

Bad Luck Wedding

For Dash666

By TheSpiralledEye

David isn't a huge fan of weddings, he only came to get introduced to the bride's single friends. But after being a bit too insistent he suddenly finds himself flung into a reality where not only is he not single, he's married, middle aged and female!

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Being single at a wedding used to be fun; there was an understanding between all single people at such occasions that getting together for one night stands was expected and accepted by all. Hell, arriving at the wedding single was an invitation, it was only if you left alone that it was sad. At least, that's what I used to think. Ever since turning thirty the pool of single people at weddings was smaller and smaller and the women it seemed were pickier than they used to be.

What was worse than all of that though, were the looks other people gave you. The pity, the whispers that were just a little bit too loud;

"Oh is that David? He's still single?"

"Wasn't he seeing that Lisa girl?"

"That was years ago."

"How sad."

I grit my teeth and took a slightly too deep swing of my champagne; struggling to keep from coughing at the bubbles tickled at my throat. Did it occur to them that maybe, single didn't equal desperate? The truth was quite the opposite. I am single because I'm not desperate. I wasn't just going to settle for any woman just to avoid being lonely. I had taste, class. Unfortunately none of the single ladies here seemed to have either.

I stayed in my dark corner, watching as the bride and groom shared their first dance. Unlike what some might say I was genuinely happy for Robyn and Eric; they were good friends and I was glad they found each other. Yes it did sting a bit to have awkward, stammering Eric get married before me but who cared? Not me. Not at all.

It wasn't as if I were jealous of him, somehow managing to find a beautiful bride despite his spotty face and nervous disposition; while I, with all that confidence women were supposed to be attracted to, remained on the sidelines. Still, I couldn't help but tap my foot somewhat impatiently as the song ended. Robyn had promised to introduce me to some of her single friends at the wedding and she was yet to do so.

The pair finished their dance and the crowd clapped politely as the dance floor opened up and other couples joined. I did my best to walk over to them casually and smiled widely.

"Congratulations!" I said warmly, "Robyn, your dress looks great!"

“Thank you. So glad you could make it, David.”

Eric gave me a nod and then...they kept walking. I blinked in shock, already they were moving on to the next person, soaking up the congratulations as if getting hitched was something special, not a thing people did every day. I couldn't help but feel frustrated and before I could think it through I was walking up to them again.

“Um, Robyn, remember you said you'd introduce me to some of your friends?” I reminded firmly.

“Excuse me!”

The voice wasn't Robyn's but somebody behind me, I turned to see a middle aged woman, closer to fifty than forty, looking at me haughtily. I must have cut her off.

“Sorry,” I said quickly, “but Robyn made a promise to me and I'd really rather she keep it.”

“David.” Eric hissed, “We only just finished the dance and ceremony, give us a minute?” I glared at him and Eric retreated slightly before adding a quiet “Please.”

“I've been waiting patiently.” I added, “Robyn?”

She blushed, probably embarrassed she'd been called out but that's what she got for not keeping her promise sooner honestly. I waited for her apology, which I would graciously of course, but to my surprise it did not come. Instead the woman behind us continued to talk.

“This is a special day for them, not you.” She huffed, “WHy, I have half a mind to ask security to escort you out for your rudeness!”

“Aunt Heather....please don't make a scene.” Eric begged and I nodded along.

“Exactly, all I did was ask a friend a question. You're the one turning it into a big deal.”

“If this is how you treat your friends I am surprised you even have any.” The woman, aunt Heather apparently, huffed. “Eric dear, I thought you had cut out all these sorts. You need to stand up for yourself, dear.”

“That's what I always tell him.” I added, “Anyway, Robyn about your friends-agh!”

A sharp pain in my ear made me cry out and I was shocked to find that ghastly woman had grabbed me by the lobe and was dragging me across the room like a child.

“I'll take care of this one, honey! Don't you worry!”

“Don’t do anything too rash!” Eric called after us and my blood boiled. Was he seriously not going to have her thrown out for manhandling me like this?

Thanks to the awkward angle I had no choice but to stumble awkwardly along beside her until I could get a grip on my wrist and rip myself free. By which point she had dragged us into a small alcove at the back of the room.

“What the hell is your problem?” I growled, “When I tell security-”

“You’ll tell security nothing you lout.” Heather muttered, “You know, every time I think I am out of this game something else reels me in.”

“What the hell are you on about?”

Was this what Eric meant by her making a scene? Was this lady senile or something? I guess that meant it was up to me to be the bigger person in this situation then, as usual.

“Look, lady, I don’t have any beef with you.” I said calmly, “I just wanted to talk to Robyn. Now, if you’ll excuse me-”

“No, I don’t think I will.” She said seriously, taking a step in front of me to block the path back to the dance floor. “You need to leave them be and if I have to keep you busy so be it.”

Alright, that was it, my eyes danced over this frumpy woman, eyeing her lack of ring.

“Listen here you crusty old bat,” I hissed, “Just because nobody wants you doesn’t mean you can act all high and mighty. Now get out of my way.”

The woman held out her hand in the motion to stop, her palm resting against my chest. It should have been nothing, she was a woman almost twenty years older than me who was built like a twig and yet, the second that hand made contact it was as though my body had turned to stone. I frozen in place, a strange thrum, like electricity in the air before a storm, slowly coated my entire body.

I felt my eyes widen in horror, my lip trembling as I tried to say something, anything but could not. Heather looked at me with fury in her eyes.

“I promised myself I’d stop doing this but men like you give me no choice.” She sighed, “But I am not cruel, this will be a punishment but one perhaps you could learn to live with.”

