

# South of the Border (Mexican Twin Sisters TFTG)

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## A Story Tier Prompt

*When a group of college students go south of the border to Mexico for spring break, best friends Angus and Jared decide to party a little too hard. Their insensitivity to local custom annoys a local bruja, who decides to transform them into a pair of Mexican twin sisters who can't even understand English anymore. They can only turn back if they help her with the household chores, but things take an unexpected turn for all three.*

## South of the Border

### Part 1: The Curse

“Spring break ya’ll!”

Angus’ cheer was picked up by the rest of the group in the tour bus, much to the chagrin of their driver. His best friend Jared was the other loudest individual, standing up in his seat and holding up a half-empty beer.

“Fuckin’ spring break, hell yeah!” he cried, throwing the beer down the aisle. A number of the girls laughed, cheering with him as well. The music was blasting loudly as they crossed the border into Mexico. It was the well-deserved holiday they’d all been looking forward to: the hard partying students from Texas State were more than excited to finally hit it hard in Cancun, celebrating on the beach, in the bar, and - of course - in the bedroom. Angus and Jared were the main instigators of this journey. The two had been inseparable best friends since high school, and now that they were twenty one years old, they had scrounged enough cash along with their friends and girlfriends to go celebrating: big time.

“This is gonna be so awesome, dude,” Angus Izaac said, taking another drink of beer as the true journey by bus began. He was a tall, muscular white man who constantly wore shades regardless of whether he was indoors or outdoors, and always had a shit-eating grin on his face regardless of the situation. There was a lot of ‘regardless’ about Angus actually: he loved to flaunt the social order, make a party where there wasn’t one, and move from babe to babe. His surfer blonde hair and easy confidence made him a hit with the ladies, and so he was keen to get it on with some sexy ‘Mexicanas’ when they arrived. He liked foreign girls, and even more the notion that he could just love ‘em and leave ‘em, so this trip was tailor-made for his preferences.

“Hell yeah it is!” Jared replied. “I can’t wait to get totally shitfaced and party till the sun comes up - especially with these sexy ladies here.”

He grinned at some of the girls, some of whom even smiled back. They all knew why they were here, and there were worse pickings than Jared Hartley. He didn't have the height or natural good looks that his best friend had, but he was built like a brick shithouse, being a rabid gymgoer. He was also the craziest partier ever: there was no one who could outdrink him, or out-bombast him at a party. He was always the centre of it, and while he didn't have the same success with the ladies as his friend, he didn't have the higher standards either. Suffice to say he always ended up in another woman's bed the day after a party, with no knowledge of who she was or how he got there, but happy all the same. He'd heard that there were plenty of great drugs to try in Mexico, and that it was easy as a tourist to get ahold of them and bribe the police, and so, content in this stereotype, he was more than happy to go along with Angus' spring break idea.

"This is gonna be the best trip ever," he said.

"Hell yeah, brother!" Angus replied, fist-bumping him. "Mexico won't know what hit it!"

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Mexico did have a good idea of what hit it, actually. Far from being a surprising new set of partygoers mixing things up, Angus and Jared were entirely unaware that their kind of hard partying was just the annoying norm for many of the locals in Cancun. It was one of the most popular tourist destinations south of the border, after all, and there were seemingly as many tourists - mostly from America - as there were locals.

Not that it mattered to the pair, and not that they recognised it either. Along with their fellow college students, they were slamming down drinks, getting utterly wasted, and dancing long into the night. Angus found a few local girls he was able to convince to fuck him, while Jared indeed got his drugs, though it cost far more than he expected.

"Ah well, when in Rome, right brother?"

Angus laughed, and fistbumped his friend again. They had booked a ritzy tourist hotel that was close to the beach, and each morning they liked to watch the sexy latinas, as well as the girls they had brought along, walking and sunbathing and swimming in their revealing bikinis. The two rated the women, and made bets on which ones they could convince to go to bed with them. For Jared, he met good success: they were throwing some wild parties around the bar, after all, and almost got kicked out more than once.

There were other activities, of course. The girls wanted to go out on the tour to see the whale sharks, while some of the other guys wanted to partake in local festivities and chill. But not so for Angus Izaac and Jared Hartley. The pair were here for two weeks, and both had an eye to take it all in as if they had flooded their system with a combination of ecstasy and cocaine (a mix Jared was probably already on at points). And so, when the gang wanted

a rest from the endless partying, drinking, dancing, and fucking, the two leaders of this Spring Break expedition took their business elsewhere for the day, choosing to go further into the city itself and be closer to the locals.

“Been looking for the genuine experience anyway,” Angus said. “A lot of these girls are hot, but they’re not local. I can’t cross a country off the list until I fuck a nice Latina or Mexicana, or whatever the difference is, here on their home turf, y’know?”

“Amen brother,” Angus replied. “Besides, these places are all too safe. I want somewhere rough and tumble where I can throw my weight around. Show these locals that there’s a new sheriff in town.”

They laughed, clasped each other on the back, and as usual, they gave one another a fistbump. The plan was set: they’d get lost in the city and enjoy a wild night away from the others and the safety of the hotel, and see the ‘real Mexico’, at least as they thought of it.

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Angus and Jared laughed as they strolled through the streets of Cancun. It was a long, long strip given the thinness of the city itself, and though they didn’t realise it, it was still pretty touristy. They had managed to wander to the edges though, at a point well past midnight. Both men were utterly drunk, with Jared on party drugs that had resulted in them being kicked out of the last club due to trying to size up and fight several Mexican men who were also there. He’d overestimated his own strength, or underestimated theirs, and so the hot Mexican girls they were trying to impress had only giggled as they were escorted out and thrown to the ground, and threatened with police action unless they returned. Angus had been a bit annoyed, but with how much drink he’d imbibed, he was happy instead to sing loudly with his friend down the street as they headed to more remote parts of the city.

“God, that hot chick had massive tits, didn’t she?” Angus said.

“The biggest!” Jared replied. “And that other girl could have been her twin!”

“Fucking hell, can you imagine twins like that? Doing both at once?”

“I hear Mexican girls like it spicy,” Jared said, cackling. He finished his bottle and threw it against an apartment building wall, chuckling as it smashed into small shards. “I bet they’d be all over that.”

“It’s all that Spanish blood in their heritage or whatever,” Angus slurred drunkenly.

“Nah, it’s the southern air or something. Just does something and makes them all spicy latinas. The hot ones, that is. God, I fucking love their suntanned skin.”

“Olive,” Jared corrected. “You call it olive. I fucking love olives.”

“Yeah, I bet you’d love to taste them, wouldn’t you?”

It was at this point that they practically bowled over an old Mexican grandmother who they hadn't seen trying to stop them, and probably wouldn't have cared if they did, they were so drunk. She cried out in something they didn't understand - neither had bothered to learn a lick of Spanish, after all - and then proceeded to scrabble backwards.

"Woah, watch out where you're going lady!"

The tiny little old woman scowled as she drew herself up - neither man had tried to help her. In fact, they both had grins on their faces at the amusing sight of the old grandma picking herself up and grasping for her cane.

"What is wrong with you *gringos*?" she asked in a thick accent. "You ran into me! You could have killed me!"

Angus shrugged. "Lady, I can barely even understand your accent, but this isn't our fault. It's a busy street - well, usually busy. Probably. Besides, we've been partying. What did you expect running in front of us?"

"I expected you to stop and listen to an old woman as a sign of respect, *pendejo!*" she replied, waving her cane. "The whole neighbourhood can hear you! I was just visiting my daughter and helping her with her little *mija*, when suddenly the worst things we hear! Horrible things about *mujer* - women - and about us as Mexicans, and then the most vile words! And then you hurl a bottle at the wall of my daughter's apartment and smash it, scaring her little *mija* as it was going to sleep! *Pendejo!* Change your behaviour! Respect the place you are visiting, tourists!"

Angus and Jared shared a laugh, but in their drunken state could only respond by cackling out loud.

"Lady, we're just two boys having a good time! I'm sure we did no damage!" Jared said. "Besides, who's gonna stop us? We're owning this town. Why don't you go back inside and see to your daughter-"

"And is she a hot daughter?" Angus said, chuckling to himself. "She got big milky Latina titties after giving birth, I bet!"

"Maybe we should pay her a visit?" Jared added, also tittering. "Or else we could just go to the next club, get even more wasted, and fuck all the hot Latinas we like."

"See ya round, old Mexican bitch," Angus said, spitting on the ground.

It was then that the little old woman's eyes went wide. She'd clearly never been so affronted in her life.

"*Dios mio*," she muttered. "Stop, both of you! I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll *never forget*, you racist, sexist, awful *gringos!*"

The pair stopped in their tracks and looked back. They managed to contain their expressions one last time in response to the old woman's pouting, then burst out laughing again. She huffed, furious, and pointed out with her cane. She muttered in her native tongue,

and it sounded like a strange chant almost, with rhymes and utterances that were a little out of this world. For a moment, it almost looked like her eyes went *green*, but that was impossible, and both men chalked it up to the drugs and alcohol. When she finished, she spat on the ground, then rubbed her sandal where she'd spat.

"There, you are cursed," she said, returning to her thickly accented English. "Both of you will find yourselves quite changed soon! Come and see me if you wish to undo my curse."

"A curse?" Angus said, amused.

"Yes, I am what you would call a *bruja* of the old ways," she said smugly, drawing herself up to her full, albeit unimpressive, height. "You both talked dirty shit about Mexican women, about 'doing it' with twins, and them having big *tetas* and all that. Well, you can enjoy it more up close than you could ever have imagined, *pendejos!*"

She clapped her hands together, as if dusting them off from a long day's hard work, and turned to head back to her apartment, evidently satisfied.

"Wow, we're real scared, old bitch!" Jared said, chuckling.

"Yeah, just terrified!" Angus retorted. "Can you seriously believe that?"

"Yeah, just *loco*, right?"

"Absolutely. Crazy *anciana*. What an old *bruja*."

They shrugged their shoulders, laughed a bit at the ridiculousness of it, and moved on with their night, intent on hitting more bars, more clubs, and hitting *on* more women. Neither of them seemed to notice that they had just sprinkled some Spanish into their dialect, or that the twang in their voices had a slightly local favour, and not just the southern twang they were accustomed to. Neither realised, in fact, that the curse was real, and that their changes were only just beginning.

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The partying continued into the morning, but as it continued, the nature of both young men changed. The old *bruja*'s curse seemed into their skin and bones, her transformative magic slowly altering their appearances down to a molecular level. Neither noticed: this too, was part of the magic, and intended to make the final revelation of their change all the more surprising and humiliating.

Firstly, Angus and Jared began talking more and more in a bilingual fashion. Spanish words would slip into their vocabulary: *hola* instead of 'hey' or 'hi', *gracias* instead of 'thanks' when a drink was passed into their hand, and so on. Angus even told an attractive woman he was flirting with at the first bar that he drove her crazy. At least, that's what he *thought* he said. Instead, he gave the local equivalent: *Me vuelves loco*. But it wasn't just language, both

men began to even *move* in ways that seemed quite unmanly. Despite attempting to strut their stuff in clubs and attract the ladies or intimidate the men, they were increasingly swaying their hips from side to side, or sticking out their chest and their butts at the same time, as if trying to affect the stance of a sexy woman in heels. Both occasionally stroked their hair or grinned at a man without even meaning to, but while they had an odd moment of recognition that this was wrong, they were incapable of examining it, or why more and more women were turning them down and even giggling at them, despite them seeming to share a language somehow.

This was, of course, the result of the physical transformations that followed. As they partied and danced, their forms altered, and their clothing too. Both men were tall, but they lost height dramatically over the course of several hours until they were both just 5'5 in height, below average for a woman. They shook their asses on the dance floors, and it was obvious why: they were developing large *culos* that were growing by the minute, bouncy yet firm, round and appealing. Some of the men stared at them, and they couldn't figure out why.

On their chests, their nipples flared, growing along with the flesh behind them so that slowly yet surely they gained pairs of breasts: big ones, too. They grew even as the rest of them shrank: in the shoulders, in the legs, in the biceps, though their thighs remained thick. Their hair body hair shrank back in, while the hair on their heads grew out long and luscious and curly and full. Blonde and brunette respectively, both Angus and Jared now had dark, dark black hair, and the same went for their eyebrows as well. Both of them developed attractive green eyes, and their faces slowly changed to become soft, with full brown lips and long, yet refined noses. Their entire skin bronzed, taking on the mid-olive tone that Jared had been correcting Angus on, the kind of skin that both of them went wild for.

And throughout all of this, their breasts continued to grow, and their manhoods shrink. They should have noticed, particularly once their shirts became tight crop tops that hugged their full tits and presented a wild amount of cleavage, and when their shorts became sexy skirts that clung to their asses, conforming to their shape. Their hands became dainty, their feet too, and after finishing up at a bar where a couple of dudes definitely did not want to fight Jared for some reason, and in fact were asking all sorts of weird questions about them, they waltzed out on cute high heels, their *culos* swaying and giving all the boys a show. A number of them whispered.

"*Penejos!*" Angus shouted, not even realising that his voice was now high and soft and thickly accented.

"You tell them, *hermano*," Jared replied, but then he corrected it: "I mean, *hermana*."

They now looked utterly identical, a set of sexy twins who were only getting sexier by the second. Tourists were catcalling them, and it was freaking them out that they were being mocked. Their breasts bounced on their chests, growing and growing and growing until they

each had a gorgeous set of E-cups, ripe cantaloupes that they would have done anything to grope and squeeze and shove their faces into just earlier that day.

But still they partied, until it was four am, and both were getting tired. Their long dark curls bounced against their backs as they danced one last time at a popular club. Guys were surrounding them, cheering and trying to get closer. One had even touched Jared's ass, and he had tried to chase off the man, who just laughed. Angus was trying to ask out some of the girls, but they just giggled and told him that there was 'another bar' that was more 'her type.' The fact that they thought he was girly insulted him, but all he could do was try his luck with another group and keep dancing.

And then it finally happened. As their bodies finalised their changes, as the last body hair fell away or disappeared, as the last touches of feminine beauty and makeup were applied to their forms, their transformations finished in the only way they possible could: their manhoods pulled back inside their bodies, altering to become vaginal passages, and a new organ that could only be a womb bloomed within each of them. They had crossed the threshold. They were now, as they had so derided and lusted after, a pair of sexy, spicy Latinas.

And in that same moment, they both now realised it, looking down at their busty, curvy, hourglass-shaped sexy bodies, which were now not only the wrong gender but the wrong race. The new set of twins exchanged a horrified glance, both freezing on the dance floor, and realising that they really had been cursed to be women.

*"Dios mio!"* the woman who had once been Angus cried.

Jared simply screamed.

## **Part 2: The Aftermath**

The two hot hispanic women looked at one another, utterly freaked out. Several men approached them, and women too, asking if they were okay. Asking *in Spanish*. Spanish which they somehow understood fluently. The two new women had to excuse themselves awkwardly, Angus grabbing the hand of her friend and pulling her out of the club. It was still night, though heading towards morning, and it was only in the glow of the lights outside the bar that the two transformees could grapple with their changes.

"My chest is moving. I've got tits!" Jared cried.

"Me too, sister. I mean, sister. Ugh! Something is weird about my mind, too. I'm wearing a fucking crop top and skirt!"

"Mine is pink! God, these tits are hanging out the bottom too they're so big!"

"Mine is worse!"

“No sis, look at me!”

But then they paused, taking in the other more than themselves for the first time. It was like looking into a warped mirror: they were both identical in nature, as if they were twins. Twin *hermanas*. Sisters! Each gaped, trying to figure out what was happening, if they were drunk or high. The latter seemed the best option. But then why were they only thinking in Spanish? Why was English hard for them to even say? When Angus spoke, it was with a sexy Mexican accent, and entirely in *her* new native language, no trace of English whatsoever.

“Jared, are you seeing yourself as a woman too? You are Jared, right?”

Jared nodded, eyes wide. She was utterly gorgeous, which meant that Angus was too. Both had full, dark lips and large eyes, their eyebrows thick yet feminine, their dark hair long and slightly curly, giving them the exotic look they’d both been very much into, especially Angus. Irony of ironies that he was now literally inside the busty body of an incredibly curvaceous Mexican party girl, when he’d been wanting to get with one more than anything during this spring break trip.

“*Si*,” Jared said. “*Si. Si. Si*. It’s me. *Si*. It’s me. *Si*.”

She was breathing heavily, hyperventilating. She continued to say ‘yes’ over and over again like a broken record until Angus crossed the small space between them and slapped her lightly across the face, breaking her out of it.

“Sorry! I was - what’s happened to us? Is this real?”

“Tell me what you see when you look at me.”

For a moment, Jared grinned, eyeing Angus up and down. “I see a really, really sexy Mexican chick with a totally sweet rack.”

Angus’ shoulders sagged, which only had the effect of making her boobs wobble in her revealing crop top, their marvellous cleavage on display to the point where a wardrobe accident was being teased. “I see the same looking at you,” she replied. “What the actual fuck? How could this happen?”

Jared was not usually the brighter of the pair, but he was the first to make the deduction.

“That old *abuela* who said she was cursing us! She said all those strange things!”

Angus clenched her fists, remembering. The pair were still tipsy, and with their new feminine hormones they were even more flooded with emotion than ever. She had to blink back tears, she was so angry and humiliated.

“She said she would curse us for being a pair of misogynistic *gringos*,” Angus said, remembering as well as she could. She looked down at her breasts, perfect full teardrops that were full and brown and perfect. “She fucking made us experience what it’s like to have bit *tetas* and to be *twins*.”



“Twins?”

“Josefina, look at us in the window of the bar! We look fucking identical! We’re even dressed identically, and with the same long hair style. The only difference is that our clothes are different colours!”

‘Josefina’s’ jaw dropped as she took this in. Not only was she now female, and brown, and only capable of speaking Spanish, but she was now also the *sister* to her best friend.

“T-twin sisters,” she mumbled, eyes wide. “Twin sisters. Amarissa, this is crazy!”

‘Amarissa’ turned. “What did you just say to me?”

“I said, this is crazy.”

“No, Josefina, you called me Amarissa!”

“That’s your name - wait, hang on. *Dios mio*, this is getting *loco!*”

The pair freaked out again. It was as if one final mental change had been draped over them, and now they were complete. It was impossible not to think of themselves as female, despite having a lifetime of experience as men. And now just men: the kind of dudes who fucked hot women and partied hard as the alphas of their frat. Who were so buried in masculinity that women were little more than a sexy commodity to them.

At least, that’s what they had been.

Now, the former Angus and Jared were stuck with feminine names and feminine identities, and even that was making them tear up.

“Stop fucking c-crying!” Amarissa spat at Josefina.

“Y-you’re crying too!”

“I’m not! I’m just - oh God, this is a nightmare. Why the fuck am I crying? I can’t stop my emotions from flowing. This is shit!”

“So shit, sis!”

“I’m not your sis, sis!”

“Ugh!”

They both raged for a moment, alone out on the dark street outside the still-open bar. Both were utterly unused to their new bodies: the way they swayed, how their hips rocked, and even the lower centre of gravity . . . except where their massive tits were concerned. Several times they each moved to adjust their breasts, trying to keep them more snugly in their crop tops, but there was nothing stopping them from showing themselves off, and nothing to prevent that either. Even their midriffs were exposed, and what gorgeous toned bellies they had at that. Exactly the kind of bodies that Amarissa would have gone wild for. Josefina, being the former party sensation, would have prided herself on throwing the kind of bash that would bring such hot twins in, and no doubt the two friends would have tried to score a twin each.

Instead, someone else was hoping to instead.

“Holy shit! I see a pair of hot *chicas*, fellas!”

The pair turned to see a couple of men, also drunk, approaching. They were not locals, both being white and about their age.

“Fuck yeah,” the other said. “How are you going, lovely *senoritas*? Looking to party with some guys who’ll know how to treat you to a good time?”

Their accents sounded English. One was licking his lips, and the other was staring intently at Amarissa’s breasts. She covered them instinctively, feeling suddenly very vulnerable.

“N-no! I’m having a private conversation with my sister!”

Is what she meant to say. And she did say it: in *Spanish*. And that was when the next mental change occurred. The two men laughed, and one threw out another line that was clearly a come-on. Judging from his gesticulation, he was now talking about Josefina’s perfectly pert ass against her tight mini-skirt, but that was only a guess.

“I - I can’t understand you anymore!” Josefina cried. “What language are you speaking?”

“They’re speaking *ingles*, *stupido*,” Amarissa said, trying to keep her calm. “We’ve lost our ability to understand it.”

“What!? No!”

The other man chuckled, wandering closer. Stumbling a little, in fact. He wasn’t bad looking, but he stank of alcohol, and reeked of ill intent. He drew close to Josefina, who was trying to prove her nonexistent manhood by standing her ground even as Amarissa drew back a little. Then the man said something while looking at Josefina’s chest, and she could just make out one word: “*Tetas*.”

He reached out and groped her.

Several things happened all at once. Josefina immediately felt a surge of embarrassment and hatred. She was vulnerable and overwhelmed, and the fact that his hands squeezing her boobs through her top felt kinda nice only made it all the worse.

The second was that she slapped him. Hard.

The third thing was that the man tried to pull her forward to kiss him on his lips.

And the fourth thing was that Amarissa screamed like an Amazonian warrior and surged forward to push the man over. He stumbled back, collapsing back against his friend, who shouted something angrily.

“Let’s get out of here! Back to that woman!”

“Where is she?” Josefina asked, but Amarissa was already pulling her away.

“We’ll find out once we’re away from those disgusting *gringos*!”

They ran, evading the men’s shouts.

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The pair of feminised former men wandered the streets of Cancun up and down. They knew the house was on the outskirts, but island-linked design made it hard to even navigate back to the mainland area where those suburbs would even be. They'd wandered far in their partying, and now the panic over what had happened was making it difficult to not only retrace their steps, but navigate what would normally be easily navigable. And the whole time this was happening, they still had to contend with being a pair of hot young hispanic women who were tired, getting hungover, and getting catcalled by a seemingly endless parade of tourists and local men alike.

"I love me some twins!"

"Nice *tetas!*"

"Shake those hips, baby!"

"Mhmm-hmm! Love to watch you both walk away!"

"Ever up for a threesome? No? I'm more than enough for two!"

"Bless your mother for bringing you into the world, because you are fiiiiine!"

"What a pair of *chicas!*"

Not all of it was in a language they could understand, but the intent was clear. The pair were rapidly developing a form of safety radar that all women everywhere grow up with. Neither Josefina nor Amarissa had ever put much thought into women's own concerns beyond the realm of the sexual - and even that came from self-centred interest - but now they were having to adjust rapidly to living as women, and all the vulnerability that came with it. The fact that a passerby had actually dared to grope both their asses at once before running off had been the height of humiliation. Josefina had wanted to chase them, but Amarissa had to remind her that they were not strong anymore, not even close.

"We have to focus on getting back to that bitch of an *abuela*, apologising if we need to and playing nice and shit, and then getting her to turn us back. *Si?*"

Josefina sighed. "*Si*. God, I'm so hungry. Can I at least have some food?"

Amarissa paused, and her eyes went wide. "We don't have any money or identities, remember? All that shit went the second we finished changing."

"Can't we beg?"

"Please, we'll have a bunch of horny dudes wanting to fuck us in exchange for giving us treats. We've been on the other side of that, Josefina."

But both their stomachs rumbled in unison, appropriately enough given their new twin nature. They were famished, and the fact was that with the loss of so much muscle, walking the city was now tiring.

“We’ll just have to endure and figure it out, dude. Think of it this way: we suffer now, change back, and then forget this shit ever happened. We’ll track down some girls that look as hot as we do now, and fuck them until we forget for real.”

Josefina laughed. “And I’ll get so drunk I won’t remember doubly. Though I doubt we’ll find *chicas* as good as us, huh? These are some ripe *tetas!*”

Amarissa actually managed a giggle. She was annoyed at how softly sensual her voice was, but she couldn’t deny Josefina’s words. They really were the hottest of the hot. It was torture, to be so close to what they wanted yet impossibly far. Josefina felt that way too, and was musing on the same. And then suddenly, salvation, or at least a form of it, seemed a lot closer.

