



LISA CHANGE

ROBERT
PHOTO

Turned into a Cowgirl

(how one gender swapped man
became the cutest cowgirl in the
West - transgender romance)

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Sneak Preview

(skip this bit if you want to avoid spoilers!)

Lloyd woke up slowly, like someone at the bottom of a very deep, very dark well swimming determinedly for the surface.

The first thing he noticed was the light. Everywhere. Soft. White. The storm had obviously passed.

The second thing he noticed was the canvas, fluttering right up against his face. The pole lying across him from where it had fallen down in the night.

Shit, the tent's collapsed...

Groggily, Lloyd tried to shake off the feeling of sleep, shaking his head so his long, dark hair trailed around him. Tried to pull himself upright, wondering irritably where the hell Trip could be.

And then he noticed several things at once, and felt his brain freeze up with horror.

He realized he couldn't see Trip because the big, powerful man was lying right against him, his rock hard cock pressed against Lloyd's backside, his large, calloused hands dreamily cupped around Lloyd's heavy breasts.

He realized he was naked, a single sheet covering both his and Trip's bodies, leaving them coiled close together, Lloyd lying in the bigger man's powerful arms, all safe and warm and protected.

But the biggest thing that struck him, the thing that made him feel like he could start screaming and never stop...

...was the feeling in his pussy.

It was a sort of warm, dull ache, difficult to sense at first beneath the wetness caused by his dream. A pleasant kind of soreness, the kind you get in your muscles after a long day's exercise.

The residual feeling of penetration, from where he and Trip had obviously fucked the night before.

"TRIP!"

The word came out all high-pitched and squeaky, a girly squeal that sounded so wrong, but one that Lloyd barely even noticed as he pulled himself out of Trip's powerful arms, pulled himself upright, fighting against the loose hanging canvas even as he *stared* down at his body.

Stared at its heavy breasts, its kinked-in waist, its wide hips, its smooth, slender legs. At its cascade of shiny dark hair, bouncing in curls over its cream white shoulders.

At its demure little pussy, nestled between his new legs.

Beside him, the cowboy grunted into life, raising his head, a look of confusion on his handsome face.

"Nancy...?" He slurred, "wha...?"

Then Lloyd watched as his eyes went wide. As he heard the name he'd just unthinkingly said out

loud, saw the gorgeous, naked woman sat in the tent with him, trying not to panic, the woman who looked so much like...

“Lloyd?!”

It was all too much. Lloyd simply couldn't help it.

For the first time in his adult life, he screamed...

(now turn over and start reading!)

I

The sky unfurled above him. A great, endless thing that stretched on and on and on, until it seemed to reach the edges of the Earth. The clouds looked like mercury, a silver pool turning the air liquid gray.

Far, far below, the solitary male figure looked up at that sky, the toe of one boot gently scuffing at the dirt track.

I guess it's true what they say, he thought. The sky really is bigger out here.

A faint breeze rolled across the great, wide landscape. The figure watched it approach with something that might have been interest, his eyes tracking the ripples of the grasses on the plain, before reflexively squinting as a tiny cloud of dust swirled up.

He lowered the brim of his battered, wide-brimmed leather hat slightly, so it settled over his dark eyes. Stuck his hands in the pockets of his denim jacket.

The wind had been colder than he'd anticipated. Still carrying traces of the hard winter chill. He shivered slightly and kicked against the edge of his duffle bag, already anticipating the frost that was likely gonna settle in that night.

No shit. Still, he thought, it's not like we're out here for a picnic now, is it?

True. His mission was far more serious than that.

Here was a crossroads on the endless, open plains of Montana, deep in cowboy country. About as far from the bright lights and bustle of the coastal cities as you could get without having to learn Spanish. And he was Lloyd Hardweather, a young man of 23, with a mop of unruly dark hair and stubble on his cheeks, trying to prove to himself that he really was a man.

At least, that's what he'd been hoping to do ever since he quit college and headed out West, all those months ago.

He just wasn't sure if he'd exactly succeeded.

A sound on the horizon. A distant *Rrrrrr* that gently increased in volume. Deep in his pockets, Lloyd bunched his cold hands into fists and tried not to shiver.

Here we go...

The noise got louder, became that of an engine. A grimy old pickup truck shuddered over the horizon, clouds of dust kicking up in its wake. As Lloyd waited patiently, it bounced and grumbled its way down the track, a microscopic dot under the endless Montana sky.

His chariot. Here to take him to his new life, like a prince being conveyed to his new kingdom.

There was a crunch of gears. The truck let out a fart of smoke, abruptly stopped about 10ft down from Lloyd. A fat, moustached head poked out the window, a wobbling collection of jowls and disapproval.

"You the new boy?"

"That's me, sir."

“Well, goddamn get your ass in gear, son. I ain’t come all this way to watch you tug your pecker.”

Wordlessly, Lloyd hoisted his duffle bag. Adjusted his hat. Walked toward the passenger’s door with what he hoped was a laconic, manly gait.

“What the goddamn hell d’you think you’re doing?”

“Getting in.”

“Not there, you’re not.” Two dark, piggy eyes squinted at him. “That there’s Jessie’s seat. You ride in back.”

Lloyd looked down through the dirt-streaked window at the old, mangy dog on the seat, looking sullenly back at him. He thought about arguing. Back at home, he’d have given any driver who pulled this shit one hell of a chewing out.

But he wasn’t at home anymore. And he wasn’t supposed to be the old him.

So he just chucked his duffle bag into the open back of the truck. Hoisted his wiry frame in. Sat with his back to the rearview window.

Tonk. Tonk.

A knocking on glass. Lloyd looked round.

“I can’t damn see with you sat there,” the driver’s voice, muffled. “*Move.*”

Seriously...?

Nonetheless, Lloyd obediently scooted over until he was crammed up in one corner, the metal already hard and uncomfortable under his ass. In front, he could just about hear the driver muttering to himself about dumb bastard jerkoffs. He closed his eyes.

Hey. Hey, this is what you wanted, remember? An experience. Well, this is what one feels like.

Still, he couldn’t stop himself feeling just a tiny bit resentful as the truck belched to life again, kicked into gear, then lurched off at a speed that left him painfully bouncing around in the back, trying to ignore the cold wind suddenly whipping at his hat.

Cool it. Cowboys don’t complain. Real men don’t complain. And you’re a man, now.

Aren’t you?

As the crashing noises of the truck faded away, silence returned to the crossroads once more. The dust settled back down. Soon, the plain was as empty as it had been for the past few thousand years.

Up above, the liquid sky slowly darkened. It was already getting late.

*

“Trip!” A whistle. “Hey, Trip, got a present for ya!”

“She blonde and pretty with two nice, plump lips?”

“Hur hur... nope. Not exactly.”

“She got big tits?”

“Naw, even better. Spare pair of hands!”

Always off the track, the tall, blond man looked round from the pair of horses he was saddling up. Fixed his piercing blue eyes on the two men in the truck. Turned back to the nearest horse with a shake of his head.

“Not interested!”

In the back of the pickup, Lloyd unfurled himself with a suppressed groan. Gripped hold of his duffle bag, trying to ignore the dull aches shooting out from every single pinpoint of his body.

The last hour had been a perfect distillation of boredom and misery. They’d bounced across that great plain, each shudder of the truck sending part of him thudding against the metal, until he was as bruised and as cold as a lump of tenderized meat, hanging in some freezer.

And now here he was. From one misadventure to the next.

“Well, I ain’t taking him back,” the driver was hollering, keeping up their dumb rapport. “You can use him with the cattle or you can use him to keep you warm at night, but either way, he’s yours.”

One flabby hand impatiently thumped against the window.

“All right, all right,” Lloyd muttered under his breath. “Impatient prick...”

He threw his bag over the edge. Jumped down onto the edges of the track, stumbled. His legs were dead.

Nice moves, dummy...

“Now you boys look sharp, y’hear? I’ll pick you up at in two months at... hey, Trip! Damn it, you listening?”

“Nope.” The powerful blond man didn’t even turn round. “I’ve been doing this ten years, Mason. There’s not a word you can say about it that I’m even remotely interested to hear.”

In the truck, Mason grinned, though Lloyd noticed the smile didn’t reach his narrow, watchful eyes.

“Well, you just keep doing it right, and we won’t have any problems.” He glanced over at Lloyd. “You waiting for a goodbye kiss? Get to it, boy.”

“Yes sir.”

Lloyd shouldered his bag, tipped his hat like he’d seen the other cowboys do.

“Thanks for the lift. Appreciate it. Appreciate the sparkling conversation, too.”

He quickly turned away before Mason could catch his sarcasm, traipsed across the field towards his new partner.

He could feel the driver’s piggy eyes, crawling over his back as he went, almost daring him to turn round. Lloyd kept his head down. The moment passed. The truck kicked back to life.

“Two months! You’re not there, me an Jessie won’t wait.” A crunch of gears. “Trip! Make sure you break in Nancy, here. She needs some working on.”

There was a roar, then the truck was off, taking Mason and Jessie back to the town, back to their

lives. Lloyd kept walking, didn't turn round, not wanting to see that jowly face again for as long as he lived.

"Let everyone talk to you like that?"

Trip's voice was neutral. Lloyd came to a stop a little way from him. This close, he could see how tall the blond man was, see the broadness of his shoulders, the bunched power of his muscles, even beneath his leather jacket.

"No sir." Lloyd hesitated. "I mean, not always."

"Not always, huh? You must be a volcano when you finally let loose."

Trip finished saddling the first horse, gave it an affectionate pat on its chestnut flanks. Turned to Lloyd with a disinterested expression.

He was older than the dark-haired boy. Maybe 30, with a handsome, clean-shaved face, piercing blue eyes that were a little weathered around the edges, a square jaw and a sort of... *intenseness* about him that Lloyd couldn't quite put his finger on. He looked like the sort of guy who could protect you as easily as he could kill you.

He's the real deal... Lloyd thought, aware the tiny hairs on the back of his neck were rising up. *A real cowboy...*

Outwardly, he kept his cool.

"He's our boss, isn't he? Not the big boss, but still, you can't just..." He stopped. "What would you do?"

"Me?" Trip bent down, picked up a second leather saddle, a thoughtful look on his face. "What, if Mr. Mason Brown called me Nancy?"

Lloyd nodded.

"I'd pull that fat assed pansy out his truck, kick him to the road and make him lick the cowshit off my boots." Trip nodded. "If you do the same to him next time, I won't stop you. Here."

He chucked Lloyd the saddle. It was surprisingly heavy.

"Know how to saddle a horse? Great. Get her ready. We've still got a few hours riding left."

He gave Lloyd what might have been the ghost of a smile.

"Welcome to Montana, partner."

*

Even today, things could still go wrong.

Even in an era of television and satellites in space, and missiles that could hit a city half the world away, in an era of news instantly beamed round the world and conflicts far off in the jungles of another land, you still couldn't guarantee things wouldn't fuck up.

Cattle could get sick. Get trapped. Run away. Get caught. Rustlers might be a thing of the past, but there were still idiots out there. Animals. Sadists. Anything could happen.

Which was why you needed this human element. Even with the West effectively tamed, even with technology that just recently had put a man on the Moon, you had to still make sure you had

some guys out there, among the herd.

Just in case.

Which was where Lloyd and his new partner came in.

“Know how to cook?”

“Sort of.”

“Like this. Out here, using just a fire.”

Lloyd shuffled his feet.

“I mean, I *can*, but...”

Trip nodded. Sighed through his nose.

“OK. You get the tent up. I’ll make chow.”

He paused.

“You can handle *that*, right?”

You bet I fucking can, you patronizing asshole, Lloyd thought, angrily.

Outwardly, he just nodded. Stoic. Silent. Laconic. Like the cowboys he used to see on TV.

“Sure thing, Trip. Whatever you say.”

And that was that.

Now, here he was, pulling guide ropes and draping canvas in the shadow of a mountain, many miles from anywhere, while Trip sat crouched over a fire, his powerful bulk still in the weak evening light, stirring something unidentifiable in a pot.

It had been a day that was exhausting, frustrating, and beautiful in equal measure.

After Mason had left them, the two cowboys had set off at a determined pace, guiding the endless herd of cattle through the emptiness around them.

In no time at all, they’d been lost to civilization. Two silent, solitary men, passing through a brooding landscape that seemed to stretch on for all eternity.

In the distance, impenetrable forests had slipped by. Crystal blue lakes had occasionally appeared, some ways off, an incomprehensible distance away. Over it all had watched the unmoving peaks of mountains, always there on the horizon, like far-off watchmen.

It had been beautiful. The exact sort of panorama that Lloyd had dreamed of in his last days of college, when he already knew he was going to leave behind this world of protests and lectures and messy activism, and strike out for the hidden soul of his country.

The only trouble was, his romantic imagination hadn’t quite realized just what a pain in the ass riding all day through the wilderness was gonna be.

“*Shit...*” Lloyd hissed, as a rope slipped through his hands, leaving a tender burn on his palm. He shoulda worn gloves.

There had been the discomfort of sitting in the saddle, on top of the beat-up feeling in his joints from riding in the back of that damn pickup. There had been flies to deal with, hundreds of them.

Chilly winds, dumb cattle that tried to wander off.

And, through it all, perhaps the most infuriating thing of all. The one constant in this journey that he hadn't yet got a handle on, couldn't yet tell if he liked or not. That endless presence known as...

"Trip."

The older man turned, looked over his shoulder with a languid air. Lloyd put his hands on his hips. Gave a quick nod.

"It's done."

He hoped he didn't sound *too* pleased with himself.

Trip silently leaned, looked past Lloyd, at the white shape of the tent that now seemed to hang in the gathering gloom. Far beyond it, the dark shapes of the cattle were just settling down to sleep.

"Bout time." He turned back to the fire. "Chow's nearly ready. 'Bout time too, huh?"

"Right."

Lloyd hadn't exactly expected the older man to get up, throw his arms around him, give him a hug and say *well done*, but he'd certainly expected a bit more acknowledgement than that.

He dropped down beside Trip. Now that he was in the fire's warm glow, he was suddenly aware how cool the evening was getting.

"Here. Coffee." Lloyd took the metal cup as Trip kept talking. "Gonna be a hard frost tonight. You're gonna wish you had someone to share that blanket with."

"That an invitation?"

Trip gave Lloyd a hard stare. For a moment, neither man said anything. Then Trip gave a little snort of laughter.

