

T.G. Cooper

CHANGEMONT

WHERE YOU FEMME THE HERO



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Changemont

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By

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Introduction

Chagemont is a You Choose The Change Adventure where you decide what changes to make in the main character. You will have choice throughout to make changes to his body turning him more feminine. Enjoy!

Changemont: The Beginning

“Looks like we finally made it,” Agent John Riley said as they sped past a sign that read “Welcome to Changemont, population—” The number had been obscured.

“Talk about the middle of nowhere,” his rookie partner, Dani Watt, said as she idly played with her phone. “I’m not getting any bars.”

“We better get you on some psychotropic drugs before you have a nervous breakdown,” Riley said as he pressed the gas pedal and passed an old rusty GMC pickup. A stout, heavily bearded man with a shot gun sat in the bed of truck and glared at them as they passed. “What’s a millennial to do without a phone?”

“Okay, grandpa,” Watt said, staring back at the man with the gun. “Great. A town full of dumb hicks.”

“Be careful about making assumptions,” Riley. “A lot of these country folks are smart.”

Towering pine trees crowded the narrow, winding two lane blacktop road. Changemont was located in the middle of the Nicolet Forest, an isolated community surrounded by the dark forest on every side.

They made their way downtown, went straight to the coroner’s office, which was located at the local police station. The station looked more like some old woman’s house than a municipal building, with its candy-striped awnings and plant boxes beneath the windows. A man in a police uniform was out front, trimming a hedge row, a pair of shears in his hand. He approached the car as the agents parked.

“Howdy,” he called. “You must be the FBI agents we were told to expect. Come to look into the Gerald thing.”

Riley got out of the car. Flashed his badge. “That’s right.”

"I'm Police Chief Leroux," the man said, a big grin spreading across his Rudy features as he shook their hands. "How was your drive? You want some coffee?"

"All the same to you, we'd just like to get to the investigation," Watt said.

The smile dropped from Leroux's face. "Well, you big city boys just like to get right down to business, don't you now?"

"My partner is young and always in a hurry," Riley said. "We'd love some coffee."

Watt rolled her eyes but followed the older men along as they went inside the police station, which inside looked just as quaint as outside— patterned wallpaper, polished hard wood floors. There was a fresh pot of coffee in the kitchen, and as he poured it out into ceramic mugs that read, *Changemont* on the side, Leroux said, "I'm sorry you came all this way for nothing. We already solved the caper."

"Caper?" Watt said.

"Shenanigans," Leroux said.

"We're here to look into a murder."

"Well, now, that's just it. Turns out it was just an accident after all. No murder."

"Is that so?" Watt said, getting annoyed.

"No need to get all riled up," Leroux said. "I'll give you the report, and you can just head on back to the city."

"Do you actually expect..."

"Okay," Riley said, raising a hand. "We'll need to see the body. Do a little checking of our own. Protocol. Just to confirm your findings. You understand."

"You don't want to do that," Leroux said, taking a sip of coffee, leaning back against the kitchen counter, his own voice growing hard and cold.

"No, I don't," Riley said. "I'd rather be home watching TV and having a few beers. But we have our orders."

“Boys, I am trying to do you a favor,” Leroux said, the steam from his coffee rising around his head in tendrils. The room seemed to grow darker. “There are dangerous forces at work here, things you don’t want to rile up. It’s best for you to just turn around and go home. There are things in the forest that you do not want to wake.”

Riley glanced at Watts. This was getting interesting. “I’ll take my chances,” he said. “Now show us the body.”

Leroux laughed, and the smile returned to his face. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you. Come on, then. Let’s do this, but you are not going to believe your eyes.”

He led them back and into the coroner’s wing, took them to the storage room, which was surprisingly clean and modern— stainless steel gurneys, rows of steel refrigerator doors along one wall. He walked up to one, opened it and pulled out a slab.

“Wrong body,” Watt said, shaking her head. “We’re here to see Gerald White.”

“That’s him,” Leroux said.

Riley and Watt stared at the beautiful young woman who lay on the slab, her golden blonde hair spread out under her porcelain face like a halo.

“That’s not even a man,” Watt yelled. “What the hell are you trying to pull here?”

“That’s him all right,” Leroux said, bemused. “You can check the prints. DNA.”

“Chief Leroux,” Riley said, eyes fixed on the girl. She looked like an angel, and her beauty stunned him. Her skin had a pinkish glow, and there was a small smile on her lips. She didn’t look dead, and he reached out and touched her cheek. The skin was cold. She was naked, and his eyes ran along the length of her body— full breasts, narrow waist, long, tone legs. And she was definitely female. There were no marks on her perfect skin, no bruises, no signs of any trauma.

“He was a fine-looking girl,” Leroux said, watching as Riley stared at the woman. “Shame. Quite a long cool drink, that boy.”

Riley pulled his eyes away from the beautiful woman. “The reason we are here is because Gerald White was in the witness protection program. His real name was Vincent LaGuardia. He was a middle-aged man of Italian descent. This is a very serious matter, and I strongly suggest you stop playing games.”

“I assure I am not playing games,” Leroux said. “That’s your— man. Run the fingerprints. Even the DNA. This town has a way of changing people. And I am going to suggest one more time that you go home— while you still can.”

“Show us the real body!” Watt shouted, punching one of the steel doors.

“You’re looking at it.”

“Is this your idea of a joke?” Riley said.

“A joke would be sending a man in the witness protection program to this nowhere town.”

“We didn’t send him here. He ran. Now, show us the real body.”

“Run your tests. Satisfy yourselves. Do your investigation. But I am going to tell you one more time, if you don’t walk away, you could end up just like Miss LaGuardia here.”

“This is obstruction of justice,” Riley said.

“You’re messing with the federal government!” Watt shouted.

“Well, look at the time,” Leroux said, pretending to check his watch. “Those bushes won’t trim themselves.” With that, he turned and walked away. “You can show yourselves out.”

“So, what do we do?” Watt said.

“Get a forensics tech up here, run the tests, and then nail that asshole to the wall,” Riley said. He tried to call the office, but he had no bars. Neither did Watt.

“Millennials and our phones,” Watt said.

Changemont

“Shut up.” Riley made his way back to the police office side of the station, grabbed the land line and made the call. “Tech’ll be here tomorrow. Looks like we’re spending a night in lovely Changemont.”

“Do you think you’ll turn into a hot girl during the night?” Watt asked, snickering. “With pretty blonde hair?”

“You’d love that wouldn’t you?” Riley said.

“We could braid each other’s hair.”

“Shut up.”

They go to the diner

They go to the B&B

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The Diner

Riley held the door for Watt. He knew she didn't like it, but he was an old-fashioned guy and couldn't help himself. "Straight out of the 1950s," Watt said taking in the checkerboard tile floor, the booths with their Formica tables. The food smelled good at least, and as they slipped into the booth, their stomachs rumbled. A waitress in an old-fashioned uniform, short dress, apron, hurried over. Her name tag read, Frank. "You two from out of town?" She asked.

"How could you tell?" Riley said.

"We don't get too many strangers around here," the waitress said, checking out their suits. They both wore black suits, black ties, white shirts. "You secret agents?"

"Something like that," Riley said. "Frank's an unusual name for a girl," he added, pointing to her name tag.

"Well, not around here it isn't," Frank said. The waitress took their orders, brought them steaming cups of coffee. "Not bad," Watts said, taking a sip.

"Actually, pretty good."

"Why are you so surprised?"

"It isn't Starbucks."

Leaning closer, Watts whispered, "What the fuck is going on?"

"Hell if I know," Riley said. "But someone is covering up something."

"Worst cover up ever," Watts said, smirking.

"Azeban!" Someone screamed.

Both agents jumped, looked up to see a grizzled man wearing a coonskin cap and deerskin jacket standing over them. He grinned, revealing a mouth full of

crooked, yellow teeth. "Azaban calls you! Azaban sees you! Stay out of the forest! It is no place for girls!" With that, he turned and walked away.

"What the hell?" Riley said. They both laughed nervously.

"Oh, never mind old Jack the Shack," the waitress said, coming back to the table with plates balanced on her arm. "He's just an old eccentric. Performs all kinds of pagan rituals out in the forest. Doesn't want anyone coming around and bothering him." She placed a plate with a burger and fries in front of Watt, and then a chicken Caesar salad in front of Riley.

"I ordered a burger, too," he said.

"I thought you ordered a salad?"

"Burger. I don't want to be a pain, but—"

"We're all out of ground beef, honey," the waitress said.

"You know what? It's fine," Riley said. "My doctor keeps telling me to eat less red meat."

The waitress left. Riley stabbed at his salad. "You want to trade?" He said.

Watt raised an eyebrow and picked up her burger, taking a big bite, the juices oozing down her chin. "So good," she said. "So good."

"Jerk." Riley said, spearing a slice of chicken and some greens with his fork.

"Oh, come on," Watt said. "You need to watch your figure."

They Go to the B&B

The B&B

"Is this where they shot the Addam's Family?" Watt asked.

"Or Psycho?" Riley added.

They stood on the sidewalk outside the Nicolette House looking up at a gloomy, sagging mansion with dark curtains drawn across the windows. Weathered statues of nymphs and satyrs glowered down from along the edge of the flat roof, and two columns stood on either side of the gate carved with runes and symbols. A red winged crow perched on one of the columns and seemed to be studying them as they stood there. Riley pushed the rusty iron gate open, the hinges squealing. "After you."

"You would make me go in first."

They climbed the crumbling steps to the porch and Riley rang the bell. The door opened to reveal a diminutive woman wearing a shawl and a black dress. "You must be the two that called about a room," she said in a creaky, dry voice. "Come in. Come in."

They walked in, looking around at the dimly lit interior. There was a glass case just inside the door filled with mounted birds that stared out with glassy eyes. In a den off to the right, a fire blazed in a great hearth, and a stairway ran up to the left. The woman waved toward the stairs. "Your room is the first door on the left. No luggage?"

"We didn't expect to be staying the night in town," Riley said.

"Of course not. I'll be in the den if you need me." She stopped, stared at Riley, then shook her head, walking away, murmuring.

Riley started up the stairs, which creaked with every step. He felt the cobwebs draw across his face before he saw them, and some of it got in his mouth. He waved his arms, clearing the way, and then opened the door to their room. "Oh, my lord."

Watt pushed in behind him, looking around in awe. The room was dominated by a pair of canopy beds, each bustling with pillows and covered with a velvet quilt— deep purple. The walls were papered in a diamond patterned wallpaper— cream and purple, there were trophies hanging everywhere— wolverines, foxes, deer heads, an eagle. A glass display cabinet in the corner was full of porcelain dolls in frilly dresses.

On the wall opposite the beds hung a large painting. It depicted a pool in the forest, where bare-breasted nymphs frolicked in the water. A group of men was gathered at the edge. A golden-haired nymph had grabbed one of their arms and seemed about to pull him into the water. Riley felt drawn to the painting, and he walked closer, examining it. The girls were all beautiful, but the one with the blonde hair? She looked just like the girl in the morgue.

“Nice tits,” Watt said. “You pervert.”

“What?” Riley said. No. I wasn’t...”

Watt playfully punched him on the shoulder. “Sure. Sure. Do you mind if I cover it up, though? I don’t want to wake up to find you whacking off to that thing.”

“The room weird enough for you?” Riley said, changing the subject.

“Not even close.”

Switch Their Height.

Switch Their Hair.

Height

Riley woke up first, looked to see a falcon staring back at him and jumped before realizing it was a mounted trophy. It took a minute to remember where he was. He rolled out of bed. Watt was still sleeping. He squinted at the clock next to his bed and saw it was only 6:00 am. Normally, he'd have gone for a run, but he didn't have any gym clothes, so he decided to just brush his teeth, shave. They'd gone down to the drugstore to buy some toiletries before packing it in for the night. The bathroom was down the hall, and he'd slept in his underwear. He decided to chance it. Based on the cobwebs, the old woman didn't come upstairs often. Riley peaked out the door, saw no one, and padded his way down the hall, went into the bathroom and— what? The sink now came to his chest, and he could only see the top of his head in the mirror. He looked around. Was this some kind of prank? He got on his tippy toes and looked at himself. He looked pretty much the same as always, he thought, eyes bleary from sleep.

But then why did everything seem so big? What the hell?

Muddle-headed from sleep, he saw a stool in the corner, pulled it over to the sink and climbed onto it. Looking in the mirror now, he saw the changes. His face looked the same, but younger, like it had when he'd been a boy, and his head looked smaller. The same proportions but shrunk. As for the rest of him? He looked like a little boy. He was small. Skinny. Thin little arms and shoulders, a bony chest with no muscle. In shock, he fell backwards and bumped his head on the claw-footed tub. He looked down to see scrawny little boy legs. Looked at his small forearms. What the fuck?

In a panic, he ran to the bedroom, burst through the door and ran to the bed, having to climb up on it to shake Watt's shoulder. "Wake up! Wake up!" He said, realizing his voice had changed as well. It was like he'd gone backwards through puberty. He had a young boy's voice that matched his size.

“What the hell?” Watt said, pushing the hair from her face. She looked at Riley, shaking her head in confusion. “Who are you? Riley?”

“Yeah,” he said, holding up his small hands. “It’s me.”

“But how?” Watt pushed herself into a sitting position, squinting in the darkness. “It’s not possible.”

Riley rolled off the bed, hoping down. “I know. But— look.”

Watt rubbed her eyes, climbed out of bed and looking down at Riley, said, “Whoa.”

Riley stared up at her. He wasn’t sure if it was just because he was so short now, but she seemed taller. Bigger. Like a professional volleyball player. “Did you? Are you?”

“I think I got taller,” Watt said. She looked down on Riley. “You’re tiny!”

Riley felt himself flush with shame and turned away. “I can’t understand how this could happen.”

“The Chief,” Watt said. “He warned us. The town would change us.”

“But that was all bullshit, right? I mean—” But he looked at his arms, his hands. “Oh, fuck.”

“Yeah.”

“We need to get to the bottom of this. I’ve been turned into a little boy!”

Riley looked at his legs, which were proportionately long for his body, the sway in his back, and thought his slender frame looked more like a girl’s, but she decided not to say anything. This had to be hard enough for him already.

They figured out Riley was now just about 5 feet tall, while Watt seemed to have sprouted up to six feet. There was no way she could fit in her old clothes. “We need to switch suits,” she said.

“You want me to wear your clothes?” Riley said, humiliated at the idea of wearing a woman’s suit even if it did look pretty much like a man’s.

“You got any better ideas? Anyway, it’s not much different from yours. We can’t just walk around in our underwear.”

“Fine. I guess we’ll have to make due until we can get this right.” Riley went over to where Watt had hung her suit in the closet.

Watt, seeing the way his tidy whites hung on him now, couldn’t resist. “Your underwear looks too big. You want to borrow my panties?”

“Shut up,” Riley said as he stepped into her slacks. “Don’t make this any worse.”

