

Bigger is Better (Man to Large Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Mark Smith

Harold Hartley is a wealthy businessman in his thirties, hardworking and in the prime of his life. But he has an odd dream of living life as an older, larger woman with a far more average life. When he comes into possession of the Amulet of Perspective, he is more than eager to swap lives with Heidi Watkins, who fits that description exactly. Perhaps such a swap will be to both their benefit . . .

Bigger is Better

Finally, it was his. Harold Hartley had paid a king's ransom for it, but the Amulet of Perspective was now his. He could barely believe it, but the slight glow of the amulet, as well as the fact that its reflective pendant showed not his reflection, but rather that of the person nearest to him, confirmed its magical origin and nature in his mind. If it could be even half of everything he had hoped for, then the price he had paid those burglars to retrieve it for him would be worth it. Finally, he could live out his deepest, strangest, most secret fantasy; of swapping his life for a time with a woman. And not just any woman, but a *large* woman, older, with a life far removed from his own wealthy status.

One would question exactly why Harold would ever want to change. He was six feet tall, with an impressively fit body, and only thirty four years old. He was often at the gym, had no medical conditions or alerts, and had a powerful presence in any room. With his blonde hair and bright blue eyes, he had a naturally charming appearance for many, and this had worked well for him in his career as a businessman. He was one of the higher ups in Hydradyne, a company which specialised in meals, equipment, and bottles and the like for athletes and gym goers. They charged outrageously, and yet people flocked to them as a kind of prestige item within that space. He had successfully helped that pivot, and so his career was soaring towards even greater megabucks, not that he could even spend all the money he had right now anyway. At least, not unless he was paying off a team of expert burglars to thieve a magical item and get it to him, no questions asked.

So yes, he was the proverbial man who had everything. And like men who had everything, he wanted more. He wanted the impossible. He wanted an experience like no other. It had long been a fantasy of his, to see what life was like on the other side. Coupled with his secret love of larger women, and a number of fetishes swirled around in a cocktail mix. Older women especially, with sagging breasts and gorgeous fat rolls and jiggling behinds, they turned him on in ways that never truly made sense, and yet captivated him all

the same. More than once he had secretly visited a brothel or, increasingly, hired a high-class call girl, that met those specifications. He found, much to his enjoyment, that despite their size and older age, they were wonderfully attentive lovers. And there was so much flesh to hold onto, so many extra curves and jiggling parts to relish.

And so, born from those experiences came another fetish. A desire to *experience* that kind of womanhood. The life of an overweight woman, particularly the kind of woman with a more ordinary life. His father had been rich, and his father before him, and so on for five generations. The kink of being made lower, to dress plainly, with little stress from the high-rush life . . . well, it was just a kink. Something to masturbate to and imagine. That was, until he met Brendan Marks, the man who was his hedge fund manager.

Brendan was even taller than Harold, with dark hair and a confident business approach. He was also . . . a little strange. He moved with a sort of elegance that Harold found kind of amusing, and he seemed able to read the emotions of others better than most men like him. The two became friends over time, particularly as their mutual successes mounted, and eventually began talking outside of work, even visiting Brendan's home to see his pregnant supermodel wife and two children. It was after a particular drinking session between the two of them that Brendan finally mentioned his deepest secret, one that Harold didn't believe at first: that he was not Brendan at all, but a woman from Thailand named Anong, a former bartender girl. That the real Brendan had used the Amulet of Perspective on her, intending to swap for just three days, only for her to steal his life entirely. The new Brendan didn't seem to feel too guilty about it; the last she heard, the new Anong had become a successful restaurant owner and even given birth to a child with a husband she'd married at some point. Harold shouldn't have believed the story, it was so farfetched! And yet, he was drawn in. He learned all he could about the Amulet of Perspective from Brendan, and kept in regular contact with his friend, re-evaluating his behaviour, and beginning to truly believe.

And now, after conducting his own research and eventually paying for burglars to reclaim the Amulet from a seaside mansion on the Californian coast, the Amulet was now his, just as Brendan had described it.

Finally, Harold could live out his truest dream.

