

Servir y Proteger (TG RC Preg)

ByFoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Frank is a large, hulking muscle bound cop who doesn't care much for 'woke' policies and diversity hiring, though he gets along with his Asian partner Channa well enough. But after signing a strange contract with his chief, he feels as if something is changing about his life. Was his ass always that big? Surely his hair isn't supposed to be this long? And why is he suddenly saying 'Gracias' instead of thanks?

Servir y Proteger

Part 1: The Contract

"I need you to sign this contract."

Frank frowned at Police Chief Cassidy. She was a hard woman with strong African heritage and an intimidating figure. She'd pushed her way to the upper ranks through sheer will, facing off against racism and yada yada, at least that was the speech she often gave. For what it was worth, Frank just found her hard to look in the eyes.

"Sure thing Chief," he said, "as soon as you tell me what it's about."

She shrugged casually. "It's a diversity thing. Once again the department has hired too many damn white fellas like yourself, and now the city is claiming we're not being diverse and open enough, which is a damn correct assessment in my book."

Frank went to give a sarcastic sigh, then thought better of it. As far as he was concerned, it was all political correctness gone mad, an attempt to take away the heart and soul of policing and replace it with diversity quotas. Why should he have to feel guilty just because he was a mid-thirties white guy walking a beat or responding to a call?

"I can see you don't like it already, Frank."

There was no evading the chief, so answered honestly.

"It's just, I've already got Channa as my partner, she's Vietnamese-"

"Cambodian."

"Yeah, I meant that. She doesn't seem to mind being one of the only women at our rank, or being the only Asian: just gets a bit odd about it once every while. Y'know, when it gets brought up. So maybe we shouldn't bring it up?"

The chief just smiled. "You don't know the full story about Channa, Frank, but maybe one day she'll tell you. For now, this is just you signing a petition agreeing to the hiring practice of more diverse officers in the future. That's all."

He shrugged. "Fine, if that's all, I'll sign it."

She passed him the pen and he signed the bottom line, barely casting an eye over the petition - though hadn't she called it a contract before? A few words stuck out, words like 'racial reorganisation' and 'suppressed memory factor until completion' and 'reinforcement of femininity' but it was all just nonsense as far as he was concerned. Legalese better left to the courts than a humble cop like him.

"There," he said, passing over the pen. "No more mister white guy."

Chief Cassidy cracked up, issuing forth a great big belly laugh that greatly surprised Frank. She was usually much more taciturn.

"Oh my, Frank, you have no idea how true that is. Go on, get back out on the job."

"Chief," he said, rising from his seat and moving to the door.

"Oh, and one more thing, Frank?"

He turned at the door to see the chief's smile.

"Yes, Chief?"

"Good luck with it all."

"Uh, sure thing chief."

"She made you sign a contract?" Channa asked as they sped along the highway in their patrol vehicle.

"Yep. Something about diversity."

"Oh, shit."

"Shit?"

"Yeah."

"Explain."

Channa paused. "You won't believe . . . it's nothing. It's just a stupid contract."

Frank smiled, and gave her a light punch on her little shoulder. "See? I knew you'd understand, Chan! You never complained of this diversity shit. You don't bleed black or white or yellow or whatever, you bleed blue like the rest of us. The uniform's the only colour that matters."

His partner was silent, but then she often lapsed into periods of quiet thoughtfulness. Frank was more than okay with it. It gave their long patrols a sense of serenity he appreciated.

They were a funny pair when put together, particularly just considering the size difference between them. Whereas Frank was a large, muscled Caucasian male in his thirties with short-cropped hair and a steel gaze, Channa was a short Cambodian woman in her mid-twenties, with shoulder length hair and cute features. She'd been hit on more than once by strangers, and she was strangely quite aggressive when that occurred, often revealing a strength that was surprising for someone so little, but most of the time she was quiet and deferred to Frank's experience. She didn't like being called a 'police woman' however. Just a 'police officer.' It was one of those things, Frank supposed.

"Frank," Channa said out of nowhere. "If you were to suddenly be a woman, how would you feel?"

"Weird question," he responded, focusing on the road.

"Just answer it."

He gave her a smirk. "Chan, does any part of *this* look like a girl to you?"

He flexed his large bicep in an exaggerated fashion. Channa just rolled her eyes.

"You're impressed, aren't you?"

"You forget, I already have a boyfriend."

"Ah, you're taken."

She sighed. "I suppose I am," she said, in an oddly wistful voice. "How strange."

Frank just scoffed, used to his partner's weird eccentricities. Suddenly a call came in for a response to a nearby situation. A violent altercation by the main city park.

"Let's go crack some heads," he said, hitting on the lights, "and let's go do it fast. I'll show you how a man does it, Channa."

Another sigh. "Please do, Frank. Please do."

A few days later, Frank was getting ready for work. He was always proud of his uniform; crisp, clean, and most of all, large enough to fit his impressively muscled body. But something had happened; it must have expanded in the wash. That could happen, right? Because it no longer fit him; it was baggy around his shoulders and arms, and a little too long around the legs. He tried it on several times, but it was no use. It must have grown. He felt a little overtired that morning, and almost considered calling in sick, but he was a man, and he wasn't going to show weakness. He put on the uniform anyway, got his gear ready, and fixed his hair in the mirror. It was darker than it normally was; he was a natural blond, but the figure in the reflection looked a bit more like a brunette.

“Huh, weird,” he said. He felt he should be more curious, but a strange fuzziness came over his mind, and when he looked at the mirror again, he decided it wasn’t worth pursuing.

“I’ll figure it out later,” he said. “It’s time to get to work.”

“Get on the damn ground! Get on the ground!”

The man was being noncompliant, continuing to hurl obscenities at the pair of officers and continuing to throw objects in the direction of the house they had attempted to force entry to. The man was clearly high on something, likely meth, and Frank knew exactly how to handle that.

“One last time, get on the ground or I will put you there!” he yelled.

“Fuck you, copper!”

He looked to Channa, who simply shrugged. She was too small to take him, but she had her taser at the ready. She’d gotten damn good at it, though she sometimes lamented that she ‘used to be stronger.’ It made Frank a little amused; how strong could she have possibly been, given her little frame?

“Very well,” Frank said. He moved quickly to the man grabbing him in body hold and forcing him to the ground. He had a weight class advantage against the violent man, and was practised in taking down violent criminals who were off their rockers like this guy. It would be a cakewalk.

Except it wasn’t. Frank grunted in surprise as the man put up an incredibly good fight. There was no artistry to it, no use of proper holds or slips, the man simply must have had muscles that Frank didn’t realise, or Frank himself hadn’t been hitting the gym frequently enough. To his great annoyance, he ended up having to twist the man’s arm, which he didn’t like to do, and Channa had to get in and help him into the van once the man was cuffed.

“Fuck, he was tough,” Frank said, rubbing his shoulder. “I could have sworn I should have been able to take him down easy.”

Channa regarded him a little oddly, looking him over.

“See something you like?” he said.

She scoffed. “Pig.”

Frank just chuckled and ruffled her hair a little, much to her annoyance. “Shorty.”

“Just you wait,” she said.

It was another one of those weird comments Channa had been making lately, but he just shrugged it off. She seemed to be in a bit of malaise, but then she often was. Maybe it was just a Cambodian thing, or just her. He wasn’t sure. Maybe she was just a weird *chica*.

On his day off, Frank went to purchase some new clothes. He had been slimming down as of late, and obviously he must have purchased clothes that were a few sizes too large anyway; why else were they not fitting him so obviously? Everything was baggy and too long, and the only explanation that made sense was that he had been wearing overly large clothing and everyone had been too polite to tell him.

“And I’ll need some good jeans,” he said. “These ones are too snug.”

The clothing store employee walked around him, and when she returned, she had a bit of a surprised face. “Yes, uh, yes! I can see that. They’re a bit too snug around your, well, your rear.”

Frank’s eyes widened. “My ass? Really?”

He looked around, and it did seem like his ass was bigger. Rounded. It formed an almost peachy shape against his stressed jeans. But . . . hadn’t it always been like that? There was a brief moment of dizziness that passed over him as he grappled with this thought. He leaned against the counter.

“Sir? Sir, are you okay?”

“Yeah, sorry,” he said, his voice cracking a little. “Just need some more water, I guess. Anything you have in my . . . size, would be good.”

The woman nodded, and began looking. As she did so, he cupped his ass with both hands, checking that no one was watching. Yes, it was indeed a little bouncy. But then, he was near-certain it always been like that. He checked himself out in the mirror, and found nothing too strange to complain about.

“Damn, need a haircut,” he said to himself. The man in the reflection had dark brown curls, bordering on black, that had become somewhat of a mop upon his head.

“Nice ass, Frank!” Leroy shouted from his desk as Frank passed with a perp.

“Up yours, Leroy!” he responded, “at least it’s just my ass that’s fat, instead of my belly!”

The two of them chuckled; it was just work banter, and Frank was well-acquainted with the fact that cops were hardasses who gave each other shit over the smallest of reasons. Still, for some reason the comment rankled at him as he processed the perp and got him to his cell. It was a simple handoff, a night in the tank for public drunkenness and

inability to drive home. But when he emerged he turned to Channa, who was filing some paperwork.

“Hey, Chan, you got a sec?”

She turned her almond eyes to him. For just a flicker of a second, he could have sworn they had once been blue, but then that made no sense.

“Sure partner,” she said in her slightly accented voice, “how can I help?”

He lowered his voice. “Chan, be honest with me here, do I have a big ass?”

“Spin,” she said.

“Spin? Like a fucking model?”

“Go on, then.”

He groaned, checked no one else was looking, and turned around.

“Yep, you’ve got a big ass. Bigger than mine.”

“Well, women are supposed to have bigger asses Chan. And frankly, yours looks pretty damn good.”

She shot him a look. “I got a boyfriend, remember?”

“Yeah, I’m just being silly, Chan.”

“Well, your flirting won’t matter soon anyway. Say, have you got a rash on your chest recently?”

Frank was astonished. “Yeah, I do. How do you know?”

“You’ve just been scratching your nipples a lot like one of those sex pests we had to pay a visit the other day.”

“Jesus, is it that obvious?”

“As obvious as your ass, partner,” Channa said. “Looks like you’ve been spending some time in the sun too. Your skin will be near as brown as mine soon.”

Channa indeed did have a gorgeous bronze tone to her skin due to her South-East Asian heritage. Frank looked at his own forearms, and was a little surprised to see she was right. He did indeed have an olive hue in his complexion. He’d noticed it the other day, but it seemed right, somehow. It was summer, didn’t skin always go a bit more tan in summer?

“Well, we better get back on patrol now that this guy is covered.”

“Good notion,” she said, finishing her coffee. She paused as they moved to the garage, regarding him in that odd way she often did.

“What is it?” he said.

“I can help you with clothing, you know. And hair products. When you need them.”

“Thanks Chan, but just because I’m between hotties doesn’t mean I need any help.”

She shrugged, and moved to the car. Now, Frank respected his partner, quite liked her in fact. But he was still a red-blooded male in every aspect, which meant that he also occasionally liked to peek at her cute, slim figure in uniform, the way her officer’s belt hung

around her little waist and over her womanly hips. She wasn't the most shapely woman; while he'd never exactly seen her unclothed in any respect, it was obvious she had a modest chest, B-cups at most. But she was certainly attractive, even if she was cagey about having a boyfriend and occasionally a little odd in her manner.

Which was what made it so strange that when she walked ahead, and Frank therefore had a great opportunity to sneak a glance at her ass and hips, he didn't see them as attractive in any way whatsoever.

In fact, the first thought that came into his head was, 'I bet my ass is even bigger.'

"Chief, something feels a little wrong with me," Frank said. "I think I might be sick or something. I don't quite understand it, but it's like I'm missing something. Like my brain is in fucking fog or something. All I know is I don't feel right."

Chief Cassidy regarded Frank with her usual hard stare. It was not without some sympathy however. She folded her hands on the desk.

"Can you explain what makes you think this, Officer Frank?"

He brushed his black curls behind his ear. He knew he should get a haircut at some point, but the shoulder length look was kind of working for him, and he was reluctant to do away with it.

"I just feel like I'm a little out of place. Like, I know I've always been a little on the slim side, but I feel really weak lately. And my uniform feels too big for me, but I got it changed last week! And it's getting, um . . ."

"You can tell me Frank."

He blushed a little. He was grateful that his olive skin disguised the red in his cheeks. "It's just that it's getting a little tight around the chest."

The Chief was oddly understanding. She took down a few private notes, and organised for him to have a week of paid leave.

"I'll be able to organise it as leave related to health and trauma," she said, winking. "After all that's what this sounds like: you need a break from your regular work as you adjust to your new self."

It was odd wording, but it sounded good.

"That would be great, Chief."

"Are you right to finish your shift before you take your leave?"

He nodded. "I can. *Gracias*."

He didn't even realise what he'd just said, but the Chief had an odd, lingering smile. Maybe she just didn't like his Latin accent. It was quite thick, after all.

Over the next week, Frank relaxed. The Chief was right, it was good to take a break from work and just be at one with his own self. He spent the time watching Youtube videos of fashion, making authentic Ecuadorian dishes, and watching some silly Spanish telenovelas. It was rather freeing, though he did notice that occasionally that his body was a little out of sorts.

“Must be eating too much,” he said to himself, his voice cracking a little higher once more, raising another octave. He didn't notice: his focus was upon his chest, which had puffed up considerably, and now looked increasingly like a pair of breasts. A-cups at least. This was despite the fact that he was eating less than he used to lately.

“Or maybe I'm just losing fat in the wrong places,” he said. After all, his waist and stomach were positively slim now. His face had lost its wide, square shape and had become soft. He sometimes joked to himself that he looked like a girl, but then he'd always looked like that. His legs were slimmer, as were his arms, but he couldn't help but notice that his thighs had swelled. He kind of liked that, though.

“It's just these fucking nipples,” he complained, checking himself over in front of the mirror. “They're so damn sensitive. They look like I'm growing a pair of *tetas*. Too bad I have such a little penis or it wouldn't be so embarrassing.”

It stirred that thought again. That feeling that things weren't quite right. Like he was supposed to be something else. *Someone* else.

He suddenly leaned against the counter of the bathroom, swaying a little. The dizziness, the wave of headaches washed over him once more. When they ended, he lifted his head, trying to remember what he'd just been thinking about. He adjusted his chest, trying to figure out what top would fit him today.

“I think I'll need to get a bra,” he said.

It seemed like the most obvious, least crazy thing in the world to him.

Elena's week of rest was nearly up. It had been strange and tiring, and she was itching to get back to work, crack some heads and arrest some perps. She was a copper down to the blood, and just because she was a pretty good looking *chica* didn't mean she was some fragile *senorita* either. She was readying her work outfit for the day. It was much too baggy, and was oddly really quite tight around her enormous peach of a backside and her wide hips. It was also tight around her chest. Sure, she sometimes got catcalled as a result of

them, but she was rather proud of her big Double-D jugs. The uniform didn't exactly show them off, at least it wasn't meant to. But they were good boyfriend catchers.

"Just need to find a good boyfriend," she mused in her Ecuadorian accent.

She was trying to deal with the excessive baggyness of her uniform that made her look a bit ridiculous when her doorbell chimed. Elena adjusted her long dark ponytail one last time before moving to the door and opening it.

On the other side was her partner Channa, who looked simultaneously nervous, pale, and shocked.

"F-Frank?" she spluttered.

"Who the hell is Frank?" Elena laughed. "*Dios mio* Chan, you look pale! What's up, partner? I thought I'd see you at the station."

Channa stepped inside, still staring over Elena's body in a way that made the latina feel a little self-conscious. Chan had a boyfriend, one she'd been in a relationship with for several months now, though she'd only met the guy twice. And yet the way the Asian cop looked at her on patrol - and at that moment - almost seemed like she was checking Elena out.

"Chan? What's going on?"

Her partner recomposed herself, though she still looked a little pale.

"Elena, do you remember who you were a week ago?"

Elena folded her arms, a little confused.

"A lot more stressed, but otherwise the same."

"Does the name Frank mean anything to you?"

She went to shake her head, but there was something in the back of her mind ringing alarms. Very big alarms.

"I - I think so. Maybe. Should it?"

She had never seen Chan so serious. "Oh yes, it absolutely should. Elena, I need you to listen to what I'm about to say. You weren't always a latina. You used to be a big white man. Just a few weeks ago, in fact."

"That's *loco!*"

"It's not! I need you to focus on all the weird shit that's been happening to your body, to your clothing, the last few days. The magic makes your photos and evidence of your identity change, but it doesn't change clothes for whatever reason."

Elena wanted to say she was crazy, but again she felt the tug of that string. It was strange how nothing fit her. She'd had to do a lot of expensive bra shopping over the past week. And why the constant change of uniforms.

"I - Chan, this doesn't make sense."

“Do you remember the Chief getting you to sign a contract? It’s a magical contract, Chan. It comes from some university professor or something, supposedly, though I don’t know anymore than that. It changed me. I used to be Terry, your partner. I was bigger than even you. I was a white guy in my forties, your senior partner. Now I’m a little Asian cop who is attracted to men, and has a boyfriend!”

Elena leaned further into the thoughts, and suddenly they came flooding to her. To him. To her *and* him. It was true. She had signed a contract, but she’d been a man then, hadn’t she? She’d been Frank! Holy shit!”

“Oh God, what the fuck!” she gasped. “Shit, Channa. Terry, whatever! I’ve got breasts. I don’t have a dick anymore: I’ve got a fucking pussy! Oh crap, and look at these hips, and my voice! This is *loco!*”

Chan nodded. “It happened to me, I know what you mean. It’s why I was looking at you funny, because I recognised the signs but couldn’t say anything: you’d think I was mad. It’s all to fulfil diversity quotas, and - and - and - SHIT!”

She ran from the room before Elena could ask her what was wrong. Moments later, her little partner was puking in the bathroom several times over. Elena took the time to examine her gorgeous olive body. It was crazy; she had all of Frank’s memories, but she still thought of men as attractive when she tried to imagine who she was meant to be attracted to. Hell, she still thought of herself as female despite not wanting to. And when she looked at her big Double-Ds, she was equally repulsed to have a big pair of tits as she was proud to have them.

Chan returned in the middle of this internal conflict, pale once again.

“What’s happening to us?” Elena asked her, tears in her eyes.

“What’s happening? We’re being forced to live the lives of female cops. You used to be a man, Elena. A white man. Just like I used to be one too. And now you’re a hot latina cop and I’m a little Asian female cop with a fucking boyfriend.”

Chan wiped a tear from her eye and gave a little chuckle.

“Only I did one better than you, Elena. I’ve been feeling nauseous the last few days each morning, and my boobs have gotten a little bigger. I think - I think I went and accidentally got pregnant.”

Elena/Frank stared at her partner, trying to come to grips with everything.

“*Dios mio,*” she said automatically.

Part 2: New Life

It had taken a while to accept and process everything. Frank/Elena couldn't believe it - somehow she had been magically changed into a damned woman! And not just a female version of herself either, but a busty, curvy latina who even *thought* in Spanish occasionally! It was too much to take in all at once, and so she had retrieved a fairly strong whiskey and poured herself a shot. It burned her throat as it passed, and she wound up coughing more than expected.

"Maldita sea!" she cursed. "I can't even drink as much alcohol as I used to! *Mierda!*"

"I wouldn't drink as much either," Channa said, sitting opposite her at Elena's messy kitchen table. "Trust me, your body can't handle it as well. Another thing that is not very fun about being a woman."

Elena fumed, placing the whiskey heavily on the table with a loud *thud!*

"Damn it! This is a fucking joke!" she cried in her sexy honeyed Ecuadorian accent.

