

# Friends are Family (Asian MILF & Hot Sister TG, RC, AP)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*When Tim learns that his lonely dad is making him move away from his beloved hometown in hopes of finding a family elsewhere, he makes a wish upon a strange stone that his best friends David and Matthew could always remain part of 'his family.' Soon, all three are shocked when the metaphor of the wish becomes literal and David and Matthew find themselves becoming Tim's hot older sister Naomi and MILFy new Asian tiger mom Amy. Now all three must navigate their strange new relationships to one another.*

## Friends are Family

### Part One: The Wish

Timothy simply couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"What do you mean we're moving elsewhere? This is where we live, Dad!"

Tim's dad sighed in his sofa chair. He had that depressive look in his eye, and there was a bottle beside him on the table that was half empty.

"It's just time, Tim. I'm sorry, mate. We need a new environment. This town has too many bad memories for me, and I think it would be best for the both of us if we went to the big city and got some new experiences."

"Best for *you*, you mean," Tim said. "This is because you're feeling lonely again, isn't it? You're going to rip up my life and take me elsewhere purely because you can't get over Mom leaving us."

His father gave him a wearied look in the eye. "It's not just that, Tim--"

"Bullshit!" Tim cried. "This is all about *you*! You just want to pack us up and go elsewhere so you can find a new wife, all because you can't be happy here because she left you!"

"She left us, Tim."

"She left *you*."

"You don't know the full story."

"I know that it's put you in a damn depression for years now, and that I've had to rely on David and Matthew more than I've had to rely on you."

His father narrowed his eyes. "I've worked hard all these years. I come home exhausted."

“You’re depressed, Dad. And now you think that dragging us across to the other half of the country will be some great improvement, but it won’t! I know you and Mom ruined your teens when you had me, but don’t ruin mine!”

Tears bubbled to the surface of Tim’s eyes, and he turned and ran upstairs to his room, furious, leaving his father in silence. The young sixteen-year old would not normally be so abrasive with his father, but the news that they would be leaving Birch Haven had rocked him to the core. He had spent his whole life growing up in the small mountain town, and despite his childhood woes, he truly loved it. The fresh air, the mysterious forests, the gorgeous rivers, the small town atmosphere where everyone knew everyone else, it was special, somehow.

The last point was particularly important, because that phrase about ‘taking a whole village to raise a child’ was what saved Tim. He had been born Tim Liu-Johnson, to his father Tony Johnson and his mother Amy Liu. The pair were only sixteen when he was conceived. By tradition, many young couples in Birch Haven went out to Haverly Rock in the woods, which was known to be a makeout spot. Teens snuck out to go camping together, sometimes with partners their parents didn’t approve of. As Tim had heard the story go, his father and mother had a crush on each other, stronger on his dad’s side as it turned out, and both had gotten a little too tipsy drinking alcohol that the rebellious Amy had taken from her strict father’s cabinet. One thing led to another and *boom*, the pair were set to be teen parents.

According to Tony, he’d been excited and supportive, but Amy Liu had been terrified throughout the entire pregnancy. Her parents were aghast. They had a real strict Asian parents thing going on, being real traditional Chinese. And at the time, there was judgement from some corners of the town as well. Still, they rallied to help the young pair in the end. After Timothy was born, the young parents tried to make it work. Tony worked hard at a hardware store, while Amy raised little Tim up. It wasn’t set to last, though. Even when he was just learning to walk, the arguments between Tony and Amy permeated throughout the house. Tim couldn’t understand these arguments, but it was his father who always tried to soothe things over and make them right. He knew even from a young age that his father loved his mother, but that his mother didn’t have the same love back.

Timothy was only six when Amy walked out the door and never looked back. She didn’t give him so much as a goodbye kiss and hug. Tim could still remember the look of her. She was gorgeous, beautiful, with silky black hair and the full Chinese features he’d half-inherited. Her figure had allegedly once been slim, but he remembered - with a little embarrassment - that she was quite full in the chest and hips, and many in the town remembered her beauty when he asked about her. Amy’s parents were as shocked as anyone. They had forgiven their daughter, come to love little Timothy, but clearly it wasn’t

enough for the young mother. She needed to escape. Where that was, neither had any idea. Tony tried to pursue her for a while, but lost track of her, and in the end it was left to him to be a single father to Tim. He worked incredibly hours to support the pair, eventually coming to own the hardware store he still worked at today as a thirty-three year old, but it meant he was often absent from Tim's life. His maternal grandparents did their best to help raise him, even teaching him some Mandarin and giving him many family heirlooms and gifts, but they were sickly by nature, and they passed away when Tim was only eleven years old.

All of this meant that Timothy grew up a stranger, one foot in his father's life, another in those of his maternal grandparents, and both world's as fragile as the porcelain he'd inherited. He became broody, quiet, and didn't know his place. It was two older boys, David and Matthew, who saved him. He was exploring the wilderness, as he often did when thoughtful, when he accidentally tripped and fell into the powerful river that ran near the basin. He was terrified of drowning, but two boys nearby on their bikes rescued him. He was only eleven at the time. David was thirteen, and Matthew was fourteen, and the pair had laughed as they helped him recover. David was a total nerd of a kid, four eyes and thin, with sandy blonde hair and wide blue eyes. But he loved exploring, was a genius with survival training, and had dreams of becoming a ranger. Matthew was taller and stronger, and like David loved exploring and biking as well. He was more sporty in general, but had a rascally, rules-breaking vibe to him. His always-spiky red hair and gap-toothed smile attested to this.

From that day, they had 'adopted' Tim into their little tribe. The three snuck out into the woods, rode around on their bikes, sat together at lunch in school despite their year gaps, and generally spent long afternoons playing old video games and finding stupid stuff to do. For Timothy, who's experience of family had always been so fragile, it was like getting a taste of something he'd always yearned for and yet had never truly understood until now. And for five wonderful years, those two friendships had seen him through so much, even as his father's depression returned, even as his attempts to woo Stacey Chatts flummoxed, even as puberty began, even as he occasionally yearned to know his mother once more.

But now, thanks to his father, it was all being ripped away.

Tim wiped his tears again, staring at the mirror. His black hair was messy again. It had that habit all the time. He did his best to adjust it, sighed, and grabbed his emergency backpack.

"It's not damn fair," he muttered to himself. "I'm sixteen! If he'd just waited two more years, or maybe four just so I could get on my feet, then he could leave. I'd miss him like all hell but I don't want to leave Birch Haven. This fucking sucks!"

He sighed as he put his gear on. He took his phone and texted David and Matthew. *Emergency Meeting. By the basin. You know where. Can you make it in the next hour?*

Both must have had boring Saturdays going on, because they both replied within the next ten minutes. Tim sniffed again, wiped another tear.

“Goddamnit,” he muttered.

He opened his shutter window and snuck out onto the side roof of the house, dropping onto the front yard. His dad wouldn’t look for him. He’d be glued to the sofa. And if he did look, he could probably guess where he’d gone.

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David and Matthew were aghast at the news. The eighteen and nineteen year old looked at Tim with shock. David had to adjust his glasses several times, as was his habit when nervous, but Matthew simply turned and kicked a heap of rocks on the edge of the lake.

“Sorry,” he said, “it just seemed to be the most appropriate reaction.”

“Yeah, I punched a wall,” Tim said, showing them his slightly bruised and bloodied fist. “I think I punched it too hard.”

“Damn, dude,” Matthew said. “David, get us some disinfectant and a bandage, will ya?”

David, who never went anywhere without his survival pack, passed it over. Matthew began fixing up Tim’s hand, sighing at his younger friend’s behaviour. He couldn’t blame Tim, not really, he’d be angry himself if he had to leave Birch Town. But punching the wall wasn’t helping anything.

“Next time, punch something softer, buddy,” he said. “Or maybe just get a bit fitter before you start throwing punches.”

Tim smirked. “Yeah, yeah. Can always trust you to parent me, Matt.”

Matt shrugged. “What can I say, I’ve got a real motherly glow about me.” He gave a gap-toothed grin, his hair as mussed up as ever.

“Yeah, sure,” Tim said, not remotely convinced, though it was true to an extent: Matthew was generally the ‘parent’ of the group, helping them with their scratches, getting David out of trouble with his shitty abusive dad. He was equally adept at getting them into trouble though, a fact that made Matt quite proud, except when they got lost that one night in the woods and only David’s nerdy expertise saved them from frostbite. Or bears.

“Look, I’m real sorry about this Tim,” he continued. “But surely it’s just your dad having another whine again? He’s said stuff like this before, right?”

“Never this seriously.”

“Well, maybe he’s just down in the gloom again.”

“He’s bought tickets, Matt. He’s taking us away. Across multiple states. I won’t get to see you guys again.”

“We can do calls?” David said. “Play games online, when my Dad is asleep, that is. He hates it when I play. But I can risk it. And we can do video chats.”

Tim grabbed a rock and threw it across the lake. It skipped across the calm, beautiful water. The far distant side of the lake was bathed in the radiant afternoon sun. It was gorgeous: a reminder of everything he would be saying goodbye to.

“We can try,” he said. “But it won’t last. That shit never does. Mom said she’d call.”

“Dude, we’re not your Mom,” Matt said. “We’re your friends.”

“Your family,” David added. “From a certain sociological perspective.”

“Yeah, that nerd thing David just said.”

Tim nodded sadly. “That’s just it, you *are* my family, and Dad’s taking that from me. It fucking sucks.”

“We could stage a protest,” David suggested. It seemed a good idea to him, at least.

The two others didn’t think so.

“What about if we ran away and survived in the wild past your leaving date? I’ve refined some of my plans, and I’ve been researching a lot of modern scout techniques lately on wilderness living. I estimate we could probably make it nearly thirty days before we run the risk of exposure. Frostbite may be an issue if we get another temperature drop, though.”

For a moment, Matthew and Tim looked at their wiry friend, both amused. David had the serious, wide-eyed look of someone who genuinely was considering going that far, for all of them. Of course, he’d probably love it anyway. A small part of David was already getting quite keen on the notion.

“I think that’ll just delay the inevitable,” Tim said.

“There’s got to be something we can do, though,” Matthew said. “Can’t we just kidnap your dad or something? Actually, maybe Dave is onto something. We could just skip out of town on our bikes. I could even nip Dave’s dad’s car. I’m qualified now, after all.”

It was what made Matt the undisputed coolest of the three of them: he had his full licence, even if he didn’t exactly have a car.

“I think Dad would beat the shit out of me if that happened,” David said.

“Yeah,” Matt said.

The group fell into silence. Tim picked up a stone that was nice and flat, and skipped it across the surface of the lake. Six skips. Then he found another, and hurled it as well. Seven skips.

“Nice,” Matthew said, impressed. “But check this shit out.”

He flung one that managed nine skips. “Your turn, David.”

David picked one up. “Well, if I account for the wind variance, and the resistance of the waterline, and find the right stone with the proper aerodynamic form . . .”

Matt mussed his hair. “Hurry up, nerd!”

“Stop playing with my hair! Here we go. Now look at this.”

David managed to sail his rock immediately into a tree. He went red with embarrassment, and it took him a moment to face his friends. “I think I calculated that wrong.”

“I think you calculated your muscle mass wrong,” Matthew said, ribbing him, “you’ve got all the coordination of, uh . . . an uncoordinated thing.”

“Real quick,” Tim said. “Very witty!”

“Damn it, maybe we do need to get rid of you!” Matt replied.

The three laughed, ribbing and stirring one another as they continued to skip stones. Tim remained more broody, and a pallor hung over the wider proceedings, but they did their best to cheer one another on, particularly when David managed to succeed in getting a ‘whopping’ three skips off of a supposedly ‘perfect’ rock. His intense love of survivalism and scouting clearly didn’t extend to the art of skipping stones, but it buoyed Tim a bit, making him chuckle. They continued this for some time, exchanging increasingly ridiculous ways of convincing Tony to stay. Most suggestions revolved around Matthew: the young man literally worked at Tony’s hardware store, and so he knew Tim’s dad somewhat well, and Tony clearly liked the boy, despite his occasional goofery. “A good egg who’ll end up right,” Tim had once heard Tony call Matt.

“Maybe you can woo him,” David said.

“Ewww, gross!”

“Woo was the wrong word. Charm him.”

“Still not better, dude.”

“Let’s just cut all chatter about people ‘charming’ my Dad, okay?” Tim said. “Let’s just skip stones and - hey, this one looks cool!”

He picked up a particularly shiny stone. It was, as David would put it, perfectly aerodynamic. Like a flying saucer that was simply meant to be skipped across the lake. But that wasn’t the strangest thing about it. Its surface was shiny, containing a rainbow-like pattern that shimmered as he adjusted it and folded it over in his hands. It was about the size of a single palm, but had an impressive heft to it. It seemed to almost tingle with power, though that had to be nonsense. David and Matthew looked at it with interest, and David in particular was caught by it. His fascination was inflamed by his own geological knowledge, none of which matched the stone, and the many rumours that abounded Birch Haven over what it could be.

“It looks like a Wishing Stone,” he said.

“A what now?”

“Haven’t you heard of it? Either of you?”

Matthew shrugged. "I see a rock, I throw it. Usually at cars by the wrecking yard, but skipping here is nice. Isn't it just some water stone?"

David rolled his eyes. "This is why every group needs a nerd who knows his history. According to legend around Birch Haven, Wishing Stones look just like this. Sorta rainbow-like, strange to the touch, and radiating power. Supposedly, you're meant to skip them across the lake just like we're doing now. But you make a wish first, and the wish comes true."

Tim considered this. The rock really *was* strange. And it did seem to shimmer with power. Of course, such things were just weird folk tales on the little mountain valley town. Still, it made him smile at the thought.

"How about this, then," he said to the other two. "*I wish you guys could be my family for life.*"

And with that, he skipped the stone across the water. It skipped, and it skipped, and it skipped, and the trio looked on in awe as the Wishing Stone seemed to defy gravity and the laws of momentum, continuing its journey at the same speed until it reached the very centre of the lake far, far in the distance.

"That's . . . not possible. Einstein would hate this," David said.

"Yeah, uh, am I seeing this?" Matthew asked.

"It's *real*," Tim said, eyes wide.

The stone *exploded* into a plume of radiant, multicoloured light. A shockwave cascaded out, causing their hair to whip about, their clothing too. It ruffled the trees, and for a moment, the many birds in the trees fell silent.

"Holy shit," Matthew said. "You're right, David. That was a Wishing Stone. Hot damn!"

"And I wished for you guys to be my family for life."

David puzzled over this. The wording, he considered, was a little strange. But he chose not to say anything, because Tim pulled both of the older boys in for a hug.

"It's going to happen!" he declared. "I'm not going anywhere! I'm staying right here with you guys!"

They whooped and cheered like they were young boys again, basking in the light of the vanished stone even as it slowly faded away.

"Things are going to stay exactly the same," Tim said proudly, finally feeling hopeful.

But he was wrong. None of them knew it just yet, but things were about to change in a big, big way that they could never have predicted. As they parted for the night, and Tim headed back to his house with a big grin on his face, David and Matthew couldn't help but feel a little strange.

Their skin just felt a little itchy. A little off.

## Part Two: First Signs

Matthew woke up feeling a little off. Perhaps it was just the knowledge that his friend was leaving town for good that had him down, or the strange dreams he'd had while sleeping. The nineteen year old was still upset over the potential loss of one of his best friend's. He'd always tried to take care of Tim. The kid had always been a bit shy, a bit withdrawn; understandable, given his depressed Dad and runaway Mom. It wasn't fair that he was being taken away from Birch Haven. It was a good town.

The thought distanced itself a little as Matthew yawned and scratched his skin. Something was a little off about his body this morning, and he couldn't quite explain it. He scratched his skin. It wasn't quite itchy, more like it *had* been itchy, and now was restoring itself, but there was still a nice feeling when he scratched it in the aftermath. He yawned again softly, ran his tongue along his teeth, trying to discern what had changed.

He paused.

"Okay, that's weird."

He got out of bed, made his way to the bathroom. It was a small, shitty apartment, but he liked it anyway. It was all part of the 'branching out' experience as his folks had told him. Personally, he thought it was like being pushed straight out of home because they were sick of him always getting into trouble, but even if it was, it had been a blessing in disguise. Now he could tolerate catching up with his mother and father on his terms, and there weren't any tense standoffs about his 'future' and how he needed to 'take responsibility' any more. He was plenty responsible, as far as he was concerned.

*I'm even looking after my own health, because why else would I get out of bed this early on a day without work just to check out my damn teeth?*

He looked into the mirror with bleary eyes, and had to do a double take. For a moment he thought it was just a trick of the light, his eyes adjusting to the early morning dimness. But then he kept on staring, and the effect did not go away.

"The fuck has happened to my skin?"

It had darkened, slightly. He had always been pale and freckled, with bright wild red hair to finish the effect. But now . . . now his skin was just shy of a light olive, and his freckles seemed to have faded somewhat, particularly around his cheeks.

"That's impossible."

He opened his mouth in shock, only to be greeted by another change.

*My teeth! I don't have a gap in my front teeth anymore.*

This change was less unwelcome. Well, it should have been. Instead, it only made him more discomfited. His body had changed, seemingly overnight, and that fact terrified him. He'd always prized his ability to determine his own actions, never liking it when others



bossed him around, even his folks, but now some . . . force had changed him without his consent, and he wasn't even sure how.

The image of the wishing stone exploding over the lake the previous day flashed in his memory.

*Oh God, it really was real.*

He got out his phone and texted Tim and David. They needed to chat. Pronto.

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David noticed his own changes a lot faster than Matthew. For one, he was always up earlier anyway. It was important to be up early in his household, both for his own survivalist interests but also to quickly have breakfast and get out of the house if his dad was drunk and raving and potentially violent. The eighteen year old had no desire to be anywhere near his old man if he had a bottle in his hand or, worse, *didn't* have one, and couldn't find one. For two, he had an acute awareness of his own body. Ever since the wiry young man had almost gotten frostbite thanks to one of Matthew's ill-fated forays through the mountain forests bordering Birch Haven, he was paranoid about getting sick again.

*And I do feel sick. Temperature hotter. Skin flushed. Vision slightly blurred. All bad signs. Possibly some sort of fever? Knew I shouldn't have stayed by the lake too long in the chill. Rookie error. Not the kind of thinking a ranger has.*

He quietly shifted to the mess that was the bathroom. It wasn't *his* mess, of course, but he chose not to disturb it anyway. His father wouldn't want to be woken by a racket. But his cautious movements came to an end when he caught his reflection in the mirror, and so that his eyes were the *wrong colour*. They had shifted from their bright, innocent blue to an almost grey-ish tone. The difference was striking. His hair also was a bit darker, now a dirty blonde instead of a sandy tone.

*And my skin . . . it's darker too. Some kind of hormone imbalance? But that wouldn't explain the eyes. Or that I feel oddly energetic. I should be flagging in energy, particularly if I didn't have proper serotonin release during sleep . . .*

He stepped back, trying to see himself in a different light, still shocked at what he was witnessing and trying to puzzle it out.

Unfortunately, he stepped on a glass bottle and tripped over, causing about four other bottles to go skidding along the tile floor and crash against one another.

*"What the FUCK!? David, was that you? I was FUCKING SLEEPING!"*

David ran. He grabbed his ever-handly pack as he ran. He'd missed out on a shower, but he at least had rations in the bag, and he could try going to Matthew's place, maybe. Something weird was going on, and it was making him nervous.

And that's when he received a text from Matthew that only made things all the stranger.

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To his credit, Tony made Tim breakfast. It wasn't a common feature of their week, so Timothy got the feeling that this was his Dad's way of trying to reach across the aisle and mend some wounds from their argument yesterday.

"Bacon and eggs," he said with his half-grin, "a true classic."

"Sure," Tim replied. "Thanks Dad."

He felt like refusing, but he was starving, and so he took the plate and a glass of orange juice and sat. It was a Sunday, so he had all the time in the world to stew on his anger *after* he filled up.

*Maybe I can even have just a bit of time to not think about the fact that he's literally tearing me away from my friends. My family.*

Unfortunately, Tony had other ideas. He sat down awkwardly beside Tim and sighed deeply. "Look son, I know this is hard. I don't want to cause you any misery, but -"

"Dad, I just don't want to talk about this."

"I know you don't, Tim. But we have to. It's been a long time since Amy left me - since your Mom left *us* - and that's been a wound that's been festering in me for a long time. I need a change of scenery, and I really think that both of us -"

"Dad, don't pretend this is about *us*. This is about *you*."

Tony's face froze. "Maybe, son. Maybe. But I've been looking after *you* for a long while, prioritising your needs above my own. And I can't do that anymore, Tim. I need . . . look, you light up my life. You're the best thing that ever happened to me, so don't think I regret you one bit. But a man needs more out of life too. It's just the way of things."

Tim ate the bacon with the scrambled eggs.

*Damn, this is good. I wish it wasn't, so I had another thing to be angry about.*

He was about to say something he was likely going to regret later when suddenly his phone buzzed. And then buzzed. And then buzzed.

"It's Matthew," he said. "Gotta answer this."

"Can it wait?"

"Well, I don't know how much more I'll get to hang out with my friends, Dad, so no."

He checked his messages, angling the phone for privacy.

And raised his eyebrows.

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“Okay, yeah, you definitely look different.”

Matthew groaned and looked at David. “I told you!”

“I know,” David said, “I *agree with you*. We both have noticeably greater melanin in our skin tone.”

“Yeah, exactly. Except what the fuck does that actually mean, David?”

“It means you’re both . . . browner,” Tim said, marvelling at their appearance.

All three of them were at the old bike track not far from his Dad’s place. They had all, appropriately, biked there themselves, David fastest of all given how full of rage his dad had been. All three were flabbergasted at Matthew and David’s changes. Tim couldn’t stop staring at them.

“Dude, you’re making me feel weird,” Matt said.

“Sorry, but it’s definitely weird. Like a skin disease.”

“It has no markers of any skin disease I can find information on,” David said, flicking through a ranger manual. “And no hallmarks of any parasite, infection, or other kind of condition from the wild either. There’s no evidence of exhaustion or sickness accompanying rapid hormonal shifts, or any fever or surface injury. It also doesn’t account for the fact that our eye colour has darkened.

“Fuck, I didn’t even notice that,” Matthew groaned. “I was too busy focusing on the fact that my damn freckles are disappearing off the map and my tooth gap is gone!”

Tim took a deep breath. He racked his brain trying to think of what could have caused this - a reasonable explanation in particular. But nothing came to mind. All he could think about was that wishing stone, and how it had burst into vibrant colours after skipping impossibly into the middle of the lake.

“Maybe some new disease?” he suggested.

David nodded in potential agreement, but Matthew shook his head, making his opinion clear as he pushed his taller frame forwards in agitation.

“C’mon, guys. I don’t like to take charge-”

“Yes you do,” they both replied.

“Yeah, okay, but I’m good at it. And I’m taking point on this one, because you’re both ignoring the damn elephant in the room. Tim man, you made a wish, and the wishing stone exploded. We all saw it. And now the next day both of your best friends look weird? You can’t tell me this isn’t some magical craziness gone real.”

“Magic isn’t real,” David muttered.

“Tell that to my missing tooth gap, dude. What disease fixed that?”

David had no answer, and neither did Tim.

“Okay, let’s say my wish did change things - why are you changing like this?”

There was a long pause as the revelation dawned on them. It passed like a wave across the three of them, hitting David first, then bowling over Matthew, before finally colliding into Tim. None of them needed to say anything at first: they all knew what the other was thinking.

“Tim,” Matthew said, his voice almost *too* calm and inquisitive, “didn’t you wish, specifically, that we could be your family for life?”

Tim’s voice cracked as he spoke. “Um, yeah, Matt. I did.”

David swallowed. “Uh, guys, you don’t think that . . . I mean, it’s possible that we’re turning - I mean, it makes no scientific sense at all, and has no basis in any historical quantifiable data other than mythological folk tales - but just in *case* such tales are true, that we could, potentially, possible, maybe -”

Matt mussed his hair like he always did. Curiously, he stopped quickly, and pressed it down flat again. He couldn’t say why. “Just say it, nerd.”

“That we’re becoming actual *blood relatives* of you, Tim.”

*Oh God*, Tim thought. *It’s even worse when said out loud.*

Tim nodded slowly. “I think that might be the case, yeah. I - I swear I didn’t intend for this! It wasn’t a literal wish.”

“Well, it sure was well worded,” Matthew said sarcastically.

“This is why you always write your wish down and proofread first,” David said.

Another silence reigned. The possibility of actually being turned into members of Tim’s family was too weird to consider.

“Does this mean, if we keep changing, that your mom gave birth to three kids?” David mused. “Or triplets? If our complexion is changing, then it makes sense.”

“Yeah, but then it means Amy had us at, like, twelve or something,” Matt added. He shook his head. “Wait, why the fuck are we even talking about this!? We shouldn’t even be considering this shit. We should be finding a way to wish us back.”

“*If* it is magical at all,” said a sceptical David.

“It’s magic. Gap tooth, remember?”

Tim waved his hands, trying to get his friends to calm down. Matt was particularly agitated, despite usually being the one most in control. But then that made sense: he’d always hated being out of control. He liked to be chaotic, so long as the chaos was *his* doing.

“Maybe we speak to my Dad?” Tim suggested.

“Dude, I am not showing my face to anyone right now.”

“Well, you work Matt, so you’ll have to. Look, my family’s got old roots in this town. Dad took up a lot of hobbies after Mom left him, and one of them was a lot of the history and

folklore of the town. I never paid attention to it, but maybe he could tell us something about the wishing stone?”

The two changed young men exchanged a glance.

