

Alt-Ending: Going Caving (Caveman & Woman Bodyswap TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A mysterious cave crystal has the power to swap the minds of people interacting with it across time. When cavediver John keeps swapping places with Ulka the beautiful cave woman in the deep past, he tries to find a solution with his girlfriend Molly. But what happens when the cave chieftain interrupts things? What if everyone switches places and times?

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John was frantic as he entered the cave. The 6'2 blonde-haired man normally looked incredibly handsome and self-assured, even more so when he was pursuing his love of thrillseeking and danger. But now, instead, he appeared wild, his eyes deranged as he moved through the cave that had changed his life.

"This *has* to end! It has to!" he muttered in a frenzied voice. "I won't be her again! I won't be tempted, not again!"

"John, slow down!" his girlfriend Molly called. "Please, keep up! What are you talking about?"

"This damn cave!" he yelled, his voice echoing through it as he arrived closer to their destination. "I won't let it take me, Molly! I won't be *her* again, no matter . . . no matter how *tempting* it can be at times. Fuck! We're nearly there!"

And yet the accumulated weight of the many months before this made his frantic scramble towards the central chamber of the cave a time consuming one. His short girlfriend still struggled to keep up. She had never been a big caver, only doing it with John because he was so into it, but in truth with her bob of brown hair and glasses, not to mention her 5'2 stature, she looked more like a librarian than anything else.

"John, slow down! You nearly took a wrong turn back there!"

He looked back at her, fear in his eyes. Desperation too. "Can you blame me for not being in my right mind?"

Molly couldn't, especially since a lot of the time he wasn't even in the right *body*. Months and months ago, John had gone exploring in this very cave, only to come across a strange crystal. For a moment, he had seen a flicker of an incredibly beautiful Amazon woman with gorgeous mocha skin, full breasts, and incredible muscles. She'd been a cavewoman from prehistoric times, long-dead and yet *alive* in his dreams.

Only those dreams became something more. The crystal, a portion of which John had taken home, had somehow attuned itself to the deep past, where Ulka the cavewoman had visited and fought a sabretooth tiger. Their essences had touched each other across

time, and she had seen him. The 'Ghost God', as she referred to him with her tribe. If only things had stayed that way, it might have just been a wild story no one would have believed. Instead, John found himself starting to *swap places* with Ulka.

It was just a few confusing minutes at first. Flashes of time where he was in a deep prehistoric past, living in a lush jungle, now possessing large breasts and a nubile body, with a chieftain named Selkath leering at him, wanting to make him his *mate*. But over time, the possessions went on longer; first hours, then entire *days*. Soon John was stuck spending as much time as Ulka as he was in his own body, and in that prehistoric past he discovered the ultimate dangerous thrill of hunting dinosaurs and tigers and prehistoric fauna. Unfortunately, he also discovered that his body had a powerful libido. John tried to resist it at first, instead focusing on the thrill of danger, but whenever Ulka regained her body, she told the tribe of the 'Ghost God' she was swapping places with, and they came to believe her. When John returned, the omen reader of the tribe, a woman named Mother Grilka, proclaimed him to be the 'Ghost God' in Ulka's body. Ulka's best friend Hagra, who had become John's aid in this time, likewise noticed the difference.

Which only made Chieftain Selkath pursue John all the more, desiring to be the one to mate the Ghost God. And John, to his great shame, had succumbed to those temptations recently. He had begun to lie with Selkath after a great hunt, giving in to the desires of Ulka's curvaceous and fertile body. It was maddening and *wrong*, but he had done it anyway.

That would have been enough for John to want to pull the plug, but things had gotten even worse than that. When they swapped, Ulka ended up in *his* body in the modern world. At first, she had been shocked by it all, and by being in a man's form, but the adaptable cave woman had started to learn English quickly, and soon was actually *enjoying* her male form. She delighted in living as John, and to the real man's despair, had turned out to be a better match for Molly, who delighted in how sensitive Ulka was, how passionate in the bedroom, and her intense curiosity for the world, not to mention her love of Molly's baking.

