

Lake Otherlife

By FoxFaceStories

A visit to a mysterious outback lake results in a big change for George and Holly, who are already undergoing relationship troubles of their own. Now, with their genders and lives utterly altered, will their romance last?

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Part 1: The Swim

George:

We were in the second week of our little 'relationship repair getaway' in Kakadu National Park, and things were going less optimal than expected. We'd enjoyed the sights, the wildlife, and, yes, each other, but it wasn't enough to stop the bickering. The little snippy comments or prolonged silences we'd told ourselves we were here to fix. All the small signs that things were slowly falling apart. I took a breath of warm, dry air, and tried to focus on the positives. The trip was my idea, after all. I'd look stupid if I was the one who packed it in.

"See? What did I tell you baby, nothing to worry about! And what a view."

I grinned as I turned to my fiancée of three years, who was struggling up the side of the hill. She didn't look as impressed. Holly had Irish convict blood in her, and ten generations of Sydney living had failed to make her any more resilient to the sun, even with half a tub of sunscreen on.

"I'd appreciate it a lot more if you'd stop gawking at the view and be a gentleman by helping me up."

My grin became a little more forced. Three years ago, it would have been a playful joke. Now? It was impossible to tell what was genuine frustration. Some days Holly was an enigma to me. Still, there was a small victory as I pulled her up; she did indeed gasp at the sight:

The great red plains and scrub of Kakadu is beautiful enough on its own, with its ochre reds, vast plains, and rocky outcroppings, but the crystal blue lake wedged between the sun-burnt cliffs and shaded by craggy rocks on its other side was something else to behold. A little slice of paradise roughly five-hundred metres away, and completely missable

unless seen from this exact angle. It was an oasis; a piece of perfection that was utterly inviting.

“It’s beautiful,” Holly whispered. Her blonde hair waved a little in the light wind, and I once again admired the looks of the woman who I’d fallen for over six years ago. She was thirty years old, but carried a wisdom around her eyes where the first signs of crow’s feet were developing. She had a cute button nose and a broad smile, and at only 5’3 she inspired protective stirrings in me. Of course, she was also a moderately shapely woman. Getting intimate in the outback reminded me of what we’d both been missing. She adjusted her broad brim hat and looked down at her chest.

“They sure are,” I quipped, and instantly regretted the dumb joke. Holly caught my glance at her chest. There was just the slightest faltering in her eyes that told me I’d ruined something sincere. The moment was gone. Once again I’d felt the need to say what didn’t need saying.

“Well, this is amazing George. I don’t know what else to say.”

She leaned forward, and we kissed, briefly. It was a makeup, of sorts. An apology on both ends. Perhaps I was overthinking it, though.

“I found it several months ago, when I took that extra weekend on the firm business trip to have an explore. I didn’t know if I’d even find it again. In fact, I could have sworn it was still a few kilometres further away, but I guess I was wrong.”

She beamed, gazing at the lake. “Well, are we going to stand here waiting or see it up close?”

Holly:

The sight was positively *idyllic*. Tucked away, obscured by a red cliff that hung over the spot, and a near-vertical edge of jutting rock on the other, was a crystal blue lake surrounded by verdant trees. It was only about half a kilometre down, and if you’d seen it from any other angle, you’d have missed it entirely. George was beaming by this point, his boyish smile threatening to take over his face. Even the slight sunburn on his forehead couldn’t keep him from looking sexy to me, standing there like a proud explorer in his white button shirt and grey shorts, the rugged brown scruff of his 5 O’clock shadow completing the look. He was a handsome man, my fiancé. Not model handsome or Hollywood actor handsome, but he was in pretty good shape, and his forearms just *did* things for me. He carried himself with confidence, and that too had once been deeply sexy to me. It was now.

But other times, the decision-making was too one-sided, and I was less a partner than an intern in the relationship, like one of the lawyer aspirants at his firm. Like this trip, which I’d had no input in. Part of it was my own fault. My lack of voice. We wouldn’t be here

if I hadn't rolled over and kept my mouth shut when I could have told him the whole thing wouldn't do any good.

I shook the thoughts away. I was here now, and the sight was indeed beautiful. And a rest from the horrid sun would be good. A small irritation that George had forgotten just how easily sunburnt I get welled up in my mind. I squashed it flat.

We were meant to be trying.

"You listening, mate?"

I shook my head. "Sorry George, I zoned out."

"I said shall we go for a swim in it?"

"I didn't bring any bathers. Why would I?"

George just grinned. Ah, he'd brought mine. A warning sign flashed in my head. Oh god, not the purple one not the purple one not the purple one pleasepleaseplease-

"I brought that nice purple one of yours."

Goddamnit George. "But honey, that's the one that itches. I've told you before that the straps hurt my back. The cups don't fit right anymore, not since I lost weight."

His brow furrowed. "But you look so good in it." He said it as if it explained it.

I tried to push back against the sentiment, but instead the anxiety bubbled, the awkwardness, and I did another classic Holly: I capitulated.

"Yeah, no worries then. I'll wear it."

"Great!" he said, and was already moving forward. Decisively.

George:

Holly looked so fucking hot in her purple bikini. I loved the way her nipples outlined against the fabric, pressing firmly against the thin material as if she were ready to make love. It reminded me of our early dating period, before things got tense the last as they had over the last year or so. She sauntered over to me, those gorgeous hips swaying, blonde hair swaying gently in the breeze, and she knew she looked good. I knew I had done the right thing by getting that purple bikini. She always complained about it, but the fact that she was making a smokeshow right now had to mean she actually liked it, right?

I brought myself closer, and took the opportunity of playfully grabbing her butt. She squealed and batted me away, and we both erupted into awkward laughter. It was how we used to flirt, but like most things, something had changed. I decided to ask why.

"We've been over this George. I don't like my ass. Not anymore."

"C'mon honey, your ass is amazing."

"You called it 'flat as a pancake.'"

"I was drunk."

"In vino veritas, George. And we were in company. I just . . . I associate it with that moment. 'Pancake ass'."

"Well, you look fucking stellar. I fucking love that bikini on you."

Another awkward smile, but she pulled against me, and kissed me deeply.

"We can do this, right? This getaway, this relationship repair?"

I held her closer, breathing in her scent. Even a little sunburned, she was beautiful. Not model gorgeous, but the pretty girl-next-door type that I was lucky to have landed. She may have been slipping away, but I didn't want to lose her. I let her head rest in the crook of my neck and rubbed her hair how she always liked it.

"Of course this will work, babe. We're already communicating better. And besides, last night in the tent was pretty good? You may have woken up some dingoes."

"Not cool."

"I'm just saying, you were enthusiastic. We just have some baggage. That's why I made this trip a surprise; I needed to take charge again. Be the decision-maker. That's what you deserve to have, Holly; a real man. And that's what the outback demands. And, of course, there's this place."

I gestured to the gorgeous environment around us. The lake was an almost luminescent blue, and curls of steam rose that suggested volcanic vents, though I'd never heard anything like it in the park, or our country at all for that matter. But the water had tested fine, and it was wonderfully warm to the touch.

"So, what do you say, shall we take a dip?"

She nodded, wordlessly. I knew I had said the right thing.

Holly:

George had said exactly the wrong thing. Why did he always have to make himself the macho-man when things needed emotional airing? The decision-maker? Becoming a 'real man'? It was like his lawyer buddies from work were dragging him back to the 1950s, and I was too much of a doormat to call him out on it. My purple bikini top was itching my girls something fierce, and the lout probably thought it was a victory. Except, as usual, I failed to stick up for myself. It was, as I had often mused, the reason I'd never pursued anything with my business degree.

The world walked all over Holly O'Neill.

And, despite truly loving me, George Willford was responsible for a sizable portion of that walking. I'd wanted to go to couple's counselling, but the breadwinner had made the decision. All I could do was sigh, and pull away from him, and look to the lake. It did indeed look enticing, and warm. And besides, it wouldn't be hard to lose my bikini top in it for good. Better than having to explain it to George and feel the urgency to apologise.

“Let’s swim then,” I said, and he grinned. God, he was handsome. He had that boyish grin, that confidence that projected handsomeness beyond the physical. Caught in the drudgery of relationship miscommunication, it reminded me that I loved him, and wanted to keep loving him, despite the wheels increasingly coming off.

“Then let’s get in,” George replied.

We found a beautiful spot to jump in together. The water was a vibrant blue, like a desert oasis, and the various trees and greenery enveloped it in a cool shade, even when the sun was directly overhead of the cliffs. Something about the sight was pure magic; though George never believed in such a thing, there was something to the lake, this oasis, that seemed magnetic to me. Increasingly, I found that I truly did want to jump in, and feel the warmth of its waters upon me. I looked across the view, and there, on the cliff wall, I noticed something.

Scratched into the surface were numerous symbols, some that must have dated back thousands of years in Aboriginal history. But there were newer ones, also, and one in English. It read simply, in white chalk.

Lake Otherlife. Accept What Comes.

“Hey George, do you see what I -”

Suddenly a hand pressed against my back, and I tumbled forward, screaming. “George, you bastard!” I barely finished screaming it in time before I hit the water and fell, submerged and warm, into the embrace of the lake. A loud splash echoed, telling me he had followed shortly after, but it reverberated oddly, as if dozens of metres away. I turned and opened my eyes, but the crystal blue of the lake went on forever, shimmering motes in the distance.

It looked like starlight.

I moved, somehow at ease, comforted. A gentle pulse reverberated through the water, like a loving heartbeat, ancient and motherly and pure. It felt like coming home, like being nestled in the amniotic warmth of the womb. And for just a moment, I felt what it was to have total confidence and peace, to feel at one with my surroundings and not anxious or out of place. I surrendered to the feeling.

A single thought arrived in my head, one that I couldn’t say where it came from or what prompted it.

Holly, you have refused to take agency of yourself for far too long. You have been too permissive, and allowed your problems to fester. It is time for a change. It is time for you to have the confidence you always envied in others.

I nodded in assent, as if it were not my own thought but that of the universe, and slowly, with no movement from myself, I was pulled to the surface.

George:

Holly screamed as she fell, and I cackled before diving in after her. Maybe the moment was ruined, but sometimes a good laugh is everything. I hit the water with less finesse than intended, but rather than the sharp smack of skin against water, I was immediately submerged in total comfort, as if I were floating in a day spa resort pool, not in an outback lake. It was uncanny. I opened my eyes, and couldn't see up or down. Swimming didn't help, it was like my limbs were suddenly sluggish and uncertain, and the strange, menacing thumping of the lake, like some dark echo, only made my need to reach the surface more urgent.

I pushed my limbs against the molasses of the water, eager to move. Any direction was better than none. I fought, and fought, and fought to make my way out of the blue, which looked as much like a starlit cosmos as it did water, but still I kept fighting. My lungs were not burning, I felt no need for air at all, and that freaked me all the more. It was like this lake wanted me to give in, wanted me to surrender to the voice.

I wouldn't let it.

But despite my wants, a thought that must have been my own echoed inside my mind, taunting me or guiding me, I could not say for sure.

George, you have confidence overflowing, but you know you lack the emotional understanding that should come with such confidence. It is time for a change. It is time for you to learn the compassion and vulnerability only another life could give you.

Suddenly there was the pattern of sun's rays upon the surface of the water, right ahead of me. I was angled upwards, I knew up and down once more! I swam with power and decisiveness, the very decisiveness I had just questioned, though the thoughts did not feel like mine. And I broke the surface and took in the fresh air.

Holly was beside me, eyes wide, staring off into space. I took a moment to get my own bearings as well. She turned to me, looking gorgeous but spaced out, as we floated together in the centre of the small lake. At once, we spoke.

"That was amazing."

"That was awful."

We exchanged a look, and once more the gulf between us was exposed.

Holly:

It was like some revelation, like Mother Nature herself had spoken to me. George said only that the lake had left him 'feeling funny', and refused to share more. He was being pig-headed again, like he always got when things got real and emotional. And I failed to press the issue, because then we'd argue, and it would go right back to him needing to be 'a real man'.

We stayed several more hours, but the magic of Lake Otherlife, as I referred to it now, never returned. It was an ordinary lake, and it was cool and refreshing, but lacked its warmth and seeming depth from before. I suspected we simply stayed to satisfy George; he seemed troubled by it, but even more so by the fact that his 'outback relationship repair service' had failed at its most important point. At one point I took to literally treading water until he finally decided to pack up.

We bid farewell to that magical lake, and made our way to the land rover. The journey back was fine. Neither of us spoke much, but there was no animosity. In some ways, perhaps, that would have been preferable. Instead there was just that disconnect. In the end I caved, and filled the car with all sorts of small talk and chit chat over inconsequential things, like what we might do when we got back to our house in Sydney, and wondering if Leanne had had her baby yet, and whether we should visit the beach together now that the weather was coming right there again. He did his best to respond.

And then, when the quiet fell in again, I simply placed my hand on his arm. A silent apology for somehow failing him, when he was doing so much to try to save us. He placed his free hand on mine, and he continued to drive.

George:

It was a long drive back to the resort, and far too long unpacking. I felt spent, and it was all that damn Lake Otherlife's fault. Whatever Holly had seen in it was clearly because she loved deeper meanings. I just didn't appreciate nearly drowning and getting my confidence kicked in.

We got into bed, cuddled up against one another. In the darkness, my fiancée whispered "Tomorrow, love."

"Yeah, tomorrow."

We didn't have sex. We simply went to sleep.

Holly:

Something was different when I woke up. I felt heavier, yet more powerful, somehow. Like my limbs had been renewed with energy, and my weakness dissolved away. Something was odd between my legs, but I couldn't be sure what it was, only that it felt utterly alien to me. My fingers felt odd also, but this time I knew why. My ring had slipped off again. The one George had given me when he proposed, three years ago. Those three long years of waiting for a next step that never came. It was a wistful thought, but still an alarming loss. I shifted, tired as I was, and turned to look at my still-sleeping fiancé and wake him. I could hear him snoring, though he wasn't usually a snorer, and his voice sounded higher. He was a marvel at finding things. He'd found Lake Otherlife, after all.

But my fiancé wasn't in bed with me. What I saw when I turned jolted me straight awake and upright, right out of the bed, and waking the other figure too. A figure that was not only *not* my fiancé, but not even a man.

“Eh, ¿qué está pasando?”

The woman's eyes widened as she saw me, and she leapt back. She was topless, her skin a rich chestnut brown, and she had a wild tangle of gorgeous black hair that spilled down her back. She had the figure of a supermodel; with round, full wobbling breasts that were far larger than my own, and a set of hips that could only be described as 'child-bearing'. Her face was beautiful; vulnerable, with high cheekbones and thick, perfectly contoured eyebrows. Her eyes were grey-green, and they looked me with shock.

“Who the fuck are you? Where is my fiancé?” she said, in a voice that was accented in noticeable Spanish, or perhaps Mexican. I replied.

“Who am I? Who the hell are you, lady?”

It was then that I noticed my own voice. Deep. Brass. Baritone. And my height as well. My build: no longer slender, but muscular and powerful. My hair, short. My breasts, absent. My chest, hairy. My vagina . . . replaced. I looked to the woman who was already intently staring over her features, breathing heavily, her impressively stacked chest rising and falling with each panicking breath. She was wearing a set of boxers - male boxers - that were strained against her wide hips. The same yellow-black Richmond stripes my fiancé wore. It was then that I realised something magical and terrifying had happened.

I spoke in my new, deeply male voice. “George, is that you?”

The gorgeous woman held her heavy breasts in her hands and looked to me in surprise and fear.

“Holly, is that you?”

I nodded, still amazed at the woman that just last night had been my fiancé, and was now a good foot shorter than me. The woman looked down at her prominent cleavage, to her smooth arms and slender fingers, and back up to me. Her perfect lips trembled.

“Dios mío!”

Part 2: New Bodies

George:

It was impossible. It was *loco*. Wait, why did I just think of the word *loco*? Standing in front of me was a tall, well-built man who claimed to be Holly. And I . . . I was somehow in a body completely alien to me. A very, *very* female body. The weight from my chest was seriously heavy, and everything had a greater degree of softness. Long, dark curly hair hung down my shoulders, and I could feel just with my hands that my face was a different shape. I held my slender arms up to my eyes. Not only were they supremely feminine and hairless, they were a bronze-brown colour, perfectly smooth and unblemished. It made me gasp, and then gasp again at my own high voice.

“I’m - I’m a woman.”

That’s when I realised another new thing. Not only had my gender and *race* changed, but I now also spoke in a noticeable Spanish accent. I looked to the man across from me, who was regarding his own body with stunned curiosity. Goddamn, this had to be a dream! What the hell was going on!? He looked at me - looked *down* at me - and I was shocked to hear him speak in a low baritone.

“Calm down honey! I know it’s you in there. It’s me! Holly.”

“Holly? *Esto es Loco!* I mean, this is crazy! What has happened to us? Why do I know Spanish? Why did I just use the word *loco*?”

My voice was like honey, and I had the kind of accent that would normally be the right kind of turn on. Only there was a noticeable absence between my legs of something that would normally react to that, and I was *not* thinking about that right now. I stepped forward, and most definitely refused to acknowledge the strange and heavy wobbling pulling against my chest, like two sacks of flour that altered my centre of balance.

“Holly,” I said, trying to ignore the exotic voice coming from my own mouth, “what the fuck is going on?”

Holly:

I stared at my former husband-to-be, unbelieving my eyes. The man I had fallen in love with, with his light brown hair and hairy white chest, the playful blue glint in his eyes and his lightly-muscled frame, was gone. In his place stood a bombshell of a woman who could have been a pinup model. She had dark olive skin and long curly black hair that fell down her perfect back in tresses. A heavy pair of breasts – seriously heavy, they were much bigger than my own had been – adorned her chest, tipped with large, dark areola. Her lips were full, her eyes a grey-green, and even her figure put mine to shame; an hourglass that led to the

kind of child-bearing hips that drive men crazy, and a peach-shaped ass to make them all salivate. The kind of ass I had always wanted, even though I was cursed to be nearly as flat as a board.

I was ashamed to realise my first thoughts towards the woman my fiancé had become were ones of jealousy. I had always been pretty, in that 'girl next door' way, and it wasn't vanity to take some pride in that, but this woman, even with her wide-eyed expression that highlighted her dark, thick eyebrows, was in another league entirely. She looked like a *goddess*, albeit one caught in the headlights. Covering herself with a sheet, she looked demure and lovely, and something stirred in this new body briefly. Something between my legs.

I ignored it as she asked her question again, in that foreign accent - Spanish, I think?

“¿Puedes oírme? Can you hear me? Holly, what has happened? Why do I have fucking tits on my chest?”

I snapped out of it, placing a thick hand past my ear to wipe away the long hairs - hairs that, I realised, no longer exists in such length.

“I don't know George, I don't know! Something has happened!”

“That is pretty damn obvious!” she replied in that accent, putting her hands on her broad hips and staring up at me. “Are we on drugs? Is it food poisoning? Is this real?”

I brushed my hand over my chest hairs. “It certainly feels real. Oh my God, George, what do we do?”

She brushed back her hair, clearly unused to having such a great mop of it.

“I have no idea. I have *tits*, Holly! You've got a penis! This is not normal. Something has caused this. We have to act and find out.”

That centred me. Beneath it all, the woman was still George. Decisive. Strident. While I was already feeling a bubbling of anxiety, he was preparing to act. I had little doubt his desire to avoid discussing our special

It was impossible to ignore my voice. It was manly, perhaps even more so than George's own. It only exaggerated the strange feeling of being giant and powerful, particularly since I had grown in height; looming over my fiancé. George could only panic, searching around to find evidence of what had happened, talking about it being a dream, or a simulation, or anything to explain away this sudden supernatural occurrence.

As usual, while he searched for answers, I felt helpless, letting him take the lead while I considered my situation. As my feminised George moved, he had to keep adjusting his pyjamas to prevent them slipping off his widened hips, and his bare chest wobbled to an almost parodic degree. Dear God, she was positively *stacked!*

I found my old bra on the floor and handed it to her.

“Here, put this on for now until we get this sorted.”

The woman stared at me like I had three heads. "I am *not* putting that on."

I moved around behind her, and could see her discomfort at my size. I felt discomfort at my size. "Here, it's super easy George. Just until we figure it out."

I placed the cups against her breasts and began fitting the straps. I had to pull them tighter than expected, and George mumbled complaints in Spanish the whole while. How could my fiancé be not only a woman, but suddenly know another language? I finished adjusting her.

"There love, turn around. I guarantee it will be better."

The morose woman turned, and I saw my mistake. Her breasts were not just straining against the bra's material, but actively overflowing the cups! She was even bustier than I'd thought she was, and again I was tinged with a little jealousy that my own, previously male fiancé had a much bigger chest than I did as a woman!

"This is *not* comfortable," she said, and began working immediately to undo the straps. She sighed with relief as her gargantuan mammaries were released from their torment, bouncing free heavily in a way that clearly irritated her, but was better than the too-tight, too-small bra. She closed her eyes.

"Much better."

Her perfect, dark nipples were slightly erect. She looked as if she'd stepped out of a Hollywood picture. It was a powerful image, but a burst of pain 'downstairs' took me out of it. I looked down at myself: I was now bulging out of my nighttime panties to an extreme extent, and it was *not* comfortable. The alien feeling of a penis between my legs was made ever more alien by it slowly rising to attention.

Oh my God, I had a penis, and it was a *big one*. I spun, trying to avoid George's gaze as more and more blood pumped into it. I felt hung like a horse, and it was painful. With one hand, I swiped at my panties, and instead tore the band entirely, freeing my massive member from its confines. I was at 'half-mast', as George would put it, and the sight of his ass was for some reason doing wonders for me; he was currently bent over checking through various drawers, all the while trying to hold his massive boobs in one hand and failing utterly. He looked like something out of a cringy porn and for some damn reason this stupid male body *found it unbelievably hot*.

I had to exit the room. Take care of it.

"I'm sorry George, I didn't mean to. I'm just going to centre myself for a moment."

The beautiful woman - I don't remember having a thing for women? - waved me off without looking, still searching for whatever had caused this.

"Sure, sure Holly. You take care. I'll get you through this."

He had no idea how true that was. I shut the door, sat down upon the closed toilet, and touched my hard member. God, it was so strange to have, and so big! It was more

sensitive too, but different from a clitoris. More . . . aggressive. I began to stroke it, thinking of those bountiful breasts and supple browned ass, and I couldn't help but grunt in a manly fashion as the picture became all the more vivid. What would it feel like to put this in someone? To be the penetrator? I stroked harder and harder, thinking of George's new form. I didn't care if this made me a lesbian or bi or straight, I just pictured that perfect form. My dick was ever harder, and I could feel my balls - I had balls! - pulse as if they were building to something. I heard George groan with annoyance as she tried to find the cause beyond the door, and it was so demure and sensual in sound that I suddenly felt a rush from my testicles; a buildup and release, a rise and rise and rise and rise until I couldn't bear it anymore. I gripped the walls with my muscular hands, and a jet of cum exploded out of me, my body shuddering as my male parts expelled its excess seed.

In the aftermath I panted, feeling spent and clear-headed. So different from being a woman.

And yet, terrifyingly, so powerful as well.

George:

Holly was inconsolable. I knew she would be. I was already rattled by such a horrific change, no wonder that she was then sobbing. I heard a masculine groan from the hotel bathroom, and my first thought was to comfort her, but I knew she would want me to act, to stay in charge of the situation. I could get bogged down in the emotion later.

I tried to ignore the pendulous sway of my breasts - breasts! - as I searched the room for any clue of what happened. When Holly returned, I must have seemed frantic, because my masculinised partner took my shoulder firmly and said simply:

"George, m-maybe we should focus on being clothed first?"

She was right. We were both half-naked, and it felt odd to look at Holly for some reason. Perhaps it was because her current penis was larger than my own. Not that I had a penis anymore.

"You're right," I said. "Let's hope our old clothing at least somewhat matches these stupid bodies."

It didn't. Because there was no old clothing. Everything we'd called our own was suddenly missing. Disappeared into thin air! Instead, our suitcases contained sets of clothes for a taller, more muscular man, and a . . . curvier woman.

Holly hovered over my shoulder as she finished dressing. Like was sensible, she'd curtly avoided looking at that horse's member hanging between her legs. But whereas she had taken quickly to dress, I was confronted by an awful reality.

“This - there’s nothing but dresses in her!” I proclaimed, hurling down a far-too pink example. “Dresses and skirts and bikinis! Where are the shirts? Where are the damn pants? *Estoy que exploto!*”

Holly took a large-cupped bikini top from me. God, she towered over me. She placed her hand in mine.

“Calm the Spanish, George. We can get you new clothes. For now, you can wear one of my tops over a skirt. But you’re going to need to wear a bra.”

I swivelled to face her. Face *up* at her. Those cups were *huge*. Were my breasts really that big? A quick look down confirmed that the canyon of cleavage over my chest was absolutely vast. No wonder they weighed so much: seriously, I felt like a cow! And to have those cups on would be accepting that the bra belonged to me. “No way. The last one felt like it was cutting my shoulders open!”

“That’s just because it was my old one. I think that whatever we took to bed didn’t change, like your pyjama bottoms. My bra is . . .”

I raised an eyebrow, folding my arms across my chest. I quickly realised my mistake; these massive melons were in the way. I folded my arms under them, and tried to ignore that I probably looked like a fourteen year-old boy’s wet dream come to life. “Qué? Your bra is what?”

Holly looked down at me. Christ, she was tall. It made my stomach do loops just to see it. “Honey, my bra is *too small* for you. You’re much bigger than I was. The only thing you won’t bust or overflow out of is something from your changed closet.”

“Y-You’re *loco* if you think I’ll do that! I am not wearing a bra for these . . . these tits!”

I tried to puff out my chest, but immediately realised the problem. Holly was very pointedly trying to avoid looking at the impressively ample display I was putting on.

“You’ll regret it George. If I went too long without a bra, my shoulders would get sore, and the damn girls would not stop wobbling all over the place! Not to mention everyone could see my nipples through the top. You’ll have that in spades; just look at them George!”

They were indeed big. Bigger than Holly’s had been. Twice as big, if not three times. And one-hundred percent natural, if you could even call this insanity ‘natural.’ But I was adamant.

“No, I’m not wearing a bra. Just give me the shirt.”

I had to be decisive.

Holly:

He just had to be stubborn. Even in the midst of this craziness, my fiancé couldn’t listen to me. He, or she, or whatever my George was now, stood wearing his original set of pyjama bottoms, rolled up at the heels and pulled over his wide hips. A large white shirt practically

hung to his knees, but it pulled tightly against two particular areas, allowing two nipples to poke prominently against the fabric. George refused to acknowledge his buxom goods, but reality was not conforming to such expectations. I tried to will myself to say something, but again fell silent.

Might as well rage against the sea.

My brown-skinned Mexican-accented partner, one who'd never set foot in Central America, nevertheless considered the issue solved for the moment. Wait until you try running George, I thought.

I made sure not to mention what I'd just done in the bathroom. The feeling of it. The sensation of rubbing these powerful fingers down the length of my new penis, and feeling it become harder and harder and harder, and the pressure rise and rise. Locked in my mind was that image of my feminised fiancé, bent over, breasts hanging without support, as if begging to be taken from behind. It was as if all this new testosterone had flooded my system, and I needed release.

