

## Meant to Have (Lesbian Couple TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for GWW1992

*Pete and Dorothy are an elderly couple in their eighties who have always supported the LGBTQ community. Both are secretly in the closet themselves, even to each other - Pete wishes he had been born a woman, while Dorothy is pansexual - but it isn't until their wishes are granted by the inexperienced fairy Hazelheart that everything changes. Slowly, the pair find themselves becoming young, gorgeous lesbian lovers.*

### Meant to Have

Pete and Dorothy were excited. The Pride March was just around the corner - that very day - and as always, they were looking forward to showing their support. The elderly couple were in their early eighties, and so the once-brilliant days of joyful enthusiasm and dancing and drinking at such an event was a long memory ago. In fact, during recent years they retired early after the march, even after talking to many of their friends in the LGBTQ community. Still, it was an important event for them to show their ally-ship, to have a good time, and show the world that support for equality was no new thing: it had been ingrained in them both from a young age.

"I hope the music isn't *too* loud this year, though," Dorothy said idly as she made herself a tea, and one for her husband as well. Pete used to have coffee with milk, but his bowels were playing up lately, and so to his disappointment he was having tea without caffeine. Decaffeinated coffee was just too wrong in his eyes.

"I don't think it's gotten any louder, dear," Pete replied, taking the tea from her as if it were a contaminated specimen, eyeing it suspiciously. "I think we're just getting older."

Dorothy nodded sadly. "Not too old to attend, surely?"

He patted her hand lovingly, as he had through nearly sixty years of marriage. "Not at all, my love. Still plenty of young people who have taken the time to get to know us, and it's important we show our support."

Dorothy took her seat, shuffling a little. Her legs were a bit unsteady these days. She knew she should get a walking tray, since the cane she sometimes used simply wasn't enough. But she was holding off that time as long as possible out of stubborn pride.

"That's true, that's true. I just worry . . ."

"Yes, dear?"

"Nevermind."

"Dor, we've been married too many decades to keep secrets. What is it?"

She blushed a little, and these days the embarrassment showed a lot easier on her thin, hollow cheeks. “Well, it’s just that I worry that we don’t belong there anymore. It’s a youth movement, in many ways. We oldies who have helped fight the good fight - or at least supported those who were fighting - seem a bit out of place at times. I wonder if we’re just old relics that should be elsewhere.”

“What, and let time leak away? Become respectfully decrepit and weathered and waste away like all the other venerable couples? Dorothy, I already take twelve pills a day for my heart, my lungs, my back, my groin, and my liver. But just because I sometimes *feel* like I’m in a nursing home doesn’t mean I’m ready to retire to one. Besides, I thought you were the stubborn one in our relationship.”

He gave her a wink and grin, and it melted Dorothy’s heart. Though the days of sexual passion were long behind them, she occasionally remembered what it had been like, and Pete’s boyish smile brought those loving memories of making love upon Peake’s Hill in his old beaten-up Mustang.

“Fine, fine, we’ll go,” she said. “Of course, I want to anyway. I just have these self-doubts.”

“So do I, Dor. More perhaps than you can ever know. But it gives us meaning, and it’s for a good cause, so we must attend. Besides, it gives us a little youth back, I think, even if just a little.”

Dorothy smiled. “You’re right, of course, Pete. I just worry our time is past us.”

“The curse of age.”

“Indeed.”

They were silent a time, reminiscing about times when they were more involved in the event, helping organise the float car of the *Straights for Gays Alliance* and helping set up early in the morning, and even attending the vibrant afterparties in the evening. Now, their lot was merely attendance, though they were still a common enough feature that younger individuals treated them very kindly, like a museum piece that was aged yet highly respected, even if not the centrepiece by any imagination.

Pete finished his tea, cringing at it. He’d taken up a coffee addiction after his doctors advised him repeatedly not to drink alcohol due to his age and condition of his liver. That had been a harsh blow. But now he was also unable to drink even that. Of course, the same rules and restrictions applied to breakfast as well: no more fatty sausages or eggs or bacon, despite these having been a long staple in the household, particularly as a weekend treat. The two had done well for themselves over a long period. They’d had a child - Nathan - and now two grown grandchildren who lived abroad. They had a wonderful two-story house in a nice neighbourhood, with a generous backyard for Dorothy’s gardening. And they were both, of course, retired. Pete had been a successful mechanic, and Dorothy a florist, appropriately.

But there were so many restrictions now, and it made them sometimes feel as if they should apply them to their social life too. Pete scoffed privately to himself as he ambled to the kitchen. Dorothy's attitude concerned him, and for more reasons than she knew. He had never told her, not across decades of their marriage, but all his life he had wished he had been born a woman. People would think he was crazy if he admitted it, especially in the time period he grew up in, where trans people were practically invisible, or in great danger, and things had still not improved enough on that front. But who could have imagined that Peter Westgard would want to be a woman? In his prime, he was tall, fit, with a square manly jaw like those of the old westerns he loved to watch. His hair was a full auburn that had a rugged quality to it, and when beards came back in, his had been full and lush.

And yet, beneath it all, he had wished to be a woman. There was no explaining it. He wanted to have breasts. He wanted to have a softer figure, hairless, with widened hips and a trimmer waist. He wanted to be free of body hair - despite Dorothy's love of his 'manly carpet, as she liked to call it - and to grow the hair upon his head out long so that it would go to his thighs, like the women he admired in catalogues and on the street from time to time. He wanted - and this was the strangest thing - to be able to carry a child, as Dorothy had. It was, in his eyes, the most beautiful thing in the world, but he was incapable of it. He wanted to dress in women's fashion, to wear a dress, and to be seen by all to be a woman.

He had lived with those desires all of his life, but as like many in his generation, such things were never talked about, and he remained in the closet to even his wife, even as his hair fell out entirely, and his figure became more gaunt and stooped, and his muscles waned subtly, and one eye became redder than the other. Any hope of living a full woman's life was gone, and he'd made his peace with it: mourned it and moved on. His own way of coping, fittingly enough, had been in regularly supporting and donating to those more daring than him in the LGBTQ community, and serving as an ally to the brave souls who had the courage to open up the closet and walk on out.

Dorothy had always supported him in this, and for that he was thankful. In fact, he didn't feel as much hesitation about telling her the truth as he did shame over not telling her sooner. As the years had gone on, there were numerous missed opportunities to reveal this to her. Their marriage was no lie, after all. He loved his wife with all of his being - the pair had met as allies at an LGBTQ event, and hit it off immediately. And while he may wish he was a woman, he did not take for granted the sweet silver prize of being this marvellous, stubborn, and energetic woman's manly husband. But after failing to tell her the truth so many times, the date had long passed when it wouldn't come as a betrayal anyway.

What Pete didn't know was that Dorothy was holding her own secret as well, one she had never told *him*. It was not, perhaps, quite as dramatic, but it was something she was reflecting on as her husband of six decades worked away in the kitchen to make them

breakfast as he always kindly did. While Pete had all the health issues, she had all the mobility issues, and she was constantly feeling let down by her body. She had been a runner, once. Despite being a short brunette woman often described as 'cute' due to her 5'2 stature, she nevertheless had loved swimming and exploring and hiking, and now those things weren't available to her. She had experienced a number of flings before meeting Pete and recognising him as the love of her life. He was a truly thoughtful man in the way most were not, and he seemed utterly to understand her, and women in general, in a deeply empathetic way.

All of this served to make her feel bad that she had never told him about her sexuality. Yes, she was attracted to men - that lantern jaw of Pete's had been no small draw, after all - but secretly she had also been attracted to . . . everyone. There was no word for it when Dorothy was going through teenagehood and early adulthood, and even when the vernacular came into being it didn't fully encapsulate what she was. She knew the word 'homosexual', but that didn't apply to her: she looked at beautiful men as easily as she looked at beautiful women. But when the phrase 'bisexual' became more popularly known, even that seemed not quite befitting what she was. After all, she was attending Pride marches as an ally by this point, never feeling like she was part of the community due to her confusion. But when the drag queens gave their brilliant displays, or the dancers of indeterminate gender performed upon the street to the ecstatic crowd, she found her gaze lingering on both. It was as if gender did not matter to her: man or woman or anything in between, she simply found attractive beauty and handsomeness of any variety she liked.

She was fifty-seven years old when she first learned the word 'pansexual', and she had to go to her room and cry in relief at knowing she wasn't some freak, and that she was normal. It was quite a shock knowing she had been a member of the LGBT community all along without realising it: she had assumed something in her was psychologically broken. She hadn't fit any known bills, to her knowledge. Part of it was her upbringing, from a small conservative town in the south that shamed women's sexuality - a popular pastime everywhere back then - and it was a shame that she still carried on. Pete would support her, she knew, but that shame weighed heavy, and she worried it would throw their stable, steady marriage onto unsafe ground. Much better to hide it. It wasn't relevant anymore, anyway.

Both of them were shaken from their reminiscing when Pete brought a veritable platter of food to the table for their breakfast. Dorothy had to put on her much-needed glasses just to take it all in, and she gasped at what Pete had been cooking up.

"Dear, this is too much! You're not meant to have almost any of this!"

Pete just smiled that boyish grin that reminded her of a better, younger time. He began passing out the sausages to their plates, then the scrambled eggs, then the bacon

and mushrooms and strips of salmon. Dorothy couldn't help but notice he even had a glass of watered-down bourbon.

"Pete! What on Earth are you doing?"

"I decided we both must be feeling down, and that it was time to rectify that, my dear. Screw the doctors, just for one day. I'll have a big diet tomorrow. I'll eat nothing but leafy greens for a month if I must. But today is a day of celebration. Sixty years of marriage—"

"Not our anniversary."

"Let me finish. Sixty years of marriage, and today it is forty seven years of attending the city Pride March."

Dorothy cracked an amused smile. "That's not the most auspicious number, Pete."

"Well, I'm making it auspicious. And I'm celebrating. One day won't kill me. We can eat up, enjoy ourselves. Play an old classic on the vinyl, maybe even pretend we can dance again. And then we can attend Pride, and support this wonderful event together, and put away our regrets and broodings for one day. How does that sound?"

Dorothy's heart melted all over again for the man she loved.

"That sounds fantastic, dear."

They began eating up.

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Hazelheart was very, very excited. The young fairy had succeeded in her first assessment involving the granting of a wish. Sure, it came after a bit of trial-and-error that involved accidentally turning a man into a woman's sexy lesbian lover, all because he had wished to be the 'type of person she would date and marry', but it had all turned out alright in the end! The fairy council had thought her actions a little unorthodox in the way she had granted the wish, but there was no denying that she had chosen the right wish to grant, and the end result had in fact been true love and happiness.

And so it was that the adorable little pixie flitted through the city once more, in search of wishes to grant. She was dead set on not causing any transformations again, at least not unintentional ones. But she took her job as a fairy wish-granted quite seriously: she had to find a worthy wish most of all, and then work her pixie-dust to bring it to fruition. Already, she'd had a couple of successes. She'd reunited a mother and child who had wandered away, and helped a man gain the ability to swim, something he'd long struggled with having come from a landlocked country. Yes, she'd initially accidentally turned him into a mermaid, but that was all fixed now.

"Well, okay, so he does technically turn into a super pretty mermaid when the full moon is up now, but that was an alright fix, right?"

She chatted to herself when nervous.

“I mean, it’s a pretty tail, and he gets to experience the ocean much better than anyone else. And I don’t care what he said when he was chewing me out, he really did seem to enjoy being a mermaid when he didn’t know I was invisible next to him!”

Still, she sighed. “By the kingdom, I’m *really* going to get it from the council unless I make a really big wish come true. I mean, that lady wished she could breastfeed her baby better, but I didn’t mean to make her boobs so big, or so productive! And I have no idea how to reverse it!”

Okay, so she’d had *less* successes than perhaps she had liked. That woman would probably be a bit annoyed at the cost of all those new HH-cup bras she clearly needed. But the wish had been granted, right!? That had to count for something!

