



Maid ~~*Man*~~ of Honor

COURTNEY CAPTISA

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Man Maid of Honor

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Chapter 1: A Much Needed Vacation

Not many people in their late twenties can say their sex life sucks, but that was currently the case for Danielle and myself. The attraction was still there. Danielle's active lifestyle and busy profession had her on her feet most of the time, and she took great pride in her appearance with hair, makeup, and fashion. But something was missing. Maybe it was because we were both running ourselves empty. A long way from when I couldn't keep my hands off her ass and never had to ask her for oral sex since it seemed to be a regular part of her diet. Still, we were over four years into our marriage, and while happy together, there were sparks missing.

As I entered our townhouse, I saw my slender, dark-haired wife wearing a white floral sundress that only showed a hint of her B-cup cleavage on that late-August day. We were living the dream of young professionals. Homeowners with great careers, an abundance of friends and family, and debt-free minus the house. Even with that hot sundress on I was more worried about catching up with her about personal items rather than trying to bend her over the dining room table. The lack of luster was thanks to different work schedules and getting burnt out. Danielle had been pulling some crazy hours at the hospital where she worked as an RN while my typical nine-to-five mortgage lending job was set in stone Monday through Friday. It was a rare day off for Danielle who, despite the warm late spring weather, wanted to get things done around the house. Maybe one of those things would be her husband that night, but again, not at the top of the priority list at the time.

"Hey," I said, after not seeing my wife since around 8:30 am when I left for my work at Hyman Brothers Mortgage.

"Welcome home," she said, smiling. She walked towards me, put her arms on my shoulders, and brought herself in for a kiss.

"Woah, hey there," I smiled after accepting her wet lips as I towered over her since there was about a twelve-inch height difference.

This was the kind of flirting she showed on a daily basis back when we first met. I was a senior majoring in Accounting while she was a junior in Nursing at North Acres University. The term bro started becoming more well-known in American culture and my friends and I seemed to fit the characters dead-on. It's not like we were trying to be the fraternity guys who, hang out with the boys a lot, chase women, dress preppy, flaunt our social privilege, and consume cheap beer. It's just who we were. Since then, most of my male friends including myself have grown up although we still like to hang out and drink watching sports games or go in the park for Lacrosse at times.

There I was, usually just sleeping around with the hottest (most promiscuous) sorority girls I could find during Fall semester of senior year when I was introduced to Danielle through the girlfriend of one of the guys in my frat. Rather than the type of girl who dresses slutty at every chance she gets, parties every night, and has no meaningful conversations, Danielle was straight-up girlfriend material. Hot

looks, but not in the fake 90% of face is makeup type - respectable fashion, shining personality, and very easy to talk to. What the hell did she want to do with me? Then again, not to sound arrogant, but I had some of the best looks around campus and had a promising future in finance. Despite my party antics, my grades were high in a demanding major. I came from a modest home life but knew to kick things into high gear during my final years of high school, hence my social status in college. She was as smitten with me as I was her, and two months in it was time to make our relationship Facebook official, back when that was usually the official status maker.

Everything in our lives seemed perfect. Even after graduation we still dated. She was extremely busy finishing her Nursing degree and I got my first finance job in a nearby city. It afforded me to rent a very nice apartment that was only five minutes from work and ten minutes from her to campus. She ended up moving in with me between semesters. Back then, even with our busy schedules, the sex was frequent. She had only been with about two guys, including a long-time high school boyfriend before we started having sex, although I was the first to successfully talk her into taking her anal cherry. That was one of the hottest moments with her, although she wasn't willing to try it again after that. As part of my graduation present to her, I knew I couldn't let her go, and decided to buy an engagement ring hoping she would say yes to becoming Mrs. McKensie. We were both in love and wanted a future together. With our backgrounds and goals in life, we knew we could live the American dream.

After her graduation, both of us started working on our Master's degrees. She chose to pursue a Master in Science of Nursing while I found a good MBA program online. Within a year, we were married at an amazing party mostly funded by our parents and decided to put the honeymoon off for a bit until our education schedules calmed down. The trip to Puerto Rico was amazing. We spent most of the time hanging out at the beach, enjoying drinks, exploring the island, and mingling with other vacationers and people celebrating special events. Months later, we managed to find the perfect starter home and moved out of my apartment into the house, which we currently live in. It's not too big for the two of us, but not small either. We have talked about having children, but it isn't in the foreseeable horizon. Maybe in a few years, though, once we start having sex more like back in the good old days. I'm not trying to point any fingers. It just seemed like at times that our libido schedules never seemed to align and having a form of sexual activity maybe occur once every few weeks.

Danielle continued to give me her famous surprised eyes as if I was supposed to participate in some form of guessing game.

"You'll never believe what I did today!" She said showing her pearly whites.

I looked around the room giving Danielle a clear look at my five-o'clock shadow on my tanned skin. "It's obvious you cleaned but I didn't think you would be excited over that!"

"No, no, of course not," she said. "I wanted it to be a BIG surprise and was thinking about holding off, but we should probably prep." Those were the kind of words that only came out of a woman's mouth for something very special.

"I can't believe it!" I said with heavy enthusiasm as I hugged her. "You are pregnant!"

"NO!" she said as if it was impossible considering our lack of a sex life. Danielle knew her vibrator had touched her clit more than my seven-inch dick had in the last month, but she wasn't the type of woman who would admit to something like that.

The topic of having children had come up a few times in the last year but we agreed it was best to

put it off now until more career goals had been met. Surely we would be okay waiting a few more years until we were in our 30s and making six-digits each. That would surely make our financial goals come true and provide a stable foundation for raising a family the way we wanted.

“Any other guesses?” she asked trying to play a game.

“I didn’t see a new car in the driveway...”

“Not yet!” she smiled putting her hands on her face to show expression.

“Then just tell me!” I said losing some patience.

“This winter... we will be relaxing drinking cocktails out of coconuts on the beautiful beaches of.... COSTA OLIOLA for a week! I booked the resort and plane tickets today as an early present! Happy anniversary, Tom!”

“Oh wow! Thanks, love. This is exciting!” I said, smiling and putting my hands behind my head and then around her waist for a hug. She clenched me tight and then moved her hands back to my broad shoulders and looked into my brown eyes from below.

Leading up to this big announcement, both of us knew we were long overdue for a vacation that didn’t involve a short road trip to the lake for the day. Even if it was months away it was still exciting. What a way to get away from the cold weather we would face here in the middle of January! Costa Oliola was an island in the Caribbean that many of our friends and people we followed on Instagram bragged about. It was largely dominated by an all-inclusive resort named The Coral. Our fifth anniversary was surely the best time to have a long vacation as a means of celebration. A time to forget about all our problems and enjoy each other’s company in paradise.

“We haven’t been on a vacation for this long since our honeymoon in Puerto Rico. This will surely be the time of our lives!” I said.

Danielle smiled, “Yes. Life changing!”

Chapter 2: The Grotto (Monday)

I stared at Danielle's cell, which held an image mostly of the ocean during that Monday afternoon with endless sand around the small island full of trees, lakes, and of course some buildings. She snapped the picture and immediately started writing her caption. Something to the nature of, "OMG this is amazing already and Tom and I haven't even landed yet. #nofilter #travelcouple #anniversary."

The next few months that summer had seen us counting down the days to our big trip. Sure, we took a few trips to the lake and beach, but nothing was going to compare to being in paradise in the islands. Some people told us that it would be very hot down there in August, but we couldn't care less. Frequently, we found ourselves browsing the Coral's website admiring views of beach chairs next to crystal clear water, young couples such as ourselves drinking at the tiki bar by a large pool perfectly engineered for photo opportunities, and various activities we could do to continue our healthy lifestyles.

I continued to hold her with my hand around her back as the plane started its path to land on the small airport that occupied the island of Costa Oliola. We were on a small plane which makes me more nervous than commercial airlines, but The Coral was exclusive, and Costa Oliola probably didn't have the amount of air traffic that Hawaii does. Once we landed safely, we waited for the moment when the flight attendant would notify us that it was time to unload. I had packed somewhat light for the trip with a small black rolling suitcase for clothes and another bag for personal items. Danielle on the other hand needed a few more things and brought a number of various matching-style luggage sets for all her different outfits, makeup, and personal items she wanted to bring along for our trip.

A shuttle service took us from the airport to the resort where, of course, I gave Danielle the privilege of having the window seat again. I had not seen her this excited since we bought our house and here we had not even arrived at the Coral yet. We agreed to go somewhere for our fifth anniversary for a week but were narrowing down places. Part of me was surprised that she beat me to the punch of booking the trip, but she had always seemed to be the one who was productive and always ahead of things in our relationship. Since she was covering most of the trip expenses I bought her a surprise gift that would be given to her the night of our anniversary which would occur about halfway during the week. I managed to bring along the Tiffany necklace and bracelet with me, but the other things of traditional wood giving for the fifth anniversary remained back at our house.

Danielle continued to point either her right index finger or her cell phone to the window in order to take pictures of things along the way. The sun hitting the palm trees and the pure blue ocean was something we definitely did not see back home. About five minutes later, we arrived at the white-arched entrance of the Coral. It was the only resort on the island and took up at least 90% of it. The other 10% was probably just the airport, our forest path to get there, and maybe some shacks where the locals lived. We were greeted by a team of staff members wearing similar white shirts and navy blue khaki uniforms shorts who grabbed bags and helped lead us to the front desk.

"McKensie," I answered to the receptionist after we got in.

"Staying with us until Sunday?" the young red-headed receptionist asked.

“Yes.”

“Perfect! You will be in Room 408 in our Paradise Wing. Mister Felix will help see you to your room,” she said referring to the middle-aged black man behind us who appeared to be a bellman. “Is there anything else I can do for you?”

I held in my hands a small folder with various activities and information about the resort along with the two room keys in it. Danielle looked at me and shook her head.

“No. Thank you.”

“Thank you so much!” said Danielle.

“My pleasure!” said the receptionist.

Mister Felix spoke with his thick island accent, “Right this way...”

A few minutes later, we arrived at our room, which overlooked part of a pool area. You could still see the ocean from the small balcony. This was probably the top room of a hotel that didn’t have a bad view room in the entire place. We had a large king-sized bed with plenty of walking space and a large bathroom at the entrance to the room. Neither of us expected to spend much time in here unless it was sleeping - or hopefully sex - anyway.

I tipped Mister Felix and Danielle and I walked to the balcony as he left. We could always unpack later. This was too exciting to give up.

“This room is just what I expected!” Danielle said smiling.

“Yes, great choice Danielle!”

“Look! They rent paddleboards down there. We should totally go sometime in the morning or at sunset.”

“I’ll put it on the list.”

“Let’s not try to get too organized and worked up down here,” she said pulling her head towards my chest and signaling for me to put arms around her. “This is a vacation!”

“That’s a little funny coming from you!” I joked.

“Hey!” she said taking the kindly insult. “You know I’m on top of things, but it’s nice to get away once in a while.”

“Yeah, we both needed this.” I said.

“I texted our parents and told them that we arrived here safely,” she said.

“Thanks,” I said trying to examine every inch of the view in front of me. There were a few people walking below and not that many kids walking around. Everyone seemed to be our age or slightly

older. In the far distance of the left side of the balcony, I could see what looked like little houses and a few tennis and volleyball courts. Maybe we would end up meeting some friends and playing sometime. Danielle liked to stay active and it would be fun to do things outside of the resort gym and exercise classes. They had talked about some of the activities they wanted to do at the all-inclusive resort, but nothing was set in stone at the moment.

“Let’s unpack. I’m ready to grab a drink!” Danielle said lifting her head off my chest and giving me a light pat with her right hand.

“Ready to let loose already?”

“When in Rome!” she said walking to the suitcase on her bed. She pulled out a curling iron, some various colored bikinis, and socks while I walked to mine and just pulled out a stack of shorts and shirts to throw in the dresser in the closet. Within minutes, we found ourselves walking to the first beach bar we saw. Even though I wore similar clothes back home of chino shorts, flops, and a short-sleeve polo, Danielle decided to wear shorter white shorts than normal that hugged her ass just in the right places. She wore a pink tank top with a bikini top underneath and had braided part of her hair.

We talked to the tiki bar decked out in bamboo sticks, tiki torches, and other nautical decor. The bartender looked to be American, or at least Caucasian. I assumed there would be a mix of Americans and natives working at this resort. This being a high-end place, the tiki bar was nice, but a little too maintained to be authentic.

“Hey, how can I help you?” asked the bartender, herself wearing a work polo, shorts, and sunglasses. She appeared to be in her late 20s or early 30s.

“May I see a drink menu please?” asked Danielle.

“Sure,” she said quickly handing her a fancily designed small folder of drinks.

“I’ll do a Kona draft and a shot of spiced rum.”

“A shot of spiced rum already?” asked Danielle still reviewing the drink list. Her tone wasn’t condescending but not joking in the rhetorical nature.

“I thought you said when in Rome?” I replied.

She gave me a friendly pat on the knee.

“How is the Cosmo Calypso?” she asked.

“Oh my god. So good!” the bartender replied. “Probably one of my favorites on that menu.”

“I’ll take that,” Danielle said folding the menu and handing it back to her.

We sat at the bar, casually talking and enjoying the scenic nature of being outside with views of the ocean, nearby islands in the distance, and the hills surrounding us. Our bartender told us she was from New England and it was very common to see a lot of people from up there in the winter. The resort was mostly popular with Americans but also had a client base in Europe and a few countries in Asia. A few other patrons of the bar engaged with us in small talk and one drink turned into three. After tipping the

bartender, we held hands and made our way down a path to explore more of what the Coral had to offer.

Danielle said, “We just HAVE to go snorkeling at some point.”

“That would be a lot of fun,” I replied. “You’ve never been before, right?”

“We did it on a family vacation back when I was like 14 but that was the last time! It was amazing.”

“First thing tomorrow morning?”

“Maybe! I’m already tipsy.”

It didn’t take much for Danielle’s small frame to start feeling the effects of alcohol consumption.

“We don’t have to drink all the time down here like it’s Spring Break,” I told her.

“That’s true. Although those drinks were powerful! So yummy. Oh wow, look. Those people are hang gliding!”

“I think that’s parasailing,” I said noticing the boat pulling the people.

“Same thing!” she giggled.

“We will go out on a boat sometime while down here at least. They do eco-tours every few hours, there’s a booze cruise, and I remember seeing a few other things on the website.”

Danielle looked around while continuing to hold my hand. “Tom, I’m happy to be here with you.”

“Of course,” I said leaning in to kiss her soft lips. Already this vacation felt like it was bringing us closer together and something inside of me knew that our relationship was in for a change later in the night.

Hours later, Danielle and I found ourselves dining at Captain Turic’s, a seafood restaurant at the resort. We based our decision to go there on an interest in eating different kinds of seafood other than fish for the first time in months, with recommendations from Yelp. It was funny seeing Danielle try to crack a lobster open. Not exactly fine dining, but not the type of place that would have crayons already on the table either. We had spent the last few hours walking a lot, stopping at various shops and bar set-ups, went in a pool, and just relaxing on some of the chairs available in the sand before going back to our rooms and getting changed for nightlife activity. Danielle was now wearing a striped dress appropriate for summer, earrings, had her hair styled out of braids, and wore heavier makeup while I just put on better shorts and changed my shorts after taking a shower. Something told me we would be sweating a lot down in the tropics.

Danielle continued to pose with a goofy face as if the lobster was about to seek revenge on her as I snapped the picture that may have been her new temporary profile image.

“How did that look?” she asked.

I handed her the phone.

“Oh, that’s a good one!” she said handling her phone.

“I suppose I should make the reservation soon for DelTony’s for Wednesday night.”

“Yeah yeah! Anniversary night!” she said excitedly. “That place looked so amazing in the pictures,” she said referring to the images on the website of white linen-based tables lined around the edge lookouts of a waterfall-type spot.

I took a fork full of scallops to my mouth while browsing the reservation app for the resort. “Got us in for 8:15.”

“Perfect!” she said continue to spray lobster juice everywhere.

“How is everything?” said a dark-complexion server with a very thick accent.

“Amazing!” said Danielle.

I nodded my head.

“May I get anything else for you?”

“I’ll take another Panama Breeze,” said Danielle referring to the fruit alcoholic beverage she was drinking.

“I’ll do another as well.”

“Of course,” said the server.

Danielle continued to scroll through her phone. “Morgan says she hopes we have a great time and that she is so jealous she isn’t here!” she said sympathetically while making a short sad face.

Morgan was her longtime best friend. While Danielle was an only child, Morgan was the type to fill the perfect sister void. Even though they were the same age, Morgan always had a more serious and mature look to her. During college, she was often mistaken for being about five years older than she really was. Some frat guys joked about a cougar thing happening even though she didn’t have any lines on her face. It was just the way she dressed and carried herself. However, Morgan was one of the most generous and caring people I had ever met. The perfect best friend for my wife and a great family friend who would always be there for you. She was the maid of honor of Danielle at our wedding and her long-time boyfriend Dave was a great guy who I had hung up with often especially when the women wanted some girl-time.

“Tell her we are and that I’ll bring her a souvenir,” I said.

Danielle sent some sort of reply and then turned her attention back to me after taking another taste of her drink. She then started playing some type of footsie game with me under the table slightly with one of her wedges.

“I want to have a lot of fun while we are here,” she winked with her heavily mascaraed eyes. I could

take the hint. So, this is what it took to change my wife's sex drive? Why didn't we go out of the area more often?!

Costa Oliola is only about twenty miles long and ten miles wide. The west end of the island is still part of the Coral's property. After dinner, we decided to keep walking and if we got too tired could easily hail one of the shuttles that ran around the island 24/7. Most of the walkways were well-light and had easy access to a lot of things. Never did we feel unsafe walking anywhere especially with the amount of staff at the resort monitoring activity.

We stopped at an amazing bar called Aida that had a few cabana layouts and a pool in the middle that was accented with blue and red lighting. Most of the people there were other young professionals and they had a DJ which added to the ambiance. We were able to find a section where we could cuddle together and relax while drinking some amazing craft cocktails. Danielle was looking hotter to me by the minute. Even though this was the woman that I had slept next to for the last six or seven years nearly every night this moment made us feel like we were dating again. An erection appeared in my pants a few times, mostly thanks to feeling her thighs and side breasts at certain points during our time at Aida. My vision was starting to become impaired and Danielle kept laughing more. It was time. We needed to get back to our room so we could fuck immediately, unless I could put down the flaps of those cabanas. It was loud enough that I'm sure no one would hear our moaning while I fucked my wife in public.

Instead, we tipped out and walked, or rather stumbled, our way to the exit.

"We came in that way..." Danielle slowly stammered out lazily, throwing her index finger out as it was her habit to try and point out things.

"No, I'm pretty sure we came in that way," I said pointing to an opposite path.

Danielle put a grumpy face on since her personality was usually full of an endless amount of emojis. "Do we have to walk?! Let's just find the nearest place for a shuttle."

"Good call," I said barely able to unlock my iPhone. I launched the resort app and found the GPS to show the shuttle locations. "We have to go that way back to our room, but there's one by the coast along the way."

"Perfectttt," she stammered.

We made our way up the path to the southern coastline. The resort had calmed down drastically with foot traffic and there were very few people around. Most probably just went to Club Aida and were hanging out there until going back with their girl or guy as well or finding a hookup.

"Looks like we can take a shortcut there..." I said, holding Danielle's hand and trying to use my best navigation skills with the arrow on the map in the application. We went off the main path down a small dirt path that seemed to go down a small hill and would lead to some sort of building that was shaped like a cave.

"Are you sure? It's pretty dark around here."

I put my cellphone flashlight on for safety.

We walked up the path until I came to a wooden fence.

‘Do Not Enter’ was labeled on the sign.

“Shit, we probably have to walk around.”

“I’m getting tired!” Danielle complained.

At that point I was about to throw her over my shoulder and walk her to the shuttle but then something caught my eye. “Hey, it looks like there’s an opening down there to get to the path.

We walked a few more yards until coming to a small crack in the fence. It was noticeable due to its glowing red light. Upon coming up to it, the door looked only a little ajar and said ‘Employees Only’ on it. Since it didn’t appear anyone was around, us and directly behind us was a lot of shrubbery and a few other small buildings, I told Danielle, “Let’s go this way.”

She was so tipsy, she just closed her eyes a bit and shook her head yes. A hint of sobriety soon hit us as we entered the break in the fence and closed the gate door behind us. We were in the cave building, which wasn’t actually some type of touristy attraction, but an actual cave. No artificial lighting in there, just illuminations from the moon and a few other unknown sources giving away various shades of a prism.

“Wow, this is so cool!” said Danielle first attempting to get out her cell phone but then deciding to just take the experience in with her own eyes.

“Yeah,” I said as we started walking slowly. “What is this?”

Danielle looked around. “It’s not a bar... Not a restaurant. Where is everyone? There’s not even one of those TVs they have located that we’ve seen everywhere that displays information.”

“I think we may have found a grotto...”

I heard the sounds of a waterfall and we continued to walk down the narrow pathway. That’s when we came to the most amazing site we had seen on our trip so far. Half of the area was supported by a cave ceiling while another part was illuminated by parts of the sky from holes in the rocky roof. We could see the edge of the Earth from some of the openings in the formation as well as a small waterfall coming down. Rocks had been piled up protecting the area of the grotto from pouring off into the unknown. There were various shades of pink, turquoise, and teal along with red at the bottom of the water, which looked to be about three feet deep on the end closest to us.

“Why didn’t we see this on the website?! Holy crap!” said Danielle who was just as impressed by the breathtaking view that I was.

“No idea. Maybe this is a VIP area. We should...”

Danielle stopped me by putting her arms around me again and giving me the look that she wanted to receive yet another kiss. I leaned my head forward and placed my lips against hers. She decided to give a little tongue action. For some reason, I knew if I put my hands up her dress that her panties would be soaked.

“Let’s do it right here...” said Danielle.

We wasted no time in taking off our clothes. I threw my shirt and shorts to the side along with boxers as she slid her dress off, took off her strapless bra letting her breasts free, but allowed for me to take off her panties with her teeth. Danielle’s breasts were amazing. Not too big but not small either and fit her body extremely well. I had a rock-hard erection that she placed her hand on to feel.