Watt had been 5’ 4”, so her suit was still a little too big for Riley. He pushed the sleeves up, then sat and rolled up the bottom of the pants. The waist almost fit him, but the slacks were extra baggy around the hips and booty. The jacket had been tailored for a woman’s curves, which he didn’t have, but when he buttoned the middle button it pulled in the waist, almost giving the impression he had a feminine figure.

Watt, meanwhile, was a little too tall for her suit, the pant legs coming to just above her ankles, the jacket fitting tight across her back. The tailoring left no room for her curves, and the shirt was tight across her breasts, the buttons bulging, while the pants strained against her plump rear.

When they finished dressing, they looked down at their bare feet. “My shoes.... We need to..”

“I know,” Riley said, grabbing her flats. They fit. “You never tell anyone back at the office about this.”

Watt shook her head, seeing her partner in her suit, wearing flats, a little morning stumble on his chin. She thought he looked cute. “No one would believe me,” she said.

Riley picked up his wallet, phone and keys, reached to put them in his pants pocket and rooted around fruitlessly. “No pockets?” He said.

“Not in women’s pants,” Watt said, amused. “Want to borrow my purse?”

“Har har,” Riley said, finding places for his stuff in his coat pocket. “This isn’t funny. And you don’t even carry a purse.”

Watt smiled. “You’d look cute with one, though. Where to now?”

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They go back to the diner



Diner

“We need to find that crazy old man,” Riley said as they walked down the steps in front of the Nicolette House. “The one from the diner.”

“What? Why?” Watt said. The world looked different from this angle, and she felt odd walking now that she was so much bigger— not just because she was seeing everything from a different angle, but because she felt she displaced a lot more space now, a feeling that grew stronger when they got on the sidewalk and she passed pedestrians, most of whom were smaller than her now.

“The waitress. She said something about him doing pagan magic in the forest. Maybe he knows how to fix this?”

“But he was crazy,” Watt said.

“Well, we live in crazy town right now,” Riley said, and as if to affirm his comment a man with a handlebar mustache came riding down the street on a unicycle. “Pip! Pip!” He shouted as he passed. “See what I mean?”

“Okay. Yeah. It’s as good a place to start as any.

They made their way to the diner. Riley bounded up the steps to the diner, grabbed the door handle and... “Stuck,” he said, pulling on the handle, the door not moving at all. He grabbed it with both hands and started pulling. Watt reached over him, grabbed it with one hand and easily pulled it open.

“After you,” she said, “small fry.”

Riley gave her a dirty look but went through the door, into the diner. “Oh, good, she’s here,” he said, walking toward the waitress, Frank, from the night before, who was leaning on the counter, reading the paper, “Excuse me?” Riley said.

Frank looked up, smiled. “Good morning, Agent Watt,” she said. “Agent Small Fry.”

“Hey...” Riley said.

Watt laughed and mussed his hair. “We’re great.”

“Want a table?”

“Sure. That would be great,” Watt said.

“Actually, we just...” Riley said, but the two women ignored him, Frank leading them over to a booth, handing them menus. Riley slid into the booth, annoyed.

“You want a booster seat, little guy?” Frank said. She and Watt laughed. Riley felt himself blush.

“Enough with the short jokes,” Riley said. “I wanted to ask you...”

“Coffee?” Frank asked, once more ignoring him.

“Yeah. That’d be great.”

“Let me ask you about...”

“I’ll be right back to take your orders,” Frank said, walking away.

“What the hell are you doing?” Riley said.

“Ordering breakfast,” Watt said. “I’m starving.”

“But the old man?”

“I’ll ask her when she brings our coffee.”

Frank came back with two steaming mugs of coffee. “Let me ask you...”. Riley started.

“What’ll it be?” Frank said.

“Let’s just order,” Watt said. “I’ll have eggs and corned beef hash.”

“And you?” Frank said.

Riley gave up. “Steak and eggs,” he said. “Sunny side up.”

“You sure?” Frank said. “That’s a lot of food for a little guy.”

“Yeah, I’m sure,” Riley said.

“That okay?” Frank said, looking at Watt, who nodded. “Sure.”

“This is ridiculous,” Riley said as she walked away. “What the hell was that all about?”

Watt couldn’t help but chuckle. “You look like a little...gi. er... boy,” she said.

“We need to find out about that old man and fix this,” Riley said, pouring some cream into his coffee, tearing open a pink packet of Sweet and Low, pouring it in. Watt raised an eyebrow. He’d always taken his coffee black.

Frank came back, put a plate of eggs and hash in front of Watt, a bowl of cottage cheese and a half a pink grapefruit in front of Riley, who didn’t even bother to argue.

“Get you anything else?” Frank asked.

“As a matter of fact, sweetheart,” Watt said, “there is. Could you tell us where to find Jack the Shack?”

“Sure thing,” Frank said. “I’ll draw you a map.” She left.

“Worst diner ever,” Riley said, scooping out a soft, fleshy triangle of grapefruit. “This morning couldn’t get any worse.”

Give Him Freckles

Give Him Earrings

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Freckles

As Riley slipped the grapefruit into his mouth and swallowed, pretty freckles spread across the bridge of his nose and his cheeks. At the same time, his skin tone changed from a ruddy tan to a pale peach. Watt froze, a steaming fork full of runny egg and hash halfway to her mouth.

“What?” Riley said.

“Your face,” Watt said. “It... you’ve got freckles.”

“Freckles?”

“Yeah. Freckles.”

“What do you mean, freckles?”

Watt took out her phone— still no bars— turned on the mirror function and held it toward Riley, whose mouth dropped open. He still had his face, but now with his pale skin and feckless nose he looked even more like a child. He thought he looked ridiculous and put his hand over the phone to hide the mocking image. “I feel like I’m losing my mind,” he said, looking at his hands to see they’d taken on the same light skin tone.

“What about me?” Watt said, turning the phone to her own face. He now had a darker, tanned look— like what Riley’s had been. “Oh, I look good.”

“Asshole,” Riley said. “Let’s finish up and go see that old man.”

“Whatever you say, Strawberry Shortcake.”

9 They Go To The Forest

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Forest

Riley insisted on driving. Infantilized and wearing a woman's suit, he couldn't stand the thought of being further feminized by handing the keys to a woman. Watt watched him adjusting the seat, pulling it in as close to the steering wheel as possible, adjusting the steering wheel, then pulling the seat belt on, which came across his shoulders instead of his chest. She understood, but still thought it was ridiculous he was so determined to drive. Men and their egos!

Riley had to sit straight up to really see the road, and it took him a little while, but he eventually managed to get comfortable driving, and they zipped out of town and onto the highway.

"Turn there," Watt said, the map in her lap, pointing toward a dirt path off the edge of the highway.

"You sure?" Riley said, glancing at the map.

"That's what the map says."

Riley slowed, pulling onto the shoulder. There were two tire ruts that disappeared into the towering forest, crowded on either side by bushes and brambles. As he slowed, they heard a rumbling and honking behind them, and a truck whizzed past, a grizzled man with a shot gun sitting in the back. The man looked at Riley and leered.

"Is that the same truck from yesterday?" Watt asked.

"Who cares?" Riley said, his skin crawling in reaction to the look the man had given him. He pulled the car onto the tire ruts and started winding his way back through the dark forest, which was so dim from the thick foliage he had to turn on the headlights. After a mile, they turned onto another dirt trail, and then a third, winding their way around what seemed like a low mountain, finally coming to a path bristling with hand painted signs on pieces of ratty wood nailed to the trees. "Keep Out!" They read. "Sacred Ground!" "No Solicitors!" The signs included

strange runes, skulls and a red paint that looked like blood splatters. "Does all this say crazy old man to you?" Riley said.

"Pretty much."

They drove the rest of the way, coming to a clearing in the middle of which sat a shack with a sagging roof covered in moss, a crooked chimney belching smoke. Rows of dream catches hung along the porch, twisting in the slight breeze. A rusty old smoker sat in the yard, which smelled like broiling meat. They didn't see any sign of Jack, so they cautiously got out of the car and approached, hands on their guns. "Jack?" Riley called. "Jack? We're here to ask you some questions."

No answer. They approached the house. A crow fluttered down from the trees, landed on the roof and croaked. They climbed onto the porch and went to the door. Riley knocked. "Jack?" He called.

They heard creaking inside the shack. The floorboards. "Jack?" Riley called again.

The crow squawked. Watt reached over Jack and pounded, hard, the door rattling in its frame. "Open up, you crazy old geezer!" She shouted. "We don't have all day!"

"Watt....?" Riley said. "Gentle now."

The door swung open, and Jack stood there, a tray in his hands with three sweating glasses of lemonade. His hair had been slicked back, his beard combed and tied at the end. He wore an old, western style suit and a bolo. "Come in," he said. "I've been expecting you, ladies."

"I'm not a lady," Riley said, annoyed.

Watt reached past him and opened the door. "After you," she said, smirking. "Young lady."

"Knock it off," Riley said, stepping cautiously into the living room, taking in the walls, which were covered in bookshelves jammed with books. There was an old

leather couch, a coffee table, comfy looking cloth chairs. A fire crackled in a cast iron stove. It looked surprisingly clean and tidy.

"Please sit," Jack said, taking the tray to the coffee table and setting it down.

Riley and Watt sat on the couch. Riley crossed his legs at the knees, folded his hands in his lap. Watt manspread.

Jack handed them glasses of lemonade and sat in one of the chairs. "This isn't the welcome we were expecting," Watt said.

"What? Oh, the diner. Well, I was trying to scare you off. As I said, the forest is no place for girls."

"I'm not a girl," Riley said, annoyed.

"I'm sorry," Jack said. "I'm not up on all the political correctness. Of course, you're a woman. My apologies."

"I'm a man," Riley said.

Jack shook his head. "Still? Well, you won't be for long."

Riley and Watt exchanged a glance. Riley thought of the beautiful blonde girl in the morgue. "What do you mean?"

"Azeban, the trickster, the transformer. He is an ancient God, worshipped by the Chippewa and the Ho-Chunk, though he dwelt in these forests long before man ever came to these lands. He saw you come in and decided to change you. I could see if when you came in the diner. You will be a woman soon and you," he said, looking at Watt, "a man."

"Why?" Watt said, getting chills at the thought of being a man. No. She didn't want that. She liked being a woman. She had a boyfriend. She'd been so caught up in the changes she'd seen in Riley she hadn't even considered she was becoming anything other than tall.

"This is bullshit," Riley said, thinking of that beautiful blonde girl again, thinking about becoming her.

"By coming into the forest, you've only accelerated the process," Jack said. "You should have left town. Gotten away from here. But now?"

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“What?” Riley said.

“It’s probably too late.”

Give Him Long Hair

Hair

“Probably?” Riley said, sitting up, feeling a flicker of hope. He brushed a strand of his long hair away from his eyes and... froze. Long hair? He felt it now fluttering against his cheeks, lying against his neck, flowing down over his shoulders. He looked to see it was deep red, like a rose. “Oh, hell,” he said, grabbing at it, pulling, feeling it yank against his scalp.

“Shit!” Watt shouted. Riley looked to see she now had a bristling buzz cut; her hair, the little she had, was now blonde. She was feeling her head, eyes stunned.

“That’s what I was telling you,” Jack said. “Now that you are here in the forest, the changes will accelerate.”

Riley gathered his hair and pulled it back over his shoulders. “We have to get out of here,” he said, standing.

“I’m with you,” Watt said. “Let’s go.”

“It’s too late,” Jack said. “There’s only one hope for you...”

“We’re getting out of here,” Watt said. “Thanks.”

The two of them charged out the door, heading toward their car. Jack ran after. “You can’t run away from this! Azeban has placed his spell on you!”

They jumped in the car. Riley gunned it, the tires spitting dirt as the car wheeled around and went crashing down the path, the bushes and brambles whipping against its sides. “Faster!” Watt yelled. “Get us the hell out of here!”

“I’m going as fast as I can!” Riley said, trying to spit out a strand of hair that had gotten in his mouth. As the car bounced over roots and ruts, his hair kept flopping in his eyes, and he pushed it away with one hand, keeping his other firmly on the wheel.

They wound their way along the paths, made it back to the highway, headed south, out of the forest and the crazy town. Riley gunned it, getting the car up to 90, whizzing along the highway. "This is nuts," he kept repeating. "This is nuts."

Watt kept feeling her stubbled head, looking at her hands. "This isn't real," she said. "It has to be a dream. I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming."

Just then Riley slammed on the brakes, and the car fishtailed to a stop, tires smoking. Watt had been throwing forward against her seatbelt, bumped her head on the windshield. She started to tell at Riley, but then her eyes fixed on the sign by the side of the road. "Welcome to Chagemont. Population... two more than yesterday."

"It isn't possible," Riley said.

"You went the wrong way!" Watt shouted. "Damn it!"

"I went south. I know I did."

"Then why are we back at Fuckmont?"

"I don't know."

"Let me drive," Watt said.

"No. I got it."

"Maybe you lost your sense of direction, you know, since you're turning into..."

"I'm not turning into a woman," Riley said, tossing his long hair, "and I didn't lose my sense of direction." He turned the car around, headed in the opposite direction. "I must have gotten confused is all."

"Well, get us the hell out of here, please, before we change again."

"We'll be long gone before anything else changes," Riley said, getting the car back up to 90. And hopefully, once we get out of town, we'll change back."

Give Him A Woman's Face

Changemont



Face

They drove along the highway. Watt crossed her arms and seethed, while Riley sat up, both hands on the wheel, staring at the road ahead, thinking once more of that pale girl on the slab, the perfect skin, the full breasts.... What would it be like to have breasts bouncing around on his chest? He wondered. He hoped he would never find out.

Static spat from the car radio, and then a song blasted from the speakers:

Circles

My head is going 'round in circles
My mind is caught up in a whirlpool
Draggin' me down

Time

Will tell if I'll take the homeward track
Dizziness will make my feet walk back
Walk right back to you

"Turn that off!" Riley shouted, the blaring music hurting his ears. Watt reached for the off button, pressed, the radio turned off.

"Leave it off," Riley said. "I'm trying to focus."

"I didn't turn it on," Watt said. "It just— turned on."

"The radio just turned on? Right. Okay."

"It did, I just—"

The radio lit up and music once more blared:

Changemont

First time that I saw you, girl, I knew that I just had to make you mine
But it's so hard to talk to you with fellas hanging round you all the time
I want you for my sweet pet
But you keep playing hard to get
Going around in circles all the time

This time, Riley punched at the Off Button, but nothing happened. "What the hell?"

"Let me do it," Watt said, slapping his hand away.

Riley glanced in the rearview mirror and saw a rusty old GMC truck coming up behind them. "It can't be," he whispered, brushing his hair back.

Watt punched the radio off, sat back with a smug smile.

