

Is There a Future Where I'm NOT a Woman!? (Man to Various Women TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Dylan is shocked when a very attractive woman shows up on his doorstep one morning, and even more shocked when she tells him that she is him . . . from the future! This future female Dylan has travelled back in time to try and stop Dylan from becoming a woman. Now he must try and make it through the week without being transformed, all while being visited by alternate timeline versions of himself who seem to end up as women no matter what he does!

Is There a Future Where I'm NOT a Woman!?

I didn't really believe in magic or the supernatural or anything like that. I never had, and I doubted I ever would. But when Alex dragged me to the edge of town on a Sunday to go see the fabled Wandering Witch, I could see why he thought it would be a fun thing to look at instead of another day of depressing post-college job searching. The Wandering Witch had an old-fashioned carriage, a big one, complete with enough living space inside for a long traveller as well as a stock of strange potions, trinkets, and so-called 'magical' items. The carriage was decked out in bright colours and witch-like decorations, and even had a large sign that had been raised: *The Wandering Witch: Get All Your Magical Solutions to Life's Problems! Prices Reasonable!*

It was very silly, but it was also fun and showy and reminded me of when I used to go to the fairground when I was young. The Wandering Witch herself was out the front with several displays and desks of her arcane ointments and the like, and a small line of people had formed to improve their lives in a supernatural way. There were also children who had come just for her horses; one was white and one was black, and they were very friendly as the girls and boys fed them carrots.

"I told you this is cool," Alex said. "A real witch and everything! Look, she's even dressed up like one."

She didn't have the tall hat, but otherwise she was the spitting image of a stereotypical magic woman, with a patchwork purple dress and numerous trinkets and necklaces and baubles and the like. She had beautiful olive skin and long dark hair, and looked to be in her early forties at the latest. Something about her fascinated expression was pretty captivating, I won't lie.

"Don't tell me you actually believe in magic, Alex?" I asked him.

I looked at my blonde-haired friend. We'd been buddies since we'd started our first year at college, and we'd graduated over two years ago now. He had glasses and a rather

sharp-looking face that made him look quite academic, but in reality he was a total dork who, apparently, still believed in the supernatural.

“Of course, man!” he said eagerly. “There’s all sorts of stuff that can’t be explained. And it’s not just the supernatural, it’s-”

“Aliens, alternate dimensions, time travel, mutations, and so on. Yeah, I’ve heard that spiel, man. But surely you don’t believe in magic? All that other stuff may be crackpot science, but it’s still, you know, actual science.”

“Oh ye of little faith,” he said, giving me a light punch on the shoulder. “Just you wait. I’ve heard this lady is the real deal, not like that Morgan LaFaye internet rumour.”

“I’m just saying, magic isn’t real. I’m keen to have a bit of fun and see what she has to say, but I’m a man of reason and fact, Alex. Reason and *fact*.”

He snorted. “Always the sceptic, Dylan.”

“And proudly so!”

The line moved forward. Someone ahead was asking for help regrowing their hair, but suddenly the Wandering Witch stood up, her eyes wide.

“You there!” she said, pointing directly at me. “The brown-haired man with the lovely hazel eyes I sense an arcane anomaly in you! I’m sorry everyone, but you’ll have to take five. I need to attend to this. Come here, sir! Come now!”

I chuckled a little. Clearly, this was just a sales technique of some kind, but Alex got very excited, motioning for me to approach. The Wandering Witch had purple eyes up close, I noticed. She was quite attractive, not that I was into older ladies, but I hadn’t had a girlfriend for a while so I, er, noticed these things more often. To my surprise she reached out and touched my cheek.

“Woah, lady,” I said. “I’m not super cool with that. I don’t really know you.”

“My apologies,” she said. “I’ve not seen such a chaotic centrepiece of so many variables before: magic, time, other planes of existence . . . even alien influence. It’s incredible. I must do a reading. Please, sit.”

“Hey, look, I haven’t even decided if I want to pay. My friend here is the real lover of the supernatural. I don’t even believe in-”

“Alex can sit in too, Dylan Moreby, if it makes you comfortable. This reading is free, I assure you.”

I looked to my friend. Had he set this up? But he looked surprised.

“How did you know my name?”

But in her witch-like manner, she simply picked up a deck of cards and shifted them about, before laying them individually on the table between us.

“Take a seat, Dylan,” she said. “You may call me Tila. It is my real name. Pick a card. Any card. You will find yourself drawn to one.”

I didn't. It was all baloney. Still, I reached out and went to grab the top corner one. But to my surprise, my hand seemed to briefly spasm, and I ended up grabbing one closer to the centre and flipping it over.

"What the hell?" I asked.

The card's artwork was revealed. It depicted a beautiful woman, near-naked but for her hair around her body. It reminded me of images I'd seen of Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love and beauty. The card simply read *The Woman*. For just a moment, I felt a strange vibration in me, like a chill not just down my spine but through my core.

"One more now," Tila said.

I was more keen to walk away, and yet I grabbed another card. This time, I decided on the bottom corner. I lifted it over, and it displayed a ring of identical persons, all wearing a masquerade ball mask. *Mirrors & Planes*, it read.

"Fascinating," she read. "I've never . . . there is one more card!"

"Nah, I'm done."

"Dude," Alex said. "Just do it! This is crazy!"

I rolled my eyes. "No, I'm finished. I don't believe in mumbo-jumbo magic, no offence lady."

I turned to leave, but suddenly my foot slipped on a piece of loose grass. I tipped back with a surprised yell and tried to grip the table, only to fall to the ground, having knocked a single card down. It landed right before me, and displayed an image of a sunrise *Inevitable*, it said at the bottom.

Tila gasped. "The reading is finished, I have what I need."

"Yeah, sure," I said. "That was a coincidence." I stood and shook the dirt from me.

"What does it say?" Alex asked.

"I'm sorry, Dylan Moreby, but the confluence of strange magic, science, and otherworldly phenomenon that surrounds you is clear. You are going to become a woman. It is fated. Or else . . . by the heavens and the dark deep. A confluence of chaos follows . . ."

At this, I burst out laughing. "I'm sorry, what?"

Tila gave a sheepish smile. "I know, it sounds ridiculous, but the fates of the cards don't lie, my boy. You're going to become a woman. The change is inevitable, but what kind of change . . . it seems that what kind of woman you become is wide open. Something planar is at stake here, but the reading is clear. It projects a week into your future. An unknown event in the next week will transform you into a woman . . . *permanently*."

She said it with such import that Alex actually gasped. I, on the other hand, simply rolled my eyes and scoffed loudly.

"That was free, right?"

"Well, yes, but I assure you that-

“Okay, well, I won’t be buying. See you round, crazy lady.”

Alex caught up with me as I left. “Dude, I’m so sorry!”

“Buddy, I am not becoming a woman. That was just bullshit so I could buy some remedy.”

“But she said it was inevitable. She didn’t even want you to buy something. Dude, I really think you should start preparing. Somehow, you’re going to be a woman!”

“Alex, I love you man, but you’re a little crazy.”

“At least let me stay with you. Maybe you’ll become a hot lady?”

I quickened my pace. “Jesus, dude! Keep it in your pants! I’m not changing, you hear? That was all just some horseshit fortune teller nonsense. I’m telling you, I’m *not* becoming a woman, and nothing will change that!”

Sunday

I groaned as I woke. Something loud was banging on my front door. Shit, I really hoped it wasn’t my landlord. I’d paid up this month, even if the payment had come late. I was still looking for a damn job for my freaking programming degree to be of any use for in such a saturated market, and things were coming to a head.

“C-coming!” I mumbled as I rose. The banging continued. “I said I’m coming, Jesus!”

I rubbed my eyes. It was eight o’clock in the morning to judge from my alarm clock, which had noticeably failed to actually *alarm* me awake. I rubbed my side as I slowly moved to the entrance of my little rental and tried to shake the pins and needles out of my left leg. It was probably just the damn Mormons or Jehovah’s Witnesses or something, I imagined, though they weren’t usually this aggressive. I was in my grey-striped pyjamas and looking like an Australian penal convict or something when I opened the door.

“Hello?” I said, only to freeze suddenly.

It was not the Jehovah’s Witnesses on the other side of the door. Nor was it the Mormons. And it *definitely* wasn’t my overweight and alcoholic landlord. Instead, the figure on the other side of the door was one of the most beautiful women I’d ever seen. She had long brown hair with slight curls at the ends, and striking hazel eyes that reminded me of my own: I always got compliments on them. She was just a little shorter than me, perhaps 5’8 in height, and had an outstanding figure that was emphasised by the long sleeve shirt she was wearing. It showed off her thin waist and her chest as well; I could make out the outline of her bra, and it wasn’t a small one to judge from how her boobs jutted out. The mystery woman wore a pair of jeans that spread out to a nice pair of hips, and on her feet were a pair of stylish flats.

“Um, hello?” I said.

“There’s no time, Dylan!” she barked, and then she actually barged right past me into my home. “Okay, we need to figure out what time it is. Do you have a watch? Damn it, I should have brought a watch. Wait, what’s the date? Tell me it’s the seventeenth! It better be the damn seventeenth!”

I was still standing by the open door. “Um, I’m sorry, but have we met before?”

She scoffed. “You could say that. We know each other *quite* well. Hurry up and close that door, Dylan. We need to solve this problem.”

“What - uh, what problem?”

“Close the fucking door, man and get in here! God, I need coffee. Do we still keep it in the upper draw so Alex doesn’t steal it all when he visits?”

I paused, not knowing how to react. Instead, the woman marched over to the kitchen like she owned the place and immediately began making a coffee. She knew where everything was, and even opened up my secret tin to grab my chocolates, also hidden from Alex’s thieving hands.

“What the fuck? How do you know where everything is? Who are you? I’ll call the police if you don’t tell me!”

She suddenly looked my way and exhaled loudly. “Fine, I’ll wait for my coffee. I’m Dylan. Dylan Moreby. I’m *you*, Dylan. We’re the same person.”

cracked a smile. “Okay, you’re being paid by Alex. He’s pulling a fast one on me to prove that magic is real.”

She shook her head and got back to making coffee. “Your first wet dream was *not* about Denise Richards from *The World is Not Enough* like you claim, it was from watching Lola Bunny in *Space Jam*. You once bought tickets for a Delta Goodrem concert only to pull out because you were too much of a pussy to admit you liked girly music. Your little sister was never the one who stole Aunt Jemimah’s best batch of cookies, that was *you*, and you never admitted it. Your password for your bank account is *L33TH@CK3R_69*, which you first made ironically but now actually find funny. You made an *OnlyFans* account so you could see Delorea Delene naked, and you were so ashamed of yourself after paying that you closed the account . . . only to make another one when she released her Christmas calendar photoshoot. Oh, and you shit yourself on October 11th, 2017 during a party. That’s why you left early, not because you were ‘sick.’ Any questions?”

She placed her hand on one hip and raised an eyebrow, as if daring me to ask any further questions.

“H-how do you know all of this?” I asked.

“Because I’m you,” she said. “Keep up, Dylan. God, was I always this slow?”

She set the pot boiling and approached me again. I was having a hard time reconciling what she was saying with the fact that I was very, very attracted to her. Seriously, she must have had Double-D's on that chest, and her face was like the most attractive girl-next-door look I could imagine. And yet she had my eyes, and my exact hair colour, and she did sort of look like a mega-hot sister I never had, weird as that was to put in those terms.

"Dude, keep it in your pants," she said. "The last thing I need right now is you wanting to fuck your own future self."

"Future . . . self?"

She smacked herself in the forehead lightly. "That's right, I need to tell you everything. Sorry, time travel is a real bitch. Okay, I'll put it nice and easy for you. Remember that card reading with Tila the Wandering Witch yesterday?"

I nodded, not really knowing what to say.

"Well, it turns out that it's real. All of it. Every word. Turns out that Alex was right about everything. You are going to turn into a woman on Friday. That woman is me. I'm you two years into the future."

I frowned. "But how did you travel into the past? Wait, how do I become a woman? Wait, first, I need a fucking coffee as well."

I strode over and started making my own. The female me watched me oddly.

"What?" I asked.

She blushed a little. "Nothing. I was just remembering how much I fucking missed being a dude. How's it feel to have a penis?"

That caught me offguard, like everything else this morning. "Um, pretty ordinary? I mean, I've always had it."

She chuckled darkly. "Oh, lucky *you*, Mr. I Still Have a Penis. Don't take it for granted. You can go have a quick date with Rosie Palms if you want. Go do it right now, just in case my mission fails."

"I think I'll pass. My boner kinda got killed by you telling me that you're, uh, me."

Another chuckle. "Yeah, that's another thing you can take for granted; not having dudes giving you the up-down just from looking at you. The curse of having Double-D tits and a pretty face, I guess. A fun two years for me."

This was too much for me. Way too much.

"I need to call Alex-

"Don't. Keep him out of it. He'll only make things worse. Plus, he might actually prefer us like I am right now."

That was . . . not the worst point. Still, I needed a moment.

"I'm gonna have a shower," I said. "Don't - look, please don't turn out to be a robber or a murderer or something."

"You wish," she said. "Just remember to hold the handle extra tight on the shower nozzle. It is Monday, right? The pipe is about to burst."

And if I needed any more evidence that she was definitely a version of me from the future, I got it just five minutes later when the nozzle fell out of my shower. I cleaned myself up, tried not to have a goddamn panic attack over the fact that *time travel was apparently real*, and then got dressed in a regular shirt and jeans and headed out. It was only when I came back into the kitchen and saw my female self again that I realised I was dressed identically to her, right down to the green shirt and denim. I just had the male version.

"Huh," she said. "Figures. I haven't changed as much as I thought. I made us our favourite, pancakes with honey syrup and way too much ice cream on top."

She served it out. She really did make it the same as me. She'd also done the coffee the way I liked it. Holy shit, this lady really was me. I could truly see it now.

"Please," I said. "Tell me the whole story. Because I feel like I'm going fucking insane here, Dylan. Wait, are you still called Dylan?"

"Yeah," she said. "Thought about changing it to Delia or Denise or something, but Dylan works for me. It's our name, I wanted to keep it."

"Okay then, Dylan. Please tell me the full story."

She ran her hands through her long hair, then reached into her pocket and unfolded a piece of paper. It was a poster for the Weird Science Convention, the one that was *finally* being hosted in our city this year. I'd been looking forward to it forever, and so had Alex. Don't get me wrong, I was still my sceptical self about all the so-called 'science' on display, but there were legitimate innovations, advancements in robotics, solar generation, and other marvellous inventions. For a science nerd like me - one who believed in *actual science* - I couldn't wait. Besides, I could leave the 'Are Cryptids Real!?' exhibit to Alex and his paranormal fascinations.

"This is where it all goes wrong, Dylan," she told me. "This is where you become *me*. There's a device there, built by some crackpot team. Alex is a small investor in it, I'm not fucking kidding. They call it the Multiverse Collider. It's meant to offer a peek into other worlds, dimensions, all that jazz."

