

Club Norns

A MistyF Short (#232)

Alexi Karov is having an awful New Year's Eve. He moved cross country this year for work, and the guy he's dating just broke up with him--at the party that he invited Alexi to attend no less!

With no one around who seems to care but the bartender, is this just another miserable milestone in a miserable year, or might the night still be saved by a couple of her friends?

This story contains mature themes, and brief mentions of violence. As usual, this is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to people or events, past or present, is coincidental.

Alexi slumped onto a stool at the bar. Around him, the crowd was celebrating New Year's Eve. After what had just happened, the whole scene made him sick. He looked over his shoulder and made a disapproving face. What sort of scumbag invites you to a party halfway across the city just to break up with you in front of all his friends?

He checked his phone; the only thing in his notifications was his paused music. He sighed. How had it come to this? Well, besides the obvious. It was inevitable that making connections after having moved across the country for work would be a difficult thing. Still, he expected friends from home to at least reply to his messages wishing them a happy new year.

"Not enjoying yourself?" asked a woman's voice.

"No, I'm..." He forgot what he was going to say as he gawked at the bartender. She was tall, built, and dressed in a vest that would have been formal were she wearing a shirt underneath. Although, she might as well have been since both arms were covered in vine-like tattoos. To complete her outfit, a loose tie hung from her neck, and stiff, shirt-like cuffs made of black fabric were clasped around her wrists. Her ears were pierced in several places, as was the left nostril, and a handful of short, fire-engine-red hair draped over the left side of her face.

"Get you something?" she asked as if his reaction was typical.

"Uh, sure. Something light--"

She didn't wait for him to finish. "Got just the thing, friend."

Over the next hour, she made him a couple of fruity cocktails and a few minty ones. The two women on either side of him turned out to be very charming. They both knew Oliveia, the bartender, quite well based on the inside jokes they seemed to share.

To his left was Shonda, a woman with darker skin whose aesthetic screamed Barbie. Her pink, vinyl mini dress hugged a body that was so exaggerated that her curves couldn't have been natural. That her smiling lips were obviously pumped up only contributed to that impression. Her makeup was just exaggerated enough to complement the rest of her bombastic look, and her hair was an artfully touselled cascade of dark, coppery waves that came down to the middle of her back. Alexi had a hard time looking at her at first but was soon caught up in her energy.

On the other side was Revnika, a skinny and pale woman who looked like she would be more at home at a rave than a New Year's Eve bash that was flat-out *tame* in comparison. Black was the order of business of her heavy eyeshadow and lipstick. Most of her shockingly blue hair was up in a pair of buns, but her bangs framed her kind of girl-next-door face. She was clad in fishnet-like material that was the same neon blue as her hair from head to toe. Paint-covered, half-undone overalls that had been cut into shorts and a black shelf bra were the only other pieces of her outfit besides chunky black boots that gleamed in the light.

It was weird. He tended to avoid spending social time with women—it made him uncomfortable for some reason—but between them and the bartender's occasional check-ins, Alexi was soon enjoying the evening again. That is until his ex sat on the stool next to him after Revnika had gotten up.

"I'm surprised you're still 'ere," he drawled, a chuckle punctuating his sentence. "Figured you'd split jus' after we did."

"I, uh," Alexi's good spirit died in an instant, and he started to slump again—which is when Shonda spoke up. "He bothering you, hun?"

“No, I mean—Yes, sort of?” She raised an eyebrow. “This is Carter, my ex.”

“Pleasure,” he said, offering his hand to Shonda. She didn’t take it, but that didn’t stop Carter from making himself at home as he raised the same hand to get a bartender’s attention. It wasn’t Oliveia who came down that way, so Carter wasn’t encouraged to move along once he had his pint of Guinness. If anything, he knew he was ruining the mood, and that encouraged him to linger. He struck up a conversation with the man on his left and was soon complaining about Alexi like he wasn’t just a seat over and flirting all at the same time. It was getting to be too much when Alexi felt Revnika’s small hand on his shoulder.