“Oh, I *really* need to prove I can do this,” the ditzzy fairy said. “But where can I find a place where some wishes really, *really* need to come true?”

All around her, as she flew through the great concrete city, there was little more than shallow or selfish wishes.

*I wish something could make me rich.*

*I wish I could look beautiful, and my sister be the ugly one for once.*

*I wish I had the power to just kill my boss already.*

She wiped a tear from her eye, aghast at what she was hearing. Pixies had too much emotion for their little bodies, and Hazelheart was emotional even by fairy standards. She clutched her bag of pixie-dust tighter, losing hope as she flew.

But then she saw it. A march. Bright and colourful and beautiful. Signs of ‘Pride’ and ‘Equality’ were raised for all to see. People were dancing. People were singing. There were great displays of music and fashion and wild colours that made her heart leap with joy.

“There!” she cried. “I’ll find my wish there!”

She swooped down, making sure to keep herself invisible. She knew in her caring, compassionate heart that it would not take long to find a person or persons deserving of a wish to be granted.

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Pete and Dorothy did indeed feel like they had a new lease on life. Yes, Dorothy was walking slowly with her cane, and yes, Pete was feeling a little odd in the gut from his unsanctioned feasting that morning, but the march was here and present. And more than that, they had wonderful company with them.

“Our patron allies!” Sanjra called, running over to them as soon as she saw them. “We were worried you wouldn’t make it, Pete, Dorothy.”

“No need to worry, we’re not dead yet,” Pete jibed. Dorothy rolled her eyes and gave her husband a light smack on the arm.

“Don’t start with that, Pete! It’s lovely to see you Sanjra. Where’s Paris?”

The Indian-American woman gave an awkward expression. She was only in her mid twenties, but she had met the old couple with her girlfriend years ago, and loved seeing them each year and at other events. They were like the old grandparents she never had - well, the loving and accepting variant anyway.

“Oh, well, about that. We broke up. She sorta said it was ‘just a phase’ and that she was moving back to her family. Her bigot family.”

Pete and Dorothy exchanged a glance. Pete stepped forward and gave Sanjra a hug, followed by Dorothy - a little more awkwardly, due to her mobility issues.

“We’re very sorry,” she said. “She might come right.”

“Yeah, maybe,” Sanjra said. “I hope so. I still love her. I just - I don’t know. I thought she was past that self-hating stage or whatever. They’re hooking her up with a ‘conversion’ program, the fuckers. Excuse my language.”

“No fucking offence fucking taken,” Pete joked, making her laugh.

Dorothy gave him a light smack. “Well I do, you old cusser!”

“Ha! But if there’s anything we can do Sanjra, you just tell us, okay? Would you like us to keep you company today?”

The young woman smiled. “That would be lovely.”

“Only if we’re not holding you up.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t worry about that. I’m moodier this Pride. It’ll wear off. Besides, you pair draw a crowd anyway. You’re practically a pair of icons to this march.”

“So long as we’re not the main event,” Dorothy said, though she knew now the march was as much for her as anybody else. But her husband didn’t know that. Ironically, Pete felt a twinge of realisation that if he had been bolder, he could have been truly part of it all. If he had just been honest with himself. His eye was on a trans-specific float with men and woman upon it. He was astounded at how far treatments had come. If they had existed in his time, he really could have . . .

“Pete? Are you alright?”

He refocused on Sanjra and gave a weary smile. “Sorry my dear, old age. It seems we’re all a bit weary today. Let’s enjoy ourselves and keep some company, yes?”

They resolved to do so, and the old pair were delighted when others approached to see them. Many of the older members of the city community were well aware of Pete and Dorothy - they had given a solid amount of donations in their own time to the cause as well, on top of organising Straight Allies meetings and the like. And this buoyed their spirits somewhat. George, an older drag queen who was in full regalia in their persona of *Lady*

*Georgette*, practically danced on the spot at the sight of them, and they too were joyous to see their old friend again. Other, younger members gave them respectful nods, while Pete and Dorothy themselves were ecstatic to see vibrant and important members of the community they had admired for decades still be present at the march. Sanjra remained with them, enjoying the tour through history, and the encouragement from the grandparent-like couple. Soon, the spirits of all three were being buoyed up, and both Pete and Dorothy felt much younger again, despite their myriad of health issues and the cracking of old bones.

That was, until everything went wrong.

Suddenly, as the march progressed, and the trio had retreated to the sidelines to grab a drink and watch the spectacle (they were too old to take part in the march proper these days) Pete doubled over. The old man felt an immediate clenching in his gut, followed by his heart. Sweat began to trickle from his forehead almost immediately, and he struggled to breath.

"Pete!" Dorothy called. "Pete! Oh my God, Pete!"

Sanjra was instantly at his side, helping shift him to the side. A small crowd quickly circled around the old man, who squirmed on the sidewalk of the cafe, gritting his teeth.

"H-heart!" he managed. "My h-heart!"

He clutched his chest, feeling the sheer pounding of his aged organ as it thrashed inside his chest.

"Someone call an ambulance! Get some of the responders over here!" Sanjra called. "Does he have any medication, Dorothy?"

Dorothy searched, found some of his pills in her bag. "They might help, but he's never been like this. Oh God, Pete, why did you make that breakfast? Why did I let you eat it? It was foolish!"

Pete gave her that boyish grin, cringing at the pain. He was light-headed. He had no doubt he was experiencing a heart attack, and not a small one either. "S-sorry dear. C-couldn't help - ahhh!"

"Please, oh God, please let him be okay! Please Pete! Don't die!"

There was a flurry of activity around the couple, and Sanjra worked quickly to try to help him. But what no one saw was a small, adorable little fairy descend down to the spectacle, alarmed at what was happening. The man was dying, the poor thing. It made her heart sink in her chest. Yes, it was the natural way of things, but as a fairy she could see such strong bonds of love between him and the old woman, and such compassion to the young lady who was helping them.

Pete writhed, his back aching even as his chest pounded. "W-wish I c-could be young again," he said with a bitter smile. "Have the l-life I was meant to h-have."

“I wish that too, Pete,” Dorothy said, brushing his hair. “I wish we could be young again, and healthy. But we can’t - so I need you to stay alive. Please don’t leave me alone!”

Tears fell from her wrinkled eyes, and they were mirrored by the tears in the pixie’s eyes as well. Hazelheart was overcome with grief, but also a radiant joy. The wish had been made. Two of them, in fact! And what wonderful wishes they were! She simply had to grant them.

“Don’t fear!” she cried, overcome with emotion, tears falling and exploding into bubbles on the ground. “I’ll grant your wishes! Both of you! The fairy council *must* approve *this*, surely!”

She reached into her bag, and blew the pixie dust within over their heads.

“I grant your wishes!” she cried, as the dust settled over their forms and entered the core of their beings. “I just hope it doesn’t take too long, again. The mermaid thing took a while to come into effect, last time. Gosh, I really wish I knew how to make magic instant like the other fairies.”

But something instantaneous *did* happen. Suddenly, Pete sat up, rigid, his heart no longer pounding, and his back no longer aching. He looked at his wife and Sanjra with astonishment.

“Pete, are you alright?” Dorothy said.

“I feel fine,” he marvelled. “In fact, this is going to sound crazy, but we might need the ambulance for another reason, Dor. I feel better than I have in *years*.”

Dorothy blinked, unbelieving what she was hearing. She stood, helping Pete to his two legs as the crowd fussed over him. She didn’t realise until later that she had dropped her cane, and left it behind without notice when Sanjra drove her to the hospital. She didn’t need it, even through the long walks down the halls to where her husband was being kept for observation.

He looked more energetic than he had been in years, and there was no record of any heart attack, or any other kind of attack, at all.

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After the heart scare, the couple were quite understandably concerned. Peter made sure to scale back his diet and focus on his health, all while ensuring he actually took his pills at the proper times. Dorothy was insistent on this point, but she herself had been scared by the march incident, and had even made an appointment for a general checkup several months earlier than her yearly visit to the GP. What neither of the couple had any way of knowing was that not only was their health actually on the mend, but other, much more significant changes would be happening shortly.

It began almost immediately, though neither realised the true extent of what was occurring. Peter, just as he had said in the hospital, actually felt better than he had in years. The eighty-three year old man looked every part his age, especially since a life of working as a mechanic had taken its toll upon him. With his stooped back and aching muscles, he was still capable of a lot of movement, but that movement often hurt, and his pride hurt even more to admit it. The wet cough that had occasionally slipped into his everyday experience had been just another sign of his inexorable descent into eventual infirmity.

Except, ever since the heart scare, his cough was gone. Moreover, his back felt less stooped. His legs, while a little aching, were not nearly so painful as before. In fact, he even had more energy than he expected, being able to go up and down the stairs of their house without even needing to consult the rail. When he looked in the mirror, he could have sworn he even *looked* younger: there was something much more *alive* about his eyes, and the cobweb of wrinkles upon his face were not so deeply etched as they had been.

“Dorothy,” he said three days after he was released from the hospital with a full slate of health, “do I look younger to you?”

Dorothy fetched her glasses, though to her irritation her eyes must have deteriorated again because her vision was only a little less fuzzy with them on. “Perhaps, Pete. Perhaps. You said you’ve been feeling better. Maybe it’s just a rebound from nearly dying. Without the ‘nearly dying’ part.”

“Ha! And thank God for that. I think you would have killed me if I died.”

“Just so,” she said with an amused grin. “I’m going to fetch us tea.”

“I can get it. Rest your legs.”

But Dorothy was insistent. “No, I can get it. I actually . . . this is going to sound unbelievable to you Pete, but I actually feel like I *don’t need my cane any more*. Or at least, not at the moment.”

“That would be hard to believe, if I wasn’t feeling much better. Perhaps Pride really did have a nice boost to our purpose in life, little accidents aside?”

“Hopefully so!” she remarked, easily crossing the floor to the kitchen. She still walked in smaller, mincing steps, but there was a certainty to them that made the eighty-one year old hopeful that she would not need the cane again for some time, and certainly not the walking frame.

“Maybe we really are getting younger!” she joked as she left the room. Certainly, her lips didn’t seem so cracked anymore, and that vein below her eye had receded a little.

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Hazelheart watched the couple with nervous interest over the coming days. They truly were a loving pair, and it really did seem like she had saved the man's life with her granting of his wish. Still, she was deeply annoyed that her magic was taking its time to take root. Small, discernibly changes were happening, but in truth she had no real idea what would be the consequence of her wish-granting. What did the man mean about the life he was 'meant to have'? And given she had granted his wife a similar wish, what would be the result for her?

"Oohhhh, I really, *really* hope I didn't screw this up again! Please don't be another mermaid!"

Certainly, she had no doubt in her mind whatsoever that the pair were changing. With her fairy senses, she could see that both were suffused with pixie magic, and it was only getting more powerful as their bodies slowly changed. She hoped it was just a little de-aging, or maybe enough to make young again.

"But not too young!" she hastened to add. "And no other changes! Or the fairy council won't let me out into the human realm for another fifty years!"

So she watched carefully over the following days. It was her duty, as she saw it, to ensure that the wish was granted properly . . . especially given that she may have made it permanent. She observed how slowly, each day, the couple seemed less and less incapable. Pete was astonished to find his back became straight again, and several of his liver spots just . . . vanished. Dorothy, on the other hand, couldn't believe that she was able to walk with ease again, even go on the tips of her toes to reach a jar on the shelf at one point. Her hair, which was short and straight and grey, had a renewed bounce and glint to it, and even a few darker hairs she'd long thought she had lost. Both of them spent long moments taking in their respective reflections in the bathroom mirror, seeing the various cracks and wrinkles and cobwebs slowly dissipate or withdraw. Soon, neither looked a day over seventy: still old, but not decrepit, as they were beginning to look. Heck, Pete's eyes were even the same colour across the whites, and there was barely a sign of that veiny film over them.