"Well, that's completely unscientific," I said.

"I was just as sceptical. Well, since I'm you, I guess that's a redundant thing to say. And you're right, it is unscientific . . . because the damn thing blew a hole in reality and changed it so that I turned into a woman. It changed it so that I was *always* a woman. Only Alex remembers because he tried to pull me out, and as much as I love the guy he's been simping after me ever since. I swear, I have to tell him that my eyes are up here every five

minutes when we catch up. Oh, yeah, a reminder for you too, pal. Stop staring at your own boobs or you'll end up with them."

I looked up and blushed. "Sorry," I said. "They're great fucking tits."

"Jesus, rude much?"

"You're me! I figure it's okay! I'm just thinking what you would be thinking. Like an inner monologue."

"Ugh, you're kinda right. I hate that. At least you're catching up fast."

I ran my fingers through my hair at the same time she did. It was like looking into a warped mirror, and we both raised an eyebrow as we realised.

"Like a warped mirror, huh?" she said.

"That's just what I was thinking. Guess you really are me."

"Don't you forget it. I may have a great ass now, but that doesn't mean I want *me* perving on it."

I sat down on the couch and rubbed my temples, thinking. "Okay, putting aside my own scientific concerns about time travel, the ethics of it and all that; how did you manage it?"

She gave me the finger-guns. Definitely something I had a habit of doing. "Good question. I got lucky there, I definitely didn't invent the damn thing. No, there was a rift that formed when I got hit by the multiverse collider. A moment in time I felt a connection to, even two years down the line. It grew stronger in me the closer I got back to the site of the original accident. After a lot of experimentation, I found a way to open it and travel back in time."

"Just like that?"

"Why do you think it took me two years, dude? I was fucking terrified. But it was either that or go on a date with a hot *male* coworker and, frankly, that still scares the shit out of me. So in the end I made the dive. I tried to arrive as close to the event as possible to not fuck things up. I feel like a working week out is pretty alright. Plenty of time to fix the fuck up, right?"

I slowly nodded. "So . . . all I have to do is *not* go to the Weird Science Convention?"

Another set of finger-guns in my direction. Damn, I looked hot doing that. Such a strange thought to have. "Got it in one, *me*. Just avoid it entirely and our life is back on track!"

"Won't that kill you? Like, your timeline?"

"Don't worry, I've done a *lot* of research here. If you avoid that reality, everything changes on my end to reflect what you did. Life is back on track for both of us. So long as no other variables and timelines enter the equation, of course. And because it's just me and you, I doubt that will be a problem, right?"

I considered this, looking up and down my future female self. Yeah, no offence to how hot she was, but I *definitely* didn't want to end up a lady. Sure, I hadn't exactly gotten lucky lately, but I didn't want to have a big pair of boobs or deal with hair and makeup. I didn't want guys hitting on me. And I *certainly* didn't like the idea of being the one to have to *make* the baby over nine months if I ever wanted to have kids. And that wasn't getting into the periods I would have once a month.

"Yeah, the periods suck," she said. "I can tell what you're thinking about."

"Well, in that case, I just won't go to the Science Convention. Easy as pie!"

At that, she rose to her feet and extended a hand. I reached out and high-fived her.

"Fucking A," she replied. "Do you mind if I crash here? It *is* my place, after all."

"Sure, just don't, you know, get naked around me or anything. That'd be weird."

"How do you think *I* feel? This body is *straight*, man. I don't want the hots for my old male body. I just want it back."

Tuesday

I woke up feeling a little disoriented. It was 8am again, and at first I thought that the events of yesterday had just been a dream, and it was just another boring day of filling in resumes for programming and IT jobs and sending them off to companies that would never respond. But then there was a loud knock upon the door.

"Ugh," I groaned. "I'm coming, I'm coming!"

"Ugh," someone else groaned from the main living room. "I'm coming, I'm coming!"

That was when it hit me; the previous day really *had* happened. I'd actually met my future self, turned into a super hot and busty brunette, and now she was living with me. We'd watched our favourite movies and laughed over our literally shared memories and ordered our prized Chinese takeaway. She'd even given me goddamn *advice* on how to get a girlfriend now that she had a, quote, "female perspective."

I rushed out once again in my pyjamas. Someone was knocking *very* insistently on the door, and I doubted it would be the Mormons or Witnesses this time either. Future Dylan was also getting up from the couch . . . in her bra and underwear. I immediately covered my eyes at the sight of so much ample . . . flesh.

"Jesus!" I yelled. "I told you I didn't want to see . . . all that."

"I don't like wearing pyjamas anymore, okay? I have sensitive skin these days!"

"Just - just get something on while I answer whoever that is. Probably my freaking landlord or something."

I moved to the door and opened it.

"Hello?" I said, only to freeze suddenly.

It was not the Jehovah's Witnesses on the other side of the door. Nor was it the Mormons. And it *definitely* wasn't my alcoholic, overweight landlord yet again. Instead, the figure on the other side of the door was one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen. She had short blonde hair in a cute pixie cut and pink lipstick on her pouty lips. She had a perfect heart-shaped face and shiny dangling earrings that sparkled as she looked at me, mouth agape. The woman was wearing little more than a *very* tight crop top with a low v-neck that showed off a tremendous amount of cleavage. Her boobs looked a whole cupsize bigger than Future Dylan's or *more*, and they jiggled prominently as she bounced on her feet. She was wearing tight booty shorts in the same hot pink colour as her top. The result was an outrageously sexy figure, complete with a sparkling bellybutton stud, long legs, and an hourglass shape to her. She was probably only around 5'6 in height, and that gave me a vantage view of her ample assets.

"Um . . . hello?" I squeaked, drinking her in.

"There's, like, no time, you sexy stud!" she cried, and with that she grabbed me and pulled me against her, locking her lips on mine and thrusting her big breasts against my chest.

"Mhmmm, ohhhhh," she moaned erotically as I returned the kiss almost helplessly. She grabbed my hand and pressed it against her ass, and I automatically squeezed the juicy flesh there. I was hard in mere seconds, and that left her moaning.

"Ahhhhh, you're so fucking hot!" she gasped. "We should, like, totally fuck right now. It's be the hottest masturbation session, like, ever, right?"

I was about to go on right ahead until Future Female Dylan coughed behind me.

"What the hell is going on?"

I backed up, pulling away from the blonde bimbo bombshell. She moved to pull me into a kiss again but I put up my hands, gesturing for her to calm.

"Yeah, wait! She's right. What the hell is going on? I'm sorry, do I know you?"

The mysterious hottie giggled, retrieving a lollypop from her thin pocket and sucking on it suggestively.

"Like, of course you do, silly! I'm you! But, like, I'm a future you, where we're a total slut. Like, soooooooo slutty. You won't *believe* how many guys I've slept with."

Future Dylan gasped behind me. "Wait, you're another Dylan?"

She giggled. "I go by *Destiny* now. Pretty hot, right? All the guys love it, because I'm, like, you know . . ."

Her eyes went vacant, and I got the sense that not much was going on there. But they *were* hazel-coloured eyes, just like mine.

"Their destiny?" I finished.

She fished out the lollipop and gestured at me. "Yes! Totally that, yeah! But it super sucks, because I'm seriously addicted to cock. You fucking suck man, turning me into such a bimbo. I even feel, like, this compulsion to wear pink all the time. Hey, who's the brunette hottie behind you? She looks like the sister we never had. She down for some lesbian action? I'm totally bi so I could make out with all three of us."

"Gross!" Future Dylan declared. "Are you fucking serious? If you're right, we're all the same person - we're all Dylan!"

But Destiny just shrugged. "Like, is that a problem? We're all consenting. Like, I could totes suck my own dick! I'm really, really good at it. You tasted jizz yet, honey?"

Future Me made a gagging sound.

"How are you even here?" I asked. "I thought - Dylan, I thought you were the only one that travelled back?"

"I was!" she declared. "At least I *thought* I was. But, er . . . maybe the rifts opened elsewhere, in other possibilities?"

Destiny sucked on her lollipop. "Mhmmn, that's right! Like, this big rift opened up and I had to step through because I could, like, sense my own timeline or whatever. I used to be way, way smarter before you got me stuck like this. Now I'm, like, always hungry for cock. At least I've got a heap of fuckbuddies that totally pay for cute slutty clothing! Do you like my clothes? My boobs are sooooo big, right?"

This was all too much. Hell, yesterday was all too much. This was just a cherry on top of the shitcake I was already dealing with. I grabbed my future bimbo self by the shoulders and pulled her inside before the neighbours found out.

"Okay, you need to tell me how I became you. You want to stop me from becoming a big slut, right?"

"I vote for not being that," Future Me said, frowning. "I'd rather be stuck like I am right now instead of a pink-wearing blonde bimbo."

"Like, shut up, bitch! I've had it totes super hard, so don't give me shit. At least I had Alex to help me out. Plus, his dick is pretty big."

I cringed. "I do not want to hear this. Just . . . tell me how to avoid becoming you."

From somewhere, she had already pulled out a nail file as she flopped down on my sofa and crossed her legs over one another. The bounce in her chest from such an action was something that even my first female self stared at.

"Wow, maybe I'm still a *little* into girls," she said.

"Babe, I don't blame you," Destiny giggled. "Like, at least I got a sweet pair, huh? Anyway, you totes shouldn't be sticking around here, you two. Because that's how the house curse falls on us."

I pinched the bridge of my nose. "I'm sorry . . . the house curse?"

"Yeah, lol. It was a huge surprise to me too. You - me that is, in the past of whatever - decide to just sit around here for five days, right? Oh-em-gee, that's how I know you, you sexy brunette! You're future Dylan. It's sooo obvious now that I remember."

"God, I hope not to end up like that," Fem-Dylan said.

"Anyway," she continued, filing her pink nails idly. "There's like a spirit in this house and it *hates* sloth. Like, being lazy and stuff. You're always looking for work and doing programmer stuff, but since you were, like, waiting around to *not* go somewhere, it decided to punish you - punish *me* - by making us into a dumb slutty bimbo. You know, since we weren't getting any and all that."

"That's impossible. Magic isn't real."

"Like, look at my big juicy cursed tits and tell me they aren't real!" she squeaked. "But see if I, like, care! If you choose to just, like, stay in this house then you can end up as that boring square with the small tits over there."

Fem-Dylan was aghast at this. "Small tits!? I'm a fucking Double-D cup here!"

"Yeah, like, I'm sure you find that impressive."

Fem-Dylan began to roll up my sleeves. "That's it, I'm throwing down! Magic isn't real, past me! Listen to me and not her! We're staying here for the week so we can stay a guy and that's *final*."

At this, a sudden rumbling echoed from the ceiling, as if coming from the attic. Something seemed to be laughing in a highly unnatural manner. It made my skin grow goosebumps, and my bones tingle.

"Okay," I said, turning to the bimbo version of me. "I'm not taking any chances."

"What!?" Fem-Dylan exclaimed. "You're siding with the crazy Alex worldview, now?"

"Look, just twenty four hours ago I thought time travel and gender transformation and reality changes were impossible, so I'm not going to play with the fates here. That witch predicted I would become a woman, so I don't know what to believe. Destiny, do you have a car?"

She shook her head.

"Okay, so we're taking my shitbox then. I'll drive."

Fem-Dylan rolled her eyes. "Oh, what a gentleman!"

It was hard not to sneak a look at Destiny's bouncing chest every time we hit a pothole or went over a speedbump. I didn't even know where we were going, but getting away from a potential bimbo house curse seemed like a good idea, especially since the busty blonde minx was looking at social media feeds of male models.

"Mhmm, he's so hot," she murmured. "I'd totes bang him. Ugh, I'm such a dumb slut. Seriously, you sure you don't want to have sex, Dyl?"

"Definitely not, attractive as you are."

"Awww, but it would just be masturbation! What about you, Fem-Dyl?"

"Not my name," the passenger in the backseat said. "Where are we going? A different safehouse, perhaps?"

"I'm going to Alex's place," I said.

"But the timeline!"

"Fine! I'll go to . . . shit. Uh, the college campus! I'll take us to the campus!"

"Oooh, great idea!" Destiny squealed. "All those hot sexy college boys! Wait . . . ugh, I was trying not to think about that. Sorry everyone."

I looked over at her and gasped. "Oh, fuck! Don't masturbate in my car!"

"Sorry! I really, like, need the release now! This is what you get for having, like, a two hour wake up routine! Ohhhh!"

It was a damn stressful drive, at least for *two* of us. Still, we arrived at my old campus. I wasn't technically a student anymore, but I doubted anyone would notice. I was still in my early twenties and besides, who was really gonna check such things? The campus security here was a joke.

"Like, what if we stick out?" Destiny said.

"The 'we' is just you," my future female self replied. "Just stick close and stop being such a slut."

Destiny hopped along, her boobs almost bouncing out of her crop top. "Well, I can do one of those things! Where are we going?"

"Somewhere," I replied. "Anywhere. The library! We'll see if there are any books that can help us."

"Good notion," Fem-Dylan said. "We can cover three times as much ground as well. Actually, make that twice as much ground. I'm not sure Destiny here will be of much use. You better not make us like her."

The blonde pixie-haired hottie was already putting her hands behind her back and thrusting her chest out at the group of football jocks passing. "Hello boys!" she declared. Even Fem-Dylan was looking at them.

"Goddamn it, I hate that I find them hot. Let's go."

We entered the college library, gaining a bit of attention as we did so. I was just an ordinary, somewhat attractive guy, but I had two smoking hot women with me, and guys were looking.

"If this was any other kind of scenario I'd be so happy right now," I muttered.

Still, better to be here than stuck in my house and being cursed by it. I took my two future selves upstairs to where the older sections on folklore were, as well as a small section on theories of magic from an academic perspective. I decided to look at these while Fem-Dylan took Destiny away to study up on timeline theories and divergences. She knew more than me already, but clearly hadn't anticipated diverging timelines. Together, we had one crucial mission: find *one* future where I was *not* a woman.

The hours went by. We ended up booking a study bay; my account was somehow still valid despite no longer being a student, so that was a nice oversight. Destiny was completely bored, as expected. She was on her phone a lot, though who on Earth she was texting was completely beyond me. It was hard not to get distracted by her. Yes, I knew she was some future cursed me, but good God those breasts were big! She was just so lovely. The same was true of Fem-Dylan in a more restrained sense of beauty, but she looked more like me, so I wasn't as tempted to ogle. Occasionally, though, the pair of them caught me looking.

"Hehe, wanna fuck? We can close the blinds."

"No!"

"Dylan, unless you want my breasts and face to become your breasts and face, then I suggest you go back to studying."

We didn't exactly find out much, unfortunately. All Fem-Dylan could confirm was that the nature of the multiverse possibility rift could theoretically open up other possibilities across time and space, while I simply found a historical record on local city folklore; apparently my rental home really *was* said to be haunted. A woman described as possessing a 'fulsome bosom' in ye olden slang claimed that she was a male factory worker who had gone on strike for several days.