I wanted to ask her what the hell she was talking about and how she was stopping me from moving with a single hand when suddenly she pushed me. It was a gentle motion yet I felt as though a black belt had kicked me right in the sternum. The blow seemed to radiate across my entire body and strange as it sounded, it almost felt as though my body was stretching and warping in places.

I stumbled back, hitting the wall and gasping for breath as I curled in on myself, finally freed from that strange paralysing effect. My ass pressed against the wall but it felt oddly prominent, almost as if it stuck out more than usual

My hands pressed to my chest as I regained my breath and to my shock they sank into soft, yet strangely sensitive skin. My eyes were watering after being forced open for so long and I swiped at them to clear my vision only to cry out as something sharp dug unexpectedly into the side of my face.

Blinking my vision clear I looked down at my hand surprised to see a slightly tarnished diamond ring around my finger. No wait, that couldn't be my finger; the skin was more weathered, the shape was all wrong. Yet I could feel it as I opened and closed my fist in wonder.

“Bev? Are you okay?”

A man with dark hair that was going grey at the temples stuck his head around the corner. He looked at me with concern and I blinked in surprise. Bev? I looked to the left and right expecting some woman to respond to him but I was alone; not even Heather was here anymore.

“Bev?”

The man was looking right at me now, there was no question who he was talking to. .

“I’m...fine?”

The voice that came out of my mouth was all wrong. It sounded somehow huskier but also older, there was a strange lilt to the words that sounded almost feminine. But the sort of feminine that came from chain smoking all through your twenties.

That softness in my chest paired with the voice had me look down and what I saw made me too shocked to even scream. Breasts. Heavy, teardrop shaped breasts that sat proudly on my chest, clearly visible through the cardigan and dress I was now in. I could feel the light hem of the dress brushing against my ankles; they were aching slightly, probably due to the odd angle they were in thanks to the high heels that had replaced my loafers.

“You look a little green at the gills, darl.” The man’s brow furrowed, “Do you want to come sit down.”

Darl? This was too much, I shook my head quickly. This had to be some sort of psychotic break right? Well the last thing I needed was everybody talking about how David went mad at Robyn and Eric’s wedding.

“I just need the bathroom.” I choked out, heading swiftly past the man and towards the toilets, breathing heavily.

I paid no more attention to the door sign than I normally would and pushed inside only to be met with irritated yells from two men at the urinal.

“Wrong door, tits!” The more drunk of the two yelled and I felt my jaw drop.

Were...they seeing this too? I stumbled back, wandering into the women's powder room expecting the same reaction but instead I got nothing. One older woman was washing her hands and gave me a small smile as I kept the door open for her. A young lady in a scandalously short dress exited the stall and headed over to the sink. She didn't even seem to notice me.

Once again I looked down at my now, clearly female body; crazy as it seemed, this couldn't just be in my head. Did that mean that man speaking to me was real as well? Head spinning, I stumbled over to one of the stalls, sighing in relief as I sat down on the closed toilet lid. I just needed five minutes to breathe.

I closed my eyes and let the panic slowly melt away with each deep breath. As I did so, I could feel that new weight on my chest, my new breasts rising and falling. I let my consciousness expand, focusing on the general feel of my body without opening my eyes again. I could feel the wideness of my hips and soft roundness of my ass. I slide my hands from chest to hipbone, feeling the sloping shape there. A pear shaped body, my breasts only a C cup compared to my huge rump.

Finally, I opened my eyes and looked down at myself, stretching out my legs, surprised to find them thick, ending in feet that likely would have been delicate twenty years ago but were now slightly weathered. The arches and toes ached in these heels and I wished for my loafers back.

A sudden knock at the cubicle door made me jump and my blood boiled when the voice of Heather floated beneath the door.

"Are you alright, *dear*? You've been in there a while."

I stood up, panic entirely forgotten and slammed open the door.

"You." I hissed.

"Me." She smiled, "Carefully about raising your voice, you don't want to cause a scene."

"What have you done to me?" I hissed, "I swear to god-"

"What?" Heather crossed her arms over her chest. "What exactly will you do?"

"I'll tell Eric what you did!"

"That won't go how you think." She smirked, "I didn't change you, not exactly, I changed reality."

"Ch-changed reality?"

"Yes, David never existed, instead you're Beverly, Eric's auntie who up until recently has been quite estranged from the rest of our family."

"His...auntie? That would make you...?"

“Your darling older sister yes and can I just say how wonderful it is that you reconnected with us after that terrible fight we had all those years ago.” She put an arm around my shoulder, “Apologising to me and admitting fault really must have been hard.”

I hated her, her and her stupid shark-like smile. I was about to say so when she interrupted me again.

“And just in case you were thinking of being rude or revealing anything, just take a moment to think about how that would go down. It would be such a shame for Eric to find out his long lost aunt was crazy on his wedding day. Not to mention your poor husband...”

Husband? Did she just say *husband*? The man with the greying hair from before came to mind. This was all so much to take in. How had she even done this? I wasn't even sure I wanted to know. One thing I did know, loathe as I was to admit it, she was right. Until I could figure out how to fix this, the last thing I wanted to do was make people think I was insane. It was bad enough being trapped in this female body; being thrown in a care home or mental facility would only be worse.

“Play along dearie, I am sure you will find things to like about this new life.” She gave my shoulder a squeeze, “Who knows you might even learn to like it.”

“I don't know the first thing about being a woman.” I groaned, “Just, turn me back. You've made your point.”