The truck rumbled past. The bearded goon with the shot gun leered at Riley, and this time he splayed his fingers in front of his mouth and stuck out his tongue. Riley instinctively squeezed his legs together, making a full body cringe.

"Looks like you have an admirer," Watt said, punching Riley on the arm.

'Ow! Shut up.'

They were coming up on a bend in the road. "I think the freeway is right up here," Riley said, trying to shake off the creepy feeling that man had given him. "Once we get on the freeway, things will..."

It all happened at once. They rounded the bend. The radio once more exploded with music:

And I would be the one
To hold you down
Kiss you so hard
I'll take your breath away
And after I'd, wipe away the tears
Just close your eyes dear

And Riley slammed on the brakes as they stared at the sign, that damn sign: Welcome to Chagemont.

He looked at Watt, and as he did her face broke into rectangles, then smaller and smaller rectangles, the pieces shifting, rearranging, and when they reassembled, she looked like a man. “Your face?” Riley said.

“You,” Watt said, her voice hoarse as she reached out and touched Riley’s cheek with her fingertips, “look like an angel.”

“Me?” Riley pulled down the driver’s side sunscreen, slid open the vanity mirror and gasped. He did. He looked like an angel— big, innocent eyes, plump red lips, and of course that perfect skin, those freckles. He touched his face, shaking his head, not wanting to believe that he looked like this, so.... Pretty. He looked like over at Watt, who was looking in the passenger side vanity, horrified at her thick, heavy, masculine features.

“I look like an ape,” she said.

Riley punched at the radio. It wouldn’t; stop laying music. He spun the volume dial. Nothing happened. He glances back at his face in the mirror, his eyes were wide, full of fear, and for the first time he noticed how his thick, curly lashes fluttering beneath slender brows. “Shit... shit... shit...!”

Listen as the wind blows
From across the great divide
Voices trapped in yearning
Memories trapped in time

Watt absently reached over and turned off the radio, rubbed her face. “This is fucked,” she said.

‘No shit,” Riley said.

“Well, at least you’re pretty,” Watt said.

“I don’t want to be pretty!”

"My forehead is huge," Watt said. "This is so gross. No one will ever want to kiss me now."

The police radio blasted static, and then Agent Jenny Tanaka's voice came through the speakers. "Hey, guys. I'm at the station. Where you at?"

"What should we do?" Riley said. "She won't recognize us."

"No, but we need to warn her before she starts to change," Watt said, grabbing the receiver. "Tanaka. Get the hell out of town right now."

"Come back? I can't hear you? Too much static."

"Get out of town! You can't stay here!"

"I'm not hearing you. I'm gonna go in and gather evidence. Out."

"No! No! No!" Watt shouted, punching the dashboard.

Riley gathered his hair and tossed it back over his shoulders, put the car in gear and drove past the sign, back to Changemont. "We need to warn her," he said. "Get her out of here."

"And then beat the truth out of that asshole cop," Watt said, cracking her knuckles.

Riley shifted in his seat. There was something... hot... about her being such a.... Man. He smiled at her.

Watt felt her skin tingle. *Oh, my God*, she thought, looking at his bright, lovely face. She wanted to kiss him so bad.

Give Him Boobs

Give Him Booty

Boobs

The car careened down the street, dodging unicycle man, and Riley crashed it up onto the sidewalk. They threw their doors open, jumped out. Leroux was standing on the front lawn with a hose, watering the grass. “Agents,” he said, flashing his I told you so grin.

“Where is Tanaka?” Riley shouted, heading toward the station.

“Inside, looking over — hey now!” Leroux said, backing away as Watt charged him and belted him on the chin, knocking him off his feet.

Watt stabbed a finger at Leroux. “We’re going to have a long talk, you and me, once we get our friend out of here.”

Leroux rubbed his chin, still grinning. “Just sweating testosterone now, aren’t you, big fella?”

“Come on,” Riley said, struggling to pull the front door to the police station open. “Watt? Come on, I can’t get this... uhh!”

“We’re not done,” Watt said, turning, running up the steps, yanking the door open and putting her hand on the small of Riley’s back, guiding him into the station. Riley glanced back over his shoulder, smiled. She was such a badass!

They found Tanaka in the coroner’s office, fingerprinting the blonde girl. Riley gave her a once over. She wore a tight white t-shirt, black slacks that hugged her tight, firm booty. A petite little Asian, she was obsessed with yoga and Pilates, and Riley had always appreciated her firm little body, tight ass, perky breasts. She really was a little hottie, and he wondered how she got her hair so shiny. As he appreciated her slender figure, he felt his skin tingle, and then his shirt started to get tighter around his chest. He looked down to see his chest swelling, rounding, breasts growing bigger, bigger... “Oh, shit,” he said cupping his budding breasts with his little hands, trying to push them back in. “No! No!”

Instead, they just kept getting bigger, filling his palms, the top button on his shirt popping off, then the second, revealing the swell of his pale, white cleavage.

He looked at Watt, blushing with shame, but she had her hands on her own chest. Her own breasts had melted away, replaced by rock hard pecs. She looked at Riley, her eyes immediately dropping to his cleavage. Riley put his hands over his chest, looked away. "You got my tits," Watt said.

Tanaka, who'd stood there as if frozen in time, looked over to see her fellow agents. "Agent Leroux," she said, then turned to look at Riley. "Shortcake."

"Tanaka," Riley said, forgetting about his own predicament for a minute. "You need to get out of here. Now." He tugged at the top of his blouse, trying to pull it over his soft breasts.

"Excuse me?" Tanaka said.

"He's right," Watt said. "Just go. Now. You don't have much time."

Tanaka looked up appreciatively at Watt's handsome face. "Guys, you are acting really strange. What's going on?"

Riley went up to her, shocked to realize he was now shorter than the little agent. He took her hand and tried to drag her toward the door. "Trust me," he said. "You don't want to stay here."

Tanaka easily yanked her hand free. Riley stumbled and fell against Watt, who caught him, cradled him in her arms, then set him on his feet. He felt himself warm, smiled at her, brushed his hair out of his eyes. Watt stared at Tanaka. "Jenny," she said. "Do you notice anything different about us?"

"Other than the fact you're acting like a couple of nut jobs? No. Should I?" She looked them over. Shrugged.

"I— I look the same to you?" Riley said. "As I always did?"

"Um, yeah. Is this some kind of joke?"

Riley and Watt exchanged a glance, the realization sinking in. "Oh, shit," Riley said.

"It doesn't matter. Forget all that. You need to go," Watt said.

"I will once I'm done," Jenny said. "Weirdoes."

"Please!" Riley said. "You have to listen!"

"I don't—" Tanaka froze, the words half spoken.

"Azeban has not chosen her," Leroux said from the door. "You don't need to worry. She'll be able to leave once she's done her work. Let's have that talk you were so insistent on having."

"You're sure?" Watt said.

"I am, young man."

"What should we do?" Riley said, putting his hand on Watt's arm.

She covered his hand and gave it a squeeze. "Let's talk."

The time freeze ended, and Tanaka shook her head. "Mind if I get back to work?"

"Finish up," Watt said, putting her hand on Riley's back and steering him toward the door.

"Shortcake," Tanaka called.

"Yeah?"

"Cute shoes."

Riley, who'd forgotten he was wearing Watt's flats, just rolled his eyes.

They followed Leroux back to his office. "You want some coffee?" Leroux asked. "I have some delicious muffins."

"Just cut the crap and spill," Watt said.

"Take a seat."

Riley sat, knees together, tugging at his blouse, trying to cover his breasts. Watt man spread.

"I warned you, didn't I?" Leroux said. "I told you."

"Yeah, you did," Watt agreed. "But you're mixed up in all this, and you are going to tell us right now how to fix this, to get out of this crazy town."

Leroux shook his head. "Only Azeban knows. Not too many people come here. Some leave. Some change and stay. You are among the latter."

"But why?"

"I told you. I don't know, but I think sometimes.... No. I don't know."

"Tell us," Riley said. "Please."

"I think sometimes Azaban just makes people into their own true selves."

"This? My true self?" Riley said.

"Just a thought."

"I don't want to be a man," Watt said. "I can't! I have a boyfriend. I love him."

"Do you? Or were you just settling?"

Settling? Watt sat back. "Fuck you."

"There must be some way out," Riley said, still struggling with his blouse.

"Some way to fix this."

"Once and awhile, people get away. The only one who knows how is Jack the Shack."

"We need to go see him. Now," Watt said.

"Tanaka?" Riley asked.

"She'll be fine."

Watt grabbed Riley's hand and helped him to his feet, dragged him toward the door. "Let's go."

Riley followed. He didn't feel like he had much choice and, besides, he liked how it felt to hold her hand. They bounded from the police station. Riley was so much shorter he had to run to keep up with Watt, and his breasts bounced wildly, forcing him to throw one arm across his boobs as he ran, the other arm held out to his side for balance. Watt led him to the passenger door and held out her hand. "Give me the keys."

"I can drive!" Riley said.

"Keys," Watt said, her eyes dropping to Riley's breasts.

"I'm up here," Riley said, annoyed.

"Keys," Watt said, keeping her eyes fixed on the creamy swell of his chest.

"Hand them over."

Riley stared at her, slit his eyes, finally fished the keys out of his coat pocket and said, "Fine."

Watt took the keys, once more put her hand on his back, steered him toward the car door. "Time to go back to the forest."

"Maybe we don't have to," Riley said, staring past Watt.

"Why's that?"

"Look." He pointed down the street.

Watt looked to see Jack heading into the diner.

"Good work, doll," Watt said, pocketing the keys. "Let's go."

Watt held the door. Riley didn't object. They spotted Jack sitting in a booth at the back of the diner, joined him. "Agents," Jack said. "Spent some time in the loop, I suppose."

"Yeah, we did," Watt said.

A waitress came to the table. A pretty girl with caramel skin and big, brown eyes. Her name tag read Aanan. Riley wondered if she used to be a man, too. She took their orders. Riley ordered a burger and wondered what he would get instead this time.

"So, Leroux says you're the only one who can get us out of this."

"I know the magic," Jack said. "But nothing worth having comes without sacrifice." He glanced at Riley's breasts. Riley shrank back against Watt, tugging at his shirt. Watt threw an arm protectively over his shoulders.

"Don't even think about it," Watt said.

"Creep!"

"What? No. Sorry. You just, well, you have beautiful..."

"Just stick to the solution and watch your eyes."

"Right. Well, there in an ancient shrine in the forest. Azeban's Hollow. We need to go there, perform the ritual. Azeban will appear, and you can make your plea."

"And the sacrifice?"

"Azeban will make his will known after the ritual."

"Okay. Let's go," Watt said.

"It can only be performed on a moonless night," Jack said. "When the sky is darkest, when the wind whispers of the secret world beyond our own, as the..."

"When is the next moonless night?" Watt said, slamming her fist on the table.

"Having trouble getting used to all that testosterone?" Jack said, laughing.

"It's really something," Watt said, looking at her fist. "I feel so... testy."

"Please," Riley said. "Tell us. When is the next moonless night?"

"As it happens, little lady, you are in luck. Tomorrow night the moon will hide her face, and the ritual can be performed."

"So, we have to spend another night in this place?"

"Afraid so."

The waitress arrived with their food. She gave Riley a bowl of fruit and yogurt. "Excuse me," he said as he looked ruefully at his girl food.

"Yes?" Aanan said, throwing a hand on her hip, sticking her pencil in her hair.

"Were you... did you used to be a guy?"

"Yeah," she said, and her face softened with empathy. "Don't worry," she said. "You'll get used to it."

She turned and walked away, her hips swaying. Riley admired her firm, heart-shaped behind, and wondered if he would have one soon, what it would be like to have such wide hips, so much extra back there.

Riley scooped up some of his yogurt and glanced enviously at Watt as she shoved another juicy burger into her mouth. She was so lucky she got to be a guy, he thought, and eat whatever she wanted. Some of the yogurt slipped off his spoon and plopped onto his breasts. He looked up, mouth open in surprise.

"You want me to lick that off for you?" Watt said.

"Shut up," Riley said, taking his napkin and wiping the yogurt away, sending a tremor through his soft chest. "Can't you just eat, already?"

Watt smiled. "That's what she said."

T.G. Cooper

Give Him a tattoo

Tattoo

"Well, we're stuck in weirdsville for another day," Riley said. "What now?"

"I need some clothes," Watt said. "These are getting pretty ripe."

"I guess I do, too," Riley said, putting his hands on the small of his back, arching against the new weight. "These things feel like they weigh 20 pounds," he said, looking down at his cleavage. They were heavy, and he had to remind himself to keep his back straight against the new weight.

"Oh, yeah," Watt said. "Big breasted women are always complaining about that."

"My hair feels heavy, too," he said, plucking at it. "Every time I move my head I feel it, like, dragging, and it keeps getting into my mouth."

"That is one cool thing about being almost bald," Watt said. "I feel so free, and I never have to brush it!" She hurried to get in front of Riley, then hopped up and down. "And no bounce! It's great to be so streamlined."

Riley glared. "Stop bragging."

"Oh, come on now," Watt said. "I'm just giving you a hard time. I told you. I don't want to be a man. Gross."

They came to the town's department store. Jolie Port. Watt held the door. Inside, a sign hung over the left side of the room identifying it as for Mademoiselles. The other sign read Garçons. Riley started to follow Watt in the boy's section. "Um, seriously? With your figure?" Watt said.

"I'm sure I can find something."

Watt put her hands on Riley's shoulders, turned him and pushed him toward the woman's side, with its racks of colorful dresses, skirts and blouses. Riley had always been uncomfortable being in or near the women's section. Even when he'd been roped into shopping and his wife had been looking at women's clothes, he'd found himself feeling.... Weird. Now, with his changing body, he felt terrified.

“I’m not wearing a dress!” He said.

“Go find some jeans, then,” Watt said. “And you are going to hate this, but you really need a bra.”

At the word bra, Riley crossed his arms over his chest. “Stop.” He stared in terror at the women’s section. It all seemed so... girly. He felt like stepping into it would make him more one of them, would drain whatever masculinity he had left. He spun, trying to run past Watt to the boy’s side. She grabbed him and lifted him off his feet, spun him around and set him back down facing the girl’s side. “Shortcake,” Watt said, giving his shoulder a squeeze. “Man up, and get yourself an outfit, already.” She pushed him gently toward the women’s section.

Riley stepped tentatively off the isle and into the carpeted section, started to move among the forest of racks. He was so short now the racks came right up to his head. He glanced over his shoulder and got on his tippy toes to see Watt watching, her arms crossed over her chest. “I’m going!” Riley said, his skin crawling as he found himself surrounded on every side by femininity. “See?”

Watt nodded, headed off into the men’s section. She ‘d worn what amounted to men’s clothes for years for work, even around the house. It didn’t freak her out. But, as she looked at the guy’s clothes, she did find them kind of boring compared to women’s— and there were so few choices!

