

Cocktail of Chaos - Part 3

For Jessicatg24

By TheSpiralledEye

I was having such a lovely dream; there were silk sheets beneath my naked form and a warm, solid body above me. Soft kisses pressed into the curve of my neck and a sigh of pleasure and contentment passed through my lips. There was a pressure between my legs, something solid seeking entrance, I spread myself, ready to welcome it when-

BZZZZZT! BZZZZZT!

I groaned; the kisses and silky sheets vanished in a haze of sleep but that warm body stayed, pressed up against the curve of my back. A deep rumble from that chest sent tingles across my skin and an arm tightened around my waist.

“Jess?” Danny mumbled into my hair, “Was’at?”

“Phone.” I murmured, “Hang on.”

Still half asleep, it took me a moment to even remember where I was. Part of me wanted to ignore it, flop back into that embrace and drift back into that wonderful dream but the incessant buzzing would not allow it. I reached over the edge of the mattress, brushing my fingers through the pile of cloth that was my clothes from last night until I found my phone, still buzzing against the wooden edge of the side table. Blearily, I blinked at the screen, three missed calls. Uh-oh.

“Hello?” My voice was so raspy from all the alcohol last night I barely sounded like myself.

“Jess! Thank God, I have been so worried.”

Oh crap. I never texted Casey after leaving the club last night.

“Casey, hey I am so sorry, I uh...went home with somebody.”

“...You’re kidding.”

“Jess, tell whoever it is to go back to bed like the rest of us.” Danny mumbled groggily, rolling over to face the opposite wall.

“Oh my god, you did.” She whispered excitedly before suddenly turning serious, “Did you...?”

“Twice.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

There was a pregnant pause before Casey sighed.

“Well, call me when you get home and I’ll come over to figure something out.”

“Sounds good, I’ll text you.”

I hit the hang up button and flopped down in defeat, Danny curling himself around me once more and I couldn’t help but relax back into the embrace. I have never been the little spoon before, it was wonderfully comfy. No wonder women always wanted to cuddle after sex.

“Is this where you tell me you have a boyfriend?” Danny chuckled darkly with only a hint of real concern.

“I was out with a friend last night, I never told her I was leaving with you.”

“Isn’t that breaking like, a major rule of feminism or something?”

“How would you know?”

“Five sisters.”

“Jesus.”

“Yes, that’s what my parents believed in, no sex without conception.”

I snorted, bursting into a fit of giggles that I could not control. Danny was laughing too and soon we were both a mess. It was that stupid sort of joke that wasn't even that funny yet once you start, you can't stop. My cheeks started to ache from the smile and I could feel my chest shake and spasm as I tried to get my laughter under control. Danny poked one of my jiggling breasts with a joking smile.

“Pretty good view, I must say. Best wake up I've had in a while.”

“Wow, you sure do know how to flatter a girl.”

“What? That was romantic as fuck.”

I threw a pillow in his face. A strange, unidentifiable emotion twisted in my stomach; this was not how one night stands were supposed to go. In my limited experience before becoming Jess they were awkward, stiff affairs in which you offer the girl breakfast, she declines and then disappears from your life forever leaving you with only a six digit phone number and the memory of her disappointed, sober face. All these playful flirtations that came far more naturally than they ever had were setting me on edge; I knew Danny once, back in college but we were never friends, where was this sense of home and familiarity coming from?

“We'd better get dressed.” I cleared my throat, not meeting his eye as I readied my outfit for the walk of shame.

“Hey, did I say something wrong?” Danny's brow furrowed, “I was just joking, come on, stay for breakfast. I make absolutely killer waffles.”

This was the part where I flipped the switch, do what all those women did to me and say 'no thank you' before getting a taxi and pretending this never happened. But my stomach was rumbling, breakfast did sound good and that strange emotion was causing butterflies to flutter in my stomach.

“Waffles sound great.”

After a quick shower I found myself seated at Danny's benchtop with a mountain of food before me. He had not been kidding, his waffles were to die for. He'd pulled out the whole

nine yards, whipped cream, fresh berries, icing sugar, syrup; it was better than half the stuff I had eaten in real cafes.

“I want to be a chef one day.” He smiled shyly, “My father says he didn't pay for business school just for me to go out and become a burger flipper but I can always dream.”

He'd said it with such a casual air and yet, I could tell there was something intimate about the confession. Like it was not the sort of thing he would normally say to a random girl he'd bought home the night before. The words made those butterflies start to race; there was something so domestic about the situation that was making me feel simultaneously at ease and nervous.

“I'd better get home, my friend wants to talk.”

“About to chew you out for abandoning her last night.”

“Most likely.”

“Well, you probably deserve it.”

I gasped in mock horror.

“You're supposed to be on my side considering what you got out of the deal.”

“Hey, even I know you don't ditch friends in clubs.” Danny held up his hands, but then smiled and winked, “But I won't complain about it, just this once.”

I gathered my things and waved goodbye before hailing a taxi, it was only as I was sinking into the warm leather seat and settling in that I realised there was something sticking out of the small clutch I bought yesterday. A small piece of faded paper with a phone number and Danny's name followed by an X.

The butterflies doubled in number.

~

“Tell me everything.”

Casey practically fell through the door when she arrived, skipping the pleasantries all together and gripping my hands in hers.

“Good morning, Casey.” I said with a dry monotone, “Nice to see you too.”

“Oh don’t get up on your high horse about manners when you ditched me last night.” She snapped without much venom, “Now, tell me what happened.”