“MMMMM,” she said as she let out a small moan, knowing I was going to be inside of her soon.

We slowly walked together into the water of the grotto. The water was warm, but not like a hot tub. There was no modern technology or plumbing in site. This must have been just one of nature’s miracles. She let out another moan and said, “This feels amazing!” I continued to hold her naked body as we walked in the shallow water side until our bodies were more emerged in water. We went to one of the small parts where water was running down from some sort of stream and got fully wet. We both laughed and then passionately kissed. My erection continued to touch her leg under the water as I put my hand on the back of her head closer bringing her into an embrace. Despite the edges of the pool section of the grotto being rocky, there was a straight edge that provided some comfort as I pushed her against it and started squeezing her breasts. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, liking the attention I was giving to her body.

I continued to tease her by rubbing my erection on up and down her thighs. It was a different experience for both of us doing this while mostly submerged in water. The closest we ever came to this would have been some shower sex early in our relationship.

After some more foreplay in the water it was time for my seven-inch penis to go inside of her.

“Ohh that feels really good...” she said softly as if not to bother anyone who could potentially hear us.

There was no need for putting a condom on. We had not used one in years and had trust in Danielle’s birth control. I continued to push more of my cock in her while trying to find the perfect position for us while keeping our heads above water. The scenery, the sounds of the waterfall, and the feeling of us together was somewhat magical. This was just what we needed. A new experience in an exotic place.

I placed my hand down to grab her butt. She always had a nice ass in my opinion. The kind that looked just right on a slender woman. I propped her up a bit after moving my hand down and lifting her thigh. She continued to kiss me and run her hands on my chest saying how nice it felt to get a good fucking.

This was the best we had in years. She came twice before I did as I was holding off a bit. Not sure if that had something to do with the water being in the equation of our sexual experience or not. We needed this every night of our anniversary. Hot sex in erotic non-predictable places. That would surely make for a memorable vacation.

After a few more minutes, I couldn’t hold it anymore. Especially when Danielle spread her legs even more and said she wanted to feel me inside of her. Who could deny a woman that? I made her dream come true by ejaculating in her. Apparently even when underwater, a woman can feel her man’s cum go in her. We continued holding each other. Looking into each other’s eyes knowing we were both

satisfied.

She gave a small laugh. “I can’t believe we just did that,” she said as we continued holding each other.

I didn’t bother responding. My wife was just too cute and somewhat conservative. I put my hands up to her face to balance her head into looking right at mine and brought her in for another kiss.

“I love you so much,” she said.

“I love you too.”

After our sexual adventure, we were still pretty drunk, though we could walk a little better. We found our way out of the cave and I was sure to shut the gate behind me and look out for any security. Shortly thereafter, we found the main path where a shuttle was conveniently showing up. Ten minutes later, we were back in our hotel room safe and sound. But who said the party had to end?

We grabbed some alcohol from our mini-fridge and went out on the balcony to relax. Having your body full of exotic drinks, happiness, and love while looking up at the stars with the love of your life is something to never take for granted. Danielle and I exchanged short kisses and nose rubs throughout our balcony talk.

“I’m okay with sleeping in on the first night,” she said.

“That’s fine,” I replied. “Remember we don’t need to rush anything.

“Exacccttlyyyy...” she said in her drunken girly state before yawning. “I just want to sleep out here.”

My vision was starting to become blurrier thanks to after-hours indulgence and being tired from all the travel and adventure that day. The responsible adult in me finally came out.

“I think it’s best if we sleep in bed tonight.”

Danielle hesitated, but then responded. “Okay. Can you tuck me in?”

We walked back into the hotel room closing the sliding glass door behind us and locking it. She immediately went to bed and passed right out. I managed to somehow stumble over some shoes she had left out and caught my balance on the edge of the bed, quickly crawling in to cuddle with her. The lights in the room were still on as we both passed out.

An unknown time later... although it must have been before dawn, since it was still dark outside... I woke up with bad stomach cramps and a headache. First night and I’m already going all in. I hadn’t been this drunk in a long time and hadn’t felt like I was about to throw up like this since graduating. I stumbled my way with blurred vision to my memory of where the bathroom was located. Somehow, I managed to get my left hand on the knob and used my forearm for extra force to enter the room of sin.

Wearing just boxers, since I had somehow taken my shirt off between passing out and getting to the bathroom, I quickly made my way to the toilet bowl and throw the top off since Danielle always liked leaving the seat down.

Closing my eyes, I felt the rush come through my stomach and out my mouth while my head started pounding. I let some more of my dinner and adult indulgences come back out of me and find their way into the water and sides of the bowl as I somehow felt my hair touch my cheek. How was this possible? I never had long hair before, even in Myspace days. It continued to grow and cover my eyes. I brushed it out of the way and quickly said, "I'm okay, Danielle," thinking that it was her who came in behind me, thinking I needed some help with her motherly instincts.

I turned but was surprised to see no one there. The hair was touching my back. Had too much whiskey had an abnormal effect on my body chemistry causing hair growth? How was that even possible? The motion in my stomach was getting worse. It was almost like there was something shifting inside of there. I pushed the hair out of the way and continued to vomit. I let out a few sighs and felt something strange in my throat. Was something stuck in there? I coughed loudly. This cough was higher in pitch than my last one. What the fuck was going on? I rubbed my throat, which somehow had smoothed out, hoping that any leftovers would come out. Sweat was dripping down my face and I used my right hand to remove some of it. Had my cheeks and nose grown? Why did this feel different? I opened my eyes and my vision started returning to normal. The long hair coming down my head was light brown with some blonde highlights, when before it was somewhat short and brown. How was this possible?! I started freaking out and screamed out for help.

"Danielle!"

I couldn't help but grab my throat again. This voice wasn't mine. It sounded like it could be a friend of Danielle's. Surely, I couldn't be so drunk that I thought I was turning into a woman! That thought soon went away as I felt breasts start to grow on my chest. I quickly grabbed them, thinking that if I pushed them down they would somehow go away, but that did not have any effect. Freaking out, I tried my best to stand up, but immediately fell to the ground, as it felt like my bones and skin were shrinking. Once on the ground, my vision went in and out as I saw my bare feet and legs lose hair. My legs looked shaven. I had never shaved them before. I was never part of a bodybuilding or swim team. Examination of my arms showed a little hair, but it was very light. These breasts were getting bigger by the moment and it looked like even the nipples were growing inside.

What hurt the most was that there was little I could do at the moment, since I was in so much pain from my hips and ass growing. So much that they broke the band on my boxers, causing me to rip them down my legs. I tried standing again and immediately felt an imbalance, not only from being drunk and sick, but because of the new proportions of my body. I tried turning to get a look of what was happening in the mirror, but the final effect was in motion causing me to bend over and grab my crotch.

In my hands, I felt my penis start to shrink and quickly grabbed my shaft trying to pull it in the other direction. This was no use as it quickly disappeared in my hands along with my testicles which seem to have gone inside of me. I only felt a slit of flesh, the same as when I played with Danielle's vagina except I felt both ends of the spectrum this time. An overload of emotions and physical pain hit me as I became numb and fell to the floor quickly only seeing darkness.

Chapter 3: Change in Plans (Tuesday)

There was a loud knock on the bathroom door. Surely, I didn't lock it during my drunken state. Why would I lock it when my wife was in the other room?

"Come on! You have to be in there! Are you okay?" I heard Danielle's voice yell.

I was still on the cold bathroom floor with only a toilet rug as a pillow. The nightmare sex change that happened in my drunken state last night turned into a reality as I noticed I still have breasts and long hair.

"Please tell me you are alive. I'm about to call medical!" Danielle begged.

"Danielle...!" I managed to get out of me. I clenched my neck again in hopes that I could talk like myself again and not this womanly voice. I didn't want her to see me like this. Now she probably thought I had another woman in the bathroom with me! Then again, even if she came in, where would my former self be? I managed to get enough strength to crawl completely nude and force myself to unlock the bathroom door. Danielle came in and immediately bent down.

"Oh my god, are you okay?"

"I think I need to go to the hospital..."

Danielle used some of her nursing skills and checked my pulse and asked me where it hurt. It was almost like she was giving me a quick physical before questioning why I now had a vagina.

"Where does it hurt?" she asked.

"Danielle! Something is WRONG! It's me... Tom!"

"What?!" she asked confused.

My vision was still blurry, but nothing seemed right. Danielle's hair was longer than it was the night before and even the bathroom looked different. The room was larger than before, with different decor and a much larger shower/tub and sink. Even the bathroom door was a different color. When my vision started returning to normal, I could see Danielle even looked about five pounds skinnier. My left arm was covering my breasts, just as I had seen many girls do before. These things were easily a D-cup and I felt completely humiliated by having to admit to that. Not to mention having long hair touch parts of my back, arms, and face was ridiculous.

"This can't be happening Danielle! I turned into a woman!!!!"

“Damn, how much did you actually drink last night?”

“Please help me!” I begged while still on the floor.

“Get up, buttercup!” she said as she bent down to try and lift me. It was obvious she still weighed less than me, but she managed to help me to my feet. She then grabbed a white towel and helped cover me by wrapping the large white towel around my breasts just like women do. This definitely was NOT the same bathroom I passed out in. It was about double the size and looked much nicer. I tried looking in the mirror, but Danielle was walking me out of the bathroom. I noticed that we were now about the same height, yet I was curvier than she was. My hips kept touching hers as she helped walked me back into the bedroom. As soon as we got out of the bathroom, I fell into more of a state of shock.

This was not the same room we were in the night before. The bedroom was now twice the size and had two large queen-sized beds with white covers and tons of colorful pillows on them. Many luggage cases were around the room, but I noticed a collection of cosmetic and perfume bottles around the room. There were multiple wood panel doors in the room but the main thing that grabbed my attention was the large oceanfront windows displaying an amazing view of the island and the horizon beyond. Danielle led me to one of the beds, where I sat with my legs open.

Danielle looked at me funny. “Do you want to lay down?”

“Not really. I want to change back!”

“What are you talking about?” she asked.

“Danielle?! Why am I a girl?!” I said losing patience.

“I think that’s a question for Jesus to answer.”

“I’m being serious!” I said. “Please tell me you remember last night.”

“Oh yeah, how could I forget! Gosh that was so much fun! We were dancing all night long at that beach party. Glad we all made it back here safely.”

“Beach party?”

“You mean you forgot?! I mean... you were doing a lot of shots...”

“Danielle... Seriously... We need to get this taken care of. I’m getting very scared, and you know it’s not like me to admit something like that.”

She placed her hands on my head in a way that I had seen her do with some female friends when they were upset or complaining. “Look. Everything is going to be okay. You just got really drunk last night and it may be a chemical imbalance in your system causing you to become delusional.”

“No, Danielle. I’m your husband, Tom! Why is everything I say wrong?!” I never cried much as a man, but when the love of your life doesn’t believe you, and you have the body of the opposite sex there is only so much you can take.

Danielle came to my side to hug me and I leaned my face into her shoulder. God, I’m pathetic.

“Don’t cry! I know you get a little emotional when hungover. Everything will be okay, and we are all going to have the best time down here.”

“We all?”

“Yeah? Don’t you remember? Morgan and Linds are in the next bedroom over and Patricia and Ally took the downstairs bedroom.”

Most of the names sounded familiar. What were they doing here? I had enough and stopped being such a pussy. I got off the bed and stood up.

“Danielle. Please just listen to me. I’m your husband, Tom. We are still in Costa Oliola, right?”

She nodded her head to give a yes signal.

“We are down here celebrating our fifth wedding anniversary. We met in college when I was a senior and you were a junior. All of this is true right?”

She answered. “I mean, we did meet in college, but I don’t know where you are getting this whole marriage thing from.”

I looked down at my hand. No wedding ring. I looked at hers and there appeared to be an engagement ring on her finger.

“Danielle... Who am I and what are we doing here?”

She looked confused, shook her head, and went to a Louis Vuitton purse that was on one of the dressers. She then opened it up and passed me a girl’s wallet. In there was an I.D.

Tara McKensie.

DOB: The same I had before.

Height: 5’4”

Weight: 130 lbs.

Hair: BLD

Eyes: BLU

Sex: Female

The other disturbing part was that in the driver’s license photo, this woman had similar hair that I now had on and looked like she could be a sister if I had one. I quickly ran to the full-length mirror in the room. That confirmed that I was indeed all girl and looked like the one in the photo. This was me. I looked highly attractive even without my hair done, no makeup on, and hungover looking. My breasts and thighs were huge, and I appeared to have a very thick booty, yet wouldn’t be considered a big girl at all. Just really curvy in certain places.

“Wow, Tara, why are you so shocked?” asked Danielle.

I started freaking out again. This was unbelievable. It wasn’t like I had a body suit on or anything. I remember feeling sick in the bathroom last night and feeling the physical aspects of the transformation. The worst part about this was that the love of my life didn’t believe me. There was no way I could take

this anymore.

“Danielle, can you please just tell me what we are doing here and what you remember?!”

She gave a small laugh as if she couldn’t take the conversation seriously anymore. “Yes, Tara. This was your idea, actually. You said it would be perfect and you have been right so far except for this whole freaky Friday gender change episode you have going on here. It’s Freaky Fridaaaaay...” she said singing the last line and doing some corny dance on the bed.

“And...”

“If you need me to point everything out. We are here for my bachelorette party! We are going to have such an amazing time down here. You are the best maid of honor!!!!”

I woke up with a dark-haired nurse shining a light in my eyes. “She’s coming out of it.”

“Thank you, Jesus. I was so worried!” said Danielle. “I tried everything I could do get you to come back to consciousness.”

“Where am I?” I said. Unfortunately, this was done with my female voice.

Danielle spoke up, “Tara, you are suffering from a minor case of syncope.”

“What does that mean?”

“You fainted,” said the clinic nurse in the room. “Have you had blurred vision and nausea lately.”

“Yes.”

Both Danielle and the nurse shook their heads in agreement.

“You’ll feel better soon girly. They are going to give you some antibiotics. How are you feeling now?” asked Danielle.

“I’m still a girl.”

Both of them laughed. The nurse spoke up. “We still have a few tests to do, but everything is looking normal. Our tests so far reveal that all your body fluid levels are fine, and you are a healthy woman for your age.”

This was useless.

Danielle had apparently dressed me in some soft shorts and a simple white T to take me to the medical office. We were taken by shuttle back to our room.

“What a way to start our trip. I’m glad you are okay, Tara!” Danielle said, giving me a hug in the shuttle. Nothing about this made sense, and I was hit with a lot of emotions. So many questions. Trying to think of any way I could find a solution.

The clinic had confirmed I was a real woman and I didn't even bother telling them about the random sex change. It would be too embarrassing, especially considered my own wife didn't believe me. We arrived back at the villa house. I wasn't going to lie. This was amazing. A major upgrade from our hotel room. This was its own property basically with a private pool, access to the beach, a patio area, and more.

"Are you okay to walk?" asked Danielle.

"Yes," I said as I got out of the shuttle.

As we walked to the door, the front door swung upon with a gaggle of women in shorts and beach tops coming out. I recognized Morgan, Ally, and Patricia but didn't know who the brunette with glasses was. They came rushing towards me with a lot of questions about how I was feeling. Danielle had texted them and mentioned them earlier, but the girls were still concerned. Obviously caring friends.

"Yes, I just felt very.... out of it." I said as we went into the house. I sat down on the large sofa in the living room as one of the girls left the room and the rest sat down with me.

"Girl had some crazy stories for me..." said Danielle in a sincere, yet friendly manner.

"Like what?" asked Patricia with a huge smile. Patricia's smile was notorious since she had very bright teeth. Very pretty black girl with large curly hair. The kind that you see in those commercials on television often.

"Care to share, Tara?"

The girls leaned in, expecting to hear some juicy gossip or something. I had to think fast. My own wife didn't believe reality. The medical staff found that I'm a woman. I'm in denial of my current existence. And apparently my love is now engaged to someone else and has all her friends down here with us. Where am I going to start with this? I was always a smart man who knew how to handle situations well, but problem-solving for this seemed like it was going to be an adventure in itself. If I couldn't convince Danielle, how was I going to convince the group?

I sat there still uncomfortable having long hair and breasts feeling vulnerable. "I just felt really sick last night and had some very bad nightmares that turned into hallucinations. How much did I drink last night?"

"A lot!" "A ton" "More than me!" I heard all at once as the girls smiled.

Another revelation came to mind. These girls had memories of last night where they saw me as a woman. A new reality had been created. Somehow, I had a new existence.

The girl whose name I didn't know looked at her phone. "Hey, we have an appointment in thirty minutes! What do y'all want to do?"

All heads turned to me. One part of me wanted to crawl into bed and go back to sleep to forget any of this had happened but another part of me was feeling like these girls were concerned about me.

Sure, I could stay bedridden the entire day and Google as much as I could about how magical

gender changes occur, but I could technically do that anywhere with my cell phone. Hey, where did I put that? Perhaps I should join the girls and maybe get some better clues into this new life that may help me either convince Danielle or change back. Then again, another challenge would be I would have to blend in with girls.

“I want to have fun and be with you all. Let’s go. What’s the plan?”

The girls turned to Danielle as if I had said something wrong.

“Okay, some cognitive issues still. You know everyone, we can always reschedule. I mean we are here all week. Maybe we can just take it easy and grab some drinks by the pool?”

“That works,” said Morgan.

“I’ll call the spa and schedule for tomorrow or Thursday,” said Ally.

“We were going to the spa?!” I said with surprise.

“Maybe you should stay in bed today...” said Danielle, disappointed by my condition.

This was difficult. Here I was now feeling like a burden even in this alternate reality. Yet, I didn’t exactly feel like going to a spa and getting girled up at the moment!

“It was just something minor and they said I’m fine. The pool idea sounds good, then we can see what happens from there.”

Just like Danielle, I had packed a lot more things on this trip. It had been embarrassing being treated like a woman, but the realization came that I was going to have to wear a bunch of different female clothes during this trip. So far, it had been normal stuff that both genders wear like shirts and shorts, but now I had to wear a fucking bikini! Didn’t I pack some board shorts somewhere?

Danielle took off all her clothes in order to change. I forgot that most females have no problem getting naked in front of each other. Now it was my turn, even though Danielle had just seen how my new breasts look earlier in the morning. She stepped into a black bikini bottom, which had a small pink band and teal band above it. Not one I had seen on her before. For her top, she put on a similar style color block spaghetti strap top. Somehow, I had a feeling I was going to end up wearing something like this very soon.

“Tara, are you ready to get changed?”

“I guess so. I just can’t find my shorts.”

“They are in the second drawer on the right,” she said.

I opened the drawer and found several denim shorts, a few soft workout ones, and some high waisted variety. I grabbed ones with the most coverage since I had a feeling that guys looking at my ass was going to be a problem. What was I thinking even doing this? For a swimsuit, I found the best one with maximum coverage that I could get my hands on. A blue bikini bottom with maximum butt coverage and a floral bikini top. At this point, I hadn’t even worn a bra yet. How the hell was I

supposed to know how to tie a bikini?!

There wasn't even a one-piece bathing suit in there.

"Can you help me with this?" I asked Danielle.

She gave a small laugh and said sure, coming over to me. I cupped the bikini in my breasts. It's pretty ridiculous that I even have to describe the feeling of putting something like this on for the first time but trust me it's not like cupping a girl's breasts. You feel everything now that they are your own. I had the bikini top in the best position I could think of as Danielle tied it tightly on my back. I then took off the shorts I had on giving me a clear look at my vagina. I don't think I was ever going to get used to not having a penis down there. Ugh. I slid up the blue shorts and then followed by putting some light denim jeans over the top since we would probably be walking around a lot.

"Are you ready?" I asked Danielle as she put on some matching shorts.

"Almost," she said starting to play with her hair. Something about that moment made me look at my own. I had no makeup on and didn't even want to make an effort to try learning it in the meantime.

I watched as she brushed out some of her dark hair. The beach weather had made it somewhat wavy and she looked amazing. I could have been spending this moment as her husband holding her but now had to be a pretend girlfriend which made me sick to my stomach.

Maybe I should at least make an effort to do something with the hair. I found a brush and started stroking the left side of my hair. The brush got stuck a few inches in and then I remembered how Danielle always did it. Short strokes and then long ones to get the texture out. Maybe a hair tie would help to keep this shit out of my face.

I managed to just tie it in two places in the back and it didn't seem that secure. Not that I cared anyway. Both my toes and hands were painted in purple polish as I reached for some feminine scented deodorant. Reaching for my phone, I put it in my back pocket. Did these female shorts have less depth in the pockets or something? It seemed to stick out more.

"Okay, are we ready now?" I asked Danielle without looking at her.

"Why are you in a rush all of a sudden?" she laughed. "This isn't like you. It's usually the other way around."

Ugh. How am I supposed to respond to something like that?

I then turned around and saw her put on the veil again. Guess this was my cue to put on that humiliating Maid of Honor sash.

Everywhere we walked in the resort, guys were staring at us. I felt exploited each time. The girls, on the other hand, were used to it. All of them were attractive in their own way and have probably had boys hitting on them since puberty. They ranged from simple stares to guys trying to find out our entire plans for the day. None of us told them that our first destination was the Lagoon Bar and Pool.

This pool was very big and had a lot of cool decor around it in the styling trend of a tropical island.

We saw a large wooden bar made from a boat that looked like a shipwreck and people running around in swimwear. Once we made our way to the bar, there wasn't any problem getting drinks for us with this being an all-inclusive resort. I was given a piña colada, which I sipped as we walked to lounge chairs.

"I wish we had things like this back home!" said Linds.

"Yeah too bad we live hours from the beach," said Ally.

"Maybe we can make a small weekend trip sometime after the wedding," Danielle insisted.

I still had no idea who Danielle was engaged to. Not that it mattered completely, but maybe it would make some of this puzzle come together. What I needed at that moment was to find some way to escape this girl time to explore without being at the villa all the time.