“Fine. Okay,” Matt said. “We go talk to your dad. Just him, though. And he better not freak out, either.”

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Tony was clearly surprised when Tim returned with his friends.

“Tim!” he said, “I didn’t expect you to come back. You left a little . . . well, it’s good to see you Matt, David.”

The changed pair were momentarily stunned.

“Um, good to see you too, Mr Johnson,” Matthew said.

“Yeah, real good,” David said. “Sorry about looking a bit sick.”

Tony just shrugged. “You’re not sick, David. Maybe just a little shrimpy. Don’t worry, I was just like you at your age. You grow out of it. You’re looking good, Matt. How’s things?”

Matt was briefly wordless. *Did he just say I’m ‘looking good’? And how is he not noticing anything? I’ve been around here loads of times!*

“Um, yeah, going okay, I guess. Had some *changes* in my life recently that have me a bit concerned, though.”

“Any issues with the job?”

“No, just, you know, feeling a bit *sunburnt*, I suppose.”

“Well, you look the same to me, so you must have weathered it okay. Are you three coming in?”

Tim looked at his friend, then back to his Dad. *How can he not notice? My Dad may be withdrawn and mopey, but he’s not blind!*

“Yeah, we’re coming in. Is that alright, Dad? I know you want to separate us.”

“It’s not like that, Tim. And let’s not get into that now.”

He offered the door, and the three confused boys went on in. Still Tony didn’t notice a thing, though his gaze lingered for a while on Matt, making him uncomfortable.

“Does your dad just not remember what we look like?” Matthew hissed.

“He has to. You guys have been around for years, and you were over just the other day. He was super quiet that day, and I reckon it was because he knew we were going to move.”

“Maybe it’s the magic,” David suggested.

“I thought you didn’t believe in magic,” Matt hissed. “It was all science shit.”

“This is pushing it over the edge for me.”

“Anything I can do to help you boys?” Tony said.

“Uh, yeah,” Tim replied. “We were just chatting about all this folklore around Birch Haven. I figured, you know, since we’re leaving-”

“Tim . . .”

“No, it’s not me trying anything, Dad. I just figure if I have to leave, then it’d be good to know a bit about the lore of the town. Folk-lore, I mean. For us to all remember.”

Tony gave a curious look, but it quickly turned to a smile. “I can see David’s been a good influence, son. Sure, if you are interested. Any particular tale?”

“Wishing stones,” Matthew said hurriedly.

“Hmm, wishing stones. I’ve got some information down in the basement. That’s where I stored all of it. I might be able to dig it up. It’s been a while since I was into all that stuff, but if you’re truly interested . . .”

“We are,” Matt said.

“Yeah, really interested,” David added.

“Thanks, Dad,” Tim said, as if trying to direct his father downstairs.

His father grinned, shrugged, and went down to the basement to search while the three friends rested in the living room.

“We better get answers,” Matthew said.

“We will,” Tim said, trying to convince himself. *We have to.*

“Maybe this is the extent of the changes,” David said. “Or we simply change in our sleep. I’m still not entirely sure it was magic. I know I said before, but Mr Johnson is pretty myopic, like me. Though my glasses are a little funny today. Almost like . . .”

He took them off, and marvelled at what he saw. His sight was perfect. He didn’t need glasses. As he took this crazy fact in, Matthew felt drawn to something across the room. He couldn’t explain it, but the photo frame on a nearby bookshelf display was drawing him in. While David regaled Tim with his new, superior eyesight, Matt walked across the room and picked up the photo frame.

*It’s Tim’s mother, Amy Liu. God, she’s beautiful. I don’t think I’ve ever seen this picture of her. She looks . . . happy. She didn’t look happy in any of the photos I saw of her.*

She was pregnant in the photo also. But that didn’t make sense, because Tony was right beside her, holding a toddler in his arms. A toddler in a pink little outfit.

He stepped across the room and shoved the photo in Tim’s hands. The younger boy stared at it.

*That’s impossible.* “Where did you get this? It looks like my Mom but it can’t be her.”

“It was on display. It’s her, dude.”

“No way. Mom was only pregnant once, with me. And I’d know if Dad had a daughter.”

David took the photo, stared at it. Matthew joined him, and Tim got up to stare at it too. It was all wrong. It made no sense. And yet the two changed young men couldn't help but stare deeply at the photo. It was like being pulled in.

*That mother,* Matthew thought.

*That daughter,* David thought.

There was a drawn out moment where all three continued to stare, awestruck. Then, suddenly, the world seemed to *ripple*. The fabric of reality itself seemed to shimmer, warping like a ripple upon a calm pond, and its colours shifted, a rainbow effect surging outwards. David and Matt clutched their heads, both staggering back.

"Ohhhhh," Matt moaned. "S-something's wrong!"

"I c-can feel it t-too!" David stammered, running his hands over his chest and waist.

"What's happening!?" Tim cried. "Are you guys okay?"

He went to call for his Dad to help, but pulled to a stop when he saw what was happening.

Right before his eyes, his friends were changing.

### **Part Three: Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes**

Matthew felt weird. Really, *really* weird. He groaned, staggering back and nearly tripping on the couch before regaining his balance. Seeing the photo of Tim's mom had done something to him, and the same for David, who was also shifting about, grunting awkwardly. It was like their insides were churning, and the sensation was followed by strange pressures and tensions that ran all across their bodies.

Tim was in a panic. "Guys? Guys! Your skin! Look at your skin!"

Matthew did so, regaining control of his flailing body in order to assess what was happening. He almost wished he didn't though, when he saw what Tim was referring to. His light olive skin was turning dark. It itched terribly, and was strangely warm, as if it were being baked beneath the sun in fast forward. His numerous freckles became mere faded outlines, discernible but near-invisible. His skin darkened, becoming something like a mid-tone olive that was most certainly not in the realm of Caucasian anymore unless he'd developed latent Greek-Italian heritage he wasn't aware of somehow.

*Holy shit, I seriously look like I'm from a different race or - ughh!!*

He twisted, squirming in response to new, even stranger sensations. His nipples throbbed, and there was a pressure in his hips also. Across the room David was going through the same thing, albeit unlike Matthew, he was talking a mile a minute, cataloguing

his changes as they occurred as if simply saying them aloud would make him able to diagnose and treat them.

“Skin darkening, almost brown in tone, definitely not natural. Nnghh - oh God. Uh, tension in the waist. Spine also. It - ahhh - f-feels almost like g-getting taller! UGH!!”

He was exactly on the mark. His vertebrae grew and extended. He was only a mere 5’6, a scrawny little thing, but he grew an inch in mere moments, ending easily at 5’7, perhaps even close to 5’8.

Tim watched helplessly as his friends changed. Matthew’s hips widened, cracking audibly. His shoulders slimmed, and while David grew, his other friend was equally shocked to be *shrinking*. Matthew was a very impressive 6’1 in height, but he quickly descended, his body buckling down to 5’9. Still the tallest person in the room, but not the impressive specimen he had been.

*Holy shit, what are they even becoming? And their skin, it almost looks . . . soft.*

Matt was making that same realisation. The hairs on his arms simply withdrew, and the same was true for his legs. He was wearing jeans, but he could feel each of the hundreds of hairs there pull back into his body and dissolve completely.

“Ah! Ahhh! Ah! That f-feels weird!” he exclaimed. “Why the shit am I losing hair? Am I going to lose it here, too?”

He clutched his head with his hands, even as those shrunk a little too, but instead of becoming bald on top, he instead *gained* hair. It trickled outwards, spooling forth and gaining a subtle thickness. The astonished man spluttered as his hair - previously wiry and bright red - became an almost-brown colour as it flattened a little, trickling to just below his ears.

David’s hair similarly grew out, and also became brown. He stopped monologuing and ‘recording’ his changes, too overwhelmed by the strange pressures and odd discomfort of it all. His nipples tensed, and he had the urge to rub them. Matthew did the same, and both men found their nipples to feel larger, fuller, more sensitive. They almost drooled in response to that sensitivity. With a shared glance, they seemingly agreed not to say a thing about *that* particular change, even as the changes wound down.

David’s hips widened, his waist gained some too. He no longer looked scrawny, and there was muscle on his arms, though they had lost what minute male hair they had. The slight scruff he’d been trying to grow on his lip was similarly gone. Instead, his lip had swollen to positively feminine proportions. Matt’s were thinner, but didn’t exactly give off an impression of maleness either.

The changes settled, both men grunting as the last little tremors finished their final flourishes. But those grunts seemed a little . . . softer than usual, a fact that was not missed by any of them.

“Holy fuck,” Matt said. “I mean, holy moly, or whatever.”



*Wait, since when do I not swear?*

His thought was interrupted by David. "We've changed. We look feminine! Tim, do we look feminine? Am I going crazy?"

Tim tensed, not knowing how to break the news to them. *They definitely look feminine.* "You, uh, do look a little womanly, yeah. Softer. And your shoulders are shrunk. And you have longer hair. Your lips are a bit, well . . . yeah."

David began hyperventilating. *Not possible, not possible, not possible,* he thought in a circulating loop. Matthew, on the other hand, had fallen back on the couch as he looked over his changes.

"This is crazy. Why are we starting to look like chicks? I get starting to look - you know - a bit Asian or whatever. But why did I lose my fu-freakin' body here, dude!?"

Tim had no answer. None at all. And before he could even think of one, his father climbed back up the stairs and entered the living room.

"Well, look at the three of you! You look like you've seen a ghost. Sorry it took me a while to find this. It was buried under my old barbecue. Made me nostalgic for some of the good cook ups I used to do. Might do a nice one someday."

No one said anything. Matthew was awkwardly trying to hide his half-feminised form. David was busy inspecting his, his cheeks blushing red (though not as red as when he had been clearly Caucasian). Tony gave an awkward, lop-sided grin.

"Uh, did I walk into anything, son?"

*Does he not notice? Does he really not notice?*

"Hey Dad, do you, um, notice anything different about any of us? Matt and David in particular?"

"You're not up to trouble again, are you?" he said. "Matt, have you scraped your knees off again riding down that steep turn off of Edmunds' Street?"

Again, that awkward silence.

*He really doesn't know. David's hair is twice as long and both of them nearly have the same skin tone as me, and to Dad nothing has changed. This is really magic.*

Matthew and David were thinking just the same thing, and were very overwhelmed and more than understandably worried about it. To their shared credit, the two troublemakers managed to sit calmly.

"No, nothing that bad, Mr Johnson," Matthew said. "Just worried we look banged up after we crashed our bikes earlier."

"Well, you look fine, Matt. And please, call me Tony."

"Sure, Tony," Matt said automatically. *Why am I calling Tim's Dad by his first name?*

“Anyway, are we looking through this stuff or not?” Tony said, bringing forth a box of old folders and newspaper clippings. “There’s a bit to get through, but I definitely remember looking up all the old wishing stone legends. Who’s up for a dig through it all?”

“Me!” Matthew and David said, both a little too enthusiastically.

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An hour of investigation followed, the three of them pouring over information while Tony marvelled at their seemingly new obsession.

“I’ll be damned, you kids really are interested in this, huh?”

They gave sheepish grins, though Matthew’s was more nervous than the others. There was something about Tony’s presence he couldn’t explain. David, on the other hand, was oddly confident. Still analytical, but he was at least dealing with what was going on, and being more confident in his handling of the situation. He was scanning through the various documents, writings, and interesting snippets from books and interviews, even as Tony explained what he remembered.

“Well, the wishing stone is said to lie in wait for a wisher, though accounts differ on this as I recall. But the history of Birch Haven is littered with mentions of these rainbow coloured stones that were thrown into the lake and never to be seen again. Supposedly, they made quite the light show.”

“You don’t say,” Matthew muttered, his voice cracking slightly.

“I do indeed,” Tony said, grinning. It was strange for Tim to see his Dad grin. *He seems . . . happier, for some reason. Hasn’t even mentioned the move once since coming up. Maybe he’s just avoiding it.*

“Anyway,” Tony continued, running a hand through his brown hair, “there’s a few cautionary tales. People who were careless wishers and the like. But also people whose lives were transformed for the better, even ones who became rich or popular. Supposedly the old coal mine in the west bank - the one I know you tried to explore last year, by the way Matthew - only came about because a man named Alan Taldrick wished to be a prosperous industrialist to help the town.”

“Is there any information on how to find one?” David asked, moving through the paper and reading over the clippings. His reading pace seemed to have dropped from its usual standard, and he was getting oddly tired going through it all, but he assumed that was just his tiredness from the insanity of the day.

“Not that I know of,” Tony said. “According to legend, you - wait, here! This is my old file. I can read it straight to you!”

He took a file from David's hands and opened it. After flickering through a number of local legends he happened upon the one he wanted. "Here we go, yeah, I was right. *According to the various myths about the wishing stone, one who interacts with it can expect to never see its like again. Whether the wishing stone has its own intelligence is unknown, and often presumed not to be the case, but whatever magic surrounds it does not return to its handlers in their lifetimes, without exception.*"

"Fu-frick," Matthew said. *Damn*, he thought. *Why can't I swear? It just feels all . . . wrong.*

"Fuck," David said, adding to the intent.

Tony raised an eyebrow. "You boys not telling me something?"

"No, we just thought we saw one," Tim said hurriedly. "But then we lost track of it by the lake, and I guess we were just maybe hoping to get it back."

"Well, magic isn't real, son, so I wouldn't worry. Anyway, it's nearly midday, which means my Sunday hours are about to start and I need to get the store ready. You three right by yourselves?"

"S-sure," David said.

"Wonderful. You're always welcome to help me out today, Matthew. I know I haven't got you shifted on, but I could use an extra hand today."

"S-sure," he said again. "Yeah, I can do that Mr . . . Tony."

"Great!" he said. "Do you mind if I talk to Tim for a moment?"

The other two boys left to go outside by their bikes. They were still not used to their changed bodies, particularly their altered heights and changed pigmentation. Matthew was annoyed that his muscled frame had reduced so heavily, leaving him looking almost slim. David, on the other hand, had somehow gained some bulk, despite looking more feminine.

*I hope they're okay*, Tim thought. *I didn't mean for this to happen.*

He waited to hear what terrible news his Dad was going to give him, only to be shocked speechless when Tony put his hand on his shoulder and gave a warm smile.

"Tim, I've been thinking. You were right. I need to take care of myself, but running isn't the way. I've cancelled the plans to move."

It was like the relief after a terrible flood. Things were still bad, but the sun was momentarily shining through.

"Do you mean it?"

"Of course, son. I don't know what came over me. I'm so lucky to have you, and that's what counts. You and your friends."

Tim wrapped his father in a huge.

*Wait, me and my friends? This better not be a sign. Oh God, this is not a good sign.*

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There was no easy solution, but there was also a strange lack of difficulty in the week that followed. Despite looking totally different, only small parts of Matthew and David's lives had really changed. Reality remembered the pair as if they'd always been like this. Even photos had been changed to reflect their new appearance, even if it didn't make any sense. For instance, David most certainly didn't look descended from his shithead abusive father at all, nor his deceased mother, but that didn't stop the world - and said father - from viewing them as family. Matthew found the same of his parents. Though they didn't always get along due to his mischief, he chose to drop in on them, feeling the urge to ensure that they really did recognise him. And they did: even their old videos of his appearance showed him to be exactly how he looked now, albeit younger: olive skin and slimmer, somewhat girlish figure, along with womanly lips and widened hips.

It didn't make sense, at least logically. But all of them now knew that the wishing stone was behind this. There was no doubt left in any of their minds, and if there was, it was only because they were in denial. Matthew in particular found it difficult: he had to go to work at the hardware store for Tony, and endure the man's gentle conversation and calming presence, two features that Matt had *never* really expected from Anthony, though he'd always gotten along with Tim's Dad. David, on the other hand, found himself struggling with his studies. There was no university or college at Birch Haven, but he preferred to take online courses anyway, since he planned to become a ranger for the region come hell or high water. Only he found his studies difficult to pursue at times. It was like a faint fog had descended over his brain, leaving him frustrated. More than usual, he took his bike across town, up over the forest tracks, and spent his time on more physical activities. To his surprise, he was able to endure these more than before, his slightly increased muscle mass allowing him to climb and jump and leap through the air somewhat excitedly. He didn't share this with his two friends, feeling sheepish about it, but when he was alone he liked to leap and kick his legs out as if he truly were dancing. He didn't need his inhaler once, nor his glasses.

Tim, on the other hand, had to return to high school. Birch Haven wasn't particularly big, so the school was the only one in the mountain region, and only possessed two hundred and twenty students. David had left the previous year, leaving Tim somewhat alone and bereft of close friends. What followed was a lonely week of always trying to check on them and hope that they were okay, Matthew in particular. He knew his friend was often by the lake, practically doing a slow comover of the entire lake rim, desperate to find another wishing stone. He thought a few times about recruiting a fellow senior student to help him find a wishing stone. After all, he might not be able to find another one, but perhaps

someone else might? But he discarded this opinion. Who could he even trust? Besides, as much as his friends had helped him come out of his shell, he was still a shy young man by nature, and found it difficult to approach others. So he spent his lunches trying to puzzle out how to help his friends, and occasionally looking over at his high school crush, a cute girl with dark skin and cute cornrows named Sasha. She was pretty popular, and was in the same computing class as him. She'd even asked for his help with her computer problems once, and had been really nice. Everyone liked Sasha. Which also meant that everyone stood out more than he did.

*Maybe one day I'll work up the courage to actually talk to her. I don't care if I can't go out with her, I just wish I had the courage to say hi.*

It once more made him hope that Matthew in particular could go back to normal. Matt was the ladies man of the group, and among them was the only one to really be able to claim he'd lost his virginity, and more than once at that. He was nineteen years old, and had had several girlfriends, some more serious than others, though his hijinks often ended the relationships after a spell (he definitely should not have walked out on a date night so he could set off illegal fireworks just because 'the weather was perfect for explosions', for instance). But in his own way, he knew women. Not really how to keep them, and perhaps not respecting their time, but he knew how to get their attention, how to make them feel special (until he got a bit too chaotic), and how to show them a good time. Tim relied on that kind of advice. There was a reason he joked that Matthew was the 'group dad.'

*Maybe when this insanity is over - if it is ever over - he can help me catch a girl.*

A dark thought slipped into his mind. If Matthew and David really were turning into his sisters, then perhaps they would be able to play a very successful wingwomen for him.

*Okay, that train of thought is just too weird. No way is Matt ending up my sister.*

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Finally, the weekend rolled around. Matthew felt absolutely tired. His body wasn't as strong as it had been, and while he had gotten around to quickly cutting his hair, it also looked damn stupid now. He had spent every hour he wasn't working, sleeping, eating, or catching up with his friends down at the lake, turning over stones, and was currently by the lake again in the early morning, hoping that a head start might improve his chances.

*The legend can't be real. There has to be one present. I'm not turning into a woman. No way am I becoming Tim's sister. He's a brother to me, but that doesn't mean I want to be a damned actual part of his family, particularly a woman.*

He rubbed his swollen nipples idly. They were often sore, and they stiffened randomly at times, and when they got cold. They had a small areola around each one, and it made him

very self-conscious when he had a shower. It was already awkward enough having an altered gate thanks to his widened hips, or having a voice that cracked and squeaked at times.

*Fuck this, I'm turning in for the day. I feel so damn weak to how I'm meant to be.*

He washed his hands off in the lake and ascended up the bank to the walking path. A woman with a stroller passed him on his way back to his bicycle. She was in her early thirties, and there was a single, very adorable child in the pram that just made his heart melt.

*Awwwww, so cute! I hope she's so proud.*

Matt's eyes widened. He couldn't believe he was having that thought. He was meant to be enjoying sport and living on the wild side, not gaping at a cute mother walking her child. But gape he did. As with the photo, he felt entranced by her somehow, fixed by the womanly perfection of it all. The maternal aspect that warmed his heart.

"Why am I staring at this?" he said, even as she moved into the distance.

He got his answer just a moment later, when the pressures began anew, and another wave of changes followed soon after.

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David was also out. He was taking a trek, hoping that if he expanded the search beyond the lake, that a wishing stone might be found. Unlike Matt, he hadn't cut his hair, nor tried to look rugged. It wasn't like there was much rugged in him to look at anyway. He biked across the forest path, intent on going farther than he had before. He couldn't explain it, but it was like there was a drive in him to physically excel more than he ever had. His frame was not so wiry now, and while his nipples felt odd, his genitals a little seemed a bit smaller, and his face far too soft, he still managed to muster up excitement at the prospect. He was more athletic, and that could only be a good thing for becoming a ranger, right?

*Just need to follow this track, grab my backup bag, and then head further north until I hit . . .*

His thoughts trailed off as he beheld the sight off the bike trail. Due to the mountain slope in the north, he had a magnificent view of the town of Birch Haven stretching into the distance. Not too far from him was Jarris Stadium, where the town's minor football teams played. It wasn't really a stadium, just a set of lined fields with bleachers, appropriate for their mountain town aesthetic, but everyone liked to call it a stadium. On the green, two teams were gearing up for a midday playoff. Before they went, the two squads of cheerleaders paraded themselves in their classic bright skirt and midriff-baring top combo. David had always found cheerleaders attractive, even if their clothing was utterly ridiculous. It wasn't a profession he ever respected though, simply found titillating.

But now, something else was going on.

*They look so powerful, even from up here. Sleek. Well-muscled and athletic. Highly coordinated. How could I not have seen this before? They're like scientific specimens at the greatest apex of evolution . . . or something.*

Or something. *Or something.* He'd been saying and thinking words like that more than usual. He'd attributed it to simply being puzzled and terrified of changing, but perhaps it ran deeper than that.

*But it hasn't stopped me from seeing how amazing they are,* he marvelled.

Just then, there was a ripple in his body, a change in his temperature. David had just enough time to tear his eyes away from the lovely scene far below and take in his body as it began to change for the third time.

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Tim was at the lake. They'd all agreed on shifts, of a loose sort. When one of them had business, or needed a break, one of the others would search for the wishing stone. It only made sense: they needed to find it. Still, he wasn't looking as hard as he should have. It wasn't like he expected to find one again if the legends, which had proved correct so far, were indeed true.

*And while I know it's very, very wrong to think this way, Dad suddenly doesn't want us to move. I don't think he even fully knows why yet, but is it because Matt and David might be turning into part of the family? Like, step-siblings or siblings or something?*

He kicked a rock idly, feeling like a fool for even thinking it. He'd happily move - well, unhappily but still decisively move - if it meant his friends didn't have to endure losing their bodies to his ill-worded wish.

"Maybe there's another way," he said aloud, kicking another rock.

Suddenly, there was a strange warble in the air. Tim spun, only to see a bright shimmer cascade through the air, a rainbow collage of colours spiralling out from the lake and over the entire town of Birch Haven. He flinched, but the ripple did not affect him. No, he had a pretty good idea of who it might affect.

"Shit. It's not finished yet."

His phone lit up with urgent messages just a minute later.

## Part Four: Role Over

They met by the old junkyard where they used to play when they were a few years younger. David and Matt were both really, *really* adamant that they not be seen - by *anyone*. The latter in particular was quite panicky in his texts, though hadn't given anything away to the other two. David was a bit more on the nose with his texts:

*'Oh God you guys I've got boobs! I'VE GOT BOOOOBS!!!!'*

For the normally quite intelligent, obsessive young man, it was surprisingly emotive. Matthew's part of the text had indicated he was typing something in response, but he quickly walked back on it. Whatever it was, he clearly preferred to show them in person. So Tim simply had to wait to find out what new changes had befallen his friends in the wake of the latest round of changes. He waited by himself, utterly nervous and feeling terrible. His friends had been the one to save him from his shy, introverted self years ago. They'd been his rock, the ones who had made this town a home for him. And now he might be able to stay . . . but at what cost?

The first bicycle rounded the tree-filled corner and headed over the dusty road towards Tim. The figure pedalled fast - impressively so - almost as if they were in a race. They pulled to a sudden stop across the dirt, kicking up more dust. David leapt off the bike in a very uncharacteristic way, standing with his legs astride in an almost heroic manner. He tore off his helmet, and a curtain of silky dark brown hair tumbled down to just below his chin.

"David? Holy shit, you -"

"I have breasts!" he declared, grabbing Tim by the shoulders. "Look! Actual breast development. The tissue has expanded considerably, though judging from the soreness it may not be completely finished yet. It's really quite alarming."

"You don't sound alarmed," Tim said, staring at his friend. Indeed, he had gone through more changes. He was taller again, nearly 5'9 by the looks of it, and had a more muscular build to boot. Still, his skin was even softer, and had darkened to the same olive tone that Tim had always possessed. His eyes were darker yet again, far from bright blue, and his glasses were in his shirt pocket, pushed out a little by the small - but obvious - A-cup breasts with their prominent nipples.

"Dude, I am *very* fucking alarmed," David said. "I'm just hopped up on adrenaline and I keep reaching for my inhaler but I *don't need it anymore*. Same as my glasses! It's crazy. I've got all this energy - I almost feel like a ranger!"

He said it with mild excitement, but it was impossible now to mistake the panic that was creeping into his voice. Tim pulled his friend into a hug, and David seemed to breathe rather hurriedly before calming down.



"You good?" Tim asked.

"Y-yeah," David said, pulling back. "Sorry. I'm super emotional at the moment. I'm normally able to analyse things a lot better. Must be getting female hormones, estrogen and the like."

"I guess," replied Tim, who wasn't really sure how to approach this situation. "I just feel so shit that this has happened. I - hey, is that Matthew?"

They both looked back to the corner, and cycling at a slower, but still panicking pace, was a figure that could only be Matthew. But instead of pulling to a stylish stop, he slowed down then threw his bike to the ground about fifteen feet away from them, clearly overcome with anger.