We flopped down onto the couch and I regaled her with all the sordid details of my night, Casey hanging off every word. She was positively shocked that I had gone home with somebody I knew from my life as Jason; even after I insisted we barely knew each other and I had no intention of telling him.

“So you’re planning on seeing him again, then.” Casey smiled smugly.

“What? No!” I replied a little too quickly, feeling my cheeks heat.

“Yes you are, or you wouldn’t have bothered being it up.” Casey deduced, “Has somebody been hit with cupid’s arrow?”

“Come off it.” I scoffed, giving her a playful push. “I’m not staying like this.”

“You keep saying that but it’s been almost a month, with those two orgasms it’s bound to be another fortnight.” Casey reminded me and suddenly my mood shifted, she was right.

I really should have been more careful. I looked down at myself, still wearing my revealing party dress, legs tucked delicately under my plump ass, a mug of herbal tea in my hands; I looked like a scene out of a valley girl soap opera. Yet it all felt so natural, how could that be? Feeling foolish and embarrassed I uncurled myself, sitting as I would have weeks ago with my legs slightly spread in that distinctive way only men did.

“I’ve been getting too comfy with all this.” I indicated down to my body, “Are you sure there isn’t some way for you to just turn me back? What sort of stupid spell has such dumb rules?”

Casey winced sympathetically and gave me an awkward smile.

“Magic is magic, it doesn't have ‘rules’ like science or anything, it's like, why do people think black cats are unlucky? There is no real cause and effect, just...effect.”

“You sound like a new age hippie.”

“...Has anybody told you you're a bit of an ass, Jason?”

Despite myself I giggled, trying really hard not to enjoy the way my laugh tinkled like a bell now.

“Alright, alright, two weeks. No more getting completely wasted in clubs, no more...intimacy.”

“Sounds fair, hey, why don't you just let loose and enjoy it, girl it up with me; and don't pretend like you don't want to, I know you better than that now.”

I bit my tongue, why did she have to be right? Two weeks; two weeks to be a pretty, girly girl and enjoy all the free drinks this body could bring. I could take Casey with me everywhere to make sure I didn't get too drunk and ensure there were no more orgasms. Going cold turkey for two weeks was going to suck but I would at least have ample distractions. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding and nodded, Casey beamed.

“Yay! Girl friends!” She cried, throwing her arms around me tightly with a squeal and I found myself stunned.

A girl had never touched me like this before; the hug was close, intimate but not remotely sexual or romantic. Somehow, through body language alone Casey was showing so much platonic love it made my eyes sting; when was the last time I had such a friend? The gesture ended as quickly as it began and I found myself mourning the loss of her body heat when she pulled back.

“Now go shower, you stink of vodka and sex.”

~

I paused, taking in my reflection with thought as I stood before the mirror. I swear, before my change my mirror was basically an unused item but now I found myself unable to resist its allure. Casey had lent me a few outfits and was eagerly awaiting my grand reveal back in the living room. I'd try to go less girly by picking less revealing clothing but somehow ended up making myself look even more feminine despite less skin showing. The plain grey tights hugged my curves in a way that somehow made them look sexier than when they were out in the open, so I have picked up a random pink shirt to cover them, but it was so short it just drew the eye to my thighs. Even the plain white shirt, loose and flowy, somehow showered off my shoulders in a way that made me feel confident and pretty. It was undoubtedly more feminine than I intended but now that I was in it, I really couldn't bring myself to take it off. It just looked so...me and yet not. This woman, the one in the mirror, looked like so many other trendy people on the street; she looked like she was heading to yoga before meeting her friends for smoothies in the park. I had to laugh a little as I bit my lip; who the hell got jealous of their own reflection?

An impatient knock at the door made me jump and I rushed to open it, Casey grinned ear to ear as her eyes roamed over the outfit before she pouted.

"How the hell do you look better in that than I do? Unfair."

"Hey, you made this body, you have nobody to blame but yourself." I teased, flicking my hair over my shoulders before settling down to strap up my sandals. "What's on the agenda? I have to do some work at some point so we can't be gone too long."

"Thank goodness you don't work in an office or you'd be out of sick leave by now."

"I can't avoid the zoom calls forever." I sighed, "Hopefully I just need two more weeks."

The deadline made my stomach clench; I was looking forward to it. I was. I certainly wasn't counting down each second spent as a woman with dread because I would miss it when I changed back. Definitely not.

"I'm thinking nail salon day spa, pedicure, manicure, the whole shebang."

I did my best not to show how excited the idea made me feel.

Never in my entire life had I felt so relaxed; gentle new age music played as the scent of jasmine and lilies filled the air. Two cool slices of cucumber sat against my closed eyelids while two women filed my finger and toe nails. It was paradise. Though I couldn't help but wonder if the cucumber actually did anything. The attendant put down the file and began to massage between my fingers making me sigh in contentment; I wonder if this treatment was available for men, I definitely want to do this again once I'd changed back. Casey might even be willing to come with me. I was sad when the gong chimed to let us know time was up and the cucumber was lifted from my face and the mask that accompanied it washed off. I looked down at my feet and hands, spreading my fingers to admire the beautiful French tips that had been added to them. I looked like a million dollars, felt it too.

"God, I wish I could afford to do this every week." Casey sighed as she stood, "Lucky we don't have to pay for drinks when we go out, huh?"

I just nodded, my whole body felt like a limp, relaxed noodle. So much so that I almost forgot to hold up my towel when I stood. I blushed at the slip but Casey just grinned.

"Don't get embarrassed now, you have nothing to be ashamed of there, girl. Nothing at all."

"Perv."

"Slut."

I stuck my tongue out playfully and she giggled.

"Come on, let's go get changed, time to return to real life."

