look and feel so much like the real thing. My nipples are bigger for whatever reason. And I’ve got areolas that I swear are getting wider each day, though it must just be my imagination.

More changes had been occurring. Jack’s skin was smoother, hairless, and people walking by on the street would in no way mistake him for being a man anymore if they were looking from behind, or even sometimes from the front. His face had altered a little: his nose was more cute, his eyebrows thicker and defined, and his jaw a little softer. His lips had thickened, but he’d also gained a larger smile. He was taking to smiling in the mirror more often, feeling good about himself, never once noticing that his teeth had straightened to perfection, and even whitened a little also.

It didn’t hurt that he had Jenna on his side too. She was doing her core day as well, but was working on the abdominal cruncher further away. The woman simply didn’t quite, and he admired her can-do attitude. Like Jack, she was getting younger and fitter, but also taller, shedding her short and frumpy appearance for that of an increasingly powerful woman. She just took that to mean that she *felt* powerful, finding her own fulfilment in herself

now that she was living free of her husband and pursuing her own path. But this didn't explain that her mannish features were looking a lot softer and more feminine, or that her frumpy building was starting down the road to something truly statuesque.

"You're doing great, Jack!" she said between sets. "It is inspiring me to go even further!"

"You can do it, Jenna!" Jack replied. "You look great! No, seriously, you do!"

Jenna laughed. "I'm still the same doughy old woman, don't you worry, but it's true what they say; healthy living is healthy looking, and I feel a lot more healthy now!"

She got back to her sets, occasionally looking down at herself. Were her boobs bigger? Well, they'd always been sizeable, hadn't they?

Yes, but they were sagging. They drooped. And he always criticised that. Now they're looking pert. The word 'ripe' comes to mind. Imagine thinking of your own pair of breasts as fruit! Ah, but they are delicious.

Her thoughts were in Spanish, but there was a fire to them now, and it had extended to every aspect of her. She was pushing herself harder and faster and further than just about anyone.

It was this scene of the two working out that Nari and Annabelle entered into, the former beaming with pride at Jack, the latter utterly excitable over Jenna's sheer will.

"Someone's making real big progress!"

Jack halted his sit ups, panting heavily. It caused his now-obvious chest to rise and fall, looking like solid B-cups. He ran a hand through his hair, which was still growing faster than expected, and realised that while he used to sweat continuously from everyday exertions, that was no longer the case. He was just a little damp in the hair, if that.

"Hey Nari!" he said. "Um, yeah, I certainly feel like I'm making progress."

God, it's so hard to look at her, his thoughts churned. She's so pretty. I wish I could look like that. I wish I could be a woman like her.

Nari could practically sense that desire, and wanted to encourage it further. "You look like you're getting closer and closer to that ideal body each day now, Jack. I can't believe how much you've shed already, and I think you're starting to get some definition in your arms too."

She reached out and touched his arm, just briefly enough to encourage that desire to change more. Jack blushed a deep shade of red.

"Th-thanks, Nari. I don't know if I'll ever have my ideal body, though. I mean, I have this idea in my head . . . but it's stupid."

Why can't I tell her? It's not like she cares much or knows me well. She'd be the perfect person to be honest with and face zero repercussions!

Normally, Jack wouldn't have had the courage. He would have clamped his mouth shut and made some excuse and probably wandered off. But a mix of newfound confidence in his changing body, the power of the New Life Gym, as well as the presence of his three new friends further away in the gym gave him the determination to finally get it off his expanding chest.

"I'm . . . I'm trans," he said, the words loud enough that Jenna heard and took notice, before returning to her workout so as not to eavesdrop.

"Really?" Nari said, her voice only sounding a little surprised. "I mean, I didn't know that about you, Jack. Did you want to talk about it?"

Jack scratched his longer hair. There was a strange pressure in his hips and crotch but he avoided thinking about it for now.

"I wouldn't want to burden you," he said. "I'm sorry, you're a worker here. I don't want to trap you in conversation."

"Hey, it's okay" she said, grinning broadly and lowering herself down to his side. Her face was so unbelievably pretty, especially in Jack's eyes. "I might understand far more than you think. Does this mean you're transitioning?"

Jack shook his head. "No. I mean, I'd love to, but it also scares the heck out of me. I don't like surgery, and I've had bad reactions to medication in the past. I don't know why, but you're the first person I've actually told about this. I guess I just never believed I could do even that until I got the confidence this gym gives me."

"Hey man, it's all *your* confidence. You're doing swell, and I've got to be honest, I can see a bit of woman in you."

Jack raised his increasingly feminine eyebrows. "You - you do?"

"Oh yeah! I'm not even kidding! You've got lovely eyes and eyelashes for one, and you've got really nice skin - I know that sounds weird to a dude, but for a woman it means a lot; I have girlfriends who would kill for your complexion, and those cute freckles of yours."

Jack blushed. *God, she's wonderful.*

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you a lot."

"Any time!" Nari exclaimed, perky and happy as ever. "And hey, don't give up on that dream of becoming your ideal self, okay? You never know, you might just reach that dream sooner and more wondrously than you could ever imagine."

With that, she gave a wink, and proceeded to do her rounds across the gym. She kept an eye on Jack though, who returned to his situps with even greater enthusiasm. His gut looked just a little smaller, his features a little softer, and perhaps it was both of their imagination, but his hips were starting to gain quite the womanly shape.

Jenna, meanwhile, was trying very desperately to put up with the excitable Annabelle Kind, who was being true to her namesake, but in an irritatingly bubbly way.

God, give me strength. I know she's not a bad person. I know she obviously knows her stuff when it comes to working out; she's far more fit and athletic than me, after all! But does she have to speak like that? Does she have to be so chatty?

The answer, of course, was yes. Jenna had no way of knowing yet that the bubbly, bimbo-ish buxom bombshell that was Annabelle had once been the jockiest jock imaginable. Annabelle herself could hardly remember what that life had been like, only that she loved her new form so much more, big chest included.

"Oh my God, you are like, changing so much! I really do think that you are gonna be totes hot as by the time you're finished with all of this, Jen."

"Don't call m-me J-Jen!" Jenna grunted, continuing her painful ab crunches. "Just J-Jenna. Or M-Mrs Garcia. I suppose it's M-Miss now!"

Annabelle gasped. "Oh no! Did something happen? I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to, like, stick my beak in it or anything!"

Jenna sighed as she finished her set. She ran her fingers over her stomach, and was surprised to feel actual *muscle* there. The flabbiness was almost entirely gone. Hell, even her thighs were looking more sleek, with impressive muscle upon them. She felt more alive than she had in years, despite what Annabelle had reminded her of.

"No, no, it's okay," she said, forgetting her frustration for a moment. "My husband left me. It's just myself and the cats now. He left me for a younger, better looking woman of course."

Annabelle huffed, her big blue eyes wide and her face contorted into a mix of shock, disbelief, and something like righteous fury.

"NO! No way! I just *refuse* to believe *that!*"

Jenna chuckled. "I don't think it's that unbelievable. I'm a frumpy older woman who always got made fun of for looking like a man. My Mama even mocked me for it; she called me her 'little Juan' from time to time."

"Nonsense! You're, like, a total catch, Jen!"

"Jenna."

"And any man that leaves you is, like, the dopiest moron ever! This is like when I got dumped by Brad Emmerson for being, like, a bit of a valley girl or whatever. You know what I did after I had a really big cry and waaaay too much ice cream?"

Jenna raised her eyebrow further, almost curious. "What did you do, Annabelle?"

The blonde grinned from ear to ear. "I went to the gym, mastered the stairmaster, and then I went out on the town in my cutest blue dress - it totes matches my eyes even though I know pink is, like, my best colour - and landed a much hotter guy."

"I doubt I'll be doing that anytime soon."

"Not with that attitude! You totally undersell yourself, Jen-"

“Jenna.”

“- because you are totally a hottie. You’re an absolute boss who isn’t afraid to tell it like it is or go the extra mile to get your own way. You’re changing each day for the better, and we can all see that you’re making real progress and losing weight and making super heaps of muscle. You’re a total ten by my standards, and if your hubbie left you then it’s too bad for him, not you, because he wasn’t worthy of you and stuff!”

Jenna was briefly gobsmacked. She opened and closed her mouth like a fish, her thoughts racing. *She really does believe that, it’s not some pitch or sale or even an overly optimistic naivete born from her stupidity. She really, fully looks at me and thinks I could land any man. She means all those nice things.*

The older woman - thought she looked to be in her mid-thirties now instead of in her forties - shook her head, smirking a little to herself.

“Annabelle, I think it is I who have oversold you,” she said slowly. “And for that I am sorry. Would you like to help me plan an even better workout? I have no doubt you know far more than even my intensive research on the subject.”

Annabelle actually squealed.

So, not quite the bimbo, Jenna thought, chuckling a little. She really is quite sweet. Makes me want to work even harder for a better body, and with a woman like this cheering me on, how can I fail?

Meanwhile, on the other side of the gym, Abigail was having fun with Greg. The tough-muscled and tall alpha male hadn’t noticed how distinctly un-male his body was looking, especially when it came to the lack of body hair, the slight bumps upon his chest, and the general androgyny of his face. It was compounded by the tanning of his skin and the growing length of his darkening hair. He was changing race, much as others such as Nari had at the gym, though only Abigail and the other employees could see it.

“Oh,” Greg said. “It’s you.”

Abigail smirked. “Oh yes, it’s me. Just doing my rounds as a good employee. I hope I don’t *bother* you by setting up a camera, now?”

Greg swallowed his pride. “Of course not. You set the rules, after all.”

He was already aching across his body from doing so many deadlifts, he didn’t want a sore ego once more as well. And there was also the fact that, as much as he had tried to chew her out before, he couldn’t deny that Abigail was indeed very, very hot. He didn’t exactly go for goth chicks usually, but something about the way her pale skin was accentuated by her dark black and purple makeup, as well as her overall dynamite figure - her prominent chest in her tight sports bra most of all - meant that he was having a hard time getting out of her head.

Jesus, I'm even trying to push myself to the limit in some dumb attempt to show off. Like it wasn't bad enough getting my pride kicked by a girl, and an alternative chick type at that.

"Good to hear. I'll be doing some push ups on the mat. You keep doing your dead lifts, big boy. I'm looking forward to seeing how you change. I'll just be here, checking your form occasionally."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it. Haze the guy who tried to enforce a rule, I get it."

She just shrugged, sighed, then stretched in an exaggerated manner that showed off her chest.

"Glad to see we're on the same page."

She got down to exercising, and soon Greg's form suffered. He wanted to make his body as built and huge as possible, to become as ripped as a total alpha male could be. It was just . . . difficult in the presence of someone like Abigail, especially since she kept throwing teasing smiles his way and complimenting odd parts of his body. He couldn't tell if she was serious or not either, just that the comments she made seemed genuine yet at the same time were focused on things no guy really wanted to be compliments about.

"Nice glutes there, by the way. Hope you don't mind me noticing, but they're looking nice and rounded lately. Same as that chest of yours. Very prominent."

"Uh, thanks."

They continued to exercise, but a new comment arose.

"You're certainly pushing yourself, Greg. Your skin is getting all reflective from the sweat - maybe dial it back a bit, honey? You've already got a figure most girls would be jealous of."

Greg winced. Does she know something? I had that dream again last night, about being a woman. It was ridiculous, of course. Just because I have those dreams on and off from time to time doesn't mean I'd ever want to be a woman. It's just some dumb nightmare I can't escape from. A nightmare that feels kinda . . . nice from time to time. But it's just my fucking imagination!

Nevertheless, when Abigail commented on how 'luscious' and 'vibrant' his longer hair was, he found himself smiling in gratitude, despite his internal embarrassment. The same was true of when she talked about how 'trim' and 'lithe' he was looking. The fact that she mentioned she wished she had 'cheekbones like yours' only puffed up his ego more. He just wished it was his male one.

Abigail knew what she was doing, however. Greg was already looking quite feminised, but she wanted to see him flourish into full womanhood, and she knew from experience that getting gym goers to actively grapple with their changes, even obliquely, had

a way of speeding them up. Besides, he really was looking quite cute, especially with the strong, defiant, yet increasingly female appearance of his face.

"You've got good form," Greg said, bumping her from her thoughts.

"What was that?"

"I said - ugh - you've got good form. Just thought I should mention it."

"I know what I'm doing," she said, but he quickly put up his hands.

"I meant it purely as a compliment. Clearly I got off on the wrong foot last week. Just saying . . . good form."

Abigail actually blushed, just a little.

"Well, not too bad yourself," she said. "I'll go see how your other friend is doing."

Rob was doing quite well, in fact. He had always been a bit of a slacker, a bit of a stoner. But ever since his girlfriend had left him and his roommates made fun of him, his determination to be less of a beanpole had only grown more fierce. For him it was arm day, and he was on his back on the bench press, pushing more weight than he ever had before. Abigail was surprised to see his ferocity, especially since he was normally such a laid back kind of guy, but then again, the New Life Gym had a habit of bringing out the hidden emotions in someone as much as their hidden ideal self.

"Can I spot you?" she asked.

"Y-yes please!" Rob grunted, voice sounding simultaneously lower than usual and somehow more feminine at the same time, as if it were veering towards a powerful contralto. "I was going to have to rack soon, but I kinda want to push the limit today. Can't say why."

"Maybe it's just the magic of the gym," Abigail said.

"Maybe!" Rob replied, hefting the weight. His muscles burned, but it was a good burn. The soreness was present in the rest of his body as well, extending not just to his arms but his pectoral muscles, which had swollen considerably and still getting bigger, and his stomach and hips. His hunger was growing, and he knew he'd need more than just a protein shake soon. Still, he pushed a little further, feeling some kind of urge. He had no way of knowing that this was the gym's energy coursing through him, increasing the changes. As he grunted, his nipples bloomed just that little bit bigger and darker. It was undeniable that of everyone, Rob was changing the most. He was already considerably shorter, and his waist and general body had expanded a little. He wasn't getting fat - far from it! - but it wasn't just muscle he was packing on either. His body was gaining a softness as a woman's subcutaneous fat settled in, marking his hips and buttocks particularly, and also his chest.

"How are you feeling?" Abigail asked when he finally racked the weights, his body having swelled right before her eyes - his breasts a tetch more sizable, his hips a little wider, his face that bit more beautiful.

"I feel . . . I feel amazing," Rob said. "A bit shorter, though. Is that weird? I'm not shorter, am I?"

Abigail shrugged. "You're only as short as you feel."