It was a war on two fronts, one that John was losing, and it had to end. Now, he was descending into the cave where it had all started. He had a plan in his mind. He had taken a crystal from the cave, and so had Ulka. If they could put them both back, it would end the effect, and then he could *smash* the entire thing, leaving her stranded back in her time and him in his. No more sharing bodies. No more having his own girlfriend sleeping with a cavewoman in *his* body.

No, it would all be fixed.

Ulka waited in the bright illumination of the cave, reminiscing on all that had happened. She was back in her body after five glorious days as John, and those had been among the best days of her life. She had taken the shaman's chalk - she had a right to it, given that she was the chosen vessel of a supposed ghost god - and painted an image of Molly for the tribe, scratching another into the wall in the hopes that it would survive the ages.

"I see her. I go to her," she explained to her best friend Hagra. "She my mate."

Hagra had teared up, hugged her. "You succeed? Stay for good?"

"I hope."

And then she wandered back through the cave where it had all begun. The beautiful and amazonian cave woman had her protective trinkets, her various totems to give her good luck from the spirits. With each step, her breasts bounced heavily in her fur chest wrap, while her hips swayed sensuously.

"Last time I feel that," she said, determined. She was ready to see Molly again. To be her lover's mate. To devote herself to that beautiful future woman, to protect her and be her everything. John was a poor mate for her, and had mistreated her. He clearly was fit for Ulka's life. He had lain with Selkath many times, after all! The spirits knew that she was perhaps already with child thanks to him.

She moved into the cave and readied herself, the crystal in hand. It was almost time.

John reached the cave and readied himself, the crystal in hand. It was almost time. He could practically *feel* Ulka's presence.

"It's gonna work," he muttered, his voice echoing through the cave, which was beautifully illuminated by the glowing crystals in the walls and the large central one in the chamber. "It *has* to work."

Molly reached the chamber and drew closer to him. Her movements were anxious, but she had to get this off of her chest.

"John . . . did you ever think about staying like this? Maybe swapping with Ulka more often? Would that work as a compromise?"

He was silent for a moment as he shifted ahead. "Why even suggest that?"

"John, it's so obvious that you enjoy being Ulka, or at least parts of it. C'mon, you fucked that cave man, more than once!"

"I - that was a mistake!"

"A mistake that happened several times! And you went hunting, and God knows that would have set off your big ole danger thrill. And we're done - admit it, we're through, John."
"This is just a temporary-"

"No, it's not. John, I meant what I said. I love Ulka. But I also love you, even if not in that romantic way anymore. But why don't we just go back. You can keep letting the two of you shift, maybe find a good balance."

"Babe - uh, Molly - each time we shift it's for longer, and my time as her grows. I - yes, I enjoyed parts of it. More than I like to admit. But what if I get stuck there permanently? I don't deserve that."

Molly had no answer, and he knew it. She wanted a compromise, but there wasn't one. Not unless the cave provided an answer. The opalescent sheen of the crystal glowed, and then John was able to feel Ulka. He closed his eyes, attuning himself to the gemstone, and then opened them again. There she was, viewed from the outside again for the first time in months, and looking *glorious*. She had more scars thanks to his time as her, but they enhanced her amazonian beauty. Her breasts were full - they even looked a little larger - and her curves were on display, as were her muscles, particularly her abs.

"I see you," she said.

"And I hear you," he replied.

"Molly is with you."

"And you're alone."

She grit her teeth, a little wounded. "Selkath is *your* mate, John."

"Well, he can become yours. I want all three of us to have this conversation, and to work this out. You brought the crystal, right?"

She lifted it from the furskin wrap of her chest, revealing its purple gleam. It still shone brilliantly. "Why here?" she asked.

"Because maybe, just maybe, we can finish this."

"I want to talk to Molly."

"Maybe we can do that too. Fuck, I hope so. I want this done."

"What do you want me to do?"