Real life. Something about those words hit harder than they should have but I shrugged it off. Now was not the time to get all mopey, this was supposed to be a treat and I would not let that grey cloud spoil it. After changing back into my borrowed outfit I reached into my clutch to find the matching lip gloss; a tiny piece of paper brushed my fingertips as I reached into the bag and instinctively I snapped it back as if it had been burnt. The note with Danny's number, those butterflies returned as, as if in a trance, I began to punch them into my phone.

'I had a great time with you last night. Thanks for the drinks.'

A polite message, no implications of more, nothing serious, it was just the courteous thing to do is all. For almost a full minute I stood there staring at my screen for a reply before I realised I was acting like a teenage school girl texting her first crush. He was probably busy and even if that was not the case, it wasn't like I really needed to hear from him again. I was only saying thanks, not trying to start a conversation. I stuffed my phone back into my clutch, an irritated anger boiling under my skin as I stalked back out to join Casey.

That grey cloud hung over me for the rest of the afternoon as I made my way home and sat down to work. I did my best to focus on the task at hand but my eyes and hands kept sliding to the bump in my pocket, hoping for the tell tale sign of vibration. After twice the time it normally took me I finished off the expense report and sent it off, glaring at the late hour. I'd wasted so much time because I was preoccupied like a flustered teen. Pathetic. With more force than I intended I chucked the phone across the room when it landed with a thunk on the hardwood floor only to vibrate, screen lighting up with a message. I froze in place.

It was probably Casey.

Almost definitely.

So there was no need for this building excitement.

Certainly no need to dive across the room and slide across the floor on my knees to grab it as soon as possible and open the message; but that's what I did. The name DANNY was lit across the little envelope sign and those butterflies began to race once more as I opened it.

'Me too.'

Disappointment blanketed me like cold, thick snow. That was it? That's what I had been waiting all day for, that made me so worked up? Then a second ping.

'Sorry if this is too forward but do you want to meet up again?'

'As in a date. I am asking you on a date.'

I snorted in laughter, I could hear the cadence of his voice through the words on screen, see that goofy yet somehow incredibly charming smile. The logical, male part of my mind told me to say no; I knew Danny back in college and sure, a few years had passed but surely he

can't have changed that much. He was a flirt, he went on several dates a week, each time with a different girl, this was probably just him trying to be cute and get another ride out of me. I was not doing anything sexual until my two weeks were up, that was decided so there was no benefit to saying yes. Danny would be disappointed not to have his wild, one night stand girl sex again and I would feel awkward as hell, not to mention tempted. It was an awful idea all around, no sane person would agree to it.

'Sounds great, want to get coffee tomorrow at the Starbucks on Fallon Avenue?'

Damn my own fingers.

~

I had spent far too long deciding what to wear on my date. Torn between wanting to look pretty so Danny would be impressed but also knowing that drawing his attention was the exact opposite of what I needed. I had settled on jeans and a pink singlet; simple, feminine without being too overt and most importantly, casual. I wasn't overthinking this, was I?

I applied a coat of lipstick before realising I'd done it without thinking; like so many girly affectations it was becoming second nature. Something I did not know how to feel about, would those habits stick around when I turned back? A buzz in my pocket informed me Danny was on his way and I bit my tongue. Here goes nothing.

A coffee date at Starbucks was about the least sexual and romantic of all dates; yet I still felt nervous walking in and seeing Danny wave to me from a booth across the room. It was wide, big enough that we could sit either side or meet in the middle; he had positioned himself to the left, so I took the right, leaving as much space between us as possible, just to be safe.

"I was so happy you texted. I wasn't sure if sneaking my number into your bag was a creeper move or not." He blushed, "I know one night stands can get awkward so I didn't want you to feel pressured to give me your number or anything."

That was...surprisingly sweet actually. My stomach fluttered and I reminded myself of Danny's reputation. Still, my legs pressed together unconsciously as those dark eyes met mine, remembering all the pleasure he had bought me.

"Oh I bet you do it to all the ladies." I only half joked, surprised to see Danny flush.

“Not gonna lie, I was a bit of an ass back in college. Trying to be better now.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, look I’ll be upfront, I think sex is fun but if you take a girl home you should at least treat her better the morning after, you know? I didn’t always do that in the past.”

“Funny thing to admit on a first date, not gonna lie.”

Danny's ears turned pink and I giggled, I had never seen him flustered before.

“Yeah, you’re right. Sorry, something about you just sort of puts me at ease.”

“I bet you tell all the girls that.”

“No. Just you.” After my joking teasing his voice was oddly serious and I found the breath knocked out of my lungs.

“Maybe we should order.”

“Sounds good.”

Normally, I was a black coffee guy; I was here for the caffeine not the taste. Anybody who claimed to drink black coffee for the taste was either a liar or a poser in my opinion so I threw caution to the wind and ordered a pumpkin spice latte, grinning ear to ear as I licked whipped cream off the straw. It was so nice to be able to order something sweet and sugary without getting a weird look from the barista. Danny was going red in the face as he held back a smirk.

“What?”

He burst into laughter.

“Sorry...you’ve got whipped cream on your nose.”

With a little cry I swiped at and, forgetting my fingers were already sticking and just adding to the problem while Danny continued to chuckle.

“Here, let me help.” He said finally, reaching over with a napkin to dab the cream and syrup off.

My heart started to race, his lips were so close. I could remember what they felt like over mine, how solid and pleasurable they were. Warmth began to bloom between my legs and I shot backwards across the seat, back to my side away from him and his tempting lips.

“Sorry, was that too forward?” He winced, “I didn’t mean to cross a line.”

