

Three Wishes (Friends to TG AP/AR)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Badabada

Tom and Dave are two best friends who have turned twenty recently. Together, they find a strange clock-like device which can grant wishes that rewrite reality. Excited, the two men wish to be able to get all the dates they want for an upcoming dance, only to become extremely attractive women in this new reality. As they adjust, and try to undo the wish, they become immersed in their new roles. But things get more complicated when David's single dad gets to make his own wish . . .

Three Wishes

The Attempted Wish

Tom and Dave were enjoying the fresh morning air. The two were best friends, and had been ever since they were in elementary school. Now, having both turned twenty years old in the same week, they were having a joint kind of celebration together by finally achieving what they'd always said they would do as high-schoolers, but had always backed away from: hiking up Devil's Peak. It was a infamously nightmarish walk up far too many rough steps and bush-strewn pathways, but it was a right of passage for many in the city, who travelled the forty minutes or so to make the climb and scratch their initials on what was delightfully called 'Skull Rock' at its peak.

It had been Dave's idea to finally get the show on the road, of course. With his bright red hair, mischievous eyes, and short, scrawny appearance, Dave had always given the appearance of sly Dennis the Menace type, and he often lived up to such a reputation too. He'd been reckless in youth, playing pranks and getting into crazy hijinks, from starting waterbomb fights in the teacher's lounge to letting the air out of the tires of the car belonging to Chuck Hedley, one of his high school bullies. It was a form of acting out that came naturally to him: Many in school, and even now at college, viewed him as something like an unpleasant rat. Not entirely deserved, since he wasn't as wild as he used to be, but not entirely unfair either. Besides, his scrawny face did look rat-like, a fact that meant getting girls to go out with him was mostly a deeply unsuccessful affair. His father tried his best to wrangle him, but without a calming maternal influence on his life since she left when he was a boy, Dave had always been a bit wild.

Naturally, he'd found the perfect friendship in Tom. The asthmatic, wheezing boy back in elementary school had become his best friend simply by virtue of signing up to Dave's stunts, and also not having a friendship group with anyone else. Most people made

fun of Tom back then for being fat, and while he'd tried to shed his weight, it had never stayed off for long. He was pale, paler even than Dave, and with his plump face, his combed-over black hair and thick glasses, he looked like the stereotypical fat nerd. Which, really, he kind of was. While Dave was certainly pretty big into video games and computer wizardry, Tom was into the full shebang: he loved superheroes, anime, manga, old movies, dinosaur factoids, maths problems, the works. Not that he really had anyone to appreciate the knowledge: his divorced parents both had new families and preferred to ignore him in favour of them, and so he was often ping-ponged between them, neither truly wanting to raise him properly. Which was why he often found himself drawn to Dave, since his friend appreciated his knowledge, could bond with him over some of those nerdy interests, and banded together with him as one of the 'outsiders'; the guys who weren't fit, buff jocks and could never be the ones to get all the girls, no matter how much the pair of them obviously wanted that to be the case.

Still, despite their strong friendship, it had taken some convincing by Dave to finally get Tom to ascend Devil's Peak. And now, only halfway up, the poor tubby man was struggling. He was using his asthma inhaler for what felt like every ten seconds, and his thick thighs burned from the pain of so steep an ascent. His skin was burned despite the copious amount of sunblock he'd put on, and his matte black hair shined with sweat - sweat that poured down his face as well. The whole experience was pure misery, and despite Dave's encouragement he had to collapse onto a rock and take a breath.

Or a few hundred.

"This - this is t-too much," he stammered, struggling to breathe.

"Nonsense, dude! We're nearly there! You can do this! I believe in you."

"We're - only - half - w-way," he said, taking his inhaler and puffing it into his mouth again. "I c-can't. M-maybe another year."

Dave slumped against the rock beside him. "We said we were going to do this. I mean, I feel like total shit as well, but don't you want to be a badass and totally put your name on the rock?"

Tom took a deep breath. He considered this for a long moment. He hated feeling like he was betraying Dave. He was still his only friend, but it did mean that sometimes Dave's force of personality overrode his own.

"I - maybe I can. Just a few more steps, and s-see how I go."

"See, dude? I knew you could do it! We're finally gonna do this. And it'll be our rite of passage to manhood. *This* is the bad luck cursing us, Tom, I just know it. Everyone else in our old grades put their names up on that rock, but we always chicken out because, let's face it, this climb sucks major butt. But everyone else in college is pairing up, and despite you being a legendary science and maths major, and me doing every degree under the sun

because fuck knows what I want out of life, we're still struggling to pick up chicks. You've had like two girlfriends since I've known you, and one of those only lasted three days. I've had five, but that's way too low. The dance is coming up, and we need dates. This'll give us the confidence we need, I just know it. We're gonna get us some hotties, Tom. We just need to reach that summit!"

It was the kind of speech that genuinely had the power to invigorate Tom, so with all his reserves of energy he pulled himself up, pushing through the pain and awful-smelling armpit sweat, and continued on up. He strained, gritting his teeth.

And made it only five steps through the scrub before tripping on something hard and metallic and nearly spraining his ankle.

"Aghh!" he cried.

"Oh shit," Dave replied from ahead. "Are you okay?"

He ran back down to check on his friend, alarmed that he might be seriously hurt. Tom was worried about that too, but as he lifted his leg he only felt an ankle bruise, nothing more serious. It would make the climb impossible, though.

"Y-yeah, fine. Just bruised. I think I've - ahh - shot my ankle though. D-Damn. Need my - inhaler!"

Dave helped him get it out. He may be a bit pushy at times, but he did truly care. Tom took a couple of puffs while Dave peppered him with further questions.

"What happened? Did you just fall?"

"I tripped on something - ahh - weird. *That.*"

He gestured to something that was indeed metallic, a dark bronze with a strange glass lens. Curious, he shifted his large bulk to try to pick it up, but Dave snatched it away from him just as fast.

"Woah, this thing is weird. It's like a clock. Have you ever seen anything like this?"

He passed it back to Tom, who was a bit annoyed at having it swiped from him in the first place, given he'd discovered it.

"Let me see. Wow, okay, no. This looks like something out of my *Fantastica* comics, the one set in the parallel medieval world with magic. It has artificers."

"I think that wasn't total gibberish to me. It has that sick video game, right?"

"Yeah, the one we played at my house a year ago."

"That was sick. Is this a product from it or something?"

Tom sat a little more comfortably. He tried to ignore the throbbing pain of his ankle and instead inspect the strange device. It was roughly the size of an alarm clock, perhaps a little bigger, and was in fact shaped similarly too. It was made of brass, with what looked like gold plating, and it contained several glass dials with symbols he didn't recognise. They had

hands like a clock, but it was impossible to tell what time it was showing, or if it was showing time at all.”

“Hey, it's got messaging on the back,” Dave said. “Turn it around and read it with your four eyes.”

“Don't say I've - ahh - got four eyes.”

“Sorry. I'm just excited! We could sell it if it's worth something!”

Tom read the instructions on the back. They were badly faded, and near-impossible to read, even with the slight magnifying effect of his thick glasses. Some lines were basically wiped away, but in others, the print was more clear. It was written in what looked like an older typewriter print, or perhaps literally scribed from ink.

“Holy shit, I think this might actually be super old.”

“And valuable?” Dave asked.

“Maybe. Wait, this is crazy. This thing can grant wishes.”

“Bullshit.”

“Uh, yeah. Obviously, I guess. But still, here's what I can make of the instructions:

This Device was invented by Jorace H. S . . . something. The date is eighteen forty . . . something. Again, a lot is wiped out. But then we get this bit: The Reality Artifice holds arcane energy - something something - can grant three wishes per - time unit I don't really understand, and also is half-rubbed away - which may require the switching of - not sure what that could be - leading to protracted time displacement. However, the granting of wishes will occur, and reality shall write itself anew to accommodate this change. When sufficient time has passed, a trusted - more faded, impossible to read writing - will be needed for subsequent wish. Tinkering has produced this effect, do not disturb it. Following third wish granting, arcane energy locks reality into place, never to be undone. Time required for arcane absorption for wishes amounts to one hundred - this next bit is impossible to read and goes on, but it's basically all about wishing power and wishing rules and wishing that and this. Dave, I think whoever built this genuinely thinks it can grant wishes.”

Dave looked sceptical. He was sceptical. He took the thing out of Tom's hands and waved it about.

“I wish I was God!” he yelled dramatically, trying not to laugh.

Tom nearly laughed too, until suddenly the device glowed a brilliant green, so green that he was briefly terrified it was going to explode. In fact, so green that it was literally *impossible* to see anything at all but Dave and himself and the device that Dave was rapidly and *rabidly* trying to remove from his hand, but somehow couldn't. Green lightning forked, sending electric jolts through them. For a brief moment both men thought they were dead, but all they could feel were strange shocks, as if something was attempting to infuse them

with a great power. It surged, greater and greater and greater, to the point where the high whine of the energy made it impossible for them to even hear their own screams.

And then suddenly the vortex of energy rushed back into the little brass Reality Artifice, as it was apparently called, and there was a soft ding. It was accompanied by a red light from a bubble of glass on its top, then a whirl of something inside spinning. A spool of paper emerged from a slot neither had noticed on its side. Dave was too traumatised for the moment to grab it, so Tom took it. It was typed, like a telegraph.

“Um, it reads: *Wish to Cataclysmic. Try something smaller.*”

Dave blinked. Blinked again. Blinked a third time. His wiry red hair was on end, and Tom suspected his own was too. Slowly, the scrawny, risk-taking man flattened it, turned to Tom, and held out the device so they could both grab it together. An enormous, mischievous smile spread across his face, the kind of look he always got before a dastardly plan emerged.

“Tom, you’re right. Fuck this Devil’s Peak. Let’s get back, get showered, grab a bite to eat, then *use this wish-granting device to get us some hot dates.*”

Tom smiled. Dave’s plans never quite went to plan, but the crazed magic he’d just seen was making his mind buzz with possibilities. Even he, with all his nervousness and asthmatic slowness, couldn’t pass up such an opportunity.

The First Wish

They were at Dave’s house. His dad Jonathan was home, but only for a few minutes while he had afternoon lunch. He was a welder by trade, a rough tough man who may have accidentally inspired more than a few of Dave’s hijinks, though he tried not to encourage them too much. Tom had always liked him: he was a good man who saw Tom as a much-needed positive influence, not that Tom really felt like he could influence Dave much. He was too much of a rascal to be led astray onto the path of good behaviour. Often, it was Tom that went along with his schemes, one of which was now unfolding before them.

“Are you sure you don’t want a sandwich or something, Tom?” Jonathan asked.

“Oh, no thanks Mr Harrison. But thanks.”

He shrugged. “Well, they’re curried egg sandwiches, if that helps any.”

Dave chuckled. “Well, now you’ve done it, Dad. Tom can’t resist a good egg sandwich, can you buddy?”

Tom blushed. “Maybe just one?”

Dave’s dad quickly got to work making the sandwiches. Despite being tall, broad, and hairy as hell, he was actually trying pretty hard to make up for the lack of a mother in Dave’s life ever since his sister Beth had come along when he was eight. The fact that he wasn’t the

most sensitive soul did put up a few barriers, though. Still, he produced some excellent curried egg sandwiches, and Tom guiltily gulped down four of them.

"You hog," Bethanie said. She was Dave's younger sister by eight years, and thus only twelve. Still, she had enough snark to fill a swimming pool. She had been part of the reason their mother had walked out: one accidental child had kept the marriage uneasily together, but after the second arrival, Jonathan had found himself raising his daughter all alone, and struggling ever since.

"No bitching at the table," Dave replied.

She stuck her tongue out at him.

"Don't say shit like that, son," Jonathan remarked.

"Yeah!" she pitched in. "Don't say sh . . . stuff like that."

"Sure," Dave said, "but like you don't say that about your boss at work, Dad."

"The difference is that I'm not *friends* with my boss, you cheeky little fiend."

Dave rolled his eyes and grabbed a sandwich. "Well, I'm not friends with my super annoying sister. Plus she was insulting Tom."

"Well, he was being a total hog!" she exclaimed again, but her father gave her one look and she stopped short. "Fiiiiine. I'll stop. You two enjoy each other. I'm going to go play video games."

"Your video games suck anyway!" Dave cried as she left. "Ugh, Beth is the worst. Dad, can we return her?"

Jonathan wagged his finger. "I'll return you if you keep putting cracks in this family."

"Oh please, everyone knows I'm only joking. Don't you have a job to be getting to?"

His dad rolled his eyes and muttered something under his breath, before his gaze fell on the table to where the Reality Artifice sat. They had cleaned it - carefully - and were still examining it, not daring to pull it apart to do so, however.

"So, what's this heap of junk?" he asked. "Some kind of school art project, Tom? I thought you were taking science?"

"I am," he replied. "This is, uh-"

Dave just came out and said it. "It's like a magical wishing device. It's gonna make us rich and get all the hot babes."

"Fine, don't tell me," his dad said. "You kids stay safe, and don't forget to study just because it's a Sunday, okay? You're the first one in the family line to go to college, Dave, remember that."

"Yeah, yeah, go weld pipes together old man."

His dad leaned over and ruffled his red hair until it sat straight up. "That's for calling me an old man," he said with a cheeky grin. It was obvious that, though more responsible, something of Dave's cheeky nature had come from his father. The man left, banging the

door closed in his usual workmanlike way, and moments later his pickup was pulling out of the driveway and off to the next job.

"Okay, now that the 'old man' is away, we can get down to *brass tax*," Dave said, pointing at the very brass object on the table. "Run us through it, genius."

Tom picked it up and examined it over again, including the writing that was missing several chunks of information. The device was weighty, and he could feel internal mechanisms clicking away within it. On one side was something like a handhold, but when he applied an experimental bit of force, he realised it was a hand crank.

"I think I've got it!" he declared. "We crank this lever, and it powers up the device - that's what one of the glass faces tracks - the need goes from white to green to dangerous red. When it reaches green, you make a wish."

"I didn't do that before."

"Someone must have cranked it but never made a wish, or something." Tom was feeling excited, enough so that he had to lean over the table and grab his inhaler, taking a few puffs. "If what we saw was true, this might actually be something that works!"

"Fuck yeah," Dave said, tapping on the tables. "We're gonna get so many hot chicks."

Tom smiled. The thought of having someone as hot as Stacy Ackermann, for example, on his arm was just too wonderful to resist. All his life he'd been overweight, ugly, and stuck with awful glasses for his terrible vision. The asthma was just the cruel joke on top of that. But now, with a wish - should it work - he could become a freakin' alpha male with rippling biceps, all while still having his nerdy interests.