The important thing was finding the right woman. There were many ways to go about this, but being a man of wealth and means and the ability to project both power and maintain his own privacy, he decided to go with a rather direct, if a bit gauche, direction: an audition. Word was sent out via newspaper advertisement, internet pop ups, and community listings,

all looking for a woman in her late forties to early fifties who was heavily overweight and of working class income. The ads promised a hefty amount of cash for those who would pass the audition, which simply involved discussing their life and explaining how they fit the criteria specified. Once passed, they would simply have to agree to a body swap for a period of one week to a month depending on their level of comfort. The advertisements stressed this bodyswap to be 'experimental' and 'magical' in nature. This was a deliberate choice on Harold's part, as it meant that more women would apply, thinking this was just some rich kook's latest new age notion, and that they could collect the money either way. All that was needed was a single kiss, after all: a single moment of acceptable intimacy.

Still, Harold was nervous. The applicants streamed in, and while he had hired a very discreet agent to help sort them out while he stood behind a one-way mirror and watched, he was afraid that he would not find what he was looking for, or that this would get out to the public. And in fact, that nervousness was warranted at first: many women had arrived hoping for easy money, and less than half of them even matched the criteria. For one, many were not in their forties, and a few were even in their twenties and wearing makeup to appear more mature. Others were too old, though these were a rarity at least. The weight aspect was also trouble: more than once, Harold had to message his agent who interviewed the women directly.

'Ask them to lift their shirt. I swear they are wearing a fat suit or something.'

And while he was not always right, he was right more often than he'd thought. Some were deliberately posturing themselves so that they looked overweight, when they were merely chubby. But that was not his desire: he wanted a *big* woman with delightful rolls on her belly, and a sag in her chest. This, sadly, meant that the auditions stretched out for days, as more and more women were eliminated, told to leave, or simply that they would be 'called back if they got the job.' They never would, of course.

Harold had almost lost hope at the end of a long Friday, and his agent was similarly frustrated and confused by his particular tastes, when suddenly *she* walked in. Well, walked might be the wrong way to put it. Waddled, more like. She was *exactly* the image of the kind of woman he wanted to become, the kind of woman he would have dreamed to have slept with when his fetish for larger women was more normal. She was certainly in her mid-forties, and was confirmed to be forty-six after a check of her ID. She had quite striking hazel eyes, with brunette hair that fell to her shoulders. Her smile was easy and quite delightful, the kind of smile that was positively infectious. But the real draw was her body. She was wearing a pink shirt that did little to disguise her large figure and while she had a nice blue skirt on, it wasn't exactly long, and it clung to her backside lovingly, perhaps deliberately so in order to show how genuine her body was. Harold had to take a breath in. She really had it all: a heavy set belly, a big bulbous ass, and from what he could tell, a massive set of knockers

that were low in her bra, just like he wanted. She was even of pretty average height, perhaps a little shorter, when exaggerated her bodily features all the more for his pleasure.

“What is your name?” his agent asked.

“Heidi,” she said in a sweet voice. “Heidi Watkins.”

“And what do you do for a living, Heidi?”

“I work at Walmart,” she said. She gave a sheepish grin that almost made Harold melt. “It’s a living, I guess.”

“Is it a hard job?”

“Not really. A few assholes, if you don’t mind my French, but I mainly work in inventory and the like. It’s pretty casual to be honest.”

“So not what you’d call a rush?”

“Outside of Black Friday sales and Christmas? Not really. It’s not the busiest store in the region. Like I said, it’s a living. I like it there.”

“What do you normally wear? In your everyday life, I mean?”

She furrowed her brow. “Just normal stuff, I guess. I’m not big on fancy stuff. I like my sweatpants, my loose tops. Anything stretchy - reasons are pretty obvious, since I’m a bigger girl. Oh, a loose dress in summer isn’t bad, but I don’t go for clingy sexy stuff. I don’t think it would suit me!”

Harold bit his knuckles. He had to be dreaming. She seemed perfect!

His agent continued. “And about being a bigger girl, you’re ‘all natural’?”

“Excuse me?”

“Sorry, we’ve had some people wearing suits, presumably for the money, to make themselves look bigger. Are you all natural?”

Heidi grinned and lifted her shirt. She slapped her stomach lightly, causing it to wobble. It sat a little over her skirt. “All natural, baby!” she said with a smirk that was almost prideful. “What can I say? I like my snacking. I know it has its downsides, but I wouldn’t give it up. I’m a jolly fat person, and I own it.”

“And would you say - hang on.”

The agent answered the phone. Harold had called her.

“No more questions necessary,” he said. “She’s the one. I want to meet her. We can already arrange a deposit to entice her.”