"Jesus," I muttered. "I really could have become Destiny. But I haven't. So why are you still around, Destiny?"

She was doing her lipstick and just shrugged. "Dunno."

Fem-Dylan had a better idea. "It's likely that until the moment of confluence has passed - when you are affected by the multiverse collider - both possibilities exist in the pair of us."

I sighed and finished my coffee. "This is way too much. Jesus, it's almost three o'clock. I'll grab just a couple more books and then we should call it."

I headed for the next row of shelves on folklore, hoping to find out if my own home was still a threat or not. I was buried in a book of more reports on the 'Hillford House' as it was known back then, when suddenly a voice carried across from the next aisle.

"Pssst! Hey, you! Yes, you. Dylan! Can we talk?"

I looked through the gap in the shelves. A short woman with mousey brown hair was looking at me behind a pair of round, nerdy-looking spectacles. Her face was somewhat plain, but that added to her cuteness. She was wearing a red woollen cardigan over a professional white blouse, and her hair was in a tight ponytail. There was something very serious in her expression.

"Um, how do I know you? Did we have a class a couple of years ago?"

"Yes, technically," she said. "I will come round to you."

She marched up her aisle and turned into mine, giving me a full look at her. She appeared to be a librarian, and even had a badge noting her position as a 'Library Technician,' one named Delia. She was wearing a tight pencil skirt and nylon stockings, and the overall impression I immediately had was that she was a very cute nerd type. One who knew who I was, somehow.

"Um, hello?" I said. "Delia, is it?"

"Don't be coy, Dylan," she said in a somewhat nasally voice. "There's no one else listening. I just wanted to thank you. Don't worry, I won't break the timestream by meeting you like this."

I take a step back. "Wait, you know about - ah, shit."

She runs her fingers along her ponytail at the exact moment that I run my own fingers through my hair nervously. We share the same habit. We share the same eyes.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me. A *third* one?"

"But the best one. The most intelligent, the most practical, the most level-headed. It took me time to adjust to being a woman, especially one with the instincts of a librarian, but a certain day came in May when . . ."

She drones on and on. Good God, she *was* a librarian. She even kept pointing in the air matter-of-factly like one and shushed me when I tried to interrupt me. Somehow, there was yet another iteration of a future me where I turned into a *sexy librarian*, complete with the see-through nylons, the tight professional skirt and blouse, and the cardigan that would shed so very easily. There was a straight-laced, almost neurotic manner to the way she spoke, and it almost scared me.

". . . because of the magic book in this very aisle. That's why I hacked the computer system to clone your old student ID and update it, so you could come here. I needed to make sure that the others didn't sabotage my future. Our future. Naturally, I have the book right here for you to open so you can become me in a good short time. I'll get you to open it presently-"

"Wait, wait, wait," I said, trying to sort out what I missed. "Others? There are *more* of you?"

The sexy librarian me named Delia frowned and cocked her head. "You are not aware? How can you not be? The legions of possibilities are descending upon you shortly. Hmm, this is most unexpected. I did not file this away on the right shelf in my ordered mind palace. Quick, open this book now, and embrace your destiny!"

She shoved an ancient tome in my face and I immediately squawked like some bird, loud enough to startle everyone in the library, including Fem-Dylan and Destiny in the study room, who could see me by that point because I was fleeing madly on foot, still yelling in horror.

"Hey!" Delia uttered. "No running in the library."

"Don't care! I'm getting out of here!"

Her last word as I fled was quite appropriate: "Shhh!"

Destiny and Fem-Dylan caught up with me. I needed to lose that librarian in the crowd, just in case she saw me. I made my way to the football grounds on the far side of the campus, jogging at an even pace. It caused quite a lot of bouncing from my female selves; Fem-Dylan complained at the attention it got her, but Destiny was joyful to receive it.

"Hurry up!" I called back to them, though I didn't quite know where I was even going. I ended up taking a seat on the bleachers and buried my face in my hands while the football team was practicing and several of their girlfriends and girlfriend-hopefuls watched from the side. The cheerleaders were likewise practicing on the side of the field, and I hoped that this would be enough of a crowd that Delia the librarian wouldn't find me.

"What was all that about?" Fem-Dylan said, a bit breathless as she and Destiny took up residence beside me.

"*Another* version of me," I explained. "This time a cute sexy librarian type. She . . . *wanted* me to become her. She thought I'd 'chosen' her or something. I don't know, it didn't make any sense."

"It doesn't," Fem-Dylan said. "Are you sure?"

"Pretty fucking sure, future me! She had our eyes."

"Oooh, how hot was she?" Destiny said, running her hands down her form distractingly. "Did she have one of those sexy tight librarian skirts?"

"Uh, yes."

"Damn it! I would have, like, loved to meet her. Maybe she was part lesbo."

I groaned, putting my face in my hands again. This was madness. There were three versions of me now, and one of them apparently *wanted* me to become her, for whatever reason. Maybe that version of me just really loved books.

"Have to think rationally," I reminded myself. "I'm having my beliefs and understanding of the universe challenged, but that doesn't mean it can't all be explained. Maybe I'm just in a coma."

"Yeah, right," Fem-Dylan said.

"Just . . . give me some time to just space out, okay? I need to internalise and process this."

To both my future-me's credit, they did give me time. I watched the footballers train, the local coach yelling at them harshly, and there were various other groups in the bleachers that were, like us, here for the social side of things. Destiny sat there on her phone, occasionally taking sexy selfies. At one point she wandered off to flirt with one of the footballers who'd been benched, and then she led him by the hand behind the bleachers.

"Please don't turn us into a total slut like her," Fem-Dylan said when the moans began to sound louder from behind the bleachers.

"I'll try," I said. "I just need to figure out a scientific explanation. Curses cannot be real. Magic books. Or maybe they are, but they have . . . rules."

Another long pause. Fem-Dylan was clearly working out the same puzzle as me. I found myself missing Alex. At least his crackpot attempts at solving these ridiculous puzzles would keep me grounded in comparison to him. As it was, I felt like I was spiralling. The fact that dark clouds were starting to gather in the sky at an alarming rate only added to the bad mood.

"Facts, Dylan, fact," I repeated to myself. In the end, I was able to succeed. After all, not much had actually changed, right? There was just Destiny and Fem-Dylan, and I'd be able to avoid the former's fate by getting out and about over the next few days. Fem-Dylan's was easy; just avoid the Science Convention. And the librarian was unexpected, but Delia needed me to open a book. I chose not to, so voila!

"Okay," I finally said. "I think we're gonna be okay."

"Agreed," Fem-Dylan said. "I've had the same thoughts."

She raised her fist for a bump and I gave it to her. We both cracked the same smile, feeling a sense of shared calm after that little unexpected whirlwind . . .

. . . only for it to shatter moments later when I heard the cheerleading chant.

"D - Y - L - A - N! It's time to give up the life of MEN! M - O - R - E - B - Y! It's time to get vaulted sky-high! Come join the field here with us, I promise there is nothing suss! But if you get hit by lightning, don't worry it won't be too frightening! A cheerleader's life is your way, so come on down and celebrate! DYLAN MOREBY!"

We both slowly turned to see the head cheerleader giggling and shaking her pom-poms, aided by her slightly confused girlfriends. She had vibrant red hair and a totally

killer bod; more lithe in the chest and athletic in the legs, but with a radiant beaming smile as she looked up at me. At *me*, with hazel-coloured eyes.

"Oh shit!" my future self and I said as one.

"*Choose me, Dylan!*" they sang as she was thrown into the air, twirling beautifully before landing in their arms. "*Just look above, a storm is here! Become a woman, have no fear! GOOOOOOOO DYLAN!*"

"Another one!?" I said, clutching my face.

"Don't listen to her!" came a voice, but it wasn't Fem-Dylan at all. Instead, a woman was running along the bleaches towards me. She had unbelievably pale skin and messy black hair with a purple streak through it. She had a black corset that pushed her creamy orbs up impressively, and a pleated black skirt that led down to fishnet stockings, which themselves led down to black military boots. Her eyeshadow was dark, her lips black.

"Now what!?" I whined.

"Look at her eyes," Fem-Dylan said. "She's a big titty goth girl version of us."

"The ritual is ready!" the goth called. "I've contacted the other side for you, Dylan! It's time for you to become me, Dalia! Don't listen to that popular cheerleader bitch! I deserve to exist, not her! I'll show you how cool the alternative life can be!"

"*No no no, never trust a goth! Not when you can be popular and hot! GOOOOOO DYLAN! It's Lightning Time!*"

I grabbed my future counterpart by the hand. "That's it, we're getting out of here!"

"Agreed!"

We ran down onto the field just as Destiny was emerging on the arm of some hunky footballer. I grabbed her hand.

"C'mon! Right now!"

"Hey!" she cried. "I was, like, gonna get another footballer!"

"Next time!" I yelled, dragging my two future selves across the field. The goth yelled, screaming curses at me, and I almost collided with the red-headed cheerleader version of my future self as she tried to intercept me.

"No way!" she screamed. "I may not *like* having to show off my midriff and date hot footballers all the time, but I'd rather that than not live at all! Now get over here and get struck by that weird purple lightning *right goddamn now!*"

A footballer was running to grab me and probably beat me into a pulp, while Destiny was about to get into a clawed catfight with the screeching goth girl. I pulled back just in time from the cheerleader's reach just as a massive bolt of purple lightning crashed into the field right where I'd been.

"NOOOO!" the cheerleader screamed. "You fucker! Now I won't exist soon!"

But I was already running in the confusion, with my two allies running with me.

What the hell was going on?

Wednesday

Just in case that curse really was still in the house, we pooled our resources to rent a rundown motel room across town. It also meant that the goth and cheerleader and librarian versions of me wouldn't track us down. I didn't have much in the way of finances left, but Fem-Dylan had brought some money, at least. We'd discussed what all this meant, but couldn't quite figure out what was going on, so in the end we ordered food yet again and slept, hoping answers would come in the morning. I dreamed of card readings and the Wandering Witch cackling at my fate. It seemed inevitable.

When I woke, it was to yet more banging on the door. This time, I simply ignored it, as did the other two. I was alarmed to see that Destiny was walking around naked, her busty body on display, and I had to tell her to *please* put on some clothes, because I really couldn't handle having the hots for myself right now. After that, I had my shower, had a cheap toast breakfast using the groceries we'd bought last night, and then - and only then - did I feel the need to open the door and hear out whoever was knocking on it.

I wished it was the Jehovah's Witness. I wished it was the damn Mormons. Hell, I wished it was my grubby landlord. Instead, a woman in black-and-white barged through the door. And I mean *literally* black and white, like she'd emerged out of an old television, complete with film spots and grain appearing on her intermittently. She wore a smart fedora and a trenchcoat, and beneath that a woman's suit complete with a fashionable black tie. Her face was dolled up to look like she was a Lauren Bacall type, and her hair had that slightly curled style of the 1940's.

"I can't even be surprised anymore," I mumbled.

"Kept me waiting too long," she said, instantly drawing out a pad of paper and scribbling along. "This jigsaw won't puzzle itself out, kiddo. Not unless ya got some moxie on your side, and trust me fella, I got moxie in spades. Moxie, gumption, and a thirst for the scoop."

She drew a pistol. Destiny screamed. Fem-Dylan fell back. I put up my hands.

The noir-detective just gave a wink. "Don't worry yer pretty little heads, girls. This detective just doesn't like entering rooms without a little bit of insurance. Lead insurance, to be precise. Is there anybody else here?"

We all shook our heads, still cowering. Thankfully, the woman put her weapon away and then removed her hat. She threw it across the room, and part of the corner wall fizzled

and shifted, becoming black-and-white just like her, complete with a hatstand for her fedora to land perfectly upon.

"Like, what the fuck?" Destiny said. "Did I, like, do too much coke last night?"

Ah, so that's what that little white patch beneath her nose was about.

"The name's Darlene," the noir-detective said, thrusting out a hand for me to shake. "Private Dick Darline Moreby." I shook her hand limply and she smirked. "Ya can tell a lot about a man from the way he shakes ya hand. 'Course, ya can tell a lot about a man when you used to be said man. Anybody got a light?"

She already had a cigarette in her mouth. Awkwardly, Fem-Dylan lit her up using a lighter from the motel room kitchen.

"Mhmm, that's the stuff. Never could quit, not since I ended up on those rain-soaked streets of crime and filth. Danger around every corner, criminals in low places and their bought-and-paid for politicians up high. I tell ya, I ain't no rat, I don't reveal my sources, but you'd never believe what goes on behind some of those closed doors at city hall. Nest of vipers, they are! They don't even know how to treat a lady, let alone one who was once an ordinary man in *technicolour television*."

We all looked at each other. I groaned. "This is too early in the morning. You're another version of me, aren't you? From the future . . . or the past? Wait, how does that make sense."

"I'm in the past, kiddo, and that's your future, unless ya want to take a different road. I tell ya, it's a hard life; taking down criminals with little more than a bit of guile cunning and liquid courage in your veins. A whiskey at the end of the day burning down your throat makes it all worth it, though, even when the dames you meet just never seem to be worthy of your trust. These femme fatales - wait, where are ya all going?"

Destiny, Fem-Dylan and I were already getting our wallets, purses, phones, and some snacks for the road.

"I'm heading out," I said. "It's the TV, isn't it? That shitty TV we couldn't get working last night. Does it suck me in if I stay?"

She grinned. "Got it in one. It seems we thought we'd be safe here, but we were just pulling a boner."

Destiny, who had been tuning out a little by this point, suddenly raised her head. "Wait, there's a boner to pull on? Where?"

"It means a mistake in old-timey talk, you ditz," Fem-Dylan said.

"Awww, what a tease!"

Darlene raised an eyebrow as she looked me over. "You could stay, of course. Go into the old screen. You'll make a fine detective one day, and trust me, I know. Just remember when you're lying bleeding in an alley that no Romeo is - wait, don't go!"

I sighed. I was right at the doorframe. "Are you trying to force me to become you?" I asked. "Like the others."

The hot detective shook her head. "What have I been telling you? Private Detective Darlene Moreby ain't no bad hat, and I ain't playin' no badger game, neither. But you need to play this smart, kiddo, if you're to get out of it. I'm willing to put my life on the line because that's what a good dick does for the right scoop. But have you put any thought to where your back window is?"

"My . . . what?"

"You're next stop, handsome."

"I . . . I was going to keep running."

She narrowed her eyes and put her hands on her lovely hips. The woman puffed a smoke ring in my face and then grinned. "I'll get you your next lead, then. But you'll owe me, past me. If you find a way to keep me around, you make that happen. Deal?"

Hesitantly, I shook her hand. "Deal."