"How exactly should we word it?" he asked.

Dave shrugged. "You're the genius."

"Yeah, but you're the one experimenting with it, right? I'm kinda nervous, Dave. What if something goes wrong and I end up even worse than this?"

He gestured to his large, flabby form. He was still recovering from the attempted climb earlier that day: he certainly had some freakish looking sunburn developing.

Dave smacked him on the back. "Nonsense! Worst case scenario, the thing doesn't work. Best case, we finally end up super popular with hot dates for the dance." His eyes went wide. He snapped his fingers in a moment of eureka. "That's it!" he said. "I've got it! The wish we need to make. But we can't make it here. It'll have to be tomorrow. At college, surrounded by peers who may not like us now, but certainly will after the wish happens."

"You sure it will work?"

A sneaky smile. "Fuck knows! But if it doesn't work, what do we lose?"

Tom nodded, going along with his friend's plans. Sometimes, it was just easier to go along with his chaos.

It was the post-lecture break at college, and Dave had practically yanked Tom to the most social area of the college, the Reality Artifice hidden in Tom's bag. The overweight young man was worried, and increasingly concerned that the wishing would not actually work, and that he was just feeding into his own nerdy fantasies. Dave, on the other hand, was steadfast. It was only ten-thirty in the morning, and he wanted to bask in sudden popularity before all the cliques that had once rejected him as a scraggly class clown. To that end, they were positioned near the more expensive cafe, by the relaxing amphitheatre where students studied and socialised, and in view of the football and soccer fields where the sporty men and athlete women, as well as - and this was important - the sexy cheerleaders - were practising.

"God, Stacy Ackermann has got it fucking going on," Dave said, whistling way too loud, and speaking too. Several of the nearby women rolled their eyes and moved further away. Tom went a little red. His friend wasn't wrong: Stacy was blonde, busty, and was the head of the cheerleading team. She was a real sweetie too, which meant that she was loved by everyone. Of course, Dave and Tom were invisible to her.

"Dude, maybe not, you know, too loud?" Tom said.

"Nah, everyone knows what I'm about. I'm just saying the truth. It won't matter if this thing works. You ready?"

Tom took another puff from his inhaler. "Ready," he said.

"Okay, dibs on the wish then. You trust me?"

Tom adjusted his glasses. His friend could be impulsive, reckless, foolish, and more, but he was Tom's friend. His only friend.

"Of course," he said, but he took another puff of the inhaler just to calm his nerves a little.

Dave smirked. He took the strange, clock-like device from Tom's bag, and held it up for all to see while standing on one of the benches in the courtyard.

"BEHOLD!" he shouted. "I SHALL USE THIS DEVICE TO MAKE A WISH, AND YOU SHALL ALL COME TO LOVE US! THE TIME FOR DAVE HARRISON AND TOM JACOBS TO BE THE KINGS AND POPULARITY AND THE DESIRE OF HOT CHICKS EVERYWHERE IS AT HAND!!!"

Several people laughed. Others rolled their eyes. A few of the popular folk, female and male, looked on in amusement. Tom took another puff from the inhaler. His glasses were fogging up as he started to hyperventilate. What was Dave thinking?

“Go on then!” Brady Thompson shouted. He was a well-built gym nut of a student, and had pushed back against Dave’s inappropriateness more than once. “Make a wish! Give us a laugh, Dave.”

“Yeah, good luck making fucking Tom there popular! Maybe if he lost a whole person of weight.”

There was more laughter. Dave frowned, but only briefly before the smug smile returned to his face. He cranked the handle, making sure that the dial went into the middle of the green section before it turned red. Several people giggled, clearly amused.

“Did you make that while skipping your latest class, Dave?” someone shouted.

But he ignored them. Instead, he held the device in both hands, and made his wish.

“I wish that Tom Jacobs and I, Dave Harrison, were the most popular students in this college, with the power to score the hottest dates for the upcoming dance!”

There was no time for people to make fun of him. There was no time for any bewildered reaction at all, at least not for his words, because instantly the device glowed with a blinding green light. It arced out, enveloping the two men, cascading outward so that the outside world was completely blocked from their sight. Green lightning forked through their vision, and the air radiated with a humming power. But unlike before, there was no sense that the device was overloading. No, instead it was ticking, as if making a complex series of calculations.

“IT’S WORKING!” shouted Dave, his face victorious, his red hair wild in the unnatural wind.

Tom grinned with a mix of awkward terror and genuine excitement, trying to keep his glasses on, trying to remain standing upright at all. He began mumbling under his breath: “Please let it work please let it work please let it work please let it work.”

And then, suddenly, the already-blinding light burned a brilliant white, banishing the electric green entirely, and neither Dave nor Tom could see a thing. Not each other. Not even themselves. Power rushed into their forms, the Reality Artifice pouring energy inwards. Both men felt their bodies twist and pull, being remade in a way that should have been terrifying and discomforting but which was instead deeply pleasurable. Tom moaned as his fat shrank away, as his short stature lengthened, and his greasy hair became longer and flowing. His face reshifted, jaw shaping to become smoother and less stubby, his double-chin melting away. It was working, he knew, and suddenly the anxiety was gone: only anticipation remained.

Dave, too, was changing. His scrawny figure gained weight, and his height increased as well. He bit his lip in response to the sex-like pleasure of his body being remade and reshaped. He could just imagine how buff and tough he was going to get, and all the hot chicks he was going to score. His thighs thickened, no doubt with muscle - he couldn’t

exactly see them but surely that was the case? His clothing altered, becoming looser in some places but unexpectedly tight around the chest. He groaned, unable to hear himself, as his hair grew bigger and heavier and . . . curlier? He wasn't sure what that was about, but perhaps chicks simply dug that look. His hips spread wider, his arms reshaped, and there was no doubt in his mind that he was getting less scrawny. He screamed out in excitement, despite there being nothing but the sound of energy thrumming in his body.

Tom's body continued to alter. Not only was he thinner, but his hips had spread wider. His thighs thinned, and his waist even more so. He was shocked to experience long, soft hair falling down his back, and for tight clothing to pull against his more lithe form. His glasses disappeared entirely, a welcome development, but while he could overlook the hair and hips as small concerns, others quickly boiled to the surface that began to make him a little more worried. Dave felt the same.

Both felt a significant pressure upon their chests, a pressure that gave way to the growth of two heaving mounds that felt far too soft and round and jiggly to possibly be impressive pectoral muscles. Tom's hips spread wider yet again, and Dave's even more so. Both of them felt their asses expand further, and once again Dave had a more pronounced one, not that he knew it yet. A minor panic set in to both young men's estimation of themselves, but both still held out hope - surely the magic was working, right?

But then it happened. A numbness settled between Tom's legs, and Dave's also. Their respective manhoods, which they had both hoped - especially Dave - would become even more impressive and girthy now had no sensation whatsoever. Instead, the pleasure overwhelmed that area, and both cried out reluctantly in a strange, new form of bliss they had never experienced, a bliss that also emanated from their nipples. Their trousers shifted, becoming shorter, and the final touches of their tight clothing were finished as Dave felt a pair of glasses materialise on his face. Both experienced one last terrified and confused orgasm of a kind they had never before felt, and then the light turned off as quickly as it had begun.

It was mid-morning once again, and both were standing, breathing heavily, in the centre of the courtyard. The Reality Artifice was still in Dave's hand, but it was a very, very different looking hand that now held it. For just a moment, both men spent a shell shocked moment catching their breath, feeling unfamiliar mass on their bodies: the pull of longer hair, the weight of two sandbags upon their chests, the reality of a bigger behind that was straining against a tight skirt and short shorts respectively. With every breath, the two mounds on each of their chests rose and fell dramatically. Even their *breathing* itself sounded soft, different.

Feminine.

And then, slow as a glacier's advance, the two men's eyes turned to each other, their bodies still almost completely stock still.

They yelled in fright.

"What the fuck!?" Dave exclaimed.

"Oh my God!" Tom gasped.

"You're a girl! A hot one!"

"You're a *black* girl! With, like, curves!"

They looked down, looked at each other, looked down again, looked at each other again. Their changes were completely staggering, and so far from what they expected it was giving the pair of them whiplash, especially Tom.

The larger set young man, with his short stature, thick glasses, pug face and asthmatic temperament was no longer recognisable. He, or rather now, *she* was now a tall, flame-haired vixen with large breasts and a killer body. The scrawny, rat-faced Dave now had gorgeous brown skin and thick black dreadlocked hair that fell to the bottom of her shoulder blades. Her ass was deeply impressive, as was her bust. Unlike Tom, who had the body of a buxom cheerleader, Dave now had a thick, curvaceous form with no straight lines. The new woman had cute nerd glasses and a deeply adorable face, giving the impression that she was an extremely attractive geek.

"What the fuck went wrong!?" Dave screeched. His/her voice had a peppy, sweet quality to it that was utterly unlike his usual mischievous rasp.

The crowd around them looked concerned.

"Um, are you okay, Denise?" Brody asked, looking up at her standing on the bench.

"What's that thing in your hand?"

"Wh-what did you just call me?"

"Uh, Denise. Sorry, you prefer Dee, right?"

Brody scratched the back of his head, his cheeks a little red, almost as if he were *embarrassed*. Or . . . attracted to her.

"Oh shit," Tom muttered, looking down at herself. "Uh, Brody, what do you, um, call me?"

He looked to her, and it took him a while to raise his gaze up to her eyes - her bust was just too ample not to linger on, evidently. "Taylor, of course. Wait, do you want it shortened too? Like, as in 'Tay' or something?"

Again the two shared a shocked expression. Dave, or rather *Denise*, was about to say something utterly explosive, but Tom/Taylor took her by her hand and pulled her down the bench.

"Oh yeah, cool. Just wondering if, um, people called me something different. Dee and I have to head."

"Aww, I was hoping we could catch up," Bianca Lee said. She was a hot and stylish law major who was way, way out of their league, at least when they were male. "See you later I guess, Denise?"

"Y-yeah," the stunned former man said, still coming to terms with what went wrong. "S-sure. You're talking to me."

"Are you sure you're alright?" someone else said. It was a concerned Harry Glover, who was a smart, statuesque man who was being groomed to take over his father's company. "Is it the heat? You can come relax here in the shade if you need?"

"No! I mean, no. I just need - Tom here, I mean, Taylor here just has something to take me to. Right?"

Tom/Taylor shook her head. It was weird, being thrust into the more aggressive role, but she got the sense that she'd figured out what went wrong a lot faster than Dave/Denise had. She placed a purse strap over her shoulder. Apparently she had a purse now. "No. I mean, yes. Come. To the bathroom. Quickly."

"Don't have to fucking tell me," Denise hissed.

The two women walked as quickly as they could away from the courtyard, both flushed with embarrassment, confusion, and the strange after wash of pleasure from their changes. Both of them felt their hips swing wider than they should have, especially Taylor, who now had an incredibly sexy gait that looked sensual to the Nth degree. With each step, their breasts bounced: Denise had the larger cup size, but with her slimmer build and lighter frame, Taylor looked to be the more naturally busty of the pair. Everything about their bodies felt wrong, right down to their altered sense of gravity. And perhaps worse of all, no one was looking at them funny. Instead, they were just *looking at them*.

With interest.

With desire.

With lust.

With friendship.

And even with a kind of simpering fandom.

"Hiya Denise, are you up for study later?"

"Lookin' good, Taylor! Have you chosen anyone to be your date to the party yet?"

"Dee, could you put your name on our petition against the school's waste policy. The environmental board could get a lot of clout from having your name on it!"

"Taylor, we're gonna go shopping for sexy dresses for the dance - and afterwards - Stacy Ackermann is totally up for it too. Wanna come?"

They each awkwardly turned down or postponed the proposals, or quickly signed the petition in Denise's case. They made their way immediately to the bathroom.

Only to enter the wrong one out of habit.

“Hey, hey! Up for some, girls?” a young man they didn’t recognise said. He had a sleazy grin on his features, and had just finished at the urinal. “The stalls are free, ladies,” he continued with a wink.

“Fuck,” Denise said. Both women instantly fled back out, accompanied by the man’s giggling. With a deep breath, like one would take before a plunge, they went into the ladies bathroom. Denise quickly checked the stalls. Tom/Taylor simply looked at her reflection.

“Empty!” Denise declared. Thinking quickly, she grabbed a yellow sign indicating that the toilet was closed and placed it near the entry. “Okay, we’ve got this all to ourselves. What the actual fuck happened?”

“It was your wish,” Taylor said. “The way it was worded.” She wasn’t used to her own voice. It sounded like sex. Not *sexy*, though it had that in spades. No, it somehow went *beyond* even that description. She sounded like the sexual experience personified, with a breathy, needy quality to her voice that punctuated each word, so that her sentences sounded like the drawn out sigh of someone *aching* to be fucked, but with enough female potency that it was an act of seduction, not desperation.

“What do you mean? I didn’t wish to become a goddamn black woman, especially one this curvy! Or with this cute accent! Or voice! Or this huge ass! And I’ve got damn glasses? The thing malfunctioned. You got the instructions wrong.”

Taylor looked down at her friend - that was weird, being the *taller* one - and frowned, a little annoyed. Dave always did have a habit of blaming others when things went very pear-shaped, and as Denise nothing had changed.

“I don’t think so, at least from what I could tell. You wished for us to become ‘the most popular students in the college’, right? Well, you should have said ‘most popular dudes in the college,’ because who are the most popular ‘people’ by far?”

Denise looked at the large mirror wall that sat above the hand washing basins, right into her gorgeous reflection. “Oh shit, the hot chicks,” she said. “But I wished for us to score hot chicks at the dance!”

“Sorry, but I heard you say ‘score the hottest *dates* for the upcoming dance’, which can work with us still being women.”

There was a pause. “Fuck! Wish wasted. Well, I’ll just have a quick bit of fun.”

To Taylor’s shock, Denise began unbuttoning her feminine top.

“Wh-what are you doing?”

Denise arched an eyebrow. “Dude, I’m gonna play with my titties for like, two seconds, like any man would, and then I’ll wish us back.”

Before Taylor could say another word Denise was already at it. She opened her top, and grinned at the sight of her two big brown breasts resting in their bra. In moments, she had them out, and was rubbing her dark nipples and moaning in relief.

“Ohhhhhh, fuck! Women have it damn goood. Goddamn, I could stand being taller, and not having such a big ass, but this is actually - oohh - really hot!”