I had gotten it. It had taken some time to clean. I never quite realised just how much men needed relief like that, or how much they . . . produced. I had stepped back into the room utterly red-faced, ashamed, and yet also calmed. Thankfully, George hadn't noticed a thing.

But as he searched through our belongings, something caught his attention, and held it silently.

"What is it, honey?" I asked. Jeez, I was *not* used to sounding so gruff. It sounded almost like a demand.

And so it was to my complete surprise that George automatically handed me my cream-coloured purse. I flipped it open, and gave what sounded to be a far too feminine gasp for my body. It wasn't my purse anymore. It was his.

"George, your name has changed!"

"Sé. I know."

Pictured on the ID card was not the man I had known for so many years, with his sandy brown hair and blue eyes. Instead, a gorgeous Latina or Hispanic woman with full lips, perfectly-styled dark hair, and perfect brown skin smiled back at me. Her name was listed as 'Gabriella González.' She was three years younger than George - 27 - and the other cards in her wallet revealed that she was not involved in lawyering at all, but instead worked as a secretary at an accounting firm. It was a thorough demotion.

"Honey, it says your name is Gabriella."

He pouted. I don't think he realised how sexy it looked. "Well, it's not!"

"And that you're a adopted from Mexico. There's naturalisation papers here confirming dual citizenship."

“Also not true.”

“And it looks like you’re a secretary for some accounting firm.”

That got her attention. She snatched the wallet wordlessly from my hand and began rifling through it. I noticed George’s wallet was among the junk pulled from the bedside table. I took it; I had a feeling this was mine now.

True enough, it was. I was damn handsome, that’s for sure. Muscled, fit, with a square jaw and rugged charm. My name, apparently, was Harold O’Neill. My family name and origin had not apparently changed; I was still Sydney-born. Except that I was no longer a bank clerk. *I was a real estate investor.* Damn, I was probably loaded. I opened my phone. The photos had changed, and there were *quite* a few of George absolutely *filling* the pink bikini he had scorned while rifling through the luggage. But more than that, my bank account details were still largely the same, my password too. I nearly spluttered when I saw the number pop up on screen.

“Holy shit George, I’m -”

“A fucking secretary!?! Really!?! What the hell is happening to us, honey. Who would hire *me* as a secretary?”

I looked her up and down. Her large chest, rounded ass, tight waist and overall hourglass shape. The way her wavy black hair was tousled sexily down her shoulders, and her long legs led to dainty feet. With her sexy accent, unbelievable curves, and perfect brown skin, there probably wasn’t a red-blooded male exec on the planet who wouldn’t want George as their secretary.

“Oh God,” he continued, “what if we don’t have any money.”

“That’s what I’m trying to tell you, I’m -“

“And if we’re stuck like this, I’ll need to support you. Shit, how am I going to do that looking like this? It’s that damn lake, isn’t it? Those strange visions we saw, that’s what caused this!”

“I think you’re right, hun, but look, in this . . . this new life we’ve got, I’m a -”

“We need to go back. Change out of these ridiculous bodies. If not, we won’t even be able to afford the mortgage on our -”

“GEORGE FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE CAN YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME AND NOT JUST BARGE AHEAD LIKE A BULLDOZER!”

George sprang up straight as a rod, eyes wide, mouth open but no words coming out. I was shocked myself; I’d never been that assertive before. Ever. And he had listened. Listened due to my forcefulness, but I had managed to cut through my anxiety and reach him. I placed a large, firm hand on her petite shoulder. Her skin was so soft, and it was difficult to ignore the serpent in my new briefs trying to initiate a rush of blood to rouse itself back awake.

“Thank you, love. I’m trying to tell you that in this new life, we’re *loaded*. Look, I’m a real estate investor, and this is my - our - bank account.”

I showed him the screen.

George:

I had to blink several times to take it in. There were more zeros than I was expecting.

“But . . . with that much money . . .”

I couldn’t believe it: she actually gave a smug grin. Changed, made into a man, my anxious woman showed a boldness I hadn’t expected.

“Honey,” she said, “ I get the feeling that in this life, we paid off the mortgage several years ago.”

The words were too much. Suddenly everything was too much. The enormous tits. The wobbling ass. The brown skin. The Mexican accent. My fiancée suddenly being not only a man but a more manly one than I ever was. It was . . . it was . . . *está cañón!* Too difficult! My thoughts streamed in bilingual codes, and it wasn’t helped that with every step back, my heavy chest wobbled beneath the too-large top that pulled tightly around my impossible boobs.

I felt lightheaded. The thought of being stuck in this body, as a damn sexy secretary, while Holly was some superstar business exec, it struck a nasty blow, and I began to feel like I was coming apart. I clutched my head, swaying on my little feet.

“Honey, are you alright?” Holly said. I wasn’t.

“*Creo que me voy a desmayar . . .*”

I think I’m going to faint.

My vision went blurry, and felt myself falling backwards, slowly, to the floor. Two powerful hands gripped me around my waist. My soft, tiny waist, and the last thing I saw before the world fell away was the concern on Holly’s male face.

For some reason, it made my heart flutter.

“*Guapo . . .*”

The world went black.

Part 3: Adjusting

George:

When I woke, it was to the sight of two large, soft female mounds sitting heavily upon my chest, blocking my view. I was on my back, and their weight was palpable upon me. Each breast pulled to either side chest, and unencumbered by a bra they succumbed to gravity's pull, spilling 'over the side' like tubs of jelly. I was still brown. I was still a woman. I was still Gabriella González, and my gorgeous girlfriend, the woman I was set to marry before relationship problems steered our way, was still Harry O'Neill. Fuck.

"Feeling better?"

I grasped my head. "N-no, not really. I feel *estúpida*. Collapsing like a . . . like a woman."

Harry - I mean Holly - frowned, but otherwise said nothing. I sat up with her help, and my large breasts shifted again with gravity, now hanging off me. Damn, they were large. At least they were pert.

"I still have these stupid things," I muttered.

"I don't know," she replied, "they look rather nice from here."

I shot her a look. "At least you still have your sense of humour."

"And you still have your bullheadedness. Are you sure you don't want to wear a bra?"

I looked down at my massive mammaries. It would certainly help but . . . no, it would be conceding defeat. I shook my head. "I've made up my mind. Why am I topless again?"

Harry - Holly, dammit! - blushed. "I thought perhaps you had overheated."

"In a white shirt."

"I was panicking. My fiancé is suddenly a gorgeous Mexican woman with stripper tits and a sexy accent."

"¡Mierde! Don't remind me. We need to get moving."

"Breakfast first, honey. And you just fainted."

I batted away her larger arm, and was surprised at the resistance of it. This female body was a lot weaker!

"I can have breakfast later. I need to get back to that lake. It *has* to be what changed us, and so it has the power to change us back."

Holly looked sceptical, but after a moment's thought, she nodded.

"At least let me get some snacks. It's a long trip, and we'll need water."

It made sense, so I agreed. "*Estoy de acuerdo.*"

“I assume that means ‘yes’, dear. We’ll also have to hope that everyone recognises us in our new lives, or renting another four wheel drive will be difficult. I mean, I guess I could drive . . .”

I held up my hand. Damn, it was so slender. “I can still drive, honey. Don’t worry. Even if this huge ass of mine needs a pillow under it.”

Holly chuckled. “I’m sorry George, but looking from here, your ass probably *is* the pillow.”

“Oh haha.”

Harry stood up, and again I was reminded how tall she was now. Or, conversely, how short I had become. It was, in a word, humiliating, and for some reason I got the distinct sense that as traumatising as this was, Holly was in a small way enjoying it. Well, I wouldn’t let that get to me. She must have sensed my irritation, because she placed a masculine hand against my cheek. I could feel my developed cheekbones against it.

“Honey . . . you know it’s okay to talk about this. This isn’t usual.”

For just a moment, I felt an overwhelming urge to cry. Just cry. Let it out, vent it all, and hold my partner close. It was an impulse I’d had before, several times in fact, but for the first time ever, I came very close to breaking. I could feel tears threatening to form in my eyes.

I pushed the feelings away.

“There’s nothing to talk about,” I said. “We need to get to this Lake Otherlife, and get our *other lives* back.”

Holly looked like she was going to say something, but then just nodded, sadly. I moved to ready our things, my seriously-big *culo* - dammit, I mean my ass! - wobbling in time with my movements, which I couldn’t help but swing my hips with. This body had a hundred ways to humiliate a guy.

I had organised this trip to save our relationship. It had taken a wild turn, but I was still intent upon doing it.

Holly:

George looked ridiculous. At least I had adapted - I had always been the adaptable one in the relationship. I was a man now, which meant I was wearing male briefs to contain that monster between my legs, a set of male hiking briefs, and a large-sized shirt to cover my impressively muscular upper half. He, on the other hand, was a gorgeous, busty model of a woman, and he was wearing a loose white shirt and set of male shorts held up by an overly-tight belt and bits of hope. His tits wobbled as we moved to the car, catching the eye of half the male population, and I could tell he was utterly red-faced and embarrassed by it.

At one point, George yelled at a man "*Pervertido!*" which I had to imagine meant exactly what it sounded like.

Ironically, the way he cupped his breasts underneath his shirt just to stop them bouncing so aggressively was giving far more of a show to the boys than any bra would have. It didn't help either that with the lack of bra, his prominent nipples showed through the fabric.

"A white shirt," I commented, as we moved to find a place in the banquet area of the hotel ground floor, "you really know nothing about being a woman, do you?"

He looked at me quizzically, and what a damn perfect face he had. Full lips, high cheekbones, big emerald eyes. Somehow cute, adorable, pretty, and downright sexy at once. God, he was going to be a deer in headlights once we got out into town. In the meantime he simply looked down at his shirt.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Well, *chica*," I said, unable to help myself from the comedy of it all, "it's set to rain in Darwin today."

"And? What has that got to do with anything?"

I just shook my head. "Oh, nevermind. What shall we have for breakfast, do you want me to grab you something?"

"How are you so okay with this? It's humiliating!"

I shrugged. "I'm not. I'm terrified. But dear, I'm also hungry. This male body; I can see now why you used to eat so much."

She - my fiancé - slouched in his seat, and simply nodded assent at my proposal. "*Órale*, just get me my usual. A few sausages, bacon and two eggs, and some of that tomato and lettuce I like."

I raised an eyebrow as I stood. No, I *loomed* now. She was tiny in my presence. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. Thank you, honey."

I went to get the food, and already my nature as a man became evident. Several women looked appreciatively at me as I passed, and at least one man seemed to size me up and down with his eyes. I was certainly tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular. My usual threat detection, my woman's way of keeping safe from potentially dangerous men, was being thrown off by the fact that all of them were now smaller or weaker than me. It was oddly empowering.

I reached the banquet and directed the woman behind the racks of food to the items I wanted for the plates.

"That's so romantic of you," she said with a smile, as she served out the food. "My boyfriend never offers to get me food."

I chuckled. "Oh, honey, that's too bad. I get the other end: My boyfriend always has to be the man and grab our food for himself, despite the fact that I'm capable of getting it myself!"

She gave me an odd look until I realised what a stupid social faux pas I'd just made. "Uh, I mean that's what my fiancée, Gabriella, always complains about."

The server nodded with renewed understanding. "Well, she doesn't know how lucky she has it! Especially with such a good-looking man at her side!"

I thanked her and returned with the food, and only realised as I was making my way back that the server was probably flirting with me. Huh. It felt complimentary, instead of the predatory comments I often receive from men.

My feminised fiancé was still slouched, looking miserable and defiant. I sat the veritable pile of food in front of 'him', and began at my own. We largely ate in silence.

"Looks like we're not too out of place," I remarked, as I found myself astonished at my own appetite, "it seems that to the wider world, we really are Harry and Gabriella now."

"Great, just great," she said in that honeyed accent. "I know neither of us have family, but won't our friends be surprised? Horrified?"

I showed him my phone, with its long stream of images depicting Harry and Gabriella on various dates; dates we both remembered, but were now totally different. In one, I as Harry was dipping my new fiancée back as I kissed her deeply, her soft arm around my back and chest squashed up against me. We were at the aquarium, surrounded by beautiful fish native to the Great Barrier Reef. It was a beautiful photo, except that image should have had our positions reversed.

"No way," she said, as she struggled with some hash browns. "*no es posible!*"

"And look, there's more."

I showed more images I had looked over while my husband had his little fainting incident. One of us on a walk, him clad in white and gold sundress. Another photo, this one with us on a rollercoaster from our trip to Dreamworld. It was the classic shot of us screaming as we fell on the Giant Drop, except that a very amply endowed woman was in George's place, and the hundred-metre accelerated drop meant she was the absolute verge of coming out of her top; her cleavage was almost hitting her own chin! And there I was, as Harry, looking appreciatively at the sight even as I fell.

"I'm screaming in the photo," she said. "I don't scream on rides. I never scream."

I put a hand over hers. "It's not you, honey. Don't worry, we'll figure it out."

She nodded, certain of herself. Even changed into a hispanic woman, George could keep himself collected. Or, more accurately, would keep up the image of being collected.

"Show us some more," he said.

I did, and the history spanned right back. Our social media profiles were similar, until we learned of the point of divergence from some of the stories that Gabriella had posted. Turns out, she was adopted at the age of twelve by a lovely Australian couple who couldn't conceive, both of whom raised her with love and care, until they both passed away when she was in her late teens. I felt my fiancé's hand tense; take out the adoption, and the story wasn't too different. He was a foster kid, and didn't have a wonderful experience for a few years afterwards.

"Hey, it's okay. You still had Irene and Herb as your folks."

She wiped at an eye. "Yeah. That's good at least. Sorry, these fucking onions."

I wasn't aware she had any on her plate. I scrolled further. It seems the points of divergence weren't immense, but were still present; Gabriella had gone to her leaver's dinner in a gorgeous red dress, and by that point in time her bust had grown, making her *very* popular with the boys. George was utterly humiliated to learn that in this new timeline, Gabriella had dated quite a few men, and was more than happy to show off her body in nice fitting bikinis and dresses.

"No wonder there were so many in that damned suitcase," he muttered. "Damn, for some reason I can't even finish half my plate. It's like my stomach is already full."

"Your stomach already is full, 'Gabriella'. You're not a man at the moment, you're a petite thing. I on the other hand."

I reached out a fork and took some bacon and eggs. My partner crossed his arms and pouted, unaware how cute it made him look. I felt the penis - my penis, I supposed - between my legs stiffen a little in response to him. Yeah, this body definitely was at least a little straight now.

I'd have to be careful with that.

George:

It was mortifying. Utterly mortifying. I was trapped in this busty body with its big boobs, and half of the guys in the cafeteria staring at me, and to make matters worse my entire history had been rewritten. I was Gabriella González, and apparently had been all my life. I was simply relieved that my foster parents were the same. But that shot of me in the aquarium, to see one of my most romantic gestures flipped around on to me, it was emasculating.

We got up together to pay the morning breakfast bill, and I was shocked when the server smiled at us both but only talked to my fiancée. She seemed just as taken aback, and when we walked away I was even more aware of the presence she now commanded compared to my own.

I was determined to fix that: as we entered the streets of Darwin, I hurried my pace to stay ahead of her, keeping my head high and proud. The moment of confidence was immediately shattered when she gave a manly chuckle.

“I’m sorry George, but you look ridiculous.”

I turned, feeling the slight jiggle of those ridiculous breasts. “What? I’m taking charge.”

“You look constipated, that’s what.”

I screwed up my face. “I’m walking like I normally do.”

“No,” she said, sighing down at me, “you’re *trying* to force yourself to walk like you normally do. You need to realise your new gait is different, and learn how to walk naturally. You can’t strut like a man; you’re just sticking your boobs out and moving your legs like Roadrunner - you don’t honestly think you can keep that pace up, do you?”

It was true, these legs were long - but only compared to my small body. I was over a foot shorter, and I felt it.

“Well, you’re one to talk,” I said, “if I look constipated, you look as if you’re about to fall over at any moment. What is all this mincing about?”

The handsome - I mean, strong man that had been my fiancée looked over herself. “What am I doing wrong?”

“You’re twisting your hips and keep moving side to side. What’s up with that?”

“Well, normally I have to move for everyone! And I’m used to having wide hips, thank you very much!”

“And you’re also putting one foot in front of the other!”

“And you’re not!”

“Why should I?”

“Because I’m a man, and you’re a woman now, George. Don’t throw sticks in glass houses!”

I quieted down, took a breath. Once again that urge to cry, to just vent it all, emerged. But once more I successfully pushed it down. I had to be strong, and figure this out.

“We’ll figure out this walking thing later, when we’re back in our bodies. For now, we keep things as normal, and work towards getting a rental jeep again. I’ll take charge.”

“Of course you will.”

I ploughed ahead, not heeding that last comment, though it hurt. We were both getting snipey, and we were meant to be repairing our relationship. But we couldn’t save it while we had these other lives.

As we moved through the streets of Darwin, something about the small city felt different, somehow. Darker clouds were beginning to pool over the city, and some mid-range showers were expected soon. We’d get a little drenched, but no worries otherwise. But

something else was strange. It took me a while to realise it was the people: they weren't moving for me. The men, specifically. Normally, I could walk in a straight line through any bustle, but now I was having to dodge and weave or else crash into these much larger individuals.

In addition to this, I was also receiving stares from many of them. I knew those kinds of stares. I'd *given* those kinds of stares, when I'd seen a particularly well-figured woman walking down the street. But being on the receiving end was another matter entirely. It made me all the more aware of the constant heavy jiggle of my *enormes pechos*. My huge boobs. Not to mention the sway of this ridiculous new ass of mine. I swear, it didn't matter which way I faced, I was putting on a show either way.

Just when I thought things couldn't get worse, it started to rain.

Holly:

Just when I thought things couldn't get funnier for my poor fiancé, it started to rain. We didn't have far to walk until we got to Joe's Rentals, but we were most certainly going to get a little wet. Darwin may be known for its dry heat, but it could have some impressive rain seasons. And as our clothes became damp from the falling rain, the white material of the oversized men's shirt George was wearing began to stick to his skin. Around two prominent points in particular. He was about to have a fine lesson in why women avoid wearing thin white material on rainy days.

"Oh. Oh shit. *Mierda!*"

I couldn't help but chuckle. The material was nearly transparent from the rain, and she was, as they say, 'beaming her headlights'. George's nipples were dark and proud, and clearly showing through his top. Moreover, the wet shirt clung to his large orbs, revealing their perfect teardrop shape and even resulting in a slight dip, a tantalising tease of her cleavage. She looked at me with horror.

"Why didn't you say anything?"

I shrugged. "I did. I told you not to wear a white shirt, George. But as usual you had to barge ahead and make your own decision, not caring about what I suggested."

He fumed in response, and I had to admit to myself, it was not natural to me to make such a response. Previously, I would have apologised profusely, or not even let him hang out to dry - er, wet - like I did. But being a strong man with testosterone flooding through his system had made me somewhat bolder, and it was easier to push back now.

"I - I look ridiculous!" she said, her accent becoming sharper.

"You look pretty good to me."

Even in the rain, even with her gorgeous dark olive skin, I could see his cheeks flush a little. "You don't have to say such things, Holly."

“What? It’s not ridiculous to say. I’m sorry George, but you’re a hot little *chica* with a set of big *tatas*, and you can’t deny it.”

“And you’re a man now Holly, so you’re in the same boat as I am.”

I grabbed the bridge of my nose in frustration. “I don’t like this any more than you, George, but at least I’m trying to adapt while we sort this out. You’re right, you *do* look ridiculous. You’re swaggering about like a man, even though you’re a buxom little hispanic woman. You’re only attracting more attention; don’t you think a bra would have been good right now?”

My fiancé looked down at his wet shirt, even as a group of young teenagers walked past, obviously staring at her overdeveloped chest. Her nipples were incredibly obvious against the thin material. “Maybe you’re right.”

It made me smile, despite myself. George was a good man, and I loved him, but God it bothered me how stubborn he could be. I was even worse, being anxious all the time. But something about becoming male dimmed that anxiousness a little. Perhaps it was simply being able to say the things I’d always wanted to say.

It put a new stride in my step.

George:

Holly was striding ahead, and I had to get her to slow down more than once. She was simply too tall now, and I had to race to keep up with her. It didn’t help that I was still not used to walking like a woman; I kept alternating between trying the same manly swagger, and walking in a more feminine fashion that left my hips rocking. The latter was something I was intent on avoiding. It made me feel bad for the number of times I’d pushed ahead while in town and expected her to keep up with me. If nothing else, once we were in our own bodies again, we’d understand each other a little more.

After a few more blocks, during which I was subjected to some serious stares from men and women alike, we made it to Joe’s Rentals. We stepped in, wet but not incredibly so, and Holly was good enough to lend me her jacket so I could cover up these ridiculous cow tits. They were seriously huge. Just *enorme*. The interior was just as I remembered it when booking out the car. It was only yesterday that had happened, but now it was a lifetime and another gender away.

“Hello,” I said, approaching the counter, where a man with a name badge labelling him as ‘Roger’ stood at the counter. I gave an easy smile; it was the same bloke as yesterday, so that made it easier. “We’d like to rent a jeep; we’re going through Kakadu National Park.”

“Wonderful,” he said, turning to Holly, “what kind of vehicle are you after? I will warn you that with the rain there’s a chance that the park is less ideal right now, but it should clear by the time you get there.”

I folded my arms, trying not to jostle my breasts. The breasts. They were not *mine*. This ‘Roger’ had acknowledged me with an easy smile, but was continually defaulting to talk with my wife. It was infuriating! At several points during the hiring process, I managed to get his attention, but it was like the damned fool was hardwired to listen to Holly first. The only benefit to being the largely ignored outsider was that I learned several important things:

1. We had apparently returned a rental jeep the day before, so in this new timeline our actions yesterday had largely been the same.
2. Our names were confirmed in the system, and Roger even stated that he ‘remembered us’; his eyes flitted to me as he said it, and I could tell what he was thinking.
3. Our funds were bigger than expected, though not fathomless. It was a bit of a bruise to learn that in this new life, Holly’s real estate investing was making her more money than I ever did. I was a fucking secretary in this life!

The transaction finished, and Roger went to hand the keys to Holly. I snatched them from his hand.

“Next time, treat your clients equally!” I snapped, and walked away. I knew I was giving him a show; this ridiculous ass still stretched the material of my trousers, but it was as close to a victory as I could get. I heard Holly laugh it off and catch up to me; a little too quickly for my tastes. Damn those legs of hers.

“That was a little rude,” she said.

“He was ignoring me in favour of you.”

“Wow,” Holly said, folding her large arms and smirking. “That must be real hard for you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, George, that up until now everyone always ignores me in favour of you. You have presence! Now, your presence is a little different, and I can’t tell you how nice it felt that I actually got a say in that conversation.”

I sighed, trying to ignore the wobble of my boobs. The boobs. “Yeah, okay, that’s fair, dear. I didn’t realise. I should have.”

“Well, at least one thing is going right, George.”

We reached the car, and I unlocked it. “Yeah, what’s that?”

My fiancé looked down at me, grinning sheepishly. “We’re learning to understand each other a lot more.”

I rolled my eyes and got in the car. For a few moments I had to fuss over the seat due to my reduced stature, and the seatbelt was a nightmare; it ended up crossing into the cleavage of my boobs, making them even more prominent. Worse, they were quite sensitive, making me 'blare the headlights' as Holly joked, even more.

"Are you ready?" she said, once I'd fixed myself up.

"Yep," she replied. She had also struggled with the seat, for the opposite reasons. She needed *more* leg room. "Let's get going before this stupid piece of meat between my legs sticks up again for no reason."

That did lift my mood. I chuckled.

"They tend to do that. And frankly, I'd like to put up with that nuisance once again. Let's go get our bodies back."

I started the car, and we left the lot, heading out into the rain in search of our previous lives.

Part 4: Searching

Holly:

I wish I had put my foot down. It was a common feeling when I was Holly, but as Harry, it was even more embarrassing. I was a tall, muscular man in a four-wheel drive jeep, being driven by a busty little Mexican in ill-fitting men's clothing. Something innate to me, in this new testosterone-filled drive of mine, told me it should be me at the wheel. Yet, as always, I swallowed that little protesting voice and let George take charge. Despite how comical he looked.

"Okay, water?" he asked. Or rather, *she* asked. Something about her furrowed brow was immensely cute, and I couldn't deny that this new body of mine found her, and women in general, a lot more attractive.

"Check," I said, burying that voice once more. "Three jugs plus our water bottles."

"Food."

"Check. We could be more prepared on that front, but we've got some snacks, protein bars, packed sardines, and some rice."

"Do we have a rice cooker?"

"Yes. The little portable one."

"*Buena.*"

She blushed a little as she fell into Spanish, and I tried not to smile. It was actually a little hot, but I wouldn't want George to know that. He didn't want to acknowledge any part of his new identity as Gabriella.

"Backpacks and hiking equipment."

"Check and check. I picked up our hats at the hotel - you might not like yours though." I showed him the broad green and white hat that had the words *Spicy Latina and Proud!* inscribed on the front in bright red. George groaned in displeasure.

"It'll have to do. So long as I don't have to wear anything else. What about our chargers? We're going to be using the map apps a lot if we're going to find this place."

"Final check, *senorita.*"

She - I mean *he* - looked at me, giving a glare. The 'spicy latina' hat would suit the look well, really.

"Not funny."

"It's a little funny."

"This is our lives, Holly. We came here to save our relationship, not to change it! I need you to take this more seriously."

I bit back another comment: *Have you considered that we needed to change our relationship in order to save it?* It was good too, because he would have interpreted that as in favour of our changes, which I wasn't. As funny as it was to suddenly be the strong breadwinner while headstrong George became the sexy secretary girlfriend, I was keen on getting my boobs back. And my pussy. And the rest really. Even if it was pretty nice being a lot stronger for once. And having people pay attention to what I was saying. And the confidence in public.

I put my mind away from the positives, and focused on the drive. Soon Darwin was well behind us, and the open country of the outback beckoned us. I looked to George, who was largely silent and focused on the road. Damn, she was good looking. She would have looked perfect riding shotgun while I drove, but at least I could ogle her a little. About an hour into the drive, she noticed.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just admiring how you look right now."

She scoffed, shifting slightly to the side. I couldn't help but notice how her rounded ass gave her some nice padding on the seat.

"You don't need to keep teasing, Holly."

"I'm not teasing. C'mon, George, you know you look amazing, right?"

"I look like I fell out of a porn magazine."

I laughed. Wow, even my laugh was deep and manly. If George ever lightened up in that body, I'd be curious to know what her laugh was like.

"George, the only reason you look like that is because you refused to wear the outfits that would actually fit your body. You do realise the 'woman wearing a man's clothing' gives a certain impression, right?"

The former man groaned. "I'm not going to wear women's clothing, Holly. That would be admitting that this - this - this body is . . ."

"Female?"

"Exactly. I'm a man up here," he indicated to his very womanly head, "and that's what matters most."

"Well, you're a downright sexy man then, even as a woman."

A sigh. "Well, I'll take it, I guess. So long as we can fix it."

"I hope we can. Especially since you're not going to like it once we hit the dirt road."

He looked at me. "Why not?"

"No bra? No fitting clothes? And with *those* monsters on your chest? Trust me, you'll find out."