"Yeah. And tomorrow night I'm gonna jerk off to my old picture of Mason. Take it."

He ladled something out the pot into a battered steel bowl, held it out. Lloyd put his cup to one side with a secret relief. Truth be told, Trip had managed to scald the coffee something bad.

"Last partner showed me how to make this stuff." Trip poured himself a bowl, it steamed a little, a coil of white against the fire's orange glow. "Tobe. Real good guy, best rider I ever saw."

Lloyd lifted the bowl to his face. Cautiously inhaled the aroma, warm, meaty and slightly odd. He hesitantly took a tiny forkful, chewed it. Opposite him, Trip did the same.

The two men sat in silence for a moment, each slowly chewing his meal, a thoughtful look on his face. At last, Lloyd swallowed.

"This Tobe," he said, coughing a little, "he wasn't a real good chef by any chance, was he?"

Trip grimly shook his head.

"Nope. No, he definitely wasn't."

He looked down at his bowl with a faint sigh.

"God I hated that asshole," he muttered.

*

It was kinda strange getting ready for bed that night.

After forcing down enough food to stave off hunger, then sitting and smoking a few cigarettes as the last of the light filtered away and the mountains vanished into darkness, Lloyd and Trip had both climbed into the two man tent and settled down.

Despite the promise that it was “two man”, the tent actually felt much smaller inside. As they undressed, Lloyd was uncomfortably aware of how close he was standing to the older man, how very nearly they were touching.

At once point, he glanced over caught a glimpse of Trip’s flesh, faintly illuminated by the single lamp hanging near the entrance.

It was the first time he’d seen the older man without his jacket on. Now, all undressed like this, Lloyd could see he was as powerful as he looked.

His forearms were thick, dusted with golden hair. his biceps solid, muscular.

His chest was big, two defined pectorals almost chiseled into his marble flesh, the lamplight causing them to cast strange shadows. Below, the muscle of his groin was defined, almost like two lines rising out from his crotch, noticeable in a way it never was on a woman.

His legs were strong, darker hairs coiling from their flesh. His shoulders broad. His entire body looked ready for action, ready for fighting, fucking, ready for living.

As Lloyd watched out the corner of his eye, he found himself examining his partner’s body with fascination.

There was something... hypnotic about Trip. About how masculine he was.

Almost like Lloyd wanted that body for himself. Almost like he wished he could...

At that moment, Trip stood up. Lloyd felt his eyes flick down to the bulge in the man’s underwear, to the big, powerful *thing* hidden away only by the tiniest piece of fabric.

He quickly looked away, gave himself a little shake. What the hell was *wrong* with him?

We’re out here to be a man... he reminded himself, trying to ignore the way his palms were suddenly damp. *Remember? We left college just because of this...*

“It’s gonna get cold tonight,” he heard Trip say behind him. “Less you wanna freeze your nuts off, I advise you to dress warm.”

“Uh-hu.”

Lloyd busied himself quickly pulling off his shirt, yanking a sweater out his bag, trying not to look down at his own pale, wiry body, so unlike Trip’s strong, masculine one.

“Get the light, would you?”

“Huh? Oh. Sure.”

Lloyd pulled the sweater on, turned the lamp off, then clambered down beneath his blanket. Already he could feel the coldness of the Earth through the groundsheet, seeping into every pore of his body, chilling his bones. It was gonna be a hell of a night.

Just inches from him, the dark outline of Trip lay back, one powerful arm thrown across its face, its breathing already shallow. Where the two were forced to lie close together, Lloyd already thought he could feel the other man's body heat, gently warming him like the light of a distant star.

If only one of us was female... he found himself thinking as he lay there, watching Trip's sleeping form, *then we could keep each other warm. Hold each other in the night. We could even-*

But he cut the thought off roughly, annoyed with himself. It wasn't the sort of thought a man was supposed to have.

With quick movements, he turned on his side, facing away from Trip, his face almost pressed up against the canvas of the tent. Retreated into his own cold little cocoon and shivered.

Somewhere out there, in the vast blackness surrounding them, the cattle were huddling, lying together to preserve warmth, to help make it through this cold, early spring night.

To his surprise, Lloyd found himself envying them. They didn't have to think about what men did, or what cowboys were supposed to do. They didn't have to leave college and force themselves to man up after they were caught doing unnatural stuff like...

He never finished the thought. The exhaustion of the long, strange day caught up with him, swamping his mind with tiredness, sending him off to sleep.

In no time at all, the two cowboys were fast asleep, their bodies so close, yet separated by a gulf wider than the widest river, wider than the universe itself.

It was only later, when Lloyd was staring in shock at his new, shiny long hair, slender legs, tight little waist and big, heaving breasts while trying not to scream that he looked back on this moment, and realized his thoughts had been more prescient than he could ever have possibly dreamed.

II

And so the days passed. And, before long, something like a routine began to emerge.

Each morning, the two men washed and dressed in silence, Lloyd studiously trying not to sneak glances at Trip's form as the older man splashed water over his muscular chest or stood half-naked before his little mirror, shaving with a cut-throat razor.

Although the days were getting warmer, the mornings and nights remained chilly. Stood out there, his shirtless body shivering as he rubbed water into his armpits, Lloyd would try and look at the scenery around them, so majestic in its chill beauty, but would find his thoughts instead turning back to his companion.

He was deeply ashamed by his own body, he was coming to realize. By its slenderness, its softness, its lack of hard muscle. He sometimes wondered what Trip – tall, powerful Trip – must think of him, and the thought would make him unhappy.

If Trip did have any thoughts about Lloyd's city-soft body, he kept them to himself.

The closest they came to being expressed was one morning, early into their journey, when Lloyd crouched above a *freezing* stream to wash his hair, and realized Trip was staring at him.

"Trip." A nervous laugh. "What are you...?"

"Your hair."

Lloyd dumbly touched his own thick, black hair.

"It's dark, real dark." Trip went on. "Your eyes, too. What are you, Italian, Spanish?"

Lloyd shook his head.

"Naw. I'm, uh... Cherokee. Quarter. Mom's side." The way Trip was staring at him made him suddenly feel all warm and uncomfortable. "My grandpa. I never, uh, I never met him."

Trip nodded thoughtfully, as if taking all this new information in. Then he seemed to shrug, went back to buttoning his shirt.

"They said my daddy's side came Italy, what, hundred years ago? Mom was German. Guess I got her looks."

He nodded at Lloyd's semi-naked form.

"Cherokee, huh? That's interesting."

And that was it.

After their morning ritual, and a cup of Trip's scalded coffee, the two cowboys would mount up. Ride around, doing a quick check of the herd. Then, finally, just as the sun was breaking over the mountaintops, they'd head off on the next leg of their journey.

They rode in silence. Over plains. Through rivers rushing white with spring melt. Past great, open lakes that looked as if they hadn't seen a human being for centuries.

In this heavenly landscape – which Lloyd privately thought was worth a thousand Garden of Edens – the cowboys should have been lost in a sea of deep, sublime thoughts.

But all Lloyd could think about was Trip. Who the enigma he was riding with really was.

They occasionally talked in the evenings, just a few words, and Lloyd had managed to squeeze some biographical details out of him, but not much.

He knew Trip had been working for Mason for nigh on ten years. Knew he knew this part of Montana better than anyone else. Knew he'd been born down south somewhere, towards Texas, and come up north after getting in some trouble.

Beyond that, though, the blond man was as taciturn as the mountains. Occasionally he'd stop in the day to mention something that needed to be done, or even make a low joke about visiting the whores in the city when they finally got there, but that was it.

The closest they came to real companionship was in the evenings, when they'd both sit together, eating another bowl of unforgivable slop the recipe for which Tobe had bequeathed to Trip, and talking about what they wouldn't give for a decent meal.

One night, during their second week on the plain, Trip ate about half his bowl before throwing the rest away with a disgusted look on his face.

"I'm at the point that I'd suck a goddamn dick just to eat real food. Hear me? I'd fuck a pansy in the ass if he could cook for me."

Sat across from him, Lloyd had stared down into his own steaming bowl, hoping the shadows from the fire concealed the look in his eyes, and said nothing.

When the evening meal was done, the two men would smoke a cigarette. And finally, after one last check to make sure their cattle were still OK, they would hunker down and go to bed.

They'd undress facing away from each other, their skin – Trip's all white, Lloyd's slightly bronzed – seeming to glow in the weak lamplight. Then they'd lay down so their bodies were *almost* touching and drift off into an uneasy sleep.

And so it went, on and on, day after day for two whole weeks.

It wasn't until Lloyd's fifteenth day out in the wilderness that it finally happened.

They'd been riding along as usual, beneath a sky that seemed brooding and ready to explode with rain.

It had been a terrible day so far. Not long after setting off, they'd tried to ford a river, only for one of the cows to get stuck, slipping on some wet rocks, struggling to keep its head above water as it lowed loudly.

They'd tried to pull it out with a rope, but, in the end, both men had had to wade into the river and get sopping wet just to pull the ungrateful animal to safety. Even after changing into spare clothes, Lloyd still felt sodden, like the water had managed to seep into the tiny pores in his bones, and he would never get dry again.

He was just starting to think the storm was waiting until he'd *just* recovered from his unwanted bath to break, when he heard Trip shout out in frustration.

"*Shit*. Not you again."

Lloyd kicked his heels, rode up to where the older man was sat on his horse, staring grimly ahead

through a pair of khaki green binoculars.

“What’s up?”

In response, Trip simply handed Lloyd the binoculars.

“I told that motherfucker last season, stop messing around.” He growled, as Lloyd scanned the plain ahead, trying desperately to find whatever it was that had made his partner so grouchy.

At last, his eyes came to rest on a distant figure. He lowered the binoculars, looked at Trip.

“Serious?”

“Damn straight I am. Old man’s a regular pain. Always saying how we can’t bring our cattle through here, that it’s sacred land or some bullshit. I dunno.”

He fixed Lloyd with his blue eyes.

“Maybe you can talk to him, Cherokee man? Tell him we’re just passing through.”

Lloyd peered back at the distant figure.

“Don’t think he’ll listen to me. Anyway, this is Cheyenne country.”

He heard Trip sigh beside him.

“Right, let’s do this the old fashioned way.”

Then he kicked his heels, his horse gave a snort, and he shot off towards the far-distant figure. Lloyd hesitated for a split second.

The old fashioned way? Suddenly, he had an image of Trip firing two pistols into the air and whooping while tomahawks flew around him.

“Oh *man*, I hope not.” He muttered to himself, before pulling his horse’s reins and setting off after his partner.

By the time Lloyd caught up with him, Trip and the old man were already deep in argument.

“...no other way through. You want me to haul ass all the way back to-?”

“I want you to haul ass off my land. You and this one, too.”

The old man pointed two wrinkled fingers at Lloyd, a well-chewed cigar end clasped between them. He had skin so weathered it appeared like mahogany, his face was like an old, gnarled tree root.

“It *ain’t* your land, I’ve seen the maps. The reservation doesn’t start till, what, dozen miles that way?”

“*Pssht*. You really believe what a *government* map tells ya? This here’s sacred land, a place of real magic, I’m telling-”

“Sacred to who?”

Both men looked round at Lloyd, who tried not to blush. He cleared his throat.

“This land. What people does it belong to?”

The withered old man blinked slowly. Looked back to Trip, who was still watching Lloyd.

“This your girlfriend?”

“Just answer the question, you old asshole.”

The old man drew himself up.

“Sacred to my people. To our proud, Cherokee race. These lands was snatched from us by...”

“No they weren’t.”

Lloyd could feel a faint prickling sensation in his scalp. He was all too aware that Trip was watching him closely, that old, ghost of a smile back on his lips.

“This isn’t Cherokee country,” he heard himself saying. “Never has been. It’s Cheyenne.”

He was starting to smile too, now.

“I’m Cherokee. Part. If you’re one of us, you’ll know what this means. *Gitli na go howatakkah su brebowreth!*”

The old man’s face managed to cycle through about a half-dozen emotions in the time it took Lloyd to speak, starting with surprise, sailing through something like indignation, before finally settling onto a sly smile. Lloyd nodded at him, looked to Trip.

“He’s not Cherokee. He’s probably not even Indian, are you?”

The old man gave a small chuckle as Trip raised one eyebrow. He shook his head at Lloyd.

“OK, sonny, you got me. I’m as white as either of... well, as *him*.” He indicated Trip, a grin still fixed on his cracked lips. “But I wasn’t lying, neither...”

He bent his already-doubled frame even lower, picked up a long, twisted bit of wood from the ground.

“This land is magic. Don’t ask me how, but it can do things, things I want it to.” He pointed the stick at the two men. “Things that’ll make sure you never tell the other cowpunchers my little secret.”

Far off in the distance, the first rumble of thunder rolled across the sky, made the mountains tremble. Trip smirked down at the old charlatan.

“Less we fid a different route, sure. Listen, gramps, we didn’t believe your last story. We *certainly* ain’t gonna believe this one.”

“I’m not asking you to believe.” The old man’s voice was amused. “It don’t matter to me if you do or don’t, I’ve already decided what I’m gonna do to both of you.”

The downy hairs on Lloyd’s arms and neck were starting to rise. A strong smell of ozone was filling the air, static prickling across his skin.

“Uh, Trip...?”

“The Cheyenne have legends,” the old man was pointing his stick right at the cowboys now, brandishing it like a weapon, “about men who can change. About trickster spirits living out on the plains. Well, lemme tell you sonny, they ain’t legends.”

“Trip, I think maybe we should...”

“So, here’s the deal. You can ride your cattle through here,” the old man’s eyes twinkled. “But, in return, *you* will now both have to be what the other secretly wants you to be.”

He waved his staff (*stick*, Lloyd’s brain firmly reminded him) at the two cowboys in turn, laughing.

“And you’ll have to *stay* that way until I decide you’ve learned your lesson!”

Then suddenly, the old man was chanting, chanting in a language Lloyd didn’t recognize. There was a *boom* of thunder, a flash of lightning that seemed to light up the plains, a helpless whinny from the cowboys’ horses as they reared up in terror...

...and then nothing. The wind died. The storm faded. The old man dropped his stick, bowed, smiling softly.

“Enjoy your ride, gentlemen. Or, should I say, *gentlepeople*.”