Taylor did not play with her breasts, though she was a bit tempted too. Instead, she set down her dark purse on the bench and looked at her appearance more closely, as well as Denise's. The two really were some of the most gorgeous women she'd ever seen. In fact, Taylor was reasonably certain that her new body was literally the single *hottest* appearance of any woman. Ever. At least as far as she could think of. She was wearing a sexy green crop top that matched her emerald eyes, with a short dark skirt that swished around her muscular yet soft thighs. Her midriff was flat, toned, and perfect, with a significant amount of her skin showing. Her legs were long, feet dainty, and her arms similarly so, complete with manicured nails. Her bust was, in a word, *massive*. Thankfully not so big as to look ridiculous, but certainly one of the most naturally ample women that were still in good shape that she'd ever seen. She pulled down her crop top just for a moment to inspect what the bra said on the inside. Her creamy pillows jiggled and moved as she adjusted herself awkwardly - they weighed like sandbags on her.

“Holy shit, I'm a whole F-cup,” she marvelled.

Denise moaned, her face twisting to a grin. She'd experimentally lowered a hand between her legs, and was rubbing her pussy between her legs. Taylor almost admired her daring. “Ohhhh, s-sorry, this just feels real n-nice. I'm a H-cup, can you believe it?”

She really could. Denise was even more *stacked*, though her thicker figure and shorter size made her look more curvaceous, complete with a wider waist and more sizable middle. Sturdy while still being absolutely drop dead sexy, with something of an intelligently attractive face with her smart glasses. Her dreads also looked well-styled. There was little doubt that in the more academic circles just about everyone drooled over Denise.

But even she paled against the potency of Taylor's new attraction. If Denise was a total ten out of ten knockout, then Taylor was, impossibly, a twenty out of ten. The kind of gal that only comes once in an age. And she had the face that could launch a thousand ships too. Her lips were full - not as full as Denise's, but that fit her new race better anyway - and coated in dark red lipstick. She had a touch of smoky eyeshadow that made her look a bit mysterious, and certainly very seductive, and her green eyes were utterly mesmerising. Her freckles were upon her nose and cheeks in a smattering that was just delightful, and they worked perfectly with her hair, which was a long curvy mane that went all the way to the small of her back. Together with her massive bust, wide, baby-making hips, and hot peachy ass, she basically looked like every guy's dream gal. And whatever fetishes weren't covered by her, were most certainly covered by Denise.

A Denise that was, just at that moment, orgasming heavily.

“Ohhhh! Yes! Oh, f-f-f-fuck! Yes! God, this f-feels so good Tom! Taylor! Whatever! You should try it - aahhh!!!”

She clutched the basin, trying not to scream out in her sweet, high, honey-soaked voice. She just barely managed it. After a moment, she retracted her hand from her womanhood and pulled up her top.

“Okay, that was fucking hot. Not on my bingo list for the day, but damn. You look even hotter. You should totally squeeze your big tits together and rub them. It’s crazy, dude.”

Taylor looked down nervously at her chest, and realised she couldn’t even see her toes anymore. “Uh, I might hold off. J-just for now.”

“Afraid it will give you an asthma attack?” Denise joked.

That was when Taylor realised: she wasn’t out of breath. Experimentally, she jumped up and down, her body automatically moving to star jumps by some new kind of muscle memory.

“Dude? Are you having a stroke?”

Taylor grinned, unbelieving. First, she’d gained perfect sight after years of fuzziness. And now she didn’t have asthma! She did a few more jumps, and was shocked to find that her body had a lot of energy. A *lot* more.

“I’m not getting puffed out!” she exclaimed, and a wide grin came across her face. She held her tits with one hand, but nothing could stop the wobbling of her chest as she jumped. In the end, she set them free, and continued to jump until finally Denise just waited it out. Taylor finished, breathing a little heavily, causing her cleavage to rise and fall rather enticingly.

“Sorry! It’s just - I feel amazing!”

“Well, just wait for the orgasm. You gonna masturbate too?”

She shook her head, blushing. And wow, what a cute blush she now had too. Rosy-cheeked, instead of in weird blotches. “No, I think that would be a little too much. I don’t even know what came over me then.”

“Probably just an overstimulation of dopamine following the changes. Besides, the whiplash from going from asthmatic to perfectly healthy likely means you triggered an adrenal response of some kind. At least, that’s my working theory.”

Taylor blinked. Denise blinked. There was a moment where they both took in the absurdity of the former-prankster and continual dropout saying something like *that*.

“Okay,” Denise said, “we’re officially turning the fuck back then. Let me do the honours.”

She turned the crank, got it up to green, and held the Reality Artifice before her.

“We may have some minor embarrassment leaving the ladies’ room,” she warned, before making her wish.

"I wish for I, Dave Harrison, and Tom Jacobs, to be turned back into men, with the caveat that we are now healthy, fit attractive men of our current age and can easily date attractive women."

Taylor admired the wording of the wish. Whether she'd fully accepted it or not, Denise had clearly gotten an intelligence boost, one that was slowly integrating. Both braced themselves for the magic of the Reality Artifice, but instead it only glowed a light green, and small green sparks - sad lightning - zipped from the brass box. Then, some clicking followed, followed by another little telegraph message. Tom took it and read aloud.

'Charing time required and use of secondary . . .'

"Secondary what?" Denise asked.

"Um, it doesn't say. It just sort of turns to gibberish."

Denise snatched it almost violently from her hands.

"Hey! Dude, that hurt."

"I just need to see. What the fuck? Time? How much time?"

"I don't know. The instructions were vague, and that's not including the wiped away bits. Maybe just a few days?"

Denise let loose a long series of cuss words, and unthinkingly crossed over into Latin and French and even a smattering of German to finish off as she did so. She threw the telegraph message on the ground with such force that her ass wobbled for what seemed to be almost ten seconds.

"What the hell do we do now, then? We've screwed this up!"

"We? You made the message!"

"And you got the instructions wrong!"

Taylor bit her lip. She wasn't exactly sure that Denise was right, but her friend's force of personality was pretty strong, so she left it alone. Denise crumpled against the basin, her large tits squishing against the bench.

"Fuuuuuck! What do we do? We have no identities. We'll be freaks. What will my Dad even think?"

Taylor thought of something. She reached into her purse and pulled out what looked to be a lady's wallet. Inside were a series of cards, some for beauty salons and discounts for manicures, but one was also her student card and driver's licence. Both of them showed a picture of her beyond-beautiful face smirking sensuously at the viewer, her wavy hair perfectly done up. Her full name was listed as *Taylor Jean Jacobs*. She was twenty two, and judging from her student ID's information, she was apparently studying to be a nurse.

"Great, a hot nurse, how original," she said to herself. But she showed it to Denise.

"Look, we're not going to lose everything, but we *are* going to have different lives for a little

while. Reality has changed all around us. People thought we were Denise and Taylor remember, so their memory is adjusted too.”

Denise got her own ID out. She was apparently in a tough physics class. “I’m going to be a fucking scientist in this reality? Jesus, a hot scientist. If I were taller and didn’t look so cute I bet James fucking Bond would be all over me.”

She wasn’t wrong, but she was too cute and sweet to be a Bond girl, and that was part of her new appeal. “So what, we just live like this? You are Taylor Jean Jabobs and me as Denise Lila Harrison?”

Taylor shrugged. She still wasn’t used to the boob wobble that followed. “I can’t think of anything else, Dave. I mean, Denise. We have to use the right names in public.”

“Duh, genius. Though I guess I’m the genius now, ha! At least you aren’t massively obese anymore.”

Taylor grit her teeth, instead placing a hand against her slim belly. Denise wasn’t wrong, but the careless statement didn’t help. “I think we should just get out, figure our new lives, and try to blend in to this new reality until we figure out what to do next.”

Denise smirked. She cupped her breasts in her top again, and gave that sweet, white-toothed grin. “I guess I could enjoy a little more female pleasure. Those multiple orgasms were the friggin’ bomb. Just so long as we can get us back.”

Taylor nodded. Being a woman could be interesting, but while she didn’t want to be fat, short-sighted, asthmatic and ugly again, she wasn’t exactly keen on being a woman. Even if it did sort of feel kind of cool to be sexy and hot and very athletic, complete with all the fun jiggly bits. She suppressed a smirk looking at herself in the mirror. God, her bust was damn perfect. The kind that almost never existed out in the wild, yet was perfectly natural. Maybe she would have a play around with them . . . later. She felt a strange moistness between the alien emptiness of her thighs, and she just barely suppressed a moan. Denise jolted her from the thoughts, thankfully.

“Wait, dude, I just thought of something really fucking weird. Does this mean my dad is black now too?”

New Lives

Jonathan very much was ‘black now too’, though if you were to ask him, he’d say he’d been so all his life, as had Denise’s entire line on her father’s side. Her mother was still the same light-skinned woman, and she’d still walked out on Jonathan after Beth arrived, but while that technically made Denise technically mixed race, she’d mainly inherited her father’s darker

tone. Of course, that tone was a much smoother one given that he still had the coarse, rugged appearance of a welder. At least not *too* much had changed there, in her eyes. What *had* changed was the house, specifically her room. It was utterly feminine, with lots of pink and flowers and cute little dolls and plushies, as well as nerdy science posters and posters and pieces from past experiments. Her room was filled with new outfits - well, technically old ones in this reality - and just about every article was seemingly designed to not just emphasise her curves, but her evidently 'sweet' personality. It was enough to drive her up the wall.

"I'm not sweet! I'm a goddamn daredevil! And why is there so much pink? And how do I even deal with all this frizzy, curly hair?"

But despite the massive additional change of race that Denise was going through, Taylor's own reality rewrite was undeniably the bigger one. For one, she actually drove home rather than taking a public bus: in her purse were a set of keys to a cute orange-red Buick Cascada, the colour of which matched her hair. She even lowered the top to let her hair whip wildly in the wind as she drove, and it was surprisingly enjoyable. It gave her a suspicion that her home situation might be different, and she was far more right than she knew. For one, she had to use her ID card to find her new life, as the address listed was not her regular one. But even knowing that it belonged to one of the wealthier neighbourhoods in the city didn't prepare her for the house that was practically a damn *mansion*, complete with a swimming pool out the back.

"Holy moly," she said to herself as she pulled up. She had to check her ID several times just to make sure that it was right. A search through her phone - also upgraded by the reality rewrite - revealed that it most certainly was: she'd taken more than few selfies around the recognisable property, and quite a few out back in a green bikini that was struggling to contain her ample chest. "Jesus, no wonder I'm popular. I'm rich, hot, and I post stuff like *that*."

She entered gingerly through the front door, unsure what to even do or say. Who were her parents in this timeline? The same ones? New ones? Had they even divorce?

Taylor soon got her answer as her mother's sweet voice called down from the half-spiral staircase that led to the upper floor.

"Taylor! You're home earlier than I expected! Did you bring that sweet friend of yours?"

The new voluptuous redhead was momentarily stunned by the appearance of her mother. Usually, the woman had nothing to do with her other than mandatory care. She was worn out and wrinkled from the stress of the divorce, and had greying hairs and a serious cigarette addiction. Her father wasn't much different, albeit he had premature baldness. Not the case with this new reality's version of Pam. Her hair was still golden, her features quite

beautiful, and it looked like she'd had some slight work done, though nothing glaring. She was wearing an expensive dress for lounging.

"Mom?" Taylor asked.

"Who else, my dear?" she answered. "Are you okay? Did something not go right at college? Oh dear, did you not make cheerleading captain - but I thought you were in? Oh, I can see you're upset."

Even more astonishing than her mother's appearance was the fact that Pam moved double-time down the stairs and embraced her daughter. Taylor felt the unique sensation of her chest squishing against someone else's.

"Th-thanks, Mom. I'm okay. Is - uh - is Dad here?"

"He's in the pool doing his laps. Did you want to come relax with us? I was going to read a book under the shade. The perks of being retired early, huh?" She winked and walked through to the back. "Everything's definitely okay?"

Taylor was silent as she followed her mother out the back into the warm light of their magnificent backyard pool. There were shaded deckchairs and everything. It was like something out of a resort. And in the pool was her father, his head still full of hair, his figure trim and fit instead of sluggish and pot-bellied from too much alcohol, doing laps in the pool.

"Hiya, kiddo!" he called as he pulled to a stop at the end. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, Dad, Mom," Taylor said, trying to keep tears out of her eyes. "I'm more than okay. Holy shit, we have a pool."

"We always have, dearie. Or are we just thankful today?"

"Very thankful." Images on her phone had shown her in a very attractive bikini that matched her eyes. "Do you mind if I chill out here for a bit?"

"Not at all!" Pam said. "Invite Denise over too if you want. Just remember if you bring boys over to tell us in advance so we don't get in your way."

"B-boys," Taylor said, blushing red. Her chest rose and fell a little more sharply, thoughts lingering on hot images of strong-bodied men in nothing but swimming trunks, water glistening on their firm chests as they moved towards her in the pool. It shouldn't have come as a shock, but the new her was clearly very straight and very hot for boys. The moistness between her thighs attested to that very fact.

Pam giggled. "Oh honey, we're not naive, your father and I. Just be sensible about it, that's our motto."

"Exactly," her father said. "Though of course, we *did* have five ourselves, didn't we dear?"

"Five?" Taylor asked.

She got her answer as four more squealing, shrieking, laughing siblings rounded the corner in their own swim clothes, and launched themselves into the pool. As the water

splashed over her she realised that her half-siblings with her parents' other partners had not, thankfully, been erased from this new timeline, simply 'regifted' so that they had come from both her parents. Still, it didn't stop her younger sisters from laughing at how drenched she was.

"I'll have to change now," she groaned.

"Your bikini is on your bed," her mother replied, taking a relaxing spot on a deck chair. "It was in the dryer this morning so I thought I'd leave it for you."

"My . . . bikini."

The thought was astonishing. She wondered how it would look on her, how it would feel. From being ashamed of being in the water at all for how it clung to her form to . . . looking like *that*. She channelled her inner Dave, and summoned the courage to be daring.

"I might just go try it on," she said.

Taylor's room had changed massively, much like Denise's. The clothes were feminine, of course, and every article was either sexy, classy, stylish, or some combination of the three. There were posters of various male models, athletes, and band singers up on the walls, and she found it hard not to look at them: they were deeply sexy, after all.

"God, I'm thinking about - about dicks!" she exclaimed to herself. "That wish has sure changed me. Need to figure out how to alter us back. I don't want to - ohhhh, but I bet I already have in this life."

Her phone, after all, had plenty of evidence of boyfriends, and even some quite . . . grabby ones. The kind of grabby that Taylor didn't seem to mind, judging from her expression in those photos. And when she was wearing bikinis, the men particularly yearned for her perfect body. Who wouldn't, after all?