“Amarissa! Look!”

She pointed a finger towards a nearby breakfast place.

“We don’t have *pesos*.”

“No, look! It’s our Spring Break crew!”

Sure enough, it was them. Several of their compatriots, including Sam, Dylan, Lilly, and Amanda were all seated under the shade, enjoying some morning light cocktails and fine Mexican breakfasts. They wore their sunglasses and summer dresses (shorts and Hawaiian shirts for the boys) like the archetypical tourist group. They seemed to be having a good time.

“Let’s go to them!” Josefina exclaimed. “They can help us!”

She ran forward, even when Amarissa called for her to stop. It was classic Jared of the past though, never quite thinking ahead. He moved with alacrity to the shaded outside area where the group was sitting.

“Sam! Lilly! Dylan! Amanda! It’s me! Josefina! I mean, your friend who disappeared last night! You’ve got to help us. We were transformed into these sexy *senoritas* and now I’m wearing a crop top and skirt and I’m brown and I can only understand and speak . . . Spanish.”

The group looked at her like she was a wild woman as Amarissa caught up. They talked to one another, keeping their voices low and clearly discussing who on earth this strange woman was. Dylan indicated for her to sit though, and she did, even as Amarissa hissed at her to stop.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“He recognises me!”

“None of our friends speak Spanish!”

But they *could* understand their own names being told. Josefina held out hope, repeating them while pointing. “Dylan. Sam. Lilly. Amanda.”

They were confused, though not rude about it. They were clearly trying to ask her who she was and how she knew them. Sam seemed to make a realisation, but from his gesticulation it was obvious that he thought she served them last night.

“No! No! I’m your friend! For God’s sake, Sam, we’ve talked about hot *chicas* together before. I dated your sister!”

“It won’t work. Josefina, let’s get out of here. We’re going to get kicked out soon anyway!”

Josefina was about to try a new track when things went sideways. Dylan, who had sometimes been her partner in crime and wingman when Amarissa wasn’t around, began to lower his hand. He placed it on her perfect brown thigh, stroking it softly as he leaned towards her. Josefina went bug-eyed, and scrambled backwards, nearly toppling over.

“You idiot!” she screeched to the confused man. “I wasn’t coming on to you!”

“I told you this was stupid sis!”

Josefina placed her hands on the table, accidentally giving everyone a look at her perfect breasts. Sam was transfixed, and for the first time she realised he had a nice jawline. A very handsome one. Amarissa noticed the same, and it made her nipples throb for a moment. Both shut those thoughts away quickly.

“You all suck!” Josefina cried.

And then she snapped a plate of *huevos rancheros* and ran for it, scoffing it down as quickly as she could. Amarissa was so struck that for a moment she didn’t move. Then, without waiting any further, she grabbed Lilly’s meal and ran for it too.

The two women fled, their curves jiggling heavily, from the restaurant, even as several people tried to chase them. Like cartoon characters, they ate down what they could to give them the strength to outrun their pursuers. They lose them a block later, but the embarrassment would chase them a while further yet.

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It took far too long to find the old *bruja*’s house again. The twin girls were utterly tired by that point. Like a pair of actual sisters, they even had their hands around each other’s waists, leaning against one another as they walked as if in solidarity. The comments hadn’t stopped, though some nice women had complimented them on their styles. It had actually been oddly nice to hear, in fact.

What hadn’t been nice, however, was the realisation that their sexualities had flipped. It had been after the two had looked at Sam’s impressive jawline and wonderfully manly shoulders. Neither talked about it much, but they occasionally pointed out a sexy woman -

Mexican or foreign - who was wandering the streets in a revealing outfit, and both acted like they were definitely, totally into her.

But they weren't, and they both knew it.

Instead, whenever they passed a well-muscled man, or cute pretty boy, or hard working local fella with a rugged look on his face, they couldn't help but turn their heads a little and drink it in. There were a lot of attractive men in Cancun, and only just now were they noticing. Occasionally, they even let it slip.

"Mhm," Amarissa moaned, being the more horny of the pair. "Nice muscles on that one."

"Super nice. Fuck, I bet he could lift me right up and - shit."

"Fuck."

"Let's keep moving."

"Goddamn it, why are we bisexual?"

"Sure. Bisexual. Lots of hot women around here."

It was a cover, and they both knew it, but they needed the shared fantasy of still having some attraction to the fairer sex. Anything else would be too humiliating to confront. Thankfully, they might not have to confront it too much longer, because just as all hope seemed to be lost, the pair rounded a corner, and the tired events of last night came back in a rush. There, up the street, was the place where the *abuela bruja* was staying to help her daughter and her baby. Where they had been loud and ignorant and rude and gotten themselves cursed into these sexy latina bodies as a result.

And best of all, that very same *abuela* was visible in the side yard, hanging up wet clothing on a line, ready to be baked by the Mexican sun.

"Finally!" Amarissa exclaimed. "It's time to turn back, sister."

"Fuck yeah, sis."

They didn't even fight against the label this time. It felt appropriate for the pair. The two sisters marched forwards to confront the woman who had cursed them. Their boobs bounced, their hips swayed, but all the femininity in the world couldn't stop their male confidence as they advanced. They reached the homestead, and the *abuela* still hadn't noticed them. Her back was to them.

"Hey, *abuela*," Josefina said. "We need to talk."

The woman turned her head just slightly enough to see them, and then she grinned.

"You're right, young girls, we do. Come on in. I'll make us some tea."

### Part 3: The Abuela

The older woman acted as if she expected them. Perhaps she had. She grinned, her prune-like features wrinkling up as she served tea from the small kitchen of the apartment. It wasn't a massive space, and in fact quite cramped by the two boys-turned-girls' standards. They were sat awkwardly upon an old couch next to one another, and after so much of the day walking it was actually quite relaxing, though it forced them to once more take in their own changes, from their gorgeous brown skin to their voluptuous curves, to the way their chests rose and fell with their paired breaths. The friends were now a pair of twins, and it was hard not to have some sort of sisterly bond already as they sat waiting with bated breaths.

"How long is this going to take, *abuela*?" Josefina asked.

Amarissa shushed her. Her friend was always quicker to act, and as her sister she was no different.

"What?" Josefina said. "We're fucking chicks, *chica*! We're meant to be white *gringos*! We're meant to have dicks!"

"Such poor language," the abuela noted. "You'll never be turned back if you still have dreadful potty mouths like that."

She brought over some tea on a tray, as well as some fajitas for consumption.

"Go on," she said in a voice that was far too kindly. "Eat up. They're not cursed, I assure you. I only cast one of those at a time, and it's worked well enough. Neither of you have identities now, I'm sure, so I have little doubt you're starving."

The two sisters looked at one another briefly, then began eating and drinking. The tea was incredibly refreshing, but it was their stomachs that needed filling. The older woman cackled playfully as they chowed down.

"Well, if I didn't know you used to be men, I would certainly know now from those table manners. Not exactly lady-like!"

"That's because we're not ladies," Amarissa said, wiping her mouth crudely with her forearms. "We're guys. We've come to change back, and hope that you accept our apologies."

The abuela sipped her tea slowly, drawing out the tension from her seat opposite them. "Apologies for what? I realise I don't know your names."

"Amarissa."

"Josefina."

Both exchanged a foul look. They were clearly not the names they wanted to provide. It was enough to make the older woman laugh again.

“Ah, it has been a while since I weaved such an elaborate curse! Good to know that the mental element has worked perfectly. It is lovely to meet you, Amarissa and Josefina. Much better than the two boys I met last night who behaved so horribly with my daughter and her baby and myself.”

Josefina sighed. “We didn’t mean - we were drunk!”

“And this excuses your behaviour?”

The girl bit her tongue. “No, it doesn’t. Look, we’re really sorry and stuff.”

“Sorry for . . . ?”

Amarissa took up her friend’s slack. She was usually a bit more verbose and charismatic than Josefina. “For the horrible things we said about you and your daughter and family. For the comments, uh, about big *tetas*.”

The abuela snorted.

“And the jokes about having babies, and about wanting to find sexy chicas as if they were objects.”

“Yeah, like objects,” Josefina added. “And for being really gross and drunk and loud. That one is more on me.”

The abuela nodded appreciatively, but said nothing more.

“We’ll make it up to you,” Josefina said. “Senora, uhh . . .”

“Senora Lopez,” the woman said, sipping her tea, “but for the role you are playing, perhaps it is best you simply call me Abuela Maria. Or Abuela, for short. After all, if you truly are sorry, that means you’re willing to make amends, yet?”

Amarissa swallowed, detecting a trap. “Amends?”

“Well, you admit you’ve committed a number of transgressions against my family, and made my daughter feel very unsafe. She’s hard at work right now, and I’m tending to her little girl for the day. So I expect you to remain in our current forms a little longer as punishment, and to provide some help for me.”

The two new Mexican girls couldn’t believe what they were hearing. Josefina jumped to her feet, trying to ignore how her various parts shook. “Are you kidding me? This is *loco!* We said we’re sorry and we mean it! You can’t keep us stuck like this!”

The abuela scowled. “My granddaughter’s name is Sofia, and by the way she is sleeping in the other room, so I must ask that you remain quiet and do not stir her, or else I shall extend your time as a pair of local girls much, much longer.”

Josefina sat back down, deflated.

“Very good. Now, as I was saying, I feel you owe me some amends. Last night was difficult getting little Sofia back to sleep, and it has also meant that my lovely daughter Gabriella is also dealing with lack of sleep - she is a single mother! I think you can imagine that this is most unfair.”



“*Si*,” Amarissa said. “Of course.” She tried to give a conciliatory smile, hoping for just a day’s work or something to set aside before she could be returned to her body. She didn’t expect the old *bruja* to propose a much more involved plan.

“Then it is only just that you make up for your misdeeds by spending a whole week helping us out with the baby and running chores to make my daughter and granddaughter’s life easier.”

“A whole *week!*?” Amarissa gasped, nearly spitting out tea. “That’s totally unfair!”

“Yeah, way too unfair!”

“How long were you vacationing down here?”

“Two weeks!” the new sisters said together.

“Well, I can make it two weeks then, if you’d prefer. But I rather think you’d be more happy losing just *half* your time down here than all of it, *si?*”

The girls looked at their busty female forms. It still felt so strange to be women, not to mention ones of another race, and so voluptuous to boot. And that wasn’t even getting into the fact that they were somehow attracted to men now, something neither wanted to fully acknowledge.

“We can’t just give you money or something?” Amarissa suggested, but the indignant scowl from Senora Lopez shut her right up.

“I am far too proud for that!” the woman snapped. “But not so proud to not need help. For the next week - if you want to turn back - you can help me help my family. That means helping with the baby, cleaning the apartment, running chores for me and grabbing my medicine and groceries, and working the toilets. I’m sure I can get you some small jobs to make some money for yourselves on the side, but a portion will have to go to the household. After all, you’ll be helping me cook your meals while you stay here.”

“S-stay here?” Josefina said. “We’re at a fancy hotel, and-”

“No, you are here now, where I can ensure you are on your best behaviour. Besides, here is the only place you’ll have an identity. Congratulations Josefina and Amarissa. You’re my new identical granddaughters from across country! I’m so delighted to have you stay with me!”

The two sisters sagged. They had no choice to go along with this, they knew. No choice, and no chance of turning back unless they acted like good granddaughters.

“Now give your abuela a loving hug!” she said, grinning from ear to ear.

Reluctantly, the two stepped forward to embrace their new abuela, bending over the tiny woman who seemed so fragile before them. Both were deeply aware that they were now living with a powerful *bruja*, though. And they would be for a whole week.

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Another apology had to be given later that day when Gabriella came home. By that time, little Sofia had woken up several times, and Senora Lopez had patiently taught the twin sisters how to feed the little baby her bottle, something neither of the former boys ever expected to do so. This process included burping her, helping her calm down after feeding, and changing her nappy. She was also a bit of a vomity baby, and Josefina was particularly disgusting at having to clean up the pearly, scentless vomit.

When Abuela explained the situation to her daughter, the woman took it well, laughing in an amused fashion at the state the girls were now in.

“Well, well,” she mused, “looks like you received a bit of karma, *si*? Are you enjoying living as a pair of good-looking ‘*senoritas*’ now? On your summer break no less!”

Amarissa and Josefina were quite dour by this point, and made little effort to show it.

“Oh, don’t worry. My mother means well, though she can go a little too far sometimes. Where is she now?”

“Sleeping in her rocking chair,” Josefina said in a frustrated tone, pointing through to the next room where she was comfortably snoring.

Gabriella smirked. “Good. She deserves the rest. It isn’t her fault my *idiota* of a boyfriend knocked me up and ran away with no check to speak of, but she has stepped up. Last night you really pissed her off, I can tell you that.”

“We can tell,” Amarissa mused, indicating her busty body.

“Yes, she liked irony. You made a comment about me having big *tetas*, as I recall her telling me. Well, mine aren’t so small now that I’m feeding, but I bet both of you outclass me, no?”

Indeed, that was the case. Gabriella was actually quite attractive, with just a bit of leftover pudge from birth that her body was working on ridding itself of. But while she had an impressive pair of double-D jugs that she quickly put to use feeding little Sofia when she woke, it was clear that the transformed friends-to-sisters had her beat with their pert E-cups - and they weren’t even a result of producing milk! She looked at the girls with some amusement, waiting for their response.

“It’s weird,” Amarissa said, blushing.

“Super weird.”

“We’re not meant to be like this. Our voices are all strange, and our accents! I can’t help but talk in Spanish!”

Josefina scoffed. “We don’t even *know* English anymore. It’s fucking ridiculous.”

“No swearing around the baby, thank you.”

They both clamped up. Gabriella already seemed nicer than her mother, if a bit mischievous in her enjoyment of their situation, and neither wanted to stir up even more bad blood.

"I can't imagine suddenly having *those* weights on my chest," she mused. "Mine feel bit and full enough already. Though I must say, if you two wanted to explore what it was like to be on the other side of the club life and really find out what it's like to be a woman, you'll have easy luck, looking as you do!"

The pair cringed, Amarissa particularly. She'd been such a woman-chaser as a man, and that instinct hadn't exactly faded away. Instead, she briefly imagined what it would be like to be taken by a hot man, to feel him grope her big tits and brush her womanhood. To insert himself inside her and -

"No way! No way!" she said. "No way, *Jose!*"

Josefina was in similar agreement to her sister, but even she couldn't deny that part of her wanted to party and show off her new body. It was like a new instinct, an undercurrent of her male personality needing to express itself through her generously female form. After all, she'd definitely be at the centre of attention now, and get so much pussy. Well, dick . . .

The pair stuttered and stammered, brushing their hair behind their ears and trying to change the conversation so transparently that Gabriella had to contain her laughter to avoid scaring her feeding baby.

"Oh my! My mother can't help herself. She really did a number on both of you *gringos*, didn't she? Well, I can't say it's entirely deserved."

"We really are sorry though," Amarissa said. "We were both terribly drunk and acting like morons. Look, we're big party girls - normally girls, I mean girls-"

"I know what you mean."

"*Gracias*. We came down here to Cancun to party it up and have sex with hot women. That's not a crime."

"It isn't."

"But we shouldn't have acting like a pair of assholes," Josefina said, finishing her twin's thoughts, something they were doing a good job of ever since they changed.

"Exactly. We're sorry for insulting you and making today so hard."

Gabriella gave an earnest smile. "Forgiven," she said. "But don't get your hopes up, I'm not a *bruja* like my mother. The magic skipped my generation, and I doubt little Sofia here has any affinity. The last *bruja* in her line was abuela's great grandmother. So I can't turn you back."

The pair sighed. It had been a longshot, though.

"I guess we can last one week helping out," Amarissa said. "We'll show we're worth changing back."

“*Si*, we swear it!”

Gabriella nodded. “And I’ll keep my Abuela to her promise, so long as you two are wonderful helpful family members during that time. After all, you’re my nieces now. Congratulations!”

The two couldn’t help but chuckle. They hadn’t even realised the full nature of their position in the family. Perhaps it wouldn’t be such a bad adventure after all?

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The week passed quicker than either of the new sisters might have expected. Yes, it was weird being in the body of young women, and even more so when they were a different race and culture. They were unaccustomed to the more ordinary living of the Lopez family, and had to share a room space together, though at least that felt a little appropriate given that they were twins now. Still, it was a unique experience for the pair of them, and while they grumbled and complained beneath their breaths sometimes, they ultimately went along with what their new abuela wanted, helping to cook and clean and take care of little Sofia, who was admittedly adorable. Amarissa would never admit it, but her personality in particular seemed to have gained a little bit of a maternal side now that she was a woman, because she was more happy to volunteer for changing duties and bottle feedings than Josefina, who generally preferred to do the outside chores, as befitting her more boisterous personality.

Of course, going outside could be a real danger. Not only were they constantly reminded of their attractiveness when others stared and catcalled and made comments on their bodies, but their bodies in turn responded to this. Sometimes with fear - neither were particularly strong anymore - but other times with an undeniable attraction when a come-on was clever or appropriate enough. Their wardrobes weren’t exactly conservative either: Senora Lopez had managed to temporarily transform some of Gabriella’s pre-maternity clothing for them, but as an amused little touch had ensured that it would be “appropriate to your new bodies and personalities, my dears.”

Suffice to say, this meant that crop tops, short denim shorts, little skirts, and tight dresses were their new coverings. Neither were particularly happy about this, and yet there was no denying that they looked utterly fantastic in them either. More than once, Josefina swung her hips a little more in public when picking up the groceries, letting her generous rear outline against her shorts. Amarissa, not one to be beaten on the seduction front, emphasised her own bust when she walked, until they realised what they were doing and stopped out of shame, usually when Gabriella or their new abuela noticed and had a laughing fit.

There were other difficulties too: feminine hygiene, for one. It wasn't all instinctual, and between juggling all their house responsibilities and being appropriately apologetic to the Lopez family, the twins had to figure out the basics of makeup and skincare and how to manage their new plumbing. Abuela found this all amusing, but Gabriella stepped up to help teach them.

"They need to learn, mother," she snapped one morning when Abuela told her to rest up and 'leave the girls to figure it out.' "You are punishing them for being inconsiderate. It would be poor manners for us to be inconsiderate in turn."

Abuela just sighed and gestured agreement. "I have raised far too lovely a daughter, clearly. You are right. I'll look after little Sofia, then. My darling little granddaughter!"

What followed was a rapid educational program to get the twins up to date on their new bodies and how to manage them, something which neither imagined they'd ever receive, or even need less than a week's time anyway. Still, they were grateful, particularly Amarissa, who was taking more care in her appearance than she wanted to admit.

Still, neither acted on their new lusts. That was important. Men were now their interest, but both recognised that this was just a short-term thing, and it still grossed out their male pride. What they could do was indulge in those fantasies in a much more private way. Without speaking of it, or communicating it with each other, the latina twins found times to be alone in their room while the other was out and the rest of the house was busy or asleep. And during that time Amarissa or Josefina would finally give in and feel up their new bodies, caressing their breasts and fondling their nipples, and lowering their soft hands down to their lower lips to rub their sensitive pussies. To say the pleasure was outstanding would be selling it short: their sex drives were fairly voracious, and while it was unavoidable to occasionally mumble and moan and imagine a virile man ploughing their depths, both managed to keep a tight lid on their activities. At least, that's what they hoped. Gabriella sometimes had a knowing smirk, as did their abuela. They were thankful no word was said, however, except for one comment the *bruja* made once: "Ah, to be young again."

Both got quite red in the cheek about that, Josefina especially, since she'd just come out of the room looking a *lot* more relaxed and happy.

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The week had passed, and both former men were greatly looking forward to being men again. They had learned a lot of Spanish they wished to retain, and gained skills in cooking and cleaning that the two entitled boys would probably never have developed. More than that, they had developed a stronger sense of empathy. Which was not to say that they were suddenly enlightened figures - Amarissa was keen to get back to seducing hot chicks and

Josefina partying up and drinking - but they wouldn't be doing so to so much excess in the future, and both had a feeling that this past week would continue to influence them.

"Almost going to miss my big *tetas*," Amarissa remarked as they both carried the groceries to the door of the apartment.

"Me too, but at least we can still feel some ripe ones when we turn back."

"*Dios mio*, it's going to be good to be horny for a girl, for a change."

"And to be able to relax, sis. And to not be sisters."

Amarissa laughed. "We're practically sisters already, Josefina! I mean sisters. Ugh, you know what I mean."

"Sure do. Damn, these bags are heavy. Can't wait to have my jacked arms back as well."

"You always were the more jacked one."

"Ha! You know it! You think they're all worried about us?"

Amarissa sighed. They'd both seen the news article about them missing, but they'd managed to get Abuela to help them send a message out to indicate they were safe. She'd used a bit of magic for that, but hadn't allowed them their bodies back.

"Maybe. The message should be enough, but hopefully we can just get back to the hotel and pretend we were on the biggest bender ever. Shouldn't be too unbelievable for you, Josie."

Josefina laughed. "Well, I know now not to party *too* hard."

They reached the apartment in high spirits, chatting about the parties and girls they planned to have when they were back, but also reminding themselves to steer clear of this particular neighbourhood again.

Only for the pair to suddenly pause when they heard crying within. After a brief shared glance the two transformed sisters strode forth into the living room, their hearts filling with an uncertain dread. And for good reason: Gabriella was on her knees, face flooded with tears as she held her mother's hand. The abuela was sat in her favourite rocking chair, utterly still.

"Mother! Mother! No, no, no, no! Please mother, please no!"

The two girls dropped their groceries as one, twins in every way. Both ran to the old abuela's side, hearts beating frantically as the dawning horror rose upon them. Gabriella's mournful face summoned their worst fears, and a check of the woman's pulse only confirmed them.

Senora Maria Lopez was dead. The *bruja* had gone peacefully in her sleep.

They were stuck as they were.

## Part 4: The Border

The following week was the weirdest of Amarissa and Josefina's lives, not just as women but their former male existences as well. Senora Maria Lopez, the Abuela and *Bruja* who had changed them into hot Mexican women, had died of a sudden stroke. She had, apparently, gone quite peacefully, which was of some consolation to her daughter Gabriella, but *no* consolation at all to the pair of them! In the immediate aftermath of the old woman's death, the two former men had clung to the hope that her magic effects would slowly die with her, or that some failsafe would kick in, or simply that Gabriella would know what to do.

But no such consolation came. Instead, they were left as the twin granddaughters of a now-deceased woman, nieces to her surviving daughter, and still part-caretakers to her child. What else could they do, after all? They didn't have their old identities. They didn't have American citizenship at all. They didn't have their own money, or much in the way of jobs beyond what the Abuela had been able to provide them, and moreover their only home and shelter was in the house of the grieving woman whom they had first insulted back when they were men.

To say things were awkward would be the understatement of the century. When, just thirty minutes after the initial discovery of the body and Gabriella's own despair, Amarissa had tried to broach the subject of turning back, she'd been harshly rebuked.

"How dare you talk to me about this now!" Gabriella had snapped. "My m-mother just died! My Mami! My dear mother, oh God! *Dios mio!* Why is she gone?"

She looked at Amarissa with a hard stare in her eyes. "I don't even want to talk about this right now. Can't you see I've just lost my mother!?"

"*Si*, I see that, but what if there's no time. You must know something of her magic. Josefina and I can't be stuck as women forever, or -"

"We'll talk about it later, after her body is taken away. Oh, Mami, why are you gone? My poor mother . . ."

Josefina tried to broach the subject again once the actual body was taken away, and was even more harshly rebuked. Gabriella actually kicked them out of the house entirely, though thankfully only for the morning, until they had "learned how to let a daughter grieve, god damn you!"

He had always been the less tactful of the pair. It left the twins with some time to come to terms themselves with all that had happened.

"We can't be stuck like this," Amarissa said. "I mean, it's a tragedy, *si*, but what about us? This was only meant to be temporary!"

"I don't want to be stuck as a sexy Latina girl. Or Mexican. Are they are the same?"

“No, but there’s overlap. Look, we shouldn’t even have to think about this, sister! We shouldn’t even *be* sisters!”