"And I feel a bit tan, too. Hell, my skin is olive now! I swear I'm getting darker, and these boobs of mine . . . I never had boobs before . . . is this normal for a gym workout?"

He had full B-cups by that point, and they were still obviously growing.

"That depends, do you want them gone? Are you worried?"

Rob tried to push his mind through the arcane haze, but simply couldn't. The 'rightness' of his changing body overrode any potential anxiety.

"I guess not. Still, I look a lot better than before, right?"

"Much better! Check out your face - you'd be surprised how much the New Life Gym changes you there, too."

She left Rob to contemplate his situation, hoping that it would continue the change. Annabelle was particularly keen to see a race change, and frankly so was she. They weren't as common, and yet it now looked like they were getting not only four changes in one group, but two would-be women who would have quite the cultural alteration!

Rob considered this at that very moment. He checked himself out in the walled mirror of the gym, a little surprised by the features that were reflected back at him. For one, his brown hair was now jet black, and he couldn't remember dyeing it like that. For two, his skin was definitely olive in tone, and it was rapidly approaching the rich brown of a Polynesian beauty. This was matched by his facial features, which had developed much thicker lips, ones that had turned browner also. His eyes had also changed without him even realising: they were much more almond shaped now, and his irises had clearly shifted to a dark, dark brown. With his prominent dark eyelashes and thick but well-defined eyebrows, it would be very, very easy to mistake the figure in the mirror for an Asian woman. Such an impression was only made more potent by the changes to his body: his figure was shorter and thicker, though Rob perhaps would have described it as 'thicc' with the two C's. That was because his thighs had swelled impressively, taking on lovely and appealing curves, and his hips and rear had expanded considerably. His chest contained the bumps of someone who clearly had breasts - not just manboobs, but *breasts* - and combined with the fact that the member between his legs felt smaller than ever only made his jaw drop.

"Oh, um, this is a bit much, isn't it?" he said to himself, his voice sounding a little alien to his ears. "This can't be just the gym, right? I mean . . . I mean that the guys back at the apartment will be damn jealous of my figure. Ha! Serves 'em right for thinking this chick couldn't start looking good. I mean, this man. Soon I'll have them in the palm of my hand."

He wasn't sure what he meant by that, but it sounded good.

And I do feel good, he mused to himself, even his inner thoughts now having a feminine touch to their ‘voice.’ *Really good. I think I might go a little overtime. Make these nice biceps even more obvious. Besides, I could stand to be a bit shorter. That’s a normal part of a gym bod, surely?*

By the time the four left, it was necessary to grab some afternoon lunch. Once more they decided to grab a bite to eat at Sweetum Eatums. By this point all of them had changed further, though this time they were far less aware of their transformations, apart from a vague awareness that things were quite different about their bodies.

“I can’t describe it,” Jack said, voice a little raspy now, but on the feminine side. He ran his fingers through his darkening hair, which was clearly turning black. “I just feel better than ever, like I finally . . . belong in my body. Or at least I’m starting too.”

Jenna placed a hand on his, having overheard his confession to Nari.

“That’s so good to hear, Jack. But if you were to . . . change further, to be your ideal self, we would all support you here.”

Jack gulped. “Well, I suppose I could change a bit more. I mean, if I am to be honest . . . I want to be a woman.”

Rob raised his eyebrows. “Far out, I had no idea! If it’s any consolation, you look quite lady-like, in a manner of speaking. I could have sworn your jaw has gotten, I don’t know, more feminine or whatever.”

“The makeup too,” Greg said idly. He couldn’t understand why any self-respecting man would want to be a woman - *it’s just weird dreams and fantasies, after all*, he thought to himself.

“I’m not wearing makeup!”

“Huh, I guess you just got womanly lips or whatever.”

“Well, how are you feeling Greg?” Jenna asked, looking him up and down. “Are you making the muscular gains you wanted?”

Greg frowned. “Still not exactly. It’s the weirdest damn thing though; the harder I try it’s like the more I shed. I don’t know, maybe I need to, *like*, start looking for other methods. I’ve heard good things about some compounds, and there’s always, *like*, implants.”

He hadn’t even noticed that he’d started peppering his speeches with ‘like’ occasionally.

“I wouldn’t go that far yet,” Jenna said. “I mean, look at me! I look and feel ten years younger! Not only am I getting stronger, but I feel so much healthier: I’m standing taller and prouder than before.”

“You look ten years younger too,” Rob said, grinning in her direction. “No offence, but you barely look like the same person as before, Mrs Garcia.”

“Please, I prefer Jenna. Or . . . Jen.”

Jen. I always hated that, or was it just because my husband called me that? It sounds much better to my ears now.

She settled herself a little, enjoying the company.

“I’d say we should give a toast to ourselves,” she declared. “May we all have the body we are destined to have!”

The others raised their glasses, and Greg reluctantly joined in, even if his failure to get hugely musclebound was nagging at him.

“Here, here!” cried Jack, louder than the others.

Something told him he was getting exactly the body he wanted and needed, somehow.

In fact, he thought, with just a moment’s realisation at how much they had all changed. I think we all are. Even Greg and Rob.

But then that epiphany passed, and the four friends began to settle down to eat and enjoy each other’s company once more. Rob complained of his work, and how the guys there were treating him differently, while Greg’s mind wandered - oddly - to whether he might need a wardrobe change. Jenna was considering the dating life, which brought a bit of discussion of when Jack would attempt to find someone. He managed to drag the conversation to video games, boring Jenna and Greg immediately but engaging Rob, but somehow Jenna managed to wrangle it all around again by asking Greg when *he* was going to ask out that ‘gorgeous goth girl’ working at the New Life Gym. At that, the man blushed a little - something he didn’t ordinarily do - and was promptly saved by the arrival of food.

Weirdly, they were all quite hungry. If a member of the gym was present, they wouldn’t find this strange, however.

Transformees always got very hungry right before a big, *big* set of changes. That was just how these things went.

Part 6: A Big Set of Changes

The younger members of the gym staff were all a little disappointed, especially Annabelle, because the larger set of transformations they were all expecting had not yet come. It seemed as if all four new members of the New Life Gym were on the very verge of a

massively transformative change, teetering on the cliff edge that separated them from their former selves and their ideal bodies, but unable to fully commit.

“You just have to be patient,” Katherine Hearn reminded her three employees on a day when the four transformees were not present. “There is an inner hesitation in each soul. I still remember when you were crossing over to womanhood, Nari. You too took longer than expected, perhaps because on some subconscious level, you recognised that the change was indeed happening, and was *daunting*.”

Nari sagged her shoulders. “Yeah, you’re probably right. It’s just - I really want to see the changes unfold!”

“Me too!” Annabelle added. “I, like, *have* to! It’d be just the best! I don’t even know who to focus on: maybe Rob? Or maybe Jenna! She’s been sooooo lovely lately, and she’s getting so damn young and fit, seriously!”

Abigail smirked. “Well, you all know I want to see Greg become a slim, sexy babe.”

“Gee, I wonder why,” Nari joked, nudging her in the ribs.

“For humiliation purposes, I’d say about eighty percent,” the goth replied, “and then *maybe* twenty percent remaining for fetishistic purposes. He looks like he’s becoming latina, and you know I like latinas.”

“Aww!” Annabelle cried. “See, Miss Hearn, this is why we have to speed up the transformations! We’ve got to see them go down!”

But Katherine just held up a hand, dominating the discussion as they all fell silent to hear her. With her tall stature, impressive swimmer’s shoulders and knowing smirk, she had a way of commanding any room. It was a far cry from the nervous, shy man she’d once been, especially given how short she’d been before.

“Listen, girls. I too would love to see the next big set of changes, but you have to remember that such transitions are intensely personal for our new members. A change comes not just when the body is ready, but the mind as well. Don’t be surprised if a number of these changes happen away from the New Life Gym, as our newest customers become more confident in expressing their ideal selves *outside* of the gym. In fact, I wouldn’t be surprised if some of them begin to change over the next few days, in ways and places that are quite significant to them . . .”

Jack was nervous. He had come out as trans to his new friends, but so few others knew anything about him, especially his family. And now his sister was back in town and looking to catch up. He and Lisa had once been very close, but their sibling contact had diminished since she had moved interstate to pursue her career as a lawyer, and even before that there

had been a growing gap due to Jack's own secrets. She was simply too incisive as a person *not* to notice that he was crying out for help in some way, but he still never felt comfortable telling her that he was a woman trapped inside a man's body. Now, he was determined to reconnect, and to tell her the truth.

"Little brother!" she cried as soon as he opened the door followed her impressively incessant knocking. She leapt into his arms, and Jack was surprised at how easily he caught her and held himself

I guess those gym workouts really are doing their thing, he thought to himself.

"Lisa! It's so good to see you."

His brown-haired sister laughed. "It's even better to see *you!* What happened? I had no idea you'd changed so much! Look how much weight you've lost; you look fantastic!"

Jack's heart soared. "Thanks. Um, I've been working out lately, and eating better."

"Well, it shows! No wonder you proposed going for a walk - I thought you were mad! Are you ready to go then?"

"Just let me get my bag. Come on in, I'll show you my tiny apartment."

It was just like old times, in a way. Lisa told him all about how she was angling to make herself a junior partner in the firm, and how Harold - her husband - had taken up model trains as a hobby, frustrating her plans for their basement. They laughed as they recounted how both their parents loved to call a little *too* much, and reminisced on memories growing up together, particularly all the times Lisa played pranks on him.

"Remember when I got you to dress up as a girl when you were twelve, and everyone fell for it? You were way too good in that role."

Jack bit his lip. A little bit of energy coursed through his body, almost willing him to change further, though he didn't quite understand it.

"Uh, yeah! Haha! That sure was . . . crazy."

And the first time I remember thinking I really wanted to be a girl, he thought.

Soon they were ready to go. Lisa drove, taking them up near the base of Mount Ballow. It wasn't a particularly tall mountain, but it had some great trails, and Jack felt that surge of energy to try and push his body further. He had denied himself so many sights, so many possibilities, as he had wallowed in poor health and fear of who he was. He wasn't going to do so any longer.

The brother-sister pair took one of the casual trails. It was a nice temperate day, allowing for beautiful sights without fear of being scorched by the sun, and lots of shade from the numerous clouds in the sky. Jack found the walk shockingly easy, even when the incline became more steep. His entire frame was more obviously muscular and simultaneously lithe. His darker hair bounced against the nape of his neck, settling across his shoulders, and he realised he could even put it into a ponytail now. His hips swayed just a little with his

movements, emphasising his growing femininity, though Lisa didn't seem to notice it; another part of the magic of the New Life Gym. Occasionally Jack had to scratch an itch on his chest, feeling a hidden urge to massage them directly later, in order to urge his breasts to grow. Now was not the time, however. Instead, they paused at a great view. Looking down upon the city, Jack took a moment to sigh.

"Uh oh, I know that sigh," Lisa said. "Is everything okay? We can turn back if you want to?"

But Jack actually *smiled*. "No, it's not that kind of sigh at all, sis. I'm actually . . . happy."

"That's good."

"No, you don't understand. I haven't been happy in some time, Lisa. I've put up a good front, but I think I've been pretty depressed for a while."

Lisa placed a hand on his shoulder. "Yeah, I know. Why do you think I came on over? I had this . . . sense that something was happening. I don't know. I haven't been in contact as much as I could or should have. I was worried about you, bro."

"I think I was worried about myself for some time," Jack said. "I was losing my way. I was putting on a heap of weight because I was panic eating and I didn't know how to stop it because it comforted me. Now, I'm losing all of that, shedding who I used to be, and I think I might even be becoming the person I was meant to be all along."

Lisa furrowed her brow a little. "I'm really happy for you, Jack. But what do you mean, the person you were meant to be? Did something change?"

He continued to stare out at the horizon. "Yes and no. I met some new friends, and started working on myself. And it's made me realise I need to be bolder and stop being afraid all the time, and I need to tell the people in my life that I care about what's really going on."

"So . . . what's going on?"

Jack hesitated. He placed a hand on one increasingly generous hip while tucking away a dark hair behind his ear. Part of him twigged that this was not natural, but with this view before him, and his newfound determination to be open about himself, he didn't much care either. Change was good.

Here goes nothing, he thought.

"Lisa, I'm trans," he said. No, that wasn't true. He *blurted* it out, the words escaping into the air so fast that he didn't know what to do with them.

There was a pause, one in which Jack didn't even want to turn around. The blurring continued, the words pouring from his mouth so fast that he couldn't contain them.

"Ever since I was twelve - when you dressed me up as a girl - I've slowly come to realise that I *am* a girl. I'm not meant to be a man. I feel like I'm trapped in this body and that

I'm meant to be someone else. I can't explain it; I *am* a woman, even if I don't look like one. I haven't really explored options for becoming one fully, y'know, surgery and all that, just yet. Frankly, it scares the shit out of me, but I know it'll have to be a bridge I cross someday. Right now I'm just admitting to the world, and to the people I love, that this is who I am and who I want to be. I know I should have told you sooner, but the truth is that I've always been a girl, deep down inside, and I guess this part of me was always fighting to get out. I just needed to listen to her, and losing all this weight at the gym and feeling more confident in my body has allowed me to finally address that and see the woman in the mirror I'm meant to be."

As Jack talked, his entire body began to churn. The confession poured out of him, leaving tears to form in the corners of his eyes. This was what he'd been wanting to tell his sister, to tell *anyone*, for so damn long, and now he finally had the self care and self love to do so. It was also what allowed the next big stage of his transformation to take place. Even as he poured his heart out to his sister about his yearning desire to become a woman, his body was transitioning to exactly that. The last traces of unnecessary fat melted away from his form, shifting around to pad his buttocks, his hips, and his breasts. What was left was hard muscle, and this swelled across his form, leaving him not just fit, but positively *buff*. The inner strength that Jack had gained for himself was being directed outwards and manifesting physically, making him his ideal woman: one who was not only beautiful but *powerful*, able to take on any burden, emotional *or* physical. To that end, his toned stomach quickly gained a set of powerful abs that were at once incredible to behold and yet simultaneously feminine; large enough to show his new strength, but not so prominent as to take away his new loveliness. This was true of his new biceps, and his widening hips, and his thickening thighs.