The agent gave a weary smile. Clearly, she was just happy that this strange audition over multiple days had finally reached its end.

Harold couldn't stop looking at Heidi while she ate. Despite her size, she ate quite pettily and delicately, though the eating itself was showing no signs of slowing down. Her chest was massive, pushing against her top and exposing a deep line of fatty cleavage. Her belly, sadly, was obscured beneath the table, but it was big. He had seen enough to determine that.

"This is wonderful, thanks so much!" she said sweetly.

"Not a problem," Harold said. "After all, you're the one that met my criteria."

"Okay, and this magical pendant will supposedly switch our bodies?"

"Exactly! For one week to a month, depending on what you are comfortable with. But a week at minimum, or else the majority of your payment is forfeit. Naturally, we'll learn more about each other to assume each other's lives."

Heidi cracked a smile. Fatness suited her, in a way. It made her cheeks full and wide when she smiled, and there was a beauty in that.

"Okay, okay," she said. "But, um, this is a little awkward, especially since you've already paid me and the like, but I really know if you're yanking my chain, if you know what I mean?"

Harold smiled. "No chain is being yanked, I assure you. This amulet," he said, producing it before her and allowing her to see the aberrant reflection that showed him instead of her, "will swap our souls in a moment of intimacy - a kiss is all that's necessary, I assure you."

"Well, that's a neat trick, but I don't necessarily believe it. I mean, who's to say magic is real? I'm not an unbeliever in that stuff, but this all seems far fetched."

Harold chuckled. "Well, the good news is that you get paid regardless for attempting the switch. Success is not guaranteed, though I hope it will be."

"And what do we do once swapping in our bodies? I mean, this is hypothetical and all, but I don't want you to give me tattoos or do weird sex stuff. Again, pardon my rudeness, but I feel like I have to talk straight on the matter, given how specific your advertisement was."

Harold blushed a little. This part was a little awkward. "Well, I'd like to at least be able to explore your body, but I assure you I would do nothing to sabotage your life, and only do what you would be comfortable with. In good faith, do what you will with my body, provided no lasting impacts like tattoos you mentioned."

Heidi nodded. "Well, it sure is strange, but I guess I'm sorta curious. Besides, I'll get paid either way, right?"

"Right."

"So, um, how do we go about this?"

“Very easily,” Harold said. He stood from his chair and walked to Heidi, extending a hand to her. She took it, but had to lift herself - even with his impressive physical strength, Harold would struggle to lift such a woman. Still, she appreciated it.

“Not many women my age or size get such a gentlemanly approach,” she said.

“Well, consider it an act of valour to allow me to steal a kiss, while I wear this Amulet of Perspective.”

“And that’ll do it?”

“It will.”

“Golly, I’m weirdly nervous. Good thing I don’t have kids, right? Otherwise, this could get weird for you if it works.”

“Well, I don’t have kids or a partner either. So let’s see how this goes.”

He leaned forward, and she did so with a bit more trepidation, until his arms encircled her wonderful largesse and his lips were planted against hers. Heidi’s plump breasts pressed against his chest, ripe and massive and hanging low. It was magnificent. For a moment there was nothing but the hardness in his grin, the rising arousal, and the pleasure of kissing exactly the kind of bigger and older woman that he craved.

The kiss halted momentarily as a golden-green glow bloomed between the pair of them. Heidi’s eyes widened in confusion, Harold’s in anticipation, as the glow expanded. Suddenly they were no longer kissing each other but themselves as well, as if their souls were occupying both bodies, intermingling and intertwining, the pleasure rising and rising until it was borderline sexual. Until it was sexual.

“Ohhh, yes!” Heidi moaned in his mouth.

“It’s h-happening,” he moaned back. “It’s actually h-happening!”

It happened. In the flash of a single moment, the union of bodies and souls collapsed, their essences falling in different directions. Suddenly Harold was no longer in his body, nor was he kissing Heidi’s lips. Now, those lips and that body was his. He was instantly aware of the sheer weight and heaviness of his new form. Of the pressure of his sagging gut upon his stomach and organs. Of the flab and bloat of his arms. Of the lack of muscles. And, of course, the massive breasts with their huge nipples sitting comfortably in the mega-sized bra beneath his pink shirt, tugging heavily on his shoulders. He was exactly as he wanted to be: female, overweight, older, and wonderfully average. Niche as the fetish was, he had achieved it.