"Head to the Wandering Witch. Shoulda gone there yesterday, but I wasn't as bright and beautiful as I was back then. Wasn't tangling with femme fatales and knowing where to put my chips in and when to cash 'em out. You go find the witch. I reckon that way may lay answers."

I thanked her and left just as the TV switched on by itself, a detective program just starting to play. I got the sense that I'd just managed to avoid yet another female future.

"Seriously," I said as we got to the car. "Is there a future where I'm NOT a woman!?"

It practically took all day to track down the location of the Wandering Witch. Tila didn't exactly have an online media presence, which frustrated Destiny's efforts (she got distracted by social media anyway). I had to call Alex and ask him to help me find her. He wanted to come along, but I pushed back on that over the phone.

"Sorry man," I told him. "But it's just something about that card reading she did. I'm just, er, disproving what she said about me."

"Well, you'll totally fail. She's a real witch, I'm telling you. But the conspiracy magic boards are all saying that she's way out in Maplereach Forest now."

Ugh. That was *hours* away. Fuck.

"Well, I'm going," I said. "And disproving it. Just be ready for me to call you in case - oh, fuck! What the hell!?"

Destiny squealed as a skateboarder literally jumped across the hood of the car and pulled to a stop before us. She had a full tattoo-sleeve down one arm and piercings along

her left eyebrow and on her lip. Her eyes had purple eyeshadow around them, and her hair had messy blonde streaks amid the brown. I gulped as I took in the sight of her. The daredevil lady was wearing baggy pants and a sleeveless tee that bared her midriff. Her hip had a tattoo of some wild animal on it.

"Dude, are you okay? Was that a woman squealing? Where are you?"

"Oh my God, it's another one!" Destiny shrieked.

"Wait, do you have a girl? What's going on?"

"I'll call you back, Alex," I told him. "Just going through something right now."

I sighed as the skateboarder did a few flip tricks in front of the car while we were caught at the red light. Other cars were honking at her, but she didn't seem to even hear them; she had airpods blasting music so loud that I could hear it through the damn car.

"Bet you'd like to be as fucking awesome as me, hey?" she said. "Check this shit, you!"

She proceeded to kickflip the skateboard, twirl some tricks on it, then balance on its end precariously before landing back down.

"Fucking lit, right? Trust me, Dyl, you'll never get cooler than me! Let go of that slut and that square and come party with me, man! There's a clinic nearby where you can end up with a total reprogramming. Or are you too pussy to end up as a bad bitch like me!?"

The light turned green and I quickly (and illegally) changed lanes, speeding off. How many goddamn female futures did I have!?

Certainly at least one more than I thought, because as we continued down the highway on the long road to Mapereach Forest and its adjacent park, Destiny demanded we pull over to show us something.

"I was just, like, watching some awesome new music video releases. There's this K-Pop band, right, and they're called *Blue Silk*. They're, like, soooooo amazing, and they got this new singer, right?"

"I fail to see how this is relevant," Fem-Dylan said.

"Well, just watch their catchy new release!"

A trio of very attractive Korean pop stars were dancing choreographed moves on a stage, each wearing semi-royal regalia in white and gold, their hair long and multi-coloured to match their extravagant aesthetic. Their lead singer danced up against several male singers before returning to her female KPop partners. I couldn't make a lick of the lyrics until suddenly they shifted to accented English.

"Dylan I'm tired, I'm so very tired.

It's time for you to come to meeeeeeee!

Dylan I want you, I want to be you

I want you to be meeeeeeee!

*So we can be together!
Just grab that plane ticket straight to Korea
Then I will see you! Then I will be you!
And you will be meeeeeee!!!*

At this, I could only sag. "So in some futures I'm a Korean pop star girl."

"A *hot* Korean pop star girl," Destiny corrected.

Fem-Dylan whistled. "She's not wrong. Check out those dance moves. And that body! Damn, girl."

"Can we *not* admire the future version of me where I'm an Asian pop singer? Jesus, how does that even happen. No, wait. I don't care. Let's get back on the road."

We headed onwards, continuing our travels. Still, when Destiny put the song *Dylan Be Me* on her portable speaker for us to listen to, none of us objected.

Even I couldn't deny it was a great bop. Who knew I had it in me?

We had started to actually *sing Dylan Be Me* by the time we arrived. It was strangely bonding, in fact. Fem-Dylan and I laughed at the way Destiny kept going for the high chords and getting way too into it.

"We need, like, one more member of the band!" she announced. "Dylan can be our lead singer and he can have three sexy back up girls! Mhmm, and we can have fun backstage."

"God, you never stop!" Fem-Dylan laughed. "Oh, guys, this is it!"

I pulled up to the entrance to the Maplereach Forest park area. There were a number of caravans and families and the like, but only one caravan interested me: the one that looked like it had come from a hundred and fifty years ago, and had little children laughing as they fed the black and white horses.

"There she is," I said triumphantly. "Time for answers. Remember people, if you see any more alternative future versions of me-"

"Of *us*," Fem-Dylan reminded.

"Of *us*," I continued, "then make sure to shout out. I don't want to be ambushed again."

We headed over to the carriage, which was on the other side of the caravan park. Fem-Dylan and I were wearing the same clothes and probably looking like a pair of twins, but Destiny was now in a scandalously short pink skirt and a sportsbra. Her boobs jiggled so much that one poor camper literally ran into the side of his van while looking at her. God, I

really hoped I didn't turn out like her. She was actually quite a sweetie, but I didn't want to be a ditzzy bimbo, that was for sure.

"I've never slept with a hot redneck before," she whispered to me. "Think I can have some fun quickly?"

I exhaled. "Just . . . be quick about it, I guess."

"Yay! You're the best! Which means I'm the best, since I used to be you! Just be, like, grateful you aren't super hungry for cock all the time like I am. This curse is the worst - but so sexy!"

She ran off to go seduce some of the male campers who were staring at her, and Fem-Dylan and I continued. But before we could reach the carriage, we were intercepted by yet another future version of me. Even after black-and-white femme fatale detective me, this one was confronting. And it wasn't even because she looked to be in her thirties. No, it was because she was *pregnant*.

"Oh," Fem-Dylan said. "Oh, wow."

"Yes, oh *wow*," the woman said. She wore a stylish pink summer dress that emphasised her bump, which looked to be at least six months along. "I see you've decided to make our future a reality, Dylan. Good! Because I was *not* looking forward to tracking the old me down while I've got swollen ankles and a little boy kicking down on my bladder."

She ran her fingers through her brown hair. She was a beautiful woman - glowing, in fact - but she was *pregnant*. A future version of me was a *pregnant mother*. I swallowed. I had gotten *pregnant* in a future timeline?

"H-how?" I stammered.

"How do you think?" she said, cupping her belly. "The old-fashioned way."

"Ew, you had sex?" Fem-Dylan said.

"Please, don't pretend you don't want this. Except I ended up with the instincts of a perfect housewife in your future, Dylan Prime."

Jesus, even her boobs looked swollen. Was I seriously stacked in every future where I was transformed? Wait, did she say housewife? I gazed down at her hand, and sure enough, as she patted her round dome, I could see a ring there.

"You're married!?" Fem-Dylan and I gasped together.

"Yep, married. Dorothy Moreby, now Dorothy Tibbets. See over there?"

She gestured to a rather tall and muscular man setting up a tent. A tent with two other children.

"That's my husband, Tom. And my two girls. *Your* two girls, Dylan. The ones you will birth in the future."

I stared. Me, as a mother? A mother of two kids going on *three*!? This just kept on getting crazier.

“Nope, no way!” I said. “Not happening! I’m here to see the witch to reverse it.”

“You think we haven’t tried that! Look, you need to choose a future. Mine has *kids* in it. You can’t take away my kids. They’re *our* kids, Dylan. Yours and mine. If you destroy that future then you’ll be erasing them! And let me tell you, after being made all submissive and loving and getting knocked up and giving birth, there is *no* way I’m letting my silly male past self undo all I had to go through! You *will* make it worth it, young man!”

“Fuck you, ya bitch!”

This was a new voice. A caravan door swung open and another woman stepped out. She was in her mid-twenties like me, and was dressed in a bathrobe that was falling off one shoulder, and she had cheap-looking tattoos on the side of her neck. Her hair was a mess, she had a cigarette in one hand, and her eyes were bloodshot. She was also, just like Dorothy in front of me, obviously pregnant.

“My kids deserve to live as much as you!” she said in a thick southern drawl. “I may be the trailer trash version of myself, but I deserve my future! And I’ll fucking kill the skank that tries to stop that!”

“Please, between us our past self would rather be a wealthy trophy wife on a camping trip than living in a pigsty with three different fathers to three different babydaddies! At least I got married!”

“I’ve only got two baby daddies, what are you talking about, cunt!?”

“I’m talking about how if we have to be a mother, then at least we can be a respectable one!”

“There’s nothing respectable about getting knocked up, and you know it! We’re both fucked, literally!”

“How dare you! My children can hear your language! I can’t believe we’re versions of each other!”

We were already moving as the two continued to argue. Said baby daddies were getting involved on both sides, and soon a whole argument was erupting. It felt like the timeline was getting even more fragmented.

“I don’t understand,” Fem-Dylan told me as we exited the park and headed to the carriage. “My calculations tell me that our futures should fold together once it’s all corrected, but these other future versions of you *want* you to go down their path.”

“The Wandering Witch will know,” I said. “She *has* to.”

And indeed, she was waiting there for us. The kids who had been playing with the horses had been shooed away, and a number of visitors were no longer allowed to see her wares. The beautiful woman sat in her patchwork purple outfit with the fold-out desk before her, and two seats ready for us, a third perhaps available for destiny. She had another

woman beside her wearing what looked like a medieval peasant cosplay. Her hood was up, but I could already guess her identity.

“Wandering Witch,” I said. “Tila. Please, please, please tell me you know what’s going on!”

She sighed, and gestured for us to have a seat. In the distance, the two pregnant versions of myself were arguing. I really hoped they wouldn’t come over here.

“Welcome back, Dylan Moreby. And welcome also, Dylan Moreby.”

The female version of myself nodded. “I wish I could say it was good to be here. Been a few years since I last saw you, Tila.”

“Yes, I can sense that you are out of time. Time itself fractures around you, particularly around your original male self. It’s happening right now. Can you feel it, Diedre?”

The peasant-looking woman beside her threw back her hood. She was pretty but had no makeup on at all, and her hair was a bit more straw-like than mine, as if it hadn’t seen modern shampoo for some time.

“Aye,” she said in a European accent. “I can indeed feel it, mistress. Thou art correct. A fracturing of time that doth place me outside mine own changed life as a mere farmer’s wife.”

“Wait, wait,” I said. “This makes no sense. Look, I can see that - Diedre, was it? - I can see that you’re clearly a future version of me. We have the same eyes, and that’s been a tell so far. But you’re talking like you’re from the past?”

“It’s not making sense,” Fem-Dylan said. “All of my chronological calculations are failing me on this.”

“Aye, I understand thine confusion,” the woman said. “But I indeed be thine future, though one stuck in thine past as well. For when thou art made disillusioned by the witches prophecy, thee may make a choice most foul, and flee into the Maplereach forest. There, thou shalt fall through a portal in time, and find thee within medieval England, the year of our Lord 1559. Thou shalt occupy the body of a young village maiden, and shall be forced to make a new life as a peasant woman, eventually marrying a kind-hearted farmer, one with whom you have conceived.”

Her hand went down to her belly, which was still flat, at least my view. I groaned out loud. “God, another pregnancy? How many futures am I getting knocked up in?”

“At least seven as far as I can tell,” the Wandering Witch said, her words so matter-of-fact that they silenced me and my ‘partner.’ “I’ve been approached by a number of your future selves, each trying to win the game, and others trying to lose it because they are not, well, exactly happy with their fates.”

“Not happy? Trying to win and lose? I don’t get it. My future self here said if I stay as a man, they all just fold back into me and everyone’s happy.”

The witch stood with a sigh. "I'm very sorry, Dylan, but it's been complicated since. Come with me. Diedre, do you mind if we take a wonder?"

"Thou art free to do so, mistress," Diedre said with a soft smile. "I am but a peasant-wife out of time, and thou art a helpful witch. I would beseech mine former self, however, to at least consider mine life in the proverbial races. It is a hard life, true, but a satisfying one. The air is clean, the land is beauteous, and our trade is honest. Perhaps the years free from the world of the internet, of smartphones and idle distractions have purified me, or perhaps mine mind has merely adapted, but though it be a poor life, it is not a *poor* life. Besides," she said, with a bit of a grin. "I do at least have job, which I know we have sought for some time."

"I'll, uh, keep it in mind," I said, before following the witch into the woods behind the carriage. I whispered to Fem-Dylan. "She smelled, right?"

"Oh, so much. If we have to be trapped in the past, can we at least be a noblewoman or something?"

"That is an option," Tila said ahead of us. "Look to your left. About two hundred feet away."

I did so, and got my first look at what an actual multiverse time rift looked like. It was like a gouge in reality, and yet coloured and shaped like a violet rose blooming open, terrible and beautiful at the same time. Stepping out of it was a regal princess with long brunette hair and hazel eyes. She wore a diadem with gemstones studded along it, and her pale blue sleeves hung low, a fashion from another time. She strode carefully, almost gliding along the ground, but was clearly looking about . . . for me.

We ran further ahead to Tila, who had made her way to the centre of a little clearing. There she turned to address us. The witch uncorked a bubbling bottle of strange blue liquid and then spread it in the air. It failed to follow the laws of physics, particularly the rules of gravity, and instead floated in an arc above her head. She whispered some words in an eldritch tongue, then held up the three cards she had read for me.

"This can't be real," I said.

"Open your eyes, man," Fem-Dylan said. "I'm pretty sure magic is definitely real!"

"N-no. There has to be a scientific . . ."

Tila's eyes glowed for several seconds, and soon visions expanded around her like little cloudbursts, showing numerous beautiful women, older women, even a few grandmas. There were some I had seen: the cheerleader flipping about with her team, and then later sucking off a footballer in the changerooms. The big titty goth girl version of myself raging out as she shredded her electric guitar on a stage. But there were others: a green-skinned amazonian beauty with incredible muscles battling what looked like full-blown villains in a futuristic city I didn't even recognise from our world. There was even a gorgeous actress with

long blonde hair, her body wrapped up in a tight red dress that showed all her gorgeous curves. The photographers were going nuts as they photographed her.

“S-so many,” I uttered.

“And we’re women in all of them,” said Fem-Dylan.

“Not just women,” Tila said. “I need you to understand the gravity of what you face. You have become a vortex at the centre of so much, Dylan. Observe.”

She cast her hands out, and to my shock the blooming visions became actual rifts. A number of future-me’s stepped forward, but none of them looked like I imagined. In fact, none of them even looked *human*.