But the loss of fat and gaining of muscle was not all that Jack experienced, there were other, far more feminine touches that took place. His hair descended further, cascading over his shoulders and ending up entirely black. His breasts grew, leaving them at perhaps C-cups or so, on the smaller side of that sizing but certainly obvious to all that they were indeed *breasts*. The member between his legs shrunk yet further, not disappearing entirely but setting the stage for the flowering of womanhood to come. His face became more beautiful; he gained the slightly larger nose of his sister, but it suited his new face, with his more lady-like lips and entrancing grey-green eyes. His eyebrows became more prominent, and they radiated character, framing his new face in such a way as to let him go from cute to confident to smug to compassionate, all with just a simple change of expression. The remaining body hairs, apart from those upon his pubis, fell away entirely.

In mere moments, Jack had changed to look like a true woman, and was on the very cusp of becoming so entirely, with just one transformation left remaining.

"I'm a woman, Lisa," he repeated, saying it as much to the skyline as he was to his sister. "And I know that now I feel comfortable admitting that to the world, that I'm going to be okay."

Another silence fell, and this time Jack knew he had to turn around. His body felt different, somehow. He couldn't say why, but a curtain was beginning to fall, a realisation that something was . . . different. Lisa stood there, her jaw open in shock, her eyes practically bulging.

"Lisa?" Jack asked. "What's up?"

"What's up? What's up!? You just freaking changed right before my eyes, Jack! You - you *are* a woman!"

Jack looked down. His clothing was tight in places and loose in others, but he got the very distinct impression of a pair of sizable breasts, a near-hourglass figure, and a mix of curves and muscle he definitely shouldn't have possessed. He blinked, lowering newly daintified hands to feel his changes, taking them in with a sense of utter awe.

"Holy shit," he said. No, *she* said. "I'm a woman. I'm - I'm *a woman*."

Neither knew what to say.

Jenna was alone, as usual. Her cats kept her good company these days, but something about her house just felt far too large now, far too empty. Ever since her husband had shackled up with that young so and so, she'd tried to move forward. The New Life Gym had helped her immensely, giving her a sense of purpose and letting her push her marital issues - if they could even be called that when divorce papers were in the process of being fully signed and dealt with - aside for the moment. She felt far younger than a woman in her forties should, and when she looked in the mirror she was happier than ever with herself; she could've sworn it was like her manly jawline had simply ceased to be overnight, just as her excess flab had pulled in tight and her drooping breasts gained a new fullness.

But it's not enough, she thought to herself, staring into the mirror as Snowbell and Winston pushed around her ankles, demanding attention. *It's still not enough. What's the point of it all, if I'm still coming home to an empty house? I thought for so long that if I just pushed myself to be better and better, I could leave Steven behind and forget that he had taken up literal decades of my life only to throw myself aside. But it's still. Not. Enough.*

She sighed, trying to figure out what to do with herself, with her whole damn life. How do you start again? How do you move on when so much of your life had been dominated by one form of social contact, to the detriment of everything else?

She received her answer unexpectedly in the form of a phone call. She picked up the phone and saw that, of all people, it was Rob Halloway.

“Rob?” she asked.

‘Hey,’ came the voice on the other end. It sounded a little more . . . feminine than it had been before, but perhaps it was just her imagination. *‘This is Jenna, right? I got the right number when we exchanged the other day at Sweetum Eatums?’*

“This is me,” she said. “How can I help you, Rob? Has something happened?”

‘No, it’s not that. I just thought . . . well, I know this sounds weird, but I’m feeling a bit distant from my roommates lately. We used to be friends, but they’ve been assholes lately and stuff. Anyway, I thought we could catch up, if you were free.’

Jenna looked at the clock. “Is this for the whole group, then?” she asked.

‘Um, initially. But Greg is taking extra time in the gym, you know how he is. And I can’t reach Jack - he said something about catching up with his sister, though. And, well, I just thought if you, like, wanted to do something anyway, just the two of us. I know that sounds odd, but we could grab a bite to eat or hit the town or whatever. It’s probably a stupid idea but ever since my girlfriend left me I’ve been pretty shit at being social, so I thought maybe someone else might-’

“I’d love to!” she said, blurting her words out without even meaning to. “I mean, yes, that would be appreciated. It’s good to know a young man is willing to put up with an older woman’s company!”

They shared an awkward laugh.

‘Please, you’re not that old. Did you want me to come pick you up or something? We could just chill or something if you don’t want to go out.’

But Jenna eyed her reflection again, and this time a sense of purpose was creeping back in. A sense of *connection*. Had her lips always been so lovely? And her eyes so big!? Certainly, her workouts must have helped her bust, because she was looking much finer in certain places than her soon-to-be former husband’s mistress.

I haven’t been to a club in years, she thought. I wasted the best years of my life missing out on fun like that. Maybe it’s time to get out there and see what’s on offer.

“No,” she said to Rob. “Let’s hit the town, if you’re comfortable with that. You might be surprised, I think I can dust off my old wingman skills and help you find someone, anyway.”

Another laugh over the phone. *‘Right back at ya! Let’s do this! I’ll get all sorted. Just give me your address and I’ll pick you up.’*

But Jenna just grinned, already imagining what her outfit would be for the night. It was a new start for her now; a true new start. And she was going to be fabulous for once, no longer hiding her appearance but being proud of it among others. And she was going to have *fun*.

“Nonsense Rob, we’re going to take a taxi. My treat. I want to *party* tonight.”

Part 7: Party Time

For the first time since he’d been dumped, Rob was getting optimistic about his chances. Sure, he was somehow shorter, and his longer hair needed trimming (*didn’t I already do that two days ago? How is it so long already?*), but he no longer looked like a skinny beanpole of a human being. He was proud of his darker skin, which had a gorgeous olive tone, and even a lot of his freckles and blemishes had disappeared. Sure, he wasn’t as well-muscled as Greg or Jenna, or perhaps as Jack was going to be soon, but he was proud of his body and hoping to find a nice girl to show it off to, and perhaps finally move on from his ex.

Which was why it was a shock to him when the taxi pulled up with Jenna inside it, and she was borderline unrecognisable.

“Jenna?” he gasped. “Holy shit, you don’t even look like you!”

“What kind of way is that to talk to a lady?” she said, practically harrumphing.

Maybe the lipstick and dress was too much? she thought to herself.

Rob entered the taxi a little embarrassed. “No! I mean you look, well, *hot!* If you don’t mind me saying.”

Jenna chuckled. “I don’t mind that at all. I mean, perhaps a little strange from such a younger man, but that’s a good sign, right? I just thought I’d try being a bit ambitious tonight since I’m feeling so good. Clearly you have too; you’re looking rather, er, *attractive* yourself, if I might say.”

Rob beamed. He had indeed put effort into himself, though it was different than usual. He’d found some makeup and foundation in his bathroom and had no idea how it had gotten there, but the natural gloss it added to his lips and the slight blush it added to his cheeks just felt *right*. He was still wearing a smart buttoned white shirt, but he had decided to let two more buttons be undone than his usual style. It let his new mounds breathe, revealing a hint of cleavage. Of course, he didn’t fully recognise it as cleavage on anything but a subconscious level, but the effect was certainly there. He was wearing a pair of women’s shorts too. These were definitely his ex-girlfriend’s, obviously she had left them over, but they fit him so well and snugly that he rather liked how they revealed his increasingly pronounced derriere.

I’ve put almost as much effort into this as an actual lady, he thought, considering how he’d even straightened his dark hair, which was down to his shoulders. *Funny that . . . wait, why is it funny?*

Similar thoughts were churning in Jenna's head as the taxi drove them to town. She had taken the incredibly bold step of wearing an old dress Steven had once gotten for her: a thin red number with even thinner straps, designed to pull tight against her figure. She'd only worn it once, and Steven had remarked about how poorly it fit her lumpy body despite his best hopes. She'd buried it in the back of her closet, swearing never to make a fool of herself like that again. She didn't feel like a fool now though, because while her stomach was just a little bit bigger than she would have liked, and her shoulders a bit too broad, her figure a little too short and so on, there was no denying that regardless of all of this, she was wearing it well. Her breasts were pert and full, filling the cups properly and leaving a devastating line of cleavage, and her thinner waist allowed her womanly hips to emphasise her hourglass figure. She still felt a little too old and out-of-date for it, but she had already decided to go big or go home.

And besides, Rob rather thinks I'm hot. I'll take being atractiva for a night!

Indeed, the two actually found it a little hard not to glance at one another, even before they arrived at the club. Rob wasn't quite sure why he'd decided to wear lifts, but something about having footwear that was akin to wearing heels was surprisingly comforting. He exited the taxi and helped Jenna out, and for a moment he studied her.

"I'm not imagining it, you really do look younger, Jenna!"

"I feel younger," she said, grinning. "Let's hit the bar, then the dance floor. This latina still has some fiery moves to teach a white guy like . . ."

He doesn't look that white. More Asian than anything.

"Like?" Rob asked.

She shook her head, that familiar fog descending upon her mind. "Never mind. Let's have an enjoyable night and see what dates we can find!"

The next two hours went splendidly for the pair, who continued to catch up after repeated escapades. They drank: Jenna as she hadn't in years, and Rob with the eagerness of the young man he still thought he was. They also danced: the club was heavy with hit music and the vibe palpable. Jenna had never been a big dancer, but now that her muscles were only increasing and her general fitness with them, she continued to return, happily showing off her tighter body as she did so. Rob joined her. He had only ever danced with his girlfriend, but now he danced with Jenna, his chest jiggling with the motion, his rear too, and his longer hair shaking all about. It was positively freeing. When *Man, I Feel Like a Woman* began playing, the two of them sang out in their high voices.

This song is really vibing with me for whatever reason, Rob thought to himself. This is better than any weed, I swear.

Which was not to say that he didn't want to take any, just that he was enjoying himself here far more.

“Not such a twig now!” Jenna laughed, her accented voice projecting an almost sexual confidence rather than its prior coarse tone.

“Not at all!” Rob laughed, swinging his hips about in time with the music. He’d drunk a little, enough to make him tipsy and happy - it didn’t take as much as before, thanks to his changes. “I’m feeling more built than ever! I could seriously dance the night away, ha!”

He still had that slightly goofy laugh, even with his feminised voice. It was the one his ex always made fun of, but Jenna just laughed along.

“You have such a laugh of character!” she shouted over the music. “It really works for you!”

“It does? I always thought . . . I never liked it much!”

“*Mierda!* Nonsense! We were both in relationships, and our partners were trash! Forget about them! We’ll find new partners! C’mon, let us dance like I’m young again and we’ll find new partners!”

The energy was rising in the room, an almost electric sensation passing between the two dancing figures. Rob forgot his failed relationship, even forgot the way his roommates had mocked him for it. All that mattered was that he was having fun with his friend, and that she was having fun too. They were freed from their past, and despite their initial intentions, neither had even tried to find company outside of each other. The few times one had gone to the bar or scanned the room for other attractive options, they had found themselves hardly in the mood and far more interested in dancing or drinking or exchanging anecdotes and stories together.

“I am having more fun than I ever had in two decades of marriage!” Jenna cried.

“I can’t say I’ve ever had that, but this is better than what went down with she-who-will-not-be-named!” Rob said, drawing ever closer to Jenna. “It’s too bad you aren’t a little younger, Jenna. I would have liked to have met you in your prime!”

“Go ahead, tiger!” Jenna said, tipsy and loving it. “This is my prime! I’m more in my prime every day, so enjoy it if you want it!”

Rob did want it. In that moment he realised he did.

Without so much as another thought, he took Jenna face in his hands and planted his lips upon hers. Her eyes went wide for a few moments, then she closed her eyes and embraced him in turn, returning his kiss and moaning gently into his mouth. The music began working to its crescendo, but all that mattered to these two were each other. They caressed one another’s forms, shifting their hips in time to the music, but they didn’t break the lock of their kiss, instead letting their tongues snake and dance in one another’s mouths as the ecstasy built and built and built.

Rob felt it first, that fiery energy racing through his system just as it had before. He recognised it from several previous exertions at the gym, but now it was his connection to

Jenna and his choice to move on from his former relationship that stirred the move to an ever more ideal body. The urge to change rose up within him, and without fully understanding what was happening he accepted it, willing it to take over and flourish. Jenna also felt this rush, the need to move on and find something new, and in that moment she desired to blossom further, to have a new start as a strong, beautiful woman, free of baggage, free to do new things and no longer hide behind wit and sarcasm and instead *reveal* in who she was.

Both of them accepted the gift that the New Life Gym had offered them, even if they were not fully aware of the entity responsible. And in that long, extended kiss, the next big transformation occurred. Rob's skin continued to darken, any remaining blemishes disappearing entirely but for a beauty spot upon her right cheek. His hair fell down his shoulders, extending all the way down to his waist, all while his eyebrows thickened further, his nose broadened slighter, and his neck became slender. His body swelled in all the right places, subcutaneous fat extending across his thighs, his hips, his buttocks and waist. His breasts swelled, no longer hidden, and they became *large*, easily D-cups in size. His nipples were large and sensitive, tender to the caresses that he deeply desired upon them, and he found himself thrusting out his chest against Jenna, pressing his boobs against hers. In so many ways, he had gone from a skinny beanpole of a Caucasian man to a shorter and attractively *thick* Polynesian woman; stronger than ever, but with impressive curves and delightful deposits of fat obscuring the very real muscle that lay beneath.

Jenna barely noticed this, so lost was she in her own changes. She moaned, her voice taking on an increasingly sweet and sensual tone, still possessing her own fierceness but tamed by the reversal of age. That same de-aging struck the rest of her; she already looked like a woman in her early-to-mid thirties at the latest, but now her remaining wrinkles faded away, the nascent crow's feet in her eyes smoothing over, her cheeks gaining a fullness to them that spoke of youth and joy and a lifetime yet to come. Her hair gained a new lustre, and her eyes seemed to grow, large and gorgeous upon her face to match her impressively large and glossy lips. In moments, she looked like an influencer beautician or would-be model, complete with carefully done eyelashes and pencilling upon her eyebrows.

The changes rippled down through the rest of her body. She became *built*, her abs developing far beyond what she could ever have imagined, and her shoulders looking like those of an Olympic female swimmer's. Her bust expanded further, becoming ripe E-cups that only enhanced her dominant beauty. It was as if her aggressive, confident, and all-in demeanour had finally found form in literal strength, her beauty matching that raw power. Her thighs, once saggy and far too wobbly, were now packed with muscle, and yet none of this diminished the femininity she had so long been ashamed of due to her ugliness. Instead, it only enhanced it.

The two kissed again, passions flared by the changes. But in that exchange, and in the wandering hands that crept over each other's forms, an awareness finally dimmed. Not even the power of the New Life Gym could keep the wool over their eyes any longer, and given that they were not in the gym currently, its grip was even looser. The pair parted their lips from one another, surprised by what they had done but not regretting it.