Then he laughed, a wheezy, high-pitched, slightly-crazed sound, stuck the unlit end of his cigar back in his mouth and hobbled away, across the plain, off into the empty afternoon.

For a long moment, the two cowboys just sat there on their horses, staring after him. Trip with a hard look on his handsome face, Lloyd with a dazed feeling, like he’d just missed something huge and terrifying in its implications.

His skin was still tingling with static, he shook his hands, trying to chase the feeling away, but it persisted.

Must be the lightning...

At last, Trip stirred. Turned to his partner.

“See what I mean?”

“Is...?” Lloyd cleared his throat. “Is he always...?”

“Even weirder, sometimes. First time he’s done that chanting thing, though.”

Trip shrugged.

“Guess we’d better head on, huh?”

Lloyd nodded, but a big part of him wasn’t so sure. A big part of him wanted to ride after that old man as fast as he could, grab him by the throat and yell *what was that? What did you just do to us???*

But, of course, he didn’t. He dug his heels in, pulled at his reins, and rode up after his partner.

As they trotted along the dusty landscape, beneath the moody storm clouds, Trip cast a sidelong glance at Lloyd.

“I didn’t know you spoke Indian.”

“I don’t,” Lloyd gave him a faint smile. “Made it up.”

Beside him, Trip smirked, shook his head, and said something that might have even been a compliment, but Lloyd didn’t hear him.

He was too busy worrying about the tingling in his fingertips, the strange sensation in his skin.

Too busy thinking about the old man's words.

You will now both have to be what the other secretly wants you to be... he thought, worriedly, *what the hell does that mean?*

As they rode off towards the storm together, neither of the men knew it, but they wouldn't have to wait very long to find out.

*

They went to bed early that night, after another grim meal and a shared cigarette. Trip seemed in strangely high spirits, but Lloyd felt like he was going mad.

Ever since their encounter with the old man, his skin had felt... wrong, somehow. His whole body seemed to be shifting with little movements that felt like worms were tunneling through his skin.

By the time the sun went down, Lloyd wanted nothing more than to crawl into bed, go to sleep, and forget all about what the madness of that day. Yet Trip kept talking, making jokes, at one point even affectionately touching Lloyd's arm in a way that seemed worryingly unnatural.

What did he do to us...? Lloyd found himself wondering in fright, *what was that spell...?*

And then he'd have to remind himself that the old man didn't *do* anything, and that magic wasn't real, and that the two of them were just going a bit loopy after spending over a fortnight alone on the plains.

Nonetheless, by the time Lloyd actually fell asleep, his mind was deeply troubled.

That night, the storm finally broke, sweeping round the tent, threatening to rip it from its moorings and leave the two men exposed to the elements. Lightning flashed. The cows lowed in fright.

And, inside the tent, Lloyd dreamed a very strange dream.

He dreamed that he was waiting back at the crossroads for Mason to come pick him up, only this time a storm was raging and he was afraid he was going to get wet.

Just as he was about to give up and go running off (to where, his dream didn't specify), there was a clapping of horses' hooves and a big, plush stagecoach came pulling up beside him, exactly like those old wagons wealthy people rode in Westerns.

Mason? Lloyd tried to say, but in the dream no words came out his mouth. He looked up, and saw the jowly man sat behind the horses, dressed in the finest livery.

Mason?!

The fat man swept the hat off his head and bowed low, until his nose almost touched his knees. Beside him, a well-kept dog with a shiny coat and a regal air watched Lloyd with a haughty expression.

Your stagecoach, ma'am, Mason purred. *Just as you wished it.*

Ma'am? Lloyd asked. *No, this is a mistake. I'm not...*

Then he looked down, and saw he was dressed in a large red hoop skirt, the hem of which trailed

around his feet, and a black corset that pulled his waist tight and raised his big breasts up towards his chin. Small velvet gloves encased his dainty hands. Long, dark hair flowed over his shoulders, past his cleavage.

In slow motion, Lloyd dumbly reached up and felt the ornate hat perched on his pretty little head, a large, long feather rising out of it, pointing toward the stormy sky.

Yes, of course. He was a girl. He'd always been a girl. How silly of him to forget.

Mason was still bowing low, waiting for him to respond. Lloyd delicately cleared his throat.

And my husband?

Waiting for you, out west, ma'am, Mason didn't raise his head as he spoke. *I'm taking you to meet him now.*

Lloyd took this new information onboard, nodded primly.

Then I guess we'd better go see him, hadn't we?

He'd hitched up his big hoop skirt, turned to the carriage, when there had been a blinding flash of light, a loud roar of thunder, and suddenly he'd been sat inside, watching the landscape roll past outside the window.

Only he was no longer in Montana, but some big city. A city where all the men dressed in top hats, where all the women wore hoop skirts like he did, where there were no automobiles but only carriages and horses.

With that weird understanding that only dawns in dreams, Lloyd realized he was looking at the city he'd grown up in as it would have looked in the 1890s.

No wonder I left, he thought to himself, holding the curtain of his carriage open with one gloved hand, *this isn't the sort of place for a young girl...*

What's that, honey?

Oh! Lloyd gave a little start, raising one hand to his generous chest. He hadn't realized he'd been speaking out loud.

He turned to the man sat opposite him in the carriage, smiling coquettishly as he did so.

You'll have to excuse me, dearest husband, he felt himself saying, *I quite forgot I wasn't alone in here.*

Perched on the red velvet seat, Trip smiled back at him. He was almost naked, dressed only in a tight pair of underpants that bulged at the front, and made Lloyd's soft lips go dry.

Forgot about me, huh? A sly look came into Trip's eyes, *did you forget you were naked, too?*

But I'm not-

Then Lloyd looked down, and realized it was true. His bare breasts dangled from his chest, ripe and heavy. His pussy was a dark line between his smooth, slender legs. His dark hair stood out against his cream white skin.

For a second, he felt dizzy. Felt sure that his body shouldn't look like this. That he should at have a big, male co-

The feeling passed. He knew he was in a dream, but he also knew this was exactly how his body should look. He giggled, looked up at his partner (*husband*, his mind corrected him) with bright and shining eyes.

How could I forget? He breathed, *when I'm about to share myself with the most wonderful man?*

In response, Trip stood up, only now he was standing in the tent, the tent that he and Lloyd had slept in every night for the last fifteen days. Standing and lowering his underwear, letting it slide down over his strong, hairy legs as something rose up from his crotch, something long and hard and thick.

OK, Nancy... whispered the sculpted, naked man, *ready to become a woman?*

My name isn't... Lloyd just had time to think, then there was a flash of light, another crash, and the whole wagon/tent seemed to lurch, as if it was about to shake apart.

For a second, Lloyd felt like he was falling – towards his death, towards the surface of sleep, he didn't know – and then he was lying on his back in a darkened room in some old-fashioned, frontier-style cabin, clutching Trip against him as the strong man held him down and bucked his hips and roughly fucked him like the little wife he was.

Nancy... Trip was whispering, over and over, *oh God, Nancy...*

Lloyd could feel the weight of the cowboy on top of him, squashing him, making him feel strangely... protected. Could feel the warmth in his crotch, the wetness of his new pussy.

He dug his long nails into the strong man's shoulders, wrapped his open legs around his hips, squeaking as Trip thrust his cock into him again and again and again.

Oh Trip... he whimpered, *oh Trip, please violate me, darling, please...*

...I want your babies!

At the word *babies*, Trip gave Lloyd that wonderful, mysterious ghost of a smile, then thrust as hard as he could. Lloyd heard a woman screaming, then saw an image appear in his mind, as clear as his dream of Trip fucking him.

A beautiful, dark-haired woman – him – sat on the porch of some big cabin in the middle of nowhere, rocking back and forth as she dreamily rubbed her swollen belly, all pregnant and ready to pop.

As Lloyd watched this woman – still aware that he was roughly being fucked by Trip in his other dream – she smiled a little half-smile, turned to him, and suddenly Lloyd *was* her. All pregnant and heavy and ready to give birth, and happier than he'd ever been before in his life.

He looked down in wonder at his own pregnant belly, at his hugely swollen breasts. Felt a rush of love and happiness course through his body so acute he thought he might die.

Then he was back in the bedroom with Trip, only now it was his room from college, the room he'd done that terrible thing in. He was lying naked in the strong man's arms, suddenly scared, suddenly aware this was wrong, that he should be a *man*, that he shouldn't be dreaming this.

Trip, no! He squealed as the cowboy kept fucking him. *No, we can't do this. We can't! Please... don't make me pregnant!*

I'm a man! He'd wanted to add. Men don't have babies!

But then something had happened that had made his blood run cold, that had turned his dream into a nightmare and threatened to make him wake up screaming.

Trip was gone. Just like that, he'd disappeared without a word. In his place, a face like an old, gnarled tree root, a face turned mahogany by the sun, leered down at him.

"I warned you, didn't I?" The old man cackled. "I warned you what would happen if upset me, and now you have to pay the price!"

Two wizened hands shot out, grabbed hold of Lloyd's big breasts and *squeezed*, pinching at his nipples, making Lloyd wetter than ever even as he whimpered with horror.

The old man laughed, still thrusting into Lloyd.

"And that means you'll have to *stay* this way until I decide you've learned your lesson!"

Then he *pinched* Lloyd's nipples viciously, pulled out, and came onto the transformed man's pussy *just* as the world erupted into white light again, just as noise exploded over everything, drowning out Lloyd's feminine screams, shattering the dream, sweeping it away to nothing.

In his last conscious milliseconds before he succumbed to the blackness around him, Lloyd just had time to call out Trip's name...

...and then nothing.

*

He woke up slowly, like someone at the bottom of a very deep, very dark well swimming determinedly for the surface.

The first thing he noticed was the light. Everywhere. Soft. White. The storm had obviously passed.

The second thing he noticed was the canvas, fluttering right up against his face. The pole lying across him from where it had fallen down in the night.

Shit, the tent's collapsed...

Groggily, Lloyd tried to shake off the feeling of sleep, shaking his head so his long, dark hair trailed around him. Tried to pull himself upright, wondering irritably where the hell Trip could be.

And then he noticed several things at once, and felt his brain freeze up with horror.

He realized he couldn't see Trip because the big, powerful man was lying right against him, his rock hard cock pressed against Lloyd's backside, his large, calloused hands dreamily cupped around Lloyd's heavy breasts.

He realized he was naked, a single sheet covering both his and Trip's bodies, leaving them coiled close together, Lloyd lying in the bigger man's powerful arms, all safe and warm and protected.

But the biggest thing that struck him, the thing that made him feel like he could start screaming and never stop...

...was the feeling in his pussy.

It was a sort of warm, dull ache, difficult to sense at first beneath the wetness caused by his dream. A pleasant kind of soreness, of the kind you get in your muscles after a long day's exercise.

The residual feeling of penetration, from where he and Trip had obviously fucked the night before.

“TRIP!”

The word came out all high-pitched and squeaky, a girly squeal that sounded so wrong, but one that Lloyd barely even noticed as he pulled himself out of Trip's powerful arms, pulled himself upright, fighting against the loose hanging canvas even as he *stared* down at his body.

At its heavy breasts, its kinked-in waist, its wide hips, its smooth, slender legs. At its cascade of shiny dark hair, bouncing in curls over its cream white shoulders.

At its demure little vagina, nestled between its legs.

Beside him, the cowboy grunted into life, raising his head, a look of confusion on his handsome face.

“Nancy...?” He slurred, “wha...?”

Then Lloyd watched as his eyes went wide. As he heard the name he'd just unthinkingly said out loud, saw the gorgeous, naked woman sat in the tent with him, trying not to panic, the woman who looked so much like...

“Lloyd?!”

It was all too much. Lloyd simply couldn't help it.

For the first time in his adult life, he screamed.

III

The rest of that morning was the weirdest either man had ever experienced.

After fighting his way out of the collapsed canvas, Lloyd had found himself stood naked on the plains, shrieking in horror at how *female* he now was.

Then Trip had emerged from the ruins of the tent, also naked, his big, thick cock bouncing before him as he ran over to Lloyd and threw his arms around him, holding him tight, stroking his hair, trying to *shh* him.

It should have been funny. God knows, if he'd seen it happening from the outside, Lloyd would have been in hysterics.

From the inside, though, it didn't feel funny at all.

It felt *horrible*.

"What are you *doing*?" He'd whimpered, his pretty face still buried in the crook of Trip's broad shoulder.

"What d'you mean 'what am I doing'?"

"You're..." Lloyd had sniffed, trying not to scream again. "You're *cuddling* me!"

Then Trip had said the words that froze Lloyd's blood cold.

"You're my *wife*, ain't you?"

Both men had realized what they were doing at about the same moment and twisted away from one another, looking shocked at the intimate moment they'd just shared.

Lloyd had raised one hand, as if to ward Trip off, and been dismayed at how small and dainty it looked, with its tiny wrist, slender fingers and red-painted nails.

"Whoa there..." He'd squeaked in a voice that wasn't his own. "What did you just call me?"

Trip had shook his head, hesitating, looking confused.

"I just called you my-my *wife*..." He'd muttered.

A look of shock had crossed his face. He'd *stared* at Lloyd's hand.

"Oh *shit*, Lloyd, look! It's true!"

And Lloyd had seen the light sparkling on his ring finger at the exact same time, and realized with a jolt that Trip was right.

The magic hadn't just taken him in the night and swapped his body for that of some girl. It had changed history, too.

No longer were he and Trip partners. At least, not in any sense that most cowboys would recognize. Nor were they just lovers.

They were *married* now. Trip was his husband.

Which meant Lloyd was the strong cowboy's *wife*!

Bad as it was, things had only gotten weirder from there.

At some point, realizing how cold he was, Lloyd had torn open the fabric of the collapsed tent, desperate to get some clothes on.

(He'd also been aware that – between shouted curses and threats to kill that old man – Trip had been sneaking occasional glances at his big, bare new breasts, almost as if he couldn't help himself. It had made Lloyd, who was having a horrible enough time already, feel almost like crying).

Yet, when Lloyd had pulled his duffle bag out, he'd discovered it had changed into a pretty, patterned, woman's valise. Not only that, but its contents had changed, too.

Where he'd once owned a bag full of practical, male clothes, he was now the proud owner of pairs of tiny denim shorts, big underwire bras designed for women with DD breasts, little silk pairs of panties, and leather cowgirl boots that would go up to his shins.