She looked down at her wet singlet, and smirked at the sizable breasts that were now visibly through the white fabric. She glanced at the green bikini on the bed, with its cups that seemed a size or two too small for her.

"Fuck it," she said. "I'm not fat, I'm not asthmatic, and I'm certainly not ugly. A woman with this kind of bod wouldn't be ashamed of it, so neither will I!"

She slipped out of clothing and into the bikini, and found that her muscle memory aided her. Her huge tits strained the cups and her cleavage was massively emphasised. She posed several times in the mirror, admiring her very top-heavy form, though her wide hips and peach-shaped ass meant that no part of her was lopsided.

"Oh my God, I look amazing. I've never felt like this before. I feel like a God. No, like a Goddess."

The new flame-haired woman stepped down the stairs and headed for the pool.

She was already imagining the kind of heads she'd turn if it were the popular boys at college by the pool instead of her family.

“Mhmm, maybe I could throw just one pool party while I’m stuck like this?”

She’d never been invited to one before. Maybe now was her chance.

In the weeks that followed, both of them got used to their new lives. Taylor, surprisingly given how passive she’d been as Tom, was adapted much quicker. Her bombshell body was just too damn fun, and becoming the Queen Bee of the college was like going from the lowest rung of society to the very, very top. People were now nice to her. Hell, they *adored* her. Stacy Ackermann was a good friend, and her second on the cheerleading squad. Previously, she had been the hottest gal in the whole college, but now she was only the *third* hottest. The drop-dead hottie that was Taylor Jacobs was now in the lead, barely trailed by the curvaceous cutie that was Denise Harrison. She could barely believe it, but when she wore that cheerleading costume for the first time, it all became so real: her bare midriff, her prominent chest, her delicious thighs so tastefully revealed by the short skirt, and the way her body moved automatically in time with the music and their coordinated dancing.

“I’m an actual cheerleading captain,” she murmured to herself as she managed to arrange the team. “God, I better grow a spine for this. I always let Dave bark the orders!”

It took some time, but she slowly got into the groove of her new life. The Reality Artifice wasn’t working still - she suspected there was some rule they were missing, and Denise was putting her new intelligence to the test as she continued to try it - so in the meantime she focused on trying not to arouse suspicion. And that meant actually inhabiting the role of Taylor Jean Jacobs, and trying to embrace her newfound popularity. For the former unpopular kid, it was an act of simultaneous extreme difficulty and extraordinarily easy. Difficult because she wasn’t used to being the centre of attention, or people listening intently to what she said, or having people stare at her body, but also easy because she didn’t actually have to *do* much. Her muscle memory and instincts let her talk in that breathy, sexual way all the time, and even her movements seemed to be absolutely jaw droppingly hot just by nature: when she leaned over, she placed her hand on her back and arched it, so that her pendulous breasts strained visibly against her shirt and revealing a deep chasm of cleavage. When she laughed at someone’s joke, it was a full body laugh that set her impressive jugs wobbling. When she stretched, she did so in a way that raised her short tops to reveal her stunning midriff, and make her ass all the more noticeable.

Soon, she found herself actually having *fun* picking her outfits for the day, and attending her new classes alongside the other popular students. She was no longer an outsider but a prized insider. No longer invisible, but among people who not only looked at

her with clear attraction (or jealousy, from some of the girls), but also loved to be around her. Previously, only Denise had given her that kind of attention, back when she'd been Dave.

Which was not to say that she didn't hang out with Denise. The two were still best friends, and that was still the case in this timeline as well. They had grown up together, as before, but in this reality it was actually *Taylor* who had taken in Denise back when she'd had braces and was scrawny and awkward. Puberty had come late for the darker-skinned girl, but Taylor had been there every step of the way, defending her from bullies and speaking up for her. When the two had finally left for college they both benefited immensely from one another: Denise from Taylor's sheer confidence, popularity, and compassion, and Taylor from Denise's intelligence, sweet nature, and down-to-earth background.

"I mean, we're still best friends at least!" Taylor said as they met up at college for a drink.

"Of course we damn well are, becoming hot chicks won't stop that," Denise responded. "But I don't like that you're hanging out with all these other popular kids. You were laughing with the boys earlier! The hot ones! C'mon dude, what's wrong with you?"

"I haven't slept with anyone," she replied.

"Yeah, but you better not think about it. Just go rub one out for yourself and call it quits. We're getting the Reality Artifice back online, whatever it takes. I don't care how smart I am with physics, my own personal momentum will not be arrested by forces gravitational, friction-based, or attraction. Got it?"

Taylor chuckled. "Nerd."

"Oh God, don't you start. I'm getting out of here before your friends arrive. I'm gonna be popular as the guy who fucks hot chicks, not the nerdy hottie that *gets* fucked by hot *boys*."

The tension in their friendship did not go away in coming days, especially as Taylor got more and more used to her body. The feeling of her large breasts bouncing in her top began to be more exciting, especially when she emphasised it to catch the eye of a cute boy. And it was wonderful to actually get advice on her outfits and makeup from her mother, who was now much happier and apparently totally okay with having a sexually liberated daughter. Plus, with the dance coming up, it was hard not to consider the various men who were vying to ask her out. She hadn't made any choices just yet: Brody was more interested in Denise, of course. Harry Glover seemed interested in both of them, but he was clearly playing the waiting game, ready to swoop in at an opportune moment. There was also Peter Nells, who was part of the football team, and a goddamn delicious treat of a man. She couldn't stop looking at his broad, dark shoulders when he swaggered about. And she couldn't discount Ira O'Vere. He was a tortured artist type with long black hair, but something about him just

electrified her. He had a long stare, and as wrong as it seemed, it made her want to help heal him.

She went to bed at night dreaming of these men and many others. It was getting hard not to respond to her body's wants, especially after a whole week. She'd only had sex once as a man, and it had been a sad affair due to his many negative qualities, and the lack of enthusiasm with the woman he'd gotten with. But now, as a hot, *hot* woman, she decided that she couldn't stop herself that night. She peeled off her clothing and began to massage her breasts, stirring her arousal ever upwards. Closing her eyes, she continued to pinch and play with her large pink nipples, and lowered one hand between her thighs.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "That's d-different. Ohhhhh, that's w-way different!"

It was, indeed, *wonderful*. Her body was so delightfully sensitive, and soon her thoughts turned to what it would be like to have a big stud of a man climbing on top of her, licking and sucking on her nipples, kissing her soft lips, and holding her tight as he thrust his big cock into her. It made her gasp with lust, and her libido became ever more powerful. She rubbed the inside of her wet passage, and it caused her to whimper in sheer bliss.

Finally, she exploded in delirious ecstasy. "NNGH! YES! F-FUCK ME! YESSSS!!!"

It took a long, long time to come down from such a height, but when she finally did, she smiled widely.

"That was better than anything my old fat body could produce. Imagine what it'd be like with a *real man* on top of me. Mhmm. This body is so horny."

She giggled mischievously. Daringly, with a determination that was only growing now that she was finally able to emerge from her nervous shell.

"Screw it. I'm going to take a man to the dance."

The next day, she accepted Peter Nells' proposal. It made too much sense, after all. He was the strong, hot, muscly footballer, and she was the hot redhead leader of the cheer squad. In this reality, they were practically destined for each other.

Besides, she considered, she was still achieving her goal of going to the dance with a hot woman. She just *was* the hot woman now, and her date was still hella popular.

But whereas Taylor was gaining confidence and self-assurance, Denise was struggling against the stream when it came to her own. The race-changed, gender-changed young woman was feeling flummoxed by how many flirtatious texts she was receiving, how many more academically minded male students tried to sit next to her, and how many clearly stared at her ass, her hips, and her bust. When she visited the gym to cool off, she found herself wearing a workout sports bra just to deal with them, and similarly tight shorts that

made all the gym bros stare at her behind as she lifted the weights and walked up the stair master.

“Finally popular, only for all the wrong fucking reasons,” she muttered to herself angrily. “And the worst part is that all these guys staring at me is making my fucking cooch go all wet.”

The only real benefit, as she saw it, was that her Dad was a lot happier - he had more lucrative contract jobs, was fitter, and seemed happier with two daughters (especially since Bethany was now annoyingly attached to her older sibling, always wanting to hang out). He laughed in their presence more often, and loved having Taylor around when she visited.

“Well, if it isn’t the fiery redhead herself!” he announced as she came in. “A good thing you’re around, my Denise is in quite the glum mood today, and needs cheering up.”

“Dad!” Denise shouted from the living room.

“It’s good to see you, Mr Harrison,” Taylor said.

“Please, call me Jonathan. Do you want a bite to eat? I’ve got egg curried sandwiches. Your favourites!”

She grinned. Some things never change. “Yes please, Mr - Jonathan. I’ll take a few if that’s okay.”

“Better watch that weight!” he said. “I’m just joking. To think you two growing up turned out to be such gorgeous young women. I bet your parents are just as proud of you as I am of my supersmart Denise.”

“Daaad!”

“What? A father can’t be proud.”

Denise rolled her eyes. “Ugh, you’re so lame now! I miss arguing with you, almost.”

“Well, your teen years weren’t easy, and I wouldn’t like to see a return to them. Anything I can help you two with? I sense a . . . tension.”

There was, but neither of them acknowledged it, so instead Jonathan changed the subject as he saw what was sticking out of Taylor’s backpack.

“Hey, what’s that? I feel like I’ve seen it before.”

His gaze was transfixed by it, and for a moment Denise and Taylor worried that he was remembering a different time. But then his eyes changed back, and he smirked.

“An antique of some kind? Or a contraption my lovely Denise is building?”

“Uh, the second,” Taylor said, pulling it from her bag. “It’s a cool art thing for a project, right Denise.”

“Right. A steampunk style thing. Or whatever.”

Jonathan looked at it a bit longer, curious. "I wonder . . . no. I better go make these sandwiches! Can't neglect my wonderful daughter's friend, especially one who's such a fixture in our little household! I'll be right back."

Denise and Taylor ate the sandwiches in the pinkness of the former's room, with Taylor explicitly told not to comment on the decor. But neither could figure out what to do with the device at all.

"Why won't it work?" Denise said, frustrated. "I'm spilling out of my H-cup bra trying to figure this out! Seriously, these tits are something else. Yours too."

"We'll figure it out. You're super smart, right?"

She was, but not in solving the unsolvable. They quit that day, unable to solve it, but it was left in Denise's care to sort out.

Her intelligence was, perhaps, another nice boon, but it also made her feel weird at times. Like Taylor's ability to cheerlead and figure out her feminine clothing and makeup, Denise too experienced some 'hand-holding' from the reality change. She was able to deal with maths problems with ease that once would have been mere gibberish to her. She could speak three languages. She had not just a working knowledge of science, but was literally breezing through the school's most advanced physics course. Sometimes, during a lecture, she'd actually yawn, wondering when the *actual* challenging stuff would hurry up and start.

But it wasn't enough. She repeatedly caught up with Taylor, and found herself frustrated that not only was her formerly docile and weak-willed friend suddenly coming into her own - as a big-breasts female nonetheless! - but that she was now the one that was taller, more athletic, and didn't need glasses.

"This is ridiculous!" she said about two weeks after their change as they walked through the mall together. "The Reality Artifice *still* isn't working, and I'm still stuck as a hot black nerd that half the guys at college and on the street drool at when I pass. I have a freakin' *line* to my study group, dude. Oh, and I *run a study group now*. This is insane! We've got to be more proactive and figure shit out. I've had enough eyes on my ass to last me a lifetime!"

Taylor smiled sympathetically at her friend. "I know what you mean. I get the stares all the time too, particularly at, well, these." She indicated her impressive F-cup chest, which was half-revealed by the low-cut summer dress she was wearing. "But it's not all bad, is it? I mean, I'm rich now, and you said your family is better off. You actually get along with Bethany now!"

Denise rolled her eyes. "Only because she wants to be as cool as her 'big sis' one day. She's such a damn nerd now! I almost miss the brat. Hell, I miss *being* a brat."

"You can still be one."

"Duh, but it feels all . . . wrong. Do you know what I mean? It's like I get this rush in my brain from being all cutesy, especially when I wear this kind of shit."

She gestured to the bright pink top she was wearing. Her new reality was one of pinkness, that was for sure.

"So you can't be yourself?"

"Of course I can! Just like you can still be a total dork too. I saw you sneaking into the comicbook shop the other day, you know?"

"I just . . . didn't want people to know. I get nervous they'll somehow find out."

Denis chuckled. "Do you think they'd care? Hell, they'd just want you do dress up as Poison Ivy or Black Widow or something. They'd get so hard just looking at you they'd probably cum right there."

Tom snorted. Despite knowing that Denise was still Dave, it was strange hearing such imagery come from the mouth of such an innocent looking woman.

"We need to turn back," Denise said. "I actually wore a bloody bikini the other day."

"You looked amazing!" Taylor reassured her. "Besides, I was wearing a bikini too."

"Yeah, you've been wearing them for a while, *Tom*. You know, obviously this is a step up for *you*, but this isn't all fun and games for me. I'm meant to be dating hot chicks and having Stacy Ackermann on my arm. That was the plan, remember?"

Taylor spoke without thinking, a result of her growing confidence. "Plans change, Denise. Maybe this is just the new us."

Denise paused. The darker-skinned woman had a glare behind her glasses that was surprisingly intimidating, given her short height.

"I heard about you and Peter Nells. Are you fucking serious? We're meant to be the ones *replacing* Peter Nells, not fucking him!"

Taylor sighed. "Look, the dance is literally this Friday night. We probably aren't changing back by then, and . . . and maybe I don't want to change back. At least not before the dance. I'm going in a hot green dress that matches my eyes. Mom and I even went and picked it out. I wanted to take you but . . . you're getting so mean all the time now."

"I haven't changed!"

Taylor considered that. "Maybe not. Maybe you were always a bit of an asshole. But at least you were on my side. You were there for me when I had no one else. Let me be there for you now, man. Woman. Whatever. You don't need to take a date, but just come with me. Have some fun at the party. Pick out a cute dress. You'll look fucking amazing, Denise. I know we both will."

She walked away, brushing tears from her eyes. She'd actually been taking Denise to *Coquette's*, a fashion store that specialised in dresses for just such occasions. She'd hoped

to get her to consider at least embracing her new life for a time, but evidently that wasn't working.