And that was when they noticed each other's changes, and then their own.

"Holy shit, that was incredible," Rob said, breathing heavily, his breasts rising and falling. Or were they *hers*? For despite the presence of a small manhood between her legs, it was hard not to think of herself as a *her*. "I can't believe we just did that. I can't believe I just did that."

"Do you regret it?" Jenna asked.

"No, not at all! I - I wanted to do it."

Jenna, for the first time in a long time, actually felt shy. "So did I, Rob. I didn't expect I would want a young man like you, but if you like an older woman like me, then-"

They paused.

"An older woman like you," Rob said, marvelling at how the woman was now clearly in her early twenties.

"A young *man* like yourself," she replied, gazing into the eyes of a gorgeous Polynesian woman.

"Um, we weren't slipped anything were we?" Rob asked. "Because it looks like you turned into a total Amazon, and I grew a pair of big tits."

"No, I see it too! This isn't your weed, is it?"

"I promise it's not! I haven't even tried acid in months! Oh shit, I think this might be real, Jenna!"

And just in time to be wonderfully and terribly appropriate, *Panic at the Disco* began to play.

Greg had been tempted to join Rob for a night on the town, but ultimately had decided against it. Catching up regularly with their little 'gym family' as they had taken to calling it had dredged up some deep feelings within the young man. The loss of his parents remained with him, often emerging at the strangest and inconvenient of times, and this was one of those periods.

So he decided to continue doing what had saved him in the first place; pump iron at the gym, and pump it hard. His body was yearning for it, the ache across his body demanding further transformation. Not that he noticed just how transformed he was already.

His skin had taken on a light olive tone, and his face reconfigured to give a suggestion of South American heritage. His hair had remained blonde, but not only was it now down to his shoulders, but it had the suggestion of being dyed rather than natural in its colouring, with dirty-blond roots that bordered on light brown barely visible. His figure had continued to shrink, much to his initial annoyance, but the weird part was that he was getting proud of how curvy and defined his body was getting, rather than purely an exercise in bodybuilding. In fact, it was the strangest thing, but his mind was starting to wander occasionally to *implants*, and how they might heighten his form.

Maybe just some for my chest, to make them bigger and rounder, he mused to himself, not even realising the implications of his statement. *Perhaps a butt lift too. Lip fillers would complete the look. I don't know why, they would just do it, I think.*

He was starting to get a notion of why, however, when a familiar figure entered, wearing a set of tight black exercise shorts and tight black sports bra, both of which did a marvellous job of showing off her pale form.

"Hey there, big guy," Abigail said, a look of amusement radiating from her expression.

"Still trying to, like, get b-bigger," he groaned, lifting the heavy weights as he did his seated bicep curls.

"A shame, really," she said, taking a position next to him and mimicking his routine, albeit with smaller weights. Her stance had a wonderful way of showing off her lovely bust. Her black hair with its purple streak was in a lovely ponytail, and Greg winced a little, wishing his own hair could look so lovely.

"Why's that?" he grunted, again lifting the weights.

"I thought you were looking nice and slim, lately. Well, not *slim*. But not built like a brick fireplace either. You've got a cuteness to you, dare I say a *sexiness*."

Greg nearly fumbled his form for a moment. He was trying not to look at Abigail's ass; it was almost like she had twisted deliberately to show herself off to him in this way.

"Like, you think I look sexy?" Greg managed, trying to sound cool. His voice was squeakier than he remembered it being, but it was also sort of . . . nice?

"Oh yeah, absolutely," Abigail mused. "Of course, you were also an asshole before. You know, about me being a chick, about me taking videos in the gym. Pretty misogynistic, don't you think?"

Greg swallowed. His nipples were burning, stiffening, as if ready to grow further. His manhood wanted to retreat in the face of her words, and he was starting to think that might actually be a good thing.

"I wasn't, like, meaning to-"

"Yes you were. I could have kicked you from the gym, you know. But I saw potential in you, Greg. I did a bit of research; you've been kicked from other gyms for how you act with

women, but the weirdest thing is that it's not the typical harassment. You're always trying to comment on their form, sure, as you did with mine, but you mainly seem to not like them. Or . . . is it something else?"

Greg lifted the weights. God, they were so heavy at the moment. Or perhaps it was simply what he was grappling with thanks to her words.

"What - what do you, like, mean?"

Abigail dropped her weights loudly to the ground. She placed herself before him so that he was looking up at her divine, sexy goth figure, and placed her hands on her generous hips.

"I think you know, Greg."

"I, like, don't!" he said, even though emotions were already bubbling to the surface.

"Oh, really? You're telling me you don't know? That there was no reason you wanted those girls to be away from you? Wanted me away from you? Is it just a little possible that you sent them away not because you disliked them, or thought they were inappropriate, but because you were . . . jealous of them?"

Greg swallowed. *No, he thought, it can't be. I mean, I have those dreams. Those weird fantasies about being . . . but every guy has those! They're, like, just standard shit and all that. Being an alpha male is all about pushing that shit down so you totes don't get all feminine and weak and shit, or whatever.*

"I - look, Abigail-"

She smirked. "Call me Abby. We've been working out long enough to be a bit more personal, right?"

Was she posing that way deliberately? Greg couldn't tell, but it was doing funny things for him.

Oh God, her hips. Her figure. I want that figure. No, like, I don't mean that. I mean I want her. I want her and I want to have a sexy figure like hers. Wait, no!

"I - I guess so," he managed, voice just a little more squeaky.

"Then you can be honest with me. You can be up front. You don't want to be a massive bodybuilder, that's all just compensating, right? You want to be a woman. A fit one, maybe even a hot *buff* one. But you've always fantasised about your ideal body being that of a gorgeous lady, right?"

Greg's breath quickened, and he found himself sweating. He swallowed several times in quick succession, as if a lump was caught in his throat.

"I - I'm just trying to shape my body into-"

"The perfect form, I know. But then why begrudge women doing the same and recording their workouts? Why get kicked out again and again when it's clear to me that you don't actually *hate* women?"

She knew down and, being bold, she his hands, helping him heft the weights a little.

“Admit, Greg,” she said. “What happens in the gym stays in the gym, and that goes for honest truths as well. You want to be like this, don’t you? You want to be like *me*.”

Greg was upon the same cliff edge as his friends. He had no idea that Jack had already changed earlier that day, or that Jenna and Rob were currently racing back to her house to figure out what was going on. He’d turned off his phone to focus on exercise, not knowing that it was currently blowing up with messages.

It also meant that what he said next, in a moment of total vulnerability, came without any other awareness of what was going on. He steadied the trembling in his lip, managed to look Abigail in her eyes just for a moment, then looked away.

“I, like, totally do,” he admitted. “I really want that.”

“Then take it,” Abigail replied. “And the gym will give it to you. You feel the energy, don’t you? The build up in your body?”

He did. He assumed it was just exercise aches and adrenaline, but it was something more.

“What - what is it?”

“It’s what you need, Greg. Go on, accept it, and it’ll make you *what* and *who* you’re supposed to be.”

Greg nearly walked away. He puffed out his now-soft chest, trying to act the part of the man as he stood up. But he didn’t loom over Abigail anymore, far from it. And he wasn’t being brave, he was *terrified*.

“I - I don’t think I’m strong enough to,” he said, the words scratchy in his throat.

Abigail smiled, and this time there was no smugness in it. She extended a hand.

“I’ll be right here, big guy. You can do this.”

Greg took a breath, then took her hand, then took a moment to close his eyes.

“I want this,” he said aloud, truly understanding for the first time that this was truly the case. It was enough for the energy that had built up within him to finally release.

“Ahhhh,” he breathed, a pleasurable calm coming over him. His body untensed, and his last resistances crumbled away. “Mhmm, I can f-feel it. It feels - ahh - so g-good!”

“Damn right it does,” Abigail said. “Just ride that wave, honey.”

Greg did. He gasped as his flesh began to twist and change. Something grew within him, shifting around his stomach, expanding even as his manhood retreated further, almost to the cusp of nonexistence. His waist pulled inwards, and his muscular rear took on an impressively *rondure* nature. At the same time, the man grunted as his hips flared wider, the very bones changing shape to grant him the kind of baby making hips he’d always found annoyance in women who showed them off. He understood now that it had merely been *envy*. Now he had nothing to be envious of.

“Oh f-fuck! It’s, like, so much!”

“Fuck yeah it is,” the goth proclaimed. “Let’s see those tits grow, babe!”

They did, surging forward to become impressive C-cups, if not full D’s in size. They were pert and full and rounded, jiggling beneath the shirt that Greg wore, which was now loose around the waist but tight upon his new chest. His nipples swelled larger, rubbing against the material and making him moan.

“Nghh . . . ahhh, it’s f-fucking, like, wonderful!”

“Fucking A, keep going! Keep changing! Don’t forget your face, doll.”

Greg didn’t. Now that he had accepted the person he wanted to be, the mental image he had long held off was crystal clear in his feminising mind. She would look deeply sexy, with permanently pouty, kissable lips, ones that would look great with bright red makeup. Her eyes would be dark, almost mysterious, with just a slight almond shape to them. Combined with her olive skin, aquiline nose, and thick eyebrows, as well as her lighter hairstyle, and she would appear to be a gorgeous blend of various ethnicities, a product of a loving melting pot. But such beauty would be tempered by the steel that was the rest of her body, one that would ripple with womanly muscle. She still wanted to be a bodybuilder, but in the form of a woman, one who could look drop dead sexy in a dress and dynamite powerful in a sports bra and workout pants. But she would be short, too. The need to be tall was gone, and in its place was a pure desire to also look . . . kinda cute.

“Mhmm, cute but sexy, sexy but powerful, powerful but cute,” Greg moaned, her tone taking on a rather attractive Brazilian accent. “I, like, totally want that. I want to be *free*.”

Free. Free as a woman. The person I’m meant to be.

“You will be,” Abigail said, grinning from ear to ear as Greg’s changes continued. Soon the other woman was even shorter than her, looking like a pint-sized powerhouse. Her hair had slithered down almost to her ass, but it was her face that was the true marvel: she looked *beautiful*. “Hell, I’m not sure you aren’t now. Honey, you look damn delicious! Fit as hell and cute to boot!”

Greg opened his eyes. *Her eyes*. She was a woman deep down, she understood that now. She had fought it for so long, trying to be the big alpha male, the toughest kid on the block. Now, she was no longer deluded. She was perky and happy and . . .

“Holy fuck,” she breathed, her new voice tinged with her new accent. “I look like a hot Brazilian chick!”

“I’m pretty sure you are!” Abigail announced with a laugh. “And not a bad one at that!”

Greg stared into her reflection on the New Life Gym’s mirrored wall, her breath rising and falling, causing her impressive bust to do much the same.

“I - I need to go!”

Greg turned and ran, much to Abigail’s surprise.

“Wait! Greg, wait!”

But even that name didn't seem appropriate for the new woman. She could still feel her manhood between her legs, still sense just a few sharp edges and chiselled points - such as her jawline - that were in need of correcting. But she was a woman now, and she felt free.

It was also terrifying as shit.

She grabbed her phone as she fled the building. It had a *lot* of unread messages and missed calls. As she got into the car, Abigail still calling after her, she saw the contents of one.

Guys! Guise! Jenna and I are just totally changed!1!!1! I'm becoming a freakin woman. We all are, I think, except Jenna got super hot. SUPER HOT. For some reason we couldn't notice the changes until now but we were changing the whole time! Call me or Jen now because this shit is whack! I'm smoking so much weed to compensate, we both are!!!11!1!!!

Abigail tapped the car window, spooking Greg.

“I can explain everything!” she called through the glass.

Greg bit his lip. That attraction, that desire to trust Abigail was still there.

“Then you're coming with me,” he announced, his Brazilian accent as strong as his determination.

Abigail nodded and opened the passenger door.

“Shall I explain on the way?” she asked.

“You, like, damn well better. I feel so good but all my friends are changing! So you owe me an explanation about, like, all of this! Right down to me sounding like a total influencer or whatever.”

“Of course, I'll tell you. You might even remember.”

Greg got the address from Rob's messages and got the car moving onto the road.

This is the craziest shit, he thought. *Just the craziest. So why don't I feel bad?*

“It's the gym,” Abigail began. “It has a sort of power. It always has, in fact . . .”

Greg listened as she drove, taking it all in.

Part 8: Coming to Terms

Jenna giggled. She took another hit of the joint, then giggled again.

“This is seriously good shit,” the de-aged woman said. “What were we just talking about?”

"Tits," Rob answered, though 'Rob' didn't quite work anymore. Having a female body certainly will do that to oneself, especially when one's mind has also been altered.

Jenna giggled. It was a lighter sound than she was used to, far less raspy. She liked it. "Oh, that's right. Tits. Mine are so big!"

She cupped them, pushing them up in her dress and displaying her cleavage even more prominently.

"Like big fucking cantaloupes," Rob said, doing the same to her own tits. "Big ripe fruit. Holy shit. Past me the joint, I need another hit."

Jenna passed it over, and Rob inhaled deeply.

"Fuuuuuuuuuck, thank God for weed."

"Thank God for that dealer."

"My dealer. He knows his shit."

"Gave us a discount too, *gracias*," Jenna said, smiling. "I never get discounts. I get anti-discounts because I am not a hot *chica*. Now look at me!"

She flexed her muscles, only to nearly topple out of her seat on the couch. Rob laughed, then laughed some more, and Jenna was soon laughing too.

"Why are we laughing?"

Rob was crying by this point. "Because this is insane! We both turned into women!"

"Hey! I was already a woman before!"

"But you're, well, a hot one now. And so am I. I'm, like, Asian or something."

"Polynesian, I think. Or Oceanian? I would know but this stuff is potent. *Dios mio*, it smells."

"Smells good," Rob replied. "Like you."

They laughed again as he edged closer. Rob slumped her head against Jenna.

"Don't get all flirty again, Rob - Roberta? Roberlina?"

"Ew, no. I hate those. And why can't I get flirty? You're not an older lady anymore, right?"

It took Jenna an abnormally long time to puzzle that out. She hadn't smoked pot since she was a young woman.

But aren't I a young woman again now, she thought smugly.

"That's . . . true. But I'm not a lesbian."

"We were making out hardcoooooore."

"Oh, right." She giggled again. "That was 'awesome', as you would put it."

"Yeah, awesome. Have you got a vagina yet?"