And he was *still* kissing, only now it was the lips of the body he once had. He pulled back, and so did Heidi in his body. It was utterly bizarre, gazing into the eyes of the man he used to be, who now was acting quite feminine in gesture and expression.

“It was real,” she marvelled. “The magic, the everything! My voice. I’ve got a penis now. I’m younger! Oh my God, I have so much muscle! Golly. Well, you have so much muscle. And you’re not heavy! I feel light as a feather! Dear lord, this is a lot to take in.”

He had to smile at her manner. She was just as soft and doughy in spirit as she had been in flesh.

“I told you!” he said excitedly, his voice maintaining a similar twang to her own. Accents and languages carried with the Amulet, apparently. “The magic is real, and it works. God, this is wonderful! I feel so large. So heavy! And so female.”

“Watch the touching of my tits,” she warned. “At least in front of me. That’s a little weird, still.”

“Well, you’re welcome to examine my own parts when we separate,” he said easily. “You have more than earned your money already Heidi. I’ll organise the transfers soon, with more to come depending on how long you wish to be swapped. If you wish to remain so, of course? The conditions are clear.”

Heidi bit his lip. It was a more feminine look, especially with how she stood in his body. But her choice was already clear.

“Just . . . just one week, okay? One week, and we’ll see if I want to extend. I doubt I will, but maybe this could be fun. You know, once you and I get better acquainted on how to live each others’ lives.”

Harold stood - it was quite an effort, and one that already had him panting. “Then let’s get right on it,” he declared. He walked her over to his study where they could start recording down information they needed the other to absolutely know. He savoured the bounce of his breasts, belly, and ass as he did so. Already, he was having to waddle.

Harold had a week. A whole week to enjoy his lusciously large body and partake in its pleasures. It wasn’t even sex he was seeking, though he was hoping that Heidi would give permission for that particular pursuit at some point. No, it was simply the experience. The aspect of possessing a different person’s life. Still, one of the first things he did was masturbate repeatedly once he reached Heidi’s apartment. It was small, too small for a big girl like her, especially given that she was forty six years old, but evidently it had been enough for Heidi. As such, it was enough for Harold too. He flopped onto the bed, loving the way it creaked heavily, and he worked quickly to tear his clothing off. His body had an impressive bulk, and he spent a great deal of time kneading his terrifically large breasts and fondling his belly, shaking it and relishing the way his fat rolls wobbled and jiggled about. It

was enough to really get him going, and soon he was lowering his fingers down to his vagina - one that had aged like fine wine, in his view - and began teasing himself.

“Ohhhh, yessss. Mhmmm! Finally, I can *feel* it! Nghhhh . . . right there. S-so different from being a man. So much slower, and heavier, and sexier. Ahhhh!”

He came, and when he orgasmed, he cried out in his new womanly voice, savouring every single moment of it. It was heaven, particularly since his large bulk positively *quivered* from the experience. Afterwards, when the multiple orgasms had finally died down, he caressed his body and the Amulet both.

“All thanks to you,” he said, playing with the crystal. “All thanks to you.”

It was all thanks to the Amulet that the former businessman could experience a different kind of life as well. In fact, Harold was oddly excited and terrified to be working at Walmart in equal measure. It was so different from his usual life, and he was certainly lowest on the rung of the hierarchy outside of trainees. He got dressed in his uniform, loving the way his bust was unable to be hidden from it, and even more the belly, and went to work as a shift worker for the first time in his over-privileged life.

“I can’t believe I’m actually doing this,” he said, breathing through his mouth a little - necessity given his new size. “I wonder if it will be as average and normal as she said it would be?”

It was, and it wasn’t. The fault was his, he knew. He had to feign that he had a migraine and some poor sleep over the weekend in order to excuse why he didn’t recognise his regular coworkers and manager, and also why he was slower than usual on the job. Apparently, despite her size and lack of muscles, Heidi was a damn good worker out the back, and so he had to put in a lot of effort to learn quickly. Still, it was all part of the experience. The important thing was that everyone thought he was Heidi, and that he could adopt her identity, talk in her voice, move in her body, and smile and wink at the customers who saw him. He was certain that one older man in particular even had a thing for bigger women himself. It was something that Harold considered after his shift as he masturbated again, pretending that he was being fucked by a man. The ultimate experience.

“Yessss, f-fuck me in my pussy! Make me a woman in full! Suck on my big, oversized, heavy tits!”