“Hey, douchecanoe, you’re in my seat.”

Carter looked over his shoulder at the blue-haired woman behind him and smirked. He was bigger than Revnika in just about every way, but that didn’t diminish the defiance in her eyes. “Didn’ see a name on it,” he said with a hearty chuckle. “S’mine now.”

“Don’t be a dick,” Shonda said from the other side of Alexi. “She’s only been away for a moment.”

“It’s a public bar,” Carter replied, alcohol accentuating his drawl. “I’ll sit in any seat I please.”

Alexi could feel both women getting ready to choose violence when a familiar voice chimed in.

“Something going on here, folks?” Oliveia had arrived! She stood with her arms crossed, making her biceps flex and swell. Alexi gulped and was glad that glare wasn’t directed at him. He would probably melt on the spot.

To his credit, Carter finally realized he had crossed a line. “Hey, I dunno what the deal here is wit’ chu chicks, but I’m not lookin’ for any trouble,” he said, hands coming up defensively. “I jus’ wanted a drink.”

“I see you have one,” Oliveia said, her tone flat. “So why not move along, hmm?”

The bartender who’d filled Carter’s drink stopped and asked what was up. This seemed to be enough attention for Alexi’s ex because he snatched his drink off the bar and disappeared into the crowd.

“Charming fellow,” Oliveia said with zero conviction in her voice. “So, what’s his story?”

Alexi walked them through the night’s events and then went on to talk about Carter in more depth. That turned into his dating life in general. Soon enough, he was laying out why he had grown to hate his life. “I feel like I’m not going anywhere,” he said in conclusion. “Like I made a wrong turn along the way, and now I’m in a dead-end alley. I don’t even feel at home in my body anymore.”

The two to either side leaned in to touch shoulders with him. The sense of solidarity made him feel warm inside. It was just like a girl’s night out or something. Before he even realized it, he was imagining what that would be like. To have good friends like this who “got” a girl’s problems.

The warmth continued to intensify when Oliveia put a hand on his. It was welling up from somewhere within—along with questions he had thought long buried. Would his style still be the same if he were a woman? Would she still have short hair? What sort of person would she be?

“How long have you felt that way?” Oliveia asked, her empathy clear on her face. “About not feeling at home in your body?”

“It’s something that goes back a ways, but I’ve never really, y’know, engaged with it. Too many bad experiences.” He looked down to his empty drink and cracked a wry smile.

“Sometimes, I wish I could go back and do things differently, but that’s not possible—so I’m stuck living with it.”

“Sounds to me like you have some serious regrets—and not just about that dickbag.” Revnika gestured vaguely to the room behind them, then brought her hand back so his focus was on her. “Humor me for a sec... If you could be someone else—anyone else—would you do it?”

Still a bit in a fugue, he didn’t think about his answer. “I’d be some sort of artist—maybe a model.”

“What if I told you we could help with that?”

“What do you mean ‘help’?” he asked, looking up. “Help how?”

“What if I told you, I’m sort of the same thing as the Ghost of Christmas Past,” Revnika said with a perfectly straight face.

“Oh, sure,” Alexi said, a bit hurt. “And you’re going to... what? Go back into my past and change things?”

“Da,” she said with a nod. “Now, tell me. When was the first time you felt punished for this need to express yourself?”

Alexi started to explain when everything went white. As the light faded, Alexi found himself standing in a wide school hallway lined with blue lockers on either side. Revnika was with him, but they were otherwise alone in the hallway. One of the fluorescent bulbs flickered, and Revnika apologized for some reason.

After a moment, he recognized it as his middle school. Oh no. This is the day he wore a girly shirt to school—and paid dearly for it. His heart was in his throat when the bell rang. He could see himself in the crowd. He could also see Harry, the terror of eighth grade, closing in—his goons flanking him on either side. Harry had bullied Alexi before, but this time, something would break inside of him.

“I can’t watch this,” he says, turning to Revnika. “Don’t make me watch this.”