"It's incredible," he said. "It's like I have a new lease on life!"

"But are we sure it's even happening?" Dorothy responded. "I mean, the wrinkles fleeing and all of that? Daniel at the grocers always serves me and helps put the bags in our car, but he didn't bat an eye when he saw me today, despite the fact that I must look over ten years younger!"

"Well, maybe we just feel younger? Besides, Daniel is a busy man. No, I don't think this is in our head, dear. But we shouldn't take it for granted. We've been rejuvenated, and who knows if it was our wishes or God or the universe or simply the magic of Pride, but I'm going to take you out to a restaurant. It's been too long."

"It's been *years*, Pete."

“Exactly. And it’s high time we acted the age we feel: and I feel a whole decade younger!”

Hazelheart watched this above, feeling a bit more confident. They *were* getting younger, and was that not their wishes, in a sense? To have the life they were ‘meant to have’? Perhaps they were just getting a fun little do-over! A bit of a rewind of the clock!

All three of them were going to be in for a surprise.

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It was several days later when Pete noticed something odd. He was in the shower, and for once not ashamed of the state of his body. His wrinkled skin looked better than ever, and there were no liver spots remaining at all. His genitals still had that shrivelled look about them, and were smaller than usual perhaps, but they weren’t so . . . prune-like anymore. He could even do his daily stretches with ease, and almost reach his toes.

But as he soaped himself, his nipples felt oddly sore. They were larger than they should have been, and a bit pinker as well. He rubbed one, curious, only to retract his hand. It was oddly sensitive.

“Funny,” he said, creasing his brow. He deliberately coughed to work out his vocal chords. His voice seemed a little higher lately, for some reason.

He shook off that particular bodily curiosity as he cleaned his bald head.

It was then that his eyes went wide. He stopped the shower immediately, and quickly towelled himself while moving to the mirror. He rapidly worked to defog and demist it in order to confirm what he had felt. What he had seen.

“Oh my God,” he muttered.

It was true. It was impossible to deny. He had to tell Dorothy.

He got dressed, his clothes feeling a little baggy on him. Dorothy always showered first, though he usually made the breakfast. He needed time for his aching legs to stop throbbing each morning, but this time he practically *vaulted* down the stairs two at a time, completely unafraid of falling, his bones not even brittle. His loving wife wasn’t at the table, however. She wasn’t anywhere in the house. He checked all around, calling her name, but it was only when he heard a faint response that he realised she was in the backyard.

Dorothy couldn’t help herself. It was so unlike her, at least for a good forty odd years, but she truly felt the need to do a bit of morning exercise on this day. She strutted back and forth across the garden, moving faster than she had in years. She knew something was off, particularly when she looked at her skin in the morning. She had assumed her poor vision was affecting her sight - particularly in the low-light of their home - but beneath the bright sun she saw it was true. She too had changed, and wasn’t sure even how to tell her husband

what had happened, let alone show him. But he was coming anyway, and from the sounds of it, he had something to show her as well.

“Dorothy, something incredible has happened,” he exclaimed in a voice that was a little *too* high, even given his excitement. “Look, I have - my God, Dorothy. Your skin! Your height!”

“I know!” she exclaimed. “And Pete, your head! You have hair!”

They looked at one another, taking in their partner’s changes. Sure enough, Pete had indeed developed hair once more. Impossibly, the once-bald eighty-year old man now had what seemed to be pale, wispy red hair springing from his scalp, the kind of faded red that signified he should have been soon to lose it. Other parts of him looked changed as well: his nose was less red, and was smaller besides. His lips were no longer cracked, but had a puffiness to them that was almost feminine. His height had dropped, Dorothy was certain. He was a tall man at 5’11, but Pete’s usually well-fitting clothes now hung on him a bit awkwardly, slightly oversized. It wasn’t dramatic, but you didn’t live with a man for forty years and not notice him losing several inches of height.

“And you’ve lost height! You’re smaller, Pete!”

“And you’re bigger! My God, Dor, you look like you’re easily 5’5, at least!”

She blushed, and more blood went to her cheeks than usual. Her clothes, too, were a little bit ill-fitting. Too tight on her. There was no doubt from the way she could easily grab that top jar that morning - simply as a test of suspicion - that she hadn’t grown. She felt fitter than she’d ever been, and like Pete she’d gained more hair, though hers had an increased curl in it that it had never possessed before.

“I know. I feel so tall, despite still being short. Oh, Pete, what’s become of us? Of my skin? It’s darker!”

“I know, I can see that. Give me your arm, my dear.”

She did so, stepping easily to him. Her hips swivelled easier. It didn’t even feel like she had a hip replacement anymore, it was uncanny. Peter took her arm - less wrinkled - with his hands - also less wrinkled. He ran his fingers along it, marvelling at how smooth the texture of her skin had become, how the veins barely showed, how those three hairs no longer grew from a mole that was no longer there. But most of all, he marvelled at how her skin had changed pigmentation. Both of them were quite Caucasian, with Dorothy having always been the paler of the white pair. But now her skin was a sort of creamy olive, almost Mediterranean aspect. Her once-blue eyes were also darker, now grey in tone. Her hair had darkened further as well, but wasn’t becoming brunette again: in fact, it seemed to have a few *black* hairs in it.

“What’s happening to us?” she said.

“I have no idea at all, my love,” Pete said. “But I think we need to go to the doctor.”

“I think you’re right. But I feel so amazing at the same time. I’m more fit than I’ve been in over a decade, Pete. I feel younger. We both *look* younger.”

There was a long pause as they both grappled with the implication of what the next inference might be.

“Do you - Pete, do you think we might actually be *getting* younger? You did make that wish, and so did I.”

He swallowed. “I - surely not. But what else explains this? I just . . . wished to have the life I was meant to have.”

“What did you mean by that?”

His eyes widened. “Uh, I suppose just another go upon the carousel, my dear. Nothing else. N-nothing else. And you?”

She hesitated, thinking of the image she’d had in her head at the time. The knowledge of the life she might have lived in a more accepting time.

“I . . . the same, dear. The very same.”

They held hands, still marvelling at one another’s changes.

“Then how far will this go?” Dorothy asked, filling the silence.

Unbeknownst to the pair of them, Hazelheart was hovering overhead, gazing at their changes, trying to figure that out herself. But the magic only showed yet further changes to come. And she was concerned they might be some unexpectedly big ones at that.

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The transformations continued slowly, but apace. In the coming days, the pair were caught between calling for a doctor, a priest, or a therapist. In the end, they chose none of the above, both being too astounded by their changes to imagine them to be anything but magical in nature. Pete’s hair continued to grow, becoming thicker and lusher until he had a full head of very red hair, the kind of red that bordered on unnatural, though with enough of a dark glint for it to be real. It was silky, with a surprising amount of wave to it that he’d never possessed in his youth, when his hair had been simply auburn in colour. It was now reaching past his ears, and approaching the point where he’d have to start cutting it.

The hair would have looked unnatural on his aged body, were that same body not de-aging as well. He looked easily in his mid-fifties by that point, perhaps even a little younger. His skin had wrinkles, but the respectable wrinkles of middle age rather than the deep scratches that signalled the end-of-life stage. It was a marvellous feeling, especially with his strength returning, and his energy levels.

But while this was happening, it was undeniable that other, more embarrassing changes were happening. Far from returning to its full extent, his penis seemed only to be

shrinking further. While his manhood looked less haggard, his once generous cock was now merely average in size. Furthermore, his wrinkled behind was no longer so, but was also bigger than he expected it to be. This was matched by a slight wideness in his hips that made little sense to him, and a general softness to his body. Nowhere was this more obvious than in his chest, where his nipples had grown further, and the flesh around them a bit fuller. A small part of him recognised the obvious possibility of what was happening, but the terror of 'coming out' and acknowledging that how he was 'meant to be' was a *woman* forced him to deny it. He may have been getting younger and getting a new body, but he hid the more . . . soft changes as best as he could from Dorothy.

On the other hand, his wife could not hide the larger changes nearly so much. While Pete shrank to a mere 5'8, she herself had shot up to almost 5'7, near equal to his reduced height. It was a bizarre difference, but no one around them seemed to notice. Initially, both had hid away, not sure how to confront the world with their changing bodies, but Dorothy had a renewed boldness from her youth now, and so it was that she went to get their groceries again, and even to drop in on their neighbours - an act of daring curiosity. And none of them noticed anything different, even now that her hair was longer, and curlier, and darker, and her features smoother than humanly possible. Her lips were full, her skin yet darker so that she looked almost Eurasian, particularly given that her eyes had developed a slight almond shape to them. Even her breasts, reduced and saggy in old age, were now surprisingly full again, a pair of healthy and pert B-cups with dark nipples. All in all, she was becoming quite the looker again, albeit not the same type of looker she once was.

"Outstanding," she said, grinning from ear to ear. "Even my teeth are whiter! This has to be magic!"

But for all their bodily changes, one of perhaps equal significance was also occurring, sight unseen. After years of inactivity, both suddenly found themselves exchanging glances with the other, or placing a lingering gaze on the other's form as they walked past. Even in ill-fitting clothing, Pete's increased backside caught Dorothy's attention, and when she dared to wear something that showed a hint of her now-delectable cleavage, Pete nearly dropped his mug of coffee. The two were rediscovering a sexual passion for one another, even among the worry and confusion over their strange changes. It began to manifest as minor flirting at first.

"Looking very sharp this evening, my love," Dorothy said with confidence, stroking her husband's shoulders, even if they were reduced in size.

"And you're looking very . . . developed," he replied, eyeing her chest, and even her behind, which had swollen slightly. "In all the right places as well."

She giggled - actually giggled, like a younger woman would! - and then squealed in shock and delight when her husband's hand smacked her bottom lightly as he passed.

It was the kind of fun play that often had back in the day, and the electric chemistry between them was only gaining more voltage. Soon, it was difficult to keep their eyes off each other in any context. An impatience grew in both of them, especially Pete. Despite his smaller manhood, it was continually hard in his wife's presence, and this was even without any necessary pills to get it there. Dorothy did not fail to notice this, and was even a bit daring in commenting upon it.

"It's nice to see my body gets a response like that again," she said with a wink. "There's benefits to magically getting younger, it seems."

Pete could only blush. He felt more submissive than usual lately, whereas his wife was more forceful and willing to relish her increasingly fit body. More than once, she returned his earlier physical favour, squeezing his buttock as she came up behind him, now equal in height.

"Well, well, love. You're looking very cute this morning."

"Oh, cute huh? Not handsome?"

She kissed him on the cheek, and even gave a light, sensual moan as she did so.

"My gorgeous husband can be two things."

His dick had never been harder in decades, straining in his pants. God, he needed her.

It all reached a head, of course. It was late at night. The pair were indeed even in height - 5'7 each - and despite cutting it more than once, Pete's hair now flowed down past his chin, rich and red and full. His features were softer, almost a little androgynous, whereas Dorothy's were increasingly foreign. She looked almost mixed-race, but with her now-black curly hair, there was almost a little African in her appearance, at least she thought so. To her surprise, it gave her a bit of excitement.

It gave Pete a bit of excitement too.

Neither were sleeping. They tossed, and turned, and could not get the thoughts of their partner's bodies out of their minds. Pete had already rediscovered the joys of masturbation by this point, but as for any man, it was not the same as the real thing. And yet, for reasons unknown to him and perhaps magical in nature, it didn't feel right to make the first move any more. His body craved the touch of his wife's, and he loved the renewed smoothness in her skin and the almost-exotic nature of her looks, but something about his own changes made him feel nervous. He was terrified he would no longer be the man she loved.

He couldn't have been more wrong. Dorothy was ready to burst. She ached to feel her husband, but unlike in their regular marriage where Pete was the traditional initiator, she knew she had to be the one to make the move. And so, slowly but surely, she shifted closer to him in bed, and began running her fingers down his body.