“Or interested in men,” Josefina mused. She was looking at several boys of similar ages walking by who were staring at them, and it was making her body respond. Thankfully, the emergency of the situation was great enough that it made her snap out of it quickly.

“We are not giving in to *those* feelings,” Amarissa said. She had, after all, been the one who was always obsessed with sleeping with hot girls as a man. It worried her that she might become quite the slut - at least in her own view - if she was stuck as a woman for life.

“No way.”

“Even if some of the men are really hot.”

“Thank God there’s a tragedy to make my pussy real dry right now.”

But even the joke didn’t land. The former men weren’t malicious, truly. Obnoxious, yes, but they hadn’t wished death on the old woman. When they returned after a silent lunch they found Gabriella crying in her mother’s bedroom, and something in their new feminine natures made them emotionally resonant with the woman. Perhaps it was the possibility of being stuck as women for the rest of their lives, or simply seeing a young mother’s grief while dealing with her own crying child, but the pair of them began to cry as well. They hugged Gabriella, who embraced them back, and all three women held one another, shedding tears for a long time.

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After the funeral, things began to normalise. Amarissa and Josefina had effectively operated on autopilot, living their lives as women and helping Gabriella manage her home and get back on her feet. She really was a lovely woman, and hadn’t wanted them changed in the first place, so her anger after her mother’s death had clearly come from a place of grief. Once she had processed her mother’s loss, she was able to start talking to them about their options, which were increasingly limited now that their original Spring Break party had ended and gone back across the border.

“Thank you for attending my mother’s funeral, you did well to deal with the questions of my extended family. Abuela’s magic was at least strong enough to give you some identity.”

Amarissa and Josefina gave wan smiles. The magic had indeed held strong: that was the problem.

“Is there no way to turn back?” Josefina said. “I mean, we learned our lesson, and we were happy to help out after . . .”



“But we have our own lives,” Amarissa continued. “And we have all these compulsions that are getting hard to ignore. It’s *really* hard not to dress in ways that show off our bodies, and Abuela made us very attracted to men.”

Gabriella gave a sympathetic smile. “I don’t think she intended anything to happen. It was just a punishment.”

“But now I’m stuck with these big *tetas* for life, and with all the cleavage guys can look at! And I’m Mexican! I can’t get back to my home country! Neither of us can!”

“You could always stay here and help me?” Gabriella suggested. Her little one was sleeping, and so they were talking in hushed whispers. “You have been doing so well, and we could find you jobs. We could be a family together, and support one another?”

The offer wasn’t tempting at all: the twin sisters wanted their lives back. But it did tug on the heartstrings, and so it was that Amarissa let her down gently.

“I’m sorry, but we need to get back to our lives. I know we were total asses, but that doesn’t mean we should be stuck, well, with these *culos* forever!”

Gabriella actually giggled - a good sign that she was feeling better. Josefina gestured to her ass for emphasis, which made all of them laugh.

“Good point! Mother certainly gave you curves, that’s for sure! Look, I’ll see what I can do to help you then. If you can just keep helping around the house until I find something, anything, of my mami’s, then that would be appreciated.”

They did, and for several days there was almost a relaxed nature, due to the lack of a deadline. They were already missing - it was in the news that Jared Hartley and Angus Izaac had disappeared, so what further harm could be done? They were effectively just two very pretty and voluptuous young women in Cancun, doing their best to support their ‘aunt’ and making what small money they could from small jobs. It sucked that they were continually catcalled and hit on, and even more that their bodies responded to it quite a bit, but at least they could resist the temptation . . . for now. They were still dressing up quite sexily, unable to help themselves, and even flashing smiles and moving in sensual ways, but they retained hope that Gabriella would find something to help them with.

And find something she did, when one evening she presented the pair with a journal written in Spanish - the only language they could truly understand now.

“Mami’s old journal,” Gabriella explained, looking mournful. “I wish to keep it, but it had some notes about a relative far north in America. There’s no number, but an old address. I couldn’t get in contact, however. You’d need to visit - Mami writes that she is also a *bruja*.”

The sisters exchanged a hopeful glance, nearly shaking with excitement.

“Are you certain?”

"It's the best I could do," she told Josefina. "I'm sorry, but you'll need to get to America. It's a long trip too - she's in Connecticut."

The pair winced. Not exactly where they wanted to go, but it would be something, at least. They still might be able to turn back, if this *bruja* did indeed have the same powers as their abuela.

"How do we know she isn't dead?"

"We don't," Gabriella said sadly. "But she is apparently younger than my mami. Her cousin: Maria. Here's an old photo of her, and here are the entries that talk about her magic - apparently she is good with it! So there may be hope for you."

Both the girls were getting quite excited by this point. The prospect of changing back and assuming their old lives was increasingly a likely one. Already, Amarissa was thinking about all the girls she'd love to fuck when she changed back, even if her thoughts turned more to men with her new nature. Likewise, Josefina was wanting to throw a massive comeback party and invite all the hottest chicks . . . and dudes. They were certainly not without their horniness as women, but they could at least imagine their lives as men once more. Still, there was no doubt they would never catcall or harass a woman like they used to ever again.

"How do we get there?" Amarissa asked, noticing that Gabriella was holding something back.

"That's just the thing," Gabriella said. "You don't have American citizenship anymore, and this will be more than just a holiday. I can't come with you, either. So . . ."

Amarissa realised once again before her sister. "Oh God. We're going to be crossing the border illegally, aren't we?"

Josefina was alarmed. "What? Really?"

"I'm afraid so," their 'aunt' said. "I can't say I'm hugely connected, but I can find someone to take you, I think. Well, someone who knows someone. Once you're across the border, you'll be on your own, and need to rely on strangers. So you'll have to take care of each other."

The two twins sagged.

"That's, like, the one thing we're not terrible at, at least," Josefina murmured. "Right, *hermana?*"

Amarissa sighed, placing a hand around her sister's waist. "Right."

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Gabriella had come through. They almost felt guilty about leaving her, and in fact had waited for her sister to move in so that things could be managed. They blamed their female

hormones on all the sudden compassion they had, and again when Gabriella drove them to her contact and finally parted from them: all three women were blubbery messes, joined together by odd circumstances and unexpected tragedy.

But then the twins were introduced to Carlos, a balding man who would be transporting them across the border in his truck. It was borderline stereotypical: a number of men and women would be crammed in like sardines across the border for a fee, and then let loose on the other side at an arranged location. Neither girl liked the way Carlos looked at them, but they had little choice - Gabriella seemed to give him a bigger tip to make sure they would be treated right, which spoke to her character.

And so, hours later and with not nearly enough space in the hidden truck compartment, the girls were incredibly bored, stuffy, and overheated as they crossed the border. There were six others with them, and to their chagrin, two of them were men their own age, and not bad looking ones either. Worse, they were *brothers*. Hot brothers. It was like the universe was taunting them, particularly since the men showed such interest in getting to know them on the long journey.

"Miguel," one said, who had a cute dark moustache. He extended a hand to Amarissa, who took it almost by instinct. She was surprised when he actually kissed it.

"A-Amarissa," she said. "This is my *hermana*, Josefina."

"And this is my brother, Marco."

"Miguel and Marco?"

He shrugged, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Our parents liked having us start with the same letter."

"Why are you travelling to America?"

"Why does anyone?" Marco said, moving closer to Josefina. "To find better prospects? A better life? Besides, we come from a rough area."

"Very rough," Miguel confirmed.

"We'd like to find something better. The American Dream."

Josefina and Amarissa both sighed at the thought of it. Their American Dream was even more ambitious; to regain their manhoods and take back their old lives. How ironic, that they were having to illegally cross into a country that they by all rights should have been citizens of by birth. Now, they were cramped together with two rather attractive young men, in search of a way to turn back once they reached the other side. For now though, it meant being in quite close proximity to Miguel and Marco.

"Would you like to talk with us?" Miguel ventured. "We don't know anyone else here, and you're around our age, I assume. It would be good to have friends once we arrive in Texas."

"We're heading to Connecticut eventually," Amarissa said, trying to stall off anything. Miguel had a curious kind of smile that was like a blackhole: it pulled her in.

"That's pretty far up. I didn't imagine anyone would travel so far. Why there?"

"We're meeting someone who can help us get a . . . job. A good paying one. A family friend of our *Abuela* who just passed away."

"My condolences."

"Mine too," Marco said, nodding slowly.

Amarissa and Josefina were surprised: the two young men seemed genuine in their empathy, and it struck a chord with them. Unexpectedly, the pair began crying at the same time. Perhaps it was a twin thing, even if they weren't meant to be, strictly speaking, twins. They wiped their eyes, sniffing, and the two men acted quickly, placing a hand on their respective shoulders and ushering them over to sit in the one non-rickety part of the back of the truck, where there wasn't as much light for them to be embarrassed over the sight of them.

"It's okay, it's okay," Miguel said. "I understand."

"You r-really can't," Josefina said. She pushed Marco's hand away, but part of her had wished it had lingered, so in that same movement she transferred it to her bare, bronze thigh instead. It felt even better there.

"We can. It's just me and my *hermano* now," Marco said. "We have nothing left for us in the south, so we go north together. Brothers together."

"And sisters together for us," Amarissa said, smiling gently. "Okay, let's talk together then. It's not like it isn't going to be a long, long ride."

The two men smiled, Miguel especially. He had the natural charm of a showman, and Amarissa was increasingly drawn to his presence as the four chatted together, even as the remaining members of the truck were more silent, or talked in their own private whispers. The brothers had obviously experienced gang violence and wanted nothing of it, but there was also an ambition to the pair of them: Miguel wanted to start his own business once he had found a way to attain citizenship in America, but Marco was more soft spoken. The younger brother, he was quite thoughtful and slow to speak, though not without confidence himself. He lacked his brother's facial hair, but wore his hair longer so that it was nearly at his shoulders. He could have been mistaken for a young philosopher from the way he carried himself. It took quite a bit of conversation to coax out of him that his ultimate dream was to somehow attend an American university, something even Miguel thought might be impossible. His dream, interestingly enough, was to be an artist.

Somehow, this *did* things for Josefina, who found herself increasingly magnetised to him. Something about the notion of a struggling artist type, full of passion and life and colour, hidden beneath the surface, appealed to her party girl instincts. Her desire to *express* and

revel in colour and vision and meaning. Not to mention, the ying-yang of it all also drew her in.

The same could be said of Amarissa. Miguel was quick witted, charming, borderline debonair. He was already making no secret of his interest in her, from the way his eyes roamed her body suggestively, without lingering too much to be creepy, to the little things he said about her to compliment. He didn't mention body parts crudely, but occasionally mentioned how he liked the style of her hair and makeup, and enjoyed her laugh. It made her flush with a heat just like Josefina, and even curl her hair behind her ear by instinct, that universal gesture of a woman who was feeling flattered and interested. Without realising it, both women were thrusting out their chests a little, and pulling a little closer to the brothers.

And then it was broken up by the sound of the truck horn blaring quite loudly, something which startled both girls, making them give an embarrassing squeak. Miguel just laughed as Amarissa practically hurled herself into his arms, and Josefina did the same for Marco.

"It's okay, it's okay. That's a good sign. That stop we had earlier? That was us making our way across the border."

"Why didn't you tell us?" Josefina snapped, suddenly fiery once more.

Marco answered. "Didn't want to make you nervous. The horn is the driver telling us we've made it. We're in America now."

Both women grinned, exchanging a glance. The first hurdle had been passed, and no great obstacle had thrown itself up yet. Now was the hard part: getting all the way north and meeting a *bruja* who had lost contact with a now dead woman.

And, of course, figuring out what to do with their two admirers, once the truck stopped for good. Somehow the last part seemed a lot more daunting at that moment.

## **Part 5: The Travel North**

The twin sisters simply couldn't get rid of their two admirers. Despite the fact that they were travelling all the way up to Connecticut, which would require a lot of hitchhiking and travel by freight train hobo-style, both Miguel and Marco were adamant that they travel with the two former men. It wasn't hard to see why, particularly if they viewed it from the perspective of their once-male selves. Amarissa and Gabriella were *hot*. Ten out of ten hot. They had ripe E-cup chest melons that always had a wonderfully pert bounce to them, as well as curvaceously wide hips and delightfully full derrieres. Coupled with their beautiful looks and the fact that they were *twins* meant that they were practically walking male fantasies. It didn't

hurt either that their compulsions meant that they were always dressing to show off said cleavage, as well as their midriffs and legs. Two-piece outfits were their norm, and their movements were those of sensual sashays unless they were thinking really hard about not doing so. Even Amarissa, who had been a previous Casanova when she'd been Angus, would have followed such a pair to the ends of the earth. Josefina as Jared too, particularly since they still knew how to party, which was her life's meaning until now. So who could blame charming and romantic Miguel and the younger, more reflective Marco from following the girls all the way north across the entire country of the United States of America.

"You don't even know me, or my *hermana*," Amarissa said several days after their arrival in America. "Why are you helping us?"

"Well, I don't mean any offence," Miguel said. "But I am absolutely captivated by you. Not to mention you are exciting, you have a mission, and it is a little mysterious. It is the kind of thing that adventures are born from, and opportunities."

His eyes roamed her form just briefly. Again, that stare made her shiver. Made her feel *wanted*. Her dark nipples stiffened in her crop top.

"Also, you would potentially be in danger," Marco said a bit flatly. "You are both very, well, nice girls, and many others would notice this and take advantage of it. Better to have two protectors."

Josefina swallowed. She was sitting beside him on the freight train's bed. It hadn't yet taken off. She liked the way he said 'protector.' And also the cute way he called them 'nice girls' as if they weren't the hottest pair of women he'd ever seen. He had managed to acquire some paper and ordinary pencils, and was drawing her. It made her heart sing, which was deeply fucking annoying to her since as Jared she had always shied away from genuine meaning and moments of sincerity because they were weird and confronting to deal with. Now here was a quiet young man slowly doodling away, depicting her smile in careful lead strokes.

"True, I should have considered that," Amarissa said, eyeing Miguel up and down too. He had nice, lean, yet strong arms. "But are you really sure? Connecticut is way, way up north. It will take a while for us to reach it. And we have very little money to get us through. Plus, we're illegal immigrants."

And, she thought, they would be transformed back into white men at the end, leaving these two poor, lovely, charismatic schmucks empty-handed. It almost made her want to give him a sympathy bang, but that was her annoyingly horny brain talking. In the last few days of travel across her home country, she had started to have more and more sex dreams. She was still *Angus*, even if female, which meant that sex and seduction were on her mind quite a lot. Only now instead of getting hard, she got *wet*.

“I’m sure I’m sure,” Miguel said easily. “Besides, I can’t turn down a couple of beautiful damsels in distress now can I?”

He gave a warm smile, and she couldn’t help but give one in return.

“Thank you. The *bruja* - I mean, old woman we are looking for can hopefully help us. I’m sure she can help you as well.”

“She can get us identities?” Marco asked, his voice contemplative.

“I’m hoping so,” she said, looking out of the train car and into the distant afternoon horizon. “Or we might be stuck like this forever.”

Miguel gave a dismissive gesture. “No, we’ll be fine, *chica*. We have each other. I’ll find a way to get my brother citizenship and a path to university admission, just like I’ll start my own business.”

“And what business is that exactly?” Amarissa asked.

“Isn’t it obvious from my perfect moustache?” he asked, teasing it with his fingers. “I’m going to open up a barbershop. The best in America. And I will teach this godforsaken land why the moustache simply *must* return.”

She giggled. She’d been doing a lot of that lately, despite the dire straits. Just like how Josefina had been biting her lip in the presence of the calm, thoughtful Marco. She didn’t want to dwell on why that was - her body was insisting on being attracted to the pair, which was why she’d already spent too much personal money on damn makeup and clothing so she always looked good in front of them. Josefina had done the same, and bought an old iPod to share her favourite music with Marco.

They were both finding their new male companions far too . . . enticing.

The train started, signalling the next leg of many of their journeys. The four of them found comfortable spots and readied for the long travel. Miguel sat down next to Amarissa, his shoulder touching hers. Like Josefina with Marco, she didn’t move away.

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The days passed, and the steps of their journey were intermittent. The brothers had accrued their own money to help themselves settle, but they were cleverly frugal about it in the way that Amarissa and Josefina were not. They were not accustomed to having to be so careful with their money, after all. Thankfully, they were all able to take care of each other, and that also meant that they were able to eventually find a used car dealer who didn’t have many qualms about selling an old beat-up Ford Transit to four undocumented Mexicans in their twenties. All Miguel had to do was sweet-talk him, since he had the best English of the group.

“I wish I still knew *inglesa*,” Josefina said, folding her arms beneath her breasts.

"I can teach you, if you wish," Marco said. "Miguel knows it best, but I am the best teacher."

"I have a feeling I'll get it back pretty soon."

"Get it back? Did you lose it?"

"Something like that," Amarissa said, chuckling. "And with this car, we'll be able to do a lot better getting to our great-aunt's place. This is really starting to feel like we'll succeed."

"You are very pretty when you smile, you know," Miguel said, driving at the wheel.

"Keep your eyes forward, *pendejo*," she said playfully.

He chuckled. "Hard to do so when a body like yours is in the passenger seat! You are a danger to us - what if someone going the other way sees you? They will be like a moth drawn to the flame!"

The girls giggled, only to exchange a glance. Josefina was in the back chatting with Marcos, enjoying his thoughts on art and music, which were so much more developed than her own had ever been. Still, it also amused her to tease him.

"So you've never been to a real club?"

"Never. Well, I had a family concert I went to-"

"That doesn't count. *Dios mio*, you have missed out on an experience!"

"It can't be that amazing. All the loud sounds, the press of bodies. It seems it would be far too much to actually enjoy anything."

"Oh, *chico tonto*, it's the exact opposite. The lights, the sound, all the people around you swaying and dancing. The romance and sex and drinking, it all *adds* to it. You don't have to say anything, but you are all together. You're all, I don't know, *one*. Like you were saying before about oneness of humanity or whatever. In a good club, when the vibe is right, that's what people are. All together with the vibe of it. It can lead to great things."

"Even drunk off your face?"

"Especially drunk off your face!"

Marco smiled slightly. "Perhaps I was wrong then. You described that like an artist capturing a moment in time."

"Well, maybe I'm your muse," she said, and it sounded much more like a flirtatious statement than she intended. She also didn't undermine it by walking back, even when Marco blushed obviously and tried to change the subject. Miguel smirked in the front seat, winking knowingly in Amarissa's direction.

"The young ones are bonding," he mused.

"She's younger than me by like twenty minutes or something," she said.

"Well, I always liked older women."

Amarissa snorted. It set her tits jiggling, and he also noticed that.

"Hey, eyes on the road, charmer! You can look later!"



That *too* had an element of flirtatiousness about it. And like her friend-turned-sister, she didn't walk back on it either. They continued along the long highway through America's middle states, shifting ever closer to their ultimate goal, though it was still days away by their speed. Days, plural. It suddenly seemed all too short to the women, even though their manhood depended on getting to their destination.

They blamed it on their compulsions, and the fact that their new male companions were too damn charming.

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They finally got to stay overnight in a hotel. It was the doing of Miguel, who insisted on a cheap place they could stay with two bedrooms, all so they could finally freshen up and not look like shit once they got to Connecticut. The girls were desperate for a good shower after a couple of days not having one. They would have cared as men too, but as beautiful women, the urge to always look sexy for the male gaze was imprinted on them, thanks to Senora Maria Lopez's magic. So despite the place being quite shabby, and the doors being squeaky, and the springs on the mattresses making a loud sound, the twins were just happy to have a place to finally flop. They both did so as soon as they arrived, straight onto the bed they planned to share. Their tits flopped about as well, giving quite a sight to the brothers. Both went a little slack-jawed, though Miguel recovered himself.

"Well, looks like you've chosen your bed. My brother and I will share the other one."

It was an agreed upon arrangement that worked for all parties, *except* for their raging libidos. Because the twin sisters now had a space where they could dress down to their bras and panties in the hot weather (the apartment wasn't exactly running the best air conditioning system), and finally also could use that same space to gossip with one another, without the boys overhearing anything.

"We have to ditch them!" Amarissa said, doing up her nails expertly.

"Stop doing your nails," Josefina said, despite working on her toes. "We said we wouldn't fully give in to the *bruja's* curse, even if she sorta became our grandma."

Amarissa kept going. "I'm nearly done. It's the stupid hex. Besides, I get a headache if I don't look right. It's like not showing off all this ridiculous cleavage!"

Josefina sighed, knowing exactly what her sister was talking about. "*Si*, you're not wrong. I can't even cover up my bellybutton around Marcos."

"That's why we need to ditch them, somehow. I'm . . . feeling things, *hermana*."

"Me too, *hermana*. Marcos' soft voice . . . hmmm, it does things to this horny body. Really hot things. I do *not* want to keep getting my pussy wet every time he draws an amazing picture of how hot I am in his eyes. Even the way he *draws* my eyes. Mhmm."

“Snap out of it,” Amarissa said, poking her sister in her big boob. It left a momentary indent in the flesh before it filled back out. “We need to think straight. We’re meant to be *men!*”

“I know! *Dios mio*, it’s not fair! We were only meant to be like this for a little bit. A week! Long enough to do some chores and be embarrassed. Now . . . I’m thinking of you like my *hermana* more and more easily. And I even get excited to dress up! Not just because of the stupid compulsions, but because I’m getting *used* to wearing bras and panties and crop tops and short shorts!”

Amarissa nodded. She knew what her twin sister meant. They even wore matching outfits often, with a colour variation and some hairstyle changes so they wouldn’t be mixed up too much . . . except when it was fun to mess with Miguel. Somehow, Marco was analytical enough to always know, which made Josefina rather amused.

“Maybe we just enjoy those bits, and accept that, so we don’t enjoy . . . other bits.”

“Sex bits, you mean.”

“Yes, *hermana*, sex bits. Because I don’t know about you, but if I were still a man, travelling with two girls that look like us, I’d want to be squeezing these big tits and ploughing into this fine Mexican pussy as much as possible!”

Josefina looked down at herself, wearing just her lingerie. “You’re not wrong,” she said. “Fuck, I’m fine. So very, very fine. Like Marcos . . .”

She went dreamy for a moment, until Amarissa poked her in the boob.

“Hey! Stop that! They’re sensitive!”

“They would be, from how you keep thinking about him. Just stop it!”

“Fine! I will! But you better stop it as well, Amarissa, because I see how that charming Miguel looks at you, and how you look at him. Him and that moustache of his.”

Amarissa rolled her eyes. “I can control myself. You were always the party goer. You’re the one that always lost control.”

“Sure. Well, let’s just keep an eye on each other, and we’ll be just fine.”

“*Si!*”

“*Si!*”

“*Si!*”

The two folded their arms, sitting on the bed beside one another, both utterly eager to prove that they were still men deep down, and certainly not going to do anything silly that night.

Unfortunately for the pair of them, something new was introduced to complicate things that very night.

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“Rum and coke, seriously?”

Amarissa couldn't believe it. Neither could Josefina, though she was much more ecstatic. Miguel just grinned.

“And some nice but cheap whiskey. Okay, mainly cheap. But the thought counts too, right? Besides, we never got to celebrate our successful border crossing properly, so I say we all drink a new American toast to ourselves. To us, as Americans!”

He passed them each a glass. Josefina took hers far too quickly, but Amarissa likewise could not quite resist the call of celebrating, particularly since their own entertainment had been cut short in Cancun.

“Fine, fine, I'll drink a little,” she said. “So long as Marco joins us.”

Marco took a glass and raised his in a toast. “I may be a bit more serious, but I still know how to drink. He downed his rum and coke in one go, and Josefina took this as a challenge.

“Please, that's watered down stuff. Look at *this*.”

Before Amarissa could warn her, she'd filled up with more than a shot of whiskey and let it burn down her throat. She gave a satisfied rasp.

“Ahhh, now that's the stuff, ha!”

“Well, I'd call that a challenge,” Miguel noted to his brother. “But I'll take things slower. We've come far, and are nearly to our destination. Where will things go after that? Will we stay together? Do our journeys part? I sincerely hope not. I have come to very much enjoy your company. Yours especially, Amarissa.”

She blushed, looked away.

“Well, who knows how things will go?” she said. “But things may change quite a lot, Miguel. You might not recognise us.”