Riley practically ran through the racks of dresses. There was no way he would ever wear one of those things. He saw jeans along the back wall and made a beeline. As he stepped clear of the racks, he saw a gorgeous blonde woman folding a pair of jeans. The woman smiled. “Can I help you, miss?” She said.

“Um, no. I’m fine.” Riley went to the stacks of jeans, piled on tables, and realized he had no idea what size he was now. He looked back to the woman. He felt uncomfortable with the idea of talking to such a beautiful girl now in his feminized state. But? “Actually?” He said, shrugging.

“Of course.” The woman approached. She stood a full foot taller than Riley, and he craned his neck to look up at her, noticing that her name tag read Jamaal. “Let’s see...” She grabbed a couple pairs of jeans, nodding.

Riley decided to try one more time to save himself, glancing longingly over at the men’s side of the store. “I was thinking maybe get some guy’s jeans.”

“With those hips?” Jamaal said. Jamaal shoved a stack of jeans into his arms. “Try these on,” she said, putting a hand on Riley’s shoulder and steering him toward the dressing room. Riley was getting used to people directing him, and just walked into the dressing room, turning his back to the mirror and slipping out of his jacket and slacks. He stepped into the jeans, wiggled to get them up over his hips. They were tight but made of some sort of stretchy material that hugged his new curves. He buttoned the top button, took a deep breath and turned to examine his profile. *Oh, shit*, he thought, seeing the way his tight, plump rear swelled from the curve at the base of his spine, the profile of his breasts, jutting out from his chest. He turned away from the mirror, pulled his hair to the side and glanced over his shoulder. No way, he thought, checking himself out. He was not ready for the kind of attention he would get wearing these jeans. His ass looked amazing, and he couldn’t help but reach back, cup his cheeks with his hands, squeeze.

“Let me see,” the salesgirl said. “Come on.”

“Hold on,” Riley said, wiggling out of the jeans, kicking them off, squeezing into another pair and frowning. If anything, he looked even hotter. He tried on the third pair. They kind of pinched in the crotch, so he went back to the first pair.

“Don’t be shy,” Jamaal said. “Let me see.”

Riley walked out of the dressing room. His legs felt like they were too wide now, and he couldn’t help but walk with a little wiggle. “They’re too tight,” Riley said, cringing, pulling his blouse closed.

“Turn around,” Jamaal said. “Let me see.”

Riley didn't like the idea of having a woman check him out, see him with this booty. He shook his head. Watt turned him. "Perfect. You look hot, girl."

"I don't want to look hot," Riley said.

"Okay. Jeans sorted. Now lift your arms."

"What?"

"Arms." Jamaal said, clearly enjoying herself. Riley did as he was told, and she wrapped a tape measure around his chest. "35D." She said. "Nice. Be right back. Here." She handed him a glass with water and slices of cucumber and walked away.

Riley stood, annoyed. "I want some baggy jeans," he said. He put down the cucumber water, went over and started looking through the jeans, finding some ones in bigger sizes that didn't have any girly stuff on the back pockets. Watt walked up wearing a pair of jeans, a flannel shirt. Riley did a double take. She looked-- handsome.

"You still shopping?" Watt said, checking her watch.

"I just started," Riley said, annoyed.

"Those jeans look hot as hell on you," Watt said.

Riley felt a flush of pleasure at the compliment, shook his head. "They're too tight."

"Nonsense," Jamaal said, strutting back, taking the jeans out of Riley's hands and shoving a pile of bras and shirts into his arms. "Go. Try these on." Riley huffed, but headed back into the dressing room.

"As for you, handsome," Jamaal said, walking up to Watt. "I have a hat that would go great with that outfit."

"Do you?" Watt said, looking down into her pretty eyes.

Riley glanced back, seething. The nerve of that girl!

At least the girl had brought him some t-shirt. He tossed the bras aside, thinking there was no way, tugged one of the t-shirts on, struggling to get it over his boobs, looked in the mirror to see his nipples visible through the thin, white

fabric. Shit. He glanced at the silky, lacy bras. Maybe he did need one. With a groan, he fought his way free of the shirt, picked up one of the bras and sighed. It was such a pain being a woman. The bra didn't have any clasps or hooks, so he pulled it over his head like he would a shirt, fitted the cups over his boobs and, hooking his thumbs under the bra straps, slipped them up and over his round little shoulders. He felt the weight of his breasts tugging on the straps as the bra lifted his breasts and pressed them together.

He glanced in the mirror, looked away, turned and looked over his shoulder, seeing the bright, white bra strap across his back, the straps over his shoulders, the way his back tapered down to his slender waist and then the swell of his. "What?"

He stepped closer to the mirror. He had a tattoo along the small of his back now. A flower and cursive words that said, *She Believed She Could So She Did*. "Oh, my God," he said, rubbing at the tattoo, wanting to erase the girly message from his skin.

But, of course, nothing. He was stuck with it.

"Babe?" Watt called. "You all right in there?"

"Just give me a minute!" Riley yelled back, tugging the t-shirt back on, mussing his hair, refusing to even look this time because he knew he looked hot and he didn't want to deal. He did like having some support, though, he decided, adjusting his bra straps, then walking out of the dressing room.

Watt, now wearing a knitted fisherman's cap, gave him a once over, nodded and smiled. "Nice."

Riley blushed. "Shut up," he said.

"You'll need this," Jamaal said, handing him an emerald green hoodie. "It's chilly."

"That's going to go great with her hair," Watt said.

"I know right? Your hair is on point, girl."

Riley slipped the hoodie on and zipper it up, hoping for some modesty, but the hoodie was fitted and hugged his body, just like all the other clothes. “Why does everything have to be so tight?” He said.

“You’ll get used to it,” Jamaal said.

Watt chuckled. “Are you *finally* ready to go?”

Riley looked at Jamaal. “Am I?”

“Almost,” Jamaal said, holding up a pair of spikey heeled ankle boots.

“No,” Riley said, horrified. “No way.”

Jamaal and Watt laughed. “Just messing with you,” Jamaal said, handing him a pair of white canvas Vans. “But you should have seen your face.” The shoes looked like they were about the size for a 10-year-old. Riley put them on. They fit.

They walked toward the door, out onto Main Street. Riley kept tugging at his pants, his hoodie. He felt like a sausage squeezed into the tiny clothes. “What now?” He said, the breeze catching his hair, tossing it.

“You know, in all the craziness, we kind of forgot why we came here in the first place,” Watt said.

“Gerald White,” Riley said, thinking of White’s corpse on that slab, such a beautiful golden girl. Riley thought of his own dramatic curves, wondered if he looked as pretty as White had now. “Does it even matter?”

“She— or he— was murdered. A protected witness. That is why we came here. We need to find out what happened so, when we get turned back to normal and get out of here.”

They went back to the police station. The sky had clouded up while they’d been in the store buying clothes, thick, grey, low lying clouds, and the wind was picking up, whipping Riley’s crimson hair across his face. He pulled up his

hoodie, tucked his hair in. Leroux was outside, lowering the awnings. "Mighty big storm coming," he said as he saw them approach. "I can feel it in my knees."

"We need to see the file on Gerald White."

"Still after that?" Leroux said. "Better leave well enough alone."

"Um, well, we'd like to see it if that isn't..." Riley started.

"The file." Watt said, cutting him off.

"Suit yourself."

He led them back into the office, dug the file out of an old wooden file cabinet, tossed it on a desk. "Enjoy." Riley picked up the file, but Watt pulled it out of his hands. "Hey!"

"Just let me take a look," she said, sitting down, perusing the file, which turned out to be very professional.

Riley sat on the edge of the desk and peered over Watt's broad shoulders as she skimmed through the documents. Riley noted that White's occupation was listed as "dancer."

"It says here the body was found at 1 Main Street," Watt said. "Should we check out the crime scene?"

"Good a place to start as any."

"Hey, Leroux," Watt called as they left the police station. "Who lives at 1 Main Street?"

"That would be the Mayor's House," he said, chagrined.

They got back in their car. Retrieved their guns, switching holsters. Riley looked at the tiny little loop that made up Watt's holster and doubted it would fit, but when he slipped it around his waist it was actually a little too large and rested on the tops of his generous hips. At least these things are good for something, he decided, slipping into the passenger's seat.

The Mayor's House turned out to be a Georgian Mansion that stood at the very head of Main Street on a hill that looked down over the town. It was

constructed of dark stone and surrounded by a big, iron gate, like the Nicolete House, festooned with gargoyles and grotesqueries. A murder of crows nested in the ancient oaks that surrounded the house, staring silently at them. Watt led the way, bounding up the door and ringing the bell. Riley nervously checked his gun. He felt small. Vulnerable. He didn't like those feelings.

They heard quick little steps pattering toward the door. It creaked open and a little girl stared up at them with big, brown eyes. She wore an old fashioned, flower print dress. "Yes?" She said.

Watt flashed her badge. "The Mayor home?"

At the sight of the badge the little girl's eyes went wide. "Uh, huh."

"Can we come in?" Watt said, leaning down.

The girl shook her head. "I have to ask my ... Daddy."

"Of course," Watt said.

The door closed.

"She's so cute," Riley said.

"I guess."

A few moments later, the door opened. A man wearing a dark suit and a crimson ascot with a diamond pin answered. The little girl clung to his leg.

"What can I do for you?" He said in a deep voice.

"We have some questions about the death of Gerald White."

"Of course. Come in. Shame about that. He was a lovely girl. I suppose you'll want to see where I found the body?"

"That's right."

"Run along. Play with your dolls," the man said, patting the girl on the head.

"Yes, Daddy," the girl said, scurrying away.

"Your daughter is adorable," Riley said. He'd never felt so... fascinated with a little kid before.

“Why, thank you. By the way, my name is Walter Forsett. You can call me Walt.” He reached out and shook Watt’s hand, ignoring Riley. He led them to the garage.

“Sweet car,” Watt said, looking over the glittering Bentley.

“I am rather fond of it.”

“What kind of engine you have in that baby?” Watt asked.

Riley rolled his eyes. “This is where you found the body?” He said, squatting next to the driver’s side door, recalling the crime scene photos. When he squatted, he felt his breasts rest against his thighs.

“I came in and saw her there,” Walt said. “She tumbled out of the car, I suppose. It was running. The garage was full of fumes.”

“Carbon monoxide,” Watt said. “That would explain the pink skin.”

“I believe she killed herself,” Watt said.

“Why?”

“Some men have trouble accepting their new lives, after the change,” Walt said, looking at Riley, letting his eyes play across his beautiful features. “It can be difficult for a man to find himself so beautiful, so desirable...”

“Yes, it can,” Riley said, angry that the man was looking at him like that, like he was a thing to be possessed and not a person. “When you have to deal with creeps all the time.”

Walt smiled. “You have spunk. I like that.”

Riley stood, his anger growing. “I am a Federal Agent,” he said. “Not...”

“Okay, okay,” Watt said, waving toward Riley. “Thank you for your time.”

“Of course. Anything I can do to help. Let me show you out.”

“No,” Riley said, craning his neck to look up at them. “I have a few questions.”

“Riley?” Watt said.

“Just.... Wait.” Riley planted a hand on his hip and gave his hair an angry toss. “What was Gerald doing in your garage? Why was he at your house that night?”

"I employed him as a nanny for my daughter," Watt said, chuckling. "And to perform various domestic chores suitable to his sex."

"For how long had he been in your employ?"

"I don't recall. Some weeks, I suppose."

"And did you see any signs that he was distraught? Suicidal?"

"He was a very emotional girl," Walt said. "Like most females, he was given to a certain degree of, how should I put this? Emotional instability." Once more he chuckled.

Riley fumed. "And where were you at the time he came down here to the garage?"

"I suppose I was in my office," Walter said.

"And you didn't hear the car running?"

Now, Walter laughed out loud. "Your partner is quite the little spitfire!" He said, nudging Watt, who looked embarrassed at what was going on, but just shrugged, refusing to take sides.

"Stop condescending to me!" Riley shouted. "You didn't hear the car?"

"Obviously not," Walt said, covering his mouth. "Or, I would have come down and saved the poor girl. It is a man's job to protect helpless little females."

'Jerk!' Riley said, hitting Watt on the shoulder after they got back into the car.

"What did I do?"

"Nothing! That's why you're a jerk."

"What was I supposed to do? He was just yanking your chain."

"You're supposed to be on my side! You're supposed to have my back!"

Women! Probably just hormonal. Watt thought. "Okay. Whatever. At least we know it was a suicide, after all."

"You actually believe that load of shit?" Riley said, crossing his arms under his breasts. "Unbelievable!"

"He was a hit man. A mob enforcer. It must have been hell for him..." Watt glanced at Riley, his curvy little shape, pretty face. "It must have been hard to be turned into... you know."

"No, I don't," Riley said. "Being a woman is not..." he didn't believe what he was about to say, not a word of it, but he was determined to win the argument. "Women aren't inferior."

"I didn't say you were."

"You just did! Asshole!" He punched her again.

"You're crazy!"

"Don't call me crazy!"

"Ugh! Okay. Fine. Tell me your theory."

"Walter killed her. He staged it to look like a suicide."

"No signs of struggle. No bruises? How?"

"I don't know yet. But I am going to prove that... jerk! Is guilty."

They Go To Bar

They Go to B&B

Bar

Watt yanked the wheel to the right, and the tires crunched against gravel as they pulled into the parking lot of the Changemont Public House, Purveyors of Fine Spirits and Average Slop.

“What are you doing?” Riley said.

“Let’s get a drink,” Watt said. She put her hand on Riley’s knee. “Relax.”

“Sounds good,” Riley said, taking her hand off his knee.

Dark, cool, all old wood and decorated with dead animals, snowshoes, weathered maps, the Public House featured a central bar surrounded by tables and booths. Watt swaggered up to the bar. A tall, slender woman with raven hair wearing a Guns and Roses t-shirt with tattoos covering both her arms and neck stood behind the bar, idly wiping a glass with a dish rag looked up at them, then turned her attention back to the TV on the wall, where some nerds from ESPN were screaming about whether or not Russel Wilson was over-rated.

Watt slipped onto a stool at the bar. Riley had to hop up to get onto the stool, which was too high for him. He kicked his little feet idly, glancing at the TV.

“What’s your poison?” The bartender asked.

“Cosmo,” Watt said.

“Bourbon. Neat,” Riley said.

The bartender chuckled, made the drinks. Went back to watching TV. Riley noticed she had a tattoo of a tear under her right eye. Riley sipped his drink, and got an odd, uncomfortable feeling. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw a couple guys in the corner checking him out.

“Those guys are staring at me,” he whispered to Watt.

“You’ll get used to it,” Watt said, sipping her cosmo, making an ugly face.

“Oh. Terrible.”

“I shouldn’t have to get used to it,” Riley said, feeling his skin crawl.

“You want something a little more manly?” The bartender asked.