Except she was missing. He was alone in the hallway as students passed right through him. With nothing else to do, Alexi turned back to the impending confrontation, already bracing for the hit that would knock him into his locker. Then, there would be the blow to the gut followed by a knee to his face. With him dazed, they pull the shirt up over his head and spray paint ‘fag’ on his back.

Just then, however, a teacher happened to step into the hall.

“Alexi? Alexi Karov?” she yelled over the din of students. The teacher looked like Revnika, except she was wearing a much more appropriate outfit for the situation. She winked at him as their eyes met. What was going on? Meanwhile, the younger Alexi had started to move towards her while Harry and his goons backed off. Alexi shook his head in disbelief. This wasn’t how things had gone.

Before he could grapple with that completely, a weird tilting sensation made him stagger into the lockers. The memory had changed! Not just that one, either. One after another, moments where he ignored a pull toward femininity became times when he embraced it. By the halfway point in high school, his friends were calling him ‘Alyx’ instead. He was so fashionable, too—and pretty!

Even so, the “him” viewing his past still thought of himself as Alexi, not Alyx. What else in his past kept him from embracing what was supposedly his true identity? That’s when fear struck. His parents broke up most of the way through high school. It threw his whole life, and his sister’s life, into chaos. Was something about that the reason?

Memories of having extra clothes he could pull on over his preferred attire started to bubble up. He knew, somehow, that all of his makeup was safe in a locked box and forever tucked away in his bag. He didn’t dare leave it where it could be found. Especially with things the way they were becoming between his parents.

He couldn’t, however, recall a time when his identity was ever called into question. Maybe his parents were too busy yelling—or getting divorced. While it wasn’t an outright rejection, it did hurt a little that he didn’t get a chance to confide in either of them before things boiled over.

“Shall we move on?” Revnika asked, now at his side and back to looking like she was on the way to a rave.

Overwhelmed by his new memories, Alexi had questions. So many questions. So many, in fact, that he stumbled over trying to ask any of them, but before he could say anything, the world went white again. Once he could see, he realized they were standing in front of a storefront that read ‘Reel Talent and Modeling Agency’ in the front window.

“What are we doing here?” he asked her.

“You wanted to be a model, da?” she said with a grin.

Alexi struggled to connect the dots. The last year of high school and college was a blank for some reason—as was much of his life leading up to the move. “Sure, but why are the two of us here? It’s not like I can just walk in and apply.”

“Just give it time.” She put a hand on his shoulder. Alexi leaned into the touch. “There’s a lot of memory to rewrite still.”

Meanwhile, those missing memories from the rest of high school rushed past him in a blur, culminating in a plot with his friends to make sure Alyx was the one to go to prom. Then, that summer and the first semester of college crashed over him like a wave. The reason they were here came rushing back to him: the modeling gigs. This was one of his modeling gigs. Until now, he’d done shoots for things like bracelets, shoes, and other accessories.

This shoot, though. This shoot would be different. He just knew it. The more time passed, the more the memory of today stained his psyche. Something awful was about to happen.

He and Revnika floated through the window as younger Alyx stepped into the office foyer. “Oh! Alyx!” said Meg, the receptionist. “You’re just in time! We’re under a big crunch, and no one else can make it.”

“What’s up?”

“Just head to room five and change—and hurry!”

In room five, a peach bikini hung from the hook on the back of the door. It might as well have been a noose. Alexi just knew Alyx’s career was over. There was no way she could pull off something like this.

Well, maybe. She had been on blockers for a few years at this point and on E for, like, six months. It wasn't like she had any chest hair or something like that. The swelling feeling of hope only served to increase Alexi's sense of dread.

Not sure what else to do, she shucked her shirt and tied the bikini top around her chest. It wasn't flattering, of course, but it could work. "Now for the bottom..."

Watching, Alexi groaned. He saw what happened next as his memories grew past this point.

"I understand now," he said, sadness in his voice. "This was pretty much when I gave up on ever really being Alyx. I had to quit, and dodging the shoot pretty much tanked my chances with any other agencies since I couldn't exactly... y'know... out myself as a guy as the reason."