“I would recognise you anywhere . . . unless I were looking at your sister.”

She laughed, and drank a little more. “You are such a charmer,” she said. “I hope you aren't trying to get me drunk.”

He paused, looking a little shocked. “I would never! I just feel we should have some fun.”

*Fun* with Miguel meant something very different to her new, horny body. She pushed down those feelings, and instead gave him an accidentally flirtatious smile.

“Well, let's have fun then. Just for tonight.”

They did. The four of them swapped stories and talked about their lives. The girls had to improvise, but did well to discuss amusing pranks and classic party situations that had gone wrong or right for them, all based on real events. They simply swapped the genders of partners or lovers or friends and, of course, themselves as they told it. Soon the four were

drinking much more readily, Josefina most of all, and laughing quite loudly. Miguel talked of the time he had to rescue Marco from a river, a tale that involved the world's most devious cat and their own *bruja* of a grandmother, though her evil magic was more in the delivery of a well-placed hit from a sandal when misbehaviour struck. It left Amarissa howling, touching his arm and leg more often than she should have as she bent over in laughter, which also gave him a sight of her cleavage. The mood in the air was getting intense, particularly as inhibitions were lowered. The quartet had shifted into their usual new arrangement, Josefina pressing her body up against the increasingly confident Marco, while Amarissa was lying back, her head in Miguel's lap, trying desperately not to think about the bulge she could feel there.

"This is the most fun I've had in a while," she admitted out loud, after an hour of this behaviour has passed.

"Same for me," Miguel said. "You girls really are something. You are really something, Amarissa."

She stared into her eyes, and some form of resistance in her snapped. She looked over to her sister, hoping that Josefina, despite her own lack of self-control, would be able to rescue her. But to her astonishment, Josefina was already kissing Marco, pulling back his lip seductively before letting it go. She took his hand and helped him upwards, and began dragging him back to their bedroom. She was by far the tipsiest one present, but not so drunk she didn't know what she was doing.

"Damn her," Amarissa said.

"Well, it seems my brother is getting very lucky," Miguel said. "Good on him."

In a fit of absolute daring, he traced his hand over her hip, over the flat of her bare stomach, and then over her chest. She moaned subtly as he traced a finger over her nipples.

"Stop me if I'm going too far," he said.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, and she did not stop him, no matter how much she knew she should. "That's n-nice."

"We could have our own lucky night, you know," he said. "Only if you want it, Amarissa. I've been wanting it for some time, but I'll respect your wishes."

She moaned again as he traced over her other nipple. It was heaven, but she wanted even more. More flesh, more feeling, more groping and squeezing and caressing. Her body was on fire, her pussy growing damp. Her compulsions were up, and though she suspected she could fight them, she was already annoyed that Josefina had given in. If *she* got to experience such pleasures with Marco, why not her with Miguel? It was only fair, after all!

"Stop tormenting me," she said, pushing away his hands suddenly and standing up.

For a moment, Miguel looked disappointed, but willing to respect her wishes. But then she extended a hand to him.

“Hurry up and take me to your room so you can fuck my brains out already.”

Miguel shot to his legs so fast she was worried he would leave the earth's orbit. He took her hand and together they entered the bedroom he and his brother were sharing. *Were* sharing.

It was her and Miguel's space now. She was as nervous as she was excited.

## **Part 6: Opportunities and Setbacks**

The pair came together quickly now that they had privacy. Perhaps if both women had stayed together, the shared embarrassment over being fucked by men would have been enough to stop that very scenario from occurring. Instead, Amarissa had Miguel all to himself. He had smoothtalked his way into her life so quickly, and now he was smoothtalking his way into her pants.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned as his fingers curled around her midriff. “You’ve been wanting this, haven’t you?”

“Since I first saw you,” he whispered in her ear in his attractive voice. “You are the most gorgeous woman I’ve ever seen, Amarissa.”

“But what about my sister? We’re identical, after all.”

“Movement is everything,” he said, lowering his hand to softly touch her ass. She gasped a little, pressing her full chest against his. “Josefina is just as beautiful, true, but she does not move with the same confidence, or have the same awareness of her body like you do. And besides, I like a woman who can keep me on my toes.”

Amarissa did exactly that, jumping up and wrapping her thighs around him, forcing him to hold her up. He did so quite able, and proceeded to pin her against the wall in a way that was outrageously sexy.

“You like it like this, *chica*?”

“Mhmm, I - I guess I do! I haven’t - but let’s not talk! I just want to act right now!”

Miguel had no complaints there. With one hand he began to unbuckle his pants, even while he pressed his face into her chest. She in turn pulled down her crop top and bra, unleashing her large E-cups. They bounced aggressively as she held to him, and even more so when he entered her mere moments later. She was slick as oil, but hadn’t expected it so quickly. The former male cried out, gasping before she practically ran out of air entirely. It was the strangest, yet most pleasurable sensation she had ever felt. She was being *fucked*, his big, hard dick sliding into her as if she were being impaled. She raised her hands to grip

the wall, thrusting out her chest further, allowing him to suck on her right nipple as she took in the alien experience of him invading her new womanhood.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she moaned. “That’s . . . that’s i-incredible. I never kn-knew!”

“Don’t tell me you’re a virgin?”

“*Callar!* I’m n-not! I just haven’t d-done it this way, I guess. K-keep going!”

He entered all the way in, parting her wet walls. She was only getting wetter too, particularly as he used his teeth to tease her dark brown nipples. But this was only the start of the show, because moments later Miguel actually began to *thrust*. He held her, holding up against the wall as he banged her against it. The former male was helpless to her body’s needs and her own attraction to this wisecracking, confident man. She wrapped her arms around his neck as surely as she had her legs around his waist, and held on for dear life as he ploughed into her again and again. Her big tits jiggled and wobbled and bounced with every motion, and it was clear Miguel was in heaven too, because they were right up in his face, burying him.

“F-fuck!” she cried. “I h-hope my s-sister is having as much fun as I am!”

Josefina was. In fact, her squeals of delight echoed from the next room, confirming that very fact to the pair of them. She was not being fucked against a wall, but instead was living out her party boy/girl history by riding the less confidence and practised Marco, giving him a wild first sexual experience. Well, not his first, but certainly his first truly passionate one. Josefina had loved it when girls had ridden her back when she’d been a man, and she was loving it even more now that she was the one mounting a guy. The feeling of Marco’s surprisingly large and rigid cock within her was something else indeed, and she was discovering just what a feisty *senorita* she could be. She bounced up and down on him, leaning forward to kiss the quieter, thoughtful man. He grunted, squeezing her hips and then, with her direction, raising them up to grope her breasts.

“You - you are so very beautiful!” he announced, almost shyly despite the act they were undertaking.

“And you’re - ahh - f-fucking *hot!*” she cried, squeezing him with her thighs ever more tightly. She had found a great rhythm, and Marco was learning quickly, even if his shyness was still evident. It only made it fucking *hotter* for the former male-turned-latina woman, who was loving being the centre of attention again, even if only for one man. One very cute man.

“I’m c-close,” he stammered.

She leaned over, pressing her breasts in his face while planting her hands against the wall by the end of the bed. “Good! I want you to take me there, Marco! I want to f-feel it!”

She resumed her motions, sliding up and down on his cock, unbelieving how different it felt to have a vagina. She had always assumed the woman to be passive, even when she was on top. She was the penetrated, after all, not the penetrated. But now that she *was* the

hot *chica*, she understood that this was a stupid perception. She was undoubtedly the dominating party here, consuming his cock to heighten her own pleasure, taking him in and gripping him tightly with her vaginal muscles until she had taken what she wanted.

“*Si! Si! Siiiiiii!*”

She moaned in rapturous climax as she came. She bounced on him several more times until Marco came as well, wordlessly but just as pleurably. She could tell from the look on his face that she had just given him a gigantic orgasm, and again by how much he produced within her: she was flooded with his hot seed, and she gripped her thighs so that she wouldn't lose any. It was too damn sexy having it all inside her. She had drained him dry.

Only after the multiple orgasms (multiple! They were so good!) had passed did she extract herself from him, sighing blissfully as his still slightly-hard cock slid out of her slit. She nuzzled up against him, and he put his hand against her.

“That was incredible,” Marcos said to her in Spanish.

“*Si*,” she replied. “It was. Let's do it again some time, lover boy.”

In the other room, a similar conversation was playing out between Amarissa and Miguel. Only Miguel needed no coaxing to consider it. They were at it again only half an hour later.

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The two women had passed a threshold they never could have imagined stepping over, and come out the other side experiencing bliss they had never known. Neither knew what to do about it, or whether to fully give in again. There was a quiet shame that radiated from them the next morning as they had their breakfast, though Miguel and Marco were in high spirits, the latter especially.

“Anything the matter, girls?” Miguel asked them.

“N-no,” Amarissa said, stroking her dark hair behind her ear. “Last night was . . . good.”

“Very good.”

“*Si*. It was just . . . unexpected. I didn't think it would actually happen. I lost control.”

“Me too,” Josefina said, though at the slight frown from Marco she amended her sentence. “Not that I regret it!”

Marco smiled. “I don't regret it either.”

“Then none of us should regret anything!” Miguel said. “But we should get ready to get this show on the road, *si*? Places to go, mysterious grandmothers or great aunts to meet, and fun to be had. Lots of fun in the land of opportunity?”

Amarissa and Josefina exchanged a glance. Indeed, they were back in America, but not as they knew it. The former couldn't stop reflecting on the wonderful feeling of sex, but Josefina was even further in the rabbit hole, despite always having been the more shallow of the two friends-turned-twin sisters. She couldn't stop admiring Marco and enjoying his quiet, thoughtful aspect. He had cuddled her for a long time the previous night, and was still holding her when she woke. There was something . . . connective in that. Something she couldn't quite explain.

He made her a coffee and somehow knew exactly how she liked it, at least with this body's tastebuds. That had to count for something, right?

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The journey continued, up until it didn't. They weren't operating on a tight schedule per se, but Amarissa and Josefina wanted to get to Connecticut without too much delay in order to meet this Maria and find a way to turn back. But unfortunately, events conspired to make their journey more complicated. Bad enough that they had only meagre resources and cash on their persons, but they weren't US citizens (at least, not anymore for Josefina and Amarissa), meaning that they had to be careful around state borders and each of them flinched a little when in the presence of law enforcement, no matter how little reason they had to be worried.

But then they had good reason to be worried, because their car broke down. The kind of breakdown that involves gouts of black smoke rising from the engine.

"Shit," Miguel said.

"*Mierda*," agreed Amarissa. "Can you fix it?"

"I'm a practical man, but this? I have no idea, sorry. Marco is pretty clever though, he might-"

"Don't even ask me, *hermano*. I'm an artist, not an engineer or mechanic."

Amarissa looked to Josefina. She had been a big car person back when she'd been Jared, so she pushed the two men aside with a sigh. To their shared delight - especially the normally quite reserved Marco's - she lifted the hood of the shitty Ford Transit and bent right over. She was wearing her impressive small denim shorts, the ones that hugged her wide hips and impressive backside, and it swayed suggestively without thinking as she looked over the engine.

"*Mierda*, she's shot," she announced. "I know how to fix it, but it'll be *caro*. Really expensive, actually. We need new plugs, a new transmission, a fix to the gasket and radiator, and the belts are looking pretty crap as well."

"Didn't realise you knew much about cars," Marco said.



She gave him a smug grin, this time shaking her ass a little more deliberately. "There's a lot you don't know about me, Marco. But trust me, I know my shit with cars. And this engine sucks."

"We could go back to hitchhiking?" Amarissa suggested, but she realised immediately how that wouldn't make any sense. For one, how would that even be practical with all four of them? They had been lucky enough on the freight train, but it wasn't going to get them any further. And for two, such movements brought suspicion and also their own dangers. They had Miguel and Marco to look out for them, but the two beautiful Mexican women had been very, very aware of the concerns of the male gaze ever since becoming female. More than a few other drifters had looked at them like they were meat, and it wasn't just their new female hormones that made their emotional reaction so strong; it was genuinely threatening.

"Never mind," she said. "What are we going to do then? We're stuck in the middle of fucking Tennessee! It's backwater!"

Miguel chuckled. "I doubt they see it that way."

"Yeah, but . . . we need a plan."

Marco coughed. He gave a silent look at his brother, who sighed. "There is one thing we can do, if you're really adamant about this journey. We could get jobs."

Amarissa folded her arms. "We're undocumented."

"Then we get the kind of jobs undocumented people get, especially Mexicans like us. Marco and I aren't too bad at weeding and gardening jobs. We've had our share back in the home state."

Josefina looked to Marco, uncertain. He wasn't exactly immensely tough, at least in terms of musculature. "Surely we can help as well? Amarissa, we could get jobs?"

"But as what, *hermana*? What's the kind of stereotypical undocumented job for a Mexican woman? It's not like we have the upper arm strength for garden landscaping! What could we do to . . . oh."

"Oh is right," Josefina said, making the same realisation at the same time. "We could be maids."

"You're kidding me."

"It wouldn't be out of the question," Miguel suggested. Amarissa shot him a dark look before grabbing her 'sister' by the hand and dragging her to the other side of the car. They had managed to get an offramp in time to at least get some privacy on the side of Nowheresville.

"Are you kidding me right now?" she said to her twin.

"I'm just saying it could work, *hermana!*"

“Don’t give me that! The curse may make me think of you as a sister, but we are not actually sisters! We’re not even related really!”

“I mean, we sort of are now, right?”

Amarissa pinched her sister on the shoulder. She let out a light squeal.

“Hey!”

“That’s for giving in a few nights ago.”

“You gave in too!”

“And I’ve pinched myself a few times too, *si*? We need to be strong and not fall into being maids and having sex with boys and giving into our lives.”

“I know that,” Josefina said, though her expression was hurt. “But you know how strong the compulsions are! And besides, Marco is really nice. And he may be right. We need the money. Wouldn’t you rather, you know, just bite the bullet and take the job for a short time so we can be on our way?”

Amarissa sighed. Her friend-sister had a point. She placed her hands on her fine hips and shook her head, causing her dark wavy hair to ripple against her back. Once again, she was struck with how utterly curvaceous and ‘thicc’ - as she would have put it once - her new body was.

“Fine. Fine. *Si*, we take the jobs as maids. But after that, we move on. It’s all just to get to this *bruja* Maria and getting our lives back. Got it?”

“Don’t have to tell me twice! But hey, the sex was at least fun, wasn’t it?”

Amarissa smiled despite herself. “It was. Let’s not do it again, with either of them.”

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There is the old adage: one has to spend money to make money. That is especially true of the poor, undocumented immigrant experience, as Josefina and Amarissa were just finding out. While their beautiful good looks did help them get past the processing phase of a local, rather shady maid service company that Miguel and Marco had helped find, their beauty could only get them so far. In fact, the older man who couldn’t stop staring at their tits in their crop tops almost seemed to take a small delight in informing them that they would have to either pay for their maid outfits and cleaning equipment, or have it taken out of their pay. It seemed to Amarissa to be a total ripoff; she’d often made crude jokes about sexy Mexican maids in her former life, and now she was regretting such. Clearly, they were just as often exploited for their labor.

When they left the office, the pair of them sighed as one, as if they really did share a mental ‘twin link.’

“This is going to suck,” Amarissa said in her thick accent. “I still only barely know a lick of *inglesa*.”

“Same,” Josefina mimicked. “And want to bet our future clients will just *love* that?”

But if the boys were heading for hard work to help them out, then they couldn’t exactly duck out. Still, they were holding their uniforms, and were not amused.

“These look a lot less sexy when you’re the one expected to wear them,” admitted Amarissa.”

“Si,” Josefina said, though her mind was wandering to what Marco would think of her in it. “Si.”

## **Part 7: Mexican Maids**

The two former party jocks were now a couple of Mexican maids. They looked like they’d walked out of one of their own former fantasies, except there was nothing fantastic about scrubbing down toilets, changing sheets that had sex stains on them, and clearing out webs and crumbs and all manner of mess from poorly taken care of rooms. They were assigned to a local hotel called *The Toledo*, which was probably a little ironic given that a) it was located in Knoxville, Tennessee, and b) it was a Spanish-themed hotel that nevertheless mostly hired Mexicans, assuming most people would think they were the same because of the shared language. Was that ironic? Amarissa and Josefina argued about it: grammar had never been their strong suit. Perhaps it was just amusing.

Either way, their days were not particularly fun. Being a maid was, in fact, very hard work, and not at all how Hollywood (or pornos) made it look. The outfits weren’t scandalous, though they did fit quite tightly around their respective busts and hips, but they had the classic black and white colour scheme that nevertheless aroused fetishes everywhere. Amarissa and Josefina knew this, because from day one they were already experiencing rude comments and come-ons, most of them from middle-aged men who quite literally had wives with them during their vacation. They said things like:

“Well, looks like I should go to Spain sometime if the views are so nice. Or just south of the border if I want the views closer and cheaper.”

“Make sure to clean the doormat too, since it’s so filthy. I’ll just stand here and make sure you do a good job. Don’t be afraid to bend over, darling. I like a plump pair of fruits.”

“You know, that uniform looks one or two sizes too small for you, young woman. Or perhaps you’re just one or two sizes too big, if you know what I mean. If you want, I can give you a real big tip if you show me up close which it is.”

The last kind were the worst; the men who implied that they would like to fuck them, sleep with them, have sex with them, however one wanted to put it. Even with their broken understanding of English, it was obvious what was being said and suggested. It was even easier to read between the lines when the lines themselves were quite blurry, though both were starting to pick up more of their old language. Josefina and Amarissa had only been there three days and had both been given such ‘wonderful opportunities’ over five times each and counting, and that wasn’t even considering the double-ups from the same men repeating themselves. It was, perhaps, a bit of karma for their own fetishising such women: Aaron had literally bragged that he was going to fuck a ‘hot Mexican *mamacita* maid’ while down in Cancun. Now she *was* the maid, and it was anything but sexy.

Well, anything but sexy unless Miguel got to see her. The four of them were staying not at the *Toledo* but a hotel that was much more of a dive, but still within walking distance (if one counted a mile’s walk as within walking distance. Amarissa didn’t, given that her wonderfully thick thighs no longer had much muscle to them). And while it was a relief to get out of the maid costume before heading back, it was clear that both of the brothers had a bit of excitement themselves at seeing the girls wearing the classic outfit of feminine subservience. It didn’t hurt that they looked quite rugged and manly in their work tank tops and shorts. Marco didn’t have lots of muscle, but his form was delightful to Josefina.

“You look like you might one day put on a lot more,” she teased, stroking his small bicep. “Especially if you keep working this hard.”

Marco smiled softly. “And you look beautiful, especially in your uniform. Can I . . . can I see it again? I’d like to draw you in it, if that’s okay.”

Amarissa shot her a look, but Josefina was increasingly having a bit more fun with her current form. Besides, she wanted to feel not so shit while wearing it, and this gave her a bit of excitement. She left the room to change, and when she came back she waltzed right in, swaying her hips from side to side and waving a cheap little duster she’d bought just for the occasion.

“Very hot,” Miguel said from across the room, Amarissa slumped against him. The two were tired, but she pulled herself up to glare.

“Are you serious? That’s my sister!”

“Um, but you both look identical!”

She jabbed the laughing man in the chest. “We’re still different people! I can’t believe you! And we look different in the uniforms anyway! We move differently, and I wear my hair more professionally. And she doesn’t have my nametag besides!”

Miguel relaxed back, showing off his lithe but actually quite muscular arms. He tweaked his moustache slightly as he grinned. “I don’t believe you.”

“Well, I’ll show you!”

She stormed off, even as Josefina posed slightly sensuously on the other couch as Marco began to draw her likeness. She loved his drawings, not just posing for them but seeing the cute concentration on his face. He worked hard on them, and was careful to capture every part of her as best as he could.

“Keep holding still.”

“With my cleavage out like this? You just like drawing my big *tetas*, don’t you?”

He blushed completely, nearly dropping his pencil. “It’s just . . . a very good pose, alright?”

“I’ll bet it is,” she teased. “But hurry up! I want to see it!”

Meanwhile, Amarissa emerged in her own uniform, looking admittedly quite identical, but with her hair done up tighter and her nametag indeed different. She twirled on the spot, letting the looser dress part flow a little.

“There? See!”

“Ah, you’re right, much hotter.”

She frowned suddenly. “This is what you wanted. You planned this!”

“Well, you seemed eager to fall for it. You look very beautiful, Amarissa. Incredibly so. I won’t lie, I like a woman in uniform. Mine isn’t quite so good.”

She bit her lip, drawing closer to him. “It isn’t as formal, but it shows off your chest. Very *guapo*. Very handsome.”

She teased at the hairs on his chest, the hairs she missed on her own. But when he looked down at her cleavage and then up into her feminine face with its olive features and wavy dark curls, she couldn’t help but let go of that want. Instead, she kissed him.

“All finished!” Marco declared, showing Josefina her picture. It was indeed an incredible likeness. He had indeed made her look as beautiful and sexy as she posed, but it was her face that he had put the most effort into. Despite being identical now to her former friend-turned-twin, there was something unique in her expression that marked her clearly out as Josefina.

“It’s amazing,” she said. “You’ve seriously captured me.” She gave a naughty grin, her own engine beginning to rev. “And that deserves a reward, handsome.”

Soon the pair were making out also. It didn’t progress to full penetrative sex this time for either pair, but things certainly got handsy, and both women moaned in orgasm as their tits were played with to such an extent that it overwhelmed them. As they erupted, they shared a look across the room, astonished at what had happened.

But Josefina looked away quicker, willingly losing herself back to the pleasure.

“Marco, you’re s-so goooood! Ohhhh . . .”

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As soon as they had enough money to continue their journey, the two girls up and left, as did Miguel and Marco. The latter pair had been working under an abusive manager who thought he was hot shit because he was the only documented immigrant among them, but Amarissa and Josefina were just happy to be out of the *Toledo* on account of how endlessly repetitive, boring, yet hard the work was. Scrubbing toilets and putting used condoms still dripping with old semen in the trash can was not their idea of the life they wanted to live. The only true enjoyment they got, other than the 'maid roleplay' that Josefina especially enjoyed with Marco afterwards, was the camaraderie that existed with the other maids. One other Mexican woman named Gabriella was a particular aid to them. She was in her thirties and had been at the hotel for over eight years, and had much sage advice to give about it and all future jobs.

"Just remember never to complain to management, my *hermanas*," she told them explicitly. "The second there is trouble, they will turf you out because *you* are undocumented and easier to deal with, and they are getting money from the customer, not you. So keep your mouths shut, put up with it as much as you can, and if you have a problem, come to me. We women have to look out for each other and ensure we're not taken advantage of. If you get a violent customer, we have ways of dealing with it, *si?*"

"*Si!*" the pair said, taking to this den mother immediately. It was saddening to leave her just a couple of weeks later, but at least she had helped them prepare for any future maid jobs they would need to take on, and given them more than a few lessons in the social interactions and little tactics that would disentangle them from disgruntled managers and customers alike. And they would need to take up the maid uniform again, because while they'd built up enough cash to keep their journey going, the repair on the car was only a patch job. Furthermore, they still needed money for stays, food, clothing, and other necessities, as well as a few pleasures. Josefina was increasingly taking a liking to some of the local fashion and wanted a few sports bras. Active as she always was, she wanted to go on runs, taking Marco with her to get him more in shape and let him see some wonderful views to paint.

Amarissa had to clamp down on this. "You can get all romantic with hot women when we're back in our old bodies, *hermana!* I know these are just the compulsions of the curse, but can't you see that?"

Josefina bit her lip, struggling to look her sister in the eyes. "I - I think so. But at the same time, I'm starting to wonder if this isn't something more. I mean, Marco is really nice. I feel a sort of connection to him. More than I have for anyone. Don't you feel the same towards Miguel? He's always making you laugh with his silly jokes, and you are passionate

when he is passionate. You liked going from woman to woman and never getting attached when you were a man, but you feel different now, right?”