“Gagh!” Fem-Dylan yelled, literally jumping into my arms as a woman strode out with the lower half of a gigantic spider. Her abdomen was massively bulbous, and around her hazel eyes were size black dots; a collection of other eyes. She had brown hair like ours, albeit more wild, and wore a simple torn strip of cloth to cover her breasts, leaving her impressive stomach muscles exposed.

“Yeah, I get that reaction often,” she said in a husky voice. “But it’s your fault I’m like this! You got bit by that mutant spider, past me!”

Before I could even respond, another figure stepped forth, this time on four hooves. She was a gorgeous centaur, tall and muscular, with a proud equine body and a mane of red hair that contrasted against her brown fur. She wore a fantasy-style top that also left her midriff exposed, one that had silver and gold embroidery around its red fabric.

“Trying to stay human, huh?” she said, putting her hands upon her humanoid hips. She stamped a hoof on the ground. “To that, I say ‘neigh!’”

More strode forth. A short little green-skinned goblin girl with long ears and sharp teeth, muttering in curses I’d never even thought existed, they were so vulgar. A woman in a dark dress with bleached skin and red eyes looked at her ‘competition’ with a smile, exposing long pointed fangs.

“If my former self refuses to ascend upon the ritual bloodstone and become a vampire queen, then perhaps draining the blood of my rivals will help us find the proper path, hmm?”

“D-don’t do that!” another voice said. “Please don’t drink moo-y blood! I’m just an innocent c-cowgirl!”

And not the kind I thought of when the word ‘cowgirl’ came to mind. She was not some sexy Texan lass with denim shorts and a tied flannel shirt. Instead, she was a brown-furred woman with hooves for feet, a ropey bovine tail, horns jutting out from her scalp, and a slightly distended snout that left her features doe-eyed and oddly cute. Her breasts were massive, even bigger than Destiny’s, and they were dripping milk upon her

naked chest. As was the massive punk udder swaying against her legs, smacking audibly against her thighs as she fidgeted nervously.

“What in the ever-living *fuck!*?” Fem-Dylan exclaimed.

The bovine lass blushed through her fur. “Um, we sort of ran from this meeting straight to a farm. I thought I could moo-ake myself scarce there, but instead they were doing genetic testing. You end up turning into a really moo-ilk filled cowgirl. Ohhhhh, my udder is so full!”

She mooed again as milk spilled from it, and the drider version of me scuttled back on her eight long legs.

“Woah, and I thought having a giant spider ass was bad!”

An elven ranger version of me with olive skin and a fit figure, like something out of a Dungeons and Dragons campaign, took a step back as well to avoid getting milk on her.

“At least you get to stick in your world! I’m in a place called Erutell; some fantasy universe with an orc party member who really wants to play hide the green pickle.”

A new figure crashed through the treeline: it was Destiny, still tugging at her top to settle her boobs, having obviously just done the dirty with one of the local campers.

“Like, sorry everyone!” she said in her ditzzy manner. “I was just, like, enjoying those two guys at once waaaaay too much and lost track of - woah! Holy shit! Did I take too many drugs this morning?”

“No, it is real, Destiny,” the Wandering Witch said. “These are all future versions of Dylan. Ones who became female *and* nonhuman.”

“This is crazy,” she said. “But also hot. Can I suck on your milk, cowgirl? Love that hot udder?”

The cowgirl-me blushed. “B-but I’m an ugly mutant!”

“Mhmm, a hot mutant, more-like.”

“*Anyway*,” Tila interrupted. “I needed to show you this, Dylan. Something has cracked in time and space, magic and science. You are at the centre of it. I don’t know exactly what has manifested it, but it’s getting worse with each passing day.”

“Yeah, I can tell,” I stammered. I lowered Fem-Dylan back down. “Why the hell am I always becoming a woman? It’s just - it’s not fair!”

“Unfortunately, the cards showed you true: it is fated and inevitable.”

“But my future self - Fem-Dylan here - says I can avoid something that makes me her, and she’s figured out that her life will just become mine, and it’ll be fine!”

The Wandering Witch shook her head, as did the other freaks and mutants and fantasy versions of me.

“What do you think happens to my silk-making ass?” Drider Me exclaimed, gesturing at herself. “My life can’t be folded into yours, can it?”

“And we’re both in Erutell,” the centauress beauty said, gesturing to herself and to the elven ranger, the latter of whom was turning her boot upside down to get rid of the milk that had splashed into it.

“I’m a moo-tant!” the cowgirl said. “I go by D-Darcy, now. I don’t like being a milky freak with a stupid udder, but I don’t want to die! Ngh!”

Some milk shot forth from her udder, and she gasped before forcing herself to milk it right there in front of us. “S-sorry. I’m really f-full right now!”

It was all a nightmare. “So you’re saying that I have to *choose* a future and sacrifice the rest?” I asked.

The witch nodded. “Indeed. I’m so very sorry, Dylan. All these future timelines of yourself will keep coming. More and more rifts will open. Soon it will be unsustainable. You are heading towards a point of chaos when the fabric of magic and science collide. At that moment, or in the days before it, you must make your decision. You must choose a future, or simply fall into one, where you are a woman. It’s all that can be done. Then the rest of the timelines will be . . . pruned.”

Destiny gaped. All of them did.

“You mean that pregnant lady . . . the cheerleader and goth . . . Delia the librarian, they all *want* me to choose their future because otherwise they cease to exist?”

“Exactly. In fact, I suspect that your closest analogue has already suspected this for a while.”

I turned to Fem-Dylan. She kept her face cool, but I knew all the tells of my own face. I knew how we often looked away, blinked that little bit too fast. She had figured this out already. Our lives wouldn’t *just* fold together; the others I didn’t take on would have their futures destroyed.

“Dylan,” I said. “How could you?”

She gave me a wan smile. “Don’t be mad, please. I’m as close to the original you as anyone here. I just . . . did what you would have done?”

Anger boiled in me, and self-loathing too. She wasn’t entirely wrong, but it didn’t make her actions right.

“How do I fix it?” I asked the witch.

“I’m sorry, you can’t. You must choose. Now, with these women, or the ones in the caravan park, or at the point of confluence soon, where all may turn to chaos if you do not make your decision. I cannot help you more than that. You must choose a future where you *are a woman, Dylan.*”

We argued. I was nearly wrapped up in a web by the spider-lady, captured by the elf, and abducted by a centaur. Thankfully, Tila laid down the law so we could get out of there. Before that we had to fetch some buckets for poor Darcy, who was so agitated that her mammaries were becoming engorged. We left the Wandering Witch and headed to a new hotel using some of the last of our funds. The others begged to come with us, but we could only fit Darcy. I couldn't even say why I took her along, but knowing what I knew now, it just seemed . . . cruel not to take her. To at least consider her future, much as I really, really didn't want a giant freaking udder. Besides, she was the only one that hadn't briefly tried to make her nonhuman timeline come true. I got the sense that whatever serum those farmer geneticists had mutated her with had also made her more docile.

"I understand why you did what you did," I told Fem-Dylan as we drove back. "But that doesn't mean I'm not angry."

"I know," she said. "Because you're me, and I'm you. I hate myself for it, too."

"I just . . . fuck! I wish I'd known."

"Would it have helped?"

"I . . . it doesn't matter. I deserve to know."

"Like, totally!" Destiny said. "I was, like, helping you avoid my fate, but now you should totally take it on. Sucking dick and taking it up the ass isn't, like, *that* bad. Seriously! I mean, I don't care about being a total nerd and sceptic anymore. At least I'd be better than big cow-ass here."

"That's moo-ean!" came the fourth voice. Poor Darcy was cramped into the back left seat, her udder barely fitting, forcing her to spread her thighs. I gave her a sympathetic look. We'd covered her in a towel so she wasn't naked, but there were no bras to hold her big boobs just yet. "I'm still a person! I still like programming! I'm still like Dylan! I just need to be moo-ilked and go into heat sometimes!"

I cringed at that, but Fem-Dylan spoke next.

"Well, your future isn't happening! Mine is the closest to our Prime Self's original life. I don't like the idea of staying a woman, but we'll see the light, won't we, Dylan?"

"No way, if we're gonna be a woman, why not be on the wild side?"

"Moo-ilking isn't that bad, actually. It feels nice. And the moo-inotaur men they made are very gentle when they-"

"Everyone," I said. "Just shut up. Shut up. We're going to drive to a hotel. We're going to sneak Darcy in and pretend she's just a furry or something. We're going to not talk about any of this. We're going to eat and then *sleep*. Otherwise I'll doom us all to the future where I've got a huge spider ass just out of spite. Got it?"

They all felt silent. They seemed to get it.

Thursday

It was the next morning, the day before the Weird Science Convention was set to begin. I woke, as seemed usual these crazy days, to a loud banging on the door. I strode past Destiny, who was slumbering naked on the couch, and Fem-Dylan, who was reading up on multiverse theories looking for a solution. Darcy was in the bathroom, her hooves cracking the tiles a little while she desperately milked herself.

"Sorry!" she said, her ropey tail swaying behind her in an embarrassed fashion. "I always get engorged overnight!"

I could tell. Her boobs and udder were massive, the latter like a damn beachball. Poor Darcy was such a nice future version of me, but no way did I want to become her.

"It's okay," she told me, as if reading my thoughts. "I don't blame you. I'm just glad you at least took moo-e along."

I gave her a grateful smile. Man, it made me feel bad. But then the knocking came again.

"I'm coming," I said, opening the door. "Oh, woah. Holy shit."

This time, it was a member of the Jehovah's Witness. And a Mormon. And a woman who looked like a gender-flipped version of my fucking landlord. They were all women, all attractive in their own way, and they all had amber eyes.

"Have you considered our Lord and Saviour has a more feminine purpose for you?"

"Joseph Smith's plan involves uplifting Mormon women, Dylan! You should choose us!"

"You've seriously got to pay your rental bills on time. Turns out the landlord knows a warlock."

I shut the door, strode back to my room and grabbed a pillow.

And screamed.

"That's it!" I yelled, causing poor Darcy to jump and spill milk everywhere. "Fuck the timestream! We're going to visit Alex!"

This time I was the one banging on a door. I knew Alex would be home: he had a nice hustle going on with web design but like me was looking for secure work. But it meant that he worked from home for now. He opened the door with a smile on his face.

"Dylan, buddy! Did you complete your mysterious . . . mission?"

His eye wandered, as I knew it would, to Fem-Dylan at my side, still matching my clothing. She smiled nervously and gave him a little wave.

"Hey, Alex?"

“Dude! You never told me you had a hot sister! I mean, a sister! Fuck, sorry!”

“It’s okay,” my future self said. “I’ve been called worse.”

“And she’s not my sister. She’s my future self.”

“Your what?”

“You were right about it all, Alex,” I told him. “Alternate timelines and dimensions, mutations and magic, all of it. And I’m at the centre of it. And I can prove it.”

“Like, we can prove it!”

Destiny stepped into view in front of the door, and I actually saw Alex’s jaw drop in real time. If he was a dog, he’d be panting right then and there. In fact, I wasn’t entirely sure he *wasn’t*. Today she was wearing pink (as usual), but this time in the form of a very risque club dress that was, frankly, still getting my attention a little, on account of the way it looked around her neck in a way that formed a rather exposed cleavage window that exposed a great deal of her E-cup breasts. She grinned, bouncing on the spot, one hand on her hip and the other running through her hair as she posed.

“Awww, Alex! It’s been, like, way too long. I’d forgotten how fucking sexy you are.”

My friend gulped. “I, uh, um . . . this is awesome but . . . not magic? Not that I mind because . . . wow.”

“Hehehe!” she giggled. “I love that I’ve got, like, that effect on you. Dylan won’t fuck me, but maybe you’ll make a girl super happy?”

Fem-Dylan nudged me to get this moving along. I coughed.

“Before you do that, Alex, I’d like to introduce my other, er, friend. *This* is my friend Darcy. You said you believe in mutants, well get a load of her.”

His eyes went wide as the thick, curvaceous, and very furry bovine lass stepped into view, cupping her head-sized breasts with one forearm and failing to cover up her udder remotely with her other hand. She gave a cute, sheepish grin upon her snout.

“Do you moo-ind if I step my hooves in, old buddy? I’m sorta getting more attention than I’d like here.”

“This is so crazy. I can’t believe it. But I can! So many of my theories proven true! And it happened to you, Dylan, you lucky bastard! Of course it happens to the sceptic and not the true believer.”

I ate another slice of watermelon that he’d put out for us. Darcy was chewing on some grass. “Yeah, I’m real lucky. I could end up a cougar MILF, or a KPop star, or a princess from another time. Or just a freaking trophy wife on her third kid. Seriously, Alex, I wasn’t even meant to come to you, but I had to after the Wandering Witch gave me nothing.

You're an expert in this conspiracy stuff. There must be some way for me to stay a man without, well, killing all these ladies' futures. My futures, I guess."

"Amen," Fem-Dylan said.

"Bingo!" Destiny added, still on her phone. "Man, I missed you Alex. You sexy nerd!"

Alex was having the absolute time of his life. He couldn't stop asking questions even a full two hours after we'd explained all that had happened in the last few days. He was fascinated by Darcy and her mutations, and even helped get a better bucket for her and did some online shopping to get her some better milk pumps, as if she would even *exist* in a few days when I chose my future. Destiny kept rubbing right up against him, purring sensually and making sure to show off her big boobs even more than usual, then giggling after making him tent in his pants.

"Stop it!" Fem-Dylan and I said together, our minds in sync.

"What?" Destiny said, grinning. "I'm the one who got cursed into a slut, remember? I can't, like, help it! Besides, it's pretty fun to bust our best friend's balls . . . literally."

She stroked his crotch, and at this point Alex leapt to his feet. "Sorry, that's just - a little too weird! I mean, you're Dylan."

"And *your* Destiny," she purred.

"Oh my God, don't sleep with our best friend!" I declared.

"Y-yeah," Darcy said, blushing. "It's not productive. And trust moo-e, I *know* about productivity." She gestured to her naked body. Her boobs were visibly more swollen than they had been an hour ago. It made me wince to think of ending up like that. But then a lot of the fates I was possibly being dealt didn't sound great to me. I didn't exactly want to end up as a pregnant hillbilly with two or more babydaddies. And as much as I liked noir films, I had no intention of being some femme fatale female detective. And that wasn't even getting into the drider lady. Or the one where I was an Asian chick. How the hell does *that* even happen? A weird mad science surgery or some local curse or something?

"Look," I said, gesturing to the three women around us and then back to me. "We've all got a lot riding on this, Alex. In under twenty four hours, I'm destined to be turned into a woman. One of those timelines will become real, and the rest will be extinguished. I don't want any of them to come true for me, but more than that, I definitely don't want to effectively kill off all of these other timelines of me. That's . . . that's the world's most fucked up trolley problem. I mean, they're real. Look at them!"

"Hear, hear," Destiny said.

Darcy mooded in agreement.

Fem-Dylan blushed and looked away.