The movement caused her double-D breasts to wobble a little in her bra, and that too caused irritation. She didn't want to be reminded that not only was she a woman now, but an impressively busty one at that. She certainly didn't even want to *look* at her big *culo*, simply feeling it was enough, and the way it padded her seating in a strangely comfortable way. Of course, that was also helped by her wider hips and wonderfully thickened thighs and -

She snapped her mind out of her thoughts. She didn't even want to *acknowledge* that he'd changed, but she had to.

"This has got to be a crime!" she declared, standing up. *"Illegal! What's to stop us from, I don't know, going up to Chief Cassidy and telling her to change us back or we're going to bust her skull in!?"*

Channa gave a sad chuckle. On the table was the pregnancy test, which she was spinning idly with her fingers intermittently.

"Elena - *Frank* - you know that sounds like a terrible idea, right?"

Elena slumped back onto her padded behind and ran her fingers through her long, dark curly hair.

"Si, si. Dammit, you're right. But - we could sue, right? Take this to the periodistas? The journalists? It would be a huge outcry, and they would have to turn us back."

Channa gave her one of those odd stares, one that lasted a while and was somewhat intimidating despite the cute little Camdobians tiny size.

"Elena -"

"Don't call me that. I'm Elena. I mean Frank!"

A small smirk, before Channa's hard stare returned. "I know that, but my mind keeps defaulting to Elena. Yours does too, doesn't it? It's how the diversity contract works. We can't

help but feel compelled to follow what our new selves want or would do. Trust me, I've tried calling myself Terry out loud in the station, but it's almost impossible among people who are not 'in the know' like we are. Just talking to you now is the freest I've felt in some time. It almost makes me glad you were turned, except now we are both in the same boat."

Elena grimaced. Even her last name had changed in her mind. It should have been Frank Beltrain, but instead it was now Elena Garcia. Somehow, she knew that it was a common Ecuadorian last name. The same way she now knew a lot of the 'home country's' dishes now, she supposed.

"But you can still do stuff, right? You've been hinting that you're not who you say you are to me while I've been Frank a number of times. I should have realised something weird was up - you always down in the dumps and fucking mysterious!"

Channa shrugged. "You wouldn't have believed me when you were a man. As Terry, I was even bigger than you. We had arm wrestles, Elena. I never lost. We called ourselves the 'Skullcracker Squad', since that's how we dealt with perps. Now look at me, what skulls can I crack?"

It was true, she was an adorable little woman with sharp, cute features. Lithe was a good word to describe her.

"But surely you don't lose total control? You could have gone to the *jefa* and -"

"What makes you think I didn't?" Channa said, fiddling with the pregnancy test again, her other hand lowering to her stomach. She had been very hungry after her bout of vomiting, and it had given time for both of them to be silent while they absorbed their own new situations. "I went to her straight away when my changes were complete. That's when the realisation kicks in, when it's too late to do anything about it and your new life has fully begun. I even tried to 'crack' her skull, I was so furious."

Elena stared at her with shock, trying to imagine it. "And?"

"And I couldn't do it."

"You backed down?"

"No, I *literally* couldn't do it. Cassidy damn well stared at me while I raised my fist and she just grinned. I couldn't touch her. It was like an invisible wall had come between us, or ghosts were holding me back invisibly. There was nothing I could do. She explained it was all part of the contract: I'd signed away not just my life but also any right to tell the press, to announce it outside of private settings - and even then I can only really do it with others who are changed - and also any power to fight back against those that changed me. So you see, I have tried everything, and I'm *still* stuck as Channa."

Elena looked at her partner, her gaze lingering over her cute rounded face, her perfect almond eyes, her thin yet subtly defined body. It was impossible to believe the

woman in front of her was once a well-muscled meathead. She closed her eyes, concentrated, and the tiniest glimmer of memory formed in the back of her mind. It was of a ginger-haired giant of a man, easily 6'2 tall, with gym-built body that looked almost steroidal. He had a smug grin and wide set, hardened features. He could have been a prison guard - or inmate - in a previous life. She opened her eyes again and saw Channa regarding her in her curious way.

"I - I think I can remember you. You were *enorme!* I thought *I* was big."

Channa chuckled. "We called you the 'little one' as a joke. You took it on board."

"I can remember that," Elena said.

"And now look at us."

There was silence for a moment as the two women sat at the table in the warm morning sun, overwhelmed by their new lives.

"This is *loco*," Elena said, repeating her sentiment from earlier.

"How do you think I feel? I'm pregnant. Fucking pregnant."

Channa didn't often swear, and it took Elena by surprise. The woman looked like she needed some alcohol, but she hadn't taken a shot of whiskey. But then, why would she if her condition was accurate?

"How does that happen? You were a man. Why do you have a boyfriend at all? Were you secretly gay? I can recall that you were big into women, though, I think."

Channa shook her head sadly, and took a sip of water.

"I couldn't help it. This stupid body, it's stupidly attracted to men. I bet yours is too."

"It was, when I lost my memory. But I'm not going to end up gay."

Channa laughed. "It's not gay when you're a woman too. Besides, you may not have a choice. I know I didn't. I felt this strong compulsion when I was around other men. It wasn't just attraction - though as much as I don't want to be, I *am* now attracted to men. No, it was more like you with your accent and need to cook all this food: it had somehow become part of who I was. So, despite wanting to try to stay as Terry as much as possible, I ended up accepting a date with Phillip. And then, because my body was so attracted to him, I started to have sex with him."

Elena gasped. She'd only just put two and two together, but of course Channa would have had sex more than once in her female body. She'd been transformed months and months ago.

"Oh, wow. *Okey.*"

"Uh huh. I began to just accept having sex with him because it felt good and my body wanted it. Going on dates, kissing, sleeping at his place, all of that began to feel natural, even though I'm *still* fighting it, *still* trying to be Terry.

She placed her hand on her belly, clenched her eyes shut in frustration.

“And now I’m pregnant.”

“*Lo siento*. I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, well, it’s my own damn fault. I was in a hurry the other day and this stupid, weak little body wanted it too bad. I told Phillip we could just skip the condom this one time, like an idiot. I was just really, really horny.”

The two women sat in silence once more. Elena couldn’t believe it. Not only had she been turned into a latina, tricked against her will, but she might be stuck with this. What’s more, she could well find herself attracted to men. In the worst case scenario, she might end up with Channa’s fate.

“*Dios mio*,” she muttered to herself. “What do I do?”

“Don’t repeat my mistakes, for one,” Channa said, wiping away a stray tear. “Maybe things will be better for you since you know someone else who has been changed. I only knew one other, but she was transferred out. It’s been just me for too long.”

“*Sí*. Maybe I can fight this. Maybe we can. Even if you are pregnant, we can work to get Terry back, right?”

Channa shrugged, giving in to that silent, morose part of herself.

“Potentially. If I can get rid of it. If I can fight these instincts telling me not to do that.”

Elena nodded. “Then let’s try. I’ll find a way to break out of this, for both of us. I’m not getting stuck as some hot ecuadorian latina with big *tetas* and a huge *culo*, and I’m certainly not ending up having sex with men, I can tell you that, *hermana!*”

Channa gave a glum smirk.

“That’s what I said, too.”

Despite what Channa advised, Elena *did* try to confront the chief once she returned from her paid leave. It didn’t go well.

“What do you mean you won’t change me back?” Elena demanded, giving in to her inner fiery personality.

Chief Cassidy gave a toad-like grin, leaning back in her chair with her hands folded over her lap.

“You signed a contract, Officer Elena Garcia. I told you, we want a more diverse police force to tackle more diverse needs in the community, but because of white, meathead boys like you used to be, *Frank*, it’s been hard for that diversity to occur. So this department has outsourced that trouble to someone who can create these magical contracts with none the wiser. All you had to do was read it, *sister*, but instead you signed the dotted line.”

“You - you bitch! How could you do this to me!?”

Kassidy frowned. "If you call me that word again you'll be out on your ass without any severance. You should know to respect the chain of command, even if you don't respect the person, officer."

Elena breathed heavily. She hated how her body filled out her uniform - filled out rather wonderfully, in fact. There was no hiding that she had a prominent chest, and her new female slacks fit her ass a little too well. At least the radio, gun, spray, and other equipment on her thick belt obscured her form a little, because God knew the top didn't, and she'd already had a couple of asshole officers wolf whistle at her on her return to work.

"S-sorry, *jefa*," she grumbled. "Sorry chief. But you know damn well this isn't right! I was your best skull cracker!"

To her shock, Chief Kassidy stood to her full height, hands on her hips. She was a tall woman, and quite broad, and so her figure loomed in a rather intimidating way, as if blotting out the sun.

"It's precisely because you were such a 'skull cracker' that I targeted you with this damn contract. Do you have any idea how many times I've had to cover for you? Organise a victim payout because of you? Mandate a station-wide sensitivity training seminar because of you? You've cost us thousands of taxpayer money and caused injury to some good people who deserved it, but I had to pick my battles because there are a ton of other violent cops willing to back you up. Well, not now, motherfucker! I knew you had the makings of a good cop. I still believe that, *Frank*. After all, when you aren't choosing to be dumb you can be pretty bright. You got a good head on your shoulders when it comes to a cop's instincts, and you don't draw your gun like a crazy fucker at the drop of a hat like some do. I've seen you de-escalate - you're actually damn good at it! Only you didn't choose to follow those smarts; you were too busy giving in to the other meathead jock cops who think it's cool to 'crack skulls.' Too much testosterone, I say. So from now on, I've taken the testosterone out of the equation. You still have the power to be a good cop, *Elena*, but you're going to do it as a diverse woman from now on. You feel me?"

Elena felt very small, and very vulnerable before Chief Kassidy.

"Besides," the chief said, "it's not like you can crack my skull, is it? Go on, give it a try. Free shot, and I won't even punish you."

Elena didn't. She wasn't willing, and didn't feel the impulse. Her anger boiled beneath the surface, but she knew she was beat. Instead she silently stood, trying to ignore the way her chest pressed firmly against the fabric as she positioned herself for a salute.

"Permission to get back on the beat, sir."

"Granted, officer. Go get Channa. I bet you two have *lots* to talk about."

Elena turned on the spot, and walked away, refusing to let the chief see the tears slowly forming in her eyes.

God, I feel so pathetic, she thought, so damn emotional.

“Officer, one last thing.”

Elena froze, turned her face just enough to show respect, but not enough to show a lot of it. Or to reveal her tear-stained face.

“Yes, *Jefa?*”

“It’s not the worst thing in the world to find yourself a woman. Trust me, I’ve been dealing with it my whole life. And remember, we’re always looking for more recruits.”

Elena nodded, drew herself up, and stepped out of the Chief’s office.

“Best of luck officer, now get out there, and *servir y proteger.*”

Until she could think of a way to break her contract - if such a thing was even possible - Elena simply had to go along with her new body and life. She was Elena Garcia, just like Terry had become Sok Channa. She had already lost so much - her gender, her race, her muscles, her pride - and so she refused to give up being a cop. It was true what they said about being police: it was not just a job, it was a lifestyle. A brotherhood. Though now, she supposed, she was part of the sisterhood instead, that collection of women who were increasingly taking a larger part in the policing workforce, at all levels.

The first two weeks were the hardest. Her new body didn’t exactly come with a rulebook, and while she had lived utterly normally as a woman when her memories dissipated, Chief Cassidy had explained that this was apparently just a ‘side effect’ of the magic, one that went away when the transformation completed and the memories returned. Channa confirmed this: she had been making traditional chicken amok when her memories of being Terry returned. Ever since, she had maintained the strange, magical urge to make it, but in an infuriating roundabout way had to relearn it.

“I think it’s a kind of training,” Channa said. “We learn enough about our new ‘culture’, live like a normal woman long enough during the transformation to form new memories of what we’re ‘supposed’ to be, and then when we finally get pushed in the deep end, we cling to what we learned. How to put on bras, wear dresses, deal with periods and the like.”

“I haven’t had a period yet.”

Channa gave a knowing grin. “Well, won’t that be fun.”

“*Callar!* At least I won’t go through them alone.”

“Yes, you will,” Channa said sadly. “I’m fucking pregnant, remember?”

“Oh.”

“Thanks for rubbing it in, partner.”

Elena began to think that Channa was right. She had to relearn how to be a woman after that one brief period of thinking it was normal, but at the very least she was able to use her previous experience as a template. Wearing bras and panties was one of those first steps. Initially, Elena had refused to even consider wearing them. She was a man, after all, regardless of the fact that she had all the delightful curves of womanhood and, of course, a feminine slit between her thighs. But it turned out very quickly that male briefs stretched too tight around wide hips, and kept slipping into her buttocks due to her rotund backside. Moreover, her double-D breasts were incredibly 'active': they were constantly wobbling, jiggling, bouncy, heaving, and in general making themselves known to her, constantly reminding her just how busty she was. When she looked down, an impressive dip of cleavage greeted her eyes, and her feet were less visible than she would have liked them to be. She made a couple of attempts to just go in a shirt in her last days of leave, but when she went shopping for food, or to grab a bite to eat, or to get her car service, she received a lot of stares - judgemental and clearly interested - from women and men alike. She couldn't blame them: her large dark nipples were outlined heavily against her shirts, and her breasts were clearly unsupported, bouncing freely behind the material.

"Nice tatas!" a man even called out, "how about you take your top off and show them?"

He shut up real quick when she retrieved her police badge from her purse and showed it to him. His mates even gave him some shit for it, to her delight.

That was another thing; she had a freaking purse now! It had been recommended by Channa, who swore by it.

"Trust me, women have to carry a lot more with them, from period medication and tampons to lipstick and the like. It's fucking stupid, and it sucks, but you'll find yourself wanting to. Trust me."

Elena didn't, but she should have: it was only when she got a purse for herself that she felt some peace of mind. Using a standard wallet just seemed all wrong when she wasn't dressed up in her police uniform and on duty.

Once the struggle for her underclothes was lost, the other clothes began to change too. She had purchased many things when she had been 'full Elena' and lost her memories of Frank, and they all fit much better than her male clothes, for sure. Unfortunately, her tight tank tops and crop tops and cutoff jeans fit her features a little *too* well. She hated that they emphasised her buxom chest, showing off its curves, but particularly the way everything seemed to either bare her midriff or end off at mid-thigh.

"Yeah, I'm a bit luckier in that," Channa said. "The worse thing I get is the occasional summer dress or skirt. Your wardrobe is more showy than mine. But then, I guess you have more to show."

Elena wondered if the bitterness in her tone came from a place of camaraderie, or perhaps even jealousy. Regardless, she did her best to fight her compulsions, wearing longer and more covering things, hoodie jackets and shorts that didn't conform so tightly to her dimensions.

But clothing was only part of her first two week struggles. Elena was a beautiful, shapely latina, and others certainly noticed. In her first two weeks, she had the 'fun time' of experiencing just what a woman goes through on her average day, even more so because of her striking looks. Construction workers, banker types, even old men playing chess in the park seemed to enjoy wolf-whistling and catcalling her.

"Hate to watch you go honey, but love to watch you walk away!"

"Nice tits, gorgeous! Show 'em off!"

"Hey babe, why don't you go out with someone like me? I know how to show a sexy lady like you a good time."

"Oohh, sexy latina - just my type!"

"Legs for days! She's got legs for days!"

"Let me suck on those brown titties!"

As per usual, she retrieved her badge to scare them off, but sometimes it was no use: a catcaller from a passing car that moved too quickly for her to intercept, or a group of men that didn't care about an off duty cop, because they could easily disperse. Or simply the smart types, who knew they'd done nothing technically illegal. She experienced it over and over again, and it made her furious, which only made the quips and catcalls more specific.

"Nice temper lady, it looks cute on you!"

"Heyyy, feisty latina, nice!"

"Sexy stereotype walking!"

She would be left fuming, and wishing she could crack their damn skulls. Certainly, she was still well-muscled . . . for a woman. But well-muscled for a woman was much, much less strong than a man at his physical peak, which he had been. She simply had a refined litness that spoke to being a healthy, fit woman. She wasn't exactly rocking biceps or an eight-pack, though.

"It sucks!" she complained to Channa, the day before she was set to return to duty proper. "I hate it! *Lo destesto!*"

Channa simply shrugged. "You get used to it. That and the racism. Trust me, it's never fun. Especially as an Asian. I can only imagine the shit I'm going to get when my belly balloons out."

Elena gave her a sympathetic look. "You mean *if* right? You're going to fight it?"

Channa sighed. "Maybe. I hope so. Phillip doesn't know yet, but I worry what my new instincts are going to push me too."

Those instincts were strong in Elena as well. Upon return to duty, the catcalls and harassment only lessened slightly. Certainly, she couldn't walk through the station without old buddies and bosses giving her the look; the one that made her feel like a piece of meat on display before a pack of dogs. Paul, a slick womaniser type with an overdeveloped ego, liked to make subtle comments as she walked past.

"Nice to see you Elena. Real nice, yeah."

She turned the first time to face him, placing her hands on her wide hips. "What the fuck do you mean by that, Paul?"

He pretended to be shocked. "What are you talking about Elena? I'm just saying I appreciate you. All us guys do. More than you know."

She gave him the finger, eliciting a laugh, and she turned away to get to her locker.

"No need to be such an ass, Elena! Especially when it's already so impressively big!"

"Fucking *estupido*," she muttered.

Patrol wasn't much better, though at least she had Channa by her side. More than once she attempted to rush a violent perp only to realise she no longer had the weight advantage. Even an ordinary man was bigger than her, and with Channa pregnant (if still on duty), she could reasonably expect her partner to brawl either. The first time she got into such a situation she was practically laughed at, and it only took a quick application of pepper spray and a taser to bring the other man down. After a few more humiliations, she came to accept her strength would never again be what it was, and that she would have to play things smart: calling for backup where necessary, and even more importantly, going back to de-escalation.

"It's okay, it's okay *hermano*. We're just here to talk!" she said to one drunken brawler. "You're not in danger, we just want to get you clean, *si*? Drop you back at your house, *si*? But if you keep bringing the fists up, we're gonna have to put you down, and that means a lot of paperwork I don't want to handle, okay?"

She wasn't sure if it was her soothing voice, or her cute accent, or the injection of humour and human appeal, but it actually goddamn worked.

I'd forgotten how good it feels to sort a situation non-violently like that, she thought to herself. As they got the man in the car to drop hone, Channa gave her a little thumbs up.

"One small victory, at least," she said to herself. At the very least, it proved that she could still operate as a cop, even if she didn't totally have a handle on it all just yet.

There were some areas, at least, where being a female cop helped. For one, she found that perps and witnesses and ordinary individuals were far more willing to engage with her. As a large, beefy white male, people had steered clear of her, and perhaps she had given off a bad vibe as Frank. Now, to her shock, people freely gave information without any need of prying. Channa told her that the same was true of her too, especially when it came

to women, who trusted other women on the force with their problems, far more than men. But Elena couldn't help but wonder if a small part of it was also that she was incredibly attractive, since it seemed perps at times were falling over themselves to volunteer information on other crimes they'd seen, or hand themselves over to her care to be handcuffed, simply because they liked 'her style.' Her style, of course, was often her impressive bust, judging from where they were looking as they said it.

Another benefit was the women's area in the police station. True, there was no actual women's area, but in the small eating space the female officers often congregated, and she got to hear their stories of harassment and abuse, but also victories. A couple of the women were the hard-faced, tough-as-nails kind that Elena wished she could be, and others couldn't stand her, obviously seeing her as a little too pretty for the job, but most were good. And it gave her some confidence in tackling her life.