George:

Holy shit, Holly was *not* wrong. From the second we hit the gravel road, my enormous boobs began jostling and bouncing, often painfully, on my chest, and they had not stopped since. Every pothole, every bump or rut in the road made them wobble off into a new direction, and several times when I drove over a series of bumps they jiggled so quickly and constantly that I felt utterly ridiculous. I recalled a video I once enjoyed watching, of a busty supermodel in a rally car driving over a rough circuit, and the way her breasts jiggled up and down, forming some downright sexy cleavage as she nearly fell out of her top. The amount of bouncing she was doing nearly had her breasts flying free. Well, my chest must have been a half size again bigger than hers, and I was starting to appreciate why women opted for bras, because not only was it embarrassing, it was starting to hurt by back and shoulders.

“*Maldito sea!* Damn it to hell!” I whined as another pot hole made them jostle up. The curve of my breasts became more rounded when they rose, and I had no doubt Holly was looking appreciatively at the sight. She seemed to take a perverse pleasure in my unwanted bosom.

“Told you,” she said, grinning like a damn cheshire cat. I tried to ignore her and keep driving, but every few minutes I had to grab the neck of my white shirt and pull it upwards, lest my melons escape.

“Fine, fine, you were right. These things are impossible. I swear I must look like Salma Hayek.”

“Well, you certainly aren’t dressing like her.”

“Nor will I. We’re going to find that lake.”

“I could take over driving for you? You could at least hold them in your hands; it helps many a woman running from the shower to her clothes in the bedroom.”

I shook my head. More than anything, I needed control right now.

“No, it’s . . . well, it’s not fine, but I can manage. Besides, the road is getting better.”

Another pothole hit at that very moment, sending my fatty chest trembling like two great landmasses. None of us spoke as we waited for them to settle again, but I could tell Holly was about to crack up at the timing. I was prepared to be annoyed, but even I had to laugh at the ridiculousness of the moment, and soon the two of us were cracking up laughing.

“*Parar! Parar!* Stop! You’ll make me run off the road!”

But Holly only laughed louder, in a deep baritone that made me a little jealous. It made my body tingle a little, and I wasn’t sure why.

“Sorry, George, it’s just, those things just about broke into orbit!”

I fell into laughing again, and some tears flowed as well. They fell freely, and I had to wipe them away before Holly saw. I’d never been much of an emotional man, it was easier to bury such things away. I wasn’t going to start being all hormonal now.

“Okay, okay, I’ll - how do you say it? *Parar?*”

“*Parar*,” I corrected.

“*Parar*. Well, I’m glad to see you at least lighten the mood, George. I’d missed hearing you laugh. And it is a lovely laugh you have now.”

“Enjoy it while it lasts,” I said in my new accent, “because in a few hours we’ll have our bodies back, and you can kiss this big *culo* of mine that you keep looking at, goodbye!”

Holly:

It was indeed a big *culo* - a big ass - as George had said several hours ago. We’d reached our destination, and were getting ready to hike out. George was grappling with the fact that he could no longer carry as much as usual, just as I was beginning to realise just how much I could carry. I didn’t want to rub it in, but I was reasonably sure I was stronger than George ever had been as a man.

“Do you remember the way?” I asked.

“*Sí*,” she said, “that means ‘yes’, by the way.”

I laughed. “I know what *sí* means, George. I haven’t been living under a rock. But at least I’ve learned some other words of Spanish from you.”

“Well,” she said, taking up her backpack stubbornly - the one that was more fitted for me, while I was more fitted to carry hers, “let’s get going then. I’ll teach you a few more so you can remember them as trivia for when we turn back. I’ll lead the way.”

I was more than happy for her to do so. Even in the male-sized shorts, her ass was quite obviously rounded and, as the kids say, ‘thicc’. The same could be said of her brown thighs. At least she was less likely to get sunburnt.

We began walking on our trail, and I surprised myself with how easy I found it, yet another perk of being male. Even just my 6’1 height made a huge difference; my stride was so much greater compared against George’s diminutive 5’3, and I could tell it embarrassed him/her to have to push on ahead on weaker legs and smaller stride. She was clearly still getting used to walking with those lovely hips of hers; they swayed from side to side quite suggestively, and it was a trial not to say something complimentary. In the end, I went with the cliché:

“George, I’ll say this now that you’re a lovely latina: those hips don’t lie.”

“Oh, shut it!”

She tried, unsuccessfully, for several minutes to maintain a more manly swagger. It just ended up looking comical. It was clearly an effort to sustain, as soon she was back in her sashaying walk, just as I was becoming used to stepping forward in a more manly fashion.

“No putting one foot in front of the other,” George said when he saw me, “a man walks with purpose, and their hips don’t move like that.”

“I guess we’re both learning a little about how the opposite sex moves,” I replied. “I guess I don’t have to walk in a way that reduces the chest wobbles either. You, on the other hand, probably want to, um, ‘bounce’ a little less on your feet. Try to keep your motion more even.”

“*Mierda*, so much to learn! Thank goodness I won’t have to learn it for long!”

She barged ahead, even as she began to sweat more profusely and chug at her water. At one point, she lifted her water up and spilled some down her white top, once more letting a see-through patch to her startlingly deep cleavage. I decided not to tell her this time, and just look. Damn, I was actually jealous! Yes, they were quite impressively large, but they were perfect on her frame, the kind of curves most girls wish they could have, including me. Mine were nice, at least they were when I was a woman, but they were like conical pimples against her perfectly rounded boobs.

I realised something as we continued walking. I had stopped thinking of my George as a ‘he,’ and started thinking of her instinctively as a ‘she’. Looking at her incredibly womanly form, it was easy to see why. I just hoped I wouldn’t start thinking of her as ‘Gabiella’ instead of George. That would be a much bigger leap, somehow.

George:

Something about Holly’s movements were triggering a strange reaction in this stupid new body of mine. Bad enough that my enormous *tetas* were bouncing to and fro, and my hips were going crazy, but seeing him - I mean her! - moving so ruggedly and certainly was a far cry from the Holly I was used to, and it was hard not to be jealous. But there were other sensations too; I breathed a little quicker in her presence, and my damn huge nipples would occasionally harden. I couldn’t help but just watch him sometimes, and it made me thirsty for more water.

I pushed away the feelings. It was the heat, and the shock, and the exhaustion of walking in a weak female body like this one. We made our way through the track that first took me to the mysterious lake we now knew as Lake Otherlife. The scrub was thick, and I winced as several branches scratched at my brown legs and lower thighs. It hurt more than usual, or perhaps I just had a lower pain threshold. Weren’t women meant to be better at coping with pain? Of course, that was always a fact brought up in connection to childbirth, and I had absolutely no intention of pursuing my experience as a *chica* to that degree. An hour more, and we would uncover the lake, and I could say ‘*adiós Gabiella*’ for good!

Despite the ridiculousness of these breasts and hips and ass and everything, it was truly wonderful to be back in Kakadu. The place really does possess a magical beauty; from

the red of the land to the great rock formations, to the beautiful and diverse flora of the region. I could tell that Holly was appreciative too; it was enough to give pause to conversation and even feelings of oddness between us. We reached a beautiful plateau that looked over a large sweeping section of this dry land, and in the midday light it was astonishing, and the wind casting shades of red dust through the air. Holly put her large arm around my rather tiny waist, and we simply stood there, taking it in. I pressed against her, not caring how my boob mashed against her side, or her greater height, or even the way I was very much adopting a classically feminine pose. What mattered was that we felt close in that moment, and that even in those brief seconds, it felt like a small gap between us had been breached.

“This is what I wanted it to be like,” I said, my latina accent making me sound even more wistful than intended.

“I know, George. It *is* wonderful. And it was a good idea, accidental change notwithstanding. But I wish you’d let me plan it with you. I should have had some say.”

I turned to her. Damn, I had to look *up* to her; *embarazosa!*

“I thought you liked me to take charge,” I said.

She sighed, and her barrel-like chest expanded against my much softer one. “I do, it’s just that you put the whole world on your shoulders, George. It’s hard to be engaged to a man that has to bottle all his emotions in and never lets even his fiancée in. It’s okay to lean on me sometimes, just like you’re doing now.”

I don’t know if it was her words, or the beauty of the landscape, or these stupid *femenina* hormones, but that was the moment I began to well up. I couldn’t help myself; my gut lurched, and I pressed further against Holly as more and more tears flowed from my eyes. I sobbed, and it sounded like a woman overcome. It was humiliating, but Holly only held me closer.

“It’s okay George, it’s okay. You can let it out. It’s okay.”

And I did. *Madre Dios*, I did. It was as if the stress of the day, of keeping our relationship together, or being the man when I was suddenly cast in the role of a woman, all came crashing upon me. The tears continued to flow, even as Holly kept me held tight. I folded against her, and I couldn’t help but savour her warmth and strength, feeling safe and taken care of in those arms.

“I’m s-sorry,” I whimpered, “I d-don’t know wh-why I’m like this.”

“It’s a good thing,” was all she said.

I cried some more, for what felt like several minutes, until finally the sobbing trailed away. I wiped some stray tears.

“God, these boobs even wobble when I’m crying,” I said, trying to lighten the mood. It worked: Holly laughed, letting me out of her arms. But I could tell she was looking at me in a new light, and I wish I knew if it was in a loving way or just a pitying one.

“Sorry about that. Let’s find the lake.”

“Wait,” Holly said, and before I could react those arms were around me again, and her lips pressed firmly on mine. It felt, and I don’t know how to feel about this, absolutely wonderful. Her lips were strong, and mine so full and soft, and yet it felt as full of passion and care as when we first professed our love to one another. As if it were the same night I first proposed, and she accepted with glee. When she pulled away, part of me was disappointed, and once more I felt a tug of something. A want I perhaps did not want to recognise. My nipples were harder, and I quickly tugged at my shirt so she couldn’t see.

“That was . . . nice.”

“I can see that. We need to get you a bra.”

Damn, I’d hoped she hadn’t seen that. “Well, I’m starting to appreciate how much ‘help’ a woman’s body needs.”

“Oh hun, you have no idea my little *senorita*.”

I scoffed, marching ahead. “Well, that’s the last time you get to call me that, because we’re nearly there. Just a few minutes through the bush and we’re right there.” I hurried my pace, becoming excited at the prospect of turning back. “Soon I can be George again, and you Holly instead of Harry, and we can put this whole *loco* business behind us, *sí*? And then we can work on repairing our relationship, just like I intended. And this will be just some weird blip on our radar, and maybe something funny we can laugh at, because just around this corner here we’ll be able to see . . .”

I trailed off at the sight.

“See what, Gab - I mean, George. See what?”

“See . . . see?”

“Yes, I know *sí* means yes. But what do you see - ess, ess, ee?”

Nothing. I saw nothing. Just a cliff face that was identical to the one that hid away the lake, and a jutting series of rocks identical to those covering the small nested lake on the other side.

Only there was no lake. There wasn’t even a chasm. Just rocks, and scrub, and no water to speak of.

Lake Otherlife, impossibly, had disappeared.

Holly:

George was in a panic, and I wasn't feeling great either. Usually our roles were reversed; I was the anxious one, he more in control. But something about the confidence of this new form allowed me to be a little more stoic in the face of disaster.

And it was one big disaster. Lake Otherlife had *vanished*.

We checked the cliff faces, we checked the area where the chasm was supposed to be, we even dug at the dry earth. We investigated the surrounding area, just in case this pattern of cliff was repeated elsewhere, but to no success. There was no other conclusion to make than that the lake had vanished, or somehow moved elsewhere.

George was in tears again, though trying to hide it. She was hurling invectives in long streams of Spanish, her sultry voice having become the very stereotype of a spicy latina screaming her passionate anger to the sky. I only managed to catch a couple of words I recognised. "*Chinga tu madre!*" was my favourite: 'Go fuck your mother.' But in the end she simply collapsed on her knees, overcome with rage and boiling emotion, leaking hot tears. Once more, I comforted her.

"There, there. It'll be okay, love. We'll figure this out. I know we will."

"It has to be here," she said. "It *has* to be."

"We can come back," I suggested. "Figure out back in Darwin what to do next. But we can't stay here."

She shot to her feet, wiping away further tears. She awkwardly adjusted her poorly-fitting shorts as she waved a hand at the surroundings. "No! We can't leave. Not until we've found it. I am *not* staying in this body! I'm not Mexican. I'm not a woman. I am not Gabriella!"

She stepped up a particularly rocky section, only to immediately overbalance and slip on crumbling rock. She yelped, looking with fear at the rising ground, but my own body moved like lightning, and I caught her easily in my arms. I couldn't believe how light she felt. I lifted her red-faced back up to her feet.

"George, I know all that. I'm not Harry, remember? But there's no point cooking out here when we've been searching for hours and we're running low on water. We need to be *smart* about this, okay? We are getting back in the car right now, and we are going back to our hotel, and we are going to relax for a moment, breathe easy, have a drink, and then *figure this out*, okay?"

Not in a million years would George have ever given me the expression he was showing now, not if he had remained a man. It was something approaching deference.

"Fine," she said, placing her arms beneath her impressive breasts, not realising the display she was putting on. Jeez, those hooters were huge. They were literally the only thing stretching the otherwise large shirt.

"Really? Fine."

She raised an eyebrow. "You make a good point. We'll come back tomorrow. Or do some searching. But I am *not* giving up."

"Neither am I."

George moved to the driver's seat, but I snatched the keys from her. She looked utterly aghast.

"My turn to drive, honey."

She placed her hands on her hips, utterly unaware again how sexy she looked. "I always drive."

"Well, you said you wanted our relationship to improve, he's one way; letting me drive for once."

I got in the driver's seat, and after a moment's shock, she got up in the passenger's.

"You never used to be this assertive. Must be all that testosterone."

"Blame the testosterone if you want, honey, but I meant what I said. It's okay to not always be in control."

I gave her a little wink, then put the jeep into gear and took off.

It was a long drive back, and it was largely in silence. My stomach rumbled; I was not used to needing so much food. By the end of the trip Gabriella - I mean, George - was hungry too. We grabbed some takeaway as we were heading back to the hotel: we still had a couple of days with the car, at least. But before we made it all the way back, George finally spoke.

"I need a drink."

"There's water in the back."

"No, Holly. I want a real drink. I want to get absolutely sloshed so I can forget about being a *chica* for tonight."

I nodded. "To the bottle-o it is. I'll grab something too, I think. It's been a long day. Why don't we get ourselves a good wine, huh?"

"Get two."

I smirked, contemplating exactly what a very drunk Gabriella would get up too. Or indeed, a very drunk Harry. The thought of unwinding after such a strange and frankly terrifying day was quite appealing.

"Okay," I said. "Let's go get shit-faced."

I just hoped we wouldn't regret it. Too much, at least.

Part 5: Drunken Fun

George:

God, I felt silly. A silly little *chica*, I guessed. So stupid, that I was now a woman. Especially one with such big boobies! Big *tetas*, or whatever you wanted to call them.

We were back in our hotel room, and for the life of me I could not stop giggling in my silly new voice. I drank a little more wine to stop myself, but it was the wine that was the problem. I hadn't even thought about how I would get tipsy so much more easily as a woman. I was shorter, I had less muscle mass, and it meant that the alcohol was going into my system so much earlier.

The end result was me, giggling as I waved around a glass to Harry - I mean Holly's amusement.

"Are you okay there George?" she said in that deep voice of hers. God, I missed having a voice like that, and it had only been a single day. Why was my voice so high? I sounded like I was always trying to turn myself on.

"I'm f-fine," I managed to say, smiling a little for some reason. "I'm just - hic! - just enjoying my new life."

The tall, handsome man leaned forward. My, he was handsome. It was hard not to think of him as handsome. Should I tell him that outloud? No, that was stupid. That was my wife! And I was drunk, and I wasn't gay. The hell was I thinking?

"Enjoying it? You were ranting and raving when we got home. Said you needed a stiff drink, honey."

I grinned, brandishing my glass half full of the strong stuff. "And I got it! *Salud!*"

I downed more of it. *Dios*, but it tasted good. And it dealt with the headache of today. I felt a flush creep over my fine brown skin, a warmth that rose to my cheeks and made me laugh a little. Oh, I'd *definitely* had too much. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been drunk, but I was certainly not meant to be a giggler.

"I think you've had enough," Harry said, downing a glass of his own. "I know that because I'm starting to feel a little - hic - tipsy myself. It took a lot more, you know, than if I was a woman."

I rose on unsteady legs and moved to the couch my wife was on, and nestled in next to her. She smelled nice, and I breathed in that musk. Did I ever have that kind of musk?

"You're still my woman," I said, looking up at the very manly man. "I don't care that you don't look like a gal. You're still my darling *esposa*."

"*Esposa*, huh?" he said with a grin. She. My wife was definitely a she, she just didn't look it. Or feel it. "I didn't realise we were married. We're engaged, remember honey?"

“But you’re married to me in my heart,” I said, pushing against him. His muscles were hard, and it felt strange for my big, big boobies to be pressed against them. They were so damn wobbly underneath this white shirt. I nearly went to remove it, only to realise what a bad idea that was. At least I wasn’t *that* drunk. I adjusted my wide hip against his, nestling in comfortably, but it was only then that I noticed that Harry - fuck, Holly! - was pouring an entire new glass and already drinking it. “Did - did I say something wrong, Ha-Holly?”

“You sure did,” he said, taking a swill of his drink. “You do know that being ‘married in my heart’ is not the same as being actually married, right?”

His demeanour was serious.

“Umm . . . yeah, of course, honey. It’s just, we’ve been really busy. You know, saving for the house, the mortgage repayments, me with my work.”

She crossed her arms. Damn, why the fuck couldn’t I stop looking at those uncovered forearms? It was making these stupid huge nipples of mine all hard.

“Three years and not even a peep about a wedding date, George,” she said, deep voice rumbling. “That’s a long time.”

“We’ve got bigger concerns now,” I replied, indicating my ridiculous figure. It was hard not to notice the way my masculinised wife was staring at it.

“We’ve always got bigger concerns!” she exclaimed, “that’s the problem, George. You take us up here to save our relationship, but you won’t even take the steps to help me set a date for us to tie the bloody knot. It’s like you’ve got to be this big alpha male all the time, but you don’t want to commit to the actual emotional stuff. It’s all hoo-rah, look at me, I’m in charge, but you’d rather take us into the bloody outback to look at weird magic lakes than take a good hard look at our relationship, and have an honest conversation about how we love each other, but it isn’t working.”

It hit me like a hammer to the hit. I’d never heard Holly talk like that, at least as a woman. Even she looked surprised at herself. The words hit, and they hurt, and maybe it was the alcohol, or the stress of the day, or these stupid female hormones, but to my great shame and embarrassment, I began to cry. Not huge, teary sobs at least, but enough that my eyes began to leak, and tear trails fell down my cheeks.

“I’m s-sorry,” I managed, my chest beginning to heave a little. Even that was enough to set my big tits wobbling a little against one another. “I d-didn’t mean for this to happen, Holly. I love you, you know th-that. I just thought if I could be man enough, I c-could give you the l-life you wanted.”

A large, strong arm fell around my shoulders.

“It’s okay George, I know you love me. I love you too. So, so much. And I’ve got my own problems. I’m so damn anxious I struggle to tell you these things. Hey, maybe it’s a

blessing in disguise, us being temporarily switched? It means we can finally talk about this stuff.”

His arm was comforting and strong. I couldn't help but lean further into it. It didn't hurt that the feeling of his legs against my thighs was oddly sensuous too. The drink was making me far more adventurous than I would have liked.

“Yeah, okay,” I said, wiping some tears away, “maybe you've got a point there. I can be a bit too much of an *macho alfa* breadwinner sometimes, huh?”

George looked at me and burst out laughing.

“What? What's so funny?”

“I'm sorry, George, it's just, you look the furthest possible thing from an alpha male right now. Have you *seen* your cleavage right now? It's like you're the proud owner of two chest mountains!”

I moaned in irritation. “I can't *not* see them! They're so big, and they won't stop moving.”

Harry gave a grin. “You know, I remember you saying more than once that you loved big boobs on a woman. You certainly liked my pair, and I'm jealous to admit that yours are over twice as big as mine ever were.”

I felt myself flush even further red, shrinking into my seat a little. Harry's - Holly's! - eyes were lasered focused on my massive rack, and for some reason his stare was making my nipples start to tense and harden again. The lack of bra made it obvious to her as well.

“Don't say that,” I said in a quiet voice, “it's embarrassing.”

Holly:

My poor husband was utterly embarrassed, sliding further down into her seat beside me. Ironically, it only provided me with a deeper look into her cleavage, and I had to take another deep gulp of spirits just to tear my eyes away from that tantalising cleavage. I doubt George had figured it out yet, stubborn as he was, but our bodies were very clearly straight. This bombshell before me was making my large penis strain uncomfortably against my shorts, and it was only the position I was sitting in that managed to obscure it from her view.

“They do look very nice,” I said, feeling increasingly - heh! - *ballsy* about complimenting my husband's wonderfully curvy figure. “Seriously, you look like you could be on the cover of *Starlet Magazine*.”

She looked at me with those gorgeous green eyes filled with shock.

“What? The one with the girls in all the tight tops and bikinis, and the big *tetas* and . . . oh *Dios Mio*, you're right. I look ridiculous.”

“I'm afraid it's worse than that, George,” I said, leaning over her, bringing my face close to hers. Her high cheekbones were stunning, and made me envious. I'd always felt my

face was a little rounded, but hers was spectacular. I *wish* I could have made my hair that lush when I was a woman. God, even her ass was amazing. Geez, Gabriella really was the full package and her body had the mind of the one person who could never appreciate it.

“Worse? How?” she moaned, resting her chin in her hands dramatically. She really had overdone the alcohol. But then, I thought, as I took another drink, so had I.

“You look downright sexy, darling.”

She looked at me like I’d just shot her, and it was an adorable look; those thick dark eyebrows up high, her full lips in a perfect pout.

“I do not!”

“Do.”

“Do not!”

“Honey, you’re an absolute babe!”

“I am not a baby!”

“I said a *babe*, you drunk moron!”

We fell into laughter, finding the dumb misunderstanding the funniest thing in the world. Mine was a big belly laughter, with a brass baritone of a chuckle. Powerful and manly. Hers was gigglish and girlish, and with every guffaw her big tits wobbled in her shirt. It was a miracle the fabric was holding, though given it had been George’s shirt, it was really only tight around two particular places, of which two points in particular were noticeably hard. I shuffled my hips, irritated at how this monster cock of mine had some considerable thoughts about my husband’s sexy appearance, and was trying to break free of the denim that held it captive. I managed to move it subtly as I shifted, and I hoped she didn’t notice.

She did.

“Oh my God, you’re getting all *excitado* about this, aren’t you! *Qué chingados* Holly!?”

“I can’t help it,” I exclaimed, letting the monster free a bit. “You’re just too hot! And you’re tits are out to here!”

“You’re a woman!”

“But this body is a man, George. And you have Gabriella’s body, which means you’re looking at me differently too, don’t lie. I see those headlights beaming.”

Her olive cheeks turned red at the sight of her big, feminine nipples pushing against the fabric of her semi-transparent shirt. God, those boobs were big. Almost the size of her own head, yet perfectly proportioned. What would they look like in a bra? I tried to visualise it, and only got even harder.

“I don’t believe you. It’s just this stupid shirt,” she said, her voice slurring a little.

The alcohol made me a little brazen, much more than I ever would have dared. I drank the rest of my glass and felt the slight wooziness that came from overdoing it. She drank a little more too. And it made what I did next easier to justify.

“So,” I said, starting to grin, “you don’t like being a woman at all, then?”

“No,” she replied, “not at all.”

“You don’t even like the big boobies? I imagine most guys have thought a little about what it would be like to play with their own pair.”

She crossed her arms underneath them, unknowingly giving me a *spectacular* view of them, as they were pushed up like two buoys upon the ocean.

“Not me. I told you, I’m all man.”

“We just had our first deep conversation in years, about how that’s exactly the attitude we need to deal with.”

Her eyes flickered, uncertain. “I still don’t like it.”

“Not even when I do . . . this?”

And I reached out with my big, coarse, masculine hand . . . and planted it right over her left boob.

George:

My eyes went wide as Holly’s large hand planted right over my left boob. I hadn’t expected it; her finger sank slightly into my soft flesh, and I was shocked to see that even as large as her masculine hands were, the round shape of my boob was bigger. Jesus, these things were two-handers apiece! The sensitive skin over my left globe shivered, and my nipple stiffened between the crux of two of his fingers.

“Wh-what are you doing, Holly?” I asked in that sensual voice. Somehow, being drunk was only making me sound like even more of a come-on.

“Just seeing how they feel from the other side,” he replied. He began to softly squeeze my flesh, and to my embarrassment I let out a low moan. It felt good. Real good, and I was surprised at how pliable they were. My flesh rose as he kneaded it.

“Mmmhmm . . . ahhh, that feels s-so weird,” I managed. If I weren’t too far gone on the wine, I would have fought him off. As it was, it was a wonderful feeling, like nothing I’d quite felt before. I felt a strange need to keep it going.

“But it feels good, right?”

“*Sí*, it feels good.”

“Because they feel good from my perspective. So much fun to play with.”

I gasped as her other hand reached around my soft shoulder grope my right breast, and I cooed as he began to massage them both. *Dios mio*, they were so huge, and so sensitive. My nipples throbbed with need, and a warmth settled in my belly, a deep fire in my

new loins that I couldn't ignore. I knew it wasn't right, that I was meant to be the man, but my mind blurred instead, fuelled by alcoholic delight and inebriated passion.

"These are way bigger than mine were," Harry said, his voice low. He shifted me, pulling me until I was on his lap. I could feel a distinct hardness there. A very impressively sized largeness that would have made me feel guilty were I sober. Instead, that wetness between my thighs only grew.

"Ohhh . . . you've got a hard-on, *mijo*."

"I do. Damn, I need to let it out. Do you mind?"

I shook my head, too encompassed in that amazing feeling of having these gorgeous globes of mine massages. She cupped them with her forearm, and I couldn't stop myself from gasping as my big brown nipples rubbed against his skin. I needed him to play with them. Needed his attention. This body felt like it was in heat, and the feeling of him unzipping his denim shorts and releasing his cock only made it worse.

"This . . . this isn't right," I moaned. His large penis was so damn hard, like a rod of iron, and it was rubbing against my prodigious backside, situated perfectly between my rounded cheeks. I was beginning to rub against it automatically, bucking my hips slightly to feel its girth against them, as well as the small of my back. It felt good, and I was beginning to breathe like an attractive woman in desperate need.

"You can tell me to stop when you want," Harry said, continually cupping my breasts. They overflowed his large palms like two immense, ripe fruit. Their undersides were wonderfully sensitive, and it left me whimpering.

"Mhmm . . . *si*, maybe just a little more? Ohhhh, that feels good, when you rub your thumbs over them. *Si*, like that."

"Yes, my lovely *senorita*," he said, and I could hear his smirk as he continued to play. I couldn't help but groan in female delight as his ministrations made me more and more turned on. That need between my legs grew and grew, like a spreading fire, and it was made all the worse by his hard dick against my tight shorts. I couldn't help but imagine it within me, and the thought was both disgusting and overwhelmingly arousing.

"Not a - ahhh - *senorita* . . ."

"Sure, *Gabriella*, sure. George isn't. But I think *you* are."

I couldn't offer a word of complaint, the pleasure was too much. I couldn't believe Holly was being this forward, or that I was being so submissive. It was always the opposite, but I felt too inebriated and stimulated to fight against it. The day had been so long, and it felt strangely liberating to give in to these feelings, particularly as she held my small waist and began to kiss my tender neck.