Unexpectedly, Revnika grinned and punched his upper arm. "What if there had been someone else that day? Someone more... suitable?"

"What are you saying?" Alexi yelled. "There wasn't anyone!"

Alyx was sliding off her pants with shaking hands when there was a knock on the door.

"Alyx, it's Meg. My sister got here sooner than she was scheduled. I know this isn't what you normally do shoots for. You want her to take over?"

Alyx let out a huge breath. "I guess someone's watching out for me..." she said to herself. It seemed as if she was looking right at Alexi, but she turned around a second later.

"Yes, I'd very much like that!" she told Meg through the door. She collapsed to a stool in front of a vanity and tried to catch her breath. She didn't realize she had been hyperventilating until just then. Her hands were shaking even worse than before.

The woman who entered the room was just the kind of woman you'd want wearing a bikini. Her hair was the perfect mix of tone, volume, and hold. It was also a shade of blonde that almost looked like gold. Alexi's heart skipped as he fell in love—and so did Alyx, it seemed. She didn't even react as the woman stripped down to nothing.

"I need that top, hun." The woman's voice was sunshine and lemonade. Alexi felt a warm summer breeze just from hearing her speak.

"Oh! Right!" Alyx squeaked, untying it and walking over to hand it off.

The top fit Meg's sister much better. So much so that it felt like the straps and triangles had been cut and sewn just for her. The bottom, too, hugged her hips and butt so perfectly there would be no need for Photoshop.

"You any good at makeup there, hun?"

Alyx seemed to come back to life as she rummaged in her bag for her travel kit. "Yeah, what do you need?"

"My face is a mess, so if you could do something, that would be great," she said while touching her cheek. "And I want a 'glam' sort of feel for my eyes. Oh! And the reddest lipstick you've got."

The woman's face was dmn near flawless. It was so far from what Alexi remembered having to put up with every morning that it didn't take much touching up to get her looking fully stunning. She was so patient as Alyx worked on her eyebrows, lashes, and lids, too. Then the woman put on the lipstick. Much to Alexi and Alyx's surprise, she pulled Alyx in for a kiss. As Alyx staggered back, the woman studied her work smeared across Alyx's lips.

"Yes, this shade will do nicely, hun."

Once more, history reknit itself to account for Alyx, and it sent Alexi reeling. Gone was Alexi's dead-end software job. Instead, Alyx was a makeup artist working on a network TV show and plying her skills freelance as well. Years of hormone therapy had rebuilt her body, leaving her looking like a woman who went running all the time—which she did.

Since that day in the dressing room, women had become her dating preference. She still liked guys, but mostly in fiction. More and more memories flooded Alexi's mind. Bit by bit, the man he had been was being replaced by a happier, more successful woman.

Then there was a flash. With a lurch, he found himself back in the present with the three women who had befriended him. Everything about his history snapped back to how it had been. Which meant it was him and not Alyx sitting on that stool. Which meant he had still just been dumped in a truly humiliating fashion. Which meant... Which meant...

"No! I thought you'd change me!" He turned and confronted Revnika. Though he was the same, she had changed. Meg's sister, except with Revnika's hair and outfit, was regarding him with a smirk that made his heart race. So she had been the one to come to Alyx's aid—but why?

"Oh, you'll change," Revnika crossed her arms. "but first, you need to do something for me."

"S-s-sure," Alexi said, stumbling over the word as bits and pieces of his horrid life came rushing back to him. "Anything!"

"Oh, don't worry. It's nothing hard." She stepped around him and then put her hands on the bar to either side of him. Her newly significant bust put her straining cleavage inches from his face. Then she leaned even further down so her lips were inches from his. "I just need you to kiss me."

Alexi's gaze flicked between her face and her boobs. Sweat began to bead on his brow and neck. What the hell was going on? Was this some sort of hypnosis routine? He turned to Oliveia. "Am I on camera? Is this all some sort of prank show?"

"Huh?" Revnika blinked and stepped back. Her bottom lip slid forward. "After all that, you think this is all some gag?"