But life at home was a different matter. She craved green plantain dumplings - *balon de verde* - among various other Ecuadorian dishes, but the knowledge of how to make them was little else but memory. Similarly, she felt the desire to play Spanish music from her new homeland when she returned to her house, or watch television programs, including trashy telenovellas. But while Elena felt these things, she was forced to do all the active research for them. By the end of the first week she felt like a failure as Frank the man *and* a failure as Elena the latina. More than once she tried to push against her new instincts, enjoy a greasy burger, potato chips, cheap takeaway and an ice cold pack of beers. She forced herself to consume the food and drink she'd once taken as a given.

It was like pulling teeth. No, that's not right; it was like *chewing* and *swallowing* teeth. Clearly, even her taste buds had changed, much to her chagrin.

"*Stupido,*" she moaned to herself, as she put away her disgusting burger and ran to the kitchen to look at her available ingredients. She could at least make a rough imitation of a traditional bean soup. She'd have to get some proper plantains later and not just rely on local bananas.

There were other struggles, of course. Learning how to manage her wild black hair with its gorgeous curls, for one. And how to move her body. She still moved like a guy sometimes, often when she wasn't thinking or when trying to assume her 'Frank' self. But a manly swagger just didn't work for her wide hips, and it made her breasts bounce almost painfully. She also had to take the train to work while her car was being serviced, and it was only when a woman coughed loudly and deliberately that Elena realised she was 'manspreading': spreading her thighs and taking up much more room. She'd never realised how rude such an action was, but it was worsened by the fact that she was wearing a skirt, and a couple of teenage boys had their eyes glued to her dark panties, tight against her crotch.

“*Mierda!*” she exclaimed, snapping her legs shut.

Even running too quickly without proper chest support, or bending over to grab something on the ground, or idly scratching her itchy chest all had a strong sexual connotation now. The last was one she found hard to ignore - her bras weren't exactly the best fitting, and so her nipples sometimes got sore. She'd always assumed women just purchased a bra and that was it, but evidently she needed better ones for her 'body type' according to Channa.

Finally, there was makeup, too. While female police officers were expected not to overdo it on the facial front, she found out pretty quickly that if she turned up without any makeup whatsoever she would be instantly hit with a neverending barrage of “are you sick?” or “you look pale!” or “is everything okay?”

Apparently, according to the other female officers, this was something they dealt with a lot. Frank had had no idea as a man. Apparently when women wore 'no makeup' according to guys, they in fact were often wearing what was called 'natural makeup.' She had to ask Sandra, a tough redheaded officer, to help her with her own makeup. The request made the other woman laugh.

“Holy shit, you don't know how to do proper makeup? Jesus above, but then I guess your looks are so good it doesn't matter if you wear a cardboard box. Must be a blessing and a curse for you, Elena.”

Elena gave a dark, unamused chuckle. “Oh, you have no idea, *hermana.*”

The one thing that kept her from going insane during all this time was something she had initially been afraid to do, but eventually gave into: masturbation. In many ways, the fact that she had an actual pussy terrified Elena still. She didn't like to address it, didn't like to think of it, didn't like to look at it, no matter how perfectly formed it was. But as the days and weeks crawled on, she couldn't help but occasionally touch it with her fingers, just like she readily groped her own boobs. After all, what guy hadn't imagined what it was like to have your own personal set of tits to play with? Occasionally, she even enjoyed their bounce and jiggle a little bit, in the privacy of her home when she played with them. But her vagina was another matter - it was a far more invasive change, and one she tried to ignore until she no longer could.

It began as a simple curiosity one night. She'd worked most of the day, and was tired as hell. Her body had a strange feeling to it, like it was restless. Her nipples were throbbing a little, and while at first she wondered if she were changing, she quickly realised that she was getting turned on. It wasn't like being a man, where it happened instantly, but slow and simmering. No wonder women required lots of foreplay; he'd never liked that part of sex, but he was beginning to understand the need for it. He breathed heavily, half-naked in bed, and slowly began to tease the lips of his feminine slit.

“Ohhhhh, j-just a little bit. Just a tiny bit,” she whispered to herself, as if someone else was watching her.

It was so sensitive! She'd never realised just how much so. She continued to breathe in long, steady breaths, her heavy chest rising and falling as she experimented. She rubbed her thumb over her clit, and a pulse of pleasure zapped her like an electric shock.

“Si! Yes! Oh, that - that felt good. Just a l-little more, then,”

Soon a 'little more' was a lot more, as her tunnel began to grow slick, dampening in response to her self-pleasuring. She removed her bra - it was uncomfortable to sleep in anyway, and began to rub and caress her soft breasts, savouring their sensitivity and fullness. They really were wonderfully large, and it was easy to imagine someone else touching them, pinching her nipples and sucking on them.

“No! N-not that!”

She avoided that line of thought, particularly since the hands she had imagined had been far too . . . masculine. Instead, she simply focused on her own body, her budding pleasure as she continued to massage her clit. The bliss was becoming ever more powerful, but it wasn't a rapid pace she needed, but a consistent circling of her lower lips. She trembled a little, biting her lip and closing her eyes. She was close.

So damn close.

And then she rubbed her clitoris in just the right way, and it all became too much. A flood of ecstasy washed through her like the warm wave of a tropical ocean. She squirmed, crossing her legs and cupping her vulva, stroking a little more. It was the first time she'd ever felt multiple orgasms, and it was beyond what she could have imagined. They overlapped, the waves coursing over her, drowning her in a sea of bliss.

She was left panting, breasts jiggling on her chest, as she came down from the high.

“*Buena*,” she breathed, “*buena*.”

Surprisingly, she wasn't embarrassed of the act. Despite her very, *very* feminine cries in her soft voice, it felt more as if she was at least taking some well-deserved relief and release for her current ordeal. She resolved to masturbate more regularly after that, and she did so. Often.

It was one drop of joy among an ocean of confusion and strangeness. Still She was able to begin learning what it was to be a woman. It was only her first two weeks, and if what Channa and Cassidy said was true, then it would be the first two weeks of all the rest of her new life.

Part 3: Attraction

Elena had been a woman for nearly a little bit over three weeks before she finally gave in and accepted she was no longer attracted to women. She had fought against her every impulse those first three weeks. She had told herself that she was not Channa, and that she was still enough of a man - despite looking very, very womanly in all the right ways - to still be into the ladies. When a gorgeous woman of any colour of culture or class walked by and she felt nothing, she simply chose to believe it was a residual holdover from her change; she was still recovering, still accepting her new life, and so attraction wasn't registering at that moment. Give it a month or two, and she'd be appreciating a nice set of tits and a peachy ass.

She could still certainly appreciate another woman's beauty. She was - to her dismay - the undeniable hottest woman in the station (the male officers had run a poorly hidden secret and quite sexist vote on that very matter, and she had been the 'winner'). But she was not the only beautiful officer or woman. Karla had that strong, touch, yet sexy Slavic look, and Deborah the receptionist was quite stunning with her blonde hair and wide blue eyes. She had to deal with a lot of annoying flirty individuals who visited the station on all matters of complaints and issues, all of which was quite tiring for the poor woman. But as much as she tried, Elena couldn't find them attractive, even when focusing her gaze on their chests or behinds, or the curve of their hips.

Maybe it's just that my own tetas are so much better, my culo - ass - too, she thought to herself. *I hope that's the reason. It damn well better be!*

The breaking point came when she was in the change room alongside Channa. As a man, Frank had occasionally snuck a look at his partner's cute, lithe form. She had a graceful look, heightened by her stoic nature somehow, and he had to admit her dark shoulder-length hair and perfect brown skin had its own appeal. If she was being very truthful about her former life as a man, there had likely been a bit of sexual attraction to her so-called 'exotic' nature as a Cambodian woman. Channa hated the word 'exotic' - quite the irony, given she was quite the 'oriental chaser' as the department called her when she was Terry.

So Elena certainly had experience appreciating her partner's body, even if she was pretty nonchalant and restrained about it; after all, she was a partner. But in the female change rooms, as they stripped off their civilian clothing and got into their officer uniforms, she was struck by a total absence of feeling towards the other woman. She was able to see Channa's entire form, nude and all since they were getting off a long night shift and hitting the showers before going home. She had more of a shape than Frank had ever suspected,

especially around her hips, but her chest was indeed quite flat, with little more than AA-cups at best. Still, her short, petite nature was intoxicating in its own way.

Or at least it should have been. Elena felt little more than a background pride. A certain smugness. She couldn't help but compare her own large bust to her partner's absence of one, her impressive child-bearing hips to Channa's boyish figure. Even her lips were fuller - Channa's were thin, though perhaps that it came from her sombre, depressive nature.

"*Dios mio*," she said to herself, realising in full for the first time. "You're beautiful but you aren't hot."

Channa gave her the side eye. She was utterly naked and moving to the shower, and Elena joined her in the stall next to her. Another woman - Paris, Elena thought her name was - joined them in the corner.

"What does that even mean?" Channa asked as she turned on the hot water. Elena did the same, relishing the almost scalding spray. That was another weird thing about being a woman; she'd found she tolerated high water temperature, even loved them. She remembered hating sharing showers with her lovers when she was a man.

"I mean that - um, this is a little *embarazosa*."

"My entire life is embarrassing, Elena. I'm a tiny Asian woman who is terrified of telling her boyfriend she's pregnant."

"Well, it's just . . . when I was Frank," she said, speaking low so Paris could not hear, "I did find you pretty hot. I know you probably didn't notice-"

"Oh, I noticed. Easily."

"What? Really?"

A classic raising of the eyebrow followed from Channa. "Most certainly. All women notice, that's one big thing I've learned in my months of being a woman. We just have to tolerate it. Think of all the men you've felt the stares of who act like they weren't looking."

Elena sagged a little. "Well, *okey*. But my point is, I found you cute. Sexy, even."

"Great."

"But now I don't."

"Because you're straight. Or gay. However you want to think about it, whether you try to think of yourself as Elena or Frank, you're into guys."

"I'm not. I know I'm not. But . . . I think I'm not into girls. Even ones that are *guapa*."

"I assume that means hot."

"Oh, uh, *si*. It does."

Channa turned her shower off and faced her. Elena turned her shower off as well.

"It's nice to know my partner finally sees me as a full human being," she said.

"What the - I never - I wouldn't -"

"It's a compliment, take it as such," Channa said in that evasive way of hers. "It's good to have someone who knows my situation, understands it, and doesn't see me as a hot piece, that's all. I'm actually kind of glad you're into guys as well, just so you aren't still checking me out all the time."

She turned on the shower again, and Elena also followed suit. She couldn't help but look over at her little Cambodian partner, who was running her hands over her body and cleaning herself, including her pussy. Elena followed suit, realising that this was an area of body cleansing she needed to pay more attention to.

"I'm not into guys though," she said.

Channa shrugged. "Maybe not. Good for you if so. Makes things less complicated."

Unfortunately, just a few days later, things got complicated when Matthew Travers transferred to the station. Travers - everyone preferred to call him that, and he took it on as his official nickname fairly quickly - was a tall, muscled, handsome man with dark skin and a close-shaved head. He had a beaming smile and an easy charm. This was evident by the fact that despite all the locker room pranks on him in that first week - on account of inter-precinct rivalries - he took it all on the chin with an easy grin, and gave as good as he got: Williams tried to fill his drink with laxatives, a prank everyone agreed went far, only to end up on the shitter for two straight hours himself, on account of Travers' quick thinking and a switcheroo of their flasks. Within five days, Travers was considered just another one of the boys.

Elena had only heard of Travers' arrival, but hadn't yet met him due to the nature of her own shifts. All she knew was that he was apparently some hotshot transfer who was big into the gym life and loved working on cars in his spare time. So it was a big surprise for her when she came into work on the morning shift, feeling refreshed from a good night's sleep, only to have her first meeting with the man be his dramatic return from an armed robbery with both suspects in tow. She had just geared up alongside Channa, and was still annoyed by her lack of attraction to her partner, when suddenly the attention of the staffroom shifted at once to the entrance. There was a loud series of murmurs and excited chatter, and a crowd quickly formed. At the edge of it, and stealthily trying to adjust her uncomfortable bra without anyone noticing, Elena was caught off guard.

"Hey, What's going on?" she asked Channa.

"Some big collar, I think. Apparently the new guy and Casey caught the diamond twins."

Elena's eyes widened. That was big news. The two brothers were dangerous armed robbers who were real professionals, in and out quick on every job. The force hadn't come close to apprehending them, and now the newbie had done it on one of his first nights with his new precinct. No wonder a loud crowd was forming: a third of them were jeering the captured twins as they were brought to the holding cells, another third cheering and clapping Travers and Casey, and the last third were in the back a little, quietly jealous of their accomplishments. Elena and Channa were in the last category: the Diamond Twins had been committing carefully timed robberies for over a year now, and once upon a time both Frank and Terry had sworn they would be the alpha cops to catch them. Even reduced to a shapely female officer, Elena had hoped to collar them and prove to herself that she was still capable. Instead, her hopes were now dashed.

"*Maldita*," she muttered. "That should have been our collar, Channa."

"Agreed."

"Just who does this *chucho* think he is?"

"Chucho?"

Elena sighed, trying to get sight of the peeps and officers. Once again she was reminded of her reduced height.

"Sorry, I keep lapsing into Spanish. It means 'ugly man', it's an insult."

Channa pushed her little body between two male officers, ignoring their discomfort, in order to better view the proceedings. She jumped once in the air, much to the amusement of several others, before pushing her way back to Elena.

"Well, he's certainly a man, but he's *definitely* not ugly."

Elena couldn't help but be curious at her friend's words. She made her way around the crowd, trying to catch sight of this newbie, when suddenly an opening appeared and she finally saw him.

She'd heard he worked out, and had a rough, generalised description of him. She hadn't realised that he was so goddamn handsome. She briefly lost her breath as she saw him leading the perps to their cells: there was an easy confidence to his movements and a brightness to her smile that made her heart flutter in her chest. He was indeed strong, with a figure that spoke to regular gym exercise and training, but without being riddled with overinflated muscles like she now remembered Terry having. His black, curly hair was cropped close to his head, and he had a cute facial hair style that had been carefully trimmed to a light goatee. He had a classically square jaw, broad shoulders, and was easily 6'2 in height, compared to her reduced 5'6. For just a moment, he looked her way, and she froze. He had kind, beautiful dark eyes. He grinned, a white smile that beamed at her, and she found herself caught in that beam like a deer before headlights. She couldn't help

herself: she gave a wide smile back, and by sheer nervous impulse curled a length of her perfect dark hair behind her ear before glancing at the floor.

Dios mio, I probably come across like a schoolgirl in front of her high school crush.

His eyes lingered on her, taking in her form, and she couldn't help but glance a second time, breaking into a second smile. Her chest began a little warmer, and she felt her nipples stiffen slightly in the cups of her bra. And then he was gone, disappeared back behind the crowd, escorting the two perps away alongside his partner. The rest followed him, except for Elena and Channa, who remained rooted to the spot. She could feel Channa's smugness radiating from her little form.

"See something?" the little Cambodian woman asked.

"*Chuta!*" Elena replied. "I *am* fucking gay!"

"Told you."

Or was it straight now? It didn't matter.

"It was just a moment," she said, pushing back against her feelings. "It won't happen again. I won't give in."

Channa just shrugged, and walked back to her desk, leaving Elena to linger in the hall. Her heart was still fluttering, and she could still see in her mind's eye the handsome form of Matthew Travers in his police uniform, smiling at her. She shivered a little, and wished her damn nips would settle down. Without even thinking, she bit her lower lip, rolling her teeth along it. If she'd had a pen in hand, she would have placed it in her mouth without even realising the significance of the metaphor. As it was, she simply had to take a few breaths, her large chest heaving a little in her tight uniform, and walk back to her desk.

"That better be a one time thing," she muttered to herself.

Channa, thankfully, didn't say a word.

In the following days, it proved to be anything *but* a one time thing. As Channa continued to gripe about her pregnancy - she was experiencing sore breasts, and was worried they were getting bigger - Elena continued to see Travers at the station. They operated on different shifts most of the time, and so hadn't had time to really introduce one another, and when the chance arose she did her best to avoid him, even despite her instinctive desire to linger, to stare, to thrust out her chest a little.

"I will *not* be attracted to a man. *Any* man," she declared to herself.

But still, those feelings didn't go away. They simmered, rising from a low heat to an intensive passion at times. When she crossed him in the halls she could feel his gaze on her swaying ass as she passed, and it made her shiver a little in excitement. When he asked her

to pass him a mug from the rec room, she did so without trying to meet his gaze, but still their fingers briefly touched, causing her to gasp silently. She excused herself from his presence before they could talk, even as the words 'Hey, I'm Travers' began to form on his lips. She thought that if she could just avoid the incredibly handsome man, with his perfect dark skin and strong muscles and wonderful height, then she could keep the unwanted feelings at bay.

Except she began to feel that passion even when he was not physically present as well. She had her first proper sex dream as a woman three days after seeing Travers for the first time, and it featured him quite heavily. In the dream, she was dressed not in her regular cheap bra and panties but instead in sexy black lingerie and stockings that teased and tantalised, showing off her busty, hourglass-shaped body. The cups lifted her boobs, making them ripe and presentable, and she moved with a graceful sexiness as she mounted a stranger in the dark. Even in the dream, she knew it was all wrong. She tried to fight her intense arousal, but it was an impossible task. A figure of shadow was lying back on the bed, his body masculine, and crawled on top of him, placing her wonderfully thick thighs on either side of him as she leaned in to kiss him deeply. And then, to her shock, she realised it was Matthew Travers, his handsome face eager for more, his eyes full of desire.

It was like she was both on the bed, making love to this man, letting him squeeze and grope her sensitive tits, and yet at the same time she was Frank, standing to the side, watching it all happen with terror. The dream-Matthew pulled away her panties, and she freed his dick from his own briefs. It was massive - far too large, surely - and yet it looked downright *hot*, somehow. The Frank part of her in the dream yelled, screamed for her to stop, to not even touch it, but the Elena part of her couldn't resist. It looked like it was nine inches long while fully erect, a big black penis that could fill her completely, stretch her wide.

"Oohhhhh," she moaned, as she raised her hips up.

Travers played with her tits, rubbing his fingers over her sensitive dark nipples, before hoisting her up with his hands, manoeuvring her until she was positioned right above his monster of a cock.

And that's when the hot, muscled man turned to the Frank part of her in the dream, and stared right into his eyes.

"This will be you soon, Frank," he said.

And with that, he lowered Elena down onto his cock, and he penetrated her wet depths in such a way that caused an explosion of agony.

It was at that moment that Elena woke from her dream, her body shaking in the aftereffects of an orgasm. The dream had been so real. She pulled her fingers away from her pussy.

"*Dios mio*, I masturbated in my damn dream. What the hell is happening to me?"

But she knew exactly what was happening to her.

I've got it bad for Matthew Travers. Mierda!

She sighed and leaned her head quickly back into her pillow, as if trying to knock herself out and wake from *this* awful dream.

"I'm not going to give in. I'm going to fight this. I don't care how fucking *hot* he is. I'm going to find a way to not be so fucking aroused all the time like some horny little *chica*."

Fortunately for Elena, that wish came true just two days later. Unfortunately for Elena, it was because she was experiencing her first period.

"*Chuta!*" she declared while on patrol with Channa, "It's like my stomach is on fire. I'm getting worse cramps than when I had food poisoning at Al's Takeaway, back when I was Frank."

Channa gave her a sympathetic look.

"Welcome to the worst part of being a woman. Well, one of the worst parts. It's one of the only good things about being pregnant."

She stroked her stomach lightly, which was only just beginning to show the lightest of bumps, easily hidden within even semi-loose clothing.

"You're not enjoying getting bigger *tetas*, then?"