“No,” Watt said, taking another sip. “Okay. Hell, yes. God, that tastes gross.”

The bartender poured some sort of dark beer into a frosted mug. “Try this.”

Watt took a sip. “Okay. Hmmnn. That is good. Oh, shit. Am I going to start thinking fart jokes are funny now?”

“Probably,” the bartender said, moving down the bar to talk to another patron, an old man in a fedora with three days stubble.

“This sucks,” Watt said, sipping her beer. “I don’t want to be some dumb dude.”

“Poor you,” Riley said. “At least you didn’t turn into a midget.”

Watt looked at her diminutive partner. He really was tiny now— and hot. “Being tall doesn’t suck,” she said, reaching out, gently brushing his hair away from his cheek.

“Don’t do that,” Riley said, batting her hand away.

Watt smirked. Took another sip of beer.

“This is what bugs me about the crime scene,” Riley said. “Supposedly, White decides to kill himself. He gets in the car, turns it on.”

“Yeah?”

“Sits back. The garage fills with carbon monoxide.”

“Right.”

“So, what happens next in a suicide like that?”

“It’s just like falling asleep. They close their eyes, fade away.”

“Exactly!” Riley said, excited. “So why does White end up on the ground outside the car?”

“Maybe he rolled out of the seat after he passed out?”

“Picture the photo of the body. What does it look like?”

Watt pictured the photo. White had one arm reaching forward, one leg pulled up, the other stretched out. Nodded. “Like he was crawling.”

“A full foot in front of the door. He was trying to get out. He wanted to live.”

“Shit,” Watt said. “And you make Walter for the murder?”

"Who else?"

"But why? What's the motive?"

"I don't know yet. But, are you with me?"

"I think I am," Watt said. She put her hand on Riley's knee again. This time, he let her. "Good work, partner. You are a smart little cookie."

"I know," Riley said, hooking his hair behind his ear, smiling.

"I gotta drain the lizard," Watt said, getting up.

"Wait? You have a--?"

"Just a figure of speech," Watt said, heading back to the restroom.

Riley sipped his whiskey, feeling triumphant. It burnt as it poured down his throat, puddled hot and sweet in his belly. He looked at Watt's abandoned cosmo sitting on the bar, glass sparkling with beads of condensation. He wondered if he would like it now, if he was going to end up drinking girly drinks and giving himself facials if he was stuck like this. The thought made him want to puke.

"If I said you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?" A man standing behind Riley said.

Riley froze. *He can't be talking to me, can he?*

The man sat down on the stool next to Riley, who glanced from behind the curtain of his long, red hair, his heart catching in his throat as he saw it was the bearded creep from the pick-up truck. Riley's brain short-circuited as he realized that not only was he being hit on by a guy, but a guy who looked like a total loser. *Just ignore him. Just ignore him.* Riley sipped his drink and looked away.

"You know what would look good on you?" The man said, leaning into Riley's space. "Me."

Feeling the man move into his space pissed Riley off. He turned to face the man. "Get lost," he said.

"I'm already lost in your eyes," the man said, letting his eyes drop hungrily to Riley's breasts.

“God. Just go away.”

The man’s eyes stayed glued to Riley’s breasts. “You wanna fuck?” He said, licking his lips.

“Asshole!” Riley said, throwing his drink in the man’s face.

“Bitch!” The guy yelled, standing up.

Riley jumped off his stool, made a fist, found himself staring at the other man’s belly, remembering how small he was now. The man looked down at Riley and laughed.

The derisive laughter infuriated him, and Riley drove his fist into the man’s belly, putting his whole body into the punch.

The man grunted, grabbed Riley’s arm and twisted it behind his back. Riley made a small noise, struggled. “Let go of me!”

“You’re a feisty little slut, aren’t you?” The man said, twisting harder.

Riley had been trained in hand to hand combat, had spent hours in the gym working out, sparring. He tried to twist free of the hold, but... nothing. He was too weak. He looked up through the hair that had fallen across his eyes to see Watt come out of the bathroom, lock eyes, her face filling with rage.

“Motherfucker!” Watt yelled, charging across the room like a bull, belting the man across the face. The man let go of Riley, stumbled backward and crashed against a table.

Riley instinctively cowered behind Watt and she stepped up to the jerk, who’d stood, cracked his neck, and stared into Watt’s eyes. “Walk away,” Watt said.

The man sized her up. Turned and walked away.

Riley turned, gathered Riley into her arms. “You okay?” She said.

Riley hugged her, tight, feeling his soft body pressing against her tall, muscular frame. “I’m fine.” He tilted his head back to look into her eyes. She brushed his hair out of his eyes. “Thanks,” he said, giving her arm a squeeze, leveraging himself out of her arms, straightening his clothes.

T.G. Cooper

“Let’s go,” Watt said, tossing some bills on the bar, taking Riley’s hand and leading him from the bar.

Riley glanced back over his shoulder as they left. The bartender was staring at his ass.

They Go Back to the B&B

Changemont



The B&B

They didn't speak on the way back to the B&B. Riley curled up against the passenger door, arms crossed, legs crossed, just trying to purge what had just happened from his mind. Watt, meanwhile, struggled with her own conflicted feelings. Seeing Riley in danger had filled her with pure rage, and without even thinking she's just belted the guy, knocked him on his ass. She'd felt powerful, free, and when she'd looked into Riley's eyes and seen his— feminine vulnerability and appreciation— she'd felt something new. Something that she'd felt sometimes as a woman, but never been able to really embrace or indulge. She felt a need to dominate him.

Why? She wondered. She'd just protected him. And, yet, she couldn't drive the image from her mind— pushing Riley down, pinning him, holding him powerless....

Riley glanced at her. She at him. They quickly looked away, both of them scared of what they were feeling.

Riley walked into their room. Watt had held the door for him. Watt watched him as he walked, that sweet as of his swaying from side to side. Riley tossed his hair, went to the window of their room and looked down on the front yard, Main Street. Rain drops spattered against the window, the wind rattled the glass in the frame. He put his fingers to the glass, watching a single rain drop zig zagging its way down the surface of the glass.

Watt looked at him standing there, one hip thrown out to the side, the hoodie pulling in at his slender waist, the swell of his hips and ass beneath. She decided to go for it, to take what she wanted. She walked over, put her hands on Riley's hips, pushed her nose into his long, thick hair, burrowed in until she found the soft skin of his neck, kissing, sucking.

Riley closed his eyes and sighed. The desire he felt terrified him. He turned, looking up at Watt, and started to say, "Stop," but what covered his mouth with a

hot, wet kiss, pushing him against the window. Riley put his palms against the wall, bracing himself, feeling his thick hair making a pillow against the glass window. Watt's hands worked feverishly at his hoodie, yanking down the zipper, pulling it open, and then she shoved a hand under his shirt, slipping it up his sot belly, slipping it under the bottom of one his cups, pushing the cup up and over his breast and then grabbing his breast, his hardening nipple against her palm as she squeezed.

"No," Riley gaped between kisses. "Stop. I'm.... Not ready...." As she squeezed his breast he gasped, arching his back. "Oh! Mmmmmnn." They were so sensitive, and his whole body burned with pleasure. It terrified him, and once more he begged, "Stop."

Watt slipped her hands onto his ass, lifted him off his feet. He instinctively wrapped his thighs around her waist and despite his pleas, leaned in, hair across his face, and kissed Watt, throwing his arms around her shoulders.

Watt carried him over to the bed, threw him onto his back and climbed on top of him. They wrestled with each other's clothes, stripping off shirts, pants. Riley found himself on his back, legs spread, Watt positioned between them, her eyes filled with this fierce energy, like an angry bull. Once more, Riley felt terrified, and he started to squirm, making small, pretty noises. "Get off me," he said. "Get off."

Watt mounted him, started to move her hips rhythmically. Riley felt his breasts bouncing with each of their thrusts.

"Stop," Riley said, tears rolling down his cheeks, but he put his hands on Watt's muscled shoulders, squeezing, thrusting his hips against hers, meeting her rhythm. It felt so good.... Riley wanted to give in, needed to give in, and yet he was a man. It wasn't supposed to be like this. He slapped her in the face.

Watt laughed, started moving faster, harder. Riley suddenly felt her pushing into him, penetrating him sending hot bursts of pleasure through his whole body

as she thrust. He realized they'd fully switched now, that she was making him her woman, and he needed it so bad.

Riley threw his head back and bit his lip, wrapping his legs tighter around her waist, pulling her into him, his soft pleas switching from "Stop! No!" To "harder... harder...ohgodohgodohgod..."

He felt her explode into him, hot lightning spraying inside him, curling his toes, forcing him to cry out in ecstasy his hair all in his face, his mouth, his eyes closed as Watt finished, rolled off.

"Oh, god," Riley said again, digging his hands into his hair, breathing hard his bare breasts rising and falling. He squeezed his legs together, rolled onto his side, hugging himself, feeling his breasts so soft and warm, pooling between his little arms. He felt.... Fuzzy... soft... confused... he wasn't sure Was that it? He felt like he hadn't really finished. Like his body still needed more. Almost like he had blue balls, but a girl version. Insecurity flooded him. She he have let her screw him? Would she think he was a slut now? Was he good? Did she like it? Did this mean they were dating now?

But his body and its aching need brought his thoughts back to his... void.

"Watt?" He whispered, wanting to talk to her, needing to talk to her. "Watt?"

The only answer he got was snoring. He looked over at her. Sure enough, she was asleep, one hand on her new man thing.

Riley rolled his eyes. Of course. Typical guy. Already. He rolled onto his back, tucking the sheet under his armpits and stared at the ceiling, frustrated. His thoughts went to Tina, his wife. He'd never cheated on her in all these years, and now he'd slept with Watt, gotten plowed by a man. He hadn't even thought about her before or during, and now he didn't know if he'd ever be able to look at her again. "What kind of man am I?" He wondered, feeling the weight of his breasts against his chest, rising and falling with each breath. He found his wallet and opened it up, looked at the picture of he and Tina, on the beach in a Mexico, smiling at the camera on their 10th year anniversary, still in love, still crazy about

each other. His eyes filled with tears as he stared at the picture and wondered if things would ever be the same between them.

Riley goes girl

Riley struggles to be a manly girl

T.G. Cooper



Goes Girl

Riley eventually drifted off to a troubled sleep. He dreamt Watt was making love to him, riding him hard, and he could see his wife standing behind her watching, smiling. “Harder,” Tina said. “Harder.”

Riley woke with a feminine gasp, feeling guilty, ashamed. He looked at Watt who still slept soundly, a five o'clock shadow on her square chin. He could see the gray light of dawn through the curtains, and figured he wouldn't be able to sleep, so he got up as quietly as he could, took a long, hot shower. There was something on his thigh- almost like dried glue. He rubbed at it, thinking, what? Then, he realized what it was and quickly washed it away, feeling gross. Wrapping himself in a towel, he got out of the shower, saw a small bag Watt had left on the top of the toilet. A tube of lipstick stuck out the top, and he remembered Watt had picked up some things at the drugstore. He stared at the lipstick, curious, picked it up. Looking in the mirror, he saw his pretty face. He didn't really need make-up, but he found himself digging through the bag—eyeliner, mascara. What would it be like to put on some lipstick? He wondered, smiling, feeling a little excited at the idea.

But no. He needed to fight this. He thought about Tina again, immediately remembering the feeling of Watt inside him, thrusting. He put the makeup down. He needed to cling to his manhood, or what was left of it. Tina was a sweet girl, and she'd fallen in love with him because he was a man's man— tough, solid, strong. He couldn't start putting on makeup. He was afraid he might like it.

He started down the hall, the floor creaking, then turned and went back to the bathroom. What the hell? He decided, pulling the tube of lipstick back out. Once they switched back, he would forget all this. Get back to being himself. But for now, why not explore?

He found himself lost in fascination as he painted his lips, then lined his eyes, did his mascara. He just seemed to know how to do it. The foundation Watt had

bought was no good for his complexion, he just knew it somehow, so he skipped it. His skin was so bright and radiant it would be a shame to cover it up anyway. Once he'd finished with his eyes, he penciled in his slender eyebrows, looked at his face from different angles, smiled a bright, confident smile. His pretty eyes really popped, and his full lips looked even bigger, dewy and wet. He felt more—complete now, more ready to face the world. He mussed his hair, looked at himself over his shoulder. Yes. He looked so hot.

Tina would never need to know about any of this, he decided as he headed back to the room. So, what, really was the harm?

When he got back to the room, Watt was up, sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at her phone. She glanced at Riley as he entered and smiled at him like the cat who'd swallowed the canary. "Morning, gorgeous," she said.

Riley giggled. When she looked at him like that it made him feel so pretty. "Morning."

"How about a little morning dick?" Riley said.

"I just showered," Riley said.

"We can shower together after."

"No," Riley said, half hoping she would just grab him like she had last night and press him into it, but she relented.

"Suit yourself," she said getting up, giving Riley's ass a slap as she headed toward the bathroom herself.

Riley shrieked and giggled, twirling away. As soon as Watt left, he felt ridiculous. Why am I acting like this? He wondered, though he knew and actually didn't really care. He just knew he wasn't supposed to act like such a girl, to like it. Whatever, he thought, getting dressed. He really needed to figure out how to manage all this hair.

Watt puts his hair in a ponytail

They go to the police station

Manly Girl

Riley eventually drifted off to a troubled sleep. He dreamt Watt was making love to him, riding him hard, and he could see his wife standing behind her watching, smiling. “Harder,” Tina said. “Fuck him, harder.”

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Watt puts his hair in a ponytail

Police Station

Ponytail

When Watt got back from the shower, she saw Riley reaching back, trying to pull his hair back into a ponytail. She liked the way he looked like that— with his breasts thrust forward. *Damn*, she thought, *he is a fine piece of ass*. She felt herself getting a boner and turned her back to Riley, pushing it down, not wanting him to see her getting all hard. She found it weird to have a Johnson and kind of gross, but it was interesting to experience the guy's side of things. She thought it would make her a better lover once she got her body back.

She didn't feel all that guilty about cheating. For one thing, she wasn't sure it was cheating to do it as a dude. And, anyway, her boyfriend Roger had asked her more than once to make out with one of her friends while he watched, so he had kind of given her permission to do other girls, right?

It bothered her that it didn't bother her, though. Shouldn't it? She thought about what Leroux had said about her settling. Did she really care about Roger, or had he just been the least shitty guy she could find? She thought about Riley, Strawberry Shortcake Riley. The little moaning sounds he'd made when she's caressed his silky skin, the feel of his firm breasts in her hands, the way he looked when his face fell across his eyes.... It had been the best sex she'd ever had.

"Damnit!" Riley said.

Watt, who'd finished dressing, turned around. He was sitting on the bed, having completely failed to get his hair into a ponytail. "Let me do that for you." Watt said.

"I can't get this stupid tie around all this hair."