The sight of these assorted girl's clothes had made Lloyd feel like screaming all over again. But he'd been uncomfortably aware that Trip was constantly looking over at his curved, naked ass, so he'd thrown on the first things that came to hand.

In no time at all, he'd found himself wearing the strangest clothes he'd ever worn.

His busty top was hidden inside a checked red and black shirt, its sleeves rolled up to his elbows, with its bottom ends tied into a knot *just* below his brand new titties, leaving a generous slip of flat, toned stomach on display. The buttons were all open, the fabric not even trying to hide his incredible cleavage.

His wide new hips and peach-like bum had been poured into a pair of denim shorts that barely buttoned closed and left his curves *straining* at the fabric, as if about to send it bursting open.

His tiny little feet had been lost inside brown leather cowgirl boots. A matching girl's cowboy hat had perched atop his head, a simple length of string dangling from it, ending in a little knot right above his breasts.

Gaping down at his new body inside its new clothes, Lloyd had felt like he was going to faint.

These are ridiculous! Look at me... I look like a cowgirl from some dumb man's nighttime fantasies!

He'd been sorely tempted to go back to being naked. But he and Trip had been talking as he got dressed, trying to run over what the *hell* had happened, and the answers they could come up with made Lloyd even less willing to be nude around the older man.

Minus the screams and the wails and the *what the fuck?!s*, their conversation had gone something like this:

“That damn old asshole! I'm gonna find him, and I'm gonna shove that stick so far up his ass, he's gonna...”

“Jesus Christ, Trip, *please* just shut up already! *I'm* the one whose been turned into a... into a...
...into *this!*” This last part said in a helpless wail.

“Look, Nancy, I know you don't wanna hear this, but... what?”

“You did it again. You called me *Nancy*. That’s not my name! My name is-!”

“What? Can’t you remember?”

“Shut up! It’s... it’s...”

A girly scream, followed by a hopeless whisper.

“It’s Nancy. My name is Nancy Hardweather.” A sob. “Oh God, *Trip*, what’s happening? Why can’t I remember my...?”

“It’s the damn magic, Lloyd. Same reason I can’t... Well...”

“What?”

An awkward silence. Then Trip had said, with evident embarrassment:

“Stop thinking about ripping those clothes back off you and fucking you till you squeal.”

In response, Lloyd had hurriedly pulled his tiny shorts on.

“But *why* has this happened? What did that old man say again? That we’d both have to... oh Jesus.”

“Nancy? What...?”

“Oh my God. Oh my *God*. This is *your* fault. Goddamnit, Trip...!”

“*My* fault? Now you’re talking crazy. Why is it-?”

“He *said* he was going to turn us into whatever the other wanted us to be! You... I-I can’t believe I’m gonna say this... you wanted me to be a-a *girl!*”

More silence. The blond cowboy had looked at his naked feet. To Lloyd’s annoyance, he saw Trip’s big cock was still standing to attention.

“It’s true, isn’t it? Why would you-?!”

“It was just a fantasy, OK? I didn’t want *you* to be a girl, I just wanted a chick with nice big tits I could bang and forget about this *stupid* job.”

A hollow, female laugh.

“Well, you’ve got her now, haven’t you? *Fuck*, Trip! Thanks to you, I’m stuck as a...!”

“Hold on. I just wanted someone to bang. Nothin’ about having a ring on my finger. *Wait*... did you...?”

“What? I didn’t... I don’t know what you’re...”

At this point, Trip had looked like he wanted to be sick.

“You wanted me to be your *husband*.”

The two men had fallen silent again, neither wanting to look at each other, both suddenly aware they knew a lot more about the other than they could possibly want to.

At long last, Trip had coughed and waved his hand vaguely in Lloyd’s direction.

“Can’t you do that damn shirt up properly, huh? If you keep showing me them titties of yours...”

“I can’t,” Lloyd had heard himself say in a squeaky female voice. “The magic, it won’t let me...” He’d tugged at the sides of his checkered shirt for emphasis, trying to pull them closed. But an invisible force had stopped his dainty wrists, held his hands firmly in place until he stopped trying to cover up.

The old man’s spell hadn’t just turned him into a cowgirl, he’d realized.

It had turned him specifically into the cowgirl of Trip’s dreams. Into a chick with a dynamite body who couldn’t cover up her cleavage even if she wanted to.

Although, given everything he knew about the big man he was now *married* to, he guessed he should be grateful that his new body was capable of wearing clothes at all.

They’d argued some more after that, Trip asking how long Lloyd was gonna keep it secret that he was a Goddamn *sissy*, huh? Lloyd yelling back that at least he hadn’t turned Trip into a *girl*, but it had been circular, just rehashing stuff they’d already said.

At long last, Trip had shouted something about Lloyd already making a perfect woman if he kept trying to have the last damn word, then stomped off naked towards the distant stream to wash, leaving Lloyd at last alone with his new body.

In the heat of panic and argument, Lloyd had been able to look at his new form only as something that had happened to him, in the way that you might be forced to wear a strange new uniform at work.

Now, though, with the fight drained out of him, he was finally starting to wake up to the fact that this wasn’t some external thing forced on him. It *was* him.

These legs. These weak arms. These wide hips. These big breasts... they were *his*. As much a part of him (as far as anyone else knew) as his voice or personality or the things he liked.

Whether he liked it or not, he *was* Nancy now.

Just like Mason had said.

The thought of the fat asshole who’d dropped him out here had soured Lloyd’s mood even further. To keep his mind on the problem at hand, he’d gone digging through the collapsed tent, trying to ignore the way his big new boobs kept threatening to fall out his impractical cowgirl top, until he found Trip’s shaving mirror.

It had cracked in the storm and the collapse, a single, clean line running right down the glass from one corner to another.

Lloyd had held it flat in his palm, annoyed, but not surprised, to see that the mirror was now much bigger in his girl-hand than it had been before. He’d hesitated about looking into it, not sure he’d like what he saw.

But then, what choice did he have? He was gonna find out sooner or later.

So, with a feeling like a condemned man stepping onto the scaffold, Lloyd had slowly turned the mirror. Watched as the pale light of the morning sky swung away in the frame...

...and in its place appeared the girl of his nightmares.

He let out a low, feminine whimper. It was even worse than he’d imagined.

The girl in the mirror was *gorgeous*.

She was young, maybe 19 at most, with this flowing dark hair that cascaded over her shoulders, framing her cream white face and dark, smoky eyes.

She had plump lips, high cheekbones. A tiny nose. A youthful, innocent expression that looked better suited to one of those models you saw in magazines than an actual cowgirl.

She looked confident. Demure. Sexy as hell. Exactly the sort of woman a heterosexual man like Trip would fantasize about while out on the plains.

And she was him.

With a sinking feeling, Lloyd had stared into the mirror for a long time, looking unhappily at the girl he'd been forced to become.

Gamely, he tried sticking out his tongue. Tried suddenly changing his expression. Tried crossing his eyes, but the girl did it all in time with him, mimicking his movements so perfectly Lloyd couldn't tell which of them was the reflection.

As a final kick in the teeth, she also managed to look cute as hell pulling those dumb faces. It occurred to Lloyd, with a horrible little jolt, that he was beautiful now. Honest to God *beautiful*.

No matter what he did, he'd probably look cute regardless.

Even Brigitte Bardot's got nothing on me, he thought sourly.

At last, he turned his attention from his awful new face to his equally-awful new body.

The first thing you noticed were the boobs.

There was no getting around that. Even the most heterosexual woman, even the least female-inclined man on the planet would have trouble not staring down at Lloyd's sweet new rack.

His new breasts were big, bigger than anything Lloyd had ever seen outside of Hustler or Playboy.

In the mirror, they looked like two seductive swells rising on an ocean of flesh. Looking down at his own body, they looked like a pair of mountains, so far did they stick out from Lloyd's normally flat chest.

With a half-hearted hope that maybe this was all some sort of trick, Lloyd quickly checked Trip wasn't watching, then hesitantly reached up with one dainty hand and squeezed his left breast.

Part of him had expected his new boob to squash inwards at the slightest touch, but instead he'd felt its flesh pushing back against his fingertips, as ripe and firm as the tits of the girls he remembered touching, back when he was barely out of high school. With a shudder, he let his hand drop back down.

The rest of his new body was equally dispiriting.

There were his wide, curvy hips and his too-big bum, which stuck out behind him like it was defying gravity, round and peach-like and perfect for slapping.

There were his long, slender legs that seemed to stretch further up than his male legs had ever done, leaving him with two sexy, smooth things that finally ended in a dainty little pair of leather

boots.

There was the way his waist kinked in, giving his new body an hourglass shape. The way his shoulders had become absurdly narrow. The way he now automatically stood with his chest thrust forward and his ass thrust back.

And, worst of all, there was his ring.

It sparkled mockingly on his finger, a silver band still not dulled by exposure to the elements. Wedged on below the knuckle, where no amount of tugging would ever get it off (not that he didn't try, straining his laughably weak girl-muscles).

The thing that showed he and Trip were no longer partners. No longer friends. Not even enemies or lovers.

They were married. Married and unable to ever be apart. Cowboy and cowgirl, joined together forever in the eyes of God and the law. Destined now to spend the rest of their lives loving one another, fucking and fighting, and finally settling down to start a family.

And there was nothing they could do about it. The magic would see to that.

As he stared at the ring, Lloyd felt a faint chill of fear washing over him.

Did I really do this? He wondered. *Did I really want to be married to Trip? I mean, there was that thing in college, but still...*

No, that couldn't be right. He'd been so determined to be a man out here, a real man. So determined to put his awful, drunken night with that guy on his course behind him.

Sure, he'd wished Trip would hold him some nights, but that was just his brain unwinding, letting go of all that homo stuff one piece at a time, he hadn't *really* wanted anything romantic from the man he shared a tent with, had he?

Except the spell didn't lie. Trip had stupidly wished Lloyd was some buxom, horny girl, had admitted as much, but he'd have never wished for a relationship.

Which meant that wish must have come from somewhere. And the only place it could have come from was...

Well. *Him*.

Lloyd was still staring unhappily at his wedding ring, turning these strange thoughts over in his mind, when he became aware of the shadow standing over him.

He turned, raised one tiny hand to shield his eyes from the morning sun, blinked up through long, dark eyelashes at the outline of Trip, his arms folded across his bare chest.

"See, here's the thing..." the strong man said slowly. He'd put some pants and boots on since washing, but his top half was still naked, his perfectly round pecs still glistening wet.

The sight of them was enough to make Lloyd's pouty new lips go suddenly dry.

Trip looked like he was struggling to get his words out, to express an emotion he'd never been called on to express before.

"This... make no mistake, this is a *disaster*. This is like getting lost in a storm, catching the clap

off some broad, and being hit by a stampede all at once. You... damnit, Lloyd, you've turned me into your-

The older man stopped, disgusted. Lloyd wanted to argue, to start screaming at Trip again that his wish might have married them, but Trip's wish was even *worse*, but something held him back. Something about the way the cowboy was avoiding his gaze, like he was ashamed.

He decided to keep quiet.

"Anyways... the thing is, I can't..." Trip breathed out, a *whoosh* of air, looked at Lloyd. "I can't stay mad at you. Trust me, I tried. I dunno if it's the magic, but the whole time I was raging back there, I kept on feeling guilty somehow, like I wanted to apologize..."

So. I guess here I am."

He nervously scratched the back of his head.

"Apologizing."

At his new husband's words, Lloyd felt a strange little wave of emotion wash over his girl-body. A desire to whisper *oh Trip...*, to get to his feet and hug the big, strong man in front of him, deliberately pressing his heavy new breasts up against his powerful, naked chest.

A desire to whisper *I'm sorry, too*, then delicately lean his pretty little head back. To raise one hand and stroke Trip's cheek, feeling the coarseness of his stubble beneath his soft palms.

To look into his piercing blue eyes, and wordlessly lean forwards until their lips were touching. To kiss this strong, contrite man like he'd never been kissed before. Start kissing his shoulders, his chest, his abs. Reach one hand into his pants, take hold of his enormous cock and-

Lloyd daintily cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry, too," he said. To his annoyance, he felt himself shoot the cowboy a smile that must have looked dazzling on his female face.

Trip gave him that ghostly half-smile in return.

"Well, *shit*. Quite a way to start the day, huh, Nancy? Sorry, *Lloyd*. It's the-

"The damn magic. I know."

Lloyd gratefully took the hand Trip was offering, let the bigger man pull him to his feet.

It felt odd, seeing his own hand suddenly so tiny, completely swallowed up in Trip's great, manly fist. But also nice, like this was how it was meant to be.

He could snap me like a twig, Lloyd realized as he stumbled slightly on the rocky ground, found himself leaning against Trip's chest for support. *It'd be the easiest thing in the world for a man like him. He could hurt me, keep me prisoner, even rape me...*

But he also knew Trip wouldn't do any of those things. And, somehow, the knowledge that the blond man had this power yet chose not to use it made Lloyd feel all weird and warm inside.

"You OK?"

"I'm good." Lloyd smiled brightly up at the cowboy, felt his new body instinctively flutter its long eyelashes. With a sensation of vertigo, he realized he was now a good foot shorter than

Trip.

Jesus, I'm barely 5ft5 even in these boots...

"So... what do we do now?"

"You leave that to me," Trip murmured, looking into Lloyd's eyes, a serious expression on his face. His hand was still clasped around his partner's, where he'd apparently forgotten to let go. "I've got a plan."

"Oh yeah?" Lloyd wrinkled his cute little button nose. "You gonna share it with me, cowboy?"

Cowboy?! Why am I talking like this?

But Trip didn't seem to notice. He just kept that same, solemn expression fixed on his new wife, his piercing blue eyes making Lloyd's slender new legs go all weak and watery. It occurred to him that he was currently standing closer to Trip than he'd stood to another man since coming out West.

"We're gonna ride back out across the plain," Trip was saying, slowly. "Back to Indian territory. And we're gonna find that old man. And then..."

"And then what?"

Trip's eyes twinkled with amusement.

"I'm gonna take that stick of his, and shove it so far up his wrinkled old ass that he'll be *begging* to change us back. Sound like a plan?"

Lloyd hesitated. For a split second, he felt almost sad that it might be that easy.

There was something so... *right* about the way things were now. Standing so close to Trip. Being the small, weak one. The one who got pulled to her feet instead of the one offering a helping hand. Having someone who would take care of things for you, who would make the plans, who would act, well, *chivalrous* towards you.