"Hey," I said. "Me over there. You agree, don't you? They're all deserving of a chance?"

She turned back. She was actually crying. "Fucking female hormones," she muttered, wiping away the tears. "Always getting me, I swear. Yeah, you're right. I was . . . I was an asshole. A greedy selfish asshole. I'm sorry."

I smiled. "It's okay. If you are, that means I am too, and that also means I can't judge, right?"

At this, my future self smiled and wiped the last of the tears. Thanks, past me."

I refocused back on Alex, who looked a bit confused by all of this. "That's where you come in, dude. I admit it, I was wrong about magic and freak science and the paranormal and all of that. But because I've been such a rationalist and sceptic all of my life, I don't think I'm equipped to solve this problem. I don't think *any* version of me, even the ones actually changed by weird supernatural shit, are actually equipped to solve it. We're all scared, and wanting to survive, and deep down we keep trying to focus on some *reasonable explanation* as opposed to something more outside the box."

Alex took this in. Slowly, understanding crept across his face. "You want me to try and figure out a way to save everybody."

"Exactly," I said. "Even Darcy here."

"What do you moo-ean, *even* Darcy?"

"Sorry! I meant, like, I still want to save you, even though I definitely don't want to end up as a cowgirl, no offence."

She patted her udder idly and smiled. "It's okay. I - ahh - understand. It's not exactly how I wanted our life to go. And going into heat is . . . embarrassing."

I didn't plan to ask any more questions on *that* particular topic. "Can you do it, Alex? Can you find something that can save all of us?"

Alex slowly stood. Destiny licked her lips as he adopted a stance that was almost heroic, and Darcy looked upon him as if he was a god. Even Fem-Dylan and I were impressed.

"I'll do my best," he said, grinning at Destiny and Darcy. "Or I'll die trying."

There was a sudden pause.

"Yeah," Fem-Dylan said dryly. "I don't think your existence is really at stake here, dude."

"The speech could have been, like, better."

"Moo-aybe took it a bit far."

I chuckled. "I'm actually less confident now."

Alex looked up at the ceiling and groaned. "Ugh, this isn't fair! There's four of you now!"

It was later that night. Alex had worked feverishly, and we'd all ordered takeout. I was grateful that he'd paid for us and helped set up bedding in the living room, though I suspected that this was to impress Destiny, who was still flirting with him hard even after going to the bathroom to masturbate way too loudly.

What would it be like to be her? She was a future me who'd had her mind changed, her personality altered to match her bodacious body. She clearly didn't *want* to stay as a woman, but at the same time she took a clear ditzy pleasure in it, especially in showing off that big rack of hers, not to mention the rest of her. I guess it was kind of like buying chocolate when you're trying to lose weight; you know you shouldn't, but God it feels good when you give in.

Is that how I would feel if I became a woman? *When* I became a woman, if the Wandering Witch was right? I looked over to see that Fem-Dylan had fallen asleep on the couch after a long day of fending off new future versions of me. The cougar MILF showing up, looking like a woman in her forties who had aged like fine wine, had certainly been confronting, but at least my friends (most of which were me, to be fair) had gotten rid of her as well as several others. Heck, when that cavewoman appeared on Alex's doorstep in a sabretooth fur bra and loincloth, poor Darcy had to scramble fast with fear; this prehistorical version of me sent back in time was hardly capable of language, but she *did* have a spear. Thankfully, she was sent running when Fem-Dylan played some techno-music across the house, scaring her. And this wasn't even getting into the version of me who became a Nun after being, and I quote, "Given a holy task by the angels of heaven on Earth!" Yeah, I wasn't too keen on that kind of life. But then again, what kind of female life was I keen on?

It was late at night when Alex put that question to me as he puzzled over the problem at his computer.

"I'm just saying man," he said to me. "Let's just say you *have* to choose one of these futures where you're a woman. Hypothetically. What one would you be most keen for?"

"None of them!" I'd protested. "I mean, I guess Fem-Dylan is the one I'm closest to, but I still don't want to be a lady."

"Why not?" he asked me. "There could be some cool parts about it."

"Like what?"

"Like being hot, for one."

"Dude."

He put up a hand. "Believe it or not, I'm actually serious here. You're such a sceptic, but sometimes that makes you a *cynic* as well. You are not a bad looking guy, but you've not had a relationship in ages. Being an attractive woman would help you, and it might be nice to look pretty, right? I know I'd probably at least *appreciate* looking kinda beautiful if I was a girl.

Plus you've got your own pair of boobs to play with, you can be more emotional if you want, you get a much wider set of styles and clothing types to wear - think about how comfortable skirts probably feel, eh?"

He nudged me with his elbow, as if we were just talking about something ordinary. Fem-Dylan had been listening in with the others, and she piped in.

"Skirts actually are pretty comfortable."

"Especially, like, suuuuuper tight little ones!"

Darcy mooded. "I can't wear skirts very well! I wouldn't moo-ind a dress, though, just to cover my udder a bit."

I ran my fingers through my hair. "No offence everybody, especially those of you who are me, but none of that would make up for losing my penis. It's a male pride thing, sorry. And having a - a vagina. There's maintenance with that, right?"

"Yes," they all replied together.

"Like, waaaay too much," Destiny added. "And boob sweat sucks. Ohmigod, I seriously don't like periods either."

Fem-Dylan fist-bumped her other self. "Damn right, sis. They suck."

"See?" I said to Alex. "Shitty things. Plus sexism and getting catcalled, and having curves and - it's just embarrassing, okay! And the bigger issue remains that if I choose one, the rest all effectively die. They never existed."

Alex gave a wan smile. "I know, buddy. Look, I've been able to figure out some things, a lot of it from what Fem-Dylan told me, and the others too. They each describe a feeling of connection to the rifts, right? The multiverse collider thingy that we might or might not be seeing on Friday. Is it getting stronger for your girls?"

"Yes."

"Totes."

"Moo. I mean, yes."

He nodded. "So some of the more crackpot theories online theorise that a person at the centre of a time vortex has the power to manipulate it from the centre. *If* they can feel that connection."

"But I don't feel a connection," I said. "I'm just running around like a headless chicken trying not to grow a pair of boobs here."

Alex leaned forward a little. "But have you *tried to connect*? I mean, *really connect*. The Wandering Witch described you as a confluence between magic, time, dimensions, everything. I don't know why, but perhaps whatever *will* happen has rippled back in time, which is also why so many future versions of yourself keep arriving."

I was sceptical. So unlike me, I know!

"So . . . what? I just close my eyes and try to connect to the universe? To time itself?"

“Sure!” Alex said. “I could put on some meditative music. We can clear the room, right girls? I’m sure we can find a private space together.”

I saw him wink over my shoulder and sighed. He was hitting on Destiny again, no doubt. My friend was such an absolute dog that he was intent on sleeping with a future version of me. Shit, was *that* possibly in my future? God, I hadn’t even considered that if things went wrong, I could end up spreading my legs and feeling compelled to let a man stick his *thing* inside my wet pussy. Shit, that would be just . . . alien! Wrong! And somehow the female version of me would probably like it, which was somehow worse.

“Dude, are you okay?”

“Just about to vomit,” I said. “No, not really. I just don’t want to imagine the worst fates here. Becoming a pregnant trophy wife is not exactly in my plans. Fine, you guys can clear a space - please. I’ll see if I can connect to the timey wimey nonsense.”

Everyone cleared out, but to my surprise my future selves all wished me luck, Fem-Dylan most of all.

“I’m sorry,” she repeated. “If you can find another way, then you’ll always be the best version of us, man. The OG. Dylan Prime.”

“Dylan Prime,” I chuckled. “I like that.”

“Well, maybe I’ll be Lady Dylan Prime, then, seeing as we’re the most similar. Best of luck, me.”

I waited a few minutes when they were gone out of the living space, and then I closed my eyes. I concentrated. What was time? Was it fragmented? Was it normally linear but for this experience? Was it something living I could connect to? I tried to focus my thoughts upon anchors in time. That was a term Alex used when referring to what was happening to me. The anchor was tomorrow, at the Weird Science Convention. There would be a collider, and it would potentially cause everything, bending causality so that every choice I made pushed me to become female, all in a variety of near-impossible or supernatural ways. That was the key. That very moment. When the accident that would make me Fem-Dylan would occur and lock out all other possibilities.

Focus, Dylan, focus. You can find it. You can feel -

Woah.

I felt something.

It was a tug at first, and like a poor fisherman, I lost it by pulling back on the proverbial rod that was my mind too hard, too quickly. I let it ease back towards me, and this time I let that anchor pulse and tug. I drew it in carefully. What began as a slight tremble in my consciousness became a throbbing heartbeat. In a stark epiphany, I realised that the headache I’d been complaining of the last few days was actually *this*, my connection to the rifts in time and the various possibilities that sprang from it. Holy shit, I could *feel* time. I

could feel the way it was bending around me, trying to manipulate me and force me to become a woman. Hell, just in that moment I could see other futures, other moments.

Me as some strange flying batwoman, complete with leathery wings.

Me as a sci-fi heroine in a futuristic spacesuit, my clothing like tight spandex.

Me as a sexy stewardess, my skin dark, my lips full, my hair a gorgeous afro.

Me as a female cartoon with exaggerated proportions, off in some strange 2D world.

I opened my eyes and let the connection fall away. Surprisingly, my three future selves were in front of me, and Alex was clicking his fingers in front of my face.

“Dude,” he said. “Dude! Are you okay?”

“Yeah, of course I’m okay,” I snapped. “Give me more time, will you? You’ve barely given me fifteen minutes.”

They all looked at each other. Darcy gave a cute little moo of concern.

“Hey, me,” Fem-Dylan said. “I hate to break it to you, but you’ve been meditating for *hours*, man. It’s like thirty minutes past midnight.”

“What!?” I said. “But that means . . . that means it’s already -

Friday

I did get some sleep, but it was short and fitful. The Weird Science Convention was on today, and I wasn’t ready. That connection to the time rifts was still there, but I had no idea what to do with it. Clearly, I’d made some sort of breakthrough, but it was only making my headache worse as far as I was concerned. I woke with a sensation of something approaching, not that I could tell what it was just yet. At least this morning, finally, no one was banging on any-

“Goddamn it,” I said, getting out of bed in response to the banging. I wandered out into Alex’s living room, having slept on the spare room couch. Fem-Dylan had taken the couch in the same room, and we tried not to make it awkward. But the banging wasn’t coming from her; she was still asleep. Instead, the banging was coming from *Alex’s* room. Banging, and the sound of bed springs *bouncing*.

“Dear God,” I muttered under my breath. I grabbed the handle of his door and turned it. “I can’t believe he’s fucking Destiny in there.”

“Like, who’s he fucking? Fem-Dyl? That’s, like, sooooo not fair.”

I nearly jumped through the roof at Destiny’s voice. I turned and stared at her. She was right *behind me*, stretching in her sexy lingerie, her boobs practically spilling out of her badly aligned cups. She gave a great yawn.

“I was hoping to bang him. This is totes unfair. Though probably good, right? Kinda weird even for me to be banging my bestie and all.”

I blinked, struggling to find the words.

"Like, what's up, Dylan?"

"It's just that, if you're here," I said. "And Fem-Dylan is still asleep . . ."

"*Mooooo!*"

I opened the door, and there was Darcy, bent over against the bed, her udder slapping against the mattress and leaking everywhere. Alex was positioned behind her, her long ropey tail over his shoulder while he thrust into her vagina. Her huge boobs bounced heavily with each of these thrusts, and she occasionally kicked back with one hoof to bang upon the wall, dealing small dents into the plaster.

"Alex, what the actual fuck!?" I gasped.

He looked my way and immediately turned red, though he wasn't stopping. "Dylan! You weren't supposed to - dude, close the door!"

"M-mooooo!" Darcy groaned. "Moo-re, please! I'm in h-heat! You feel so good, Alex! I don't regret this at all, man! UGHH!!"

I closed the door and ran my fingers through my hair. "Destiny," I said, grabbing her by the shoulders. "No matter what happens today, we are *not* talking about that, okay?"

She nodded. "Like, definitely."

As if to emphasise this point, a loud and very orgasmic series of moos echoed out from the room and woke my future self, who came out in a hurry to see what all the fuss was about.

"Nothing much," I said, still clutching my head as the ache grew. "Alex is just doing some cowtipping, that's all."

It made for an awkward time thirty minutes later when the pair emerged. Darcy looked like she wanted to fold in on herself, fidgeting with her hand-hooves and looking every which way but us as she ate her vegetarian breakfast. Alex also looked a bit self-conscious.

"Okay, I have to ask," I finally said. "Since I don't know how disastrous everything will turn out today. Alex . . . why?"

He shrugged as he ate his cereal, also not looking at me. "Dude, you know me, I've always been into mutations and supernatural stuff and things that are strange and exciting. I just . . . was more into them than you expected."

I made a raspberry sound of frustration with my lips as I exhaled. "Alex, you're my best friend, so I'll tell you and Darcy right now, I'm not becoming a cowgirl for you."

"I know. She knows it too. That's why we thought a little bit of fun would at least make it worth it. Right, Darcy?"

The cowgirl sat up a little straighter, her tail wagging and nearly knocking over a little table stand behind her. "Sorry, Dylan. I mean, you're me and I'm you, but you've got no idea

how strong my heat gets. And besides, Alex is so sweet. I know you won't become a cowgirl and I'm not going to exist soon, but he really is wonderful. Whoever you become, I can tell you that. He's wonderful."

"Wow, I guess he left an impression this morning."

"Oh, uh, we spent the night together. It was sort of romoo-antic."

She took Alex's hand and squeezed it gently, and he returned it, smiling at her.

"I like this cowgirl you, Dylan," he told me. "She's pretty fucking awesome."

Well, I had no real idea how to respond to that, and thankfully I didn't need to, because the headache I was low-key experiencing suddenly became a *lot* stronger. I felt it weigh down upon me, and soon my hands were shaking. Fem-Dylan put her hand on my shoulder to hold me steady.

"Dylan? Hey, Dylan Prime? You okay, me?"

I cringed. "I can feel . . . something. It's not painful, but it's powerful. It's - oh, shit! We need to get moving! We need to get into the cow - sorry Darcy, I meant to say *car* - and get moving fast!"

"What's happening?" Alex asked.

I looked him square in the eyes. "I'd say you'd never believe it, Alex, but you're the one person who would. I'm starting to sense the rifts, and what came through this one is a doozy. It's a goddamn *UFO*."

We were in the car and moving out of the garage. I was in the front passenger seat while Fem-Dylan was driving. Darcy took the back-middle, squishing poor Destiny and Alex to the sides. Well, Alex didn't seem to mind so much. At least this cowgirl future-me finally had some clothing on, even if it was the loose dress of one of Alex's previous plus-size girlfriends. Maybe he had a type?

"Are you sure a UFO is coming?" my future self said as she reversed out onto the street.

"Pretty sure!" I said.