Channa grimaced. "I better not. They're sore. If I'm lucky I'll be one of those women who barely get bigger and then go down anyway. No offence, but I don't want your big Double-Ds."

"They're a handful, that's for sure!"

Elena chuckled at her own joke, only to wince at the pain in her lower belly. It was like an angry beast was inside it, raking its claws against the inside of her womb. Funny, to think she had a whole extra organ now. Less funny to think about the fact that it was shedding its interior skin at that moment. Better, at least, than the alternative that Channa was going through. But it didn't help with the pain.

"Nnggh . . . *maldita sea!* This fucking sucks!"

"Have you taken painkillers?"

"Too many. Any more and I'll probably overdose, at least it feels like this. *Dios mio*, if this is what a period feels like, this must be punishment for all the times I told my old girlfriend to suck it up and stop being so emotional."

Channa rolled her eyes. "Rookie move, moron."

"I know that now! Ugh! And now this is making me emotional."

She wiped some stray tears, hating how morose she was feeling. As a man, she could have maybe shrugged it off, but it was harder to hide her emotions as a woman, and she found she was encouraged to show them more. Of course, her cramps were bad enough that she suspected her male self might have whined even more.

“Fucking sucks,” she repeated. She placed a hand on her stomach, wishing she had an icepack. There was a ghastly wetness she could feel, like something was dislodging from her uterus. Which, she supposed, it was.

“Damn it, and now I think I have to change my tampon.”

Channa nodded. She was driving on patrol this time. She pulled up near a public restroom. Elena sighed.

“You’re lucky,” she groaned, as she got out.

“I won’t be in seven months,” Channa replied. This thing was fun going on, it won’t be fun coming out.”

“*Verdadero*. True.”

She walked past some delinquents, giving them a glare that halted even their drunker members from trying to hit on her. She was in uniform, after all, and could make their night very un-fun. When she reached the stall she went through the annoying and uncomfortable process of removing her tampon, dealing with what she had come to think of now as her ‘heavy flow’, and inserting a new one.

“Who was the fucking moron who said tampons give women pleasure?” she grumbled. It must have been that idiot Sergeant Aster from years back. Frank had hung on his every word as a rookie, absorbing his misogynistic teachings. Now he realised how full of shit the Sarge had been.

She sighed again, cleaned up her makeup, and returned to her vehicle, where Channa waited with a sympathetic look on her cute Cambodian face.

“Better?”

“No. I feel like *mierda*. But dealt with, at least. And this will last three whole days?”

“Longer, if you’re unlucky. Mine were way more manageable than yours.”

“I’ll trade you.”

“Trust me, you don’t want to get knocked up, Elena. Remember, you have to have sex with a guy first. And he has to cum in you.”

Elena looked out the patrol car window as they travelled down Haver’s Street, a particularly rough neighbourhood. She didn’t want Channa to see the blush on her olive cheeks, or the way she automatically bit her lip.

So fucking wrong to feel this way, but it’s so damn hot. Why can’t I stop thinking about getting fucked by Matthew’s big dick?

“That won’t happen,” she declared.

“It was just a joke, Elena.”

“I know, I know.” She turned back to Channa as the woman rounded off to Brook Street. “How are you handling it, though? I know you don’t like to talk about it.”

Channa pulled over, a little too quickly. She took a deep breath, seemed to fidget a moment before resting a hand on her stomach.

“It’s . . . hard to talk about,” she said. “I never even imagined having kids as a man. I liked women for one night stands. Didn’t really settle down at all.”

“I remember,” Elena replied. “You were a lot luckier than me, but you never really dated beyond a couple of weeks.”

“That’s right. And now I’m engaged.”

Elena turned her head so fast she almost gave herself whiplash.

“The fuck? You’re engaged?”

Channa nodded, a little wan smile crawling across her face. She held up her lithe hand and waggled her fingers semi-dramatically. On her ring finger was just that: a sparkling little diamond ring. Elena had to furrow her brow quickly: her first instinct had been to ‘ooh’ and ‘ahh’ over it.

“*Qué cono!?* How did I not know this?”

“You never were the most observant cop. But then, neither was I. But not being able to rely on your muscles will change your perspective eventually, believe me.”

“Stop dodging the point,” Elena said, grabbing Channa’s hand and looking more closely at the ring. It really was lovely. “Phillip proposed? And you accepted.”

“Yes, and yes.”

“Why!?”

It wasn’t often that Elena saw her short yet stoic partner flush with embarrassment, but she did so now, looking every which way but at Elena’s face.

“I had to tell him, of course, about the pregnancy I mean. It was hard to do: I was six weeks along, and he thought I was just sick, but I couldn’t keep it up. We were - I’ll just say it: we were fucking and he went to touch my boobs and I nearly cried out in discomfort they were so sore. I asked him to stop, which confused Phillip because, well, he knows I like that.”

She blushed further red before continuing.

“Anyway, the next day I had to tell him, especially since he asked me if they had grown a little bigger somehow. He’s not the brightest when it comes to women’s bodies, but then neither was I. And . . . I was so *fucking* nervous Elena. I was crying. I could barely speak. And he hugged me and kissed me and told me it was already, that he’d help me out with whatever I was going through, and that he wouldn’t judge me, and so I had to tell him. I told him straight out: I was pregnant with his baby.”

Elena reached out and held her friend's hand. As a man, the idea of getting so deep into the well of emotion with a partner, even a friend, didn't come naturally. Now it did.

"And?"

Channa gave a low chuckle.

"And he kissed me and hugged me and said it was the best news he'd ever heard. He pulled up my top and kissed my belly so many times I had to push him away. And then he practically ran to the car and took off, saying he had something important to do. When he came back, he was holding a little black box, and got down on one knee, and asked me to marry him."

She sniffled a little, and Elena clutched her hand tighter.

"And I said yes. God, I was crying and everything, it was embarrassing. My Channa self was swept up in the moment, and no amount of the old Terry could break through. So now I'm not only pregnant with a man's baby, but I'm engaged to a man too. We're getting married in two months before I show too much."

"So you're keeping it?"

Channa wiped a few anxious tears. "Yes. I can't *not*. My new instincts are too strong, goddamnit. I'm stuck as this little woman. You know, it's funny: the other day I wished I could be just a bit bigger. I guess the universe has a sense of humour, because in just a few months I'm going to blow up like a blimp."

"Wow. I - I can't believe it, Channa. This is crazy. *Dios mio!* You're going through with it."

"Don't have much choice. He's a nice man, and when I'm with him, I feel so . . . light. It's hard to explain, but it's like when I'm around him, I have a deep need to be his wife, to please him. I can't really explain it to you."

Elena knew exactly what she meant; she had felt similarly just in the presence of Matthew Travers, that deep instinctive need to play the role of the sexy latina lady, demure and curvy and showy, and all the hotter for being a fellow cop.

They were interrupted by a radio call-in: there was a break-in just two miles away. They broke from their heart to heart and Channa switched on the lights.

And they were off.

Part 4: Dating

Elena had been a woman for nearly two full months when Matthew Travers finally introduced himself to her for real. She was getting coffee from the rec room, having roughly twenty minutes before the proper start of her shift. She was once more fiddling with the uncomfortable cups of her bra, but determined to go bra shopping as little as she could - it reminded her too much of how feminine she was, and there was also something daunting about it for her.

She was lost in thought over whether to finally bite the bullet on clothes shopping when a deep, molasses-like voice spoke just behind her.

“Hey, do you mind if I use the machine if you’re done?”

She spun on the spot, fast enough that her large chest jostled in her bra. Standing before her - in fact, practically *looming* over her - was Officer Matthew Travers. He gave her an easy smile that practically melted her heart.

“I just thought, you know, since you’ve standing there deep in thought the last few minutes that you’d decided against having some yourself.”

Instantly she blushed. “*Avergonzada*, I didn’t even realise! Of course you can use it.”

She stepped aside, allowing him access to the machine, and turned to go. But before she could, Travers spoke.

“Hey, can I ask you something personal?”

She turned. He was making coffee and avoiding her gaze.

“Um, sure. What is it?”

“Have I done something to offend you, Officer Garcia?”

She took a deep breath, trying to ignore how it made her breasts press against her tight uniform shirt. “N-no. No, you haven’t.”

“Okay, that’s good to hear,” he said, beginning to pour his coffee and adding some sugar. “But you’ve got to tell me: is there a reason you avoid me? It’s not some inter-precinct bullshit, is it?”

“No, no, nothing like that,” she said, her accent becoming a little stronger with her nervousness. “It’s just - *no me lo puedo creer* - a personal issue.”

He turned to her.

Dios mio, he’s good looking. Fuck, I have to get out of here. Those damn muscles are making all hot and cachondo!

“I don’t look like some guy you know, do I? Some asshole who left an impression.”

“No, it’s just . . . ah, I’m not good at this.”

He took a sip. "S'okay, you can come out and say it: I'm too fucking ugly, right? It's this horrible face of mine. Don't worry, I can't bare to look at it either. My ma shoulda named me Igor, I swear."

He gave a cocky grin and took another sip, and something about his stare made her start laughing, breaking down her defences.

"*Idiota!*" she proclaimed. "We both know you're very good looking, Travers."

He winked charismatically. "Your words, not mine. You know, we haven't been properly introduced, so I'll start: Matthew Travers."

He extended a firm, strong hand. She took it in her smaller, daintier one, and tried to put all her strength into her grip. It was nothing against his own strength, and it made her a little flush with heat. Her damned body was getting turned on by how big and hunky he was, and it was making her furious at herself.

"Elena Garcia," she replied. "And if you don't mind me saying, I'll have you know you are definitely not ugly."

"Well, if you don't mind *me* saying, that's a damn good thing to hear, coming from the most beautiful woman on the force."

Damn it, that actually worked on me. Fuck, I need to stop talking to him.

But she couldn't pull away, her body was driven to him, and her new fiery instincts liked this form of verbal sparring, which was a form of flirting she'd never experienced.

"Well, that's not the biggest compliment," she said, laying her accent on a little thick deliberately, "after all, there are slim pickings here at the precinct, especially on nights like this."

He grinned. It was a damn sexy grin, full of confidence. "Ah, but I didn't say the most beautiful woman in the precinct, Elena. I said the most beautiful woman on the *force*. And when I say *force*, I'm not even talking about state. I'm talking about the whole country."

"Oh."

"Oh?"

"Just the country?"

He laughed. "Well, I didn't want to inflate your ego too much, woman!"

She chuckled with him. Unconsciously, without even realising it, she was drawing her body closer to him, thrusting out her chest a little more, cocking her hip to one side to emphasise her curvaceous figure. His eyes lingered over her, and she tried not to giggle at the way he was practically *straining* not to look at her chest.

"Well, I can't blame you. I do have a pretty big . . . ego."

The man broke. He pursed his lips and breathed out in an exaggerated 'oof', placing his hand behind his head and scratching it nervously.

"Okay, you got me, I don't even know what to say in response to that."

“*Perdón*, it was just too hard to resist saying.”

They chuckled together, and she cocked her hips to the other side in the silence that followed, her eyes wandering over his dark, muscular form.

“Okay, please be honest. We seem to be getting along, Elena. Can you tell me why you’ve been avoiding me? If you don’t want to, I’ll leave it alone. I’ll leave you alone. But I’m just come out and say it: I’ve been trying to get to know you, and honestly it’s because you’re pretty attractive and you seem to have a great personality - which I can confirm now, by the way.”

“*Si*.”

“You also have a great Colombian accent.”

“Ecuadorian,” she corrected.

He snapped his fingers. “See? Already I’m learning more about you! But I get it, looking as awesome as you do, you probably get jerks like me hitting on you all the time, and I know a lot of women don’t want to date anyone on the force, which I also get. So say the word, and I’ll leave it be. I’m just putting it out there that I’m interested, you’re awesome, and I’d like to get to know Elena Garcia more.”

She was caught between the rock of fiery latina instinct and the hard place of mutual attraction, and she had only herself to blame. The man looked at her expectantly.

“I’ve been avoiding you because I don’t date coworkers,” she said brusquely, trying to terminate any chance of this going romantic. God, she needed to avoid that!

For a moment his shoulders sagged, the man clearly deflated and doing his best - and failing - to hide it. It tugged her heartstrings, and before she could push away that empathetic bubble her mouth was already moving for her.

“And because you’re the hottest guy on the force, you were a constant temptation.”

That perked him up.

“I was now, was I?”

“Was, and . . . still are.”

“Well, that makes me feel better.”

“Don’t let it overinflate your ego.”

“Oh ho! I see what you did there, Elena.” He paused a moment. “What if we don’t go on a date, how about that?”

She raised a perfect eyebrow, and crossed her arms beneath her generous chest. “Explain,” she said.

“Well, what if we just happened to visit the same places, at the same time, while off duty? We could just sort of . . . mingle. And if it ever feels too close to a date, then we could go our separate ways and -”

“Deal!” she said. Her eyes widened.

What the fuck? I just agreed that quickly? Mierda, what is wrong with me?

“Deal?”

“D-deal. But only once, okay?”

He smiled. “Once is all I need.”

That smile stuck with her on patrol, and occasionally, for no reason, she began to smile like an *idiot* too. Channa continued to pester her about what was going on, but she refused to tell her partner what had happened, and soon the other woman lapsed back into her stoic self, occasionally complaining of sore boobs or her slowly expanding belly.

That night, Elena dreamed she had her own expanding belly, and Travers’ arms were wrapped around her midsection lovingly. Beside the bed, the Frank part of her screamed to be let out.

But she wouldn’t let him.

Elena felt ridiculous. She’d gone through her second period - another miserable affair, and one of just many to come - and had returned to her usual horny self on the other side. Hornier, even. Maybe it was just the fact that she really did experience a heavy and discomforting flow, or perhaps it was that she had a looming not-date with Travers that he and she had organised for the coming week, but it meant that her nightly and even occasionally morning-based masturbation sessions were increased in passion and frequency. She couldn’t help herself: it was clear her libido was easily twice that of when she’d been a man, and she hadn’t exactly been chaste then: Frank prided himself on being able to fuck a good woman more than once in a night. Elena probably would have sucked him dry.

Not literally, of course. God forbid!

But it meant that her transformed instincts were kicking in, the compulsions for her new life courtesy of Chief Cassidy and her damned wizard, or sorceress, or whoever created the contract. She couldn’t stop thinking about Travers, and it means that her nervousness infected other parts of her life, including her fashion sense. Even despite her shopping during her memory-loss period, she didn’t really have much to properly wear: half her bras were discomforting as she’d still been ‘growing’ during that time, and she still had a heap of old mens shirts and pants that she wore around the house, an overly tight belt keeping them in place.

So, with the help of Deborah the lovely receptionist, she went clothes shopping in preparation for her date.

No, not date, she thought to herself. Just a mutual meeting. It's a compromise between these stupid new feelings and me keeping the Frank part of me alive.

At least, that's what she told herself. To her annoyance, her feisty latina instincts practically flew off the damn handle: once she had entered the mall it was like she couldn't contain herself. There were so many cute cuts, crop tops, dresses, skirts, two-pieces, wraps, hats, shoes, heels, and more that it made her new feminine instincts flare up overpoweringly. At least it made her actions justifiable, in a way, as well as the bill she racked up trying on different dresses, bras and panties, shorts and skirts, tops and crops, and - to her embarrassment - even some sexy lingerie. Deborah was wonderfully encouraging, even if a bit obviously jealous of Elena's body, which made the former man oddly proud of her features, particularly her big butt and her big boobs. She was just glad she hadn't taken Channa. Her partner would have maintained that stoic face, all the while taking a grim satisfaction in what Elena was doing. On the other hand, as far as Deborah was concerned, Elena was just one of the girls.

"You look great in that Elena, seriously, Matthew is going to go wild!"

"Are you sure it's not too . . . revealing?" Elena asked.

She was dressed in a skirt and a smart, cute camisole that hugged her figure. Beneath, she was sporting a black push up bra that lifts her boobs wonderfully, giving them an even fuller, rounder appearance, like two globes defying gravity, yet with enough wobble and jiggle to indicate they were most definitely the real deal.

"No, it looks amazing! You're going to sweep him right off his feet!"

"That's what I'm afraid of," she grumbled to herself.

"Sorry, what? I couldn't understand - I think it was your accent?"

Elena just gave her fakest smile. "Oh, I was just saying 'that's what I'm hoping for.'"

"You're damn lucky. My family is friends with his - he has to fight girls off with a pool cue some days, I swear! I even took a run at him."

Elena lifted an eyebrow as she regarded herself in the full body mirror, making several poses automatically. *Dios mio*, she was a stunning Ecuadorian beauty. The skirt was short and showed off her wonderful dark olive legs. The camisole was tight around her thin waist, cupping the undersides of her breasts in their bra to reveal their full size. She was putting a black leather jacket on, open at the front, to see how it would look when she replied.

"Oh . . . it didn't work out?"

Deborah gave a casual dismissive gesture. "Nah, turns out he was dating someone else at the time, which I didn't know, so it was real embarrassing! But I can tell you he's a good guy. Just don't talk to him about cars or old blues music and you'll be fine! I can tell he likes you."

Elena blushed a little, smiling despite herself. She couldn't help the curiosity that rose within her. "How do you figure?"

"Well, apart from asking you out, as well as checking out that fine figure of yours whenever he can, he's been asking everyone about you. Likes, dislikes, etcetera. And I have it on good authority that he likes a feisty woman such as yourself."

Elena took in her reflection a second time. Yes, this was the outfit for the not-date.

"Well, that sounds like a challenge," she said to herself.

"A challenge? Honey, you'll struggle to keep his hands off you, you've got him so into you."

She didn't reveal her worried expression to Deborah, only whispered to herself.

"*Si*, that will be the challenge," she said.

The not-date was almost cliché: Mini Golf Paradise. Travers was already waiting for her when she arrived in the evening, just as the place was lighting up. She was nervous, breathing quickly, heart racing, uncertainty in her mind. Her new magical compulsions from that awful contract were driving her forward to spend time with this man, but the Frank part of her - the personality that railed against these forced instincts - was terrified of what might happen. He was even more terrified that he might *enjoy* it. Especially since just that morning Elena had woken from another deeply erotic sex dream.

She looked around for her not-Date. There were families and other dates - many of them younger, but a few were even older - and so it took him a moment to spot her. She saw him first, and paused, unsure what to do. It felt as if she was standing on a precipice, and the wrong move could tumble her down into the abyss. Only the abyss in this metaphor was a lot more saucy. Before she could reconsider, go home and make some native dishes and watch a dumb addictive telenovella, he turned and saw her.

And his face cracked open with the biggest, sweetest grin she'd ever seen. His eyes drank her in, and she swayed nervously a little, unintentionally showing off her form a little for him. Her midriff was bared by about a centimetre by her white camisole, and she wore her leather jacket over the top for contrast, unzipped due to the heat and, she had to admit, because of the lovely view of her chest it presented. She had decided on a cute set of yoga pants that were not only comfortable, but conformed *exactly* to her rounded behind, wide hips, and sexy thighs.

"*Hola*," she said.

"Hey, and holy shit," Travers said. "I'm glad you could make it."

"I said I would, didn't I?"

“Yeah, but I feel *severely* underdressed now!”

“Oh please, you look fine! *Guapo!*”

He chuckled, not understanding.

“Um, it means handsome. You look handsome.”

Indeed he did. He was wearing a plain grey zipped jacket and black pants. But to be honest with herself, she was a little disappointed that it hid his fine muscles, particularly around his arms.

Even just a peek at those biceps. Chuta! What the hell am I thinking!?

But the thought was in her mind now.

“Maybe lose the jacket?” she suggested. “It’s too warm anyway.”