John suppressed a smirk. It was a crazy idea, and it was based mostly on guesswork, but perhaps there was a way to end it all. The broken crystal in the centre of the chamber seemed to thrum with a little power.

"First, I want us to talk," John said. "I want Molly to see you. See what I've had to put up with."

"How do I do this?"

"Hold up the crystal. Let it light up the cavern."

Ulka nodded. She had an understanding of this too. She couldn't tell if simply maintaining her shard aided her, but she had the distinct sense that this could work. Slowly, she raised the crystal, and focused. She allowed her own essence to flow through it, into it, and then into the wider power of the chamber. She didn't understand future technology fully,

but were the crystals not like little radios, sucking up the signal and power of the crystals and reflecting it out? She focused further, and let her essence pour through that still-shining receptacle.

And it worked.

Molly gasped as the entire cave chamber lit up. All across its walls, Ulka's image was reflected, like some sort of great hologram that shifted and altered slightly against the walls, before finally converging on the centre.

Suddenly Ulka stood among them, as if she had always been there. She was framed by light, appearing almost angelic, and her beauty was staggering. Molly had never considered herself attracted to women, but standing before this Amazonian beauty with her massive chest, her wide hips, her brute strength and impressive scars. She was from another world, literally, but she could have been a goddess. Molly's breath fell away. She could see why John had enjoyed such a body. Hell, she could imagine revelling in it herself, except for how the other cavemen would look at her.

"Holy shit," she stammered. "She's beautiful."

"And you as well," Ulka answered. "This is all very beautiful."

She was amazed to find herself standing in two timelines. The same could be said of John, whose ethereal self was also in the cave before her, and Molly two. All three were at some kind of convergence point, but already it seemed somewhat fractured. Flickering, just a little. As if by lacking both crystals, it was running out of power, and could not sustain their balance.

As if soon it would reach a crisis point.

"Well, here we all are," he said to them. "Now at least we know I'm sane."

"I didn't doubt that, at least not after the first time," Molly said. She drew closer to Ulka. "Is this really you? I can't believe it. John wasn't lying about your appearance. My God, I've never seen anyone like you."

"You prefer me like this?" Ulka said, blushing a little. She knew she was desirable to men, but to women as well?

Molly nodded, equally nervous. She reached out to touch Ulka, but there was just the slightest shiver of sensual touch before her fingers phased through the flickering image of the cave woman. "I prefer *you*, in whatever shape. John believes there might be some sort of way to bring you to us. Just you. He says it's something he senses about the crystals."

Hope leapt in her heart. She looked to John. "This is true? I can come to your time, and stay? We will be two separate people?"

"You'll keep your own body," he said coolly, "but yes, you'll be with us. You and Molly can go off and be lesbians or whatever, and I can keep my life without losing it. Maybe, who

knows, I'll even find a way to visit your time, when I want, as a 'ghost god' for my own amusement."

Ulka nodded. It was not a perfect solution, but despite her earlier manipulations, she knew it would not be right to steal another man's body, or his life. She was Ulka, and should remain so. But someone who had seen the future she had seen did not deserve to be stuck in her own brutal, primitive time.

"What must we do? I wish . . . whatever it takes, to be with Molly. To be with my love."

The two women exchanged a glance. One that was entirely romantic. It only made John more resolute in his action to come. He kept his anger in check. This had to go perfectly.

"I think . . . and this is only what I feel . . . I think you must place the crystal where it first came from. And while we are all together like this, you must *smash it*."

Ulka paused, cocked her head. "Are you certain? The crystal keeps us bound, you could not smash it while me because it could strand you. If I smash it now-"

"But we are all connected now," John explained calmly. "If you do so, you'll be on our side. But you have to be quick, Ulka!"

Again, the lights of the chamber flickered, unstable. The hearts of all three present raced, and Molly was caught in the middle, looking from her former boyfriend to her current lover, terrified that it could all go wrong. The air was thick with energy, and this time she could see it.

