

# Peace and Love, Man! (Men to Hippies TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Warmonger**

*Jack Mullers has been conscripted to fight in Vietnam. He doesn't want to go, but his draft officer Robert Griss is right there to ensure he gets on the bus, damn it! War is glorious in Robert's eyes, and he too plans to fight. But when he makes some horrific comments about some passing anti-war hippie girls, both men begin to slowly change into anti-war, counter-culture women. Will they adapt and finally get along?*

## **Peace and Love, Man!**

Jack Mullers was dour and bereft of hope. His birthday had come up. Not in the literal sense: his was in September and it was currently March. No, it had come up in a much worse sense: on national television as one of the draft numbers. He had hoped and prayed this would never happen, despite his father seemingly happy to get rid of him and push him out of the house. He was twenty years old, after all. In his father's eyes, he should have been drafted two years ago when he was freshly eighteen and ready to fight, instead of being a "goddamn freeloader."

And now he was going. Even Jack's attempts to have the protection of a university degree or to be listed as a conscientious objector had all fallen apart. He thought about just protesting anyway and getting taken away to prison, but that terrified him too. The thought of being considered a 'draft dodger' and a coward was too much. Everyday the news showed footage not just of Vietnam, but also the hippie movement that opposed not just that war, but all war in general. The men and women wearing strange, colourful outfits, their hair long and free, their sunglasses in strange, vibrant colours, the sign of peace stitched or painted onto their clothing, they were an alarming sight. Jack sometimes wished he had the courage to be like that, but he had always been a fairly shut off person thanks to his father, uncomfortable with acts against authority or colourful displays in general. He loved nature, but men who loved nature deeply in this time were considered all sorts of slurs. To be a man was to love cities and development, pavement and cars, engines and industry. It was also to be patriotic and fight for one's country, no matter how pointless a conflict it seemed to be.

So there Jack was, sitting in the draft office and ensuring his papers were all correct, hinging on any last hope that his application for college could save him as it occasionally did others. The man on the other side of the desk was seemingly nameless, shuffling through his forms and ticking boxes, as he was for a number of other dour young men in the room. The other individual behind the desk was much more animated though. This was Officer

Robert Griss, a figure in his mid-thirties who had been introduced as the man who would be in charge of overseeing Jack's training and journey to Vietnam, where he too would also serve as a commanding officer.

"Bout damn time, too," he said. "I want to kick Charlie right in the keister. I've done my time with this goddamn conscription rap. I want to get in the action again, and thirty-six is hardly an old man's age, wouldn't you agree, boy? Huh, boy? You listening ta me?"

Jack looked up and swallowed. He had only been listening a little. "Um, I wouldn't know. I've just been drafted, so I don't really have any idea of -"

"That's 'I don't know, SIR,' got it?"

"Oh, sorry."

"Sorry, SIR."

"Sorry, sir."

Officer Griss threw up his hands. "Goddamn me! I'll have to put you into shape, that's fer sure. It's a good thing you're going ta war, lad. You look like a sick puppy with your mop of ginger hair and all them sad freckles. What, didn't yer pappy feed ya right? Ya look like ya never worked a true man's day in ya life."

Jack looked up at Griss and recognised just how different the two men were. Officer Robert Griss looked to be six feet tall or even taller, but was impressively stocky. His hair was thinning already, with streaks of grey showing prematurely in the short-cut black, but it was his square jaw and wide-set face that made him feel like a powerful bulldog. He wasn't exactly ugly, but it was undeniably that the man had an intimidating presence. He had a cigar in one hand that he kept compulsively smoking, and it continued to make Jack cough.

"My father told me that war would toughen me up," Jack said, a little meekly.

"Damn straight, boy. Your father's a smart man. A lot smarter than some, that's for sure. We're gonna win this thing, but we need fresh bodies and trained minds to do it. Or trained bodies too, in your case. Trust me, you're nervous as cat with measles right now, but when you're on the field and in uniform, a gun in your hands and Charlie on the horizon jus' waitin' ta get whacked, you'll feel like a real man then. You'll *be* a real man then, and not a moment before."

Jack was about to say something. Likely something meek, like 'yes sir,' or even the utter lie of 'I look forward to it sir' even though it twisted his gut. But he didn't get to say it, because at that moment their 'sparkling' conversation was interrupted by the beginnings of a chant outside the building.

*'MAKE WAR CEASE! GIVE US PEACE! MAKE WAR CEASE, GIVE US PEACE! WE DON'T WANT NO MORE GUNS! FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE FOR EVERYONE!'*

Jack Mullers had never seen a lip curl up with so much distaste and disgust as Officer Griss's did in that moment. He sneered, his jaw trembling almost audibly with anger. He stamped out his cigar and stood even taller, rolling up his sleeves.

"You, Jack. The rest of you, too. Come with me and see how a real man does things. The enemy is here on the home front just as surely as it is in Vietnam, boys. And we've got to *fight* it!"

He marched from the office, leaving the regular draft officer to deal with the actual matters of conscription. Jack followed his future commanding officer out of a sort of submissive going-along rather than any actual desire to see what would happen next, though part of him was also genuinely intrigued to see a band of hippies up close. He was not disappointed either. A group of nearly twenty or there or so had gathered on the sidewalk in a loose semi-circle, playing music and making their chant, a large banner suspended over several of their heads with hand prints and colourful representations of the peace symbol upon it. The banner read '*Peace and Love, Man!*'

The hippies were dressed in the garish outfits that continued to intrigue Jack. For all the comments on television and the radio about how 'revolting' female hippies were with their apparent unwashed nature and their untamed body hair, he couldn't help but notice that a number of them looked quite clean, and more than that, quite attractive as well. Their hair was indeed untamed, though some had theirs straightened, with little trinkets and beads weaved throughout. Some around his age wore bell bottoms and rose-coloured glasses and denim-jackets, and their passion was fierce as it was magnetic.

"Hey! Hey, you! Don't support the war! You're murdering people all for the system!"

"*The Man* profits, while man suffers!"