“No, I don't think I will. It takes a lot of magic to do something like this so even if I felt like it, I wouldn't be able to for at least a few days. And don't worry about not knowing about womanly things, I have given you a little kick for that.”

“Little kick?”

“Yes, think of it as instincts, they should kick in soon enough.” She shrugged before clapping her hands, “Now, if you excuse me, I want to go have a slice of cake. I'd love more but at our age we have to be careful with our weight, don't we?”

She gave me a wink and exited the bathroom, leaving me and my whirlwind of emotions alone. SO much had just transpired I didn't even know where to begin; instincts, magic, Eric being my nephew and what was that she mentioned about 'our' age?

I turned to the mirror and looked at my new reflection for the first time. An average, if slightly pudgy woman on the later side of middle age stared back at me. I pressed a hand into my cheek, taking in the laugh lines and beginnings of crows feet. The age was offset slightly by my light makeup, I ran my tongue over my red lips, surprisingly when it didn't smudge in the slightest.

I didn't look...bad, all things considered. Aged and a little plump but otherwise quite pretty. My dark brown hair wasn't showing a hint of grey or dye yet and my figure was actually quite nice. I breathed a sigh of relief; at least she hadn't made me some woman in the midst of her third botox themed midlife crisis. Still, this was less than ideal.

The sound of music and laughter broke through the door as another woman walked in looking pale in the face. She rushed past me and a moment later the sound of retching met my ears and I grimaced. Lovely. Not really wanting to stick around I slipped back out to

the reception. The idea of talking to anybody seemed huge; I had no idea who I was supposed to be or what my personality was like and then of course, there was the matter of my husband.

A quick glance around found him, sipping at a flute of champagne and glancing across the floor. I barely ducked behind a pillar in time to stop him spotting me. Was I supposed to go home with him? I didn't even know the guy!

I pressed myself into the wall, hoping to disappear when I felt something crinkle, a tiny hidden pocket in the side of my cardigan. I reached inside and there was my salvation; a coat room ticket. Moving as quickly as I could without arising any attention I made my way to the little window where a bored looking man took my ticket and handed over a coat and more importantly, a handbag.

My mother had always told me you could tell a lot about a lady by the contents of her handbag; here's hoping she was right! I slipped outside under the guise of having a smoke and quickly flipped the bag open; a tube of lipstick, an old chain necklace, a wallet that looked like it must have belonged to my new husband and a phone. Jackpot.

I unlocked it and was immediately greeted by a photo of myself, my new self that is, wearing a pretty blue sundress, the man with the greying hair behind me, arms warped around my shoulders. We looked happy, then again, most photos do. I studied my own face, taking in all the tiny details, like a dimple that formed on my left cheek thanks to the wide smile; I just hoped it was genuine. Or did I? Perhaps it would be easier to sort this mess out if my husband and I had fallen out of love; at least then I wouldn't need to worry about him watching me too closely or asking a bunch of questions.

I started flicking through contacts but quickly abandoned it; names meant nothing to me now. Instead I opened the social media accounts and thanked my lucky stars Beverly posted more often than I did. Almost every day in fact; what was it about older women that made them post every little detail to facebook?

My name is now Beverly Bowen; according to the relationships listed on Facebook Eric was indeed my nephew, Heather my sister along with Eric's mother Catherine. The man with the greying temples had his own profile with barely any posts, in fact he only seemed to like pictures of me or cars from the looks of it. Not fast ones either, vintage cars; a man of caused tastes apparently.

"Samuel Bowen." I whispered, pursing my lips as I took in my new husband's name.

The only posts he had written himself were on April 5th, my birthday, in which he wrote some sappy love message or September 29th, which, according to the even sappiest messages, must be our anniversary. My eyes glanced at the date at the top of the phone screen, September 15th; I was going to have to fix this soon or endure a hopelessly romantic evening pretending to be wooed by a fifty year old man. Great.

"Bev, there you are darling."

Speak of the devil, there was Samuel, standing in the doorway with a furrowed brow.

"The coat fellow said you popped out for a smoke," He said concerned, "I thought you quit years ago?"

“Oh that was...I didn't actually smoke, I just needed some air.” I stammered out awkwardly, “You know how overwhelming those parties can be!”

Samuel made a face.

“And you're usually the life of them, darling. Is something the matter? Did you and Heather have another fight?”

“Something like that...”

“Oh darling...look, I know it's hard between you too but Catherine is so happy you're both here. Imagine how hard it's been for her these last few years having to see you both separately? Can't you two put things aside for one night for Eric's sake or hers?”

I bit my tongue; more than anything I wanted to yell at this man that this was not my fault and Heather was the one being unreasonable. If I had a way to prove to him exactly what she'd done, this guy would be on my side, I was sure. But I didn't, so I had no chance but to simply play along and hope for the best.

“You're right.” I gave him a tight smile, “Let's go back in.”

He offered me his arm which I awkwardly took, finding that we fit together quite comfortably.

“Proud of you, doll.” he gave me a quick peck on the cheek, “Let's go tear up the dance floor.”

The place on my cheek where he kissed was still warm and wet, his stubble had scraped against my skin. There was nothing feminine about that kiss, nothing I as a man should find pleasant or desirable and yet a sense of comfort washed over me. Man or woman, it did feel nice to be the reciprocate of such a casual form of affection and to know somebody was worried about me. If I had walked outside as myself I doubt anybody would have come looking, or even noticed.

As we stepped back into the hall my eyes found Heather, she smiled smugly as she saw me arm in arm with Samuel and my blood boiled once more. His arm tightened around mine subtly.

“Easy, doll.” he whispered, “Let's go dance.”