Some of the girls took their shorts off. I decided to keep mine on. Maybe they were about to prep some more Instagram POV photos of their boobs and shaven legs by the pool. That seemed to be a common trend right now. A few giant inflatable flamingos and other animals were drifting around the pool for people to get on.

"Tara, did you bring those little water guns?" asked Morgan.

I wasn't sure what she was talking about. "Shit. I forgot them."

"Oh no! Those were going to be so fun! Maybe later tonight or tomorrow," she responded.

There had to be a bag of bachelorette party goodies somewhere at the villa that I was somewhat responsible for. So far, I had been a pretty shitty Maid of Honor! Would it be in my interest to go full force on it? My mind was still pulled in many different directions. One thing was for sure, I wanted things to be back to normal so I could enjoy my anniversary with my wife as a man without being her best female friend!

"Who is ready to get in the pool?!" asked Linds clapping her hands together.

Some girls followed suit. Danielle looked at me.

"Go ahead," I said. "I want to take a little nap..."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Danielle, I'm not your babysitter. Do what you want!"

She laughed and joined the other girls for pool shenanigans. Finally, some time alone. At least for now... I continued looking through my phone for any clues necessary. Pulling up a To-do app I made a list of possible scenarios.

1. This was all a bad dream (I wish)
2. I was somehow a victim of an evil curse or witch
3. This is somehow a lesson on how to treat women and I'll turn back before leaving here

I started backtracking all the events that happened yesterday.

4. It was somehow alcohol related.
5. It was something I ate.
6. Some chemicals in the grotto caused this.

Wait a minute... The grotto. It was the only part of yesterday that was mysterious but the more I thought about it the more shocked I became. This turned into some anger.

7. Danielle is responsible for this?!

I hoped this wasn't the right answer. But it was a good possibility. Under 7, I put:

- A) She booked the trip
- B) Even though I found the path to the cave, she insisted that we go in the pool
- C) She has denied ever knowing I was a man.

But why would she do this? I felt like Danielle and I had a happy marriage. She was always very good to me and I was good to her. We were living a very nice life. Why would she want me to change into a woman? Too many thoughts were coming to me. I had to start exploring all these options. Just as I was about to get up, I was stopped by some guy wearing a white shirt with the Coral logo on it and red swim trunks. He appeared to be about 21 or 22 years old and was very well built.

"Hey Miss. Do you need help with anything?"

"No, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "You seem to be in a rush to get out of here."

"It's fine. I just need to tell my friends something."

"Who are they? I'm one of the pool attendants," he said, as if that added something to his credibility.

"They are over there," I said pointing randomly in the pool.

"Oh, a bachelorette party," he said. Maybe the sash on me gave that away. "You look like Maid of Honor material."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You seem to be the very put together type. The one who is responsible for keeping everyone together."

"Ha, if only you knew."

"My name is Jake by the way. How long are you down for?"

"Till Sunday. Nice to meet you but I have to get going."

“Just let me know if you need anything in the future. And I do mean anything!”

I walked away. What a weirdo. I went over to where the girls were swimming in the pool and found Patricia.

“Hey, I’ll be back in like thirty minutes. I’m just going to walk around a bit.”

“Why don’t you come in the pool?!” asked Linds.

“I just have to take care of something,” I said.

“Is someone going to watch our stuff?” asked Danielle.

“What is someone going to do with your bridal veil and a bunch of towels?” asked Ally.

Finally, an opportunity to explore. Although I could say I felt a little odd walking around in a woman’s body by myself. The stares were mostly uncomfortable. I should have brought a shirt to put over my bikini since these boobs were getting on my nerves. Every guy felt the need to look at them as if it were his responsibility to check and make sure they were there. Considering we were so drunk last night, I forgot my way trying to navigate through the resort. Where was this stupid cave thing?

Eventually, I jumped on one of the shuttles and decided to go sightseeing hoping I would see some familiar objects to help guide my way back to manhood.

Where did you go???? Danielle said in a text.

Be back soon. Just looking around. I typed with my manicured fingers. You can’t image how hard it is to try and adapt to even appearing to be normal when you have the body of a completely different person. Everything from the long hair to the painted nails was signs that I was no longer a man.

“Hey, do you know of this cave looking thing?” I asked one of the employees on the shuttle.

“Cave?” a very dark-skinned man asked.

“Yes.”

“You want cave?”

His extremely thick accent made it extremely difficult to understand him and I’m pretty sure he had no idea what a cave even was. Suddenly, I saw the nightclub we were at and frantically pulled the lever letting the driver know I wanted to stop. Backing my tracks, I did a slight run like a mad woman going down the paths I somehow started to remember. Then I saw paradise, the top of the rock formation and the small path that wasn’t paved. However, once I got down the hill to the cave, I was in for a shock.

The entire part of the property had various forklifts, cranes, and other heavy machinery along with a lot of tape. I started walking around what I could, but it was very loud, and I could see some maintenance workers around the place.

What the hell was this? Please tell me I can get in!

I walked laps around the tape and saw no other option. If this were the movies, I would surely be able to find an extra work uniform and try to blend in. But this was my entire existence I was worried about. Some lame worker's tape couldn't keep me from that.

I went under the tape to the stares of a few maintenance workers who were just standing around with shovels. None of them tried to stop me, luckily. After going to the gate, I found it was closed this time. Ugh, it was too heavy to pull open. This was the right door. Why was it locked?! I looked up, trying to see if I could squeeze into any type of opening, but there was no luck.

"Ma'am, what are you doing down here?!" asked a heavy-set man wearing a white hard hat.

"I need to get in here!" I yelled, my hands still trying to open the latch to the gate door.

"You aren't supposed to be in this area. It's not safe for you here."

"It's unsafe for me NOT to be here. I have to get to that grotto."

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Please just let me in the door!"

"We can't let you do that Miss. This is a restricted area."

"Just two minutes. That's all I need!"

"The answer is NO," he said losing patience with me. As a man, I felt like I could take this guy but now that I was much shorter and a lady, that wasn't going to happen. These construction crews usually stop working after dusk. Maybe I could come back here at night.

"Where did you go?! Danielle asked as I came back to the pool.

"Just looking around."

"You were gone for a while!" said Patricia. "Meet up with some guy?"

"NO!" What kind of girl has a random hookup in the afternoon while on vacation?

Danielle handed me a piña colada from the bar. "How are you feeling now?"

"Physically okay. Mentally confused."

"We were talking about having dinner at Rosicolo's tonight," said Ally. "I heard it's SOOO good."

I adjusted the Maid of Honor sash on my chest for like the fifty-second time that day. It would be at least a few more hours that I would be stuck as a woman. I watched as some of the girls talked about random stuff and giggled. Something I had seen Danielle's friend's do many times, but it was different now that there were no men around. Part of me couldn't let go of the possible conclusions. I had to get Danielle alone again. The chance came a few minutes later as we made our way to the bathroom

together.

“Danielle, do you remember going to a grotto last night?”

“Grotto? Is that the name of a bar here?”

“No. It’s like a cave meets natural pool thing. Had a bunch of different colors reflecting and open-air space.”

“I’m pretty sure we weren’t there but it sounds really cool! We should go!”

She wants to go back? Wait, it sounds like she sincerely has no idea what I’m talking about. I have always trusted my wife but have mixed feelings about this. This is insane. I can’t help but think what may happen if I’m stuck like this. What am I thinking though? Why in the hell would my loving wife want me to be a woman? Is this part of some sick test? I have to find some way to get back into that grotto.

But if it caused my sex change, why is Danielle still a woman?

We found ourselves going to the beach next. Palm trees around us provided shade and I could see miles of sandy beach ahead of us. The stares from people continued, almost like they wanted to set up camp next to us. If there was anyone who was going to cock block people during this trip it would be me! Spotting some white lounge chairs, we placed our stuff down. Linds started eyeing down the closest pop-up bar. I laid back letting my hair flow. Having shaved legs felt strange and I felt the need to cross them as I laid down. My mind had been racing all day almost to the point of inducing a headache. Since we were in the shade, I could finally see my phone better and now that we were sitting back relaxing perhaps it was time to dive into my female life to try to find some answers. Since the birthday on my license was the same I was assuming that my new female identity was just as if I had been born a girl. But how did that explain meeting Danielle?

I opened my phone with the thumbprint. Some of the basic apps I used on a daily basis with there, but there were a few others. One that seemed to track a period (glad I wouldn’t have to deal with that this week hopefully!), another for Pinterest, which I never used as a man, and what appeared to be some shopping apps. Those may not help me at the moment, but there’s several things that definitely would - social media apps and the photo library.

Going through my new Instagram, I saw that my profile photo was of my face and boobs in a bikini. Most likely this was taken yesterday. I had 1,354 posts which was crazy since as a man, I think I had about 200 after using the app in the past 6 years. It was just something I used when doing something cool or having a special moment in life. Not something I had to use every day to show off my body or tell people what I was eating or drinking. 15k followers?! How was that even possible when I was only following about 600 accounts? Browsing through the recent posts, I saw all the girls and I posing next to a sign for the Coral, the wings of the plane, me with the maid of honor sash on showing my pearly whites with Tara, another photo of me doing a selfie, and me with what appeared to be two other female friends. As I scrolled down more it appeared that the female version of me had a healthy and active social life and was generally happy considering the number of smiles. I stopped in my tracks as I saw the most disgusting image. I had my hair nicely curled and was wearing a fancy black dress kissing some guy with neatly groomed hair. I clicked on the photo.

“Amazing night at the gala tonight!”

Was this a boyfriend? I saw the tag was a guy with the handle studsandshakeandbakes. When I clicked on his profile, it appeared like I wasn't following him, but he followed me. I'm assuming we broke up or something. Not that I would have to deal with a boyfriend down here but in my short hours as a woman I couldn't help but think of the miserable possibility of me being stuck like this.

Launching the Face app, I saw that it was more family oriented. I didn't have a bunch of bikini pictures or party antics on there. Instead, there was a photo with me and my mom (who looked the exact same), a post about closing a deal at work, and some other stuff about movie recommendations. Under employment, I saw I was now working at a very respectable consulting firm in my area. I remember applying there as soon as I got my MBA and not getting a callback. Although I made good money now, I know it would have drastically increased had I landed a position there. The colleges in my profiles were the same. So just how much of my life was different? Obviously, I had a female lifestyle in this new reality, but some of my life path was the same and of course here I was still being close to Danielle. So weird.

Later that night, all the girls had gotten dressed up in little black dresses, minus Danielle, who was wearing some insanely tight stripped white dress that showed off curves I didn't even know existed on her. I had literally been forced to wear a short strapless black dress. Even though I had been in a bikini and shorts most of the day wearing a dress made me feel even more feminized. Maybe it was because the style was nothing like anything I had worn before. Of course, the same can be said with a bikini top but I was just thinking of it as a very short tank top at some point in time. Underneath, I had on a black thong and a strapless bra. Wearing a thong honestly felt like nothing was there. Of course, with part of it going up my butt, I could feel it, but I knew in the past this was done to avoid any visible panty lines that I may be displaying.

Danielle recommended that I curl my hair that night but of course I had no idea what I was doing. She helped me with hair and makeup just like I was her little sister. She still questioned when I needed so much help when I was usually really good at things like that. As a man, I never wore jewelry much but put on a bracelet, necklace, and earrings which of course I needed Danielle to help with. It was slightly embarrassing, but I wasn't about to start googling things that 8-year-old girls probably do. The more she helped me, the more she laughed about it, causing me to further wonder the possibility if she was behind this. The heels I had with me were black and about two inches. They were open and would show my painted toenails. Embarrassing, how am I supposed to learn to walk in these in such a short time?

Rosiccolo's was very similar to other high-end Italian restaurants I had been to. Dark wood everywhere, servers wearing all black, soft piano music, the smell of garlic and tomatoes everywhere, and more except they also had a giant waterfall and many nautical things to celebrate the island. We were seated at a large round table. I had to check myself when one of the staff members pulled a chair out for me waiting for me to take a seat. Not too used to people treating me like a lady. I sat down and crossed my legs, feeling the weight of my heels hang in the balance. The other girls were dressed in similar style dresses and heavy makeup. Danielle decided to not wear her veil out since the white dress gave it away that she was engaged. Was I being too selfish on this trip? Here I was thinking about returning to being a man while the love of my life was here celebrating an important moment. Then again, we had this whole butterfly effect happening here. If I was a man again she obviously wouldn't be engaged to some guy! I hadn't even spent the time yet to find out who this person was although I did hear his name, Alex, mentioned a few times.

Who the hell was Alex? As a married couple, I don't think we even knew an Alex and the only one I met in college was a girl with that name.

"Everything here looks amazing," said Linds who was smiling wide. It was further illuminated by her dark-rimmed glasses.

"I HAVE to get the calamari," said Morgan.

"Remember that place we went to in Key West last year?" asked Ally. "They had the best I've ever had."

Key West? When was that trip for Ally? Other than Danielle's best female friend (other than me obviously) Morgan, Ally would probably be next on the list. She was Ally's slightly younger cousin who had a different lifestyle than hers. Ally got married young at like 22-years-old and had two small kids. Going on trips out of the area would be a luxury for her since she had a very busy schedule with work and the family. I don't recall her talking about Key West last year until now. Plus, she was on a weeklong trip with the girls now. I may as well have gotten some answers while I was stuck as a woman out with the girls.

"How are the kids, Ally?" I asked.

She took her attention from the menu to me. "Great! I just checked in on them an hour ago. Rick has his hands full this week!" Rick was her husband. Apparently, everything was still the case in her life.

"I'm so happy you could come down here!" said Danielle.

"Yes, this place is amazing. I'm so happy you are getting married!" Ally said putting on a very enthused face.

The servers came to the table and took our drink orders. We all were going to "start" with wine. I wasn't feeling buzzed at all since we had stopped drinking heavily about two hours ago in order to get ready for dinner and going out. After we got our drinks, Danielle made an announcement.

"I know we had all our toasts and stuff last night, but I just want to say what an amazing time this is so far in Costa! Just think we have four more days here and we are just now getting started! It means so much for all of you to be here. I love all of you!"

A lot of awes and "I love you too" were given. Since I now had to play the role of her bestie, I followed suit. "We are always here for you Danielle."

She then turned her attention to me.

"And thank you again Tara for organizing this trip and paying for the stay in the villa and first-class flight!"

The girls burst out in thank you's. What the hell?! I paid for everyone to come here?! That villa we were staying in was no less than \$2,000 a night. Our flight here as a married couple was about \$800 round trip each and that was in coach. As maid of honor, I probably paid for all party supplies and I knew that the girls were buying their own food and drinks (if some guys didn't buy them for us

already). Did I spend over \$15,000 of my own money on this bachelorette party?! I heard of girls who were in weddings before complaining about the amount of money it costs. Some even complaining about spending \$300 on a dress but here I was apparently funding a week-long bachelorette extravaganza. One thing I didn't check when looking at my phone earlier was my personal finances now that I knew I had a different job.

As the girls continued their banter amongst each other, I went on my phone and launched my banking app. I nearly had a heart attack when I saw an available balance of \$352,443.11. How in the hell did I have that much money? Both Danielle and my combined bank account was a little less than \$50,000. That's just in that one account. I hadn't even looked at possible savings elsewhere or a retirement account. So now I'm a rich attractive woman with huge breasts in this alternate reality? Was someone trying to play head games with me? This week-long adventure didn't even make a dent in my account. Looking through recent transactions. I saw all the places we had went on this trip and the booking fees for the trip. All charged already. For just a split second, I wondered if staying a woman would be best. There was no way I could transfer that money to the real reality. Then again, I wanted my wife back... but she was still in this new life? Ugh, I was getting too confused. Time for more wine.

The rest of the meal was amazing. Some of the best food I had ever had. Three glasses of red wine later and I was feeling good. The girls announced that tonight we were hitting the club, hence one of the reasons were all dressed well. The first place we went to was a modern beach bar like the one Danielle and I visited last night. Guys were buying us shots, but we didn't stay long because some of them got a little creepy. Hopefully I wasn't this bad when I was out chasing women. Some of these guys couldn't take a hint at all. I felt like punching some of them out. Come on, you really expect to hook up with girls out for a bachelorette party? They knew better than to say anything to me. I turned my head away anytime any of them tried to say something and only took a drink if a tray was brought to us by a cocktail server.

By the time we reached Bondye, we were all drunk. The door guys let us skip the line thanks to some clever flirting on the part of Patricia and Ally. Maybe that's one skill I could use to my advantage while stuck like this. Once entering the club, it was like something straight out of Miami. Lights flashing everywhere, modern decor, great dance music, and just a party environment. The crowd was mostly 20s and 30s, so we fit right in. Many people stared at us but at that point in the day I was used to it. At the bar, I was given a cosmopolitan. Little too sweet for me usually but something about it tasted better now. Maybe it was because of the new body chemistry.

"I want to dance!" Danielle announced shortly afterward. We hit the dance floor and I'm not going to lie, dancing in heels is NOT easy. I just kind of wiggled my wide hips a bit. Meanwhile, some of the other girls were showing off their moves waving their hands in the air and bending down so far I could see their panties at times.

Two hours and six drinks later, I was feeling very good. It helped me relax and escape from the reality that I had a vagina. The constant reminder of that was how often I had to use the bathroom with the girls and sit on the toilet like a bitch and wipe when I was finished. Yeah, glad that period isn't scheduled to come for another two weeks.

We were still on the dance floor and a few guys approached us. This had been the scene all night, so I was used to it by that point. They introduced themselves politely and actually engaged us. They weren't douchebags or unfunny. Part of me thought I could have some fun with this.

“Let me guess. You are the maid of honor,” one of the guys said to me. He had that whole successful ladies’ man look to him. The kind that usually plays the male love interest in one of those movies my mom watches on the Hallmark Channel.

“What makes you say that?” I asked taking another swig of my... I lost count... cosmo.

“You keep standing close to the bride and keep checking on the other girls and how successful or unsuccessful my friends are trying to keep their interests. Leader of the pack.”

I laughed, “I guess it’s in my nature.”

“Hey, I don’t blame you,” he said. “I’ve seen it all when it comes to lame guys trying their best with women.”

“Oh really?” I said. Maybe he turned into a girl at one point too. No. Too unrealistic.

“I’m a co-owner in a hospitality group in Florida. We have quite a few clubs in Fort Lauderdale, Miami, and other parts. Started with bartending and then went up from there as I got my MBA.”

“Cool story bro. I have an MBA too,” I said.

“Where did you go?”

“Just a small private school called North Acres University. I work at Ernest & Miles now,” I said trying to sound more impressive than I actually was.

“Wow, Ernest & Miles?!”

“You know of them?” I asked.

“Of course, they are ranked as the second-best consulting firm in America right now. My company has used them a few times for analyzing some management and consumer aspects. I’m assuming you are a consultant?”

“Yes.”

“Wow, a woman with smarts and looks.”

This guy wasn’t the only thing hitting on me. I was suddenly struck with different emotions that could be caused by the increased estrogen in my system with alcohol and unfamiliar communication by the “now” opposite sex. The truth of the matter was I wasn’t going to change back into a man on the dance floor unless the DJ had some sort of insanely powerful remix handy. I was stuck as a girl for at least the new few hours. Part of me wondered how much fun I could have with it. Being one of the girls had its effect on me all night but I was also scared. I shouldn’t want to act like this. Was I becoming more of a woman the more time I spent as one?

“Thank you,” I smiled.

“I can’t believe you gave him your real number!” said Danielle, laughing as we left the club to head

back to our villa. We were all smashed by this point.

Flashback to that moment just about twenty minutes ago... Our party ended up in Matt's bottle service area. No, I didn't kiss him, but I was sitting next to him being a good girl the entire time. It was amusing. When he asked for his number, the first thing that came to mind was just look at my phone and find my actual new number. Now he has that information! Part of me blushed but another part knew I probably wasn't going to see this guy again. Meanwhile Linds had made out with one of his friends and Patricia somehow ended up going back to some guy's room! I didn't think she was like that, but miracles can happen here apparently.

"I have to pee!" Danielle complained. Why did women have to announce this all the time?

"There's a bathroom before we get to the shuttle," said Ally.

"I need a shuttle to the bathroom!" Danielle said.

We all laughed. I had not seen Danielle this drunk in a long time. Even last night was a cake walk compared to how it was now. We stumbled our way to one of the restrooms. As we approached the ladies room, we were shocked to see some thick girl about my age walk out of the bathroom holding the hand of some younger guy. Upon closer examination, I saw that it was that pool boy, Jake, I saw earlier who now looked high as a kite.

"Very well then..." said Morgan.

"Yaz girl!" Linds said loudly.

They just looked back at us knowing they had probably committed sinful activity.

Back at the hotel, Danielle and a few of the other girls passed right out. Patricia was probably going to do the walk of shame and show up at six in the morning. I couldn't sleep, even though it had been a very long day. I just spent the entire fucking day as a woman. That's crazy. Outside, on the large back deck, I climbed in the hammock and gazed out into the stars. My heels had come off, but I was still wearing my black dress. I rubbed my hand down my leg to feel the hem of the dress touch my shaved legs. Doing this to Danielle would have given me an erection back when I had a penis, but now it just felt... different. Kind of girly. As my drunkenness wore off, I thought about it more.

I fucking gave a guy my number. I was twerking with these girls in the club and acting as much as a woman as I could. This had to stop. This wasn't my reality or destiny. I needed to return to being a man and get my wife back. Sure, even one day of living as a woman had taught me a lot but I had lived my entire life as a man and was happy with my life.

I found a pair of sandals and took my room key, heading out the door quietly not to wake anyone. It had to be that stupid grotto. I needed to get back there. Sneaking out of the house, I put my phone on silent, taking it only as a safety device. The entire night I had been holding on to some stupid small purse but only took out my ID.

Looking at my phone after I quietly snuck out of the villa, I saw it was 4:15 am in the morning. It almost felt like I was a thief in the night as I made my way off the property and onto a path. I found some employees of the Coral nearby who looked shocked to see me. Obviously, I couldn't have them

drop me off in front of the grotto, but I could get as close as I could. It was peaceful since at the late hour, I was the only person on the small shuttle cart.