"Ahhhh . . . what are we doing?"

"Making love," Harry replied, "like always. It's just . . . different."

Her arm gripped my waist possessively, and I shivered in anticipation.

“Couch is . . . not comfy,” I said weakly. “Why don’t we go to the bedroom? Just to make out.”

I turned, and he eyed me seriously. “George, are you sure?”

I cocked my head, feeling my long mane of dark curls shift. “It’s just a little experiment, that’s all. We aren’t going any further, alright?”

Holly:

What George had proposed seemed like a bad idea, but I was too damned turned on by her buxom body. It was easier to think of her as Gabriella, particularly as she was moaning like a nymphomaniac instead of the assertive grunts George usually emitted. Her massive rack was too fun to place with, but I needed more. The snake between my legs needed more.

I stood up, gently pulling my darling fiancé turned fiancée with me, and once more I was staggered by how much we had both changed; she was so much shorter than me, adorably so. I had a perfect view of her incredibly bustline down her loose white top, and I wanted nothing more than to relieve her of that top, and every other article of her clothing.

Perhaps I shouldn’t have drunk so much, because it was starting to sound like a really, really good idea. I took Gabriella’s slender hand, and pulled her to the bedroom. We both staggered a little, laughing and drunk, as we entered. It was merely a hotel bedroom, but at the moment, it seemed like paradise to us. We both had a need. Unaccustomed to her stature and new role, Gabriella tried pushing me onto the bed, and we erupted into laughter again.

“Why are we laughing?” she said, giggling in that sweet voice of hers.

“I don’t know! Let’s just get on the bed together and make out. We can pretend we’ve just switched places, or close our eyes and pretend we’re still normal.”

If I was sober, I would have realised my proposition made no sense. Instead, we got up on the doona together and began making out. Hardcore. It only took a few moments to remove Gabriella’s ill-fitting top, but when it came off, her enormous bosom wobbled heavily, her perfect orbs settling against one another. I’d never seen such an enticing sight, and I decided to give her a show as well by removing my own top. I could see from the gleam in my former-fiancé’s eyes that liked what she saw. After all, if Gabriella was stacked, then Harry was *built*. I flex my biceps, and she made an exaggerated coo.

“Wow, even bigger muscles than me,” she said.

“Want to feel?”

She began to feel, and I felt her. Felt all of her. I gripped her lovely ass and felt my fingers sink into the firm flesh. It made her gasp, and together we worked our way to undoing and removing that pesky obstacle. My dick was back in my shorts, thankfully positioned

'north' now, but it was easy to unzip them; Gabriella was going wild and pawing at the stiffness between my legs as if it were a gold nugget. I pulled her close and kissed those deep, full lips of hers, and while her eyes were wide initially, I saw her close them and lean in. She cupped my whiskered face, and it felt fantastic to have such soft hands against my coarseness.

"OOohhh," she moaned in my mouth, "these nipples are so sensitive."

"It's nice, isn't it?" I replied, squeezing them a little more. She groaned in feminine delight, and I used the opportunity to roll her onto her back. She was wearing nothing now, and the image of her nakedness was breathtaking to behold. She really did have the perfect body. George may not have known it, and certainly wouldn't have liked to have known it, but in that moment as Gabriella she was pulling a pose that could have appeared in the world's hottest adult movie. One hand was resting against her rounded hip, the other pulling back a strand of her perfect hair, as her breasts rose and fell with each anticipating breath. It was an intoxicating sight, and all the more because we were both drunk and loving it. All inhibitions were gone, and there was only need remaining. I gripped those gorgeous hips and rested her on her back, and by instinct her thighs parts, granting me entrance to her pretty little pussy. She was wet with need, like a bitch in heat, and while I ordinarily wouldn't think in metaphors like that, the testosterone was raging in my system, and I wanted to conquer this woman. To *dominate* her. I pressed myself up against her, feeling her generous breasts, which pulled to either side of her, so heavy and rounded were they. She responded by pushing them together with her upper arms, crying out.

"Ahhhhh . . . ohh . . . get in me."

"Are you - ngh! - are you sure, my love?"

"*Si! Si! Lo quiero!*"

Somehow, her descent into desperate Spanish as her want increased only heightened my own desire. I took her affirmative, and positioned my cock against her lower lips. It took longer than I expected, being unused to even having such a bizarre appendage, but its surface and head were sensitive to the touch, and I wanted it to be stroked by her passage. In the end, we had to work to guide me in, and when I entered her we both gasped at the unfamiliarity.

It felt so different to what I was used to, and yet powerful and dominating in its own way. Empowering, in fact. I was no longer the penetrated but now the penetrator, the one who took charge, who thrust rather than received, who gave rather than took. I pressed my new girth into my feminised fiancé, relishing her gentle cries of initial discomfort, and proceeding pleasure. And then, slowly but surely, I began to push in and out of her in a rhythmic motion. Our hips met, and the pleasing sight of Gabriella's massive mammaries bouncing with each rock only made me more eager.

I kissed her deeply as I thrust, and she continued to moan and speak disjointed Spanish in my ear as I moved down to nuzzle at her breasts. They were so large, and I buried my face in her cleavage, suffocating myself in her flesh before rearing back and mounting her again. Her longer fingernails raked my back as I thrust, and it seemed my member was close to her cervix from how much she howled in erotic sensation, though never so close to cause her actual pain.

As I slid into her again, she gasped, her delightful face closing its eyes to bask in the feelings I was giving her. I wondered how my George was feeling in there.

George:

It was heaven and hell. It was horror and beauty. It was wrong and it was so, so utterly *right*.

I yielded to him, and allowed my female body to be penetrated again and again. It was so unbelievably alien, to have a long, hard penis press into me and thrust deep within my new passage, but the pleasure was far beyond anything I'd ever felt as a man. I gave into it, as choruses of ecstasy coursed up my being, like hundreds of little electric tingles centred around my female erogenous zones. Harry was tall and strong, and he was all over me, and every time he brushed against my heavy chest my nipples shivered in tenderness. He gripped my ass, and I moaned at his touch, even as he thrust once more, and I lost myself to his touch, to every caress and grope. Oh *Dios*, the gropes. It was like my breasts were ten times more sensitive now to his touch, and he escalated to sucking and licking my hard nipples, causing me to arch my back as several minor orgasms swept over me.

I tried to speak, to tell him that I loved him, that I would fix this, to not stop, that it was okay, but instead I just screamed and cried out in streams of Spanish, saying all of those things in a passionate Latina accent that he would never understand.

"That's so . . . fucking . . . hot," Harry replied, and he pressed into me further. I lost any ability to speak instead, simply clinging on to him for dear life as I was pounded again and again.

"Te amo! Te amo! Te amo!"

It was all too much. I seized up, gripped by orgasms as they overwhelmed my body. I cried out loud enough to wake up the entire floor, my high voice the very essence of female passion. My lover grunted and exhaled in a deep, manly declaration of pleasure, and his balls tensed between my thighs. I gripped him with my legs, even as the onslaught of multiple orgasms came on, and I felt his penis spurt its seed inside of me. It throbbed in my passage for what felt like a full minute, and his hot sperm warmed me, flowing towards my womb.

"Oh fuck, you're amazing," he declared, and we kissed deeply.

Only after he had pulled out, and I had gasped at his exit, and we had cleaned up and gone back to bed, did it hit me just how insane what had happened was. I had been

transformed into a sexy *chica* by a magic lake, failed to find a way to turn back, gotten piss drunk, and now let myself be fucked by my formerly female fiancé.

“Oh God,” I whispered, as the realisation came crashing down on my drunken self. But immediately after, Harry rolled over and put his arm around me, his hand grasping into my bountiful breast. And it felt so good, and I felt so comfy and safe, that it was easier to stay than think about it.

I fell asleep, the little spoon to his big spoon, not thinking of how I'd react in the morning.

Part 6: Hot New Couple in Town

Holly:

I woke first. For a few moments, I forgot that I was now a man. In the dull mindset that comes with waking, I couldn't figure out why I had my arms wrapped around a small, soft body. *Very* soft. I had dreamed that a small knot existed in my stomach, a living anxiety that trembled and shrieked and screamed at me every time I was in a tense situation, until suddenly I could take no more and plucked it out. Like a magic Cinderella, I was suddenly changed by magic, becoming my true self. Only my true self was tall, muscly. *Hairy*. And it felt . . . commanding. Dominant. Powerful.

For the briefest moment when I woke I was disappointed. I had felt so strong, and now I was little, weak Holly O'Neill, unable to stand up to herself. And that was when I felt the large protuberance lying dormant between my legs, pressed against the round, fleshy backside of the woman I was holding.

Holy shit, I was a man. The dream had meaning, and everything that had happened yesterday was indeed real. I was still Harry O'Neill, which meant the gorgeous and warm body I was currently huddled around protectively, still half-snoring asleep, was my once-manly fiancé, George. Now Gabriella.

Which meant the other thing we had done yesterday was real, too. We had had sex. Quite passionate sex, in fact. Penis-in-vagina, loud moaning and wailing, thrusting and gushing sex. It was almost impossible to believe it, but I had *ejaculated* inside my husband, and it had feel damn, damn good. And him! My God, I could hardly believe that little anxious Holly had been the one to penetrate and fuck, but to know that George had actually submitted to me, and allowed himself to be penetrated and fucked, that was something else!

I cuddled the gorgeous latina woman in my arms a little tighter, and she purred slightly in that sensual voice of hers, whispering something in her Spanish. I tried to avoid giggling at how ridiculous it was. Deny it as he would, he had actually enjoyed it last night. George - Gabriella - had moaned and cried with the best of them, and had just about screamed into the pillow at one point to keep the sound down. The orgasms she'd received had made me damn jealous, I wasn't going to lie. But then, I was quite envious of a few features . . .

I cupped her large, soft breast, enjoying its weight and size. Her flesh overflowed my palms, and my fingers sank into them slightly. God, they must be heavy; if we were stuck like this my fiancé was going to have major back problems unless she finally submitted to wearing a good bra! I continued to play with them, moving my other arm awkwardly between us to feel her large, supple ass. Somehow, being a man had made me utterly heterosexual,

and now that I had started to appreciate her form and smell the dark curls of her hair, I couldn't stop. She was peaceful and beautiful, less stressed than I had seen her as a man in months, but there was a monster inside of me that also wanted satisfaction. I needed her, and from the way my large penis was rising to press firmly between her cheeks, it was bordering on a biological instinct.

"I want you, *Gabriella*," I whispered in her ear.

To my surprise, she began to shift her wide hips, pressing her naked behind against my manhood, and rubbing up against it. I began to breathe harder, groping her tits a little more firmly and running my fingers over her delicious dark nipples.

She moaned, slowly coming up to consciousness.

George:

I had the most amazing dream. In it, all my need to be in control had melted away. I had no idea how much it dominated me, the need to be in control all the time. I didn't feel the need to constantly lead, to be the decision-maker, or to hide my emotions. All my life, I'd felt the constant need to hide my emotions and be stoic. In this dream, I was somehow softer, smaller, and yet able to feel so much more deeply, and let others in. A great pair of arms encircled me and I felt whole. The dream ended when one of those arms began to make its way down to my huge *culo*. Wait, *culo*?

I realised at once that I was thinking in Spanish, not English. And more than that, I had two heavy somethings pulling on my chest as I was lying down, one resting on the other, and a firm hand grasping and groping them both. *Dios mio*, I was a *chica*. A woman. It was real. As real as the manly body pressed up behind me, as real as huge *tetas* on my chest, and as real as the big dick pressing between my cheeks.

And, I realised, as real as the moistness that was growing between my thighs in response to it. I launched from the bed.

"Mother fucker!"

My fiancée leapt up as well. "Gabriella, are you alright?"

I stood naked, several features wobbling, as I put my hands on my rounded hips. "It's George, Harry! I mean Holly! And what the fuck were you just doing? *Que mierda!*"

The handsome man that was my fiancée gave a placating gesture.

"I'm sorry, Gab - George. I'm sorry. I only just woke up. I've got these . . . impulses."

My eyes were drawn to his very hard dick, erect and out in the open. I was briefly transfixed by it, and couldn't help but gulp at its size. *That* had managed to fit inside of me last night? I held my gaze on it for several more seconds, resisting the urge to quickly lick my lips.

"I think," I said, "I think I do too."

“I can see that.”

I looked down to his gaze, and sure enough I could see what he was looking at as surely as I felt it: my nipples were pointed and hard, still aching for more of his ministrations. God, this body had a million ways to humiliate me. I was just fortunate that this damned wet pussy of mine wasn't visible. I could only hope he couldn't smell it, like I sometimes could when Holly had been ultra-horny. That was things were better for us, and not just because of the magical sex-change.

“We should cover up,” I suggested.

“Good idea. Are you sure you want to wear what you did yesterday?”

I pulled the bed sheets against my body for modesty. “I don't see why not.”

Harry - I mean, Holly, chuckled. “It's just it caused you no end of misery and embarrassment. You might as well dress like a lady if you look like one, George. It'll make things easier for figuring out how to change back.”

That piqued my attention. “You have a plan?”

Holly smiled, and I couldn't deny it was a handsome, charming smile. This body was definitely one hundred percent heterosexual.

“I'll tell you about it . . . *if* you get dressed up in Gabriella's clothes.”

I groaned, feeling more than a little emasculated. “Really? This again?”

“I mean it, George, just like I meant a lot of what was said last night. As I think you did too. Whatever has happened to us, has happened for a reason. I think, for now, we should learn from it, even as we work to find a way to stop it. So . . . learn to wear a *sostén*. That's bra in Spanish, by the way.”

“You know that I know that.”

“I'll help if necessary.”

She had me over a barrel if she had a plan. If *he* had a plan. More and more our dynamic was starting to feel reversed; him the go-getter man, me the supportive woman. I sighed.

“Fine, I'll figure it out myself. Just don't make fun when I look ridiculous.”

Holly:

It was a victory I hadn't expected, and moreover one that hadn't taken too long. George left to go have a shower. I decided against joining her - I'd likely call her Gabriella again, and besides, this monster between my legs would have other notions of what might happen between us. Instead, I simply made myself a tea and got my bathrobe, thinking on what had passed last night. Being a man, penetrating a gorgeous woman, it felt as much a conquest as an act of love. It was a feeling of power that was almost intoxicating, and it was hard not to think about it.

In no time at all the lovely *Gabriella* had emerged in her own bathrobe, which just managed to conceal her best features, though a nice deep line of cleavage still made its way nearly to her clavicle. I hopped in and luxuriated, and spent much longer time. But as my thoughts drifted again to her form, I decided a cold shower was more necessary.

When I was finished, I went and got dressed. Gabriella, as I was increasingly thinking of her as, returned to the bathroom to prepare herself privately, having chosen an outfit. Clearly, she was still embarrassed. I shrugged and put my clothes on, appreciating how the tight briefs held my package in and the jeans worked to obscure it further. It felt a little showy to wear a white top that conformed to my new musculature, but I supposed it was no different from wearing a tight top when you had a large bust; you displayed what good you had.

It was as I had thought that I heard several amusing sounds coming from the bathroom, most of them in Spanish, but several in English.

“Damn thing won’t fit!”

“God, why is it so tight? How do these straps work?”

“Why did they have to be so big?”

“Stupid *tetas*. Can’t even see my own feet anymore!”

I tried to hide my laughter, and over time the sounds of girlish frustration dimmed, and I had my tea. And waited.

After about ten minutes, she emerged, and she was a sight to see. My formerly-male fiancé was wearing a black tank top and denim jeans, the straps of a dark bra just visible beneath. Her hair was a mane of curls that had barely been treated, and looked more like a tangle of frizzles. Her body was killer, but I could see one boob was raised higher than the other, her jeans were pulled up too high, and she badly needed some guidance with her hair.

“I look *estúpido*.”

I broke into laughter, and her face went bright red. For just a flash, I could see what appeared to be tears forming. My God, the transformation really had made her quite emotional! I instantly stopped, and moved to her side.

“It’s okay, George. I’ll help you get fitted into the cups right. And the hair - that will take some learning as well. I can teach you: it’ll be important to know. You’ve got your jeans too high. Here’s, let’s pull them down.”

I tugged them down and she tried to stop me.

“No! It’ll show off my damn belly button.”

I gave a sympathetic smile. “George, I think Gabriella’s outfits are tailored to that look.”

“What if I pulled down this top a little . . .”

He began to tug at his tank top, pulling it down, and a mammoth line of cleavage for his magnificent chest was now on display, free to wobble openly to the world. I tried to focus on not getting erect again. George instantly realised her mistake and went red again.

“This was a mistake.”

“No, this is pragmatic. Come here, I’ll fix you up, then we’ll get breakfast, then I’ll tell you my plan.”

George:

I looked like a damn trophy wife. A hot, busty latina on the arm of her hubbie, tits bouncing heavily on my chest as I moved in sandals. I could feel my big ass bounce despite the tight jeans, wobbling with each sway of these hips. It was hard not to walk as a woman in this body. But at least I didn’t have all my hair in my face, and I knew how to put on a bra now. Even having my midriff showing wasn’t *that* bad, I supposed. As Holly had helped me, I tried to keep my mind in business mode, but for some reason I felt calmer this morning, despite the horror of being stuck as a latina woman. Flashes of last night’s passion came to me when he worked to be optimistic about the day, and placed his hands on my little shoulders. It was weirdly reassuring, despite my own reluctance. And that, in its own way, scared me more than a little.

Holly had explained the plan, and it was a simple one, though not terrible either. Others had found Lake Otherlife, this was no doubt. After all, there were numerous scratches and messages around the lake, only a few of which we read. All we had to do was track down anyone in the area that had heard of it, and question them on what we had to do to find it again. There was a lot left for chance, but stuck as we were, I wasn’t sure what options remained to us. Besides, it felt oddly right to let Holly take the lead on this one. I wasn’t sure if my mind had changed, or if it was my hormones, or just the fact that what he had said about me last night was entirely too true, but it was how I felt. We ate our breakfast in the lobby, and left out into the city, having mapped a few spots to visit.

“Okay, so here’s what we need to do,” Holly said, walking in large, masculine strides. “I’ve checked over the internet as much as I can, and found only rumours and whispers. No answers. But the few message boards that mention something like Lake Otherlife all talked of a bookstore that might have the answers we need.”

I walked faster, trying to keep up with my masculined fiancé’s steps. Just trying to keep at his pace was causing my boobs to bounce in my top even more than usual as we made our way through the town centre. I was worried I’d start gaining attention.

“Which bookstore?” I asked.

He shrugged, and I had to admire the way his shoulder muscles showed through his white shirt. Damn, it was strange to suddenly have a thing for guys’ shoulder muscles.

“No idea,” he said. “And there’s more than a few. But I figure we check out some of the older and historic ones. Ancient times and the like.”

“How many of those are there?”

“Well, there’s at least a dozen, plus a couple more I’ve added to the list just in case. There’s a few Aboriginal cultural stores and displays I’ve noted to check out too. That place was *old*, older than colonisation, so maybe our First Nations citizens know something about it. Seemed like a not dumb thing to try for, at least.”

He wasn’t wrong, but it was hard to show him that I agreed; he was too damn fast! I was getting lost behind him as we made our way down the side of the street, and worse, I was discovering that as a woman people don’t just move for you. I was shifting from side to side, getting annoying gazes from male passerbys staring at my tits, and George was only getting further and further ahead, talking to thin air behind him. It was *loco!*

“Hey!” I called out, frustrated as hell and feeling the ‘spicy’ part of the ‘spicy latina’ burning inside of me. “Stop moving so fast, damn it! I’ve only got little legs now, and yours are twice as big, I can’t keep up!”

Holly/Harry looked back and blushed briefly as I hurried forward, tits bouncing rapidly and putting on a show for a male passerby. The man was so distracted that he tripped on an uneven pavement and nearly toppled over. Served him right for staring. I was starting to get an appreciation for what Holly had to put up with at times, and I was likely to get it more than twice as bad, given my figure being basically a walking advertisement for sex.

“Sorry about that,” Holly said as I reached him.

I put my hands on my hips and glared upwards. “Not happening again. You walk at *my* speed now.”

He chuckled, causing me to raise an eyebrow.

“Sorry, it’s just that I always had to keep up with you when you were a man, George. You were large and in charge and certainly liked to barge. Not so fun when the shoe is on the other dainty foot, is it?”

I had no real response to that, other than to flush red a little. This body had a habit of that. “Fine! You’re right! This is a learning experience. And no one is moving for me. Aren’t women supposed to get some courtesy?”

Another chortle. “Sometimes. You’ll find men tripping over themselves to open doors for you and pull seats out, and helping you when you need directions. But, as you’ve already discovered, being hit on will also happen, along with cat calls, stares, the occasional grope.”

“You’re kidding. *Broma.*”

“No joke, dear. And with that hourglass figure you better be ready for it.”

I was exasperated. “Why would anyone want to be a woman?”

He chuckled, moving at a slower pace as we approached the first store.

“Well, there are certainly upsides. The fashion, for one. You look good, Gabriella.” Despite the use of the name, the compliment felt weirdly good after all of this morning’s effort. “Not to mention you can create life.”

The thought of pregnancy made my stomach turn. We really should have thought of that when we were drunk. The notion of getting knocked up was terrifying. Thank goodness this was a temporary change.

“And there’s also the fact that women are a sisterhood the world over, for the most part. Women can talk to one another, and emotionally support one another. And women are just as accomplished as men in practically all walks of life, more so in some areas, just as men are in others. But you’re a person, George. Some parts of being a woman just plain suck - I hope you don’t have to put up with a period, for instance.”

“*Dios mio*, I hadn’t even considered that.”

He smirked. “Plus there’s all the harassment and not being taken seriously. But we are allowed to be healthier with our emotions, something men find it impossible to do in our society. Don’t you already feel like it’s easier to be able to express yourself?”

I did, in fact. It was embarrassing to admit, but even the way I looked down, away from his gaze, was telling.

“Told you.”

“Shut up.”

“Oh, real mature, *Gabbi*.”

I crossed my arms under my bouncing breasts. “Somehow Gabbi is worse than Gabriella. You’re enjoying this a little too much.”

My handsome fiancé shrugged again as we pulled to a stop outside the store.

“What can I say? I’m enjoying the sight of my fiancé with a fine set of boobies.”

I rolled my eyes and entered, ignoring the whistle he gave as he watched my rump shift with each step.

Holly:

“You’ve never heard of it? Are you sure?”

We were now thirteen locations in, and the day was drawing to a close. The store owner shook his head, though his eyes wandered a number of times to the cleavage of the woman talking to her. George was fiery all right. It wasn’t a ‘spicy latina’ fire, though it was easy to make that joke. Instead, she was still displaying that need to pursue and get things done immediately, often without patience. Only now it was manifesting with a little more neediness.

“I’m sure,” the man said, leaning back against the shelf. “You’re welcome to take a look at our records, but Kakadu’s pretty well mapped, and there’s not a lot more to be said

about it unless another set of cave chalk paintings are found and heritage listed. As it is, we're mainly a fiction bookshop."

My partner sighed, not realising how much it caused her bosom to rise and fall. I myself was having my own trouble fending off a young shop assistant with long dark hair and a petite but pretty figure. She had round glasses and a cute button nose, and while George was the hottest thing on the block, I found the nerdy look suddenly working for me too. It was obvious this woman found me attractive, as her eyes continually fell to my muscles and bare forearms. Weirdly, I did not feel vulnerable. Merely flattered. George probably didn't feel the same way.

We left the store. George was irritated. I could understand why; we had been searching all day, and our hopes had been continually dashed. Not even the cartography store had what we needed, and even those who showed interest in helping us and did their best turned up nothing. We had to stop for lunch, and while we were getting more used to our forms, I could tell George was unused to having her female form appreciated by the public, particularly given that her impressively ample chest strained the fabric of her tank top and had enough flesh out of it to bounce impressively and eye-catchingly. A couple of catcalls had required me to give 'the look' to tell others off. It was something George had done a number of times for me, and it was oddly empowering to return the favour. But still, our mounting failures were wearing us down, and this felt like the last straw for my feminised partner.

"Did you see the *pendejo*? He didn't even try to help us! And he was staring at my cleavage the whole time."

"To be fair dear, it is quite a sight. Utterly cavernous."

"Oh, ha ha. Look who is suddenly a comedian now that she has a pair of balls."

It was meant to be more sardonic in tone clearly, but her sexy accent made it sound almost like a come on, and from the look of her face, she realised it too.

"You know what I mean!"

"I'll try not to make jokes, but you need to calm down, George. Like we talked about last night when drunk, you can try to use this as an opportunity to stop pushing yourself to the limit. It's okay to work together. I know it's been a long day. There's still a few places left on the list."

She sighed, and to my shock, actually leaned against me. It was the first actual public contact she had given me since she had changed. Others around passed us, and to all eyes we were an ordinary - if incredibly attractive - couple. But still, it felt wonderful. Slowly, ensuring she was okay with it, I placed my arms around her, and simply held her lovingly for a moment. She shed a few tears, and I didn't comment on them with a joke. To me, it was a view of progress. After twenty seconds or so, she pulled away.

“*Gracias*. Thank you.”

“I’m here for you, love.”

“I know. I - I don’t think I could do it without you.”

I put a hand on her shoulder gently, and she accepted it. There were a few people around, across the street and further down the side path, but on the whole, it felt for a moment like it was just us in the dry afternoon heat. I felt closer to George at that moment than I had in some time, barring the events of last night. And so it was that I moved my hand slowly to cup her neck, and drew closer to her, lowering my lips to her. She looked to me with eyes that were filled with longing, a burning need to be not only comforted but supported. I suppose, in a way, that was what George needed all along. Just a different kind of support than she thought.

I pressed my lips against hers, and she yielded to me. Her mouth was full and soft, and tasted wonderful, with just a hint of coffee. We did not kiss deeply, or passionately, but there was a reassuring love there, and I found myself supported too. I hadn’t realised that while I was pushing past my anxiety, I was nearly falling into George’s old trap, and becoming stuck in ‘dominance mode.’ Feeling that love and support helped calm me too.

“Thank you, George,” I said.

“No worries, I guess,” she replied, looking away and brushing a stray dark curl. God, she was gorgeous. Despite the strangeness of it all, and our altered bodies, in that moment I felt like I was falling in love with that same person all over again, a healthier version of them, perhaps. At least, a nascent version of a healthier George, even if she was currently Gabriella.

I hadn’t finished the thought when suddenly her eyes widened, and looked behind me. I turned, feeling oddly protective of any threats to my Gabriella or George or whatever she was called, as there was a genuine fear in her eyes. There, approaching with determination, was a young man of Aboriginal descent wearing a red hoodie and blue pants. He had a serious expression, and was moving to us quickly.

“Can I help you?” I asked, getting into a more secure stance.

The man stopped, and cocked his head, seeming to examine us for a moment. Then he burst out laughing.

“That is the *girliest* fight pose I have ever seen.”

“What?”

“Um, he’s right dear,” George whispered behind me, “that pose looks ridiculous.”

“Well, I’m not looking for a fight,” I declared, putting a hand on my hip.

The stranger laughed again. “Another girly pose! Please, do another!”

By this point I was feeling thoroughly humiliated and more than a little angry.

“Look, are you just here to insult me or do you have a reason for coming right up to my face?”