"You're naked," she remarked.

"My body feels warm," Pete said. "Ever since I started changing."

"I'm naked too, my dear," she said. "I also feel warm. For different reasons, I think."

Pete's heart quickened as his wife lowered her fingers down to his erect penis. She moaned, sounding every part the sexy mature woman she now appeared to be as she slowly stroked it.

"Dor, oh God, that f-feels wonderful."

"I've been wanting to do this for a while."

"M-me too. But I wasn't sure - I mean - I don't look like the man I'm meant t-to be right now. I thought you might see me as . . ."

"As a deeply attractive man, still? As someone I want, no matter how he looks? Oh Pete, don't think so little of your wife of six decades. Let me show you how much I appreciate you, and you can do the same in return. I know you love my new looks. I know you like my new *colour*."

It was true, but hearing her say it made him groan in arousal. She continued to stroke his cock, but he joined in the fun, grasping and touching her body all over. As he had done years and years ago, he sucked upon her nipples, making her moan pleurably. He wanted her, and she wanted him, and soon the pair were all over each other, with all the stamina the sexual act required and then some. They kissed deeply, passionately, even used their tongues. He rubbed her clit with his softened hands, and Dorothy cried out in ecstasy, unbelieving how renewed her womanhood felt. Soon she was on her back, spreading her legs wide to receive him.

But it felt all wrong.

"Let me on top," she said. "I want to be cowgirl."

"Cowgirl? Dorothy, where did you learn such naughty terminology?"

They both broke out into a laugh before shifting into this new position. It felt right to Pete too, as if his wife was dominating him entirely. He submitted to her, lying back so that she lifted her crotch up, then lowered it upon his cock. They trembled as he entered her, and she placed herself over him.

"Mmhmmm, I'd f-forgotten how good this f-feeeeels!" she exclaimed.

"God, me too! I want to fuck you, Dor. You're gorgeous. The new you. You're so gorgeous."

"I want you to fuck me too, my dear. And you look beautiful too. I like these."

She rubbed his nipples with her hands, causing little jolts of pleasure. He shivered, whimpering a little.

"S-so sensitive."

"I know. I love it, my love. Now let me fuck you."

She began to rise and fall upon his cock, working slowly but surely. They were still not young, but being in the equivalent of their early fifties meant they had energy enough. Soon the two were moaning insensately, unable to do anything but focus on how well Dorothy was milking her husband's cock. The bliss grew and grew and grew, and as embarrassed as he initially was, Pete willingly accepted his wife playing with his sensitive nipples, just as he grasped her renewed breasts, squeezing them and sending her wild with arousal.

"I'm c-close!" he cried. "S-so close!"

"Cum in me, Pete! I want to feel it! It's been too many years! Cum in - AAHHHH!!!"

"NNGHHH!!!"

He came, and then some. Wad after wad shot inside his wife, giving her a series of explosive orgasms. He too rocked with orgasm, one large male equivalent that made him almost light-headed. Dorothy arched her back, unable to believe how good it felt to be so young again.

But then she got even younger. And so did Pete.

It happened quickly, this time. A powerful thrum of energy coursed through their bodies, erupting outwards through every pore of their skin.

"P-Pete! Something's h-happening!"

"I know! I - ahh - feel it too!"

They groaned together, more orgasms sweeping through their bodies as their transformations occurred rapidly this time. Pete tensed as a pressure built in his chest, until finally his soft pectorals rose like a pair of souffles to become an undeniable set of modest, female breasts. His hips cracked outwards, becoming wider than any man's should be, and at the same time his waist pulled inwards slightly, enough to give him a slight hourglass figure. His body hair thinned yet further, falling away and disappearing so that he now no longer had any. With a gasp, his penis shrunk down further, now below average in size, as if it had spent too much of its issue. His hair exploded outwards, eliciting a shocked cry from Dorothy. It spilled down so that it curled over his shoulders even as he was lying down. His height reduced several inches, leaving him flabbergasted as to how short he would be.

"What's - h-happening to - ooohhhh!!!"

Dorothy tried to answer him, tried to get off him, but she was too overcome with her own changes. Her skin darkened yet further until it was a light chocolate colour, a slightly-above mid-tone brown that was without blemish or imperfection. Her height ratcheted up, spine extending so that she was undeniably bigger than her husband now. She squirmed in discomfort, then pleasure as her ass seemed to *explode* in size, becoming full and round.

“My m-muscles!” she exclaimed. This was in response to her limbs, which went from supremely lithe and wafer-thin to having a solid muscle mass to them. Her midriff too lost its pooch, while her thighs thickened impressively.

Finally, both of their faces changed. Pete bit his lip, overwhelmed by the alien sensation of his nose becoming smaller, more button-like. His lips puffed up a little, and his lantern jaw cracked, shrinking so that it had a softer curve to it. Dorothy maintained her feminine appearance, but her face took on a more heart-shaped look, while her eyebrows turned thick and black and defined. Her eyes became much darker also.

Both felt their years melt away, until they were most certainly in their mid-forties. Wrinkles were still there, some veins and spots as well, and the slight greying of hair across the board, but they had crossed a barrier, as if re-engaging with the prime of their life, having crossed over to the more hopeful portion of their lives.

Only as entirely different people.

“Holy shit,” Pete said, swearing in his panic. “I’m turning into a woman. I have *breasts*. Even my voice is strange!”

“And we’re younger again. And fitter. Pete, my butt, it’s - it’s very big! And quite soft.”

“I can feel that honey. It’s currently sitting on me, and very plushly at that. I think you better get off me.”

She shifted off him, and as he sat up, Pete was confronted with the feeling of being shorter yet again, but also an unfamiliar bobbing upon his chest.

“Oh dear, that’ll take getting used to.”

“Mine are bigger too.”

“I can see that, dear,” he replied. “What on earth is happening to us? Why - why on God’s green earth am I turning into a woman?”

But he knew. He really did know. It excited and terrified him at once. He was becoming something he had once only dreamed of: an actual woman, and one back in the prime of her life potentially. But as amazing as it was, he was fearful of what it would mean for his marriage.

What he didn’t know was that Dorothy was staring at her feminised man with just as much arousal and attraction as before. She felt bad given the horror he was obviously going through, but she found his feminised appearance deeply sexy.

“I have no idea why this is happening,” she replied. “I’m so sorry that it is though, Pete.”

Suddenly, a third voice spoke nearly jolting them from the bed.

“Um, sorry to intrude, but I think I might have an idea what’s going on.”

Right before their eyes, a little fairy with brightly coloured wings manifested between them. She was adorable, but had a guilty smile upon her features.

“So, this is kinda a long story and I may have *really, really* messed things up again.”

Pete fainted.

Dorothy followed.

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It was the next day, and Hazelheart had tried again. This time the couple didn't faint, but rather were in stunned silence for a while. Peter and Dorothy could barely believe what they were seeing, let alone hearing. It had taken some time to calm down after an actual, factual fairy from the fae realm appeared before them, one they could both see and thus were not simply imagining. Hazelheart was her name, and she had the appearance of a cute young woman, albeit one with fanciful wings and vibrant colourful skin tone that seemed to change with her mood. The embarrassed couple realised belatedly that they were naked, having just had sex, and had transformed more aggressively and quickly than they ever had so far.

Naturally, they got dressed quickly, only to find their clothes far more ill-fitting than before. Not even by putting on some of Dorothy's clothing could Pete find something that fit: he was not quite the right size, and besides everything was tailored for an eighty-one year old woman, not a figure in her forties who still had a full chest and womanly curves to her figure . . . despite technically being a man.

“Oh! Oh! I can help you with that!” Hazelheart had exclaimed. The couple had thus far acknowledged her, peppering her with questions about who and what she was and why she'd come, but not gone into the specifics of their own particular changes just yet. As fairly old individuals, even in the direst of circumstances modesty and proper attire had to come first. It just wasn't done otherwise.

“What do you mean you can help?” Pete said, still not used to fitting clothes around breasts, or hearing his own feminine voice. “Didn't you cause this in the first place?”

“Um, sorta, yes! But I totally saved your life as well, and I didn't mean for this to go wrong! At least let me help you with your clothes!”

Dorothy gave a look to Peter, one that managed to express *give her a go, Peter*. He relented, giving little fight. Perhaps it was because he was already fascinated with his breasts, with his overall change, and was doing all he could not to get somewhat giddy about it.

“Fine, work your magic, please. Anything that means I can wear *anything*.”

Hazelheart beamed, happy to help. She waved her hands as she flew around the room, spilling pixie dust over the heaps of clothing and through the extensive cupboards containing their wears. Technically, she wasn't answering a wish by doing this, but she considered it part of the wish. It must have counted, because suddenly the clothing all

altered, as did the contents of the cupboards. Instead of having male clothing and female clothing, there was now *only* the female variety: one grouping for Dorothy's fitter, taller body type, and another for Pete's slightly shorter, lithe body type.

"I guess that did help," Pete said. "How - er - how do I get the bra on?"

"You don't need to do all that, dear," Dorothy said. She flushed a bit red in the cheeks. She was rather enjoying the sight of his nipples against the fabric of his shirt, but didn't want to give away her attraction to his female form.

But Pete waved her off, himself secretly wanting to finally try a bra on. "No, no, I better wear one. Keep these, er, damn things still while this is all explained."

The end result was his first bra fitting: a 34 B-cup that made him proud, though perhaps a little smaller than he would have liked. He was able to dress, wearing loose panties to accommodate his deflated penis, and a pair of women's trousers he'd picked over a skirt, even if he was desperate to try the latter. It would have been too obvious to choose it, however.

The couple made their way downstairs, easily moving thanks to their new reduction in age, and Hazelheart flew after them. They took up residence at the dinner table, and Peter set to work making breakfast, a tea for Dorothy, and a coffee for himself.

"Dear, don't you think we should discuss the elephant - er, fairy - in the room? The literal one?"

Pete continued to make breakfast. "Firstly, I need my coffee to be fully alert. Secondly, I can drink coffee now, dear, so I won't pass up the chance. And thirdly, this fairy is a guest, as far as I can see it, and I'll make food up for her too. That way we can be civil and talk about it."

It was an amusingly old-fashioned attitude coming from someone who now looked like a woman in her forties, but the logic stood. Hazelheart hummed and stirred and occasionally bounced with nervous energy, but she did drink part of her thimble of tea and a bit of crumpet when it was offered.

"Okay, now I'm ready to hear it," Pete said in his softer voice. "Why am I turning into a woman? How and why did you do this?"

"And why am I turning black? Or half black?" Dorothy asked. "Not that I mind at all, I just don't know why! And we're getting younger."

"Yeah, um, I think I accidentally got your wish wrong," Hazelheart explained. "By the kingdom, I feel soooo embarrassed over this. I'm so sorry! I'll tell you from the beginning."

And 'from the beginning' really meant exactly that: she explained her origin in the fae world, how her kind were tasked with fulfilling genuine, well-meaning wishes, and that she already had experience with wishes that went wrong (and sometimes wrong-to-right, such as a man who became girlfriend to another woman but was ultimately happy) to others that just

went plain wrong (the man destined to become a mermaid during the full moon). She discussed her perspective on what went down the day of the Pride March, and how she had granted the specific wording of Pete and Dorothy's wishes, though she didn't fully understand them. She then summarised how she had followed them ever since, staying invisible, trying to see what went right or wrong. She gave this entire spiel at a mile a minute, her excited and anxious voice bursting with energy.

But Pete and Dorothy were stunned. Both knew when the explanation ended exactly what was happening to them. Pete was becoming a woman like he'd always dreamed of, and one back in the prime of *her* life. Dorothy, on the other hand, was indulging in her pansexuality - not only was she also back in the prime of her life and now in a relationship with a soon-to-be woman of great potential beauty, but she herself was changing to emphasise that changeable attraction: she was going from a small, cute brunette woman (at least in her prime) to a tall, fit, mixed-race woman who had all the athleticism she'd always desired.