"I mean... yeah," he said with a lifetime of resignation. "It's too good to be true."

"Oh, you poor girl." Revnika stepped forward and hugged Alexi tight. "I'm not trying to trick you or something."

"Then how is kissing me doing you a favor?" Some sweat rolled down the side of his face. Her alluring scent enveloped more and more of his sense of smell and taste.

"It just is, okay?" She stepped back, her hands on Alexi's shoulders. Her bright eyes, surrounded by dark eye shadow, seemed to glow. "Don't forget, Alyx and I are inextricably linked. I'm the one who made her life—your new life—possible. I feel like a little kiss isn't too much to ask for, is it?"

"I suppose not..."

"Then shall we?" Revnika asked as she leaned in. Alexi didn't think twice. He rushed to meet her lips. An electric tingle washed over him. It grew in intensity as Revnika put her hands on his back and kept him close. She pushed her tongue into his mouth and let loose a soft moan that made Alexi stiffen in more ways than one.

As the kiss continued, it felt like something was being drawn out of him. More and more, it was Revnika and the stool holding him up. Then, all of a sudden, there was a different sensation. One of pressure. Some was from the outside, some came from within. Those forces reshaped

his body, made it match his mental image of Alyx. As that happened, his dress casual business attire began to crawl over his skin, reforming into something Alyx would wear.

Honestly, it was her favorite outfit. She loved the way the stretch cotton of her top and leggings hugged her fit body. It felt like triumph. The black, criss-cross halter showed just enough hard-won cleavage and toned tummy. The grey jacket-like top was made of lycra and clipped closed across her waist, leaving some, but not all, of her shoulders bare. The thumb holes were a nice touch, kept her hands warm but fingers free for using her phone.

Her phone! She hadn't checked it in hours!

That she had just been making out with Revnika didn't even register. They made out all the time. She nuzzled her bestie and turned to her phone. Hundreds of notifications awaited her—mostly thirsty people responding to her IG posts or people following her on all her socials. She puffed at her coppery pixie cut and swiped the whole lot of them away to make room to other things. There were a couple small job offer emails that she would have to follow up on later. Texts from Tina, Alice, and her mom were waiting for replies.

"Feeling better, my girl?" asked Revnika, pulling her attention back up.

"Why wouldn't I be feeling great? I'm out with you two—and you're here, too, Oliveia!"

"So glad I'm an after thought."

"It's not my fault you're working," Alyx shot back. "Hannah could have covered for you. We could be out there dancing, but no... we're here, enjoying each other's company."

"Something which I hope continues into the new year," Shonda said, raising her glass.

"Hear, hear!" they all said.

The last year had been the best, and she was certain the next would be even better. She would be doing makeup on a major motion picture. She had friends she was so close with that it felt like she had always known them. There was the 10k a couple months back, where she beat her personal best of thirty-nine minutes, too! In fact, the more she thought about it, the more she loved her life. Nothing had changed, well, besides the move and finding a great therapist, but it was as if she had lived a charmed life over the past fifteen months.

Shonda was the first to speak. "So, what's up this year, ladies? Anything exciting?"

"Well," Alyx started, "Like you all know, I got my big break!"

They all cheered.

"So I'm looking forward to the next phase of my career—though part of me wishes it was already here."

Shonda leaned into her hand. "How so?"

"I dunno," Alyx replied, shrugging. "I want to be an award-winning makeup artist, I guess?"

"You sure you don't want to pick up an on-screen role?" Revnika chimed in. "You did get approached by that agent."

"Maybe for commercials or something..." Alyx hummed as she considered her further potential. "Do you think I could be a model, maybe?"

"You modeled in college, didn't you?" Revnika pointed out. "Whatever happened with that?"

"I got busy when I picked up jobs at Sephora and Ulta."

Shonda put a hand on Alyx's arm. "What do you think would happen if you started working on it now?"

“Well, I'd need to make new contacts—”

“Which is something we can help with!” Shonda turned her around to face her. “Look, Alyx, truth is—”

“You're, what, effectively the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Be?” When Shonda didn't react, Alyx wistled. “You're shitting me. My two best friends happen to have magical powers that will make my life perfect.”