“No it’s fine I just. I want to lay out some rules if this is a date. No physical stuff, no going back to yours or anything.” I swallowed, this was sure to be a deal breaker for him, “Sorry to disappoint.”

“Don’t.” He smiled, the expression was soft and warm, “I came here today to spend time with you, despite what I said before I am capable of enjoying a lady’s company without taking her to bed.”

That should have reassured me and in a way it did, but there was also a creeping fear making its way up my spine. Had he been an ass about it, I would have been able to turn down his offer of a second date.

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I have no idea what I was doing, going on more dates with Danny. All fluffy, silly romantic dates as well. Each time we went to dinner or walked in the park I expected him to drag me off to some secluded area of some private time but, he never did, all he did was hold my hand and kiss my cheek while being a perfect gentleman.

I hated him for it.

I needed him to give me some excuse to stop this, because the idea of calling things off myself seemed cruel at this point. Not to mention it was getting harder and harder to hide what I was doing from Casey.

Each date was an excuse to buy another outfit; I didn't want to look desperate and the more I shopped the better at it I became. I started to take note of my own figure and learn what looked best. Soon I was shopping just for the pleasure of it and my closet began

to fill up with skinny jeans, tank tops and hoop earrings. Every time I thought I'd found a new favourite something else came along to take its place. For our most recent date at the carnival down on the pier I'd worn a flowing red sundress all patterned with roses. It was only when we'd run, laughing hand in hand through the hall of mirrors, that I had really noticed how relaxed and at home I felt. There was no hint of awkwardness left from the change; nobody would ever guess Jessica had been anything but a woman. Danny caught me looking and gave me a wry smile.

"You know, they say vanity is very unbecoming." He smirked "But personally, if I looked as hot as you, I'd stare too."

"Unbecoming? Who the hell uses a word like that these days."

"Seriously? You're supposed to be flattered." He teased, "I just said something *deeply* romantic."

That new sense of confidence and self worth this body granted flared to life and I walked past him with a teasing grin.

"I really couldn't care less how I am supposed to act."

As the words left my mouth I realised I meant it; I had sent so much of my life caught up in how a man was supposed to act and then, when this happened, how a woman was. With Danny and to a lesser extent, Casey's help, all of that was melting away leaving only me behind. At least until I realised and started frantically trying to build the walls back up. Especially when Danny gave me that handsome smile and butterflies began to flutter inside my stomach.

At first I kept telling myself it was the spell making me act like this. Once I turned back into a man I'd be positively mortified I ever made goo-goo eyes at another guy but right now...I couldn't help it. I was just having so much fun with Danny I didn't even notice the days flying past until one night, as I was returning from our night at the pier with a cheap stuffed animal he'd won me in hand that I realised the date.

Tonight was the night.

It had been two weeks since I went to bed with Danny for the first time and that meant the spell would break in just a few hours. My grip tightened around the stuffed bear, not knowing

how to feel. I stripped off my clothes and climbed under the covers naked so I wouldn't rip my clothes when I changed. Outside the evening wind blew and a chill went through me. I reached out, grabbing the bear and holding it to my chest, curling around it like a child hiding from a storm. The only difference being this time, instead of the storm rattling my windows it was inside me, rattling my very bones.

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I woke slowly, keeping my eyes squeezed shut as awareness gently returned as sleep faded. My two week time window was up, when I opened my eyes, I would be fully Jason again in all my former glory. No more tits, no more free drinks, no more flirting; I had my fun and now it was time to return to reality. Yet I kept my eyes closed, as if doing so I could still pretend I was Jess; carefree and sexy for all time. After several minutes I let out a breath and blinked them open, it was time to face the music. Like ripping off a bandaid I threw off the blankets and looked down to find-

Breasts.

Round and full as yesterday.

"...What?"

Suddenly awake I sat up feeling the now familiar bounce as my tits came to rest against my chest. I twisted, my ass was still soft and peach shaped, my fingers long and delicate as I dug them into my long tangled hair. I was still a woman.

"Uh oh."

With trembling hands I grabbed hold of the phone and called Casey, swearing and redialling until she finally picked up.

"Girl...It's barely sunrise, what the hell?" Her voice was gravely with sleep, I could almost see her in my mind's eye rubbing at her eyes.

"I'm still a woman." I blurted only to be met with a pause.

"Maybe we got the timing wrong?"

“No, It’s been exactly two weeks, I should have changed back in the night!”

“Okay, calm down.” She soothed, “We can figure this out. I’ll call some of my friends who know magic and see if they have any other explanation, just give me an hour okay and I’ll be over.”

The phone felt cold in my palm as she hung up; so many emotions swirled inside me I couldn’t separate them all out. How on earth was it possible to feel so excited and yet so terrified all at once, it was like the thrill of a rollercoaster but this time, I couldn’t just get off when I started feeling queasy. Why was I even feeling any excitement at all? Turning back into a man is what I wanted, it was.

Wasn’t it?

By the time Casey finally arrived I was a mess; panic eating ice cream straight out of the tub while wearing nothing but panties and my hoodie. My mood did not improve when I saw how pale she looked.

“Okay, I had a chat with some of my friends.” She said slowly, “I have an idea as to what you’re not changing back but I think you should put the ice cream down.”

I did so and swallowed, it was not like her to be so serious. This had to be Important.

“When you and Danny got together, you used protection, right?” She said slowly, “Like, he wore a condom?”

My heart dropped into my chest, remembering the telltale splash of seed against my inner walls. I shook my head, eyes burning now; had that playboy given me some sort of STD that fucked with the magic? That would be just my luck.