"This is FU-FU-FREAKIN' AWFUL!!!"

His voice had definitely changed: more feminine, though not as high as David's. It almost had a kind of commanding quality to it, even if he was struggling to swear.

"You okay, Matt?" Tim asked.

"WHAT THE HECK DO YOU THINK!?"

Tim silenced, as did David. To their astonishment, their friend actually went and picked up his bike, pulled the stand out, and sat it up properly. He literally never did that, not even at home. Hell, on the occasional times he got to drive someone's car, he had to be reminded to leave it in park instead of just leaving the handbrake up. To say nothing of his 'fun' parking, which he often did for shits and giggles.

"Dude, why are you parking your bike like that?" David asked.

"Don't even ask!" Matt said, temper fiery. "I've got this weird . . . compulsion. Like I'm acting different. God knows I'm *looking* different now!"

He tore his helmet off - that was another thing, he tended not to wear a helmet - and both Tim and David gasped at what they saw. Matt stood there, looking embarrassed as hell. His clothing didn't fit perfectly, particularly since it was stretched at the front: he didn't have A-cup breasts like David, but what *had* to be B-cups at the least. His large nipples stood proudly, denting against his red shirt. His hips similarly stretched the material of his jeans, and Tim noticed that his fly was down and the button undone just to accommodate their width. He had more than just an hourglass figure now: he was positively curvy! And that was to say nothing of his hair: it was longer than David's, nearly falling on his shoulders. Only the slightest hint of ginger remained to it, and it was so dark that it was only a shade away from being black. His eyes had shifted, becoming almond-shaped, and his face was bordering on beautiful, with a thin nose and fuller lips, and sleek cheekbones that emphasised his heart-shaped face. His olive tone was darker than David's, as if he were not mixed race but entirely Chinese.

"I thought I looked like a chick," David remarked, scratching his chest idly.

"Shut up dude!" Matt whined. He cradled his breasts, looking at them with annoyance. "Why aren't yours as big as mine? This sucks ass . . . sorry. I should say it just sucks."

There was a pause before Matt realised what he said. He kicked the ground, and Tim couldn't help but noticed that his thighs had thickened a bit, too. "Ugh! Why can't I damn well swear!"

"I'm so sorry, Matt," Tim said. "I'm so sorry to the both of you. I fucked up. This is all my fault."

"It's okay," David said.

"No it's not, we're becoming chicks! Like, his sisters or something! Except I look older - like your bigger sister."

"You do look older, actually. So do I. Tim hasn't changed."

"He doesn't *need* to change, dude. We're becoming his family. *Literally*. Only for some damn reason we can't just be his brothers or whatever, we're becoming his sisters! What, it needed a gender balance? And why do I have hips like this? Seriously!"

"Hmm, maybe because you're older? I don't know how it all fits." David went to adjust his glasses, only to realise he didn't have them with him, and no longer needed them. Instead, he brushed a hair behind his ear in a manner that was somewhat feminine. "I just wonder what we're going to do tomorrow. We're back at school, after all, and now not only different races and genders but *ages* too."

It was true. Matthew had been nineteen, but now he looked to be in his early twenties. And David looked a bit more mature, or at least taller. It made Tim have a potential epiphany.

"Wait, guys, I just thought of something," he said. "What if it's not just you guys that are changing?"

"What do you mean?" asked Matt, who was trying not to touch his expanded B-cup chest. They felt too strange to him, and oddly sensitive too.

"Well, if you're becoming members of my family according to the wish, you'd need to be legally recognised, right? Do you think other people might see you as normal, not just my Dad?"

"Are you saying I'll be in another year of college?" Matthew asked.

"Are you saying I'll be *in* college?"

"You're already in college," Matt said. "You're supposed to be the smart one."

"Oh yeah," David said sheepishly. "But online courses just don't feel like that. But if our lives have changed . . . I can prove it. Hang on."

He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. The other two crowded around David, unable to look over his taller shoulders but viewing from the side. The previous tallest of the group - Matthew - was fairly annoyed about this. He indicated for David to lower the wallet down so they could all see. David sucked in air, clearly shocked, but then did so.

“Holy shit,” Matthew said. “No fucking way. Your new name is f-f-freakin’ Naomi!?”

Indeed, apparently it was. *Naomi Liu-Patrick* was ‘her’ name, and the image showed Tim’s face as it currently was, a somewhat androgynous woman with Chinese features that threatened to become quite striking, but were not quite there . . . yet. Naomi was listed as twenty years old, which meant that David had indeed aged two years. The other details largely matched Tim’s own, including birthday and the like.

“Wow, so I *am* your older sister. Or will be - I still have my penis, you know.”

“Me too!” Matthew said hurriedly.

“But why are you Naomi Liu-*Patrick* then?” Tim asked. “Are you not related to me? You kind of look like my Mom in pictures, though, and Matt even more so.”

“Maybe I’m a half-sibling?” David suggested, reasoning it out. He was keeping his panic behind a wall of logical reasoning. It was a good distraction. “Or a step-sibling? Or adopted?”

Tim considered this. “Mom did have a sister who passed away. I remember her getting very down about it. And she was married to someone - holy shit, I think his name was Patrick!”

“So I’m your adopted sibling, or something. We’re related now, sort of. Yes, related. God, this is weird. Why not just make me your older sister?”

Matt scoffed. “Dude, because then Tim’s mom would have been like, twelve when she gave birth to you or something!”

“Pregnant at fifteen, actually,” Tim corrected. “Maybe that would have messed with the timeline too much, and this is the wish’s way of getting around it. Dad didn’t have previous relationships, or any one’s afterwards, so you end up being my deceased aunt’s daughter, who got adopted by Dad since Mom had already run off.”

David shook his head. “Damn, even I’m getting a headache over this. So you’re my cousin?”

“Yeah.”

“Shit.”

“Well, it’s not that bad, right?”

To Tim’s surprise, David actually chuckled. It was an unusually sweet sound. “Hey, maybe I don’t have my fucking asshole of a Dad anymore - look. My address is the same as yours.”

They looked again at the ID, and were mesmerised by that point. They hadn't even noticed it. It was enough for Matthew to grab his own card out hurriedly.

"Please please please please - oh what the actual fuck here?"

They looked. Sure enough, his ID had changed too, with a face matching his, though instead of declaring him a 'Liu-Johnson' or 'Liu-Patrick', he was instead just 'Liu. Specifically, *Amy Liu*.

"Gross," he said. "I got your Mom's name. Does this make me another cousin?"

"Maybe," Tim said.

"Fuck."

"Shit."

"Yeah, shit fuck. We've got to find a way around this. God, I've lost five years of my life here - it says I'm twenty four years old! That's like, a responsible adult age!"

No one could ever, *ever* accuse Matthew of being a responsible adult.

"Yeah, we better find a way to reverse this, even if I am super fit for once," David said.

"I know. We'll have to catch up tomorrow and - shit! I have school tomorrow."

"And we have college," David said.

"It's just online, we can still-"

"No, dude. We're in college *out of town*. Look!"

Matthew took one look at the other card in his wallet, and the matching one in David's. They were out at Jarvis Reach College, no longer online. An *on campus experience*. A private, fairly elite school.

"What the fuck!?" he said.

They were all set for an interesting 'first impression' in this changed new reality of these, when the next day came.

## **Part Five: Bus Stop**

Matthew and David were not happy, the former especially. Neither had been to Jarvis College before, and Jarvis Reach itself was an hour's bus ride away. Which meant, of course, that they had to get up earlier than either of them liked. Well, earlier than Matthew liked, David was always up early like a good ranger but preferred to be out in the woods practicing his survival skills.

Tim was there to wave them farewell. His Dad had come with him, since they lived further away from the bus stop, but he was hanging back. They'd taken David, of course,

since in this new reality, 'Naomi' was indeed his adopted child from a young age, three years older than Timothy. While all the changes were freaking the nerdy survivalist out, he was more than happy to stay overnight with them in the guest room, since it meant not being anywhere near his abusive father. The guest room was plain as it had always been, but it was to David's shock that as he woke in the morning, that rainbow ripple had spread out through reality once more, and suddenly the guest room was *Naomi's room*, complete with a pastel pink paintjob on the walls, posters of fit men on the walls, and racks of clothing that were now completely female. Even his own clothing had changed: he'd gone to sleep in casual blue pyjamas, and woken in pink stained ones that were almost a little sexy.

Sexy, that was, if he weren't the one wearing them. It took him a while to figure out the bra, and put on underwear - these were the only male articles left for him to wear, and a good thing too given that his penis had only shrunk a little. In the end he came out to the breakfast table wearing an annoyingly bright turquoise button top and shorts that were just a little too short for his liking, revealing his strong olive thighs.

"Uh, hey," he said.

Tim went wide-eyed, chewing on his toast. But Anthony just nodded.

"Morning sunshine!" he said brightly. "Looks like someone got up on the wrong side of the bed. You need to get your hair settled before we get you to the bustop, Nomi."

"Nomi?" he said, alarmed.

Tony chuckled. "Oh, I'm sorry, is my darling daughter too old for nicknames now that she's heading off to the big Jarvis Reach College? Very well, *Naomi*, you better get sorted. It's a long bus trip and I can't take you in my car. I'll be busy in the shop today."

He turned to get his own toast, and David could only signal a 'I have no idea how to do my hair!' series of gestures to Tim.

He'd worked it out at the end though: turns out that a brief few brushes was all he needed, given that his hair was still relatively short. He couldn't stop looking at his new features in the mirror, and feeling a weird pride at how they were starting to look almost beautiful. Alluring. The fact that when he'd brushed his nipples in the shower he'd felt a tingle of arousing pleasure was more than enough to alarm him already, but this was something else. He tore himself away.

"Why do I care about my looks? I just want to be a ranger in the rugged wilds, caked in mud and knowing every trick in the book to survive. Besides, this shirt is way too bright."

And yet, he couldn't help but feel he looked fashionable in it.

Of course, when they did reach the bus station, Matthew was there, waiting. 'Amy', in his new identity, though his place of living hadn't shifted, and currently Tony just referred to him as Tim's "lovely older female friend," whatever *that* meant. They all presumed he'd be shifted into the fold as an older sister or extended cousin or something soon. And he

certainly looked it, given that Matthew was sitting nervously at the bus stop, fidgeting to himself as they approached. He was a race-changed, gender-changed man, who had also become quite literally older, and more than that, he too was in *women's clothing*.

"Dude, don't even say anything," Matthew said in his low, but undeniably feminine voice. He wasn't wearing anything massively showy, but he certainly had a woman's shirt on, and a woman's set of jeans that emphasised his rounded hips. It also emphasised his bust - not incredibly, but it didn't have the looseness of a male top either. Noticeably, his large female nipples were no longer displayed.

"Um, are you wearing a bra?" Timothy asked, unable to help himself.

"Dude, what did I just say!"

"He is," David confirmed. "I am too, though his is more necessary."

"I swear to God, you two drive me up the wall!"

"Okay *Mom*," David teased, and he immediately had to duck out of range of Matthew's lighthearted, but still annoyed, punches. "Our closets changed this morning. We both felt another wave of that rainbow-like light again. Did you feel it, Tim?"

Tim shook his head. "I slept straight through."

"Makes sense, you're not changing. We are. So suddenly our rooms are even girlier - mine especially - and our clothes have changed."

Matthew groaned. "Dude, I didn't say my room was girlier. It's not! It just lost a heap of shit, including my car posters!"

"Huh, well, I suppose my theory on that was wrong. You look nice at least, though you've cut your hair again. It doesn't suit you."

"Well, thanks 'Miss Fashion.' I'd rather have a bowl cut than long hair. And as for my clothes, I literally don't have anything manly to wear. My male clothes are just gone!"

Tim sighed. "I can't say enough how sorry I am for this, guys, I really-"

But Matthew just raised a hand, and turned his newly-dark eyes upon the friend who'd made the wish. "Dude, one thing straight: I *am* angry about this. But I do not blame you."

"Me either," David added.

"But I was the one that made the wish, and -"

Matthew put up his hand again. He checked to see that Tony wasn't too close - he had obviously sensed that his son wanted a private conversation with his 'sister' and his 'older female friend' (if that really was what Matthew was becoming).

"Buddy, we've been friends for a few years now. We all know you've got a shitty backstory, same as the rest of us. We're the trio, man. We go exploring and getting up to no good. You making some wish to stay here and not lose us makes a ton of sense. So stop

being such a sad sack. Just because I hate the fact that I've got a set of tits - ones big enough to *wobble* for Chrissakes - doesn't mean I blame you."

"Yours wobble?" David asked. "Does it feel cool?"

"Dude, it does not feel cool. My dick is like half the size it should be, and I'm about to go to a college I've never been to and pretend to be a woman I most certainly am not."

Tim grinned, feeling a little more comforted. "At least you've got a whole new campus to prank?"

"You better believe it," he said, grinning again. "I've even brought my fireworks, just in case. And I'm totally joining a sports team until this gets fixed. I've lost more than enough muscle already, and if I have to be in women's soccer or whatever, I'll do it."

"Just like I'll join the ranger's club," David added. "Uh, if there is one."

Tim gave them a hug, and they embraced him back. He was still shocked at how tall and fit David had become, even if 'Naomi' was obviously quite feminine. And Matthew had shrunk to 5'7, and most certainly looked to be in 'her' twenties. When they ended the hug, Tim wiped a tear from his eyes.

"Sorry, I just-"

"Stop saying sorry," Matthew commanded. He briefly had the urge to wipe his friend's eye for him, only to stop. It made him think just what the hell kind of impulse was that? It was one thing being the leader of the group, but it was quite another getting weirdly personal like that!

"Anyway," Tim continued, "I hope you guys are okay at Jarvis. Message me if anything goes wrong. I'm going to keep trying to figure out this Wishing Stone thing."

They all nodded, and the conversation reached its natural conclusion just as Anthony approached. The bags under his eyes were gone, and his shave was even. Somehow, in this new timeline, he was a lot happier. Perhaps having David as his adopted 'Naomi' had given him a bit more impetus to stay in the town and be happy?

"Well, here's the bus," he said, indicating as the vehicle turned the corner and began to pull to a stop near them. "You two have fun today. I know Tim's annoyed he can't just skip a few grades to join you!"

There was an awkward laugh from the trio. Anthony smiled lovingly at 'Naomi', and pulled her into a hug. "Have a great day, Nomi," he said, before kissing David on the top of the head quickly. "You go enjoy your dancing."

"D-dancing?" he stuttered, already weirded out by the head kiss, though it weirdly felt nice at the same time.

"Or whatever you kids call it!" he said. "And Amy."

He placed his hand on Matthew's shoulder. The transforming man nearly jumped, but instead he looked into his friend's father's eyes, and found himself briefly hypnotised by their

pale blue colour. "You have a good day today. Feel free to come round if you ever need to chat."

He released the hand, which had lingered longer than he had expected. The bus door opened, and before either of them could really have a chance to break down what the hell had just occurred, they were bidden to hurry up and get on the bus. Matthew gave a brief, panicked look at Tim before boarded - David had uncharacteristically taken the lead.

"Best of luck," Timothy said, waving them.

"Geez kiddo," Tony said. "You'd think you'd never waved Naomi and Amy off to Jarvis before!"

They began to head back to the car, but on the bus the transforming young men were finding their place among several other peers their own age. David was surprised to be waved over not only by some girls, but ones that were actually attractive. For his part, Matthew sat at the back, arms folded over his B-cup breasts, feeling weird about the whole thing.

"Tim better find a way to change us back," he mumbled to himself, even as David appeared to be chatting with his 'new' friends, seemingly his old friends in this reality. "There's no way I'm getting stuck like this." He gave a heavy sigh as he heard the giggles of the college students on the bus as it careened down the road.

"Ugh," he moaned, "so immature."

He didn't even catch the irony of that at all. Him, the greatest troublemaker in all of Birch Haven. Instead he sat back and tried to ignore the slight jiggle of his breasts as the bus bounced on the patchy road, and the fact that his wider hips took up more space. David, on the other hand, was shocked to find himself talking to Natalie Watkins and Pari Springs, both of whom were attractive and popular older girls in Birch Haven, but were now treating him like he was a member of their group. It gave the former shy nerd mixed feelings: he was simultaneously hanging out with girls he never thought would be caught dead with him, but at the same time he had no real attraction to them, but instead was caught up in a whirlwind of discussion about courses they were taking. It was then that the pair found out what they could expect in their new lives.

"Hey Naomi, I hope the psychology lecture isn't super boring today. How bad was that last one?"

"Ps-psychology?" he said, a slight looming terror in his being. "Well, yeah, I guess. But outdoor ed-"

"Is so boring, I agree. I'm so glad we're all in sports science together. I swear, you'll be such a hottie fitness trainer one day, gal."

"I - I will be?"



“Yeah! Think of how toned that body is gonna be after today’s cheer practice. Are you keen?”

David swallowed. “Oh, uh, sure. Super keen. You know me, I’m an epic cheerleader.”

There was a shared giggle that Matthew caught, though David’s sounded less certain, even if it fit in. The thought of David doing cheerleading was utterly alien to the both of them.

“And your friend Amy is welcome to come along,” Natalie said. “You know, if she doesn’t have an education lecture on at the same time.”

“Education course?” Matthew asked, his voice low as he overheard this. David repeated exactly what he said to the girls.

“Isn’t that her focus?” Natalie asked. “She’s becoming an elementary teacher right? Teaching responsibility to all the kiddies, as she put it?”

Matthew’s eyes went wide. He hadn’t realised *that* was his new life plan.

“Oh God, we *really* need to change that wish.”

But little did he know that the changes were only just beginning, especially for him.

## **Part Six: Adjusting**

Matthew and David were bewildered. Now recognised as Amy and Naomi, the pair were suddenly college campus students, and with totally different lifestyles organised for them. They were already trying to get used to their increasingly feminised bodies, as well as their strange new personality traits, but now they were fish out of water, except everyone in the universe thought they had *always* been out of the water. And they were no longer fish. They were women. Which was about where the metaphor broke down for David, who was sitting in a lecture theatre listening to a professor drone on about the psychology of brain development.

Ordinarily, he might have drunk it all in. He loved learning things, after all, and anything to do with the brain and the body was of particular fascination, especially given that both *his* brain and *his* body were being magically altered. But he found himself distracted for several reasons. One reason was that he could still feel subtle pressures in his body, as if it were readying for change. He already had A-cup breasts with big girly nipples, as well as longer hair and soft, olive skin. But his thighs had a tingling in them, as if they wanted to become more feminine. And worse, his chest was sore. Matthew already had B-cups, and David had no intention of surpassing his friend, even if a small part of him was curious how a

bigger pair of boobs would feel. Not like he'd had a chance to feel an actual pair before in his life, after all.

But as distracting as that was, it was even more distracting to be sitting next to freaking Natalie Watkins and Pari Springs. They were literally the girls the young man had thought of when he was properly entering puberty, and Natalie in particular was one he'd imagined in her cute bikini more than once when reaching for a few tissues. But now they were constantly whispering to her, making jokes with her, and commenting on her fashion style, as if he actually had a fashion style. Well, to be fair, he didn't look all that bad in his current look, even if it wasn't the kind of look he was supposed to have.

"But seriously, when this lecture is over, we should go hang out with the sporty boys and see what they think, don't you agree Naomi?"

'Naomi' didn't realise that Pari was talking to him, because he wasn't really used to his new name yet. He blinked twice, and turned to her.

"Um, sure, I guess?"

"Oh, don't be so shy, Naomi," Natalie said. "Everyone knows that Todd Allerman is suuuuper into you. Besides, it helps give them good morale, knowing the cheerleaders are there for them. Unless you're spending time with Amy?"

"Amy?"

"Your m-"

"Oh, yeah. *Her*. Well, no, I guess not." David started sweating a little. He wasn't quite sure how to behave around these girls, but he guessed that he had to play along.

*I guess I'm a popular girl in this reality? I better not lose my interest in survival skills. Or my intelligence. That would be concerning. I'll try to keep an eye on that.*

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Matthew, meanwhile, was having an even harder time of it. Stuck in a body that was increasingly female, he was constantly having to adjust his long brown hair so that it fell over his shoulders and not in his vision. Everyone was calling him Amy, and claiming that he was apparently quite the knowledgeable nerd of a student. It was so unlike his usual daredevil persona, but much like David he was simply having to go along with it. Unlike his friend, however, he didn't seem to have any discernible friends in this new altered timeline. He was sitting in a lecture on pedagogical studies and having to soak it in, and while he had a number of other astute students clustered around him, they only exchanged brief words and nods. Friendly, but not friends.

Which meant that the former leader of the trio of friends was feeling more helpless and *led* than ever. He couldn't stop looking down at his B-cup breasts in his woman's shirt,

or how his jeans conformed to his wider hips. Just on the way to the lecture theatre, he'd struggled to get used to his new style of walking: his hips sashayed from side to side more easily, and when he tried to walk like a man others just asked what he was doing, and his own embarrassed reaction was enough that he just went back to walking like a woman. Now he was sat down in a lecture theatre, taking notes on the subject matter, which was all about behavioural management at the elementary school level and so on. The only thing that calmed him was actually taking the relevant notes: it was oddly soothing, and he could almost feel his mind opening up to take in the details and store them away. Normally, Matthew was the furthest thing from an academic, but he got the sense that something more was going on.

*My mind is changing, like David's as well. Is that why I've become more fussy as well? I even sharpened all my pencils before coming to class: when would I ever do something like that?*

He just swallowed, gritted his teeth, and tried not to think about it as he continued to take notes. There was an assignment coming up, and he had no intention of failing it. Excellence was key, after all.

He paused. *Where the hell had that thought come from?*

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Timothy was understandably nervous for his friends. He was worried that might have changed further, or lost their personalities, or any kind of calamity as a result of him using the wishing stone. He himself simply had to go to school as normal, still a couple of years separated from a college campus, but knowing their bus ride back to town might take a while, he took the opportunity to bike to the beach and try to find another wishing stone. Unfortunately, there continued to be no luck there.

"Goddamnit," he said to himself. "This sucks!"

*I'm accidentally turning my two best friends in the world into my adopted sisters! It's a nightmare! God, I know they've told me not to kick myself over this, but it's just so hard. They must be struggling, I know I would be. I've screwed it all up.*

In the end, he had to return home to his father, who welcomed him back home with an easy grin that made Tim's world light up. If there was just one good thing to come out of this insanity, it was that his dad's mood was now wonderful. Tim wasn't sure of everything that had made his life better, but somehow in this new reality Anthony wasn't depressed, and perhaps having David/Naomi as a daughter had given him new purpose. Or something.

"Good to have you back, kiddo," he said easily. "I was about to send the search party out for you."

"I just . . . making time while waiting for Matthew and David to come back."

"Who? New friends of yours?"

Tim cringed. "Yeah. From high school. But I meant to say Naomi and Amy."

"Ah, well your sister and her friend won't be long. You should think about making some friends your own age though. Some boy friends. Well, not boyfriends. You know what I mean. Not that there's anything wrong with that, of course! I just mean-

Tim laughed, gesturing for his father to stop. "It's okay Dad, I know what you mean. I do have male friends. They're just . . . out of town for a couple of days."

His dad smiled. "Ah, gotcha. Well, in the meantime, I'm thinking of doing a nice cook up tonight, how about that?"

"Sounds amazing!" Tim said. His dad had mainly ordered food while depressed, but he truly was a great cook. He used to raise money for charity doing cookups in front of his hardware store. They had been nice community events, with great steak and burgers.

Tony nodded, and then seemed to consider something, hesitate, then say it anyway.

"What say we invite that lovely Amy as well?"

"Of course, why wouldn't we?"

Tony grinned. "Well, she's been a real dime helping me out at the store. A real smart cookie. I won't lie, she's got a good sense of humour too. She strikes me as real mature."

Tim coughed on the glass of water he was drinking. "Wait? Mat-I mean, Amy is real mature? You said she was too much of a risk-taker!"

"Did I? Well, she does take some risks. That speed demon driving of hers! But she also knows how to keep everything organised. Besides, she's your friend, right?"

"One of my best friends."

"All sorted!" Tony said. "A nice cookup together it is. Invite her round."

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Tim was happy to see his friends returned, and that they had not changed too much. Matthew's hair looked a little longer, and his bust perhaps slightly bigger, but it might have just been his imagination. David definitely looked slightly taller as well, and there was a kind of hale look to him: a fitness and health that had never been on his male frame. The two looked quite embarrassed on the approach to Tim, who'd taken his bicycle. He'd told Tony that 'Amy' would drop him and Naomi back home. He needed his father away so he could talk to his transforming friends.

"Um, how was it?" he asked them, smiling nervously.

Matthew jerked a thumb in David's direction. "Ask the cheerleader here."

"Wait, cheerleader?"

David cringed. "It . . . wasn't so bad actually. We just had practice."

"She - I mean *he* - is the head cheerleader," Matthew explained. "Can you believe it?"

"Better than being a total nerd!" David replied, before stopping himself. "Wait, I'm a nerd! The fuck?"

"Another goddamn mental change," Matthew muttered. "They keep happening. Slowly. Naomi - David - is starting to act like a prissy princess instead of the kid who has an escape plan to survive three months in the wild forests."

"And what changes are you going through, then?" David responded. "Go on, tell him."

Matthew blushed, though it didn't show up as much now that his pale Caucasian skin was an olive brown. "Well, uh . . ."

"Go on!"

Tim arched an eyebrow, interested and worried for his friend.

"I'm . . . I'm becoming a total fussy, I think. Like, I straightened my pencils on my desk, man! I was taking notes. Actual notes about becoming a damn elementary teacher! I was organised and sh-sh-shoot. Yeah, I'm still struggling to swear, too. It just . . . feels wrong."