But then he glanced down, and caught sight of his own stupid breasts, almost visible even when he was looking straight ahead. The stupid clothes he was wearing. The whole, *horrible* transformation that had been forced on him.

Stood before Trip, so close their hips were almost touching, Lloyd felt his new body give the tiniest shudder.

No, no he could never be OK with being stuck like this. What man could?

He fixed his own dark, smoky eyes onto Trip's.

"That sounds like the best damn plan I've ever heard."

"Well then," replied Trip, "what are we waiting for?"

A grin smile appeared on his square-jawed face.

"Let's go teach that old bastard a lesson he'll never forget."

IV

One of the horses had bolted in the storm of the night before, so the two men were forced to share a mount for their ride back, Trip sat in the saddle while Lloyd clung on behind him.

At first, Lloyd had tried to hold himself upright using just the muscles in his legs. But as time went on and he began to get tired, he'd eventually given up and – almost unthinkingly – looped his slender arms around Trip's waist and leaned forward so his pretty head lay against the strong man's back.

It had been a deeply weird feeling. He could sense Trip's powerful muscles rippling under the itchy fabric of his cotton shirt, smell the older man's sweat, faint and tangy and strangely pleasant.

The near-invisible taste of it in his mouth had made strange signals go shooting deep into the female part of Lloyd's brain, making a soft warmth unfurl between his legs, a faint smile grace his beautiful face.

He'd deliberately leaned forward a little more, until he was sure Trip could feel his swollen breasts, pressed against his back, and clung tight to the man who was now his husband.

We don't have to do this... a little part of his brain had whispered. *Our body may have changed, but our mind is still the same. We can fight back against these feelings...*

But Lloyd just ignored it. Closed his eyes as he rested against his husband's back. Content to drink in the intoxicating smell of him, to feel his raw power against his feminine new body.

He'd had a bad day today. If any part of him was suggesting he couldn't now take comfort in these little things, it could kiss his girly new ass.

Evidently, he wasn't the only one thinking these thoughts.

The entire time they were riding, Trip didn't push him back or ask him what he was doing even once.

It was late morning by the time they reached the scrubby stretch of land where they'd last seen the old man.

They'd been riding for three hours by that point, and Lloyd was sore all over. Despite his new body nominally belonging to a cowgirl, he was deeply aware that it was too soft, too pretty, too pampered to really be a working girl's form.

Apparently, the wish had realized that, because all the experience he'd gotten at riding the last fortnight seemed to have seeped out of his system, leaving him all achy.

If that was what just three hours on a horse would do, Lloyd had thought as Trip carefully helped him dismount, he wasn't looking forward to what the next month and a half would bring.

"You sure this is the spot?"

"Sure as I can be about anything on this damn plain. Here."

Trip protectively put an arm around Lloyd's tight new waist, helped him down onto the ground. Lloyd gave the cowboy's arm a grateful little squeeze, then stepped away, blushing for all he was

worth, his soft cheeks suddenly pink and hot.

I can't believe I just did that...

It was like his body was helpless to do anything but react to Trip's masculine form on a biological level. Like Lloyd the man had vanished during his change, leaving only Nancy.

Luckily, Trip seemed way too preoccupied to notice how easily the two of them were slipping into their new gender roles.

"OK. If you were a crazy old wizard who was about to get my boot in his ass, where would you be?"

Lloyd shrugged his newly narrow shoulders. Without his bra on, even that tiny motion was enough to make his new tits jiggle slightly.

"As far away from here as possible?"

He put his tiny hands on his too-wide hips, peered out at the featureless plain surrounding them. A chilly puff of breeze teased at his long hair, forced him to sweep loose strands out of his eyes and tuck them behind one tiny ear.

Lloyd shivered slightly, uncomfortably aware that his nipples were suddenly hard and pointy, his smooth legs cold.

Couldn't Trip have had a thing for girls dressed in Arctic-ready clothing? He thought, irritably.

Beside him, the cowboy shook his head.

"After going to all that trouble to curse us? Doesn't seem likely, does it?"

He knelt down, started running his fingers idly through the loose dirt.

"Nope. I'd imagine he's still somewhere here, on this land the dumb old bastard thinks is his."

"That's a lot of land," Lloyd replied in his soft, high-pitched voice. He couldn't get over how *weird* it sounded coming out his mouth.

He briefly wondered if he would *ever* get used to being a girl, then immediately forced himself to stop. He didn't want to get used to any part of this madness.

"Sure is," Trip was saying, "gotta be, what, few dozen square miles at least. Lucky for us then..."

He held up something between his fingertips. Something brown and chewed and misshapen, but unmistakably fresh. Lloyd felt his innocent eyes go wide at the sight of it.

"...our prey ain't the tidiest of folk."

Trip smiled grimly up at the pretty girl stood over him, the still-wet end of the stubby cigar held out before him.

Somewhere far overhead, a buzzard let out a cry, as if it could see the two transformed men below and found their suffering hilarious.

*

They rode for what felt like forever.

Picking their way across the plains, stopping to check for tracks, or more chewed up bits of cigar, or anything else that might have been a clue, the cowboy and cowgirl rode on and on and on.

Each time they stopped to scour the earth, Lloyd would feel a strange trepidation in his chest, like he wasn't sure if he wanted to find anything or not.

And, each time Trip returned to the horse empty-handed and grousing away, he'd feel the little knot of anxiety unwind slightly, and scold himself for feeling that way.

We don't wanna be stuck like this, do we? He thought to himself, *we don't wanna be a-a girl for the rest of our lives...*

...right?

Yet, as they rode on, Lloyd's soft face pressed against the fabric of Trip's cotton shirt, the newly-transformed cowgirl wasn't so sure.

In fact, a worryingly large part of him did seem to be hoping just that.

There were other moments, too. Weirder ones. Moments it felt like God had put there, just to challenge what little sanity the two men had left.

The first came when Lloyd realized, with a feeling of embarrassment, that he needed to pee.

Normally, this wouldn't be an issue. Out here with no-one to see him, he'd simply hop off his horse, point away from Trip, and be done in thirty seconds.

In his new body, though, he couldn't help but feel... *different* about it.

He was gonna have to squat, he thought unhappily to himself. Squat and pull his panties down and expose his new pussy to the cool breeze rippling across the plains.

Not only that, but he was gonna feel *vulnerable*. He wasn't sure if it was the act of crouching, or knowing that Trip might steal a look at his bare ass, but Lloyd suddenly found himself wishing for an outhouse, or even a bush he could crouch behind.

But the Montana plains are nothing if not empty, and so Lloyd tried his best to hold it in, all too aware that he didn't really know how to hold pee in as a girl, all too aware that the only thing more embarrassing than peeing in front of Trip would be wetting himself as they rode on the horse.

So, at last, his head still resting against Trip's back, he'd closed his eyes and said:

"Can we stop, Trip? Please?"

"Huh? How come?"

A deep breath. This was it.

"I need to pee."

They'd had... it wasn't an argument exactly, but a brief exchange about that. In the end, Lloyd had forced Trip to dismount the other side of the horse and turn facing in the exact opposite direction while he tried to quickly squat.

"Why in the hell do you need *me* to get off the horse?" Trip had grumbled as he dismounted. "Ain't like I got a thing for watching ladies piss..."

Nonetheless, he'd done as Lloyd asked, leaving the embarrassed cowgirl to quickly pull down her shorts and panties, squat, and get it over and done with.

It had been supremely weird for Lloyd, sitting there on his haunches like that, feeling liquid squirt out his vagina while he tried not to either overbalance or let the wind freeze his pert new ass off.

As he did his business, he'd glumly thought about all the other shit women had to do that men simply didn't. Like bleeding from their hooch every month. Like having to make sure their man was wearing a condom, just in case they got in a bad way.

Bad way... you mean pregnant you coy asshole. If you think periods would be bad, just you wait till...

Lloyd quickly pulled his denim shorts up, cutting off the little voice. He didn't want to think about *that*, thank you very much.

"Enjoy yourself?" Trip had asked laconically as Lloyd came over to tell him he was finished. "Sure you don't want me to look away while you climb back in the saddle or adjust your titties or anything like that?"

"You're such an *asshole!*" Lloyd had said, punching the older man on the arm.

It had been a weak little girl-punch, the sort of limp-wristed flail that could in no way hurt a cage of muscle and steel like Trip. Still, Trip had jerked back like he'd just been stung, started rubbing the spot.

"Hey! Hey, goddamnit Nancy..."

"Goddamn nothing," Lloyd had said, putting his hands on his hips and glaring up at Trip. "I'm the one having to deal with all this shit you wished on me. Least you can do is be a gentleman about it."

Even as he said the words, he'd been amazed at himself. Amazed he was actually sticking up for himself, just as he'd failed to do with Mason.

Who'd have thought it? It'd take getting turned into a girl for me to man up...

"Shit," Trip had muttered, "I think I preferred you when you were a guy."

He sighed, glanced down at Lloyd's tits with an openness that should have been objectionable, but instead Lloyd's new mind confusingly found hot.

"Then again, maybe not. OK, no more teasing. Now, you gonna get that sweet tush of yours back in the saddle, *ma'am?*"

"That's better," Lloyd had muttered in his soft voice.

Secretly, he'd been pleased with how their exchange had gone. So pleased, he even let Trip "accidentally" touch his ass as the older man helped him into the saddle.

Odd as that had been, there'd been other, equally-weird moments caused by the old man's spell, almost too numerous to list.

There had been the way the movement of the horse made Lloyd's big breasts jiggle, creating a bizarre feeling in his chest, and making him desperately wish he was wearing a bra.

There had been the way Trip kept checking on him, offering him water, asking if he was comfortable, in a way he never would have done if Lloyd had still been a man.

As their ride went on, Lloyd became aware that the cowboy was uncomplainingly putting himself through all manner of tiny discomforts, just to make sure his new wife was OK. Sitting all bunched up forwards in the saddle so Lloyd had more room. Doing all the riding so poor little Lloyd could relax. Drinking less water so he could offer his partner more.

So this is how Trip behaves around women... Lloyd had thought at one point, after Trip had responded to his shivering by wrapping his leather jacket over Lloyd's narrow shoulders. *Not like I'd imagined. Kinda like a gentleman, I guess...*

With the feeling of a teenage girl admitting her darkest, most illicit secret to her diary, Lloyd had briefly shut his eyes and smiled.

I kinda like it...

But, strange as all these little moments were, they had nothing on what happened at the end of the day.

After some early luck finding tracks and cigar bits and other signs of life, they'd lost the trail of the old man some hours ago and had been riding around in a desultory manner ever since.

Just as Lloyd was looking at the sky – his cowgirl's hat held to his head with one delicate hand to stop it from falling off – and thinking that it was getting late, Trip had stopped the horse.

“What the fuck is this?”

“What the fuck is wha... oh.”

There, not half a mile ahead of them, right next to a winding mountain stream...

...sat a little tent.

It was smaller than the white canvas one they'd packed and put in the horse's saddle bag. Quite definitely for one person instead of two.

But it looked almost identical to theirs. Was already set up, ready for use, as if waiting for some lonely travelers to find it.

“Think it's the old man's?” Lloyd murmured in his new husband's ear.

Trip snorted. Lloyd could feel the vibration through his broad back.

“That old hermit? If I ever saw anyone who sleeps under the stars, it's that guy.”

“Then who's it for? Some prospector?”

Trip turned round, smiled at Lloyd. Their lips were so close Lloyd could have kissed him almost without moving.

“I've got an idea, and I don't think we're gonna like it. But, well. Let's see.”

And he'd tugged the reins, sent the horse cantering across the plain towards the tent, while Lloyd clung to his back, the wind whipping his long hair around, and thought worried thoughts about what all this might mean.

It didn't take long to find out.

“To the happy couple. Welcome, and I trust you’ll find it to your liking. Signed: you know who.”

Trip sighed, crumpled the scrap of paper into a ball and tossed it away.

“I guess he wasn’t as dumb as he looked after all.”

The cowboy looked irritably down. A gust of wind had caught the paper ball and deposited it back at his feet. Almost as if nature itself was laughing at them.

“What now?” Lloyd stood in the entrance of the tent, looking uneasily out at the plain. It really was getting dark quite quickly.

Trip seemed to read his mind.

“We stay here. Just like he wanted.” He kicked at the ball of paper, it skittered away. “It’s either that or we freeze our nuts – sorry, our nuts *and* our tits off.”

Lloyd wrapped his slender arms tight across his big breasts. Dressed in the slutty way he was, such a fate seemed horribly plausible on a cold night.

“OK,” he said in his female voice. “You collect some firewood and see to the horse. I’ll get dinner and coffee on. What?”

“Nothin’.”

Lloyd sighed. Leaned back against the entrance pole to the tent, raised one perfectly manicured eyebrow at his husband.

“Trip, I know you. When you look like that you don’t mean *nothing*. What’s the deal? Trust me, I can handle it.”

I’m a big girl now, he very nearly said, but managed to stop himself just in time.

“It’s just that... well...” Trip awkwardly scratched the back of his head, “since when can you...?”

“What?”

“Y’know. Cook.”

Lloyd blinked at the older man’s words. Suddenly, the plain seemed even colder and emptier than he remembered.

Of course, I’ve never been able to cook for shit...

He held two delicate hands to his forehead, suddenly dizzy.

So why did I just...?

He glanced at Trip.

“I don’t suppose,” he said in a very soft voice, “that part of your fantasy was a woman who could cook for you.”

Trip looked uncomfortable.

“Well, when you put it like that...” he hesitated. “Yeah. I guess so.”

For a long moment, the two men stood there, both suddenly feeling strangely embarrassed.

Lloyd forced a bright, cheerful smile onto his beautiful face.

“OK then!” He said, a little too loudly. “You’re firewood and the horses, I’m... I’m...”

He gestured over one slender shoulder with his thumb. Trip nodded.

“Yeah, sure. I’m...”

The two men gave each other one last, awkward smile, then quickly turned and left the other to do their chores.

As Lloyd began pulling metal pots and wooden spoons out the pack bag, he tried not to let his mind go crazy worrying about the implications.

Not for the first time, the old man’s spell was revealing things about the two cowboys that both of them would rather have kept secret.