“Here is fine!” I said signaling them to stop.

“Are you sure?” asked a Hispanic worker.

“Yes. Thanks,”

I felt like both men were looking at my ass as I got off the cart. Never mind that, I had business to take care of. This had to end here. One night of fun as a woman was enough. I saw the empty construction equipment near the entrance and snuck as close as I could get. Trying to be the best spy I could, I avoided any lit areas for fear of being spotted and inched myself closer to the entrance gate. Some idiot left their keys in the gate! My lucky day! Freedom from feminization at last.

Seeing the interior of the grotto was like heaven again as I went down the pathway of different colors following the stream carefully. The grotto was much more bright tonight than last night. Maybe something to do with the moon?

Down a few dozen yards I went in the narrow pathway to the actual grotto. It looked just as it had the night before minus the extra lighting in this section just like the last. This was it. I knew what I had to do.

The first thing to come off was my sandals. Easy enough. Next, I slid my dress off and stood there in bra and panties. I guess one last time wouldn't hurt. I squeezed my breasts and rubbed my hand down my panties. Hey, what guy wouldn't do that for the last time? Hard to believe that these boobs and vagina belonged to me for a short about of time. Although I'm sure some guys would struggle to take off a bra they were wearing, I didn't have any issues since we had been through multiple outfit changes that day. Completely naked, I looked at the water in the grotto. It was extremely calm and peaceful. The sound of the waterfall was like angels were calling my name to enter.

“Here goes nothing...” I said as I smiled and closed my eyes as I walked into the water and slowly emerged my entire body in the water. It was slightly more cold than last night but that could have been my new body temperature or the fact that I was shaved in more places than last night. I swam for a few minutes also ducking my head in the water getting my hair wet causing some of the curls to go away. All this for serenity in knowing that come tomorrow morning, I would have my normal life back as a man.

“Hold it right there, Miss!” yelled a security guard.

“What?!” I yelled startled gazing up to see multiple people holding flashlights.

“She's naked!” said one person.

I covered my breasts. Something that came to me naturally for some reason.

“Ma'am, what are you doing in here?!”

“Can't I get some peace and quiet!” I yelled at them.

Within twenty minutes, I found myself wearing scrubs with a blanket around me in the security office. They had confiscated my belongings and told me I was trespassing. How was that even possible when this is supposed to be an all-inclusive resort! By that point it was nearly 6:00am.

One of the security managers had that whole rent-a-cop thing going for him. Tall, looked like he was a bully in high school, kind of an asshole. "I am Officer Hansey. I understand our team caught you skinny dipping in Section Z?"

"If that's what you want to call it," I answered losing patience after waiting alone in the cold blue room. Hansey was joined by two other officers who were taking notes.

"How did you get in there?" he asked.

"It was unlocked!" I said only half lying.

"What is your name?"

"TooomTara McKensie."

"Do you have your ID on you?"

"It should be in the stuff you took from me!"

One of the officers placed down a clear plastic bag with stuff in it including my dress, bra, and panties. Finally finding the ID and picking it up with blue plastic gloves on. He looked at the information and then my face.

"Miss McKensie, where are you staying on our property?"

"Why?" I said. I didn't want to be cooperative with them. Judging by the amount of time it took from the grotto to transform into a woman last night. I assumed I had maybe two or three hours left as a woman. I was tired and just wanted to go back to sleep with my wife. Even if tonight we were only in the same room and not the same beds.

"Please cooperate with us, Miss."

"Am I in trouble?" I asked.

The officers looked at each other. Hansey spoke up. "That area is highly dangerous. I'm surprised you weren't spotted by security going in there."

Security sucked last night as well apparently.

"Actually..." one of the smaller officers said. "This is the same woman who was spotted by the foreman earlier today. It is in the field notes."

Hansey quickly looked over what looked like a report on a clipboard. His patience started to get lower with me. "What is your interest in this section?" he asked.

“I just like to explore! This place is so cool and there are like a ton of hidden spots!” Something told me I needed to start using some feminine charm to get out of this situation. Maybe they wouldn’t mind seeing my breasts?

“One of our general managers just got in and wants to talk with you.”

General manager of the Coral? This must be serious! I was on the right track, though. That grotto has powers! Either I could have fun with them or just admit to them that I’m going to have a sex change back into a man soon.

Minutes later, after some other basic questions, I met one of the general managers.

“Alan Freeman,” he said as he shook my hand. Alan was a hefty man of probably 40 years old. Looked like he was powerful and educated though. “Nice to meet you.”

“You too,” I said.

“Miss McKensie…” he said slowly. “Can you please restate how you ended up in Section Z tonight?”

Was he just going to ask me the same shit these officers just did?! At this point I was about to fall asleep. Being out in the sun and living as a woman was exhausting.

I told him the truth. “I was taking a shortcut and saw the entrance. Wanted to know what it was so I went in there and it was so pretty I just had to keep exploring.”

“Why were you by yourself?” he asked.

“My friends went to sleep!”

“Although we pride ourselves on the top safety of our guests, it can be unsafe walking by yourself late at night here Miss.”

“I understand. It won’t happen again. Can I please just go?”

“You will be able to leave shortly Miss,” said Alan. “I just have a few more questions for you.”

I looked at him, blinking my eyes since I was so tired.

He continued. “Were you ever in that section before tonight?”

I thought for a moment. If I told him yes, I would probably be bombarded with hundreds of more questions. He would question my security and safety. Why did it matter? I was about to be a man again since I went in the mysterious grotto water. To get him off my case, I lied, “No, tonight was the first night.”

“Why were you there earlier today, trying to get in when there was a construction zone?” he asked.

I lied again. “That’s when I first found it, but tonight I was up and thinking it would be my chance since no one was around.”

All men and the one female officer in the room paused. Alan looked at his co-workers. "Is there anything else you want to tell us about what you saw in there?"

"It was beautiful."

"Nothing out of the ordinary? Any physical attributes such as coughing or feeling different?"

"No, it was just like a cool spa."

Alan looked around and shook his head. "Okay, Miss McKensie. Thank you for your cooperation. Now we do need to know where you are staying on our property."

"Why?"

"Because this is an infraction."

"What?!"

"If you don't tell us we can always look it up on the computer."

"Fine, it's the Casa Orhelia villa."

Some of the officers took notes and one left the room.

"Thank you," said Alan. "The first infraction is just a warning. We are going to release you soon, but please stay on your best behavior. Infraction two is being banned from certain activities and buildings for the rest of your stay and the third infraction is having to leave the property."

"Okay," I said. "Can I please go now?! I'm tired."

"Yes, once your contact gets here."

"Contact?" I asked.

"Under our policy if you are detained in our security office and given an infraction. You must have one of the guests you are staying with come and get you. We can send out a shuttle, but they must be notified."

"I can't believe you did that!" Danielle said yelling at me. She was NOT in a good mood after being woken up very early in the morning after drinking all night. She continued to argue with me as we sat outside in some chairs after being returned from the shuttle. The other girls in the house were well aware of what was going on. I had first called Morgan, but she INSISTED that Danielle show up with her to get me. Once we got back she told Morgan to go back to sleep while she had a long talk with me outside. This was after I had changed into yoga pants and a t-shirt while Danielle was in her pajamas.

"I needed to," I said to Danielle. "Trust me, it's for the best."

"What in the hell are you talking about?!" Danielle asked looking very confused and still very tired.

“Are you crazy? What were you thinking? You could have drowned or worse! You know how unsafe it is to go out ALONE at night no matter where we are!!!”

At that point, I realized two things. One; Danielle was definitely not responsible at all for my transformation and more importantly, two, she was talking to me like a female best friend would rather than a wife. She truly always remembered me as being her best female friend. I was more awake now that Danielle was giving me a lecture.

“Danielle, I just wanted some alone time to take care of something.”

“Are you seriously okay?!” she asked. “Why have you been acting like this?” she said squinting her eyes. “You haven’t been acting like yourself for most of this trip.”

“What do you mean?”

“REALLY!?” she said, as if I had just asked something stupid. “What is with wanting to be alone so much when you are the one who planned this entire trip and paid for us to come here?! And why have you been acting like a completely different person since yesterday morning. It makes NO sense.”

If only she knew...

Danielle continued her lecture. “You aren’t as verbal as you usually are. You’ve been acting kinda standoffish all day. It’s weird. So, what’s going on?” She started to have slow tears roll down her face. I never liked seeing my wife cry.

“I didn’t mean to Danielle. It just happened.”

“Was it something we did, or I did?” she asked starting to cry more. I bent forward to get closer to her. “Of course not, it was just something major that happened that needed to be dealt with.”

“Why can’t you just tell me?!”

I already tried to... I thought to myself but didn’t say it knowing there would be a backlash. Then again, Danielle was in this new reality and here I was stuck in the current dimension. “It’s hard to explain. I’m not sure what you want me to do.” Somehow, I felt I could get away more with that now that she saw me as a female rather than her husband.

“I just want you to be yourself!”

So did I. When was I going to change back again?

She continued, “You are worrying me and it’s like you aren’t having fun on this trip. I know how much this vacation meant to you to ensure I had a good time.”

Okay, now she wasn’t having a good time.”

“... Which is why it upsets me! This is literally our last time to be able to do this. We all got lucky that we could all take off a week at the same time for a girl’s trip. Who knows when the next time that will happen? I’m getting married in a month and Ally is always busy with the kids. Morgan, Linds, and Patricia have their career things and boyfriends and you are trying hard for that promotion to be a

partner of the branch soon!”

Partner of the branch?! At this new company, that would mean a massive raise even with the extra income now. Wait... this was getting absolutely ridiculous.

Something clicked inside of me. I had just had a moment where I was excited about female life.... Or rather my female life. However, changing into a girl had made me a worse person... only because I wasn't accepting of it. The entire day I had been a self-centered, egotistical liar. That's not how I normally am. Why did that change? It wasn't because of the female anatomy I now had. It was how I was dealing with the situation. I knew I was smarter than this. The other issue was the fact that I thought I would have turned back by now and here I was outside after dawn. What if I was stuck like this for the next few days? I didn't want my wife to be miserable even in the new reality. She deserves better than this. She needs to be happy. I always provided her with love and support unconditionally before, why should that change now? Of course, I wanted our old life back but for now I needed to stop thinking about myself.

“I'm soooo sorry Danielle. You know I always love you.”

“Gosh you sound like a boyfriend trying to get me back!” she said after sniffing the tears and giving a slight laugh.

Apparently, I had a lot to learn about being a woman.

Chapter 4: Getting to Know the Girls (Wednesday)

Due to lack of sleep, between going to bed slightly after dawn and having to wake up from the catnap nearly two hours later, I passed out as soon as we got to the spa at the resort.

“You must have been tired, Tara. I can’t believe you slept through a bikini wax!” said Morgan.

I looked down to observe my vagina. Completely hairless. It was shaved before, but this was model material looking. Still, it was weird looking down there and seeing a mound as opposed to the penis I once treasured.

Linds was wearing a white robe and had her hair up. She was smiling at her nails. Looking at mine I saw I now had French tips. Before, even as a woman, my nails were short. They weren’t overly long but came out further than normal. Not super long acrylics but not completely trimmed either. But why did being a woman have to be such high maintenance? When I laid my eyes on Danielle, her skin looked very smooth. I could tell she was happy with having this girl’s day, which made part of me feel content. I had to promise myself to remember what I said last night and that my actions had caused her heartbreak so far in this new reality. Patricia came close to me, holding a mimosa in one hand.

“Someone was blowing you up while you were passed out girl!” she said with a smile.

“What?”

Ally joined us. “Miss Popular here was getting a bunch of messages! You were passed out completely. I guess if you can sleep through someone waxing you down there, you can sleep through notification beeps!”

Linds turned to me. “We had to take your phone and put it on silent.”

I looked for my phone and found it in one of the pockets of the robe. Opening it up with TouchID, I saw a few social media notifications as well as texts from several different people:

Mommy ♥: Hope you are having an amazing time!!! Call me when you can.

Landon Parker: I know you are on vacation, but if you can email me that attachment Stephanie sent you last week that would be great. Busy day at the office!!!!

Sarah Harper: Bring me back a shot glass from there if you can please please!!!

555-555-5555: Amazing night! It was great spending time with you and getting to know you. We are both busy while down here but would be great to see you again. Maybe bike ride tomorrow? - Matt

“What the fuck?!?!?”

The girls gasped.

“What’s wrong?” asked Danielle.

Patricia turned to Linds. “Not another dick pic!”

“No, not that,” I responded.

“What is it?” asked Ally.

“I just got asked on a date...”

They all seemed to either smile or have a reaction like they weren’t surprised.

“Who is it?” asked Danielle.

“That guy I met last night at the club...”

They laughed.

“What else is new?!” asked Ally jokingly.

“He asked you on a date while on vacation?” asked Morgan surprised.

“That is kind of odd,” said Patricia.

“I’ve done it before,” said Linds.

“Really?” I asked.

“If it’s like a few days like this one, yeah,” she said. Linds raised her glass towards her mouth but continued before taking another drink. “It can be fun...”

“Do you want to see him again?” asked Patricia.

“Wait, you actually gave your number to him last night! Must be interested...” said Ally.

I paused for a moment. This girl-talk thing and the pressure of knowing some other man just asked me out was becoming too much. “Not really...”

“Okay, then just ignore him!” said Linds.

“Wait... I know that tone of voice,” said Danielle.

“What?” I asked.

“That’s the voice of Tara not telling the truth! You saw something in him... You wouldn’t have given him your real number otherwise.”

This was stupid. How did I get myself into this?! Of course, the easy way out would be just to ignore the situation, forget about Matt's text, and continue about my day, but somehow the estrogen influence was starting to get to me thanks to being around these girls.

"Then what should I do?" I felt compelled to ask Danielle.

"Just text him back and talk to him! I think you should do it!"

I hesitated, just holding the phone in my right hand. Looking at the girls, none of them were saying anything, but all of them were smiling, anticipating my next move.

"Fine..." I said before sending a reply text:

Sounds good. I should be free for an hour or so in the afternoon. 🧑‍🦰 ♀ 🚲

In between leaving the spa, going to lunch, and now back at poolside, I had spent some time texting Matt. Nothing flirty, just having a conversation about things. Felt nice just to talk to another guy and it was like making a new friend. Sadly, wearing a bikini now didn't feel as strange as it did yesterday.

I wore an Aztec pattern push-up bra style bikini top, even though my breasts were already huge enough. The small spaghetti straps and thin fabric around my back firmly supported my large boobs. The bikini bottom was in similar design, but mostly black and showed a little more of my butt cheeks. A matching waist skirt that came up past my knees as a cover-up was used as part of the outfit. Putting in and taking off earrings wasn't as difficult as I made it out to be at first. I also wore a small bracelet and a necklace with a seashell on it. For makeup, I put on a little eyeshadow and lipstick. As much as I didn't want to admit it, I was getting this girl thing down. I didn't even need to ask Danielle for help when it came to using a curling iron on my hair. For some reason, we all dressed to impress, even when it came to going to the pool. Danielle didn't have to ask me to put the Maid of Honor sash on this time. I kind of just knew what to do to act like a natural woman.

The bartender at the Tiki bar by the pool recognized us and the first round was on him. I chose another frozen tropical drink and looked around the surroundings. It wasn't as busy at the pool today. I had yet to actually get in the water with my bikini on and became slightly curious as to what it would be like. We started just laying around and lounging, but then I dipped my toe in and put the rest of my body in the pool. Other than new weight on my chest and ass, I was reminded to be careful to not get my hair wet. The warm water did feel great against my breasts, and there was a new sensation of swimming slowly without some boring board shorts and a penis down there. I excused myself from the girls in the pool and went to grab my towel and lay down. It was kind of funny that they started making fun of me again for being a girly girl.

Once back in the lounge chair, I laid back and just looked up into the sky. Today was less stressful than yesterday by a long shot. I played with my long hair a bit with my right hand. Part of me suddenly thought about what it would be like to live as a woman full-time. Not that I wanted to, but the thought came to mind due in part to the fact that it had been more than 24 hours since the sex change happened. I didn't want to be stuck like this but after all the shenanigans last night, when would I get another chance to explore a way to turn back?

Another thought came to mind. What if when I changed back? Would both Danielle and I have memories of this whole incident of me becoming a woman? Perhaps that would help improve our marriage. Suddenly, another thought came to mind about what happened earlier.

"Shit... I forgot to call Mom!" I said out loud before digging in my bag to find my iPhone.

Seconds later, she picked up:

"Hey Tara!!! I'm so happy to hear from you! How is Costa Oliola?"

It felt great to hear her voice. Especially after everything I had been through since coming here. It had been about two weeks since I last spoke to

her.

“It’s amazing here, Mom!”

“It looked so much fun from the photos you put up the other day!” she said.

Oh yeah, I forgot to post anything yesterday. Gee, wonder why! I made a mental note to post a picture as soon as I got off the phone.

“I’ll post more pictures soon,” I said.

“What are you all doing right now?” she asked.

“Lounging by the pool. They are all in the water, but I just wanted to get some sun.”

“I’m sure I don’t have to ask this, but do you have sunscreen on?” she asked, acting motherly.

“Yes...” I said referring to the small amount I rubbed on myself earlier.

“Good, I remember you used to burn very easily when you were little,” she said. “Oh, and guess what. Your cousin Amy is pregnant!”

“Okay,” I responded. I hadn’t seen my cousin Amy in about ten years. She was slightly younger than me but lived across the country.

“I thought you would be a little more excited...” said my mom.

Oh yeah, I forgot how women seemed to always get excited about babies. Perhaps, in this new reality, I was closer to some female relatives than I had before. Especially my mother. We continued talking and I could tell by my mom’s voice that things were different. She spoke with more dynamics and was mentioning a lot of smaller things. Things that we probably shared. I realized that I seemed to have a closer relationship with my mom now that I was a girl. It kind of made sense. We were close as mother and son, but now

that I was her daughter, it seemed like things were... I hate to say it.... better off.

We talked for another fifteen minutes or so before saying our goodbyes. I made a promise to let her know when I landed safely back in the States. By then, I would be a man again. But while I was stuck as a girl and needed more photos...

I crossed my smooth legs and held the camera on the phone slightly above my breasts. The pool was in the background with the tropical palm trees and ocean in the distance. My painted toes were clearly in the shot, but the other thing of mention was the belly piercing I discovered that I took advance of while putting in jewelry. I snapped the pic and uploaded it with the caption: This is the life.... #Poolside #theCoral #surprises.

That was one of the girliest things I had ever done. But figured it was a once in the lifetime chance. How many men can say they were able to take a picture like that?

“Looks great from my view as well,” said a male voice behind me.

“Oh, it’s you again,” I said after turning around and seeing the same young guy who hit on me.

Jake continued smiling at me making me feel more uncomfortable. “Miss me?” he asked.

I ignored him and looked towards the pool while adjusting my ruby sunglasses.

“I’ll take that as a yes...” he said sitting down on the lounge chair next to me.

Excuse me? Who invited this guy to sit down? I didn’t want to talk to him. But that didn’t stop him in trying his best to woo me.

Jake leaned back a big showing off his arm muscles. Although he was

apparently on the clock, he was wearing a white tank top that was long. Popular style with millennials. “You never told me your name...”

I glanced at him, turning to my left with a straight face. Sure, I could lie. Or I could tell him to fuck off. Or I could just admit that I’m a man, but what good would that do? “Tara...” I said, turning my attention back to the pool.

“Cool. Enjoying the Coral so far?”

“It’s been a very unique experience,” I said, hoping he would go away soon.

“That’s great. If you got some free time later, I can play your tour guide. You don’t have to pay me,” he said half-jokingly.

I gave a slight laugh at this guy who looked like he was fresh out of high school hitting on me. “I’ll be fine. True me.”

“Ah, that’s too bad. I love having some one-on-one time with guests.”

“And you do that with everyone...?” I said.

“Just the pretty ones,” he responded.

“I’m sure that’s a lot...”

“If we both want to have fun, then yes...”

“What does that mean?” I said. I shouldn’t have said that. Now he thinks I may be interested. It’s not like I was about to go take him into the bathroom and blow him.

“You know... Many women, especially slightly older ones, come to the Coral to get away from things and have some great memories. I can help with that...”

“Yeah, I saw you last night with that one girl. I’m assuming that isn’t your

girlfriend!”

“You saw me?!” he said surprised.

I turned to him and said, “We walked right past you!”

“Oh wow. I was drunk, but didn’t think I was that drunk.”

“Are you even 21?” I asked.

“You don’t have to be 21 here at the Coral!” he said in defense. Maybe he had a point. Changing the topic, he said, “You are into younger guys, right?”

“No...” I said quickly.

“Ah... I see... Happily married and completely 100% satisfied with your husband.”

If only he knew. Yeah, Danielle and I came here to solve our sex life issues and have fun, but this had only added to the problem. Part of me wanted to talk to Jake right now. Not because I was interested in his advances, but because this was nice, talking with yet another guy. Being around estrogen-filled rooms all day was exhausting. Should I talk to him about married life, or pretend to be firmly in this new Tara reality?

“...I have a boyfriend...” I restated the popular lie most women use when wanting to get rid of unwanted sexual advances.

“Great. We have some things in common! I have a girlfriend back home.”

“And you are cheating on her by sleeping with random women here?” I asked.

“She doesn’t need to know,” he laughed. “I’m here having fun this summer. Not like she will ever find out that I’ve had sex with dozens of women down here with no strings attached.”

Wow, this guy had a lot to learn about dating women.

After our trip to the pool, we explored more of the island, still walking around in bikini tops, yet all of us wearing either short shorts or coverups. We hit a vista point where we saw the edge of the island and took many pictures and selfies together. I had to get used to smiling every time these girls took selfies, which seemed to be every 15 minutes on the trip, but it was becoming fun. At one point in our sightseeing tour of the island, Danielle made another comment about Alex, her new fiancé. I adjusted my Maid of Honor sash as she started talking about him, feeling uncomfortable. It's not exactly the best feeling, having your wife talking about loving another man!