The man smiled, and it was a big smile indeed. All teeth. He was shorter than me, but had a scrappiness to him that told me he was pretty tough. I felt I could beat him. Oh God, was I really sizing up another man to fight? I hadn't realised how much testosterone was amping me up.

“I'm not here to fight, *sheila*,” he said. He gave an exaggerated, comical bow to me, before reaching over to give George a manly shake of the hand. “And I'm not making fun of you, *mate*.”

Neither of us said a word. Surely he couldn't know . . .

But his grin said everything.

“So, a little bird tells me that a hot new couple in town have been asking everyone and their mums about Lake Otherlife. Would you like to talk to a bloke who actually knows, or keep running up your cardio steps?”

He grinned, folding his arms expectantly, as he waited for a reply.

“It's okay, I'll wait till you pick your jaws up.”

To Be Continued . . .

Part 7: The Task Ahead

George:

The inside of the store was not magical or mysterious. It was just a store, filled with books, many of them in dedicated sections for various eras and subjects of Indigenous history. I appreciated the practicality of that. The man who led us in did so confidently. He was a grinner, and I caught him twice sneaking a look at my boobs, but it wasn't in a leery way; more like a sort of mild amusement. His name was Andy, though he said it wasn't his 'mob name', but the affectation 'white fellas did business with.' It made me a little annoyed, because the truth was that I wasn't a 'white fella' right now; the pair of big brown boobs hanging off my chest was proof of that.

"I bet you two had a real shock when you came out," Andy said, cracking a pearly smile and looking over Holly and myself.

"I didn't exactly come out like this," I said in my thick Spanish accent, gesturing to my curvy form. "It was the next day, when we woke up in our hotel."

"It was definitely a shock then, though," Holly said with a sheepish grin.

Andy just raised an eyebrow and shrugged. "The effect is different depending on the person, at least that's how I know of it. Some change straight away, some wake up different a whole five years later. I suppose you two got lucky, at least you know it was the lake that did it; I imagine there's a few tourists from all around Asia, America, and beyond who one day found themselves with a new appendage between their legs, or a pair of tits they didn't have."

I sighed a little, crossing my arms beneath my chest. He wasn't wrong; it was a blessing we knew straight away. I could only imagine how terrible it would have been if we had discovered it after we had kids, or if we'd split up, God forbid. *Dios . . .*

"So, you used to be a white fella then?"

Andy was inspecting me over, but at least it didn't feel like he was undressing me with his eyes like all the other men were doing in the last two days - hell, even Holly was doing now that she was Harry! Instead, it was like he could see right *through* me, to the man beneath.

"Yeah, my name was George Willford. Now I'm Gabriella González."

"I'm guessing the Spanish accent is new to you too, huh mate?"

I blushed a little. It was awkward to have it pointed out directly. "*Si*, it is. I keep slipping into it as well, like I'm some ridiculous character from a television show."

"Well, a race change and a sex change and a nationality change. You got hit by the full trifecta. At least you didn't get turned into a wombat."

My breath caught for a moment. So did Holly's; I could tell from the glance we exchanged.

"Was . . . was that a possibility?" Holly asked, voice deep with concern.

Andy held our stare for a moment, his features serious. Suddenly, with a great gust of movement, he cackled, throwing his hands to the air.

"Yeah nah, mate, I'm just fucking with you. To my knowledge, no one's been turned by the Lake that bad, though I guess we couldn't exactly find out otherwise, could we? Ah well, you two struggling lovebirds come with me. Ma will see you upstairs."

"Ma?" Holly asked.

He gave us a look like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Yeah mate, Ma. Ma Dusk. She'll know what's up."

He directed us up the steps, and Holly gallantly allowed me to go first after Andy. It was an odd feeling; I was being treated by a woman, and yet it made my stomach flutter for a moment.

"Ladies first," he said.

"*Gracias*," I replied, trying and failing to conceal a little smile. It was hard not to be a little joyful, even if going up the stairs made my boobs bounce even more in this outfit. We were nearing the end of this insanity. We were close to getting back to who we were meant to be.

Holly:

I liked Andy. He had tracked us down on the street and clearly enjoyed knowing more than we did, but the fact of the matter was that he had sought us out to help. There was no question of payment, of favours, or services. Just a good bloke who somehow knew that we were off, though exactly *how* he knew was a mystery he hadn't answered, and I got the feeling he liked not answering; he was working up to the big reveal. He had taken us into *Dusk's Bookshop*, a little Indigenous-based bookstore packed down the side of a street that had only just made it onto my own list, which was thankfully only a little walk from where he'd found us. All the way over, he peppered us with questions.

"What did this lake look like?"

"Where did the name Otherlife come from?"

"So, you went swimming - did you have visions? Did it look like the Dreamtime, or was it more personal to you or something?"

"So, what's it like having tits?"

The last was directed at Gabriella, and I could tell even she found it a little amusing, because she simply gave a sarcastic raise of the eyebrow and said, "they're heavy. And they bounce. And they're not yours."

That made him crack up. "I respect your restraint, Gabriella-

"George."

"-*Senorita* George, because I would have most definitely spend all of my time cupping and feeling tits like that if I had them."

"You're welcome to trade."

"No no! I'm a proud Aboriginal fella. Wouldn't do to suddenly be talking Spanish, would it mate?"

And so on. He loved to talk that was for sure, but after all the insanity, I realised just how much George and I had only spent time with each other these last two days, and how rewarding it was to be able to vent about our supernatural problem to someone else. It was also validating to think that I hadn't gone cuckoo; I really did have a penis between my legs, and I really was feeling strangely confident.

Which brought us to his family's bookshop, supposedly owned by his family for three generations, and proudly so. I let Gabriella take the stairs ahead of me, and I won't lie; I did like watching that wide ass of hers shake. It was perfectly contoured, wonderfully rotund. I was *damn jealous* of it, but in my male form, I was starting to realise I was actually a bit of a perv. I headed up after her, and there we met Ma Dusk.

She was an Aboriginal woman with dark skin, curly snow-white hair, and weathered features that had seen more than a few things. She was short, and a little fat, but she gave a kind grin as we entered, and gestured for us to sit opposite us in a set of comfy chairs. When we sat, I noticed Gabriella's hand was dangling to the side, unconsciously waiting for my own. I held it, and she briefly looked in surprise, only to smile. Once again, I was taking the initiative, and he was appreciating the little affectionate moments.

"Ma, meet Gabriella and Harry. Gabriella and Harry, meet Ma Dusk, my gran."

I extended a hand, and she shook it. Despite my newfound strength, I was surprised by her firm grip. My transformed fiancé also extended a hand, but Ma Dusk held Gabriella's hand flat instead, and seemed to examine the palm, looking at the soft brown skin with something approaching nostalgia.

"Good to meet you kids," she finally said, pulling her arms back. "Tea? Coffee? Bit early for beer, I'd say, but I can never tell with out-of-towners."

"Well, I could do with a coffee," I said.

"Tea for me. Coffee doesn't agree with my tastebuds anymore," Gabriella said sadly.

Ma nodded to Andy, who sighed and went to fetch the drinks. Clearly, he didn't want to miss a thing. As soon as he was out of sight, Ma knelt forward.

"So, you swam in an ancient lake and got turned about a bit?"

I nearly coughed. "Pretty much."

“And you used to be white, and a man. I bet having those big knockers on your chest is throwing you for a loop. Mine looked a bit more pert back in the day, but even I didn’t stack up like that. And you, tall, dark and handsome, you used to be a pretty little thing, also like I was back in the day. Only my blonde streak was dyed, and I can’t say it suited me. Still, I can tell you were pretty.”

“Right again,” Gabriella said, looking to me and ignoring the earlier comment about her chest. “Holly is very pretty. From the minute I saw her.”

Aww.

“How can you tell this?” I asked Ma, “Andy didn’t tell you anything.”

Ma Dusk just chuckled, leaning back in her seat. “Because I can see it, you fool girl! Can’t you? Look, just focus on me. Look behind the layers. I bet you see something, I just bet. It’s happened once before.”

I looked close, trying to understand what she was saying. Gabriella too. The jug started boiling downstairs as Andy got to work on the drinks, but my attention was solely on the little woman before me. The little woman who-

For a moment, there was a flicker. A shimmer. An image of someone else; a man in his early fifties, perhaps, with white skin and blue eyes. And then it was gone. Gabriella squeaked, and covered her mouth when she realised she’d made the sound.

“You used to be a man too,” I said.

She nodded, giving that same toothy grin.

“Who says you only live once, huh?”

George:

I was bewildered. I was stunned. I was horrified.

“You . . . you’ve been stuck as an Aboriginal woman all your life?”

“You make it sound so bad, love! I love my life - didn’t you see my big smile out on the shop front poster there?”

I was flailing. “But - but you didn’t change back? It’s impossible?”

Ma Dusk gestured for me to settle down. I looked to Harry - I mean Holly - she was cool as a cucumber, brow a little creased as she worked over this information. It was me who was being emotional again. I had to stop it. Clamp down.

“Maybe it’s best if I told my quick story from the beginning, before my grandson gets back in. I’ve told him enough, and his blood means he can spot someone else who’s changed, but he doesn’t need to hear all the itty bitty gritty of who I used to be. That man died a long time ago as far as I’m concerned, he just has a fascination with finding out that I’m not interested in satisfying. Anyway . . .

“I was a tourist from America named Paul Jacek. I was backpacking across the world when I made my way through Kakadu, though it wasn’t as famous back then as it is now. Still, I knew it was going to be beautiful. But, you see, I didn’t really have much respect for the land, despite loving its beauty. I wanted to conquer it, own it, take pictures of it. I’m embarrassed to say I left shit everywhere; disposable cups, rubbish, bottles, beer cans, you name it. It was a different time back then, but the truth of the matter is I was worse than most. And I had . . . let’s just say I didn’t have the most progressive ideas when it came to the locals, the true owners of the land.”

She gestured to herself and gave a lovely wheezy laugh. “I bet you can see where this story is going, can’t you?”

It was a joke, but I leaned forward, captivated, not caring what a show my tits were making in this tight top. I needed to know how and why she had remained as Ma Dusk, and if there was a way to change back.

“Anyways, one night, I come across this great big beautiful lake that’s not on any map. Sound familiar?”

I nodded, eagerly, causing my curly black hair to spill around my sun-kissed features.

“Naturally, being the yank tourist I was, I came to the idiot conclusion that I’d discovered the place. Can you imagine? Sixty-thousand years of native history, and here a white fella from across the pond was claiming he’d ‘discovered’ something new. Tale as old as time. Anyway, it was a beautiful day, and the water was supernaturally warm and nice - I know better now that a lot of outback rivers and lakes are freezing as shit, which would have been my first clue that something was off had I known it at the time. Anyway, I entered the lake, and I get all these strange visions. Visions of the land from ages past, of people a millenia ago entering it, changing body and form. I’m overwhelmed, and it feels like *I’m* changing, becoming one with the land like them, feeling it, laying down roots, I suppose. And all this time someone else was swimming with me, this gorgeous Aboriginal girl who just smiled and waved at me, like she knew something I didn’t.

“When I emerged, hours had passed, which made no sense. I couldn’t figure it out. So I left the place, a little freaked out, and took off back to my hotel, and continued my trip around the country. I was planning to stay only another week, but something about the land kept me here; I extended my trip, y’see. The sun was making my skin go brown, and I felt connected to the earth in a way I never had. Of course, what actually was happening was I was changing; over time, slowly, across the course of a month. Lost my sausage and two eggs, developed a set of tits that were a big bigger than I could have reasonable expected, and got all the curves. Stocky, but good looking. I was becoming a native, an Aboriginal woman, and I even had a mob; it was like all of reality had changed around me so that I’d always lived here, and I was a young Aboriginal sheila named Malana Dusk.”

She shrugged. "Anyway, that's my story."

It was like getting narrative whiplash. "Uh, with all due *respeto*, Ma Dusk, no it's not! Why couldn't you change back? Did you find something more about the lake? Can it be found?"

"Hold up, hold up! That's a barrage right there, and I'm an old ticker now." She clasped her hands together. "First, tea."

Andy returned with the drinks, and set them on the table. He gave an indication that he wanted to stay, but Dusk just shooed him away. Clearly, she was okay with her past staying buried, even if her grandson wanted to dig it up. I sipped at my tea, appreciating the green tea leaf taste. Clearly, Gabriella liked her drinks more relaxed. I could have sworn the Spanish generally preferred coffee, but maybe I was wrong; this body didn't exactly come with instruction manuals, and I only had the base needed knowledge at a time.

Ma Dusk put down her tea. I could tell that Holly was just as eager as me; despite being a powerful male, she still did that thing where she tapped her knee incessantly, though with her muscles it made a more dominating presence than perhaps she realised. The older woman shifted herself on the couch, relaxing back into memory.

"Well, to answer your further questions, George/Gabriella, I can tell you first what you want to hear. I *could* change back. And so can you."

I nearly dropped my tea, and had to recover it, causing these irritating boobs to once more jostle. Holly shifted forward.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh yes, but you may not like how you gotta go about it."

Holly:

Gabriella sighed, placing her delicate hand against her olive forehead.

"Tell us," I said. It wasn't the tone I would normally have taken, but I was feeling more direct. More masculine.

"Well, first you gotta wait a year."

"A YEAR!?"

That was Gabriella. She shot to her feet so fast that her own boobs nearly caught her in the chin. Her midriff was on full display, her too, and her thick thighs outlined by her tight jeans. Even in the midst of this particular shock, my fiancé - or rather, fiancée - was turning me on a little. I crossed one leg over the other in a quite ladylike manner to disguise the erection, and focus on getting it back down.

"A whole year," Ma Dusk said, a compassionate look on her features. "Told you that you wouldn't like it."

"*Mierda! Mierda!* Shit and fuck!"

“You know, this sheila is pretty cute when she swears,” Dusk said, waving her down. “Take a seat, sheila, and let me explain the details.”

Reluctantly, Gabriella did, fuming. I took her hand again, and she clenched it tightly, her hand shaking a little. I rubbed it slowly with my thumb, and she calmed a little. It was not the sort of thing that would have worked on her when she’d been George.

“Okay, so Lake Otherlife is ancient, and there’s evidence it was in some of the Dreamtime stories of my people - well, the people I accidentally became one of - stretching back thousands of years. Oral stories handed down generation after generation of a magical lake that appears before those whose spirits are out of balance, or in need of healing, or,” she took a moment to eye use both, “even before couples whose connection has faltered.”

Gabriella barely seemed to shift. It was like my fiancée was so focused on changing back that she didn’t see something far more important in front of her; the Lake *knew* that our relationship was in trouble. I decided to speak up.

“Wait, are you saying the Lake sensed that our relationship was having problems? And this is - what? It’s attempt to fix it.”

“Something like that. Change and challenge brings adversity that can test the love between two people, but it can also tie them together. The Lake certainly knows; it was no coincidence it appeared before you.”

“Why did it appear to you then?”

She gave a wan smile. “Because I was detached from the world. It was my amusement park, and I disrespected it. But it saw in me the potential to set down roots, and take part in the ancient tradition. That’s how the Lake of Other Lives works; it changes your body and history, and gives you one year to adapt and become better. If you prefer your new life at the end, you simply walk away. If you still want to change back, you return to where you first saw it, take another dip, and Bob’s your uncle and Fanny’s your aunt, you’re back to having a pair of testes.” She cackled, gesturing towards Gabriella.

“But . . . you didn’t turn back?” she asked.

I could tell my former-fiancé was confused, but I wasn’t. In a year, who could say how much you had gotten used to, even come to love your new life? Already, my anxiety had dissipated, and I was becoming more confident each hour in my manly body. And the act of sex, of thrusting into Gabriella, who was so soft and curvy and submissive, and hearing her cries . . .

My thoughts petered out as my erection grew. Damn, as a man you really did only have enough blood for brains or boinking, never both at once. I crossed my legs further, trying not to crush my balls with my thighs.

“That’s right, never changed back!” Ma Dusk proclaimed happily. She gestured over her plump figure. “I may not look it now, but I cut a fine native beauty when I changed, and

for a good few years after. I wanted nothing more than to go back to being a man, but as the year continued, and the elder stories came to me of my chance to turn back, I also integrated into my tribe, and found a place there. I was happy; the stories and traditions and beliefs gave me purpose. And, of course, I was quite the looker too; after just six months I'd snagged me a hot boyfriend, a beautiful black fella named Sam. He passed on two years ago, and I still miss him everyday. By the time I returned to the lake, it was with him, and instead of diving back in, I simply sat by the edge and thanked it for what it had done for my life."

"You . . . you weren't even tempted?" I asked.

"Course I was tempted, girl! Or boy, whichever you prefer, the difference in age is what matters. I wanted so much to go in that lake and back to being a white fella, off to fuck some beautiful woman or see some far away sights. Certainly, my other life was a lot richer, and I had to work a lot harder as an Aboriginal woman, as well as put up with some shocking racism. Not to mention how some men fetishise us Indigenous folk.

But now, I had to stay. I was in love with my Sam, and I was in love with my new way of life, and I was in love with the land. I may have not been born to it, but it was part of me now in this new reality, and so I stayed.":

"Do you ever regret it?" I said. I could see Gabriella simply couldn't accept what this woman was saying, that she'd willingly remained as a woman of colour in a foreign land.

"Time to time," Ma said, reaching again for her tea. "Had some bad experiences, some tough times. Not all sunshines and roses." She gestured up at several photos on the wall, where a full-figured Aboriginal woman was portrayed with family. In the middle was one that must have been her in her thirties, hugging a tall Aboriginal man with a charismatic toothy grin. Before them were five children, and her belly appeared to be rounded with a sixth. "But as you can see, the cup always filled more than it emptied. Sam gave me six beautiful babies who I nursed at my own breast."

She leaned forward and tapped Gabriella on the knee, winking.

"By the way, pregnancy isn't all sunshine and roses and that either. Don't believe all those Instachat photos or whatever that are all peaceful and arty. It can be a real fucking slog. But there is also nothing more beautiful in the world, and despite the hardship, I loved going through it each and everytime. And nursing your own child, giving it life from your own body. There is nothing to compare. Nothing."

Gabriella looked like she was about to turn white. "I - we were planning on kids. But there is no way *jose* that I'm carrying them. I didn't even think about that! I won't!"

Ma Dusk just shrugged. "To each his own - or her own. But who knows what a year might bring. It certainly brought me many grandchildren; a parent can't play favourites, but a gran can; Andy's mine. He's a good fella, as you've seen."

I took in the photos again. They were beautiful, and it was astonishing to see how peaceful Ma Dusk was in her state; perfectly content to be pregnant a sixth time, to have a large family, to be a woman.

Could George ever be like that? Would a year make him consider a life as Gabriella?

George:

No mames! I couldn't even consider a life as Gabriella. A life of having big tits, a big butt, itty bitty waist. Of being short and helpless, of being checked out and leered at by every man in a five mile radius. Or bursting out into Spanish when overwhelmed. Of *being* overwhelmed by feminine emotions, and crying all the time. Sure, it had felt nice to be more open with Harry, and maybe that was something to work on, but as a man, dammit! Not a woman! There was no way I was going to put up with period cramps every month or, God forbid, *grávida!* If we were going to have sex again - and that was a real *if*, even despite my body finding his forearms and chest really damn sexy - we were going to have to be careful. Or else I'd be returning to Lake Otherlife with a bulging belly full of life, and that may make it impossible to go back anyway.

I thanked Ma Dusk, still feeling a little overwhelmed. How could she possibly have stayed in her form? Yes, I suppose that after twenty years or so, one could become Stockholm-syndromed to it, but there was no way that *this señorita* - I mean, this man! - would accept that. The notion that just after twelve months she had decided to stay an Indigenous woman told me she had always harboured a desire to be *feminina*, or something. I certainly would not be going down that same road. *No mames!*

"Thank you for everything," Holly said, after we had chatted a little more. No more information had come to light, but it was clear that my fiancée enjoyed her company. If I was still a man, I would have indicated to her that it was time we left, and that would have been that. But my take-charge quality had been sapped away, and I found myself anxiously waiting for us to go, so we could return to our hotel and plan . . . something. Anything, on how to tackle this. I had become, it was embarrassing to realise, the hot trophy wife hanging on her husband's arm while he talked to someone else. Except, of course, we weren't married. Part of the reason that Lake chose us, I supposed. Certainly, it was making me overcorrect on the 'always have to be dominant side.'

Finally, it was time to leave. Andy had returned, and that was indication enough to pack up. I thought for a moment that he had changed too, because he recognised our true selves, but according to Ma, it was something that the next three generations of anyone altered by the Lake could do. After that, the talent disappeared.

"One year," she told us, "one year. A lot of time to figure out those new bodies of yours. One thing the Lake of Other Lives is good at, it seems, is giving out some real rockin'

bods, as the kids say these days. Hell, I'm older than you may think; I'm pretty sure the ageing process is slowed as well. Plenty of time to sort your relationship troubles, try to enjoy your new bodies and connections, and learn and grow and change. Trust me, it happens. Then in one year you can both return to the Lake, and decide what you want to do."

"I already know what I want to do," I said, standing, trying to appear resolute. "One year and I'll be a man again, and Holly a woman again."

Holly decided not to speak, and she seemed almost a little *too* much like the old Holly. She had a troubled look on her face.

"Thank you very much. *Gracias*," I said. Holly said her goodbyes also.

We moved down the stairs, me leading the way, ridiculous tits wobbling distractingly on my chest. Andy followed us out, and gave us Ma and his numbers to contact them again if we needed to talk, and then he waved us off.

"Good luck missy, good luck mate! Hope it all works out. And if you ever wanna tell me how Gran used to be, sing out!"

Holly chuckled, and gave him a firm handshake. I tried the same, and it felt limp and weak. But still I turned, walking down the street to return to our hired car, resolute and determined, no matter how much these wobbling breasts and sashaying ass undermined my points. One year, we could do it.

One year.

One long, strange year.

Part 8: Home, Sweet Home

Holly:

The flight home was certainly an ordeal. I think we were still grappling with the fact that we were actually *stuck* like this. Gabriella took it especially hard; he was a little tipsy on the first flight, and I didn't have the heart to tell him that his movements were making a group of younger men practically salivate in his direction, like dogs after a steak. It wasn't her fault, really. We had both agreed we would try to dress as our new selves for the trip, so as not to arouse any suspicion. For me, that meant a polo top and jeans. For Gabriella, it meant heels and a light flowery dress. She had told me she was "up to it." I should have realised she was putting on a brave face; it was still only a few days after the revelation that we would be like this for a year.

"I'm all *bueno*," she said, and it was such a cute statement coming from her full lips that I took it for granted. It was only later, seated on the plane, her still a little tipsy from the drink and clearly agitated, that she revealed how she was actually feeling.

"*No bueno*," she mumbled, looking at me with half-lidded eyelids. "I can't believe I'm wearing this ridiculous dress. I look like a hooker."

I tried not to roll my eyes. She most certainly did not look like a hooker; she simply looked like a gorgeous olive-skinned woman in a beautiful summer dress, one she filled quite finely. I told her as much.

"You look fine, Gabriella." She winced at me calling her by her new name. "Seriously, you look like any other woman, only . . . more so."

The 'golden globes' were peaking a little out of her dress, showing a sneak preview of her fantastic cleavage. But truthfully, it would be almost impossible not to; she would have to wear a woollen sweater just to avoid it, and even then their generous profile would be evident to all.

"*Gracias* for the reminder," she said, voice oozing acid.

"Well, I mean it," I said, taking another sip of the wine I had ordered; I had pointedly told her not to have any more, and I couldn't believe I was able to achieve such dominance that she went along with it.

"Well, if I don't look ridiculous, I certainly feel it."

I grew frustrated. "Well, how come you didn't say so before we got on the flight? You can't change now!"

She crossed her arms, pouting up at me. I bet that was quite the perspective change for her. "Why didn't you sense that I was angry? I was hoping you would notice!"

I laughed. Loudly. Several other passengers looked our way, and I mouthed a few silent apologies before turning back to my fiancée. She was trying not to blush.

“What was that *la risa* about, hmm?”

I chuckled lightly again. I was actually struggling to breathe, I was still laughing so hard, albeit more silently. “Sorry honey, it’s just - well, you’re taking to womanhood quicker than I expected, and I guess I’m taking to being a man now without realising.”

She raised a perfectly arched eyebrow. Clearly, Gabriella had been practising her makeup.

“How do you figure?”

“Well, think about that old cliché. The woman is frustrated because she doesn’t communicate her feelings and wishes her man would be more sensitive. And the man doesn’t notice because he wishes his woman was more blunt. Sounds familiar? We’ve switched roles without even realising it.”

“*Merde*, that’s not it.”

“Oh really, how else do you explain it?”

But my former manly man of a partner simply put her headphones in and began watching a foreign film. It looked Spanish. I couldn’t help but smirk when I realised she hadn’t even considered putting subtitles on.

George:

I tried not to stew on what Holly had said to me. Harry, I suppose. We were stuck in our forms for a whole year, so we had agreed to use our ‘new’ names as often as we could, so as not to break ‘character.’

Character. Like I was meant to exist as some *spicy latina* stereotype. Holly - Harry - called me it once or twice as a joke and I told her/him where she/he could stuff that particular comment. Besides, I was not ‘spicy.’ I was angry, and there was a goddamn *maldito* difference, thank you very much. Just because I’d been stuck with a sexy body with oversized boobs didn’t mean that I was trying to deliberately show them off.

Mind you, when we landed back in Sydney, that’s exactly what I felt I was doing. I could feel mens’ eyes crawling all over me. I asked Harry if it was just the airport or if women feel like that in public spaces all the time.

“Oh, Gabriella, it’s an ‘all the time’ thing,” he replied, smiling sympathetically. “And I’m sorry to say that because you’re beautiful, you’ll get it as bad as I did. Probably even worse.”

He gave that same slightly jealous look as he gazed over my form. I’d seen it before; he wouldn’t say it often, but it was clear my former female partner was a little frustrated that my new body was more . . . curved, than hers had ever been. I wished it wasn’t the case.

“*Dios mio*, I have a new respect for you,” I replied. “And for women. How does anyone put up with this.” I pushed past a tall white man who was staring intently at my tits.

“We learn to live with it. To be careful and cautious, and to rely on each other. Who knows Gabriella, in a year you might have your own sisterhood to help you out.”

“I doubt it,” I said as we finally exited the airport and hailed a taxi. “I’m hopeless at this. Even walking in heels is weird; it comes naturally to me sometimes, and other times I fall straight on my *culo*.”

“Well, it is a damn fine *culo*.”

“Eyes ahead, big boy.”

“Did you just call me -”

“*Cállate*. Quiet!”

But I could feel Harry’s eyes on my ass. *Dios*, it felt big, and I couldn’t help but shake it a little from side to side as I walked. But more than that, I couldn’t help but feel strangely excited to know he was staring at it, and that made me feel all sorts of strange.

Home had not changed significantly on the outside, but I was deathly afraid of what was inside. I won’t lie; I was nervous as to how much of my life had changed within. What new photos would be there? What new evidence of Gabriella’s life, a life I had never truly known? I was a secretary now, apparently. How much would I be reminded of that fact? And conversely, what about Harry? He managed real estate now, and apparently we were better off. The male pride that still burned within my core desperately wanted not to acknowledge that. I knew it was wrong, but the notion of being provided *for*, of no longer being the breadwinner, was yet another burden on my ego. Harry hadn’t been wrong; I was weighed down by the need to take charge and be the strong one. But recognising that flaw and actually dealing with it were two different things, especially when suddenly you’re a woman and make less than half of what your male fiance does.