"Quickly, Ulka!" she urged. "John must be telling the truth!"

He wasn't, but then, he realised that he'd always led her on a little. Dragging Molly from one place to the next. He really did love her, but he had to be honest with himself: he would do anything to keep his life and keep Ulka *out of it*. And so he watched with hidden satisfaction as Ulka took the crystal from her necklace, still glowing brightly, and placed it on the great rock that had been the powerful centre of the room.

"I just . . . smash it?" Ulka asked, still uncertain. It seemed to phase between both realities, mingling in both timelines.

John smiled. He readied a rock in his hand. The timing of this had to be precise. If Ulka crossed the threshold of time over to his side, then there was always a chance he might go over too. Besides, he refused to let Ulka win. He refused to let her and Molly end up together. Molly was *his*. He'd fixed up things with her. All he had to do was leave Ulka stranded for good on her side of time, and then-

"ULKA!"

John hesitated as a new figure suddenly emerged into the chamber from Ulka's side of the river of time. In the glittering reflection of the cave crystals came Selkath, his body both here and not here, his muscles pronounced, his form on fine display as he bounded

forth. "ULKA!" he shouted, followed by words in his caveman tongue. Molly couldn't understand them, but John could. *"Ulka! I wish to see! Wish to see arrival of Ghost God!"*

Molly gasped. *"That's the chieftain you had sex with, right?"*

The man was approaching, and his arrival threatened to destroy everything. Ulka had a spear at the ready in her hand, and determination was on her face. Determination to get away from Selkath and claim her new life.

"Then see!" she proclaimed. "But no Ghost God for you!"

John panicked as he realised that she had gotten the jump on him. He launched forward, but in the act accidentally pushed Molly forward into the inner glowing light of the crystal.

"NO!" he cried. "You'll never come back!"

"John, what are you doing!?" Molly screamed.

But it was too late. He was already smashing the rock down into the crystal, but at the same time that Ulka was doing the same with her spear. Far from separating the connection between them, suddenly a flood of energy rushed out, and to his horror John felt a wave of it connect not just the pair of them, but extend out to reach Molly and Selkath as well. Molly shrieked, feeling her consciousness pulled towards the crystal, her spirit dragged across time. Selkath, on the other hand, roared with glorious catharsis, his arms outstretched as the crystal's energy connected him to this other world.

"SEE IT!" he proclaimed in his language. *"SEE THE GHOST WORLD! SELKATH AM WORTHY! GO WITH ULKA! WE MATES TOGETHER!"*

The corona of pinkish-purple light expanded, encompassing the entire cave. Ulka felt a spike of fear run down her spine as she realised what was about to happen. She ran to Molly in this moment where time connected and all was one. For just a fleeting moment, she embraced her mate and kissed her, sharing their true lips for just a moment.

"I'm sorry," she said.

Molly's, her eyes wide and fearful, realised too in that moment what was transpiring.

"Oh God, Ulka. I love you! I'll always love you!"

The corona expanded further until it was impossible to see, the crystal's energy about to explode. Selkath roared in triumph again, his arrival having caused disaster. But John simply stared, open-mouthed, feeling his soul drag towards Ulka's body in the past one final time.

"Oh fuck," he said.

And then the crystal exploded.

Molly's mind raced. A kaleidoscope of colour whirled past her, and it took some time to, quite ironically, realise that it *was* time. Years and years were passing her by, entire civilisations being undone before her eyes, the world turning backwards. Was this a dream? A strange vision quest? What was happening to her?

She tried to look around, but it gave her a headache to look to either side. It was like passing through a tunnel, a tunnel of time itself; trying to lock her gaze onto a single point in history was all but impossible. She closed her eyes as she fell - or flew? - through time, desperately trying to get ahold of herself. Molly had lost Ulka. She had *lost* her. And now she was descending back thousands of years of time with . . . John?