The Dance

Taylor was nervous. Not because it was the university dance: she was quite excited to dance as a woman, and be free in the centre of attention without feeling awkward for once. She also wasn't worried about her date: Peter had shown up at her doorstep with flowers, wearing a form-fitting grey suit that looked dashing on him. Pam and Timothy - her father - had wasted no time getting photos of the pair as if it were her first date or high school graduation, instead of two people in their twenties going out for an official college gathering.

No, what she was nervous about was whether Denise was showing up. The two hadn't really spoken since their little argument at the mall. Taylor felt terrible about it: after all, while her life and health had been greatly enriched, Denise's family didn't become wealthy like hers, her dad was still single, and she'd changed race entirely. Also she had glasses, which looked incredibly cute and smart on her but obviously wasn't what the former male wanted.

"I just hope she turns up," she said to her date as they pulled up at the ritzy hotel venue where it was all taking place.

"Hey," he said, taking her hand. "It's out of your control. Let's just have a good night, okay? You look stunning."

She blushed, looking down at herself. She was wearing a shining green dress that plunged low, low, *low*, with her breasts literally requiring a little bit of hidden tape so that they didn't slip out entirely. Her back was bare, and the rest of the dress pulled tight around her form, with a delectable slit along the leg so that it parted to reveal her gorgeous left thigh. Her hair was done in a classic wavy style, clipped to one side at her neck like a Hollywood dame. Her eyes were smokey, and her lips ruby red. All in all, she looked exactly as she was: a twenty out of ten.

"You don't look half bad yourself, Pete," she said, admiring his muscles.

"Well, maybe after the dance, we can have other kinds of fun."

She giggled nervously. Never in a million years did she think she'd ever be noticed by someone like Peter Nells, let alone lust after by him. It felt oddly wonderful. It felt *arousing as fuck*.

"Maybe, maybe," she said, pressing her breasts together with her upper arms as if to promise him that, oh yes, it was *definitely* happening. The wetness in her womanhood was already making her think in that direction.

Peter grinned like a schoolboy and got out of the car. He opened the door for her, and took her by the hand, helping her out like a gentleman. A gentleman she wanted to be nailed against the wall by: she'd been frequently masturbating lately, and it was getting to the point where just giving in and having lots of actual sex with hot guys was starting to be more appealing.

He took her by the arm and led her into the venue, and she was all smiles as her hips swayed and her breasts bounced. As good looking at Peter was, she knew all eyes were on her. It felt good to be the queen instead of the lowly jester.

Taylor and Peter danced. He was hungry for her, she knew it, but this was a sort of extended foreplay. The former man had gone from a chubby figure with two left feet to knowing how to move in a deeply sensual, yet utterly wild and free way, and a number of onlookers were clearly eyeing in her direction. But as much as she was celebrating her new reality, she couldn't help but continue thinking about Denise, and hoping she would come. It got to the point after one particularly saucy dance where even Peter noticed.

"Are you alright?" he asked. "I thought you'd be really into that one. Lots of *bouncing*, if you know what I mean."

She chuckled. God, why had she feared her tits at first? She'd already had manboobs in her other life, but these ones were utterly delightful. It was fun to watch men like Peter struggle to look her in the eye.

"Oh, I guess I'm just distracted," she admitted. "It's usually my son - I guess - but I was really pulling for Denise to show."

Peter looked over her shoulder and smirked. "Well, here's your lucky day. Look who just showed up with Brody Thompson."

Taylor spun so fast she nearly had a wardrobe accident. Sure enough, just entering the large hall on the other side of the room, was Denise. She was wearing a glittering silver dress that hugged her curves spectacularly. It was not as revealing as Taylor's dress, but it didn't have to be: it radiated class and poise but also sexiness. She must have been wearing contact lenses, because her glasses were gone also, and her face was professionally done up, either by herself with her new womanly instincts, or with help from a professional. Either way, she looked stunning, and her wide hips rocked from side to side and breasts jostled (there was still a line of cleavage that was wonderfully on display). If Taylor wasn't straight

for boys, she would have drooled at the sight of her best friend. Denise was on Brody Thompson's arm, looking nervous, a mix of irritation at herself and half-genuine excitement. Taylor excused herself immediately to run to her friend, skipping across the dance floor.

"Denise!" she cried.

"Taylor!" the other replied.

They embraced, their new hormones leading them to be a lot more open with their emotions. Denise pulled away first though, as expected.

"You came," Taylor said.

"That's what she said," the other woman replied. "Sorry, that was a lame ass joke. I'm nervous. I'm wearing a fucking dress, dude, and I've got Brody Thompson as a date. This stupid body is finding him sexy too, so I've gotta drop his ass at the first opportunity. But I thought about what you said - I guess you're the trailblazer now, huh?"

"What do you mean?"

Denise gave an awkward grin. "Well, we're still getting our wish for the dance, right? I'd rather be a hot chick popular for one night and then go back once we figure out that damned Reality Artifice, than just not go at all and end up an even bigger loser. Especially since I have to go to fucking break school for a special physics course since I'm apparently a massive genius."

"That's the spirit!" Taylor said. "Come join us on the dance floor."

"Oh, I wasn't actually going to -"

But Taylor was high on her new power and confidence. She took her friend's hand and led her over, and Brody followed awkwardly after. The next song playing was a classic, a free pumping jam they could all rock out to without the awkwardness of couples' dancing. Taylor began to move in time with the music, feeling freer than she ever had, and certainly more flexible.

Denise cackled at the sight. "You're ridiculous! Who would have thought this was trapped away inside that old flabby body of yours!"

"I know, right? But you were always the take-charge risk-taking daredevil, so go on and reclaim your position, *Denise*. Show us your dance moves already!"

And there it finally was. That mischievous grin of old. It was unmistakable even on her sweet new face. "Oh, it's *on*," the dark-skinned beauty responded. "Brody, get over here. We're gonna show Taylor and Peter just how lame they are."

The dance-off began.

It was over an hour later, and Taylor was exhausted. Full of life and vigour, and a few drinks of alcohol that had been secreted in by some champion of the people, but exhausted nonetheless. She sat off the side of the dance floor, leaning against Peter, enjoying his masculine strength.

"I can't wait for the break to start tomorrow," she said softly. "All that free time between semesters. We could do *anything*."

"Anything?" he asked suggestively.

She pulled back, licked her lips. "Mhmm, anything. After all, Denise is doing summer school across the state. I'll miss her like hell, so I'll need someone else to keep me company."

Taylor deployed the tactical nuke of girl flirting, something that came to her automatically in this new life: she placed her hand on his upper thigh, right near his clearly straining cock. Peter took a deep breath, as if he were going to pass out from being so aroused.

"Okay, let's bounce out of here, then. I could take you back to my place . . . ?"

The Taylor who had been Tom would have been so nervous he would have fainted while hyperventilating. But something about Taylor's new reputation as a delightful, carefree partygirl made it easier to play that part. Easy for it to become more than just a part, but something she embraced about her new self.

So instead of freaking out, she simply pulled him close, kissed him deeply, and whispered sensually into his ear.

"I want you to take me back to your places and *fuck my brains out*."

"Oh, shit yeah. Let's go."

He took her hand, and they moved rapidly. Her nipples were stiff and aroused, demanding to be groped and squeezed. She was horny as hell for such an opportunity. She could just *imagine* what it would be like to lose her virginity again - this time as the hottest woman in the university.

It was only as she was about to leave, Peter so excited he was almost dragging her out, that she pulled them both to a stop.

"Wait a moment," she said. "Where's Denise?"

"Who cares, she's fine. She was with Brody."

"I just want to make sure she's okay."

"She'll be fine, Taylor. She can take care of herself. She was having a great time before."

It was true, Denise had seemingly embraced her curvy figure, at least for a night, and was even allowing Brody to grind up against her. Still, she couldn't see her friend, and that made her nervous. In this timeline, Taylor was the protective one, and she didn't want to

betray her role. She turned back to Peter, and it was with enormous regret that she spoke the following words: "I'm sorry, we might have to, you know, fuck another night. I need to go find her."

His disappointment appeared immeasurable, but he grit his teeth and nodded. "I'll help you."

They searched around the building. The main floor did not have them - the silver of her dress made her easy to spot - and the side halls and ladies toilets were likewise empty of their presence. The mens toilets too. They expanded the search, asking everyone around, until finally Stacy Ackermann and Bianca Lee notified her that Denise and Brody had gone upstairs to room 203. Peter backed out at that point: he didn't want to risk his scholarship by breaking the rules the college had set around the hall use, but Taylor forged on. Denise wouldn't abandon her back when they were dudes, so she wouldn't do so for her friend now. She worried for her friend: she was smaller now (in height, at least), and yet had been drinking her usual amount. Taylor barged up to room 203 and knocked loudly on it.

"Let me in! I need to see Denise!"

The sound of gasping and crying echoed from within, unable to hear her. Taylor was immediately hit with concern for her friend. She banged against the door, demanding entry, and it gave way instantly - it hadn't even been locked! She staggered forth into the room, nearly falling to the floor - and out of her dress.

Only to see that someone else had already *fallen out* of their dress.

Denise was on her back, completely naked as Brody Thompson sucked on her huge brown tits. Her thick thighs were wrapped eagerly around him, and he was thrusting deeply into her wet snatch. She looked eyes with Taylor for one long, horrified moment.

"T-Taylor!" she exclaimed.

But then the orgasm hit her, and Brody - unperturbed - erupted inside her. She wailed in unimaginable ecstasy as he came. He buried his face in her deep cleavage, and she was helpless, overwhelmed by the female orgasm. By the lurid sensations of being fucked by a man right between her thighs.

"OOHHHHH!!! G-GOD! AAAHHHH!!!"

Taylor was humiliated, but not nearly so much as Denise. The moment she stopped panting, she managed to blush a deep crimson, even through her dark skin.

"It's - it's not what it looks like!"

"It looks like after all your talk, you just got fucked by Brody Thompson."

"Uh, hi Taylor," Brodie said, still inside Denise. "Um, what's up?"

"Shut up Brody," Denise snapped. "Get the hell off me. And hand me my fucking clothes. God, this is so fucking embarrassing!"

Brody slipped out of her, causing her to moan unintentionally. She quickly and embarrassingly towelled herself with part of the hotel bed, then slipped on the dress - Taylor had passed that one to her. Denise didn't look her in the eye. She dressed quickly.

"I have to go. Don't fucking look at me, okay! None of you two!"

She ran from the room, leaving Brody confused, and Taylor worried for her friend.

"Shit," she said. "She might do something drastic."

The Second Wish

Denise didn't respond to any texts for all of Saturday. The break had started, and any day now she was meant to get on a bus out east for a special physics course over part of the summer. It was maddening, because Taylor wanted to help her friend, and try to tell her that everything was okay. Hell, she was keen to suggest they go to the beach and look fabulous in bikinis and just have a fun day out. But Denise had spurned every visit, even her invitations for her and Bethany and Jonathan to catch up with her own wealthy family at the Jacob residence pool. Surely, they couldn't turn that down, right?

She was starting to get worried sick when she finally received a mysterious message from Denise. It simply said: *'Figured it out. Get to my place. NOW.'*

Taylor couldn't get in her nice open-top car quickly enough. Her mother assumed they were just having a rough patch in their friendship, something over a boy that they had both tried to woo at the party. She was wrong, but also not entirely incorrect.

But rather than finding a fight, or embarrassment, Taylor found an excitable Denise in her father's living room, the Reality Artifice sitting on the coffee table. Her own father was in the room, looking ragged from a hard job the previous day, and also a bit confused as to what was happening. Bethany wasn't present.

"She's out with her friends," Denise said idly. "Come in Tay, come in! I've fucking solved it with these smarts of mine!"

Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. "This must be a prank, right Taylor? I mean, I know you two are thick as thieves, but a wishing box, seriously?"

Taylor looked from Denise's dad to Denise. "You told him?"

"I had to," she said. "After . . . that night. What you saw. I'm not staying a fucking girl! I'm getting my own body back, Taylor, and you're coming with me."

"I don't want it back, and why are you saying all this out loud in front of your own dad?"

Jonathan stood. "Saying what? None of this makes sense to me! Taylor, you've always been such a good influence on my daughter. I owe so much to you helping her back in high school, and being there during her awkward years. In so many ways, you've been a mother to her that she never had."

"Dad!" Denise said. "This is nothing to do with what we're fucking talking about!"

"But it is. You're going on about magical wishes and a Reality Artifice and that we're not meant to be black or something, despite the fact that you were *born* black, as surely as Taylor here was born with her red hair. What happened on the night of the dance, Denise? You have to tell me. You had some kind of mental break. Taylor, tell me if she won't."

Taylor had to. "She slept with a boy and I accidentally walked in on her. I'm sorry."

Jonathan's eyes went wide, while his daughter's cheeks went red. "Is that it?" he said. "That's the secret? Girl, I know you're smart enough to be responsible. You don't have to worry about what I'll think about -"

"Dad, everything will make sense when you crank that handle and make a wish. Don't you get it, Taylor? This is what we got wrong! The instructions mentioned something faded, that a 'trusted' *something* 'will be needed for subsequent wishes.' It's a trusted person! Or family member! Or both! And while Dad and I haven't always gotten along - in the other timeline, at least - then this is what is our ticket back. He makes a wish for whatever he wants, reality rewrites - we're present so we don't have to worry about forgetting - and then we get to finalise our own wishes and get the hot male bods we were supposed to have, instead of . . . these."

She indicated to her large breasts, then to Taylor's. Jonathan's eyes wandered to them, then looked away, embarrassed at having accidentally looked at his daughter's friend's chest.

"This is all nonsense," he said. "Tell me this is nonsense, Taylor."

She looked from Denise to Jonathan, back again. Denise nodded.

"It's true. Look, you don't have to believe us, okay. I know you've known this life all your, uh, life, but it was sort of wished into existence. That sounds stupid as hell, but we made a dumb wish that made us girls - we were two losers before."

"You were a loser, I was just a rebel."

"Whatever, Denise, we were both losers. Come on."

"And we're both changing back. But you need to make an interim wish. That's my calculation."

Jonathan rolled his eyes. "I'll show you this is all nonsense. I don't know what strange prank this is, but I'm sure young Beth will find it hilarious when she gets back. Fine, I can wish for anything? This isn't going to cause a glitterbomb or anything, is it?"

"Dad, just turn the crank and make a wish."

He sighed. Taylor took a step back, but remained in the room, looking a bit nervous. She'd always liked Jonathan. He was a good man, and even when she'd been a young boy she recognised on some level that he was doing the best he could as a single father with two kids who hated one another.

