

New Nurse (MtF TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for nud

Brandon Liu is experiencing something strange. He is an ordinary paramedic, but over the course of four nights his body begins to change and his reality with it. His coworkers act as if he's always been a woman even as his new position changes. Someone is responsible, someone is gaining something from this, but Brandon may become Brienne before she figures out who it is.

New Nurse

Night 1:

It was another standard hand off. A call had come out for a man with severe chest pain and we were on the way, lights blaring. My partner Samuel and I were a damn good team. We'd joined the paramedic service for St Finn's Hospital around the same time and had been joined at the hip since. Samuel got along with everyone, which for a more shy guy like myself was a good thing. It also pulled me out of my shell when it came to dealing with patients, and Lord knows I needed *that* particular skill set with this case.

"That was a nightmare," Samuel said after we'd delivered the hysterically yelling patient to the ER. "Even for me."

"I mean, we've had much worse cases than that," I said, resting in a separate section of the ER while we waited for handoff to finish. "Real bloody ones."

Samuel gave his telltale dismissive wave of a hand. "I'll take cracked ribs and severed arteries over some asshole who wants to take a swing at me because I'm not driving fast enough to blow a side in the hospital. At least I know the bleeding ones will just go unconscious, rather than send *me* unconscious."

I had to laugh. Paramedics have a dark sense of humour like that.

"What's taking so long?" I asked Janice as she approached us. She was the charge nurse for the night shift, and while she was normally a nice woman, she had a serious damn frown on her face.

"What's taking so long is we're seriously shortstaffed and it's a fucking Friday night," she exclaimed, huffing.

"Saturday morning, technically," Samuel said, poking the bear as always.

Janice ignored him, turning to me instead. "And worse, pretty much all the staff on the floor are women right now. So we're dealing with deadbeats and party boys and all manner of men who are treating us like pieces of meat because half of them are still drunk pigs. And time will only help with the drunk part."

"Well, we've got a little break right now," Samuel said, "and we're entitled to it. I'm sorry, but we can't *not* offload patients."

Janice rolled her eyes. "Well, you *could* try and help us. We've got some real belligerents here that need calming or restraining or both, and a few of the girls are getting pretty intimidated right now. We can't all be paramedic grunts all high on machismo. The only person helping us is David."

Machismo wasn't exactly how anyone would describe me, but it was the second part of what she said that got my interest. David was an ER physician, and more importantly my girlfriend's brother. He was a real good guy, to the point where sometimes I weirdly felt compared against him, as if by having such a good brother my girlfriend Maddie would always estimate other guys against him.

Which made my decision for me, really.

"C'mon Sam, let's help out."

"You can, dude. I've got to take a smoke, not to mention sit by the radio."

"Fine, *I'll* help."

Janice gave me a sincere smile. She normally wasn't so standoffish, so it was good to see the charge nurse calm a little. I waded back into the ER room proper and set about helping the various female staff. They weren't kidding; we had some real personalities on display there, and for quite a few of the drunks and assholes, the only voice of reason they'd listen to was a male one. That meant me or David.

"Good to see you helping out Brandon," he told me. "I wasn't sure if you would."

"Please, you know me better than that, David," I told him. "I've got to run interference for you anyway, so you don't get completely swamped."

"It's a busy night, that's for sure."

I grinned at him. "Oh, I wasn't talking about the *patients*."

That got a chuckle from him. Everyone could see that David was a deeply handsome dude. I didn't even reject that assertion, and I was straight as an arrow. But the guy was tall, dark and handsome, with a strong jaw and deep voice and the kind of charisma that could have made him a great cult leader if he ever decided to change professions. He had the natural command of any room, so naturally all the single nurses (and a few married ones) swooned all over him. Even we paramedics caught the rumours of all the ladies interested in him, though he only dated a few of them. Apparently, according to Maddie, her brother had

'picky tastes' when it came to ladies, which annoyed her because she was always trying to set him up.

"I'm used to it," he said, smirking. "But alas, I don't think any are quite right for me."

"Not even Janice? I know she likes you, and she's quite the looker when she's not chewing Sam and me out."

We stopped the conversation briefly to help deal with an intransigent patient who was hurling revolting comments at one of the female staff, trying to get her to kiss him. Together, we put him in place and made the expectations clear. Then David continued.

"Nah, much as I like her, I've got someone particular in mind. The perfect woman."

"I doubt she exists."

"Should I tell Maddie that?"

"Please don't," I said, chuckling. But his expression was strangely serious. "No, I mean it. Maddie is great."

"Good. Because she deserves someone perfectly devoted to her. The perfect match. Everyone does. Too many people settle for others they just . . . like. Not me, and I would expect my sister to be the same."

"Well, Maddie and I very much get along."

"You love her, then?"

I paused. "I mean, we haven't said the word yet. We're still dating, y'know."