She saw him ahead. He was distant, perhaps a few hundred feet away, or was that a few hundred *years* away in this strange time-based geography? She couldn't make sense of it, only *him*. He was changing. His echoes rang back to her, but they were clearly delayed. Flashing afterimages reached her as they descended through this well of ages together. He groaned and moaned, his flesh turning to a gorgeous dark olive, his clothes falling from his form even as his hips spread wider and a pair of bountiful breasts erupted from his chest.

"N-no! I don't deserve this!"

"Oh God, they're even bigger than I remember!"

"Molly, save me! You've got to save me!"

"M-my dick! I'm not losing my dick! You can't - OHHHH!!!"

It was bizarre and fascinating to watch. John had never described anything like this during his previous jaunts as Ulka. Was this a sign that it was a final change? If only she could reach out to him.

"John!" she cried, but her voice travelled backwards, not forwards. It echoed *up* time, as only made sense. "John, I can see you! I'm sorry, I didn't mean for - ughh!"

Suddenly, a jolt of energy within her. The time crystal's energy. It radiated within her, sparking through her system. Molly clenched her eyes shut, and suddenly she was elsewhere again. She was tall and proud, looking down on Ulka and captivated by her beauty, only to march ahead with a spear in hand. A sabretooth tiger was approaching, larger and more vicious, and she ran forward to match it.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed, as the vision ended, and she continued to fall through time. "Was that . . . was I *Selkath*!? John! JOHN!"

But John was still changing, his hair extending out, thick and dark and luscious. Before Molly could think further, the crystal's power surged and another vision came over her. This time she was tussling with what looked like a large velociraptor, its claws slashing out and drawing blood from her muscular chest. She was most definitely male - she could *feel* the power of her muscles, the strength in her form, the absence of breasts and curves. A

sense of exhilaration hit her and she darted forward, finding an opening. Her spear found the creature's belly and drove straight through.

The vision ended, but this time her own change began to become closer to the vision she had just experienced. Molly groaned, clutching her body as her clothes flew through, until she was entirely naked. Her muscles were surging, her lithe body beginning to grow in size. She gasped as the ligaments in her spine began to extend, and again as her very bones seemed to stretch. Even as they did so, her muscles rippled and ached, as if years of workout and exercise were being played out upon them all at once. Even as she flew past the days of Ancient Rome and well beyond, her biceps started to swell. Her hips pulled in, just a little, but her waist filled out. A strange pleasure hit her, a sense of relief as her abdominal muscles - previously quite weak - rose with a blissful series of aches. She rubbed them in astonishment as they grew in, until finally she saw that she had a strong eight-pack that looked incredible. A pressure grew between her thighs, and this was the most drastic one yet.

"I - oh no! No! Please, send me back! If you're alive, crystal, please send me baaack!"

But instead she was thrown into another vision as Selkath. This time she was not hunting, but instead atop Ulka's incredible form, which was naked. Molly felt Selkath's hard penis, how it was *inside* Ulka's wet pussy, and she was *thrusting* into the incredibly buxom cavewoman with such dominating power that it caused Ulka's head-sized breasts to bounce up and down on her chest, almost hitting her in her own chin. The sensations were incredible, the pressure rising, and soon it was impossible to fight the orgasm that was coming. Molly roared in time with Selkath's roar, a great male orgasm hitting her with the force of an exploding volcano.

The vision ended, but her own roar continued. It descended in tone, becoming more manly by the moment as her new member grew in. Her vagina closed over after a set of large testicles descended, the protuberance in front of them large and girthy and thick - more so even than John's had been.

"I've got a - I've got a cock!?"

But even her voice was lower now, more guttural as it matched her expanding musculature. Her chest bloomed with a thick mat of body hair, and her limbs likewise became hairy. A heat proceeded to simmer over her skin moments later. An itch. A burn. A shiver. It caused her pigmentation to change so that it shifted to that same beautiful dark olive colouration that Ulka possessed - that *John* now possessed. He was ahead of her by several centuries down the path, but he wasn't a *he* any longer. His exclamations carried up to her in the voice of Ulka, his form beautiful and amazonian, breasts full and other curves almost as impressive.