“Only if you lose yours,” he joked.

They sized each other up for a moment, and while he had the height advantage, she was starting to realise her glare was as powerful as it had ever been as Frank.

“Fine, fine! Me first!”

“Gentleman,” she said. She licked her lips slightly as he took off his jacket and revealed his muscular form, only a white tank top beneath. *All the better*, she thought.

“Your turn,” he replied, slinging the jacket over his shoulder in a dramatic way that came across as far sexier than he likely thought it was. Unless he was just *that* good.

“*Si, Si,*” she said, removing her top. Her boobs bounced heavily in her new bra, but she was still marvelling at how much more comfortable this one was that she almost didn’t see him staring.

“Eyes up here, officer,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied, “just warn me before you get the spray, in case it happens again.”

“This isn’t a date, remember? It’s a not-date. Just two coworkers out playing . . . mini-golf. And me kicking your ass.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way. It’d be a crime to kick *that* ass.”

She giggled. “C’mon.”

Dios mio, I’m even swaying my hips so he sees my ass shake. I need to beat him at golf already and get out of here, before I end up dating him like Channa dating Phillip.

And yet, she couldn’t deny how empowering it had felt to tease him with her big boobs, or to saunter past him just closely enough to brush her hips against his side, or flash him a quick smile before going to pay. Of course, he insisted on paying for the both of them. It felt all wrong to her, and yet wasn’t she a woman now? As Frank, she’d always paid on dates. He might have not been the most accommodating of men, but he knew how to be a gentleman in the obvious ways, just like Travers was being now.

“Okay, watch me get a hole in one,” Travers bragged as they moved to the first course containing a race-track theme.

“*Tonta*,” she laughed, “don’t be stupid. It’s thinking like that which is why you’ll lose.”

“Okay, how about a friendly wager then, Miss Golfing Garcia?”

“Fine, tell me the wager.”

He thought for a moment, cupping his chin in an exaggerated fashion.

“How about . . . if I win the game, I get a kiss?”

“*Que?* We said this wouldn’t be a proper date.”

“Don’t worry,” he said, “I won’t tell anyone at the station. And I won’t go any further. But are you man enough to take on that bet, officer?”

“I’m *woman* enough, yet. Too much woman for you, in fact. Fine, I’ll take the wager. And if you lose . . . if you lose then you give up on trying to woo me.”

He gestured confusion, but she saw straight through it.

“Don’t bullshit to me, you’re trying to get with this *chica* all sly and subtle, and this latina won’t stand for it. You win, you get a kiss - *one* kiss. I win, we have our fun on this not-date, and call it a night.”

I’m even talking like a feisty latina. Couldn’t the diversity contract not make me such a stereotype? But then, Chief Cassidy probably wanted that - she called me a meathead stereotype too. Fuck!

“Okay,” Travers said, more seriously than expected. “Deal. But don’t expect me to go easy on you.”

“It won’t help you win. I know this course front and back.”

The competition had a strange mix of intensity and casual enjoyment about it. When not reminding herself of the stakes of their wager, Elena laughed and giggled as she shot the shit with Travers. They laughed about Williams’ latest bungle on the beat, where he was easily outrun by a seventy year old handbag thief, and even laughed about Channa, doing their best imitation of her hard, stoic stare. Chief Cassidy came up more than once - Travers liked her, but Elena refused to elaborate why she didn’t.

So instead their conversation moved away from work as they continued to move through the course. They talked about Ecuadorian culture (a subject Elena had to study relentlessly to catch back up on, driven by a weird need to learn about an ancestral homeland she’d never visited). They talked about cooking, and Travers’ love of intense spices, which piqued Elena’s interests. They discussed their own hobbies: Elena’s new love of telenovellas and barbecuing, particularly making fine smoked pork - it was a feature of her

past life she'd managed to hold onto. She also discussed bowling as one of her hobbies; as Frank she'd been amazing at it, but she was still getting used to her new muscular and need for different weight classes of bowls, so a strike was more anomaly than a regularity these days. Still, she was determined to get better. Travers loved blue music, but his real passion was in cars. He wanted to own a souped-up Jaguar one day, not that a cop salary was likely to help there. He apologised more than once for rambling on about his love of servicing and upgrading vehicles, and that's when Elena had to stop him.

"*Callate!*" she said, "shut up with all this apologising. I freaking love cars, man. Tell me more!"

The look on his face was something she could have framed. It was almost a bedroom look from one of her dreams, and it made her body slightly aroused, her nipples just a little bit harder.

"Well, is it weird to say that's the sexiest thing a girl has ever said to me?"

She laughed in her sultry way. "Well, the sexiest thing a girl has ever said to you, so far."

"Even better."

They continued to play and chat, but the competition slowly grew more fierce. There were nine rounds, and it was becoming evidently clear that both of them were fairly good at minigolf - it was one of the few sports where Elena felt entirely unaffected in her game, and as such had a good chance to win. But Travers must have had experience himself, because he was coming in close behind, even edging ahead in the score - well, behind technically, but then that was the goal. He even managed to eke out a hole-in-one.

"Fuck yeah!" he exclaimed.

"*Mierdas!*" she replied, pouting in a fashion that was likely cute. But when he raised his hand for the fist bump, she returned it.

"You'll get me back," he said.

She did on the next hole, and he returned her high five. At least, he tried to. She pulled it away, pretending to brush her hair.

"Too slow!"

"Wow, that's real low. I didn't realise I was playing with a dirty cop."

"Oh, I'm plenty dirty," she said, before going red with embarrassment.

Where did that even come from?

Yet even as the competition grew stiff, they continued to lightly flirt. They took a short break to grab some food and drink, and Travers bought them both a beer. Elena knew she had to be careful since her smaller body couldn't handle as much alcohol, but it loosened her up enough to more openly check him out. Her gaze lingered especially on his forearms - who knew that chicks had a thing for forearms? She would have bared hers more back when

she was a guy. In turn, she could feel his eyes probing over every part of her, from her sexy behind to her wide hips and bare midriff, to her ample chest. The last was of particular interest to him, and so she started posing in ways to show it off. She justified this in her mind as being a way to flirt and indulge in her feelings without stepping over the line. Effectively, she was satisfying the urges.

Except it only made them grow.

And soon they were on the final part of the course. It was the classic windmill, and Elena was ahead. She was giggling at some stupid joke of Matthew's when they reached it.

"Last one," she said.

"Time to sink or swim. Walk away or get a cute little kiss."

It took him five swings. One after another he hit the windmill blades, cursing under his breath at each failure. He'd snatched defeat from the jaws of victory, and they both knew it. The look on his face was one of incredible disappointment. It was clear he'd really bet on winning.

"Damn," he said. "Seven. I don't think I can pull this off. Look, if I lose, can I just say this has been the best date and non-date ever?"

She blushed. Was that part of the contract? Her constant blushing? It was hard to avoid, and she knew it put a cute colour to her dark olive cheeks.

"Same," she said. "It's been the best. Now stop distracting me *hermano* and watch me get this shot."

She stepped ahead, allowing her butt to wiggle as she placed one foot in front of the other, and bowed over dramatically to line up the shot. She knew she was giving him a great look at her ass, and it excited her. Maybe she did have too much beer, but in truth the instincts were powerful, and it felt oddly wonderful to show off her new bod.

She was about to take the shot - she knew she could win this - when that same urge rose again. She knew she had a choice. She could ignore it. But she'd had so much fun.

Chuta. I'm actually doing this.

She swung.

"What the hell was that?" Travers said, as the ball barely moved an inch.

"Just a minor error," she said, straight-faced. She made another light tap. "Oh look, I've done it again. Oops, and again. *Dios mio*, I am such a clumsy girl. Oh no, I've done it again. *Mierda. Chuta*. I am so upset. Can you see how upset I am? Damn! It looks like I've hit the windmill again. Ah, finally, it goes through! And now I've made the wrong tap again."

She finally got it in the hole.

"How many was that?"

Travers had an astounded grin on his face. "Twelve. That was terrible."

She sauntered towards him. She couldn't stop herself, and she didn't want to. He was too intoxicating, too manly, too attractive to her curvy latina form.

"Oh well. I guess you will just have to give this *chica* what a kiss then, since you won the bet."

She pressed herself against him, and he against her, and their lips met. She had to stand on her toes to reach him, and there was something arousing about that too. His strong arms encircled her body, pulling around her waist, and it made her kiss all the more passionate. He made to pull away, but she placed her arms over his shoulders in that cute way she'd seen women do, keeping him in place as her tongue probed his mouth for a long series of moments. Finally, she pulled away.

"Hot damn," he said. "That was hot as fuck, if you don't mind me saying."

Her nipples were hard, her body horny. She was breathing heavily, and her boobs rose and fell enormously with each breath. She knew she was a vision, but at that moment he was too, and it was too much to resist.

I've made a big mistake, she thought.

But the worst part was that she wanted, in that moment, to make a bigger one.

"If you thought that was hot, why don't we have another wager?" she said.

"Oh, and what's that?"

"How about if we can go back to your place and you can give me the best sex of my life, I agree to go on more not-dates with you?"

She could *feel* his hard penis against her stomach, hidden as it was in his shorts.

"Damn, you don't mess around, do you, officer? What happens if I lose?"

She grinned. "Then I get to make you eat Ecuador's hottest chilli, how about that?"

"Deal."

Elena cried out in ecstasy as Travers fucked her. His penis was every bit as big as she imagined, but it felt even better than she could have hoped to feel inside of her. His thrusts were perfectly in time with her bucking hips, and she spread her legs wide to accept him. She could barely believe it; she was actually letting a man fuck her. Not just fuck her, but *dominate* her. He squeezed and caressed her perfect tits, sucking on her delicate dark nipples and driving her wild with his ministrations.

"Si! Mas por favor! Mas por favor!"

They had barely made it into his house before they were all over each other. Their discarded clothing was all the way down the hall, their respective panties and briefs somewhere in the doorway. Her body was ravenous for him, and she delights in wrapping

her legs around him, kissing him deeply as he carried her to the final threshold. She could feel her old self, all her old personality and old fears and old hesitations screaming at her to stop, but she was too damn horny, and Travers was too damn hot. With his shirt off, she couldn't resist nibbling at his pectoral muscles and stroking his abs with her soft hands, just as he couldn't resist cupping her breasts in his hands and admiring them.

"I didn't know they even recruited officers this hot. It's practically a crime!"

"Speak for yourself, handsome."

And then it had happened. She'd allowed herself to be placed upon the bed, and he'd climbed over her, powerful and intimidating and *wonderful*. And he'd started fucking her for real. She cried out as his tip pressed against her lower lips, and then groaned in a sultry tone as he slid into her depths, his shaft thick and long, parting her walls in a way that sent shivers through her body. It was heaven and hell. It was wrong and so right. She could stop it, she knew, and part of her wanted to, but a far bigger part wanted to feel him cum inside her. Wanted to orgasm in a way that not even self-pleasure could achieve.

"You like that, don't you?" he said with a grin as he continued to thrust, his tip coming just shy of her cervix thankfully, and maximising their mutual pleasure.

"*Si!*" she cried, "*Si! Si! Si!*"

To her embarrassment and arousal, she'd completely lose the ability to speak English as he penetrated her. She wrapped her legs around him, kissing him deeply before launching into a tirade of Spanish.

"Oh God please don't stop, you're so big, you're so damn big. Why does this feel so good? I've never felt this good in my life. It's all wrong! Stupid chief! God, I need more! Don't stop, I'm so f-fucking c-close Matthew! I'm so f-fucking close!"

But all of it was in her new native tongue, a stream of sexy Spanish that erupted from her even as their bodies came together faster and faster. She was wild with lust, her tunnel wet with passion, and his side *parted* her, making her feel simultaneously empowered by her raw sexuality as well as submissive to his own masculine strength.

"So close Travers!" she screamed in Spanish, "so close! You're so big! I never want this feeling to end though! I love it! I love it so - NNghh! OOooOoOohhHhhhHH!!!"

Her body erupted like a volcano, like liquid magma. She collapsed, shuddering, holding onto her lover for dear life until he groaned too. He kissed her deeply once more, their soft lips touching as his dick throbbed deep within her, and then the most wonderful feeling of additional warmth spread into her being. She could feel his cum oozing into her, his seed taking root. It gave her a wonderful feeling for several minutes, until a thought occurred.

Taking root.

“Shit!” she said. She leapt from the bed, pushing him aside, and ran to the bathroom, big boobs bouncing, butt wobbling. She started a shower, and quickly worked to get as much of his ‘stuff’ out of her as possible.

“We need to be more careful next time!” she called out.

There was silence for a moment.

“A next time, huh? So I take it I won the bet?”

She was glad he couldn’t see her face. She was trying to avoid grinning from ear to ear and failing miserably. He’d definitely won the bet. It was by far the best sex she’d ever had, blowing away every experience she’d had as man with any of his former girlfriends or one night stands.

It made her hunger for more.

Part 5: Growing

Over the next three months, life changed dramatically for Elena and her partner. Thankfully, Travers didn't get her pregnant, which was an immense relief. But he had succeeded in making her smitten, and they continued to have a number of 'not-dates' that quickly and rather obviously became regular dates. Travers took her to the movies, on walks, to the beach, to nice restaurants as well as easy bars - the one concession was that they didn't go to regular police bars: they wanted some privacy before they told work they were dating. This was especially true for Elena, who was still finding herself feeling like a leaf being pushed in different directions by the breeze, and didn't want Chief Cassidy to know just yet. The *Jefa* would be too damn smug about it, after all. It was proof that the diversity contract was working all too well.

Still, the two were clearly dating in earnest. Both of them being cops, they had great tales to swap and share, even if Elena had to twist hers a little given her memories of being a much larger, much more male individual. They even flirted a little at work, both of them getting off a little on all the snooping around, making out in the storage lockers and evidence room, even radioing in messages to one another when their partner was absent. It was a thrill, and Elena couldn't deny that it was making her night life more interesting.

That was especially thanks to all the sex. When their shifts aligned, and they were able to find some quality time together, it was almost impossible for them to keep their hands together. The two were a sexually charged couple, and their attraction and need for one another was undeniable. As much as she tried to deny it to herself, Elena craved the feeling of his big cock inside her. Some nights, when Travers was on shift, she felt a great emptiness inside her in need of filling. She'd grow moist just at the thought of him, and was forced to get herself off just to be able to sleep. But it was not the same - even the socratic purchase of a dildo across town couldn't do it. She wanted him, her big hunky cop boyfriend, just like he often texted to her his desire to put his face right in her boobs, to grope her wonderfully soft backside, to fuck her till she cried in Spanish. And he did all those things to her, when the time allowed. Just as she managed to channel her collapsed alpha male energy into taking further charge of their sexual experiences. She relished riding him, cowgirl style, grinding her hips against his and letting him caress and grope her nipples. It gave her a feeling of power back, and it was heightened by her new fiery instincts. She wanted to take control, to teach this man how to please her further.

Of course, sometimes she played a more submissive role. The first time she sucked his cock, gave him what he would later call 'the best damn blow job of my life', she couldn't believe she'd even done it. But his big black dick was so huge, so thick and long, and she had licked her lips at the thought of making him cum that way. And despite hating herself for

doing it, she crossed yet another barrier, and stroked his shaft while she sucked his head, until finally he tensed, gripped her hair, and ejaculated right down her throat.

“Mmhmm,” she had moaned, after pulling her head away. “Tasty. *Dios mio*, why do I find that so damn tasty?”

“I - ohhhh - don’t know, Elena. But I fucking love that you do, babe.”

Even being called his ‘babe’ sent shivers of pleasure down her spine. He returned the favour by going down on her the following week, and ever since then, they’d played tit-for-tat when ‘going down’, even as she came to realise she craved sucking his cock as much as she craved having it inside her tight pussy.

She had given in too much to her new life, and it was impossible to extricate herself from it. Especially when her boyfriend - for he was her boyfriend, even if she never said it out loud - was such a sweetie. He showed her his car garage, and she made him aroused just by listing and recognising all the parts, even making some suggestions for his latest engine fix he’d never heard of. He banged her right there on the bonnet of his car. Maybe it was her short thigh-revealing denims and midriff-showing tank top that sent him over the edge.

“Sexy grease monkey,” he said.

She just laughed. “I’m an officer, not your damn monkey!”

“It’s a compliment!”

She even got him to watch some telenovellas with her, putting on the subtitles so he could understand the stupidly overcomplicated plots.

“No, no, *idiota!*” she cried as they lounged on the couch together. “Gabriella cheated on Gabriel, not Stefan. But she’s pregnant with Luca’s baby, and only Isabella knows, but she can’t say anything because of the black mail!”

She knew it was ridiculous, but she couldn’t deny it was enjoyable. She still had her old hobbies; what harm was a new one?

In fact, she was slowly falling into this life, even finding comfort in it. It still sucked to be a female police officer at times; she had to call in back up more often, and it was difficult to ‘protect and serve’ (she preferred to say *servir y proteger*, personally) when a lot of perps tried to hit on her, or didn’t take her and Channa seriously. But she was also de-escalating more often, dealing with situations in a smarter way, not just cracking skulls as a first resort. Cassidy noticed, and even mentioned it.

“Maybe it’s a change for the better, officer,” the Chief said with a grin.

“Sure, *Jefa*,” Elena said with a grimace. “Just because I’m doing okay as a *chica* doesn’t mean I asked to be one. Or that I wouldn’t turn back in a heartbeat.”

The Chief just regarded her seriously. “Maybe, maybe. But this is your new life now, Elena. Maybe you just need to find a good man. There are plenty going round in the

precinct. You might be surprised at how much a good relationship endears you to being a woman. But then again, maybe not.”

Elena bit her lip, trying not to give anything away, and the Chief just gave one of those wry little smirks before dismissing her. It drove Elena up the wall to be summoned before the *Jefa*, but it wasn't like she had a choice: the contract was set, and there was no indication she could destroy it or beat it - everything she thought of, Channa had tried already. Instead, she took solace in Matthew Travers' arms early in the morning when they had both finished their shift, and they lay naked together until the early afternoon when they finally woke.

“Such a perfect sight to wake up to,” he said, stroking her hair.

She nestled against her love, enjoying the feeling of her head resting against his strong chest, his tough fingers idly caressing her breasts.

“Mhm, no talking.”

“Chat with the Chief went bad?”

“I can't talk about it, but I wasn't exactly *contenta*.”

“Well, I know one way to cheers us both up, when you're ready.”

At that, it was like a fire was lit inside of her. She shifted to face him, her large breasts dangling a little as she leaned over her lover.

“Oh, I'm ready alright.”

This dynamic continued for several months. And as the relationship between Elena and Matthew grew, so did Channa grow, quite literally.

Channa's pregnancy became fairly obvious around the four month mark. The former meathead man was struggling to come to terms with the fact that she was now carrying life. Her belly had slowly expanded, becoming tauter and tighter as she exited her first trimester and entered her second. She vocalised her dismay a number of times to Elena that it was making her emotions hectic, and it was obvious: she wasn't half as stoic as she was before, and even had a couple of cry sessions for no reason during which Elena had to play caretaker for her. One particular incident on patrol involved them confiscating the equipment of some errant graffiti artists and getting their details for a fine. Channa actually made some rather angry proclamations in response to their vandalism.

“Wow, you really went hard on those juveniles,” Elena said in the aftermath.

“Stupid mood swings,” Channa complained, rubbing her stomach. She was doing that a lot, Elena noticed, and she wondered if that was something she was pushed by the contract to do or if it was something *all* expectant mothers do, even ones that used to be

guys. "I just . . . got so damn angry at them. What a bunch of little shits, vandalising the city. Boils my blood."