I hated dancing, a bunch of flailing around looking like idiots; but I still nodded. The best way to get back at Heather right now was to show her I was the bigger person; in a way Samuel was right, if I ignored her that would be the best payback of all. I let the man lead me onto the dancefloor just in time for footloose. My cheeks were already going red by the time he let go and began bopping along to the music I would have made a beet jealous.

“Come on! Where is my dancing queen? Do I have to go request ABBA to get you moving?” Samuel chuckled.

A fifty year old woman dancing to ABBA was almost a stereotype at this point; I shook my head and then began to awkwardly shuffle my feet. I had no idea what I was doing, dancing on its own was hard enough but doing it as a woman? My heavy, peach shaped ass started to jiggle as I subtly swayed my hips back and forth. My dress was tight around it, but not tight enough to keep it in place so it seemed.

Oddly though, the movement felt...nice. Perhaps the alcohol was still in my veins or perhaps it was the magic but my body seemed to move of its own accord. The movements came easily and soon Samuel and I were grinning and dancing like mad people. I shook my ass and he laughed, giving it a slap much to the chagrin of some of the younger people watching.

My embarrassment flew out the window and I let myself enjoy it; I had been missing out all these years, dancing was great! When the next song came on we kept going, same with the one after that and the one after that. Before I knew it the arches of my feet were aching in my heels and the bouncer was announcing the wedding was over.

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As sleep faded I could feel a warm arm across my hip and snuggled back against the warm body with me in the bed. I must have actually picked up at the wedding, score. Then memories slowly faded back into my mind; the spell, Heather, Samuel. As my consciousness rapidly sharpened I realised the chest I was pressed up against was flat and slightly hairy, the arm over my hip was at the wrong angle; the hip itself was far too wide to the point that I could feel the other side digging into the mattress.

My eyes snapped open and were met with pale pink bed sheets and a green, rose patterned blanket. Not my style at all. I sat up abruptly, taking in the old fashioned bedroom that looked nothing like my shabby apartment. There was a makeup table in the corner, an ensuite with pale green tiles and a wide, semi circle window that sent the morning sun cascading in across the bed making it all the more warm and snug.

Beside me Samuel grunted before falling back to sleep. I remembered coming home last night, we'd both been so tired we simply fell into bed. I didn't have the energy at the time to worry about the awkwardness of sleeping in the same bed as a man. Besides, I would have aroused suspicion if I'd said anything. Now though, I could slide out, careful to not wake my new husband as I slipped into the bathroom.

Once more I looked at myself in the mirror; my lipstick was still there, faded and slightly smudged from sleep. I expected to feel some level of disconnect between the woman in the mirror and myself but to my surprise, after only one night in this body it was already starting to feel strangely normal.

I took a deep breath; what I needed right now was a level head and a plan. First things first, I needed to discover more about Beverly so I could better play her role until I found a cure for this. I tiptoed out of the bathroom and slipped out to explore the rest of the house.

My apartment back in the real world was small and cramped, filled with years of accumulated stuff I knew I had to eventually get rid of but could never find the time. I couldn't help but be a little envious of Beverly. While the house wasn't exactly my style with its old fashioned wooden furnishings and flower patterned furniture, it was cosy. And the colour scheme was quite pleasant to look at.

Then something caught my eye, an old desktop computer, the boxy kind. It was ancient and probably only ran Windows 95 but it was something. Even an old person's

computer might be able to give me a hint as to what my new history was, perhaps even the 'fight' with Heather that had the family so estranged. I was just about to hit it on when the sound of footsteps made me freeze.

"Mornin' darling." Samuel said sleepily, stretching and walking over to give me another peck on the cheek. "What'll it be this morning?"

"Uhhh..."

"For breakfast." He chuckled.

"Oh...whatever you feel like...darling." The word felt odd in my mouth, when was the last time I used a pet name for anybody.

"Full breakfast it is! Perfect for a Sunday don't you think?"

"Sure."

I watched, half in shock as Samuel began to potter around the kitchen, setting a huge cast iron pan on the stove and filling it with eggs, bacon, mushrooms and slices of tomato. He hummed away to himself, settling the kettle and chopping up spinach while I stood there feeling awkward.

"Did you want help?" I tried and Samuel just laughed.

"Very funny. You put your feet up, I'll finish up."

"O-kaaaaaay."

I sat down at the bench and poured myself a glass of juice, watching as Samuel worked, ten minutes later a full English breakfast was in front of me and my stomach growled.

"Thank you." I muttered, popping a mouthful of egg in my mouth and moaning at how good it tasted, it had been so long since I had anything but cereal for breakfast.

"Not everyday you let me spoil you with a full breakfast." Samuel teased, "And after how well you went last night I figured you deserve a treat."

A sudden burst of warmth filled my chest at his words; perhaps it was emasculating but it felt nice to be pampered a bit. My heart ached a little for Samuel, he was a good man, I almost felt bad about having to play along without truly returning his feelings. After we finished eating Sam stacked the dishes on the sink and gave me a wave.

"I'm heading to the garage to get some work done on the mustang, give a yell if you need anything."

I looked at the dirty dishes, after all that cooking there were quite a few of them. I hated cleaning, but the dynamic here was crystal clear; Samuel cooked, Beverly cleaned. It was a good breakfast too, so I could deal with a bit of cleaning before I went back to work.

Surprisingly, I found myself almost sliding into a trance. Brain happily shut off while I focused my full attention on scrubbing the plates clean. When they were all finished and shining in the dishrack I couldn't help but feel a small stab of accomplishment. SOMething I shook off after a moment. No time for distractions!