"Save the environment, don't destroy it!"

"Don't sign up to this pointless murdering war! Americans and Vietnamese are dying for no good reason other than profits!"

"Down with LBJ! Up with free love!"

Jack was astonished. These men and women were standing outside a military recruitment and conscription draft office, shouting at a military officer who was very much armed, and showing no signs of fear. He'd been told by his father again and again that hippies were cowards, and perhaps some were, but these people, at least, fully believed in what they were saying. One woman even stepped forward with a carnation to pass to Jack. Entranced, he almost reached out to take it . . .

Until it was intercepted by Officer Griss, who wrenched it from the woman's hand, shoved her back in the crowd, and ripped the thing to shreds in front of all their eyes.

"You want PEACE!?" he shouted. "You want COMMUNIS!?"

A few of them shouted in the affirmative, but only a few.

Griss continued. "This war is saving America! Saving all your pathetic lickspittle lives who don't know shit but college education and goddamn flower power! Meanwhile *real men* like me and *Jack* here are headed to save yer bacon from Charlie!"

"You're not saving anyone!" a woman shouted, older than the rest, with numerous trinkets on her person in bright colours. "This war has nothing to do with us!"

"It's got everything to do with what makes America great, you crazy hippie! Go home, get washed, shave ya goddamn armpits, and either enlist or - if yer a woman - shut up and let the men do the talkin'! I don't know what they teach on the *liberal* campuses these days, but war is what keeps the oil of this country coming. It's what greases the wheels! These men who're drafted are gonna learn to be *men*, and men are what makes this country great."

"Even if it takes life?" the older, witch-looking hippie woman asked. "What do you think, youngun? Is it worth killing for?"

She said this to Jack directly, who felt frozen between the two groups. He wanted to agree with the woman, but Griss was going to be his commanding officer. Life would be hell if he broke the line. Besides, he felt intimidated.

"I . . . I've got to go to war and become a man," he said, not exactly tackling the question. "That's that, really. The war is happening and protesting won't stop it. Better to fight."

The woman's eyes narrowed in response to his words, seemingly seeing through his noncommittal answer. But Griss slapped him on the back.

"There we go, son! Growin' a spin already, see? The lad's right, ya crazy hippie bitch. None of you cowardly lefties understand the necessity of killin', but it's part of man's blood, and ya can't stop it. Now scam out of here right now or else I'll have you all turned over to the cells. And trust me, a military officer can do a lot before the regular law arrives."

He withdrew a military baton and tested the heft of it against his hands. Several of the hippies drew back.

"Very well," the older woman said, apparently speaking for the group. "You've made your point clear. You love violence and death more than peace and life, and your newest recruit is clearly an acolyte of your evil philosophy, one that's killing this world."

Griss grunted, stepping forward, baton still in hand. The other hippies shifted back, but not the woman. She simply cast out a finger.

"You won't see me again, Officer, boy. But you'll both learn a lesson this day with what gifts I can summon now. You, Officer, will come to know what it is to create life, not destroy it. To love nature, not bomb it. And you, boy, will never be a real man. You will take a different path, and know the peace of femininity."

And with that confusing declaration - or was it some kind of hex? - she pulled two dandelions from a little purse bag and blew upon them each. Their seeds took flight, landing

on the uniforms and onto the faces of Officer Robert Griss and draftee Jack Muller. The latter just thought this was a bit weird. Griss, on the other hand, took this as a total affront.

“THAT’S IT, I SAID CLEAR OFF, DAMN IT!!! Get your fucking revolting hippie feet away from this office, NOW! And that means you too, you crazy old bitch!”

The woman indeed retreated with the rest, but her expression was sly, almost amused. Jack watched the bell bottom girl with the gorgeous hazel hair retreat. She looked back, her expression almost seeming to beg him to join them and run away from this recruitment, but it was too late for him. The dandelion seeds fell from his face and his uniform, and Griss brushed his away as well.

“Next time,” he said to the younger man, “be a man and shout too. Show them what yer worth, kid.”

Jack was about to say something when he shivered slightly. He felt a little odd, as if something was whispering inside of him, vibrating down to his core. Griss staggered on his feet for a moment too, clutching his head.

“Eugh . . .”

“Are you okay, sir?”

Griss straightened up. “Just these damn cold winds we’ve been getting. Can barely wait for the tropics of Vietnam compared to this out of season bullshit.”

He went back inside the office to complete Jack’s recruitment and to take him and the other draftees to the bus. But he was indeed shivering a bit, feeling the same pulse of strange power as Jack was.

Both men were about to undergo an incredible change, and neither knew yet just how much their futures had been altered by that single interaction.

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The bus trip was going to be a long one. Jack had ended up seated up the front with Griss by some stroke of misfortune, or simply because the older man had decided to take him under his wing. The war hawk was keen to evaluate the young draftee, especially after the strange incident with the hippies.

“You *are* in favour of the war, aren’t you, son?” he asked.

Jack felt strange about being called ‘son’ by a man only sixteen years his elder. It wasn’t the smallest gap in the world, but not the biggest either.

“Well, to be honest, sir . . .”

Griss narrowed his eyes, that sneer threatening to emerge again. “Don’t tell me you’re against it the fight against communism? Don’t tell me you’re gonna be some yellow-bellied weakling when it comes to war.”

Jack looked further back in the bus, where the other draftees were engaged in their own conversations. Why couldn't he have ended up back there? And why was there still that strange shiver running through his soul?

"I guess I just don't see the point, sir. I mean, I understand the need to oppose communism. I'm - I'm still a patriot. But there are so many Americans dying on the other side of the world, and I guess I just don't see how the Vietnamese are a threat to us."

"Because of the damn Chinese, son! Because those damn communists are supporting them, so we gotta oppose it whenever we can and - ngh!"