“Oh jeez, alright.” Casey bit her lip, “I think you need to go take this.”

She handed over a small rectangular box with a pink and blue label. All thoughts of STD’s fled my mind and were replaced with sheer, unbridled terror.

“A pregnancy test?” I whispered, “I can get...knocked up like this?”

She winced, a guilty look in her eyes.

“My magic made you a female version of yourself, so if the male you was fertile, so is the female.” She replied, “I never thought...I didn’t think you would have unprotected sex! I just thought you wanted to flirt and get some free drinks!”

“Isn’t it too early for one of these?” I baulked, “Don’t I have to wait like, at least a month?”

“I’ve...enhanced them.” Casey admitted, “They’ll work now, so we can make a plan of attack.”

We.

As if this actually affected her life.

I did not have the spare emotional capacity to be angry right now, instead I ran to the bathroom, tearing open the box and following the instructions to the letter before placing the little stick window side up on the benchtop. My eyes were glued as one line appeared...then two.

Positive.

Pregnant.

The whole room spun. Oh fuck, what was I going to do. Casey was knocking on the door, begging me to come out and show her the results and what restraint I had began to melt away. Fear turned to rage; Casey was right, all I had wanted was some fun, a few free drinks and maybe a bit of innocent flirting, not this. With more force than necessary I swung the door open, hard enough that I heard the wall crack as the knob slammed into it.

“This is all your fault!” I screeched, waving the positive test in her face. “Now what am I supposed to do? Huh? Even if I could afford to take care of this, Jessica doesn’t exactly have any identification documents or, you know, any legal proof of her existence at all to get health care or anything!”

“I didn’t know.” Casey whispered, looking at the floor, “I don’t have much but I could maybe help you afford...treatment.”

“Well, I sure am glad you talked me into spending money on stupid fucking clothes and nail salons.”

“I just wanted you to have fun, you did, didn’t you?”

“Yeah and look where that got me.” I placed a hand across the small of my stomach, “God, I wish I’d never met you.”

Casey’s eyes were shining with tears now that threatened to fall but she said nothing in her own defence. Just looking at her, the cause of all my woes, made me want to puke. I pointed to the door. Hissing through grit teeth.

“Get. Out.”

She did so, I could hear her sobs before she’d even reached the stairs and for a moment I felt guilty. Then the cool plastic stick in my hand reminded me of the situation and that feeling faded. Breathing heavily I glared at the door; good fucking riddance.

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Telling Danny was the obvious next step. He had a good job, he would be able to help me out but still the idea of telling him had me swimming in shame. What sort of woman got knocked up during a one night stand? Then again, was it even a one night stand if you started going on dates after? Semantics, not important. My mind was abuzz, looking for any and all distractions to try and take my mind off the little life currently growing inside me.

Not to mention the guilt that was slowly crawling up my spine. Deep down I knew this wasn’t Casey’s fault; yes she turned me into a woman but as much as I liked to blame the spell, it was time for me to face the music; my actions were my own. I had been hiding behind the magic for too long, I had been the one who enjoyed getting drunk and felt up by guys, I was the one who decided to sleep with Danny despite knowing the risks, hell, I was the one who chose to keep dating him all the while looking for a way to weasel out of it without being the bad guy.

Man or woman; I had been a coward.

And it was time to put a stop to that behaviour.

First step; telling Danny.

He beamed when he opened his front door only for his brow to furrow as he took in my serious expression.

“Is everything okay?” he asked as he ushered me inside to sit at the bench. “You don’t look so good.”

“I’m pregnant.”

I had planned on dropping that bomb a bit more slowly but the words burst out before I could think. Danny dropped the glass he was holding and swore, spending the next few minutes gathering broken shards and mumbled to himself.

“Isn’t it too early-?”

“Special tests.” I replied, deadpan, “It’s yours Danny. I can do a genetic test if you don’t believe me.”

“No, I do I just...fuck.”

“Yeah.”

After a few moments of awkward silence Danny began banging around with pots and pans, gathering materials from his fridge.

“What are you doing?”

“Making you an omelette.” He said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world, “With spinach, mushrooms and bacon; if you’re eating for two you need to get as much iron as possible.”

I blinked.

“What?”

“Pregnant women often become iron deficient and-”

“No, I mean, that’s it? You’re not mad, you don’t want me to...get rid of it?”

Tension formed in Danny’s shoulder and he licked his lips awkwardly.

“If that’s what you want, I’ll help you but if not...I like to think I’m an upstanding guy. I’ll take care of you both if that’s what you want.”

A lump formed in my throat and my eyes began to burn. I imagined a world where I was in Danny’s position; if I had knocked a girl up during a one night stand would I be wholeheartedly supporting her within minutes, cooking her an omelette? Probably not. It occurred to me just how lucky I was, most girls in my situation didn’t get looked after like this. I wrapped an arm around my middle, full of conflict; did I want to get rid of it? I wasn’t so sure. Especially now that I knew Danny was ready to step up and be a father.

The cynical part of me, the coward who had been trying to get other people to take the fall for my actions told me not to hold my breath. This was all an act, there was no way he was going to be true to his word, even if he meant them now. If I had this baby he’d be long gone by the time I reached term. With a huff I silenced that voice; in the two weeks we had known one another I had started to know the real Danny, the man he’d become in the time since college and I believed him.

A plate of food was placed down before me and he awkwardly fidgeted for a moment before I gave him a grateful smile and tucked in. I didn’t need to make a decision straight away, right now, I could just enjoy my food and bask in the genuine affection I saw in Danny’s eyes as he smiled back.