It was Amarissa’s turn to look away. She did feel that way, and it scared the shit out of her. She had always been the lover, the Casanova, the one who loved them then left them, who had the one night stands and kept the panties for the trophy room when he could. Now as Amarissa, she found herself spending more and more time with Miguel. Hell, she’d even wasted some of her hard earned money to take him out for a cheap dinner and a local movie. Her compulsions had made it a romantic comedy, of course, but it had actually been pretty funny, and she hadn’t fought him when he kissed her on the cheek and put his arm around her. Nor did she even want to fight making out with him afterwards. She was worried that sex, held off for two weeks, was just around the corner again.

“I do feel different,” she said coldly. “And that’s why I need to be careful. Why we both need to be careful. Remember our goal. Remember who we *used* to be.”

It was enough to make Josefina go along with it, and cancel the walk. Instead, they picked up the beaten-up Ford Tinto and, with Miguel driving and Amarissa in the passenger seat, got on their way.

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They made another stop in Maryland, and this one for several reasons. They were running very low on fuel and food money, and Josefina was starting to feel quite sick. She had been complaining about her stomach for some time now, ever since she had eaten some Mexican tacos which she now had the capability to recognise were *anything* but authentic. Amarissa gave her another ‘told you so’ rant about it, annoyed that they had to halt their progress. Still, it was a necessity, and Miguel was getting restless besides.

“I am sorry, beautiful *chicas*, but I also would like to see more of this beautiful land of opportunity! I’ve dreamed about America my whole life, and I feel like we’re just skipping by it! Maryland has some wonderful sights, why not enjoy some of them cheaply while we get ready for the final leg, *si?*”

Even Marco was in agreement. He had purchased some more art supplies, but found it a struggle to engage in his hobby while in a moving vehicle. It left Amarissa as the sole voice of sanity in her mind, but she had to relent.

“Fine, fine! I suppose this means I’ll be a damn maid again. Josefina, you better get un-sick soon, because I am not doing this alone!”

Josefina did, thankfully, recover. She was still complaining of other things though: her boobs were sore and she was quite tired, and it was obvious to everyone - even the boys - that this meant her period was coming on.

“*Dios mio*, I didn’t even think,” she told Amarissa as they walked to the summer house they had been hired to work at after seeing an ad in the paper. “I don’t want to have a period! There’s blood and stuff! Besides, my *tetas* already are so damn ripe, now they feel sore and swollen.”

“They do look a little bigger,” Amarissa said, trying not to feel strangely jealous. “Maybe people will be able to tell us apart again. But this is what I was talking about, *hermana*. If we don’t *stop* being *hermanas*, you’ll have to experience bloating, bleeding, and sickness every month of your life. How about that?”

Josefina frowned, feeling a regret coming over. “I never said I wanted to stay a woman, just that I was enjoying parts of it, and that I feel changed by it.”

“Just don’t change too much,” Amarissa warned. “Take my advice from my old life: love ‘em and leave ‘em. I like Miguel - I like him a lot, just as you say - but I won’t see him again after this.”

“I’d feel bad doing that to Marco.”

“Then leave him with good memories,” Amarissa said. They reached the gate of the impressively wealthy summer home, and she hit the speaker to talk to the owner. After a few moments of pause, someone replied.

*‘Hello? Who’s there?’*

Amarissa, as the appointed ‘older sister’ of the twins, creased her brow as she focused on the words in English. She’d been relearning basic phrases quickly, but the curse had still left her with a lot of blanks.

“H-hello, my name is Amarissa,” she managed, her heavy accent coming through. “I am responding to maid job with my sister. From paper, *si?*”

*‘Oh, yes! That’s right! We didn’t expect someone to answer so quickly. Amarissa was it? Come on in, I’ve just unlocked the gate. You can understand English right?’*

“Um, *si.*”

The voice on the other end of the intercom giggled a little. *‘I think you mean ‘yes’ there! But come on through. We’ll evaluate you in person. Welcome to my folks’ house!’*

The voice sounded eerily familiar in a way that neither Amarissa nor Josefina could quite place.

“I swear I know that voice,” Josefina said, puzzled. “But maybe I’m imagining things. I could barely understand the bitch.”

“She may not be a bitch,” Amarissa said. “But so long as she pays us, we can stand a little bit of attitude. We just need some extra funds, and we already have the maid costumes.”

She indicated to her fine form. Yes, she looked stunningly gorgeous, but she also looked very professional, with her hair back tight and a bag of cleaning supplies she’d



bought just to leave a good impression. Josefina, much to her chagrin, looked a bit more wild: her hair was a bit looser, her uniform emphasised her bust a bit more (particularly since she hadn't done up the top button), and she was looking around with interest, scratching her head.

"Just look the part," Amarissa hissed as she knocked on the door.

Seconds later, the door opened, and to their shared surprise the woman on the other side of the door was indeed someone they knew. She had honey-blonde hair and pale skin with cute freckles, and a figure that wasn't half bad, particularly since she was wearing a see-through shirt over a cute blue bikini. She had what looked to be a girly alcoholic drink in one hand, and she was beaming at them.

"That's Kaley," Josefina said. "From our trip to Cancun!"

Indeed it was. Kaley had been among the richest of the spring break gang, and now that Josefina thought of it, she had often talked about her 'summering' in Maryland at her parents' mansion. There was apparently even a huge pool, which explained her bikini. The odds of just happening to find work with one of their college and travel peers must have been astronomical - or perhaps simply karmically magical - but it still threw the pair off.

The woman raised her eyebrow. "Did I just hear my name? Oh, but of course, I was in the advert! Silly me! Well, since you know my name, it's best I know yours. Which one of you is Amarissa? You must be twins - it's soooo cute!"

They introduced themselves as best as they could in English, which Kaley giggled at, her attitude a little condescending. "Well, step on in. I'll give you the run of the place and tell you all the jobs that need doing. I'll check it all out before final payment: my folks are away and I've got a heap of friends over for several days, so I need everything spick and span while we're trashing the place, lol! You do know what spick and span means, right?"

Amarissa was trying to keep up, and Josefina was even further behind. They simply gave a polite '*si*' and a nod, which made Kaley act even more condescending.

"Did I hear you two talk about Cancun earlier? How did you know I went to Cancun?"

Amarissa acted fast, since Josefina was only good at improvising when it came to partying hard. "It was news. Saw face, and two men who were missing?"

She was fishing for information shamelessly, but it surprisingly worked. Kaley showed a flash of emotion.

"That's our friends, Jared Hartley and Angus Izaac. They totally up and disappeared in Mexico when we were in Cancun. There was a police investigation and everything. They're probably still whacked out on drugs, unless they pissed off the wrong person and ended up in a way worse state."

The sisters raised an eyebrow to each other. Kaley was more right than she knew, not that they could or would tell her.

"I'm sorry," Amarissa said.

"Me too. But they could also be total jerks. Aaron was a total hottie though. Would have liked to have seen him in board shorts again. Still, follow me."

She moved ahead with confidence, giving them the tour of the place. With each room came a small history that seemed to show off Kaley's family's wealth, with explicit instructions on what they could and could not touch. She seemed to revel in pointing out that they were 'unlikely to ever see a place like this unless you were cleaning it, right?' which made Josefina clench her fists. But the real surprise came when she walked out to the pool, which was an extensive and incredibly expensive outside area with nearly a dozen other individuals in their early twenties all lounging around, drinking, and playing loud music while they flirted and chatted and laughed.

"That's almost everyone who came down with us," Josefina whispered to her sister. "There's Hannah, and Ingris, and Mark and Peter. Even Georgie is here!"

"I can see that," Amarissa said. Something about seeing them all here, chilling together, and not at all distraught over the loss of Angus and Jared, made her internally furious. The fact that Kaley kept looking at her and trying to thrust out her chest, clearly jealous of their forms, only made the whole thing seem so much more . . . shallow. As if they had changed, but everyone else had not. Experienced hardship, while these guys were still laughing it up.

"Hey everyone!" Kaley announced. "I'd like to introduce you to our new maids!"

"They're hot!" Peter called.

"Peter!" a girl Amarissa recognised as Riley interjected. "You dog!"

"What? I bet they can't even understand me. Are they cleaning up our shit? Because we've thrown around a lot of shit. I think Mark destroyed that crystal bowl out the front."

They laughed together, including Kaley.

"That they are! Listen you two, we just need you to keep on top of everything, okay? We've already had one big interruption to spring break, and I won't tolerate another. If you can get all your jobs done, I'll happily pay you the full amount. Just make sure to hide the beers at the bottom of the bag, alright? Do you understand me, *si?*"

Amarissa sighed. "*Si, senorita.*"

That got a laugh from the group.

"Looks like we've got our own Mexican maids!" Mark called out. "And quite a sight for sore eyes!"

"You have no idea," Amarissa said under her breath. She could tell from Josefina's expression that she was thinking the same. Karma, history, and their peer choices were all coming back to bite them.

## Part 8: Old Friends, New Enemies

"I fucking hate these entitled *gringos*," Amarissa muttered as she collapsed back into the dirt cheap hotel room Miguel and Marco had found for them to stay out. Technically only two people could stay there, so they had to be sneaky when entering.

"Bad day?" Miguel asked, holding out his arm for her to fall into. She pointedly did not do so, despite her compulsions practically urging her to do so. She wanted to remain independent and get her male self back, especially after the day she'd just had. Instead she walked straight for the fridge and took out a soda.

"We came across some . . . people we met once," Josefina answered tactfully. It was impressively tactful too, given that Jared had always been the more bombastic and straight-to-the-point one. She was learning from Marco and her new experiences, though.

"You know some Americans?" Marco asked, looking up from his book.

She nodded. "Um, yeah . . ."

"How?"

She wasn't sure how to answer that, having used up her short meter of guile for the day, but Amarissa answered for her, having finished her soda in remarkable gulps. "Tourists that came and visited once. They were friendly then, but it turns out they are real assholes!"

"Ah, I see. *Gringos*."

Amarissa harrumphed. "*Si*, exactly."

Indeed, it had been a horrible affair. Back when they'd been Angus and Jares, Kaley and Mark and Peter and the rest had seemed to be nothing more than a fun bunch of party going college students like them: boisterous and looking for a good drunk time. But now that the pair were Amarissa and Josefina, the devastatingly pretty but clearly undocumented Mexican illegal immigrants, their former friend group had revealed their true colours. Kaley had lorded over them whenever she could, demanding practically the whole mansion be cleaned even as she and her careless group made further mess. She expected it all to be done in a day, and when shown how impossible this was, she withheld the other half of the day's payment until "the whole job is finished, got it? Understand my English?"

She had been bad enough for Josefina to summon her new inner Latina spirit and call her a "privileged white American bitch" under her breath. The irony. But as bad as Kaley was about that, and in making snide comments about their looks (from a clear origin point of jealousy), it was Peter and Mark who were far worse. It hadn't escaped their attention that the two Mexican maids hired by Kaley were damn fine in their looks, particularly Josefina as she wore her outfit tighter and exposed a bit of her cleavage since Marco rather liked it that

way. As such, the two were subjected to all kinds of comments and leering looks from the pair, especially Peter who was single.

“Hey hot *senoritas!*” he called out in a nasally voice from the pool area. “Come clean here for a bit! I’ll give you a nice big, hard tip if you like!”

Unfortunately for the pair, the greater nuances of sarcasm in English was still hard to grasp at times, and they willingly came over to try and compete for such a tip, only to realise exactly what he meant when he slapped Josefina on the ass. She turned and slapped him across the face immediately, sending him sprawling backwards into the pool. For a moment there was nothing but shocked silence, followed by the laughter of Peter’s peers.

“You fucking undocumented immigrant bitch!” he exclaimed.

Kaley calmed them down. “Hold up, hold up! Now Josefina, wasn’t it? You know you can’t do that. I mean, we’re doing a charity here by having you work, and there’s still so much to do. I was clear that you can’t flirt with people; that’s totally unprofessional. So get back to work and let Peter have his fun, okay?”

Josefina burned, muttering in Spanish under her breath.

“I’m sorry, I don’t speak foreign languages. This is fucking America. Speak English.”

“*Si, senorita.* I mean, yes, ma’am. We will do so.”

Kaley smiled as if she hadn’t just viciously made those comments. “Very good then, all solved! After all, a little hand on the ass won’t ruin your day, will it?”

That’s what they hoped, and they expressed the same hope to their sort of but sort of *not* boyfriends. Both comforted them, Marco especially to Josefina, who was still waiting for her damn period to come as she complained of feeling tired, bloated, and sore in her breasts. Amarissa let Miguel make her laugh, but she still hadn’t re-engaged with sex in the same way her ‘sister’ had. In fact, that very night Josefina engaged in passionate and quite noisy lovemaking with her partner, while she in turn only made out with Miguel, letting him suck on her tits. She felt a strong attraction to him but didn’t want to go too far again, especially not have him within her. So instead, she took out her frustration on the horrible day she’d had by gripping his penis and jacking him off, sometimes a little *too* hard.

“Woah, not so hard! A little gentler, please!”

“*Lo siento,*” she apologised, before working him to his full. She made sure to direct him so that he came not against her but just over a towel they’d prepared. It was good enough to satisfy him at least, though he remained hopeful.

“Perhaps next time you will ride me?” he suggested.

“M-maybe,” she admitted, though she didn’t truly want to go that far. At that moment, she just wanted to forget the whole day, get the money she needed from Kaley, and get the hell out of Maryland.

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Unfortunately, the following days proved even greater hardship. Kaley was enjoying her power trip over the pair, and soon was giving them tasks that actually had nothing to do with cleaning the house, and all to do with preparing drinks for her lounging spring break guests and fetching them food when required. They had gone from actual maids to the sexy stereotype maids, and most aggravating of all, the pair had been asked to actually look a bit more sexy as revenge for what had happened to Peter. Several more guests had joined by this point, and they recognised a few such as Alan and Tyrone, who were almost as lady-loving as Angus and Jared had been. The ass slapping continued far more often than they could ever want as they passed the boys to bring them drinks, and by request (read: demand) the pair now had more unbuttoned tops to show off their cleavage.

“Fuck yeah, I need to hire a sexy pair of twin Mexicana maids myself sometime,” Alan said.

“Damn straight,” Tyrone agreed. “Check out the tits on the sexy one.”

“They’re twins, moron.”

“Nah, one’s definitely hotter. Her tits look bigger!”

Josefina threw a smug glance at Amarissa for a moment, only for her to go buy-eyed. “E-excuse me! I need to go for a moment!”

She turned tail and ran the other way, her heels clacking on the floor as she ran from the living room where all the college kids were lounging. A girl named Sasha who Amarissa hadn’t met before giggled at the sight of this.

“Don’t forget my drink!” she called. “I’m still waiting!”

“Well, I guess this one will just have to keep us company while we watch our movie,” Peter said. He grabbed Amarissa by the hand and yanked her onto the couch, eliciting a yelp from her. Her heavy olive tits wobbled in her top, and to her horror she realised Peter had quite literally pulled her onto his lap, leaving her impressively rotund rear perched atop him.

“P-please, I need to cl-”

“Shhh, just enjoy the movie, babe. Mind if I give her a break, Kaley?”

Kaley just rolled her eyes but said nothing, content to let it all play out. Tyrone put a hand on her bare upper thigh, and her flesh crawled. She wished she could have been with Miguel at that point. Hell, she would fuck his brains out happily if it meant never going through this lecherous experience again. Surely she hadn’t been this bad, right? The thought that after all her proud ‘accomplishments’ bedding women and travelling to other countries for sex, that she had simply been a sex pest like these creeps, rocked her to her core. It made her realise why Josefina was feeling the way she was, given that after so much empty

partying her new twin sister was finding a lot of meaning in the quiet introspection of someone like Marcus.

Unfortunately, her epiphany was interrupted by Tyrone's hand snaking further up her thigh, and a hardness between her ass cheeks courtesy of Peter's very clear arousal. The latter's left hand snaked up to cop a feel of her large and sensitive E-cup breasts, at which point she *rocketed* to her feet, shrieking at them in a long stream of Spanish that exploded from her with the fury of a thousand dying suns. Peter went wide-eyed, and Tyrone just looked very entertained by this. Kaley, unfortunately, was not.

"Amarissa! AMARISSA! You will be quiet NOW and do your JOB! I paid for half your services this morning, but I think I'll withhold the other half until you can learn to be proper and respectable like a *good American*, if you catch my drift? Hmm?"

Amarissa nodded, grabbed her things, and quickly stormed off to do some cleaning, at least glad to be away from the pair. She passed Josefina coming the other way and pulled her into a side study, telling her what had happened.

"Peter did that? I never liked that rat! He was always trying to get everyone on ecstasy at parties. I love ecstasy, but he wanted to put it in girl drinks. He's probably a fucking rapist."

"A creep at the very least," Amarissa said.

"We have to get out of here. These people are shit. Were we this shit?"

Amarissa sighed heavily, and was once more reminded of her large bosom as it rose and fell in her now-sexy maid outfit. "I don't know, *hermana*. I don't know. I think . . . I think we've changed quite a lot."

"For the better," Josefina said, and she said it with conviction.

"I'm not sure. We've just changed. We can change back. I don't want to end up stuck as a *stúpida* sexy Mexican maid forever."

"We won't!" Josefina said, then paused, looking away. "But it has been a bit fun at times, right? And Marco is so lovely. And I know you like Miguel. And we've learned things. I feel like my eyes have been opened beyond just partying and girls and cars and drinking. Though I do like drinking; the thought of it makes me seriously sick right now. I just threw up in their bathroom. Ha! Lucky they had a maid nearby to clean it up, right?"

Amarissa sighed at her friend. "*Si*, I suppose they are. Look, Kaley just told me she's withholding payment again."

"What? That *bitch!* At this rate, we'll never get the money we need!"

"I know. And I think she's stringing us along. If we stay much longer with these horndog *gringos* then something really bad will happen to us. Mark is already yelling about wanting to see us do a sexy twin dance and Marisha is criticising him for it but he'll win out because Kaley runs the show, and she likes seeing us humiliated because we're 'other.'"

“So what do we do?” Josefina asked. “You’re the smart one, right? I’m just the impulsive one.”

“With bigger boobs, apparently,” Amarissa smirked.

“Gah! They feel enormous! And extra bouncy! I wish this period would come already. I can’t believe I’m saying that . . .”

Amarissa was a little jealous, though she didn’t want to be. She put her hand on her friend’s shoulder and squeezed it gently. “These people are robbing us,” she finally said. “So it’s time we rob them back.”

“I don’t know, that sounds like the kind of dumb idea I would have, Amarissa.”

“Well, I’m feeling impulsive,” the former male replied. “And I want to have a dick again, just so I can finally have some muscles and beat these sexist pieces of shit up for how they’ve treated us!”

“I told you we’ve changed! We see stuff from the female point of view a lot more.”

“*Sí, sí*, I admit it! But I also want to get to Maria’s address and talk to the *bruja*. Kaley pays in cash, and I’ve seen the room where the money is. She mocks us for being undocumented and illegal? She harasses us for lack of ID? Well, those things will also make it a lot, lot harder to track us once her money is gone, right?”

Josefina’s eyes began to gleam. Her stomach gurgled a little, ruining the moment. “Ugh, I feel bloated, tired, and annoyed. Let’s fucking do this, *hermana*. Let’s rob these privileged white kids!”

The irony of the statement went acknowledged but uncommented upon. The two of them went back to work, recognising that Kaley would be on the prowl soon. They had to tolerate a few more instances of the horrific behaviour of the individuals who had once been their friends. Poor Josefina was a particular target. It aggravated the protective instincts of Amarissa as the self-appointed ‘older’ of the two twins, but there was also a more paranoid undercurrent: the guys were commenting on their sexy twin fantasies, but had obviously latched onto Josefina as the hotter one due to her breasts currently being a whole cup size bigger - full on F-cups - as well as her hair being looser and giving her a more appealing appearance. It left the ‘younger’ sister desperately wanting Marco back, particularly since he was stronger than she had first assumed, given how well he was taking the landscaping jobs. But for now, they could only put up with the occasional slap on the ass, grope of their tits as they passed, and other lewd comments. Kaley continued to make snide, plausible deniable comments, dangling their future pay over their heads to keep them acting like submissive indentured servants.

Finally, their break came when the group decided to leave the place to go have lunch.

“Make sure the entire pool area is clean!” Kaley demanded. “I don’t want a single bit of litter. If you can’t do that, then what’s the point of *you people*.”

It set Josefina’s blood boiling, and Amarissa had to hold her back from physically attacking the other woman while she had her back turned to her.

“Don’t! No! Josefina, remember the plan!”

Josefina calmed herself, drawing on her internal image of Marco painting away calmly in her mind. It worked, and she resumed her steady breathing. Even her weird tiredness had gone away for a spell.

“Okay,” she said. “I’m calm. Let’s go fuck these motherfuckers up!”

They moved quickly as soon as the two separate Mercedes cars exited the mansion and left through the automatic gate. Amarissa led Josefina up to the second floor where they quickly scrounged through the room to find the box where the money was contained. Unfortunately, it was locked tight. Fortunately, Josefina had not lost her jury rigging skills in the transformation, and was able to apply the same finesse and knowledge she had when it came to cars towards the lock. With a hairpin she was able to jimmy it, though it took nearly fifteen minutes of agitation.

“Hurry up!” Amarissa urged.

“I am meant to be the impatient one, so what does this say about you, *herman*?”

Amarissa just kept watching the window, fearful that the car would arrive.

“Got it!” Josefina cried. The lockbox sprung open, and wads of fifty and hundred dollar bills were neatly stacked, and some even rubber banded together. “Wait - are we sure we want to do this?”

“They grabbed my fucking tits, Josefina.”

“And smacked my ass. Right, let’s fuck them up.”

The pair shared a giggle that only outlined how well they had adapted to being a pair of female twins, and quickly set to work grabbing all the cash. Once that was done, the pair descended the staircase and made for the exit. Josefina halted at the last second.

“Wait a moment, I have an idea!”

Amarissa gestured wildly. “Are you serious? We’re on a timeline here!”

“It will only take a second!”

She grabbed the trash liners, full of cans and discarded half-eaten food and plenty of other garbage, and hauled them out to the pool area. Quickly, and with a lot of chaos, she emptied them into the pool one by one before flinging the bags in as well. She even smashed a few bottles and threw in the remnants, just to make sure the place would *really* need a clean.

“There!” she declared when she came back. “Our time was ruined, now so is theirs!”

She gestured back to the scene of absolute ghastly horror that was now the pool.



“They’ll just hire a maid,” Amarissa said sadly.

Josefina halted. “*Mierda*. I feel sorry for the next one. But I overheard that Kaley’s parents are coming home soon, so at least she’ll probably be punished for this, right?”

They could only hope. Amarissa grabbed her sister by the hand and pulled her out of the building, they ran out of the property and made their way to the hotel. Marco and Miguel were very confused when the two curvaceous twins launched themselves at their respective lovers, kissing them passionately - especially so in Josefina’s case to Marco.

“There’s only a little time to explain,” Amarissa said to Miguel, who was evidently very pleased at the return of such a loving connection, “but we need to go. *Rapida*.”

She flashed the cash before his eyes, and they lit up.

“I hope the story isn’t *too* exciting,” he said. “I’ll clock us out. Marco, get the car ready. It’s time to get to Connecticut.”

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Amarissa couldn’t help it. She had sex with Miguel again, this time in a much nicer hotel - albeit one that was still pretty basic. She was still feeling that rush of victory from the robbery - or was it burglary? - in Maryland, and Miguel had kept her spirits high with talk of all the crazy things they could do with the money.

“I could finally get my business up and running! A restaurant, perhaps, with fine authentic Mexican cuisine. *Dios mio*, the stuff they claimed was authentic in Tennessee made my tongue practically fall out! Can’t you see it, Amarissa? Me as a fine-garbed restauranter, with an upper-class clientele?”

She snorted, punching him lightly on the shoulder. “I can see you somehow swindling it, charming as you are.”

He teased his thin, perfectly maintained moustache, as was his habit. “You could join me, after your business with your great Aunt Maria. We could at least have adventures together. This has been the best one of my lifetime. I never thought I would meet someone like you, Amarissa.”

“And I can honestly say the same about you, Miguel,” she said.