She wiped tears from her eyes. "

"Great, now I'm crying for no reason. Again."

Elena handed her a tissue. "Everything good with Phillip? The wedding?"

Channa sighed. "Don't remind me. I'm four months pregnant and soon I'll be walking down the aisle in a white dress. A year ago my biggest worry was how many weights I could lift at the gym. Now I'm worrying about having to be the bride of a wedding, and pushing a whole baby out of my hooch in just five months. Not to mention feeding: these things have gotten bigger too."

"I've noticed."

Elena wasn't lying: Channa's chest had indeed grown, by a couple of cup sizes. She was now a generous B, and might even end up with ample Cs by the end of her pregnancy if they kept up their growth. Not as big as her own marvellous pair - which made her feel a bit of smug pride - but no longer the wooden board of a chest Channa had once had.

"Well, at least Phillip would like them?"

Channa gave a brief smirk. "Yes. Yes, he does. I don't know how you keep Matthew away from your huge tits."

Elena grinned. Channa had been one of the exceedingly few people apart from Deborah she'd told about Matthew. Her little Cambodian partner had actually laughed out loud when she found out, but hadn't rubbed it in too much: it was hard to do so, given that she was pregnant with another man's baby. Stones and glass houses and all that.

"He does like them. A lot. My big *tetas*, he calls them. I'm starting to at least enjoy them a little."

Channa rolled her eyes. "You'll end up enjoying this life, damn you. Just don't get pregnant. Which reminds me, I need to ask you a favour: will you accompany me to my ultrasound on Saturday? Phillip had a work thing come up, and I don't want to cancel. I want someone there since . . . well, I'm pretty scared, to be honest."

Elena put her hand on Channa's. "Of course."

Channa gave a sincere smile, and Elena returned it before raising her drink to her lips. The night was just beginning, and already she was tired for some reason.

"Good. I appreciate it," Channa continued. "I also need you to be the maid of honour next week."

Elena spat out her coffee.

"*QUE!?*"

The Ob/GYN appointment went by without any hiccups. Both of them had the next few days off work, so it would give them time to talk over wedding details afterwards, but Channa was clearly unable to talk much before it, she was so nervous.

“Getting a rod shoved up my vagina. I’m not even supposed to have a vagina.”

“Well, you evidently used it,” Elena joked, as they waited to be called in.

“I’m so glad you got changed into a woman, *Frank*,” Channa said. “You deserve it.”

“I can’t believe you booked me in for a check up as well. Vaginal health my ass.”

“Well, Elena, it’s another part of being a woman. And now that you’re having sex like a rabbit with Officer Travers, it’s a good idea to get checked out.”

Elena sighed, knowing her friend was right, but not liking it any further. The thought of having her genitalia exposed and prodded at was not just unappealing, but downright embarrassing.

They were called in, and Channa was asked to pull down her shorts and panties and spread her legs while a gelled rod was inserted. She actually gripped Elena’s hand as it was happening, and breathed dramatically as if she was giving birth.

“No jokes,” she said, keeping her face level.

It was less of an invasive scan than the first one she’d had, at least according to Channa. Here it was just checking on the progress of the fetus and ensuring it was developing well, and that the cord was not too close to the cervix (thankfully, it wasn’t). A more routine ultrasound revealed the baby was developing well. Channa gave a brief smirk at the news, but otherwise hid her expression. She did need a little help getting off the table though.

“All that work in the gym before,” she muttered, “and now my abdominal muscles are literally separating. Not the greatest transition. Phillip has a lot to answer for.”

But still, she rubbed her belly softly, once it was clear of gel.

Elena’s appointment was in the room over, and Channa waited outside. She was made to lie back in a complex adjustable chair, spread her legs, and let a *male* doctor check her vulva. It was a galling experience, made worse by the fact that it was a man doing it, and the fact that he continued to say things like “ah, yes, wonderful labia. Yes, very healthy exterior folds. No signs of diseases or herpes infections or any others issues” and so on made her blush red.

But at least the news was good. She didn’t appreciate having anything other than Matthew’s cock inserted inside her, and feeling the clinical probe of gloves against her opening was one she wanted to forget as soon as she could.

“All clear,” she said to Channa when she exited. “How about neither of us talk about this ever again?”

"Agreed, partner."

Channa's wedding was delayed another month and a half. Apparently, Phillip's parents wanted to fly in, and were offering to help pay for a much more lavish wedding, the kind they had always wanted for a prospective daughter-in-law marrying their son. It meant that poor Channa was not only going to be much more obviously pregnant in her wedding dress, much to her chagrin, but that she was going to be far more the centre of attention than she thought.

"Half the precinct is going to be there," she complained as they tried on dresses.
"This contract is a nightmare."

Elena gave her a sympathetic look. It terrified her too, the idea of Travers proposing and/or knocking her up. She'd accepted that her body had . . . needs, but it was still easy to justify sleeping with him, even going on dates with him, as just part of the magical compulsions of her latina body.

"At least your maternity leave gives you some time off," Elena said as she put on a blue bridesmaid dress. It looked good on her figure, so Channa was likely to turf it: much as her partner hated being a woman, it was a little clear she didn't want Elena to outshine her. *Not that I can help it*, she thought. *Besides, she'll be glowing, the poor thing. A big change from what she was like as Terry!*

"There is that, I suppose. I already feel like I'm on leave now, busted down to desk duty. Cassidy's orders."

"We'll, can't exactly have you out on patrol while *gravida*, can we?"

Channa gave a blank stare of annoyance, then rubbed her tummy, wincing.

"Little one agrees with you," she muttered. "Damn, I can't fight this. I told you when we changed that we can't fight it. But I didn't expect to be growing a frickin' baby in me. Or becoming someone's wife."

Elena placed a hand on her friend's shoulder, helped her adjust the straps of the white dress she was wearing.

"At least Phillip is a good man, no?"

A slight smile. "He is. A damn nerd. Not my usual type, as you'd remember. But he's good."

"*Sí*, he must have been, to get you like this."

Channa raised an eyebrow. "Maybe it's good I'm not on patrol with a teaser. You get a new rookie yet to replace me?"

"Cassidy says next week I'll meet them. Gonna miss you, *hermana*."

A wan smile. "Yeah, well, we're going to miss a lot of things, aren't we? Ngh! Like being able to sleep on my stomach!"

She caressed her stomach softly, even as Elena wrangled the last of the seams at her back.

"Well, what do you think, Channa?"

The little pregnant Cambodian regarded herself. She was wearing a modern wedding dress that showed a hint of cleavage and showed off her bump. Her shoulders were bare, and the dress went to her ankles, and the material sparkled slightly. She looked beautiful.

"Wow," she said. "Not bad. Lose the bridesmaid dress though, Elena. Don't want you to steal my thunder."

"Bridezilla," Elena teased.

The wedding approached, even as Channa's belly grew at an amazing pace. It was dominating her figure at five months, and Elena could tell she was secretly glad to be on desk duty for the final lead up to maternity leave. Her former partner had mixed feelings about her breasts blooming to a C-cup, though to hear her tell it, Phillip had no problems with it. Elena was briefly assigned to various temp partners for patrol and other duties in the meantime. It had been a long while since she had 'cracked a skull'; now she was becoming known as a champion in de-escalation of conflict. She even ran a seminar on it, and to her embarrassment Travers sat in the front row, making secret kissy faces at her. It was now an open secret they were dating. It was Matthews's fault really, the absolute romantic that he was, he had come to her defence in the male changing room when Williams and a couple of others were talking about all the ways they'd like to "fuck her hot brains out." The idiots weren't exactly detectives, but evidently you didn't have to be one to work out what was going on. At least the guys didn't make those comments much any more: she was 'taken' after all. It did lead to an embarrassing conversation with Chief Cassidy.

"So, you and Matthew Travers," she said, leaning back in her chair. "How long?"

Elena fidgeted. There was no point in hiding it. "A couple of months now."

"I'm impressed, I usually know everything going on in my station. And here I thought you were doing everything you could to fight the contract you signed."

Elena balled her fists. "I am, *Jefa*. Only like Channa, it's damn hard."

"Well, he is rather good looking. If I were twenty years younger . . . and we *know* why he'd be interested in you. Can't hide a figure like that in uniform."

Elena snapped. "Why you gotta be so hard on me anyway, embarrassing me like this? I've become a better cop, haven't I? I don't crack skulls no more, I work more with the

community. I do the community policing for the women's shelter. I've learned what it's like to be a *chica* always getting hit on, and how to deal with that shit on the job and in my own time. I even gave a damn speech on what it's like to be a woman of colour in policing. I was in that ad for recruitment, and didn't I just get shit about that around the precinct. I'm doing everything in that damn contract you tricked me into, so why keep rubbing it in?"

Kassidy leaned back in her chair. "You know, that's fair, officer. I apologise. You're not like Channa, really. She fights this at every turn in that stoic, humourless way of hers. You've actually grown and dealt with it. Hate me all you want, but you've taken to being Elena, admit it or not."

She paused a moment, tapping her pen on the desk.

"I'll take care of the HR side of things for you. You don't have to worry about being transferred, or Travers being transferred. Your relationship will be approved. Good day officer."

Elena stood, saluted, and left, feeling oddly proud of herself. She'd made a stand, at least.

"Oh, and one last thing?"

A sigh. "Yes, sir."

"Your new partner is here to meet you."

Her new partner was a man, and one that was clearly and instantly having difficulty not looking at her body, or being captivated by her gorgeous face.

"M-my name is Alan," he said, stumbling over his words.

He was a lanky kid, a tall beanpole that was at odds with a lot of other officers.

How did this rake of a man even manage to pass the fitness test?

He was perhaps only twenty or so, though what did that mean, when her own age had been bumped back a few years to a mere twenty five? He had bright orange hair that was quite curly, and had a long chin and other gangly facial features. He had some whiskers that he was clearly trying, and failing, to develop into a manly beard.

Dios mio, this kid is going to get eaten alive!

"I'm Officer Elena Garcia," she said, holding out her hand. He took it, and she did admire that his grip was at least strong, if a little unsure.

"Oh, lovely to meet your, officer."

She gave him a disarming smile. "But between us, we go by 'partner', okay? You fresh out of the academy?"

"Er, just about, yeah."

“What’s your last name?”

“Wilkins.”

“Well, that’s better than Alan. We do a lot of last names here as a convention. You can understand my accent, *que?*”

He nodded. “Easily. You sound like a native!”

“That’s because I am,” she said, “this thing was just forced on me. C’mon, we’ll hit the road and get you up to speed.”

She left her mysterious statement hanging in the air, and waited for the kid to catch up. She smirked to herself. She could see why Channa delighted in making little comments like that back when she was Frank. It was fun to tease, in a way.

As she trained up the rookie kid, there was still the major event to come. The lead up to the wedding itself was stressful. Channa was almost six months along by that point, her belly rounded and full. She pretended not to like that she had grown to a full C-cup in her chest, but maybe there was a truth to all women being a bit competitive over their bodies, because while she clearly preferred being flat-chest prior to Frank becoming Elena, she had a slight envy now. She even picked a dress that emphasised her bustline a little, much to Phillip’s happiness.

For Elena, she was learning just how much work went into being a maid of honour. It was difficult stuff, and the stress of being both a former man and a still-working police officer only added to it. It was getting to that time of year when crime went up, the Christmas holidays only a month away, and so shifts were quite busy. There had even been time when she and Matthew had simply cuddled in bed rather than making hot, steamy sex with one another, they were so tired. But then again, those times were few: he was far more likely to get worn out than her, particularly given that she had embraced being an aggressive lover in bed. It gave her some of her old male pride back, and was a consolation when she felt the urge to go down on him and give a nice long blowjob, which she secretly enjoyed doing.

So between all of this, she was expected to help plan flowers, guests, themes, etcetera. She suspected that Channa was just off-loading those duties a little, though not in a malicious way. She was simply quite pregnant, dealing with the existential crisis of looming wifehood *and* motherhood, and wishing she could be back on shift.

“I am thankful, you know,” she said as they finished ticking off the guest list for Phillip’s family and her own. Thankfully, their own families hadn’t changed, they were just now adopted in the past at some point. Elena didn’t really care - she’d never been close to

her family, which had been too strict - but Channa had some family she wanted there, even if it was a little embarrassing.

"I know Channa. You'll be fine. You'll half us precinct girls with you. We'll 'protect and serve' you on the day."

She sighed. "That was terrible."

"Well, we mean it. I'm sure the day will go well. I just have to beat this damn stomach bug that's got me feeling so tired."

Channa regarded her curiously. "Stomach bug, huh?"

Elena nodded, wincing as she placed a hand on her belly. "*Si*. I think it's just this fucking period! I'm late by a week, so I think it's going to be an even heavier flow, *mierda*. It was bad enough the other morning that I even threw up. You know how it is."

"I don't want you sick at my wedding, *Frank*. You're the one meant to keep me playing my good role, like you seem so capable at. Otherwise I might freak. And you know how I can freak out."

Elena chuckled at the stoic sarcasm, before wincing again.

"Are you sure you're alright?"

"*S-si*. Just a late period. I've one before. I can tell because my damn *tetas* are all tender again. I nearly yelped when Matthew was all over them the other night after shift."

"They look a little bigger, too," she said.

"They normally bloat a little in the lead up, but never this bad."

"Mhm. Almost look like they've gone up a cup size."

Elena sighed. "So it's not just me, then. They feel cramped in my bra but I thought maybe I'd just put the strap too tight or something. Or put on weight."

Channa gave that same mysterious look she always got when she was deep in thought. She looked over Elena's body, making her feel like she was being examined.

"You might be putting on a lot more weight soon," she said.

"Why?" Elena asked with a chuckle, "is Phillip's family planning on making an even bigger cake than the one they've already organised?"

But again that stony silence.

"What? What is it Channa?"

The pregnant woman cupped her belly, stroking it in her newly maternal way.

"Have I let you feel my baby kick yet?"

Elena shook her head. Channa reached out her hand.

"Feel."

The little Cambodian mother-to-be raised her shirt up, exposing her rounded brown belly. She took the latina's hand and placed it against the taut surface of her growing dome. Her skin was remarkably soft. Elena waited a moment, and then after several seconds felt a

little nudge. A small kick. A little bump against the bump. She nearly pulled back her hand in shock

“*Asombrosa!* Amazing! Is it that strong all the time?”

“And getting stronger, the little bug. And it happens in the middle of the night when I’m trying to sleep with that weird pregnancy pillow Phillip got me. But sometimes . . . sometimes it’s nice.”

She shifted Elena’s hand to the left of her belly.

“He’s kicking here now.”

Again those little ripples of movement. Channa grunted.

“Oof, that was a big one.”

“It’s so weird!”

“Even weirder when he kicks backwards, into my spine.”

“Oof.”

Another little movement, and then the baby settled. Elena marvelled. She felt a little flutter of . . . something, within her. Perhaps just a recognition of the beauty of it. As Frank, pregnant woman were not really his concern - as far as he cared, it just meant they were ‘off the market’ as prospective girlfriends. He’d never given much consideration to the whole ‘miracle of life’ or whatever. But now, feeling her partner - her *best friend’s* belly, the life within it. Well, it was something else, to say the least. And to know that one day she could do that was pretty powerful too. Not that she planned to for a while.

Channa lowered her shirt. “He’s drifting off again, now. At least one of us can sleep.”

“That’s pretty amazing though.”

Channa gave a brief smile. “It is, when I am able to accept it.”

“Can I ask, what did that have to do with what we were talking about?”

A shrug. “That baby was moving, so I saw my chance. And I was also thinking . . . but maybe I better not say.”

Elena crossed her arms beneath her breasts, gritting her teeth a little. They really were more sore than usual. “*No one* likes that friend, *amiga*.”

“Fine.” Channa held up her hand in a closed fist, and raised a finger for each of her following points. “One, you’ve been really tired lately. Two, your boobs are sore. Three, your stomach feels off and crampy. Four, you’ve vomited in the morning. Five, you’ve been having lots, and lots, and *lots* of sex with Matthew.”

The penny dropped, followed by Elena’s jaw.

“No. No way. We’ve been using protection.”

“Every time? I know you’ve ended up with quite . . . fiery instincts. If it helps, that’s how this happened to me: I get . . . passionate, in bed. It’s where the passion goes.”

Elena thought back. Yes, they often used protection. She didn't really take the pill though since she forgot to take them, relying on Matthew's condoms instead. And there had been that one time in the morning, and on the weekend a number of weeks ago when Matthew had forgotten to bring protection and she jumped him anyway. The words "let's just risk it, *guapo*," came to mind.

"Oh. *Chuta*."

Channa gave the merest smirk. "Shall we pick up a pregnancy test on the way back?"

The test came back positive. So had all the others, of which there were many. Elena was pregnant. It seemed like a dream, or a nightmare, certainly something that should never be able to happen. But then, she was all woman, wasn't she? And if nothing else, her curvy body certainly looked like the kind that wanted to make babies, or at least attract crowds of men that wanted to make them with her.

She had sat on the news for four days, unsure what to do, and yet unable to bring herself to visit an abortion service or find medical help at dealing with it. It was, after all to her estimates, roughly five weeks along in development.

Elena wiped away her tears after telling Matthew the news.

"Pregnant? Are - are you sure?"

Elena nodded. "Seven tests. Different brands. All the same result: *embarazada*. Pregnant."

Matthew sat down on the bed, wiping his forehead. "Wow. Wow. Okay, wow. How did this happen?"

"The usual way, I think. When you put your cock inside me and came in me, to be more specific."

It elicited a chuckle. "Do you have any idea how little that narrows it down?"

She laughed in turn. "Well, us going at it like rabbits is what ended us up like this."

"And you're definitely sure?"

Another nod, another well of emotion. *Dios mio*, she thought, *how did I not notice how emotional I've been lately?*

"I've been tired, hormonal, hungry. I've been sore, and throwing up in mornings. And my *tetas* are getting bigger - I know you won't complain about that."

He shook his head. "No ma'am."

"So yeah. *Gravida*."

There was a moment of pause, and her heart trembled a little, scared of how he might respond. And then, like a flower in spring, a great goofy smile spread across his handsome dark face. He stood and embraced her, and she revelled in the feeling his strong arms provided. His lips pressed against hers, and they kissed deeply and passionately for long moments.

“I know you may be scared, and you may want to explore options - and I totally understand that Elena. But . . . can I say I’m excited. I want to be a dad, and I can’t imagine any woman better, or sexier, to have a baby with.”

She bit her lip, her body flush with feeling. “I - I understand.”

Elena wanted to rebel, to end it, to undo the events of the past five or six weeks. She didn’t want to get pregnant - the ultimate act of womanhood - and the thought of having a big belly like Channa and then pushing and heavy and squeezing a baby out of her stretched vagina was one that only elicited terror. Not to mention - and this was perhaps worse somehow - that it would mean taking leave from the job she so loved. She was better at it than she’d ever been, and her policing methods and approach to crime and community on patrol had left her so fulfilled.

“Let’s keep it,” she said, as if running on automatic.

That’s not what I wanted to say! Mierda!

“Really? You’ll be the mother of my child?”

“Your babymama, *si*,” she said, a smile blooming on her face. It was only partially real; the compulsions had returned.

Now she knew how Channa felt.

“God, my *tetas* are going to get so big,” she whined, one of only many problems she was now facing.

Matthew kissed her again. “Well, we can enjoy that, can’t we?”

“Mhmm . . . maybe.”

“And just in case all seven tests are wrong, babe, why don’t we have a little fun while I’m all excited?”