The food warmed me from the inside out and as I finished up, I realised there was something else blooming there; something I had been trying to quash for almost two weeks. Genuine affection for the man sitting across from me, nervously bouncing his leg up and down. It wasn’t quite love but maybe something that could become it in time. Danny practically leapt across the kitchen to take my plate, unable to contain all his anxious energy.

“Right uh, should we, I don’t know, call a doctor?” He suggested, ringing his hands so fast they were practically a blur.

“Hey, easy, deep breaths.” He giggled and he joined in.

“Aren’t I supposed to be saying that to you?”

“Probably.”

He snorted, eyes shining with mirth before, suddenly, he was leaning down to kiss me. It had been so long since I felt those lips against mine I instantly yielded, melting into his embrace with a soft moan. All the sexual tension that had been building through our innocent, public dates came crashing to a head. Before I would have stopped it here, lest I go too far but...well, it's not as if I could get more pregnant or turn back anyway, why not take advantage? I deepen the kiss, pressing my tongue deeper into Danny's mouth and revelling in the warmth I found there; I had forgotten just how good he tasted.

“Careful,” He murmured between issues, “This is what got us into this mess in the first place.”

“Just shut up and kiss me.”

Laughter rumbled in his chest as he acquiesced, tightening his grips on my arms and holding me close. I felt so safe, so at home and yet so full of energy all at once. I could not get enough of him, I wanted to feel it all at once. One hand raked through his dark hair, the other pressing into his broad shoulders, after two weeks of deprivation my pussy was already wet, a gentle, now familiar ache forming deep inside. All the nervous energy that had been building this morning escaped as we descended upon each other, kisses becoming rough, hands moving lightning fast to remove clothes so wildly that I was sure I heard a button pop more than once, the tinkle of plastic on tile getting lost in the sounds we were making. Soon my skirt was off, panties shortly after and those strong hands gripped my buttock tight before lifting me up onto the bench. I whimpered, clinging to him tight before settling on the bench, spreading my legs to circle around his waist.

At some point in the proceedings his belt had been lost, his pants lowered halfway down his thighs so that all that remained between me and his cock was a thin pair of boxers. The silky texture pressed into my folds, soaking up the wetness only for it to be replaced within seconds. It had been so long, I shivered at the intensity of the sensations. Since transforming I had only ever done this while drunk; never in my life had I realised just what I was missing out of. Now sober and sharp the pleasure felt even stronger; my whole body quivering in response as Danny pressed his mound against my hole.

“Tease.” I breathed, leaning back on my hands to allow him to trail kissing across the curve of my throat.

Danny said nothing, only growled in an almost primal way that made a thrill pass through me. It was so territorial, like I was his and his alone. The idea made me squirt a little just realising it.

I was over foreplay, that gentle ache was now a full blown burn and I needed him inside me, *now*. With hands trembling in anticipation I grabbed at his boxers, shoving them down to reveal his length; it was thicker than I remembered, precum already beading on the tip. A hand lifted my chin to meet his eyes while the other gripped the base of his cock; without breaking eye contact he slowly guided himself inside. I tried to maintain the stare but the feeling of stretching, of being filled again after so long was too much. My eyes rolled back and I had no choice but to cling to him for dear life. By the time he was fully sheathed I was a whimpering mess, hips desperately trying to buck against him for more friction.

“You know,” He whispered, nibbling at the shell of my ear, “I hear women are even more sensitive when they’re pregnant.”

“Let’s-ah, let’s find out, shall we?” I dared.

Danny grinned, that same wild, mischievous look he’d given me back in the bar when we’d first ‘met’; something about it lit a further fire inside me. He began to thrust, pulling all the way out to the tip before plunging back in and I rocked with him, awash in a sea of pleasure. Each new movement sent a wave over me, taking my breath away and leaving me seeing stars. How I had held off for two full weeks was beyond me; this was glorious. I squeezed him tight, revelling in the friction between us as his thrusts became shallower and more frenetic. I could feel the tension in his shoulders as all his muscles tightened; he was trying to hold back until I came. He would not be waiting long. I could feel that build already, the tip of his cock brushing against my G-spot finally pushing me right to the edge.

“Yeeees-! AAh!”

My muscles all tightened and released as my body shuddered in ecstasy, vision whitening out as Dann groaned deeply, filling me with yet more cum. We stilled, sweaty and clinging to one another on the benchtop as we slowly came back down to Earth. I tightened around his cock as it went soft inside me, feeling him shiver from the overstimulation.

“Give me a minute.” He chuckled, “A guy needs a breather between bouts.”

After a few moments we finally separated, seed and slickness dripping out of me and onto the benchtop and floor as I blushed.

“I’m no chef but that’s probably not recommended.” I teased.

“Yeah, probably not.” Danny shook his head before placing a kiss at my cheek, “I needed that, we’ll worry about the serious stuff later. You go have a shower. I’ll clean up.”

I nodded, wincing a little as I stood; my legs still felt wobbling from the intensity of the orgasm. Luckily, I managed to stagger through to the shower without making much more of a mess on the kitchen floor.

The hot spray felt heavenly, washing away all the sweat and other various substances with ease. I stretched, letting the post coital burn and warm water relax my entire body. My pore opened and I sighed, leaning back to let the water soak my hair. I took a few moments to simply be, no thoughts of the future or past, just simply exist in this warm, comfortable place. Then I turned and the water ran across my stomach; I couldn’t help but stare at it, still flat and smooth, no sign of the little life growing there.