He shrugged. "You've been together over a year now and you can't say you love her? Pretty ice cold, man."

I couldn't help but snort at this. "I doubt many people would describe me as ice cold."

"You're right, that was harsh on my part." He seemed to examine me with intensity, looking me up and down. "After all, you care more than any of the other male paramedics, and all the women here know that too. Quite a few of them have pointed out that you care, and care deeply. It's a damn good trait to have . . ."

He trailed off, lost in thought.

"You okay David?"

He blinked. "Yeah, just thought of something. Look, I think we've got it from here, Brandon. Thanks for the help. Maddie always told me that you're almost maternal in how you care for others. I didn't believe it until tonight. It's given me pause for thought. You have a good night."

On that odd end to the conversation, I headed back to Sam. It was good timing; we'd just gotten another call.

The night continued. There were more calls, more agitated and abusive patients, and a few cases that were far, far less pleasant than that. Towards the end of my shift I began to feel suddenly strange. There was a weird green light in my vision, and I could have sworn I

could hear a voice chanting. It made no sense, and I was about to ask Samuel to pull over so I could take a breather between patients (we didn't have a call at the time, thank God). But then just as quickly as the ethereal green light had come, it dissipated, and so did the voice with it. I didn't mention it to Sam, for fear of what he'd think. Soon things settled back to normal. But for the remainder of the shift I felt a little odd. Weaker, my muscles sore, my chest a bit 'off.' I did my best to keep focused on the job, and soon I forgot the green light entirely.

I was probably just tired from a long shift. God only knew how the poor female ER nursing staff were feeling!

Night 2:

"Brandon, you look really off."

I looked up at my girlfriend Maddie. Like her brother, she'd inherited good genes. She had gorgeous dark hair and a beautiful oval-shaped face that radiated elegance. She was on the floor in her pajamas - she loved to get into her pajamas early and relax in the apartment we shared - with her legs crossed, and she was examining me as I ate the pasta she'd made for us.

"What do you mean?" I asked, though part of me already knew. I'd slept in majorly that morning, and woken feeling pretty exhausted too. My limbs seemed to be thinner, and my face too. I was badly in need of a haircut.

"Well, for one, you weren't up for sex earlier today."

"Oh, sorry about that. I mean, I wanted to, but . . ."

But I couldn't get it up. I'd made excuses, but that was really it. It was strange. Maddie was beautiful, and I really did like her, maybe even love her - I don't know, I wasn't sure of that yet, even after David's comments - so I'd never had issues performing before. In fact, she often praised how attentive I was, making sure the foreplay was long and arousing to get her in the mood, and the aftercare just as, well, *caring*. She sometimes joked that I'd make a great lesbian because I really understood a woman's needs from sex and didn't just focus on myself. I took it as a complement.

Only now, I couldn't get it up. Hell, my penis even seemed smaller today, though maybe it was just the winter chill keeping it all tucked up. The same reason my nipples were throbbing so much and stiffening all the time. God, they were sore.

"It's okay," Maddie said, moving over to cuddle me. It felt nice, but my shoulders were cramping a little, and her presence against them only agitated them further. "I don't want to bring you down. You've been working so hard lately, just like David has."

“Yeah, he had a conversation with me last night,” I said. “He, uh, thinks I should be way more into you, apparently. The red roses and everything.”

She giggled. “Oh, that’s just him looking out for me. He’s always had an obsession with me and him finding the perfect partners. Just ignore it. We can take this relationship as fast or slow as we want.”

“But you are happy with me, right?”

She kissed me on the cheek. “Of course,” she said. But I couldn’t help but notice the slight pause before she had done so, the words unspoken. It was the moment, I knew, when I should have said ‘I love you.’ But again, it didn’t feel quite right. So instead I just kissed her back.

“Huh, your lips feel especially nice, at least.”

“They do?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I don’t know. They look fuller, I guess. Poutier. Kind of sexy.”

“I don’t know if guys are meant to have pouty lips.”

“Well, I like them. Besides, they’ve always been that way.”

I cocked my head quizzically, like an owl. “Um, you just said they look different.”

“No I didn’t. They’ve always been that way. Now c’mon, you better get dressed and ready for work. Hopefully it won’t be a long night again!”

I quickly finished my pasta and went off to get changed. I couldn’t help but think of that weird interaction though. For just a moment, as I gazed into my reflection in the mirror, I could have sworn I had seen a green light.

It was indeed a busy night, and made worse by the fact that once more the ER was understaffed and there were more raging assholes wreaking havoc on the poor female staff. Janice was at her wit’s end, so naturally I helped out. I wasn’t in the fine form I was the previous night though, because my body felt seriously off. For one, my paramedics clothes were baggier than usual, and seemed to be getting baggier across the course of the night, somehow. I commented on this to Sam, and he looked at me with alarm.