And neither knew how to admit it to the other.

"Something's gone wrong," Pete lied.

"Doubtless," Dorothy added. "Perhaps some chaos in the wish. We obviously both wanted to be younger, and I won't lie, while I'm ending up a different race and height and all that, I'm definitely getting the mobility and fitness I always wanted. But it doesn't explain Pete's changes! Or, um, why I'm attracted to him, still."

She placed her hand on his arm, as if to reassure him that was the case. He gave an appreciative smile in response.

"I know!" Hazelheart exclaimed. "I'm super, super, super sorry. I feel like such a bad fairy . . ."

"You're not!" both replied at once, perhaps a little too enthusiastically.

"It's just, we appreciate the getting younger part," Dorothy explained.

"That does feel good, even if I am becoming female."

"Is there a way to reverse it?"

Hazelheart remembered a rule about her wishing, and snapped a finger in response to the epiphany. "Of course! There is a way! If the granting of the wish does not turn out to match what the wish called for, then I can reverse it."

Pete grimaced, but quickly hid the expression. "What do you mean? I thought the mermaid man, for instance, was stuck that way for life?"

Hazelheart grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, but in his case, my wish *technically* met what he wished for. This could be different. If the wishes don't give you what was asked for - by any reasonable interpretation, then you can turn back! You just have to demand it, and if the criteria is satisfied I can use my pixie dust again and *boom!* You change back!"

Dorothy smiled, then frowned. "Back, as in old again?"

"Um, maybe? I don't really know. I'll try to keep you young still, but I might ruin that too somehow. Like I said, I feel like a total failure of a fairy sometimes. Maybe I'm just not cut out to grant wishes ever, and I should just go back to the fae land and apologise to the fairy kingdom council."

She kicked a crumpet crumb across the table, before apologising profusely.

"Please, don't get down about yourself," Dorothy said. "Besides, I don't put up with whiners in this household. As Pete can attest, I have a great power of stubbornness."

"That is true," he added.

"We need you to stick around to help us deal with this. You don't always have to be present, maybe just check in after each change, see if anything can be done?"

Hazelheart nodded eagerly. "Yes. Yes! Yes, I can do that! I can always sense when you change further, and I can see the aura of magic in you. It's not done yet, I'm sorry to say, but maybe just a few more transformations! Then we can fix all this mess. Thank you for being so understanding!"

She flew forward and hugged Pete's nose, much to his surprise. She then did the same to Dorothy, who laughed.

"Thank you, Hazelheart. And please, do your best!"

"I will! Thank you for this opportunity! I'll promise I'll do all I can to fix my mistake!"

And then she flew out the window and was gone.

"Well, that was a bit nosy," Pete said, rubbing his button-cute nose.

Dorothy slapped him lightly on the arm. "Oh, you! You're still my Pete!"

He winced, rubbing his arm. "Maybe, but I'm a lot weaker now, and easily bruised. And you're a lot stronger now."

His wife gave an expression of apology. "Sorry, dear. I don't know my own youthful strength. And this body is nearly stronger than mine back in my twenties."

"And I feel weaker. And womanly."

"You'll only get more so before it gets better, I'm afraid."

Pete was silent for a moment. He rapped his slender fingers on the table, still coming to terms with all of it. Still unable to tell his wife the truth. But perhaps there was a way to at least lean into this wonderful experience, even for just a temporary time.

"Well, if I am to be a woman, my dear, I would like to be one who can at least leave the house. Would you - oh, this is very embarrassing, and lord knows you will take advantage of this - would you be willing to help me learn how to be a woman? At least while I'm stuck as one?"

Dorothy beamed. She was trying not to stare too much at how pretty his new face was. Her libido hadn't fled her from the previous night, and his feminised form was just as pleasurable, in her mind, as his masculine one.

"My dear, I thought you'd never ask."

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Pete had always been a progressive man it was in his nature. But one didn't get to eighty years of life without becoming traditionalist in at least a few ways, and for the transforming male, it was that ever since they were married, Dorothy bought clothes for both of them. It was just the done thing of the time. And while he had often speculated on what it would be like to be a woman, and to wear a woman's clothing, it still made him quite nervous to be entering the mall with Dorothy by his side.

She held his hand, her slightly taller stride forcing him to keep up, her black curls bouncing on her head. He couldn't help but sneak a look at her ass: it was fuller than it had been in years, with a subtle bounce to it in her jeans. It was a nice sight, but it made him wonder if he'd get his *own* bounce too.

"I don't understand why we need more clothes," he said a little anxiously. "Hazelheart changed everything we own already."

Dorothy giggled. "Yes, dear, but everything we own is still fashion for octogenarians, not forty-somethings who are getting younger and livelier by the day. I can wear skirts and proper dresses again. Good bras that I know you won't mind. And even some daring things I wouldn't have dreamed of a week or so ago. Like a bikini."

She had, after all, missed out on wearing one in her prime. Controversial back then.

"Well, that does sound . . . exciting," Pete admitted. It was indeed a lovely image: he was still getting used to having a libido returning.

"And besides, we need to plan ahead for you, dear. Hopefully, you won't be stuck as a woman, but as you yourself asked, we can at least help you learn to be one in the meanwhile."

He couldn't fight that logic either, and on some level, he didn't want to. He was experiencing his dream come true, but he still felt a sense of trepidation, a fear at being discovered.

Thankfully, that anxiousness disappeared quickly. *Coquette's* was a lovely store with numerous clothing options for women, and a helpful staff that simply saw two friends enter, both of the female persuasion.

"Hello ladies," the server, a woman named Gemma, said, "can I help you?"

"You can," Dorothy declared proudly. She pushed Pete forward a little, finding the blush on his pale, now-freckled cheeks quite cute. "We're looking to update our whole wardrobes, and also buy some extras for our friends, who might be a little curvier than us."

She gave a wink to Pete, who realised these 'friends' were simply the potential future Dorothy and Pete, a real possibility given how much their bodies were changing.

"Excellent! Where would you like to start "

Dorothy relished this next part. She had always been the traditionally submissive - if still fiery and progressive - wife to Pete. Now, with her greater fitness and enlarging muscles, she was possessing a dominant, empowered streak, even as her husband became a bit more shy and less take-charge thanks to his embarrassments. It meant she could take charge a little.

"Bra fittings first, I think, and panties too. Then some skirts and dresses for the lovely warm weather. We'd both like something a little daring for date night."

Pete's eyes widened, but he was swept along despite his alarm, and soon the fittings began.

He was not shocked to discover that his new breasts were a B-cup - Hazelheart had seen to making his new clothing reflect that - but it was still quite confronting to try on different bras that hugged and cupped his chest. He had actual cleavage, and it wasn't a totally faint line either, even if he wasn't ample either. Dorothy delighted in having her husband share the same bust size as her, though with her slightly taller, fitter figure she still needed different straps.

"My God," she said as she fitted her breasts into the cups of a push-up, "I missed having pert breasts. They're as big as they used to be. Do you think they'll get even bigger?" Pete gave a dirty grin. "I sure hope they do, honey."

She gave him an amused smack. "Oh, you. Yours aren't bad either. We're 'boob twins.'" She winced a little, rubbed his soft shoulder. "I'm sorry dear, I do hope this isn't too bad on you."

"No, it isn't," he managed. "It's, well, it's embarrassing to admit, but they're quite nice, actually."

"Well, as we well know from our work with the gay community, gay or straight, *everyone* likes a good pair of breasts."

Pete snorted. She wasn't wrong. And more than that, he was enjoying the feel of them, the weight, the slight yet constant bob and jiggle they gave when he moved too quickly. And how they looked. His transformation had left him with freckles on his chest, and it was as cute as the ones on his cheeks. Would his breasts get even bigger? He hoped so. Just to be sure, Dorothy added some C-cups and even D-cups to the purchasing pile.

The panties were a different matter. Dorothy was certain her husband of six decades would be embarrassed at his reduced size, and so left him alone. Still, she was curious: her pansexuality was in full gear, and Pete's mixed gender status was no barrier to her rising attraction. She found herself hoping both would change more: she loved the idea of becoming a new woman with gorgeous brown skin and Afro curls, and thicker thighs and lips and all that. So after a quick purchase of panties Pete found comfortable, she secretly bought some daring lingerie for herself, and future self, and a couple of articles for Pete as well, silly as that was. She was certain he'd want to flee soon, regretting his decision to 'womanise' himself.

Yet to her astonishment, just the opposite happened. Having passed the hurdle of women's undergarments, something in Pete had clearly awakened. Suddenly, he was eagerly following her advice and recommendations on various tops, shorts, skirts, and even sundresses, as well as making his own requests for her to approve. It was an amusing reversal of their typical relationship, where he as the breadwinner typically okayed clothing purchases. Of course, their marriage had always been equal and more progressive than their peers, but some traditions still snuck in. Now, it was like he was looking up *to her* for counsel. She rather liked it, as well as the red flush in his paler cheeks. It matched his ginger hair well.

"Well, Pete," she jested, "we'll make a woman of you yet!"

"That's the plan, dear," he said, though after a moment's hesitation, he added, "for now, of course."

Within Pete's mind, excitement nevertheless raced. The presence of a penis and a somewhat androgynous structure to his face and hips and overall body still hampered his feelings of being a total woman, but overall it was utterly intoxicated being able to finally wear skirts without judgement, and put on cute sundresses that did more to make him look feminine than he could have possibly imagined. He even tried on some heels, though his feet were, embarrassingly, still mannish enough as to not fit the majority of footwear. Dorothy, naturally, bought a few articles anyway.

By the time they were done, they had amassed quite the collection of new clothing, and this time it was modern stuff, even some tantalisingly teasing stuff that was secretly purchased by Dorothy. With her increasingly good-looking body, as well as her new race and hair and physical structure, she was becoming excited at the prospect of presenting a 'new her' to the world, even if just for a time. She had spent far too long with weak knees, poor health, and an inability to run and swim as she had in her days of youth. She did not intend to waste this blessing, as she saw it as.

The pair left having spent a small fortune, but given the hard work Pete had put into his career and their mostly frugal spending (a habit of their generation), it was but a drop in the bucket of their retirement savings.

“Was that a D-cup bra I saw you purchase, dear?” Pete asked his wife, who was walking ahead of him.

“Maybe, Pete. Maybe. I guess we’ll just have to wait and see if either of us change to fit it!”

Pete grinned, hiding his smile behind her. In a ridiculous way, he rather hoped he would fit such a bra. After all, if he was going to finally experience the pleasures of womanhood, why not indulge in being a particularly curvy example of a woman?

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Pete and Dorothy were out on a date. Even in their previously ancient age, the two had always tried to keep the romance alive, but their shared health problems had made it difficult at times, and often a date consisted little more of a visit to an all-too familiar restaurant where neither could eat much, drink much, or stay very long. Tonight, on the other hand, was different.

“You know, you didn’t need to wear heels, Pete.”

“I felt it best to at least try.”

“You’re stumbling about like a penguin.”

“Don’t call me a penguin. It makes me feel short.”

“Well, if the heel fits.”

Pete raised an eyebrow, though the irritation was feigned, and it was all in good humour. He was wearing a white dress, one that accented his ginger hair quite well, and though it wasn’t the best on his figure, that was slowly changing. The same was true of Dorothy, whose form was likewise becoming more suited to the surprisingly slinky black dress she had slipped on, and was looking very stylish in. Both in the past couple of days had become younger again, though not nearly as dramatically as they had the other night. They were still in their forties, but now in their early forties, and both had less grey hairs and less wrinkles, and a little more in the way of curves and muscles. Both even regained a little cheek fat, making their cheeks less hollow.