I’d never thought much about having a family, I’d never had any great need to be a father, let alone a mother but now I couldn’t help but feel a connection forming between me and this theoretical child. Danny was right, there was no need to make any decision right away, this was not the sort of thing you did in haste. Still, I couldn’t put it off forever, tomorrow maybe, perhaps the day after, but not forever.

~

The next few days were a rollercoaster; full of emotional, serious talks about the future and wild sex. It seemed using it as an outlet for any pent up emotions was useful for both of us and with no risks associated with cumming I was more than happy to use it. Eventually, it was decided, I would continue the pregnancy. Whether we were going to keep it was entirely another but we were both in agreement that I would move in with him for the duration and see how we fared. If we could survive a nine month pregnancy, filled with hormonal highs and lows, then we could probably make it as a couple.

I started the slow process of moving in, cancelling my lease and also hurried filling out forms to make sure ‘Jessica’ was a real person. Getting on call and explaining to my boss that I had been ‘transitioning’ for a while in secret was awkward to say the least. Especially since he was an old fashioned, white conservative, but he didn’t fire me and that

was something. Though I could not help but wonder if that was simply because I worked remotely and he wouldn't have to see me every day. Even though things were moving so fast, I felt oddly calm about it all, with the exception of one thing.

Casey.

She had not text or called since our fight and the more I thought on it the guiltier I felt. Yes, one could argue she was to blame for some of this but really, I had been far too harsh on her. Multiple times I picked up my phone to message her and put it down again, finding the words was just too difficult.

“I don't know what your fight was about.” Danny said finally, “But if you can't call or text, why don't you just go see her. Hash it all out. Just uh, don't use our method of working through tension, okay?”

“Ha, very funny.” I replied before turning serious, “But maybe you're right.”

The idea had seemed like a sound one, right up until I was poised to knock on her front door. What if she wasn't even home? What if she hated me now? Not to mention, there was a small part of me that was still angry. I quashed that voice, swallowing my pride and knocking; my heart began to race as footsteps approached the door. When it swung open Casey stood there aghast; she had dark circles around her eyes as if she hadn't slept for days and the last embers of that anger finally went out.

“Hi.” I waved awkwardly, a gesture she returned.

“Come in?” She offered timidly, “It's a bit of a mess but...yeah.”

The awkwardness was palpable, you could have cut it with a knife. Then, as soon as we were both seated on the couch, Casey broke it.

“I'm so sorry!” She wailed, bursting into tears, “I should ever have used magic so irresponsibly! I'll never do it again!”

Some new feminine instinct rose up within me and I leaned over to hug her, letting her sob for a moment on my shoulder before pulling back.

“Casey, I made my choices. It was not fair of me to blame you for them.” I said gently, “and I think things are going to turn out okay. Well, okay as they can be.”

I sat and explained to her the talks Danny and I’d had, how I was in the process of getting my bank accounts and other official identifiers changed and that my work was all sorted. By the end her eyes were dry but wide with surprise.

“So you’re staying this way? Forever?” She asked, “I mean, obviously you have to stay this way for the baby but even after? Once you have all that official stuff back it's not like you can just reverse it all.”

Funnily enough, that had not occurred to me. With all the stress with the baby I had just been doing what felt right; now that Casey had pointed it out I realised that I really had been intending to stay this way. I bit the inside of my cheek and nodded, Casey’s eyes welled up again but this time with happy tears. She hugged me tight and laughed.

“In that case, I think I owe you a shopping trip.” She announced, “You’re going to need a lot more girl clothes and after everything, I think I should be the one to buy them for you. Or at least one decent outfit, I’m not made of money!”

“Look, I won’t say no.” I blushed, “Honestly, I have been missing our girl time.”

“Girls day out!” Casey leapt to her feet, fist in the air, “Come on, right now, off to the mall! We’re gonna have you looking so good Danny won’t know what hit him!”

Before I knew it she had grabbed me by the wrist and was half dragging me down the stairs, both of us lost in a fit of giggles. It felt right, almost homey, jumping into a taxi and riding down the mall, stopping for our now traditional bobba tea on the way before heading to the boutiques. It occurred to me, as I was sipping on the sweet drink, that I had not told any of my friends about my new identity and...why would I? It had been months and not one of them had even messaged me, what was the point. Especially when I had a new friend now in Casey.

“Alright,” She grinned as we entered the massive department store, “Operation: Perfect Outfit is a go. We’ll start with the underwear and work our way up, so first stop, the Ladies Section!”

People were staring at her acting like an excited girl in the middle of the mall but I just smiled; it felt good to finally embrace this feminine side without forcing myself to make excuses. The shackles were off and now there was nothing between me and enjoying the experience.

We walked the racks of lingerie, starting from the simple beige numbers for everyday wear until we reached the more decorative options. At first, I felt drawn to the lacy, frilly numbers with far too many bells and whistles but then a flash of fabric caught my eye. It was odd, there was nothing particularly fancy about them; creamy smooth fabric with black lace outlining and yet, as I ran my fingers across the soft fabric I felt an instant connection; somehow I knew these would look fabulous on me. Casey already had an armful of options but I headed straight for the dressing room without them. With a sigh I settled into the soft panties; shedding my boxers for what would hopefully be the final time. I had always found them freeing but now that I no longer had a cock and balls, the simple, supportive tightness that panties bought was much more welcome. The silky inner lining cupped my mound almost like a lovers hand; it felt wonderful, right. The same could be said of the bra. It fitted perfectly, almost as though it was made for me and as I turned from side to side, admiring my reflection I noted that the bra gave me just enough support to be comfortable, while still allowing a bit of jiggle.