"There's got to be a way to escape!"

"Molly, where are you!"

"Oh fuck, my ass! I've got a p-pussy and tits and ass! I don't want to be some cavewoman mate, FUCK!"

Molly, on the other hand, was too awestruck by the changes hitting her that she ceased to say anything for now. Her height extended yet further, to the point where she certainly had to be taller than six feet, perhaps even more impressive than John's previous 6'2 stature. Her calves bulged, and her feet gained hardened calluses upon them, as did her hands, which felt immense in size. The previously small woman felt like she had the power of a great primal animal now, though her intelligence remained sharp. Another vision hit her, and this one connected her to *Selkath's* intelligence. Visions of his leadership. Of binding the culture of his tribe together. Of taking counsel from Mother Grilka but knowing when pragmatism had to give way. Of making the call when to move to a new cave system, to make the journeys overland, and how to track the beasts necessary for his clan's survival. It was a different kind of intelligence than what Molly was used to. Selkath was still superstitious, and science had no place in his mind, nor could it. He was also a man ruled by instinct at times, his lust intense for Ulka. The sight of her full bosom, her fertile hips, her round buttocks and beautiful face. Those captivating eyes, so determined and fierce.

Molly grunted in the voice of a caveman, her member going rigid almost immediately as these flashes ended. They were in deep time now, before writing, before modern language, before any recorded form of history, oral or otherwise. A world of caves and mysterious fire, of ancient creatures and scaled beasts. She looked ahead to John, who was now moaning and wailing in frustration, even as his incredible new cavewoman form was adorned in a fur skirt and fur wrap that helped support her heavy breasts. Trinkets and talismans appeared around his neck and on his left hip, and several scars manifested on his other hip, upon his left leg, and upper right arm.

Molly, for her own part, wasn't far behind her ex-boyfriend. She desperately wanted to get back to Ulka, who was no doubt now in John's body, but instead she was becoming Selkath more and more with each moment. The last of any girlish shape to her figure dissipated, replaced with strong muscles that dominated her form. A warrior's furs appeared on her body, covering her enormous new member and cupping the underside of it to keep it contained. It was effectively just a loincloth, though she also gained a fur wrap that went over one shoulder. Scars notched and scratched themselves into her form, and soon she was even clutching a spear.

The last thing to change for Molly was her face. Assaulted by visions of looking at her manly visage reflected in pools of water, or in the dying light of her enemy's eyes, her face was guided towards its final end. Hairs sprouted around her chin until she had a beard, and

her jawline reasserted into a squared, masculine shape. Her brunette hair darkened, becoming thicker and a little curlier. Even her nose grew, and in doing so the woman grunted, which also belied further changes to her voice.

"I'm Selkath!" she exclaimed, cursing what had happened to her. "I sound like him too! I'm so sorry, Ulka!"

Her voice had become a booming baritone, identical to Selkath's, from what little she had heard of him. It pained her to know that she was male, and yet she couldn't deny the power she felt in her masculinised form. It was only the smallest consolation, because the end of the road of time was approaching. The whirl of history slowed, and she entered a land of grand jungles, prehistoric life, and cavepeople. Below her, John cursed in anger. She decided to join him just as a bright light flashed.

Suddenly, they were in the cave together, the crystal smashed on their side as well, though the cave still glowed thanks to the smaller gems all around the walls. Molly grunted, clenching and unclenching her eyes and doing the same for her muscles. Everything felt familiar and yet so deeply alien. Her muscles were too large, her entire *body* was too large! She could feel her testicles and penis, and the appreciable size of both. Her body was hairy, and as she rose to her feet, the female-turned-male looked down at herself, no longer seeing any breasts or soft white skin but instead a dark olive-skinned chest with manly body hair upon it.

"Oh God," she uttered, though her voice was deep and accented. She felt her face, and repeated the exclamation. "I'm really him. And we're really in the deep past. John! John, are you awake?"