“Are you ready?” Harry asked. He placed a hand on my bare shoulder. I felt like pulling away, but it made me feel comforted.

“*Si*,” I replied. That urge to take charge remained, and I didn’t care at that moment if it was something that needed examining, or restraining. I needed to take the first step. I took the key and opened our door, and entered through the hallway.

My heart beat with anticipation, and it was right to do so; everything *had* changed. The carpet was no longer a minimalist black rollout on the floor, it had warped to become a long-haired red and black and white pattern of intricate swirls. The lights were no longer just lights, they were practically chandeliers! Gaudy fabric coverings in bright colours dominated

the lights of the central room as well, but these were only the small changes. The couches were red and plush, covered in throw-on pillows. The previously beige blinds were now similarly red curtains, with yellow spiralling patterns upon them. The kitchen looked like it was from another world; the racks all neatly organised, new shelves installed just to contain the many spices and ingredients. Cookbooks devoted entirely to Spanish and Mexican cuisine lined another nearby shelf, and we apparently possessed a much larger fridge just to cope with all the excess demand. The living room television was far larger, and apparently we had amassed quite the foreign film collection in the cabinet beside it. Numerous paintings of desert landscapes and verdant coasts were situated on the walls; evidently, my 'alter ego' was quite the colourful interior decorator.

"I hate it," I declared, at the same time as Harry said, "I love it!"

We exchanged a look, and I couldn't help but chuckle.

"You've got good taste!" he said, putting down the bags. "Thanks for helping by the way."

A light flush crept into my cheeks. I hadn't even realised I'd let him take the bags.

"Well, you were just showing courtesy to a nice *senorita*," I replied, trying to make humour of it. It got a light chuckle from him. "Seriously, it's a bit . . . much, don't you think?"

He just shrugged. "I was thinking of redecorating, but you were never a fan. Besides, apparently I liked Gabriella's skill. And her *looks*."

He gestured to one of the many, *many* framed images around the house, containing either or both of us and our families. My ample form certainly drew the eye, be it in a cute summer dress, a delicate winter coat, an elaborate Spanish ballroom dress, or, as was the case in several images, a delightful bikini that my bronze breasts were practically spilling out of. If the woman in the pictures wasn't somehow *me* I would have been in love.

"Yes, very nice," Harry said.

I snorted. "One week as a man and you're already a pervert."

"Well, what can I say? We're both straight now, sort of. And you certainly do fill a lot of these outfits."

"I am deeply aware of how big these ridiculous boobs are."

"Fine, we won't talk about your spectacular body in that bikini. But we can talk about how Gabriella has done the house up."

I huffed at *that*. "Well, don't expect me to maintain it."

"Oh, I'd never imagine it, *George*. You? Helping keep the house maintenance?"

I put my hands on my hips. "I put the bins out on Tuesday! I always mowed the lawn, didn't I?"

“Both of those jobs only need doing occasionally! I was the one scrubbing the toilets, washing the dishes, cleaning the windows, fixing the bed, doing the laundry, making sure that -”

“*Beuno, beuno*, I get it! Well, at least neither of us have to do the dishes again.”

I gestured at the shiny new dishwasher we’d apparently acquired.

“Well,” Harry said, “I’ll be. Looks like ‘Harry’ is better at meeting his wife’s needs and providing some much needed rest time when it comes to cleaning dishes.”

It was meant as a joke, but there was an acidity to it, a slight bitterness that somehow hit me in my core. Before I knew it, there was a little knot in my stomach, and tears were brimming in my eyes. Harry realised instantly, but already hot tears were leaking down my cheeks, forcing me to wipe them.

“Oh honey, honey! I’m so, so sorry. That was cruel of me. This is all crazy, I shouldn’t have said that. I didn’t mean it.”

I choked back a sob against his firm, masculine chest. His strength made me envious, but even more than that, I was *comforted* by it. It made me feel safe.

“No, no, it’s true,” I replied. “We had the money, but I never let you get it. I feel like - like I was an awful boyfriend to you!”

Holly:

I didn’t know what to say. It was the most direct admission of George’s flaws as a boyfriend and fiancé he - or rather *she* now - had ever given. Even contained within her smaller, beautiful little body as she was now, it was still like watching the Berlin Wall crumble. Something I’d always hoped to see on some level, but never expected to actually see. I held her against me, and the sobs wracked her body further. Warm tears ran down her cheeks onto my chest, and it occurred to me that I had been here before on the other side of this exact situation; I was the one sobbing once, and George had been the one holding me. For all that our relationship had issues, for all his bullheadedness and alpha male macho-ness, and his incessant need to take charge and hold his emotions in and never let them out all to his bloody detriment, for all that . . . he *had* always comforted me when I had my panic attacks. He had always held me as long as I needed when I felt flooded and overwhelmed by emotion, be it because of my period, or work, or simply because I was having a bad week.

I held Gabriella with that same love now, and slowly her breathing eased, and she wiped away the tears.

“*Perdón*. S-sorry,” she said, “don’t know what came over me.”

“Happens to all of us, love,” I said, still holding her.

“Not to me.”

“Yes, even to you Gabbie! You’re not an island. You’re made of steel. It’s okay to cry. Hell, you might even find it’s okay to let a bit of emotion in from time to time over the next year.”

She gave a soft chuckle. “I hope not. That felt like a lot. *Dios*, I have so many hormones running through me.”

“No more than I do, Gabbie. You think I don’t feel strange with all this damn testosterone? That man who bumped into me and gave me a dirty look at the airport? I was preparing to fight him, for God’s sake! Neither of us are used to this yet, so there’s going to be some teething issues.”

She nodded, wiping away the last of her tears. Even a little red from sobbing, she looked gorgeous. I let her know by leaning down a little to kiss her deeply. She returned it; it was an exchange we were getting more used to, now that we had been in our new bodies over a week. Our lips parted, and she stepped back from me, more collected.

“Feel better?” I asked.

“*Sí*. Much better, actually.”

“That’s because you *vented*, darling. It’s a female thing, for the most part.”

She laughed. “I guess this explains why you always got annoyed when I proposed solutions to everything instead of just listening to you.”

“Exactly!” I exclaimed. “See? Solutions can come later. Sometimes it just feels good to have your feelings *validated*.”

She bit her lip, cocking her head slightly as if tasting the notion, sampling it. “I suppose . . . it’s not entirely bad.”

“Well, I’m glad we’ve made some progress.”

“Just like you’ve made progress with your confidence?”

That struck me. “What do you mean?”

She placed her hands on her impressive hips and gave me a knowing look. “I mean that you obviously feel much more comfortable as a man, sometimes! It has me worried. But, at the same time, you seem to be less anxious. It’s like we’re switching roles.”

I stepped forward and placed both hands on her soft shoulders, staring deep into her large eyes. “Not switching,” I said, “just sampling each other’s experiences, a little.”

“And other cultures,” she said, rolling her eyes. “I have to constantly think in English in order to say it. It’s frustrating!”

“Well, think of it as a multicultural experience as well, Gabbie.”

She grunted in a noncommittal fashion. “Thank you though. I don’t want to do that all the time, but I do feel . . . better.”

“I’m glad.”

“But honey, one thing?”

“Yes?”

She glared in a joking manner. “Don’t call me Gabbie, *si?*”

George:

The next week was difficult, but we slowly got into a rhythm. After my embarrassing sobfest, it was like Harry saw me in a different light, but not the one I thought he would. I wasn’t some weak, emasculated flower, but someone with feelings and frustrations and concerns, and I soon found that voicing those concerns and being honest with how they made me feel allowed us both to tackle them more effectively. From which photos we wanted to stay up (no bikini ones, thank you!), to how we would organise dinner (I was willing to try a few Spanish dishes), to how we could work together to fit into our new roles (which did in fact include focusing more on the housework, which I now saw was much more work than I had assumed), being able to simply *vent* at times made the whole process so much more manageable.

The only subject I found that I couldn’t vent on very effectively to Harry about, unfortunately, was my body, which was indeed a source of frustration. Every time I complained about my big heavy boobs or ridiculous backside, or how most of my new clothes felt a little too snug around the hips, Harry would go a little red and hunch over awkwardly. I didn’t tell him that guys, even former guys, can always tell when one of their own is trying to hide a stiffy. I didn’t exactly blame him; he came out of the shower naked more than once before I requested he take his clothes in with him; the sight of those . . . appreciable back muscles did things to me, and with nipples like mine, it was hard not to show off the ‘headlights’, as it were. Occasionally my mind flashed back to that drunken night, and my new sex became heated and damp when I remembered the way his large penis had thrust so deeply into me. It had been such an alien feeling, and yet so unfathomably wonderful.

I won’t lie: I found myself pleasuring this body in the shower, in the bath, on the couch late at night when Harry had gone to bed. I had the misfortune of landing in the body of a woman who was deeply, *deeply* horny, and I soon found myself indulging in those needs sometimes twice daily. I suppose I at least had the good fortune of also landing in a body that orgasmed like fucking crazy. Seriously, the one thing I would most certainly miss when I finally got my body back in fifty weeks time would be the intensity of multiple orgasms. They were incredible. The simple feeling of slipping my fingers into my feminine opening, of finding my throbbing clit, and slowly rubbing at it, building the bliss, allowing myself to become hot and heavy. My tits too; as cumbersome as they were, their incredibly sensitivity sent me even further over the edge. I found myself pinching and teasing at my large brown nipples, caressing my areola, and even squeezing and groping the flesh entirely. They were

so damn soft and sensitive that it made me briefly joyful to have such large, rounded boobs; they were so fun to play with!

It was only after I had to huff into a pillow to hide my 'pillow scream' that I realised what I had been doing, and shamefully got dress again and covered myself up. It wasn't that I was turned on by my own body either; half the embarrassment came from the fact that I was always imagining Harry, or some other handsome man, being the one to grope and touch and even *enter* me. More than once I finished with the words, "Ohhhh Harry!"

It was bad enough that he nearly walked in on me once, and I had to play it off as if I was on my period, cramping terribly. I could only hope he didn't see through it; my period hadn't yet come in full, but I was dreading it terribly. It was, in many ways, the final feminine act. Well, not the final one; I'd had a dream where I was stuck forever as Gabriella González, walking down the aisle in beautiful white, my belly full and rounded with child. In my dream, it had been pleasant, joyful even.

Waking, I saw it for the nightmare it was. It was the kick up my prodigious backside needed to go out to the store, dressed in a loose jacket and tight-fitting pants, and purchase contraceptive pills and some condoms. Not that Harry and I were going to have sex again. That drunken act was just the once, and we could make it a year without indulging in . . . that, again. I knew we could.

After all, in just a few days we'd have to go back to work, and we'd finally be free of staring at each other's ridiculously proportioned bodies. Harry would be a real estate giant, and me, well, I'd be a damned sexy secretary. The outfit I was expected to wear to the office stared at me every time I went to the cupboard, and it filled me with dread each time.

But it was coming, and soon Gabriella González would experience her first real working day. The first of many to come.

Part 9: Working Life

Holly:

“But honey, I can’t do it! I’m not ready!”

I gave my best sympathetic look to my fiancée. She was in her black bra and panties, and they accentuated her form wonderfully.

“You’ll be fine, my love. You’ve been studying up, preparing for this. Just like I have.”

“But I’m going to make mistakes!”

“I am too, but we have to try. Remember, it’s only for a year.”

She sighed heavily, and her marvellous breasts rose and fell with her breath. I tried to ignore my stiffening member. I couldn’t help it; my boyfriend had turned into a total smokeshow.

“I’m going to look *ridícula*. A little sexy secretary while all the men do the *real* work.”

“Hey now, don’t put down secretaries. They serve a vital role. Don’t forget, I was a receptionist for a while, and that’s not too dissimilar.”

She pouted her full lips, and crossed her arms.

“*Si, si*, you’re not wrong. But - it’s just so ridiculous! I’m going to look like a display item. I need to find something to hide these big *tetas*.”

She gestured to her boobs once more, and I couldn’t help but cough. It was a strange thing going from a straight woman to a straight man. I was certainly not used to hiding the log between my legs when it went hard. Mind you, its size was a big part of the problem.

“Honey, I don’t think anything in the world is going to be able to hide those big boobies of yours. A poncho wouldn’t even do the trick.”

“You’re not helping,” she said.

I shrugged. “I believe in you. Remember, you took us up to Darwin in the first place to give us a breath of fresh air. We both agreed we would do our best with our new lives for the next year, see how it helps our love life. Remember?”

“*Si, yo recorda*.” That damned sexy Spanish. “Fine, I’ll try. But if I come home crying again you better not say a word. It’s these ridiculous female hormones. I’m probably nearly on my period.”

“Well, I’m just glad you’re okay with crying. It felt good last time, didn’t it?”

“*Si*, though it feels less good being reminded every day.”

“Fair enough, fair enough.”

She batted her eyelids at me suggestively. “Go on then, get out of here. I need to get my work outfit on.”

“You’re not going to let me stay in the room?”

She rolled her eyes and placed her hands on her wide hips. "Please, your big *pene* is practically shooting out of your pants. I'd rather not be reminded that my girlfriend wants to fuck me with it. Again."

I laughed. "Please, you were begging for it that night. And don't think I haven't seen you checking out my biceps and shoulders. I was a woman, remember? I know where girls look from first-hand experience."

"*Cállate!*" she said, but it was in good humour. "It's embarrassing. One time we did it. It was . . . well, it was different. Maybe even worth it. But we were tipsy. I was practically falling over and so were you."

"Still, you made a nice sight. And shouldn't we try to at least keep the romance going by letting each other enjoy the sight of each other, like old times?"

It was a silly argument, I knew, which was why I was surprised when she laughed a little, and relented.

"Fine, be a pervert. I wish I was in your position. I would have killed for a night with a body like this."

I laughed. "I would have killed for a body like that. I'm still jealous of your boob size."

"Don't be, they're heavy. And sensitive."

"I remember that."

"Ha ha."

She began readying herself in her work clothes, and I decided I would do the same. Give each other a bit of a show. She certainly seemed to appreciate it. Try as she might, my former male partner was now hopelessly female when it came to her attractions to men. I decided to have a little fun with it, flexing a little exaggeratedly as I put my suit pants on, and cracking my neck and posing as I put my smart button shirt on. For just a moment, she bit her lip, and I decided not to tell her that even through her bra, I could see her large brown nipples denting the fabric.

"Very masculine, very impressive," she said sarcastically, though it didn't stop her looking. "But I can do it a bit better, *querido*."

What followed was perhaps the sexiest damned thing I had ever seen in my short male existence. Hell, it was probably the sexiest thing I'd ever seen in my female existence too. Gabriella dressed in an exaggerated manner, extending her shapely legs through the nylon stockings and shimmering her tight pencil skirt up to her hips. She wiggled her bottom suggestively as she fitted it. Next came the top; she swung her body to put her arms through it, and it caused her heavy bosom to wobble, trembling with each movement, nearly coming out of her cips. She fitted the shirt, doing one button after another, so that her cleavage was compressed, rising higher and higher until it reached her clavicle. When she was done, she

gingerly adjusted her chest before putting on her grey heels, the ones I'd been helping her practice in.

"Holy shit, that was better. I'll need a cold shower."

"And that is why men are always late," she quipped. "Now let's hurry to work. I don't want to be late."

"Easy for you to say," I said, trying to will my iron-hard boner to calm down.

George:

It had felt good to reduce Harry to putty. If I was going to be stuck like this for a year, I suppose I could have some fun with it. After all, I liked big boobs as a man, so it was only fair to derive some enjoyment out of them now that they were hanging heavily off of my little olive-skinned frame. It had actually been quite fun to tease Harry with my body, and it hopefully distracted him from noticing just how turned on this ridiculous Spanish form was by his muscles. Seriously, I was flashing the headlights!

I just had to be careful not to have sex again. It was one thing to masturbate; the libido of my new body was big enough that I wasn't just finding the urge to pleasure myself once a day, I *needed* to. It felt like I would explode if I didn't stroke my throbbing clit and make myself shudder in female orgasm. It was *loco*, to say the least. Truth be told, I was actually a little nervous about lasting the whole year. I knew it would be anathema to have sex again, to be penetrated. Once was an experiment, but twice or more was a pattern, an emasculating one. Harry had encouraged me to accept a feminine experience, and parts of it I was learning not to hate, maybe even enjoy, but sex was off the table. I was a man, deep down. I was just learning to be a bit more feminine. In touch with my emotions.

Harry stopped near the accounting firm I apparently now worked at. It wasn't unfamiliar to me; it was only two blocks away from the firm I once worked at, as a fucking lawyer. No matter what my masculinised partner said, it was certainly a step down in the world, particularly in pay.

"You'll do fine, love," he said. Something about his voice did indeed soothe me. He pressed a hand against my cheek, and I leaned comfortably into it.

"*Eso espero*. I hope so."

"You will. Now get out there and be the best damn secretary ever."

I stepped out of the car, careful on my high heels, and adjusted my tight pencil skirt. I began to walk towards the door when I heard him call out.

"I'm sorry to see you go, but I love to watch you walk away!"

I gave him the middle finger and stuck out my tongue. Somehow, the flirty playfulness of it made me laugh. I stepped on in.

“Gabriella!” a blonde woman called. She ran to me and embraced me, surprisingly, in a hug. I just managed to catch that her name tag listed her as Eliza Hope. She pressed against me, and I felt her boobs squish against mine. Now that was a weird feeling.

“*Hola* Eliza,” I said back, still trying to work out what to do next.

She pulled away from me, still beaming.

“So good to see you, bestie! How was Darwin? Did you and Harry get some alone time, if you know what I mean? Where’s my ring, girl?”

I processed what she was saying.

“Um, no ring, not yet.”

“What? He’s stringing you on, mate. Tell your man he needs to lock you down already.”

“*Sí*, I suppose. I’m sure he has his reasons.”

She rolled her eyes. “Oh please, men always do, while we women wait. You should get on one knee and put the ring in his face. I bet he’s just too scared to take the next step.”

It was a surprising punch in the gut for me. Why had I not proposed to Holly by the time we took our holiday? She had often raised it, and I always delayed. Was it nervousness? Was I just stuck in my rut, unwilling to make the big change?

“Still, did you have a great time?”

I hesitated. “It was . . . transformative.”

“Ooh, mysterious! Well, that sounds promising. Nothing has changed back here. Greg is still in his cast, and Bob has missed having you as his secretary.”

“I’ll bet he has,” I said, sighing. Of course I get stuck with a pervy boss.

“What do you mean?” Eliza asked. “Not like he’s interested in you, babe. Probably the only man that isn’t. He’s gay, remember?”

“Oh,” I replied. “That’s right. *Perdón*, it’s been a tiring morning.”

She clasped me on my back. “That, my dear, is why coffee was invented. I’m so glad I’ve got my work buddy back. I can finally talk your ear off!”

That she certainly did. Eliza was a font of conversation, never stopping, but the weirdest thing was how strangely relaxing her endless chat was. She was stationed with me; it turns out that the higher ups in the firm often have more than one secretary at a time to field numerous calls and appointments and deal with paperwork. It would be more accurate to say we were secretaries of the firm heads, and I actually got to meet several of them,

including Bob, who was a total sweetheart (the fact that I now used the word 'sweetheart' was evidence that femininity was rubbing off on me). Eliza and I talked whenever we could, and I used my questions to slowly gain answers about my own life, our friendship (seven years running, apparently), my work ethic (phenomenal, who knew!), even some of our workplace dynamics (apparently Gabriella liked to tease with a good low cut dress on party nights, *no gracias!*).

Bob was a good boss. He was happy to see me again (thank you, sir, I've never met you though!), and left me a welcome back gift in the form of chocolate.

"Woman's best friend, isn't it?"

"That's diamonds, Bob," Eliza said.

"Well, that might be above the paygrade."

"Chocolate will do!" I said. I always enjoyed chocolate, but was pretty astonished at how much my new body was a chocolate fiend. I liked Bob already, and the rest of the day proved that impression right. He was fair, easy to please, and didn't care if we gossiped and chatted and used our phones so long as we did the work, and I certainly knew a thing or two about work ethic. Enough to make up for Eliza, who sometimes got a bit distracted, much to my amusement.

But the weirdest part was how quickly it took me to get the hang of my new job. Yes, there were unfamiliar aspects to it, but after years of managing unruly clients, dealing with secretaries and aides from the other side, I was surprisingly able to improvise. There were some close calls of embarrassment, but some of these I could mask with my accent, or as possessing lesser English skills. And, to my utter shock, I even managed to overcome a mistake or two using my body. I never imagined I would dare flirt or present my chest to men as I did that shift, but I found that the small flutter of eyelashes, or breathing heavily in a certain way, or even looking demurely at the ground, would get men's sympathy and interest. It was, strangely, like having a superpower in its own way; just by squaring my shoulders and bending back, I could control men's minds. One look at my chest, straining as it was to escape my blouse, and all sins were forgiven.

Eliza made fun of me for it.

"Rusty as hell! It must have been a good trip to make you pull out those moves again!"

I laughed. She was a fun presence to be with, possessing the manic energy of a friend I'd known my whole life, and by the end of the shift we were already engaged in office gossip, most of which was about people I had, from my perspective, just met. By the end of the work day, I was not feeling spent, but instead invigorated.

"Well, we've still got some time," Eliza said. "How about we have a little bit of fun together, and go shopping. I've missed going to the mall with my bestie!"

I wanted to reply in the negative, but I was so happy with my efforts that instead I replied, “*Si! Si!* Let’s do it!”

“Wonderful! I want something to make all the boys swoon. And you can get something that shows enough cleavage that Harry will simply *have* to propose on the spot.”

It was too late to back down, but what the hell was I getting myself into?

Holly:

I worried about how poor Gabriella was doing. I kept imagining her stuck at her desk, being hit on by some cruel boss who constantly gawked at her big boobs and made her feel victimised. She was getting so much better already at accepting a bit of a female state, but she still had a bit to go. I guess in many ways it is harder to go from a man to a woman, especially an attractive one. There’s a reduction of power, physical and in terms of how you are treated in society, and on top of that she also changed race and even primary language. It would be a lot to take in for anybody, but a hostile work environment? That would be the final straw. I had done my best to prepare her, with a bit of good humour too, but I was also preparing to have to console her again at the end of the day.

It meant that my first day was, in fact, a little stressful. For one, I was my own boss. I owned a number of rental properties, and was involved in the organisations of leasing several others, and that meant I had to independently check over them, as well as organisation building and renovations. Harry O’Neill was evidently quite successful; he kept a record of houses flipped, most of which were cheaper properties he’d worked to have fixed up and resold in the past, though now all the evidence pointed to me having achieved a level of success where I could pay others to do much of the physical labour for me, freeing up my time to invest, organise, and run the books.

For two, I was used to being in a job where I had others working with me. Now, I was largely on my own, making calls to others where necessary, seeing others with drop-ins, and talking to builders and the like, but I was effectively running it myself. The idle thought of hiring Gabriella as my personal secretary did come to mind, and that made me grin also, because it was hard not to imagine giving her the sexiest, tight little uniform imaginable and watching her squirm into it.

Well, at least if I had a boner at my work I was alone most of the time. But seriously, I couldn’t get her out of my mind. That image of her squeezing into her uniform was stuck on replay, and in the end I had to drive home, get some lube, lie back on the couch with the blinds shut, and simply stroke my hardness as I thought of her. That was the nice thing about being self-employed; I could go home mostly when I wanted, and given that my incredibly attractive fiancée was trying her damnest to avoid giving in to her attraction to me, I could also ‘clear out the valves’ as she had once put it as George. It was an incredible feeling, and

I couldn't deny there was a power to it. I wished I could thrust back into her again, and hear her high moans of delight. Finally, I came, and I just managed to reach the tissue in time, though even that got a bit flooded. My balls must have been aching to produce that much.

"Damn, being a bloke makes you really horny," I said to myself.

I cleaned up, showered, and decided to head out to order some materials for a block I was apparently renovating. It would distract me from the sheer insanity that was George's current body, as well as distract from my own anxiety over how he - or rather *she* - was faring.

To my shock, one of my old boyfriends was behind the counter; Curtis Derway. He looked exactly as I remembered him from years ago, though he'd gained a bit of weight. He had a mop of shaggy dark hair and an easy grin. I remember I'd dumped him for the same reason George and I had troubles; he hadn't wanted to move the relationship ahead, and he could never show he was vulnerable. God, I had a type, didn't I?

"Hiya Harry, great to see ya!" he called.

"Uh, great to see you too, Curtis," I replied, moving to the counter to make my order from him.

"Still got that smoking hot gal of yours."

"You know it," I said with a grin. I actually did feel a bit like bragging.

"Gee, she's something. Spanish women, am I right?"

"Well, you can tell me if you ever get one."

He imitated a hand over his heart, as if he'd been shot. "Damn man, first you don't tell me you're back, and now this?"

Oh, shit. We were mates in this new reality?

"Sorry Curtis," I said. "Been real busy. You know how it is."

"No worries mate, I'm just ribbing you. It's good to see you. How can I help you?"

I gave him the order, mostly pieces for a particular ring of fencing going around a property line in the backyard of a block. He was incredibly helpful, and we spent the several minutes it took to work it out just shooting the shit and laughing. There was something refreshing about 'guy's talk'. As much as I wanted, and was pleased to see, George open up as Gabriella, I had to admit that the easygoing way in which men related to one another, just chatting about surface level stuff but not in a way that was necessarily shallow, did indeed feel quite relaxing. Sure, it lacked a bit of depth, but it also lacked drama, and the draining levels of emotion. In fact, we yarned on long enough after the order was filled, mostly about work and sport (of which I had done a fantastic job of catching up on the Sydney Swans team players ever since I got back).

In the end, I had to go, but as I went to leave, I decided to turn back to Curtis.

"Hey mate, when do you finish today?"

He grinned. "Mate, I finished twenty minutes ago. Why do you think I was chatting with you so long? Why, did you wanna grab a stubbie?"

I laughed. "Yeah, why not, eh?"

George:

I came home with more than a few new bras, dresses, and shoes, all thanks to that scheming friend Eliza. She giggled as she forced them on me, instructing me to put them on and check myself out. I couldn't deny, I did in fact look absolutely fucking stellar. Utterly *hermosa*. In fact, one green dress was borderline scandalous, and it was only after Eliza blackmailed me with a threat of sending a pic of me in it to Harry that I let her buy it for me. She may be my new bestie, apparently, but she was also a damned hurricane.

By the time I got home, I was feeling more exhausted. Oddly, despite having the more flexible job of the two of us, Harry wasn't home yet. I hoped his day went as well as mine, and I couldn't wait to brag to him that I had actually managed to be an amazing secretary. A real superstar. Still, his absence gave me time to hide away the clothes I had bought, including the pushup bra. It made me go red in the cheeks to imagine those pushing up my mammoth boobs. *Dios mio*, I'd probably cause cars to crash if I ever stood near the road. When I tried it on with Eliza watching, she said that it made my tits 'look like mountains.' This was a good thing in her view, and would certainly be to any red-blooded male who wasn't gay. I hid it near the back of my bra drawer.

"I think I'll use a less extravagant *sostén*," I said to it.