It wasn’t the only discovery. Hazelheart’s magic, as the fairy had explained to them after the shopping trip during a visit, was unpredictable when she wasn’t sure if a wish was properly granted. But in this case, she could indeed tell that reality was being rewritten. Pete and Dorothy were now Piper and Denise, and to the couple’s surprise it was now Dorothy/Denise that was two years older, not her husband. Furthermore, both had new credit

cards, drivers licences, and other identification physical and digital that recognised their current forms. When they walked out in front of their house together, they were astonished to find that their neighbour waved to them, asked how the couple was, and flat out saw nothing wrong with their appearance. To all the world, Peter and Dorothy did not exist.

This, of course, sent them into a great panic. What had befallen their child? Their grandchildren? They loved them all, and though Nathan visited rarely, and their entire lineage lived in Europe, they couldn't handle the thought that reality had erased them. Thankfully, Hazelheart had set the record straight: Peter and Dorothy *did* still exist, or at least *had*. But in this new reality, they had died about a year prior, been mourned, their long and rich lives acknowledged, and then moved on from.

And now here they were, somehow endowed with all their retirement money, reality having been kind enough not to take all that away. At least, not yet. If they stayed even in their early forties, it wasn't like there was enough left to truly see them through - Denise and Piper were paying off a mortgage on the house now. A house they had paid off nearly fifty years previous!

It was a lot to wrap their heads around, and so the appeal of simply throwing those concerns to the side and going out on a relaxing date at a restaurant neither had been to before came as a welcome idea. As their bodies became younger, more shapely, both felt a need to dress up for the occasion, and so it was that when they entered and were escorted to their table, they each felt a sense of pride in their bodies, even as they tried to evade the suspicion of their partner that they had too readily accepted their current fate.

"You do look rather adorable, dear," Dorothy said to Pete. "I never thought my Pete would look like this now. Who would have imagined?"

She didn't mean to do so, but her words made him feel ashamed. He drank down some water, covered up his slight cleavage a little. "Well, we don't need to talk about it all."

"But it's incredible, in another way, isn't it? We're getting younger. I'm Denise now. And you, well, you're Piper temporarily, of course."

"Of course," he managed.

"Oh, don't be too sad, husband. Things will be back to normal. Hazelheart will fix this." She reached over, and placed her olive hand over his paler, freckled one. "Try to enjoy it for now?"

Pete/Piper smiled, relaxing a little. "I will. And I'll try to enjoy these new tastebuds as well, my dear. Let's see what this body likes, shall we?"

"And mine as well. I feel very starving!"

"Lucky! My stomach has shrunk. Let's hope I don't get too much shorter."

Dorothy giggled. "Well, let's just embrace our new identities for now, shall we? Who knows, we might even have fun with them."

“Even though I’m going to be a woman? It’s going to be difficult, you not finding me attractive anymore.”

Dorothy wanted so badly to tell him ‘you stupid, wonderful man! Of course I find you attractive! You’ve always been attractive, and always will be. It never mattered to me whether you were a man or woman, just that you were you.’ But the words died in her throat. She never wanted Pete to think that their marriage had been a lie in some way, or that all these years they had supported the LGBTQ community she had been fearfully hiding in the closet all this time, never trusting him to know her secret. Instead, she doubled down on her earlier point.

“Just put that aside, honey. You know that I’ll love you regardless. For now, let’s just be Denise and Piper, out for a wonderful night, and keen to see where life takes us.”

“Well, I suppose I can accept that. Maybe even enjoy it.”

‘Maybe’ turned out to be an understatement: what followed was the most charming date either of them had had the pleasure of experiencing in literal decades. They ate the food they wanted, uncaring about pills and prescriptions, and downed glasses of nice wine that they had long been forced to swear off for their own aged health. They talked of old times and new, joked about all the things they could do now, and as the alcohol relaxed Piper’s anxious self, the changing male found himself acting more openly feminine: giggling in a cute manner, allowing his cleavage to be seen again, even allowing himself to be addressed as ‘miss’ by the unknowing waiter. He crossed one leg over the other in the feminine fashion, and revelled in the gossip that Denise brought to the table. Now that they had new names, it was surprisingly easy to more comfortably slip into another role and simply play-act at being this other person. And perhaps in play-acting, they both found something a little more real about their new selves.

After nearly two hours of delighted conversation and flowing wine, Denise paid and helped Piper leave. She wasn’t drunk, but she was certainly tipsy and giggling.

“I think we underestimated how your shorter height and smaller build has affected your alcohol tolerance.”

“At least my wine consumption will be slightly cheaper,” Piper giggled. “Though the clothes, from what I saw, are a lot more expensive. I never knew bras were like that.”

“Well, yours is lovely,” Denise said as they exited the restaurant and began walking down the street to their car. “It does well to show off those new assets.”

“Oh, you like them, do you?”

“Well, maybe. Piper, I have something that perhaps - maybe I should just confess it.”

“Because I don’t mind them either,” Piper continued. “I mean, I never imagined I would have them! And it is so utterly bizarre, my dear, to not just be young but smaller, more fragile. And yet these little bouncy . . . things, on my chest. Not so little anymore.”

“Piper,” Denise continued. “This is all very fun, but I want to address your concern. Maybe the wine is helping, but I don’t feel much embarrassed about it. You are still very beautiful, you know. To me, I mean. But it’s not just the new me. It was the old me as well. I could look at someone like you and - oh, this is so embarrassing! I just mean that perhaps I’ve always still found a figure like yours quite attractive. I should have told you a long time ago. I never had the same kind of preferences as other women. I never understood it, and by the time there was a word for it, it was too late! The world had passed me by. I wasn’t a sexual creature anymore, and -”

Her words were cut off by Piper kissing her. The shorter ‘woman’ grabbed her wife and pulled her to her lips. The alcohol running through her system made her more daring, but in truth she was once again flushed with arousal and deeply wanting to touch her gorgeous wife. She may not look the same, but her new form was pleasing in an altogether different way, and Piper moaned softly as Denise returned the kiss, holding her with those strong yet feminine arms. Denise pushed back, taking control, pressing Piper against their car so that they appeared to be an early-forties married couple macking hard after a particularly successful night away from the teenagers. Soon they were both moaning, feeling one another’s forms with their hands. Denise kissed Piper’s neck, and the intersex being once called Pete cried out gently.

“Ohhhhh, that’s nice! Dorothy - I mean, Denise. Don’t stop!”

“I have no intention of doing so. I’m so glad you understand.”

“I understand *this*, but - ahhh - I also have a confession.”

“Yes?”

“While I’m Piper, I think I rather like having you take the lead in these proceedings, my dear.”

Denise chuckled, drew closer so that she was whispering in Piper’s ear, even as she raised a hand to subtly feel at her chest. Piper stiffened, biting her lip as her wife thumbed her left nipple, causing ripples of pleasure throughout her form.

“*I rather like it too, my love,*” Denise said in a sexy, husky tone.

It caused Piper to shiver in arousal. Only she kept shivering, and then vibrating, and then she began to squirm as a powerful series of pressures, like energy thrumming through her core, began to return with a pleasurable vengeance.

“Ohhhhhh - it’s h-happening again, my love!”

“To m-me as well!” Denise stammered.

Both were still captured by lust, and so both continued to kiss and caress one another down the empty side street. There were no onlookers, but if someone were to see, a strange sight would have followed. As they made out passionately, kissing and groping and squeezing and touching one another, their bodies regressed in age even further until they

were easily in their mid-thirties, if not younger. Both gasped, surprised by the changes, but feeling ever more invigorated by them. Just like the last rapid change, it seemed only to supercharge their sexual arousal, making them yearn for more. Dorothy groaned as her spine and limbs stretched, luxuriating in the sensation of becoming ever taller. Soon she was on the very verge of six feet in height. Her bust, to her delight, grew to become ample C-cups that spilled over her bra. They must have been themselves on the verge of D's - she was verging on a bit, it seemed. She shivered, savouring the sensation of their pillowy feeling as they rubbed against Piper's face. Wait, Piper's *face*? She looked to her 'husband', marvelling at his own changes as she became increasingly womanly and *short*. Her spine and limbs contracted, a reversal of Denise's situation, until she was perhaps only 5'3, maybe only 5'2, positively short even for a woman!

"P-Piper!" Denise managed, even as her ass began to bubble and inflate. "You're so tiny!"

"I know, dear! It - it doesn't feel at all wrong!"

Because, despite shrinking, Piper didn't feel too bad about it. Yes, there was a slight embarrassment, but even that came with a sort of submissive bliss as she witnessed her wife grow. She reached and grabbed Denise's ass.

"Something is getting bigger though, honey!"

Denise giggled as her ass not only inflated, but *exploded*. Her glutes worked overtime, becoming well-muscled certainly, enough so that her thighs likewise strengthened, becoming the very definition of what many youths found attractive these days. But more fat also pooled around her rear, appropriate for her new mixed-race look, as it meant she was also inheriting a body type that generally had 'more junk in the trunk', as she once heard someone say. There was a sudden rip, and the pleasure briefly ceased as she realised that her panties had actually torn.

"Oh, good lord!" the once-old and white woman exclaimed. To her astonishment, there was a slight accent in her voice, a kind of husk that matched her new appearance. Her hair became much more afro-like, a series of tight curls that fell to either side of her head like a bouncy set of sponges, albeit much more attractive.

But the real changes were reserved for Piper. The hermaphroditic individual was leaving that category entirely, even as her nipples throbbed in arousal at the sight of his newly Amazonian wife. Her penis withdrew into her body, and it was with an aching, wonderful pleasure that she sighed in long-hoped for relief.

"It's happening! It's finally happening! F-finally! OOHHHHhhh!!"

She couldn't help herself. As her new tunnel formed, and her penis was sucked back into her body, she orgasmed, trembling against Denise who had to hold her up. She grunted and groaned, voice getting lighter and higher and all the most sweet, particularly when one

by one her testicles *popped* into her, withdrawing and expanding like little flowers to become fallopian tubes and ovary sacks.

“Are you alright?” Denise stammered through her own pleasure. Her changes were finishing first. “Are you in pain, my love?”

“J-just the opposite, my d-dear! It’s i-incredible!” cried Piper. “I’ve n-never felt so good in d-decades! NGHHHH! YES! YESSSSS!!”

Her waist pulled in, and her hips flared out. Even her ass rounded out. She wasn’t as wide or full in the rear as Denise was - who could be? - but she now had a set of absolutely *fertile* looking hips, enough so that her white dress finally seemed to fit her. She reached down, rubbing at her new crotch, glad there was no one present in the side street.

“It’s alllll there!” she moaned as the pressure began in her chest. “God, I even have c-clitoris. Denise, I’m a w-woman! Yesss!”

Denise was shocked by her former-husband’s enthusiasm, but had no time to evaluate his response, as her interest was suddenly in Piper’s chest. It swelled forward, the minor cleavage from the lower cut of the white dress suddenly becoming much more prominent. Soon, much to Denise’s welcome surprise (and perhaps just a little jealousy), her partner’s bust size eclipsed her own. They swelled out, gaining a weight and size and firm roundness that made Piper marvel at them. She quickly grabbed Denise’s hands and placed them on her chest.

“Rub them! Play with them! Please!” she demanded. It was like a sweeping set of mental changes were occurring to the pair, and both needed to reach fruition in their new roles, now much more a case of dominance and submissive. And my, how Piper wanted to be *dominated*: she rubbed her crotch, sliding her fingers into her new tunnel by lifting the hem of her dress, even as her tits grew bigger and bigger. Denise was horny as hell, squeezing those big beautiful boobs with their cute cleavage freckles together. They must have been double-D’s by the end of their expansion, and to Piper, they were now just over twice the size they had been, but twice as sensitive too.

Denise pulled Piper up easily in her arms and kissed her lover, even as their changes settled. In that kiss, the final mental changes occurred, securing their new, slightly-altered arrangement.