John stirred. He groaned as he hefted his body up, a body he was far too uncomfortably used to. His large boobs were sore, partly from being pressed to the ground, and partly because they seemed nearly a cup size larger than they had been since he was last Ulka. Slowly, he got to his feet, his bosom swaying, his form on display as he looked over to Selkath, who certainly did not have the usual kind of expression on his face.

"S-Selkath? What happen?"

"I don't know what you're saying!" the caveman replied in English. "Wait, are you still Selkath? But I saw John-"

"It *is* me," the man-turned-cavewoman exclaimed, before bouncing on the spot in agitation, setting off waves of jiggling. "Jesus Christ Molly, now you're here too? Oh shit, oh fuck! The crystal is smashed. My plan failed! And now we're stuck like this in the distant past!"

"Plan?" Molly asked.

But John was in no mood to reveal his duplicity. Instead, he cupped his very large breasts and whined in frustration. "It's not far! I don't deserve this! I don't want to be stuck as Ulka! I deserve better!"

But the action made Molly feel strange. Despite her horror, anger, and despair at this new situation, her male body was reacting in a very different way. Just looking at how her ex was cupping his huge soft tits and showing off so much of his nubile form started to make the former woman feel aroused. Slowly but surely, her huge girthy cock began to rise until it strained at the article of clothing. To Molly's embarrassment, John looked her way and so the same huge tent rising up in her loincloth.

"Molly? Please tell me that did it on its own!"

Selketh grunted as he woke. Something was wrong. He had seen such fantastical things, scenes that defied understanding and explanation. Great birds flying through the sky, but containing many men. Large stones heaped up on top of one another, until they formed cavetowers so tall that they scraped the sky. And scenes of passion with a pale Ghost God man, the true location of the soul of 'John', while Selkath himself played the role of the female, a girl named Molly.

His eyes snapped open fully as he took in the cave surroundings he was in. They were the same, and yet quite different. Older, somehow. The skeleton of the sharp-toothed cat was clean and overgrown with a cave formation. But even stranger was *him*. His body was tiny! He was wearing strange clothing, too! And below, upon his chest, he had two small but very obvious *breasts*. No, it couldn't be. It simply couldn't be. He was meant to transcend, not end up as a Ghost God *woman*. He looked around in a panic, trying to make sense of what foul spirit had played this trick on him, but there was only a pale-bodied male rising up and clutching his head.

"Molly?" the man said, a word unclear to Selkath. But then a realisation seemed to dawn upon the Ghost God man as he took in Selkath's body posture, his hunter's gait, his confusion at his own body.

"Chieftain Selkath!?"

To Be Continued . . .

Molly is a baker

'Ghost god'

Best Friend: Hagra

Mother Grilka: witch person and omen reader of the tribe

Selkath - chieftain

Molly and Selkath along with John and Ulka as the crystal shatters. The former caveman must now adapt to modern life as a woman, no longer the leader of a tribe but with a whole new world to explore with Ulka, now John. Molly must learn to be the new chieftain, new instincts quickly enhancing as she feels compelled to protect her former boyfriend mate and their soon to arrive children. More fun time travel / body swap adventures.

The mental tf potential as well, molly's speech regression / increased responsibility as she adapts to chieftainhood, rekindling with cave john and being confronted with the body she was feeling bi for even before she has testosterone along with her new powerful form.

Excited to see what could happen with Selketh as well, maybe becomes a free city wild child now that he's no longer burdened with the obligation of being chieftain, and what modern ulka decides to do since she wasn't into him in the past. I feel like there'd be other fans of that kind of mtf as well. Maybe they can still somewhat communicate if the stone isn't as fully shattered as the original or just keep the timelines separate.

Like the She-Hulk tf sequence in the 90s hulk animated series with her expressions, becoming cavespeak.

Also would be fun to see her language deteriorate over time as well, tries to fight it but by the end is completely caveman speak to her annoyance.