I sat down and after waiting the full three minutes the ancient computer took to boot I started snooping. It took over an hour of piecing together emails, messages with various people and photos to put together a steady picture of what happened between me and Heather in this reality. We had only reconnected a year ago, having fallen out when we were in our thirties.

I grimaced, reading my own pathetic apologies; Heather had made me the bad guy in her story of course. A bitter woman who thought being a spinster was the worst fate imaginable and shaming her for staying single into her forties. A clever move on her part really, now if I bought up and criticised her, people would automatically take her side. Crap. What was I supposed to do?

I sat back in the chair with a sigh, looking down at my body and grimacing. Well, first things first I was in desperate need of a shower. I was glad Samuel was out in the garage for this, I wanted to take my time and not risk anybody banging on the door while I explored this new body in depth.

After making sure the ensuite door was definitely locked and slipped out of the nightgown and examined my new naked body. It was actually quite shapely and beautiful, rubenesque even. A little extra weight here and there, especially at my hips and thighs but not enough to seem fat. If anything, I looked quite fit for my new age. I smiled at my reflection, taking in the dark nipples and neat mound of curly hair that had replaced my cock.

A moment later I shook my head and turned away; what was I thinking staring in the mirror like some vain woman? So my new body wasn't too bad, so what, I wasn't going to be in it for very long so what did it matter if I thought it was...aesthetically pleasing.

The shower itself proved distracting as well. I never realised just how much of a difference body shape could make to the way water flowed. I could feel it clinging to the roundness of my curves, flowing down between my thick thighs and the crevice of my ass, making the skin hot and tingly. There was something so sensual about it that had me blushing and desperate to both stay and experience more while also getting out as soon as possible.

I dried myself off, stubbornly faxing away from the mirror just to avoid any temptation of looking at my skin all rosy from the heat of the water and headed straight back into the bedroom. There was a warmth between my legs I staunchly did not want to think about and the distraction of trying to hook a bra up was just what I needed.

I winced a little, seeing the clothing options available; it was almost entirely yoga pants, tights and long tunic like shirts. Was Beverly going through a midlife crisis or something? Surely such tight pants couldn't look good on such a huge rump. Yet as I pulled them up my legs I couldn't help but shiver. The fabric clung tight, but not distractingly so. The light grey fabric was soft and fitted to my form almost like a second skin.

I couldn't have been more wrong, as I turned this way and that looking at my ass I found myself smiling. Somehow it looked even more sexy fully covered than it did in regular panties with half the cheeks exposed. If I squinted I could even see the lines of said panties through the tin material. No matter, one of the shirts would be enough to cover it.

Right, enough distractions back to figuring out what the hell I was going to do. Yet as I reached the threshold I felt something twig in the back of my mind. Some strange...instinct almost calling me back into the room where the make up table was. Sitting in the middle was the tube of lipstick from last night, dark red; the perfect shade to match the shirt I had paired with the tights.

Slowly I picked it up and brought the stick to my lips, puckering them as I slid the pigment on. It felt...right, nice even. As I pressed my lips together I smiled in the mirror. The face that smiled back looked beautiful, and what's more it felt like me. Confliction swirled in my stomach and I forced myself to drop it and wipe the makeup off. I was getting entirely too comfortable and it hadn't even been a day.

This had to be Heather's magic at work, it was compelling me to act girly! Well, I wouldn't let it. I dropped the tissue I used to clean the makeup off in the bin and stormed out. It was time I had a chat with my 'sister'.

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Getting a hold of Heather turned out to be more of a battle than first anticipated. Calling her yielded nothing but voicemails and when I tried calling my other new sister Catherine, she informed me Heather had decided to go on a holiday because of course she had. I had no choice but to wait the two weeks until she returned. At least it gave me time to think of a plan of approach.

The best option, loathe as I was to admit it, was probably begging. Saying how sorry I was and that I'd learned my lesson and to pretty please turn me back. The idea left a sour taste in my mouth but considering just how strong this magic of hers was, I didn't want to take any chances.

Unfortunately, with all that said there wasn't anything left to fill the time but...live as Beverly. Something that was becoming increasingly difficult to hate. My social calendar was constantly full as my phone calendar kept reminding me. Beverly was quite the social butterfly it seemed. She had a huge list of friends who she was constantly shopping with, having tea catch ups and going to the local pub for counter meals. I briefly considered cancelling these plans but realised what a bad idea it would be. If anything Samuel would certainly notice how often I was home.

In the end though, it turned out having tea and spending his free hours shopping was actually quite fun. I was almost sad when the weekend came to an end. I was just getting ready for bed when once again a reminder pinged on my phone and I found myself opening it with excitement, hoping to have another social event to attend. It wasn't though; and my stomach dropped down to my toes; it was a reminder for work the next day.

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It was stupid really, to have completely forgotten that Beverly would have a different job to me in the other reality. Thank God for social media and computers, I was able to rifle through enough documents and pages to figure out I was an office manager now; not working in data input.

Driving up to the local dentists office felt surreal, as did sitting behind the front desk. I turned on the computer and did my best to familiarise myself with all the new programs I was supposed to know; booking appointments, organising orders, payslips; it all seemed fairly straight forward.

“You’re in early today Bev.” Smiled at a curly haired woman who sat down next to me, “Angling for a promotion?”

“Oh you know, I just like to be thorough.” I giggled awkwardly.

“Well, some of the dental assistants could learn a thing or two about that, couldn’t they.” The curly haired woman sighed, my eyes flicked to her chest, thankful for the name badge there that read ‘Susan’.