Josefina and Marco were out on a date, which left the two dangerously alone. She reached for a remote to turn on the small television in the room, perhaps to start a distraction and avoid her feelings, but instead her hand landed automatically on his instead. It made her heart beat faster. The very thing she had been fearing was occurring: she was losing her male self to her female self’s feelings of not only lust, but genuine affection for this sweet, sly, charismatic man. He leaned closer to her, his eyes glancing for a moment down to her cleavage. To her embarrassment and relief, she was in a showy crop top and denim shorts

again, which also revealed her fine midriff. Miguel's hand snaked around her back, his calloused fingers feeling wonderful on her soft skin.

"I know you have been stressed lately," he said. "But I still remember that night back in Tennessee. It was something else."

She took a deep breath, accidentally emphasising her heavy breasts. In that moment, she wished they were as big as Josefina's suddenly were. The poor thing still had bouts of nausea and tiredness, but her period must have been just on the cusp of arriving. She wondered when hers would be: didn't siblings or twins usually have periods at the same time? Or was that just a myth?

Either way, the thought had to halt, because she could no longer fight against the current of feeling she possessed towards Miguel. She opened her lips as he pressed himself slowly against her, and they locked together, their tongues dancing in each other's mouths. The feeling was unbelievably erotic, even more so when Miguel began to fondle her large right breast, teasing her nipple through her thin bra. She moaned, her vaginal tunnel already moistening in preparation, and this time she knew she had lost in full. There would be no quick titty job, or handjob, or any other form of light sex or extended making out. They were going all the way this time. She wanted him inside her, and told him as much.

"Take me to the bed," she whispered in his ear. "I'm going to ride you, *mi amor*."

The words were enough to make his manhood as hard as steel against her.

When she mounted him mere minutes later, her figure naked, her breasts ripe, her childbearing hips straddling his, she moaned in exaltation.

The woman inside her had won out, at least for now.

## **Part 9: The Other Bruja**

They had arrived at the address they sought: 43 Harlson Road, Bridgewater, Connecticut. It was a surprisingly appropriate address. Josefina and Amarissa had both sort of expected a more remote 'lair' so to speak, but given that the previous bruja - their appropriated grandmother - had effectively been living in a normal residential address in Cancun, who was to say what was normal for witches? This place was indeed further out though. It was located near the end of a winding road around a hill on the outside of town, barely connected to it other than area code. There weren't many houses at all, they were all up long drives into the lush semi-forested area, and it was clear that the people that lived here valued their privacy. The two former men hoped that this would not be the case too greatly; Maria was the only one who could bring them their bodies back.

Of course, as Miguel drove them to the inlet road that branched off the already remote main equivalent, there was an awkwardness and silence in the air. Josefina clung to Marco in the backseat, while Amarissa kept trying not to look at Miguel. Both of the men were starting to feel that same sense of finality, even if they didn't understand it.

"I don't understand," Miguel muttered. "You really think this is where we part ways? After all we have gone through, why not let us accompany you? You say this Maria may not be trustworthy, then let us have your backs!"

"No," Amarissa said. "It has to be just us, Miguel."

She sighed, resting back so that her curvaceous body was well displayed. In the warm weather she was wearing a sexy green tube top and short shorts that showed off more of her perfect olive skin than concealed it. Josefina was wearing something quite similar, albeit more pink, though her top was even tighter, and she wore a criminal short skirt instead. Marco evidently liked the look, as she wore those often. She was still complaining of the fact that her period hadn't come, and Amarissa was starting to suspect she had minor food poisoning or something, particularly given how much she was eating lately. She had consumed far too many gross hot dogs from gas stations they had stopped at on the final legs of the journey.

"At least let me come with Josefina," Marco put forward. He placed his hand on her back, and Josefina couldn't help but shiver at his touch. He had gotten so bold lately, so manly despite his quiet and kind nature. She attributed that confidence to herself and their nightly (and often, morning) activities. It had brought him out of his shell and made him a new man.

"I would love that," Josefina said, before catching herself. "But, um, I don't think it's possible. This is private business. You'll just need to, um, drop us off for a bit. If we can't come back quickly, we'll call you and work something out. Don't worry, we're not abandoning you."

She moved to kiss Marco, and he reciprocated. It was meant to be a quick peck, but the lustful woman couldn't help herself; she enjoyed the warmth of being a latina hottie far too much for Amarissa's tastes lately. The extended kiss resulted in a long moan from her, and Marco even went as far as squeezing her breasts with one hand and her ass with the other. It made her moan harder.

Miguel laughed. "Calm down, you two! I swear, you've made my little *hermano* insatiable. Go on, then. We'll drop you off and have a brother's trip in town. Should be fun."

"*Gracias* for understanding," Amarissa said. She opened the door to get out, but Miguel coughed.

"Do I get a goodbye kiss too?" he said, smirking, his eyebrow raised.

Amarissa rolled her eyes and sighed, but once more the woman in her rose up, instincts taking over. She grabbed Miguel and pulled him against her, her large chest squashing up against his lithe muscles in a way that drove her wild. Her large brown nipples stiffened in her tube top, rubbing against said chest, and it made her want to just get fucked by him in the car and not care about this nonsense. Thankfully, she pulled back and tapped him on the nose, regaining his senses.

“That should tide you over,” she joked.

“For now,” he replied with his trademark grin.

“For now,” she repeated, getting out of the car with her twin and beginning the walk down the side road, though she knew it was a lie. If all went well, the pair of brothers would never know what happened to them. It would be another mystery. It made her quite sad to think of, though she rallied. Josefina was doing far less well: she was already starting to tear up.

“I swear, you’ve lost all control of your emotions lately!” Amarissa declared.

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The cottage was more old-fashioned. Rustic. Not broken down or ominous, though. Well, a little ominous to the two girls. It had been a ten minutes walk, longer than expected, during which they were very aware of how their butts and breasts jiggled and wobbled and their hips swayed. It had become normal to them, but the realisation that they would soon lose these forms brought a hyperawareness. Josefina was already thinking about how sad she would be to lose her amazing *tetas* and *culo*, whereas even Amarissa couldn’t deny how wonderful her hair was, or how damn hot her face was (even if Josefina had practically the same face). After her *hermana* hesitated to open the door, she was the one to knock several times. They waited almost a minute of anxious silence before footsteps sounded and the door unlocked, creaking open.

“I told you, I don’t take junk mail or solicitations,” came a voice, accented Mexican and sounding curiously similar to Senora Maria Lopez. For a second they almost thought it was her: after all, both cousins shared the same first name, but it was evident as the woman stepped into the light that she was only in her late forties, being much younger, and that she was also lighter-skinned. This was, as they had been told, Maria Rodriguez. She smirked as she realised they weren’t salesmen.

“Well,” she said in Spanish, assuming it was their speech, “you look like my kind of people. *Si?*”

“*Si,*” they said as one, before Amarissa took over. “Only, not quite. Um, we carry bad news. Your cousin Maria passed away recently.”

The woman sagged a little. “Been a long time since I heard from my namesake below the border. She was a good woman. What was it?”

“A stroke of sorts,” Josefina added. “Her daughter is carrying on without her. She sent us up.”

“And who exactly are you?” the woman asked. “You have the sniff of magic on you. Maria’s magic, if I don’t see wrong.”

The twins exchanged a quick glance. “Perhaps we should tell the full story inside,” Amarissa said. “We need your help.”

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It was quite a story, and only the sexcapade aspects were kept under wraps, though Josefina couldn’t stop talking about damn Miguel, which made Maria chuckle. Even Amarissa noted his brother Miguel to be quite the man, which made her laugh harder.

“You really have gone native, ha! But then, if I still had a body like you do, then I wouldn’t hesitate, even if I were a white girl!”

“Ugh, don’t remind me of white girls,” Amarissa said, thinking back to Sasha and Haley and all the rest of the *gringo* jerks who had treated them like shit in the days before.

Maria spat. “I hate Americans like them. Almost makes me want to pay them a visit. But I’ll consider that later.”

“We just want to be as we were before. Please, this spell wasn’t intended to be permanent. You have to believe us. We’ve learned our lessons. *Dios mio*, we even came to really like the other Maria and her daughter Gabriella.”

“And *her* daughter Sofia!” Josefina added. “Ohhhh, she was such a little sweetie, that baby!”

“Don’t go baby crazy now, *hermana*, not when we’re so close to the end.”

“I’m just saying she was cute! I changed her more than you, so that’s saying something!”

Again Maria chuckled, particularly as Josefina began to eat another enchilada that the woman had made for them. The twin was ravenous, which confused Amarissa as to exactly what was going on with her health.

“Don’t be a pig, *hermana*. You’ll just throw it all up again!”

“Will not! I can’t help myself, I’m starving after being so sick all the time.”

“I’m surprised you aren’t really brothers in your other life,” Maria remarked, “but then perhaps being twins has made you more like twins. I can scarcely tell you apart.”

“I have bigger *tetas*,” Josefina bragged, thrusting out her chest as if she were a little tipsy. “At least as of the last week.”

“Show off.”

The *bruja* giggled. She had a sort of ‘cool hippie’ vibe about her, with all sorts of strange trinkets threaded into her clothing, and her hair braided in a New Age sort of way. Still, her cosy home was decorated with all sorts of strange spiritual-looking artefacts, some of which were creepy.

“Well, I’ve heard enough. I rather like the pair of you, and I believe you when you say that my cousin intended to reverse the spell prior to her death. I can’t say I ever knew Gabriella, but I doubt you forged this note from her. It’s too personal. And besides, I’m my own woman. I can end a curse if I think the individuals have atoned. And you lovely *senoritas* have certainly gone through enough, even if it is a *bit* amusing, *no?*”

The pair groaned with embarrassment, thinking on all they had done, and even what they were wearing. Even so, Josefina had to suppress a smile.

“Well, it had been embarrassing, but not all bad, right *hermana?*”

“No, not all bad,” Amarissa admitted. Her horny body became just a little more aroused thinking about her nights with Miguel. “But that’s precisely why we need to turn back, before we get far too used to this.”

“Fair enough!” the *bruja* said. “Alright then, let’s be quick about it. It’s actually not the most complex spell, and while unweaving another’s takes effort, I’m pretty damn good at this. Besides, this is magic from my own blood - extended relation, sure, but close enough - so I can have a bit of extra oomph when it comes to undoing it. I’ll need to draw up a magical circle, get the right ornaments and decorations, beseech the dead-”

“Beseech the *dead!?*” Josefina gasped.

Maria cracked up laughing. “Got you! No, you both just need to hold steady while I chant some things. It’s that simple. It’s good that you came to me too; this magic has aspects that affect your mental state. If you don’t change back soon, they’ll probably become permanent.”

“You mean we would lose ourselves?” Amarissa said, looking pointedly at her sister, who was getting far too accustomed to being a hot Mexican woman.

“Sort of,” Maria explained, directing them to the living room space. “But not quite. You would lose aspects of yourself forever such as being attracted to women - only hot *hombres* for you two from now on - as well as your sense of masculinity, ability to walk like a man, talk like one, and so on. But you would also be stuck with your current fashion sense - no way would you two be wearing those little outfits after becoming women unless the spell compelled you to like them, right?”

“They show off my figure,” Josefina said in a small, embarrassed voice.

“That they do. I bet my namesake never imagined you being stuck like this for so long. So let’s get you turned back, or else you’ll end up in male bodies but with female minds. Hard life to live! So hold still!”

It was surprisingly anticlimactic, all things considered. Both girls had anticipated a fight, or a hard explanation, or even some sort of bargaining to get this ironed out. After so many troubles they had gone through, it felt almost disappointing not to have one final hurdle, but Amarissa in particular wasn’t going to complain. She simply stood still as the older woman chanted, her language slipping out of Spanish and into something far more ancient and incomprehensible. Small tendrils of purple energy seemed to crackle in her hands, a far more impressive sight than the other Maria’s more stealthy curse. Even then, such ethereal aspects were barely visible; it was enough to confirm for them though that this woman really did have the touch.

“I order you to return to your true selves!” she finished, voice booming a little. “To your true lives! Now and without delay!”

Josefina cringed, clenching her eyes shut in fear. At the very moment the magic was cast upon her, she wanted to scream for Maria to stop. To change only Amarissa and not herself. She wanted just a little more time. One more night with Marco. One last painting from him. And a proper goodbye. Just one more day in the form she had come to enjoy so much would never be enough, but it would have to be. But now she wouldn’t have the chance, because the magic rippled over her, and Amarissa, who welcomed it gladly. There was just a small twinge of regret at the fact that she wouldn’t see Miguel again, or experience the joys she had as a woman again, but she knew who she was meant to be. She was meant to be Aaron.

The magic flooded over them, and when the strange sensations finally ended, only then did they open their eyes.

“Oh my God!” Aaron declared. “It happened! It worked! I’m me again!”

He ran his fingers down his powerful chest, over his legs, even cupped his manhood. Maria had even changed his outfit, much like the other witch. He was wearing a large white men’s top and a pair of casual jeans. His hair was short again. He didn’t have two large weights on his chest anymore. His hips could no longer be described as ‘babymaking’ in shape. His thighs were no longer soft, and his body had hair again. Even his voice boomed, that charismatic energy returned to it that had bagged so many women. He thought of a hot woman in his mind - a pinup model like Stacey Grey - and it pleased him.

“Thank fuck, I’m straight too! Jared, we did it! We’re men again. We can speak proper English and get our lives back and -”

He stopped as he looked sideways. Before him was a distractingly beautiful latina woman with mid-olive skin, luscious black hair, and a figure that wouldn’t quit. Her large E or

F-cup breasts strained at her tiny top, and her midriff was driving him suddenly crazy. Despite knowing who it was, his dick hardened a little. A lot, actually.

“*Pervertido!*” the woman cried, her voice sweet and accented. And then she unloaded a stream of confused Spanish that Aaron could no longer understand.

“Um, what’s going on?” Aaron asked, turning to Maria, who had a confused look on her face as well. “Aren’t you going to turn my friend back too?”

“She should have turned back,” Maria said, switching to English. “I’ve cast it twice now. It should reverse the spell unless . . . oh dear. Oh, why didn’t I sense that sooner. Oh, this is not good.”

“What is not good?” Josefina intoned slowly, struggling to speak English.

Maria grimaced, casting her hands out and feeling for some kind of energy in the air. She sighed when she was done. She began to switch between English and Spanish, the latter first to Josefina, who gasped and grabbed her belly in shock, clutching it and clearly not knowing what to think.

“What did you say?” Aaron said. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing out of the ordinary, and nothing magical either,” Maria said. She sighed a second time and flopped back into a chair from exhaustion. “But I can’t turn her back either. She’s stuck like that, for good.

“WHAT!?”

“It’s what happens, young man, when new life is created. No magic can override it. It ‘seals’ the body and mind together, so to speak.”

Aaron frowned. “New life, what do you mea- oh. Oh no. Fuck now! That can’t be right!”

A lot of things suddenly made sense: the sickness, the constant eating, the tiredness, even the extra emotion.

“But it is, I’m afraid your friend went and got herself-”

“*Grávida,*” Josefina said, stroking her stomach in shock and looking to her former sister and returned friend. “*Dios mio.*”

## **Part 10: Separate Ways**

It took some time to come down from the revelation. It had been so damn obvious, how had they not seen it? But then they had not really been women all that long. Just long enough, of course, for Josefina to get pregnant and to start showing signs. She couldn’t have been



more than a month or so along. They had only been with Marco and Miguel *in that way* for a little over six weeks. But something had clearly taken root inside her.

“*Mierda*,” Josefina said for seemingly the hundredth time. She took a deep breath, causing her large breasts to rise and fall slowly in her tight top. Angus blinked a little as he looked at them. Now that he had regained his manhood, his attraction to women had also returned. While Josefina was his best friend, he couldn’t help but feel a little . . . weird about it all. Hard to look away, but at the same time still viewing this woman of an obviously different race as his sister. His *hermana*.

“I think I’ve still got some Spanish in my head,” he said, wincing.

“*Si*,” Maria said, passing him a tea. “That’ll be the case for a long while, possibly forever. You’ve been trapped in those forms and minds for weeks, which means a portion has seeped into your soul. Don’t be surprised if little aspects of being a rather fine Mexican woman stays with you. Trust me though, it’s not that bad!”

She gave a lighthearted chuckle, but it was clear that the kind *bruja* was trying to make him feel better. He wasn’t the one that needed the most comforting, though. Josefina was still Josefina, and now would be for life. Her new identity was as a young, busty, sexy Mexican woman with wide baby making hips - hips that had very much made a baby. Or at least were going to.

It was several hours after the revelation that Josefina would never be Jared again. She had cried her eyes out, her pregnancy hormones mixing with her female hormones mixing with her general agitation, and it was only after Maria coaxed her into the shower to clean herself up and feel better that things had calmed down. She was still swearing and muttering to herself, speaking in broken English to Angus, but she was also looking down at her body with an expression that Angus could have sworn was something approaching *awe*. She occasionally put her hand on her bare midriff and whispered Marco’s name in her cute accent.

“*Marco*,” she said in Spanish. “*I’m having Marco’s baby.*”

She bit her lip, trying to stop herself from smiling. It was insane. It was all kinds of wrong. But a small, female part of her was glad that it was his, at least. In fact, she imagined what his response would be at telling him. Would she abort? Was there a point? Maria had already told her that doing so wouldn’t change matters as they were. Of course, she didn’t want to become a mother either, and had no idea what Marco would think about becoming a *padre*. Would he hate her for this? For not being careful with her body? But he wasn’t a hateful man. No, he was a soft, sensitive soul.

“I don’t know what to do,” she confided to Maria.

Maria gave a light shrug. "That's your choice, young one. I can't decide for you, I'm sorry. But perhaps your gentleman has a right to know. The decision is yours whether you keep that little life growing in you, but I think it would be best for him to at least be aware."

She nodded. "Of course. I have to tell him. I want . . . I want to see him anyway."

She wanted his comfort. It was great to see that Angus was back, even if there was now partly a language barrier between them: her *inglesa* was still quite basic, stilted, and thickly accented. He had checked himself over in the bathroom several times, clearly relieved, and it was odd to look at him. He was quite attractive, but like with him to her, she was now seeing him as her *hermano*. Her brother. Even if he was pretty hot, with his strong muscle and the like.

Not hot like Marco though. She wanted to be with him. To comfort her.

"I need see Marco," she said in broken English to Angus.

Angus was surprised. "Really? Don't you want to go to a centre?"

She shrugged, indicating she couldn't understand him.

"An abortion? No more baby. Get rid of baby."

She circled her arms around her middle, looking suddenly quite vulnerable. "N-no. Not like that. I don't . . . I don't know how to say it. Need Marco. He help me. Miguel too but mostly Marco. You see Miguel again?"

Angus was hit by a wave of something that took him a moment to decipher. Maria was still in the room - it was her house after all - and she raised her eyebrow, curious about his reaction. He had assumed that becoming a man again would make him no longer view Miguel in any special way, but in truth the notion of seeing him again had a powerful magnetic draw. A light heat lit up inside him, a warmth that spread to his chest and made him feel slightly gooey inside. He thought of Miguel's passion, his witty charm, his self-confident smirk. The way he had touched her.

No. Not *her*. He was a *him* now, and he would remain as such. He shook the thoughts away, though they lingered for a time.

"I won't see him," he said, only to soften. "But I can drive you to him, and you can . . . tell him that I had to leave. Amarissa, I mean."

He had to explain it a few times to Josefina, and Maria had to translate in the end. During that time, she worked as a go-between when it came to deciding what would happen next for Josefina. The poor forever-woman had no idea. She had never anticipated staying in that body forever, or becoming a mother, but she would also be in denial if she claimed she hadn't at least *imagined* being Josefina longer, even a lot longer. She'd had such discussions on the way to Maria's that very day, for instance. Now though, it was daunting. She was an illegal Spanish woman in Connecticut, undocumented and with child. Her prospects were slim.

"I can help you with my magic as best as I can," Maria explained to her, "but first you need to decide what path you wish to take. First you need to talk to your man."

The conversation had kept circling to that point, and it couldn't be put off any longer. It was late afternoon, and Marco and Miguel would be wondering where they were. Already, Angus had gotten a few messages from Miguel on his burner phone. It took a lot of willpower not to feel a well of emotion when looking at them, even if he could no longer read them.

"Let's go," he said in the end. "You can go say your goodbye to Marco."

Josefina nodded. Even if she hadn't managed to figure out the words in *inglesa*, she would have understood.

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Angus waited in the car somewhat impatiently. He knew this talk was going to be a while, but he had no idea it was going to be *this* long. He had a good view of the hotel room that Miguel and Marco had booked, and though the curtains were partly drawn he could see Josefina pressed against Marco, crying her tears out as he held her. It was a deeply romantic hold, and again he felt that jealousy, particularly when Miguel paced back and forth with an impatience that matched his own. The older brother was troubled, and working pragmatically to find a solution: Angus knew him well enough to figure that out. Meanwhile, Marco took Josefina to the couch so that they were just a little out of view except when she or he stood up to think or hold one another.

"Hurry up, Josefina. Jared. Whatever I have to think of you as. *Rapida!* I mean, quickly! Ugh, it would be easier if I actually understood the stupid Spanish slipping out of me."

He caught eye on Miguel again, and once more his curiosity was aroused. He really did look handsome, particularly when he peeked outside the window and stared forlornly, clearly looking for Amarissa and hoping she was walking in from out of the street.

"I'm sorry, my love," Angus breathed. He clenched his eyes. "Not my love. Fuck. Jesus, I need to get away and go back to being me."

A less obnoxious, more respectful him, of course. He'd learned too much about being a woman to ever truly go back to his love-'em-and-leave-'em ways, but at least it would be a changed version of him. A matured one, perhaps.

Finally, just as he was about to impatiently figure out a way to contact Josefina, she emerged out onto the street.

"I tell him I go for breath fresh air," she said.

"I think I understand. Jared. Josefina, are you ready to go?"

Josefina bit her lip. She held herself, inadvertently pushing her large breasts up. It made Angus briefly long to have those wonderful, bouncing weights on his chest again. When Miguel had licked his big, sensitive nipples and groped his tits . . .

“What is it?” he asked, scratching the back of his head.

Josefina shifted her feet, looked backwards, forwards, then repeated the motion.

“I will stay,” she said.

“What? What!”

“*Sí*, I stay. Stay with Marco. We will . . . we are going to keep it. Keep the baby.”

Angus blinked. “You’re fucking kidding me, Josie. This is madness. It’s all the curse doing this.”

“No, it is me! I want to . . . it’s Marco’s baby. I’m scared. But Marco so kind and good man and will support me. Maria will help and Miguel too. I can’t go back, Angus. Can’t go back so must forward and have baby and be mother though scary. Ugh, cannot say it. Words too hard.”

Angus took a deep breath. He rubbed the bridge of his nose. “Josie, I can’t let you do that.”

“You no stop me. My choice. You said. I - I don’t want another way. Want to be with Marco. He is best thing happen to me. No *inglesa* to explain. He is *mi amor*.”

My love. Even Angus knew that one in his recently Anglicised mind. His former twin sister had tears in her eyes. She wiped them, but was actually smiling as she spoke of Marco. God, it made Angus even more frustrated, but he wasn’t so stupid as to think he could control this outcome.

“What will you do? I can’t stick around. I have to go back home.”

She nodded sadly. “*Si*, I know. We go separate ways. Have to - different people now.” She laughed at the literalism of it. “Different people, ha!”

Angus snorted. Again, that damn well of emotion. He had to get out of here. “We have to stay in touch,” he said. “Keep my phone number. Don’t lose it. I’ll work something out. Find a way to change you back.”

But she just shook her head. “Don’t want to. This me now. I will be woman and be with Marco. I . . . it make me happy, Angus. It does! Scared but am happy.”

Angus had no idea what to do, so he just fell silent. They stayed there, outside the car on the side of the street for several minutes, both taking in the horrible truth: their lives were in different directions now. Totally different directions. She was going to be a mother: the notion that his best friend turned twin sister was going to give *birth* in less than nine months just did his head in. Of course, he thought, looking up at the apartment window and seeing Miguel’s shadow pass by, it could have been him. The thought of it made him feel . . . weird.