"You're doing it wrong," Watt said, climbing on the bed behind him, taking the hair tie and then starting to gather all his long, bouncy hair together. Once she had the hair all pulled back, she tied it off with a flick of her wrist and said, "done."

Riley reached up, turned and rewarded her with a smile. He turned his head side to side, up and down. “Wow. I can actually move my head without hair falling in my face.”

“Yeah, but you look cute with hair in your face.”

“Shut up,” Riley said, rolling his eyes. “So, where to now?”

“Let’s go use landline at the Police Station and see if the lab reports are in,” Watt said. “And then we’ll go to the diner and get you some rabbit food, little bunny.”

They Go to the Police Station

Police Station

When they got to the police station, they found Leroux mowing the grass with an old-fashioned manual mower. “Good morning,” Leroux said. “I trust you had a— pleasant— evening.”

A crow squawked just as he said ‘pleasant.’

Riley looked away, embarrassed, but Watt threw an arm around his shoulder and said, “You bet we did.”

“My man,” Leroux said, holding out his fist, and the two men bumped.

“Stop,” Riley said, nudging Watt.

“Need the phone,” Watt said, guiding Riley toward the station.

“You know where it is,” Leroux said. As the two walked away, he checked out Riley’s booty and started singing, “I like big butts, and I cannot lie...”

Inside the station, Riley picked up the phone and dialed the number. As soon as Tanaka answered and Riley said, “Hello” Watt plucked the phone from his hand.

“Tanaka, the results back yet?”

“Yes,” Tanaka said. “The blonde Barbie is Gerald White, believe it or not.”

“I believe it,” Watt said. “Anything else?”

“Yup. The toxicology report shows that he had been roofied. Was probably unconscious before the carbon monoxide did him in.”

“That figures,” Watt said.

“And there was also some skin beneath his fingernails along with some hair consistent with recent beard growth. I ran it through the DNA database. Got a match. Salvatore Pitzo.”

“The hitman. Great work, Tanaka.”

“You know it,” she said.

Watt hung up. “What did she say?” Riley asked. “What hitman?”

“Walter isn’t Walter,” Watt said. “He’s Salvatore Pitzo, and you were right. He’s a murderer.”

They drove up to the Mayor’s House, knocked. Walter answered the door, once more wearing a suit and an ascot that covered his neck. “Walter,” Watt said, stepping into the foyer. “Or, should I call you by your real name, Salvatore?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You roofied Gerald and then stuck him in that garage with the car running to make it look like a suicide,” Watt said. “He struggled, scratched you— we found your skin under his nails.”

“Preposterous,” Walter said.

“Oh, yeah?” Watt said, then why are you keeping your neck hidden!” With that, she grabbed the ascot and yanked it from Walter’s neck revealing... unmarked skin. “What”

“Satisfied? I assure you, I am not the man you are looking for.”

“Then, who?” Watt said, her confidence shaken.

“Her,” Riley said, tapping Watt on the shoulder and pointing to Watt’s daughter, who stood in the doorway holding a gun with both hands.

“You?” Watt said. “You’re Salvatore the Slayer?”

“That’s right,” the little girl said, a Brooklyn accent slipping into her voice. “You lousy cops should have left well enough alone. Now, you gotta pay.” She raised the gun toward Riley.

“You don’t have to do this,” Watt said, stepping in front of Riley, shielding him with her body.

“I’m a stone-cold killer,” Sal said, adding a sassy hair flip. She squeezed one eye shut, taking aim, her little arms trembling slightly from the weight of the handgun.

“Sally, that’s quite enough,” Walter said in his stern, Daddy voice.

"But, Daddy...". Sal said.

"Put the gun away and go to your room," Walter said.

"Daddy!" Sal said, stomping one foot furiously. "I won't!"

"Now, young lady!"

Sal's shoulders slumped, he dropped the gun and stomped off, mumbling, "mean old man...."

They went to the living room. Walter explained it all. "So, Sal showed up and while he was still a man, he killed Gerald."

"Then Azeban got involved."

"Correct. Sal tried to leave town, but Azeban had selected him, he got caught in the endless loop, just like you did. Leroux and I found him sleeping in the car, already a skinny little kid, though not yet a girl."

"So, you decided to raise him as your daughter?" Watt said, shaking her head. "Doesn't seem like much of a punishment for murder."

"What would you have us do? Turn a little girl over to the feds and explain that she was actually a 32-year-old man? I decided to raise him to be a well-mannered and proper young lady, someone who could be a positive member of society. Believe me, being forced into the polite and demure little girl has been worse than prison for him, but he is getting used to it."

"It's hard to believe such a cute little girl could be a killer," Riley said.

"Or such a lovely woman could be a middle-aged man," Walter said, nodding toward Riley.

"What about me?" Watt said. "Isn't it hard to believe I used to be a woman?"

"It's hard to believe you were ever anything," Riley said.

"Haha."

"Well, I guess that's it," Watt said. "All that's left now is for us to go see Jack tonight and get our bodies back."

"I suppose so," Riley said.

"You sure that's what you want?" Walter said. "We could use a couple fresh faces here in town."

"I have a wife," Riley said, "and as interesting as this has been, I really feel I am more comfortable as a man." He gestured down at his breasts. "These things are giving me the worst back aches!"

"I feel like I need to get back to being me, too," Watt said. "I kind of like being a girl. Besides, my balls are itchy, and I feel weird scratching them, having them dangle down there like a bunch of grapes..."

Walter chuckled. "Well, then, I just hope whatever price Azaban asks is not too great for you to pay. Good luck, Agents."

"To you, too."

They got in the car. Watt turned on the engine, put the car in reverse, then back into park. "You know we've got the whole afternoon to kill," she said. "Maybe we should, you know, try some other positions?"

Riley smiled. "I can't say the idea isn't tempting, but, no. I'm married, and I just don't think I should, you know. I mean, last night happened, and I can't change that, but it would break Tina's heart."

"And probably freak her out a little," Watt said.

"Yeah, that, too."

"So, if no sex, how about a blow job?"

"Watt!" Riley said, playfully punching her. "Stop!"

"I just really want to know what it's like, you know? Guys are so obsessed with it and everything. Come on. It's not really sex."

"No," Riley said, shaking his head. "No way. Forget it. Gross!"

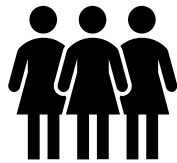
"You're such a prude."

"Yeah. Okay. Call me whatever, but I am not putting you in my mouth."

"Fine. But, what if...?"

"Not gonna happen."

Changemont



The Finale

They drove up to Jack's Shack and found him sitting by a fire he'd built in his yard wearing a robe embroidered with images of ravens, wolverines and raccoons. He wore a crown of stag horns on his head and was dangling a stick over the fire, roasting a marshmallow. "Watt. Shortcake," he said. "Join me for some marshmallows?"

"I think we'd just like to get to the ritual. Get it over with," Watt said.

"Yeah," Riley agreed, the firelight dancing in his big, pretty eyes. He was so beautiful, Watt wanted to kiss him, but she knew he was trying to be loyal to his wife now, which was actually pretty sweet.

Jack handed them pitch covered torches, which they lit in the fire, and then he led them off into the forest. With no moon the night was pitch black, and they couldn't see anything beyond the flickering red light of their torches, which lit the bottom of the leaves, the moss trunks of ancient oaks.

"Stay close," Watt said, still feeling a masculine need to be protective of his little partner.

"I'm right behind you," Riley said, getting a warm feminine flush of pleasure at her manly gesture.

They made their way down a winding, narrow trail that twisted and turned among the trees. The forest was alive with creaking sounds, the occasional hoot of an owl. It was cold enough that the insects had gone quiet, but as they descended on the path, Riley heard soft croaking from below, the musical trickling of a stream.

The path leveled out and opened into a clearing. Watt raised her torch, and they could see an ancient oak with huge, twisted branches standing in the center of a peninsula that jutted out into a small lake. The oak radiated power.

Jack planted his torch in the soft earth at the edge of the clearing and told them to do the same. "Go," he said. "Place your hands on the Sacred Oak."

Watt took Riley's hand and led him toward the tree. Away from the torch light, Riley looked up to a sky flickering with millions of stars, and he sighed, giving Watt's hand a squeeze. "It's so beautiful," he whispered.

Watt just grunted. They reached the tree, put their hands on it. Jack, somewhere in the darkness, began to sign in an ancient tongue, full of mystery magic. "I'm going to miss this version of you, Shortcake," Watt said.

"I'll miss this you, too," Riley said, smiling.

"You know, we have a minute, maybe before we switch back you could give me that hummer?"

"Idiot," Riley said, giggling. "You are such a guy."

"Not for long," Watt said.

Everything stopped. The clearing became completely and totally silent. They heard movement in the branches above them and looked up to see a raccoon walking along one of the oak's great branches. It perched and grinned down at them. "Hau, Mitakuyepi," Azeban said. "Greetings, friends."

"Greetings," they answered.

"You have come to learn the price," Azeban said. "I will tell you outright. For you, Riley, the price is your wife."

"My wife?" Riley said, shocked. "What do you..."

"I will explain. If you return to your former shape and life, your wife will be erased from your history. You will have never met her, never married. She will have lived another life without you."

"But, that isn't fair!"

"You won't remember ever having met Tina. You won't even know she's gone. That is the price. Think on it."

"What about me?" Watt said, thinking it wouldn't be so bad if Rob was erased. She actually was pretty tired of him. "Same deal?"

“No,” Azeban said. “In your case, your boyfriend Robert will become a woman, and she will know that you did it to her to free yourself from this male form I have given you.”

“That doesn’t make sense,” Watt said. “Robert doesn’t have anything to do with this.”

“That is the price. Think on it.” Azeban licked his paws, rubbed them over his ears. “One more thing to consider. I have two souls, young souls that were separated from their bodies too early. They have not been able to pass on to the next world. They long for life. If you stay as you are, they will assume your shapes and your lives and return to the outside world in your places. Now, tell me your answer. Will you pay the price?”

They choose to switch back

They choose to stay as they are

They Switch Back

They each thought about their choice. Riley thought about Tina. He would lose her either way. It was such bullshit! If he went back to being a man, all his memories of their life together would be lost, he wouldn't even know she's gone, and she wouldn't know either. He became conscious of the bra straps digging into his shoulders, the weight of his breasts against his chest, the feeling of a few strands of his long hair that had come loose from his ponytail. He thought about Watt, making love to him.... No. He couldn't do it. He couldn't live the rest of his life as a woman. Memories of Tina cycled through his mind.... Her smile... their first kiss.... The way she's looked in her wedding dress coming down the aisle...

Watt struggled with feelings of guilt. She liked the woman she'd been, the life she'd built. She couldn't see staying as a man. Robert would hate being a woman, would hate her for doing it to him, and it was wrong. Totally wrong. But she hadn't been given a real choice.

"I'm sorry," they each said at once, and the world went dark.

Watt woke in the B&B. Looked down to see he was once more a man. He glanced over at Watt to see that she was now once more a woman. His memory of the night before, the Sacred Oak, Azaban, it all seemed blurry, hazy, almost like a dream. "Watt, wake up," he said. "Time to get the hell out of here." The thought of returning to his lonely apartment made him feel sad and empty, and as he got dressed, he felt an ache like he hadn't felt since his parents had passed away. He almost felt like crying. It was like a part of him had been cut away.

Miles away, Robert woke, sat up and stretched, becoming aware of a new weight on his chest. He looked down to see he had breasts poking out the front of a silk night dress, and he screamed, "Watt! You bitch!"

Go Back to Start

T.G. Cooper

They Stay as They Are

They each thought about their choice. Riley thought about Tina. He would lose her either way. It was such bullshit! If he went back to being a man, all his memories of their life together would be lost, he wouldn't even know she's gone, and she wouldn't know either. He became conscious of the bra straps digging into his shoulders, the weight of his breasts against his chest, the feeling of a few strands of his long hair that had come loose from his ponytail. He thought about Watt, making love to him.... No. He couldn't do it. He couldn't live the rest of his life as a woman. But then, memories of Tina cycled through his mind.... Her smile... their first kiss.... The way she'd looked in her wedding dress coming down the aisle.... He couldn't lose that, and even if he lost her, he couldn't face the thought of losing his memories of her and what they'd had together.

Watt struggled with feelings of guilt. She liked the woman she'd been, the life she'd built. She couldn't see staying as a man. Robert would hate being a woman, would hate her for doing it to him, and it was wrong. Totally wrong. But she hadn't been given a real choice, had she? Better Robert suffers. Let him deal with having his sex changed. Maybe he'd learn a thing or two about getting a girl off...

But no. It was wrong, and even though she felt what Azaban had done to her was wrong, unfair, how selfish would be of for her to do the same thing to someone else?

"I can't pay the price you ask," they each said at once, and the world went dark.

Watt woke, checked to make sure she was still a man. Her ball sack was itchy again, and she scratched it, wiping her hand on the sheet. She looked at Riley, curled up on his side, his red hair falling across his face. Shit. He was

stuck as a woman now. She wondered if he had any idea how hard it was going to be?

But most of all, she wondered if maybe now she'd be able to talk him into that hummer.

[Go Back to Start](#)

Hair

Riley woke and immediately realized he had something in his mouth. *What the hell?* He thought, trying to push it out with his tongue, spitting. Something tickled his cheek, and he brushed at it with his hand. Sitting up, a curtain of hair fell across his eyes. Pushing it out of his eyes, he felt it twining around his arms, pooling over his shoulders. He dug his hands into this thick, wavy hair, pulled and felt it tug against his scalp.

He rolled out of bed, hair once more flowing across his face. Pulling it back he glanced at Watt, sleeping, nearly bald with just a very short brush cut. Just like the haircut he used to have. Immediately, he thought about the beautiful girl in the morgue, her long, golden hair. *Oh, shit.* He looked down at himself, saw his muscled chest, reached down and checked his junk. *Thank God.* It was still there. Looking down had caused his hair to tumble into his eyes again, so he once more found himself brushing it away, pulling it back.

This is ridiculous, he thought, finding his phone, reversing the camera, looking at himself. His face looked the same, only framed by all that red hair, it seemed somehow a little softer. He touched the hair, plucked at it. This wasn't even long hair like a guy might have, but a woman's hairstyle, and he felt ridiculous looking at himself with that hair, even while he felt a chill in his belly: Am I turning into a woman?

Scissors, he decided. *I need scissors.* He started looking around the room, fussing with the mass of hair that seemed determined to get into his eyes.

Watt woke, yawned. Hearing the movement looked up to see someone with long, thick red hair rummaging through the dresser. The hair alone signaled woman, and Watt sat up, instantly alert. "Hey!" She shouted. "What the hell?"

The woman spun, her hair flowing and—

“Riley?” Watt said, seeing her partner there, eyes wide, brushing his hair back in what was a perfectly feminine gesture. “What the?” She started laughing. “Where did you find the wig?”