*

It was dusk by the time the two men settled down to eat, crouched in the warming glow of the fire as the air turned cold across the plain.

Lloyd was stood, bent over the bubbling pot on the fire, stirring it with a wooden spoon and watching it thicken. The air was rising off it in coiled gray snakes of steam, bringing with it a heady, spicy aroma unlike anything either man had smelled in a long time.

“Looking good, Nancy.”

“Mmm.” Lloyd nodded, sweeping his long black hair back over his shoulders, trying not to let it trail in the stew. Ever since he’d become a girl, he’d found himself battling his damn hair at every single opportunity.

“I think you’re gonna like it,” he said in his cowgirl accent. “I don’t know where the recipe came from, but it tastes *good*.”

He delicately sipped a little off the tip of the spoon. Closed his eyes with a little moan of bliss.

Say what you like about the new body and life the old man’s spell had forced on him, at least he wasn’t gonna have to eat any more of Tobe’s Godawful slop.

“Well, really, it’s looking great. Best damn view I’ve ever seen.”

Lloyd started to nod, then something about the words made him frown. He threw a hard look over his shoulder at Trip, sat not five paces away, watching Lloyd’s ass with a lazy smile on his face.

“I thought you meant my cooking,” Lloyd said, irritation in his voice.

“I did at first.” The cowboy shrugged. “But you gotta admit. You’ve got a pretty sweet ass these days.”

For a second, Lloyd felt like agreeing. He wasn’t blind. He knew Nancy’s ass was exactly the sort of big, round, peach-like thing that men went wild for.

The feeling passed, replaced instead by one of mild annoyance. He stood up straight.

“Hey, c’mon, Nancy... I was only joking.”

“If it’s just a joke, don’t do it then,” Lloyd snapped.

“What? Can’t a hard-working man joke with his wife every so-”

“I *ain’t* your wife!”

“And *that*,” Trip shrugged, pointing at Lloyd’s behind, “ain’t your ass. So what do you care?”

Lloyd didn’t have an answer for that.

“It’s still not nice,” he muttered, feeling cross with himself.

He went to bend over the pot again, then stopped, quickly walked round the other side of the fire and bent over there, his pert ass facing nothing but the darkness of the night.

Through the flickering flames, he saw Trip smile again.

“Nancy...?”

“What?”

“I mean, I wouldn’t want to offend you or nothing... but that’s a pretty good view, too.”

It took Lloyd a full five seconds to work out what his husband meant. With a mortified feeling, he looked down and saw his big, ripe boobies were almost spilling out his checkered top.

He clenched his teeth and gave a little growl. *God*, women’s bodies were difficult to deal with!

“Fine, whatever,” he snapped. “I don’t care. Stare all you like, if you want. You’re the one who gave me tits, after all.”

He angrily stirred the pot again, annoyed with Trip, but even more annoyed with himself for getting annoyed.

It wasn’t that big of a deal, was it? They were just breasts. Lord knew plenty of other women had them. Who cared if some guy felt the need to get an eyeful?

But, deep down, he was already aware it didn’t work like that.

There was something about the way Trip had kept on staring at him, kept making those jokes, like Lloyd wasn’t even human. Like he was just some female shaped-thing put on Earth to give Trip a fleeting sensation of pleasure.

It had been a feeling Lloyd hadn’t liked in the slightest.

It seemed Trip had realized that, because there was a distant sigh. Through the flames, a shadow got up, moved around the campfire. Lloyd deliberately ignored it, focusing entirely on his cooking.

A moment later, he heard a footsteps, then felt the strong, masculine shape crouch down behind him, so close their bodies were almost touching.

“Listen...” Trip’s voice was low, but sat this close Lloyd missed none of it. “I’m sorry, OK? I know you don’t want a dumb lug like me staring at you while you’re working.”

Lloyd didn’t say anything. Just kept stirring the stew, listening to the dull sounds of the wooden spoon knocking against the sides.

“It’s just...” another sigh. “I’ve been out on my own here so long now, working for that asshole

Mason. I haven't... I mean, I haven't seen a woman like you in so long..."

"Oh yeah?" Lloyd heard himself say, trying to sound nonchalant. "What does *that* mean?"

The shape shifted a little, drawing itself closer – to the fire, to Lloyd, he couldn't tell.

"I mean..." the shape gently raised one large hand, ran it through Lloyd's long, dark hair.

"You're beautiful, Nancy. You really are. Perhaps the most beautiful girl I've seen in my whole damn life."

"Makes sense," Lloyd replied, shortly. "I'm *your* fantasy, ain't I?"

But, deep down inside, he was all too aware of Trip's strong fingers, curling through his shiny, gossamer hair. All too aware that he should jerk his head back, away from this man's touch, but all too aware that he couldn't move even if he wanted to.

"That's not all thought, is it?" Trip's voice sounded faintly amused. "What was it that old bastard said? That he was gonna turn us into what the other wanted us to be. You might be my fantasy girl now..."

...but I guess that means I'm *your* fantasy guy."

Lloyd was aware his heart was fluttering in his big chest. He tried to concentrate on what he was doing, tried to break the spell by ladling some stew into a cup, but it was hopeless.

He could feel Trip's fingertips, teasing at the nape of his neck. Feel the cowboy's warm breath against his cheek, as he leaned in ever closer.

Feel what was about to happen, the dark desire unfurling inside himself.

"Trip..."

"So what are we waiting for, huh? Let's make that fantasy a *reality*..."

Lloyd quickly stood up, felt the cowboy stand up with him. Turned and looked deep into Trip's eyes, the fire throwing dark, flickering shadows on his features, making his face look like it was switching between different shapes.

Trip's hands were on Lloyd's womanly hips, firmly holding him in place. Stopping him from running off. The sensation of this strong man's touch was almost more than he could bear.

"Trip, please..."

"Come on, Nancy. Lloyd. Whoever you are..." Trip's lips were nearly brushing Lloyd's. "We both know what we want. We've wanted it ever since we woke up this morning."

Helplessly, Lloyd nodded. A faint, feminine whimper escaped his throat. He didn't know if he was about to explode with happiness or on the verge of tears.

"I want..." He heard himself whisper.

"Yes...?"

"I-I want..."

"Say it, Nancy..." Trip's breath was warm against Lloyd's soft cheeks, smelling of him, of his masculine body. "Just tell me. Whatever it is, you'll have it..."

Lloyd weakly raised his head. Trip's piercing blue eyes were fixed right on his smoky ones.

"I want..."

His soft female voice suddenly hardened.

"I want my goddamn dinner."

Trip blinked.

"Huh?"

"You heard me. Dinner. Here." Lloyd took the cup of stew he was holding and pushed it into Trip's chest. The cowboy took it with a dumbfounded expression.

"That's for you. I'm eating mine in the tent. *Don't* come in trying anything, y'hear?"

Trip sighed. Stepped back. Nodded.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good." Lloyd jerkily bent over, spooned himself out a second cup, tore off a hunk of bread and stood up again. "Next time it's hands and eyes to yourself, got it? Or you can go back to eating Tobe's slop."

He pulled the brim of his cowgirl hat down, turned and stalked off to the distant tent, aware of the way his pert ass was bouncing and wiggling with each step, but certain Trip would no longer be staring. Not after the chewing out he'd just received.

There, Lloyd thought, as he crawled inside the cramped tent and let the flap drop down, *that should teach him a lesson or two.*

He was so busy congratulating himself that he didn't stop to wonder why he suddenly felt so miserable.

*

Conversation was awkward that night, made even more so by the magic, and the stupid, one person tent they'd both been put up in.

By the time Trip came in from his seat by the fire – smelling of the half a dozen cigarettes he'd smoked – Lloyd had already tried to get ready for bed, and discovered to his disgust the next limitation Trip's fantasies had placed on him.

It simply wasn't possible for him to sleep any way but naked.

He'd tried to put some clothes on, of course he had, but it just didn't work. The moment he'd started to feel sleepy, he'd found himself peeling off all his clothing, then unable to put any of it back on again.

He couldn't even get into one of his absurdly flimsy pairs of panties. The spell would let him pick them up, even sit back and raise his smooth legs, guiding his feet towards the holes, only for that invisible force to suddenly grip his wrists and ankles and stop him from going any further.

As a result, by the time Trip came in, Lloyd was both very cold and utterly fed up.

"Watch out," he muttered, peering out from under the single sheet as Trip pulled off his jacket, "you won't be able to get that back on again."

“The damn spell again, huh?” Trip sighed. “There I was, thinking I was master of my own fate.”
He shrugged.

“What you gonna do, huh?”

He undressed in silence. Lloyd watched him peeling off layers, his dark eyes unable to do anything but trace the shape of Trip’s masculine body, to linger over his shoulders and forearms. As a man, he’d found Trip’s body... *intriguing*, let’s say. But not like this. For the first time in his life, Lloyd was suddenly seeing another man as a woman would see him, and he was amazed at what his newly-female eyes were drawn to.

Whoever would’ve guessed girls had a thing for shoulders...?

Not that it was much weirder than having a thing for legs, he conceded. Still, his female body also seemed to have more than a passing interest in Trip’s muscular, hairy legs, so who could tell?

“Listen, Nancy,” Trip said as he pulled off his boots, unbuckled his belt, “I just wanted to say... that was one hell of a dinner.”

“Thanks,” Lloyd murmured, his voice neutral.

Secretly, though, he was glad Trip had mentioned it. All that work hadn’t been for nothing.

“And if I... y’know, *overstepped* any bounds...” the cowboy went on, pulling his pants down, “I want you to know that I’m sorry. I’m an old-fashioned guy, I guess, sometimes that means...”

He suddenly stopped, hands on the waistband of his underpants. Lloyd watched with vague interest as a look of defiance seemed to flicker across Trip’s face before quickly fading away.

The cowboy turned apologetically to the girl.

“I think it wants me to take my pants off, too. Sorry about this, ma’am.”

“Me too.” Lloyd nodded. “See?”

He pulled the sheet to one side, showed Trip his naked, female body. Quickly pulled the sheet back over. It was already *very* cold.

“Don’t sweat it, just get them off and get into bed.”

Trip nodded.

“Sure. I’ll sleep under the jacket tonight... what?”

Lloyd was laughing, a laugh that was tinged with hopelessness.

“Nothing, I’m sorry. It’s just... do you really think it’ll let you do that?”

Trip shrugged.

“I can try.”

His voice was gruff. For a second Lloyd was puzzled, then he remembered that having a girl laugh at you as a guy was a distinctly different experience from having another guy laugh at you.

He let out a soft sigh. Turned on his side. Pulled the sheet back.

“You’ll freeze. Just get in, OK? We can at least keep each other warm.”

There was a disconcertingly long pause, then Lloyd heard a faint rustle of material, there was movement, and then Trip was lying down behind him, pulling the sheet back over his body, pressing his masculine form up against Lloyd’s back.

Lloyd lazily raised his head, let Trip put one arm under his neck, wrapped over Lloyd’s chest so he was holding him tight. Lloyd could feel the older man’s dick, long and hard, pressed against his naked bum. He curled up in Trip’s arms and shivered.

“There, that’s not so... what the *fuck?!?*”

“It’s the spell again,” Trip’s breath tickled Lloyd’s ear, “I can’t...”

Lloyd looked down at Trip’s hand, clasped around one of his heavy breasts, gently kneading the flesh, idly tweaking one of his nipples.

“OK, sure. It’s fine. Just startled me is all.”

A pause.

“Anything else the spell is gonna make you do tonight?”

“Just this, I think.”

Trip suddenly kissed the back of Lloyd’s neck. A tender brush of the lips that made the downy little hairs all over the younger man’s body rise up.

“What was *that?!?*”

“A goodnight kiss, I guess,” Trip’s voice was uncomfortable. “Why, ain’t it making you give me one?”

“Honestly? I don’t know what it is and isn’t making us do anymore. There.” Lloyd kissed Trip’s forearm.

There was silence.

“What?”

“Nothin’. I just thought, maybe it’d make you kiss me on the...”

“Oh for God’s sakes.”

Lloyd shifted his lithe, feminine body. Sat up slightly, turned his head, and kissed his new husband on the lips.

It was a short kiss, more of a brush than anything. But, inside Lloyd’s female mind, it had felt like a revelation.

The pressure of Trip’s lips against his. The moistness of his mouth. The feeling of their faces, pressed together, sharing a tender little kiss.

He’d desperately wanted to part his pouty new lips. To let Trip slip his tongue into his mouth. To kiss the cowboy with all the passion of a woman in love, kiss him and keep kissing him until Trip finally forced Lloyd onto his back, climbed on top of him, and the inevitable happened.

Luckily, though, the spell didn’t force any of that to happen. Instead, Lloyd pulled his head back,

lay back down. He could feel Trip's dick, hard as iron, pressed against the small of his back. He tried to ignore how good it felt.

"There. Happy?"

"Always happy with you, Nancy."

"Trip?"

"Yeah?"

"Fuck you."

The two cowboys lay together in the darkness for a moment, the heat from their bodies mingling, slowly chasing away the cold of the Montana night. Boy and girl, lost in their own thoughts.

Eventually, Lloyd stirred.

"Trip?"

"Huh?"

"Could you... I mean, would you mind...? The spell wants you to...?"

"To what?"

Lloyd swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Play with my other breast too."

"Oh. Sure."

There was movement, then both of Lloyd's big new boobies were being gently squeezed, gently caressed in the dark of the tent. The transformed man shivered at the feeling, at the strange warmth it created, and tried not to smile.

"The spell, huh?" Trip murmured in his ear. "Funny. I coulda sworn I didn't feel anything."

"Just shut up and hold me, OK?"

Trip shrugged. To Lloyd, wrapped up in his powerful arms like that, it felt like the entire continent was moving.

"Your wish, ma'am," the cowboy said, "is my command."

*

That night, Lloyd dreamed strange dreams again.

He dreamed he was back in that cabin in the middle of nowhere, still sitting on the porch, his belly still all swollen with pregnancy.

Only now, he was older. In that weird way you see things from multiple perspectives in dreams, he both was himself and looking at himself. And the girl he saw was no longer a girl.

She was a *woman*.

She was about forty, with crows' feet around her eyes, and lines around her lips from where her smiles had formed creases. Her smoky eyes were a little duller now, not quite so alive.

Her skin had lost the flush of youth, but not yet begun to sag and wrinkle with middle age. Her

dark hair was cut into a sort of... bob, he guessed. Shorter, in the style of another era, an era yet to come, yet still perfectly suited to her face.