She snickered. "I always had a vagina, *stupido*."

"Oh, right. Uh, do I have a vagina yet?"

"I don't know, do you?"

Rob shook her head. "No. I think I'm, like, one change away from being a total babe, man."

They laughed together.

"Babe."

"Man."

That would be pretty rad, Rob thought. Total babe. Hot Polynesian chick. Nice curves. Looking all sexy and strong. Yeah, I could get behind that. Leave my dumb roommates in the dust, man. Probably get way better tips at work, especially with this sweet big ass of mine.

The two continued to chuckle, occasionally roaming their hands over their own bodies, right down to even comparing bust size (Rob wasn't far from overtaking Jenna, much to the new woman's own smugness). The weed was a big help in letting them deal with their crazy situation: once the two had returned to Jenna's place they had begun to freak out, finally able to truly express the bizarreness of their situation. They'd even stripped down to examine their features, and the weirdest thing had been the strange pride that had come over Jenna, and even Rob, at their new forms. It had been so wrong, and yet so damn right at the same time.

This didn't stop it from being the freakiest thing either could imagine. They could finally remember changing across the previous weeks, and were horrified to realise they had freaked out then only to forget. Now, they weren't forgetting, even though part of them wished they had. Their passion had unleashed the greatest changes yet, and both were cognisant of the fact that they had let the changes that followed 'in,' so to speak. They had *wanted* the changes, and this knowledge haunted them, especially Rob, who had changed not only sex but race as well.

Which, of course, had led to his brilliant solution. It was the same solution that had carried him through his failed college courses, his failed relationships, and his not-failed but certainly dead end job: some damn good pot, and a lot of it. It had, perhaps surprisingly for the usually stiff and formal Jenna Garcia, been a magnificent help. She wasn't even stressed anymore, and everything seemed simultaneously calm and hilarious.

"It's definitely not a dream, then," Jenna remarked.

"Yeah, we totally made out. Hardcore-like."

"I meant the transformation, silly."

"Yeah, these tits are real, and super sensitive. Want to play with them? We could make out again?"

They laughed together for the umpteenth time, only to pause, look into each other's eyes, and begin to slowly make out. Both could feel that energy, that desire to change even

further. The sensation of their breasts pressing against one another, nipples rubbing against the material of their clothing. Rob could feel the miniscule remains of her penis harden.

Kinda wish it was a pussy right now. That would be so damn hot.

Their clumsy, pothead makeout session was interrupted by a series of knocks at the door.

“Did we order pizza?” Jenna asked.

“Yeah, like a ton. But I don’t think that’s pizza.”

It was Jack, who had been very worried about her friends, and shocked to learn that they had changed as well. When Jenna opened the door of her home her eyes widened slowly.

“Wow,” she said, eyes red from lighting up one too many times. “There’s no way you’re the pizza delivery guy.”

“It’s me, Jack! I guess I’m Jacqueline now. I got your messages and came as soon as I could drop my sister off. I changed too. I’m different, I know. Wait, this is Jenna’s house, right? You *are* Jenna.”

Jenna blinked. “I think so? *Dios mio*, I don’t even know anymore. I have Rob here, but she’s a brown girl now, very pretty, nice big *tetas*. Nice *culo* too. Great lips.”

Jack was more than confused. The new woman was dressed in a casual black tee and pants, ones she had borrowed from her sister to fit in. They were surprisingly snug and comfortable on her muscled form, and part of her muscular midriff was shown off.

Damn, things have really changed here too. Jenna looks . . . very good. But I don’t think I’m attracted to women anymore . . . huh. Wait, what’s that smell?

She sniffed the air a few times.

“Hang on, are you smoking weed in here? Rob, is that your doing!?”

“Guilty!” came a husky, yet undeniably womanly voice.

“Can I come in?”

Jenna welcomed the new woman in, taking a few seconds longer to process what had been asked. Jack entered the main room and was astonished to see Rob was now a clearly Polynesian woman with beautifully thick curves. It would have been a pretty sight, but Rob had turned it into a bawdy, because she was currently playing with her tits and giggling.

“Rob!”

“Oh, sorry! Didn’t see you there . . . um, do I know you?”

“It’s Jack!”

“No way! You too? Damn, you turned out *built*. I mean, I’m damn fit as a hot Asian chick, and Jenna’s muscled as, but you could give her a run for her money.”

Jack wasn't sure. She and Jenna both looked like they were packing, though Jenna was clearly stronger in the arms and shoulders while she was more in the abs and thighs. Certainly, the formerly frumpy woman now had a *very* impressive rack.

All three of us have changed. Does that mean-

"Do you think Greg has changed too?" she asked.

The other two shrugged.

"No idea," Rob said. "He's not answering. But I'm betting yes. I think he was changing. We were all changing the whole time."

"But why?" Jenna said, flopping into the couch. "I'm not complaining. I'm a total bombshell now. A real hot *chica*. But why? And how can I make Steven know so I can throw it in his stupid face?"

Jack mused. The pair in front of him were clearly a bit tipsy *and* high.

And are they looking at each other funny, or is it just me?

"Something we ate at Sweetum Eatums, maybe?" she said, trying to get their attention and stop Jenna from stroking Rob's soft thigh.

"Mhmmm . . . food."

"Need those pizzas!"

Jack sighed. This was going nowhere. It was a blessing for her, but what of these two? They didn't seem distraught, but didn't seem all there either. She was about to raise the possibility of an investigation when the doorbell rang again, then again several more times, followed by some hurried knocking.

"Maybe that's-"

"PIZZA!" Jenna and Rob cried. They got off of the couch immediately, though Jenna flopped straight into a beanbag and flailed about pathetically. Rob instead made it to the door, stumbling a little as he opened it.

On the other side was Greg and Abigail, the former looking awkward and ill-fitting in her loose male clothing, the latter her regular hot pale-skinned self, though a look of guilt was written across her features.

"Wait, that's not pizza," Rob said. "If it's not here in ten minutes I get it for free. I think."

"Like, who are you?" Greg said.

"I don't know anymore! Who are you?"

"I'm Greg!"

"And I'm Rob!"

The two stared.

"Holy shit," they said as one.

Rob gaped. "You too? Greg, you're like a hot fitness model or something."

“And you changed too!”

“I didn’t get an accent though!”

“But you did, like, get hot boobs.”

“Me? You’re bod looks pretty fantastic. Maybe it’s the weed talking but can I see more of it.”

It was Abigail that had to break this confused conversation up.

“Look, are the others in here? I’ve come to explain what’s happening.”

Rob blinked. “Yeah, that’s a good idea. Come on in. We’re all going a little stir-crazy.” But then he burst out with joy, jumping in the air, much to Abigail’s confusion.

“Pizza’s here!” she declared.

Good, Greg thought. *Cause I, like, think this is gonna take a while.* She exchanged an amused smirk with Abigail, and then the two entered together.

It took a longer amount of time for Abigail to explain the nature of the New Life Gym and its history than even she expected. For one, the pizza was damn delicious, and everyone including her was quite peckish, but especially the two stoners in the room. For two, there were a couple of stoners in the room. Jack had hidden away the stash and put out the joint they were sharing, which meant they were slowly coming out of it, but a lot of information had to be repeated twice. For Greg, this was the second time around hearing it, so she asked extra questions, particularly as they related to herself.

“Wait, so this gym has always had, like, magic properties, but it mainly changes people in sex? Or, like, race too?”

“Sex is common but not always. We think - I mean, our boss *Katherine* thinks - that it has a particular, um, *sympathy* for people born to the wrong sex. It also might be a bit mischievous, so it changes people in race sometimes too. I used to be dark as night, I swear. Took me a while to get used to being a pale chick, but I came around. In fact, I rather think I pull off the look, plus I have the whole goth vibe, which I’ve taken to like a fish in water.”

“But, like, we’re stuck like this,” Greg added, gesturing to herself. “At least, I think we are, right?”

The others leaned in, all eager to hear, especially Jack, who was practically biting her elongated fingernails in agitation, terrified that this blessing might only be permanent.

“Yes,” Abigail said, getting relief from a few members present, though not all, “and no. The New Life Gym - or whatever name it has at any given age - brings forth change in

clothes, crafting their unknown ideal body that always lurked in the back of their minds; at least as far as we can tell. But the magic requires reciprocity-

“What now?” Greg said. She’d never been the most literate type, but her new self was a little more . . . bimbo-like, than her previous self. Perky and wild, but not the greatest when it came to vocabulary or complex concepts.

“She means that we need to want it to finish the change and make it final,” Jack said, turning to Abigail. “Right?”

The goth woman nodded. “Exactly. All of you changed as a result of the gym, and it did so secretly, but at times you were aware. Sometimes you fought it, other times you willingly forgot again. But the final step of the change requires just that; a willing step. You have to *want* to complete the transformation, otherwise it will slowly revert.”

Silence followed as everyone considered this. It was only broken when Rob giggled. The new brown-skinned beauty was playing with her large breasts again.

“Stop it!” Jenna said, though she couldn’t help but snort herself as well. “This is serious. I don’t know if I want to be . . . like this. I mean, it’s nice and all, and I feel strong, but strength was never an issue for me. I wasn’t attractive, but I owned that about myself. I don’t know that becoming some young, muscular beauty is for me.”

Rob placed a soft hand on the other woman’s thigh.

I guess I feel similarly, she thought to herself. Is this who I want to be?

Part 9: Just One Day

The agreement was made: all four of the Sweetums Eatems Crew, as they had occasionally called themselves, would rest up for the night, take a day to themselves, and then return to the New Life Gym for their final workout . . . *if* they decided to keep their new bodies. If they didn’t want to keep them, then they would meet to say goodbye, and to revert to their original body over time. According to Abigail, this would result in reality reorienting itself back to how it was for them originally.

“It happens less often than you would think,” she told the quartet, “but it *does* happen. Of course, I always think it’s a shame when it does. I get the sense that it’s more like the person backing out from being who they were always meant to be.”

With that, she looked over to Greg, who bit her lip and tried not to giggle nervously. She was doing a lot of that lately.

She means, like, me doesn’t she? the new Brazilian babe thought. *But I don’t know if I should. I mean, I always had those fantasies, but . . .*

She couldn't even pursue the thought. Part of her had always wanted to be a woman, and her masculine aggression was a way of covering it. But to take that final step would be a bold one. Greg looked around at the others. They were still at Rob and Jenna's place - technically Jenna's, but there was almost already a sense that the two would be staying together from how they kept close now. All of them had slept over bar Abigail, who had returned in the morning to see how they were faring. She had told Nari Kim what was up, and that was why she was present here also, but the pair had decided not to inform Miss Hearn or Annabelle yet. The former was because this was uncharted territory, and both young New Life Gym workers wanted to prove themselves in getting these four 'over the line', so to speak. The latter was because as lovely as Annabelle was, she was also a total blonde ditz, and that could spell disaster if she was far too eager or ecstatic about the changes. Right now, Jenna and Greg especially could go either way.

"So, a day then," Jack said. "I've got to spend some time with my sister anyway, and get used to all these muscles."

"They are very cool muscles," Nari piped in, grinning in her usual wide manner.

Jack smiled eagerly back. Yeah, Nari had no real concerns about Jack. She was already embracing her new bod and going by female pronouns, and no doubt just needed time to settle in.

"I won't lie, being pretty muscly is cool," Rob said, flexing her biceps. The action had the unintended consequence of ensuring that her very impressive bust strained against her ill-fitting male top. She had lost height, but her wider Polynesian body had curves for days, and Jenna's face lit up as she observed her new friend.

"But," Rob continued. "I'm also a girl. I mean, I'm a really hot girl, but it's still so weird. To be this for life? That's gotta take a lot of confidence. At least I *feel* more confident now, though."

"I'll say," Jenna said, trying not to smirk too much. The memories of heading out to the dance floor and then getting rather frisky last night were warm and fuzzy in her mind. "I don't feel more confident - I *never* lacked that - but I certainly feel more . . . youthful. Vibrant. Beautiful."

"That's because you obviously are," Rob said, to a chorus of agreement.

Jenna rolled her eyes. "That's the problem!" the gorgeous young latina declared. "I was always flabby and frumpy and plain-faced - some would even call me man-faced - but I wore it with pride, like an armour or shield. It was who I was, who I *am*, and I tolerated no bullshit. It's why it took me so long to get used to Annabelle as my trainer, I thought she was just some ditz and I could never respect that. I was wrong, it turned out - where is she, by the way? I would have liked to have seen her."

Nari frowned. Perhaps she had miscalculated?

Abigail intervened. "She's busy helping set up the gym anyway. We can't all be here."

"Of course," Jenna said, satisfied with the answer but sad that her friend wasn't present. "I suppose a day is indeed what we need. Right, Greg?"

Greg bit her lip. She ran some fingers through her long, dark, luscious hair with all its wonderful South American curls. She didn't know *what* to think. It didn't help that she wasn't nearly as much of a thinker anymore, not that she'd ever been the academic type. She looked to Abigail and found it hard to meet her eyes. The gorgeous, busty, pale-skinned goth girl was looking in her direction intently, as if gazing at a masterpiece in formation and hoping it would be finished soon.

She really does like me. She wanted me to change then, and the sensations were, like, sooooo hot. And we get along, and she's funny, and -

And the answer fell right into her lap like that. Sometimes, being airheaded just meant that you had a *clear* head, it seemed.

"A full day it is, then," she declared. "But we should all, like, do something to test if we're okay with being really hot girls and stuff. Jenna and Rob, you should totally spend some time together doing something girls: finding clothes, going out in public together, I don't know. Jack, you should definitely be with your sister but also, like, your family, so you see if you fit in nicely now. And Abigail-

Abby's head shot up, suddenly more interested.

Oh God, she looks me like I'm the world, Greg thought.

"Yeah?" Abigail said.

"M-maybe you could help me be more of a woman today? You know, to see if I, like, *like* it?"

Abby chuckled. It was a good sound. Nari nudged her and whispered something. Even from a distance it was obvious she was saying 'good luck.'

"That sounds like a damn fine idea, Greg. Of course, we may have to choose a better name for you. For all of you, in fact."

"I'll keep mine," Jenna said. "But I think Rob Halloway doesn't quite have the same ring to my lovely friend here."

It doesn't, Rob thought. *I don't feel like a Rob at all. Maybe this little day of experimentation will help me find what I need. All of us.*

It was exactly what they were all hoping for.