"Fine, fine," the rugged welder said. He cranked it up until it was green, recognising that this was the point to stop. "Since you insist on talking back against your father, how about we get you a mother you'll do much better with, hmm? *I wish that you two had a better mother from the start, one that stuck by me and is a loving wife and mother both.*"

He smirked, clearly thinking this was all one big joke, when suddenly the Reality Artifice flared to life, glowing its bright green. Just as before, it exploded outwards, the enormous bright light ensnaring all three of them with Jonathan in the centre this time.

"IT WORKED!" Denise shouted in her high pitched voice, only barely discernible above the roar.

Taylor couldn't believe it. Her friend had actually been right: a big change from the last disaster, or at least she hoped. After all, how harmless could it be, wishing for a better mother, unless . . . someone else had to take the job. Was that how it could work?

She received her answer to that dread-filled question mere seconds later, as the lightning bolts cascaded all around them. Jonathan was shouting something, terrified and confused and reaching out for his daughter, but already he appeared to be changing. His features became less worn, his eyes sharper, his greying hair grew back thick and black. He was becoming incredibly handsome, and it alarmed Taylor that she was beginning to actually *think* of him as handsome! His jaw became a little more square, his eyes softer, and his shoulders - already impressive - widened and squared as he packed on yet further muscle. Gone were the tired lines by his eyes, the bags beneath them too. Instead there was a light and energy to him that hadn't existed before. It made her joyful to see such a good man look all the better, and Denise felt so too, even if her intentions had been more immediately selfish in her desire to get onto her own third wish already.

But then Taylor's own changes started.

It came on suddenly: a bright bolt of lightning that struck through her. The world turned white, as it had before when they had changed the first time. Taylor felt herself alter once more. It was not nearly so dramatic this time, but because she had no idea *why* she was changing, it was no less tumultuous from her perspective. Unable to see what was happening to her body, she could only focus on the intense sensations. Her breasts, already a very impressive set of cantaloupes, grew yet larger and heavier, and drooped just a little more on her chest. Her hips widened, causing pleasure to course through her. She moaned, but could not even hear herself do so. Her hair spilled back up, her hairstyle becoming much shorter so that it only fell to just above her shoulders, in what felt like a cute 'Mom cut.' Her

toned stomach became a little thicker, and she felt herself become a little . . . older. No, much older. It was impossible to discern how much, but her skin - while still gorgeously smooth - seemed to lack the latent baby fat she'd just had, especially around her cheeks. Her ass was bigger, but less pert, and small wrinkles formed into existence at the corners of her eyes, neck, and other places too.

She tried to call out for Jonathan's wish to stop, but she knew it didn't work that way. As before, she felt her mind alter a bit too, adjusting her to whatever crazy new reality they'd accidentally just created. Her body rocked with bliss and she cried out in several successive orgasms. They felt different to the ones she had experienced while masturbating as a woman: still feminine, but . . . mature, somehow. More experienced. Even more *powerful*. She reached out for something, anything to keep her steady, and found a pair of warm, masculine arms that embraced her. They felt totally right.

The light faded instantly. Everyone had changed, and it took a moment for Taylor realise just how much.

"Uh, hi there." came a deep, handsome voice. It was Jonathan's voice, but lacking the rasp and crackle that accommodated intense tiredness. Furthermore, it was *right in Taylor's ear*. She realised in that moment that she had her shapely body pressed comfortably against her friend's fathers, and it was actually *turning her on*. His arms encircled her, stronger than before, and he looked younger too. Perhaps not actually younger, but full of life and happiness. She went to remove herself in shock, but he was just *too familiar*. Too comfy. Too damn sexy. He looked at her, grinned.

"Well, I guess you're my new wife. Wow, okay. I *definitely* didn't believe it when Taylor and - hey, you actually look a lot like my daughter's friend . . ."

His eyes went wide. He looked over. Denise's jaw had dropped. She too looked different: her hair was a little straighter, and had a slight red tint in it, and her facial structure was a bit similar to Taylor's now too. She was taller as well, now average height. She'd lost her glasses.

"What. The. Fuck," she said. "*YOU'RE MY MOM!?*"

It was at that point that Taylor and Jonathan leapt away from each other, shocked.

There was a lot of initial freaking out, followed by a series of deeper explanations for Jonathan and a thorough investigation into this new timeline. Reality had changed once more, and this time it was arguably even more radical. Taylor was no longer twenty years old but *thirty six* years old, and Denise's biological mother. She had replaced Denise/Dave's original mom's role, and now *she* had been the one to go out with Jonathan when they were

teenagers, and who got knocked up accidentally when she was just sixteen. But instead of leaving when Bethany arrived (now *also* Taylor's daughter, apparently) after an unhappy relationship fraught with woe, Taylor had been head-over-heels in love with Jonathan from the start. Rather than a struggling, often combative mother, she had been a deeply caring one who stuck with her husband. Instead of being a student, she was now a *teacher* who worked with elementary school students, though she currently taking a year's break as of this summer. And because of the extra income, and even more because of the love in the family, Jonathan was happier, healthier, and more successful as well.

It was a lot for all of them to take in, especially since - despite Denise's protests and the pair constantly shifting away from each other - Jonathan and Taylor kept gravitating towards one another on the couch. He even put his arm around her shoulders, and she a hand on his leg, enjoying the hairs of his thigh where his shorts ended.

"Stop it! You're doing it again!" Denise cried. They separated, embarrassed. "Ugh, this is absolutely fucked! This Reality Artifice has been bullshit. Why did it make my best friend my own Mom!?"

"I think because Johnny-"

"Johnny? Seriously!?"

Taylor grinned sheepishly, exchanging an awkward glance with her new husband. The fact that she now had an engagement ring and wedding ring on her left hand was weighing heavily on her mind at that point. "Sorry," she said. "The mental changes are stronger this time around. I don't know if each wish gets stronger, or just that this reality rewrite is even bigger, but . . ."

Jonathan nodded. "I get it. Wow, this is crazy. I didn't mean - I'm so sorry about all of this. I just thought it was all bullshit-"

"Language, honey," she said automatically.

Denise's jaw dropped again. "Are. You. Fucking. Serious?"

"And language from you, too! Look, just cut me some slack here, Denise. I've just been turned into a thirty six year old woman. I'm literally sixteen years older, and I'm married to my best friend's father, and you're now my daughter. And Bethany too. Oh, Bethany, I hope she's doing well with her friends . . ."

She trailed off, thinking of her other daughter. She had a distinct impression in her mind of her also having a slight red tint to her dark hair, and cute freckles just like her new mother.

"Oh my God, she looks different now. Again."

Jonathan shook his head. "I still can't believe I used to be white. I have no memory of it. Thank God we were all present for this wish at least."

"Well, time to wish it all back!" Denise snapped. "We're changing back to the beginning. I don't give a shit if Taylor has to be Fat Tom again, and I have to be a bit unpopular too by proxy, but this shit has to go back."

"Wait, hold on a second," Taylor said. She squeezed Jonathan's shoulder without thinking. God, his face was handsome. Just like with Peter, she was imagining what it would be like to have that face against her own, and that body too, in the privacy of a bed . . .

"Yeah, what?" Denise said.

"Oh, sorry. I was just thinking of something." From the way Jonathan glanced away from her impressive *G-cup* chest, she had the sense that his thoughts were similarly lusty. "Look, obviously I can't be your husband, honey. Jonathan, I mean."

"Oh, yeah, of course," he said, scratching the back of his head. He shifted away from her - in all of the new photo frames in the house, it was clear they were very open with their affection for one another, and they were having to fight that impulse now. "We need to change you back. All of us, I guess, though I gotta be honest, I don't remember being white, so I'd rather not, you know, go all the way back."

"And I'd rather stay a woman," Taylor announced.

"This again? Seriously, Tay? We're breaking the space-time continuum here, I see that now! You're meant to be *Tom*."

But Taylor stood. Her centre of gravity had changed, and her breasts were a little bit more heavy, but they were still pert and full on her chest, and they were not just giving Jonathan a show but also a show of intimidation to Denise. She placed her hands on her hips like an admonishing mother.

"Missy, I *am* staying a woman. I mean, not as your Mom. That's way too weird, especially since I apparently gave birth to you in this reality. But I'm happier being a lady than I ever was as a man. Even now at the age of thirty-eight, I'm fitter and more energetic than *Tom* could be. I don't have asthma, I *still* don't need glasses, and I'm still hot."

"Damn straight, baby," Jonathan said, before stopping himself. "Sorry, I just - it felt natural."

She blushed. Feeling turned on by the compliment felt natural too.

"And while I doubt I'm going to do any cheerleading anymore, I'd rather stay like *this*, as a thirty six year old woman, than be changed back into a twenty year old loser who was so nervous he just did everything you told him to do."

"Even if you're *literally my Mom!*" Denise cried.

Taylor stepped closer, and to her astonishment, Denise stepped *back*. She looked intimidated, in that way only a child can be when being admonished by their parent.

"Yes," she said. "I'd rather stay like this. Not that it's my first option. No offence, honey."

“None taken. Well, sorta,” he said, “but this is all kinds of crazy.”

Denise looked petulant. She ran forward and grabbed the Reality Artifice before anyone could stop her, cranking it quickly up to green.

“Honey, what are you doing!?” Jonathan asked.

“Fixing this. *I wish I’d never found this blasted device!* It’s an infernal contraption” she cried, her higher vocabulary slipping back into her speech. But nothing happened. There was no wish, and it galled her. “What!? I followed the instructions! I figured it out!”

Taylor stepped forward and snatched it from her hands. “You don’t get to make any wishes until we all agree with them, young miss. Do you understand?”

The second astonishing thing happened. Denise nodded, looking suitably ashamed of herself. “Yes, Mom,” she said, before she could realise what she’d just said. “I mean, no! Ugh, this fucking sucks! I’m going to my room!”

“Good! And you’ve still got your summer course tomorrow, remember! When you’re back, the device will hopefully have cooled down or something, and then we can agree on a wish, all together, right Jon?”

Jonathan looked up at her. He’d just been staring at her ass. The fact that she was wearing a cute set of yoga pants and a casual sleeveless top now didn’t hurt. She certainly knew how to show her body off still, even in her late thirties.

“Oh, yeah. Of course. Sorry, it’s just . . . hard not to stare.”

She looked back at his muscled shoulders. “Yeah, I know what you mean. This is gonna be strange as hell.”

Denise protested until her dark features had turned as red as her mother’s hair, but in the end she went to her physics course. The fact that with a happier background, and with a richer past too (Taylor’s parents had likewise advanced in age, but had kept the wealth from her previous past) she had been even *more* blessed in her education and intellectual curiosity, only meant that she too had a stronger mental pull towards going.

“Two weeks only,” she said. “One little part of summer, and then we sort this out, okay?”

“Of course, honey,” Taylor said. “Well, Denise.”

“Ugh, I hate that it feels weirdly right to be called that. Don’t you go having sex with my father, okay? Utterly, utterly *off limits*.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it, dear,” Taylor said, though she had quite literally dreamed of it the previous night after the change. She had slept in his bed after all, while he was on the couch, always the gentleman. The act made her like him even more.

So Denise had gone off, swearing and muttering to herself, disliking that she was now a “total fucking nerd” and annoyed that “you two took my damn fireworks, I just wanted to make one big prank to prove I’m still me!” and so on and so forth.

Two weeks. That was all. Surely it couldn’t be that bad? In fact, Taylor was oddly excited to be free of her friend. She loved her dearly, even more now that she had the emotional strength of a woman, but with her own growing self-confidence she was beginning to realise how much she had just been a follower to Dave/Denise all her life, and now she was finally branching out and becoming her own woman. And Denise, for all her good points, didn’t like that one bit. The former troublemaker had clearly enjoyed having someone to pull around on his/her ventures. Someone to be the ‘leader’ to.

And now, with her gone for the longest stretch of their friendship since they were in high school, Taylor could be her own person.

Sorta.

The second day was even more awkward than the first. Taylor and Jonathan both noticed a lot more evidence of the reality changes that accompanied her aging up and marriage to him. The family photos were obvious, but there were also little messages of love and birthday cards and the like strewn about, and her new clothing was in his closet. *Their* closet. Their IDs listed them as married, they had a framed marriage certificate, and many little feminine touches that were clearly her doing in this timeline were scattered about. The throw-on pillows, in particular.

“I guess we’re sleeping apart again?” he said that night.

“Yeah,” she replied. “Sorry this is so awkward.”

“Hey, it’s my wish. I didn’t realise I’d put you in this position.”

They stood apart, trying not to notice the strong arousal they felt for one another. Taylor adjusted her hair a little, not used to it being so short again. “Well, I’ll get ready for bed,” she said, and began stripping off her clothing down to her lingerie. The bra came off too.

Jonathan stared, then quickly looked away. He suddenly had a *raging* erection tenting his trousers. “Shit, sorry! It’s just - you look very hot.”

“Oh, I didn’t think,” she said. Her own nipples were hard with arousal. “I was just . . .”

“Acting naturally,” he replied. “I’ll get my stuff and head downstairs. Um, goodnight Taylor.”

“Good night, my love. I’ll see you in the morning.”

He didn’t correct her when she said ‘love’, and she didn’t ask him too.

Taylor fell into her new role over the following week. Denise occasionally texted her, and she called her (like a good mother should), but things were still quite odd between them. Instead, she found herself enjoying her husband's company a lot instead. Taylor had always been a bit of a sensitive soul, and because (in the original timeline at least) her parents were split apart and largely left her be, she had become very talented at cooking for herself and others when she had the courage, as well as cleaning up messes that parents refused to. So, given that she didn't have a proper job to do and no longer had a life as a student, she took to cooking and cleaning and keeping the house in proper order. It was actually quite fun: Jonathan moaned almost a little *too* suggestively in response to her delicious meals, and soon she was practically dressing the part of a gorgeous, busty housewife, complete with dresses that hugged her ample bust perfectly.

"I don't want to get too weird about this," Jonathan said one morning as she descended the stairs in a particularly ravishing outfit, her cleavage on full display, "but you look absolutely incredible."

His compliment brought a broad smile to her face. "You look pretty amazing too," she said. "I really love you in singlets. I mean, you look pretty good in them. You know what I mean. It's the muscles. Really, uh, hot."

She turned red.

"I'm going to cook us breakfast!"

"Yeah, I've got get ready for work."

"It's a Saturday."

"I should go anyway!"

To say there was tension between the now-married pair would be an understatement. Thankfully, Taylor was able to focus her new mom instincts on being there for little Bethany. The twelve year old was still feisty as ever, but it was clear that she absolutely adored her mother in this new timeline. She always wanted to watch movies, do makeup together (the kid equivalent for her, of course) and for Taylor to take her to dance practice. Taylor even watched one of Beth's performances, and was overcome with a strange pride at seeing 'her' daughter do so well, despite the fact that she'd only been her mother for a week.