Even after all this time, she still looked beautiful. But that wasn't what really caught Lloyd's attention, made him feel sad and hopeful all at once.

The woman – Nancy – looked happy.

Not ecstatically happy. Not like she'd just had the best sex of her life, or had won the lottery or whatever.

She just looked... happy. Content. Like a woman who has all she wants in life, and doesn't need anything more.

Like being there on this porch, like she was now, was all she'd ever needed.

As Lloyd was watching her, the screen door banged open. The woman turned, and suddenly, Lloyd was her again, looking up and smiling as Trip stepped out, his blond hair now gray, his smooth face now lost inside a dark beard, but unmistakably Trip.

Lloyd felt himself smile. A sly, coquettish smile.

"Hello, *husband*," he heard himself whisper.

(He'd expected Nancy's voice to get lower in the intervening years, but to his surprise she sounded exactly the same. He supposed that was dreams for you).

Trip leaned back in the doorway, that cute, half-hidden smile playing on his lips.

"Know something, Nance? You get more beautiful every single damn day."

Lloyd heard a girl giggling, then realized it was him. He fluttered his eyelashes at Trip.

"You're such a flirt."

"I'm a man, honey. And you're the hottest chick out west. What did you expect?"

Lloyd felt his dream-body raise an eyebrow.

"Keep that up, and someone might just find themselves getting treated to a blowjob tonight."

(*What?! He yelled inside himself. No! I don't wanna suck Trip's dick!*)

But the dream seemed to run on regardless, like it was a film or something. Besides, he hated to admit it, but part of him had always secretly wondered what it'd be like to have a guy's dick in his mouth. Especially a guy as well-hung and masculine as Trip).

"Where are the kids?"

"Playing, out on the sidewalk. Katie looks like she might've skinned her knee a little."

Sidewalk? Lloyd had time to think. *But we're in the middle of...*

Then he turned back to look out at the plain, and saw to his wonder that it had vanished. In its place, a new-looking suburb wound away, full of families and children and laughter.

As he looked at the place he called home, Lloyd felt a little prickle of understanding.

This is where the cabin was, maybe a hundred years later... in the future even for us, for me and Trip outside this dream. Something like the 1990s...

If it was the 20-year distant future of 1990, though, it didn't look so bad. The cars were bigger, the clothes different, but then what else would you expect? That the Ruskies would've actually started a goddamn nuclear war by now?

"Yep," Trip was saying behind him. "All three of them are having fun. Can't believe we got a fourth on the way."

He came and sat down on a chair that had suddenly appeared next to Lloyd's. Came and sat with his wife of twenty long, happy years. Gently reached over, stroked her swollen belly.

Lloyd smiled at him.

"I hope it's twins," he whispered.

"Now, honey, you know we can't afford that..."

Lloyd shrugged his slender shoulders, poked out his tongue. He instinctively seemed to know how cute the action would look.

"I don't care." He looked back down at his bump, at his breasts, now all big and heavy with milk. A happiness unlike anything he'd ever felt before washed over him.

"I want this, Trip. I want this life. More than anything. It's... it's all I've ever wanted."

He suddenly felt tears pricking at his eyes.

"Oh, Trip, I wish... I wish this *could* be our lives. Me and you. Married and together and with kids and..."

He waved one tiny hand at the dream world around them. He wished he didn't know this was all a dream, wished he could make himself believe it was real, if only for a few short minutes.

Beside him, his husband gave a wry smile.

"Well, there is a way you could do that, Nance, back in the real world."

"Huh?" Lloyd blinked back tears. "What do you mean?"

"I mean..." Trip whispered, "that, right now, your new husband is having a dream that's making him as hard as iron. Making him think he wants nothing more than to have you to bang every day for the rest of his life, just as you now want to have him holding you and protecting you for the rest of yours."

As he spoke, Trip's face was shifting. His beard growing, his skin becoming like mahogany, a chewed up little cigar end suddenly clasped in his gnarled fingers.

"T-trip...?" Lloyd whispered, suddenly aware that their little suburban street was empty, the dream people all returned to sand.

"New life," the gnarled old face beside him was saying with a twinkle in its eye. It looked down at Lloyd's swollen belly. "That's what always sets a spell. Things can be undone until you get new life in the mix, but once that seed's been planted, nothing can change it. Not even me."

A wide, terrible grin.

"You'd be Nancy, and lover boy would be your husband..."

...*forever*."

The world was moving under Lloyd, gently rising and falling. He looked down and realized he was naked, sat straddled across Trip as his husband gently penetrated him, thrusting and making Lloyd's naked, female form – no longer pregnant – rise up and down as they screwed in an old antique chair.

Trip's face was buried between Lloyd's breasts, nibbling at his nipples, kissing him all over his tits. His big cock was buried deep inside the younger man's pussy, making his body seem to throb and tingle all over.

As his husband slowly made love to him, Lloyd threw his head back and let out a tiny moan, his pouty lips dangling open. His eyes briefly closed. When he opened them again, he was staring into the face of the old man.

He could still feel Trip, making love to him, but it was now the old man's face he found himself looking helplessly into, a face that was seemingly everywhere and nowhere at once.

“Nearly every native tribe has its legends about the trickster,” the old man grinned, his face creasing into a sea of lines. “Funny thing is, they can't seem to agree on what he's about. Sometimes he just likes his jokes. Others, he's a bit of an asshole – pardon my French, ma'am.

Other times, mayhap he's not so bad. Just pointing you in the right direction, having a little... *fun* while he's at it.”

He cackled, a laugh that seemed to pour out of the very fabric of the universe, seemed to sweep across Lloyd's skin, leaving him unsure whether to join in or not.

“What happens next depends on which of these tribes you agree with! But make no mistake, Nancy...”

Suddenly, the old man *leaped* forwards. The dream shifted, and then Lloyd was lying under him as the old man *changed* into a young woman, *changed* into a beautiful girl with dark hair, *changed* into Nancy.

At the same time, Lloyd realized with a horrible jolt that he was *male* again. That he had his old body back, that he was now making love to the female version of himself – to Nancy – as a man.

No! Wait, please... I'm not ready to go back to being a-!

“Whatever you choose tonight,” the creature that looked like Nancy moaned as it rode on Lloyd's dick, a peculiar smile on its beautiful face, “that'll be your fate... oh God... *forever*. *OH! Oh fuck yeah...*”

The Nancy-creature whimpered as Lloyd helplessly fucked her, her lips dangling open.

“Get me, *Lloyd?*” She hissed. “Stay as Nancy and get the husband you always wanted... Or run away and go back to being a pathetic little man scared of his dreams. The choice is yours.”

Then suddenly she threw her head back and screamed with pleasure, Lloyd felt his male body ejaculate, and then he was falling through familiar blackness, falling for what seemed like forever, falling into eternity...

He woke up with a start in the darkened tent, his body warm and slick with sweat, Trip's strong arms still wrapped round his frame, playing with his swollen breasts. It was all he could do not to burst into tears of joy when he realized he was still a woman.

For a moment Lloyd lay there in the darkness, trying to remember the crazy dream he'd just had. Something about Trip, and the old man, and a porch in the suburbs...

A wave of sudden calm settled over his curvy, feminine body. He knew what he had to do.

With gentle movements, Lloyd rolled over in Trip's powerful arms. Rolled until he was facing his husband, their noses touching, Trip's rock hard dick now pressed against Lloyd's soft belly.

At his movements, Trip shifted a little. His eyes blearily opened, a groggy, confused look on his face.

"Nancy...? Wha...?"

"Shh." Lloyd whispered. "Shh, it's OK my love."

He reached up, took Trip's cheeks in his soft, dainty hands. Felt the rough coarseness of his skin, the stubble that was already growing after a single morning without shaving.

The older man's skin was warm to the touch. His breath came out in little hot gusts, tickling at Lloyd's beautiful face.

The girl who used to be a man smiled sadly up at her new husband, fixing him with eyes that were so dark and innocent a man could lose himself in them forever.

"I know what I have to do."

With the feeling of a woman stepping over a precipice, Lloyd gently parted his bud-like lips. Leaned slowly forwards...

...and then the two men were kissing. Kissing softly as their bodies laid pressed together in the cold Montana night. Kissing like two long lost lovers who've finally found their way home.

It was the goodnight kiss Lloyd wished he could have given Trip before. Lips parted. Tongues swirling round inside one another's mouths. A kiss to end all kisses.

Already, Lloyd could feel a dampness in his crotch, a wetness that seemed to make his new body feel hornier than ever. His nipples were suddenly hard and pointed, scratching against Trip's muscular, wonderful chest, the sensation making him dizzy.

It was all Lloyd could do to stop himself from crying with joy.

At long, long last the kiss ended. Trip pulled back, the dazed, hopeless look on his gorgeous face *just* visible in the low light. Lloyd leaned forward, rested his forehead against the older man's.

He could *feel* Trip's body heat, coursing through him. Feel the way the powerful man's chest was already rising and falling, his breath becoming shorter. Feel his strong, hairy arms wrapped around Lloyd's fragile, feminine body, holding him, possessing him.

Lloyd gently bit down on his lower lip. Closed his eyes.

"Trip...?" He heard himself whisper.

"Nancy?"

Lloyd took a deep breath.

"Fuck me."

It was all the encouragement the cowboy needed.

There, in their little tent under the stars, lost on the howling emptiness of the darkened plains, Trip rolled over on top of Lloyd, pinning him with his powerful, masculine body, making Lloyd feel all weak and female and helpless.

The cowboy gently ran two strong hands through his wife's long, dark hair, hands that moved slowly, but were alive with power.

As Lloyd blinked back tears of happiness, he spread his smooth, slender legs. Felt one of Trip's hands drift down, until he clasped hold of his big, club like dick. Lloyd automatically raised his hips slightly, until Trip's prick was teasing at the entrance to his hole...

Then Trip thrust forward, his cock slipped deep inside Lloyd's dripping wet pussy, and then the two men were fucking.

They fucked with all the passion of animals. Two sweat-slicked bodies, grinding up against one another. Kissing, biting, letting their lips trail over one another's flesh.

They fucked like it was the last thing they'd ever do, Trip pounding Lloyd's virgin pussy as Lloyd raked his nails down the strong man's shoulders, earning himself a vicious slap on his perfect ass.

At some point, Lloyd heard himself whispering, begging Trip to kiss his tits, and then the beautiful man's face was pressed between his breasts, sucking on his nipples, nibbling at them, his tongue flicking across Lloyd's areole, making the transformed man wail and moan and squeal and thank God he was now a woman.

It was all so perfect. The feeling of Trip on top of him, thrusting so roughly, like he was trying to *hurt* him. The feeling of the strong man's hand on his ass, pinching him, one finger pressed against his anus.

The feeling of the cowboy's fat dick, buried deep inside him, penetrating his womb, making him cry out with these strange and wonderful girly sounds.

It was incredible. All of it. The taste of Trip. The feeling of his rough stubble against his soft cheeks as the two men kissed. The smell of his sweat, invading Lloyd's nostrils, making his female brain dizzy with lust.

There, lying on his back, his big boobies jiggling as he was roughly fucked by a hunk of a man, Lloyd realized he never wanted to be a man again.

Then, suddenly, he felt his husband go stiff. Clutched the man of his dreams tight against him as jets of white hot sperm flooded into his womb, warm and sticky and utterly wonderful. Held Trip against him as the cowboy filled his pussy with his seed, making sure Lloyd would get pregnant. Making sure that he'd be Nancy now for the rest of his days.

As Trip grunted, the last of his come squirting inside Lloyd, Lloyd buried his face in the older man's neck and felt like crying. To suddenly have *this*, to suddenly have *Trip*...

...well, it was everything he'd always wanted.

The two lay in silence for a long time afterwards, Trip still buried deep inside Lloyd, Lloyd still clutching the cowboy to his chest.

At long, long last, Trip gently raised his head.

“Jesus, Lloyd, that was...”

He stopped as Lloyd gently put one finger against his lips, hushing him.

“Nancy.” The cowgirl said. “My name is Nancy now.

And I’m yours, Trip. I’m yours *forever*.”

More silence, soft, comforting. Trip looked down at his partner’s breasts, all warm and slick with sweat. He smiled, bashfully.

“Nancy... you’re pretty good in bed, you know that?”

Lloyd couldn’t help. He giggled. A soft, unashamed, girlish sound. Smiled down at his own tits and wiggled his top slightly, making them jiggle.

“I’m the girl of your dreams, aren’t I?” He purred. “I guess it makes sense that I’d give you the best orgasms of your life.”

“Uh, speaking of which...”

Trip coughed gently. Lloyd could feel the vibration through the big man’s cock.

What a weird feeling...

“Did you...? I mean, I sorta wanted to make sure you...”

Lloyd smiled. Reached up. Stroked his husband’s face with one soft hand.

“No, but it’s not important.” As a man, he’d have never thought it was possible to enjoy sex without coming, but now he was female, the journey seemed as enjoyable as the destination. “I got what I wanted.”

He glanced down at his belly, a blissful smile on his beautiful face. Right now, Trip’s sperm was fertilizing the egg his female body had produced. Right now, new life was taking hold in his womb, making him pregnant.

I’m going to have Trip’s babies... he realized with a feeling of unreality. I’m gonna give birth to his kids and feed them with my tits and nurse them and mother them and... and...

And I couldn’t be happier.

Trip was still looking doubtfully down at him. Lloyd raised one thin eyebrow at the love of his life.

“What?”

“Well...” Trip said, slowly, “one of the things I kinda wished for was a girl I could bang... but also a girl who I could...”

“A girl you could...?”

Trip seemed embarrassed. Seeing the big cowboy all bashful was enough to almost make Lloyd sigh at how cute he was.

“Well. Give multiple orgasms.”

Lloyd blinked. Looked down in the half light at Trip’s dick, still buried deep inside him. A slow

smile crept over his beautiful face.

“In that case, then...” he said, slowly, starting to gently move his hips again, “maybe we could keep going?”

Trip nodded. A wolfish grin came onto his face.

“Sure. But this time, you’re gonna be on all fours...”

He bent down, kissed Lloyd’s elegant neck, making him moan softly.

“I wanna *see* that perfect ass while I’m fucking you.”