Jacqueline looked at herself in the mirror and flexed. She was wearing her jeans, but her top half had only a sports bra. Once more, she couldn't believe that not only was she effectively

a woman (just one final change between her thighs remained), but that she was such a damn powerful one!

I used to be so fat and unable to get my energy up, she reflected. Now, I feel like taking a hike every day and lifting straight up. Even compared to all the others, I'm the standout bodybuilder now. Even more than Greg. I hope he - or she - isn't annoyed by that. But I won't lie, it feels pretty amazing.

She made a few more poses, enthusiastically smiling as she did so, before putting her top back on.

"Jackie!" her mother called from downstairs. "Dinner is almost ready! You can come on down now!"

"Yeah, hurry up, sis!" Lisa called. "But try not to break any bannisters with those iron fists of yours, alright?"

There was an exchange of laughter at the lame joke, and Jackie laughed too.

Jackie. Jackie. I like it. It suits me. I always imagined taking a more exotic name when I became a woman - if I ever had the courage to do so. But now that I am one, I think a taste of the familiar is nice too. Jacqueline 'Jackie' . . . sounds perfect.

"I'll be right down!" she declared. "Just checking out my old room!"

"Ah, nostalgia lane!" he father declared. "I still remember trying to get you to come down for food then. You haven't changed!"

Another round of laughter, but Jackie still didn't rush. She was too busy getting in touch with her childhood. Her *new* childhood.

The interstate drive was worth it. I don't care how lagged I'll be tomorrow. I needed to see this. The life I should have had.

She had briefly considered asking if she could tag along with Jenna Garcia and Rob Hallway. The two were her friends, particularly Jenna, but she didn't want to third wheel their obvious relationship, and besides, she had to work up the courage to see her folks. With the reality change, it wasn't like they'd remember the male her, but still, this was a coming out, of sorts. Having Lisa still be free to take the big drive over to her parents' place had helped, and the two had bonded in sisterhood, chatting about life, work, *workouts*, movies, fashion, and old memories. The last had helped prepare Jackie, or at least so she had thought. It turns out that nothing can fully prepare you for stepping into your old family home and finding all the photos of you now displaying the little girl you always wished you had been.

But now this is who I've always been, she thought. The real me, deep inside.

She picked up a photograph of her in a little pink dress for her fifth birthday and chuckled. She gazed at another, showing her in her first Jiu-Jitsu program, then another of her fighting in her first wrestling comp. It made sense, given what her figure was now, and it

made her wish to perhaps delve into that world going forwards. It looked like a hell of a lot of fun, and she'd clearly won a lot of medals.

"I am built for it, after all," she said aloud, admiring her reflection.

She smiled, laughed, and then sobbed a little. The unexpected emotional tide hit her with surprising force, and she had to clear away tears. They were not tears of sadness, however, and not even of joy, either. Something like a deep, deep catharsis rolled through Jackie, and when it passed, she knew that she would be there for the final change tomorrow. No force on heaven or earth could stop her. This was the real her, now, and in many ways always had been.

"Hello me," she said, exhaling a little as the rush passed through her. *This* part was joy. Definitely joy.

"Jackie! I will seriously eat all the potato mash and you won't get a thing!"

Jackie's eyes widened. Lisa was a damn good sis, but like all siblings, she could be ruthless. Hell, she was a lawyer, so no doubt she was already drafting up arguments to justify her theft.

"No way!" Jackie shouted, coming alive and running down the stairs and into the dining room. "That potato mash is mine, and the chicken too!"

She snatched the serving spoon from a laughing Lisa's hand and began to serve herself out, much to the amusement of her family.

"Welcome back," her mother said jokingly. "It's good to finally have you with us, Jackie."

Her words meant far more than her humorous intent. Jackie's eyes just lit up.

"It's good to finally be here too, Mom."

Jenna and Rob had argued for some time what to do on their day. They had already gone out to a club, and had already worn some feminine clothing, though perhaps that could go further. They had also already gotten blazed together and made out on the couch and craved pizza, which had indeed been very homey. So what to do next? The suggestions varied from shopping trips to chilling at the apartment to going on a hike . . . but neither felt very much like hiking people.

In the end, it had been Jenna who had come up with the idea. They'd gone out to Sweetum Eatums again, just the pair of them, to brainstorm and clear their heads from the previous night. Rob was wearing a shirt that was much better tailored for her thicker, yet impressively voluptuous form, along with casual yoga pants that weren't, thankfully, too tight (though her wonderful thighs and hips were impossible to hide). Jenna had opted for

practical jeans, but in a spontaneous moment of daring, had decided on a crop top that left her lovely latina midriff on display. From the way Rob kept looking in her direction, it had clearly been the right decision.

"I've got it!" she declared, noticing a poster that was put up on the nearby wall. "We go to the park!"

"I thought you hated walking?"

"I love walking. I hate *hiking*. But I mean the amusement park! They've repaired the Big Dipper, I've heard."

Rob smirked. "I wouldn't have picked you for enjoying theme parks."

"That's because you don't know everything about me. Before I became frumpy and old and a little bit cranky, I was an amusement park queen. It's where I met my dog of a husband, but even he couldn't take away my love of them. And now that I'm young again, and fitter too, I think I can finally get on the one ride that always daunted me: *The Apocalypse Ryder*."

Rob leaned in close. "I've never ridden that either. Always got too scared and ended up getting stoned as an excuse."

"Then let's do it! Together, right? It can be a . . ."

She fumbled on the word. *Why can't I just say it? I like Rob. I want to be with her, at least for today. To let loose and be a new Jenna.*

"A date?" Rob said, hopefully.

Jenna sighed in relief. "Exactly."

The pair *screamed*. The *Apocalypse Ryder* was not for the faint of heart, and the pair were definitely feeling faint of heart right now. Unfortunately, it was far too late, because the immense rollercoaster was descending like lightning. Both women lifted their arms, shrieking in their high voices.

"I'm really regretting not having a sports bra right now!" Jenna cried.

"M-me too!" Rob called out. "I didn't realise how much these things - AGGHH!!"

Another turn, another corkscrew, another flip and turn and loop and spin. Rob wasn't used to having long hair that went everywhere, but everywhere it now went. She had no doubt that her photo was going to be *hilarious*. She gripped Jenna's hand, and the two held on tight as the intense rollercoaster ride went through its next circuit, the screams of excitement and fear from its passengers adding to the vibe. Finally, it pulled to a slow stop, leaving them panting.

“Oh my God, that was crazier than any acid trip I’ve ever taken,” Rob declared. “Am I freaking out just because I’m a woman now, or was that crazy as hell?”

“No, it was definitely crazy for me too,” Jenna said. But she couldn’t help but suppress her grin. “Crazy and *wonderful*, right?”

Rob matched her expression. “Crazy and wonderful indeed. But let’s do something more relaxed after this. All these harnesses are clearly not made for this new Polynesian body!”

They got out of the ride not long after and hit the fairgrounds, getting food together and enjoying the slower rides. As they did so, both women found themselves feeling utterly carefree and without worry. Rob’s wide hips caught the attention of a few men, and Jenna got even more looks with her more classical petite yet busty figure.

“So weird to be getting looks from men,” Rob said.

“Trust me, I’m not used to it either. It’s not bad, but . . .”

But I’d rather get those looks just from you, she thought, looking at Rob. She took the woman’s arm, pressing herself more closely against her, even resting her head against her shoulder for a moment - a hard feat, given that Rob was now shorter.

God, I could get used to this, thought Rob. *This chick is definitely into me. How on earth did it take me turning into a Polynesian woman to finally meet a woman like Jenna?*

She realised she hadn’t thought about the sting of her previous girlfriend in ages now, and now that she had remembered her, there was no sting at all.

“Nice tits, girls!” one man called out rather crudely.

Without even thinking, both women matched their response: a middle finger to him. It made him embarrassed, and them laugh.

“Dykes,” he spat.

“You know it!” Rob called. “And we’re going to the Tunnel of Love, baby! C’mon, Jenna. Did your ex ever take you on this one?”

“You know what?” the latina replied. “Even if he did, I have a feeling this time will be a lot better.”

They paid the fare and got in together, entering the dark tunnel on their little boat. The little glowing pink hearts and swans were so damn cheesy, but cheesy seemed to work for the new pair, who instinctively began to hold one another. Both had the memories of that makeout session at the club in their minds.

“We shouldn’t be naughty,” Jenna said, noticing that Rob’s hand was close to her chest.

But Rob’s confidence was finally back in full. She was looking at Jenna, feeling a connection with this woman that far outstripped her knowledge of previous relationships.

She's so damn beautiful. And knowing that she's actually older and has, like, all this wisdom and stuff, well, it just makes us a better match. She can bring the smarts and maturity, but I'll bring the fun and silliness. Teach her how to be young again. Young and fucking gorgeous.

"You're a hot young lady again, Jenna," Rob said. "You should be naughty. You can grow up later. For now, let's totally make out here."

Jenna swallowed, desire growing within her. "I'd . . . I'd really like that, Rob."

"Call me Rose," Rob said.

"Rose, it suits you."

"I thought so. Now hurry up and fucking make out with me. Because I seriously cannot stand how hot we both are, and the fare was expensive."

Jenna gave a big belly laugh, and then launched herself at the other woman. It was a good thing that no one else was on the ride, because the two were about to get very frisky indeed.

Greg wasn't really sure what to do. The gym was his - her - life. She had always come here, hoping to gain more muscle and become tougher, fiercer. She'd paroled female presence in the gym, particularly any girl that openly displayed her attractiveness and femininity, and while she had thought it was to preserve the sanctity of the gym space, she knew how that it was otherwise. She had just been lashing out at her own internal desire to be a woman by pushing back against any visible 'temptation.'

Well, the nature of temptation had changed now. Her mind, once so full of testosterone and aggression, was now increasingly bubbly and sweet. She peppered her sentences with 'like' and 'totes' and 'Oh-Em-Gee!', and had a habit of giggling in a girlish fashion. Her new Brazilian accent was sultry and attractive, fitting given how beautiful the rest of her was, and she found it hard *not* to flaunt her gorgeous body. She was lean, muscled, but also voluptuous in all the right ways, with a backside and set of hips that would make Shakira blush. And while some part of her was finding it hard to come to terms with these bodily alterations, another part of her was much too proud of them.

Especially given how *she* looked at them.

Abigail had a habit of scratching her right eyebrow whenever she was clearly attracted to Greg's form, and the new woman was finally starting to recognise the patterns of the pint-sized powerhouse accompanying her.

"It's not, like, too much or something?" Greg asked, twirling herself around in the dress.

“Oh, it is way too much, and that’s what makes it good, girl. Seriously, who woulda think that a chauvinistic alpha male loner would make such a saucy damn dame?”

Greg giggled. “You’re, like, such a teaser.”

“Speak for yourself and that neckline, hun! Give another twirl.”

“Did you miss something?” Greg asked, twirling again. “What was it?”

Abigail chuckled. “No, I just wanted to see that full body turn again.”

“You are sooooo the worst!”

Abigail cocked her hips to one side, placing one hand on her left hip and the other on the point of her chin.

That’s, like, a really really REALLY hot look, Greg thought, mind ablaze.

“Hmm, yeah,” Abigail said, almost thoughtfully. “I guess I really am the worst. Well, I guess you’ll just have to be twice as sweet to make up for it, and maybe try on that pretty red thing over there while we’re at it?”

She’d been Shanghai’d. Kidnapped. Extorted. Deceived. Outsmarted, though that last one was fairly easy these days. She’d umm’d and ahh’d over what to do on her potential final day as a woman, and in the end had asked Abigail to be the decider. This was the woman who had helped her change further, and the two undeniably held a connection. Greg had expected that Abby, being a powerful, snarky, witty goth girl, would invite her to some underground club or take her somewhere dangerous, or otherwise do something that would appeal to Greg’s vestigial male pride.

Instead, the woman had dangled such possibilities right before Greg’s nose, until finally the trap closed and it was too late: Greg was already in the mall at *Coquette’s*, a fashion-filled clothing store, and Abigail was practically *demanding* a full montage of different dresses, crop tops, lingerie, bikinis, short skirts, sports bras, cocktail dresses, and a host of other feminine fashions that showed off her divine Brazilian body.

Greg looked over to the red dress that Abigail was indicating towards. It was indeed a slinky number, and she suspected that her recently improved bust would make quite the impression at the front, while her thick, olive-skinned thighs would be almost entirely displayed by its hem.

“You’ve got to be, like, kidding me!” she declared. “I’ll barely fit into that.”

“Mhmm, hmm. That’s the point.”

“When I’m, like, a man again, I’m seriously gonna talk to HR about all of this. That’s how that goes, right?”

“Dude, we’re on a date at a mall. I don’t think Miss Hearn gives a shit about what goes on here. Now, are you gonna wear that red dress or not? You know you want to?”

Greg giggled. She simply couldn’t help it. For all that she was trying to put on bravado and act like this was embarrassing, the truth was that she *loved* it.

I really would look so utterly completely hot in that dress. Oh my God, my athletic figure would also be sooooo on display. I bet Abigail couldn't tear her eyes off me. Bet that would put some red on those pale cheeks, lol!

Her mind was more bimbo-ish than ever, and yet there was something freeing about that. It meant she could simply *be*, instead of having to worry about appearances and fronts and facades, all the walls of masculinity and pride she had erected over the years. The New Life Gym had brought those crashing down. And now, she was finally having fun, and more than that, connecting to someone.

"I'll wear it, if you promise to make out with me in the change closet afterwards."

Abigail gave a hoot. "Oh no, woe is me, I guess I'll just have to suck it up and really take one for the team there."

They both laughed - Greg with a high-pitched, bubbly tone and Abigail with her usual low contralto chuckle. And just as requested, Greg indeed did put on the dress, showing off her form for Abby, who winked appreciatively, the little goth always managing to have the edge no matter her size, but Greg was beginning to understand her moods, and how a small gesture could mean a whole lot. And that wink did indeed contain a lot.

"New plan," she said as they moved to the change closet. "You go in alone, get dressed again, and we buy a few things."

"But we don't even know if I'll, like, stay a girl!"

But Abigail just folded her arms and raised an eyebrow.

"We don't!" Greg exclaimed. "We really don't!"

"Suuuuure, we don't. By the way, do you have an idea of a girl's name if you *do* stay a girl, perchance?"

Greg giggled. "Oh, that's totes easy. I'd be Gabriella."

"Spoken like someone who already has a notion of which way she wants to go. C'mon, let's get out of her. I want to hit the road and show you something."

Intrigued, Greg did as she requested.