Jack was about to ask if Griss was alright, but he suddenly felt a strange convulsion come over his body as well. The two of them grunted under their breaths, and thankfully the bus was loud enough to mask their noise, as was the chatter around them. The mismatched pair clutched their own figures, trying to control their own breathing as the first of the magical changes slowly came over them. Jack's hair began to grow just a little longer. It hadn't been shaved yet to meet up with regs, but it wasn't exactly long either. Now, it extended, gaining small curls as it did so. Griss grit his teeth as his own hair became longer too. It was lighter than it should have been, and it was still boyish in its cut, being so short from the beginning, but it had undeniably grown an inch in mere seconds. The odd magical sensations cascaded down through his body, and that of Jack's too. Both men looked to one another, shocked as their facial hair began to recede, leaving them smooth-faced. Griss, of course, had already shaved, but now even his facial shadow was gone, leaving the skin baby smooth. His muscles receded just a little, a tremble running through his joints and limbs, and his shoulders seemed to deflate somewhat. He was still an imposing figure, but he had easily lost some height, and the same was true of Jack as well. He'd never had a particularly strong figure, but his squared shoulders smoothed out, and his hips expanded subtly. The last made an audible creak that could have come from the bus itself, and the pair of men groaned under their breaths as their bones altered to fit these new dimensions.

Finally, the strange changes ended, and the two men were left scratching their chests due to the itchiness of their nipples, which felt oddly distended. Neither man were about to check out what just happened, though.

"What in the livin' fuck was - was that!?" Griss spat. His voice sounded just a little lighter than before. Still coarse, still rough, but lacking that strong guttural quality.

"I don't know, man - I mean, sir," Jack said. Why had he just said 'man'? He would never say something like that! He blinked, getting hold of his mind again. "I - sir, I think we just changed or something."

"Bullshit, that's just . . ."

But then Griss raised his hands and felt his new mop of hair. He pulled back his cap to investigate it. "My hair . . . what in the blazin' hell? This is impossible!"

He looked back, paranoid that someone had noticed. But no one seemingly had. They were all engaged in their own conversations, or perhaps something more . . . supernatural, had prevented them from noticing.

“Son, what colour is my hair?”

“Sorry, sir?” said Jack, who was too concerned with touching his own hair, which now curled down his forehead, looking more bright ginger than ever.

“I said what colour is my hair, damn it?”

“Um, it’s like, brown, I guess? A mid-tone brown?”

Griss grit his teeth, infuriated. “My hair is *black*, or it’s meant to be. What in the Sam Hill is goin’ on here? I can’t be imagining it if you changed too. You look even weaker than before, *man*, and you were a weak runt already. I can’t be training you up for this *pointless* war if I gotta deal with -”

He paused, realising what he’d said. Where had the thought come from? It was as if, for just one moment, this entire venture he’d been so excited to finally be involved in, to finally lead young troops into battle for, to turn them into real men for, just suddenly felt utterly fruitless. Just a way for young kids to die on the other side of the world.

“We gotta . . . we gotta take five.”

He shifted out of his seat, wobbled a little on his legs, not used to being a bit shorter, and then moved to the bus driver.

“Pull over when you find a toilet stop!” he declared. “Preferably a place with some food. I got things ta take care of, *man*.”

By the time they pulled over near a diner and gas station, both men were getting nervous. Their hair had grown longer, and their skin softer. Griss ran to the bathroom after purchasing a pair of scissors and took time cutting away all his new locks. Jack was advised to do the same, but when he did so, something about it felt wrong. Looking in the mirror, he found his longer hair with its greater curls somewhat beautiful. He’d never thought his ginger hair was worth writing home about. It had always been made fun of by the other kids and even his own stern father, who viewed it as ‘garish.’ Now, he felt there was something *free* in it. It matched his softer facial features; his lips were a little fuller, and his cheekbones a bit more raised, almost feminine in appearance. Under the veil of privacy he discovered similar changes to the ones that Griss was already trying to hide: his shoulders were more sloped instead of squared, smaller. His waist was a little thinner, and his hips a bit wider. Nothing too feminine, but perhaps a bit ‘girlish’ in the estimation of men like Griss. There was a soreness in his rear and chest, and as well as between his thighs. There was no change to his junk, at least, but Jack was still nervous: his nipples were larger and pinker, and seemed strangely sensitive to the touch. Griss had already discovered this also and smashed part of

a mirror in the bathroom, not that Jack knew this. As soon as the older man had, he'd felt a jolt of immediate pain and regret. To destroy something pointlessly just seemed all wrong . . .

The two men met outside, barely able to look at each other. No one else was looking at them differently, but there was a hesitance for either to speak about what was happening, as if saying it would acknowledge it.

"You don't think that woman . . . ?" Griss finally said.

Jack swallowed, nodded. "Um, she said she was going to change our fates. This feels like a big change of fate, right?"

"Yeah, she's turning us into a pair of weaklings, is what. What, she's trying to get us killed in Vietnam? Well, I'm not letting this beat me. I've fought before, and I'm gonna fight again. No crazy hippie magic is gonna stop me, or make me think that *peace and love should be the answer. Leave our children a better world.*"

His eyes went wide. "Like that shit! I'm not saying that kinda shit anymore! You and I are gettin' back on that bus, and we're gonna fight this thing, got it?"

Jack nodded. "Yes, sir!"

"Goddamn right," he said, walking away. His gait looked just a little less manly before, but Jack didn't comment on it. The truth was, he wanted to fight this too, but not nearly as much as Griss did. That little shiver of change in his being seemed full of possibility. He had always believed in peace, but never strongly or passionately. Now, a passion was stirring within him, and part of him wanted to hold onto it, even if it led to more changes . . .