She was casually talking to the other girls when I heard her say: "We'll probably go to Florida in January for a week if we can fit it into our schedule. His parents said we can borrow the yacht."

Yacht?! Who the hell was she engaged to? It dawned on me that this was one of the few things I didn't look up while doing my earlier research. It was part me being selfish about wanting to turn back into Tom, and another part me thinking the person who was now engaged to Danielle wasn't important. From what she was saying, though, this was not someone I knew in my previous life. As the girls continued their banter, I went on Danielle's Facepage. She was listed as being engaged to Alex Hawthorne. Why did that name sound familiar?

I placed my hand over my mouth as I looked at his profile while we continued walking. It was a gasp. Not like I was going to say anything in front of the ladies. They already knew who this guy was. This was my first time finding out about this shocking issue. His name sounded familiar because he was in the news lately as the youngest person running for Senate in our state. His dad was a former governor and the family was loaded. His ancestors became rich in oil and railroad fields in the 1800s and his grandfather founded a popular blue-chip company in the 1970s. He stood to inherit at least a few million. That meant Danielle was about to marry into wealth and power. A major step up from the middle-class lifestyle that we were living. I looked through his profile photos. Many images at galas, selfies

with celebrities, ones kissing Danielle at expensive looking destinations.... How did she meet him?! I wanted to know everything that happened. Why was this new reality so much different than before? I didn't want to admit it, but it seemed to be a better reality for everyone involved. But why was that?

The more I discovered how much Danielle loved Alex, and genuinely seemed to have a newfound outlook in life, the more I found myself questioning my own existence. While getting ready to go out for the night, Danielle and I had more female bonding time – the one thing I didn't want right now. While I put on a fresh set of purple panties, a lacy black bra, short black skirt, and rose-colored top that showed off my stomach as well as a lot of cleavage, Danielle went on and on about how she mixed Alex. Come to find out they were already living together in his McMansion in a very prosperous neighborhood in the suburbs. I was jealous, and I shouldn't have felt like that.

I continued putting on mascara as Danielle kept yapping about how everything in life was perfect. Ideally, this would happen with us, but part of me knew that wasn't the reality right now. Just a few more days... or so I told myself.

One escape I had through the night was alcohol. I put down three glasses of wine at dinner before we ended up at a beach bar. Luckily, we all brought sandals in bags so as not to walk on sand in heels. It was strange having so much stuff with me all the time, but it was all part of being one of the girls. At the bar, I drank a lot of fruity rum drinks and started to enjoy myself more. The music the DJ was playing made me want to dance like last night... although twerking my butt up against Danielle's wasn't exactly appropriate for a beach place with some older people around. Still, I think they got the point that we were there for a bachelorette party thanks to some of our outfits, sashes, and Danielle's veil. Of course, men hit on us, but I found myself texting Matt again rather than paying attention to them. It was kind of fun playing this game as the alcohol continued to run through my sinful body.

We could always meet up tonight....

I pondered the situation. Part of me knowing that would not be a good idea.

May take it easy tonight. I replied. *See you tomorrow?*

Hours later, Danielle and I made our way upstairs to our room with drinks in hand, barely able to keep our balance. What a fun day and night we had. Yes, I would be the last to admit that, but I learned that once I stopped worrying all the time on vacation, it was actually a lot of fun. Even if I was the opposite sex and my wife was getting married to another man!

We poured some drinks and went outside onto the deck. Just a few minutes ago Morgan and Patricia had to carry Linds and Ally inside, where they were already passed out. Both had mentioned they were tired, so Danielle and I thought we would just hang out in our upstairs deck or maybe go back downstairs to one of the hammocks later. My vision was still blurry, and Danielle was still coherent but wanted to lay down on the deck.

“This trip is AMAZZZZING!!!” she said stretching her arms out. Part of me wanted to accept it as a hug. God, I loved her. She became extra cute when she was acting like this when drunk. Hell, I haven’t seen her drink this often since college days. I hugged her anyway.

“I’m sooo happy you feel that way!” I said as my long curls hit her face. She squinted her eyes and laughed. I continued staring into her eyes and somehow saw something click. The drunk part of me had to do a double take, but it was one of those feelings where you know the truth. Did she just now remember me as a man?

“What is it, Danielle?” I asked.

She paused. “Just thinking about stuff.”

“Like what?” I asked, as I got up and laid next to her.

“You know... that time...” Danielle said with a non-stop smile, hinting like I should know what this mysterious event was. Maybe this was some

type of girl code I had yet to learn to decipher.

“Please remind me...” I said to her, making my wine do a dance in the glass with my hand.

She became very red in the face from blushing and looked around. “I can’t believe that even happened...”

Why did she have to drag everything out?! I wanted the scoop. This seemed juicy.

“I was sooo shy when I first got to North Acres. I didn’t want to show it at all. Here I was, this A+ cheerleader at my high school, now in college, and kind of intimidated by everyone around me. Yeah, I wanted to make friends, but it was just so much on me at one time. Then getting on the cheerleading squad and meeting you.”

“Wait... I was a cheerleader?”

“How drunk are you?!” she asked jokingly while wrapping her hand around my skinny wrists.

“Pretty drunk,” I answered honestly.

She laughed again and continued her speech. “It was like the third time we met. Not going to lie about it, but the first time I met you during practice I was a little intimidated by you. Here you were, this really pretty girl with very strong confidence levels, acting like you could get anything you want. You had more maturity than a lot of the other girls and I admired that at the same time.”

I smiled, even though this was kind of the fake version of me. Still, compliments are compliments. I took another drink and listened to where this story was going.

“Then came that one day. I was in the locker room getting changed out of workout clothes and you walked in by yourself. That was the first time I got

to really talk with you personally, and you made me feel so much calmer. You complimented me, saying how smart and pretty I was, and that I would fit in so well at North Acres. It made me feel much more comfortable with meeting people and being myself. I thought this was the building of a great friendship until what happened after that.”

She left me hanging like that? This was typical Danielle. Although a lot of great qualities existed in her personality and communication, she would often make rhetorical statements and assume that people knew everything.

Danielle continued going on and on about her feelings towards me and what we started talking about that day. It seemed like we really hit it off, but I nearly spit out my wine when she made the following statement.

“I remember you started talking about sex with guys just out in the open. Yeah, I had talked with some female friends about that before, but never someone that I had like just met that recently. Somehow you made me want to talk about it though. I remember you saying how cute it was that up until that point I had only had sex with my high school boyfriend, and laughing when I admitted that his dick was kind of small and I wanted to try some other things now that we weren’t together anymore. Then that hug turned into you kissing me on the lips...”

“It was how I was feeling...” I said pretending like I knew something about the situation.

“I had never kissed a girl before, but something about kissing you just felt.... fun...”

“Yes, lots of fun,” I smiled.

“Then the kissing became heavier and you then started feeling my breasts. It felt great... Never before had I thought about doing something like that, but things just felt right with you.”

Holy shit! I hit it off with Danielle as a girl?

She continued, “I’m sure that was every guy’s fantasy on PornHub or something. Two cheerleaders having sex in the locker room.”

“We had sex?!”

“Oh, come on Tara!” she said hitting my knee. “Please tell me you remember!”

“It’s all coming back to me now!” I said, imagining some ridiculously hot lesbian cheerleader sex scene in my head. Just thinking about it made my nipples hard, and I started feeling a little moist between my legs.

“Good! Wow, I still can’t believe we did that.... And again the next week at that party... and then at your apartment, and your fucking boyfriend walked in on us!” she said laughing.

I placed my hand over my mouth. However, starting to learn the female version of me at the time, he probably knew about my lesbian fantasies or thought it was hot and wanted to join in on the party.

“You were very wild back then!” Danielle said. “I remember you telling me some of the craziest sex stories I had ever heard. Do you remember the time you had anal sex with that guy in the Pac Sun dressing room? Or the time you hooked up with the bartender at Fat Loomies?”

How many guys did I have sex with? The girls had been joking about how I had been dating around a lot before but not hardly at all since my last break up as a woman. I wanted to say to Danielle, “I only had eyes for you...” but that wouldn’t be appropriate at all. It’s not like we were dating as girls, or at least it seemed. Just having some hot lesbian fantasy stuff. I’ve heard of other straight women having sex with girls. Who wouldn’t?!

“Danielle... those were very fun times...”

“Yeah... good ol’ college days! Good three week run there.”

I’m assuming it ended after the boyfriend walked in. “Did I have any

other sexual encounters with women after that?” It was ridiculous for me to ask her that, but I was too curious.

Danielle said... “Not that I know of... I remember you told me that you made out with some teacher’s assistant during your freshman year at college but, oh my god, was I the last girl you ate out?”

“I believe so...” I said.

She scooted herself closer to me. “That’s so funny....”

I looked into her eyes. This was the woman I loved. The woman I had always been attracted to. Here we were having an incredible night together and I felt drawn to her. Like I did when we first started dating. What a way to rekindle our sex life and relationship... yet I have to be a woman for it to happen. No, fuck it. It doesn’t matter what gender I am. This is the person I want to be with. I leaned in, hoping she would accept my kiss.

“No... we shouldn’t...”

“Are you sure? It’s up to you,” I whispered.

Danielle looked at me in the way she had before. The kind she did often when we first started having sex as boyfriend and girlfriend. She looked seductively at me, closed her eyes, took a deep breath and then came closer to me, accepting my wet lips onto hers. Kissing felt similar to what I felt as a man on my face, but it felt different in other places. I felt my nipples start to harden even more and I brought myself closer, causing our breasts to touch. I leaned her back on the hammock and put my hand through her hair. She continued to accept my embrace, kissing me more aggressively than she had in the past few months... Hell even years.

“We really shouldn’t be doing this...” she whispered.

“How do you feel about it?” I whispered back.

She paused for a moment questioning her sexuality. “Let’s go back

inside....”

I lightly took her by the hand, guiding her in the room. Not since I was a teen had I been this horny. Part of the lesbian adventure caught my interest, but it was also that having hot sex with my wife as a woman felt appealing. I continued to kiss her inside after slamming the sliding glass door shut. This time, I placed my tongue in her mouth. She placed her arms around me, pulling me in closer despite her being a few inches shorter than me still. Running my fingers through her hair, I began to feel her breasts again, touching her blouse and feeling the indentations of her firm push up bra. Our long hair touched as we continued kissing. Part of this felt like romance, since I did love her that way, but another part of this felt somewhat risqué. I started to undress her by taking her top off. She put her hands on my top and took it off causing my large breasts to be right in front of her face. She places both hands on them and said, “It’s been a while since I’ve touched yours like this.”

Her squeezes felt amazing. Men don’t have the luxury of experiencing something like this. Even with my bra still on, her hands felt like magic on my breasts. In unison we placed each other’s arms around each other’s backs and started unclasping each other’s bras. I had just seen Danielle’s naked breasts earlier in the day and wanted to do things to her but figured it would have to wait until I had my gender reversal again. But here was my chance. I placed my hand under her left boob and brought my face down to suck her nipples. She started moaning and said, “That feels soooo good.”

Moments later she unzipped the back of my skirt and placed her hands on my big booty.

“Wow Danielle, you are amazing,” I said.

She smiled as her skirt came off as well and we both stood there, bare breasted and in our panties, but then she stopped. “Maybe we shouldn’t do this.”

I placed my breasts against hers again and pulled her tight. “Danielle. We don’t have to do this... but... let’s just have some fun while we are here.”

I'm pretty sure in her mind she was thinking it would be one of the last times we could have a lesbian sexual adventure. She smiled and kissed me again. I still felt dominant in the sexual relation as I laid her down on the bed she had been sleeping in and proceed to take her panties off where I saw her shaved vagina.

She looked at me seductively. Her eyes glowing from dark brown hair. "Eat me out..." she said.

Her wish was my command. I brushed my dirty blonde hair back from my right ear and licked my lips in preparation for placing my tongue against her clit. As soon as my mouth was down there she started moaning loudly. I could tell by the movements that she placed a pillow over her face. My panties were soaked as this was happening. She was in for the ride of her life since I considered my oral sex skills very high compared to many men, even though I had not gone down on her in months. I placed my hand up to her left B-cup and continued to squeeze. Although we had sex on Monday night, that was a different situation. Here we were, for the first time having sex in our hotel room. In our... well her bed... What was between my legs didn't matter. It was time to let all emotions and feelings come out.

What seemed like twenty minutes later, Danielle arched her back and I felt even more of her moisture in my mouth. She then pulled herself back and placed her hand on my face pulling me in for a kiss causing her mouth to also have some of her pussy juice on her face.

"Your turn," she said.

I used to love having my dick sucked, but having Danielle kiss my clit felt better, no lie. Her tongue running around my vaginal lips and tickling my clit felt amazing. Were we sure that she had only done this with me? Then again, she was a woman, and women know what they want and what feels good. Moments later, this caused my first orgasm as a woman. My toes started to curl, I felt hot and wet, and for some reason felt the need to squeeze down there. I closed my eyes letting the feeling come to me. Knowing my wife was down there having a great time as well. I wrapped my smooth legs around her

head feeling her long hair against my thighs. Just when I felt like we were done Danielle sprung her head to the other side of the bed and spread her legs out, then straddled them around mine pulling herself close. I continued to orgasm as her vagina touched mine in the scissor position.

“I forgot how much I loved doing this part!” she said panting and breasts jiggling as I felt her rubbing her vagina against mine.

She was right earlier. We shouldn’t have been doing this. Because honestly, it made me realize how sex was so much better as a woman...

Chapter 5: Just a Girl (Thursday)

“There they are!” Patricia said as Danielle and I made our way to the kitchen the next morning. The other girls were sitting in various spots drinking either coffee or water. All of us were in very casual lounge attire, robes, or in my case very soft shorts, a white shirt with no bra on, and a hair tie holding a side ponytail full of after sex hair.

“Hey!” I said cheerfully, feeling more perky than usual.

Linds had a smile on her face, which was quickly disguised by a coffee mug.

“Everyone feeling okay?” Danielle said as she went to the fridge.

The girls commented that they all felt good. Then Morgan spoke up, “Sounds like you had a good night.” They all giggled.

“What do you mean...?” Danielle asked.

“It was loud enough to wake up the entire resort...” said Ally.

Both Danielle and I turned extremely red.

“OH MY GOD!!!!” said Danielle.

The girls continued to laugh.

Linds said, “Don’t worry, we all knew about the college days. Just didn’t think it would happen again.”

“Sounded like you both had fun!” said Patricia.

“Well... we did,” I said smiling and hugging Danielle, trying to make

light of the situation. She started having tears roll down her face, but also laughed. I felt bad that she felt embarrassed, but apparently these girls knew of our previous lesbian encounter!

“I’m jealous,” said Morgan.

“What?”

“You know... to have a close female friend to do things like that.”

Hmmm, would it be possible that in my normal reality, Morgan and Danielle had some hot cheerleader lesbian experience?!

“Did any of y’all ever read that book called Straight Girls Guide to Sleeping with Chicks?” asked Patricia.

We spent most of the day exploring more of the island and, of course, drinking. At one point we passed the grotto and I could see even more construction taking place. Not that I was going to try going in there again since it didn’t work the last time, but I always found it fascinating. We sat down at a Cuban restaurant for lunch where I ordered a salad and margarita. Eating with these girls had made me start eating like one. Another thing I noticed is that, since I kind of accepted the fact that I was going to be staying a girl for the rest of this vacation, Danielle and the others had not made any comments about me acting differently. I gathered my thoughts for a moment as the girls kept talking over each other at lunch, just looking out at the scenery and seeing people walk around enjoying the ocean air. I was wearing a light linen white skirt and a floral blouse with a big brim hat. I didn’t even notice that I had naturally crossed my legs when I sat down at the table. I felt my phone vibrate and looked down.

Matt: 4pm?? They have rentals on North End by Petey’s Treasures.

“Shit. I forgot about him,” I said out loud.

“Oh yeah, you have that date!” said Linds.

“It’s not a date!” I said.

They laughed.

“What time is it?” Patricia asked.

“He wants to meet at 4,” I replied.

“You still want to go?” asked Danielle.

“What are our plans?” I asked, losing interest in that guy. Maybe having sex with Danielle last night had helped keep my attraction to females.

“Today is chillax!” Ally said. “Nothing on the agenda at all.”

“Don’t forget we have to go get something at that ice cream parlor, though, later. Everyone says it’s amazing!” said Patricia.

“What time is it now?” asked Ally.

“11:24 am,” I replied.

“Oh, that’s plenty of time!” Ally replied.

“Did any of you see that volleyball tournament poster thing?” Morgan asked. “There’s team signups at like 10 tomorrow. It’s been forever since we all played but it looks so much fun!”

“We can practice after lunch!” said Patricia. “I’ve been meaning to play again.”

“Yeah, that will give us enough time to get some practice in before Tara meets up with that guy,” said Ally.

“Woah, who said anything about meeting up with him?!” I said in defense.

“YOU!” they all said at once.

“You should go,” said Danielle. “He seemed really into you and it seems like it’s been a while since you’ve been on a date.”

About four hours later, I found myself wearing another top that showed off a lot of cleavage, white shorts, wedges, and my wavy hair pulled over one side of my shoulder showing off dangling earrings of the other side of my head. The volleyball practice had been fun, although it was harder than I thought thanks to new body portions and having to watch my nails. I was the least athletic of all of them but was still having a great time.

“There you are?” Matt said smiling as he walked closer to me wearing a white linen button down, chino shorts, and dark-rimmed sunglasses. He went to hug me which I accepted.

“Hey!” I said.

What was I thinking?! I’m meeting up with some guy who I just met in a club the other night and have been texting. Part of me wondered why I showed up in the first place, and should have balked, but another part of me was curious. It’s hard for a straight man to admit it sometimes, but wondering what the opposite sex is like and having experiences as one is not something a lot of people get to experience. What could it hurt?

“Nice to see you again,” he said.

“Yeah,” I replied, knowing I couldn’t get away with one-word answers this entire meeting.

“Have you been on the trails of the island yet?” he asked.

“Can’t say that I have,” I answered. “We’ve been going on a bunch of those little shuttle tours though. This place is behind real!”

“I agree. The days have been flying by. When are you leaving here again?”

“Sunday afternoon.” I couldn’t help but think of returning to a man at that time.

“I’m not far behind you. We are flying out Monday morning since I have a meeting in Florida that afternoon.”

“Won’t that be cutting it close?” I asked.

“Just need enough time to land and go to the office. No one is wearing suits around there since it’s so hot all the time.”

“Sounds like the life!”

“I’m not complaining,” he said.

“And no girlfriend back home?” I asked. Shit, I shouldn’t have said that. Now I’m leading him on!

“No. Broke up a few months ago and have been so busy lately, it’s not on the top of the agenda. What about you?”

“It’s a long story....”

A minutes later, we had our bikes and were set on the trail. I shouldn’t have worn these wedges! I just threw them in the basket and put my sandals on. Of course, I had a girl’s bike, even though I didn’t have a dress on. It had been a while since I rode a bike, so I wasn’t sure if it was that or my new body that was causing me to have issues. Matt couldn’t help but notice this.

“Careful. Stay straight,” he said.

“Yes, Daddy...” UGH!!! What was coming over me today?! Why would I even say something like that?

We made our way down the bike trails, which led to the coast. The view was breathtaking as we left the shades of the palm trees and entered a sandy area with a few creeks nearby. We were maybe going five miles an hour as we continued talking about everything from the friends we were on vacation with, to concerts we had attended in the last year, to our careers. Of course, I had to lie about some of the last part, as I still knew nothing about working about my dream consulting firm.

One hour later, we hit a part of the trail that was on the edge of the island. We stopped and took a moment to take in the scenery. I saw miles of ocean with faint images of other islands in the distance. The cool aqua breeze hit my skin, reminding me of being in paradise. This truly wasn't a bad vacation at all. I don't even think I would have been on the bike trail if things didn't lead up to this moment with Matt. I could tell that if I met him as a male we would indeed be close guy friends. The entire time he had been extremely easy and fun to talk to.

"Just look at this," he said.

"It's beautiful!" I commented.

"Amazing... and I'm glad I'm here with you," he said wrapping his arms around me.

I didn't know what to do. It wasn't an aggressive move. I thought for a moment about what I would have done if the roles were reversed. Yes, I had incidents like this before on dates with Danielle and other women. When you want to make a move, but don't know if it's the right time. Here I was in this same predicament right now! Although it startled me at first, I only had seconds to react, and I agreed that if I were a man with a woman on a date like this... it would be the perfect time. I couldn't fit it... it just seemed in place...

"Thanks so much for showing me this," I said placing my hands over his. Not going to lie, I was nervous. Here I was, feeling someone with bigger hands than mine. Someone taller than me... Someone who probably had an erection right now.

“My pleasure,” he said. “You are an amazing woman...”

Our eyes locked right before our lips touched. It was a small kiss. But it was a kiss. Never thought I would ever do that with a guy... but that was when I was a man. Surely, it's normal for other guys who have turned into girls to feel this way thanks to an extra supply of estrogen, right? But why did I want to do it again?

“So how did it go?!” Ally asked once I returned around 7 pm, in time to get ready for dinner with the girls. After the bike ride, Matt and I went out for drinks at a small beach bar where the alcohol prompted us to make out a little longer.

“We kissed...” I told her and the other girls.

“AWWW! That's sweet!” Danielle replied.

What was happening in my life? My wife just said it was sweet that I kissed a man!!!

Chapter 6: Sea of Change (Friday)

My makeup skills had improved to the point where you could never tell I was a straight man just a few days ago. My lashes had thick mascara on them, which made my eyes pop and look seductive. There was a hint of light purple sparkle eyeshadow on me, with another light shade of rose pink on the sides. The foundation I used made my skin look extra smooth and no one would probably guess my true age. Today, I could pass for being a few years younger... like 24 or something. My lips looked wet, thanks to the type I used, and I had on a great summer perfume that Patricia let me borrow. Wearing a white thong was no big deal, since I didn't want any visible panty lines with the peach sundress I had picked out. Putting on a dress was awesome, such low maintenance, and great for the tropical weather. The strapless bra I used put my breasts on display a little thanks to the way the dress curved in the front.