In the aftermath of that sexual bliss, he decided to order some takeaway Chinese. A lot of it, in fact, including some pizza on the side just for some fun difference. Maybe a soda or two. He wasn’t trying to fatten Heidi any further - in fact, he made sure not to listen to his stomach *too* much, just in case. But he didn’t exactly hold back, either. Harold was a new woman, one with a much larger appetite, and it was wonderfully freeing to not have to care about how much he ate, how much it would affect his BMI, or disrupt his gym training program. He could simply savour the flavour to his heart’s content. He guzzled down the

drink and gulped down the food with an almost animal obsession, and when he was done, he decided to go get a bucket of icecream and some spare chocolate flakes and go to town on it while watching some reality TV.

“Might as well enjoy the shows she likes!” he announced, cackling to himself. Even the sensation of laughter caused his belly and breasts to jiggle. As heavy and unwieldy and often out of breath as he was, it was still all worth it for such delightful sensations.

The week passed like a bolt of lightning: flashy but far too quick. Harold was experiencing a great deal of trepidation at the thought of turning back. He'd gotten into a good groove at Walmart the last few days, and discovered he had quite the fun rapport with his fellow workers, some of whom saw him - in part due to his new age - as the 'team mom.' It was a fun role to play. The lack of stress and rush over the last week had been something like a holiday, and beyond just the joy of being a large, older woman was the pleasure of trying on new clothes in his spare time. At that moment, he was indulging in tight sweatpants that hugged his huge ass, as well as a loose top that nevertheless pulled a bit around his bust. What wouldn't?

“I'll miss this,” he muttered in the sweet drawl he'd become used to. “Even if I could get just one more week.”

Still, he was meeting the real Heidi back at her home - his home really. She buzzed him through, and when he arrived up the stairs - a damn effort these days - he was surprised to her in a damn fine suit, looking sharp as he'd ever been.

“Harold!” he announced, dropping the masculine act. The man practically leapt into the former male's arms, hugging him deeply. Harold's breasts squashed against his firm chest, making him slightly aroused.

“It's good to see you,” he replied. “How have you been?”

“Oh, it's been wonderful! Golly, I could never imagine being a man, but it's shocking what you get used to. Even peeing standing up! What a revelation! I had gotten so used to being my big, loveable self that I'd forgotten what it felt like to be fit and healthy and springy. I can jump now without fearing a damn heart attack! Just kidding - don't worry, I'm healthy there.”

Harold chuckled. “It's okay, Heidi. Calm down. I'm very glad you've enjoyed yourself. And acquitted yourself well in my business - I've seen the reports! Very good work.”

She smiled in his body, clearly pleased. “It's strange, but somehow I've got a gift for it. I mean, you helped greatly, but I did a lot myself! I even pulled off a pitch meeting on our new power drink, and the execs loved it!”

“Well, good to know that things are right for when we change back.”

Heidi paused. “Well, about that. I was thinking, if you’re enjoying yourself as well-”

“I am. I very much am. It’s a dream come true.”

“Then maybe . . . one more week?”

Harold grinned. “One more week is just fine by me. And I’m willing to give you permission to date and enjoy my body, if you wish.”

She swallowed. “Well, I suppose you could go on some dates in mine. If you can find any. I’m not the most attractive woman.”

“On the contrary, you are. I’ll find someone, with your permission.”

Permission was granted, and greatly looked forward to.

Harold moaned in ecstasy as his date thrust into him. He was not exactly a small man himself, or a spring chicken, but certainly fitter and smaller than the former male’s new body. The new woman was on his back, legs spread wide, stomach shifting back and forth as the man called Dennis fucked her right in her pussy. The sensations were wonderful, even if the positions were awkward due to the size of her stomach. But when he sucked on her tits and pressed his face right into their saggy weight, it was like being on Cloud Nine.

“Ohhhhh, yes! F-fuck me! Fuck me like your big, beautiful goddess! I want your younger cum ins-side meeeee! YESSS!”

Dennis came, grunting heavily as he thrust one last time. His large cock throbbed within Harold’s passage, and then his insides were filled with the gooey warmth of the man’s seed. Harold seized up, shaking, rocked by wave after wave of orgasm. It left him panting like a woman in heat, and his many flabby folds wobbling heavily. Dennis collapsed upon him as if he were a great fleshy pillow, his face right in his cleavage. Harold held him there, murmuring incoherently as the feelings continued to wash over him.