"These new mental changes are stronger than last time," she sobbed to herself, dabbing her cheeks free of her proud mommy tears. "The emotions too!"

In fact, there was nothing quite so rewarding, she found, than making up a delicious dinner and dessert and having her younger daughter praise it to the hilt.

"Mom, this is amazing! Seriously, can we have it every night! You're the best!"

Taylor gave a brief side-smirk on such occasions to Jonathan, and he smirked back. Despite intruding upon their lives in such a strange manner, Taylor was fitting into her new

role with aplomb. Jonathan even told her that Bethany was happier, healthier, and had more friends at school in this timeline, which had to count for something.

But, of course, there was a downside, which was that much like the new Denise, Bethany was also pretty darn smart. She noticed that Jonathan was sleeping on the couch, and being fully twelve years of age, began to put two and two together. When Taylor went to pick her up one day (she did miss her old sports car from her young-Taylor days), 'her' child was morose, but not speaking. She tried to see what was wrong with her, but it was only upon arriving home and seeing Jonathan cleaning his bedsheets off of the couch that she erupted into tears.

"You're splitting up! I know it! Angie at school says if Dad is sleeping on the couch then you're separating and I have to choose!"

Taylor hugged Bethany, an overwhelming sense of compassion stirring in her heart. It was true what they said, having kids (even magically getting rewritten into the role of Mom) made you vulnerable to them. They owned a piece of your heart, as Taylor was increasingly finding.

"No, honey. That's not the case at all. Your Dad and I aren't splitting up. We're just . . . uh, help me out here dear. Jonathan."

Jon stepped forward, hugging his daughter also. "There's just a lot of complications dear."

"That's what divorcing people say! You don't love each other anymore! You don't even sleep in the same bed anymore!"

"We will," Taylor said suddenly. "Tonight. And every night after. Isn't that right, dear?"

"Um, is it?"

"Yes," she said, making the split-second decision. "It was just a . . . health thing. Your father is back with me tonight, so don't worry."

She continued to tear up, but looked perhaps a little mollified. "But - you're not affectionate like you normally are. You're normally always hugging and kissing and it's super, super gross, but now you don't do it at all. It's like you're weird around each other."

Taylor backed up beside Jonathan. "Beth, it's just a health thing I had, a little infection that meant I was on my own for a bit. Look, I'll show you."

She turned Jonathan by the shoulders so that he faced her, and looked him straight in the eyes. God, they were wonderful eyes. Smouldering, that was the word.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked. She grabbed one of his hands and placed it on her shoulder, and then the other around her waist. "Kiss me already."

He hesitated for less than a second, then drew her into a romantic kiss the likes of which even she did not expect. Taylor couldn't help herself: she moaned a little in pleasures

physical and emotional as he held the kiss for a long time, wrapping his strong arms around her.

“Eww! Okay, I believe you guys! Stop it before I seriously barf!”

Taylor and Jonathan withdrew. Something had changed, and they could both sense it. Their gazes lingered on one another a little longer, and then she turned to Beth.

“See? Everything’s fine. Now, who’s up for a family date night? Restaurant and a movie?”

That was enough to lift Beth’s spirits. Taylor’s were already lifted, and Jonathan’s too. But somehow, she’d only made things more awkward.

Or perhaps more exciting.

The family date was not exactly like the kind of dates Taylor imagined getting into originally. When she’d first become a woman, the excitement was in the party, in being the popular one, and being able to go out with hot guys with wild abandon. In the end, Jonathan’s wish had changed things before she’d even really gotten a chance to try that kind of life. But, as she sat back in the movie theatre watching a nerdy hero movie, the kinds of which she still liked, with Jonathan’s arm around her shoulders, she reflected that perhaps this wasn’t a bad thing. Tom had been many things, but never shallow. That had been Dave’s domain. But he’d followed Dave’s dream, and in doing so enjoyed being the hot popular girl for a time.

Now, even that seemed a phase. A stage before her maturation, her emergence from her cocoon. Sure, being thirty-eight years old and thrust into the role of a mother was quite confronting, but she got along really well with Bethany, and she had Jonathan present. As he laughed at the jokes in the film and shared his popcorn with her, she found herself increasingly smitten in his presence, especially since his hand occasionally rubbed experimentally along her thigh. She let him tease her: it was a sensuous feeling, and she was feeling like quite the cougar. After all, she’d picked a fairly showy green dress to wear at the restaurant earlier, one that showed all her marvellous mommy body. And while her curves weren’t as pert as those of her younger self’s, it was still very clear that she could work it: Jonathan’s eyes were glued to her, as were the waiters, and half the customers. The male half. It made her feel just as lively as her college self, but with a dash of maturity that made her feel like a powerful vixen at the same time.

With the movie done, they retired home. Bethany raved about it with Jonathan, but Taylor only spoke when she was talked to directly. She was brimming with need, and it was getting harder to avoid acting on it. She simply had to go straight to bed and - oh. She realised that Jonathan was meant to be sleeping in the same bed that night. They’d have to

put up a divider, or something. She liked to sleep topless, in just a pair of silky panties, so it would be weird to . . .

She licked her lips, getting the image of his hairy, muscular body against hers.

“Okay, we’re here!” Jonathan finally said. “And you know what that means, Beth?”

“Brush my teeth, go to the toilet, and then to the bed,” she said morosely. “Are you and Mom at least staying together tonight?”

Jonathan looked to Taylor, who nodded. “Yes we are, sweetie.”

Beth did what she was told, and then the pair retired themselves to bed. Taylor took a quick shower, and without thinking walked to the bed, forgetting that Jonathan was in it already, topless and handsome as hell. She instantly covered her massive bosom - at least the pinker parts. The rest kind of overflowed in her palms.

“Shit!”

“Sorry, I didn’t realise you’d come out like that.”

“Yeah, I can tell you’re enjoying it, Jon.”

She pointed at the large dent in the bed cover where his penis was clearly rock hard in its erection. He looked at it with some embarrassment. “Sorry, it’s just - wow.”

“I know, think of how I feel.”

“Do you want to put something on?”

“No, I’m coming in. Just close your eyes for a mome- ah, screw it.”

She dropped her hands and let her magnificent chest bounce free as she mounted the bed and flopped into it on her back, which caused her breasts to flop around too. She didn’t even pull the covers up, and instead left her massive melons on display. Jonathan openly stared.

“That was quite the entrance.”

“I’m sick of being embarrassed of this body. I don’t mind being an older woman. It’s weird, and being a mom to your kids is strange, but I’m good at it. Denise texted me earlier - she thinks the Reality Artifice is on a timer, so we just have to wait. So in the meantime, I’m just going to play my part, and try to enjoy it.”

“Try?”

“I *will* enjoy it. I am enjoying it.” She smiled as she realised that. “Like, I get that it’s only been a week, but I’m not doing a bad job of being a wife and mother, am I?”

“Bad? Are you kidding!?” Jonathan laughed. “Taylor, it’s been so hard to talk to you and be myself around you precisely *because* you’re doing such a great job. It’s like there was this hole in the family and somehow, due to an errant wish I made, you just fit right in perfectly. Bethany adores you, particularly that cute spa day you took her on, and you’re always there for her dance practice. And while Denise is grumpy about everything, you can’t imagine how much of a better mother you are than her original one - she’s so lucky to have

you always checking in on her and making sure she's alright, like after the hotel incident in the previous timeline, reality thing. You're beautiful, you really are, inside and out. And I know this is hard to hear given everything that's changed and who you used to be, but can I just say this one time: you're sexy as all hell."

Taylor couldn't help it. The memory of his kiss, his touch, was too recent. And the words he was saying too wonderful. She turned her body, pressing her large, sensitive chest against his dark, well-muscled chest, and kissed him. Deeply. His tongue entered her mouth, and she returned the favour. In moments he was holding her protectively, his hand wandering down to grip her large, pert ass. She moaned.

"Ohhhh, yes. Mmhm! I've b-been wanting this all week."

"I've been wanting this ever since you became my wife."

"That's a week, dummy."

They shared a laugh, but it was ended as he stroked her thigh, and she lowered her dainty hands to pull off his underwear. Her sexy husband grunted as she removed them: his penis sprung free, hard and throbbing and clearly desperate to enter her. It made the new wife nervous, but also horny as fuck. Her clitoris yearned to be stroked and rubbed, her passage was so wet that she could feel herself ready to leak onto the sheet. Her nipples were hard, pointed, and the feel of them brushing against his bare chest was amazing.

It was even better when he pulled her up on top of him, sitting her up so that he could grope and squeeze her pendulous breasts.

"Ohhhhhh, Jon! Yessss, that f-feels wonderful!"

"As good as it did when you were 'younger'?"

She shook her head. "N-never did it when I was 'younger' - ahhh - I never got the chance! As a woman, I'm - oohhh - a virgin! Even if, you know - mmhph! - not technically."

She giggled as he rubbed her nipples. She stroked his penis in her hands, unbelieving what she was doing, but still doing it nonetheless. It truly was massive, and it made her wonder how on earth she was ever going to be able to fit such a thing inside her. It only made her more curious to try it out, of course.

"I better leave a good first impression then," Jon said. He pulled her close so that her breasts dangled in his face. She smothered him, and while he motorboated her it was impossible not to whimper in delight, even more so when he took one of her nipples into his mouth, sucked deeply, and slowly pulled his lips back, as if attempting to draw every ounce of pleasure out of her. It worked.

"Oh God oh God oh God! Fuck! That was incredible."

"*These* are incredible. Taylor, I've always loved big tits, and yours are the best I've seen."

"And I'm s-starting to think I really like big cocks. I need you in me."

“Are you sure?” he said. His hands were on her wide hips, ready to lift her. She felt a kind of mature glow, as if she were about to engage in some very practised sex courtesy of her new muscle memory.

“Mm-hmm, I’m sure.”

“Denise won’t like it.”

“No one likes to think about their parents having sex. Let her be mad. She’s *our* daughter. We’ll figure it out.”

“Mhmm, why does it turn me on so much to see you embrace being a mother of our babies?”

“Because I want to be,” she moaned. “Now f-fuck me like you want a *new* baby inside of me!”

That was more than enough to get her husband going. She could never have anticipated that *this* would be where the Reality Artifice would lead her, but she was incredibly thankful nonetheless. Even with her older age - something that would take longer getting used to - she was over the moon that Jonathan was taking her female virginity instead of Peter. And judging by the size of his cock, she was in for a wild ride.

“I’ll be gentle,” he said.

“Don’t,” she replied, her voice still breathy and sexual after ‘all these years.’ “I want you to fuck me *hard*.”

And with that, she grasped his shoulders and forced herself down so that his penishead pushed against her lips, then after a moment of resistance that had her lip curling, entered her entirely.

“Ohhhhhh! You’re s-so big! It’s s-soo different! So fucking GOOD!!”

In moments they were fucking. She rode him, letting him fondle and squeeze and rub her magnificent tits. She bounced up and down on his cock, making it penetrate ever deeper with each bounce. It was a totally foreign sensation, and yet at the same time was utterly right. She couldn’t even imagine going back to having a cock after this - receiving one was far more fun!

“MMhm! I love you!” she cried. “I love you Jonathan!”

“I - oh God - I love you too! I’m going to c-cum soon.”

“Do it! I want to *feel* my husband cum in me. I want to be *yours*. Your sexy, gorgeous wife. The way you look at me - no one ever looked at me like that. I want to feel the way you look at me all the time. So please, cum inside me! Let me be your wife!”

“I want that too, Taylor. I want - NNGHHH!!!”

He came, and he came big. At the last second, Taylor leaned forward, rubbing her tits against his pectoral muscles and locking him in a kiss. She cried out, moaning in his mouth,

orgasming again and again with each powerful pump of his semen inside her. Her shorter red hair bounced from side to side as she shook. His hands gripped her wide motherly hips.

They both came loudly, and could only hope that Bethany was well asleep by that point, because nothing was stopping either of them.

In the aftermath of sex, after she'd managed to roll off him (she now had a fetish for the moment she pulled free of his cock - the feeling of it finally sliding out with a *POP* was excellent), the two of them simply lay there, stunned.

"The third wish," Jonathan said. "Our final one. Are you going to -"

"I'm not turning back," she said, knowing it was true. "I'm staying like this. I mean, I'd happily be your sexy young trophy wife, but I'll take the extra years if it means I can be Bethany's mom. Even Denise's, if she'll have me."

"She will, in time. We can find a wish that satisfies everyone, I'm sure."

She nodded, licked to her lips. "Speaking of satisfying . . ."

"I didn't make you happy?"

She coiled against him, letting her big bust press right up in his face in a way that practically hypnotised him. "Oh, quite the opposite, my sexy husband. You pleased me a *lot*. Which means that right now I'm craving you all over again. So why don't you get that big long rod of yours up for round two?"

Jonathan grinned. Said rod was rising up already, and in moments the married couple were going at it again.

The tension was finally released.

The Third Wish

Denise arrived back to her home feeling optimistic. Quantum physics had been such a breeze, but there were other parts of the summer course that had been genuinely difficult, even excitedly challenging. It was enough to forget the embarrassment of being caught out fucking Brody Thompson. If all went well, and her new calculations courtesy of her course were correct, then she now understood perfectly the nature of the dials on the Reality Artifice. It too had a quantum mechanic, and a time dilation effect was necessary to deal with it before another wish could be exercised. It was complex to the point of being absurd, but it meant that while three wishes could be used at a time before the machine needed a much longer break in use, it still needed to be shared among three *wishees*, all in connection to one another. So long as Taylor was willing to get past her weird woman-fetish or whatever it was, they could all go back to normal.

And if her new 'mom' - a fact she refused to accept - didn't want to go back, then Denise could force the issue somehow. She wasn't going to have the fat man she had guided through life be her own boss in the household, and take her on spa days and cheering practice or whatever. No, she was changing everything back, and if she could convince Taylor of the right wording, then Denise could still end up as a handsome, strong, and incredibly popular Dave.

"I'll miss the smarts, and playing with these big tits," she said idly to herself as she walked from the bus stop back to her home, "and hell, maybe even the hairstyling, the fashion, and the big tits. But this was all just a spot of fun - I'm not staying as some busty bimbo like Taylor wants to. I'm getting what I deserved from the fucking start."