She slid her stool back and got to her feet. “Are we friends? Really? Maybe you just magically made me like you guys.”

“We're your friends,” Revnika said in a soothing tone. “You chose that for yourself when you made the deal with me.”

Deal? What deal? There was a twinge in the back of her mind and she saw another person in her place. A real sad sack. He was so sad it made her cringe. That had been her until a few minutes ago? Could Revnika change her back? Was that something her “friend” would hold over her forever?

“Oliveia,” Alyx said, putting her hand on the bar. “I need you to be honest with me. Are you the soft-of Ghost of Christmas Present?”

“What's that got to do with anything?” She crossed her arms. “Even if I was, all I did was give you the chance to live a satisfying life.”

“But you remember me before this, right?”

“I do, yeah.”

“Fuck this,” she said, backing away from the bar. “You three are deranged.”

Alyx spun and dove into the press of people. Tears were forming in the corners of her eyes. Was it all a lie? A fabrication? Who was she really? She wanted to leave but found herself at the bathrooms instead. She needed to know the truth.

Once inside, she locked herself in a stall. She paused, uncertain she wanted to know if she had been that depressed man. Reaching into her pants, her fingers brushed a shaved crotch and the base of a penis.

Words couldn't express what Alyx suddenly felt. She had willingly become someone else. Not just in appearance, but in every facet of life. She remembered coming out to her mom. She remembered days out with her sister. She didn't remember graduating college as a boy. Whatever Revnika had done, it had changed her on a fundamental level.

Was that a bad thing though? Obviously her other self wanted this. They agreed to it—practically begged for it, even. What about what Shonda offered? Could she really make it so the future was now instead?

There was a knock on the stall. "Alyx?" It was Shonda. "You in there?"

Alyx thought about saying nothing, but ended up confirming that she was in the stall.

"Why not come out so we can talk?"

Talk? About what? About how Shonda could magically mke her life even better than this? Wait, what if she really could do that? What was the harm in getting a little more reward early? Didn't everyone want that? A half-baked plan came to mind and Alyx leaped at Shonda the moment the door opened. They collided and Shonda staggered back into the sink. Alyx put her hands on Shonda's shoulders, pinning her.

“You know what I want?” Alyx said, inches from Shonda. “A kiss from you. Same as with Revnika. I want you to change my life, my future.”

“What's with the sudden change of heart?”

“I realized I want more. More of this life, more of being happy. I want to be more of a woman. Let me jump forward two—no, five years!”

“You do realize me doing that means your end comes sooner, right? I’m pretty much pulling the carpet of your life.”

“And? I get to live my future now. Plus, we can forget about the whole magical time nonsense after this,” she added waving waving one hand around.

Shonda paused and blinked. “It’s hard to argue with that. Give me a moment so we won’t be interrupted.” Shonda made a motion with her hands that Alyx couldn’t follow. It was just too fast. Then, there was a jerk like the one when she returned to the present with Revnika. The sound of the club outside faded away as the reverberations bounced themselves into silence.

“Perfect.”

“What’d you do?”

“Time dilation,” she replied as if that explained everything. Alyx must have had a confused expression on her face because Shonda laughed. “Essentially, a second for us is dozens of seconds for others. Even if someone comes in, we’ll notice them before they see us. Now, let’s get started, shall we?”

Kissing Shonda was nothing at all like kissing Revnika—and it wasn’t just how pillowy soft her pumped-up lips felt. Where the raver was aggressive, Shonda was inviting. She pulled Alyx

into her mouth. Guided hands to grip the soft parts of her. Shonda's left leg came up and hooked around Alyx's thigh, pulling her closer.

"You're in charge," she whispered as she leaned back ever so slightly. "We can stop before five years' worth of change happens."

"What if... What if I want more again?" Alyx asked, breathless.

"When we get there, we'll see."

They began to kiss again. Slow, like long-time lovers. Alyx felt something chilly pass down her throat.