"I have to leave," he said suddenly. "I'm sorry. But if I stay longer I'm not going to lose the curse. Need to go, leave curse behind."

He said the last part slowly, and Josefina nodded in understanding, though fresh tears formed. She leapt into a hug with Angus, and he returned it. They held each other as friends and siblings for a while, and then Josefina pulled back.

"*Gracias*," she said. "For everything."

Then she slowly turned, looking back at him several times, and walked back into the hotel. Back to Marco. She didn't want to say goodbye to her best friend, but at that moment she needed her lover. Her baby daddy. Angus watched her embrace him again in the apartment, his view of them barely able to make out their shadows. Marco was holding her, whispering something as she cried against him, soothing her even if he didn't truly understand all that she was going through. He got in his car and took off. He looked back just in time to see Miguel stick his head out, forlornly looking for Amarissa without any hope.

"I'm really very sorry, *mi amor*," Angus said to himself.

He hit the gas. He needed to get home and put all of this behind him, pronto.

## **Part 11: Time Skip**

Josefina was growing. There could be little doubt. Growing and showing. It had only been a little over a month since Amarissa had changed back to Angus, but already her pregnancy was becoming something that was no longer a piece of knowledge or series of symptoms, but rather a set of actual physical changes to her body. Her breasts had gone up yet another cup size - Marco was pleased about this greatly, despite him trying to play it cool in his soft, sensitive way - and now her stomach was drawing taut as well. She'd noticed that her skin glowed a little more, and that her hips seemed just a wee bit wider. Certainly, she let them sway when walking ahead of her baby daddy: as much as morning sickness sucked, it had at least not killed her sex drive. Not even the occasional bout of awful tiredness could. Her artist boyfriend and father to her growing baby was just too cute, and when he drew her she was simply aroused by his artistic sensibilities. She had to wait until he was done and finished the sketch until she could jump him, and if she was this bad already, she couldn't imagine how bad she'd be in the second trimester.

"You are so lustful lately," Marco teased, groping her butt as she lay on top of him. She *really* liked riding him lately. Maybe it was because she was preparing herself for when she could no longer be beneath him because of her big belly in the way.

“It’s your fault for getting me knocked up with your baby,” she said in her soft, sensual voice. She extracted herself from him and shifted to her side. He spooned her, and she lowered one hand to her stomach.

“I can feel it growing, I swear. The skin is tight.”

“It’s beautiful,” he said, kissing her back and then her hair. She grinned. She loved it when he kissed her hair. She was buying more expensive shampoos and conditioners now, just to keep it silky and beautiful, all because of moments like this.

“I still get scared. What if I’m not meant to be a *mama*? I never imagined it would be possible!”

“Well, that explains how we got you pregnant,” he joked.

She snorted. “That, and all the wonderful fucking we were doing,” she purred. “But seriously, I worry. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“Without me? It was you who got us the papers and authorisation to become naturalised! We couldn’t have done it without *you*.”

“That was just Maria. She has her . . . ways.”

“Miguel still can’t believe it. It’s the best thing that ever happened to us. I can work in an artist’s shop and maybe one day have my own. He can actually pursue a degree and do work on the side at the bar. It’s all happening.”

“It is,” she said, but then a shiver of sadness ran through her. “I just wish my sister was here to share it with us.”

Again, that soft kiss on the back that soothed her so much. “I know, *mi amor*, but she has her own demons to deal with. I know we will see her again, I just know it. I wish my *hermano* did too. I don’t know if he’ll ever get over her.”

It was true, Josefina knew. Something had died in Miguel the day Amarissa hadn’t returned. She’d left a message for him (Josefina had to translate with Maria’s help so that Angus could leave one final message, and amusingly Josefina was able to voice it, being Amarissa’s twin), one that explained everything. It wasn’t the most believable lie in the world, but as far as Miguel knew Amarissa had gotten official citizenship through Maria and left to travel across America. She still wanted to ‘find herself’, and was afraid of being tied down. Josefina made out as if these were behaviours that Amarissa had always expressed, and that several of her strange actions (more a result of her being a man in a woman’s body) during the long road trip had actually reflected this. It had torn her up inside lying to Miguel, but it was the only way to explain Amarissa’s absence without making her seem totally cruel. In fact, it helped that Angus was clearly torn up about it, because after a brief week of Anger where Miguel cursed her out again and again, he mostly just seemed forlorn, desiring his lover to return.

“Do you think she’ll see us before the baby comes?” Marco asked.

Josefina held his hand against her stomach a little longer. "I don't know. I hope so. But I don't know how . . . I can't explain it. It's difficult, because of the path she's taken. We're such different people now."

Marco couldn't understand, but he held her all the same.

"*Te amo*," he said. "I love you."

She beamed, allowing him to hold her ever more closely. The feeling of him holding her stomach, her breasts, her soft body . . . it made her decision to stay all the more worthwhile. Her pregnancy was still strange. It still scared her. It was still such a leap, just like remaining a woman for the rest of her life.

But a kernel within her was starting to accept it, and even like it. And it was growing as surely as the baby inside her stomach.

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Time continued to pass, and Josefina began to well in earnest as she grew through her second trimester. In fact, she was growing so fast that it was alarming to her, until a visit to the hospital for a check up explained everything. Marco was nervous accompanying her; he still had a fear of his fake citizenship being discovered, but Josefina had full confidence in the *bruja's* magic, and knew that it would hold well. She lay back as the gel was placed on her four month stomach, one that was now round with child and then some. She was feeling very pregnant and she wasn't even halfway along, and that was when the woman performing the scan told her why that was the case.

"Congratulations," she said, "you're having a pair! Twins!"

Josefina gasped, looking to a stunned Marco and then back again. "*Mellizas?* Twins? You joke! You are making the joke!"

"Not at all! Have a look. Here's one head, aaaannnd . . . here's another. Two little babies. No wonder you're growing so fast, you're eating for three, not two!"

"Explains much," Marco teased his lover, but Josefina didn't hear him. Instead she was looking at her belly and then back up to the ultrasound screen.

"Two babies. *Dos. Dos bebes.*"

She could scarcely believe it, but in the days that followed it slowly became the truth, and in her dreams she imagined their little faces as girls, identical twins much like she and Amarissa had been. She sent a message to Angus to tell him the news, not caring how he'd react but only wanting him to know, but the message didn't make it. Despite his promise, Angus had stopped returning calls or talking, and cut all contact. It saddened her deeply, but at least Marco was there. She was doing her best working as a maid still, even if she wouldn't be able to do so for too long. Her belly was already making it hard to perform all her

duties, and sometimes she still had traces of morning sickness. She tired easily, and now that her baby - *babies, plural* - were starting to move inside her, she was often given to distraction, rubbing her belly softly and humming a Mexican lullaby to them.

“That is the weirdest thing, when they move,” she explained to Marco back at their apartment. They still lived with Miguel, but now that they were located in Pennsylvania they’d managed to find a split apartment. It was a good thing: the *hermanos* could remain together as they wanted, Miguel helping drive their money-saving and organising their new status quo, while the poor single man didn’t have to put up with their relentless love making or cutesy and constant PDA, since his set of rooms were literally separated from theirs. Of course, it did leave him even more lonely, a fact that Josefina truly regretted. She and Marco had tried to get him to start dating again, but while he hadn’t taken himself off the market, in his own words, “no one is like Amarissa. No one.” Even dates that had seemingly gone well were not enough. Besides, he claimed he was too busy trying to build up capital to help support them.

“You’re adding two hungry mouths to the mix, my selfish *hermano*,” he said, though it was with a sly, teasing smirk to his younger brother, who just chuckled in response. “In truth, I never imagined you would become a father before me. But I suppose with your lack of experience, the missing sex education made it more likely.”

Josefina was the one to throw the pillow at him, and he retreated, laughing. He could be happy from time to time, but after a while his state always turned to someone who had missed his chance at love. Josefina noticed he struggled to look at her; she was Amarissa’s twin, and so was a constant reminder of the beauty he had missed out on, and still couldn’t fully grasp why. She had to tell herself that she couldn’t fix that situation, or whatever Angus was going through since he’d cut off contact. She could only focus on learning to love her body as a woman, and the babies inside her, as strange as it was to be pregnant.

“I do love you,” she whispered to her belly at night, when Marco snored beside her. “I am just figuring all this *loco* stuff out. Being a woman, being *gravida*. *Dios mio*, I’ll make milk. I’ll feed you each on my big *tetas*. And my *culo* will get real big too, I bet, not that Marcos will mind.” She giggled slightly. “At least he liked my pregnant body. Not a sentence I thought I would say. At least I can say it aloud when no one else is listening. I *will* learn to be a woman and *mama* for you, my little darlings. I’ll figure it out. Just don’t think I’ll stop wearing sexy clothing and enjoying parties when I can. This hot *mama* is still a party boy at heart. Well, a party girl. She just has a big softie to come home to, and the *bebes* he put in her.”

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By the time Josefina was approaching her due date, her life had transformed so fundamentally that it was almost equal in her mind to becoming a woman all those months ago. Her belly was huge, rounded, heavy and swollen, seeming to arrive in any room full seconds before the rest of her. Far from having a sexy strut and hot hip wobble to her walk, she now waddled, clutching her belly in the hopes of it not weighing her down too much. She had slight stretch marks, though not too many at least, but most of all she just felt *full*. Only not full of alcohol or drugs or food like the old party going Jared, but instead full of nothing more than *babies*. So damn full of babies that she could swear she was going to burst, especially when both of them decided to shift and move and kick about inside her, eliciting groans from the overly pregnant woman.

“Not long now, *mi amor*,” Marco said patiently, cupping her from behind and lifting her belly. She sighed with relief. She loved the way he held her belly up, relieving her of some of the heavy burden. Of course, it wasn’t long before his hands wandered up to her breasts, which had gone up *yet another* cup size in preparation for feeding. Her nipples had swelled, areolas too, and darkened also, and she had begun leaking lately.

“Don’t remind me,” she said softly, closing her eyes. “The thought of spreading my legs and pushing out a *bebe* is just . . . *dios mio*, it’s weird.”

“Two babies,” Marco reminded her.”

“Ohhhhh, don’t remind me of *that* either. At least I’ll have one on each *teta*, because they’re feeling soooo full lately.”

“Well, it’s still an hour before I have to work at the shop. Maybe I could help you with that.”

She moaned softly. She was just in her lingerie. She could no longer work as a maid or housecleaner or anything, and would likely be a stay-at-home mom for her babies and baby daddy soon. The thought wasn’t entirely terrible: she still daydreamed about her little ones and meeting them, and as much as she had reservations, she had far more excitement. It had been a long journey of growing and swelling and grappling with being totally knocked up, but the sensations were increasingly ones she could embrace. She was going to be a *mama*, and nothing could take that away from her. She just wished Amarissa could be with her. Not Angus, much as she missed him, but Amarissa had been her sister. Her twin. She wanted her *hermana* back.

“Mhmm,” she moaned, as he began to fondle her breast, bringing her back to the present. “P-please. I’m s-so horny lately. I want you to f-fuck me and drink my m-milk. Take me from behind?”

Marco smiled. “Will do. Be quiet though, or Miguel will hear again. He missed her still.”

“We all do. Take my mind off it. F-fuck me. Make me moan, *mi amor*.”

And he did, many times. By the end the orgasms were coming so hard and so fast that her entire belly trembled, her babies waking. She whimpered, crying out loud despite her earlier promise to be quiet, as her lover shot his wad into her depths. It was such a huge turn on, and explained how she'd gotten so knocked up the first time.

It also had consequences. She'd read ages ago that sex could trigger labor, but she hadn't thought of it in the moment until there was a sudden release within her, and fluid came gushing out between her thighs, splashing onto the floor and turning to a slow trickle.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, still coming down from the pleasure.

"Enjoy that? I was trying something new."

"I I-loved it. You were f-forceful, for once. But it's n-not that. Marco, I think my w-water just broke. I think I'm going into labor. I'm - *dios mio* - NGHH!!!"

The contractions that rolled through her belly only proved her right. Her twins - both girls, she now knew - were about to arrive.

"It's actually happening," she said to herself as Marco looked at her with bewilderment. "It's actually - mmhmm, ahhhh! - happening! M-Marco, we're going to be p-parents!"

And to her own joy, she realised she was actually excited, even through the fear and uncertainty and oddness of it all. She had accepted that she was going to be a woman for life. Now she was ready to be a mother, too.

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"I c-can't do it! I can't!"

"You can, Josefina. You can, my love. I know you can."

"Damn you for getting me *gravidas!* Damn the *bruja* for making me a woman!"

"Don't curse you mother, it's not her fault. You're so close, the doctor says so. Soon we'll see our little daughters."

"I still can't believe I'm going through this! Pushing *bebes* out of my - NNGHH!!!"

Nine hours. Nine long, horrific hours of labor. It was pain that Josefina had never imagined. She had never believed that it was so terrible for women when she'd been a guy - if it was so bad, how come they got pregnant in the first place, or went on to have more kids? - but now she truly understood why it was called *labor*. Each contraction made her cry out, but there was nothing to do but suffer through them and cling to the father of her babies, occasionally cursing him out. He was patient and soft-spoken as always, heaping encouragement upon her even as she cursed him out. Still, she wanted him nearby. She couldn't imagine going through this without him. She was on her back, her enormous twin pregnant belly sitting heavily upon her, her legs spread wide. She no longer even cared

about baring her pussy to the world, or that her vagina was about to stretch wide enough to push a whole baby through it. All she cared about was ending the pain, and getting her babies safely out of her.

“Push!” a doctor advised. “It’s time to push, Josefina! Breathe steady and-”

But his words were lost on her, because all she could focus on was bearing down, huffing her breath carefully, and straining with all her might to get her child - her children - out of her.

“EeeeeeeeUUUUGGHGHH!!!!” she cried, voice rising to a high-pitched whine. Her hair was sweaty and matted, her body exhausted, but everything changed when she felt something big and alive lower into her tunnel.

“I can see the head! Keep pushing!”

NNGHHHH!! OH GOD!”

“So close! Nearly have the shoulders out!”

She pushed again, and again, and then suddenly there was an immediate release of the pain as her child made it out the other side.

“Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God,” she cried, unbelieving what her body had just done. She wanted to see her baby immediately - it was crying, squalling, and Marco was ecstatic as he got to see her little girl. Moments after the quick blood test, vitamin injection and clean up she was placed upon Josefina’s chest, blue and purple and pink and crying. Crying, that was, right up until she nestled against her mother’s chest, at which point she nestled against her peacefully.

“She’s so beautiful,” Josefina marvelled. She began to cry, tears streaming down as she held her naked baby. “She’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

Instantly, even despite the lingering pain, she was glad she was a woman, and a mother now to boot. She had no regrets any more in her mind, especially as she looked at her proud baby daddy.

It was a good thing she had no regrets too, because suddenly a fresh contraction hit her, causing her to groan. The baby was passed back to Marco, and she had to widen her legs again, bearing down once more.

Baby girl number two was ready to enter the world, and this time Josefina *knew* she could do it. She took a deep breath, following the instructions from the book in Spanish she had read, and focused all her energies on pushing out her second child. The experience of having a living child squeezing out of her nethers was just as alien as the first time, but just like the first time she was immediately hit by a rush of endorphins that calmed her system when her child exited into the world. There was another cry, an announcement that all was well and the baby was healthy, and then her second child was placed on her chest along

with the first. Two grasping, purple, splotched little infants who looked like the most adorable, beautiful things in the entire world. She cried.

“*Hermosa*,” she whispered to them, holding them both against her breasts and uncaring about the nakedness of her upper half before the hospital staff. “You’re beautiful. My little daughters.”

It didn’t take long for them to latch and begin to suckle. That too was strange, and she grunted, wincing as she felt the colostrum pull through the pores of her nipples and into her babies’ mouths. But then the relief came there too, and a connection she couldn’t have imagined. She looked up at Marco in his scrubs, sitting beside her, beaming like only a proud new father of two daughters could.

“I’m so proud of you, *mi amor*,” he said.

“I did it,” she replied, sagging her head back as her babies continued to suckle. “I can’t believe it. I gave birth. It’s so *loco*, Marco, but I did it.”

He brushed her cheek, wiped a sweaty, matted streak of hair from her forehead.

“I always knew you could. And now we can finally name them.”

She looked at her babies, adoring them against her ripe chest.

They were hers, but also his. And they had come up with their names together.

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Josefina was recovering two days later. She was still in the hospital, but would have to leave soon. Thanks to Maria’s magic, their new identities even had hospital cover, but while America was the land of the free, it was also the land of the free-to-become-bankrupt. If she didn’t exit the hospital’s care soon, they’d outpace what their coverage could maintain for them. Marco had told her not to think about it, and Miguel the same. He was a proud uncle to his two nieces, and had held them repeatedly. Both she and Marco could see a quiet sadness to him though: he still longed for Amarissa, and saw in their babies a future he might have had with her.

“It will be okay,” she told her boyfriend’s brother, patting his hand. “You’ll find someone. I know you will.”

He nodded sadly, before returning to making cooing noises for the near-sleeping babies. “I hope so. At least I’m plenty busy in the meantime. But not so busy I can’t see my gorgeous nieces! Look at these little *hermanas!*”

She grinned, seeing the way they curled near each other despite their separate little beds by her own. It was like, even newborn, they were drawn to each other’s company. It was a good sign. She told this to Marco when he returned, and he took a moment to sketch an image of all three of them. It was one of his best, though she knew he’d touched her up,

made her look less tired, eliminated a bit of her postpartum belly. She almost missed it, but the party girl in her wanted to get nice and sexy and slim again. She may be a *mama* now, but she still had Jared's personality. Josefina absolutely wanted a night out at the club when she was able, with a nervous, amusingly shy Marco by her side, ready to teach him how to dance up against her.

"I would like that very much," he said, until he held up a finger. "But only once you are recovered. You just had twins, *hermosa*, you need time to recover. And little Gabriella and Maria need us."

Josefina smiled. She was pleased to name one of her babies after the woman who had cursed her, and the other woman who had tried to uncurse her. Both had given her this path, even if neither had intended it. Gabriella, on the other hand, was a name she simply liked. Not everything had to have a deeper meaning, after all.

"You can't stay tonight?"

"Sorry," he said, kissing her forehead. "The staff won't allow it. But I'll be here tomorrow to pick you up. I've organised time off for a few days."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

They embraced, and he spent long moments staring at his girls, and then he left. Josefina lay back, still feeling tired but slowly recovering. Her boobs were sore and full of milk, but that was a good sign, she supposed. Still, it was definitely weird to be making milk. It had been weird to get knocked up and give birth, though. She had chosen to embrace and love her life, but some parts of it still gave her misgivings. Not her babies though. She loved them through and through. She was staring at them, lost in their little scrunched up features and adorable onesies, when she was aware of someone entering the room. Visiting hours were nearly over, so she imagined it was probably Marco forgetting something yet again.

She didn't expect to look up and see herself.

No, not herself.

Josefina's eyes went wide as a nervous figure entered the room. She was brown-olive skinned, with gorgeous black hair, a bare midriff between her shorts and crop top, and an impressive figure that made the postpartum woman quite jealous. She had to rub her eyes to realise she wasn't dreaming. She was actually here, and as her latina twin no less.

"Amarissa?" she asked, gobsmacked.

"*Si, hermana,*" Amarissa said, avoiding her gaze. "I'm back."

## Part 12: Twins Forever

Angus had received one major warning from Maria, one that had made his haste to leave Josefina and Marco - and even Miguel - all the more crucial, though he hadn't known it at the time. The warning came when he visited the kindly *bruja* on the way out of town, confronted by the strange feelings that were still swirling in his head.

"I thought I was a man again," he said. "You said there would be some lingering parts, but they got *stronger* in his presence. I even spoke a little in Spanish, and felt . . . a weird pull. I can't describe it. Fuck! It's like I wanted to change."

The tired woman rubbed her eyes. It was nearly midnight, but she was a patient person and Angus was most thankful for that, and vocally so. He was never going to make the same mistake of depriving a woman of her sleep and being rude about it.

"I think I know what this is. Actually, I know what it is, young man," she said. "There's always a risk once you have been in another body for a time, especially when you have experienced sex in it - and don't deny that you have."

Angus quieted. He knew he couldn't. The sex had been wonderful, and just thinking about it made him feel that pull again. That delicious, reluctant tension.

"I, um, definitely had sex, yeah. Quite a lot."

She nodded. "*Sí, sí*. Life energy is very powerful. A driving force of the universe. You have a pattern from your previous self that is still affixed to you. If you manage to ignore it, stay away from things that remind you of it, then you will be fine. But too much exposure to your old life, such as visiting Cancun or spending time with an attractive Mexican man like Miguel, will only upset your balance, and tip your 'true self' to that of Amarissa, instead of Angus, do you understand?"

He nodded nervously. "I could become Amarissa again. For good. Like Jared became Josefina."

"*Sí*, and pregnancy isn't necessary here - or possibly, obviously. But when you feel that pull, you need to get away from the stimuli that causes it. I wish you luck, because there is little I can do otherwise to help you."

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Maria's words haunted Angus in the following months. Occasionally, he had dreams of his time as Amarissa, even as he returned to college and had to face the awkwardness of being one of the 'missing Cancun boys.' Maria had done her best to smooth it all over with her magic, so rather than facing a big investigation and hullabaloo all over the internet and media, it was simply a small affair of a man who had 'partied too hard.' There was no

mention of Jared to him by anyone, not even when he caught up with his now-former friends Alan and Mark and Sasha and all the rest. He'd seen the true side of them and wanted nothing to do with them (besides, they reminded him of being Amarissa, so avoiding them was a priority), but their lack of care for Jared turned out to be a lack of *knowledge* of Jared: reality had changed, and it was like the party boy and best friend had never existed. Somewhere out there, there was only Josefina now. Pregnant Josefina, without her twin sister. The thought made Angus cringe with guilt, and so he would shoot her a message or give her a call when she told him she was alone.

Talking was hard, of course. Borderline impossible, in fact. Angus had initially tried to learn some Spanish, but doing so brought to mind memories of being Amarissa, of the feel of Miguel inside him, of the way his large breasts had bobbed and bounced with feminine pride. So instead Josefina had to talk, and her English - while not terrible - wasn't exactly fine either. It was also thickly accented. More than that, there was a gap between them: she was with Marco, trying to prepare for a family, her babies growing inside her, and Angus was back at college, playing sports, and trying to leave the whole experience behind him. The occasional message flitted back and forth, but as the days, weeks, and months passed, the exchanges became less frequent.

Still, he couldn't help himself sometimes. When he texts, he simply *had* to inquire.

*'How is Miguel? Is he doing okay?'*

It took a while for a response to be formed, though whether it was because Josefina was struggling to figure out her wording or struggling to console Angus about the truth was impossible to determine.

*'Miguel misses Amarissa,'* she eventually replied, two days later. *'I am sorry. I do not know how else to explain it. He is trying, and working well. He wants to open his own bar - a long way off, LOL. But I believe he will do it. But he is lonely. Talks about her often. Finds it hard to look at me.'*

Angus was sitting in a lecture theatre, hearing a boring professor drone on and on about sports science and the body in a course that was mandatory but felt like it had so much less meaning these days. He's seen something that was more than science, and had inhabited a whole different body. What did this professor know? He hadn't been turned into a latina woman. He hadn't experienced having his language changed, his body language altered, his sense of sexuality turned to the other side. The message demanded his attention away from his detachment, so he read it.

And read it.

And read it again.

And grunted. Loudly.

The professor halted speaking. "Something the matter, Angus?"

Angus clutched his gut. He could feel the pressure there, the desire to change. His breathing quickened, and for a moment he was deathly afraid he would change in front of everyone. Certainly, for just a brief moment, his nipples tensed, pushing out against his top, and the skin of his forearms darkened to that same familiar olive. It retreated just as quickly as he calmed himself.

“S-sorry,” he said, “I have to go.”

He grabbed his things and left the lecture, still shaken up from what he’d just experienced.

“Holy shit,” he said to himself as he got outside. “I nearly just changed. I can’t - I can’t do that again.”

He didn’t reply to the message. He didn’t even look at the ones that followed. The next day he ignored them, and eventually he blocked the number entirely. As much as he cared about his lost friend, he simply couldn’t take the risk.