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By the time the long-as-hell bus trip ended and they arrived at their training fort, both men had undergone further changes, especially Jack. Despite his efforts to keep his hair cut and short, his ginger locks continued to descend down from his scalp, becoming ever more vibrant and gorgeous. His face had become smoother as well; his cheeks just a little more present, his freckles no longer a nuisance but instead a cute smattering across his face. His frame had gotten even more slender, and his arm hairs were now all gone, and his leg hairs going with them. His armpit hair was not so eager to dissipate, though it was thinner. Worse, his general figure looked much more girlish, complete with a stomach that was soft and flat, and a pelvis that was looking much wider. With each change, though, came a strange sort of release. They happened subtly, sometimes with greater passion that left him grunting and whimpering under his breath, but increasingly with an undercurrent of pleasure. Jack's own anti-war feelings grew stronger the more he changes, the more his changed body became so different to the war-ready men around him. He wished he had striven harder for education, experienced more of the beauty of the natural world. He even - and this was quite

daring for him - began to imagine what it would be like to try some weed and get in touch with his spiritual side. He didn't say this out loud to Griss, who would be disgusted.

Of course, Griss was having his own troubles. After the close shave he'd given himself, his hair had grown back even fuller and brighter. It was no longer a mid-tone brown but actually light brown in colouring. His chest had risen a little, but to his despair when they pulled over for a second time, he discovered they weren't from the remasculinisation of his pecs, but rather a more supple and soft growth. They almost . . . they almost looked like breasts. His nipples had swelled with them, and they had darkened for some reason. Like Jack, his hips had widened, and his figure become softer. He had what felt like half the muscle mass he had before, and once more like the draftee his body gave him little spurts of unwanted, reluctant bliss as he changed. He bitterly hated those feelings; he hated feeling *good* about his changes, or the fact that his mind was trying to make him feel *bad* for sending these young men off to war, for causing a senseless waste of life.

"N-not senseless," he muttered to himself. "War is glorious. I'm not t-turning into a f-fucking peace-loving beatnik hippie."

Jack swallowed, trying to ignore what Griss was saying as they arrived at the fort.

"This is where we beat it, kid," Griss said. "We're getting these damn liberal thoughts out of our head and beating that goddamn hippie bitch curse."

"S-sir, I think we're not just becoming hippies. I think we're becoming-"

"Don't even fucking say it, *young beauty* - I mean, young son! We're men, and we'll stay men."

At that exact moment, Griss' stomach gurgled, the organs shifting suddenly. He was hit by a strong, strange wave of nausea. The doors to the bus opened to let the draftees off. Normally, he'd see them off and be the last off, but instead he *ran* away, straight to the toilets, whereupon he promptly threw up. The formerly bulky man looked into the mirror before him with horror. Already, his hair was growing further, his eyes turning lighter, his face becoming *younger*.

"What the fuck is h-happening to me?" he demanded his reflection, voice cracking higher than it should have gone.

He didn't know it yet, but this was only the beginning. The hippie weaver of magic had promised he would make life instead of taking it. Now, without his knowledge, a little life was beginning to stir within Griss' new womb.

The hard-edged warmonger was pregnant with new life, and it was growing *quick*.

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The two men lasted only a day at the fort. Jack was made to begin training practically immediately, falling into line and being made to march and run as an effective hazing of the new would-be troops. Griss was meant to lead it, and had obviously been looking forward to this part, but both men failed their assigned roles fairly completely. Jack failed because his strength and stamina had been sharply reduced, leading him to easily fall behind everyone else. He couldn't even pull himself up a rope, and worse, when he was handed an unloaded gun to hold, he actually *yelped* and dropped it. It simply felt all too wrong to have a weapon meant to kill in his hands, even more than before.

Griss, on the other hand, failed to drill everyone hard enough. He normally relished such an activity, but something screamed in the back of his mind that he was sending these poor boys out to fight and kill and die. Sympathy hit him like a brick, and it weighed his new (unknowingly pregnant) stomach down. He stroked that stomach without thinking, using positive affirmation instead of harsh discipline.

"I know you can do it, boys! Just try! I mean, *WORK HARD DAMN IT!* But if you're tired, don't push yourself. Your body is telling you the signs you need to - *THAT WAS A GODDAMN JOKE, RUN HARDER!*"

In the end, another trainer had to take over, a proper drill sergeant, while Griss took some time alone. He went to the officer's bathroom, and to his great shame, he actually *cried*. The tears ran down his face, and he was forced to wipe them away.

"I'm not turning into some fucking hippie woman freak. I'll fight this, y'hear! God as my witness, I'll fight this, even if that weakling Jack can't!"

But still the changes proceeded apace, and by the time every man was forced to retire after a harsh afternoon of hazing, the two men fell into fitful dreams, ones filled with imagery of peace and hippies and singing and weed and Earth mothers and slogans, all these things signalling further mental changes to come. Griss tossed and turned in his officer's bed, fighting against these changes even while unconscious. He dreamed of a beautiful woman, full with child in the belly. She wore a long and flowing dress, green with strips of red, orange, purple, yellow, blue, and other colours strewn throughout. Her hair was incredibly long, honey-blond and flowing down past her waist. Her breasts were full with the promise of life-nourishing milk. The woman was barefoot, free of makeup, and symbols of doves and peace were all over her: on her bracelets, on her necklaces, on patches sewn into her dress. She held her pregnant belly, looking ready to deliver her child, and she smiled towards Robert Griss within the dream.

*"Embrace life, Robert. Give life to the world. Embrace peace and love."*

Even in the dream, he fought against this. But he could not shake that deep well of feeling that came as he stared at her natural beauty, at her swollen breasts and swollen

belly. He had always viewed the 'miracle of life' as merely an ordinary function. Now . . . now he saw something almost spiritual in it. *Earthly.*

Jack dreamed also, though not strictly of motherhood. The woman in his dreams was his own age. She has gorgeous flame-red hair that bounced with each step upon her shoulders. Her face was darling cute, with only naturalistic makeup. Her freckles now suited her, as did the rounded rose glasses perched upon her button nose. She wore denim bell bottoms with colourful splits, and her dress top hung loose, awash with pinks and creams and whites like a watercolour sunset. But for all her hippiness, there was also an intelligence in her look, and Jack soon realised why: she was leaning against a tree, laughing with like-minded friends as she talked about college essays and their environmental preservation society. She was a university student, and clearly a passionate one, unafraid to share her views and style.