She groaned as a new sense of pressure began to blossom inside of her breasts and butt. Her lips started to squish even more against Shonda's. Her hairstyle changed; most of her head was shaved aside from the top, which was thick enough to make it look like she had a shoulder-length bob when necessary.

New piercings grew out of her ears, upper lip, nostrils, and tongue. She had no idea where the metal came from, but the sensation of all of them becoming things she'd for years filled her with lust. Why that was, she couldn't say, but it felt even better to rub against Shonda's leg than before.

The piercings in her face and ears weren't the only accessories that suddenly came into being. A bunch of jangly bracelets appeared on her right wrist, and a charm bracelet appeared on her left. There had to be twenty pieces on the braided metal wire. Her nails squared off into an impeccable manicure with shining red lacquer.

By now, her newly augmented bust was threatening to escape her top. As if in response, it began to stretch out with her expanding breasts. The straps grew thinner, but more of them

spun into being. The amount of cleavage she was showing widened, but new stands of fabric crawled across her skin to hold each side of the top in place. The whole piece became stiffer and shiny black vinyl.

Her outerwear changed as well. The back opened up into an oval that was crossed by the belt—which had also changed from cotton to leather. The rest of the fabric grew more sheer. The bottom hem moved down and reshaped until it was like she had on a one-piece and her hips were bare. On the whole, it had gone from being a top for yoga to something sexier. Her tights became black stockings and a tight-fitting skirt made of red vinyl. Her sneakers became matching calf-high boots that were taller than Revnika's combat boots.

Then, suddenly, five years of memories crashed over her. As they did, the changes accelerated and intensified. Alyx's body tightened and toned as hitting the gym became a regular thing. Her breasts swelled even more to accommodate the 1000cc implants she had gotten seven months prior. Her skirt morphed and stretched as her butt reshaped from the surgery she had undergone almost four years ago now.

She recalled landing a modeling gig just after the new year and was amazed at how that spun out into her becoming an IG personality. While her on-screen career had never taken off, she had auditioned for a voice-over role and got picked for it. This had led to a kind of double life where her voice was for one audience and her appearance for another. It had all come together last year when she appeared as a player on a game show hosted by a friend of a friend.

Her fingers started to buzz, pulling her focus outward. After a moment, Alyx realized she knew how to bring another woman to orgasm without any penetration. The sensation spread

down her hands and into her wrists, strengthening the muscles and training the tendons before fading into her forearms. Just how much fingering had she done in five years? Oh. That much.

She and Revnika had gotten together at some point, something which filled her with warmth. How that happened was still hazy, but Alyx figured it was because of her bestie's own ability to manipulate time.

The thing she was most surprised about all of this was that she, apparently, had opted not to have bottom surgery. As she thought about it, a feeling of contentment came over her. She had spent a solid two years of therapy working through her fraught relationship with her dick and came out the other side feeling like she had healed from quite a bit of trauma. Trauma she hadn't even noticed until she started working through her adolescence.

"Whoa..." she staggered back, and Shonda caught her. Alyx didn't even think; she just kissed Shonda again with her thoughts focused on the future. This time, after the chill, she could feel the saline filling her implants as she went up to 1200cc. There were a few more blips in her career. She and Revnika were still happy together. Nothing else changed all that much. Satisfied, she broke away from Shonda and took a deep breath.

"Sorry, I just—"

"It's okay," Shonda said, pulling Alyx upright. "It's okay. I had a feeling that would happen."

"You mean you knew."

Shonda looked at her with a raised eyebrow and then laughed. "Girl, you know me so well."

"So how come Revnika was affected by all of this?"

“She wasn’t kidding when she said Alyx and her are inextricably linked. You each traded parts of your pasts. It was bound to happen.”

“Then what about us?”

“Oh, I run on potentials, not memories. Since I pretty much stitched two points in your timeline together—”

“You get all of the energy from the slack?”

“Exactly,” she said with a nod. Then she flicked her fingers and time lurched forward again.

“Now, how about you go talk with your girlfriend so you two can work out how things happened?”