My stomach growled. I was tempted to simply order takeout, but I thought of what Harry/Holly had said, about being more accommodating, and accepting our roles for the year. Thankfully, I wasn't an idle housewife - I'd be a trophy wife, given my looks - but there was a reason there were many ingredients and cookbooks around the house that pointed to my new ancestry.

"*Qué diablos*," I said. *What the hell*. "I might as well give it a shot."

I stripped out of my work clothes, and held my chest to stop it from wobbling so damn much. Sure, it could be a little fun, but with tits this big and heavy, they were constantly 'active.' I dressed up in a light summer dress. It was pink, but one thing that could be said in my favour was that even if I had been a little too toxic in my masculinity prior to my change, I had never really been ashamed to wear pink. That level of embarrassment was for weak men, in my view. Once dressed, I pulled my curly black hair back into a ponytail (Harry had certainly helped me develop that motion), and set to work in the kitchen.

"Just follow the instructions," I said to myself.

Holly:

I came home having greatly enjoyed my beers with Curtis, but feeling a little bad that I'd missed Gabriella's text messages. When I entered, there was a delicious smell in the air.

"Honey, I'm home!" I called out, unable to resist the cliché.

"I'm in the kitchen!" she returned, apparently following suit on the cliché.

"Oh my God, what's that wonderful smell?"

"Come and see!"

I did. Gabriella was in the kitchen looking utterly gorgeous in a flowing pink summer dress, her bust tenting out the front, and a tasteful hint of cleavage showing. Her hair was back in a messy ponytail that looked unintentionally quite sexy. And she was presenting a set of delicious dishes I didn't recognise, but looked amazing.

"Paella Valenciana," she said proudly, gesturing to a rice dish. "It took me two tries, but I think I got it just right."

"I'll say," I said, "it smells amazing at least. But, I've got to ask honey, how was your day?"

She looked me in the eye, and beamed. "Honestly? It was amazing. You should have seen me, *querido*. I have a wonderful boss, and I now have a lovely new girlfriend, and I was actually good at being a secretary, believe it or not!"

My heart raised. It was like a tension I'd carried all day finally settled. She looked so cute, and the moment was too perfect that I couldn't help it. I grabbed her, and pulled her in for a kiss. She didn't fight it, simply yelped in shock, before kissing me back, her full lips as tasty as any dish she'd prepared. I held her hips, my hands trailing down slowly to her ass.

She batted them with a wooden spoon, ending my enjoyment.

"Back, boy, back," she said. "We agreed no sex."

"That was hardly sex."

"Your *pene* was practically stabbing me. And besides, I don't want dinner getting cold. How was your day?" She asked this as she set the table.

"It was good. Tiring, stressful, and a bit lonely, but you'll never guess who is my good friend in this strange new timeline? Curtis Derway."

"No, really?"

"Yeah! He's doing well for himself at the supply depot. We were having beers together before I came over."

"You used to date him!"

"Well, I don't think that's a danger now, dear."

She sighed, taking a seat. "Well, I suppose that's true. What strange new lives we lead. But . . . the day was good. I actually had a lot of fun. I think they really like me at the firm." My eyes fell to her breasts, and I grinned. "Not like that, *idiot*! Yes, I get some stares,

and I can't blame them with this ridiculous body. But they actually liked me, for me! Eliza especially, and Bob, my boss."

"Does this Bob-

"He's gay."

"Oh, good."

She chuckled. "Maybe we can do this. You know, be girlfriend and boyfriend. I know it's just one day, but if we both feel we succeed - and I even managed to make us up dinner - then perhaps we can make it."

I looked at the delicious meal before us. Indeed, George had almost never made dinner, and now as Gabriella I hadn't even asked. He was most certainly changing, and I couldn't claim it wasn't for the better. The same certainly applied to me. I held out my large, masculine hand and took her soft, delicate one, my white skin against her gorgeous brown olive. I looked her in those beautiful eyes, seeing my male fiancé within them, but also the woman she'd become.

"You know, Gabriella, I agree. I think we can make it."

She blushed a little as she grinned.

"C'mon, let's eat dinner together, then curl up and watch a movie like we used to."

I grabbed my fork and tucked in.

Part 10: Date Night

George:

Life fell into a pattern after that first work day. I was surprised at how well I adjusted to the role of secretary at my new workplace. It was simultaneously less stressful and more rewarding than my old job. Instead of having to always lead, bear the burden of success or failure, and constantly adjust expectations and give orders, instead I helped others manage their affairs, took the weight off of others' shoulders, and worked as a conduit to the success of the overall company. Instead of always needing to manage the mindsets of my clerks, instead I could emotionally manage them, which I was increasingly adept at. Even something as small as giving a winning smile, a hug to a female colleague where needed (I learned my mistake hugging a male colleague early on!), or a few words of encouragement could really lift the overall mood. I had also come to really enjoy my coworkers' presence over the next four weeks. Eliza truly did become my 'BFF' as she liked to be called, and she had a cheeky sense of humour that put a blush to my cheeks and made me giggle at the most inappropriate times. She was *ridícula*, but I loved her anyway, even if she always let me know when a customer was checking out my *tatas*.

That last particular scenario was not entirely uncommon. I could no longer really deny it; I was an incredibly attractive Latina. Voluptuous, as Eliza liked to playfully describe me. When you have tits that are nearly the size of your own head, you can't be surprised when they get attention, no matter how much you cover up. And while my work uniform was clever, neat, and professional, it also didn't do much to hide my curves. *Infierno*, even the pencil skirt did a good job of showing off my big *culo*. So it wasn't entirely unexpected that I would get the occasional stare, wandering set of eyes, or gross older client who would look me up and down, smile, and give a revolting wink. Ugh!

Thankfully, Eliza did well to protect me, as did Bob, my direct boss. Bob was a fucking legend, in fact. The kind of boss I always imagined I'd been, but instead he was the true blue real deal. In fact, he practically *chased* a potential client out of the boss after he asked me if I "could do some personal accounting on his lap." Once, I would have beaten him bloody, but as a woman I no longer had that option, and frankly I was so taken aback that my only response was in Spanish.

"Idiota! Pervertido! Go away!"

Evidently, my accented voice and foreign language only turned him on all the more.

"Spicy Latina, isn't she?"

I'd never seen a man so angry as Bob when he threw the man out, or someone as red-faced. The man was practically out on his ass.

“*Perdón*, Bob,” I said. “The things he said just made me so angry! I didn’t mean for us to lose his business.”

Bob just patted me on the shoulder. “We don’t want his business, if that’s how he treats us. Trust me Gabbie, as a gay man I’ve copped a lot of abuse. I won’t stand by while it happens to someone else. Do you need the afternoon off?”

I assured him I didn’t, but he left the option open. From that day on, Bob had my undying fucking loyalty. The man was a *héroe*, as far as I was concerned.

Working as a secretary came with a number of challenges, but I had always prided myself on being adaptable. I worked hard to learn my new trade, and soon found that - to my embarrassment - it was a lot more involved than I had assumed, requiring a great deal of record-keeping, organisation, making appointments, dealing with planning, and sending out important notices and reminders. It was actually pretty full-on! And yet, it gave a strong sense of satisfaction for me, one that even Holly couldn’t help but tease me about.

“Look at you, smiling as you head off to your secretary job.”

“Don’t demean! I have to work while you lounge about buying properties or whatever.”

Harry scoffed. “Sure, sure. That’s definitely what my job is.”

“Well, I have regular work hours.”

“Uh-huh. And the reason I’m making dinner tonight is?”

I grinned sheepishly. “Because it’s work trivia night.”

“There it is. I hope Spanish history comes up so you can look ridiculous.”

“Oh, *dios*. Anything but that!”

I didn’t tell Harry, and I was resolved to never do so until long after this strange year was over, but I did find that I could entice clients to use our firm’s services. I wasn’t a fool; I was very talented, but my gorgeous looks also made for a nice fixture. A little bat of the eyelids, or keeping my back straight in order to emphasise my breasts, or a girly little twinkle of my fingers as ‘hello’ to some clients as they entered the building likely had a good effect on them becoming regular clients. Again, there was no way no earth I could ever let Harry know.

Of course, four weeks brought other things I was getting used to. For one, I was now very adept at putting on all sorts of bras, dresses, uniforms, and outfits. I had even learned a lot of the differences between fabrics, something that would have been anathema to me as a man! I learned how to style my earrings and adjust my makeup to perfection thanks to Holly’s guidance, and my cooking skills only increased. As much as it was leaning into stereotypes, I really did enjoy my Spanish and Mexican dishes, and so did Harry. I had never cooked much in our relationship when I was a man, and now I couldn’t believe how much time I had wasted.

Life was going well. I still sometimes had to deal with being overly emotional, or at least more emotional than a man. And my *monthly visitor* finally arrived two weeks in. That was *mala*. Terrible. It left me feeling bloated, my breasts sensitive, and having to listen to Harry explain how to use a tampon. But otherwise, life hadn't actually changed too much. I mainly kept to myself when I wasn't with work buddies or with Eliza, spending time with Harry and trying to keep some semblance of normal at home. I was even getting used to the fact that every word I spoke sounded like I was absolutely begging for it like a submissive little *senorita*.

The one major problem was the one I was terribly afraid of: I was getting horny as hell. Harry - back when she was Holly - and I had always had an active sex life; often three to four times a week, in fact! So it made sense that even in a woman's body, I was getting pretty antsy. But it was getting ridiculous! I know the stereotype about Spanish women and horny Latinas and all that, but every morning and night I was feeling strong sexual urges. The need to 'release the tension' felt borderline constant, and I was having extra long showers just to compensate - and hide my moaning voice - much to Harry's annoyance. I was having to pleasure myself sometimes twice a day, and it was a *lot* of pleasure, especially when I starting groping and playing with my big sensitive tits. I thought I could handle it for a while.

And then the dreams started. The wonderful, terrible dreams with gorgeous, hunky men holding me in their strong arms. It was ridiculous, like something out of bad porn, but the fact that Harry featured prominently was no coincidence. I had been trying to hide my glances at his forearms, his sexy shoulder muscles, his ass; all the parts that women apparently found quite appealing. At night he would roll over and hold me, and I would be frozen stock still, trying to ignore the urge to rub my big *culo* against his hardened cock. And that cock featured *very* prominently in my dreams. I could almost *feel* it entering me, stretching me wide just as Harry had that wonderful utterly wrong night. I wasn't gay, I knew I wasn't, but my ridiculous female body insisted on being deeply attractive to men, and when I wasn't eyeing some of the specimens in public, Harry was there as the perfect Adonis, making me giddy. It was a fucking nightmare!

And of course, it all came to a head when, after a month of dealing with my constantly aroused hormones, Harry approached me one afternoon and told us me he had organised a date night for us.

Harry:

"Are you out of your mind? A date night? In public? This is *loco!*"

I couldn't help but chuckle. I was meant to be the one anxious to go out, while George was always the confident half of our pairing, parading me about at restaurants on

date nights, excited to see me dressed up in a nice outfit, and - of course - keen to take me to bed the moment we got home. And now George was Gabriella, and while she hadn't lost any of her fire, she withered at the idea of being the woman out on the town now.

"Just one night, Gabbie," I said, placing my hands on her soft dark olive shoulders, "and it's the *Seelie*, the same restaurant we've been to before a number of times.

"It's very upscale."

"Well, we're making more money now."

I shouldn't have said that. The fact that I was now the major breadwinner, even with all her hard secretary work, rankled at her still-remaining male pride. She gave me a withering glare that reduced me, despite my much greater height. God, was that what it was like to be the man in the bad books with his girlfriend or wife? If so, then I vastly unappreciated the power I had when I was a blonde-haired woman.

"We may be wealthier, but it's not about money. I'll be - I'll be on display. I'll be expected to wear a dress and the makeup and look pretty."

I chuckled again. "You already do those things now! You're literally wearing a green summer dress right now?"

I didn't add: 'And you're looking bloody fantastic in it, love,' though I really wanted to. But the truth was, my fiancé's feminine form could be wrapped in a bin bag and still look more gorgeous and enticing than just about any woman on earth. Even in loose summer dress, her bountiful bosom outlined prominently against the dress, her cleavage quite visible.

"It's - that's not the same!" she snapped. "This is in our home."

"You wore something like this to town the other day, and again when we got groceries together."

She pouted cutely. "But this would be different. Something about it feels . . . official. Like we're just announcing to the world that I'm a woman and you're a man!"

I could tell she was agitated; her Spanish accent always became thicker when she was stressed or worried, but not letting it on. She let out a huff and sat down upon the couch, her breasts bobbing a little heavily. I sat down beside and placed my hand on hers. How many times had George done the same for me when I was anxious?

"Honey, what's really bothering you? You know you can talk to me? That's half of what this whole lake transformation nonsense is about."

She gave a heavy sigh. "It's just - a date is for romance, isn't it? Have either of us felt particularly romantic lately?"

I creased my brow. "We've been happy. We don't argue practically at all, except about whose turn it is to put the washing out."

She emitted a little chuckle. "Yeah, but that's not the same as romance, is it?"

"Well, I've tried dear, but you keep pulling away."

“Because we’re not in the right bodies. It’s . . . it’s *extraño*. Strange.”

I looked at her, right through into those beautiful eyes, and I could still see George within them, though there were flecks that were pure Gabriella now too.

“It’s only strange if we let it be strange, darling. We have two ordinary - dare I say, highly attractive - bodies. And Lake Otherlife has left us with - let’s face it - some new inclinations to the other sex, the one we used to be.”

That was certainly *very* true, as I’d discovered over the last month. The need to masturbate had grown considerably. I’d never realised just how horny men could get; there was always the stereotype, and George had often been a handful at times, but I could wake up with a stiffy and need to attend to it, unless I wanted things awkward with Gabriella. Everything else was going perfectly well: I was feeling powerful and increasingly in control of life with my work, and I was making more friends and getting outside my comfort zone when I grabbed beers with Curtis and the other blokes. But that need, that deep-seated *want* for Gabriella’s body hadn’t ceased. It turned within me, much as I had once for George, only a man’s needs were more frequent, and more forceful. At least, this was what I had found.

“I’m just saying that we can admit we’re attracted to each other, dear. That’s a sign of being in love. That’s what your whole trip was about, wasn’t it?”

She grumbled something noncommittal. “Well, it wasn’t about getting a vagina, I can tell you that.”

“No, but we know the lake did it to us so we could come closer together. I’m not saying we’ll have sex-”

“*Definitely* off the table,” she replied, a little too quickly.

“-but a date being romantic is a good thing. We should try to enjoy ourselves, get used to our bodies, like we promise we would.”

I could tell that Gabriella was thinking things over quite deeply, as she hadn’t said a word. She pouted a little, her full lips making her look very cute indeed, and she finally arrived at a decision.

“Fine, we go on one date. One. Then see how we go.”

“Good,” I replied, smiling. “And I can’t wait to pick out a dress for you.”

Her eyebrows raised so fast they could have hit the roof. “What!?”

George:

I looked ridiculous. I turned to Harry.

“I look *ridícula*.”

“Nonsense, Gabriella, you look fabulous.”

“I know, and it makes me feel *ridícula*.”

Harry's eyes traced up and down my form, lingering on one spot in particular. *Two* spots, really. I couldn't blame him. I wouldn't have blamed me either, if I'd been a man still and was presented with the sensual, visual feast of the woman I had become. I'd done several turns in the mirror, and had been unable to avoid my reflections in the glass of the storefronts we passed on the way to the *Seellie*, and the vision I had was of a goddess who looked very lacking in confidence.

"*Dios mio*, I've got more skin on display than I do clothing."

Harry grinned like a wolf. "I'm not complaining."

"Of course you're not, you're not the one whose tits are nearly popping out of his cups!"

I stole another glance at myself in the mirror of a shopfront. It was positively scandalous! Well, not really, but it certainly felt so. It was the first 'sexy dress' I had ever worn, and by God it was working. Its bra was built-in, and it was bare-shouldered, leaving me feeling naked up top. My breasts were pushed up into two great mounds that wobbled and jiggled and bounced with each step, made all the more in motion due to my high heels. Those same heels exaggerated my already hip swaying walk, making my big *culo* round out the bottom of my dress impressively. And it was an impressive sight alright; the hem of the dress was just at my thighs, leaving my perfect brown legs on display. It hugged my hips, emphasising my hourglass figure, and my wavy hair and golden jewellery and classy makeup only made me more alluring. The centrepiece of it all, though, it must be said, were my admittedly *fantastic* books. They rode high on my chest, two great mounds that formed the largest line of cleavage I'd ever seen. Two globes that grabbed the gazes of every red-blooded man I passed.

"I feel like a lamb among wolves," I complained.

"Don't worry, this wolf will protect you," Harry replied.

"Great, just what my male pride needs. Feeling like a damsel in distress. Take shorter strides, my little legs can't keep up anymore."

"Sorry, I guess I got used to having a man's set of legs."

"My legs, meanwhile, are on display. I can't believe you talked me into wearing this - this harlot costume!"

Harry laughed. "Oh, for God's sake Gabbie, it's a perfectly good dress. You just happen to fill it out in some very nice places."

"Fill it out a bit too much. You do remember what it's like to have your big boobies bouncing around all the time, right?"

Harry shrugged. "A little, but then mine were never as big as yours darling."

I blushed, feeling a strange flush of pride at that. Mine indeed were much bigger than Harry's had ever been as Holly's. She was certainly a beauty, but I was a *vision*, and my

large, perfectly rounded boobs were part of that. It actually made me feel a little better, knowing that Harry was a little jealous of my big rack. I couldn't say exactly why, but I walked with a little more flourish after he said that, my chest stuck out a little further, like an impressive shelf of tantalising flesh.

"True," I said, "mine are pretty nice, aren't they?"

I was fishing for a compliment on my body, and it was an oddly new experience for me.

"Nice? Nice? Gabriella, you have literally the most perfect set of boobs I have ever seen, and that's a compliment coming from both Holly and Harry. I mean, you're pretty fucking stacked, but unlike most girls with a rack your size, yours are perky, and rounded, and have that lovely teardrop shape."

I smiled, holding my head up high. "Well, I suppose that strokes my ego a little . . ."

"See? It's empowering, being a woman in a sexy dress that shows off your figure."

"Just don't call too much attention to it and I'll be fine."

But it did make me feel better. Something about looking very good appealed to me more now, or perhaps the previously alpha-male parts of my brain now liked being an alpha female. Either way, I let Harry take my arm, and he walked me to the restaurant. A passing man hit a pole behind us as he looked at my massive breasts a little too long, and I tried not to burst out laughing.

"Serves him right for being such a pig," I said.

Harry laughed, and it made my heart flutter. He may have thought I looked sexy, but my eyes were wandering over his suited form as well.

Harry:

I was surprised by Gabriella. A month of being a woman had changed my former fiancé more than I had thought; she actually seemed to be liking the sexy dress I'd picked out for her! And my, she looked good in it. I actually had to conceal a massive erection when she'd first walked out, holding her arms and looking simultaneously embarrassed and a little proud of her body. The tight blue dress clung to each delectable curve, but it was those massive near-head size breasts that grabbed my attention. As we walked to the restaurant, I continued to stare down her top, peeking at those lovely hills, and the chasm of cleavage between them.

"Stop that," she complained, but there was a growing smile each time, and she didn't do anything to halt or stop me.

"I can't help myself. You're just too hot," I whispered in her ear.

She went a little rigid at that. Had I triggered something? Either way, I stopped teasing her so much, as we'd reached the *Seelie* restaurant. The maitre'd was a man, and his eyes were glued to Gabriella.

"Hello and welcome to the *Seelie*, do you have a reservation?"

"Yes, we do," Gabbie said, "under Gabriella González and Harry O'Neill. I'm sorry, your eyes have wandered, have I spilled something on my breasts?"

She placed her hands on her hips, her handbag over her shoulder, chest stuck out. The server turned bright red, mumbled an apology, and led us to our seats. He pulled her out a seat and she took it, crossing her legs in a ladylike fashion and smiling sweetly.

"Thank you so much."

I took one opposite, trying not to laugh. "Poor boy!"

"Well, I figure if he wants to look at my tits he can have a bit of embarrassment for it."

"And if I do the same thing?"

She considered this. "You're allowed that privilege. But only because . . ."

"Because?" I asked, leaning forward.

She gave a sheepish grin. "Because you do look quite, well, dashing in that suit. Very *guapo*. Handsome. Particularly with the smart white shirt."

I beamed. Being complimented by her on my looks felt great; perhaps because as a man, I didn't receive such compliments nearly as much as when I was a woman. Another server came over, an attractive woman who took our entree orders and some drinks. I noticed that Gabbie didn't take any wine; clearly our last adventure while tipsy wasn't one she wanted to repeat. A shame, in my view.

"Hey, keep your eyes on me, *gracias*."

I looked back to my fiancé turned fiancée. She had a perfect eyebrow raised. She didn't quite realise it yet, but her breasts were resting on the table's surface.

"What?"

"You were looking at her."

"She was taking our orders, dear."

"She was flirting with you, though."

Now it was time for me to raise *my* eyebrows. "No she wasn't. What indication did she give of that?"

Gabriella chuckled. "A former man knows. It was the way she smiled at you, complimented you on your shirt, kept addressing you and barely talking to me.

"Huh. I hadn't realised."

At that, she smiled cunningly. "Good. Because she may look nice, but she has pimples on her chest compared to these." She flicked her eyes down to her very ample bust. "And don't you forget it."

I gulped. It was hard not to stare at them, and I got the sense that Gabriella was returning my earlier teasing. I was hard beneath the table, and I shuffled closer to it in order to hide it.

“I won’t, don’t worry honey. It seems we are both getting a little more used to this.”

We continued to talk, about old times, our former lives, about what had changed and funny little mixups we’d made. The entrees and drinks arrived, and Gabriella enjoyed her non-alcoholic sweet drink, while I took some wine. My system could take it. The garlic bread was delicious, as were the little canapes that were brought out to appease us while my steak and her calamari dish were prepared. We were actually both in quite a good mood. Despite her initial hesitation and occasional embarrassment, Gabriella seemed to be having a great time. She even seemed to revel a little in her looks, enjoying the compliments I showered her with, and the looks from males around the room. George or Gabriella, both certainly had an ego.

“It’s so good to hear you laugh, Gabbie. Are you happy you came out?”

She rolled her eyes. “Yes, yes, I’m happy, okay.”

“What?”

“You’ve been wanting me to go out for some time. And for me to be happy.”

She placed a hand on mine. “It’s still hard, from time to time, being a woman. I’m getting used to it, even getting used to showing it off, all thanks to you. You push me outside of my comfort zone. It’s a good thing, but it’s not subtle.”

I gave a sheepish grin. “It’s all this testosterone. I feel I have to act.”

“And this estrogen makes me feel so much. We’re both seeing the other side.”

But not all the other side. At least, not since that night. I was immensely attracted to my former male partner, and my body wanted her. As the night went on, and we ate, and continued chatting, even the conversation died down a little. Our glances at one another were a little longer, more drawn out. Lustful, even. We ate our dinner, her moaning a little too seductively as she gorged upon her calamari pasta, and me enjoying a fine, manly steak. But all the time the thing I was growing most hungry for was her. I wanted to rip that tight dress off of her, press my face into those magnificent breasts and suck on her beautiful brown nipples. I wanted to hear my former man squirm and cry out in womanly passion beneath me, as I thrust into her. Every so often, I caught her giving the same aroused glances back at me too; at my arms, my biceps, my shoulders. A lady knew such things.

We talked around our obvious attraction, the clear sexual tension in the air. We even talked about work, despite that being an agreed off-topic area of discussion. But still those needs grew within me, and - I suspected - within her too. When we were presented with the dessert menus, I couldn’t help myself. I was full, and didn’t want to delay any further.

“Hey,” I said, “do you want to get out of here?”

There was a moment's pause as she considered. I couldn't read her mind, but it appeared that Gabriella was on the threshold, trying to decide which direction to go. And then . . .

"Let's," she said, smiling seductively.

And in that moment I knew she wanted me, as much as I wanted her. I simply had to help her realise it fully, and this time, soberly.

Part 11: Catharsis

George:

What the hell was I doing? This was *loco!* My heart beat heavily in my chest as I gave another seductive smile at Harry. We were both readying to pay out meals - well, Harry was, he was becoming a real gentleman it seemed - and I couldn't stop thinking about the words he'd said.

Hey, do you want to get out of here?

It was the line I would have said back when I was George and he was Holly, and it was clear the intent behind them. He wanted me. It hadn't been hard to tell either. From his constant gaze down at my rising chest to the look of absolute lust in his eyes, I could tell it was taking a herculean effort not to go hard in his pants beneath the table. Something about it felt wonderful, enough to make me shiver in anticipation.

"Very good, Mr O'Neill. I hope you and your wife have a lovely night."

"Oh, we're just engaged, but thank you."

"Well, best of luck for your future wedding!"

My ears pricked at the conversation, and I couldn't help but think of a very different kind of wedding than the one I'd envisioned long ago. Instead of a dark suit, I was wrapped in a white dress, my cleavage tastefully displayed, my hair perfectly styled, a gorgeous bride-to-be. That particular timeline seemed a lot more possible than when I first recoiled in fear at it over a month ago.

"*Dios mio,*" I whispered to myself, "what am I thinking?"

Harry took my hand, not noticing the tension within me, or perhaps simply overriding it. He gave a smile that made me shockingly weak at the knees, and motioned me forward.

"Shall we head home, then?" he said, in his baritone voice.

I smiled. Despite my trepidations, despite the fact that a part of me still wanted to take the lead and be the man, my arousal was still growing. I could feel a soft moistness between my legs, and I knew it would be just the start of the damp horniness that overtook me daily. Only, it already seemed like it was stronger.

"*Si,*" I said in my sexy Spanish voice, "and let's hurry, too. I am feeling really . . ."

"Really?"

I blushed as we exited onto the street, hanging off his arm

"Really very in love with you," I finished. I blushed a deeper shade of red. We both knew that 'love', in this case, was a euphemism for something altogether more primal.

Harry gave a light chuckle, and pulled me closer to him.

"Well, would you believe I am very in love with you too, dear?"

I couldn't help but grin, staring up at my tall, handsome man. It was still astonishing to think that he had once been my female partner, with her shorter stature, slim body, and anxious demeanour. And now here I was, almost as anxious as she had ever been. My breasts bobbed heavily on my chest, swaying a little in the cups of my tight, revealing blue dress. Harry's eyes examined the curves of my body as we walked back to the car, and I could tell he was drinking it in.

I had barely touched any wine, I certainly wasn't even tipsy. Even still, the spontaneous desire to show off a little came over me. My hips already had a natural sway to them, but I gave them an extra 'kick' to the sides as I walked ahead to the car, parting from his side as he fetched the keys, and clutching my purse in front of me with both hands. It had the effect of squeezing my big tits together, giving him a real show.

"Well, are you going to just stare, or are you going to open the door like a good *caballero*?"

Harry stood there, awestruck, and then he stepped forward, opened the door, and took my offered hand as I got into my seat. I pulled up my dress a little, so it was snug against my big, heavy *tetas* - it would be very easy to have a wardrobe accident in this, I suspected - and then he closed the door, but not before giving me one last look over.

"Good God, you are good looking."

"Hurry up and get us home, then," I said.

I couldn't believe my daring. I actually wanted him. It was insane, but my body had needs that even masturbation could no longer satisfy.

But I knew it wasn't too late to put a stop to it.