Her eyes suddenly turned upon him, staring at him through her glasses.

*"This could be your life, Jack. This will be your life. Accept it, and let peace and love reign, not war and hate."*

He couldn't find will himself to disagree. It seemed a far kinder fate than danger and peril in Vietnam. And something about this woman entranced him. It was as if she had the courage to stand up to authority that he had always lacked. And that in itself was beautiful.

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Robert Griss woke Jack up before sunrise, before even the early wake up call that would send the would-be troops on their next horrible exercise; the one intended to make them *real* men. Jack was lost in that dream, walking through fields of flowers and smelling the glory of nature, when a high-pitched voice hissed at him.

"Jack! Damn it, Jack! Wake up, you damned fool! This is your commanding officer!"

Jack opened his eyes, and instantly sensed something was wrong. He could barely see, but he could feel that his figure had changed overnight, perhaps as a result of his acceptance of it while he slept, or just his general passivity. There were two small weights upon his chest, and his junk certainly had reduced in size. He'd never been gifted before, but he felt positively tiny there now, just as his limbs were tiny, and his waist also. He lifted himself up, which caused his hair to flick about. It made him pause and reach up.

"My hair," he said, voice lighter, practically androgynous if not feminine by this point.

"There's a damn lot more goin' on than just yer hair, maggot," came Griss' voice, or at least Jack assumed it was Griss. It too sounded lighter. Still a bit raspy, but edging towards feminine.

"S-sir? Officer Griss?"

“That’s me, *doll* - I mean, recruit. Now get out of this damn bed.”

Jack obeyed the order, getting out quickly despite his state of undress. His chest bounced a little, his nipples sticking out against his sleep shirt. It was a reminder that he truly was growing breasts now. Even his hips were different; not just wider, but they swayed from side to side, his shorter height and increased fat around the hips and rear leaving him with a lower centre of gravity. Griss walked with military precision, or at least was trying to; in the darkness it was obvious he was fighting against a more feminine walk. The other bunkmates were all asleep, so at least they skipped that awkwardness, but as soon as Jack was out he was thrust forward.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

“To a car,” he said. “A military jeep. I managed to get us dispensation to leave the base on one last recruitment drive. Recruits - real ones - not draftees. We’re heading back to the city, *young one*, and we’re gonna find that damn *earth mother*. You’ve been temporarily placed as my adjutant. Understand?”

As they came beneath a light, Jack saw how much Griss had also changed. His hair was now verging on blonde, and it had been hastily cut once more, not that it stopped it from growing back fast anyway. He looked to be in his late twenties now instead of a particularly coarse thirty six. He lacked wrinkles on his face, and his jaw was now rounded, his face more of a heart-shape than the granite rectangle it had been before. That was to say nothing of his body, which was clearly becoming female by this point. Even with his military jacket on, the slope of two breasts was obvious, as was the width of his hips and roundness of his rear, the latter of which was even more impressive than Jack’s own. Griss touched his stomach, scratching it idly. At least, Jack thought, he still had a slight beer belly or something. Though hadn’t he been quite trim despite his bulk?

“Are you - are you sure we should do this, sir?” Jack asked, looking down on his own changes. His body was alien to him now, and yet at the same time there was an almost calming familiarity to it. As if it were always meant to be.

“What the hell do you mean?” Griss said, getting into the vehicle.

Jack got in beside him. Griss had to adjust the chair just to sit in it. He gave a little ‘oof’ as he did so, and again his hand went to his stomach.

“Goddamn tits,” he said, looking down. “Fucking tits. Answer me, *friend*.”

“It’s just . . . what if this is *meant* to happen? I mean, the woman told us we wouldn’t see her again, and that our fates were changed. I don’t agree with this war. In fact . . . I hate it. I do! This could be the way it’s meant to be and-”

“Not another word,” Griss said. “Not another word or I swear I will I will . . .”

“Will what, sir?”

Griss grumbled to himself, scratching his blossoming chest with one hand as he stuck the keys in with the other. Even *threatening* violence was starting to get beyond him. He screamed internally, raging at the fact that even mentioning violence or warmongering was an uphill battle.

“Well, I won’t be using flower power, you can be on that, *girl*.”

He didn’t bother correcting the statement. Instead, he started the ignition and drove off, the sun beginning to rise upon the horizon.

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The changing men had to stop several times on an already hours-long journey. Their bodies demanded food, but even more they could both sense when the changes were to come over them. That familiar shiver would run through their cores, forcing them to find a spot to stop, preferably a place that had a bathroom, and suffer in near-silent grunting in the stalls. It was especially awkward for the younger Jack Mullers, who could hear his commanding officer moan under his breath in the stall beside him, hearing the evidence of change even as his own occurred. Worse still was the fact that upon entering a gas station to fill up and go through another transformation, the pair were stopped by the owner.

“Um, ladies? I think you’ve got the wrong room there - *Ladies* is on the left! See the sign?”

Griss burned with humiliation. He screamed inside his mind, itching to argue with this goddamned *ingrate* who viewed him as a woman. But the mental transformation, however much he tried to fight it, was only getting stronger. He simply gritted his teeth and nodded, his now honey-blond hair having grown so quickly to his shoulders, his face so soft and womanly, and thanked the owner.

“Thank you, sir,” she said.

Jack followed her into the ladies room, expecting much the same reaction if he didn’t. The pair certainly looked much more like women than men by that point: both of their figures were like hourglasses, quite attractively so in fact. Their hair was growing longer, their limbs and waists were slender, though Griss’ was starting to bloat out again for reasons he hadn’t figured out yet.

“Goddamn it. We’re seen as women now!” he whined, voice cracking up another octave. “Why can’t we - nnggh! Great, another goddamned ch-changed! *Earth Mother* help us - ughhh!”