He had to stay the course or lose it all. Again. And this time for good.

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Some residual aspects of his former life still came over him. Angus had to exit a party when a handsome latino man attended as it reminded him too much of Miguel. Occasionally a Spanish word slipped out, and he had to cover it as just ‘part of his style’, which always felt a little bit lame and cringey. Sometimes he still dreamed of having breasts, and while he was attracted to women again, the old Casanova-Angus was gone; he couldn’t go out with loads of women or enjoy a heap of one-night stands without calling his mind to the time when *he’d* been the one with breasts, with a pussy, with wide hips and a high voice moaning in ecstasy. It was odd just going out with a latina and/or Mexican woman, and soon he felt a bit dodgy for turning them down or avoiding them altogether.

“I’m sorry, I’m just interested in, uh, other kinds of people,” he said to a girl once.

She seemed to see right through him, because she chucked her drink right in her face, soaking him through. “Racist,” she muttered, walking off.

Not that he was racist. Perhaps his original vision of how Cancun would go down meant he had been, but not after his experience as Amarissa. It didn’t matter though; his actions now meant that he was avoiding an entire group of people purely because he was afraid of turning back. The pull to re-transform got stronger each time he came into contact with something like that, and there was little way of anticipating it sometimes.

“Just have to be me. Just have to be me. Just have to be me.”

Except he wasn’t really *him*, not anymore, at least. He attended less parties, frequented less social affairs, and took far, far fewer lovers compared to his old self. He



didn't prey on women for one-night stands, nor use disrespectful language around them. He also kept his own place neat and tidy where previously he only made it look better for guests, particularly those of the female persuasion. Yes, there was no denying he had changed from his experiences, and came out the other side a less aggressive, less dominant, and certainly a far more sensitive soul.

Which was what made it all the more alarming when he finally saw Josefina. It was an average day, the weather turning nice again, and Angus had actually managed not to think about his time as a latina in nearly two days. He hadn't communicated with Josefina in some time, ghosting her completely. It guilted him something horrible, but he could see no other way for the pair of them to move on in their separate ways. But suddenly she was there, across the college outdoor green space, waddling along with her hand on her belly, her boyfriend's hand in hers as she dragged him along.

"No way," Angus said to himself. "It can't be. I must be going *loco*. I mean, crazy."

He rubbed his eyes to be sure, but it was indeed her. Josefina had changed significantly since he had last seen her. She must've been nearly due by that point, because her stomach was absolutely enormous. The fact that it hung out naked, ballooning outward between her tube top and short skirt, only made it more obvious. Seriously, it looked like she was overdue with *twins*.

"Is she having twins? Holy shit," Angus said to himself. He hid behind a tree in the park area, uncaring how weird or creepy he might have looked. Josefina was asking people questions, steering Marco around. He had changed too: he had grown more of an artist's goatee, but he also looked a bit more manly in general, like his older brother. The far bigger focus for Angus was his sister. His friend. The woman who looked very, very pregnant indeed, and with a larger bust to match.

"God, I miss having boobs," he murmured to himself, before catching the words and tossing them mentally away.

Josefina was heading his way. So was Marco. They were searching for him, he just knew it. And when they found him he would feel the pull, and the sight of Josefina so close might just take him over the edge; to be a *hermana* again.

He withdrew, sneaking the occasional glance at the pair. He didn't go back to his apartment either. Instead he sent emails to his lecturers and tutors and sports trainers claiming he was sick, and then he skipped down for a couple of days with just his bag and some spare clothes. He stayed at a hotel until things died down, uncaring that it was costing him a bit.

"Can't afford it," he murmured to himself again and again. "D-don't want to change."

But still his mind returned to that image of Josefina and Marco. He had seen them kiss, seen the reassurance between them, even seen Josefina happy despite the oddity of

her situation and her own overburdened body. Angus tried to sleep in the hotel room but all he could do was lie awake and think about it. The pull was there, but his thoughts weren't strong enough to push it away again.

"Miguel," he said to himself. "I miss you. I miss you so deeply."

She had been pregnant. She had been happy. She had been *gorgeous*, full of life and ripe with love. The comparison to his own body continued, and soon Angus' thoughts were spiralling, twisting and turning in on themselves as he futilely tried to put them back into the box. He grunted, wincing as he felt his flesh tingle, the crawl across his skin beginning to darken his limbs almost imperceptibly.

"N-no," he gasped, but again that image of Josefina came to. She had been beautiful, but lacking her twin sister. She missed her friend. God, she missed her friend so deeply. More than that, she missed her *hermana*.

Angus realised he was thinking of himself as a *her* and tore the thoughts back up. But it was like fighting a hydra: as soon as one temptation was lopped off, another pair grew in its place. Images of Miguel making love to Amarissa flooded Angus' mind, as well as how it felt to wear such sexy outfits, how wonderful it felt to be desired and beautiful, to be soft and fragile yet protected by someone stronger. The bond she had shared with Josefina came to the fore too: they had always been close friends, but how close really, back when they had been male? They had talked girls and sport and parties, but nothing deeper. They hadn't really *struggled* together, gone on any great adventures beyond the kind that saw them separate off to find hot girls to fuck. But as Amarissa and Josefina they had comforted one another, practically read one another's mind, and always looked out for their *hermana*. Their bonding had been real, something Angus now sorely missed. Missed so terribly that the pull was now a hurricane, a force that could not be denied, just as surely as he could not deny his attraction to Miguel.

"Ohhhh," he groaned, voice a little lighter than it should have been. "Miguel. I m-miss you."

His cock stirred, and it felt wrong. A lower pair of lips was so much smoother, a womanly entrance neater and more fulfilling, when used properly. He squirmed, feeling the pressures surge over his body, more and more changes coming. They started as a trickle - a lengthening of hair here, a softening of skin there - to an absolute torrent. His chest burned, pushing outwards just as it had done months ago. His cock began to pull backwards. His hips cracked, splitting wider. His skin turned a delightful copper-bronze, the body hair dying away almost completely.

"Oh God, no! I didn't mean - mmhmmm! Ohhhh, d-don't stop! Don't stop Miguel!"

Angus' mind warred with Amarissa's, but the latter was winning handily. He had fought this pull for too long and now that he was in a moment of weakness, he was going to

transform back into a latina hottie. Already his breasts were surging upwards, gaining tissue and fat and size. They became large, perfect teardrop shapes, and they jostled as he squirmed in bed, touching himself.

“M-make it quick then!” he shouted to the universe. “H-hurry up! Make me Amarissa already! I c-can’t stop it - ahhhh!!”

The changes accelerated, pouring forth into the man’s body, into what was increasingly a *woman’s* body, voice and figure and all. Angus kept the sight of Josefina in her mind’s eye, imagined becoming like that. Not pregnant - at least, not yet - but looking like her. Being her twin. Her *hermana*.

“Y-yessss,” she groaned. “G-give me back my sister, and me back to my sister. P-please! Ohhhh!”

The last changes settled in: her breasts formed fully, her hourglass figure settled, and her manhood withdrew completely, leaving her womanhood behind. Even her clothing changed to match her new figure and daring: it became a sexy nightie that may have covered her form well, but its transparent lining and tightness left exceedingly little to the imagination. No doubt Miguel would have loved it, enough to tear it straight off of her.

“Mhmmm, Miguel,” she moaned, touching herself. The pleasure was immense, and soon she was touching her body in full, rubbing her hands over all the most erogenous places. It left lingering bliss, and it didn’t take long before said bliss rose and rose with the tremorous quaking of her figure.

“Y-yes! *Si! Si! Si! OOHHHH!!!*”

The orgasm came, followed by a second one that overlapped the first but easily outlasted it. She shuddered, arching her back in bed and causing her dark hair to spill everywhere. It had been too long since she had felt a female climax, and it returned to her like an old friend, one that she wanted to comfort and hold for as long as it lasted.

It was only afterwards, as she lay there, her breath slowly winding down to normality, that she released what she had done.

“*Dios mio*,” she said to herself. “Oh no. Oh no, oh no! Shit! *Mierda!* I let myself go. She should never have visited. If I didn’t see Josefina and Marco, if I didn’t imagine Miguel . . . I never would have . . .”

She stood, trembling, and moved to the mirror to look at herself. Indeed, there in the mirror was Amarissa, just as perfect and pretty and buxom and curvaceous as ever. It had been long enough now that the sight and sensation was strange again, but now Amarissa knew it was permanent. It wasn’t her sister’s fault, she knew. Josefina hadn’t even known about the pull, the desire to change back. But in the end it had happened anyway.

“This is me for life now,” she said in her thickly accented Spanish. “I’m Amarissa.”

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It took time to track down her sister. Her life had been overhauled once again, and there was no returning back. She packed up her things - her now-womanly things, including her bras and panties and the like - and left the hotel. She had apparently still enrolled in college, though her courses had changed to include psychology. Several people waved at her, indicating that they knew Amarissa. Many of the boys stared, and this too gave her mixed feelings. She felt like a piece of meat, but also a figure greatly admired. She couldn't quite figure out where to stand on that, especially since her own body exaggerated her movements, letting her hips sashay and her large bust bounce pleasingly. At times, she even did so with a bit of extra gusto before catching herself.

"Stupid straight girl brain," she muttered to herself in her new primary language.

"Need to find my sister. Need to find Josefina and - and Miguel."

Sure, it would be good to see Marco, but now that she was a woman, perhaps that was a chance . . .

She fell back into her malaise, and continued her search. Every day she tried to get back into contact with Josefina across a variety of platforms, but because she had blocked the number and deleted it, let herself forget it, she had lost her contact. It was only half a month later, after she had expanded her search, that she got the piece of news she needed: an article in the 'new births' section of the newspaper. She had been buying them everyday despite earning only a little money in her job as a barista (a new part of this changed reality, and one that left a lot of annoying men smirking at how she filled out the uniform). Sure enough, a woman named Josefina had given birth to twins. The father's name was also Marco. It *had* to be them, and they were only a state over.

And so it was that she headed off, in search of her *hermana*.

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"You - you're back to being a woman!" Josefina declared.

Amarissa nodded awkwardly, clutching her arm. "*Si, hermana*. I am."

"Why? How? Did you choose?"

She gave a wan smile. "I suppose I sort of did. I saw you on campus and ran away. I didn't want . . . I can't explain it. It was making me want to change, and then the changes would start. I had to push them down each day. But that time, after seeing you pregnant and Marco and yourself so happy . . . I couldn't put away the pull forever. And I gave. I didn't mean to at first, but I did. The changes came so quickly and I lost all control, and soon I was Amarissa again."

Josefina was quiet. Her babies were sleeping, and she was tired, and now her sister had returned to her. Part of her felt like celebrating. Another part felt like getting up, waddling over, and pushing Amarissa right out the door, all while yelling, “Too late! You can’t make amends now, not after you abandoned me! You are no longer my *hermana!*”

But her emotions welled up, and in truth she was simply happy to see her sister again, even if she wasn’t quite showing it yet.

“I truly am sorry,” Amarissa said, stepping forward a little. “I shouldn’t have ghosted you, sister. I shouldn’t have left in the first place. I didn’t mean to become a woman again, but it’s what I deserve. I think, on some level, it’s what I wanted, even if it will take a long time for me to get used to it all again. It’s for life now. I’m Amarissa for life.”

“Just as I’m Josefina,” her sister said.

Silence paused between them.

“What about Miguel?” Josefina said. “Have you seen him?”

“I haven’t.”

“Do you want to?”

She did. *Dios mio*, she did. She wanted to beg for his forgiveness, to tousle his hair and feel his warmth. It must have been obvious, because Josefina finally smiled.

“*Si*, you do. I can already tell how obvious it is, *hermana*.”

Amarissa blushed and looked down at herself. At her gorgeous body. It could be *his*.

“I know. I don’t know if he’ll forgive me.”

“Oh, he will. Maybe he’ll be angry at first, but he will.”

“I’m going to cry when he sees me. I cry all the time now. I didn’t expect any of this.”

Josefina laughed. “Don’t talk to me about emotions and crying! It happened when giving birth, and happens all the time when I see my babies. Would you like to come meet them? Come see Gabriella and Maria. Your nieces.”

Tears bubbled up in Amarissa’s eyes. “My nieces,” she said, marvelling at the little babies in their capsules. “*Dios mio*, how our lives have changed, huh?”

“Still, we’re finally together again, right?”

Amarissa looked at her sister. Her twin. She never wanted to leave her again.

“Of course, *hermana*.”

“Good. I missed my twin.”

The pair shared an embrace. Their lives were forever altered, but perhaps it wasn’t a bad thing. In fact, as Amarissa held her sister and looked to her little nieces, it made her mind wander. She knew where her next stop was. She hoped Miguel would be happy to see her again. This time, she wasn’t letting *him* go either.

**The End**

## Epilogue: The Other Side of the Border

Maria was saddened by the death of her namesake witch. She hadn't talked to her cousin in a long time, and it wounded her to think that such a talented woman had passed away unexpectedly, a *bruja* lost to the world who had so much to give. North of the border, the living Maria had thrived, finding enjoyment in nature and her own magical talent applied to her gardening as well. In fact, it had been a long time since she had affected any actual person with magic. That was, until the twins Amarissa and Josephina had visited. Once Amarissa had become Angus again, and Josephina revealed to be pregnant and trapped, the witch decided that she owed a duty of care to the pair of them, especially after hearing their full story. After all, it was her cousin who had changed them, and she had failed to change them back completely.

So she followed them, casting secret hexes to ensure that she could spy on their lives at any time and find out how they were going. She only did this every few months, not wanting to pry too deeply. One can imagine the *bruja's* surprise then when she found that not only had Angus become Amarissa again, but she had accepted her new womanhood and returned to her original boyfriend Miguel.

"Fascinating," she had said. "I'm so glad things worked out."

Indeed, she was a champion of love quite privately, so this was good to see. But now that she was using her witch powers to engage with the wider world, she couldn't help but feel another pull. The story Josephina had told her still rankled her; the way their American former friends had acted towards them in such a racist, sexist, and overall degrading manner. As a Latina woman herself, the idea of being subjected to such treatment galled her.

"Perhaps I'll just put on my *bruja* act one last time, and pay them a visit," she said to herself. "Just to finish the story up and tie up all those loose ends."

She summoned some reserves of her magic, and bided for a time when the group of friends would all be together. It didn't take long: they loved to party.

She was going to give them the most eventful party of their lives.

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Sasha was full of pride. It was another warm, beautiful day, and it was her turn to host another party with friends. Occasionally she thought of Angus and Jared, but then her mind would slip away from those two, and she would wonder who she was thinking about. No, the group of friends was definitely complete. There was herself, Haley, Jessica for the girls, as well as Alan, Mark, Peter, and Tyrone for the boys. Those were the core group, though they

always made sure to invite others. With how busy her parents were, always jet setting across the globe for their cruisy corporate jobs, it was easy to host as many wild drunken parties as she wanted. Last night in particular had been a real rager. It hadn't been hard to seduce Alan, though Mark was apparently hooking up with Haley again. Really, they were all pretty promiscuous, always bouncing back and forth between each other. It was a real mess, almost as messy as the literal mess they had left around the mansion and pool area.

Thankfully, as usual, they had a solution: the pair of Mexican maids they had hired to clean up the shit. They weren't as entertaining as those other ones, but then they had turned out to be a pair of revolting little thieves, stealing from the other estate and causing a lot of explanations to be had. It was a good thing these two were much more mild-mannered and obedient, and not nearly as good-looking, so Sasha didn't have to deal with the wandering eye of Mark or anybody else. It didn't stop them from making the occasional comment or slapping one of the girls on the rear as she passed, which always got a laugh. She didn't mind that; as far as she was concerned, it was what they deserved for being undocumented!

"Ahh, this is the life," she said to herself as she relaxed by the side of the pool, watching several of her friends laugh and swim. Mark was at her side, his strong arm around her, and she enjoyed the feel of him.

"Totally agreed, babe," he said. "Totally agreed."

It was a moment of perfection they all felt they deserved. One they all took for *granted*. And it was also one that was about to finally, and deservedly end, right at that very moment.

**WHOOMPH!**

There was a scream from Haley as the women scrambled out of the pool, and from the boys as well. Standing on the water - impossibly - was a woman. She was older, with Hispanic features and an older style of dress. She had a grin on her face, and it wasn't altogether a kind one either.

"Sasha?" she asked. "Alan? Mark? Tyrone and Peter and Haley and Jessica?"

They all looked at this woman in horror. Jessica tried to run, but some invisible force prevented her from leaving, like a wall of static energy. She yelped as she received a light shock, and instead turned to face the woman, who walked neatly off the water to stand over Sasha. She shook, her fight or flight instinct getting stuck on *freeze* instead. She clung to Mark, who instead of placing his arm protectively around her, instead disentangled quickly and backed away.

"Please, don't hurt me!" he cried.

"You asshole!" Sasha said to him. "Get back, witch!"

"Well identified," Maria said. "Though I prefer *bruja*, or simply Maria."

Behind her, Tyrone readied to throw a pool chair, hoping to help them escape. She turned, clicked her fingers, and suddenly it turned into nothing more than bubbles in his hand. The man's jaw fell, silent.

"That's better," she said. "Now, I think you all have some explanations to make, specifically about how terribly you have treated the immigrant workers you have serving your every need here."

"They're just the help!" Sasha cried.

"Yeah!" Alan added. "They're not even American!"

"They don't belong here," Haley added, "we were doing a real, uh, charity by helping them! Weren't we?"

The others all agreed, desperately hoping this ploy would work for the woman. Instead, she simply gave a smile that expressed no mirth at all.

"They don't belong here, huh? Well, in that case, I suppose neither shall you very soon."

And with that, she raised her hands and began to speak a strange incantation, her words no longer English or even Spanish, but instead something much, much older. There was no visible energy, no arcane runes lighting up, simply a thrumming of power in the air that each of the individuals present felt. From the side, the two maids looked on in shock, not knowing what to do, but backing off slowly. The people inside the magical dome tried to escape again, each looking at one another and trying to figure out what was going on.

They were soon distracted though, as the changes started.

"Nnggh!" Alan groaned. "My skin! My body! There's s-so much p-pressure! Ohhh!"

His skin began to darken considerably. Right before everyone's eyes, his body shrunk, his clothing altered, and his form became much slimmer. His muscular form was erased, leaving him with a lithe figure, but far more dramatic was the way his hair turned black and long, and his facial features rearranged to gain a long, aquiline nose and softer jaw. His eyes turned darker in the iris, while his lips became fuller. Soon his skin was a rich brown, his hair wavy and black. He looked like an Indian woman in the face.

"What the hell!?" Haley cried. "Alan, you don't even look like you anymore!"

"What's happening to m-me!?" he exclaimed, clutching his face with newly daintified hands. Even his voice had changed: it was now undeniably female, and more than that, it had a thick Indian accent to it.

"He's becoming exactly what you all mocked," Maria stated, before continuing to chant.

Alan squirmed, grabbing his chest as two lumps formed there. He groaned as they expanded, becoming fuller and fuller. His hips widened, his waist narrowed, and with one great tug his penis and testicles withdrew back into his body. To show off all these changes,



including his now prominent breasts, his clothes reformed to become a gorgeous looking red sari, one that revealed his pleasant midriff. To finish off the effect, jewellery formed all over the new woman's forms; earrings, necklaces, bracelets and the like, as well as henna markings on her hands. She looked like a gorgeous Indian bride to be.

The new woman screamed, calling out in strange sounds. It took her a moment to realise she wasn't speaking English anymore; she was speaking *Hindi*.

"That's right," Maria said. "You can understand the words I say, thanks to the magic, but you'll never speak English again. From now on, you are Zoya, a young Indian woman arranged to be married to a young man back in India."

Sasha and the rest of the group's jaws were on the floor by this point. Zoya, formerly Alan, cried as she touched her female form, grappling with her new breasts and changed body. She tried to communicate to them, but to no avail.

And then Maria began to chant again, and the group redoubled their efforts, clawing at the invisible energy wall in a desperate attempt to escape. But it was all in vain, and soon each of them was changed in his or her own turn.

Tyrone was horrified as his incredibly muscular and tall black body was transformed into a diminutive Japanese woman, willowy and short and elegant. Her beauty was immense, her hair going all the way down to below her waist, and she wore a traditional kimono outfit that only elevated her beauty. Like Zoya, she could only speak her new native tongue.

"A shrine maiden for a traditional inland village," Maria said. "I hope you enjoy your new life, Asuka. There, women are expected to be dutiful and bear children."

Asuka could scarcely deal with her own form, let alone that future, but the group's attention quickly shifted to Peter. He had been one of the worst ones when dealing with 'the help', and now he found his body changing radically too. Like the other two, he was feminised, his skin turning a deep, rich black and his figure extraordinarily curvaceous. The man groaned and grunted as pillowy breasts bloomed from his chest and his ass expanded massively; his new body's most prominent feature. Soon he was a woman of Central Africa, with nice breedable hips.

"The village men will love and compete for you there, Kemia. Just remember that there is little access to contraception, so you will be raising many, many babies! A good thing about those hips!"

Peter/Kemia actually broke down in tears, trapped like the others in her own language.

By this point the others were desperate. Some were pleading, but others, like Sasha, were thinking about attacking Maria directly. She had removed a pole from one of the shade umbrellas and was readying for her moment as the *bruja* chanted again.

More changes followed. Haley was horrified to find herself become a Slavic woman called Olga, one who was apparently destined to live in an icy rural village with her domineering and traditionalist husband. Because she loved barking orders and running her mouth off, her incredibly full lips were now made to be perfect for giving blowjobs. Mark became a thicker Polynesian woman with curves not unlike those of Kemia. She too was apparently also married, and would be returned to her island as well, where she worked as a dancer for tourists, which involved showing a lot of midriff and cleavage and thigh when dancing in a so-called 'traditional' outfit.

Sasha seized her moment. She refused to be changed, refused to lose her life. She charged at Maria, screaming in ragged rage. Even the *bruja* seemed a bit taken by surprise by this, and she reacted just in time, whispering a few magic words which caused Sasha to freeze on the spot, the sharp end of the pole just a few feet away from Maria.

"Ah, and here is the ring leader," Maria said in English while Sasha tried to fight her imprisonment. "All of you deserve your coming fates, but you deserve this one most of all, Sasha. For mocking the maids, for dehumanising them so thoroughly, for mocking their desperate status, I will now make you *one of them*."

Sasha managed to summon just enough will to give a brief, "No!"

But it was too late, the arcane words returned, and soon she felt her skin buzz with change, darkening to become a beautiful copper colour. Her breasts expanded significantly; she would have been happy about this normally, but knowing she would soon be of a low status only made her feel more like a victim, especially as her overall figure improved elsewhere. Her facial features rearranged, her hair turning dark and wavy. Her clothes, like with all the others, changed, but hers was most karmic: it became a maid's uniform, one that still looked great on her body.

"You are now Catalina," Maria said to the horrified woman, who realised they were now talking in the witch's native Spanish. "You are a poor maid who works in hotels around the country. The rest of your friends will be deported to their new lands - I'll call the police for the old-fashioned treatment on that - but *you* will have an altogether different challenge ahead of you, Catalina. You will stay in your own country but live as a stranger in it, as Josephina and Amarissa did. You will be forced to scrub toilets and clean rooms and deal with all sorts of humiliation. And then, once you have learned some karma and humility, perhaps you - like your friends - will find some love and acceptance in your new life. I wish you the best of luck with it."

And with that, the witch gave one last incantation, which caused her to disappear out of Catalina's life entirely. Out of all of their lives. The changed individuals all looked at one another, at their changed forms, and tried to think of anything to say. But there was nothing to say, and no way of saying it besides. They had all become beautiful women from across

the globe, doomed to lives of subservience in order to punish them for their bullying ways. And these would be their lives forever.

Catalina acted quickly. There were sirens on the horizon. The rest would be deported, but perhaps she had a chance, just as the witch had said. She was a maid now. She would have to work for little pay and put up with a lot. But she refused to be deported. She would find a way to survive on the other side of the border.

As she ran from the building, tears in her eyes, she couldn't help but notice that the other two maids were looking a bit smug.

She kept on running.

**The End**