Holly:

It wasn't too late to put a stop to it, I knew that. My former boyfriend, my former *man*, had been doing so well getting acquainted with *her* new body. In the last month, I had been so proud of both of us. The past six weeks, really. We had managed to communicate once again. I had become more assertive, more decisive in my actions and choices, and had made my voice clear for the first time in years. And Gabriella, for her part, was slowly ditching the toxic alpha male personality she had slowly adopted across our relationship's span. She was loving her new job, and actively talking about her emotions, and even seeking validation of her own. She let me make decisions, and more than that, we made our decisions *together*. Gabriella was even dressing like a woman, and while she wouldn't totally admit it, she was clearly enjoying her body. There was no way she wasn't showing off those big tits of hers the way she did if she didn't want me at least a little bit teased by them.

Still, as much as we had both changed and bettered ourselves, it was a different thing entirely to have sex again. We had experienced it only once before in our new bodies.

That time, we had been drunk as skunks, and unable to help ourselves. I still remembered how gorgeous she had been, how utterly, helplessly feminine her cries had been as I entered her, and I wanted that desperately again. But what if it only made her regret it, like she had done that time? What if it drove a wedge between us again, just as we'd started to heal?

Those were thoughts I had in my mind as I drove us back home. Occasionally, Gabriella mentioned something about a new place opening up, or some work issue she wasn't looking forward to after the weekend, but for the most part we were both silent. The tension in the air was obvious. I couldn't stop taking little peeks at her glorious chest, piled up in her blue dress so that her cleavage was practically up to her clavicle. When we went over a speed bump, her breasts wobbled heavily, causing her to giggle a little as she held the top of her dress up.

"Eyes on the road, *pervertido!*" she laughed.

"Sorry, they're just so - so bouncy!"

Another sweet chuckle. God, she had a beautiful voice now. "How do you think I feel, then? They're so heavy!"

I snorted. "I recall you were quite partial to a pair of bigger boobs when you were a man. In fact, I think once or twice you even said you wished mine were a bit bigger."

She blushed, touching her cheeks. It was a cute sight. "Oh, don't remind me! So *embarazosa!* I didn't realise how heavy they are, or how much they are constantly moving."

Even as she set it, they jiggled a little as we shifted. She placed her hands under them for emphasis, smiling sheepishly.

"You know though, I'm starting to think you like them."

She bit her lip. "Maybe, just a little. They are quite . . . sensitive."

"I remember."

A silence sat in the air for a few more moments. I turned off the main street and down towards our home. I looked at Gabriella again, unbelieving what a sight she was. She looked like she could have been on the front cover of *Maxim*. Certainly, if the former man ever made a turn at being a model, she'd be a star. She looked so goddamn sexy with her cantaloupe-sized breasts straining against her dress, their teardrop shape evident, flesh slightly spilling out over the cusp. Her slim, delicate waist was perfectly contoured to by her dress, and with its short length, her wonderfully shapely legs were on display. She caught me looking again.

"The road, honey," she teased, full lips pouting in fake mockery.

I adjusted back, and made our way to our house.

"*Gracias,*" she said, as I helped her out of her seat and onto her feet. "I'm looking forward to kicking off these heels. I'm still not used to them."

I gazed at her as she stepped ahead of me, her perfect posterior outlined by her tight dress.

"But they do make your posture a sight to see," I remarked.

"You mean they make me stick my big *tetas* out even further?"

"Actually, I was referring to how they make your ass look amazing."

She grinned, clearly taking it in stride. I couldn't believe this used to be a proud alpha male of a man. "Well, now I know why you keep lagging behind me despite having such a bigger stride. C'mon, let's get inside."

We entered, closing the door behind us, and hit the lights. Gabriella kicked off her heels, and I likewise lost my jacket and shoes as well. We stepped into the main living room together, and I could sense that awkwardness between us once more. The tension so tightly strung it could be severed with a butterknife.

"So," I said.

"You have nice muscles," she cut in.

"Huh?"

A little giggle. "Sorry, but it's true. I was a fit guy before, but you - wow! I'm jealous."

I flexed a little, and I caught her eyes tracing over my form, lingering around my shoulders. The lake hadn't just kept us heterosexual with our new forms, but definitely made us attracted to all the regular bits our new genders were. Girls always have a thing about manly shoulders.

"Jealous, or attracted?"

A mischievous grin. "Can it be both?"

She pressed herself closer against me, and my penis hardened. Her body was so wonderfully soft, curvaceous and voluptuous in all the right places, and her sexy accent and cheeky enthusiasm only made me harder still. In mere moments I was almost uncomfortably erect, tenting out my dress trousers. It was impossible not to notice, and she stared.

"Oh, my," she said.

"Yeah, sorry. It's just -"

"You have it *bad* for your *chica*."

My eyes widened. "Uh, is this the same George?"

"Not George. Gabriella, remember? Just like you're Harry, not Holly."

She pressed against me more so, and her magnificent breasts squashed against my arm, her cleavage accepting my forearm. Even through the dress, I could see her nipples were hard. She was breathing heavily.

"Don't you want this?" she said, as she lowered her hand down to my pants. Her soft fingers glided over the outline of my manhood, and I shivered in response. God, that thing was sensitive. It was throbbing with need.

"I d-do," I stammered, placing a hand at her cheek and staring into her perfect eyes. "So damn bad. But are you sure about this, Gabriella? I thought you more than me would be afraid -"

"I was. I still am. But I want this, *mi amor*, I want it more than anything. I'm so fucking hot for you, you have no idea. Or perhaps, given you were a woman, you do."

"But we have to be strong."

"We are. We were strong to last a month. Strong enough to choose. I realised it while we were eating dinner, and confirmed it while we drove. I still love you, Harry, and you were right in what you said, that we have come so far together. Let's go a little further. I want *you*. Not sex. I want *you*."

I searched her eyes, and saw the old George there. He was at peace, a changed man. A changed woman. And I could tell some of that decisiveness remained in her, just as my anxiousness was now present. Funny, how a protective man fusses over his woman, and the woman has to reassure him. In some ways, we had not changed at all, and in other ways, more than we could imagine.

I leaned down and kissed her, deeply and passionately, cradling her soft neck and feeling her thick, curly hair as we moaned together.

"I've - wanted - this - all - month!" she cried, as I kissed the nape of her neck. "I was just embarrassed to admit it."

"Same!" I exclaimed, as she kissed me on my neck as well, on my shoulders, practically biting me in her passion. "I've had dreams about you."

"Me too about you! Such dreams! *Dios mio* . . . "

"And you're sure?"

I held her, keeping a slight distance. Her enormous tits were almost spilling out of her top, and her hair was already a little mussed up. One strap of her dress was loose over her shoulder. With every heavy breath, her chest strained at her clothing. She licked her lips, drinking in me in the same way as I was drinking in her. Her eyes halted over the outline of my large cock, which was straining also at my clothing. She licked her lips again.

"Hurry up and fuck me, Harry."

George:

I couldn't believe I'd just said that, but I meant every word. My body was on fire with arousal, and I wanted my fiancée, my future husband or wife, more than anything. My nipples tensed with desire to be rubbed, to be licked, to be *sucked*. My pussy was even more needy; it was incredibly moist, and I was rubbing my thighs together in lustful anticipation.

"Okay," Harry said. In one great swoop he lifted me up into his arms, and I couldn't help but squeal in delightful surprise. I had often the same when she was Holly, and now I

realised how comforting and arousing it was to be carried so easily by a big, tough man. Not to mention, it gave him a great view down my top.

“Like the view?” I asked.

“You have no idea how much.”

“I used to be a man, remember? I’m pretty sure I have a good idea.”

“Well, your boobs are a lot bigger than mine,” she reminded me.

“Mmhm, but you’ve got something bigger than mine, so it all evens out.”

It was a daring thing to say; that monster cock had felt so damn pleasurable back when we were drunk that night, and it felt so perfect in my dreams but it was also very intimidating. But it was the kind of intimidating that made me even further aroused.

“Well, let’s put it to good use then.”

He placed me on the bed and we instantly began making out. We tore off each other’s clothes. I tackled his buttons with all the fury of a thunderstorm, pulling them apart. He, meanwhile, pulled down my dress, exposing my big brown breasts and causing them to sag just slightly down on my frame.

“So fucking big,” he grunted, groping one in a way that made me clench my eyes in response to his touch.

“I kn-know,” I muttered, “I can f-feel it. Don’t s-stop touching them.”

He didn’t, squeezing and groping and grasping my tender orbs, each touch causing me to moan in further pleasure. He tore of his shirt, exposing his muscular frame, and with his help I shimmied fully out of my dress, so that I was just in my panties. He grabbed my soft ass as I pushed my bare chest against his, and we savoured the sensations that followed. The feeling of my bare nipples brushing against his pectoral muscles set off fireworks of bliss inside me. Even my behind was surprisingly erogenous; with each squeeze of my generous cheeks, I became ever more aroused. Soon, I was begging for him to enter me.

“L-lose the pants!” I exclaimed. “I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me, *mi amor*.”

He kissed me again, and I held his strong shoulders while he pulled his pants over. His enormous penis was freed from his briefs, and my eyes widened at its length and girth. It was huge! How did it ever manage to fit inside me the first time. And yet, it was enticing to see. I practically salivated at the sight of it - *Dios mio* I was so damn horny for dicks now. The old me would be repulsed by the new *senorita* I had become, but I couldn’t care less anymore. I ‘wanted the D’, as they said.

I wanted it bad.

“God, I’ve been wanting this,” he said in his low voice that turned me on so much now. “I’ve been wanting to fuck you ever since you changed.”

“Then hurry up and do it, I’m so damn wet. I’m going to burst if you don’t stick your cock inside me.”

He didn’t need any more permission. We shifted back onto the bed, me breathing heavily in anticipation and fear, both of them intertwined. Gabriella’s anticipation, George’s fear. But the anticipation was bigger.

“Slowly,” I moaned, as he nibbled at my breasts. Each rub of his fingers across my nipples caused miniature orgasms to bloom inside me. He could make me cum so easily just by kneading my perfect globes. “Go slowly. At first.”

“As you wish, my love.”

I spread my legs, a position so uncharacteristic, and yet so utterly natural to this new form. My boobs wobbled mightily as I laid back, head resting on my pillow. My fiancé loomed over me, handsome and masculine and *in charge*. It turned me on something fierce, and not for the first time I found how pleasing it could be to play the more passive partner. I giggled as he pressed his face against my breasts, but the giggles were cut short as he licked their sensitive areola again.

“Ahhh - OOHhhhhhh f-fuck that is good!”

“You like that?”

“Yes, but I’m impatient! I want your cock! I need it in my pussy!”

He lifted himself up slightly, and kissed me once more. I was in heaven, and then I felt it pressing against my folds. I gasped, eyes widening a moment, still in mid-kiss. There was a moment of brief pain as his girth parted me, and then his immensity entered, and the gasping became more of an extended cry.

“Oohhhhhh s-slowly, s-slowly please!”

He said nothing, but eased into my womanly depths slowly. His dick was massive, stretching the walls of my new vagina, causing every nerve to spark with pleasure. It was so damn much, utterly different from the role of a man. I had become the penetrated, instead of the penetrator.

And it was wonderful.

His hard member slid further inside me, reaching all the way to just before my cervix, thankfully. I’d heard that it was painful if it went that far. Instead, my pussy enveloped him, pressing tightly on his cock and causing him to grunt in satisfaction.

“So t-tight, so fucking perfectly tight!” he said.

I shunted my hips a little, extracting another groan from him. “I’m glad. Don’t stop.”

Slowly, we worked into a rhythm, becoming bolder in our movements. The feeling of being thrust into was deeply wonderful, the feeling of being *taken*. I was submissive to his movements, receptive to his manliness, and yet there was a power to that as well. It was like I was accepting all of my lover, consuming him, drawing his pleasure to ever greater heights.

He began to grope my large boob as he thrust faster and faster, and soon we were moaning ever more loudly. I didn't care how feminine I sounded, in fact, I revelled in it. I was his perfect woman, and he was my perfect man.

He slid in and out of me faster and faster, and he began grasping my ass, squeezing the soft flesh there as his pace increased. I was helpless to him, embracing the orgasm that was building. I wrapped my legs around him tightly, willing him cum.

"I w-want you to - ahhhh - cum inside me! NNgggghh!"

"You do?"

"I do!"

"You could get pregnant!" he said, still thrusting.

I licked my lips. The thought of being with child . . . it wasn't so bad. Rather alluring actually. The ultimate expression of love. My highly aroused body desired his seed inside me, and I knew I wasn't thinking clearly. The thought should have terrified me a lot more. Instead . . .

"I d-don't - mmhhmmm - don't care! Just d-do it!"

And with that, he tensed, his body going rigid, and he came. His hot, warm semen flooded into me, shooting in my depths, and I wriggled and moaned in pleasure in turn. It wasn't quite a full orgasm, but I understood now that for women, a full orgasm was not always necessary to draw out pleasure. Not like with a man. It was nicer, actually, to experience pleasure regardless of the climax.

Harry fell on top of me, his head buried in my breasts. After what felt like a minute, after much heavy breathing from both of us, he raised his head and rolled off me, lying on his back beside me.

"That was amazing," he said.

"Mhmm, it was," I replied, still luxuriating in the aftermath.

"Did you cum?"

"No, but it was wonderful anyway."

I rolled over, keeping my thighs together to prevent too much leakage, and lay over him. My breasts squished pleasingly against him, giving him a wonderful view. He, in turn, put his hands over my wonderfully curvy ass.

"I mean it," I said, reassuring his frustrated expression. "It was *maravillosa, mi amor*. You remember how it is for girls, don't you?"

He grinned as he caressed my soft body. "I do, though I kind of like the guy role more."

I giggled.

"What?"

"It's just, it's hard to admit. Embarrassing, really."

He raised an eyebrow, and I knew I had to say it. And it was embarrassing, but after over six weeks living as Gabriella, I could no longer lie to myself. The act of sex was simply the final thing that clinched it for me.

“I think I like it better as a woman,” I said.

“Feels better, does it?”

I nodded. “Mmm-hmm. And, when I say I like it better, I think I mean that I want to try it.”

“Try it?”

Goddamnit, the damned former female was making me actually have to say it! But I suppose admitting it was the first step.

“Try . . . being a woman. Being Gabriella. See how it works out for me.”

“For the year?”

“For . . . as long as we are happy. How about that?”

His eyes lit up, and I could see he understood. “Well, I’m more than happy to, my love. But only if you’re sure.”

“I’m sure. After that, I’m sure. Woman or man, so long as I have you.”

We hugged each other tighter, naked and together. I touched his cheek, admiring his manliness, and we kissed deeply and lovingly. We kissed for a long time, the love between us like the sun, shining warmly through our skin and into our cores. When we parted, it felt as if we’d signed an unspoken contract; to see where life would take us as Harry and Gabriella. To use the next year of our lives to determine if we ever wanted to go back.

“You really are goddamn sexy,” he said.

“Look who’s talking.”

I felt a rising hardness against my body, and realising it was his large member slowly springing back into action. Clearly, my new fiancé had a short refractory period. I gave a mischievous smile. *Good.*

“Let me get cleaned up first,” I said, already becoming more turned on, “and then we can go round two. You can give me my orgasms then.”

“Deal.”

Holly:

We laid together in the aftermath, curling up against one another, Gabriella the little spoon to my big spoon. I stroke her heavy breast in my hand, enjoying the feel of her wonderful bust. She didn’t stop me. Instead, she pressed her wonderful ass against my pelvis. It was very comfortable, thanks to all that delightful padding. We must have done it four times, a personal record for both of us. Maybe if we’d kept more full glasses by the bed, we could have gone more, but we were spent, and we’d both had our fill of climaxes; I had a bite on

my shoulder that proved how wild Gabriella's orgasms could be. And a few nail scratches on my back too.

We had certainly gone at it passionately. It was as if all that pent up frustration, the last little denials over our new roles had finally exploded in an orgy of lustful sex. I had taken the lead, being domineering and aggressive, and my former 'take charge' man was gleefully submissive, descending into incoherent Spanish as she was reduced to squirming in orgasm. It was wonderful, and strangely it felt right. Was this what Lake Otherlife intended all along? Neither of us could say. But the act of sex had broken down the last of the barriers between us, and we were drifting closer to sleep together, feeling totally right in the world.

It was out of that wonderful post-coital bliss that a thought bubbled up, one that felt equally as right. Perfect, even. We had come so far, what was one more step.

"Gabriella?" I whispered.

"Mhmm?" she replied, resting peacefully, but aware.

"Let's get married."

She turned, shifted so that her large, perfect breasts wobbled heavily, her ass as well. She faced me, her lovely eyes staring deep into mine.

"What, soon?"

"Yes. I don't care if I'm the husband and you're the bride. I want to be married to you."

For a moment I was worried, and then the widest grin imaginable overcame her face. She pulled me close, giggling a little in excitement.

"I can't believe *you're* proposing to *me*," she exclaimed.

"So it's a yes?"

"Yes, you idiot, it's a yes!"

We kissed, and it was a long one. When we parted, she wiped away her tears, unashamed. My heart fluttered in my chest at this wonderful woman who used to struggle with her feelings, just as I struggled with my assertiveness. In just that one little proposal, we had proven how far we had come.

"By the way," she said, "I expect a more romantic proposal with a ring in the future. If I'm to be your wife, then I want to be treated like a lady."

She gave one last smug grin - still in many ways the blokey jokester of a man she used to be - and turned to fall asleep.

I cuddled up against her.

Epilogue

Harry:

I couldn't believe it had been an actual year. It felt like so much longer, and yet at the same time, barely a flash. I'd been a woman all my life, and yet in just three hundred and sixty five days I had come to know what it was to be a man, in action, in thought, and certainly in bed.

I couldn't help but chuckle a little at that last thought as I drove across the great outback landscape. Kakadu National Park was as gorgeous as I remembered it being. The land was bathed in wonderful red hues, and the sky was deep ocean blue, utterly cloudless. I drove the powerful four-wheel drive over the track, passing around the mountainscapes, admiring their ancient formations, and enjoying the cooling wind that rushed through the open window on this hot day. My arms were only a little sunburnt. I knew I should have listened to Gabbie about reapplying some sunscreen. She can be such a fussy over that. A far cry from how she used to be. But then, so am I. The appeal of a nice flannelette shirt and a pair of shorts is too appealing for a bloke like me on a day like this.

"What are you thinking about, *mi amor?*"

I turned to see Gabbie smirking at me, her perfect features admiring me. I couldn't help but grin as I looked back at her.

"Oh, you know. Just reminiscing."

"Well, keep your eyes on the road, *idiota*, I don't want us to end up lose in the middle of nowhere, *again.*"

I chuckled, and placed a hand on her thigh, enjoying its warmth. She placed a perfectly manicured hand over mine, keeping it there as I drove with the other.

"I can't believe it's been a year," I said, after a moment. "Can you believe it?"

"*Si*, but then, I count the weeks and months much better than you. I have much more reason."

I nodded. "Good point. I hadn't thought of that."

She scoffed. "Men."

"Oh, don't start with this 'men' business! You used to be one, and quite the alpha male too. Thank God we sorted that out.

She flicked my hand off my thigh and gave me a playful punch on the shoulder.

"*Estúpido!* We didn't 'sort' anything out."

I looked at her in astonishment. "Oh yes, we absolutely did! It's literally the reason we were transformed, remember? To work out our relationship. So you wouldn't be such a hard-headed male?"

She stared back a moment, then broke into a girlish giggle. "Oh, you're right! *Dios mio*, stupid feminine hormones making me feel all irrational. But you also changed!"

"I did. I got a lot more understanding of your male pride, that's for sure. And a lot more confident. And willing to communicate with you."

"And I with you," she replied, placing her hand on my thigh this time.

"A lot of changes," I said. "And after a bit of an adjustment period, I think we turned out for the better, didn't we?"

"Mhm, yes we did. Quite a lot of changes."

"Mental, emotional, maturity changes."

"Mhmm. I also grew boobs. Big ones. Really big *tetas*."

I coughed laughing. I hadn't expected it. My naughty wife gave me a look that would be downright illegal in some countries, and I couldn't help but stare at the way her magnificent breasts pressed against her top. They were even bigger than they had been a few months ago, and even more wonderful for it, though from time to time she still got a bit self-conscious about her amazing rack.

At times like this, however, I think she just enjoyed me staring.

"Eyes on the road," she reminded.

"Sorry, I was just hypnotised."

"It's the best part of having breasts, I've found. They hypnotise men. It makes up for a lot of the power I lost as a man."

"Well, I for one quite enjoy that power. Plus, I think we both like our new positions."

She gave a sweet smile. "A bit too much, *mi amor*."

My wife took my hand and placed it on the other large bump that defined her front, the one that was now bigger than the other two put together.

"He's kicking, can you feel?"

I could. It was the best feeling in the world.

Gabriella:

Harry was being utterly impossible as we got out of the car. Yes, I was pregnant - his fault, anyway - and I was having to be careful now that I was approaching the end of my second trimester, but he didn't have to coddle me! I'm not incapable of movement. I just . . . lose my breath a lot more easily, have less energy, get way more tired, experience big mood swings, get unexpected kicks from my little passenger, deal with aching big *tetas*, and need more water breaks.

Oh, and pee breaks. So many damn pee breaks! Whoever thought getting pregnant was a good idea?

"Make sure you wear a hat, too," Harry said, passing me one as he helped me out of the car.

“*Gracias*,” I said, falling back into my ‘native’ Spanish, and putting on my head. “Just remember, you’re the pale one in the relationship. You burn easily, I at least have olive skin.”

“And what lovely skin it is,” he remarked. “You sure you’re up for walking?”

I rolled my eyes dramatically. “Waddling, more like, but yes. I can do it. I just might need some - ngh! - help at times.”

He placed a hand on my belly in a way that was soothing, rubbing it gently. Our little boy must have sensed his father’s presence, because he calmed a little.”

“Okay, we’ll keep you hydrated. We won’t be long.”

“Better not be! I’m walking for two here!”

My husband laughed.

It was strange, really, to think of Harry as my husband. Some days it still seemed utterly *loco*. He was kind, caring, deeply handsome man, and ever since that date night we’d stopped pretending we couldn’t have an amazing sex life in our new bodies too. But still, when our wonderful little ‘accident’ occurred, and I ended up nauseous and with sore boobs and strange mood swings, we knew we had to hurry up and get hitched.

It was the plan, after all. We knew we wanted to get married sooner than later, whatever our bodies were, but there was still the slight hesitation over our new roles in that regard. But a little life growing inside me - unexpected and terrifying and yet captivating at the same time - we ended up just barging right ahead and doing it.

And what a day it was. I missed the alcohol, of course, so our friends instantly guessed the reason for the season, as they say. I didn’t make it a secret either, though, and soon the wedding was also an impromptu congratulations for a family already expanding.

It felt so alien to be walked down the aisle by my father, wearing a beautiful wedding dress, and being given away to a handsome man at the front. But as soon as we exchanged our vows, I knew it was meant to be.

A far cry from the person I was. And, in many ways, a good change that has been.

Still, it didn’t help me much now, as I trudged awkwardly, clutching my big belly and feeling my *tetas* wobbled against my tight shirt. Harry held my arm, helping guide me.

But when we crossed over that ridge, we both gasped in amazement.

Somehow, we both had convinced ourselves it wouldn’t be there.

But it was.

Lake Otherlife had returned.

Harry:

It was just as picturesque as I remembered it being. The Lake was bluer and shining beneath the sky, though at least the sun was beginning to set. It placed a wonderful shaded

area around it that we moved towards, and I helped my very pregnant wife settled on a rock as we gazed at the mystical waters around us.

“Wow,” I said, and she echoed the sentiment.

“It is something,” she said.

We sat there for some time, simply taking it in, this lake that had so deeply changed our lives, made us anew in frightening ways, and yet had done us a service. Now, not only were we married, but we were expecting a child together - a fact that still made me chuckle sometimes when I thought of the old Gary stuck in this fate!

But the truth was, sitting there in the afternoon light, the sky slowly growing pink at the horizon, Gabriella looked like a fertility goddess, her figure perfect, her face serene, her hands gently rubbing her rounded stomach. She may have once been a hard-headed, stubborn man, but now she was all woman, and undergoing the most womanly experience of all. And she carried it well, and with eagerness, and just the smidge of occasional embarrassment.

“Well, here it is,” I said after another pause without speech. “Are you ready?”

“Just give me a moment long, *mi amor*,” she said. “I want to imagine diving into the lake.”

I gave her a curious glance, but didn't say anything. I could see from her eyes that she was a little wistful. Both of us knew that all it would take to go back would be to jump into those waters. There was no telling what would happen to her child - none of the information even our Aboriginal friends gave us could say, and they knew the most about the mysterious lake, as far as we could tell.

But I got the distinct impression that Gabriella wouldn't change back anyway. She was simply farewelling an old life.

“Okay,” she said, grunting as she rose awkwardly. I helped her remain standing as she swayed a little. “Let's do this.”

Gabriella:

I reached into my purse and retrieved what I was looking for. It took a while for me to find a good space. Upon the reddened cliff wall were numerous engravings, some in foreign languages, others in ye olden English, others still as ancient as the native cave murals sacred to these parts. The Lake, whatever it was, was ancient beyond understanding. Perhaps it was part of the land, an active agent of change itself. It was impossible to know, but I liked to think that perhaps it was a force for good. It certainly had been for this *senorita*.

I found a spot that was bare, and took out my rock chisel. I didn't have a lot of strength these days, and so I knew I would - so like a woman! - ask my husband to finish the job, as I often asked him to open the pickle jar these days, but I wanted to be the one to start

it. After all, we had both changed, but I liked to brag that my changes had been bigger. The little *bebé* squatting on my bladder was evidence of this.

And so I scraped my message upon the wall. And when I tired of it, wiping my soft brow, I passed it to Harry to finish. My wonderful strong husband. He scratched away, as so many other generations of strangers had, leaving our own personal interpretation of Lake Otherlife's power and possibility. When it was done, we both stood back, cradling one another, him behind me and holding my belly. One family, taking it all in.

Accept the Change Life Brings.

Gabriella & Harry (formerly Gary & Holly)

"Is it too much?" I asked, turning to my husband. "I feel the message should be longer than the attribution.

He snuggled me closer, rubbing my belly as he loved to do.

"It's perfect, my love. Just perfect."

We admired it for some moments, silently, even as the sky turned a little darker.

"We should get back to the car," Harry said.

I nodded, but didn't move. Instead, I turned and looked across the mystical lake, glowing slightly in the shade, its magical beauty captivating my attention. Truly, it was a special place.

"Love? Did you hear me?"

"*Si, mi amor*, I heard you. I just wanted to look at this place one last time, and never forget it."

I took in every detail, every piece of shade, every tree, every rock. The Lake probably changed its appearance for a lot of people, but if so, then this was *our* Lake Otherlife, and that made it even more special.

Finally, I took my husband's hand, and he helped me move back up the incline and over the short trek to our rented car. The first stars were beginning to appear opposite the setting sun, and it made the sky itself an image of change, or transition from one state to another. Our little baby shifted within me, still sleeping: a mother knows. I rubbed my belly, and pressed my body closer against my husband as we continued to move away.

Before the lake disappeared over the lip of the rocks, I turned back one final time to look at it.

"Thank you," I whispered.

We made our way back to the car, and from there, back to our lives as Gabriella and Harry, who we would be until our final days.

The End

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