Jack also groaned, whimpering as his voice cracked up another pitch too. But unlike Griss, he was barely fighting the changes at all, now. They were bringing him a kind of peace, one step closer with each transformation towards a future where he not only didn’t

have to fight, but also had the passion and courage to stand up for peace. Even the feminine aspects of his change was a release. Sure, it felt strange for his breasts - *his breasts!* - to blossom larger, surging forth in size to fill his shirt, and for his crotch to recede ever further. In many ways it was the ultimate betrayal against his father, who always wanted a 'real man' for a son. But why should he be a 'real man' at all? Accepting the change towards womanhood brought him a rush of euphoria, a release of tension. He had always been sensitive, always in touch with his emotions, and now his form was matching that very expectation of which gender should be like that. And there was no denying the pleasure of the change, either.

"Mmhmnm," he moaned, feeling his member and tests shrink yet further. "Ahhhh, ohhhh! I'm - mmhm - getting f-further along, s-sir! I f-feel kind of . . . good!"

He gasped as his breasts bloomed further, becoming quite the nice pair. His hips expanded again, and his hair now fell to his shoulder blades. His hands daintified, as did his feet. Even more strangely, his clothes changed for the first time as well. His uniform pants altered to become denim, the bottoms flaring out to become bell bottoms. His shirt, hastily put on during the start of the car trip, became several sets of clothing: the first a bra that cupped his new and lovely assets, pushing them up to create a rather lovely view, even though they were part of him. The second was a brightly coloured shirt that extended, becoming something of a dress that went down to his thighs. It was the same watercolour pink as in her dream. Lastly, an open jacket manifested, brown in colour with hanging strips and the sign of peace upon it. Rose-coloured glasses materialised from nowhere upon her face, and that too felt right.

"Mhmmm, it does f-feel good!" he said, his mind transforming further. It crossed a threshold, and as it hovered on the precipice of becoming fully female, the still currently male Jack had a moment of hesitation. He was on the cusp of the final change. The last change, really. The one that would matter most.

"Fight it, d-damn it!" Griss called from the other stall. "D-don't give in, *girl!*"

But being called 'girl' helped make the decision.

"No more war," Jack said, sighing with relief and relinquishing himself to the changes. "No more war for this young woman."

*She* gave in, and her manhood pulled back inside her, her new *womanhood* forming at the same time as her new female identity. In her heart of hearts, she was as much a woman as her body was. She was a gorgeous female hippie, and it was the fate she had never known she always wanted. She was no longer Jack. She was *Joy*. It felt like the appropriate name for what the mysterious hippie magic woman had brought her.

Griss didn't know this change had occurred, but his own focus was already elsewhere. He groaned at another wave of nausea, something that he knew Jack hadn't

experienced once for some reason. He was forced to lean over the toilet and upend the contents of his stomach, not knowing he was experiencing an accelerated form of morning sickness. His stomach grew taut at this, expanding further, becoming just a little more tight and domed. He rubbed it without knowing why, but raised his hands to cup his breasts, which were rapidly outstripping the already nice sizing of Jack's just-finished pair.

"Ohhhhhh, yessss," he moaned, before biting his lip. "I mean, noo! I won't e-enjoy thissss - mmmhhh!"

His moans were almost orgasmic as his stomach blossomed further, as his breasts became worthy of a would-be mother's. His hair extended down his shoulder blades and further, wiping out yet another recent cutting back attempt. It was straight and silky and beautiful, and it was matched by the feminine features of his face, which now had the look of a woman just a few years older than the new Joy. Her hips also creaked outwards, becoming impressively wider, the kind of hips that were just made for birthing children; a reality that the former warmongering officer had no idea was now in his future. And, of course, his member shrunk back, leaving it humiliatingly small.

The temptation to turn fully hit Griss, but he refused to give in. He held himself back from it, and so his palms remained hairy and manly, his legs too, and his face just a bit too mannish. His manhood was still there, but it didn't matter much, given the promise of his expanding womb. All he knew was that he had to end this.

"I'm n-not becoming s-some peace-loving Earth mother, y'hear!?"

He wasn't sure why it was Earth *mother*, except that it sounded right. Still, he managed to forestall the changes, though his uniform *did* change a little further, becoming a single garment that flowed like a dress. He got the sense that the material had only softened and thinned slightly, exposing more of his new shape but not becoming a hippie dress or something.

"I can beat this, I can win."

When he finally left the stall, one hand on his sore back and the other on his slightly heavy belly, he came face to face with Jack - or rather, *Joy*.

"What in the Sam Hill?"

Joy awkwardly fumbled with her fingers, lacing her hands together. While Griss was shorter now too, it was obvious that Joy had lost even more height in comparison. She couldn't have been taller than 5'4 or so, even shorter than the average woman.

"Um, I guess this is me, *sir*," she said. "I'm not a man anymore, and certainly won't be a real man."

Her voice was light and free, and seemed to suit her. For just a moment, something warm bloomed in Griss' heart, but he shut it down quick. There was no way he was going to feel sympathy and even *empathy* for this deluded former male.

“We’re gonna win, kid, jus’ you wait. We’re gonna find her! We’re gonna turn back!”

Joy blushed a little, adjusting her rose-coloured glasses. She looked down at her female form, at her college-age figure, her fine breasts, her svelte shape. Even her fashion had a fun, wild sense to it. She could feel the stirrings of passion in her to argue back.

“I don’t think I want to, sir,” she said. “I’m not Jack anymore. Maybe I was never meant to be. I’m Joy now.”

Griss grit his teeth in his usual matter. “*By the Earth mother* - bullshit! This is all some brainwashing liberal commie hippie bullshit! C’mon! We’re gettin’ back to the city and changing back! I’ll make a real man of you yet, *Joy*.”

He grabbed her by the arm and pulled. Joy went to fight the changing man, but something in her made her stop and go along instead. It wasn’t passivity though, but rather a strong sense of compassion. Poor Griss was enduring a change far more transformative than hers given his personality and his longer years as a proud man’s man, and the new young woman couldn’t help but want to look out for her. Griss was getting younger, closer to her own age, and this was also heightening a sense of sisterhood; of feminine responsibility to one’s fellow woman. And something else was happening to Robert Griss as well, not that Joy could quite place it yet. But her figure was odd, slimming everywhere but not *everywhere* at the same time.