Another sudden compulsion pushed words out my lips before I could stop them.

“Oh what do you mean?”

“Well,” Susan whispered with a gleeful smile, “I caught Dr. Pendry’s assistant cleaning tools the other day and I noticed she was using just water. Cold water too!”

“No!”

“And I had to help her put them back in the right place.” Susan shook her head, “Honestly, what are these girls learning at medical school if not the basics?”

“These young things, they think they can do whatever they want just because they have a pretty face.” I sighed, not able to stop the joyful glee filling me at the gossip. “I bet they just take these jobs in the hopes of landing a rich dentist as a husband.”

“Oh you are so right.” Susan giggled, “Again, Dr. Pendry, his assistant, you know the one, with the blonde hair who always has her top button undone, well, I heard her thanking him the other day, asking if she could buy him a drink as thanks for hiring her! As if he had anything to do with it!”

“Did he take her up on it?” I asked with baited breath.

“Of course he did, what man wouldn’t?” Susan rolled her eyes, “I bet the silly thing is walking on clouds thinking she’s only a few nights away from a proposal. If she weren’t such a shrew I’d feel sorry for her.”

I couldn’t help but giggle; somewhere, deep down, there was a voice saying how stupid gossip was. How it was a total waste of time and an ugly habit but...it was just so much fun. I found that working as the office manager for a dentist was actually pretty fun once I got the hang of it. Days passed and Susan and I would people watch, making up stories and gossip about the various people who came in.

“That man, with the half done tie, I bet his wife left him. There is no way he picked out that colour for himself and if she was still around there was no way she’d let him out of the house looking like that.”

“Oh for sure. And that woman there, the one in the pantsuit, she’s definitely having an affair, see how loose her ring is?”

“Speaking of affairs, I have some updated news on Dr. Pendry.”

“What? Why didn’t you say so? What’s happening?”

Slowly, over the course of days I became embroiled and invested in the small work dramas that had seemed so insignificant when I was a man. Had these tiny stories always been happening around me and I just hadn’t noticed? What a waste! It was these little dramas that made the long days pass so quickly. And pass quickly they did.

It was the same old routine every day; work at the surgery, go home and have dinner cooked for me before settling down with Samuel to watch whatever show was on that night. Despite the repetition though, I never felt trapped or bored.

The gossip was always different and the medical dramas were strangely engrossing. I never realised just how fun and dramatic they could be. When each episode finished I would find myself holding my breath to see if the handsome doctor would save the patient in time. It was cheap, melodrama schlock, I knew that and yet...I couldn’t look away. After a few nights I didn’t even try, I had to know if the mysterious illness infecting the whole hospital was going to get cured in time to save the new medical student’s life! Who could blame me?

I kept telling myself it was just the magic, it was making me act this way but it was so hard to even care. This world, this home, it felt so well...homey. Samuel’s meals were incredible and it felt lovely to have him kiss my forehead good night every evening. Try as I might to hate this life I just couldn’t, in fact, I was rather growing to like it.

Well, there was one big exception to that rule though and that was that heat that started to grow between my legs more and more frequently. At first it was just when I showered or saw my own naked body; I could chalk that up to a fetish. Perhaps I had a thing for older women and never realised it till now. That was totally normal, after all, I was a man deep down. But then those forehead kisses started to elicit more than that warm burst of affection.

Even after almost a week of being in this body I had refused to explore it. Yes, I had to admit I was curious, what man wouldn’t be but a little voice in my head told me it would be a bad idea. Resisting the temptation was getting harder and harder as time went on though. Maybe it was embarrassing to admit but I ended most of my days as a man having a cheeky wank so suddenly going cold turkey wasn’t exactly easy.

And Samuel wasn’t helping.

The first time he cornered me leaning against the kitchen benchtop and wrapped his arms around my waist I’d frozen. It was such an intimate gesture and I could tell from the semi hard bump in my lower back that he was hoping it would lead somewhere further. Even now, days later as I lay in bed trying to sleep I swore I could still feel it. Hot and warm against the small of my back.

There was no denying it; the idea turned me on. I grit my teeth and tried to think of something else, anything else but it was proving impossible. Thoughts of what it would feel like inside me were keeping me awake and moisture was building between my legs. Besides me Samuel was breathing slow and deep, fast asleep but I could still feel the heat from his body wafting over me and smell his masculine scent.

It was so tempting, so very tempting to sneak into the bathroom and touch myself. Maybe if I could just cum once, I'd be able to think clearly and ignore his advances. I had talked myself out of that one but if he did something like that again...I wasn't sure I would have the self control to say no.

It had to be magic, it had to be. Heather's stupid spell was making me horny, making me want to be fucked by a man. There was no other explanation; the only other option was that I was turned on by being a woman and that was ridiculous. Completely stupid. Not an idea I could entertain for even a single solitary second.

As I rationalised my fingers slinked south to rest overtop my mound. I could feel heat radiating through my thin panties; fuck I was so hot right now. It had been too long, the repression was killing me. Just one little touch, just enough to get me some satisfaction...that's all I needed.

My finger slipped beneath the waistband of my panties, slow enough that the blankets barely moved and I pressed the digit down, parting my folds to rest on my new clit. I sucked in a sharp breath; I knew I was wet but I hadn't realised just how wet. Slickness surrounded my finger in an instant and I gently bent the knuckle making come hither motions slowly across my folds.