"Dude, I'm so sorry."

"Don't apologise. Let's just deal and find a way to get this back."

David perked up. "Maybe once the changes are finished we can find another wishing stone? Or put up ads and pay someone else to wish us back?"

"That's a good idea, actually," Tim said. "Supposedly, no one can make a wishing stone wish again after using one, and it's believed that changes can't be reversed - but if someone unrelated to us made a wish, we could have a chance?"

It was better than nothing, and so the three agreed to make posters and spread word. They'd pool their money - which wasn't much - and if someone could show them a wishing stone they could instruct them on the wish they wanted to make. For now, though, they had a barbecue to get to. David wasn't exactly upset: he lived with the Liu-Johnson family now. Hell, he technically *was* one, and that was far, far better than living with his abusive father, though he could do without the whole 'changing into a stepsister' thing. Matthew, on the other hand, felt oddly nervous.

"Your dad is cooking for us? When does your dad ever cook?"

Tim shrugged. "He's happier, since the wish."

"Well, that makes one of us, I guess. But why ask me? I'm just his employee."

"But you're still my friend in this new timeline, so it makes sense, yeah?"

Matthew agreed, but still couldn't help but feel nervous about it. He dropped them off at their home and went back to his apartment, annoyed once more at how the decor had changed to be much more female - though at least it wasn't too pink and girly like David's

room apparently was. He had a shower, trying to forget the events of the day, and did his best to clean his feminised body.

“My d-damn penis is so small already. This sucks!”

His breasts felt sore, too. He was hoping it was just that they were newly grown, and not a sign that they were getting bigger. He tried not to touch them too much, but did cop a quick feel. He was rewarded with a blissful sensation that made his nipples stiffen.

“Nope! Nope nope nope! No f-freakin’ way! Not doing that again!”

There was no part of him that wanted to enjoy this. Instead, he got dressed back in his jeans and put on a normal top - albeit a woman’s one - and then a leather jacket. He examined himself in the mirror for a while. He still looked androgynous, but a small part of him felt oddly cute. He pushed that part of himself away before checking his watch.

“Hmm, still got a bit of time before six. Might as well clean up.”

He spent the next fifteen minutes doing a quick vacuum of the main area, wiping down the table and kitchen, and generally sorting his clothing. The last was the most cathartic. *How have I ever not done this before? It’s so much better to have it all spick and span and orderly.*

It was only when he was finished that he looked upon his works, ye mighty, and despaired.

“Good lord, I *am* a neat freak. Jeez, I’m becoming just like my mother.”

It was an odd thought. He chose not to dwell on it.

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The food was delicious. Anthony could cook a damn fine steak, and everyone was hungry, particularly David and Matthew, though they were going by Naomi and Amy while in unknowing company. Their host kept asking if they enjoyed it, particularly ‘Amy’, who continued to nod and eat some more, moaning in a way that sounded just a little indecent to Tim’s ears, though perhaps it was just because his friend’s voice was just so different.

“This is really good, Mr Johnson!” Matthew said, actually grinning after a glum few days. “Seriously, this is just what I needed!”

“How many times do I have to tell you, Amy? You can just me Anthony! Or Tony, which is even better. My friends all call me Tony.”

Matthew raised his thin dark eyebrows, but shrugged and did so. “Well, Tony, this is the best damn steak I’ve ever tasted. I don’t know how you did it, but it’s f-f-freakin’ great.”

“Well, I made it with you in mind, since I know you’re quite particular about your food and I wanted to impress you.”

He gave an easy laugh, and for reasons Matthew couldn't quite explain, he laughed with the older man.

"Wow, well, thanks Mr Jo-uh, Tony. Appreciated. It's good to be invited round."

"Well, you're welcome round any time, Amy. You know that."

Tim and David watched this interaction not knowing quite what to make of it, except that it was a little weird. They made a couple of funny faces at each other, communicating silently.

*'What is your Dad doing?'*

*'I have no idea!'*

*'It's weird!'*

*'I know!'*

But then Tony looked their way and smiled. "And what are you two rascals always whispering about? How was your cheerleading practice today, Naomi? Did you kick some ass?"

"Language," Matthew said, before coughing. "Sorry! I didn't mean to say that!"

Tony just chuckled. "Sorry, Amy!"

"It went okay," David said, blushing. He brushed his hair behind his ears without realising he was doing it. "It was a little odd, though."

"How so? You've been wanting to be a cheerleader as long as I can remember, kid!"

David took a deep breath. "Yeah, but . . . have I been into other things too?"

"Oh, you mean your ranger lifestyle?"

David sighed, utterly relieved that he still had that part of himself in this new timeline.

"Yeah, that."

"Well, it's what got you all fit and ready to take on the cheerleader tryouts, right?"

David nodded. "I guess."

"Ah, you'll love it! You're just getting jitters. And I'm sure the boys will be all over you!"

"Dad!" David said, before he could catch himself. Matthew's eyes went wide, as did Tim's, but to Tony it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Aww, honey, you know it's your Dad's job to rib you every once in a while. Besides, it's true. Remember, if you meet a nice guy who's into you, you clear him by me as well, okay? I don't want anyone to try any funny stuff with my daughter."

"This isn't appropriate to the dinner table, Tony," Matthew chided like a housewife, though he really did mean it. Tim couldn't help but snigger, which made the pair of transformed friends both glare in his direction. He muttered a silent apology.

"Yeah, *Dad*," David muttered, clearly irritated. "Why don't we focus on the fact that I'm getting a *psychology* degree."

"A fantastic choice of future, Naomi," Tony replied. "I'm very proud of you."

She bit her lip, still frustrated, but oddly happy that her friend's dad was proud of her. Her own shitty father never had been. *I better not be addicted to that kind of praise. I need to keep my emotions in check and try to think logically . . . even if I am feeling more emotional lately.*

The rest of the dinner went well, and the dessert too. Matthew expressed an interest in getting the recipe, which he never had before. David actually started discussing more of cheerleading practice with some excitement, and Tim and his Dad laughed and joked about all sorts of nonsense like they used to years ago. While Matthew was initially uncomfortable, he actually managed to forget he was turning into an Asian woman for a while. In fact, he actually had fun, even if he had to remind his two friends to stop putting their elbows on the table all the time. David, on the other hand, was gesticulating wildly, no longer showing any nervousness in someone else's house, despite the fact that his eccentricity was normally only on display with his friends. For a time, they actually seemed to be an ordinary family, and it shocked Tim how well it was all going.

It was only afterwards, when the food was cleared away, that Matthew realised he had volunteered to help cleanup. David disappeared to go to his room for a while and listen to some girly pop music, and Tim was playing some videogames. As if a spell had been broken, each of them realised that something was up: they were not acting purely by their own personalities anymore, and felt strangely compelled to act in different ways. And at the moment of that realisation, there was a sudden *boom*. The house filled with the rainbow light of the wishing stone's power.

Matthew felt it in the kitchen.

David felt it in his room.

And Tim saw it all around him, as it radiated out to reset reality.

"Oh shit," he said. "Oh, oh shit."

Another round of changes were occurring.

## **Part Seven: Older Sister and Oldest Sister**

David groaned. He had just been wondering why on earth he was listening to some sparkly Korean pop band with cute boys singing in it when the rainbow effect of the wishing stone lit up the room. It warbled all about him, and then the pressures began.

"Ohhhhh, G-God!" he groaned. "Gotta k-keep a clear head. Some clear hormonal differences. Feel a cascade of chemical adjustment, and perhaps alteration of my *vocal chords!*"



His voice kicked up several pitches until it was absolutely feminine, and not a bad female voice at that. He clutched his Adam's apple as it shrank down, eyes wide as he tried to be logical and reasonable about this. But clearly the influence of his new cheerleader self was also strong, because he shook his hands up and down like a useless damsel in distress from an old Hollywood movie, whining as the pressures flocked all over his body.

"K-keep calm! Keep - OHHHH!!!"

The feelings were powerful, uncomfortable, and yet somehow deeply pleasurable all at once. His shoulders grew, gaining muscle, and yet somehow remaining soft. His hips expanded, cracking wider, then again, and then again. His hair grew longer, thicker, darker until it was a gorgeous jet black that fell in his view. He had to part those straight curtains to see the immense change happening in his chest: right before his eyes, his breasts were growing. No longer miniature A-cups, they were swelling to modest B's, and then to fuller C's, so that they bounced and jostled in his top, easily straining his too full bra.

"T-too big!" he cried. He ripped off his shirt and worked to undo the clasp of his bra. It practically *pinged* off, and it was a good thing too: the wire of the cups were digging into the bloated, pert flesh of his now-impressive chest. They had a defined weight to them, a solidity that he could only marvel at. He held them in his hands, even as those hands became daintier, though thankfully they maintained their well-established coarseness on the digits and palms. *Still an outdoors girl, I guess. That's a little - ahhh - consolation!*

But what wasn't a consolation was the transformation happening between his thighs. Even as his abs grew more powerful, his stomach flatter and more toned, and his legs more long and shapely, David was horrified to feel his small penis begin to draw back into his body. It was a bigger change than any other, even growing tits, and it made him whine in a high voice.

"No! No, fuck this! Screw logic, I don't want to feeeeeeel thisssss! OHHHH!!!"

Betraying him openly, his body erupted into orgasm as his manhood withdrew entirely. His balls followed, squeezing back into a rapidly forming tunnel, an emptiness taking over him. He squirmed on his bed, writhing like the increasingly gorgeous girl he was becoming, moaning in unwanted ecstasy. He'd never felt anything like it.

"It's s-s-so good! It's - aaaahhhh! Yes! YESSS!!!"

As if gaining approval from his spoken pleasure, his body changed further. His arms gained yet more muscle, even as the skin lost all blemish, looking smooth and almost shining with how gorgeously maintained it was. His thighs and calves strengthened, now easily capable of all the ranger hiking feats that the diminutive David had aspired to, but never been able to fully manage. His jaw cracked and reshaped, his eyelashes grew, and his lips puffed up. In the mirror across from his bed, it was impossible not to notice he was becoming a very hot girl, the kind he would have lusted after as a boy.

“Oh m-m-my God! It’s rewriting everything!”

It rewrote his mind, too. He struggled against it, but thankfully it did not wash away memories of plant new ones. But it did change his identity. *Her* identity. As the last throes of orgasm finally died away, David realised he was no longer David at all, but *Naomi Liu-Johnson*. And she was now twenty one years old.

*I’ve aged another year*, she thought to herself. Then, unable to help herself, she smirked. *Hot damn, I can drink now!*

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Tim heard the commotion in Naomi’s room, and was alarmed particularly by the strangely pleasurable moans coming from there. His much greater concern, however, was for Matthew, who was in the kitchen with Tony and suddenly clutching him as he grunted and groaned, the rainbow energy twirling and dancing all about him. Tim’s dad had no idea what was going on, but was simply making sure Matthew was able to stay on his own two feet as the changes began.

“Matthew - I mean, Amy! Are you okay?” Tim said, throwing himself off of the couch and running to the kitchen.

“N-no, d-darn it!” Matthew cried, still unable to bring himself to swear. “N-need the c-couch! G-get me out of the k-kitchen! Ohhhhhh - please!”

Even as he managed to stammer out that cry for help, his figure changed. His face began to reshape, his voice becoming yet higher and softer, and gaining a slight Chinese accent, much to everyone’s surprise except the magically ignorant Tony.

“There, there, Amy,” he said, helping Matthew move to the living room couch. “Don’t panic. It’s probably just a bad headache. You’ve been pushing yourself too hard.”

“N-no! It’s the f-f-freakin’ change!” Matthew responded, who didn’t even care about blowing the secret. “D-darn wishing stone! I don’t w-want to be a woman! NGHGH!!”

Tim and Tony helped the transforming young man to the couch. His hair grew out longer, cascading down to the end of his shoulder blades, and becoming fully black and impressively silky. His shoulders audibly cracked, shrinking in his top to become yet more feminine, and the same was true of his waist as well, which contracted, making Matthew briefly go bug-eyed.

“Ohh - OHH!!!”

*No*, he thought. *Not my waist! F-frick, and now my h-hips too! I’m getting a darn hourglass! This is embarrassing. Why me? I can’t even swear in my own darn head anymore!?*

Far more than it was to David, the changes were utterly emasculating to Matthew. He shooed Tony away, who was getting far too close and peppering him with all sorts of questions of how he felt.

“Just give me space!” he spat, voice sounding unmistakably female now, and sort of whiney at that, particularly with his new trace of an accent. “Tim can h-help me! Go get a h-headache pill or something!”

Tony nodded. “You just take care of yourself, okay?”

To Matthew’s shock the older man placed a hand on his thigh, rubbing it softly like he was . . . *OHHHHH!!!*”

His thoughts were interrupted by yet more change, and he clung to his younger friend. “T-Tim! I’m ch-changing! Meant to be the I-leader!”

“You still are, Matthew. Nothing will change that!” Tim whispered, though he was trying not to notice that his friend’s chest was bulging out yet further, and not stopping at that. Matthew collapsed onto his side, taking up the couch. The pleasure was unwanted, but he couldn’t force it away. His hips creaked, widening again and again, and though he didn’t know it yet, they were already wider than David’s, impressively so.

“N-no! You don’t understand! I can’t be some weak chick. I’m the one who t-takes care of you! You and David! I always have. It’s s-stupid, but I always t-took pride in it. Yeah, I always got us into trouble, but I also helped patch you g-guys up and - ahh! - got you out of tight spots and back you in f-fights and - Nghh!! Don’t want to be weak!”

“You’re not weak, don’t worry!” Tim exclaimed. His father had left the room, looking a bit emotionally wounded from ‘Amy’s’ rejection but on a mission to find some painkillers for ‘her’ regardless.

“I am! I’m turning into a woman. A total drag. A girl who cares about organising. A real nerd. I bet I won’t even have my car or my love of fireworks and getting lost in the woods or - or - oh God my f-frickin’ dick, man! It’s going up *inside meeee!!*”

He gripped Tim’s arm, and his young friend could only witness Matthew’s continual transformation. His eyelashes and lips and general face become more feminine, and his eyes more classically almond-shaped to match his new Chinese heritage. Strangely, he didn’t even look mixed race like Tim and ‘Naomi’ were: he looked full-blooded Chinese, at least as far as Tim could tell. And more than that . . .

“Matt, you look like you’re getting older!”

“I am - ahhh, my hips! - I am older, remember!?”

“No, but even more so?”

“You’re kidding m-me! What!? Why!? It d-doesn’t make any s-sense! Ohhhh!!”

But he couldn’t think too deeply on the significance of his further aging, because his cock and balls withdrew into his the space between his thighs, leaving a well-formed vulva

atop a venus mound behind. The pleasure overwhelmed the poor man, who trembled and shook, biting his lip. Unlike David/Naomi, he did not wail and cry out, but instead gave a long, soft whine of a moan, like a parent trying to suppress their blissful noises so as not to disturb their sleeping children. Mental changes coursed through the new woman's brain, even as her chest burned from the pressure of B-cups swelling to C-cups and beyond. Matthew fought it off as long as he could, but soon his identity was subsumed, at least in terms of his name and gender pronouns. He was suddenly Amy Liu for real, and he was a *she*.

"No! I'm a woman! Tim, it's got me thinking I'm a woman! Your wishing stone is r-rewriting everything! My name is Amy now! God, I can't think of myself as Matt at all! It's not my proper name in my mind. I can't explain it!"

Tim felt a wave of terrible guilt once more. Matthew/Amy released her grip on him, clutching her chest instead. She removed her top right in front of Tim, uncaring how embarrassing it was, particularly since another wave of orgasms were hitting her, and she was riding that bliss right in front of her best friend. She pulled off her top and demanded he help her with the clasp: "Please! Just do it!"

Tim did, managing to get it off before Amy was too overwhelmed by the pressure. The cups released, and her bosom swelled. She gripped them, quickly trying to put the top back on, and Tim looked respectfully away.

"D-don't look!" Matthew cautioned. "Ahhhh - ohhhh - s-so big! Too big!"

They had to be D-cups. They weren't massive, but they were big, and the new woman could tell. She didn't even want to think about the changes between her legs, but these were now a prominent pair of cantaloupes that marked her as impressively female. She gripped them, nipples slipping between her daintified, yet slightly older fingers, and it made her moan accidentally.

*Why are they so sensitive?*, she thought. *So damn sensitive!*

It was at that moment that Tony arrived back. She hurriedly finished pulling her top back on, and rocketed out of her seat, nearly stumbling over due to how her new, wide-hipped configuration was.

*Jesus, they look like my Mom's hips. Seriously, soccer mom hips. Oh God, I'm not that old am I?*

"Amy, don't stand up!" Tony exclaimed. "You'll tip right over! Come, sit down. I've got some painkillers, a headache pill, and I'm boiling the pot for some nice lemon tea. Is everything alright?"

Amy looked at him, aghast. "You don't notice anything different?"

"Why should I?"

"My tits!" she cried, making everyone in the room blush.

“Amy, that’s hardly appropriate. I mean, you usually wear a bra, but if you don’t want to I’m not going to force you. Your choice and all.”

The former Matthew collapsed back in her seat, still coming down from it all.

“I’ll take that headache pill,” she murmured. “To go. I need to head home, Tony. I mean, Mr Johnson. I need to think. I’m sorry. It’s, uh, something I ate. Tim, I’ve got to go. You walk me out, okay?”

“I can do that,” Tony said, but she cut him off.

“No, all good. I’ll see you at the store, Tony. I mean, Mr Johnson. Shoot! Just . . . I’ll see you there.”

She hurried out of the room.

“David will have changed too,” Tim said.

“I don’t care, man. I don’t care. I need to be by myself. I need to freak out on my own. I’m getting back to my apartment, ASAP, y’hear? I can’t do this!”

She sounded older, and more authoritative. In fact, she had a bizarre need to set her mind right with some cleaning and ironing, and paying overdue bills, just to feel in control. She didn’t even push the thoughts away: her mind was all over the place. She just needed to be away from Tim, and from David, and especially from Tony. She hadn’t even looked in the mirror, but suspected that she was just a woman now, perhaps even quite the curvaceous and busty one.

“Look, just take care of David, okay? I’ll see you guys tomorrow. I’ve still got college, but I need to figure it out.”

“I know,” Tim said, managing to avoid saying another apology, “but don’t go too far. We need to stay together. I don’t . . . I don’t want to lose you.”

Amy hugged him, not quite knowing why. Big older sister instinct, maybe? When he pulled away, he instinctively wiped Tim’s tears away, then made for the car.

“Have a good night. Tell Tony - your dad - that I’m sorry for ruining the night. This shoot is just too weird.”

And with that he got in his car and drove back to the apartment. It wasn’t until he saw himself in the mirror, looking sexy and beautiful and very much a fully Asian woman, that he realised how deeply the changes had gone beyond just getting tits and a vagina.

It made him finally look at his licence again.

He was now twenty *nine* years old. His college days - or *day*, singular - were already behind him.

## Part Eight: Growing Together, Growing Apart

The next day was strange for Matthew. First of all, because he wasn't Matthew anymore: he was Amy Liu. Second of all because he couldn't even think of himself as a he. He was a *she*. Thirdly, of course, because her mind was already abuzz with a number of chores that needed getting done, from the kitchen cleaning to various bill payments to getting all the garbage out of her car and making it spick and span. But mainly it was the fourth thing. The fact that she had a goddamn vagina and big pair of D-cup tits which felt oddly sore, and oddly sensitive too.

*Fuck. I was hoping it was a dream. I'm a full woman now. I'm Amy. Ew, that's the same name as Timothy's mom. Poor Timothy, he didn't mean for this to happen. But good God, he deserves a grounding for causing it! I'm meant to be setting off fireworks, not worrying about taxes and work and two big tits. God, they have a weight, don't they? I wonder what they feel like if I just . . .*

"Mhmmm," she moaned as she began to caress her breasts. "Ahhh, oh shit. Those nipples are sensitive. Ahhh. Maybe just a l-little more."

She continued to squeeze them, rub them, and soon she was removing her feminine silky pyjama top and pants, and stroking her venus mound as well. It didn't take long for a strange heat to build in the emptiness between her thighs, or for the first tingling moistness she had ever felt there to also build. It was enticing. She knew she should stop, but what guy hadn't imagined waking up as a woman and feeling her hot body? So she continued, pulling her panties down to rub hervagina and tease her sensitive lips. It took her a moment to find her swollen, throbbing clit, but when she did, everything changed.

"Oooohhhh. Mhmm! Yes!"

She continued to rub it, even inserting her dainty fingers into her tunnel. It was strange, it was wrong, it was wondrous. She gained speed, squeezing her right breasts and making it jiggle, playing with its glorious roundness as she rubbed and rubbed. She closed her eyes, sighing with her new feminine voice, biting her lip happily as jolts of pleasure radiated from her breasts and opening both. It felt amazing, and in that calmness of mind and growing sexual excitement her mind took her places. She imagined a naked stranger ploughing into her, a male one with a thick, heavy shaft that parted her outer lips and plunged deep into her. His strong arms were around her, his tongue was on her breasts. He was cumming, and they were not wearing protection. It was a risk, one that could leave her pregnant. The taboo made it all the sexier.

"F-fuck me!" she cried, finally able to swear in this one, specific, sexual context. "Fuck me harder! Fuck me till I c-cummmmm!! NNGHH!!!"

She came. She came hard. She nearly tore a stomach muscle from how quickly her body shuddered, forcing her nearly into a sitting position before she flopped back, breasts wobbling heavily on her naked chest.

It was only in the slowly fading luxuriousness of the aftermath that Amy, formerly Matthew, realised what she had just imagined.

*Oh God, I'm straight. I'm straight for men. This is a f-freakin' disaster!*

Worse, her alarm on her phone went off, and when she looked at it she saw a reminder that she hadn't remembered setting:

*'Start Work 9:00am with Anthony.'*

"Shoot," she said. "I barely have time to shower and change, let alone clean! When did I start working in the morning? Oh right, when I turned freakin' twenty nine! I've lost ten years of my life!"

She had no idea she wasn't too far from losing even more, or that other changes were around the corner. Big ones.

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David was similarly going through a set of changes, albeit his/hers were not as radical or terrifying to him/her as they were for Matthew/Amy. For one, the new woman named Naomi may have been fully female, but she was 'only' twenty one. As far as she was concerned, that was merely an upgrade, not a detractor. For two, while she now identified as female due to some mental changes, her own were less invasive than Matthew's had been, as the older woman (sister?) had gone from a trickster and rebel to a neat-minded responsible woman, while David/Amy at least still possessed her love of the outdoors, or exercise, of escape. It just so happened that she was now popular as hell to boot, and a cheerleading champion. Before she'd even woken up in her new room at Tony and Timothy's place her phone was blowing up with messages from the most popular guys and girls on campus, with her at the centre of this popularity web.

*And why shouldn't I be popular? I'm fucking hot as all hell after these changes. My new bras say 'C-cup' on them. C-cups!*

And what lovely C-cups they were, too. Whereas 'Amy' had taken some time to try out her new body, 'Naomi' had laid awake that night pleasuring herself several times over. She considered it an experiment of sorts, or at least that was how she justified the fact that she was touching herself and imagining cute guys *and* girls on top of her and beneath her, her thighs parts over them, or legs wrapped around them. God knows, her libido was stronger now, but more than that, her definition of 'experiment' had widened. The only truly painful part of this transformation now was that her nerdy personality traits were dimming,

reconfiguring so that they were aimed more towards her newfound popularity and cheerleading.

*At least I still totally want to be a ranger, he thought to himself. I'd be a totally hot one too. Could probably be on a calendar. Wait, this is a strange thought process to be following. Is there not a way to retain my own fastidiousness? Am I doomed to become some kind of outgoing, peppy cheerleader type? And would I even mind that? Food for philosophical thought.*

The new woman smiled to herself as she entered the shower, thinking over that problem. She hadn't lost her propensity for overthinking things, at least. Nor for exploration. Though as she entered the hot shower and took in her cute, athletic, and dynamite form, she was also more than happy for a bit of self-exploration too.

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Timothy felt lonelier at school than he had in a long time. Both of his best friends were no longer there - well, Matthew had already left even before transforming, but David was still meant to be there - and that left him on an island of one. It was humiliating, going back to being a shy, nerdy sixteen year old who didn't know quite what his place was in the world anymore. He had already caused so much damage with the wishing stone, and the damage only seemed to be extending: he'd received a text from Matthew - now Amy - indicated that she was heading to work for the day with his father. Clearly, her shifts were longer, though at least better paying now. David/Naomi, meanwhile, was off to college and living a surprisingly popular life, now that she was the head cheerleader. Timothy tried not to think too much on his friend's form: she was his stepsister now, after all. Amy was a harder matter: she was now Amy Liu, the same name as his runaway deadbeat mother, and the assumption had been that she was meant to be his eldest sister or something.

But she was too old now. Twenty nine years old, in fact. His mom would have had to have been like thirteen or something to have been pregnant with this second Amy, and given how Naomi had been made a stepsister to allow for such 'continuity errors as the new cheerleader put it, it was highly doubtful that a similar workaround would be ignored for Amy. And yet, none had appeared, leaving her role ambiguous and undefined.

And Tim all alone again.

"Hey, why are you so glum?" came a voice as he headed out to lunch.

He turned, not recognising the teen girl it had come from. She was quite pretty, with vibrant red hair and a thick smattering of freckles across her face.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't meant to be."



She laughed. "I didn't ask you to apologise. I asked *why* are you glum? You were staring at the ground like you were hoping to faceplant it. Or make out with it. I don't know."