Now that they were on as well, I could see the appeal of the simple design. At a glance, only the black lace was visible, the creamy material melding with my skin to give the appearance I was dressed in only ribbons. Perfect. Casey agreed wholeheartedly, clapping with glee before gasping and holding up a hand.

“One second!” She dashed off and returned with a small bundle of sheer fabric.
“These will go perfect with them.”

Pantyhose, soft nylon with a sheer finish. As I pulled them up my legs I smiled, not only were they supremely comfy but they showed off my long legs beautifully. No wonder women walked around wearing nothing over their yoga pants. Now, for the main event. Casey had been busy, picking out half a dozen outfits in the time it had taken me to get changed and already had them laid out across every seat in the changing area, much to the managers chagrin. There was everything from pink frills to serious eveningwear and all of it looked good. I placed a finger to my soft lips in thought before deciding on black and grey pleated skirt with a matching black belt, topped off with a pale pink cropped hoodie. It was like a meeting of my two selves, the comfy hoodie, but tight, rather than baggy and of course, much more feminine.

“You look perfect.” Casey sighed, “I wish I could show off my midriff like that.”

I turned, hands on my hips, taking it all in before grinning.

“I look like me.” I announced, “Of course, I won't be able to wear this for very long.”

I patted a hand across my stomach, idly wondering how long it would be until the baby started to show. Casey just waved a hand dismissively.

“Dudes love seeing their girls all preggo, I bet you anything Danny will beg you to wear this when you're ready to pop.”

I blushed; it was hard to believe we could chat about it so casually already. Me, pregnant, in a relationship with a man...it was all so surreal. To think this all started because I wanted free drinks. Casey turned serious for a moment, glancing around to make sure nobody could overhear.

“Are you...going to tell him?” She whispered, “About who you really are?”

“I am who I really am.” I said confidently, “I am Jess, I don't see any reason to confuse things further.”

“What about when he asks to meet your family or see pictures of you as a kid?”

“I'll cross that bridge when I get to it.” I said slowly, “I think he's had enough bombshells dropped on him for now.”

“Fair enough.” Casey shrugged before her face formed into a wicked grin, “You know what I just realised?”

“What?”

“You're pregnant, that means you're the designated driver for club nights now!”

The entire store heard me groan but Casey just threw an arm around me and smiled.

“Don't worry Jess, mocktails are on me.”

~

For the thousandth time that day I smoothed my hand over my bump, biting down on my lip as I looked at my reflection.

“Stop that, you’ll get lipstick all over your teeth.” Casey scolded as she fussed with my hemline, “This is a special day, do you want all your photos to be ruined by red teeth?”

“Remind me again why we didn’t wait until after the baby was born?” I whinged, looking at my figure. “I look like a giant, white cloud.”

Casey placed her hands on my bare shoulders, and smiled.

“You look beautiful, I should know, I picked out the dress.”

She was right about one thing, my dress was exquisite; ivory white with a gold and silver sequin encrusted bodice and a silken sash placed right above my bump bringing the eye to both the baby and my breasts. I knew I looked a million dollars, especially with the beautiful white feather earrings I’d found but still; the nerves ate at me.

Things had been going great with Danny; he was at every doctor’s appointment, practically at my beck and call. And of course, I never had to worry about turning back into a man, we could hardly keep our hands off one another. Even now, in my final trimester when I was bigger than I had ever been. I assumed he would be turned off once I started waddling but if anything he was more attracted to me than ever. Danny called me his ‘sexy penguin’, which often earned him a hard glare but in reality I didn’t mind. Something told me I could fall into a dumpster and he would still think I was gorgeous.

Still, the fact that he proposed had taken me by surprise. It had come out of nowhere. We were stretched across the couch, Danny rubbing stupid swollen, pregnant feet when he turned and asked.

“Do you want to get married?”

There was no fanfare, it had been as casual as asking for a cup of coffee. At first I had assumed he was talking about the far flung future, but then he had produced a ring from his pocket. I’d joked; saying he’d done this all wrong, trying desperately to get a hold of my racing heart but he had been totally serious.

Honestly I had been concerned he was doing it out of some obligation to the baby but he'd assured me that wasn't the case. It was such a rushed wedding; but with Casey as my maid of honour everything had been planned so smoothly, I barely had to lift a finger.

I never did tell Danny about Jason; I tried once, starting by saying I had been a different person a lifetime ago but Danny had just smiled.

"So long as it isn't something that can hurt us in the future, I don't care who you were." He said with a shrug, "Or what."

The addition of that last part made me wonder if somehow he'd figured it out along the way. Maybe he had, maybe not. It didn't matter. If there was anything this experience had taught me, it was that the most important thing was the now and the future; not the past.

And right now, my future was waiting for me on the other side of that curtain. When the music started I almost jumped out of my skin, clutching Casey's hands so tight I was sure they would be bruised tomorrow.

"Everything is going to be just fine." She smiled, picking up her bouquet.

"I'd feel better if I could have a glass of champagne." I pouted jokingly,

"Another month and you can do just that." She promised, giving my shoulder one final squeeze and straightening her loose hair.

"I guess I'll see you in a few seconds." I wave, "Pray I don't trip and ruin everything in these damn heels. Seriously, what were you thinking putting my pregnant ass in three inch heels!?"

She laughed and winked before slipping out onto the aisle, leaving me alone for a few moments waiting for my cue. Well, not really alone. A small kick to my side reminded me I was never alone, not really.

"No kicking my bladder while we're walking down the aisle, okay?" I whispered, running my hand across the bump one final time before grabbing my own flowers and taking a deep breath. The music changed, turning soft and whimsical and I stepped out; ready to face whatever came next.