The night air was cool. It was dark, and they had driven for over an hour to get far beyond the city limits. Abby had grabbed them some fast food on the way, but otherwise told Gabriella little of what they were doing until she instructed her to get out of the car and walk with her up a hill.

"Like, you're not secretly a serial killer, are you?"

Abby chuckled. "Nah, that's Annabelle. She's way too kind to be legit. This is something more . . . personal. Think of it as my private space, one I'm willing to share with you, Gabriella."

Gabriella, she thought to herself. *It comes to me soooooo easy now.*

Smiling, she followed Abby up the hill and through a walking track that was clearly in Abby's head. Lit by the light of a torch, they emerged out the other side of the trees into a beautiful clearing. It was almost perfectly circular, and there was a small stream running through it, dividing one third away. The wind swayed through this space, cooling the warm summer air. Above, the stars were radiant and brilliant, their distance from town allowing the impression of the Milky Way galaxy's long arm to stretch into the eons above them.

Gabriella's jaw fell. "Wow, this is like . . . so amazing. I've never, ever seen anything like this."

"Like I said, it's my private space. I haven't really shown anyone this, so don't you dare fucking bring a party here or I will seriously chock a bitch."

Gabriella snorted.

"What?"

"Sorry, it's just, you were so intimidating when we met, but now I see through the act. You're a real sweetie, Abby."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Look, I like you, Gabriella. I don't want you to change back. I'll just put that right out there. In fact, I'd rather like it if you stuck around and joined our crew."

"Like, at New Life Gym?"

"Where else? You'd be amazing there, and the girls would love you. God, especially Annabelle. Thank God she's straight, or I'd have to really set boundaries with her. I guess I'm taking you out to this place because it's where I collect my thoughts and let my innermost self come out. Where I can gather everything, sort it out, and figure out not just who I am but what I want. And-"

"You want me."

The words had escaped Gabriella's lips before she'd even really thought to speak them, but then again, that was perhaps another gift of her new, rather bubbly nature: there were no layers to hide behind for her anymore, no truths to evade. What you saw was what you got, and right now, she was seeing a beautiful goth girl lit up by the stars above, here in a serene and hidden place, and she was there, *wanting* this woman.

"Yeah, pretty much," Abigail said weakly. "When we turned you further during that workout, it was fucking hot. Seriously, it was incredible. But . . . I also felt like I was taking advantage of you."

Gabriella looked up at the stars again. Had she ever appreciated such a sight as a man?

“You didn’t. You helped me find the courage to be, like, the person I want to be.”

“Still, it’s worth bringing you here. I like you, Gabriella. You’re funny, and you’re obsessive, and you love the gym and you’re damn hot and I feel at peace with you, y’know. So I guess this is my way of telling you that this . . . whatever, is between us, it goes deeper than skin, you know. It’s about more than just the fact that you’re a total damn hottie.”

Gabriella beamed, her own smile as bright as the stars above. She sauntered closer to Abigail. For once, the dynamic between them was reversed. Abby was now the vulnerable one, the one not quite knowing where things stood, extending an olive branch of apology. And Gabriella was now sure of herself, confident and in control.

I’m, like, exactly who I’m meant to be, she thought.

“You’re a damn hottie too,” she replied, her lips almost touching Abby’s. “And I like you for more than just that. But you are, like, pretty damn hot.”

Abby snorted, the two chuckling as they held one another.

And then, slowly, the two began to kiss. They held one another, making out beneath the light of the stars, their passions joining as one.

For Greg, now Gabriella, it was the closest thing to a rebirth as she could imagine.

She hoped that the other three transformees had found themselves similarly reborn.

Part 10: The Final Workout

Jackie was the first to arrive outside the New Life Gym. She didn’t know what to expect, but had a feeling that they would all congregate inside together only when they were all joined here at the entrance. She was in her sports bra and workout shorts, her bag containing her clothes for afterwards. There was no male apparel. She’d already made her choice, and her expression beamed in the morning sun.

I really hope the others feel like I do. But even if they don’t, I hope we don’t drift apart. I’ve never had friends like this before.

She didn’t have to wait long for those hopes to be confirmed. Rose and Jenna made their way together down the sidewalk, the lovers hand in hand and giggling as if they were getting stoned again . . . which had been a serious temptation when Rose had stayed overnight at Jenna’s. Jackie beamed at their arrival, waving at them, and they hurried their step to meet her outside the New Life Gym entrance.

“Jackie, I think already which path you will choose,” Jenna teased. “I may not have been a good judge of husbands, but I could always read a woman’s expression. You plan to stay like this, don’t you?”

Jackie nodded. In truth, it had been quite the easy decision. Her conflict had been less about *if* she wanted to be a woman than if she wanted to be *this* woman. But after that wonderful family dinner, of just *being* and *belonging*, she never wanted to be anyone else ever again.

“And what about you two?” she asked. “I know you were unsure about losing yourself, Jenna. And Rob, I know that you weren’t even sure about being a woman at all!”

Rose shrugged her wide brown shoulders. She was wearing a loose shirt that still managed to impress how big her brown bust was.

“To be honest, I’m still not entirely sure! But I want to try. I think I like it a lot more than being Rob. And besides, there are other bonuses.”

She tapped Jenna on the backside, and she batted her hand away.

“Calm down, you! I’m still from a generation where one would never do that in public!”

Rob chuckled, gesturing to her partner. “I like that about her. She’s so hot when she gets prudish.”

Jackie laughed with her. “Well, it should be a fun dynamic!”

The pair held hands again, the pair gazing into one another’s eyes. Thoughts bubbled up for the both of them. For Rose, it was this:

I guess I’m not ready to totally admit I love being a woman. But maybe one day I’ll be able to admit I totally love this one.

For Jenna, her thoughts were different, but no less meaningful.

I don’t know if I’ll ever understand this generation, but I can enjoy being young and full of life again. Especially with a woman like Rose. I . . . wow, I think I really like her.

“Thinking of something?” Jackie teased in the following silence.

The pair coughed, looking a little embarrassed.

“Just admiring my *culo*, I’m sure,” Jenna joked.

“And the *tetas*,” Rose teased.

“Never change, Rob,” Jackie said.

“Actually, I go by Rose now.”

“Rose! I love it. I’m Jackie. I’m guessing you’re staying as Jenna. And if Greg comes, I wonder what name she’ll have-”

“I’m, like, Gabriella!”

Jackie nearly jumped out of her skin. She turned to see Greg behind her, but not as she had known either him or her. Her smile was confident and beaming, her eyes bright and shining. Her beautiful olive skin was very much on display thanks to the very short pink crop top and skirt she was wearing, and it did wonders to show off her powerful thighs. Her hair was curly and dark, and it looked like she had done extra work styling it that morning. The

same was true of her makeup, which made Jackie a little jealous of the woman's skin tone that the eyeshadow worked so well.

"Oh my God, Greg - Gabriella - you look so, so-"

"So different!" Jenna declared. "So happy!"

"And pretty dang hot," Rose snarked, getting a light elbow in the ribs from her lover.

"Like, thanks!" Greg cheered. "I was gonna, like, show up all dark and mysterious and all that, you know how I used to be! And I thought it would be, like, totes fun to trick you all and then reveal myself. But I really suck at keeping things tucked away now. It's like all my feelings just bubble up to the surface and explode out of me, only they're happy feelings now, and I just gotta go with that, right?"

Oh God, she thought. I went too far, didn't I? Stupid Gabbie, still getting used to being a total klutz of a lady. I bet you made yourself look like soooo much of a dumb bimbo right now.

But instead, much to her shock, Jackie *launched* herself at her, embracing the woman in a mighty strong hug. Gabriella froze, felt herself tear up, and then returned the hug with her own athletic strength, though it wasn't quite up to Jackie's new par.

"I know what it's like to hide all of that deep down," Jackie whispered in the other woman's ear. "To take forever to realise who you're supposed to be. And then when you learn, to be afraid to embrace it. I'm so proud of you, Gabriella."

Gabriella managed to choke down an unexpected sob.

Oh God, I'm, like, such a crier now! But it feels good, at least! Abby called it catharsis and that was such a good word for it!

"Thank you," she managed. "Thank you soooo much." She parted from Jackie, and looked over to Rose and Jenna. "And thank you both too. I'm, like, so excited to embrace being a total girl."

Jenna almost cackled. "With all that pink, darling? I'd say you're pretty much there yourself."

"And you're planning to totally stay a girl too, right?"

"How many times do I have to say I've always been a woman!"

Gabriella giggled, as did Rob.

"Sorry! But you know what I mean."

Jenna kissed Rose on the cheek and pressed herself against her tough Polynesian girlfriend. "Yeah, I know what you mean. And *si*, I'm staying. I don't want to go back to being an angry old *bruja* or anything."

Rose rolled her eyes. "She's upping the Spanish drop-ins just to feel connected to said older 'bruja' though."

Another playful elbow to the ribs.

“What? It’s true!”

“You love it though,” Jenna teased, placing her hands on her lover’s hips and her lips close to Rose’s as well.

“Mhmm, I’ll say I do.”

Before any rather obvious making out could occur, the front door of the New Life Gym opened. It had been closed up till this point, something Nari and Abby had arranged together after talking to Miss Hearn. Now, Katherine the boss herself was inside the gym, waiting to assess the latest changees, Abigail and Nari by her side. Because she’d been less involved in affairs as of late, they had allowed Annabelle to be the one to announce that the gym was open to the four women - and *just* those four women - for the next few hours.

“Oh. My. God!” the blonde bimbo fitness model screeched as she took them in. “I am so jelly! I seriously thought I was gonna miss out on all of this, I’m still so mad at Abby and Nari for not inviting me along to your slumber party but you all look *fantastic!*”

Jenna smirked, rolling her eyes only a little.

This is her, alright, she thought to herself. *But I think I can learn to get along with such a boisterous personality now that I’ve changed too.*

She was the first to move forward to Annabelle, and the blonde woman embraced her, body practically vibrating with excitement.

“I’m very glad to see you, Annabelle,” Jenna said, and there was no sarcasm in the statement.

“Aggggh! You’re just the best, Jenna! And the rest of you look A-M-A-Z-I-N-G! Especially Greg!”

“She’s Gabriella now,” Rose informed her. “And I’m Rose. And Jack is now Jackie.”

“Short for Jacqueline, the well-built black-haired beauty said.

Annabelle shrieked - again - and then quickly waved at them to follow her. “I love this! I just love all of it! You have to come on in! The boss has a surprise for you!”

They filed in, moving through the shockingly empty gym. In the centre of the floor was Katherine Hearn, as well as Nari and Abigail. The latter winked at Gabriella as she appeared, making the latter blush and giggle a little. A new silence fell as they took in the leader of the gym whom they had only rarely seen and barely interacted with.

“It is good to meet you,” Katherine said. “I am Katherine Hearn, the ‘owner’ of this gym, though only on paper: the gym can never have a true owner. I feel as if I already know each of you, however. The quartet who have changed together under the loving auspices of the New Life Gym’s magic, and hopefully found their true selves in the process.”

“Absolutely, I have,” Jackie said.

The others all agreed, and Rose did so with more confidence this time.

“We have never had four change at once,” Katherine said. “It was quite the job to stay on top of, I can assure you! Normally, the person in question only realises right at the very end, where they may make the voluntary step, but you have all come to realise the truth in intermittent spurts, only to fully be aware of it still much earlier than most. I can only hope that, perhaps, this was beneficial and necessary in its own way. I’ve never done this before, but today the gym is shut down, not for maintenance or care or holiday, but for four very special customers. If you wish to complete your changes, to become *permanently* the women you are, physically and mentally, before me, then you now have all the time you need. Tomorrow morning, the gym reopens for everyone. For now though, you may embrace your future as you see fit. And I truly hope you do; I have never regretted that I did.”

With that, she clasped her hands together, shook each one of them by the hand, and then moved back to her office. Each woman in the group couldn’t help but admire Katherine Hearn and her tall, powerful figure.

She was a man once, Jenna thought. *Or perhaps like me, who knows?*

Jackie had a sense she had once been a man most definitely.

“So,” she said, turning to Nari. “How does this work?”

Nari clapped her hands and rubbed them together in excitement. “That’s the best part, I have no real idea!”

“What!?” Rose and Jenna exclaimed.

Gabriella looked to Abby with shock, but her goth girlfriend just put up a hand, gesturing her not to worry; it calmed the pink-garbed woman instantly while Nari explained further.

“The final step over the finish line - which I’m so very excited to see is clearly the desire for all of you - is something that is personal. For some, it’s instantaneous. For others, it might take hours across your whole workout regiment. Some might need to find the right equipment, others, the right partner!”

At this, she nudged Abby slightly towards Gabriella, getting a chuckle from everyone.

“There’s no right way or proper pattern,” Abigail said. “There’s just you.”

“And your trainers!” Annabelle reminded. “We’re always happy to help!”

“But first,” Nari said. “Try it out yourself. See what calls to you. The New Life Gym will guide you in the right direction.”

The four women looked to one another, feeling awkward and excited all at once.

“Well, good luck, I suppose,” Rose said.

“Like, you too!” Gabriella replied. “To everyone!”

And with that, she grabbed Abigail’s hand and pulled her away, already wanting her cute, pint-sized and powerful girlfriend to be there when the magic happened.

Jackie's change was, appropriately enough, almost immediate. For so long as a man, Jackie had been afraid. Afraid to admit she was really a woman, afraid to come out, afraid to get in shape. Now that the New Life Gym had changed her, she was more than ready to leap into her new role. Perhaps some part of the building had sensed this, because she felt driven to go do some squats, carrying heavy weights as she did so to really work her upper thighs.

You can do this, Jackie, she thought to herself. Not even a doubt in the mind, you can do this. You've tasted being a woman, now to cross that finish line and be her for life.

She began to work out, building up a sweat. Previous changes had taken place at the moment of greatest exhaustion and effort, but something different happened only a mere ten minutes into her sets. There was a stirring of something, a flush of warmth that began to seep into her. She pursued this, working harder and harder, squatting down and pushing up, grunting with the weights she was using to really test her muscles.

But something else was being tested as well, tested and changed.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, unable to help herself as the pleasure rose. Her groin, now only housing a very minor manhood, began to retract. It pulled back with each lift and struggle, and she pushed herself further again, savouring the sensation with each effort.

"Ahhhh, ohhhhh, yesss! Yes, ch-change m-me! It's happening! Yesss!"