I grabbed my sunglasses, hat, and large handbag and headed down to the pool to get an early start on the day. It was early in the day, and I seemed to be the first person to go to the area. Didn't even see any employees. No less than ten minutes after finding my spot in the sun I saw a familiar face.

"Good morning..." said Jake, coming near me wearing red lifeguard shorts and another white tank top.

"Oh, hey...." I said. Ugh, why did he have to be the first person I ran into here?! He seemed to always magically appear out of nowhere when I was alone here every time.

"Did you come by yourself?" he asked.

I looked up at him, "Maybe..."

"That's good. Sometimes having alone time is great."

“Yeah, speaking of that.... If you don’t mind...” I said hoping he would get the hint.

Jake came closer to me and then bent down. “Oh, I was just thinking that it will probably be a few more minutes before anyone gets here.”

I was still a little buzzed from last night, but I couldn’t help myself. A flux of estrogen and hormones in my body reacted. Jake is hot. He may be about ten years younger than me, but this needs to happen. I got off my chair and got to my knees on the patio floor. His shorts came off easy as I pulled them down, exposing his tan thighs and eight-inch penis in front of my face. I looked up at him as I smiled and grabbed his shaft with my right hand, closing my eyes, and guiding his dick into my wet mouth.

“Yeah girl....” He said putting his hand on my head.

I felt my breasts jiggle as my head moved back and forth. Having another guy’s cock in my mouth wasn’t that bad. He tasted delicious, and I could only think about how it would feel swallowing his cum.

“Yeah, you little sissy...” he said.

I took his cock out of my mouth for a second. “What did you call me?”

“Sissy!” he said louder. “Now finish what you started!”

I continued sucking his cock, but something felt weird. My hair started to become shorter. While still sucking his dick, my breasts felt like they were getting smaller. Taking his cock out of my mouth, I looked down to see I was getting back my male body back, but still wearing a dress!

“What is happening?!?!” I screamed as I felt a penis start to grow as an erection under my dress.

Jake laughed, “Figured I would have some fun. All it takes is a little cum.”

“Wake up, Tara!” said Danielle shaking me.

I jerked. Thank God, it was just a dream. Wait, why was I dreaming about him, and not Matt? Was doing that what it would take to change back?! Hopefully not....

“Tara! We have to get ready! Tournament.... One hour!”

We had all brought some workout clothes with us on the trip, although I had only hit the gym at the complex twice since arriving. I showed up in Nike Pro shorts, which felt amazing on my body. They hugged my thick ass very tightly and I had a sports bra top from VS Pink with my hair tied tightly in a braid that Danielle helped with. We went to the registration booth and were greeted by two girls who looked to be in their late teens asking us information about our team.

“Team name?” one of them asked.

“Danielle’s Getting Married!” said Morgan.

We all laughed and screamed. Yeah, this is what happens when you are around women.

It was about fifteen minutes before we were set to go against another all-girls team named Diamonds are Forever. I took my position and moved around the sand as best I could barefoot. They knew I wasn’t the best athlete, but I did manage to get at least one point. It wasn’t my best athletic performance ever... and we lost the first game, thus eliminating us from the entire tournament, but I had a lot of fun with our friends and we shared a hug afterward. Yes, our friends... not just her friends.

I showered after the event, since I was sweaty, and had my first masturbation experience as a woman thanks to the shower head. Rubbing my breasts, I was thinking about my lesbian experience with Danielle. Maybe the first time I masturbated to my wife since before we had sex for the first time

in college. The feeling was similar to when I orgasmed before, but felt different since I was solo and had hot water streaming against my clit. Since I only had about 48 hours left as a woman, figured I would make the most of it.

Once we were all dressed, we just hung around our villa for a bit, drinking some of the alcohol we had there, listening to music, and talking about life. I was receiving some texts from Matt who apparently wanted to see me again.

“Hey... do we have set plans tonight?” I asked.

“Not that I know of,” said Danielle, who was acting free spirit.

“Why?” asked Ally.

I smiled, “Cause Matt just invited us on this booze cruise at 6. Said he booked a block reservation on this huge boat and we are ALL invited!”

We were advised to dress casually and decided to come decked out in full bachelorette gear. Danielle was wearing a white tank top that said, “Said Yes” with a diamond ring on it, while I had on a black one that said “Yaz Queen!” The other girls were wearing similar black tank tops with girly sayings on them. My hair was nicely curled again on just the tips, and I did my signature heavy eye makeup. Once we were at the marina, we followed the directions Matt had given me. It was evident which was the booze cruise once we got closer, since there was a lot of noise coming from one of the large boats. Before, when going on one of these, I was subjected to a super-sized pontoon boat, but this thing seemed to be on a mini yacht. The dock hands escorted us up and I held my phone, looking for Matt. Being female definitely had its advantages. I was in for the ride now... literally.

Arriving at the marina, we walked through docks of what looked like multi-million-dollar boats, similar to those on a trip Danielle and I once took to Annapolis a few years ago. I remembered that trip well. We were there to attend the wedding of a childhood friend of hers. It was about two years into our marriage, and our first time attending another person’s wedding as a married couple. Oh, have times changed. That night, we went back to our

hotel room, drunk, and I fucked her while she was still wearing her low-cut teal dress. Just slid her panties off and the things fell into place.

We finally saw a large group of people on a boat that looked like it would hold about 100 people and figured that was where we needed to go. Not one minute after we got in the line, I saw Matt and his crew waving to us from the boat. I smiled and waved back. He made his way down to the dock and told the person taking names for reservations that we were with him. A security guard then came and gave us wristbands.

“Thanks for inviting us!” I said.

“My pleasure,” he smiled as he leaned in and kissed my cheek. For some reason I didn’t fight it. Maybe it was the fact that he just paid a few hundred dollars for us to come aboard or the fact that my hormone levels were different.

“This looks so cool!” Danielle chimed in admiring the vibe of the boat and the fact that we had an amazing view of the water already without even leaving the dock.

“Nice to see you again, Danielle!” Matt said with enthusiasm.

One of Matt’s friends, Derek, turned his attention to Morgan. I think the last time I saw them together was when she was grinding her butt up against his crotch at the nightclub on Tuesday. She had a boyfriend, but some of us wanted to let a little loose while on this trip. Derek started small talk with her as two of Matt’s other friends named Alan and Steve tried charming the girls as we walked towards one of the bars. I choose some type of cucumber vodka drink, which was very refreshing. I didn’t normally like flavored vodkas but had acquired a taste for things like that lately. There was a consumption of more “girly” drinks the last few days for obvious reasons.

The staff explained some general policies before the boat launched from the dock. All the people cheered, and we knew we were in for a great time. We found some lounge sofas on the top deck where our group of nine could sit. I peered through my sunglasses at the sight of palm trees on a small

nearby island, the sun beaming down only a little above the horizon of the clear blue water. There were sounds of waves crashing in that were lower volume than my group chatting. I had my legs crossed and my curled hair was resting over my right shoulder. Matt wasn't touching me at the moment but was so close I could smell whatever cologne he had on.

Steve started to ask Danielle about the wedding. "So, when is your wedding date?"

"February 16th," she said, a reminder to me that it was just a few weeks away. I was highly confident that this whole experience at this point was a test, and that I would become a man again on Sunday. But what if I was stuck as a woman? I had the whole 'fuck it' attitude right now from just being on vacation but once returning home I would have a new set of responsibilities. A new job, new friends, having to act like a normal woman, and planning for the wedding of the person who would no longer be my wife. I took a breath and another drink reminding myself that I was here to have a good time.

As I came back to this reality, I noticed three different conversations taking place within the group. To be honest, I didn't care to hear more details about what seemed to be Danielle's dream wedding. I had heard enough about it in the last few days. Comes with the territory of being Maid of Honor it seems. Although there were some fun things about being a girl it still hurt me to know my wife was in love with someone else.

"Have you ever been married?" Matt asked. I suppose he had been saving this kind of personal question for a few days and waiting for the right opportunity. I was certain that I had not been married in the female world of myself and wanted to say yes since I was married to Danielle in male life but didn't want any of the girls to hear and then think I was lying. "No, I've always been too career focused but eventually it will happen," I replied. "What about you?"

"Engaged for six months but we called it off," he responded.

"Awww, that's too bad," I responded.

“It happens,” he said shrugging his shoulders. “You think you know someone at times but that’s not always the case. It’s why I’m carefree and open with people now. How else are you going to get to know someone?”

“That’s very true...” I said as his words resonated with me.

After a few alcoholic drinks, our group broke up into a few sections. Derek hit it off with Morgan and she was now basically in his lap, which surprised me since she had been so reserved and responsible this entire trip. Patricia and Ally were being charmed by Steve, as Danielle and Linds were being shown some improv magic tricks by Alan, who apparently used to do a stand-up magic show in Vegas a few years ago. Pretty entertaining stuff, but I was kinda feeling some time in a smaller group. Also known as Matt and me. We took our drinks and walked away going to explore the boat. Somehow, I could feel his friend’s eyes staring at my ass as I started walking away.

We made our way to the haul where a few people were taking selfies. Getting as close to the front as we could, I put my arms over the guard rails and took in the view as the ocean air hit my skin. My breasts were hanging down slightly, even though I was wearing a bra.

Matt stood next to me but was facing the boat rather than the sea. There was still a 360 view of the ocean since we were at sea though. He placed his hands on both sides of the rail with his right hand very close to me.

“This makes me want to retire early. Just forget the job, create passive income, and stay in the islands.”

“Me too,” I responded smiling.

“I do wonder often where I’ll be in 30 years. What about you?”

I wasn’t sure of where I would be in about 30 hours! “Hopefully married with successful adult children and filthy rich.”

“The new American dream,” he responded.

“Already got the house part done,” I said.

“Have you ever thought of investing in some vacation properties?” he asked.

With this new bank account. I could definitely do it. “Yes, just not sure of the exact location yet.”

“You’ll find it eventually. That’s what happened to me in Florida. Or even better maybe you’ll hit it big and be able to buy one of these tropical islands and start your own resort.”

I laughed. The multi-millionaire status was light years away. “I think for now I’ll just focus on getting a boat. Gosh I miss being on the water.”

“Yeah, it can be very relaxing,” he said, moving his body right behind me and putting his arms around me. He inched his face closer to the point where my hair touched it and moved his hand down to my right butt cheek. I turned slightly and felt his lips touch mine. It was obvious what was on his mind. This guy was very into me. Wait, not me, the female me. I continued locking lips with him, feeling somewhat strange but also accepting, thanks to the new hormones raging through my body. I could taste the kind of liquor he was drinking. He then moved his hand up my wide hips, to just below one of my breasts. Letting go, we smiled at each other. I turned my head, continuing to smile, somehow signaling to him that I very much enjoyed the kiss. This was fun. He continued wrapping his arms around me as I turned and saw Danielle with some of the crew smiling at us! She had seen us kiss!

“Looks like you two are having a blast!” she said coming to playfully tease us.

I looked at Matt and said nothing.

“Yeah, we are,” he said laughing.

“We were all just talking about what to do for dinner tonight.”

“What did you have planned?” asked Matt before taking a drink and pulling me closer to his body.

I should have been holding Danielle’s hand as I walked down the beach, but that wasn’t the case. After our group dinner, the girls hinted that I should spend some time alone with Matt for some reason. Here I was being guided by another man as I giggled at his jokes walking with my bare feet in the sand down to a dock. It’s important to mention that I was pretty drunk when this happened. I was very tipsy after the booze cruise and had at least three other drinks before dinner. Not nearly as hammered as the other night but getting there. Several expectations were in my mind when going down to the beach alone with Matt.

Part of me wanted to continue just talking to him, since it was great to meet a new friend, but another part of me had this strange physical attraction.

“Almost there!” he said as we saw our destination of under the pier.

Part of me wondered what I was thinking, holding some guy’s hand while walking down to the beach, but I was having fun.

Matt had brought along a beach blanket for us to sit down on and laid it out for us.

“What a night!” he said as we sat down. “This has been an unbelievable trip.”

“You are telling me,” I laughed.

“I’m glad we are getting some more time to ourselves,” he said as he put his arm around me. I felt his right hand pull my body closer to him as I sat down with my legs crossed.

“It’s so relaxing out here. I love it,” I said about the sounds of the waves crashing just a few dozen feet away in plain sight of the illuminated beach.

Matt looked around to make sure we were alone.

“Wouldn’t it be great if we could spend more time together alone? I know it’s your last night here tomorrow and you probably want to be with the girls.”

“Yeah, as Maid of Honor I guess I should be responsible and make sure the bride-to-be has the best night ever!” That, and I did want to be with my wife!

“Perhaps we should make the most of this...” he said, before kissing me. Wow, this guy had moves. It was kind of sudden but, then again, we had been close together the entire night. And the date the other day... and nightclubbing. Hard to believe we had done so much on this trip. Here I was making out with a guy on the fucking beach! I felt his hand touch my stomach and then move down a little bit to where I was shaved. I lightly put my hand on top of his as a motion to make him stop. Most people won’t admit to masturbating at a certain age, mostly younger, but yeah, I touched my clit. What man wouldn’t if getting a vagina? Come on, we are all a little curious. But what would it feel like if a guy touched me down there. After a few minutes of making out and him feeling my breasts, I let him put his middle finger down there.

It felt great... REALLY good. He had some sort of Midas touch, instantly finding my clit when first going down there. He started rubbing me lightly, causing me to close my eyes as he also kissed my smooth neck. It felt great to be a woman. Yeah, I admitted it. But not out loud to him. There were sensations going through my body that I had never felt before... well... as a man. They felt similar to when Danielle and I had our sexy lesbian adventure the other night. He started rubbing me faster, causing my nipples to become even harder. I needed to make out with him again. He pressed his lips to mine as I used my tongue to massage him. Causing him to move a bit not used to me taking the lead. I was soaking wet down there as he finished fingering me with my shorts and panties still on.

“Let’s do it right here...” he said holding my hand while on top of me on the blanket. I became very nervous. This was such a difficult decision to

make. Horny as fuck, but I knew I would never feel the same again if he put his dick inside of me. Then again, this could be my last chance at ever getting the whole experience of being a woman. Could this even be my way of turning back into a man? I looked into his eyes. He was still smiling at me probably thinking I was the sexiest woman alive. It felt great, but in my heart, I wasn't ready to make such a committed decision. There were other things I could do.

“I think we should wait... but there is something else we can do.”

God, his dick was longer and thicker than mine ever was. The neatly trimmed pubic hair was an indication to me that either this guy was very good at manscaping or he had put some thought into this. Did I emit that vibe that I was going to do something sexual with him this week? Maybe the constant unintentional flirting had something to do with it.

Still, having his thick cock in my warm mouth wasn't as bad as I thought. Yeah, it was a more pleasurable experience when he went down on me later, but I got something out of knowing he liked the way I could massage the tip of his dick with my tongue. He had the luxury of having a former male knowing what guys want when it comes to oral sex licking his shaft right now.

Matt was starting to pant more, and I had a feeling he was about to cum as I lightly touched his testicles with a free hand. This girl has skills.

“Is it okay if I cum in your mouth?”

See? Matt is a gentleman. He had the courtesy of asking me something like that, rather than surprising me with a mouth full of jizz.

I gently shook my head ‘yes’ and within seconds started gagging on the amount of cum going into my mouth. It was surprising at first, and I'm pretty sure some drops came out but now, I knew why some girls complained about giving oral at times. Guess it's why after some practice they would begin to enjoy it. For me... it was fun. Part of me felt like I was one step closer to total womanhood, but another part looked at it as just that... fun. I thought to

myself.... just one more day.... one more day of this. Having someone's large dick in my mouth would be something I could laugh about later. For now, I was going to enjoy knowing I had just brought pleasure to someone who wanted to be with me.

Chapter 7: Last Day as a Woman (Saturday)

“What do you mean, you didn’t fuck him?!” asked Danielle.

Of all people. Why did she have to be the one to ask this?

“Wow, I never thought in my life I would ever hear you say something like that!” Danielle laughed, causing an instant reaction in the other girls present. I had learned over the past few days that talks about sexual experiences were not uncommon with women chatting around the breakfast table in the morning.

“It wasn’t the right time or place...”

“When will the right time be? We are leaving soon!” Linds laughed.

“Yeah, but I didn’t want sand and stuff down there...” I said referring to my vagina, which I had learned required a bit more maintenance compared to a penis.

“Didn’t you tell us when we first got here that story of how you had sex with that lifeguard while he was on duty a few years ago?” asked Morgan.

Ally came closer to me and said, “Sounds like the good ol’ days. Oh, to relive that!” I knew she had some sexual frustration from her marriage and thanks to having kids. The things you learn in a room full of women.

“Okay, yeah maybe we should have had sex... but we did do some other things.”

“He’s big isn’t he!!!” asked Linds.

The girls started laughing as I started blushing.

“That’s something!” said Danielle.

How embarrassing. My wife now knew I gave him head.

Since it was our last day on Costa Oliola we started packing some stuff to prepare for the plane ride tomorrow, since we assumed we were all drinking very heavily tonight and wouldn’t want to do that in the morning. Finding a hoodie and thick yoga pants in my belongings reminded me of returning to the cold weather of where we were in America leaving tropical paradise. Probably wouldn’t be wearing these though. The vacation had been fun and a learning experience, but it was time to return to normality.

After doing some errands we went to one of the nearby beach bars for drinks and lunch. I had on a pink bikini top that showed off my large breasts. Okay, yeah, having boobs is fun, but they were annoying at times. Mostly from the stares, which I had been getting used to. I matched that with some white shorts, an ankle bracelet, sandals, and a white and pink hibiscus flower above my right ear. The other girls had flowers in their hair to represent their status of being taken or single.

Once there were at least two cocktails in me, I leaned back and looked at Danielle with her bridal sash on. What a trip this had been. It was amazing to see a different perspective on what my life would be like as a girl. Suppose that some men would consider me to be lucky. Somehow spending the last few days as a woman had always influenced my mannerisms, speech patterns and not to mention sex drive apparently.

Linds and I at one point went to the bathroom together and coming back around the corner, I saw a familiar face.

“Oh hey!” said Jake recognizing me immediately and staring at my tits.

I kept walking, but Linds stopped. Why couldn’t I have a lucky moment and never see him again? There was only, like, a day or two it seemed where

I didn't see him on this trip. Lord knows that if I was a man this whole trip, I probably would have had no interaction with him.

"Good to see you again," he asked.

I tried walking again, but Linds stood still smiling at him probably.

"Hold on, Tara..." he said. I turned to him and looked down my sunglasses, so he could see my eyes of intimidation and frustration.

"Tara," Linds said, giving a small laugh. "What's the matter? Who is this cutie?" she asked.

"I'm Jake," he said extended his muscular arms to my friend.
"Remember?"

"No... I'm Linds!" The tone of her voice turned somewhat flirty.

Jake walked closer to me and bad memories of my dream sequence.

"NO!" I begged.

"Tara... what's wrong with you?" asked Linds.

"I wasn't trying to touch you..." he said with a little more concerned tone in his voice.

It was there that I realized I overacted. "Sorry... just ... don't have my head clear today."

"That's fine babe,"

"You are his babe," Linds teased.

"No... That's not the case."

"Taking out tomorrow?" he asked.

“Yeah... nice seeing you,” I said, trying to plan my exit. Trust me. Seeing someone in person you gave head to in a complete nightmare is not something you want to deal with.

“I guess you are going to?” he asked Linds.

“Unless they want to abandon me here! Have no problems with that!” she said grabbing his forearm. This was the most flirtatious I had seen her since the nightclub.

But damn it. I wish I could take that option and leave the setting right now.

“Oh, I wish you could too...” Jake said flirting with her. “I tried being Tara’s personal tour guide, but you know... she is always busy!”

“That’s my girl!” Linds said half-drunkenly grabbing my arm pulling herself close for a side hug causing her dark hair to hit my arms and boobs.

“Yeah... great story. I discovered a lot on this place by myself. So much cool shit!”

“See the dolphins off Dante’s Cliff?” asked Jake.

“Not yet,” I responded.

“Then what’s the coolest thing you saw?” he asked.

“Probably the grotto, but parts of what we saw on the bike trail the other day were amazing,” I responded.

“What grotto?” asked Linds.

“Never mind...” I said.

“We have a grotto here?” asked Jake.

“I thought you were the tour expert?” I said.

“Yeah, I try, but what grotto are you talking about?” he asked seriously.

“Look, we really have to go! Bachelorette party stuff...” I said pulling Linds by the arm.

Jake smiled, “Sure you don’t want to come with me again Linds?”

“Again?!” I asked.

“Yeah. I helped Linds get back to your villa safely the other night since she was plastered,” he said looking at her body. “I think it was your friend Patricia or something that was with her and ended up hooking up with a guy so Linds and I had some fun too.”

“We hooked up?” asked Linds at first with a concerned tone, but then smiling.

“You had sex with Linds?! While she was beyond intoxicated?!” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. My brain automatically thought of ways to punish him.

“Wait... What’s your name again?” Linds said.

“Jake,” he replied smiling as I kept pulling away from this drunk bitch.

“Jake!” she exclaimed echoing his name. “Soooo nice to meet you... again!” I kept dragging her, even with her left hand acting as an anchor. I’m pretty sure he saw some side boob action at one point.

“You too!” he said smiling and waving.

Once we were out of audible distance she told me. “God damn that guy is so fucking sexy. He was hitting on you earlier?! Why didn’t you do something with him?! Are you wearing a chastity belt!”

“That fuck boy?! He’s rude to women!”

“I don’t care...” she said licking her lips as if to imagine his cum on her face.

“If you want him... you can have him!”

Hours later, I was very drunk, after drinking all day. With my girls, I found myself singing along to the song playing loudly in the shuttle even though I didn’t know all the words.

“But here’s my number... so call me maybe?!” I screamed putting a phone gesture to my ear and leaning into Danielle’s soft shoulder for support.

I forgot where exactly we were going. Seven hours of drinking in the sun can do that to you. I was now dressed in a tight white dress since we all decided to dress like Danielle on our last night out. This dress showed a lot of my large breasts, hugged my body very tightly and showed off my curvy ass. Maybe came down about six inches above my knee. I couldn’t but hug her. I let the other girls sing along before the next song came on our shuttle driver’s radio apparently prepped for bachelorette parties.