His cheeks went red. "No, I was just . . . I had two friends at this school, but they both left this year, kinda. So I'm just kind of by myself right now."

"Great!"

"Great?"

She gave a toothy grin and punched him lightly on the shoulder. "Because I'm new here, and I'm by myself right now as well. Let's be lonely together, shall we? I'm Meredith, but my theoretical friends would call me Mel, because I prefer it."

Timothy blinked. "Oh, uh, my name is Timothy. My friends call me Tim."

"Tim! I like it. What were you planning to do during lunch, Tim?"

He grinned a little nervously. "Well, I was planning on moping about by myself, kick some rocks, and generally feel sad. But I guess I could get something nice to eat at the cafeteria and then try to snag the nice shade in the yard before all the popular kids try to take it."

Mel snorted. "That sounds like a plan. Tell me about yourself, Timothy. I want the goss on this place. I'm from out of town, after all. Just got here with my folks and already looking to make trouble."

"You know," he said. "Making trouble is something my friends are also good at."

"Then I'm in good company already!"

He walked with Meredith/Mel to the cafeteria, already feeling a bit more buoyant. He hadn't expected to make a new friend today, nor one so pretty. It was hard not to look at her, even if she was taller than him. But when she walked ahead of him, talking about how weird their little town was, but also how much she wanted to explore the surrounding mountain forests, he couldn't help but notice a tiny flash of rainbow-coloured light emanating from her.

*Did my wish also bring her here? She can't have been transformed, otherwise she would remember. But . . . is she going to be someone important to me?*

He didn't want to dwell upon it too deeply. Still, he smiled, a warmth rushing through him. Things were looking up.

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The week passed with not much in the way of further physical changes for either of the former men, but there were certainly a great number of mental and emotional changes, as well as lifestyle ones, that was for certain. Naomi and Amy both got more used to their names, finding it increasingly hard to even consider their old ones in a natural sense. More than that, they got used to their bodies, Naomi especially. Having always been a remarkably

small, scrawny individual, the new fit beauty was loving her athleticism, and using it to explore the wilds and chart them with all her survivalist skills from her previous life. That was, when she wasn't falling prey to her new mental instincts to get her makeup just right, her nails painted properly, and composing the right outfit for her days at college and even around the home. She felt quite sheepish about it all, but it was difficult *not* to accessorise, and even her hiking trips had a certain fashion *chic* about it, particularly since her new hiking shorts clung tightly to her nice derriere. She was bursting with energy, and was more than happy to use it, but the appeal of cheerleading was growing, especially since she was pampered with compliments, kind stares, and even flirty comments when she led the team.

*I'm an actual leader. I know all the moves. It's like a lot of my experiences, my rule sets, my need to gamify and quantify and collate everything has shifted into the realm of cheerleading. I . . . I don't mind it so much. I mean, I'm really cute! And showing off my midriff actually feels kinda nice.*

It felt especially nice when the gals and guys stared at her fit abdominal muscles, and she grinned back. She had already come to terms with the fact that her new body was very much attracted to men and women. The latter made it easier to bear the former, but she had always been adaptable. And the men were looking rather nice. Her new friends Natalie and Pari were awesome, but she hadn't forgotten her old ones either. It just felt a little . . . odd to be hanging out with Timothy now that he was about five years younger than her, and now her new younger brother on top of that.

*Not that we're actually siblings. Except genetically. But with these mental changes, it's hard not to see him as a little brother now. I used to be the smallest, but now I'm the tough older sister. Will that be forever?*

She tried not to think about it, or at least not to dwell about it. Already, she was working on her studies in psychology, working out and cheerleading at school, and spending time with her popular girlfriends, as well as the cute boys who also joined them. One in particular was named Nathan Hayes, and there was something about him that just drew her in. He was a footballer, but not a total blunt-headed moron like others on the college team. Instead, he had quite the intelligent eyes, which suited his handsome face and blonde hair well.

"Hey, do you mind if I sit here?" he asked once in a shared law studies lecture.

She assented, feeling weird. Once, she'd wondered what it would be like to be popular with the top guys in her school. Now she was a girl, and literally in college, and popular guys were often finding reasons to be around her. The reasons were just not what she expected.

"So, do you enjoy law studies?" he asked as they waited for their professor to arrive.

"Not really. It's not my thing."

“Yeah, same for me. I thought it would be cool, but I think I’m enjoying physical development more.”

She grinned. “I have that too, just on a different line.”

“Damn, I could have copied your work. Everyone says you’re pretty brilliant.”

“Do they?”

*God, he’s got great fucking muscles. I love the way he looks at me.*

She blushed, trying not to be obvious in her attraction, despite the fact that her new body was just built for flirting, among other things.

“Of course. You’re Naomi Liu-Johnson, everyone knows you.”

“Yeah, yeah, head of the cheer group, I know. Real popular. That doesn’t make me smart.”

“You take notes in class and get good grades, right? I’d say that was smart.”

She giggled, happy at the compliment. She hadn’t lived the kind of life that led to many compliments. Just one more reason why, as weird as it was having Tim’s dad Tony as her new dad, she still considered it a major upgrade from her former deadbeat abusive dick of a dad.

“Well, that’s pretty rad of you to say. I gotta be honest though, I haven’t heard the same of you. Most people just talk about your football skills. I only just found out that you’re top of this class a few days ago - but you hate it!”

They shared a laugh, one that made her chest jiggle a little, even sat down. The fact that her top was rather tight around her bust only made his eyes glance down for a moment. It was embarrassing, but it was also nice.

“Yeah, my old man pushes me hard,” he said.

“Mine too.”

“Really? My dad knew yours growing up, and he said he was pretty chill.”

“Oh, I was talking about my other dad. Uh, my first one.”

“Ah, that’s right. You’re a stepkid too, right?”

“We don’t have to talk about it.”

There was a moment of silence as the professor entered the lecture theatre, late as always. Naomi could feel something electric in the air that was hard to deny. An attraction to this handsome footballer. More than that, she felt more daring. More willing to take a chance and be a bit naughty. Hell, she had the body built for it, right?

“Hey,” she said, mirroring his opening, “do you like hiking?”

“I don’t mind it,” he said.

“You’ll love it with me,” she said, more easily than she would have imagined. “Why don’t you come on a walk through the wilderness with me on Saturday? I promise it’ll be fun.”

She didn't intend for the word *fun* to sound so suggestive, but once it was said, she didn't regret it either. Nathan grinned slowly.

"I'd really love that, Naomi. Just you and me?"

"Just you and me. You can tell me if my new sports bra looks nice or not."

*Okay, that was going too far. There are most definitely strong mental changes impacting my decision making right now! And I don't care! The wishing stone has me wanting to go out with this hot dude!*

Her stomach was doing practised somersaults. It was all she could think about when she got back to her new home. She almost ignored Tony asking how her day had been, she was still feeling those butterflies.

"Earth to my daughter!" Tony exclaimed playfully. "How was your day, petal?"

"It was awesome, Dad. Really awesome."

"Good lecture?"

"*Great* lecture."

"Well, before you run off into the wilds or, worse, listen to that boppy pop music that's getting stuck in my head lately, can you help your father clean these dishes?"

She sighed. "But dishes are the worst!"

"Well, it's either that or work for real, kiddo."

She got to work, mumbling all the while. "I should be studying right now, or at least practising my dance moves for the cheer squad."

Tony kissed her on the top of the head. "Plenty of time for that petal. Besides, Tim's been doing the dishes for a while. I figure we give him a break, huh?"

She looked over, noticing that her friend was on the couch, looking a little dreamy and happy himself. In fact, for once he wasn't looking at her weirdly, and she in turn didn't feel so strange to consider her friend on the couch as her nerdy, shy little brother.

"What's got you so excited?" she asked him when she was done.

"Oh, nothing."

"Don't give me that. Just because I'm your big sister and I'm talking way more confident - and colloquial too, when it comes to my speech patterns - doesn't mean you're not still my friend. Did something happen in your search for a stone?"

Timothy gave a sheepish grin. "Not exactly, sis. I mean, Naomi. Sorry, it's hard to say your actual name."

"Yeah, I've noticed too."

"Well . . . I think I made a friend today. A new one."

She gave in to her new athletic impulse and punched him playfully on the arm. He recoiled: she'd used more force than intended.

"Get out of town! Really? Who is he?"

“Um, he is a she. Her name is Meredith, but she goes by Mel.”

“I’m going to ask the question that Amy would ask if she were here and not stuck as a twenty nine year old on her own: is this Mel hot?”

His grin told her everything.

“Look at you, younger brother. Suddenly popular!”

“Yeah, but I’m not your younger brother. This is all just the wishing stone.”

Naomi fell silent, and for a moment they just watched the TV. She had more height on Timothy now, and she was acutely aware of his plain, boring style for the first time in her life.

“I know man,” she finally said. “It’s fucking weird. I’m still me, but I’m also more aggressive and active, and I feel easier talking to people. I don’t . . . I don’t feel like I really need a Matthew in my life anymore. I wouldn’t tell Amy that - I don’t know what role she’s meant to have. But it’s like I’ve finally absorbed those lessons. I know this is crazy for you too, but the fact is that I don’t have a shithead of a dad either. Your dad is actually awesome, now that he’s happier.”

Tim looked over at Tony, who was happily humming as he started dinner.

“He really is, isn’t he? He keeps wanting to do another group barbecue, and have Amy along. She’s now just his employee, but he’s insistent that she’s ‘practically a member of the family.’”

“That would be her new life then. ‘Friend of the family.’ Makes sense, I guess. Look, I’m just saying that I’m still getting used to this, but it’s not all bad. So don’t feel guilty. I’m glad you’ve found a friend.”

She patted his arm, and he thanked her.

“Don’t thank me yet, dude. Now that I’m no longer a total nerd - even if I am still a total survivalist nut - I’ve got a great knowledge of style. And I am going to show my new little brother how to style himself for his first date with Mel.”

“What?” He stood up. “That’s - that’s too weird!”

“Not at all,” she replied, grinning. “Just look at me! I’m a hot cheerleader now. I’m the popular girl. It would be remiss of me not to use my new powers of both deduction and stylistic awareness - literally combine David and Naomi’s knowledges - to help you out. I mean, I’ve got a date this weekend, so why not you?”

Timothy could scarcely believe it. She just chuckled, went to the fridge and grabbed a beer, shaking it in his view while Tony rolled his eyes.

“Just one!”

“Yes, Dad!”

She only realised later, as she experimented with makeup and outfits in her room while listening to boy band music, that she had so easily called Tony ‘Dad.’

It felt right.

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While Naomi was thriving, and even coming to really appreciate her new body (it was, after all, perfect for being an athletic future park ranger), Amy was having more struggles. Her mental changes were contrary to Naomi's: rather than being freeing, they were restricting her. The new woman felt an innate and intense desire to clean and maintain her apartment, and even small spills gave her fits of anxiety unless they were defeated. The same went for old crumbs behind the couch, as well as clogged drains and stains on the toilet. She had never been a greatly dirty individual, but her new compulsions were borderline personality disorders. And yet nothing beat the incredible rush of having a lovely, sparkling clean apartment.

*This is just s-snapping ridiculous! God, how is 'snapping' even a replacement swear word? I swear I'll have a heart attack if . . . ugh. I'm sounding like my mother. She would always say 'I swear Matthew, I'll have a heart attack if you keep getting low grades and detentions!*

She tensed her knuckles. The only time she really felt truly 'free' was when she was masturbating these days, as she had quite frequently over the week. She couldn't believe what a strong libido she had, nor how it manifested. Unlike what Naomi had texted to her in quite a strangely boastful way, Amy was not bisexual. No, she didn't have even *that* good fortune.

No, she was straight for me. Men that were now in her age bracket.

She knew this because when she touched herself, played with her large D-cup breasts, and moaned in ecstasy, swearing like a sailor *finally* during the act of self-coitus, she couldn't help but imagine being ploughed by a gorgeous, rugged man with a big dick. It was utterly humiliating, and even more so when she went into town or headed to work at Anthony's tool store, because she kept finding her eyes wander to the vicinity of cute men in their twenties and thirties.

*I've even got a type. Handymen. Tough guys. Ones with rugged faces and coarse hands, like I used to have! At least I'm not attracted to the exact kind of person I used to be. That would be too damn f-freakin' weird.*

It was weird enough, though, because those men often looked at her appreciatively. She may be twenty-nine, but that was still young - so she told herself - and she had a dynamite figure. Shorter than she would have liked, and with bigger boobs too (she would have preferred no boobs, after all), and her hips were wider than expected. But there was no denying that she was hot as hell, and sometimes she even got a tingle of pride when men

recognised that. All of her clothing had become feminine, and the few times she'd tried to rebel like the good old days and purchase male clothing, she'd only ended up wandering out of the store with cute blouses and high-waisted mom jeans and the like.

*I'm even styling my hair. Seriously, Tim, you've made me a hot Asian future MILF or something. Wait, gah! No, not future MILF. That would require . . . ugh. F-forget that!*

Poor Amy continued to feel more and more like an outsider, even as her friends adjusted to this new normal. She felt proud of Naomi for her accomplishments, and even more so of Tim for making a new female friend. In many ways, she was still a sort of 'team leader', at least that was the hope, but she was continually being pushed to the edges. She didn't have her parents anymore - they'd never been close, but now she was just some nice woman to them. She didn't have her friends anymore, not as it should have been. Hell, she didn't even have her bicycle anymore. The only major point of connection to Tim's new family, which now had Naomi as his stepsister, was through 'their' father Tony. Through his work.

So, understandably, in a bit to remain tethered to them, she doubled down on work.

"Another shift, Amy?" Tony asked on the Wednesday. "Are you sure? I can't offer overtime. It's just be regular pay, I'm afraid."

"That's okay Mr . . . Tony. I just feel comfortable working here for a living," she replied.

She didn't mention that Tony's presence was an increasing comfort to her. It gave her closeness to her friends by proximity, and there was something else there too. Something about the older man's forearms that made her brain pause.

"Thanks for helping out so much, Amy," he said after the matter was decided. "I don't know what I'd do without you here at the store."

She blushed. "Well, I'm the only one keeping it clean, apparently."

That made him laugh. "I won't lie, a woman's touch has been a great boon these past few years. I wouldn't have as many female customers were it not for you, Amy."

She rolled her eyes when he wasn't looking. *Yeah, woman's touch. That's me all over, alright. Stuck as some 'family friend' like Naomi and Timothy think I am. What a fate!*

At least working alongside Anthony was fairly nice. Now that this new reality had him no longer depressed, he actually had an easy charm and quiet sensitivity. He was always complimenting her, but not in the creepy way that some of the other men that visited the store did. She had already been called "a real cutie" by one older figure, and another unsavoury individual had spent the entire time in store complaining that there was no man in to help him (Tony had to duck out for an errand), while she was actually offering sage advice on what kits he was looking forward. And with her ample bust and curvaceous figure, she

could feel the stares of a number of men, and had to turn down more than one that tried to ask her out.

Meanwhile, Anthony kept his stares to a minimum, even if they did occur. She didn't mind the lingering of his eyes on her form as much, despite the fact that she should care more about that than for any other man. He respected her ability to sell products, and to chat to customers and engage them, a talent that seemed to be borrowed from her ability to get into all sorts of trouble in her former life as Matthew. Before the week was out, she'd managed to become a damn good hustler, convincing people to buy what they'd never need but certainly wanted, helping tip the scales. And while she wasn't wanting to do it, she gave in to her new compulsions to dress up a little more showy. Nothing too dramatic of course, not like Naomi, but she wore blouses that were a little tighter on her upper body, and skirts that were just a bit higher up the thigh. The fact that she had a very pretty face with long black silky hair meant that it was quite easy to do up her looks. Customers loved it, and the women enjoyed having someone to talk to, and they even complimented her on her looks.

It was just at one of those moments when Naomi and Timothy entered the store on a late Thursday afternoon. Naomi had clearly come back from college not long ago, as she was still wearing a somewhat skimpy top and skirt that to Amy now looked a bit scandalous.

"Well, well, look who's a big sensible grown up now?" Naomi teased.

"Oh shush you too. I'd use stronger language, but . . . well."

"The wishing stone," Timothy finished, looking guilty.

"Where's that young woman of yours, Tim?" Amy said. "A lot younger relative to me, now."

"You'll get to meet her on Saturday!" he declared. *Okay, I said that in a much more excited fashion than I intended.*

"Good," she replied, crossing her arms behind the counter. She wasn't far from closing up, and there were no more customers. "I'm glad someone is getting a better situation out of this. I only lost *ten years of my life.*"

Naomi cringed a little. "At least you're enjoying the compliments, right? That lady seemed nice, and don't lie and say you weren't smiling when she complimented your makeup!"

"Oh God, don't tell me you heard that," Amy said. She blushed red on her dark olive skin. The gorgeous new Chinese woman rubbed her forehead in embarrassment. "She was actually really nice, actually. It's the, uh, first day I've worn full makeup. And eyeshadow."

"Well, it's working for you! You're like my older sister, or my mom or something."

Amy cringed. "Please don't even make that joke. At least *you* only jumped up a couple of years, and still get all the athleticism."

"You've got bigger boobs."



"Wait, that's a good thing?" Tim said.

"No!" Naomi said quickly. "But . . . sorta. I mean, I'm pretty popular at school now."

"I hear a *lot* popular," Amy replied. "At least that's what Anthony tell me."

Tim looked up. "Anthony?"

"Yeah, your dad."

"Yeah, but you called him Anthony."

"That's what he tells me to call him!"

"That doesn't mean you have to!"

Amy sagged against the desk. "Tim, don't even start this with me. I'm stuck as a twenty-nine old Chinese woman. My parents now just consider me a well-to-do neighbour. The only good part about that is we actually get along now, and that's because my f-freakin' mental changes have me acting like some kind of fussy tiger woman! Seriously, have you seen the stains on your trousers, young man?"

Naomi giggled.

"And you, young lady, I'm sure your friends like the way you look, but that is far too much stomach to show!"

Naomi just laughed harder. Even Tim had to giggle. Amy realised what she'd just said. *Ughhhh, everything about this sucks.* She said as much.

"It might not be all that bad, man. Woman," Timothy said. "Naomi seems to be adjusting."

Naomi grinned, placing her hands on her hips. "Well, I'm stronger, faster, more capable of pursuing my dream of being a ranger, and I'm fucking yummy."

"Language!"

"Not to mention really popular."

Amy narrowed her eyes. "You're enjoying all of this a little *too* much, I think."

Naomi giggled. "Well, I'm still pretty smart. Just also hot and fit and quite into boys now as well. And girls."

"Lucky you. I'm . . . not finding women as crash hot these days."

Timothy blushed, looking around in fear of his dad hearing this conversation, not that he could actually tell when something magical was going on.

"We don't have to talk about this."

"Of course we don't!" Amy exclaimed, throwing her hands up in the air. "After all, I'm not really your friend anymore, am I?"

"Don't say that," Naomi said, but there was a hesitation in her voice that Amy pounced on.

"Why not? Because it's true? I mean, for heaven's sake Naomi, us both turning into women - *Asian* woman at that - should have made us even tighter buds! By all rights, even if

my new mental state makes me a total stick in the mud at times and unable to swear, we still could have hung out and shot the sh-shoot. I've always looked out for you guys. Always! You were alone, on the fringes, and man, I was too. And I think I did a darn good job of helping you find a place, if I can brag about that."

"You did," Tim admitted. "I won't forget that. You're still my friend, Amy."

"Am I?" she asked, tears in her eyes. "You guys have been hanging out way more than I've been able to. Naomi may have changed, but she's at least your sister. You have a sibling dynamic, and it's different from before, but it was always there! And I was like a big brother to you guys. But now I'm just some weird near-thirty year old Chinese chick who works for your Dad and sees you occasionally. In the last couple of weeks I've spent less and less time. I mean, what kind of weird excuse can I use now to drop in on you? And now you're going on a date with a boy, Naomi. And you've got this new Mel friend/girlfriend, Tim. What have I got? I've got no one but myself, and this shop, and Anthony to have a beer with. Or a wine. God, why do I like freakin' wine now? This sucks. I can't even let out my frustration with a firework unless it's at the appropriate time and place."

She sagged, more tears flowing. Naomi and Tim approached. It was quite disarming to see their friend, formerly rugged and wild and able to bear anything, now reduced to an emotional mess of a woman.

"Don't," she said as Naomi touched her arm. "Please, j-just go. I need some space. Please."

"Are you sure-"

"Please."

The two exchanged a glance. Naomi felt quite choked up herself, her more powerful female emotions stirring to the surface. Still, she put a hand on Tim's shoulder and helped turn him around. The pair left.

"You come see us anytime, Amy," Tim said as they exited.

*Not fucking likely. Oh, great, now I can think in swears! When I'm upset!*

She cried a little longer until she managed to get herself under control. She was partway through the process of locking up when Anthony suddenly appeared, having returned from out back where he was restocking.

"Amy? Amy, are you okay? What's wrong?"

She looked up at him, and tried to be strong. But the caring, gentle look in his eyes made her bust out into tears. Without even thinking, she walked into his arms and embraced him. His arms encircled her, and she felt utterly safe and comfortable in them.

"Oh, Anthony," she whimpered, pressing her face against his chest.

"Amy," he whispered back, stroking her hair. "It's okay. It's okay."

And then the lights started to change. And then *she* started to change.

## Part Nine: Meet Your New Mommy

The cascade of rainbow-like lights flooded in from the horizon. They came like a wave, sweeping through the room and signalling to Amy that another change was looming. She had her face against Anthony's chest, and he was so comforting and protective that she almost didn't notice the signs of the wishing stone. But out of her peripherals she caught them, and her eyes widened.

"Oh God. Oh no. Not - not again!"

"What's wrong?" Anthony asked. "Talk to me, sweetie."

*Sweetie? What is this man talking about? What is - ohhhhhh!*

The pressures began, the subtle tensions in her body that told her that the changes were starting. Amy bit her lip, unintentionally pressing herself against Anthony without meaning to. He held her, stopping her from falling, and quickly helped her out back.

"I'll be just a moment!" he said. "It's okay, honey!"

"Honey!?"

He dashed out, and seconds later she could hear him closing up the store early so customers wouldn't bother them. Then he raced back, phone in hand.

"Do I need to call an ambulance? What's going on?"

"N-no! No ambulance! Please . . . my body. Ohhhhhh . . . it's ch-changing again!"

Anthony went to her side and grabbed her hand. They were on a simple backroom couch, but there was something shockingly intimate about the scene, particularly with his wonderfully coarse hand upon her skin.

*Wonderfully coarse? What's wrong with me!? My hands are meant to be coarse!*

And yet she didn't pull her hand away. She needed him, his presence, as her body changed, even if he was immune from understanding what was going on. The former male grit her teeth as the transformation began in full, in all the places she had hoped wouldn't be the case. Her body aged a couple more years, much to her annoyance. A slight reduction in energy, a few more little wrinkles, though nothing too advanced, thankfully. But her figure changed more dramatically: her breasts, already D-cups in size, surged forth to overwhelm her bra. It in turn changed in reaction, growing up a couple of cup sizes to match her increasingly busty figure.

"B-big damn t-tits!" she cried. "This is ridiculous!"

Anthony gave her a funny look, but otherwise didn't find this too alarming. "Are they giving you trouble again? I told you, we can afford some better bras, honey. You need the support!"

"I d-damn well know that, honey!" she snapped, only to catch herself. She'd just called him *honey*. It made her head spin, but she couldn't focus on that right now, because her hips were also widening even as her breasts grew. They expanded, her clothes shifting to accommodate them, and soon she didn't just have a pair of impressive hips, but a *very* impressive set. The kind that would draw the eye of any male in her direction, particularly since her butt grew a little bigger and shapelier.

*Oh shoot. Shit! I've got a real set of babymakers. Seriously, these look like they've given birth or something. They've got 'childbearing' written all over them!*

Her hair became fully raven black, descending down her shoulders until they reached the very small of her back. It wasn't as long a path as before either, because her height shrunk also. Matthew had already been annoyed at losing his impressive height, but now as Amy, *she* had reduced to a short five-foot-five or even five-foot-four or so. It was made all the more obvious by how much bigger Anthony seemed next to her, and when he placed an arm of comfort around her she felt small and nestled against him - small, that was, except for her bountiful chest, which upped another cup size dramatically. Her new tits were huge and heavy, perfect and full, and a button naturally unpopped, leaving her with some lovely deep cleavage on display.

*Holy moly. These are huge! I must be an F-cup or something. Wait, am I even thinking in English? What language am I thinking in!?*

The answer, she realised with dread, was *Mandarin*. Her thoughts were a strange blend of American English and her new 'native' language from China. Fitting, since she was now a full Chinese woman, but alarming nonetheless.

The changes finished, and the last flash of light emanated, signalling that it was over. For a long minute, Amy simply breathed, trying to contain her thoughts and untangle the two languages that now ran together in a simple stream. Her chest heaved. They were big breasts, though not ridiculous in size, just noticeably quite . . . full. Busty. Mom tits.

*Oh God, I've got mom tits. Mom Tits. Big mommy tits.*

The fact that she was wearing a cute white blouse that fitted tightly to her figure, as well as a skirt that hugged her thighs quite nicely, only emphasised her form further. There were so many curves on her body now, and they were packed in tighter too due to her reduced height. Even the weight of her longer hair was noticeable, and the feeling that her face had changed a little, perhaps a bit fuller in the lips, or softer in the general features.

"Guàiyì de," she said, before correcting herself. "This is weird."

"Are you sure it's not nice?" Anthony said, still holding her. "We rarely get to do this anymore. We've been so busy, sweetie. I'm sorry, I didn't realise it was putting such pressure on you. We'll organise a date night soon, send the kids somewhere, and focus on us."