"Like, even for all the sexy elves and shit we've seen," Destiny said. "Isn't that, like, totes pretty out there? I mean, aliens don't really exist, do - oh, nevermind, there's a UFO! Can you stop so I can get, like, a really cool selfie with it in the background?"

"Nope!" Fem-Dylan said, hitting the accelerator and sending us flying down the road.

It was indeed a UFO, and the most stereotypical one I'd ever seen. It circled over Alex's house and hit it with some kind of portal beam that I had little doubt was the abduction that would have made me a woman, somehow. In fact, I received confirmation moments

later on my phone, which I'd been using for the live geolocation to get to the convention. The screen suddenly flickered and then a green-skinned alien appeared on it, standing before a console like some kind of invading ship captain. And yet she was also smoking hot, albeit one with a third eye in her forehead and two cute little antennae emerging from her scalp. The image only showed her from the waist up, but she was wearing a threadbare outfit like something out of a horny *Star Trek* costuming department. She had three breasts (yes, *three*) and no ears, but she was still shockingly beautiful, perhaps because of the exotic look she had. I was also very certain that, as interesting as she appeared, I still didn't want to end up as some kind of alien space babe.

"I sense your mind, Dylan Moreby!" she exclaimed through my hacked phone. *"I am here to abduct you in order to ensure I continue to exist! So say I, Derellia of the Par'tesh!"*

"Sorry lady!" I said as Fem-Dylan hit the accelerator. "But I don't really want to be probed today! Or any day, really!"

"Well too bad! I did, and that means you will, too! I didn't go three tits and become psychic for nothing, nor grow this tail with a little grabber hand on the back of it!"

Said tail, surprisingly thick and sensual, shifted into view from behind her.

"I may still long to be a human male again, but I'd rather be a mean, green, alien in a flying machine than allow you to turn into some ridiculous cowgirl-"

"Moo!"

"-or some pathetic human slut."

"Like, she is such a bitch!"

"-or any other version of ourselves, except me! I have a fucking UFO thanks to my alien DNA, Dylan. You'll thank me for all the scientific information I'll grant you. Knowledge of the universe and all its constancies. Just pull to a stop so I can get a lock on you, and we'll adjust, I promise you."

"Do I have to wear so little clothing?" I asked as Fem-Dylan pulled a tight corner that left Darcy's udder audibly slapping against her thigh.

The alien beauty frowned, her third eye creasing with frustration as she looked down at her double-set of cleavage. *"That, unfortunately, is mandatory. But I'd rather be some green-skinned alien space babe than a drider, or a centaur, or fucking my best friend. Better to explore the cosmos and impose order on reality in all its absolutes! NOW SIT STILL SO I CAN TRACTOR YOU!"*

We ducked and weaved through the traffic, the UFO chasing us and alarming passerbys. I could feel the tug of more rifts. Destiny screamed as we pulled a sharp left away from what looked like some kind of version of me as a scaly dino-gal. A hippie chick holding up a sign "Make Love, Dylan, not War!" was another close call, and yet I could feel more rifts forming.

"She's gaining on us!" Fem-Dylan escaped.

"I can moo-ve out of the car?" Darcy suggested. "You can go faster without moo-e."

"Don't even think about it," I said. "I'm not risking you. Us. Whatever! Sorry, it's just hard to imagine myself as a milky cow lady."

She gave a sympathetic look on her little snout. "Trust me, I still feel that way. MOOO!"

We realised what she was suddenly agitated by: the bridge over the river ahead was starting to rise. A crazed mad-scientist looking lady in a labcoat was running down the sidewalk with a spanner in hand, cackling as she pointed some strange electrical device at us.

"Don't stop, me!" I yelled.

"I'm not!" Fem-Dylan cried in response. She hit the accelerator again, and we rocketed forward, barely dodging what was likely some EMP pulse from a version of me who became a white-haired mad scientist lady. All of us in the car screamed as we crossed the gap and landed on the other side.

"I think I just wet myself," Alex said.

"No," Darcy said. "That was just my milk splashing everywhere. Sorry, Destiny."

"Like, that's okay. It's pretty yummy. And hot!"

Fem-Dylan and I were just laughing madly, but then I felt the UFO approach again. It was zooming over the river and catching up again.

"Embrace your alien side!" Derellia shouted over my hacked phone. *"We can crawl up walls, Dylan. We can go invisible! We live longer, and we can read minds. Surely that's worth becoming a little green and a little female?"*

"Mhmm, nope!" I declared, before turning to Fem-Dylan. One more right and then a left three streets down."

"Got it!"

I focused, pushing away Destiny's flirtatious comments to my alien future self, and Darcy's mooing, and Alex trying to reassure his new cowgirl girlfriend. I remembered that I was the vortex. I was the living rift. And with that knowledge I nudged things, pushing back upon the rifts and . . . there!

A large portal opened in the sky and the UFO flew straight into it, off to who-knew-where. Derellia snarled in fury just as the portal closed behind her.

"It's not fair! It's not scientific!"

But I was done trying to fit everything into a neat little box. I was the confluence. I was the centre of all these events. Something inevitable was happening to me, and there was no fighting it anymore, and no running away from it either. I had to get to the multiverse

collider even if I didn't know yet what I was going to do. Besides, I *really* didn't want to get probed.

"Right, everyone!" I called as we pulled up at the convention centre's parking lot.
"Let's go! Out of the car!"

Fem-Dylan got out, as did Destiny, who was now wearing a selectively transparent teddy and a pair of shorts so tiny that they looked more like underwear. She even had her hair in pigtails complete with pink scrunchies, completing the bimbo look.

"Hell yeah! Let's, like, kick some ass! Wait, do we even have a plan?"

"Good question," Alex said. "Do you even have a plan, dude?"

"I've got a concept of a plan."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "That's the most retarded thing I've ever heard. I hope none of your futures are as a politician, dude."

"Hey, don't say 'retard,' sweetie," Darcy said. "It's moo-ean."

"You're right. Sorry, moo."

"Sweetie!?" Destiny squealed. "Moo? Aww, I'm so happy for you two! You know, before we all cease to exist or whatever."

Alex was even nuzzling his nose against her snout before the two of them got out of the car. He helped Darcy out, and it was weirdly romantic how he helped the curvy, mammary-filled bovine gal get out. At least if I ended up as Darcy my best friend would take care of me, I guess?

"Um, I don't moo-ean to moo-ake things awkward," she said. "But won't people notice moo-e? I stick out in a crowd."

"It's a weird science convention," Fem-Dylan replied. "People will just think you're a strange cosplayer or a furry. And you *are* furry."

That got a chuckle from her and Alex, the latter of whom stroked her brown-furred arm. Once again I was struck by the sheer insanity of our situation.

"C'mon people," I repeated. "We should get moving."

My future self checked her watch. "We still have hours before the multiverse collider goes off. It's when they switch it on during a big demonstration. That's when you become me . . . or anyone else here."

She said those last words with shame on her lips. I could tell she still felt guilty about her earlier lies. Hell, I knew she was, because hers was the closest, more relatable future to my own. I put my hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, future me. It's alright. I'll figure it out."

"I know. But if you do want to choose another future, be it a Korean pop singer or a rich billionaire's wife or whatever, I'll understand."

But I was adamant. There had to be something I could do. I'd embraced my role as this vortex, this confluence of strange timelines that were all converging on the past from the future. I could sense more of those rifts opening, more me's pouring out.

"Let's go," I said. "All of us."

The Weird Science Convention was already buzzing with activity. Today was a state holiday, so lots of younger people and college students were there, interested families and academics. Normally, I would have had my eyes glued to each of the exhibits, and Alex even more so; there were displays on cryptids and other junk science and the like that he'd be normally all into. Except now he was holding the hoof-hand of a cowgirl who was apologising repeatedly for the fact that she'd forgotten to milk herself that morning and was now soaking through her dress.

"To think," I said to Fem-Dylan, "just a week ago-"

"We thought everything was rational, understandable, and totally scientific."

I smirked. "It's like you know my thoughts."

A number of people looked our way, especially the male nerd types. Destiny was deliberately walking in a way to let her tits bounce, giggling and smiling and even blowing kisses to total strangers. I had to just smile at this point; as totally slutty as she was, I couldn't deny that this future me was still ultimately sweet. She'd been ride or die since the beginning, even after she came to know that I likely wouldn't choose her future. In some ways, I would be honoured to become her. Except, you know, I didn't exactly love the idea of sucking dicks and constantly showing off my boobs.

"Hey Destiny," I said, pulling to a stop before a chemical reaction station that had various hands-on features to play with. "This may be the last few hours of your timeline. I - I just want to thank you. And . . . if you want to go have as much sex as you want, you go for it."

At this, she beamed at me, then hugged me. God, it was weird knowing those were *my* big breasts pressing against me.

"Like, you're so totally sweet!" she said. "And that's, like, super tempting, since the curse made me such a hyper slut. But I'm still *you*, dude, and we're seeing this through to the end. We got your back!"

"Absolutely we do," Fem-Dylan said.

"Damn straight," Alex replied, arm around that cowgirl me.

Darcy beamed as well, hands on her wide hips, tail wagging happily and confusing the intrigued crowd behind her. "We're not leaving you. You're us, and we're you! Even if - nnggh! Actually, sorry! I've just got to go and milk myself in the bathroom!"

Alex gave me a sympathetic grin.

"Go help her," I said.

"Thanks dude! You're the best! All of you are the best! Including that hot mermaid chick!"

I chuckled. He was a good friend, despite his . . . idiosyncrasies. And - wait, did he say hot mermaid chick?

"Um, past me?" Fem-Dylan said, tapping my arm. I looked where she was pointing, and sure enough there was a *Weird Science Live Mermaid* exhibit . . . featuring me. It was obvious: she had the hazel eyes, the slightly curled brown hair, and a body similar to Fem-Dylan's . . . from the waist up. Her lower half consisted of a salmon-pink scaled mermaid tail at least six feet in length that trailed into a large aquarium tank that was slumped over.

"Okay, woah," I said.

Destiny gave a little whistle. "Damn, she's hot. Almost as hot as the three-boobed alien chick."

"Stop trying to masturbate with yourself," I said. "Do you think she's seen us?"

"Hey, past me!" she shouted over the assembled crowd, who were all trying to figure out how her tail 'worked' and what technology had been used to build it. "Yes, I see you Dylan! Come and say hello before you incinerate us all, will you?"

I shrugged to my two companions. I could feel the rifts growing in power, the past and present and future about to collide when, appropriately, the multiverse collider was turned on in a few hours. But it was still in a few hours.

"We've got time, right?" I said.

Fem-Dylan shrugged. "Look, I'm curious. I'll text Alex."

We drew closer to the mermaid, who had cleared some of the crowd with the aid of a security guard standing nearby. She was utterly beautiful, and even I couldn't deny a bit of curiosity as to what her life was like. Up close I could see the faint iridescent pink scales that were in gorgeous patches along her arms and back and over her trim stomach. A classic seashell bra that pushed her C-cup breasts up into a lovely view of cleavage, and hair that seemed to shine thanks to its wetness.

"So, there I am!" she said, leaning over the edge of the aquarium. "Man, so weird thinking about what it was like to have legs, let alone a penis! How am I going?"

"Um . . . kinda still confused, honestly."

"Hey, try being dropped into the ocean because you listened to a magic conch shell over in the trinkets display over there. If you don't want to end up like me, maybe avoid that one."

"Is it that bad, being a mermaid?"

She shrugged, her tail flickering in the water below her. "It's not all that bad. A bit lonely at times, but I like to surprise sailors. There are other mermaids; one's become my new best friend. No offence to Alex, wherever he is."

"Milking a cow right now," Destiny said, which made Fem-Dylan chuckle.

"But I kinda like it. Never expected to be a mermaid, but I guess life needs a little magic. Besides, I *do* look pretty cool, and showing off in front of sailors is damn fun."

"Look," I said, "if you're trying to convince me to take on this future of mine where I'm a mermaid, I don't think I can promise you that-";

"Nah," she said. "Nothing like that. I know my time might be up. Scares the shit out of me, but I think most versions of you go on to be pretty nice people in the future. We're not a bad person, Dylan. Maybe none of us are. We're just scared, and as weird as it is to be a mermaid, I'd rather be a mermaid than not exist. But that's the same for everyone. I guess I just called you over to say I support you, man. Whatever you choose, just be happy with yourself. Just because you don't have a job doesn't mean you don't have worth. Right now, you can choose a future you want. Whatever it is, I know we can make the best of it, because I did, right? Didn't we all?"

"I guess we did," Fem-Dylan said.

"Yeah," Destiny replied. "Totes. I mean, I get laid soooo often now."

There was a brief little 'moo,' and we turned to see Darcy and Alex heading our way. They were smiling at one another, and even as a cowgirl I looked happy. Like I'd *adjusted* and found some fucking meaning in my life. I found myself oddly emotional. God, I was getting life advice and a confidence boost from a fucking timeline where I was a hot *mermaid*.

"Th-thanks," I said. "I think I needed to hear that."

"Not a problem," she said.

Fem-Dylan and Destiny beside me were actually wiping away tears.

"But seriously, blow the conch shell, dude. The sea floor is rad."

I laughed. She clearly wasn't serious. I was about to tell her that I was almost considering it, but didn't want to give any false hope. Instead, I just gave her a hug, not caring how wet my shirt got from holding a mermaid.

"Thanks," I said. "Best of luck to you."

"To us!" she joked.

I took a steady breath as we removed ourselves from the mermaid exhibit. I was still trying not to cry. All these futures, all these timelines where I was a woman. The question had shifted from 'is there a future where I'm *not* a woman?' to 'is there a future where I can do the right thing?'

I was about to ask Alex and Fem-Dylan for some additional thoughts when suddenly that headache returned. I cringed, grunting as I clutched my head. I could feel more rifts forming. I could feel other versions of myself pouring into the convention centre. The power was growing, the confluence rising inside of me. I'd come here with such confidence, with the notion that I would just *know* what to do once I arrived, leaning on this power of mine. Instead, I was coming up short. Instead-

"Gagh!"

Suddenly I was on the ground behind a stall. Fem-Dylan was helping lift me up, and Darcy too with her superior bovine strength. Alex was gripping my arm, holding me steady once I was on my feet.

"Dylan?" he said. "Hey, buddy, you okay?"

I gritted my teeth. "It's - there's s-so many! There's dozens of them! Over f-fifty, maybe! Maybe even more!"

Fem-Dylan put her face before mine. "What are you talking about?"

"I don't know. I can just feel - shit, it's bad! There's too many rifts. Too many versions of me are coming. I think it's doing something to reality. Tearing it apart or-"

The building rumbled. I thought for a moment that the alien UFO had returned, but then I heard the screams. The edges of the building were ripping apart - a massive crowd was screaming and fleeing, and numerous members of said crowd were brunette women of all stars and stripes, all of them with hazel-coloured eyes.