“OMG!” Patricia screamed. “Ladies leave your man at home the club is full of ballers and their pockets full grown. And all you fellas leave your girl with her friends 'cause it's eleven thirty and the club is jumpin', jumpin'! She exclaimed with the other girls joining in at the last part. Getting wild in the shuttle cart, she put her large black butt in my lap and started twerking on me causing me to laugh hysterically and spank her butt while the others took photos.

This was much different than my bachelor party a few years ago, where we basically got drunk at a bar and then watched a bunch of testosterone-laced movies. Oh, had times had changed.

“Where are we going again?” I asked drunkenly half hanging off the edge

of the shuttle.

“Are you serious?!” asked Morgan.

“You told us on our first night here that we were saving the best for last.”

“What do you mean?”

Linds chuckled. “What bachelorette party week would be complete without a visit to a MALE REVUE?!”

“Woohoo!!” said Ally and Patricia simultaneously.

Danielle laughed. “Get ready to see some more hot dick Tara!”

I just sucked a guy’s dick last night, so how hard could it be?

Outside of the venue, we had to do our obligatory group shot by having someone take a picture of us outside of the sign for the place. I placed my hands on my knees and bent down lightly as part of our pose, something I had become used to in the last few days. Danielle and I also took a picture together where my leg popped automatically as I held her in a similar pose.

“I see some very pretty ladies here in the audience,” said the MC on stage.

The crowd, which was 100% female, burst into applause. I’m sure this guy had to say this every week this club had a male revue show!

I just shook my head waiting for this to be over and sipped out of the phallic-shaped straw from my Malibu and pineapple since we brought a few bachelorette props with us. Eh, maybe this would be some unique quality entertainment.

The MC continued to entertain the crowd as I studied the interior of the club. Something in between a small theater-style room with a stage and some tacky old-school resort bar but I guess that’s what they were going for. Add

in some red velvet couches and a light show and it was a party zone.

“How is this bachelorette party feeling?!” I heard the MC say. Patricia and Linds who were sitting next to me screamed extremely loud ready to party. I was blushing more than Danielle who was excited to see something like this but also nervous.

“What’s your name sweetie?” asked the effeminate black guy who was the MC.

“Danielle,” she responded laughing already.

He continued to entertain her with small talk about our trip, but my eyes lit up when he said, “We are going to have some fun with you later!”

“Ready to see our talent tonight?!”

The room erupted in estrogen-based roars. We then saw about a dozen guys who looked like they should belong on the cover of Men’s Fitness... or maybe Playgirl if that’s still around. They were all wearing tight black shirts, but I could tell all had spent either a lot of time at the gym or a lot of money on steroids. Maybe both.

Lining up, I had a feeling what was going to happen next. Although I had never watched the film Magic Mike, anyone with half a brain could tell they were about to do a group dance. Of course, the DJ then started playing the song Pony and the guys started a synchronized dance.

The girls in my group were already going wild. I took a break from my Malibu and drank some champagne that we had the table. Confusing thoughts started to hit my brain. Maybe it was time to stop drinking as much. Hell. This was a vacation. AND my last day stuck in this body!

What would it be like to have a body like that? That was the first thought to come to mind. But the second was more startling. What would it be like to have a body like that on TOP OF ME?!

The show was entertaining to say the least. The funniest was seeing some woman who was on vacation with her middle-aged mom get a double lap dance from two male strippers who had thongs on by the end of it. Yes, I got a little turned on from that, but wasn't sure if it was because of the attractive mother/daughter thing happening there or how the male strippers looked with their big cocks about to come out of their thongs. I guess that was the only appropriate time for a man to wear a thong. If you were working as a male stripper. Although I had one on now thanks to wearing this tight white dress and having a huge butt.

“Your turn, Danielle!”

“WHOA!!!! YAYY!!” Our entire group yelled, minus me. Patricia was clapping and getting up out of her chair, ready to pull up Danielle, who was blushing like I hadn't seen since our lesbian sex experience.

“Come on, Danielle!” Linds said, laughing and getting her cell phone ready.

“You are in trouble, young lady!” said the MC.

She looked surprised at first, but then looked in the crowd as if they had answers.

“Do you know what you did?” he asked.

“... No...” She said softly before giving a short laugh.

“Then it's best that Officer Hunkford explain the situation to you. Office Hunkford!”

The audience erupted in applause, then a giant spotlight shone on Danielle's face, which I then noticed was actually someone holding a flashlight at another entrance.

Donna Summer's song “Bad Girls” played as the “cop” dressed in a black utility vest, sunglasses, and camouflaged pants with a cap on came close to

her. He got on the stage as the song changed to “Ayy Ladies” by Travis Porter. He started dancing, spreading his legs out and moving his arms in a synchronized pattern. We all laughed as he did a backflip. I had never been capable of doing that myself without the help of a trampoline.

Getting even closer to her, he took off his sunglasses and put them on her. I was somewhat fearful of what was going to happen to my wife, based on what I had seen the male strippers do with other women that night, but also knew it was all in entertainment.

He turned his back to Danielle and started taking off his vest, exposing his well-built chest to the audience of women who were yelling in excitement, then started twerking his butt on Danielle in the chair! Leaning his body on her more, he took one of her hands in a motion in sync with the music and had her feel his chest and other parts of his body, including down by his groin!

The song changed to something I didn’t recognize, and I continued drinking faster as this memorable moment happened in front of me. Before I knew it, the stripper had torn off his camo pants to expose a black thong and was now balancing himself on something above her chair swinging his dick in her face! Jesus... what had I gotten myself into!

Officer Hunkford... if that’s really his name, guided Danielle out from her seated position and bent her over the chair before taking his belt off for the audience. I swear, if he really hits her.... I may have French tips and a vajayjay now, but I think I could take him down...

Luckily, he only pretended to hit her with the belt. Had the same reaction to the audience. Made them laugh and get even more enthusiastic. I should have been having more fun. Not as jealous. What was wrong with me? I took a deep breath and finally let out a smile.

He playfully put his belt around her neck and started dry humping her. Great. I was now watching someone do a role-play sex act with my wife on stage. The worst must be over now! The routine became a little less rambunctious as the officer did a light dance with her, made hand gestures

towards Danielle's vagina, and finally got completely naked covering his dick with his hat and using the flashlight as a prop down there. Money poured on stage as naked Hunkford got back on my wife in the chair and the MC announced for everyone to cheer!

"You should have seen your face!" said Morgan as Danielle came back to the table.

"Something tells me I may be pregnant after that..." said Danielle.

After three other dancers took the stage with various women, the show got wilder. I thought I was drunk... just not as messed up as previous night's yet... but the women they chose for this next one were beyond plastered. The three male strippers were dressed up as UPS delivery drivers with Amazon labels on the boxes. Apparently, these occupational costumes were popular with female customers and strippers!

"Someone is expecting a big package!" said the MC as one of the strippers took off his pants in front of the very drunk 40-something brunette seated in front of him. Breaking up the routine, the woman then put her hand on the guy's thong, pulled it down to expose his dick, and put it in her mouth, causing the entire room to jump about fifty-decibel points!

Danielle put her hands over her mouth.

"What the fuck?!" said Morgan, shocked at the action happening on stage.

I noticed that even the MC and strippers were laughing. The two other women on stage looked down at the guys in front of them wondering if they should follow suit. They both shrugged like 'why not' and proceeded to suck them off!

Patricia screamed, "This is crazy!" But then laughed.

Ally joked, "I'm surprised you didn't do THAT Danielle!"

"Is this even legal?!" I asked.

“Probably not,” said Linds. “Something tells me this happens often here...”

Luckily it didn’t get to the point of seeing the girls get a facial on stage. Perhaps their oral sex skills weren’t the best as the strippers carried on the routine a few dozen seconds later. Still a crazy thing to see on stage.

After the shenanigans were over I looked at my cell phone for the time and saw it was already 12:45 am. Holy shit time was flying tonight. I then put it back in my purse on the table and suddenly was engulfed in a giant bright light.

“Umm excuse me Miss...” said the MC.

I looked around. This spotlight was on me. Patricia and Linds were only illuminated on the sides. I looked behind me.... Yeah... spotlight on me... What the fuck?!

“Miss?!” the MC said trying to get my attention again. “You are the Maid of Honor here aren’t you?” he said pointing to my sash.

“Yeah....” I said.

“Then why aren’t you having fun honey?!” he asked causing the audience including my group of girls to laugh.

“Oh... I am...” I half-lied.

“I don’t think so. Why don’t you come up here?”

“GO UP THERE!” said Linds laughing at me noticing my hesitation.

Danielle and the other girls were waving for me to move with big smiles. Ugh. I thought peer pressure would be over after college! The entire audience was now on their side. It was 1 against 125! I had no choice but to go on stage and take a seat. Danielle and the girls then cheered loudly and got their

cellphones ready to document my humiliation.

“What’s your name honey?” the MC asked before putting the microphone to my mouth.

“Tara...” I said slowly.

“Sure you’re feeling okay?” he asked, putting the back of his hand to my forehead like it was a way to check for a fever.

“I’m fine!”

“Oh, we all know what it means when a woman says that!” he said harvesting an immense whoop from the crowd. “You need to have your heart and head examined... and maybe a gyno check! Calling Doctor Beefcake!”

The lights in the room went just as crazy as the crowd as the music changed to “Dr. Feelgood” by Mötley Crüe. What was this? A strip club in Fort Lauderdale from the 80s now? Suddenly, a tall guy wearing teal blue scrubs with a surgical mask, surgeon cap covering all his hair, some sort of tinted glasses, and old school head mirror appeared on the side stage with a clipboard and checked me in. After he threw the clipboard across the stage, he walked across the stage to me playing air guitar causing a bunch of women to hold up dollar bills already. I couldn’t help but laugh at how corny this was and put my hands to my mouth.

He proceeded to take his stethoscope and put it to my heart along with placing it comedically on my breasts... The laughter from the crowd made the situation a bit more comfortable, surprisingly. He took off the head mirror and brought his head closer to my boobs like I was going to use them to massage his head. Weird, but it wouldn’t be the first or second time someone’s head had been in that position this week.

The same twerking motion that had been done on Danielle was now on me. Ladies had been grinding their butts on me all week but having a guy do it made me feel... sexy, actually. Even though it was all for stage entertainment I started to feel better having someone give me this kind of

attention. Ugh, this was not a moment to stop having different emotions! The doctor then clapped his hands together, grooved to the music and took off his shirt. Yeah, not as built as the other guys but still pretty sexy. Shit! Why did I just think that?! I could tell his dancing skills were also subpar to the other guys that night, but it was still fun.

A few minutes into the strip dance, he still had his shirt on with just the stethoscope dangling. The MC then announced the most humiliating thing I had heard throughout the night. “Time for your oral exam!”

“WHAT?!?!” I yelled.

The audience was now even louder as the doctor put his head down towards my knees. I had my legs crossed like a lady, but it was still pretty close down there. Doctor Beefcake, corny ass stripper name by the way, then took me by hand and dragged me to the side of the stage where the door was present. It was completely embarrassing but exciting at the same time. Yeah, they couldn’t force me to give oral sex. That was definitely illegal! I’m sure it was just the end of the routine and they would guide me through some hallway in the back that led back to the main room where I could go back to the table my friends were at.

Instead, the doctor continued guiding me by my hand as we went down the hallway.

“Ummm... Where are we going?”

The stripper then stopped and slowly took off his surgical mask to reveal a huge pearly white grin and dodged the glasses and cap.

“MATT?!?!?”

“You should have seen your face!” he said laughing.

“I didn’t know you were a fucking stripper!”

His smile and body moments froze at my dumb blonde moment. “I’m

not..." he said.

"Then what are you doing here?!" I said half excited and half curious.

"You know you have some amazing friends...."

"They organized this?! How?!" I asked, very surprised. But yeah, how in the hell did they get it to allow Matt to be a part of the show? Who knew he had at least some male dancer skills?

Matt smiled and inched himself closer to me. "It was a last-minute thing... Danielle got my number from your phone. Said it being the last night she thought we should see each other one last time."

I was awestruck by the moment. First off, Danielle went through my phone?! Then again, we had been passing phones back and forth for the last few days just to see fun stuff and do things. Secondly, why in the world would my wife... or rather best friend in this world say I HAD to see a guy I was seeing through this trip one last time?

"I mean... it's great to see you it's just... this is strange. We are meeting in a strip club!"

"Would you have preferred the real doctor's office?"

I thought to myself, "*Was already there once this week and NOPE!*" He put his arms around my lower back and I put my hands on his arms in reaction. "But where are we going?"

"Somewhere a little quieter," he said. I could tell he was a little sweaty from being on the hot stage dancing. Something about it was appealing and I was already a little wet from the show despite it being part humiliating as well.

Still, I had questions about why Danielle and the other girls recommended this. "Shouldn't I grab my stuff and say goodbye?"

“They all know you are with me now and said they would take care of your stuff. Let’s just say they hinted at it. They called it a bit of therapy since you apparently haven’t looked at a guy the same way you do with me since your breakup a few months ago.”

“What?!” I asked.

“Sorry if it’s too personal,” he said. “But Danielle told me about how you have had such a great time being around me this week and that she thought it would be good for you to spend some time with me your last night here.”

Things had gone to another level. My wife was now recommending that I spend romantic time with men!

Matt continued. “I know we have our own lives outside of here and live a distance away. Would love to keep in touch obviously but let’s say we just enjoy tonight?”

“Don’t you need to get changed?” I asked looking down at his pants scrub.

He laughed, “I brought a bag here. Can change in one minute into some shorts and a shirt.”

We ended up walking down to a romantic beach bar with a fire pit and sat next to each other on one of the patio couches. I sat with my long legs crossed, feeling the sand hit my bare toes. Twirling hair in my fingers had become a habit over the last few days and the way Matt looked at me made me feel special in a way I had never experienced before. The thought of the reality that I was a man had started to disappear the more I relaxed... and drank... that night. Everything about the last night there was perfect. I had an amazing time with my wife and friends and now was being treated like a princess by someone. Yeah, I could use that word now. Never before had I been in a situation where someone wanted to charm me.

In the hour we spent at the bar, Matt and I talked about everything for

plans when we got back to America, to thoughts on dating nowadays, to favorite television shows when we were kids. One of the most personable and easy to talk to people I had met in recent years.

After a few small kisses in public I started thinking about our beach adventure last night. No, I wasn't about to blow him at the bar in public like what happened at the strip club with those other women. That would for sure get us kicked out. I wasn't feeling drunk to the point of being sick but was definitely on the same level I was the first few nights.

"I want to be with you Tara..." he whispered in my ear after kissing my neck. His right hand was planted firmly on my thick left thigh.

"We talked about this..." I said. "Dating will be too hard once we get back..." Yeah, because I'm going to have my dick back tomorrow.

"Not like that..." he said moving his hand closer to my vagina.

Shit. THAT'S WHY Danielle and the girls got a hold of him and put together this whole situation. I told them we didn't have sex last night and they thought it would be a good idea for me to have another chance at getting a good fucking tonight!

His movements made me smile even though I had been set up. Yeah, I voluntarily gave him head last night and ... ugh... okay, yeah, I was curious as to what it would be like to have sex as a woman. Part of me felt pressure from the girls, but another part knew they cared about me enough to go through all of this to set us up.

I hesitated and took a deep breath as my heart fluttered. "Okay, let's do it..."

He smiled as if knowing he was one step closer in the mission. "Where would you like to go? My place or yours?"

Fucking a guy is one thing but the last thing I wanted was another repeat of the lesbian experience where people hear us having sex. Especially

Danielle!

“I don’t think mine is a good idea, plus I don’t have my room key on me, and don’t even have my cell phone right now! How is your place?”

“Shit! I forgot my roommate texted me earlier, asking if he could have the room to himself about 4 am. Someone he met tonight.”

4 am? What a random time! Hey, note for people trying to hook up people. Make sure there’s a convenient place to fuck!

“Surely we can find somewhere else private. Should I go to the front desk and ask for another room?”

“No need to do that...” I said after thinking for a moment of the best possible places for a perfect romantic encounter. “I know this amazing awesome place that’s very private where we can have some fun.”

Matt and I held hands the entire trip to the destination.

“Are you sure we can get in here?” he asked part concerned and part laughing at the site of all the construction equipment, barb wire, and chain-linked fences.

“Yeah, I’ve been in here a few times,” I said guiding him through the destruction entrance.

“There’s a sign that says ‘Do Not Enter’” he said.

“There is...” I said not caring and still guiding him. I placed my hand on the gate door and pulled once. It didn’t open.

“Shit it’s locked!” I tried again and heard the sound of metal hitting metal.

“Let’s just go get the room...” he said as if his erection was on a clock.

“No, this place is sooo cool and perfect!”

“Let me try...” he said holding me and then putting his hand on the handle. In one try, the door opened. We looked at each other and smiled. “Magic touch...”

Entering the grotto entrance Matt’s eyes lit up. “Woah, what is this place?”

“I TOLD you it was special!” I laughed drunkenly. “You haven’t seen anything yet.”

“No, I haven’t,” he said looking at my thick ass in the tight white dress.

We held hands walking through the same path of water that I did on the first night here and the other night coming to the final destination of the emulate ornate water pool in the grotto.

“I’ve never seen anything like this?! How did you find this place?”

“Oh, you know...” I said shrugging it off. “Do you like it?”

“Yeah! Shit I wish we came here earlier,” he said pulling me close. I’m not sure if that was a metaphor for ‘we should have had sex earlier!’

I gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Get in. The water is warm.”

He laughed. Part of him was probably wondering why we didn’t need towels... getting wet and then putting back on a white dress should be fun! The other part of him knew it would be more fun if we stripped each other!

Matt placed his hands on my ass and pulled up my dress a bit while kissing me passionately with his touch. I just closed my heavily mascaraed eyes and let him take control. We weren’t even in the pool of water yet and my panties were already soaked knowing I what was going to happen but not knowing how it would feel. As we embraced each other’s bodies my hands became curious and put one of them down his shorts to feel his rock-hard erection. He was ready for me. Very ready.

“You have to be the most attractive woman I have ever laid my eyes on,” he said looking at me directly causing me to blush.

My hands came up to his chest as his hands went on mine, gently squeezing my breasts together. Men can never experience the type of pleasure this can bring to your body. Soon after, his shorts were off and my white dress was laid on some rocks along with my Maid of Honor sash, strapless bra and thong. I continued taking off his shirt and boxers to see his firm ass and at least eight-inch thick cock. Here goes nothing...

We got into the water, which was about the same temperature as a jacuzzi.

“This feels amazing...” he said getting into the water. Yeah, wait until your cock is in my pussy....

The beauty part about fucking in water is that it doesn't make sense to wear a condom. I soon got the full natural experience of sex as I spread my legs a bit while Matt lifted me up slightly and slide part of his dick into me. It hurt a little at first but after a few seconds and moving back and forth, more of his penis felt more like it belonged inside me. I left out a few moans with my mouth and eyes open looking at him like he was in control of me. The water splashes and my moans echoed through the entire grotto.

“Damn you feel so good inside of me....” I let out looking down at him from my elevated position. All thoughts of whatever masculinity remained of me was gone and I didn't even want to think about that at the time. For now, he was making a woman out of me.

Matt squinted his eyes a bit receiving pleasure from fucking my pussy and having his one of his hands on my butt. My hair was over my left shoulder hanging down where he could see the light wavy dirty blonde curls at the end which he felt the need to feel managing to get a free hand.

“You are so fucking sexy...” he said.

Not only did the physical attributes of having sex pleasure me... but also his words.

“Holy shit... I’m going to” My final words didn’t come out... But something else did. It’s true what they say. Orgasms do feel better for women. As a man, it seems like you get pleasure as cum drips out of the tip of your penis and you may be lucky to have your toes curl, but I felt this orgasm EVERYWHERE in my body. Toes, legs, pussy, nipples, head, heart... He noticed my back was shifting and I was poking my breasts out to his face to suck my nipples. This was a pretty good indication of what was happening. After orgasming for what seemed like a minute he kept fucking me, but a bit more slowly as we held each other in the water.

“Keep going...” I begged.

Matt was pretty good at following directions. He also took advantage of the fact that I was showing strong signs of loving attention to my nipples. Hey, breasts are fun. Even girls like them which is why you see females grab other girls’ boobs all the time.

Suddenly, Matt surprised me with something I was NOT expecting to hear at any point. “Can I put it in your ass?” he asked as politely as he could. It was probably every guy’s dream, staring at my nearly 40” round ass to give me anal sex. Now I knew how all those girls I ever asked felt about anal. However, I was feeling the moment and since his penis had already been in my mouth and vagina, how could this hurt?

The hardest part of the anal sex experience wasn’t going in, like most girls have issues with. That may be more emotional than physical. We had natural lubrication and everything, so it went in my ass no problem. Yeah, it surprised me how much my asshole could spread to accept his thick dick in me, but it was harder to find the right position. Underwater, there were some rocks acting as stairs that I propped myself up on while he fucked me in my ass underwater. I liked being fucked in my pussy more, but this felt pleasurable still just different. It helped that I kept rubbing my clit as he pushed his dick back and forth in my butt while squeezing my left butt cheek underwater and pulling my hair with the other hand.

“FUCK! That feels good! Keep fucking me in my ass!” I said trying to make him the most excited he had ever been.

“I’m glad you like it... Damn this is hot,” he said.

“Yeah... keep fucking me!” I begged.

“Here it comes...” he said panting.

It was a little hard to feel while underwater, but I did feel something come out of his dick and go into my butt. My nipples were extremely hard knowing he found me sexy enough to cum in my ass. He continued going back and forth slowly while pulling my hair like I was his bitch. I kept rubbing myself until orgasming yet again thanks to touching my clit, pinching my left nipple, and having him fuck me up the butt.