“U-us?” Amy asked. A dreadful realisation was dawning. She pulled away from Anthony slowly, though not completely, and stared up into his eyes. They were strangely hypnotic. Handsome, even. She cursed her stupid female body for clearly being attracted to men now, especially in this moment.

*Don't even think about it. This man is your best friend's dad! It's so weird!*

She swallowed as he regarded her like she was the most beautiful thing in the world. He brushed her cheek with one hand, and she failed to stop him. In fact, she moaned softly as he did so.

“Of course, us, Amy,” he said. “I know there’s been lots of changes: Naomi off in college, Timothy finding a new relationship, and us reworking the store, but you’ve been my rock the whole way through. I couldn’t imagine anyone else as my wife, you know that.”

*Wife. Wife!? WIFE!?!?!*

But it was too late, because at that moment, Anthony kissed her.

And worse, *she kissed him back*, moaning softly again. His lips were wonderful, the scruff of his shadow marvellous against her soft skin.

And then she realised what was doing, and leapt backwards to her feet, rubbing her mouth.

“N-not now, stupid!” she hissed. “You’ve got a store to run. And I’ve, uh, got to go. Women’s stuff! You stay here and finish the shift, honey. I mean . . . ugh!”

She walked off as quickly as she could, overwhelmed with emotion and not sure what to do, and leaving a very confused Anthony behind. Her breasts bounced in her bra annoyingly, and it annoyed her that a small sense of pride in her figure was also present. Her hips shook a bit more dramatically, sashaying from side to side.

She made it to the exit of the store and around the corner before she could no longer hold off hyperventilating.

“I’m - I’m Anthony’s *wife*? *This* is how I join the family? *Tā mǎde niǎo*, I am going to *kill* Timothy for this!”

*Wait, this means Timothy is . . . my son.*

“Definitely going to kill him for this, once he’s finished his damn homework!”

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Naomi hadn’t changed any further, which confused her. The glittering light had expanded, but she still had her C-cup breasts and impressive height and athletic build. She still had her more girl sensibilities and newfound obsession with boybands. At best, her hair had grown just a little longer, and her hourglass figure just a bit more pronounced. Timothy had noticed the lights as well, but could see no further changes either.

“Maybe the house?” Naomi said, frowning as they entered their home. “Last time I also got my room, with all the, you know, pink things.”

Timothy chuckled. “Yeah, sorry about that.”

“Don’t be. I kinda like it. Besides, it’s way better than the place I used to have. Seriously, I’d rather be a hot girl and have you as my little bro than be stuck in my old place with my sicko dad. Anthony is way better.”

*Wow, she really has changed, Tim thought. But at least my friend is still in there. She may be more brash and confident and, well, flirty with the boys and girls at college, apparently, but she still thinks things through pretty reasonably.*

“I guess so. At least he is now that he’s happier.”

“Funny how just having me along makes him happier though,” Naomi said. “Oh shit, I didn’t mean it like that, man.”

“No, I know what you mean,” said Timothy, who’d been thinking the same. “Don’t get me wrong, I know Dad always wanted another kid, and liked the idea of having a, er, daughter.”

“Yeah, still feels weird being a daughter. But not . . . bad.”

“That’s good. But that doesn’t explain why he’s so much happier now.”

“Maybe he just likes being able to work with Amy. He always got along with Matthew, now they’re like, work partners or something.”

It was that thought that made them both think at the same time of an alternative. They shared a concerned glance.

“You don’t think . . . ?”

Tim shook his head, refusing to even acknowledge it.

“Yeah, right. Gross. But . . . maybe the change happened to the house. Maybe Amy’s like a live-in aunt or something now.”

“Wow, that’s weird too.”

*Super weird, Naomi thought. Because I nearly said ‘Mom’ instead of ‘Aunt.’ I better not say anything to my little br - to Tim. He might freak.*

Instead, they explored the house together. Perhaps some of the changes had been mental, because Naomi felt far more comfortable in her body now, and she had been starting to feel pretty dang confident in it before. Just the idea of being male again even seemed sort of strange: for one, she wouldn’t be able to wear cute crop tops that showed off her awesome abs.

But those thoughts ended as they explored the living room. Indeed, some things had changed, though it was too subtle to notice at first. But having lived there longer, Timothy noticed eventually.

“The family photographs,” he said. “They’ve - they’ve changed! Amy’s in them!”

“No fucking way!” Naomi said. She strode across the room and grabbed a standing photoframe from a shelf. “Um, dude, look at this. This is pretty damn weird. Weirder than me getting all confident and sporty and girly, even.”

Timothy looked at the photo. They both did. The new step-siblings could barely believe what they were seeing: in the frame were the pair of them a few years younger, courtesy of the reality change. They were both smiling - Naomi a bit more mischievously, and Timothy clearly putting on a fake smile for the camera. Anthony had a hand on his son's shoulder, and his smile was far more earnest. He was wearing his best shirt. And next to Anthony, a hand around Tim's father's waist, and her other hand on Naomi's shoulder, was Amy. Not the original Amy Liu that had run away and abandoned Timothy and Anthony and left them a broken family, though she did have a remarkable resemblance with her. No, this was a new woman, albeit one who easily could have been Timothy's mother.

Who was Timothy's new mother.

“No,” the teenager said. “There's just no way. It can't be!”

It was at that point that the door slammed open, and someone came stomping into the living room. The stepsiblings turned to see the spitting image of the woman in the photo come barreling in, her face matted with tears, her expression frustrated and emotional.

*Holy crap, Amy grew some big boobs*, the pair of them thought as one. They both noted that she looked a little older, though incredibly beautiful and youthful, in a way that Asian women could often be well into middle age.

Amy stopped as soon as she saw them. She didn't know what to say.

“Oh my God,” Naomi said. “You're our Mom now. My step-mom, I guess, but Timothy's *actual* mom.”

Amy swallowed. “No! It's not - I changed again, but it can't be.”

“There's even a photo of you holding Tim just like there used to be, but it's *you* now. You're Tim's biological mother, Amy. You're his actual blood *mom*.”

The new son and mother exchanged a look. This was totally alien to both of them.

*Mom is my new mom? I mean, Matthew/Amy is my new mom? And always was?*

*I'm his mom? God, in this timeline I had sex as a woman, got knocked up, and gave birth to him? No. No no no no no.*

She repeated that last part out loud: “No. No no no no no no! I refuse to accept it! I am not your mother! I did *not* give birth to you.”

But even as she said it, a flash of knowledge came over her, a distant memory that she hadn't truly experienced, and yet felt familiar somehow at the same time. Her, with a big round belly, lying back in a hospital bed with her legs spread wide. She was in pain, clenching Anthony's hand and screaming demands at him, cursing him for getting her

pregnant at such a young age, as she pushed and pushed and pushed and *pushed* at the recommendation of the doctors, until finally . . .

“*Wǒde tiān na!* Oh my God! I gave birth to you. This is so f-f-frickin’ not cool! Change this timeline back! I don’t want to be your mother. Your *actual* mother.”

“I don’t want you as my mother!” Tim exclaimed. “Oh shit, this -”

“Watch your language or I’ll make you clean up for dinner tonight and you’ll get no desert!” she snapped, only to catch her new Tiger Mom instincts. “Oh no, I’m even *acting* like your mother. Why me? I’ve lost twenty years of my life almost - I’m thirty four now! *Thirty four!*”

Which wasn’t that old, all things considered, especially given her striking beauty. It meant that she had still conceived Timothy quite young, though now at least at eighteen rather than sixteen. And likely they had adopted the older Naomi not long after, making them a blended family.

Naomi couldn’t help herself. She giggled a little, and her new mom glared at her.

“What’s so funny!?” she snapped, folding her arms beneath her breasts. “Something to say?”

“Sorry! It’s just . . . you’re the troublemaker, but now you’re the rules-obsessed mom. And you were complaining before about not being the family, now you’re the head of it.”

“Anthony is meant to be the head of it, sweetie. I mean, Naomi. Not me!”

Naomi smirked again. “No offence, mom. Shit, now I’m saying it.”

“Language.”

“Whatever. But no offence, but you’re an *Asian* mom. A *Chinese* mom. You’re a tiger woman - you run the show, at least how you’re coming across.”

*Oh God, they’re right*, the former Matthew thought. *I’m acting like a rules-obsessed, neatness obsessed, get good grades or else kind of mom. These stupid mental changes!*

“I don’t want to talk about this right now!” she said suddenly. She wiped her eyes, and Naomi felt terrible - she was a bit more bratty lately, but she didn’t want her mom - or her friend - to cry.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I didn’t mean-”

“I’m not your mom!” Amy shouted, before turning on the spot and walking away, her wide childbearing hips - ones that had now *actually* born a child sixteen years ago - swaying from side to side. She went up the stairs as quickly as she could and slammed the door to her room shut, falling onto the bed and already starting to cry.

*My bed? This is Anthony’s bed . . . oh God. It’s our bed. I sleep here now.*

She adamantly refused to do that, but she stayed in place anyway, trying to come to terms with everything that had happened to her.



“I’m a d-d-darn *mom*, now,” she whimpered to herself. “I’m my best friends’ hot Asian mom. Why did he have to make that wish? Why did I have to turn out like *this*?”

He flopped onto his back, and his large boobs bounced as he did so. For just a moment, he imagined a man touching them. *Tony* touching them. She quickly pulled her thoughts away from such reluctant desires.

*No way*, she thought. *I refuse to play this role. There is no way on Earth I’m going to become this group’s mom!*

Downstairs, Naomi and Timothy were also processing this. It was a rude shock, and Tim didn’t know what to think. He actually felt a little bit violated, in a strange way. He had no love for the mom who had abandoned him, but he hadn’t asked for his past to be rewritten, or to get a new mom. He felt terribly for Matthew, who was always such a rogue, but was now stuck as a thirty-four year old *mom*. *His mom*.

“This is really, really weird,” he said flatly.

Naomi nodded, still a little shell-shocked herself. “Yeah, super weird. Dude, we just met our new mommy.”

## **Part Ten: One (Happy?) Family**

To say the next few days were awkward as hell would be the understatement of the century. Timothy felt like his head was constantly spinning: his wish had come true and the magical effects had seemingly finished. Only, like the proverbial monkey’s paw in the story he was studying in English class with Meredith, his wish had come true in the worst way. His two best friends were fully female, fully part of his family, aged up and *certainly* filled out in the womanly places. They’d lost their dicks - their manhoods! - but while Naomi was still swimming along and accepting this (literally, she had just signed up with the swim team and was already a champion in it), Amy was understandably floundering. She now lived in the same house as them, ostensibly sharing the same room as ‘their’ father. Only she had managed to refuse, despite her apparent instincts to the contrary, and was currently sleeping on the couch, much to Anthony’s own confusion and despair. She’d claimed it was just ‘a phase’, but no one could blame her who knew what had happened to the former rebel.

Still, it led to things being quite awkward indeed. Amy was now a thirty four year old woman, and a total MILF to boot. As much as she tried to fight her new role, her new mom instincts were very much present, and came out in predictable waves. She demanded neatness around the house, ensured that Timothy cleaned his damn room and Naomi as well, and she increasingly took over the meals, something she had already started even

before she moved in. Her mind simply couldn't tolerate mess, or being seen in public in an improper state, and so she also wore fashionable outfits that showed off her figure without them being immodest. The last part was particularly embarrassing to her, especially when she set down the lovely meals she had cooked for the family and took her seat next to Anthony, smiling at her accomplishment only to catch herself and realise what she was doing.

*I'm turning into some ridiculous wife! Into a mom who cooks dinner each night! And since when did I know how to cook kung pao chicken with egg drop soup?*

But it was delicious, and the others made sure to compliment her cooking, sometimes a bit too much so, which she knew was just an attempt to lift her spirits. The worst part was that it worked: it *did* lift her spirits, in the same way as her husband complimenting her looks lifted them.

"You look absolutely gorgeous today, honey."

"I love you in that purple dress."

"That necklace certainly draws the eye to the places I like, dear."

The last made her blush a deep shade of red. She had put on the necklace automatically with her dress, one which had a lower neck than usual. It meant that the pendant rested in her now very impressive cleavage, drawing the eye just as he'd said. She'd tried to take it off later, but it really did look nice, just as he'd said!

"You shouldn't say such things like that, Tony," she insisted.

But he just crossed the room and took her in his arms, planting a kiss on her lips. It was all kinds of wrong, she knew, but it felt *good*. She hated how good it felt. More than that, she hated the thought of Timothy and Naomi ever catching them in a kiss, so she pushed away her husband as quickly as she could.

"Stop it!" she snapped in Mandarin, before switching back to English. "It's not appropriate."

Anthony grimaced. "I don't understand what's going on, love. Please tell me. Did I do something wrong? Is it the work lately? I miss you in our bed. You should at least take the bed and I'll take the couch while whatever this is gets worked out. But please, you need to tell me what's going on."

*What's going on? What's going on is that I've got a damn engagement ring and wedding ring on my finger! There are wedding photos of me kissing you! We made a darn child together, one who was originally my best friend and only a few years younger than me. I've got tits and a darn vagina, and I'm working like some kind of housewife, barking orders at the kids like a stereotypical tiger mom! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG.*

But she didn't say that. She couldn't. And even if she could she knew that he wouldn't hear it: the magic had resealed reality so that they had always been a family. She had always been a woman.

And now she was *Anthony's* woman, and one that found him deeply damn attractive despite herself.

*I hate how frickin' handsome his five o'clock shadow is. Damn it, Tim!*

"I'm just working some things out," she said with a sigh. Her voice had more of a lilting accent to it now. It was adorable, and yet oddly commanding when she snapped at her children. *God, my children. My friends are my children now. Ugh!*

"I know, love. I just wish you would tell me about these things," Anthony said. He drew a little closer to her, and she actually let him place a hand around her waist again. He smelled lovely. Manly.

"I just . . . need a few days," she said. "Tony, just trust me, okay?"

He pulled back. "Of course. You know I love you, right?"

"I . . . I do," she said.

But she didn't love him back. He was comfortable, and warm, and generous and kind, and he loved her food and her manner. And the way he looked at her made her shiver, even the way he looked at her ass when she walked passed, even after she'd instructed him *very clearly* not to slap her lightly on the behind even when the kids were out.

*But that doesn't mean I love him. This whole situation is messed up! I'm meant to be lighting firecrackers in the darn woods! Now I'm writing community board letters so that people round here will put a stop to that!*

It left her miserable, this war between two parts of her mind, but her two 'children' were similarly affected. Naomi at least continued going to college, and was able to get away from the weird new family dynamic at home. She continued to get closer to Nathan Hayes, taking him on that promised wilderness walk. She'd been rather daring, wearing a small purple crop top and hiking shorts that clung to her voluptuous and athletic figure, and the footballer-with-a-brain clearly hadn't minded, not one bit.

"You look stunning," he'd said, and it made her all peppy and energetic.

"Well, you're not bad yourself. But we might look a lot more sweaty and gross by the end of the trail, just a heads up. I'm sure you'll struggle."

He laughed. "Oh, is that so? I am a footballer, you know."

She waved that comment off playfully, placing her hands on her firm hips. "Yeah, that's all short distance hokey nonsense. This is the long haul."

"Well, we could make it interesting."

"Oh yeah?"

The handsome man grinned, and it made her grin too. *God, he's fucking handsome. I never imagined going through the wild or the tracks on a date, especially with a man. But this, I could get used to.*

"If I make it to the end and am not a horrible sweat monster, you owe me a kiss. A good one."

She giggled. "Oh damn, you are *on*, mister."

The walk was wonderful, as it turned out, and not as hard as she imagined. Nathan did struggle a bit towards the end - just as she'd thought, he was no long-distance guy - but he kept himself together, panting only as they reached the summit of Forrester's Mountain that overlooked the western reach of Birch Haven.

"Magnificent, isn't it?" she said, breathing in the cool, fresh air.

Nathan gasped. "Absolutely. Brilliant sight. Damn sexy, too."

"Sexy? Oh, you absolute horndog!"

He was staring at her profile, as she was thrusting out her chest, hands on her hips at the sight. She almost felt like a bit of a goddess.

*In fact, I rather do. I bet that's how Nathan sees me right now as well. Jungian archetypes would no doubt reflect that . . . ah, who cares about that right now?*

She moved over to him, seizing the initiative, and kissed him. He kissed back, taking her in his strong arms.

"So I take it I'm not a total sweat monster?" he asked.

"Just a little sweaty," she said, smiling, "but I don't mind it. It's kind of hot."

"Well, you're *all* kinds of hot, Naomi."

"Wow, that was lame as hell and still kinda sexy. Come here, you."

The weirdest part was that she didn't feel nervous, or even embarrassed. She felt *alive*. She hadn't been successful as a scrawny little nerd of a man when it came to relationships and dating, but her chic and quick-witted Naomi confidence made things so much easier. Not to mention that Nathan Hayes was damn strong, nice and tall, and her tits felt wonderful pressed against his chest.

"So, is this a first date?" he asked when their lips parted.

"I'd say it was a successful audition," she replied. She jabbed him playfully in the chest. "After all, you still have to prove yourself on the way down."

"Oh damn, so soon? Give me a little break here!"

"I am," she said, grabbing his shirt and pulling him closer again. "I want you to make out with me. Hardcore. *Then* we go back down."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Suffice to say, they were dating by the next week, and openly smooching when they caught up on campus, which was often. Naomi wasn't exactly telling her family yet - it was

still a bit too weird to confess to her friends-turned-family - but she wasn't exactly hiding it either, and soon the gossip of the gorgeous couple was racing around the campus. They were increasingly daring in their makeout sessions, and while they hadn't progressed to sex just yet, she loved having him feel her tits through her clothing, even stripping down to just her bra on her upper torso to tease him when they were in the privacy of a dorm room. The excitement of going further tantalised her mind, but her David self still had some nervousness about the prospect, and some good sense too. She didn't want a reputation, after all. And besides, her campus life was busy with hard study, cheerleading practice (she loved to show off especially for Nathan, now), and continual effort on the swimming team.

*I may be a hot girl going out with a hot man, but I'm still going to be a damn ranger,* she thought to herself. In fact, the dream seemed all the more attainable, now.

But while Naomi was succeeding, and Amy was floundering, Timothy just felt plain awkward. At high school things were going well: Meredith/Mel continued to hang out with him in class and out, and it was clear the vibrant teenager enjoyed his company as much as he enjoyed hers. It was like being coaxed out of his shell all over again, though this time it wasn't as bad, because he'd originally had no friendships at all when Matthew and David took him in. But Meredith was the new kid on the block, a real free spirit, and she had a rebellious streak that Amy would have been proud of, if her new compulsions didn't make her so disapproving now. While Tim didn't like to act out at school, he showed Mel all the best hiding spots and hidden locations in the forest trails, the best place to skip stones, and the rusting bus everyone pelted glass at. They even lit some of Matthew's old fireworks together, setting off the ire of a busybody neighbour out in the sticks.

"You know, I thought this place was in the middle of nowhere," Mel remarked as they ran. "But this is actually exciting! Not so glum now, are you?"

"Not at all!" he exclaimed, trying to keep pace with her. "But maybe that's because you're trying to get us killed!"

"Ha! That's far too boring for me! Woo!"

She jumped across a small river, and he followed suit, splashing himself just a little and causing her to laugh. They tumbled together as he tripped, and one thing led to another: they kissed.

"Okay," Mel said. "That happened."

"Yeah, sorry."

"I didn't ask you to say sorry, I said 'that happened.' As a matter of fact, I rather liked it. Though you could totally use some kissing practice."

Tim went a bit red. "I - er -"

"Man, you should see your face! C'mon, I'll show you. You can't be that bad, especially if you're going to be my boyfriend."

“I’m - your boyfriend?”

Mel looked at him like he had three heads. “Dude, what do you think you’ve been the past week? You country types are way too slow at this. But sure, if you don’t want a girlfriend-”

“I do!” he declared, more stridently than he’d intended. “I, well, I really like you.”

She folded her arms victoriously. “Then it’s settled! We have an accord! So long as you pass your training.”

And then she showed him how kissing was supposed to be. It was a wonderful slice of heaven for the young man, a real coming of age.

*I can’t believe that things are somehow getting better. At least when I’m out of the house.*

But that joy contrasted heavily with the dread he felt in his heart when he arrived home and saw his new ‘mom’ making dinner. The two were the most awkward together in the whole family, even more than she and Anthony. Tim was acutely aware that in this timeline, his friend had literally been pregnant with him and given birth to him, and Amy was just as aware, and even carried some of the memories. As such, the two could barely look at one another, or truly acknowledge one another, leading to a continual tension. Amy clearly felt utterly foreign (literally) in her body, and in her new culture, and even in her new language: she had a habit of dipping back into Mandarin when she got snappy, which was often.

This was not including the obvious awkwardness going on between her and her husband. Timothy and Naomi had both noticed things, including the way the two were often whispering together, or how Amy tried to avoid Anthony in the same household. Even going to work seemed to make her quite nervous: she was spending a lot of time together with the man she was now - and had always been in this timeline - married to, after all.

It all escalated to a sight that neither Naomi nor Timothy had ever wanted to see. Naomi’s classes finished early on Tuesdays, so over a week after Amy’s change she got on the bus headed back to Birch Haven. Tim welcomed her on his bike, having brought hers as well, and the two step siblings enjoyed the ride back to their house, which was not a short one, just like old times. They talked about their former lives, and Naomi teased him about Mel and how well things were going, while Tim fired back with ammunition about Nathan Hayes.

“How did you know about Nathan?”

“It’s a small town, Naomi. Word travels.”

“Damn, I was hoping to keep it a secret. Does Mom - I mean, Amy - know?”

He shook his head. “She’s still in her own world. I don’t blame her. I can’t imagine what she’s going through.”

"I can," Naomi said, gesturing to herself as they arrived at their home," but not fully. I only lost a few years. She lost fifteen. Not to mention she's, y'know, our *mom*. I'm still getting used to her serving up steam-fried dumplings at the dinner table."

"Me too," Tim said. "Even though they're delicious."

"Right? Who the hell would have thought that Matthew of all people would end up being a pretty amazing mom?"

"She's not my mom," Tim said, adamant. "She's not. And she's not your mom. I've trapped her in this terrible situation, and it's all my fault."

He opened the door.

"She's in hell, Naomi, and it's all my fault."

"Hell, huh? Then what the hell is *that*?"

Timothy turned. The door had opened quietly, and they'd stepped into view of the living room just in time to see their father kissing Amy on the lips, his hand wandering down to clench her ass. She was moaning softly as he did so, pressing herself demurely against him in a manner that was more than a little sexual.

Both Timothy and Naomi had the same thought at once: *EWAAAAA!!*

"Gross, you guys!" his step-sister said, and the two parents turned. Anthony just grinned a little sheepishly.

"Sorry, didn't realise you guys were home so early! Another time, honey."

He gave her a playful slap on her rear as he walked away, looking a bit red-cheeked himself. But Amy squeaked, her almond-shaped eyes wide at the knowledge of how close she'd come to something incredibly intimate, and that her own children - her friends - had just witnessed that.

"I - I - how much did you see?" she asked.

*Please not much*, she thought. *Please not much. He was just so flirty, and he brought me flowers as a surprise, and - and - oh God, this is humiliating!*

"Um, you looked like you were getting pretty passionate there," Naomi said.

"Yeah," Tim. "Passionate."

"I didn't mean to!" Amy said. "It was an accident. These compulsions, you have to believe me!"

But Tim was already moving past and heading to his room. This was too much. Anger surged in his mind, and it wasn't a fair anger, he knew. His mom had abandoned him, and that had always been the case. But now his friend was an imposter, replacing someone's failed role with a facsimile. Filling a hole in his father's life. All because of his wish, sure, but it still stirred ugly feelings nonetheless. He slammed the door to his room shut, leaving Naomi and Amy together.

"*Lā shī*," Amy swore. "I didn't mean to, you have to believe me, Naomi."

“I know, Mom,” she replied, for once not correcting herself: Amy was starting to tear up, after all, and it moved Naomi’s own feminine emotions. “I know. But I think we all need to talk. I think we need to figure out how to be a proper family and make this work, in whatever way we can.”

*She’s right*, Amy realised. Her mind went to her new husband, bringing up their own mixed feelings. *We can’t go on like this without me finding my own place. But what place do I even have?*

The answer was obvious. It just wasn’t an answer the new wife and mother was ready for.

## **Part Eleven: Mom and Dad**

Dinner was awkward, though Anthony clearly wasn’t sure why. Brother and sister occasionally exchanged looks, both of them aware of what they had seen their ‘mother’ doing. To anyone else, seeing their parents flirting a little playfully and kissing one another wouldn’t elicit much of a reaction beyond some rolled eyes, but they both knew that their new Mom had once been their friend. More than that, Amy had once been a total renegade, a rule-breaker, a man who tested the boundaries and pushed back against authority.

Now, she was fussing over their table manners.

“Wash your hands before you sit down!” she snapped at Timothy, who blinked twice before going to the bathroom to do just that. “And Naomi, that shirt is too low! I don’t care what is popular right now on campus, but you can’t go showing yourself off like that! You need to have some modesty!”

Naomi barely contained her laughter.

“What is it?” Amy snapped.

“No offence, ‘Mom’, but you’ve got bigger boobs than me, and you don’t seem very good at hiding them.”

Amy blushed, but her face twisted into anger. “How dare you talk to your m-to me like that!”

Anthony played peacemaker before it all got out of control, thankfully. “I think that’s enough,” he said, making a placating gesture with his hands. “Naomi can wear what she wants, my dear. It’s not too bad, and we trust her judgement, don’t we?”