“It’s not a wig,” Riley said. “I woke up like this.”

“It has to be a wig,” Watt said. “You look ridiculous, by the way.”

“You should see yourself,” Riley said, turning away, returning to his search for scissors.

“What do you mean?” Watt said. In fact, she realized her head felt cold, and... light. She reached up and touched her head. Shrieked. “What happened to my head?” She felt down her scalp to her ears, her bare neck.

“Here,” Riley said, tossing her his phone.

Watt checked herself out. Like Riley, she saw her own face, just with almost no hair. “Fuck,” she said. “That crazy old woman must have snuck in here last night.”

“And gave me a hair transplant?” Riley said.

“Do you know how long it’s going to take me to grow my hair back?” Watt said. “God, I hate this.” She got up. “I’m going to kill that old bat.”

“I don’t think she did this,” Riley said.

“Who else?”

“I don’t know, but I need to find a pair of scissors. I feel like this mess weighs 10 pounds.”

“It can’t be real,” Watt said, grabbing a hank of his hair, tugging.

“Ow! Stop it!” He yelled, pulling away from her.

“Let me see,” Watt said, forgetting about herself for a minute. “It’s on tight, but it has to be a wig. I’ll get it off you.”

“You sure?”

“No one can just grow hair like that,” she said. “Sit.”

Riley sat. Watt started to dig through his hair. “Holy crap,” she said. “It’s real. That’s your hair.”

"It's not," Riley said, pushing his probing fingers away from his scalp. "I never had red hair."

"Do you think?" Watt said, starting to consider the implications, her mind going along the same path as Riley's had a few minutes before. "I mean, the Chief's warning, the girl on the table?"

"I'm not turning into...". He couldn't finish the thought. "You know."

Watt shook her head. It was impossible. Of course. People didn't just change genders. Or, grow long hair. "We need to figure this out. What's happening."

"Damn," Riley said. "Of course, there's no way to cut this off."

"We'll get some scissors at the General Store. I'll trim it off. Maybe I can find a wig, or at least a hat."

"You want me to go outside like this?" Riley said. "I look like a shampoo model."

"An ugly one," Watt said. "You want me to braid it for you?" She asked, only half joking.

"Shut up," Riley said, tossing his hair. "Let's go." They got dressed. Went to the General Store. It didn't open for hours.

"Great," Riley said. "Now I'm stuck like this for the morning." He tilted his head to the side, letting the hair pour over one shoulder. At least it stayed out of his face like that.

Watt kept touching her head, running her hands over his stubbled scalp. "I feel just as ridiculous as you do," she said.

"You definitely got the better end of the stick on this one," Riley said. "I can't even move without hair flying into my eyes."

"Okay, well, what now?" Watt asked, deciding to drop it.

They Go to the Diner

Earrings

As Riley slipped the grapefruit into his mouth and swallowed, pretty heart-shaped earrings appeared in his earlobes, sparkling pink and white. At the same time, his skin tone changed from a ruddy tan to a pale peach. Watt froze, a steaming forkful of runny egg and hash halfway to her mouth.

“What?” Riley said.

“Your ears,” Watt said. “They... you’ve got earrings.”

“Earrings?”

“Yeah. Earrings.”

Riley reached up and felt his ears, feeling the cool glassy surface of the gems. He tugged even as he felt himself want to shrink down into the booth and disappear. He reached inside his lobes, trying to get them off.

Watt took out her phone— still no bars— turned on the mirror function and held it toward Riley, whose mouth dropped open as he saw the heart-shaped earrings sparkling prettily deep in his masses of red hair. The earrings looked like something a teen girl would wear, and he thought he looked ridiculous, putting his hand over the phone, blocking out the absurd image. “I feel like I’m losing my mind,” he said, looking at his hands to see they’d taken on the same light skin tone.

“What about me?” Watt said, turning the phone to her own face. She now had a darker, tanned complexion— like what Riley’s had been. She touched her ears, seeing her earrings had vanished along with the holes from where she’d had them pierced. “I look pretty good,” she said. “Manly. But you? Kinda like a she-dork.”

“Asshole,” Riley said. “Let’s finish up and go see that old man.”

“Whatever you say, Red Riding Hood.”

They Go to The Forest

Changemont



Diner

"We need to find that crazy old man," Riley said as they walked down the steps in front of the Nicolette House. "The one from the diner."

"What? Why?" Watt said.

"The waitress. She said something about him doing pagan magic in the forest. Maybe he knows how to fix this?" He felt his long hair bouncing with every step.

"But he was crazy," Watt said.

"Well, we live in crazy town right now," Riley said, and as if to affirm his comment a man with a handlebar mustache came riding down the street on a unicycle. "Pip! Pip!" He shouted as he passed.

"See what I mean?" Riley said.

"Okay. Yeah. It's as good a place to start as any.

They made their way to the diner.

"Oh, good, she's here," Riley said, walking toward the waitress, Frank, from the night before, who was leaning on the counter, reading the paper. "Excuse me?" Riley said, hooking a few stray strands of hair behind his ear.

Frank looked up, smiled. "Good morning, Agent Watt," she said. "Agent Gorgeous."

"Come on," Riley said.

Watt laughed and mussed his hair. "We're great."

"Want a table?"

"Sure. That would be great," Watt said.

"Actually, we just..." Riley said, but the two women ignored him, Frank leading them over to a booth, handing them menus. Riley slid into the booth, annoyed.

"Your hair is so lush and bouncy," Frank said, plucking at it. "I'm jealous!" She and Watt laughed. Riley felt himself blush.

"Enough with the hair jokes," Riley said. "I wanted to ask you..."

"Coffee?" Frank asked, once more ignoring him.

"Yeah. That'd be great."

"Let me ask you about..."

"I'll be right back to take your orders," Frank said, walking away.

"What the hell are you doing?" Riley said.

"Ordering breakfast," Watt said. "I'm starving."

"But the old man?"

"I'll ask her when she brings our coffee."

Frank came back with two steaming mugs of coffee. "Let me ask you..."

Riley started.

"What'll it be?" Frank said.

"Let's just order," Watt said. "I'll have eggs and corned beef hash."

"And you, Red?" Frank said.

"Steak and eggs," he said, brushing his bangs back. "Sunny side up."

"Sure thing," Frank said, mirroring the gesture Riley had made. She and Watt laughed.

"This is ridiculous," Riley said as she walked away. "What the hell was that all about?"

Watt couldn't help but chuckle. "The way you keep fussing with your hair. It's not exactly manly."

"We need to find out about that old man and fix this," Riley said, pouring some cream into his coffee, tearing open a pink packet of Sweet and Low, pouring it in. Watt raised an eyebrow. He'd always taken his coffee black.

Frank came back, put a plate of eggs and hash in front of Watt, a bowl of cottage cheese and a half a pink grapefruit in front of Riley, who didn't even bother to argue. He'd expected something girly.

"Get you anything else?" Frank asked.

"As a matter of fact, sweetheart," Watt said, "there is. Could you tell us where to find Jack the Shack?"

T.G. Cooper

“Sure thing,” Frank said. “I’ll draw you a map.” She left.

“Worst diner ever,” Riley said, scooping out a soft, fleshy triangle of grapefruit.

“This morning couldn’t get any worse.”

Give Him Freckles

Give Him Earrings

Changemont



Freckles

As Riley slipped the grapefruit into his mouth and swallowed, pretty freckles spread across the bridge of his nose and his cheeks. At the same time, his skin tone changed from a ruddy tan to a pale peach. Watt froze, a steaming fork full of runny egg and hash halfway to her mouth.

“What?” Riley said.

“Your face,” Watt said. “It... you’ve got freckles.”

“Freckles?”

“Yeah. Freckles.”

“What do you mean, freckles?”

Watt took out her phone— still no bars— turned on the mirror function and held it toward Riley, whose mouth dropped open. He still had his face, but now with his pale skin and freckled framed by his thick, long red hair, he looked even more feminine. The sight made him feel ridiculous, and he put his hand over the phone to block the absurd image of himself. “I feel like I’m losing my mind,” he said, looking at his hands to see they’d taken on the same light skin tone.

“What about me?” Watt said, turning the phone to her own face. She now had a darker, tanned look— like what Riley’s had been. “I look so butch, she said. “Like a more manly version of you.”

“Asshole,” Riley said. “Let’s finish up and go see that old man.”

“Whatever you say, Strawberry Shortcake.”

They Go To The Forest

Changemont



Earrings

As Riley slipped the grapefruit into his mouth and swallowed, pretty heart-shaped earrings appeared in his earlobes, sparkling pink and white. At the same time, his skin tone changed from a ruddy tan to a pale peach. Watt froze, a steaming forkful of runny egg and hash halfway to her mouth.

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“Asshole,” Riley said. “Let’s finish up and go see that old man.”

“Whatever you say, Red Riding Hood.”

They Go to the Forest

Changemont

Forest

Riley insisted on driving. With his long hair and other changes, he couldn't stand the thought of being further feminized by handing the keys to a woman. Watt watched him fussing with his hair, tossing it and brushing it away with his hand. She understood his manhood was threatened and he needed to whatever he could to assert himself, but still thought it was ridiculous he was so determined to drive as a way to prove his masculinity. Men and their fragile egos!

Riley realized he needed to keep his chin up if he wanted to keep the hair from flopping into his face, so he sat straight up and kept his head level, rather than dropping down into his usual slouch. It took him a little while, but he eventually managed to get comfortable driving, and they zipped out of town and onto the highway.

"Turn there," Watt said, the map in her lap, pointing toward a dirt path off the edge of the highway.

"You sure?" Riley said, glancing at the map.

"That's what the map says."

Riley slowed, pulling onto the shoulder. There were two tire ruts that disappeared into the towering forest, crowded on either side by bushes and brambles. As he slowed, they heard a rumbling and honking behind them, and a truck whizzed past, a grizzled man with a shot gun sitting in the back. The man looked at Riley and leered.

"Is that the same truck from yesterday?" Watt asked.

"Who cares?" Riley said, his skin crawling in reaction to the look the man had given him. He pulled the car onto the tire ruts and started winding his way back through the dark forest, which was so dim from the thick foliage he had to turn on the headlights. After a mile, they turned onto another dirt trail, and then a third, winding their way around what seemed like a low mountain, finally coming to a path bristling with hand painted signs on pieces of ratty wood nailed to the trees.

“Keep Out!” They read. “Sacred Ground!” “No Solicitors!” The signs included strange runes, skulls and a red paint that looked like blood splatters. “Does all this say crazy old man to you?” Riley said.

“Pretty much.”

They drove the rest of the way, coming to a clearing in the middle of which sat a shack with a sagging roof covered in moss, a crooked chimney belching smoke. Rows of dream catches hung along the porch, twisting in the slight breeze. A rusty old smoker sat in the yard, which smelled like broiling meat. They didn’t see any sign of Jack, so they cautiously got out of the car and approached, hands on their guns. “Jack?” Riley called. “Jack? We’re here to ask you some questions.”

No answer. They approached the house. A crow fluttered down from the trees, landed on the roof and croaked. They climbed onto the porch and went to the door. Riley knocked. “Jack?” He called.

They heard creaking inside the shack. The floorboards. “Jack?” Riley called again.

The crow squawked. Watt reached over Jack and pounded, hard, the door rattling in its frame. “Open up, you crazy old geezer!” She shouted. “We don’t have all day!”

“Watt....?” Riley said. “Gentle now.”

The door swung open, and Jack stood there, a tray in his hands with three sweating glasses of lemonade. His hair had been slicked back, his beard combed and tied at the end. He wore an old, western style suit and a bolo. “Come in,” he said. “I’ve been expecting you, ladies.”

“I’m not a lady,” Riley said, annoyed.

Watt reached past him and opened the door. “After you,” she said, smirking. “Young lady.”

“Knock it off,” Riley said, stepping cautiously into the living room, taking in the walls, which were covered in bookshelves jammed with books. There was an old

leather couch, a coffee table, comfy looking cloth chairs. A fire crackled in a cast iron stove. It looked surprisingly clean and tidy.

"Please sit," Jack said, taking the tray to the coffee table and setting it down.

Riley and Watt sat on the couch. Riley crossed his legs at the knees, folded his hands in his lap, hooked his hair behind an ear. Watt manspread.

Jack handed them glasses of lemonade and sat in one of the chairs. "This isn't the welcome we were expecting," Watt said.

"What? Oh, the diner. Well, I was trying to scare you off. As I said, the forest is no place for girls."

"I'm not a girl," Riley said, annoyed.

"I'm sorry," Jack said. "I'm not up on all the political correctness. Of course, you're a woman. My apologies."

"I'm a *man*," Riley said.

Jack shook his head. "Still? Well, you won't be for long."

Riley and Watt exchanged a glance. Riley thought of the beautiful blonde girl in the morgue. "What do you mean?"

"Azeban, the trickster, the transformer. He is an ancient God, worshipped by the Chippewa and the Ho-Chunk, though he dwelt in these forests long before man ever came to these lands. He saw you come in and decided to change you. I could see if when you came in the diner. You will be a woman soon and you," he said, looking at Watt, "a man."

"Why?" Watt said, getting chills at the thought of being a man. No. She didn't want that. She liked being a woman. She had a boyfriend. She'd been so caught up in the changes she'd seen in Riley she hadn't even considered she was becoming anything other than different. Suddenly, it didn't seem so funny.

"This is bullshit," Riley said, thinking of that beautiful blonde girl again, thinking about becoming her.

"By coming into the forest, you've only accelerated the process," Jack said. "You should have left town. Gotten away from here. But now?"

“What?” Riley said.

“It’s probably too late.”

Take His Height

Height

“Probably?” Riley said, sitting up, feeling a flicker of hope. Just then, he felt the room growing bigger, the chair larger. It made his head spin, and he looked at Watt, who was growing larger, taller. “What the hell is happening now? Why is everything getting bigger?”

“You’re shrinking,” Watt said, her eyes wide. She looked at her hand, her arm—they had gotten bigger, thicker.

“Shrinking?” Riley said, looking down at his own slender hand, delicate little wrist. “What the hell?” His voice had changed, too, sounding more like a young boy’s or a.... no. He didn’t want to think it.

“That’s what I was telling you,” Jack said. “Now that you are here in the forest, the changes will accelerate.”

Riley gathered his hair and pulled it back over his shoulders. “We have to get out of here,” he said, standing.

“I’m with you,” Watt said. “Let’s go.”

“It’s too late,” Jack said. “There’s only one hope for you...”

“We’re getting out of here,” Watt said. “Thanks.”

The two of them charged out the door, heading toward their car. Jack ran after them shouting, “You can’t run away from this! Azeban has placed his spell on you!”

They jumped in the car. Riley thrust his feet down and couldn’t reach the peddles. “Shit!” He said in his now small voice. He started adjusting the seat, putting as far forward as possible.

“Maybe you should let me...”