“For you, husband?” Whispered Lloyd, running his dainty hands through Trip’s short blond hair.
“*Anything.*”

Then he moved his hips, Trip’s cock slipped out of him, and then Lloyd was turning over, getting on all fours, burying his pretty face in the sheets, his boobies dangling even as he raised his pert ass high, gave it a little wiggle for his husband.

“Now,” he breathed, “show me what a *man* you are.”

Five minutes later, as Trip pounded into him from behind, each thrust making the cowgirl’s big tits bounce up and down and making their owner squeal with pleasure, Lloyd experienced his first earth-shattering orgasm as a woman.

Before the sun rose over the endless plain, he’d already had five more.

Epilogue

“Goddamnit, you half-dead son of a bitch, *listen to me!*”

“Hmmm?”

The old man raised his gnarled head, smiled crookedly at the overweight, jowly creature sat on the horse before him, silhouetted against the sky.

“What’s that, sonny? You’ll haveta speak up.”

Perched in his saddle, Mason swore an oath under his breath. He impatiently tugged at the horse’s reins, wondering if he could just get away with charging the old man down.

“I *said*, I’m looking for two reprobates. Tall man, this high,” he held out a hand, “and a small, smart-ass sonofabitch who looks like a fag. Y’see ‘em?”

The old man frowned a little.

“I seen a tall blond man...” he said, slowly, “but no other *man.*”

He smiled widely, showing teeth that were as discolored and withered as the rest of him.

“Was a short young girl though. With the tall guy. Pretty thing. Big ol’ titties out to *here.*”

He gave a wistful sigh.

“Heard something about them setting up home together, deciding to start a family.”

“Shit n’ *piss*, boy!” Mason exploded in exasperation. “I don’t care about no man and his wife! I’m lookin’ for two guys who abandoned my cattle, left them out on the plains. If I find those two Commie-loving bastards, I’ll-”

“What’s that, sonny boy?”

“I’ll kill both of them!” Roared Mason. His voice echoed out across the plains, rolling away into oblivion.

The old man shrugged.

“Can’t help you, mister. Now I gotta ask you to move, this here’s sacred land.”

“Sacred land my ass! I’ve seen the damn maps you old fool! Jes-us *Christ* I oughta-!”

The old man smiled slyly. Picked up a stick that looked to Mason an awful lot like a twisted old staff.

“Now you mention it...” the old man said, slowly, “perhaps I *can* help you find what you’re looking for.”

“Whaddya mean? If this is some kinda joke...”

“No joke,” said the old man. “It just occurred to me that the couple I was telling you about, why, they’re having babies now. The man – handsome fella that he is – ain’t got much skills beyond looking after cows.”

“So?”

“So,” the old man mused, “they’re gonna need a cow to raise. A cow with nice big udders they can milk. A heifer they can tie up and get birthing off some randy bull.”

“I swear old man, if you say another word...”

“And I think...” the old man went on, pointing his stick right at Mason. His trickster’s eyes twinkled.

“...I just found them the *perfect* candidate.”

The End

*

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Free extract: Mall of Change

“Well?” Jay was asking. “What do you think?”

Roy was barely listening. He was too busy *staring* at the strange new way his body curved. At the strange new way he was dressed.

To his horror, he suddenly realized that he could *feel* the invisible straps of a training bra, hoisted over his slender shoulders. Its clasp closed behind his narrow new back.

Feel his small new breasts hanging from his chest, gently nestled in their cups. Feel the thin pair of girly panties he was now wearing, a tiny piece of fabric that let his legs move with unnatural ease.

He gave a visible shudder.

No... this can't be true, it can't be happening...

There's no way I can be a girl!

“I know what you're thinking. And you're not *just* a girl,” Jay said, her voice amused. “You're a-”

She suddenly broke off, frowned.

“No, that's not right. What's the golden rule again? Show, not tell... *A-ha!*”

She clicked her fingers. There was a weight in Roy's palm. He glanced down and saw he was now holding a new iPhone in a girly pink casing.

“Now, why don't you be a good little girl, and take a selfie?” Jay's eyes sparkled. “See what you've become?”

There wasn't any point in fighting it.

With a feeling like he was about to start screaming and never stop, Roy swiped the unlock on his new phone, trembling at the sight of his glossy new nails, at the way the phone looked *stupid* big in his new hands.

He pressed the camera app, set it for a selfie, and hesitantly held it up before his cute new face. Closed his eyes. Took a deep breath.

No... no please don't make me...

Then he opened his eyes. And *looked*.

What he saw was nearly enough to make him faint.

From the depths of the phone, looking back at him, was the girl of Roy's nightmares.

She was tall for a girl her age, maybe 5ft6, with a slender frame, and arms and legs that were long and willowy.

She had blonde hair that tumbled over her shoulders, framing a soft face with wide, innocent blue eyes, pouty lips, and a little button nose.

There were braces on her teeth, traces of teenage baby fat around her cheeks, the strange sort of

softness girls get when they're not quite adults yet.

Her makeup was inexpertly done, more obvious than it would have been on an older girl. Her body had not yet finished growing and swelling and changing. Her breasts were small, underdeveloped. Her legs and arms not *quite* proportioned right for her growing frame.

"No..." Roy whimpered, his new voice soft, the young girl in the camera moving her lips in time with his, "dear God, please no..."

Jay was right.

The witch hadn't just turned him into a girl.

She'd turned him into a *teen* girl. Into a young, shy, developing girl, still unsure of herself and her place in this big, wide world.

A girl still far from adulthood, a girl still at school, a girl who still thought hanging out at the mall was the coolest thing you could possibly do.

As he trembled, looking at the wide-eyed, scared young girl looking back at him, Roy heard Jay give a great, big hearty laugh.

"Roy," his tormentor giggled, "meet *Rachel*..."

...the teen girl you'll be *for the rest of your life!*"

Continue reading at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)...

Free extract: The Loneliest Girl in the Galaxy

“It’s definitely doing something. Something big.”

Sergei tapped the monitor beside him.

“The luminosity has grown by 150... 200... 300 percent,” he replied.

Really, he needn’t have bothered.

The two men didn’t need anything more than their own eyes to see the star was going crazy.

In the half-hour since the alarm had sounded, the screen had been forced to dim itself continually to protect their eyes.

The black swirls on the surface had started multiplying, coiling together. Great, writhing tendrils of blackness that shuddered, entwined, seemed to tremble with excitement.

The asteroids and planetoids in their neighborhood had begun to glow with that sickly, reflected, bluish light, lighting up their section of the Kuiper Belt so bright astronomers would now be freaking out (or would be, in six hours’ time, when the light actually reached Earth).

There would be panicked questions. Demands to know *why* Sorasen’s Star was reactivating if there were no known craft in the area. Recriminations. Possibly declarations of war.

Well, let them freak out. It was far too late now.

It occurred to Sergei he didn’t know how fast the star’s changes traveled. If they were instantaneously applied across every corner of the universe, or if they slowly blossomed outwards from the star, a wave of transformation rippling across the skein of the universe at light speed. An inescapable wall of change those on Earth would see coming, but be incapable of avoiding.

He wondered if this was how it had always been, and if he’d felt this fear of transformation before.

“Surface energy is going crazy... the instruments are going crazier...”

Tom glanced up from his own tablet, tried to catch Sergei’s eye.

“Think this is it?”

“I would believe so.”

“Damn...” The American sat back, watched the screen with hopeless eyes. “I didn’t... I mean, I guess I never thought it’d really...”

“Me too.” At last, Sergei gave his co-pilot a smile. “So long, Thomas Hartman. It’s been a pleasure knowing you as an obnoxious shipmate.”

Tom didn’t even try to smile.

“Well, hold on... That Russian crew barely changed, did they? Maybe we’ll just get better hair, or bigger dicks, or...”

“Or maybe we shall become monkeys.” Sergei sat back with a sigh. “Here it goes. No time left.”

On the screen, the black lines were coalescing, vibrating at an incredible rate. Lines of piercing light were erupting around them, so bright even the dimmed view couldn't stop them from hurting your eyes. The whole of the star began to pulse...

"Look, man," Tom suddenly said, his voice slightly hysterical. "We don't gotta do this. Why don't we-?"

It was too late.

With a blinding flash, the star seemed to *explode* before them. Waves of blue light washed through the ship, through their jumpsuits, through the bones of the watching men.

The light was everywhere. Burning. Blinding. Sergei closed his eyes and could still see it, as if his eyelids had been burned away.

He looked down and thought he saw his bones visible through his skin. Dark, brittle things that were shifting, rearranging, their joints popping out of place and into new ones. The entire ship began to shake. He opened his mouth to *scream*...

As quickly as it had begun, it was over.

There was a distant sound like gallons of water being sucked up through a straw. The light vanished. On screen, the star pulsed once more, then settled down, its surface no longer crawling with the black snakes, but still and oddly calm.

In the silence that followed, Sergei stayed frozen, staring straight ahead. He was aware his breathing sounded different. That his body *felt* different around him.

Oh fuck, he thought in his native language, *what's happened...?*

Already he could tell he wasn't going to like the answer.

His breathing was higher pitched, somehow. Shallower. Closer to little squeaks than the deeper breathing he was used to in his old body.

He could feel a strange weight on his head, a curtain of something that seemed to cascade down his back, past his cheeks, over his shoulders, tickling at his elegant, bare neck.

It was at least five seconds before he realized he now had hair.

Lots of it, too. Does that mean...?

He could hear the American, muttering to himself. See him moving out the corner of his eye. He knew he should look, look down at himself and see what he had become, what strange fate the star had forced upon him. He didn't want to hear secondhand from Tom.

But it was like something inside of him was terrified of looking. Was placing the signals together without telling his conscious mind, discovering what they all meant and freaking out.

So, instead, he just sat there, staring straight ahead, trying to feel through sensation alone what had happened to him.

He was uncomfortably aware of a new weight on his chest, something he'd never experienced before, like something was *pulling* downwards, even in this low gravity.

At the same time, the rest of him felt lighter, like he'd lost something like six stone. Like his

bones were suddenly hollow.

The chair seemed bigger around him, like it had grown, its back rising up and its arm supports getting further away. He felt small, weak, vulnerable.

And, on top of that, a growing sense of dread.

Fuck fuck fuck...

“Serg?” Tom’s voice, changed beyond all recognition. “Oh God, Serge...”

Sergei didn’t respond. Didn’t want the American to look his way before he could get to grips with his sudden transformation.

Instead, he took a deep breath. Steeled himself. Then he lowered his head...

...and looked.

His first thought was that he’d been right about his misplaced patriotism. There, on the breast of his jumpsuit, where his little Russian flag should have been stitched, there was a tiny red rectangle, with a large gold star in one corner surrounded by four others.

The moment he saw it, he realized he was no longer thinking in Russian, but in some other language that should just be gibberish to him.

Mandarin.

Oh Jesus, I’m Chinese...

He barely had time to register this change, because the second thing he noticed was so much bigger, so much scarier, that it sent his mind reeling.

There, beneath his little, stitched on Chinese flag, where he was used to seeing his flat, very male chest...

...he could now see a pair of breasts.

They rose away from his suddenly-slender frame, rising up towards his chin, a soft swell of cleavage hidden beneath the fabric of his jumpsuit.

They strained at his new top, as if threatening to come bursting out. Two cute little lumps that couldn’t have been more than a C-cup, but looked *terrifyingly* big from Sergei’s perspective.

Oh God... he thought in the strange, singsong language that was now his own, *that means... that means...*

With a soft, high-pitched, feminine whimper, Sergei swept the long, straight dark hair out of his eyes, hooked it behind his tiny ears. *Stared* down at his too-wide hips, at his slender new legs, at the way his waist suddenly kinked in.

“Serg...” Tom’s voice again, gruffer than it had ever been before, its accent different, “I think...”

In panic, the strong Russian man held hands up in front of his eyes that were small and dainty with tiny wrists and slender fingers. Grabbed hold of his face and felt the tiny nose, the big, beautiful eyes, the soft and plump lips. Clutched hold of his long, voluminous hair and *screamed* – a high-pitched, feminine squeal.

There was no longer any denying it.

He was a *girl* now. A Chinese girl. The star had taken him, carelessly swapped his race, his gender, his history.

And there was *nothing* he could do about it...

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Also by Lisa Change

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They Turned Me into My Girlfriend's Mom

They're just two little words: "I wish..." But what happens when your wishes come true?

Aiden's trapped. Somehow, against all the laws of nature, this cocky, 18-year old jock has had his gender magically swapped. Now Aiden the school boy is gone, and in his place is Natalie.

Natalie, the glamorous 37-year old woman with supermodel looks and a handsome, rich husband. Natalie, the mom all the boys at school are secretly in love with.

Natalie, who just happens to be the mother of Aiden's girlfriend.

Suddenly learning to deal with life as a grown up is hard enough. But learning to deal with life as an elegant older woman, while also being a mom to his former-girlfriend and a wife to her hunky daddy threatens to drive Aiden into madness.

What's that old expression again? *Be careful what you wish for...*

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James knew it was bad, spying on school girls. And now this naughty boy is paying the price. He's been forced by magic to **turn into a teenage girl**.

Now there's no more James, only Juliet. Blonde, 18-year old Juliet with her curvy body and innocent face. Juliet, whose real name and past as a boy no-one can remember. Juliet, whose mind is changing too, and can't stop herself from daydreaming about all the hunky guys...

Surely this is all a dream. There's no way a man could *really* be trapped as a schoolgirl. There's no way he could *really* be forced to wear an adorable little uniform and do what the older girls tell him to. There's no way any of this is really happening...

...right?

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My New Life as a School Girl

“I had no choice. I’d broken the rules. And now the school were gonna **force me to become a girl.**”

18-year old Eliot has always been the school badboy. The kid who doesn’t play by the rules. But now things are changing, and the baddest boy is about to become the goodest girl!

As part of an experimental punishment, the school uses pioneering technology to **swap Eliot’s gender**. In the blink of an eye, this sporty alpha male goes from handsome Eliot to busty beauty Ellie, the cutest girl at school!

But the change has altered more than just Eliot’s body. As he struggles to navigate the terrifying world of high school as a teenage beauty, Eliot finds himself developing strange feelings for his male friends. Will this gender-swapped boy be able to resist his body’s new urges? Or will he find himself slowly succumbing to his romantic yearnings for the guys around him...?

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About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

To see hot new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her [blog](#).

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