The pleasure was instant and intense and I found myself biting down on my lip to stay quiet as my strokes became faster and harder. My pussy quivered with each stroke and yet, it wasn't enough. An ache formed deep inside me and I realised finally what it was; emptiness. Once again I imagined Samuel's cock and a small spurt of slick wetness slid out of me as I did. My finger slid lower ready to press inside my waiting hole-

"You know, darling, if you were in the mood you could have just woken me up."

Samuel's teasing voice made me jump, my hand flying out of my panties and bringing the scent of my juices with it. Even in the pale moonlight let in by the window I could see the slickness coating my ring finger; there was no way to hide what I had been doing.

Hot shame flooded my face and my mouth opened and closed without words. How was I going to explain this? Samuel was already reaching for me, sliding his own strong, rough hands up my thighs to tug at my panties. Without thinking I raised my wide hips up and let him pull them down.

Oh God, I knew where this was going, yet I couldn't bring myself to stop it. How would I even rationalise it to Samuel? He'd caught me red handed and knew I was hot and horny, so how could I say no? Especially when I could feel his cock hardening against my thigh and the strength of my own desire surprised even me.

The world seemed to move in slow motion, his hand reaching over to cup my face and turn me toward him. In the darkness I could see the outline of his face; masculine in every regard, no way I could pretend our roles were reversed. Our lips brushed and my whole body shivered, lips parting to allow him to suck on my bottom lip.

Screw my masculine pride; it wasn't as if anybody needed to find out about this so what was the harm? I let him pull me close, enjoying the way my breasts pressed into this strong, flat chest. I could feel my nipples hardening underneath my nightdress and I found myself kissing back without hesitation.

I tilted my head back, letting Samuel's tongue brush against mine, moaning as he swallowed up the sounds as his hands continued to roam. A moment later he pulled me up, lifting my nightdress off and leaving me totally naked and exposed. Yet, I felt no shame. The moonlight was glinting off Samuel's eyes and I could see the pure, engender affection and

arousal on his face. This man didn't just find me attractive, he loved me and that realisation made something inside me shift. It felt...so nice to be loved. Even nicer than it was to be desired.

Every relationship I had ever been in had been physical for the most part, never lasting long enough to form any real emotional connections, even if I didn't love Samuel yet, it felt gratifying to know he at least loved me. The fact that I automatically added 'yet' to the thought made my stomach churn slightly but I dismissed the thought out of hand. Samuel's fingers were inching closer to my chest and that was all the distraction I needed.

Our legs entangled as we continued to kiss and I felt him straddle across my hips, pressing his weight down on me so that I sank into the mattress. I'd never been in this position before, crushed beneath another person's weight, it felt good, the submission, the tight hold he had on my body and yet, there was something not quite right about it. It was as if I had an itch that wasn't being scratched, but I couldn't figure out what it was.

I could feel his member sitting on the small of my stomach; hot and ready. I shivered as I felt a drop of wetness slide down the length to land on my skin. Somehow it felt hot enough to burn and yet good at the same time. Samuel's arms wrapped around me tighter, pressing our bodies as close together as they could go. I could feel his crotch pressing down on my wide hips and my desire built, yet still there was that nagging feeling that something wasn't quite right. Suddenly, it came to me, the realisation of what I was craving and humiliation filled me in response.

I found myself hesitating; did I really want to go that far? To truly debase myself even if nobody else ever needed to know? Samuel seemed to sense my hesitancy and pulled back.

"Everything alright, doll?"

I swallowed; fuck it, this was a once in a lifetime experience and I wanted to go all the way.

"I want you to fuck me doggy style." I whispered, running a hand down his rough stubbled cheek.

Samuel grinned and my heart fluttered at the expression in the moonlight.

"I'll make you bite a hole in that pillow." He teased, giving my ear a nip and eliciting a small whimper.

I turned over, balancing on my hands and knees on the mattress and staring down at the pillows. Samuel's hands were on my hips and I held my breath before letting my front sink down so that my chin rested on the soft bed, ass in the air, presenting. The air felt cold as Samuel spread my legs and exposed my hole, pressing the hot tip of his cock against it.

For a moment we stayed there, poised on the edge before he thrust in with one hard movement. All the air was knocked from my lungs as I went from being empty to filled in a single second. My inner walls burned and stretched fully; the pleasure was indescribable. Soon he began to thrust, keeping the movements short but sharp. He was constantly brushing against my G-spot and my moan opened in a deep wail that I couldn't stop, even by biting the pillow. I tasted down in my mouth and yet I kept biting, harder and harder as moans and groans were pulled from me.

There was such a difference, between being fucked and doing the fucking. Loathe as I was to admit it, being the one pushed into the mattress and filled to the brim was so much more satisfying than the other way around. I swore I could feel every inch of his member as it stretched me and I began to buck my hips backwards to meet him. Making us slam wetly together with enough force that soon we were both grunting from the exertion as well as the pleasure.

Everything about this felt wonderful; the way my inner walls burned, the slap of Samuel's balls against my bouncy ass, the taste of fabric in my mouth as I continued to bite down on the pillow. My pussy began to tighten and tighten and tighter-

“Ahhhhhhhh!!”

I groaned into the pillow as it finally all overwhelmed me. The pleasure emanated out from my pussy until it filled every fibre of my being and left my practically limp with ecstasy. Only Samuel's hands on my hips kept my ass in the air and allowed him to keep thrusting. My pussy was now so oversensitive I couldn't even moan. My mouth hung open, too overwhelmed by pleasure to even make a sound until finally Samuel gave a deep, guttural groan and thrust in one final time.

I felt his cock pulse inside me and then he too relaxed, pulling out gently and easing me down onto the bed. There was such kindness in that gesture, so small and considerate that it almost made my eyes sting.