It was enough to make both explode into cries of orgasm. Denise’s lasted much longer than she could have imagined, yet Piper still managed to outlast her. She wailed high and clear, enough to wake the neighbourhood. It was her first experience having multiple orgasms, and she revelled in them, uncaring who would shame her. She was, finally, a woman.

Finally, the two settled, and realised how strange they now looked, even if exceptionally attractive. Denise had practically burst out of her clothing from her growth,

while Piper's own shortening made her a stranger in her dress, while her bust had popped out of her bra rather obviously.

"Oh my God, this is something else," the shortened woman said. "I didn't even realise my hair had grown!"

It was now past her shoulder and down to her upper back. It had a new, bright ginger sheen to it that was positively beautiful. It matched her new face, which was softer, more demure, with bright blue eyes. Denise, on the other hand, had darker eyes now, and much fuller lips that were perfect for kissing. She had perfect cheekbones, and thick black eyebrows that were gorgeously defined.

"I've grown everywhere," Denise said. "But it feels right. I think - I think my mind changed as well this time, Piper. It actually feels *right* to call you Piper. And . . . I have this strange urge to work out. I don't mean just exercise, but actually work out."

"I understand. I feel like . . . I feel like I should cook us a meal. And tend the garden. And . . . take us back to our place so you can fuck me any way you like."

Denise blinked. She'd never heard such language from Piper except when utterly agitated, or utterly aroused. And she could definitely tell which one she was now. The two of them, in perfect silence and with incredible speed, got into the car. Denise was the driver now - there was something right about that to - and sped off home as fast as they could legally go. Despite just having orgasmed, the two women were hungry for each other in a way they never had been before. Denise felt like she could take on the whole world, with stamina to last the whole night, and Piper wanted to please her new Amazonian wife in whatever way possible, to yield to her in the bed, and be dominated by her strength all while moaning in her ear.

Suffice to say, neither had any sleep that night. That was for the morning. The two moaned and groaned and wailed and cried at semi-regular intervals, both lost in their new lesbian relationship and their very first proper lesbian lovemaking. Denise was finally embracing the side of herself she had always known was there.

And Piper, Piper finally felt like the person she was always meant to be. It made her cum all the harder in her sheer adrenaline-fuelled joy.

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Hazelheart hovered over the house, descended through the chimney, terrified of what she might find. Another round of changes had occurred, and she had sensed and then seen the lovemaking of the pair, as well as the mental changes over them. The magic was still present - there was perhaps one final change to go - and that only made her more agitated. She had clearly screwed everything up, and it took all her little impatient pixie willpower not to burst

into tears at the mere thought of ruining these two lives, subjecting them to a compelled love life they'd never consented to. She wiped at her tears, nervously flying down to hover over the couple, nestled against one another in bed. Only to witness a very different sight from what she'd imagined. A much happier one indeed.

Just half an hour earlier, the pair had woken. It was Piper that was the first to rouse from unconsciousness. After long years of frightful nightmares of expiring, and needing to get up in the middle of the night to empty a shrivelled, impatient bladder, she had instead slept beautifully, the whole night through. She had dreamed though, and it was a wonderful dream: she had been a dancer on stage, female and proud, her costume revealing her form. But then it wasn't a stage at all. It was a float. She was at the Pride march she had so often enjoyed going to as a supporter, but now she was - perhaps a little narcissistically - the very centre piece of it. The crowd applauded and cheered for her, the man who had proudly become a woman as perhaps she should have done decades ago, and her wife cheered her by her side. Her beautiful wife Denise. So different, yet so familiar.

The dream melted into reality, and the new woman realised she was staring at Denise's sleeping face. She was just as well-rested, her dark curls spilling over part of her face. She was so different in appearance to Dorothy. This was a strong, athletic woman of great height and build, with gorgeous mixed race olive skin. Her eyes were slightly almond, as if she had slight Asian ancestry in there as well, and somehow that delighted Piper, to see yet another change up close. Lazily, Denise reached out and placed a sleeping arm around Piper, pulling the naked woman against the other's nakedness. Piper grinned, trying not to giggle in bliss as she was comforted. In all their years together, the former male had been the protector, the breadwinner, the leader of the household (at least in appearances). Now, it came as a sweet cathartic release to finally be the one who felt nestled and protected and comforted by another, clutched by a larger figure who could envelop her. The muscles alone made her feel just a little aroused. She shifted around so that she could be the little spoon to Denise's big spoon.

"Mhmmm," she moaned softly, biting her lip a little. "Everything is perfect."

Her breasts had wobbled as she had moved, and she took a moment to play with them, running her fingers over nipples, admiring their pert pinkness. A flutter of pleasurable sensation running down to her belly. Everything was soft about her now, a softness she had always denied about herself, despite her innermost feelings. And last night she had felt like putty in her wife's hands. *That* had been soft. Soft, yet utterly electrifying. Her feminine flower was still a little sore from the continual act of being pleased, but it also felt right. A sweet soreness that had been her welcoming into womanhood entirely. She shivered again, remembering the feeling of Denise's tongue upon her softest parts, flickering between her slick thighs to part her gentle folds. God, they had been insatiable the previous night. It must

have been midday from how long they'd slept after. Piper didn't care about oversleeping though. She was in her thirties again, her prime of life, and she was finally, finally in a body that felt like home.

"Mhmm," she moaned softly again, savouring her new form, nestling against her lover.

She was still contentedly pressed against Denise when the taller woman finally woke several minutes later. It took a moment for Denise to realise that the small, soft, and deeply comfortable person she was holding was her former octogenarian husband. Despite the changes taking place over days and days, she'd actually dreamed of being old again. Of being white, grey-haired, weak, and struggling to move. So it was with a sweeping joy that she woke to her fit, gorgeous mixed-race body, her olive arms and legs wrapped around her Irish-pale partner, unintentionally groping her impressive double-D chest.

"Thank God," she said, pressing her face against Piper's head and smelling her mass of ginger hair. "It's real."

Piper shifted around to face her partner. Their breasts touched, and she rather liked the feeling. There was also a twinge of smug pride at being the 'bigger' of the pair in the chest, despite her overall smaller size. Not that Denise didn't have a massive ass to make hers look tiny by comparison.

"Morning, lover," Piper said, beaming from ear to ear.

"Morning, Pipes."

"Pipes?"

"I thought it suited, dear. Do you not like it?"

"Hmm . . . I think I love it, actually. Just getting used to it. Getting used to a lot of things actually."

They both grinned sheepishly, thinking of last night.

"I have to ask, my love," Piper said tentatively. "You were so passionate last night. Was it the magic, or -"

"I'm queer, honey," Denise said, and after all the pent-up worry and concern she found the words rolled off her tongue with a frank ease.

Piper halted, eyes wide. "You are?"

She nodded. Ah, *now* the well of emotion was coming. She blinked back tears, letting the truth pour from her like a dam that had finally cracked open, allowing the river to pour through.

"I always have been. Ever since I was a teenager, I knew. I found girls attractive, but knew I couldn't voice it."

"Our marriage -"

"Was no lie, Piper. Pete was handsome, dashing, and kind, everything I wanted in a man. I was and still am attracted to the man you used to be."

"You were - are - bisexual?"

She shook her head, chuckling at the sheer emotion flowing out of her. "No. That's just it, Piper. There was no word for it. I was - am - simply attracted to what I'm attracted to. Men, women, people in drag, people in between, transsexuals . . . if someone looks handsome or beautiful to me, that's all that matters. But it wasn't until I was sixty that I even heard of the term 'pansexual.' I just thought I was broken, not a member of the LGBTQ community we have always supported. And by then I had been happily married to a man I loved for decades. It hardly felt worth bothering people, or you, by mentioning it. But now that I've changed, and I'm younger again, I feel those attractions keenly again. Even having a different body, a different race, excited me. It's like I'm indulging in being different. Oh, it makes no sense . . ."

Piper was silent for several seconds. You could have played harp strings on Denise's tightened nerves. Finally, she placed her hand softly on Denise's cheek and stared deeply into her eyes.

"My love, you should have told me."

"I worried you would see our marriage as a lie."

"Have more faith than that, dear."

In that moment, the smaller, more submissive Piper overwhelmed Denise with a loving embrace, followed by an equally loving kiss. The taller woman yielded back to her former husband, comforted by Piper. It was like a leaden weight had been removed from her shoulders, and it turned out to have been little more than a stray feather all along.

"Thank you, my love," she said. "Oh God, I've been a fool. I feel so much better for saying it already. Thank you for accepting it. For accepting me. I just wish it hadn't come at the cost of you being a man. We will find a way to change you back. I just want you to know that I will find you attractive, sexually so - as you found out last night - regardless of what changes you go through, or of what form you take."

Piper was not bewildered by her partner's admission. Surprised, yes, but it made a lot of small moments in their life make more sense. Even odd glances she had thrown to a woman on the beach forty years past, one that briefly took Pete's attention because he yearned to *be* her. But it had been Dorothy that commented on her beauty, before blushing.

It changed everything. It changed nothing. And it gave Piper the strength to finally unshoulder her own burden. It was time.

"My love, you are no fool. It is me who has been the fool. All these years I also kept a secret from you, and now I find that so did you, but neither of us ever needed to, and I'm

sorry for that. I don't know how to say this, but you've seen how I smile at my new body, how I've . . . played with it. Dressed it up. Made love with it."

"Oh, I remember that," Denise said with a cheeky smile. Her slid her hand over Piper's generous hip. "Very well."

Piper laughed. "Oh stop it! This is serious."

"Sorry."

"It's alright. But it's exactly what I have to confess, and I fear my secret may run even deeper than yours. There's no other way to say this, Denise. My Dorothy. I'm - well - er . . ."

Denise placed her hands on her lover's cheeks. "Just spit it out, you old fool!"

"I always wanted to be a woman."

Denise paused. "Oh. Oh my. That is a big secret. That is . . . Pete. Piper. I never suspected!" She let out a nervous giggle that flummoxed the former male. "All your life?"

"I suppose ever since I was a teenager, just like you. It just . . . made sense to me. I can't quite explain it. I always looked to girls in my life, even my dear sister, and wished I had a body like theirs. I didn't understand myself for a long time, and I made my piece with it. I've been truly happy as a man, as *your* man - well, until recent events, anyway! - and I consider myself the luckiest, er, *person* to have had the luck, fortune, and true blessing of being your husband. But I often looked to you with a bit of jealousy, at having a body you wanted. I guess, on some level, I've always had a female mind, and a secret desire to be more dependent on someone strong, to be comforted and protected myself, though as the man I had to be the breadwinner. I accepted that . . . but I never stopped longing."

Denise absorbed this. She truly had no idea, but just like Piper's revelation about moments that made more sense given her pansexuality, she now recontextualised a number of memories in their shared history. Those moments when Pete had flirted with her, asking all sorts of questions about her lingerie choices when she was younger, were now more obviously interpreted as disguised curiosity. The time they attended Pride in a distant past year, and he had dressed rather garishly, even with a bit of makeup, purely for a laugh. Now, it was obviously a small dip of his toes into a pond that he could never truly submerge into. And the fact that, despite his manly ruggedness, he had always been a kind, comforting, and even *nurturing* soul. He was ahead of his time when it came to raising their Nathan, cooing over their baby as he changed his diaper.

"My God, Piper, I should have realised."

But Piper just smiled wanly, feeling embarrassed, and a little anxious over Denise's reception to this. "I hid it from you. I was a bad husband."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't self pity. I understand why you hid it. The times we both came up in . . . and besides, we *both* kept secrets. Secrets we should have shared, but had good reasons not to. I forgive you, Piper, just as I hope you forgive me. And don't think this made

you a bad husband. I had nearly six decades of wonderful marriage with you. There were ups, and so, so few downs that I can barely recall a one. Except when you purchased that damned motorcycle.”

A chuckle. “I sold it, didn’t I?”

“Yes, a month after you purchased it, as I recall. Along with the leather jacket.”