Amy nodded reluctantly.



“And you, my little bear, will not comment on your mother or her figure like that again, thank you very much.”

“Mom started it. And she does have big boobs! Look at that cleavage!”

Anthony practically choked for a moment. “Yes, I am . . . very aware. And it’s certainly not a dinner conversation.”

Amy harrumphed. *I can’t believe she’s showing me such disrespect when - what am I thinking? She’s not my daughter, and I’m not some crazy Asian Tiger Mom. Mind you, Timothy’s school results better not be dipping just because he’s met this Mel girl. Ugh, there I go again.*

“I’m sorry, Naomi,” she said. “You know how your . . . mother’s mind gets,” she said. Both of them knew what she was actually talking about.

“It’s okay, *Mom*,” Naomi replied as Tim returned. “It’s the same with me. Just feeling very . . . take charge lately.”

“Well, now that we’ve buried any hatchets,” Anthony said, “and Tim is back, let’s eat. Your mother has made us a fine combination rice and I for one cannot wait to taste her cooking. I think we can all agree the food is always excellent!”

Amy couldn’t help but smile a little at the compliment. Something about her man - even if she didn’t exactly want him to be her man in this new reality - complimenting her food just made her body light up. It also made her thoughts slide in other directions. She lowered a hand to rub his thigh beneath the table, and he did the same. She only pulled away when she realised what she was doing, and then got down to eating.

*At least while I’m eating I’m not saying a bunch of total Mom things to my kids. I mean, to my friends. God help me, this is darn hard!*

They continued to eat together as a family, Amy occasionally fussing over how to improve the dish for next time, and Anthony looking at her like she was just the most darling wife. She tried to ignore the feelings it brought up in her; she’s always gotten along and liked Anthony ever since he offered her a job when she’d been Matthew, but it was still way too weird being his actual wife! The fact that she’d actually given in and kissed him earlier was only a sure sign that she needed to get control of herself.

“Well, that was incredibly delicious!” Naomi said with a smile, having finished her whole plate. “Cheers, *Mom*.”

She got up to move, but Amy coughed deliberately.

“What?”

“We say ‘pardon’ in this household, honey. And aren’t you forgetting something? Your dishes.”

Naomi rolled her eyes, the kind of open defiance she never would have committed to back as David, but she still complied. As she passed Amy, she whispered in her mother's ear so that her new dad wouldn't pick it up.

"You are such a clean freak now, what gives?"

"I can't help it!" she whispered back. "Besides, you're a sporty girl who listens to boybands, who are you to judge!"

Naomi actually giggled as she moved to the sink. Timothy, on the other hand, had barely touched his food. He was looking glum, and it made Amy glum too just to see it. A maternal feeling surged up within her, a need to comfort her son, but her Tiger Mom instincts were just as strong.

"Timothy, you need to finish your food! I'm not letting this go to waste."

"Sure thing," he said, failing to meet her eyes. He ate slowly, forcing down each bite.

*It's not fair, he thought to himself. This isn't what I wanted for Matthew. It's all my fault, and yet . . . I'm just so angry with him! How can he - she - stroll into my life like this and take the role of my Mom? As if she didn't abandon me in the first place! God, it's stupid, but I can't help but feel this way!*

Amy didn't know what was wrong with Tim though, and neither did his father.

"Timothy, is something wrong? Is it about this Mel girl?"

"No Dad, that's going great. It's not that at all. It's . . . other things."

He shared a meaningful, if slightly hostile glance, with Amy. It actually astounded her, and she opened her mouth to say something, anything, that could clear the air between the new mother and son. But Timothy finished eating, and silently moved to the kitchen to clean his bowl, and then he went to his room. He was too angry at Amy, and himself, and the wishing stone and the world to confront these feelings yet.

"I didn't want a new mom," he muttered to himself. *Especially not my friend. And especially not to have him be my birth mom in this reality. He was only a couple of years younger than me, and now in this timeline I literally grew inside of her! Ugh! It's so fucking wrong!*

Naomi saw Tim pass, and gave him a concerned look. "Everything okay, bro?"

"I'm not your bro, no matter how much this stupid wish made us siblings. And you're not a girl, no matter how much you make out with Nathan Hayes."

"Dude!"

"Just leave me alone!"

He slammed the door shut, leaving Naomi in silence too. *Wow, something's eating him, and more than just the weirdness of Matt as his mom. What's up with that?*

Perhaps it was just her newfound confidence, or just her newfound acceptance of herself, but she decided to blow it off for now. She loved Tim like a brother - he was a brother

now - but she was finally enjoying life, even as a woman. Besides, she had a call to make to Nathan, to work out their next date. She bit her lip in excitement.

“Those two can work out whatever is going on. I’m going to plan my outfit for my next ‘hike.’ Ha!”

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Amy was about to head to bed. Anthony was already up there, but the prospect of sleeping beside him always made her nervous, and not just because her darn thirty four year old MILF body insisted on being very attracted to his surprisingly muscled form. No, it was also the comfort she found there, and the notion of being so close to someone else, particularly someone who slept in just his underwear, or sometimes purely naked. She had discovered that more than once in recent days when she woke to him wrapped around her form, and her sleeping comfortable against a *very* erect boner.

So instead of heading straight to bed, she knocked on Timothy’s door instead.

“Who is it?” came his voice.

“Your mother,” she replied in an authoritative tone, before dismissing that attitude. “I mean, it’s me. Amy. Your m-mother. Please open up, Tim.”

He did so reluctantly, though the anger was clear upon his face.

“What is it?” he said.

“What’s wrong?” she asked him. “Did I do something? I can’t control these changes, you know! I’ve lost over ten years of my life, young man!”

“You turned in my mom,” he replied, folding his arms. “I had a mother. She sucked. She left me and Dad, and I’ll never forgive her. That defines me, Mom. I mean, Matthew. Whatever. It’s been part of my life forever. And now, not only do I have a new Mom that I never gave permission to, but apparently she’s a copy of my old Mom, only she was here and loving the whole time. In this timeline you *gave birth* to me, for God’s sake!”

“And who’s fault is that? I didn’t make the wish!”

Timothy groaned, throwing his hands up in the air in frustration. “You don’t think I know that!? Of course this is all my fault! I know it’s irrational to be angry at you, but I am, okay? You’ve taken on a position in my family that I never got to experience; a loving Mom who was always there. God, it’s just so unfair, for you and me! Way more for you, but Naomi doesn’t understand either. She’s just *gained* a great parent and lost a shit one. But you . . . I spent my whole life learning about Amy Liu, and how she gave me and Dad up. I dreamed of meeting her again for years, of what I would say, and now she’s here before me but it’s not here, and she was apparently *always* there for me in this new reality, and something about

that is just too much to process. I can't do it, Mom. Amy. Whatever! So please, just leave me alone. You're not my Mom, and I'm not your kid."

To her surprise, a tear rolled down Amy's cheek.

"I know," said, trying not to choke as her throat caught. "I - I know that! I'm trying, Tim! God, I'm trying! I just . . . I can't do this either. I'm sorry."

She closed the door and bounded upstairs straight to the bedroom. She practically leapt into bed, and Anthony received her with more than a little surprise as she began to weep into the pillows.

"Amy? Amy, what's up? Oh honey, are you okay?"

"D-don't touch me," she whined, still sobbing into the pillows. She pressed her large chest against the bed, annoyed at how curvaceous her body was, and how insistent it was at reminding her of said curvers. Her hair frames her face as she cried, trying to make sense of it all, and how much it had changed.

"Please, honey, tell me what's happening."

His hand hovered over her back, and then after some hesitation began to stroke it. She didn't fight against it.

"I'm a bad mother," she managed to say. "I shouldn't be Tim's mom, or Naomi's! I'm a bad mother. I'm not meant to *be* a mother. I'm meant to be - to be -"

*To be a man named Matthew,* she thought to herself. *Instead of Tim's Asian MILF of a mom. God, this is so d-darn pathetic!*

"Of course you are," her husband replied, continuing to calm her. He pressed himself against her a little further, and once more she allowed him to do so. "You're an amazing mother. You make great dishes, you keep the house clean, you teach both Tim and Naomi by example with your behaviour, and you push them to succeed."

"I always pushed them," she said, and it wasn't a lie; she just pushed them in a more responsible way now. "But that doesn't mean I should be doing it. I - I shouldn't be here, Anthony. I can't explain it, but this life is all wrong, and I'm only going to ruin it."

"Oh honey, is this because of a fight with Tim or Naomi? They're a handful sometimes, I know, but I think they're just going through their teen phases. Well, Tim is. Naomi is always immature at the best of times."

She chuckled. "But still real bright. She'll be a park ranger someday."

He smirked. "She will. Just like Tim will go far too. We've got some bright kids, Amy, and it's all thanks to them having an amazing, smart, beautiful mother who keeps them on their toes."

She managed to halt her sobs, even giggle a little. "It's not. Though I did help, I guess, even before. But . . . oh, it's just so f-frickin' hard sometimes, Tony. My life has changed so much so quickly."

“I don’t see how. Things have been pretty normal. But I guess they both are a little prickly because they’re obsessed with their new partners. It happens. We’ve got to accept that, and make room in our hearts for the people they choose to love as well. Just like I did for you.”

She snorted, turning over in bed to face him. “You don’t love me. You don’t know me!”

“Now who is being overly dramatic? I swear, sometimes Naomi really does seem like your daughter by blood with the way you carry on. Amy, of course I love you. You’re a fierce tiger of a mom, but you’re also passionate, and hard-working, and dedicated to leading by example and lifting others up, even if you’re pretty impressively snappish while you do it.”

She chuckled again. He was more right than he knew, but it also highlighted that while she had changed massively, perhaps her leadership qualities remained, and her desire to bring up others and mentor them. Now, instead of it being for her friends, it was for them as her children.

“You think?” she said, wiping away a few more tears.

“I know,” Tony replied, wiping away the rest with his own hand upon her soft cheek. “And besides, you’re not just passionate and commanding, but you’re also drop dead fucking sexy too.”

She bit her lip, trying to push against the pleasant feelings such words gave her. “Stop it. I’m super old!”

“Please, you’re thirty four. In the prime of your life, honey. And with a body that just won’t quit. *You know I love your body, Amy.*”

He traced his fingers over her form, sliding them over her wide, childbearing hips before resting on her thigh. His other hand surprised her more: it caressed her soft cheek, only to lower down to her chest where her large breasts were perched. She moaned softly as he glided his hands over her nipples. They stiffened automatically, providing her with an electric jolt of wonderful sensation that left her wanting more.

“Wh-what are you doing?” she said, her voice half-gasping. “Ohhh, *gǎnjué hěn hǎo* - That feels good!”

“I love it when you lose control of your language like that. It’s so fucking hot, Amy.”

“Mhmmm,” she moaned. His finger was tracing over her nipple, cupping her large breast and squeezing it just right. She knew she had to get him to stop but his other hand was wandering to her buttocks, gripping it possessively in a way that made her sigh with need. “You n-need to stop. I can’t . . .”

“Are you sure?” he said, cupping her soft chin and kissing her on the lips. She looked demurely into her husband’s eyes. She had *never* been demure. Never so submissive. She had always been take-charge and strident. In fact, it was the one thing she had kept as part

of herself after the change, albeit in a new fashion. But now she wanted nothing more than this man to take control.

“N-no,” she said, allowing him to continue to feel her. “I - oh God - I want this. It’s . . . *jīngcǎi de*. Wonderful.”

“Just you wait, honey. I’ll cheer you up much more than this.”

She gave herself over to him as he swept back the covers. His manhood was hard in his underwear, and it took little effort for him to remove it. His monster was unleashed, tall and throbbing, and it startled her to see it so up close and ‘threatening.’

*What the hell am I doing? I can’t go through with this! Timothy will never forgive me! Naomi will never stop reminding me! But - but the compulsions are so strong. F-frick! I need this so  fucking bad.*

It was the awareness that she could at least mentally swear in this moment that spoke to how heightened her wanton lust was, because despite the internal Matthew in Amy’s head freaking out, she still began to remove her clothing with Anthony’s aid. With each article dismissed she drew closer to the point of no return, and when Tony pulled her in for another passionate kiss, tongue entering her mouth in a sensual display, he easily unclasped her bra with one hand. The move was devastatingly sexy, and it caused her to moan into his mouth.

“You like that, I know,” he said.

“I - I do!”

He shifted back, grabbing her panties and helping slide them off her wide hips. She could feel the moistness in her pussy, the *need* to have something fill it.

“S-so empty. Empty. Need you in me,” she purred.

Tony chuckled. “Happy to help with that, as always my love.”

He gently lowered her onto her back, and she automatically spread her legs to receive him. Her breasts wobbled heavily on her chest, and for once she was actually proud to be so damn busty and top-heavy; her husband was staring at her tits with lust and awe in his eyes, almost as if he hadn’t seen them before. Which, technically, he sort of hadn’t, just not from his perspective. It made the moment extra special from Amy’s view.

*I want him to suck on them. Holy shit, I have tits and I want my friend’s Dad to suck on them. No, not my friend’s Dad. My son’s father. My husband. I can’t see him any other way right now!*

Nor did she want to, because at that moment he did exactly as she desired. He kneaded and groped her exquisitely full breasts, planting his pursed lips upon her nipples and drawing out every luxurious sensation. It was so odd, having erogenous zones upon her chest, but she wasn’t complaining by any standard; the feelings were too good, like electric zaps of bliss that shot down to between her legs, heightening the anticipation there as well.

"I fucking love how big your boobs are," Tony said, coming up for air before pressing his face against her chest.

"They're t-too big," she whined.

"They're perfect. Perfectly sized just for me. I love it when you show them off. Don't listen to Naomi; I fucking love peeking at my wife's cleavage when no one's looking."

"Ahhh - mmhmm - I love it when you peek! I love showing off f-for you!"

"In those sexy dresses. In those tight outfits. With these wide, babymaking hips."

"N-no babies. I - ahhh! I need you in m-me though! *Wǒ xūyào!*"

Tony didn't say another word. Instead he took her soft, dainty hand and lowered it to his massive cock. She was startling as she took it - she was actually holding another man's cock in her hand! - but her instincts took over, and she knew exactly what to do. She helped position him as he continued to play with her breasts, and finding her entrance, she helped guide him in.

*Oh God. OH GOD. OH GOD HE'S ENTERING ME. THIS FEELS SO WEIRD.*

It did, weird and astonishingly amazing. His throbbing member parted her folds and slid deep inside of her. It continued to enter more and more, to the point where she went rigid with shock, mouth open but no sounds coming out. She spread her legs wider as he continued his implacable advance, and it was only just before her cervix that he stopped. It was like being filled entirely. There was no other way to think of it. Her wet tunnel massaged him, squeezing against his thickness to draw out every sensation.

"Ohhhhhhhh," she moaned. "S-so big! So strong!"

"And here's the fun part," he replied. With that, he began to withdraw, and then enter again, and then withdraw, and then enter again. His rhythm was slow at first, and she was helpless to it, but soon she too began to grow more confident, shifting her hips in time with him. She wanted to cum, to feel what it was like to be a woman. Not just any woman either, but Amy Liu, the thirty-four year old mother of two who was experienced in the matters of the bedroom, and knew how to please her husband, just as he knew how to please her.

And my, was he pleasing her. Her moans became embarrassingly feminine as he continued to thrust into her. Her huge tits wobbled back and forth with each of those thrusts except when he lowered a hand to squeeze them, heightening the pleasure. She was close - so fucking close - and she was no longer even trying to fight off the inevitable. Even the thought of this man's cum inside her couldn't hold it off. In fact, it made her arousal all the stronger.

"Want your c-cum inside m-meee!" she whined. "I'm about to c-cum!"

"Me too!" he grunted, thrusting again, lowering himself to kiss her. "I'm going to cum inside you, honey. I'm going to fucking cum inside you, you're so goddamn hot."

He was so aggressive, it was a sexy bedroom change from his usual kind, welcoming self. A secret side just between the two of them that she never could have imagined. She clamped her legs around him, riding out the pleasure. He lowered himself, kissing her passionately once more. It was all too much.

She came.

“Mmhmm! MMMHHMHPH!!!”

She moaned right into his mouth, her entire body quaking as several great torrents of pleasure rushed through her, one after the other. Women had it good, she realised.

*Multiple f-fucking orgasms! Goddamn! I never could have imagined! Ohhhhhh!!*

But the best bit was yet to come - or cum, as it were - because at that moment Tony siezed up as well. His manhood throbbed within her, and she could have sworn she felt his balls, his wonderful balls, pulse against entrance. Hot streams of his semen shot up deep inside her, flooding her tunnel in more torrents to match those of pleasure already rushing through her. She orgasmed all over again, and the two moaned as they kissed, losing all control.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of bliss, he collapsed upon her, his strong chest against her soft mammaries. He rested his face on her tits for some time, and she relished the feeling of his head rising and falling with her breaths. After long, silent moments of their post-coital breathing, he slid himself out of her and rolled onto his back, eliciting another moan from her. His cum oozed out of her pussy, and that too was freaking hot from her new perspective.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned.

“Feel better?”

She nodded. Words were beyond her now. She was all woman. All mom. All wife.

*What have I done? I just had sex with my friend's Dad!*

But as she turned her beautiful features to face him, she could only see her husband. It worried her as much as it comforted her.

## **Part Twelve: One Last Addition**

Tim felt guilty when he woke the next morning. He'd blown up at his mom - at Amy - all for circumstances that were wildly out of her control. She'd done her best to fight her compulsions and personality changes, let alone her bodily ones, and it certainly wasn't her fault that he was projecting his own mixed feelings regarding his biological mother onto her. Sure, he didn't *like* that she had taken the role of his mom. His feelings towards that original



Amy were intensely complicated, ranging from adoration and love to hatred and disappointment. In many ways, the fact that his original mother ran out on him had meant he'd been closely protective of his father, viewing the two of them as an entire unit. Now, he had a popular older adopted sibling in Naomi, and a new mother in the new Amy.

*Yes, it's weird as hell. In this timeline, one of my best friends gave birth to me. She was actually pregnant with me! What the hell kind of crazy result from the wishing stone is that? Jesus, it means I literally breastfed from Matthew in this reality. Ugh!*

Which only served to remind him that his friend now had breasts. Big ones, along with curves galore. No wonder all the kids at school made jokes about his mom being a total 'MILF'; she very much was. And again, that awkwardness made things weird for Tim, and a little resentful too.

*But it's not her fault. Not his fault. I made the wish, I grabbed the stone. I was the one who accidentally caused this change. Naomi seems happy with it, especially with Nathan Hayes, but Matthew literally lost fifteen years of his life. He's thirty four now!*

He got out of bed and got ready for the day. Mel was texting him, and that lifted his spirits. The wild red-haired girl wanted to go biking out into the bush and explore, try some survivalist stuff. It was just like he used to do with Matthew and David before everything changed. At least the latter still had her sights on being a ranger one day; he could get Naomi's advice on what to do and what to bring that might make things a little more exciting. Fireworks, for instance. He wouldn't ask Amy; she'd want to help but would only fuss, plus her Tiger Mom instincts would not allow fireworks.

"But I'll do something for her," he said to himself. "I need to do something to show she still matters to us. That . . . that I don't really blame her and I feel shit about it."

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Naomi too could sense the awkwardness in the air. Something had changed about her new adoptive mother, and it wasn't hard to have a guess at what. Despite her obvious attempts to downplay their relationship, the now-older woman was smiling constantly in Anthony's direction while he made up breakfast for the family, and he too was grinning back. When Tony didn't think the kids were looking, he even quickly patted Amy on the backside, which left her giggling for a moment until she collected herself.

"Oh God," Naomi said. "Stop it, you two! What's gotten into you?"

"We're just very much in love, dear," Tony said, grabbing his wife and pulling her towards him. Her chest pressed right against his, and before Amy could do anything, his lips were on hers. She raised a foot automatically, allowing her husband to encircle her in his

strong, manly arms. She looked more than comfortable from Naomi's perspective, particularly since she gave a little noise of delight.

"Ewww, no one wants to see this!" Naomi called as the two finally separated.

*Especially since that's my friend kissing my new Dad!*

"Now, now, dear," Amy replied automatically. "You just focus on eating your breakfast. You have a big day today with the cheerleading practice and I want you to perform better than the rest. Heads and shoulders better, even."

Naomi rolled her eyes. "I always do, *Mom*. That's how I am now, remember?"

Amy caught the meaningful glance and blushed. "Well, we all have our *compulsions* to follow, so don't blame me for being insistent. *I can't help it.*"

There was a deeper meaning to her words, and the obvious attraction and flirtatiousness between her and Tony, but Naomi *really* didn't want to think about the bedroom matters of her new parents. She was happy to simply accept this new, weird status quo. Better than her old shithead dad. Hell, she had the best of both worlds now as far as she was concerned. She may have been stuck as a Chinese-American woman, not to mention one who was now a total bisexual, but she had an amazing boyfriend, was incredibly fit and popular, and still had pretty terrific smarts. Win-win-win-win, even if she wasn't looking forward to having her 'first' period.

"Yeah, yeah," she replied to her mother. "I get it. I'll do my best, Mom. I'll be home a little earlier today. Nathan Hayes is driving me."

"You be careful," Tony said. "I know you're popular with the boys, sweetheart, but make sure you trust him. I'd like to meet him sometime and get my own perspective on him."

"You will, don't worry. He's a really nice guy. Good looking too."

"Well, the women of this family do have good taste after all."

Amy giggled and slapped him across the shoulder playfully. "Oh, you! Instead of commenting on the women of the household, why don't you comment on the men instead. Go grab Timothy for me. He needs his food."

"He's just hiding from his mother after the argument last night," Naomi said.

"Well, he still needs to eat!"

Anthony left to fetch the youngest member of the family, leaving Amy and Naomi together. An awkward silence came between them.

"So, you're dating a boy now," Amy finally said.

Naomi shrugged. "I'm into them now. And women too, still."

"Ugh, that must be nice. I'm stuck with just being into men. *Anthony especially,*" she said via compulsion, though it was totally true.

"It's not all bad, I'm sure, *Mom.*"

"You really don't have to call me that, *dear.*"

“But I do. Because you are. I mean, Tim hasn’t accepted it yet, but I do. This is our new arrangement. The wishing stone won’t change us back. We’re stuck like this, with our new mental changes and our personalities and lives. We’re going to have to live like this, *Mom*. And . . . that’s okay.”

“Easy for you to say. You’re not stuck as a neat-freak older woman who is now the mother to her two best friends! It’s d-dang annoying!”

Naomi grinned. “I don’t know, you seem to enjoy parts of it. Like all that sex you had last night.”

Amy went pale. “We - we didn’t - how did you -”

“I’m not stupid, you know. Being Naomi has made me a *lot* better at telling this stuff. And while you’ve beaten me to the punch, Nathan and I have totally hardcore made out. Besides, all that energy between you and Dad this morning? You totally had sex last night.”

Amy swallowed. It was pretty funny to watch. *I should feel worse about this. I guess I’m a bratty young woman in some ways now.*

“This is totally inappropriate for a child to discuss with her mother!”

“So you *are* my mother, then?”

“No! I’m just - yes, I am, but - but - but eat your food and get to college, young miss! *You better make our family proud today!*”

Naomi giggled, but let the matter drop. It was good enough to have Amy know that she knew, and was okay with it. Even if it was a hard subject to discuss, for a variety of reasons.

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“She’s just having a hard time right now, and I want to do something to make her feel better.”

Mel held her boyfriend’s hand, and it made Tim incredibly chuffed to be considered a boyfriend. He’d never been one before, nor had a girlfriend.

“Well, what’s she going through? It can’t be menopause, because no offence but your mom is a total MILF babe.”

Tim sighed. “So I’ve heard, though you’re the first girl to say it, Mel.”

“I call ‘em like I see ‘em,” she replied, grinning. They were walking a trail together, trying to find a good spot to chill. He hadn’t brought fireworks in the end, but did bring the custom bow David had built before becoming Naomi. They took potshots at several trees as they went, and eventually found a nice clearing to hit cans they could stack into pyramids. Meredith thought it was awesome.

“I can’t believe your sister built this. She’s a jack of all trades. I wish I was that awesome.”

"You are awesome," he replied.

"Well, you call 'em like you see 'em too, I guess. Why don't you make your Mom some dinner?"

"Isn't that a little ordinary?"

"Maybe, but every mom who works to put dinner on the table appreciates it, especially since you're a guy. Just make some pizza or something. Everyone loves pizza."

Tim considered this. "I *can* make pizza. And she *does* do the cooking most of the time."

"Yeah, and just tell her how much you love her and appreciate her and all that sappy shit."

"Well, it's not sappy if it's true. I do love her, and I do appreciate her, and I'm sorry for all the hardship I put her through."

She punched him in the arm. "See? You got this, man! Just say that to her, make her a nice meal, and let *her* relax for an evening. Plus, then later you can make *me* pizzas. Yum yum."

"Thanks Mel, you're the best."

She kissed him, and once again he realised how happy he was at the moment, as if things might well turn a corner and end up okay.

*Mom - Amy - did seem happy this morning. Maybe I can make things okay. Maybe we can find a way for things to be alright, even if I don't necessarily see her as my real Mom.*

"Don't you forget it," she said, snatching the bow. "Now lemme show you how a real hunter shoots."

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Several days followed. Tim wanted to cook on a Friday night after it had been a long week. He also had to find time to buy the ingredients and read up. Pizzas weren't hard, but he'd always made them with his father, and he didn't want to screw them up. He also wanted to make *actually* good pizzas, as well as securing Naomi's help a little. She was on board with the plan - anything to get Timothy and Amy to reconcile.