She kept her voice low, focusing purely on herself, but the sensations were incredible. Her penis slid back inside of her, pausing only when she descended, but each push off the ground caused it to retract further, carving out a new womanhood within her. Her tunnel bloomed, as did her ovary sacs and womb, her stomach shifting as a female reproductive system formed. She finished her set at the very final moment of change, whimpered, and then fell backwards.

"Mhmmm . . . ughhhh," she groaned, gasping for air as her labia formed, and her clitoris not longer after. She writhed on the mat, and Annabelle cheered in the background, shushed only by Nari's quick timing. This moment should be private, after all.

Finally, Jackie thought, mind clouded in pleasure and emotional relief. I'm a woman for good.'

Jenna and Rose conducted a longer workout, respectively. It was strange, both expected to change earlier, and yet both experienced the slightest hesitation. They continued to look over at their partner, seeing them on a different machine or conducting a different workout. Always, they would blow a kiss or put out some gentle encouragement, or simply linger their

gaze on the very attractive form of the other, keen to remain the person they had become in order to stay a couple.

And yet . . . no change or confirmation came, not for some time. They were both building up a sweat, enjoying their workouts, focusing on their legs (it was technically leg day, all things considered, so it seemed appropriate), but a nervousness was building after two hours had passed and no change. Jackie had celebrated, and was now working out carefree after many congratulations, but something just wasn't giving.

It took them both an embarrassing amount of shared looks, glances, stares, gazes, and general moments of attraction (there was something deeply *hot* about seeing one another work out and get up the sweat) to realise the plain obvious.

I'm such an idiota, Jenna thought to herself as she placed her weights back upon the rack. *We're meant to do this together.*

Rose had made the same realisation: *Rose, you fucking moron! There's a mega hot latina who is just yours for the taking over there! She's half the reason you want to stay Rose, so obviously you need her as part of the equation!*

She also got off of the leg curler, and the two met at the leg press that was situated equidistantly between them.

"So," Jenna said.

"So," Rose replied.

"I think we might need one another to lock this in. Are you . . . are you certain you want to do this with me?"

Rose snorted, grabbed the taller but slimmer woman, and pressed her face into hers so she could hurry up and smack lips. She held her in that passionate kiss for some seconds before allowing Jenna to have her own face back.

"Does that answer your question?" she asked.

Jenna, who had never felt such passion from her husband, had to suppress a blissful blush. "*Si*," she said. "It absolutely does. And with that confidence, let's get you on this first."

Rose was happy to do so. The leg press felt so very appropriate: the more she pushed the heavy weights on their slider away, so too was she pushing away her old self, her old girlfriend problems, her old beanpole body and lazy attitude. She worked up a sweat, and that was okay, because Jenna was clearly enjoying watching her woman work.

"That's right, beautiful," Jenna said. "You're getting close. I don't know how, but I can feel it. You're about to be a woman."

"I can f-feel it t-too! The warmth! The b-build! The power! The - ughhh! Ohhhhhh, here it c-comes! Oh G-God, Jenna, it's s-so powerful! MHMHHH! AAGHH!!!"

She didn't bother suppressing her excitement, unlike Jackie. Instead, she revelled in the orgasmic excitement that followed. Like Jackie, her penis withdrew, her passage opened

up, and her womanhood became complete on the inside and out. Her stomach gained a slight pooch where her womb formed, but that only suited her body further. The sensation of the withdrawal of her penis was positively pleasurable, and it left her grasping Jenna's hands, who whispered quiet encouragement in her ear.

"Yessssss," she moaned. "Oh God, that's b-better than any high. Oh man, I kinda wish I was high, just so I could feel it even m-more. Mhmmm."

Jenna giggled. "Some things never change," she said, leaning over to kiss her lover.

"Oh, trust me, *something* changed. I'm gonna have a lot of fun with my new downstairs."

"Not as much as me. I'm looking forward to the lesbian life after my letch of a husband. But first, why don't you let *me* get to my final state?"

Rose grinned. "Can't wait to see it!"

The changes for Jenna weren't nearly so dramatic as they were for Rose, but they *were* a lot more visible from the outside. Whereas Rose's overall body shape did not change any further, Jenna's instead gained further curves and further strength. She was neither as strong as Jackie nor as voluptuous as Gabriella or Rose, but what she *did* have was one damn impressive hourglass figure and a great set of hips, both of which became more pronounced as she increased her workout, grunting as the warmth and ripple of change swept through her. Her hair extended further, becoming even more lush, and another few years leapt off of her timespan, leaving her perhaps just twenty years old instead of being in her early twenties. Her face, already pretty, gained a cute piercing through her left eyebrow, something she wasn't even aware the gym could do.

"Mhmm," she moaned in the aftermath, running her hands down her body. "That was . . . that was something else." She had to wax lyrical a few times in Spanish before she could bend back around to English. "Was it just me or did these boobs get bigger?"

"Not as big as mine," Rose bragged, "but pretty damn big indeed, especially on your slimmer figure. Damn, you are ten out of ten, I swear."

"All the best to keep up with the girl I'm into, right?"

The two embraced, their sweaty, muscled, curvaceous forms pressed against one another. They could barely kiss: they were smiling so damn hard.

I'm so lucky, they thought as one, still holding one another.

Gabriella's change was not happening, even as the hours passed. Abigail was getting frustrated and worried. They had all been there since eight AM that morning, and now it was approaching three in the afternoon! If time kept on passing with no show of change, then

what could possibly be the issue? She had started to care so deeply for Gabriella, her silly ways, her incredible passion, her gorgeous body (naturally), and her earnesty. Of course, little did she know that Gabriella could still hide *some* things under the surface.

“We’re thinking of going to Sweetum Eatems,” Jackie said as she approached.
“You’re welcome to come, Gabriella.”

“A break might do us good,” Abigail said.

But Gabriella shook her head. She was moving to the push up bench, wanting to try a new rack.

“Like, that sounds great! You have a great time! I’m gonna totes keep on pushing through, y’know.”

She posed in her pink outfit, and Abby was reminded of how hot this woman was.

“Um, are you sure?” Jackie said. Rose and Jenna are coming with. It’s our group, right?”

“Like, totally! I just think I’ll stay a little longer. You should take Nari and Annabelle. I bet they’d totally love to go.”

Nari and Annabelle stuck their heads up. They were engaged in conversation with Rose and Jenna, the latter especially ecstatic over their changes.

“We’d love to come!” Annabelle declared.

Nari nodded. “Me too. I mean, if that’s okay?”

Abigail sighed. “I’ll stay with her. You guys go.”

Jackie awkwardly gave a goodbye. “We’ll be back in a couple of hours, don’t worry. Tell us if, uh, anything happens.”

“Totes will!” Gabriella declared, as if there was no worry in the world.

The group left, and now there was just Gabriella and Abigail. The goth girl sighed again, wiping her pale arm across her brow.

“Okay,” she said, looking across the gym. “I guess if we try another workout focused on the back or the core, that’s something we haven’t - MMPH!”

She hadn’t even realised that Gabriella had hopped up behind her until she was being spun around and kissed on the lips. Abigail pulled back, blushing as Gabriella cupped her breasts through her top.

“What are you doing?”

Gabriella giggled. “They’re *finally* gone, am I right?”

“What?”

The gorgeous bimbo Brazilian gasped. “Ohmigod! Are you telling me *I’m* the only one that figured it out? Lol, I guess I’m not a total airhead as a lady, and I can still be sneaky sometimes to boot!”

Abigail gestured wildly with her hands. “What are you talking about?”

"*This*, silly! You and me! I changed a lot when you and I worked out in a really, really hot and heavy way, right? Mhmm, I came so much when it happened. So . . ."

The lightbulb lit up in Abigail's head.

She's figured it out! Aww, she's such a cute little goth when she realises.

"I'm such an idiot," Abby said.

"A totally hot goth idiot, though! Also, you're not an idiot! But you are hot. Are you gonna make out with me while I bench press you or not?"

Abigail giggled - not snorted, not smirked, not even chuckled - actually *giggled*.

"Man, you really do know me."

Gabriella lay back on the bench and did her most sexy pose, thrusting out her chest. It clearly was doing things for Abigail, because she practically *leapt* atop Gabriella, and soon the two were making out even as the new latina grabbed her goth girlfriend and pushed her up into the air.

"Damn girl, you are strong."

"I used to be waaaaaay stronger, but I'll take looking absolutely fantastic and female over male muscles, anyday."

"Hey, you look like you've got muscles enough from here. Why don't you lower me so I can feel those muscles myself."

Gabriella did so, and the pair kissed again, locking lips passionately. This time Abigail indeed felt Gabriella's muscles, though her hands did wander not-so-subtly to the woman's very sensitive and full chest as well. The pleasure of the connection was enough to get that final change started.

"F-fuck, it's, like, totally happening!" she cried, gasping as she pushed her little goth beauty into the air. "I can f-feel a pressure. It's - ahhh - it's g-good! I can feel the power of the Gym in me, Abby!"

"Ha! Just like I felt it. You can do this, Gabby! Let that rush hit you, babe."

They made out more passionately, not stopping the workout as Gabriella continued to race towards her own personal final change. Her penis began to withdraw, as small and obscure as it now was. Her inner tunnel opened up, and with that opening came a flood of not just emotional relief but physical catharsis as well: thousands and thousands of new nerves suddenly lit up with bliss, her passage becoming instantly wet as she made out with her love.

"Mhmm! Yes! I, like, can't wait to be a girl!"

"My girl," Abby said possessively.

"Yes! Your girl! Mhmm - ahhh! Oh God, it's happening! Kiss meeeee!"

It was a plea, and Abby did indeed like her girls to be the sub. Gabby let go of the workout, letting Abby lie on top of her and make out with far more enthusiasm. With each

grope, each grasp, each passionate kiss upon the neck or suck upon the exposed shoulder muscle, the changes not only finalised, but Gabriella came closer and closer to orgasm.

I'm gonna be a woman forever and I'm gonna be so happy so happy so happy so happyyyyyyyyyy!!!

The moment came, and she squealed in delight as her first, full female orgasm coursed through her. She hadn't even noticed that Abigail had slipped her hand artfully down there, teasing her new clitoris and bringing her to her full. She was helpless to her goth girlfriend's ministrations, and Abigail herself looked very satisfied with the results several minutes later, when Gabriella's body had calmed down.

"Enjoy your first time as a woman?" she asked.

Gabriella nodded, almost wordless from the relief. "Y-yes. Mhmm, s-so m-much. Like, that was so damn hot."

"Not as hot as that accent of yours. It's even thicker now. I like it."

"I like it too," Gabriella replied.

I like all of this, she thought. Thank you, New Life Gym. Thank you for all of it. I want to be totally the best woman I can be from now on.

They slowly got off the equipment after another light makeout, and then adjusted their clothing to hide the more obvious evidence of their act. Abigail cleaned off her fingers with a wet wipe, and then checked the time.

"Wow, it's only been like twenty minutes. We can probably go to Sweetum Eatums and catch the others, if you're up for it?"

Gabriella practically *leapt* to her feet, a powerful act. "Yes! Oh, yes! We can all talk about our new lives!"

They made their way to the exit. But one problem did linger in Gabriella's mind. Abigail noticed, and touched her on the hip.

"Anything the matter, hot stuff?"

"I was just thinking . . . I hope we can all stay friends now that we're all changed. Like, what if we drift apa-"

She didn't even get to finish the sentence, because the moment they walked out of the entrance doors, a rather high-pitched cheer erupted, and the pair - especially Gabriella - were instantly caught in a group hug from the assembled woman.

"We knew you could do it!" Jackie declared.

"I had a feeling, a tingle," Rob said.

Jenna pulled Gabriella into a hug. "We all did! The magic of the gym doing its work!"

"I take credit," Nari said, bragging. "I told them that you can get a spidey-sense for such things, especially if you work there."

“Like, I felt it too!” Annabelle said. “I was just soooo excited that I could think of anything to, like, say! But I’m sooooo happy for you!”

Gabriella blinked back tears as the hugs and congratulations finally ended. There were tears in the eyes of others, too, while some were simply celebrating ecstatically.

“Like, you all waited for me?”

“Of course,” Jackie said, squeezing her arm. “You’re our friend. Besides, we had a feeling, like the others said.”

Gabriella took a deep breath, trying not to cry too much.

“Oh God, this is sooo embarrassing.”

“Nonsense,” Jenna declared. “It’s cause for celebration! For all of us! Young and old - well, we’re all young now - and beautiful and - wait, we’re all beautiful now!”

Another cheer erupted, and Rose took the moment to kiss her girlfriend on the cheek.

“And we’re all happy too, right?” Jackie said, looking straight into Gabriella’s eyes.

I am. I am happy. And right here, right now, I have, like, everyone I could ever want. I’ve got a family again.

Gabriella wiped away another tear. “More happy than anyone could know!” she exclaimed. She put an arm around Abigail.

“Are you coming too?”

“Wouldn’t miss it, babe,” the goth replied. “Besides, I do like the ice creams there. Even a girl like me can spoil myself.”

“And frankly, we all deserve it,” Jackie declared.

There was a general ‘hear hear!’ from the group, and then they set out. Walking and talking excitedly together, some friends and other lovers, but all changed by the New Life Gym. The quartet had a feeling their bonds, forged by their shared experience, would not be broken any time soon, and even the workers like Annabelle and Nari had a sense that they’d be seeing the group around a lot, especially since Abigail was so smitten with her Brazilian beauty.

Only one figure remained in the gym, standing in her office and looking out the exterior window, watching the group go. Katherine Hearn smirked at the sight, very pleased with what had gone down, and uncaring that she had in a way been forgotten by her employees. She was older than them, and wasn’t the type to party away as they would be, likely well into evening and night and beyond. No, let them have their fun. They more than deserved it, especially her employees who had done so well.

Instead, she sat down to consider the papers before her. The gym was doing well, and with these four attracting attention, almost too well. Yes, it would need more employees, that was for sure. Gabriella would make a fine candidate, and Jackie too. But perhaps new blood was necessary? She considered this, until she heard the buzzer downstairs. The

security feed at her desk showed a middle-aged man, quite tubby around the middle and looking quite irate.

“Hey! Hey! Is this place open or not!?” he shouted rudely into the buzzer.

Knowing that the New Life Gym never gave hints for no reason, Katherine moved to unlock the doors using the switch at her desk, then flicked on the intercom.

“We just opened now, good sir,” she announced. There was an aura about this man, she could already sense it. Yes, the opportunity for change was there.

“In fact, you’re the first arrival of the day. Come on in and I’ll show you where you can change.”

The End