“No!” He yelled, annoyed at how small and weak he sounded—and felt. “I’m not helpless!” He adjusted the wheel, gunned it, the tires spitting dirt as the car wheeled around and went crashing down the path, the bushes and brambles whipping against its sides. “Faster!” Watt yelled. “Get us the hell out of here!”

“I’m going as fast as I can!” Riley said, trying to spit out a strand of hair that had gotten in his mouth. As the car bounced over roots and ruts, his hair kept flopping in his eyes, and he pushed it away with one hand, keeping his other firmly on the wheel.

They wound their way along the paths, made it back to the highway, headed south, out of the forest and the crazy town. Riley gunned it, getting the car up to 90, whizzing along the highway. “This is nuts,” he kept repeating. “This is nuts.”

Watt kept feeling her stubbled head, looking at her hands. “This isn’t real,” she said. “It has to be a dream. I’m dreaming. I’m dreaming.”

Just then Riley slammed on the brakes, and the car fishtailed to a stop, tires smoking. Watt had been throwing forward against her seatbelt, bumped her head on the windshield. She started to tell at Riley, but then her eyes fixed on the sign by the side of the road. “Welcome to Chagemont. Population... two more than yesterday.”

“It isn’t possible,” Riley said.

“You went the wrong way!” Watt shouted. “Damn it!”

“I went south. I know I did.”

“Then why are we back at Fuckmont?”

“I don’t know.”

“Let me drive,” Watt said.

“No. I got it.”

“Maybe you lost your sense of direction, you know, since you’re turning into...”

“I’m not turning into a woman,” Riley said, tossing his long hair, “and I didn’t lose my sense of direction.” He turned the car around, headed in the opposite direction. “I must have gotten confused is all.”

“Well, get us the hell out of here, please, before we change again.”

“We’ll be long gone before anything else changes,” Riley said, getting the car back up to 90. And hopefully, once we get out of town, we’ll change back.”

T.G. Cooper

Give Him A Woman's Face

Changemont

Booty

The car careened down the street, dodging unicycle man, and Riley crashed it up onto the sidewalk. They threw their doors open, jumped out. Leroux was standing on the front lawn with a hose, watering the grass. “Agents,” he said, flashing his I told you so grin.

“Where is Tanaka?” Riley shouted, heading toward the station.

“Inside, looking over — hey now!” Leroux said, backing away as Watt charged him and belted him on the chin, knocking him off his feet.

Watt stabbed a finger at Leroux. “We’re going to have a long talk, you and me, once we get our friend out of here.”

Leroux rubbed his chin, still grinning. “Just sweating testosterone now, aren’t you, big fella?”

“Come on,” Riley said, struggling to pull the front door to the police station open. “Watt? Come on, I can’t get this-- uhh!”

“We’re not done,” Watt said, turning, running up the steps, yanking the door open and putting her hand on the small of Riley’s back, guiding him into the station. Riley glanced back over his shoulder, smiled. She was such a badass!

They found Tanaka in the coroner’s office, fingerprinting the blonde girl. Riley gave her a once over. She wore a tight white t-shirt, black slacks that hugged her tight, firm booty. A petite little Asian, she was obsessed with yoga and Pilates, and Riley had always appreciated her firm little body, tight ass, perky breasts. She really was a little hottie, and he wondered how she got her hair so shiny. She really did have a great ass, he thought, admiring the way it rose, so invitingly... he felt his pants getting tighter... wiggled even as his arm bumped against his widening hips. “No,” he said, trying to look back, grabbing his butt even as it swelled in his hands, growing more plump. “No! No! NO!” He tried to hold it in, to keep it from swelling, but it just kept getting bigger.

He looked at Watt, blushing with shame, but she had her hands on her own butt, now boney and flat. She looked at Riley, her eyes immediately dropping to his wide hips, bouncy, heart-shaped rear. "You got my ass," Watt said.

Tanaka, who'd stood there as if frozen in time, looked over to see her fellow agents. "Agent Leroux," she said, then turned to look at Riley. "Shortcake."

"Tanaka," Riley said, forgetting about his own predicament for a minute. "You need to get out of here. Now."

"Excuse me?" Tanaka said.

"He's right," Watt said. "Just go. Now. You don't have much time."

Tanaka looked up appreciatively at Watt's handsome face. "Guys, you are acting really strange. What's going on?"

Riley went up to her, shocked to realize he was now shorter than the little agent. He took her hand and tried to drag her toward the door. "Trust me," he said. "You don't want to stay here."

Tanaka easily yanked her hand free. Riley stumbled and fell against Watt, who caught him, cradled him in her arms, then set him on his feet. He felt himself warm, smiled at her, brushed his hair out of his eyes. Watt stared at Tanaka. "Jenny," she said. "Do you notice anything different about us?"

"Other than the fact you're acting like a couple of nut jobs? No. Should I?" She looked them over. Shrugged.

"I— I look the same to you?" Riley said. "As I always did?"

"Um, yeah. Is this some kind of joke?"

Riley and Watt exchanged a glance, the realization sinking in. "Oh, shit," Riley said.

"It doesn't matter. Forget all that. You need to go," Watt said.

"I will once I'm done," Jenny said. "Weirdoes."

"Please!" Riley said. "You have to listen!"

"I don't—" Tanaka froze, the words half spoken

"Azeban has not chosen her," Leroux said from the door. "You don't need to worry. She'll be able to leave once she's done her work. Let's have that talk you were so insistent on having."

"You're sure?" Watt said.

"I am, young man."

"What should we do?" Riley said, putting his hand on Watt's arm.

She covered his hand and gave it a squeeze. "Let's talk."

The time freeze ended, and Tanaka shook her head. "Mind if I get back to work?"

"Finish up," Watt said, putting her hand on Riley's back and steering him toward the door.

"Shortcake," Tanaka called.

"Yeah?"

"Cute shoes."

Riley, who'd forgotten he was wearing Watt's flats, just rolled his eyes.

They followed Leroux back to his office. "You want some coffee?" Leroux asked. "I have some delicious muffins."

"Just cut the crap and spill," Watt said.

"Take a seat."

Riley sat, knees together, squirming. He felt like he was sitting on a cushion. "I warned you, didn't I?" Leroux said. "I told you."

"Yeah, you did," Watt agreed. "But you're mixed up in all this, and you are going to tell us right now how to fix this, to get out of this crazy town."

Leroux shook his head. "Only Azeban knows. Not too many people come here. Some leave. Some change and stay. You are among the latter."

"But why?"

"I told you. I don't know, but I think sometimes.... No. I don't know."

"Tell us," Riley said. "Please."

"I think sometimes Azeban just makes people into their own true selves."

"This? My true self?" Riley said.

"Just a thought."

"I don't want to be a man," Watt said. "I can't! I have a boyfriend. I love him."

"Do you? Or were you just settling?"

Settling? Watt sat back. "Fuck you."

"There must be some way out," Riley said. "Some way to fix this."

"Once and awhile, people get away. The only one who knows how is Jack the Shack."

"We need to go see him. Now," Watt said.

"Tanaka?" Riley asked.

"She'll be fine."

Watt grabbed Riley's hand and helped him to his feet, dragged him toward the door. "Let's go."

Riley followed. He didn't feel like he had much choice and, besides, he liked how it felt to hold her hand. They bounded from the police station. Riley was so much shorter he had to run to keep up with Watt, and his breasts bounced wildly, forcing him to throw one arm across his boobs as he ran, the other arm held out to his side for balance. Watt led him to the passenger door and held out her hand. "Give me the keys."

"I can drive!" Riley said.

"Keys," Watt said.

"No," Riley said, annoyed.

"Keys," Watt repeated. "Hand them over."

Riley stared at her, slit his eyes, finally fished the keys out of his coat pocket and said, "Fine," tossing his hair.

Watt took the keys, once more put her hand on his back, steered him toward the car door. "Time to go back to the forest."

"Maybe we don't have to," Riley said, staring past Watt.

“Why’s that?”

“Look.” He pointed down the street.

Watt looked to see Jack heading into the diner.

“Good work, doll,” Watt said, pocketing the keys. “Let’s go.”

Watt held the door. Riley didn’t object. They spotted Jack sitting in a booth at the back of the diner, joined him. “Agents,” Jack said. “Spent some time in the loop, I suppose.”

“Yeah, we did,” Watt said.

A waitress came to the table. A pretty girl with caramel skin and big, brown eyes. Her name tag read Aanan. Riley wondered if she used to be a man, too. He was starting to think half the people in this crazy town had been gender bent. She took their orders. Riley ordered a burger and wondered what he would get instead this time.

“So, Leroux says you’re the only one who can get us out of this.”

“I know the magic,” Jack said. “But nothing worth having comes without sacrifice.” He looked at Riley. “You are turning into a real pretty girl.” Watt threw an arm protectively over his shoulders. “Don’t even think about it,” Watt said.

“Creep!” Riley said, appalled.

“What? No. Sorry. You just, well, you have beautiful...”

“Just stick to the solution and watch your eyes.”

“Right. Well, there in an ancient shrine in the forest. Azeban’s Hollow. We need to go there, perform the ritual. Azeban will appear, and you can make your plea.”

“And the sacrifice?”

“Azeban will make his will known after the ritual.”

“Okay. Let’s go,” Watt said.

“It can only be performed on a moonless night,” Jack said. “When the sky is darkest, when the wind whispers of the secret world beyond our own, as the...”

“When is the next moonless night?” Watt said, slamming her fist on the table.

"Having trouble getting used to all that testosterone?" Jack said, laughing.

"It's really something," Watt said, looking at her fist. "I feel so... testy."

"Please," Riley said. "Tell us. When is the next moonless night?"

"As it happens, little lady, you are in luck. Tomorrow night the moon will hide her face, and the ritual can be performed."

"So, we have to spend another night in this place?"

"Afraid so."

The waitress arrived with their food. She gave Riley a bowl of fruit and yogurt. "Excuse me," he said as he looked ruefully at his girl food.

"Yes?" Aanan said, throwing a hand on her hip, sticking her pencil in her hair.

"Were you... did you used to be a guy?"

"Yeah," she said, and her face softened with empathy. "Don't worry," she said. "You'll get used to it."

She turned and walked away, her hips swaying. Riley admired her firm, heart-shaped ass, felt himself getting turned on, then realized he now had one of his own. Men would feel the same way when they looked at him from behind, and he resolved right then and there to start wearing only baggy pants.

"You have a way better caboose," Watt said. "You are banging!"

"Shut up," Riley said, taking his napkin and wiping the yogurt away, sending a tremor through his soft chest. "Can't you just eat, already?"

Watt smiled. "That's what she said."

Give Him Boobs

Boobs

They decided to go back to the B&B, rest, decide on their next move. They both tried their phones. No bars. Of course. Riley looked at his profile in the mirror, saw at how his butt stuck out now, firm, rounded, lifted like a pony. Watt had been wrong. He did not have her ass. His was better—or worse. It was... arousing. He unbuttoned his blouse and looked at his pale, freckled chest, so much like a little boy's, and below his narrow waist the flaring of his wide, round hips.

Watt watched him, enjoying the view, even as she struggled with mixed feelings about what was happening to him, to them both. He'd been a good man, and a man's man. But the way he was changing, the way he was looking, life would be a lot harder for him. As for her? She didn't even want to think about living her life as a man, what that would mean, what it would be like. "We're going to fix this," she said. "You're not going to be stuck like that."

"But what if I am?" Riley said, turning away from the mirror. "I just keep thinking about Gerald White, about how he looked... I don't know if I could go through life looking like that... like this. I'm so small. Tanaka is bigger than me, and when I tried to pull her out of that room, she just tossed me aside like... like I was nothing." Tears started to form in his eyes, and before he could even think to stop them, they started rolling down his cheeks.

"Hey," Watt said. "Hey." She got up and gathered her partner in her arms. His head only came up to the middle of her chest now, and she pulled him in, cupped his head and held it against her breast, feeling his small body shaking with sobs. "It's going to be okay," she said.

Riley clung to her. He felt safe in her arms and though the man in him rebelled, he lingered there, needing to feel cared for, protected. He felt his body tingle, felt a swelling in his chest even as it seemed Watt's was getting harder, flatter. "What?" He looked down to see his pale chest rounding, blossoming into

small little cones, his nipples hard and aching. ‘Oh, shit!’ He said, instinctively stepping away, wrapping his slender arms over the soft breasts, the insult to his manhood. Watt looked at him, slender white arms crossed over breasts that were growing, rounding from those of a teen into the full, firm breasts of a woman, his hair in his face, tears on his cheeks.

“Riley,” she said, even as she put her palms on her own chest to find her breasts were gone, replaced by hard, flat muscle. “Oh, hell.”

Riley turned away, reached down to button up his blouse. His breasts swayed, tugging on his collar bone, pressing against his upper arms. “Fuck,” he said, his mind rebelling against what he was feeling, seeing. He buttoned right up as far as he could, but his blouse wouldn’t close beyond the third button from the top. Watt put her hand on his shoulder, and he quickly stepped away, feeling the new weight bouncing with each step.

“Don’t touch me,” he said. “I feel. Oh, shit, this is all so impossible.”

Watt went to the mirror, opened her shirt and saw a man’s chest, bristling with curly black hair. “Gross,” she said, horrified. “What the fuck?”

Riley went to the window, once more crossing his arms over his new additions. They felt so big, so... heavy... so womanly. It was all wrong. Everything was wrong. He turned and ran from the room, feeling like his whole body had turned into a jiggling bouncy house, ran to the bathroom and slammed the door, hyper-ventilating.

He sat on the edge of the tub and looked down at the creamy swelling of his cleavage, thought once more of Gerald White, and once more couldn’t help but cry when he thought about what they’d both become.

The tears subsided. Riley eventually made his way sheepishly back to the room. Watt was lying on her bed, staring at the ceiling. “You okay?” She said without looking.

Riley still had his arms wrapped defensively across his embarrassing new additions. "Yeah," he said. "I'm sorry I got so... crazy. I just—I think I just felt overwhelmed at everything that's happened."

"Are you okay?" He asked, seeing on her face that she was troubled.

"Not really," Watt said. "I feel like I'm turning into a gorilla."

That got a snicker from Riley. "Better than a bimbo," he said.

"Is it?" Watt said. "I don't like this any more than you do. I miss my curves."

"But at least you're tall," Riley said, plucking at a strand of his hair. "And strong."

"I guess," Watt said. "But all my life I wanted to be pretty. And I ain't that."

Riley lay down on his bed. It felt all wrong. His breasts were pressing down on his chest, making it hard to breathe. He rolled onto his side. "I suppose we'll both have to get used to it for a day." His eyes grew heavy.

"I guess so," Watt said, closing her own eyes.

They drifted off to sleep. When they woke, they each felt a little better, and a little more at peace with their new shapes. "What now?" Riley said, tossing his hair back as he yawned.

Give Him a Tattoo

Changemont