Unbeknownst to them - well, at least to Timothy - Amy was slipping yet further into her role when it came to her relationship with her husband. Certainly, the kids both noticed their parents kissing a lot more, even the occasional flirtatiousness. What even Naomi wasn't aware of was just how much of a *tiger* their mom had also become in the bedroom. For the new woman, it was like a switch had been flipped, and her instincts to ravish her husband almost nightly were borderline overpowering. She *could* resist him, of course, but she simply found it harder and harder to bring herself to want to. The sensation of having his big cock

sliding into her wet depths was too alluring, particularly since it made her feel so wonderfully loved and cared for. The sensation of submissiveness was also something she craved - she could be a fiercely argumentative and bossy woman in public and in the home, but in the bedroom Anthony took control, and it was goddamn enticing. She'd already tried several positions, from riding him on top to being taken from behind, and the latter gave her four orgasms in a row. There was something about the way Tim's father held her by the hips and thrust into her, all while she was pressed against the surface of the bed, that made the whole process seem so *animal*. Sex as a woman, as a goddamn *MILF*, was fantastic, and soon she was learning to tease and entice her man by wearing tighter outfits, showing a little bit of cleavage, or bending over the right way. She also had some sexy lingerie stashed away in a secret cupboard that she suddenly knew about, and wearing it as he climbed into bed made for some terrific foreplay - and God knew she needed foreplay with her new body.

*I've become such an embarrassing slut for my husband*, she thought to herself after yet another round after everyone had gone to bed and she and Tony had fucked. This time, she'd taken the extra step of going down on him. The thought of sucking on a man's cock - her friend-turned-son's father's cock, no less - should have disgusted her. Instead, she gave him the best damn blowjob he'd ever had, and even swallowed afterwards. A dark shame filled her at how wonderfully salty his semen had tasted.

"You're the most amazing woman," Tony said as he held her naked body, playing idly with her large E-cup breasts while he spooned her. "So deeply amazing."

"I don't always feel amazing," she admitted. "I feel like an imposter. And a terrible mother."

"You're an amazing mother. Tim is just going through a rough patch. Trust me, Amy, you were meant for this."

*That's what I'm getting really darn afraid of*, she thought to herself. *Especially since Naomi thinks this is for good! Oh God, I'm going to be sucking my husband's dick and letting him cum in me for the rest of my life if she's right. I'm going to be a total tiger in bed and a tiger mom in public!*

But then the thoughts of how good it felt to have her husband thrusting into her came over her mind, and her large nipples began to stiffen. Tony's hands traced over them; he was so excitable! Not to mention a whole lot happier now. The man was so down-to-earth and kind and loving. She enjoyed making him happy.

He lowered his hand to her moistening pussy, causing her to moan.

"One more round?" he whispered in her ear.

*Ohhhhhh, yes. Just one more. One more.*

She shifted around to kiss him, and soon they were all over each other again.

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The timing was perfect. Tony had to stay late sorting out finance nonsense at his shop, which meant that Tim had space over the kitchen and the three former friends could interact without fear of saying something weird, or holding something back. Amy had been shocked to be pushed out of the kitchen, and her ire briefly raised.

"I will *not* be kicked out of my own space, young man!" she declared, instincts coming to the fore.

But when Timothy explained what he was doing she actually relaxed and lay back in the living room, feeling oddly cheerful that things might be turning a corner. Naomi came out as well and took control of the television, and she and Amy argued until they could both agree to watch *Farmer's Wife*, which they both clearly enjoyed because of the nice men on display and the easy reality viewing experience.

*They're definitely both women now*, Tim mused as he finished up the pizzas. He served them out; meatlovers and supreme and even a garlic prawn one that he knew Amy would be all over.

"Oh man, you are the best, little bro!" Naomi declared. "Are we allowed to eat in the living room, Mom?"

Amy cringed. It would be lacking in neatness. There would be crumbs everywhere. But . . .

"Just this once, then," she managed, summoning her inner-Matthew. "But be careful with the mess! And pass me a garlic prawn slice, Timothy. It looks amazing, thank you!"

"I felt I should make dinner tonight, as a form of apology," he said, sitting down next to his Mom. "I've been a real dick, Mom. Amy."

"Language," she said automatically. But then her expression softened. "But thank you, Tim. It . . . it means a lot. This whole transformation has been hard. I didn't ask or want to be your mother."

"I know, but . . . maybe we can try. You know, if this is forever. I think I can get used to it, after some time."

"Me too," she said, taking a bite."

"Hell yeah you can, Mom!" Naomi cheered. "After all the action you and Dad have been getting!"

*The fuck!?*

Both Tim and Amy looked in her direction. Amy blushed terribly. "Naomi! How dare you talk like that!"

"Action?" Tim said.

"Yeah, the two have been going at it like crazy. You hadn't figured this out."

"I thought you were just kissing and getting along. Taking it slow. Did you - did you seriously sleep with my Dad, Mom? Amy?"

Amy was briefly silent. "I . . . yes, I did. I didn't mean to at first, Timothy. It just sort of . . . happened. It's only natural; it's what a married couple do! That's how my mind took it, at least. I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. I couldn't resist, and it's been normal ever since. It's part of the mental changes, but it's also your father. He's just so down to earth and kind and caring, and he always wants best for all of us, and he's so damn handsome, and when we're together we-"

"STOP! Stop stop stop stop, I don't want to hear this!"

"Yeah, Mom," Naomi added. "TMI, much?"

"You're the one that brought this up, young missy!"

The younger woman snorted. "Yeah, that was my bad."

Amy turned back to Timothy. "But I am sorry. I - I didn't mean to, Tim. It's so hard to avoid, and it's not just the wishing stone. It's just . . . part of this new life."

But strangely, Tim wasn't angry. Weirded out, a bit confused and awkward, yes. But not angry. He placed a hand on his Mom's shoulder.

"It's okay, Mom. It's okay. We're not gonna talk about it - every again - but it's okay. I've been the one in need of saying sorry. You're going through so much and adjusting so amazingly. I don't know if I can see you as my actual Mom, but if I had to have a friend by my Mom, I'm glad it's you."

"Me too," Naomi said. "Just like I'd totally choose you guys as my family any day."

Amy smiled, small tears forming in her eyes. She wiped them away, but still gave a little sob.

"Thank you," she said, pulling him into a hug. "Thank you both. We can do this, can't we? All three of us?"

"All three of us," Timothy said.

"All three of us," Naomi replied, shifting to the couch to sit on the other side of her mother and give her a side hug.

Amy wiped away another tear when her stomach suddenly rumbled, loudly.

"Jesus, Mom!" Naomi said.

"Sorry, I guess I'm hungrier than I thought!"

She grabbed another slice and wolfed it down, but her stomach growled again, this time even louder. To her embarrassment, she abandoned her new neatness and grabbed a meatlovers, biting that down quickly as well. And then another slice, and another. Soon it was hard to even pay attention to what was onscreen; her stomach was simply that hungry.

*God, what now? Why am I suddenly so hungry!*

"Uh, do you want to slow down, Mom? I don't think Tim made them for *just* you."

“Yeah, are you okay, Amy?”

“I - ohhhhh - j-just so hungry! There’s this p-pressure. I need more! I can’t explain it!”

She ate another slice, and then another, having devoured most of the pizza Tim had made.

“Tim, what did you put in that stuff?”

“Nothing, Naomi! Just normal ingredients.”

“Well, Amy doesn’t think so!”

The pressure was growing in her abdomen, and also a little in her breasts and hips. Amy couldn’t understand it, but she simply had to keep eating. The pizza was delicious, but the hunger was the important thing. It was beyond anything she’d ever felt.

“Should I call someone?” Tim suggested. “Is this a medical emergency?”

“No, it’s - ohhhhh, God! No! *Qǐng bù!* Please no!”

They all noticed it then; the sudden wave of rainbow-like light that rippled through the room, altering reality once more. A new effect of the wishing stone, no doubt, though each were taken by surprise. It had been days since the last one, and even Amy had assumed it was finished!

“Another change? What now! I better not get older!” cried Naomi.

But it wasn’t her who felt an oncoming change, but Amy herself. The pressure in her core reached its max, and the same for her chest as well. She clutched her stomach, groaning.

“S-so tight! It’s so - ahhh!”

“Oh my God,” Naomi said.

“What the fuck,” Tim added.

Amy glared. “Language, you two! And what do you mean by - ohhhh! Ahhh! Ahhhh!!”

Her stomach began to expand, pushing outwards. She was wearing a stylish black dress that conformed to her lovely shape, which meant that the expanding bump was all the more noticeable. Right before the group’s eyes a belly formed, round and full and taut. It surged forward, growing visibly and even audibly, a series of bubble-like sounds and growls emerging even as Amy continued to eat more pizza to accommodate this change. She gasped, clutching herself, and even her impressive E-cup breasts blew up a little, becoming ripe F-cups that were slightly sore, the nipples darker and expanded. Her hips settled a little wider, but the majority of the change was in her belly, which was now obviously pregnant and full.

“This can’t be - this can’t be h-happening to me! Ohhhh, whyyyyyy!?”

She placed her hands on it, trying to stop it, but it pushed out yet further. Within, something was filling her. She raced through the second trimester until she arrived at what had to be the third, her dome full and round. Impossible to hide. The rainbow wave of the



wishing stone finally passed, leaving the thirty-four year old woman breathing heavily, her larger breasts rising and falling like mountains. Her abdominal muscles had separated, and she was aware of how much heavier she was, how much more awkward. Her belly looked huge from her perspective, and there was a tightness and fullness to it that was alien. It wasn't fat; it was *pregnant*.

"Amy," Tim ventured, "Is that - are you?"

A flurry of movement in her womb followed, causing her to groan. All three of them could see the kicks that followed, pushing against the surface of the belly which her dark dress conformed to the shape of.

"Ohhhh," she moaned. "That's - that's a baby! There's a baby in me. F-frick! I've got Anthony's baby!"

*Matthew just became pregnant*, Tim thought. He exchanged an astonished look with Naomi, who was equally baffled. *Is this the result of her having sex with Dad? Is this her being brought fully into the family? Oh, poor Matthew!*

Amy gaped, not even knowing what to say. A baby - an actual baby more than halfway through its gestational development - was now occupying her full womb. It was heavy. It was alive. It was shifting about inside her, distending her already distended stomach further. She got up as quickly as she could, which required more shifting than usual. She nearly toppled over from the new weight distribution, and had to put her hands on her back to re-adjust herself.

"No," she whispered. "No, no! This can't happen. I didn't ask for this!"

"Mom, it's okay," Naomi said. "We'll figure something out!"

"Not this! I didn't mean for this! I'm not meant to be a Mom. An *actual* Mom!"

Tim didn't know what to say. *I need to say something. She needs us right now.* But his words died on his lips, and when Amy looked to him, he looked away. Tears flowed back into her eyes, and the newly pregnant woman left the room quickly, sobbing even as she held her awkwardly bloated stomach.

"Holy shit," Naomi said. "I didn't expect that."

"Me either. Poor Amy."

"Should we follow her?"

"No, I think she just needs time in the room. We can talk about it when-"

But she wasn't heading for the room. The garage door was opening, and the sound of a car turning on followed. The pair jumped from the couches and raced through the house, only to find themselves too late.

Amy was in the spare car, already backing out of the driveway. She was barely containing herself. She gave them one look as they tried to flag her down.

And then she took off, to God knows where.

## Part Thirteen: New Family

Anthony arrived home to find Timothy and Naomi in a panic. They'd tried to call him a number of times, but it was only as he got out of his car to arrive home that he must have noticed the sheer amount of missed calls and messages. He'd turned his phone off while dealing with the taxation information for his hardware store. Now, he was confronted with the sight of his two children in near-tears right as he stepped in the door.

"Why weren't you answering us?" Timothy demanded.

"We tried calling you a heap of times!" Naomi shouted.

"Woah, sorry. I had my phone turned off. Has something happened? Is your Mom okay?"

They both saw a moment of panic come across his face. "Is it about the baby? Shit!"

He strode past them to search through the house, calling out Amy's name.

*Figures, Timothy thought. Reality changed, and so did Dad's memory. As far as he's concerned, he's got a new baby on the way and that's totally normal. But poor Matthew is literally pregnant with my dad's kid! She's already had a crazy enough change!*

He shared a glance with Naomi, who looked equally beleaguered. She chased after her new father.

"Dad! Dad! She's not here! She's not hurt though, at least I don't think so."

Tony whirled about: Timothy had never seen him so fearful. "What do you mean you don't think so? What happened? Please, tell me!"

"She had a, uh, panic attack," Tim said, thinking quickly. "The baby, well, it moved and it freaked her out."

"Moved in an unusual way or . . . ?"

Naomi coughed. "I think it just moved. She's been a bit high strung lately. You know, about being an older mom-to-be."

"She's only thirty four Naomi. I mean, I know this is a big adjustment, you two being practical adults but with an infant along the way, but I didn't think your mother would panic over that. Was there an inciting incident? Was something said?"

Timothy blushed red with guilt. "Y-yeah, of sorts. She was doing fine, but I think the baby just snuck up on her. She was worrying about how to . . ."

"Adjust," Naomi finished.

"Yeah. I think it all got too much for her while we were eating pizza. Things were going well before that, but she suddenly started freaking out and crying and said she needed air, then she took off."

“I’m going to call her,” Tony said. “It’s probably just the hormones. She’s entered the third trimester now, so-”

“She left her phone here,” Tim said, holding it up.

“Damn. I have some notions of where she may have gone. A few places. I think this is a job for a husband. I’m so sorry about this kids, I never should have turned my phone off. I didn’t realise your mother was in such a fragile place.”

*No kidding, Naomi thought. You literally can’t, Dad. Your son’s fragile friend turned into your athletic adopted daughter overnight and you didn’t even question it.*

Not that she had major complaints anymore. She had come to love her new form, its attractiveness and power, not to mention her dates. But poor Amy was another matter: the original leader of their group was now Tim’s biological mother, and was now pregnant with the man she used to call ‘Mr Johnson’, or just ‘Tim’s Dad.’ That had to do a number on one’s psyche.

Tony excused himself and left, asking them to stay put and contact him if their mother showed up. He got in the car and headed off, listing off some locations such as the hardware store (they might have passed one another) or the bus station (if she were really scared and heading out of town) or so on. It left Tim and Naomi together, and the latter was already acting in her new decisive manner, putting on a hoodie that pulled tight around her impressive bust and fitting her hiking shoes on.

“What are you doing?” Tim said.

“What does it look like? I’m grabbing a damn bike and I’m going to find Mom. I mean, Amy. Shit, she’s kind of both now, really. I mean, that’s what we were talking about before she got all super preppers all of a sudden.”

“Yeah,” Tim said. “I was . . . I was almost ready to accept it.”

“And you can’t now?”

“Having a new sibling is a crazy thing.”

“Yeah?” Naomi said, putting her hands on her hips. “Try getting a vagina, aging up over a decade, and then getting knocked up with someone’s kid right through to the third trimester. *That’s* crazy, and it’s what our Mom is going through right now. We need to help her.”

Guilt flowed over Timothy. *I’m thinking of just myself again. Amy deserves more than that. I wished for to remain part of my family, and now she fully is. It’s time to be family.*

“You’re right,” he said. “I’m stupid to complain. Where are you going to look?”

Naomi shrugged. “Dunno. I was going to ride up and down the neighbourhood. Maybe drop in on Matthew’s old parents. Apparently they’re neighbourly good friends in this life for her. I know she didn’t really get along with them when she was a dude, but she didn’t dislike them either. That makes sense, right?”

Tim thought. It did make sense, but something was missing. A small piece of the puzzle. Amy had said she ‘wasn’t meant to be any of this’ as she flew out the door. Well, waddled in a quick fashion, given her ballooning belly. *Wow, that really would be weird, to suddenly have a baby moving around inside of you. Holy shit, Naomi can get pregnant too. The Wishing Stone really has set us on different paths.*

Paths.

“Wait,” he said, as Naomi got on her bicycle. “I think I know where she’s gone.”

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Amy held her spherical belly as she sat on a log. She’d left the car by the old back entrance to the bike trail and gone on foot from there, but it had been a hard journey. For one, it wasn’t like she had the physical energy of youth anymore. She was only thirty four years old, but it was a big difference from nineteen. For two, she was now female, and lacked the muscle strength she’d once had. And for three, there was the newest addition in the form of the living being shifting around inside her womb.

*God, my womb. It sounds so f-freaking real right now. That’s a baby in this belly. Wō de tiān a! Oh my God, I’m pregnant. F-freaking pregnant! With a baby. Bǎobǎo. What do I even do about this?”*

It was the strangest, weirdest thing imaginable. She’d thought she’d experienced as much weird as she could possibly take. She’d turned into a woman. She’d changed race to Chinese. Her personality had shifted, leaving her a fussy tiger mom. She’d even become the actual mom to her best friends. Tony had shown her the birthing photos when she’d pushed out Timothy in this new timeline. Her face in those images . . .

*Will I have to go through that? Oh God, I will. I’ll have to lie back and push and push and push a baby out of my d-dang vagina, all while screaming my head off in Mandarin, and holding Tony’s hand while he tells me it’s alright. I’m going to give birth. I’m going to f-freaking breastfeed. I’m going to be a mom, and this time I don’t get to skip the actual preggo bits.*

She rubbed her stomach. Halfway up the mountain woods trail, when she’d paused for her fourth or fifth time for much-needed oxygen intake, her clothing had changed. She was now wearing a flowery maternity dress in a distinctly Chinese style, a cheongsam made to accommodate her rounded belly. It was at least quite comfortable, a fact which also annoyed her.

*I shouldn’t be comfortable wearing a maternity dress. None of this is comfortable! I was finally getting used to my new life. I - I had sex with Tony. And it was good. It was d-darn good sex. Mhmm . . . he was good.*

Her hormones lit up, another consequence of pregnancy, and she felt her sorer, larger breasts warm. They sat on her belly, busty and full and giving the promise of future milk. *That was a thought that scared her. Actually having a baby in her arms and feeding it.*

*So why does it sound so nice?*

Her thoughts calmed for a moment, and again when her baby kicked within her, pushing against her rounded dome of a stomach. It was by far the weirdest sensation she had ever felt, even more wild than growing a vagina or big F-cup (maybe G-cup now?) breasts. It dominated her front, her once-proud abs gone, and now that she was sitting the thought of getting up again was not appealing.

And yet . . . there was something strangely magical in it. A current of maternal feeling rose up despite her fears, and she found herself rubbing her rounded stomach softly. It was an action she'd often wondered as a man why pregnant women did it, but now she understood; it was a soothing sensation, and it seemed to calm the baby as well.

"It's okay, my *bǎobǎo*," she said in her lilting, accented voice. "It's not your fault. I know it isn't. I don't hate you. I really don't hate you. In fact, you're not all that bad."

The baby stirred again, making her giggle lightly. "Well, it sounds like you can hear your *mǔqīn*. Can you hear your mommy's voice? Are you going to be a good little A-student in the future? Will you have your father's eyes?"

*God, what am I saying? What's wrong with me. I've gone from rebel to a pregnant mother cooing over her future baby! I should hate this!*

But strangely, she didn't. Even sitting in the dark with just the light of her torch to guide her, surrounded by the foreboding forest, it was like her entire world's attention had turned inwards. There was only her - Amy Liu - and her baby child. Part of her hoped it was a boy. Another part just wanted Anthony's strong arms around her to comfort her. To make everything clear.

*Don't tell me I'm missing my new husband. Gah, these compulsions! I can't believe I left without cleaning up the pizza boxes. And poor Timothy and Naomi are probably-*

"Mom! Mom! MOM!"

She looked up, grasping her heavy belly out of sudden protectiveness. She was relieved and surprised to see that her children - yes, she automatically was thinking of them as her children - were running up the slope with their bikes beside them. They had flashlights as well, but turned them off as they approached.

"Mom!" Timothy cried, and to the astonishment of all three individuals - four if one counted the surprised baby repositioning in her stomach - Timothy actually hugged her. Tears were flowing from his eyes. "I was so worried about you!"

"I - I'm sorry, Tim. I was so scared."

"I don't blame you," Naomi replied. "You suddenly went from flat in the stomach to WHOOM - preggers."

Amy actually chuckled a little. She stroked her stomach gently. "It's a lot to take in. And heavy. And weird."

"Yeah, I think I'll hold off on making babies anytime soon."

Amy shot her a look. "Not until you're married! But then I want grandchildren!"

There was a pause, then everyone laughed, including Amy herself.

"Compulsions!" she said. "It's this new personality."

"We know," Naomi said. "But you're still you in many other ways, Mom. Tim knew just how to find you."

She looked up at her 'son,' who had parted from his hug and was now looking a bit sheepish. "This was always your favourite trail," he said. "David - Naomi - didn't like it as much because how much it took out of her, but you always said it got you away from everything and let you see things from a new perspective."

"And I was right," Amy said, looking down at her pregnant belly. She was amazed at how huge it felt on her, and how much it warped her centre of gravity. The baby was active and real and *Tony's and hers*, and while the prospect of it - especially birth - still terrified her, there was a growing excitement and acceptance as well. A new perspective.

"I wanted to run away," she said. "But I can't run away from what's growing within me. I'm sorry Tim. I didn't mean to get pregnant. Your father and I-"

"Are a married couple," Tim said. "I mean, not in the usual sense, at least from what we know, but I'm sorry for snapping earlier. Dad loves you, Mom. And I think you love him too."

"I do," she said quietly, looking down again. "It's embarrassing as heck, but I do. He's . . . he's a good man. And handsome. And he's also very good at-"

"TMI," Naomi coughed.

"Sorry. But yes, I do love him. I needed to come out here to realise that I think I love this little one too, even if it still scares me a bit."

"I didn't mean for any of this to happen," Tim said, sitting down beside his new mother on the log. "I was scared at first, you replacing my memory of my mother. She abandoned me, but that anger at her was important to me. But if I can't have you as just my friend, Amy, I couldn't be more lucky to call you my Mom. I really couldn't. You always were our parent. You took care of us. Guided us."

"Yeah, and fixed us up when she wrecked our shit," Naomi said.

"Language!" Amy snapped.

“Sorry! But it’s true. You’re still our friend, Amy. You’re just also our Mom. And we’re damn lucky. I didn’t ask to become what I am now, but I’ve learned to love it. Maybe you could learn to love this too?”

Amy thought about her new life. It would still take a lot of adjustment. And a lot of cleaning. And a lot more lovemaking with Anthony. *Mhmmm, why does pregnancy sex turn me on? God, he’s handsome. I’m head over heels. Preggo hormones, I bet.*

She gave a soft smile. The sky was getting yet darker, and small trickles of rain were starting to fall.

“I think, given time, I could,” she replied. “Now come on, we should get home. Your father’s probably worried sick about me, and all this dark and rain isn’t good for your baby sister or brother.”

The pair of siblings smiled.

“There she is,” Naomi said.

“We’ve got our Amy back.”

“That’s ‘Mom’ to you both,” Amy said, going all tiger mom again. “Now one of you help your mother get off this log. I . . . I can’t stand up on my own.”

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Anthony was immensely relieved to get word that Amy had returned home. He probably broke a number of speeding laws getting back, at least Tim thought so judging from his father’s haste. He embraced his wife - the Amy Liu he had always deserved to have, and in this timeline always had - and even had to brush away a number of tears. So did she. The comfort of her kind, caring husband cemented for her that she had made the right decision to return, and to accept her place in this strange new family.

“Please don’t ever run away like that again,” Tony begged.

“I promise I won’t,” Amy said, letting him hold her again. She looked at Tim and Naomi as she said the words though, the deeper meaning of them clear to the pair. She wouldn’t be leaving. “I’m here to stay.”

Tony kissed her on the lips, and she did not pull away. In fact, she welcomed the kiss, though her eyes were still teary.

“I’m s-sorry,” she said. “I just became full of panic. I don’t know what came over me. It won’t happen again. I’m sorry to you all.”

“It’s okay . . . Mom,” Tim said. He’d called her such before, but there was a finality to the way he said it then, as if finally confirming that this woman, this former male friend of his, was now in fact his mother, and would inhabit this role.

*I can't believe this, but I'm actually looking a bit forward to it. How many people can say they've got a cool best friend as their mom? Well, okay, it sounds a little sad when you put it that way, but still!*

Naomi was thinking much the same. She moved to embrace her mother also, and even dared to place her hand on her mother's stomach.

"Geez, I can't believe you hiked so far with this, Mom. You're huge!"

"Please, I'm still not used to it!" she replied.

"Even after six months?" Tony replied.

The girls just laughed, though Tony was the only one that couldn't understand the joke. He just sighed. "Well, I'm very happy I've got my whole family back," he said.

"Me too," Amy said, placing a hand around his waist, even as Naomi hugged her. There was an open space for Timothy as well, and after a moment's pause he strode forward and embraced his new family unit. There was his sister's athletic frame, his father's joyful self, and his new mother's pregnant belly pressing against him. An ordinary family to all outside eyes - and Tony's own - but the rest of them knew different.

*But still a family, Timothy mused. The Wishing Stone gave us all what we wanted, in a way. I'm staying here, my father is happy, and we're all together.*

And while it would still take a bit of time - and a nervous awareness of impending birth in a few months - he had a feeling from Amy's smile that she would be okay. Naomi had certainly made her peace, and was already looking forward to her date tomorrow. And Tim? He'd come into his own at school too, and was looking forward to seeing his girlfriend also. They'd all been through a lot of change, and there were still many changes to come, especially for Amy. Maybe she could instil some of her previous rebellious instincts into her coming little one.

For now though, they had each other. As Tim had once said, the friends were family.

**The End**