She'd still managed to be herself a bit at the summer course. Set off some sprinklers. Snuck out of the dorm rooms at night to go partying. Calculated the trajectory of a trebuchet she'd used with her new intelligence to fling a rotten egg at an adjacent lecturer's office window. Shit like that. But it hadn't felt right. She was still Denise, and the world would see this as a kind of late-stage acting out rather than the fun-loving, daredevil, risk-taking attitude she was *supposed* to always have. Not to mention that instead of girls mobbing around her with praise at her 'dangerous' persona, she instead had a bunch of very hot nerdy guys crowd her. The fact that she'd slept with two of them would be a fact she'd take to the damn grave.

And so it was that she approached her home, having arrived an hour earlier than expected thanks to taking the morning bus. She was brimming with excitement, not even caring that her ass shifted from side to side with every step, or that the neighbour's sixteen year old son was staring at her big breasts bounce in her top. This was one last hurrah, as far as she was concerned.

"And hey, at least Taylor's probably suffered more than me," she said, smirking to herself. "She wanted to stay a woman, let's see how being stuck as a late-thirties mom had treated her, ha!"

She rounded the corner, entered through the front gate, and stopped as she looked through the main window to the kitchen. To her horror, her prediction was very, *very* wrong, especially because her Dad was doing her new Mom against the kitchen bench, and she was moaning silently in pleasure.

"What. The. Fuck. Take. Two."

Denise barged through the door and straight to the kitchen on the right, just in time to hear a sound she never wanted to hear: her own friend and now-mother orgasming as her father finished inside of her.

"What the actual fucking fuck!?" she cried.

The two immediately leapt aside. She closed her eyes as her father zipped up his pants and her former friend pulled up her panties and skirt. Judging from the state of the buttons on her top, Jonathan had been enjoying her tits a lot too in the lead up.

“Denise!” Jonathan exclaimed. “I didn’t realise you’d be here so early! You were meant to be here in another hour or so!”

“I took an early bus to surprise you, Dad. What the actual hell is going on here? You’re sleeping with my dad now, you absolute slut?”

“Hey, don’t call your mother that!”

Denise blinked twice. “Are you serious? She’s not my mother! Just because we have some small instincts, and because the wish made this timeline so that -”

“I have watched the birth video and everything,” Taylor said flatly. “You’re my daughter. I know that’s hard to accept, but-”

“Oh, don’t talk to me about accepting! How quickly did you leap on my Dad, huh? The first day? The first hour that I left?”

Taylor blushed. “We waited a week. We . . . we’re in love, Denise. I love your Dad. I love my Jon. I really do.”

She took Jon’s hand. He smiled at her. Both were still a bit flustered: his seed was still trickling invisibly out of her wet pussy. But the romance held, much to Denise’s obvious shock.

“This is crazy. You’re both nuts. Mom - I mean, Taylor - you can’t believe this! Okay, so it happened once or twice, but -”

“No, Denise, I think you misunderstand me,” Taylor said, a bit embarrassed. “We love each other. Um, a *lot*.”

Denise caught her meaning and nearly coughed. Taylor was implying, of course, that they’d had sex far, far more than just that first time and here now in the kitchen. In fact, ever since she’d given in to her new feelings and accepted her role as Bethany and Denise’s mom, and Jon’s husband, she had flung herself into the role. She had taken the family - sans Denise - to the beach, and worn a sexy green bikini just like her ‘young’ one to show off her hot mommy body. She had fucked Jon numerous times, and even gone down on him twice, discovering that she was really, really good at blowjobs, and even better at swallowing the salty issue afterwards. She cooked and cleaned with even more vigour, and put a great deal of effort into looking like a rich man’s trophy wife, despite her own husband’s rugged, worker-like nature. It made him happier than he’d ever been, and he more than repaid her in the bedroom. Their confession of love had not been a fluke: the pair now said it with regularity, and celebrated the strange series of events that led to their new lives. Bethany was just as happy that her parents were happy, even if she didn’t always love their constant

PDA, claiming it was embarrassing. Together, the married pair celebrated the wonderful, strange series of events that had led to their current lives.

The saucy Friday date they'd had only attested to this. It turned out that Jonathan *really* liked her in a cheerleader's outfit, just like she used to wear all those years ago, last month.

"This is so gross. I can't even handle this. Surely Bethany realises something is up?"

"She and I get along really well actually," Taylor replied. "She's at her friend Esme's house, but she'll be happy you're back, Denise. I know you haven't always gotten along, but in this timeline you do, and you should try to build on that!"

"I'm not building anything. I'm tearing this reality down."

"Don't, Denise. You can't. I never knew that I was a an older mother trapped in a fat young man's body, but now here I am. I'm happy."

Denise rolled her eyes. "Well, I'm not being stuck like this. Listen, I need to talk to you. Just you. Upstairs in my room. Dad, you are *not* coming, okay?"

Jonathan sighed. "I won't. I'll go, um, clean up dear. You and Denise sort this out. Denise, please forgive me, but know also that this is what we want."

But Denise was already dragging Taylor upstairs. They picked up the Reality Artifice on the way, and the younger woman clutched it protectively. She slammed her door shut, gritted her teeth at the cute, pink surroundings of the room.

"This is so garbage. There should be fucking supermodels on these walls. Actual hot chicks that I could be pulling if these damn wishes went right."

"I'll help you become what you want," Taylor said. She lowered herself a little and placed her hands on Denise's shoulders. "I know you don't accept me as your mother, yet, but I have this new motherly concern for you. It's like a hormone thing, or something. I don't want you stuck in a body you don't want, Denise. But please, let's leave me as I am."

Denise grunted. "You have to crank the handle and make the wish. I've written it down. The machine should be properly ready according to my calculations, which means you *read this exactly okay?* Nothing else. *Nothing.* *This* is the wish that will fix *everything.*"

She practically *thrust* the note into Taylor's hand. The busty mother took it, and read it, and a great dismay came over her.

"I wish that the I, Denise Harrison, were living my original life again, with the provision that am a tall, muscular, and handsome man who attracts women I want."

"That's exactly it," Denise said, determined. "Crank the handle again and we'll finally put an end to this insanity. You can be your nerdy self again--"

"I still am," Taylor protested. "I have new things in your life, but I made your father watch a lot of sci-fi with me. He even liked some of the anime, too."

"Whatever, cool. That's awesome. Well, you'll have more time for it. Now make the wish."

Taylor read it again, trying to see some of her friend's concern for her in the words. But there was none. There was only the desire for *Denise's* life to be put right. For *Denise* to get what she wanted. For *Denise* to play God - just like that first wish - and benefit herself over what others wanted. It made her sick to her stomach, and strangely ashamed to be this selfish woman's mother. For all her intelligence, the new Denise had only improved in carefully wording her wishes, not making more moral ones. And looking back, such behaviour had characterised their entire relationship. Dave had always loved having Tom around, and was a genuine friend, but that friendship was also based on the fact that Tom was weaker, uglier and less confident. When they'd changed, and Taylor started pulling ahead, Denise could barely handle it. And now that selfishness had reached its crescendo.

It was enough to spur her to make a decision. She loved her friend, but as her mother, she wasn't having any more of that behaviour. Taylor took the brass box of the Reality Artifice, and cranked the handle slowly. She decided to give Denise one last chance.

"Are you sure we can't reword this?" she asked. "I could stay as your mother, and-"

"Dude, just no. Say it as written. I've figured it out."

Taylor sighed. "Okay then, love. I'll do what's right."

"Cool, let's hurry it up. I still have to bleach my brain of that sight from before. I can't believe you fucked my Dad. Ugh."

Taylor ignored her, and instead finished cranking the Reality Artifice into the green range. She almost took it to the red, but decided she didn't want a random factor affecting this. She simply had to wish true, and hope it all worked out.

"Here goes nothing," she said. *"I wish that I could raise my daughter Denise to be a lovely young woman who accepts her love willingly."*

Denise's expression turned from one of delicious hunger to abject horror. "What are you doing?" she cried, as the device began to glow. "Make another wish! Don't let it -"

But then her voice disappeared with a shrill whine from the machine. Light cascaded from it. It was near-blinding, but Taylor just barely managed to catch sight of Denise's look of utter fury. Her hair was shrinking, her body too, almost as if she were getting younger again, but before Taylor could investigate further the world turned white once more, and there was nothing to do but hope it all worked.

Taylor grunted, silent against the fever pitch of the magic's whine. She felt herself de-age, but only a little. Just a few years at most. Her breasts, shockingly, became yet larger, and felt strangely full and flushed. Her nipples throbbed as her areola expanded. But the strangest sensation of all was of something large and *alive* entering her through her dilated womanhood. She screamed, shocked and confused and weirdly turned on as it

squeezed her lower lips apart, stretching her sensitive tunnel wide before finally entering her. Instantly, her stomach felt full. Very full, in fact. Stretched out to a large rounded dome on the edge of bursting. And then, like a large feast being digested, it began to shrink. Her ankles hurt, and her face felt slightly chubbier, but these new symptoms disappeared quickly, though her back ached a little. Her clothes altered, still tight on her figure but accompanying her rounded stomach. She had no idea what this could all possibly mean, but she gave herself over to the effects of this wish, allowing her body to change further. Her hair lengthened, falling down her shoulders again, though not nearly so long as it had been when she was 'young.'

Finally, the sensations of change ended, and the light dissipated. The room around her was altered: it was still painted pink along the walls, though in a most pastel-y colour now. Moreover, it was far emptier. Gone were the science posters and occasional images of hot men. Gone were the awards, and the mess, and all the signs that a twenty year old woman with high intellect and equally high libido lived here. Instead there was just a crib, a cupboard full of toys, a changing table, and a whole lot of diaper boxes and baby clothes.

Taylor swallowed, took a deep breath. It wasn't the biggest breath though: her body was overloaded after all. The only other feature in the room was a full body mirror, and she went to that presently, gaping at the sight she already knew to expect.

"I'm pregnant," she marvelled. "Like, five months pregnant or something."

She was indeed. Her breasts were bigger, fuller, and in her sexy maternity dress it was clear they weren't too far off making some milk for the coming baby. Her belly was impressive, a rounded dome that still had some ways to go, but felt huge upon her person. Certainly, despite the ampleness of her bust, it was the biggest mound upon her. And it was *heavy*.

And churning.

"Oof!" she exclaimed, feeling her new baby stir inside. "Oh my God, I didn't quite mean it this way! Um, can you hear me, Denise?"

There was a sudden flurry of kicks in her stomach, a mixture of confused, angry, scared, and generally ticked off.

"Okay, wow. Um, I'll take that as a yes! Holy crap, I'm pregnant. I'm knocked up. I'm knocked up with my best friend. Oh damn. Do you remember everything? One kick for no. Two kicks for yes. Three kicks for yes, but there's some mental changes."

One kick. Two kicks. A pause. Then a third kick.

Taylor took a deep breath again - of course, being quite pregnant now, she needed to. She felt a little out of breath, in fact. She moved - waddled a little, in fact - back to the mirror, and looked over herself again. Yep, she was still pregnant. Still full with child.

"Um, maybe I can fix this. The Reality Artifice."

But it was gone. It wasn't in the room, and there was just a faint, fading green glow that outlined where it had been. Three wishes was all they got, and the overcomplicated rules and mechanics had borne out this strange tragedy.

"No," she announced to herself. She rubbed her belly, where a half-formed Denise moved, stirred, but seemed less distressed now. Mother's intuition told Taylor that she was feeling the need to sleep and dream. And perhaps, given that mental changes were in store, to relax and listen to her mother's voice.

"This is not a tragedy," she said. "I'm younger - maybe early thirties now? I've gained at least five years, that's for sure - and I still have the life I want. And Denise . . . I can raise you right. I can give you the loving childhood that you deserve, and maybe steer you on the right path. I'll still be your best friend, because a mother and a daughter can absolutely be best friends." She stroked her heavy stomach, so alien and yet so familiar, and felt a rush of emotion. "Stupid preggo hormones."

The door opened, and Jonathan entered. She turned to face him and nearly overbalanced thanks to her stomach. He easily caught her in his arms. He looked younger too.

"Hey, easy there! Everything okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, sort of. It's all crazy!" she announced. She gestured to her pregnant form. "Um, so don't freak out, but I have Denise inside me. As your baby."

There was a pause, and then Jonathan broke out laughing. "Oh wow, I had no idea! You're pregnant? Who's the father?"

"I'm serious! Look at me!"

"You look gorgeous," he said, kissing her on the lips. It was a wonderful feeling. "And Denise, huh? I like that game. Are you so sure it's a girl?"

That's when Taylor realised: Jonathan wasn't present for the wishing, so reality had been rewritten once more without his knowledge. As far as he was concerned, the life of his son/daughter was only just beginning. Taylor wasn't even sure if she wanted to explain - he knew about the Artifice, but what was that memory even now?

"Did you get the wish you wanted?" he asked.

"Um, yeah. Not in the way I expected." She caressed her belly. Little Denise shifted, awake just for a moment. There was a frustrated little punch in her womb, not that Taylor blamed her - must be pretty weird going back to *that* stage of your life. But then she settled again as Jonathan cradled her big belly in his own hands.

"Well, I wasn't in the room, and the Artifice is gone, so it could be anything, right?"

"I wished for us to have the best family, and it turns out we already did."

She smiled, willing him to believe, and she could see in his eyes that he did. It wasn't entirely a lie, after all. She would grow her best friend, give birth to her, and nurse her and

feed her and change her and raise her, and make her the best Denise she could be. Sure, it wasn't the perfect ending to their story, and it would take Denise perhaps a few months - and the awkward experience of being birthed back into the world through her friend's womanhood - to get used to it, but Taylor was certain it would all work out. As her gorgeous husband held her, she felt totally at peace despite all the change. She had the perfect body, the perfect life, and the perfect husband. And she knew it because of what he said next.

"Hey, so we still have forty minutes before we have to go pick up Beth, right?"

"Mhm-hm."

"So, if your preggo hormones are still firing, what say enjoy that position you really like, the one where you ride me?"

"Mhmmm, sounds fantastic, love."

She kissed him, her arousal peaking. Yeah, she may be older and mother and a wife now, but she was still damn popular and hot in her book. As far as she was concerned, that was three wishes perfectly spent. And who knows? Perhaps in twenty odd years, a reborn Denise might just get what she always wanted, when she became popular and hot again in time for a college dance, provided she accepted her gifts this time.

But that was a worry for another day. For now, Taylor let her husband lead her to the bedroom. She was horny as hell, and needed her strong man to play with her soft, aching tits and rub her fertile roundness while he thrust into her. The Reality Artifice may have been gone, but Jonathan had other ways of making her wishes come true.

The End