"Like, what the fuck!?" Destiny said. "Why is the building falling apart?"

But it wasn't the building. There were no cracks in the walls, like I'd first thought. No, these were cracks in *reality*. Glowing violet seams in reality ripping apart, tearing asunder as more versions of me were catapulted into the past. I saw a weird version of me like some kind of anthro-kangaroo girl leap into the building, hopping in a panic and shrieking out in an Australian accent: "It's the end of the world, mates!" There was a dark-haired Dylan in a sexy French maid uniform trying to clean the shelves of a telescope store even as said store fell apart. As ordinary people fled, a cybernetic Dylan Bot 3000 was helping grab a child to return to their terrified parents. A future surfer girl me was running about, breasts bouncing in her red one-piece swimsuit like she was straight out of an episode of *Baywatch*. She was coordinating an evacuation, shouting to other future versions of myself.

"Holy shit," Fem-Dylan said. "It wasn't meant to be like this for another couple of hours."

"It's the confluence," I exclaimed. "It's me! Everyone knows I'll end up here, so all the other versions of me are arriving, and - and I think it's going to be bad."

"How bad?" Destiny asked.

Alex gulped. "End of the world bad, isn't it?"

Darcy gripped him with her hand, pulling her new boyfriend against her. "Please don't say that."

"It is," I said. "The Wandering Witch was right. I'm at the centre of a shitstorm of supernatural, mad science, alternate dimensions, all of it. On a level even she hasn't seen."

"So what do we do?" Destiny pleaded.

I knew what I had to do. I steeled myself. "The collider," I replied. "That's where I need to be. For . . . whatever I'm about to do."

But rifts were opening left and right. Stalls were falling apart. Model rockets hanging from the ceiling were falling to the ground. Poor Darcy's udder was leaking spurts of milk in agitation as she was nearly flattened by a falling beam of metal.

"How do we get there!?" she cried.

Thankfully, I got my answer.

"Right people! Get to safety! Grab the mermaid us and make sure she's okay!" the surfer girl cried. *"And find the original us! Get him to the collider!"*

"He's here!" shouted a voice. *"I found the mark. Always trust a private dick to get her man!"*

I beamed, shouting with joy as Detective Darlene Moreby leapt over an expanding rift and pointed me out to the rest of the crowd, all in her black-and-white serial TV glory. Suddenly, the other future me's leapt into action. After a week of being harassed by all these future versions of myself, I suddenly found myself cheering as they came to the rescue of my motley little group. The gigantic spider me was throwing webs out for us to run across, and the elf ranger me from Erutell was firing arrows to pin back falling support beams and wedge them up safely. The peasant wife was herding people to the exits, and even that damn annoying trophy wife preggo version of me was harrying other children to get back to their parents, barking at teens who were too stupid to realise now was the time to run.

"Get there, Dylan!" a voice cried out. "We're praying for you!"

And there, on the sidelines, their backs to a large wall segment to stop it from collapsing, were the versions of me that had become a nun, a Jehovah's Witness, and a Mormon.

"Oh God, I've never been so happy to see a group of religious doorknockers," Fem-Dylan said. I grabbed her arm and we kept on running. I didn't know where the collider was, but she helped navigate the way into the centre of the convention building. I was struggling to walk; the headaches were getting stronger, my connection to all these rifts becoming too strong. I felt like time was unravelling not just around me but within me.

"I can't - I can't keep g-going," I managed.

Another series of crashes. More rifts. More panic. More tears in the walls of *everything*. A confluence of chaos, just like the Wandering Witch had said.

“Grab him, Darcy,” Fem-Dylan said. “Alex, get on his other side. I’ll lead! Destiny, you look out for dangers!”

My crew - my future selves who had somehow become my friends - lifted and hauled me closer. I struggled to keep my eyes open. There was a huge device ahead, something that dominated the middle of the building. It was like a great cylinder with numerous spinning wheels inside. A control panel was beside it, and Fem-Dylan moved to it as Darcy continued to hold me up. Alex was doing his best to keep me awake.

“Dude, you can do this! Just stay awake! You can use your power. I know you can!”

“It’s okay, Dylan!” Darcy said, mooing as her milk spilled over my back, her hoisting me up with her bovine strength. “We’re there! You’ll think of something!”

“Like, definitely!” Destiny said. “Whatever you choose, it’s alright! This was, like, a really fun adventure, right?”

I managed to smile. Fem-Dylan had gotten the machine started up. It began to whirl, the shifting gears inside starting to glow brightly. I hoped she knew what she was doing, but then again, she’d done a lot more scientific research on this than I ever had.

“I’ve gotten it booted up,” she said, looking around at the chaos still erupting through the centre. “But we can’t delay, Dylan. This place might end up falling apart.”

Part of the ceiling was collapsing, and it was only the tractor beam of the goddamn UFO that prevented it from falling. I guess green-skinned alien space babe me wasn’t the *worst* after all. Destiny shrieked at this, dodging just to the side in time as a loose metal bar crashed into the ground and impaled into the floor beside her.

“Um, I sorta regret not getting my brains fucked out now! Anyone up for that?”

I pulled her into a hug. “Thanks for staying with me,” I stammered. The glow was rising from the machine. The lasers within were crafting a new rift in reality. *The* rift. The original rift that had travelled backwards in time and torn up everything else.

“Aww, that’s okay. I’m you, after all!”

“Well, for a ditzzy bimbo version of me, Destiny. You’re fucking cool.” I pushed past the headache to turn to Darcy. I pulled myself into her fur and held her tight. “You too, Darcy. I - I literally can’t imagine turning into you. But I also know now that I’ve got the strength to still be a damn good person even as a cowgirl.”

She gave a little moo and wiped her eyes. “Th-thanks. It’s all because of you. Literally; you’re my past, moo-an!”

Next up was Fem-Dylan. She was at the controls, but I gave her a nod. “You were the first me to visit,” I said. “I’m goddamn lucky it was you, girl. I wouldn’t have made it here without you.”

She nodded, tears appearing in the corner of her eyes. “I don’t deserve that.”

“You do. You’re here now. We all are.”

The entire assembled crowd of Dylans was helping us get to this moment. And one other person, who in many ways I would miss most of all. I turned to Alex and pulled him into a hug as well. Like the rest of us, he was crying too.

"Don't you fucking die, dude," he said.

"I'll try not to. And thanks for keeping Darcy company."

"It's not too weird, you know?"

"Dude, if I do accidentally end up as a cowgirl, at least I know you've got my back. And my udder, right?"

We chuckled, hugged again, and then I was hit by a searing pain in my head.

"Fuck! It's happening! The rift is opening!"

I looked at my group, at all the other versions of me that were trying to not die, or were evacuating, or being brave enough to keep us safe for this moment. All the possible futures, all the fig-leaves upon the tree that I could choose from.

"Thank you, everyone," I said.

And then I stepped into the rift as it bloomed open.

Immediately, I was hit with a white light. A blinding white light. A void between realities and possibilities, between dimensions and time. I could feel it all, the great storm. The great vortex. The horrible, terrible, and wonderful confluence of all the strange, mad, crazy nonsense I'd been experiencing over the last week. I could see all the realities at once. All the timelines. Good God, it was like seeing stars. It was *beautiful*.

There was me as a wine-sipping cool aunt travelling with my nieces through France twenty years from now.

There was me as a cave woman hunting a sabretooth tiger in the deep prehistoric past.

There was me as a magician in Vegas, looking absolutely amazing in my blacktailed tux and fishnet stockings.

There was me as Darcy, as Fem-Dylan, as Destiny, as Darlene, as Derellia, as *all of them*. There were over a hundred timelines, perhaps even more. And for the first time I truly saw the beauty of it all. The many lives I could lead in all their strangeness and brilliance. How could I possibly choose one? How could I destroy the lives of all the rest? No matter what, I wasn't going to be a man anymore. But perhaps . . .

That's when it came to me. It all made sense. It had all led to this moment. I was the storm, I was the centre, I was the tether in all of this. I'd been holding on for so long, playing the role of the sceptic, the cynic, the fearful nonbeliever.

Maybe it was time to let go, and embrace the strange.

"Fuck it," I said, my voice echoing a hundred times in a hundred possible futures. "Time to embrace the strange."

And I did.

And suddenly I *bloomed*, my essence expanding into every timeline like the wind of the storm itself.

It's kind of cool, you know. Not existing, that is. I thought it would be a lot less . . . eventful. Perhaps if I'd gotten things wrong in the heart of the multiverse collider, I really wouldn't exist in any meaningful sense. As it is, I'm pretty happy to say that I'm very much still alive.

Several lives.

A lot of lives, in fact.

In those final moments in the multiverse collider, I did something that only would have been possible with the expanded understanding of the weird and wonderful that had been gifted to me by my other selves, and by my best friend Alex the day before. I'd been looking at this problem all wrong, I realised. I was trying to fight my fate, the inevitable future where I became a woman, when instead I should have been giving myself over to it willingly, manifesting as the magical and scientific vortex that the Wandering Witch had spoken of. The confluence at the heart of all these rifts was, ultimately, me. And that meant that I could exercise a degree of control over it, so long as I accepted that Dylan Moresby, a twenty-four year old male, would no longer exist.

And he doesn't. It's still a little sad knowing that I've shed that skin. But at least I've gained so many others. I no longer have just one future self, I have *all* of them. Most I managed to bring to my own home dimension, which wasn't too hard since that's where they were meant to be all along. But others belonged in the fantasy land of Erutell, or in the stars above, or in places altogether more strange or far-flung into the future. Not that time means as much to me anymore. Not now that I am *all* of my timelines.

Well, that's not exactly true either. It's hard to explain. Alex is a lot better at it. I like to think of myself as a sort of floating 'super-consciousness', one tethered to all the futures I made manifest at the same time. There's dozens upon dozens of Dylans out there now. Two hundred and forty three, to be precise. Darcy is one of them. Destiny is another. Detective Darlene enjoys her noir-themed life, while Daraka the Drider is getting a lot more used to wrapping up her victims in webs as she lived her best spider existence. Given that giant spider butts are sort of a sign of prestige among drider kind, I think she's actually coming around to the fact that she got turned into a drider in the world of Erutell.

To put it as simply as I can, all of my future timelines became real, and many of them coexist in the same world. For instance, Destiny and Fem-Dylan and Dalia the big titty goth girl all catch up for coffee on Sundays and compare their respective lives. They are all totally

independent. No weird hivemind stuff. And I'm very grateful to the little memorials they made to me on the Sunday following my 'death', where I ceased to exist. That made me cry a lot. I was really touched.

But thankfully, I wasn't gone. I was floating in a sort of void for a while, just that 'floating consciousness' that I referred to before. After some time, I realised that I could feel the tug of connection to all my female timelines. I could even pull on those strands and bring my consciousness towards them. And then, finally, after a bit of practice, I found out that if I tugged hard enough, I could leap my mind into the body of one of my timelines, and there I suddenly was, back in reality, wearing the forms of one of my female selves.

Now don't get me wrong, I didn't exactly love that I first ended up in Destiny's body *while she was on her knees and sucking a new boytoy's cock*. But at least I discovered something pretty quickly: when I occupy one of my own bodies, I get that timeline's knowledge, their instincts, their memories, and so on. So suffice to say, I had a really big libido and a hunger for dick when I was in Destiny's body. Just like I knew how to do amazing cheers when I landed in Daphne's body. Or how I was a damn amazing KPop singer on stage when I sent my consciousness into Dea-hee's body.

It was a surprise to all of us, but word quickly got around to all of us, even those in other dimensions, that the original Dylan was still around and body surfing. No body of my own, but the ability to experience all my futures as I wanted. Well, not quite. I can't stay indefinitely, nor would I ever deprive my other selves of their lives. The longest I can go is usually a week, during which we sorta 'share' the brain, as it were. And I can't ignore a specific life. Trust me, I tried damn hard to avoid landing into *Mrs Dorothy Tibbets'* pregnant body, but turns out that was a big mistake: in the end, I had a powerful compulsion to do just that, and my delays meant that I landed into her body right as she was about to give birth. Cross that one off my bucket list, I suppose: push a whole-ass baby out of my cooch. Talk about the weird and unexpected. She promised a better time when I next 'dropped in.'

Suffice to say, I'm on good terms with all of me. For one, I saved their lovely asses, and for two, they're *me!* How could any of me deny myself, right? As far as we're all concerned, me riding around and sampling all these different lives is just a kind of compensation package for doing the right thing. I'm not going to pretend I don't occasionally get a bit existential over it. I don't, technically speaking, have my own life. But that's a bad way to frame it. It's more like I have *dozens* of lives, and I just make it my job to rotate through them and live lives and moments more than any one person could ever hope to experience. And *that* is pretty damn cool.

"I'm proud of you, Dylan," the Wandering Witch told me while I was in Darcy's form, visiting her with Alex. My udder was getting pretty full, but thankfully I had some ideas about

how Alex could help me out with that later. While I was in my busty cowgirl form, I was really head-over-heels for my best friend. I couldn't deny he was good at milking me later.

"Proud of me?" I asked. How so?"

"You made a big sacrifice. You found another way. You became something more."

"I won't lie, it's pretty moo-ad to become a floating consciousness drifting into different versions of moo-e."

"But do you like it?"

At that, my tail flapped happily from side to side, especially as Alex put his hand on my thigh. "It has its perks," I replied.

It really did. I could go swimming through the deep ocean as a mermaid. I could have a family and a loving husband, or not give a shit and pop out kids at a caravan camp, being as gross and trashy as I wanted. I could solve crimes in a world of noir, or just be a total slut with my bestie Destiny. And that wasn't even getting into my K-Pop career. I loved jumping into Dae-hee's life and seeing what she was working on, and then putting my own spin on it. We'd become quite the pair of musical collaborators.

But while I was on a constant rotation, there was one form I always returned to the most, and who was even happier than the others to have me. Fem-Dylan, of course, though now I just think of her as . . . Dylan. As me. She's my most go-to. My most comfortable skin. Sure, it's cool to be an elf or a cave woman or celebrity actress or a cute librarian, but Dylan is where I'm still at. We're so similar in so many ways that when we share a body, we're pretty much entirely in sync. We're still Alex's best friend. We're going to be his 'best lady' for his wedding. We're in programming, and we finally have a job, too! She and I have a total understanding, and I can honestly say that becoming a woman - numerous women - has been the best thing that ever happened to me. Hell, in this 'main life' of mine, I think we're finally giving each other enough encouragement to actually consider dating guys. You know, when I'm not already fucking them when I'm Destiny, that is. It's a strange life, and I wouldn't expect everyone to understand.

But sometimes you've just got to go with the weird. This woman certainly did.

All of us women, I should say.

P.S. And you know what? I'll admit it, I *like* being a drider when I head over to my spider-gal body and check in on Daraka. Having a big spider butt is *cool*, and I don't care which version of me knows it!

The End