He pulled out of me fully again and then turned me around. I felt his cock brush up against my thigh as he brought me around for another kiss and smiled at me, hugging me close. It felt natural to put my arms around him and kiss after an amazing close encounter. He continued to say silent, but I know he was thinking the world of me based on our sexual experience. My mind was spinning because of all the alcohol and sexual emotions in my body.

I heard him utter the words. “That felt amazing.”

“Same here...” I said, though thoughts of masculinity crept back in at exactly the wrong time. I wanted to feel like a girl for the rest of the night after losing my virginity as a woman. Part of me also felt like I had been lying to this amazing guy I just fucked.

I debated right then to tell him everything. How I was really a man inside. The entire story of transformation and how my wife was now engaged to someone else. Someone more successful than me but how my new female identity was more successful than my male self. Wait... just thinking about that made me realize. The average person when hearing that would probably ask me “And why do you want to be a man again?” Yes. It crossed my mind.

I was still torn on the issue and time was running out. Will I stay a woman or go back to my normal life? The normal life brought me here in the first place and never before did I consider being a woman... But so much had happened in the past few days to make me think about living the rest of my life as a female.

One thing was for sure. Once I switched back I would never tell Danielle about this experience. Even if we could laugh about it, there was no way I was going to admit to her that I had sex with another man.

Chapter 8: Leaving Sucks (Sunday)

I woke up and looked to my left to see my wife, Danielle. She was looking as beautiful as ever, as her dark hair fell into her face and hit part of the white nightshirt she wore to bed. The only thing that didn't look right was the setting. She was in a different bed. I was in mine. Still with long hair, still with large breasts on my chest, still having the sheets hit my shaved legs. I was still a woman. Any thoughts of randomly transforming between now and the plane ride. Immediately, I got out of bed and looked in the mirror. Something told me this pretty face was the one I would be looking at for a long time now. Part of this came as no surprise but there was a massive disappointment in knowing that my entire life as a man was probably erased.

Looking at the time, I noticed it was 9:12 am by the red LED digits on the nightstand alarm clock. Memories did not exist of what happened between getting in the shuttle and going to sleep. The last thing I remembered was kissing Matt after he escorted me to a shuttle to take me back to the villa. I drank a lot last night and of course was overcome by the emotional rollercoasters. I looked around and saw that Danielle had placed the purse I took out last night on the dresser. My cell phone was right next to it with about 10% battery left.

I heard of some girls deleting guy's numbers after a one-night stand. Maybe I had done that once getting back to the villa. But was it really a one-night stand if I had known him for a few days? As of now, I had other things to worry about.

"Danielle! Wake up honey!"

"What?!" she said obviously a little hungover.

"We have to get up! Check out is at 11 and we have a plane to catch!"

"Five more minutes!"

“Danielle! I said coming closer to her and sitting next to her on the bed.”

I started feeling very worried. Obviously, I was still a woman. Danielle was acting like she had all week, like nothing was wrong. I wanted to tell her again that I was her husband, but also knew it was useless. But I needed answers and needed them soon!

“You seem a little down today,” said Patricia at the breakfast table.

“Yeah... we are leaving!” I joked. I felt like shit. This entire episode was getting confusing again, and time was ticking. I could not leave this island without answers. We had all our bags by the front door waiting for bell service to pick them up and transport to the airport for us.

Linds took a sip of coffee and then wasted asking about Patricia’s sex life. “How was it with that guy from the club last night?”

Apparently, some stuff happened after I parted ways.

“Oh, you know... I must be one of the few black girls who likes a white guy more any day.”

The girls laughed and then started talking about more details of Patricia’s night of fun but never once asked me about Matt.

This was unlike the girls. None of them had tried getting details about my sexual experience last night. Not that that was a bad thing right now.

Right before 11 am we were in line with a bunch of other tourists at the hotel desks waiting to check out. I was losing patience and starting to sweat. Meanwhile, my friends were in line talking about how they wanted to come back, how it was an amazing trip, and plans for back home. Yeah, what did I have to return to? A mysterious life!

“This is taking so long!” Ally complained.

“Yeah ummm... excuse me for a moment,” I said.

“Where are you going?” asked Danielle.

“To talk to someone...” I said adjusting my bra straps under my teal tank top.

“We are about to leave!” said Morgan surprised that I wanted more alone time.

“Yeah, I’ll meet everyone at the airport in, like... umm... what time do we need to be there?”

“No later than noon!” said Ally. “Who are you going to talk to?”

“I’ll tell everyone later,” I responded as I turned around causing my long hair to move around my shoulder. “See everyone at the airport!”

I ignored pleas to stay with them as I made my way around the corner of the lobby and into another section. This had to be solved or I was going to be stuck like this. Strong opinions were in my mind, but I needed at least some answers on why this happened or if there was any way of possibly changing back. At this point, there was only one person on this entire trip who may have SOME answers.

A few seconds into my trip down the hall, I found a security guard.
“Excuse me. I have an emergency right now. Is Alan Freeman here right now? The general manager?”

Five minutes later, I was in Mr. Freeman’s large office with a large window view of the ocean. Hopefully if anyone had any answers at the actual resort, it would be the most important staff member.

“That is one remarkable story...” he said after I told him the Cliff Notes

version of my vacation. Basically, that I came to the island with Danielle as a married couple, transformed into a woman randomly the next morning, the whole bachelorette week, and that my attempts to turn back were not successful thinking that maybe it was a test and I would change back into a man today leaving out ALL details of my experience with Matt, bachelorette shenanigans, and lesbian sex with Danielle.

I kept pleading with him for answers when he leaned back in his chair.

“Now Miss McKensie... Why did you lie to me?”

I gulped. “I’m sorry.... When did I lie?”

“You are not telling me everything...”

My eyes became bigger. Did I really have to tell him about the strip club experience last night and having four forms of sex this week? “Do you want me to start from the moment I got here and tell you EVERYTHING that happened?” I asked shyly.

Mr. Freeman had a very concerned, but not angry look on his face. “When you were detained on Tuesday evening, I asked you if you had ever been in the grotto before then.

Hesitation started as I was surprised by his statement. In my short version of the story, I never mentioned the grotto. “How did you know...?”

He placed his hand to his chin and said, “You aren’t the first. Anytime we have someone make this complaint... it involves the grotto...”

I was flabbergasted - and curious - but at least I was starting to get some answers. Somehow, I felt the need to answer his question. “I didn’t say anything because I was embarrassed and confused! My entire existence had been replaced, and not even my wife believed my story! Yes, my wife and I got into the grotto our first night here, but how is it even possible for that to cause a whole gender transformation and for the universe to change to think I’ve always been female!”

Mr. Freeman took a deep breath like he was about to tell me a long story. “This doesn’t happen every week... but you are probably the twentieth woman in my eight years of being here at the Coral who has come forward to mention being a man before. When I was promoted, the old general manager told me that she saw various transformations over her career too. It has always been a prime concern. We don’t want to be known as the resort for sex changes!

No matter what we do to destroy it or cover it up or replace it or whatever, something happens. Fences come loose, doors open, construction equipment breaks down, security guards get sick. I wish we could just dump fifty tons of sand over it and call it a day! But the gods have something to say about it.”

“Gods?” I asked.

Mr. Freeman took another deep breath. “The island of Costa Oliola has a deep history. The island was inhabited about 10,000 years ago by a tribe that practiced a religion heavily based on multiple gods and magic. Legend has it that they used transformation in many different ways. For instance, they would punish people by turning them into pigs or goats or use age regression as a cure for diseases. You could say the fountain of youth was truly here at one point in time. However, we’ve never seen any of those things occur here. One tradition does still exist though.”

“Gender change?!” I said.

He nodded and continued with his story. “The tribe had a large water pool called Entro Gencilla which could cause full sex changes. They perfected the practice until the entire universe would change around the transformee, and the only person with a memory of them being male would be themselves and other people transformed in the pool. Crazy I know.”

“Why in the hell would they make something like that?!”

“They prayed to a god named Avora who was a mix between a god of love and fortune. Legend has it that the god created the natural beauty of the

grotto for their use and promised that it would be their salvation. This island, as you know, is in the middle of almost nothing in the sea. Perhaps it was lack of women where they started forcing men to become their wives.” Mr. Freeman noticed my reactions “I know it’s a lot to take in, but there’s nothing we can do. When this resort was under construction in the 80s, they tried to destroy it, but had no luck, just like we have since then. Construction was being halted, which did not make investors happy, and they were forced to build around it. It must be cursed!”

“But I went in the grotto again on the night you caught me and had my body in the water. Why didn’t I change back?” I asked curiously.

Mr. Freeman stated, “It seems to only do male to female transformations and only works if the person is engaged in physical activity while in the water.”

“Hence, why my wife didn’t change into a man I guess.”

“Exactly,” he said.

“OH SHIT!!!!” I screamed causing Mr. Freeman to jump in his seat a bit. “Matt!!!!”

“Who is Matt?” he asked concerned.

Now I had to tell him. And admit my feminization.

I started breathing heavily and became overfilled with emotions. Sad, angry at myself I wiped away a tear. “I met this guy this week and.... We had sex in there last night.”

“You went back?!?!?” he asked a little angry that I broke my promise from when I first met him.

“Ugh... I didn’t do it on purpose I promise,” I said starting to cry. I was now responsible for destroying Matt’s life and felt like complete shit. Mr. Freeman noticed my emotions and handed me a box of tissues.

I wiped away tears and blew my nose. Mr. Freeman seemed like he was now my counselor. “Go on, when you are ready...”

After taking more deep breaths, I said, “We met a few days ago and had sex for the first time last night. There wasn’t an easy place for us to do it and then I thought back to how cool the grotto looked when my wife and I were there and thought it would be a good idea.”

Mr. Freeman looked very surprised. “Let’s just make sure... What is his full name? You said first is Matt?” he said turning to his computer.

“Yeah Matt. His last name is Jones.”

A quick search on the computer made Mr. Freeman react by shaking his head in a horizontal direction. “No one currently checked into the hotel under that name.”

“Shit!” I said in an unladylike fashion. “What about one of the guys he came here with?”

“What are their names?”

“One of them is Jason,” I knew because of Matt talking about him the most.

“Does Jason have a last name?” asked Mr. Freeman.

I shook my head since I was unsure of the answer. “I don’t know.”

“Do you happen to know the room number they were in?” he asked.

“No, I was never there!” I answered honestly.

“There’s not much I can do then to try and locate this person.”

I wept more. I never wanted to do that to him. I cared about it. Had my

selfishness led to this? Over the last few days I felt like I had become a better person and never wanted to hurt anyone like I did Danielle shortly after my transformation.

“I feel sooo bad.”

“You didn’t know...” Mr. Freeman said trying to make me feel more comfortable.

“Yeah... but he was a really great guy and had so much to offer and now we can’t even find where he is to help him!

Mr. Freeman paused. I could tell he was the type of man who wasn’t used to women crying in front of him like this. “There’s not much we could do, Miss McKensie. Although I have some more questions for you, and this is out of pure curiosity. Most transformees tend to tell us right away, to try and solve the situation, or even thank us for the opportunity like we did it on purpose. I’m surprised word hasn’t broken out about this online, but there seems to be one common trend. I don’t think the tribe intended to ruin a man’s life by giving him a sex change. In all incidents, it seems like the man’s life drastically improves as a result of being turned into a woman. You are the first transformee I have met who admitted to going back there after transformation and having sex. What surprises me is that it got to that point... It was obvious you were concerned about returning to being a man but you pretended like everything was normal on Tuesday and you were enjoying being with your friends for the bachelorette party. Then you end up being physically attracted to men and having sexual relations with them?”

My tears had stopped. The whole situation was making a lot of sense now. My frown turned into a light smile as my mind came to peace with all of the answers in life coming to me. “Danielle and I came here to spice up our lives. She’s still in my life now. I’m just her best friend. She is living a fuller life, it seems, now that she is engaged to someone else, and all of us seem happier in this new existence. I caused her too much hardship due to my selfishness earlier, but when I tried acting like one of the girls it seemed to ease the situation. Almost like it was meant for me to be one in life. The more I acted like a woman, the more things naturally started happening, like my body

mannerisms and attraction to men. Everything makes sense now, and it's important for me to admit that although I am sad I have to leave my life as a man, I think things will be better off with me living as a woman for the rest of my life."

"That's very remarkable Miss McKensie, and it's very admirable of you to admit that," he smiled.

Just for confirmation, I asked, "So my wife never knew any of this, and everyone in my life will always remember me as being female?"

He scratched his chin. "As far as I know, your wife couldn't possibly have known about this and it was purely by accident. But as you said, she is your best friend now and you are the Maid of Honor at her wedding. Seems like you are made of honor in more ways than one the way you are expressing your love for her."

"That's true," I smiled.

Mr. Freeman continued, "Still, on behalf of the Coral I do deeply apologize for having your entire existence erased. The least I can do is comp your entire stay here with your group and refund your money. If there is a solution found in the future I will have staff contact you immediately for the option of returning to manhood."

"... Thank you... I doubt I'll need to return but I appreciate the refund," I replied. Even with the newly inflated bank account and income, a comped stay was helpful.

"So, other than the gender change, how was your experience here?"

"Amazing!" I said honestly. "We had the time of our lives. The food and drinks were great everywhere, plenty of things to do, and we were all talking about how we were so happy we could all have this long trip together full of memories! Other than some minor weird things like not understanding some employees, it was perfect!"

Mr. Freeman smiled, “Wonderful! Sounds like you had the time of your life. Is there anything else I can do for you?” he asked.

I paused for a moment, thinking if there was anything else I needed. Anything else that I couldn’t leave the island without. Anything that I may need in the future. Anything that had been on my mind. Finally, I said, “Can you give me the key to the grotto gate, just in case it’s locked, so I can see it just one last time, with a little privacy?”

A few minutes later I grabbed Jake by his hand after finding him at the Tiki bar.

“Wow Tara! What a surprise!” he said happily. “I thought you were leaving!” he replied, surprised that I was touching and pulling him.

“There’s something I want to try with you that I think will make us both happy... I have a plane to catch in like thirty minutes... so let’s make this quick. I know just the place where no one will see us!”

Epilogue: Final Words

“Oh Danielle! Where do I begin?! First off, you look absolutely gorgeous today,” I said to her, directly to my right.

I looked down at my notes in my left hand and brought the microphone in my right manicured hand back to my mouth to continue my speech. My nails were now pink with hints of light gold glitter on the ends, done especially for the wedding. The makeup I had on was extra dramatic with the help of fake lashes, heavy foundation, three-shade eye makeup, and deep red lips.

All eyes were on me as everyone awaited my next words as I delivered my Maid of Honor speech. Since starting the job I was meant for, my confidence skills with speaking in front of many important people had drastically risen even in the few weeks I had been like this. There was no shaking in my three-inch silver strapped heels. I matched the other bridesmaids in wearing a lavender stealth sweetheart style bridesmaid dress that fit well with the warmer than usual February weather we were having. The strapless dress was mostly tulle based and had accents of white and pink across the chest. Very girly, but there were no issues wearing something like this nowadays. Because of my large breasts there was a hint of cleavage and of course it had to be altered a big in the back for me. Since the dress was a little short, I wasn't going to go commando like Patricia had talked about. Instead, there was a white thong covering my equipment. No penis there. Not that I missed having that thing at all. As a woman, I could wear more of a variety of stuff and have fun with it.

Going to the salon earlier in the day and getting ready in the dressing rooms of the venue was one of those classic female bonding moments. All the bridesmaids chose different hairstyles. I knew it would be cute if I went with a side wrap braid. While the left side of my dirty blonde hair was braided with one strand of curl hanging down the right side had been lightly curled and was pulled over my right shoulder. The perfect look for me, making me feel sophisticated, yet sexy. It was strange to have my previous

mother-in-law comment on how pretty I looked, but it was part of the new relationship.

“We’ve known each other for a long time and have been through SOO much together. I’m not going to lie, I was shocked when you told me you were engaged to none other than Alex Hawthorne!”

The room augmented polite laughter.

“When first met Alex I thought, ‘wow he looks the same in person as he does on TV’ This guy is wayyyyyyy too good looking. Alex, you look like you should be making a lot of soccer mom’s happy as the star on a sofa opera! How did he end up with shy little Danielle?! But the more I was around you both the more I saw the love. How I knew you both would be the perfect match for each other.”

In reality, this was true. The first meeting with Alex about one week after we got back from Costa Oliola was awkward, but the more I got to know him, the more I understand how things were supposed to be. By the second week I came to complete terms with the new reality. I still love Danielle as a friend of course, but the romantic chemistry has since fizzled, being replaced by my new interest in dating men. Alex promised to introduce me to a few of his close friends. A promise he kept as I met a few before the wedding. All wealthy and powerful just like him. In the short few weeks I had known him I loved being around him and Danielle. We had a lot of fun together. Danielle was now living in his mini-mansion in a very exclusive neighborhood in town. My new place wasn’t that bad either and only a ten-minute drive from their house.

“If there’s one thing I’ve known about Danielle since I met her is that she has great taste in men! But there was something different when she talked about you, Alex. It was unlike anything I heard before when we were having girl talk. There was a spark there where she knew deep down that you were the one for her.”

I started to get a little emotional and teary-eyed in a happy way. Some people were probably expecting me to cry while giving a toast. Yeah, it’s

cliché and girly but you try having a body full of estrogen and see how you act!

Of course, I had no memory of the entire relationship of meeting Alex and some things of female life with Danielle but in the past few weeks I had done my best to fill in the gaps with the help of some diaries I found, pictures, and scrolling back catalogs of social media posts.

After sniffing, I continued my speech with a story I managed to come up with about the couple in recent weeks and more statements about how they meant so much to each other. All of it was the truth coming from my heart. Thanks to one diary entry from a few years ago I was able to construct a great segue to thank Alex's parents.

“Even as partying cheerleaders back in college, Danielle and I had our serious conversations late at night. One of them included talking about our ideas for perfect weddings. Being the dreamy princess that she is....!” I said with comical enthusiasm causing the audience to laugh lightly. “Danielle told me she wanted the biggest wedding ever with a huge flowy dress, surrounded by friends and family, in a modern venue with eccentric lighting with floral arrangements everywhere.” The crowd noticed they were in that same room at that moment. “Oh... and to dance to plenty of old school Lady Gaga if that tells you anything! Governor and Mrs. Hawthorne... thank you from the bottom of my heart for making Danielle's dream come true.”

There was a large applause from the audience, especially at the bridal party table where everyone knew the extent that Alex's influential family went to make sure they had everything they wanted for the perfect wedding.

After a few more words, I became emotional again as I closed my speech.

“Please, everyone, raise their glass,” I asked while putting down my notes on the table and grabbing my champagne glass. Alex and Danielle were seated at the bridal table in the center and I was to her left. “The day has finally arrived where we all wish you the best

“And I love you both so much and know you will have the perfect lives

together.”

That last heartfelt statement was like my confirmation of complete acceptance of letting go of my previous life married to Danielle and accepting my new position of being there for her as her best friend. Her Maid of Honor.

Danielle stood up smiling at me. Her makeup was done in the style in which she should be on the cover of a bridal magazine. Considering the level of wedding this was, she had picked out a classic opulent beaded dress with a scoop neckline and V-shaped back. The layered skirt of the dress flared out at least two feet. She was wearing an expensive necklace and had her hair in a very well done updo. The kind often seen in a Hallmark movie whenever a woman gets married to a prince. She was holding back tears with me as I hugged her. After embracing her, I hugged Alex, truly happy for him.

“Love you, Tara. That was great,” Alex said whispered in my ear.

I felt dozens of camera snaps in addition to the wedding photographer capture our moment of bonding.

The wedding went fabulously with a very good meal, great music, and many memories on the dance floor, at the photo booth, and mingling with some of the most prominent people in our state... many who said they were very happy to meet me finally as they heard so many wonderful things about me. While on the dance floor, I took a great selfie holding Danielle tightly, feeling the sides of her accented wedding dress. Alex was on the other side of her smiling brightly. We looked so happy. What a perfect evening! I excused myself and headed into the hallway of the venue for a short break. As I walked I opened my Face app ready to let the world know what a great evening it was and how much I loved the newly married couple.

Just as I was writing the caption I saw a notification pop at the top of the phone:

Message request from Melanie Jones.

Who is this? I asked myself. Whoever it was had a profile picture of herself with glasses on, long messy hair, and was engulfed in a large blanket. The message said:

“This is random. But I think I finally found you! Are you the Tara McKensie who was down in Costa Oliola last month? If so, I have a LOT of questions for you!!!”

My heart dropped a bit, but I kept my composure. Why right now?! How did she find me? My name was listed as just Tara Mac for privacy reasons. I had a feeling about who this person was, but I could be wrong. It might not be him. I didn't have to be him. It could be . . . well, I knew best not to assume the worst anymore. Though concerned and knowing that there was a person with potentially important questions, I sent a reply:

“Yes... that’s me...”

To be continued...?

Author's Notes (Spoilers)

Last warning: DO NOT READ THIS PAGE IF YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED THE STORY!

Woah, I'm SO happy that you made it this far and finished the story! This story has been on my agenda for over two years! It originally came about from a caption I made for Tar on Rachel's Haven involving what life would be like if she were born a girl instead. One preference was to involve the wife somehow and the basic idea for this story was born.

It was in developmental hell for a while since I of course was writing other stories in case you haven't noticed and had to play with the plot in order to make it work as a novella. Ideas ranged from having Danielle and Tom switch genders together to the concept of having Danielle was responsible and doing it just to teach him a lesson with intention of turning back but I think this best friend/maid of honor/bachelorette SHEnanigans worked best.

This is also the first story that I wrote in first person that I can remember which I think worked best for this style of story.

As far as the sequel is concerned there is no set release date but I will keep it into consideration. Of course, it would take place right after the events of this book and go into details about what happened once Tara and Matt split ways.

And yes... She did fuck Jake in the grotto. The reasoning will be further explained in the sequel.

Let me know what you thought of the story via an e-mail or review where you bought this! These author note back stories are hopefully going to be included with every release from now on.

Love,

Courtney Captisa
September 2018

E-mail: inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/CourtneyCaptisa>

Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/courtneycaptisa/man-maid-of-honor/>

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(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)