“That was f-fantastic,” he managed.

“Y-yeah,” his date replied. “Fuck, I’d always wanted to screw a larger woman, but that was something else.”

“Mhmm, give me a little longer, and you can take me from behind, muscle man.”

He did indeed, though her ‘refractory’ period, the female kind, took a lot longer due to her age and general size.

It was Harold’s first sexual encounter as a woman, and it had been everything he could have imagined. He didn’t care that he was obese, or older, or that he could do less in the bedroom. No, it was all worth it, as far as he was concerned. And now that Heidi had

granted permission for him to take some lovers, he was adamant not to waste the opportunity. Not with Dennis, and certainly not with anyone else either.

Over the following week, Harold enjoyed his time even more than the first one. He continued to try different outfits, all of them in the new affordable range of his lifestyle, and none of them greatly enhancing or stylish. Rather, they were easy and comfortable and suited his large figure, particularly the loose tops and stretchy materials of his tops. He settled for bras that weren't sexy but simply supportive of his large, somewhat droopy chest. And, of course, he ate to his heart's content, snacking whenever he wanted, ordering takeaway where he could afford it, and making sure that the money that was left went to rent and utilities.

"She really has life figured out, doesn't she?" Harold mused to himself one night. The soaps on television were rather addictive, particularly the lovematching reality shows that were ridiculously overdramatic. It was comfort food to watch, almost as comforting as the actual food, and it meant he could simply relax and enjoy life.

"No doubt she'll be wanting her life back soon, though, once she realises it."

But to his shock, after the week had passed, Heidi asked for another extension. She was still in high-class business suits, still making top deals, and still following his gym routine and intense-but-rewarding ambitions. In fact, word was apparently circulating about a promotion, which astounded him. He had small thoughts about turning back before things got out of control, but Heidi's body was too addictive, and so they agreed for one week's extension to a total of three weeks.

Which became four weeks.

Which became five.

Which became two whole months.

Each time they met up, the two were slipping further into their new lives, with the new Harold even dating a rather sexy secretary with classically good looks and a nice rack. The sweet Heidi had done a big turnaround, almost bigger than she herself could believe.

"Just one more week!" she exclaimed. "Then we end this madness. Golly, it's so weird to be able to talk like myself. It's just so exciting, the rush of being able to be a successful businessman. So strong, and handsome, and take-charge, y'know?"

"I know," Harold said. "Just like living a total average life of simple work, enjoyable eating, and relaxation is becoming my absolute jam. But yes, one last week."

Of course, one last week didn't work out as either of them planned. It was Harold's fault. He liked keeping the Amulet of Perspective on him at all times, even during sex. This would prove to be a disaster. It was another night with Dennis, and this time he was fucking her from behind, his fingers sinking into the deep flesh of her huge ass as he buried his cock inside her. She was moaning in ecstasy, taking in dick for the last time before the change

back tomorrow. But then suddenly she was hit by a far more powerful orgasm than expected. She toppled forward, moaning in sweet relief as the pleasure cascaded through her form, causing her fat rolls to quiver.

And that's when she felt something crack beneath her weight. Shatter, in fact. She didn't think much of it at the time, but when she raised herself after Dennis had left for the shower, she realised what it in fact had been. Her eyes went wide in horror as she gazed down at the amulet, and saw that the pendant - the source of the magic - had shattered, and the glowing gold-green light that powered it was fading like steam rising from a cooling coffee.

"Oh God. Oh shit. I didn't realise - it can break? Oh no! Wait, I can fix it!"

She couldn't, of course, though she spent long minutes trying. In the end it was futile: the magic was gone, the amulet destroyed. She was stuck as Heidi for good now, just like Heidi was stuck as her. The thought made her chuckle a little maniacally. It wasn't entirely inappropriate. She *had* been thinking of herself as a *she* lately, instead of a *he*. And it wasn't like she truly wanted to go back to being Harold Hartley. Her new self was far better at that, and seemed to enjoy it more than she did.

"Maybe . . . maybe this is meant to be," she said to herself. "I'll break the news to Heidi - to Harold - tomorrow. Once I've had a sleep. And a few snacks."

She got up, still reeling a bit, but slowly coming to see this as a possible net good. She scooped up the remnants of the amulet, stowed them away in a drawer, and then went to the shower to join Dennis.

Why not have a little fun before the consequences really hit home?

The End