It was the one thing her body was indeed primed for. The revelation that she was pregnant was already too much to take, and apparently trying to prevent or speak out against it was something the contract wouldn’t allow for whatever reason: the magic became too strong to resist. So instead she let the father of her surprise baby strip off her clothes and fuck her brains out. It was, after all, a nice distraction from the anxiety to feel him thrust into her. He felt wonderful as always, stretching her walls in an intoxicating and overpowering fashion as she rode him. But then he spoke.

“You gonna have my baby?”

“Yes! Yes! I’m going to have your baby!”

“You’re going to get all sexy and pregnant.”

“Big and round for you, baby. Gravida with your babies, just like you want me.”

“I can’t w-wait to feel your - ohhh - tits!”

“They’re going - aahhh - to get s-so b-big!”

Not that he could understand much of her part of the conversation: as per usual, she could only speak Spanish when things got too hot and heavy during sex. He came inside her and she shuddered atop him, and in her mind she couldn’t help but imagine what it would be like to ride him while she had a big full belly and sore, lactating tits. Her body betrayed her once-masculine mind once again, because in the aftermath of their orgasm it sounded like the sexiest damn thing in the world.

That night as she slept in his house, she dreamed of having that full rounded belly, of feeling life grow inside her. The ultimate female experience. Frank was in the corner of the room, watching as the two lovers caressed her bump together. He was screaming. But this time, his cries were perfectly silent, and he was not all there. He had begun to turn transparent.

Channa’s wedding went off without a hitch. It was a cop wedding, so of course there was quite the heap of inappropriateness, drunkenness, and hilarious stories afterwards, but it went perfectly all the same. Channa herself looked absolutely beautiful in her white dress. Unlike Elena, she’d only inherited minor parts of her new home culture, so her wedding was all-western but for some splendid amok dishes and khmer cooking. She stood at the altar, rubbing her belly nervously as her ginger-haired groom stumbled through his personally written vows. Elena could see the appeal of him: he was no giant of muscle but relatively fit, and was a kind man that clearly adored Channa with every fibre of his being, practically worshipping the ground she walked on. But he was also cheesy as hell, and utterly romantic, and it amused her to think that these were qualities that likely attracted the Channa parts of her friend even as the Terry part railed against them.

Elena herself was adorned in a lavish blue dress. It couldn’t hide her figure entirely, but she had done her best not to steal the attention of all the men: God knows that half the precinct still wanted her, even if they were more quiet about it. Deborah was the other bridesmaid, and also looked gorgeous, but none could take away from Channa. Whether she wanted to or not, she was absolutely glowing, and Elena saw some slight smiles escape from her, and not just faked ones. Finally, the moment came for the ‘I dos’, and then the kiss. The crowd erupted in applause as it happened, the loudest congregation, of course, being those from the station. They clapped as if competing with one another.

Afterwards came the reception, and the endless parade of speeches. Elena gave a speech, of course. It was laden with lots of details that spoke to a rich history of friendship between the two, but in truth had a number of little in-jokes that only she and Channa would understand.

“We’ve both been through a lot of changes, certainly more than most people. And while these changes made us feel smaller, perhaps a bit more vulnerable, we’ve definitely come out the other side as different people with new challenges and opportunities facing us. And, of course, we’re both growing in a different way as well!”

Channa glared daggers, but not in true hostility. Elena knew how to read her partner’s moods. She still wasn’t sure how to think of her own pregnancy, but making light jokes about it was certainly one way to cope.

“And so, we at the precinct salute you, me most of all as your partner. You better take care of her Phillip. The motto is real: you better protect *and* serve!”

It got a silly laugh from the crowd, and a groan from her fellow officers.

Then, there was the first dance, which Channa obviously was embarrassed by. Matthew and Elena joined, dancing together, and soon others joined in. Elena let her body move freely - goodness knows she wouldn’t have that freedom soon once her belly grew out - and in all the excitement allowed herself to embrace the proud tradition of dancing latina women everywhere. More than a few of her fellow officers cheered her on as she sashayed her hips, thrust out her chest, gave her arms and legs over to the rhythm of the music. Her makeup only enhanced her beauty, and she knew she was commanding a lot of attention, especially from the man who was now her babydaddy. Soon they were dancing together, she leading him, and they received an informal ovation when their spicy dance ended.

“Won’t be able to do this soon,” Channa remarked as she left the dance floor, looking tired. “I’m all out of energy already.”

“I know. What the hell has happened to us?”

“I’ll tell what’s happened to *you*,” Channa said. “You’re enjoying it.”

“*Chuta!* I am not!”

Channa shrugged, cradling her bump in her wedding dress. “You can admit it. You didn’t have to dance like that, but you did. Don’t worry, I won’t make fun. We cope in different ways. I want to keep as much of the old me alive as possible, but I understand it gets harder everyday. Will I even think of myself as Terry in my head when I’m pushing a baby out between my legs? When I’m breastfeeding? Hell, even tonight when I’m in the wedding bed with Phillip? Who knows.”

She gave Elena a friendly hug, thanked her, and went back to her new husband. Elena was left by herself a moment, feeling a bit shocked. She didn’t realise Channa still thought of herself as Terry in her head.

When was the last time *she* thought of herself as Frank?

Part 6: Leave

The next few months of Elena's life were busy. Channa was off in Hawaii, apparently wearing one-piece swimsuits on the beach while being massaged. Evidently, she refused to wear an actual bikini, and that was the best compromise. As such, Elena had only a short amount of time before she was bumped to desk duty. Cassidy made it clear that she had to train up the newbie quickly, and so she worked to make sure that Alan Wilkins was no longer considered a rookie, but instead a full officer. He was, she was grateful to realise, quite a capable lad, but he was filled with self-doubt, and his inherent clumsiness made it difficult. It didn't surprise her to learn that he was fast-tracked through the academy as a political favour: his uncle was on the local council and had some strings pulled.

"I just always wanted to be a police officer, so I thought if I asked my uncle to -"

"Don't say another word, you *idiot!*" she snapped in her Ecuadorian accent. "Don't ever tell anyone you are here as a favour. No one will take you seriously. Worse, you will never hear an end to the jokes."

He sagged. "I just wish I didn't have such a beanstalk of a body. I've noticed a lot of perps don't take me seriously even when I can handle them."

She gave a dark chuckle. "You think I don't get that, being the hottest woman on the force? It's not a brag by the way, the assholes at the precinct had a vote and I won in a landslide. Go me. Besides, be careful what you wish for, rookie."

He gave a quizzical look, but didn't ask any further.

"Let's just enjoy the patrol we have, Wilkins. I'm going to miss this. One thing, rookie. If you ever get asked to sign a diversity contract by Cassidy, then don't."

Eventually, desk duty awaited. It was almost a relief when it came, because she was starting to get curious questions about whether she was even allowed to patrol in her 'condition', especially since she could only tackle non-violent issues. She had done her best to train Alan, and while she wasn't entirely sure if he was suited for police work, he nevertheless was showing capability. She hoped he could change as much as she had - albeit not in a bodily way, of course.

Spelling of, her body had begun to change rather rapidly after the ten week mark. Her boobs, which had already swollen a little, began to expand more rapidly. Already, they

had enlarged from her perfect Double-Ds to sizable E-cups, bordering on Double-Es. She had to buy an entirely new set of bras - a financial frustration of all women that she now understood - but at least they still looked wonderful on her figure, even if they were big enough now that they were quite distracting. Not even a thick sweater could hide them now.

But there were other changes, bodily and otherwise. Her thicks got a little thicker, but it was her ass that truly bubbled out. She felt like she should have a beeping sound when she stepped backwards, like a reversing truck. It was accompanied by a widening of her hips, which had the effect making her figure even more of an hourglass. Her hair had a fresh glint in it, and her skin glowed. But it was the change in her stomach that took up most of her attention. Matthew was incredibly excited by the expansion of her bustline and their increased sensitivity - God knows they were having even more passionate sex when her exhaustion finally ended - but every day he checked her belly for growth, and was disappointed it wasn't there.

"It'll happen," she said sadly, "I'll get big and round. *Dios mio.*"

"I can't wait," he said. "I'm excited to meet our little guy!"

"I hope it's a boy," she said. In a weird way, it would at least preserve some level of manliness for her. Ever since learning she was pregnant, her worries about losing all semblance of her old life had returned. It was infuriating; she was finally getting used to life as a woman, and now this!

"Whatever it is, you're going to be an amazing mother," he said. "And a damn hot MILF too."

"Stop it," she giggled. But she couldn't stop thinking about that word: 'mother.' She was going to be a mother.

It was terrifying. But at least she was no longer living alone. It had taken some convincing, but she had agreed to live together with Phillip. They had put her place up for sale and she had moved in with him: his place was better for raising a child.

She touched her stomach.

"I guess I really am in this for the long haul, huh? You better be worth it, little guy or girl."

When her belly began to expand, it happened far quicker than she expected. One day there was a gentle tautness to the skin, and the next it seemed like it had a definable curve. Within two weeks, an ordinary shirt displayed a slight bump (even if the two much bigger 'bumps' on her chest commanded much more attention) and then it was all downhill from there. She was fighting a losing battle hiding her stomach, and it would've been impossible to hide from

the inquiring officers at work anyway. They routinely asked when she was due (“still six and a half months”), if it was a boy or a girl (“I don’t know yet, we’re keeping it a surprise *for some reason*”), and if it was planned (“*Brusco! Rude!*”). It was almost as nauseating as her morning sickness, which thankfully hadn’t lasted long.

Soon she was asking for help if she dropped something on the floor. She had been obstinate about the issue at first, but around the fourth month mark she was gravid enough that it was more embarrassing to slowly bend her knees and clutch a desk for support than it was to simply order about a colleague. It was one benefit of being a pregnant woman after all; everyone accommodates you.

It was around that fourth month mark that, while reading reports on local crime and compiling them for the yearly crime stats report, she felt something strange in her rounded stomach. A little stirring. It was faint, yet undeniably there. She paused, dropping her pen (which was the same as losing it these days).

“*Bebe?*” she asked, as if seeking confirmation from the life within.

There was another kick, and she marvelled, giggling in shock. A rush of endorphins hit her; this was *her* child, growing in *her* womb. It was real and stirring, dependent entirely on her. The life that Matthew had placed inside her, but that she would nurture and bring into the world.

“Holy shit,” she said to herself.

She barely got any work done for the rest of the day. To her surprise, Chief Cassidy was quite accommodating on this matter.

Channa gave birth to a beautiful bouncing boy that she and Phillip named Jacob. She and Elena texted often, and Elena visited her at home when Phillip went to work. During that time, the recovering mother fed her little baby - her milk was surprisingly prodigious, much to Channa’s annoyance. But there was an undeniably relaxing element to it as well, at least that’s how it appeared.

“Birth was horrible,” the little Cambodian woman said. “Just awful. You can look forward to that.”

“*Estupenda,*” Elena said sarcastically, rubbing her own swollen belly and feeling the life shifting within. “Not like I have a choice.”

“Morphine is God’s gift. Or whatever is in the epidural. Sixteen hours. At least Phillip was excellent while I cursed him out.”

“And now you have little Jacob.”

“Yeah,” Channa said, blushing a little as she fed her baby, “now I have him.”

“You do love him, right?”

“Of course I do, don’t be silly. But I didn’t ask for him. It’s all still difficult. I’m going to be a good mother, but it’s a lot to take in still. And I want to get back to work. I’m still police at heart, and that diversity contract can’t take that away from me. Don’t let it get taken from you as well.”

“I won’t, promise.”

“There’s a good friend. In a strange way, I’m glad you changed Elena.”

“Misery makes good company, huh?”

Channa chuckled as she switched her baby to her other breast. “Something like that. Though I hope you enjoy it all more than I do.”

Elena was enormous - at least she felt that way. She was at the eighth month mark, and about to go on maternity leave in a week. He was far more tired, though it didn’t stop her from enjoying sex with Matthew, especially since they’d discovered some wonderful new positions to accommodate her belly. Her breasts were now full and sometimes leaking, much to her despair. She was a full F-cup, and they were *very* obvious. It was impossible to hide them, and they wobbled heavily, necessitating a bra unless sleeping, though she needed a padded one for any milk that leaked from her these days anyway. Matthew had been her rock, but still she had mood swings and crying spurts that embarrassed the Frank parts of her. He was always there to cheer her up with his quick wit, however.

She wasn’t going to miss her desk job, which was boring as all hell, even if the act of giving birth did loom in a terrifying way. But she couldn’t help but notice something strange about Alan Wilkins lately, when she saw him with his new partner, Officer Hamish. His features seemed softer, slightly darker. Even the bright ginger colour of his hair was darker, and she could have sworn it was longer. The rookie didn’t notice anything was up, and so Elena kept tabs on him.

Over the following days, it became increasingly obvious that the oblivious rookie was changing from a ‘he’ to a ‘she.’ Elena was gobsmacked. She’d warned him! More than once! And yet, without even realising it, Alan Wilkins was turning into a woman named Zhang Yu. Her features became refined and sharp, her height fell to a reasonable one, and her movements became controlled and calm. She had a striking appearance, and even as she became a Chinese beauty, she retained a determined face.

That was, until the penny dropped when the changes finished.

“Oh God! Oh God! I’m Chinese! I can think and speak Chinese! And I’m a woman!”

"Yes, yes," Elena said, patting her on the back in the breakroom. Thankfully, the station was largely empty at that moment, or else others would be confused by Alan/Yu's tears. "I've been through it. So has Channa. I used to be Frank, she used to be Terry. I told you not to sign the diversity contract - why did you do it?"

The woman wiped her tears. She was tall and thin, but had a modest bust. Almost a classic Shanghai girl kind of look, with perfect cheeks and wonderfully dark eyes.

"I - it was my last chance to stay on the job. I - I lost my gun."

Elena could have slapped the poor woman.

"You *idiota!* How did that happen!?"

The newly Chinese woman broke down in tears, and Elena had to hug her - a little awkwardly, given her prodigious pregnant belly. Yu even pressed her face into Elena's big *tetas* as she tackled her overwhelming emotions, making Elena feel even more awkward.

"There, there," she said, as if soothing her own baby, "there, there."

It was only after a minute that the new woman recomposed herself.

"We got the g-gun back. I left it on the street. It was knocked clear during an arrest - I didn't secure my holster. Ch-chief said it was bad. Real bad. And she said if I - if I signed the right contract, she could make me a b-better officer."

Elena groaned, rolling her eyes. "Of course she did. Damned Cassidy. *La puta!* She did the same to me, and to Channa."

"H-how do I turn back? I want to turn back!"

"I'm sorry, but . . . there isn't a way, Yu. You're stuck like this. If it's any consolation, things get better. There's a lot to like about being a woman. The sex, the fashion, the support from other women. Just don't get pregnant!"

Yu gave a little sad chuckle. "I'll keep that in mind. This is crazy, partner. I'm a woman."

"I know," Elena said sympathetically. "Trust me, it takes a lot getting used to. I'll do as much as I can to help train you up - just as I did as an officer."

"You did a great job. It was me that failed in a dumb way."

Elena nodded. She certainly wasn't planning on blaming herself. Losing the gun! It was something no self-respecting officer *ever* did. Still, the kid didn't deserve to suffer alone.

"Listen, I'm going on maternity leave any dsy now, but we'll keep in touch, *si?* I'll organise with Channa to take care of you - I think she can be your temp partner for a while. She's returning to work in just a few weeks. I don't know how the crazy woman is doing it just a few months after birth, but she is. Between us, we'll get you caught up on makeup, clothes, bras, hygiene, how to act, the whole works. *Okey?*"

Yu sniffed. "*Xie xie.* Thanks. That could work. I still can't believe I'm going to be a Chinese woman for the rest of my life."

Elena put her arm around the poor transformed rookie. She really was quite beautiful, like a refined model. Somehow the gangly man had become an elegant-looking woman.

"Trust me *chica*," Elena said with an encouraging smile. "There are some parts to being a woman you can really learn to like."

Elena was experiencing just one of those parts a month later. She moaned like a woman in heat as Mathew slid his large dick inside her. She was especially lusty tonight, despite now being almost a week past her due date. Somehow, the nervousness that came with approaching the moment of childbirth only made her hornier, and so her and Travers' sex life got a lovely jolt to the vein. She stammered in Spanish as he groped her tits, him thrusting into her all the while. She was on her back on the bed, him standing off the side for ease of access. It was one of the few positions left they could readily take.

"Oh God, you have no idea how much I wanted this! Oohhh! NGGHH! My tits have been so sore and leaky- don't stop there. It feels wonderful."

Matthew clearly knew what she was trying to say, because he increased his ministrations of her chest. Small streams of milk leaked from her, but neither cared in that moment; all that mattered was the pleasure. And there was a lot of it.

"So soon, babe!" Matthew said, "not long to go now! We're gonna be parents!"

He thrust against her, and she squeezed her walls against his hard cock.

"Yes! Yes! Right there! Right there! I want to be a mother to your - Ooohhhh!"

She orgasmed, squirming on her back, belly trembling as he came inside her. She grinned, no longer even wanting to fight the pleasure. Sex as a woman - even a pregnant woman - was just too good.

It was after her boyfriend had helped her up and she went to clean herself up in the shower that her water broke. She was rinsing herself over with hot water, her leaking breasts trickling milk into the shower.

"I just hope labor hurries up and happens soon," she muttered to herself as the warm water ran over her body. "Sick of feeling like a bloated *vaca*."

She looked over her body, which was positively overdue with child. Her baby kicked within, shifting around, and she resented the fact that sleep was so difficult these days. Even her face was a little puffy, and the less said of her swollen hippo feet and ankles, the better. Her ass felt *far* too big, and despite her babydaddy finding her more gorgeous than ever, all she wanted to do was to shed all these pounds, get her figure under control, and get back on the force.

"I *do* love you, little *bebe*," she said, cradling her heavy womb. "But I want to get back into uniform, and right now you're forcing me on maternity leave. So you better - Ohhh!"

All of a sudden she felt a strange trickle out of her. She instantly turned the shower off, but the trickle continued. It was light, but it definitely came out of her. The baby had not turned or shifted, and she had - for once - an empty bladder.

"Matthew, I - eerrgh!"

A sharp tightness rippled across her belly, like all the muscles were going tight. It was painful, and it also spread down to her crotch. She gasped, breath quickening.

Chuta! This is it! I'm going to give birth. Dios mio, what has my life become?

"Everything okay, honey?"

The contraction ended, but she knew there would be more to come. A lot more. She'd done enough reading lately to know just how wide her vagina would have to become to push a baby out of it, and it was not nice to think about.

"M-Matthew! It's starting!"

Her lover couldn't move fast enough.

Elena screamed.

"NNGGHHH!!!"

"You're doing amazing, honey. You're doing so well."

"*Callate!* Get me some water!"

She was being snappish, but she didn't care. Labor was every bit as awful as Channa said it would be: she was in horrible pain from the contractions, and they were only getting more powerful and closer together. What's more, she was having to be checked on constantly by nurses and doctors, all while having much of her body exposed. As she had for the last several months, she felt flushed and overheated, and so she had opted to give in to her compulsions and strip down to her bra and panties during much of the contractinons, until she'd finally adopted the hospital gown. Her breasts were already overly ripe, full with milk for the little one. And while it had felt surprisingly wonderful to have Matthew drain her when she got too engorged, she was actually finding herself looking forward to having a little baby to be constantly doing the work.

Matthew fetched her some water, and she drank the whole glass before lying back down in the hospital bed. She breathed heavily, plump breasts rising, and all she could do was wonder how she got here.

"I'm - ughhh - meant to be a p-police officer!" she grunted, clutching her dome.

Matthew took a hand, and she squeezed it hard enough that she felt like she could break it. He took it well.

“You *are*, Elena. You are real police. But right now you’ve got another job to do.”