“Well, every man has his middle-aged crisis.”

“And now we are young again,” Denise said. She lifted herself up in the bed so that she loomed over Piper, who rolled onto her back. To her surprise, Denise was smiling from ear to ear, her gorgeous new features looking resplendent in the morning light. Her full, dark lips were especially of interest to Piper, who found herself a little aroused by the sight of her young, bare-chested partner.

“Are we still right for each other?”

“Oh, Piper, didn’t you hear me before? I’m pansexual! I can admit it now. I love you, and you are - to put it frankly in modern lingo, incredibly *hot!*”

She blushed. “You think so?”

“I know so, dear. And I know you are attracted to me, to.”

“Very,” she admitted.

“We’re young, and you have the form you always wanted. It’s a shock to me, but I’m so very, very happy for you, my love. We’ve been given a second chance. Don’t you see? The wish went perfectly right! We both got exactly what we wanted!”

It was at that point that a little voice cried out in ecstatic joy. The changed couple looked up in surprise, and quickly covered themselves in the bedsheets - they still had their old modesty, in part - as Hazelheart flew around them in zipping loop-de-loops and barrel rolls.

“IT DID WORK! IT DID WORK IT DID IT DID IT DID IT DID! I’M SO EXCITED I COULD EXPLODE INTO PIXIE DUST!”

The couple broke into relieved laughter as Hazelheart continued to circle the room, cartwheeling through the air and squealing excitedly at the top of her lungs, until finally she settled down, exhausted from her own bliss. She floated between them, her smile threatening to overwhelm her face.

“I *am* a good fairy!” she declared.

“You are! You are!” Denise said, laughing. “Neither of us realised it at first - I had no idea Pete was always meant to be Piper, but we got exactly what we wanted!”

“Yes,” Piper said, heart still fluttering from finally coming forward. “Thank you Hazelheart. I always wanted to be a woman - I think I always *was* a woman, my whole life - but now you’ve finally given me the body I always wanted. Even if it is a bit short.”

“Oh, stop it dear, you love it. You love having your big strong wife protecting you.”

She smiled, kissing her taller, mocha-skinned lover. "I do. I think I really do. We can do it all again . . . but different, this time. Perhaps a little cheekier as well."

"Oh, you are still a horndog, whether Pete or Piper. Huh, Peter Piper."

"God, I didn't even realise. No possibility of a name change, Hazelheart?"

She bit her lip. "Sorry. If the wish really *is* what you wanted - and my oh my I'm so glad it is! - then you won't be able to change back."

The pair exchanged a glance. Each nodded. They had been married nearly six decades, they knew each other's thoughts.

"And we don't want to," Denise declared, taking the lead in the conversation, as now felt right. "We're perfectly happy like this."

Hazelheart hadn't stopped biting her lip. Her wings fluttered nervously. "Are you sure?"

Piper paused. "Why wouldn't we be?"

"Are there not any, uh, *further* changes you secretly want?"

Piper went red this time. Denise wobbled her head a little, as if to indicate there could a *couple* of minor additions she'd like.

"Um, maybe just a few," Piper said. "I always imagined how nice it would be to be quite . . . curvy."

"Piper!"

"It's true dear, and I know you won't complain. And, well, we're thirty, right now. Are you saying there's still magic in us Hazelheart? From the wish?"

The pixie nodded. "One last change to go."

"Oh my. We could end up in our twenties!"

"Wonderful," Piper said. "We could do it all over again, from the very start of our courtship. As two women this time, with new lives and new bodies."

Denise snuggled against her lover. "Are you sure you want that? We've have to date, and propose, and marry. I mean, technically we could just marry, but why hurry?"

"Exactly, my dear," Piper said. "We can fall in love all over again, even if we have the 'cheat sheet'. It's like reincarnation - I always thought if it were true, that we could find one another again."

Denise kissed her on the forehead, and Piper quickly found that she loved her larger partner doing that. It made her feel taken care of. "Then let's do this change, Hazelheart. When you're ready."

"Oh," the Pixie said, "I can't do that. That's, um, up to you two. I mean, I thought you figured it out. The changes happen with great, um, 'passion'!"

Another shared glance, this time filled with more mischievous grins. And not a small amount of growing lust.

“Hazelheart,” Denise said. “We’re deeply thankful for all that you have done. I don’t know about other fairies, but I can safely say you’re an amazing one.”

“Awww! Thanks!” she chirped.

Denise continued, even as she circled her finger over Piper’s soft, flat stomach. “But as much as I would like to thank you again and again, I think it’s best if you gave us an hour’s privacy.”

Hazelheart was momentarily confused, until she realised exactly what Denise was talking about. Suddenly, she blushed crimson herself, and yet was simultaneously giddy for the couple. “Oh yes! Of course! Oh, I’m just so excited for the pair of you! I can’t wait to see how you turn out! I’ll get right out of your hair! Ohhhh, I’m just so incredibly joyous my wish-making turned out. Have good sex!”

She sped off, zipping through the air as a little ball of light with rapidly buzzing wings.

“Well, now that we have more privacy,” Denise said, shifting over Piper, “we can do exactly what she just suggested.”

“And what was that, my dear?” Piper asked, loving the way Denise loomed over her, *was positioning* over her.

Denise drew down close so that their lips were almost touching, and their breasts *definitely* were. “Oh, you know. *Have good sex.*”

“Mhmm, that sounds amazing. I want you to take me. To take charge, Denise.”

Denise smiled. “I think I’m going to like this new dynamic, my love. Let’s see what new changes we can make.”

They began kissing, tasting one another as Denise ran her hands over Piper’s cute body. She massaged the smaller woman’s breasts, and it made Piper moan with intense arousal, overcome by the sensations of it.

“Oohhhhh, s-so sensitive!”

“I can go slower?”

“No! No, p-please. I want you to k-keep doing that, dear. I love it. I love being *this.*”

“And I love being *this,*” Denise said, gesturing to herself. “Let’s show each other just how much we love it. I want to hear my little woman *moan.*”

Piper did, particularly as Denise lowered her mouth to begin sucking on her perfect nipples. It was even more powerful than simply being caressed, and soon she was crying out as Denise lowered her spare hand down to play with Piper’s new, sensitive folds.

“Mhmm! Yes! Oh God, please d-don’t stop, my love!”

“No intention of that, my dear. I want to take you all the way again. All the way, back into our twenties.”

The changes were rising, they could both feel the pressure. Piper dared to take some initiative. She suckled at Denise’s dangling breasts as they shifted position, pressing her

face into their light brown fullness, and adoring the sensation. Nothing had changed there, at least. She expertly teased at Denise's vulva, circling it with her fingers, and rubbing her clit softly to draw out the greatest amount of pleasure. Denise moaned in her sexy, slightly-husky voice, and it only made Piper all the more excited. They were literally giving each other the same kind of pleasure, though their bodies responded differently: Denise was in charge, driving this dance of delirious ecstasy, whereas Piper continually re-submitted, spreading her thighs so that Denise could slide two of her slender fingers inside her.

"Oohhhhhh, I'll never get used to th-this!" she cried. "I love it! This is b-better than I could have d-dreamed!"

Denise chuckled. "Now I can make you feel what you gave me all these y-years. Ahhhh!!"

The pressure grew, the tension and arousal that powered their changes getting ever more prominent. Dominant. Overwhelming.

"G-going to ch-change soon!" Piper cried.

"Yesssss," Denise also grunted. "Yes! Let's ch-change together! Let's c-cum together, my love! Let's live these lives together!"

"Yes! PLEASE!!"

"YESSSS! OHHH!!"

They cried out together, rubbing and teasing and sliding their fingers against each other's womanhoods, until either could take no more of it. Piper came first: she was, after all, not used to such overwhelming passion as a new woman. Denise still came quickly after, just six seconds or so, joining her lover in a high, sexual harmony that made a beautiful song.

And then the final changes began.

They orgasmed again and again as the final transformation finally occurred.

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It was next year's Pride March, and this time Piper and Denise were not simply part of the March as allies, or old supporters, but as fresh faces of the LGBTQ community themselves. Both arrived on the scene looking splendid, beautiful, and very much in love. At twenty-three years old, Denise was the older of the pair. She was an impressive woman, standing at six feet and one inch of height, towering over even most men. She had mid-tone skin, a shade darker than Mediterranean olive, a sort of light Mocha brown that was without blemish, except for a cute, dark beauty spot near her right dimple. She was obviously a very athletic woman, and deeply proud of it: she wore a tight blue crop top that revealed her powerful abs, while also outlining her proud D-cup breasts. She wore gym shorts of the same colour,

ones that revealed her powerful thighs. Likewise, her biceps were prominently displayed, and it was clear from how Piper looked at them that she very much liked her partner's musculature. Denise's black, curly hair bounced with every long step, a loose afro that fell just above her chin. She was positively beaming, and when she was that happy there was an extra sway in her step: her wide hips sashayed from side to side, and her magnificent ass bounced. More than a few fellow lesbians and straight male onlookers were entranced at the sight of it.

As if to show a little possession, Piper lowered her hand down over that magnificent behind, grinning. Denise, in turn, placed her arm over her short girlfriend's shoulder, lowered herself to plant a sweet kiss on top of her head. Piper was now only twenty-one years old, two younger than Denise. She was no longer even five feet in height: she was a mere four feet and ten inches, something which embarrassed her at times, but also made her feel cute and 'travel-sized', as she liked to put it. But what she lacked in height she certainly made up for in other departments. Her long red hair was vibrant and luscious and full, and fell in shining waves down to her thighs, swaying hypnotically behind her. She wore an adorable rainbow-coloured dress to celebrate Pride, one that clung to her figure in ways Denise certainly appreciated. Piper was more than a little proud of her ample chest, and made sure her outfits showed it off. She had been more than a bit surprised when the final round of changes had left her with prominent F-cups, each the size of impressive grapefruits, and very sensitive besides, but she quickly came to love them: how they felt, how they looked, and how they drove her dominant girlfriend crazy. Her slim figure only emphasised her chest, and the cute sprinkling of freckles on her face and upper chest made her positively adorable and sexy all at once. She wore heels, liking how they made her just a little taller, and helping her ass sway much like her girlfriend's.

"You're enjoying the heels a lot these days, aren't you?" Denise teased.

"They're my special heels," Piper replied, indicating their rainbow patterning that matched her dress. "Besides, it's my first time at a Pride March where I can actually be proud, dear."

"Awww."

Denise knelt down to kiss Piper on the lips, and they shared a warm embrace. It made the quite lusty Piper look forward to that night. Ever since becoming young adults in their twenties again, their sexual desire had reawakened something incredible, not to mention the novelty of now being the submissive one had yet to wear off.

"Are you ready to march?" Denise asked.

"Just don't do those big strides of yours. My little legs can barely keep up."

Denise chuckled, passing her girlfriend on the head. "Well, I'll be walking slowly anyway. Gotta keep an eye out for the grandkids. Nathan is visiting just in memory of us."

“Think we’ll be able to form a connection?”

Denise smiled. “The wish has gone amazing so far, hasn’t it, honey? So I have hope. We can talk about how well we knew Pete and Dorothy. We won’t exactly be lying.”

Piper leaned against her lover. “Marvellous. And really, they’ll just be finally seeing our true selves.”

“Exactly.”

“Do you think Hazelheart checks in on us from time to time?”

Denise looked up, saw something curious flickering in the air. Perhaps it was the flutter of a fairy wing, perhaps not. But it made her smile all the same. She took her girlfriend’s hand - God, she couldn’t wait to propose one day, and to marry her all over again, maybe even have kids, they could both carry them after all.

“I like to think so,” she said. “Now let’s march, my love. Let’s march with pride.”

They did so, chatting and laughing and buoyant as the two beautiful young women walked a road they had walked many times before, and yet in another way for the first time. And far above, a little pixie danced in the air, exuberant that the pair finally had the life they were meant to have.

**The End**