She got in the car and put on her seatbelt. Griss wiped away a few tears, keeping his feminised face off to one side to hide the impression that he’d been crying. Joy placed a soft hand on the other man’s shoulder.

“It’s okay,” she said. “I’m with you.”

“J-just shut up. It’s all this womanly emotion and shit. It’s all fake.”

“It’s okay to cry.”

“*I know, it’s a natural extension of* - fuck! Don’t give me these thoughts! Let’s just drive!”

He put the car into gear and got them ready for the last stretch. Joy opened her window a crack and let the air soar through the interior. Her curly ginger hair flapped in the wind, and the new woman beamed as she took in the splendour of the world around them.

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By the time they reached the city, Griss was practically foaming at the mouth with his efforts to avoid being changed further. Still, changes were occurring: he’d had to adjust the seat two separate times to accommodate his changing being; first his shortening stature, and then his growing belly. It felt like he was being actively *pumped* with contents, and several times he had to stop to deal with the nausea and let it pass. Joy watched this with fascination, and

became increasingly sceptical at Griss' complaints that he was becoming "some sort of fattie! If I'm becoming a goddamn woman, why an obese one, huh?"

Something about the claim didn't seem right, particularly as the pressure gave way, and his clothing became more like a long pale green dress, and the bump stood out in greater contrast to his willowy limbs. He grunted as his breasts grew, and occasionally pawed at his penis to assure himself it was still there.

It was only there *barely* of course. Everything else about him was totally female, right down to his blonde hair that was now so long it fell against his rear when he was standing. It was surprisingly heavy, but all attempts to cut it now were in vain: he simply couldn't bring himself to do it, and occasionally he would smile and twirl his hair, proud of how long and 'natural' it was.

"We've g-gotta find her. Gotta find the d-damn hippies. That same group - tell me if you see 'em among the protestors."

Joy promised she would. She had no intention of turning back, but she wanted to stay with Griss a little longer so that he wouldn't be alone. She smiled out the side of the jeep as they drove around the blocks of the inner city, observing numerous groups of protestors, liberals, hippies, and other gatherings. Others were further to the edges, gathering around parks and the bordering park and forest areas. They drove for what felt like hours, trying to spot the woman and her allies among the groups. Finally, Joy felt something; a draw. A magnetism. A sense of belonging.

It was, appropriately enough, as they passed the expanse of the university campus, young college students gathering and chatting and protesting and experiment and studying across the green park area that dominated the centre between its buildings.

"Pull over here!" she called.

Griss did so immediately. "Do you see her?"

"Not exactly. Come with me."

She said it forcefully, almost like an order, and Griss found himself obeying. It was a strange reversal, and as Joy walked across the campus greens, her hips swaying a little, her ginger hair bouncing, her appearance and reality that of a young college hippie girl, she realised that she had never needed to be a 'real man' to have confidence and command.

Griss, on the other hand, excited the vehicle with a deep blush on his features. To all eyes he looked like a pregnant earth mother type, his green dress complete, his feet barefoot, his face unadorned. He clutched his stomach by some strange instinct, wincing as the pressure gave way to a little more growth there, and in his slightly aching breasts. He followed after Joy with a kind of desperate skip in his step.

"Jack! Jack, damn it! Joy! Where are we going?"

"I feel something," Joy said. "Like it's calling me home. Don't you feel it?"

"I just feel a damn pressure in my stomach - eugh!"

It grew a little more. Joy slowed to let Griss catch up. Seeing that belly, her eyes went wide. She finally realised what was happening there, and how it lined up with the hippie witch's words.

"Um, Rose?"

"Yeah? Wait, why are you calling me Rose? Shit, why does it sound like my name?"

Joy smiled thinly. "I think it's your new name, like Joy is mine."

Griss grimaced. "It's not. My name is Rose. My name is - damn it! What are you looking at me like that for? What's wrong now?"

"It's just . . . Rose, I think you might be-"

"Joy! Joy!"

Joy turned her head to see a number of college students - hippies and beatniks and musicians and artists like her new self - approaching her. Three women and two men. She recognised them, new memories stirring. They didn't overpower her previous life, nor did they have the taste of 'true memories' - they felt more like guidelines to help adjust her to her new life. She recognised these people as her friends.

"Rebecca! Hannah!" she cried, embracing her friends. "Jonesy, Elton, Gail!"

She laughed as she took in their clothing and style. She was among others like herself now.

"Where have you been?" Gail asked. "We've missed our bell-bottom girl."

"I was just . . . helping out a friend. I'd like you to meet her: this is Rose. Rose Green."

Rose stepped forward, not really knowing what to say. An unfamiliar passivity had come over her, leaving her surprisingly vulnerable. She lowered her hands to her belly, cradling it, and in that exact moment a pressure gave way. She winced, grunting a little before this assembled crowd, and right before all their eyes her taut dome of a stomach expanded yet further, swelling with a liquid noise as it filled with more amniotic fluid, the child within developing at a rapid rate.

"Nghhhh! Oh G-God - ohhhhh!!!"

When the belly finally stopped expanding, there was no denying what it was now. She looked to be five months along in pregnancy, in the middle of her second trimester, her rounded stomach tenting out her dress and leaving her calves a little more on display. She stood there, aghast at this terrible truth, running her hands in a panic over her stomach. Rose Green, her mind recognising her newly christened hippie name, looked up at the group. Only Joy was a little surprised; the rest seemingly hadn't noticed the change at all.

“Lovely to meet you, Rose!” the called Hannah said, moving to embrace her. “You look so gorgeous! And so full of life! When are you due?”

“F-four months,” Rose said, though that didn’t feel quite right either. Wasn’t it even closer than that?

“Right on,” Elton said. “You look real connected to nature, lady. Barefoot, peace sign on the dress, I respect the hell out of that. Peace and love, man!”

Rose and Joy both raised a hand in the peace sign. “Peace and love, man!” they both said at once.