“B-but I’m going back to the j-job. When I’m ready. Like Chanaarrgghh!!!”

The contractions were so damn close now. It was already eight hours of labor, and she felt completely ragged. How had Channa managed to last twice as long?

“You will,” Matthew said. “I’d like to see the man or woman or Chief who could stop you. You’ll have your figure back in no time.”

“D-damn straight! OOHhhhhhh!”

She writhed, spreading her legs open automatically. A doctor came in and checked her over, prodding at her exposed genitalia in a way that made her deeply shamed. The Frank part of her rankled at the whole process: even if she had accepted being a woman, being a mother was a whole other order. Sure, she’d fallen head over heels for her child, and wanted to apply that same policing principle to it - *servir y proteger* - but it didn’t make going through it all as a former man any less humiliating.

“F-fuck the *Jefa!*” she cried.

Matthew shrugged his shoulders at the doctor.

“Trust me, I’ve seen stranger statements during labor,” the doctor said. “Okay, you appear to be fully dilated Elena. It’s time for you to push. Big breaths as we’ve practiced, and then big pushes.”

Elena groaned as her body urged her to push. It was as much instinct as the changes wrought by the damn contract, and she couldn’t fight it any more than she could fight a hurricane. She bore her whole body down to push, clutching to Matthew’s hand like it was the only thing keeping her tethered. She screamed, and felt something *shift* within her.

“Good, very good. The baby is entering your tunnel. I’m going to need another push.”

“I c-can’t!”

“You can do it, babe. I know you can. You’ve had worse than this on the job.”

“*Vete a la mierda!* This is far w-worse! AaaaARRRRGGHH!!”

A great heave, and her baby descended further.

“So close! We can see the head!”

She continued her laboured breathing, pushing each time she was told, spreading her thighs as widely as she could in the hopes that it would ease the birth even one iota. It was impossible to come to terms with: just over a year ago, she had been the tough-as-nails Frank, a skull cracker on the force, a man who liked a hot lady but certainly much understand them, or want kids with them. And now she was a feisty latina heavily pregnant, on the verge of birthing her child.

“OOHhhhhhhhhHhhh!!!”

One final push, and there was an instant feeling of release as the baby she'd been pushing out emerged into the world. Panic instantly came over her, her heart pounding in worry and concern - her belly and breasts and seating position all conspired to make it impossible to tell what was going on.

"Is he okay? Is he okay?"

"*She* is," the doctor said. "Congratulations Elena, you both have a healthy baby girl.

Relief flooded over Elena in a wave of endorphins. The doctor held up her baby girl. She was red and covered in gunk, and crying, but she was perfect and wonderful and beautiful. More beautiful than anything Elena had ever seen. She erupted into tears.

"She's gorgeous."

Matthew was allowed to cut the cord, and then their new baby girl was measured and tested quickly for any issues, of which there were none. She had a healthy weight - "of course she does," Elena said, "she spent an extra week inside me!" - and had clear airways. Elena had to push out the afterbirth - an experience that was not joyful - and then her girl was placed on her bare chest. Elena no longer cares about having her breasts exposed to the doctor and nurses, all that mattered was her little girl. This wonderful little light that would not exist were it not for the contract. She may have not asked to be changed, but at that moment, she didn't regret it.

Instinct took over, and she shifted her baby against her large brown nipple. Her baby latched after several failed efforts, and immediately began suckling, taking in the milk she needed. Elena couldn't help but make little cooing sounds, even as the release of milk gave her some relief.

"A baby girl," Matthew said. "We were wrong. What shall we call her?"

They had discussed names, but Elena was insistent on one. Frank for a boy, and . . .

"Francia," she said, beaming.

Part 7: Duties

Elena was adjusting to being a stay at home mom over the following months. It was a difficult transition: she loved her little Francia, and Matthew was wonderfully supportive, but she was unable to prevent herself from feeling quite jealous when he put on the uniform in the morning to head to work, leaving her and little Francia to themselves in the house. She had no plans on becoming a stay-at-home mom forever. In fact, she had a plan to regain her figure within seven months and then return part-time by eight months, organising a professional daycare service.

She was already having to bottle her milk, after all: her body produced way too much of the stuff! It was like just starting with bigger boobs meant she had a higher capacity for it. It was infuriating.

“Well, one thing to be glad about with my body,” said Channa when she visited with her little Jacob. He was growing so much so quickly, and it was clear that motherhood didn’t get any easier, judging from her former partner’s tiredness. Still, she had regained most of her figure, even if her hips were permanently a little wider and her bust a little bigger - solid B-cups instead of tiny As now.

“It never ends!” Elena said. “Half of my hunger comes from my *tetas* wanting to just keep making milk.”

Channa chuckled. “Well, at least your daughter won’t go hungry. Jacob is always wanting the tit. It’s very tiring.”

“Their hunger only grows.”

“*Maravillosa.*”

Still, as much as she wanted to get back to work, she did love the time she had with her daughter. She was small and perfect, and it was clear she took after both parents wonderfully. She had the darker skin of her father, but already the long dark hair of her mother, as well as her eyes. And when those eyes were open and looking at her, she felt like the world entire. It was just the feeling of being trapped at home and responsible for much of the cooking that made her discomfited. She wanted to be out on the street when Francia was sleeping, chasing up suspects, interviewing witnesses, attending to crime scenes. It sounded dark and miserable when put like that, but it was her calling, and the weird part was that she felt more attached to her work as Elena than she did as Frank, perhaps because she understood the nuances of her job much better than *he* ever had.

But as the months rolled by, and she got used to her endless lactating - something Matthew helped with as well - and her daughter’s habits, she found her plan to regain her old body not going as well as she had hoped. Try as she might with her dieting and exercise, there were certain parts of her body that refused to go back to normal - or at least as normal

as she had hoped for, being an ex-man. While she knew her hips would never recede from their newly expanded widths, she was surprised that her thighs remained even thicker, and her waist as well. Her breasts did not reduce in following months down to Double-Ds, or even E's, despite her using some formula substitutes and shifting Francia to early paste-based foods. No, it seemed her big, rounded F-cups were here to stay.

"They look half the size of my own head," she complained as she examined her body in the mirror. "Seriously big *tetas*."

Matthew still viewed her as gorgeous, of course. In fact, he made no secret about loving her new curves. She couldn't deny that she had a strong MILF quality now, as Frank would have put it. But she wanted her old body back, one that didn't have such a gigantic *culo* for a backside. She sighed, examining herself over again.

"Just another thing to have to come to terms with and accept," she said to herself.

She did a few more turns, and winced as she looked at her backside.

"Seriously big," she repeated.

Over those following months, Elena also continued to dream. It was similar to her earlier dreams, the ones that always returned at significant moments. As usual, she was in two places at once: in Elena form upon the bed, naked, and in Frank form watching on, as her boyfriend approached to make love to her. In each of these dreams her female self's body was wanton with need, hot with desire. She could feel it; the strong need to be bred, to make another child one day down the line. Matthew would mounted her, rubbing her bloated breasts as he rammed his nine-inch penis into her tunnel, causing her to cry out. She could feel him planting his seed inside her, the first stirrings of another child. And in the dream Frank was silently screaming, then whimpering, and then simply fading away. Each time she had the dream she woke with a deep need for her boyfriend, and he would always acquiesce to her desires, even if he had to go to work soon. And with each following dream, the Frank portion of herself became further and further transparent, until he was almost invisible.

And after a few of these dreams, he was no longer there at all.

Elena was the only one that remained.

Eight months after giving birth, and Elena had accepted her new body. She had accepted everything, in fact. Ever since that final dream, she had given herself over to her life without regret. She had fought elements of it for too long, and she didn't want to be bitter like

Channa often was, or miss out on the happiness she had earned. That didn't mean she forgave Chief Cassidy, but it did mean that the Frank parts of her that remained were now Elena's parts, really. The bowling, the love of cars, the interest in action movies all blended with her love of cooking, mothering, and watching silly telenovellas. Yes, life was still strange at times: while she now loved having big boobs and a voluptuous figure, it did mean she had to deal with catcalling and not always being taken as seriously. She was grateful that she was returning to a job where a quick flash of a badge could make all the difference in authority, and where she could make a difference.

She was set to return to work soon. Little Francia was making great strides, already making little adorable attempts to crawl, though she wasn't quite there yet. She was a giggler, which made Matthew her favourite person in the world when it came to laughing, but to Elena's smug joy it was always Mom that came first whenever she was upset. It made it all the harder to know she would be getting back into her uniform soon (albeit a newly sized one, given her change in . . . assets. Still, as much of a challenge as it was being a mother, breastfeeding, catching up with other mothers (Channa most of all), it was plenty rewarding as well. She felt as if she had a special connection with her daughter, having literally grown her baby inside of her, felt her stirring and kicking in her womb long before she arrived in the world. It truly was a strange feeling.

And, on an entirely different note, her sex life was back in force, and she and Matthew were making up for lost time in those sleep-deprived first few months. To his absolute delight, she had rebuilt her core muscles enough that she felt more comfortable giving him long and tantalising blowjobs. It no longer felt submissive to go down on her boyfriend and babydaddy; instead, there was a sense of feminine power in making him all hers, in causing him to squirm and gasp as she rubbed his shaft and licked his head, taking him almost down her throat and holding him at the mingling point between agony and ecstasy, until finally she allowed him to cum in her mouth. And that look he got when she swallowed, as if he could almost get erect again straight away. She liked to roll her eyes back in head as he came, as if orgasming herself.

Sometimes, she even did.

It was an experience she had planned for him when he revealed that the weekend before she was due to go back to work, he was taking her on a little two night vacation on the coast. He'd arranged everything, the sneaky man, and she practically jumped with joy when he revealed that food, massages, everything was taken care of.

"*Mi amor,*" she said, pressing her body against him, "how can I ever thank you?"

"I'm sure I can think of a few ways, my gorgeous Ecuadorian princess."

She was, to her own surprise, even excited to wear a hot bikini, even if it would show off her more curvaceous post-pregnancy form. That was something she was beginning to

accept would be just another change, even if it did mean there was no way of disguising her *tetas* even in a thick sweater. So why not show them?

They arranged with Channa to look over little Francia while they were away. The little Cambodian had a couple of days of work and was happy to do so.

“Gives me something interesting to do, at least,” she said in her plain way. “Jacob is good at playing with other babies, so don’t worry about that. You two just have fun.”

She seemed to say the last part with that same sly tone in her voice as she had many times before when something else was going on.

“Don’t act like that, *hermana*, what’s going on? Are you *gravida* again, perhaps?”

Channa rolled her eyes and extended her hands out in a swift ‘no way, jose’ gesture.

“Don’t even ask about that. Phillip wants three, and this damn horny body will probably give them to him. Going through one pregnancy was enough, but the contract probably won’t give me much choice. No, it’s something else I can’t talk about.”

Elena was unable to get any information out of her, and so they moved on to other subjects, mostly all the latest gossip from the workplace, and the latest robbery suspect that the department was placing bets on who would catch in the act next time.

The beach in the evening was beautiful, and they had it all to themselves. Matthew had done his research; he knew where to drive away from the resort to find a perfect beach that was barely visited. The sun was upon the horizon, warm and wondrous, and a gentle wind rustled at the trees beyond the beach. They had already spent one perfect night free of their daughter, and in typical fashion had fucked like rabbits until Matthew was practically begging her for a time out.

“No more, woman! You’re draining me!”

“That’s what you get for knocking me up. Now get over here, you can’t deny a horny latina with big boobs, can you?”

And to be fair, he couldn’t.

The next day, they had relaxed, enjoyed massages, relaxed in each other’s company (with more sex), before finally driving out to this beach for the evening. Elena wore her purple bikini, a new one she had bought just for the occasion, and one she felt flattered her new, bustier figure. It hugged her large F-cups, presenting a deep curve of cleavage that Matthew could hardly keep his eyes off of, and her bikini bottom matched her widened hips well, showing an enticing amount of buttock without being too scandalous.

They were walking along the beach, sharing funny anecdotes from their policing history, talking about their first collars, the dumb pranks they'd pulled at their first stations, and so forth, when the discussion finally turned to their own relationship.

"Are you happy, Elena? I mean, with me?"

She raised an eyebrow, waiting for a punchline that never came. He was perfectly serious. Elena smiled, pressed her body against him, and kissed him deeply. His arms encircled her, she felt wonderfully safe in them. She parted back, and grinned.

"Does that answer your question, *mi amor*?"

Matthew laughed. "Hot damn, I guess it does. What a view, huh?"

She turned and gazed into the stunning sunset. The sky was a mix of reds and violets and pinks, like it was more a painting than a real view.

"*Sí*, quite a view."

She turned to face her lover, only to find him down on one knee, his hands extended. He opened a black ring box to reveal a gorgeous diamond ring.

"I can't imagine a better one," he joked. "And it's a view I want to see every day of my life, Elena. Will you do me the honour of -"

"*SI! SI! SI!*"

She practically leapt into his arms, bowling him over and smothering him with kisses.

"I'm sorry, I don't speak Spanish," he laughed, even as she continued to kiss his neck and face and lips. "Can you say it in English?"

"Shut up and kiss me, *mi amor*. I want to be your wife!"

It took a while for her to subdue her own arousal and pull herself away from him. By that point, she needed him right there and then.

"Really, outside in the open?"

"There's no one around," she said lustily. "Come on officer, don't tell me you don't want to break the law sometimes, just a little?"

"Well, I have always wanted to fuck a woman on the beach . . . from behind."

"Mmhhmm," she moaned, rubbing her backside against his beach shorts. "Then why don't you come get your wish."

It didn't take much convincing to make her now-fiance a 'bad cop.' The two caressed one another, quickly losing their clothing to make love on the beach. She got on all fours, letting her large breasts dangle suggestively, and lifting her impressive latina ass into the air.

"Come take me, *fiance*," she declared, giving him a winning smile. She felt the instinct to give him a good time, to let him fuck her brains out, and she didn't want to fight it at all. She wanted to *embrace* it. To be a hot latina cop who loved her job, and loved sex even more.

She groaned as he inserted himself inside her.

“Ohhhh, *mi amor*, you’re always s-so big!”

“I’ve always wanted to do this to you,” he grunted. “You the sexiest goddamn creature on the planet.”

“Mmhhh, you got that right. And soon I’ll be the sexiest wife on the planet too.”

“I like the sound of that.”

He grabbed her hair, and she revelled in the way he tugged it back as he took her. It was the kind of experienced that once would have horrified her as Frank, but with each thrust, each press of his hard cock inside her, she came closer and closer to absolute bliss.

“Mmhhm - let’s - oohhh - do this - aahh - again!!!”

They came together, as they often did.

Dios mio, it’s so hot to do it like that, she thought, as she collapsed forward on the beach. She could feel his warm seed inside her, and for a brief moment was concerned she could become pregnant again.

But maybe that wouldn’t be so bad, she mused.

Elena was finally back on duty. Already, she’d busted a few perps, responded to a few domestics, had to deal with a runaway kid, and a heap of traffic infractions. It was annoying, repetitive, hard work, and she loved it, problems and all. It was good to be back in uniform again, even if she filled it out more than she usually did. As much as she now accepted she was a woman, a mother, and even a wife-to-be, she still thought of herself as a cop above all things. The blue was hard to wash out, after all, even if she only worked part-time at the moment.

She caught Channa in the breakroom - they were assigned to be partners for the next few shifts, something they both assumed was a little consolation prize from the Chief. Both of them did their best to avoid her, the bad blood still ran, but at least both had managed to find some meaning and purpose in their new lives.

“How’s Alan?” Elena asked. “I mean, Yu?”

Channa shrugged. “She’s doing alright. Batting away boys in blue with a stick, but I check in on her. I’m jealous - we both ended up Asian but she gets to stay tall. I feel like a kid sometimes.”

Elena smiled and poked her friend in the boob. “Well, no mistaking you for a child with those things now.”

“Please, they’re pimples compared to your tits. Welcome to the life of having a mom-bod.”

“I know,” Elena said, grinning. “It’s the best.”

Channa rolled her eyes. "You've really taken to this, haven't you?"

Elena considered that. "I really have. In fact, I think it's the best thing that ever happened to me."

"Bullshit."

"No, I mean it. I have a future husband, a beautiful daughter, I'm better at my job than I ever was, and even if I have a few more curves than I wanted, and have to put up with some shit from the boys in blue here, I look pretty fucking great, *si?*"

Channa shrugged. "I can't argue with that logic, I suppose."

"What about you, *hermana?* Have you come around to things?"

The woman sighed a little, looking herself over in the break room mirror. She'd started growing her hair out, but it was in a tight ponytail now. "I've . . . resigned to it. Accepted it, I guess. I don't love it, maybe I never will. But it's . . . something, I suppose. I love Jacob, and Phillip is a good husband, even if he's so damn cheesy." Another shrug. "I guess maybe down the line I'll learn to love it, but for now I just take the perks where they come. Hopefully Yu ends up happier."

"Speaking of . . ."

The very woman they had been talking about entered the break room, dashing past without so much as a hello and running to the toilet. Moments later, they heard the sound of vomiting.

"Eurgggh," she groaned as she returned. The two women regarded their younger fellow transformee.

"Everything okay, Yu?" Elena asked.

Yu responded in her lilting light accent. "I keep getting sick lately, I might have to cancel my shift. I've got this fever, and I'm tired all the time, and my boobs are all tender."

Channa and Elena exchanged a look, and the two burst out laughing. Channa, to Elena's shock, even starting to cry as she laughed, her stoicism eliminated with the absurdity of the situation.

"What? What's so funny? What's going on?"

The continued to laugh, and it was Elena that managed to stammer some words out.

"I'm s-sorry, *hermana!* We shouldn't laugh. It's just so *loco* that it's happened a third time!"

"What has happened a third time? What!?"

Channa wiped away a tear.

"Shall I tell her?"

"No, you have the manners of a bull in a china shop. Yu, I'm afraid to say that sore boobs are the least of your worries. I heard you were shacking up with Officer Jarvis, but I had no idea things were progressing so fast. Let me be the first to congratulate you."

“On your pregnancy,” finished Channa.

Yu was silent in astonishment a moment as she absorbed the words of her two mentors, both transformees mothers.

“Oh, oh no! Fuck!”

“That’s exactly what got you here in the first place,” Elena laughed. She extended an arm, and hugged the poor, shocked woman. “Don’t worry, you’ve got two people here who know *exactly* what you’re going through.”

Chief Cassidy smirked as she watched the footage on the security system from her office. Poor Yu, she really wasn’t all that bad. Just not the makings of a true officer back when she’d been a man. Plus, Cassidy always hated being forced to take on officers for political favours, so this was a revenge by proxy. And besides, the new female her was doing much better on the admin side of things. Her new delicate condition would only ensure she stayed at a desk job where she could thrive.

“Well, I’d say this worked incredibly well,” she said to her guest.

Professor Sharpe was a severe woman with hollow cheekbones and a tight bun with grey-streaked hair. She had a reserved nature about her, but like Cassidy, there was a dark streak of cold humour running through her.

“I’m glad you think so, Chief. I’ve had much success running this diversity program at the university. It’s certainly helped with the education grants.”

“And now it works for the policing department too. Another feather in your cap, Professor.”

Sharp gave a small smirk, clearly proud of her achievements.

“Did you want more diversity contracts organised?”

“Ohhh yes. We still have a few meatheads on the force, and I have a public relations campaign to win if I want to be mayor. I’ll be sure to make it worth your while, as always.”

“I have little doubt.”

The two looked at the security footage. Channa and Elena were reassuring the hapless rookie, who was still coming to terms with her pregnancy. The Chief chuckled.

“We’re always looking for more people on the force,” she said.

The End