“That was great.” He sighed, “Been missing that lately.”

“Yeah...” I sighed, exhaustion washing over us both.

It didn't take long for Samuel's breathing to slow and even out but I stayed wide awake despite my tiredness, trying to process everything that had just happened. Post coital bliss still flowed through my body, my pussy occasionally pulsing with another small wave of pleasure. That had been...unreal. I almost hated how much I enjoyed it.

After a long while I grit my teeth and squeezed my eyes shut. It was a one time thing. No matter how lovely Samuel was I wouldn't let him do that to me again, no matter how good it felt.

~

I was wrong. SO very wrong. Samuel became like a drug to me, all it took was a kiss or a squeeze of my ass and I was wet and ready to go. I loved it, I hated it...I really didn't know how to feel all things considered. Especially considering I was feeling more and more compelled to act girly.

Nowadays adding lipstick or a pair of earrings to an outfit was second nature. To the point that they didn't even feel odd anymore, quite the opposite, going without those little details made me feel almost naked. I was getting so caught up in my life with Samuel; working in the office, gossiping with Susan, eating his amazing meals, fucking, that I didn't even realise the two week waiting period had finished.

I'd gotten Heather's address from Catherine and decided it would be best to drive over unannounced. I didn't want to give that witch any extra time to prepare more nasty surprises for me. I was just about to head out when I stopped, hand frozen as I reached for

the necklace on my make up table. It was yellow gold, patterned with pink roses made from tiny metal petals; I didn't need it, it was an accessory for accessories sake and yet...I wanted it.

I fastened it around my neck and realised how queasy I felt. I wasn't sure how, but somehow I knew this necklace had been a gift from Samuel. Each step down the hall toward the front door felt so...final. I had been waiting for this day for weeks and yet now that it was here I felt nothing but dread. No matter how much I tried to convince myself it was just nerves; I was facing down a powerful witch after all. A voice broke my reverie and I had to fight not to jump; a good thing I managed too because rolling my ankle in these heels was hardly an auspicious start to the day.

"Going out?" Samuel called, sticking his head into the hall.

My stomach lurched at the sight of him and I realised what I was feeling was...guilt. My plan was to go back to my old life today by any means necessary and that meant leaving Samuel behind. Did he exist back in my reality? What would happen to him once I was gone. Would Beverly simply cease to exist or will she become a missing person perhaps? The idea of Samuel never seeing his beloved wife again made my heart break a little. He was such a good man.

"Going to see Heather." I croaked, my heart giving a flutter.

"Ah that's right, she's back from her trip. You two get along okay? No picking fights."

"I won't." I lie.

"Well," He gave me that trademark warm smile, "I'll see you when you get back."

'No you won't.' I thought but I kept the words at bay.

"Yeah."

He gave me a small wave and disappeared back into the house as I turned the doorknob, stepping through the threshold before pausing once more.

"Samuel?"

"Yeah?"

"...I love you."

"Love you too, darling!"

I hated how casually he said it, not because it made him sound like he didn't mean it, but because I knew he did. People didn't say 'I love you' in that manner unless they had been saying it for years and the words came out of habit. It wasn't until I was halfway down the garden path that I realised I had said it with the same cadence, even more than that; I had meant it.

~

Walking up to Heather's door I was prepared to swallow down my anger but to my surprise I couldn't even summon it. I knocked at the door and the woman appeared, a smile on her face and a wicked twinkle in her eye.

"Beverly!" She cried, "What a lovely surprise, come in, come in, tea?"

I'd hated tea before, now I can't get enough of it.

"Yes please, cream and two sugars."

I sat, knees and ankles together, hands gently in my wide lap and I watched as Heather's eyebrows raised approvingly.

"I see you've adapted well."

"Well, that's what you're doing." I muttered, "These...instincts as you call them, they compel me to act like this."

Heather threw back her head and laughed,

"Is that what you think?"

"It's what you told me."

She shook her head and carefully poured out two cups of tea; the smell was heavenly. I took a sip and sighed, feeling the warmth spread through my chest and relax me slightly.

"I gave you some guiding nudges, you were no more compelled to follow them than you are any other flight of fancy your mind comes up with." Heather said, taking a sip of her tea. "I never forced you to do a thing."

The tea turned even more bitter in my mouth. All my excuses...they meant nothing. When I had enjoyed gardening or watching game shows on tv I had told myself it was fine because it was just magic but...it was me all along? I wanted Samuel? My cheeks turned red and my face must have shown my chain of thought because Heather gave me a chuckle.

"I was hoping Samuel would be able to make you more comfortable. He's a good man."

"Who was he...before? Did you change him like me?"

"He existed in both realities." Heather admitted, "Forever a bachelor in your life though, I decided to hit two birds with one stone and set you up, worked out nicely don't you think?"

I stared at my reflection in my teacup, after a few long moments I nodded. I felt so conflicted; I wanted to go back to my old life or more correctly I *wanted* to want that. I thought about what would be waiting for me back there; my cold apartment and dwindling list of single friends. As opposed to what I had here, Samuel was making curry for dinner tonight, he had plans to take his restored car for a drive this weekend and was already planning a picnic lunch for us both.

“Why did you come here today?” Heather asks after the silence stretched on for too long.

I hesitated before taking a deep swallow of tea and meeting her eyes with a soft smile.

“To ask my favourite sister how her holiday was of course.”

Heather’s eyes twinkled.

“Of course. No other reason?”

She settled back in the arm chair, lifting my tea cup to my lips with my pinky extended.

“What other reason could there be?”