It was too much for Rose. She looked around for the hippie witch, but couldn’t see sign of her. Joy and the others were talking, the young former man’s new friends chatting about all kinds of liberal hippie topics that should have disgusted her. She took a step back, looking around the campus, but she couldn’t see anything. The green of the lawn and the smell of the trees was beautiful to her, and even that was a kind of anathem that made the male remnants of her mind scream.

“I c-can’t do this,” she whispered to herself. She turned to go.

“Hey, Rose! You’re welcome to join us!” Rebecca called.

But Rose was already retreating, clutching her stomach as if it was a buoy keeping her above dark waters. It certainly felt rounded like a buoy, that was for sure. Something shifted inside of her, and it made her stomach lurch. Was it another wave of nausea?

“Rose, Rose!”

Joy ran up to her. The young woman looked so happy now, as if she’d found the life she wanted, and had known it hours ago.

“I - I can’t do this. I have to change back.”

“I don’t think we are changing back, Rose,” Joy said. She placed her hand on her former commanding officer’s cheek. “This life can be wonderful, if you let it. I feel it in my bones. Can’t you feel it too? Don’t you have that connection to nature? I mean, look at you, you’re pregnant! You’re bringing new life to the world!”

“I - I don’t want it!” Rose said in a hushed whisper, though it hurt to say. “I’m not m-meant to b-be a damn pregnant woman! Not a damned p-pregnant hippie!”

“But look into your heart, Rose. Doesn’t it feel better this way? You’re creating life instead of destroying it.”

Rose swallowed. In truth, her mind swirled with images and sensations of creation. Her stomach lurched again, and this time she recognised for the alien strangeness it truly was: the flutter of movement of her child within. *Her* child. All at once there was a pull, a sort of magnetism leading her away.

“I - no! I have to go! I’m going to change back! I won’t do this!”

She turned and moved quickly as she could, clutching her pregnant belly to instinctively protect her child within. She reached her car, but by that point it had already changed as well. She recognised the VW bus, with all its murals of 'peace and love,' to be hers. She got in, choosing to pick her battles for the moment, and drove. She left Joy behind, the woman looking just a little forlorn at Rose's inability to accept the new status quo.

"Enjoy your new college life, coward," the pregnant would-be woman spat under her breath. At that, she then rubbed her stomach. "I'm sorry baby, mommy shouldn't say such mean things. Mommy wants a better world."

She didn't even bother to correct herself that time, instead continuing to drive. She couldn't see the witch she was looking for, but she didn't give up either. She drove out of the city, out into the rural range beyond, following that strange draw. As she did so, the final changes began to take place. Rose was intent on turning back, at least she thought she was, but with each mile she drove a sense of peace came over her. Something was all right about where she was heading, as if it were fated. Her cock shrank further, and her belly rose just a little more, entering its six month so that her little girl - God, she was having a little girl! - kicked with more power. It made her smile despite herself.

"Mhmm - hello little one. Momma's here. Momma will protect you. I mean . . . I mean . . . I'm here."

She smiled despite herself, even with her male mind screaming in the background, clamouring for war and dominance and conflict and anything but where she was headed.

She took a left turn, entering a field among the forest, and understood immediately the kind of place she had come to. It was a hippie commune, a number of trailers, caravans, VW buses and tent buildings all gathered around a series of log cabins. A number of men and women, some in quite the state of undress, were situated out the front. Some were smoking pot, others just smoking, and many others still were reading or walking or just lounging in the expanse of nature. It looked . . . beautiful. Rose couldn't remember the last time she saw people so serene and relaxed and . . . *connected*.

"Connection," she said, rubbing her stomach again, and feeling that same connection to her baby girl, to the world around her. "I feel so connected."

Several eyes looked up, and a number of people cheered. She parked the bus and got out, hefting her belly a little with some effort. A man approached her. He had a thick brown beard that was a couple of inches long, and a wild man of hair that was too long by the standards of Robert Griss. Not so for Rose Green, however. She found herself immediately drawn to this attractive man, especially since he had his shirt off, his jeans ripped at the knees in a way that was oddly appealing.

"Rose! My love!"

She moved towards him, and with each step the last change took place. Her member withdrew. Her tunnel formed. Her labia and clitoris expanded into being. As she crossed the threshold to this man so did she cross the threshold to womanhood, and say goodbye to Robert Griss forever.

“Alex,” she said, bringing her arms around this man, his own strength gathered around hers. “My love.”

He kissed her passionately, one hand running over the belly that continued the child they had made together. Her memories told her so. He kissed her again, and this time she kissed him back with equal connection, resting her head into the crook of his shoulder when they were done so that he could feel her belly once more.

“We missed you here at the commune,” he whispered in her ear.

“Mhmm, I missed you too,” she said, “though I never realised it until now.”

Indeed, she looked up and scanned the forest surroundings with her eyes. The babbling brook, the shade of the trees, the wildflower gardens that had formed naturally just beyond the cabins. Truly, there was a connection here, and it made her disgusted with herself that she had ever wanted to bring destruction. Her baby stirred again, bringing a blush to her cheeks. The whole situation was just so embarrassing! She knew she shouldn't be this way. She had a vagina now, a pair of large breasts full with the promise of milk, and a belly that was round with child. She would give birth in three months, and she would be truly an earth mother then. And yet, for all that it made her feel humiliated and horrified, a much larger part of her was also filled with pride and joy. The last word reminded her.

“I met a new friend yesterday,” she said.

“I was going to ask where you'd been,” Alex said, kissing her cheek.

“She's a college student.”

“A future member of the commune?”

She giggled. “I doubt it. More of a free thinker. But she's big on peace and love. I'd like to see her again. Let her know I'm okay.”

Somehow, Joy already knew. She was engaged in discussion with her new hippie friends, lounging under the shade of their own tree on campus. Something told her that she'd see Rose again soon, and the two would have lots to talk about. For now though, she had peace. And judging from how Jonesy was looking at her, perhaps a bit of love on the horizon too.

**The End**