“Yeah, you’re right, that is damn strange. Is that new?”

“Of course it’s new! Did I look this small last night?”

But then he blinked, smirked, and looked at me differently. “What are you trying to pull here, Brandon? You’ve always been on the small side. We joke all the time about how you get mistaken for a girl. We just need to get you a proper fitting uniform, obviously.”

It left me flabbergasted, as did other strange occurrences. When I took a pee break back at St Finn’s I was shocked to see how different my face looked. It was softer, that was

for sure, and my lips were definitely poutier just as Maddie had said. My hair was impossibly longer; it seriously was coming down to my ears, even though I always had my hair quite short. My entire figure was smaller, and with each patient we offloaded I made an excuse to run to the bathroom and look over myself, only to find to my dismay that I was seriously getting shorter.

“This is crazy,” I said to my reflection. “This is just crazy. How can no one recognise what’s happening to me? I even sound a little bit different.”

It was subtle, but true. My voice was a tiny bit different, and as I noticed it, I could have sworn I witnessed the brief flash of a green light in the corner of my vision.

“That light! It has to be what’s doing it!”

I looked around, listening for a strange chant, any kind of supernatural clue. But there was none. My body still felt sore, my nipples weirdly bulbous and distended, and my hips were also aching. But there was no other great and colossal change to witness in real time. It was like all these changes happened while I wasn’t ‘looking’, so to speak.

I decided it was time to get help. Serious help.

“David, I need your opinion on something! Just quickly, if you can!”

David was busy, but he managed to give me what attention he could as he roamed the ER, seeing to each of the patients that required him.

“Brandon! Sorry, I thought you were a woman for a moment there. It’s the hair. How can I help you?”

“That’s just it,” I said. “My hair wasn’t this long yesterday, was it? And I wasn’t this short. I’m normally 5’8. Not the tallest, but I’ve definitely lost an inch or two! And doesn’t my face look different? My lips are swollen!”

He looked at me. “Yes, you do look a bit weird, your shoulders are smaller too, and . . . it’s probably just that you haven’t been sleeping much.”

“This is way more than that. Wait, you’re a damn doctor. How could you possibly think a lack of sleep would cause *this*?”

I indicated how baggy my clothing had become, but he just chuckled.

“Poor fashion sense from lack of sleep? Get a better fitting paramedic’s outfit, Brandon. It’ll do you wonders.”

“Please, can you just do some tests and find me the results?”

He shrugged, but ultimately relented. I could tell he was a little annoyed by the interruption, but he was likewise showing a fascination for me, even if not my story. Once again he told me how happy he was to have such a kind and compassionate paramedic willing to help out when they were understaffed, and he put a big emphasis on the next part.

“I really hope to find a woman like you one day, Brandon.”

“What? What did you just say?”

"I mean, a woman version of you, if that makes sense? Maddie talks about how happy she is with you a lot of the time. She has misgivings, of course - who doesn't? - but she doesn't doubt how doting and compassionate you are. Perhaps we'll find more estrogen than expected in your samples, ha!"

It was a weird conversation, and one that made me more than a little uncomfortable. But there was also something weirdly hypnotic about David's presence. He was even taller than me than usual, and something about his baritone voice was giving me the chills. I had to keep looking away from him or I'd be lost in those dream eyes.

Wait, dreamy?

What in the hell was happening to me?

Thankfully, we got another call, and I had to go quickly. I prodded Samuel a few more times over my weird bodily changes but he seemed to notice nothing.

"I just think you've been stressed lately," he said. "All those arguments with Maddie and all that. You not being able to admit you're splitting apart from each other and all that."

"What? What the hell do you mean? We're doing great!"

He frowned. "Are you sure? Hmm, I could have sworn . . . but either way, you're probably just tired, buddy. You always push yourself so much, always trying to take care of everyone."

"I mean, I don't know if I'm *that* caring, but-

"Are you kidding? Brandon, you're practically a den mother at St Finn's despite the fact that your job takes you away from it most of the time. Janice said so when I was talking to her before."

I thought back on the night, and couldn't say he was entirely wrong. I *had* helped out much more than usual, and with each of the patients I had been deeply invested in, to a much greater extent than usual. One was a middle-aged man freaking out over a snapped arm, and I'd talked to him carefully, continually giving encouragement, making him feel comfortable and constantly asking how he was going. I was certainly less of a 'grunt' than Sam was, but I'd never been invested in a patient's comfort to that singular degree before, and I'd been doing it all night. When I helped out in the ER between calls, I was even fetching the hot towels!

"Maybe you're right," I said, rubbing my face. "Maybe I'm just tired and over it. Maybe I'm just not noticing things that were always there. Going a little stir crazy from lack of sleep."

"That's the spirit!" he said sarcastically. "Now let's go. We're nearly off-shift. Then we can sleep, and everything will go back to normal for you."

I could only hope. The damn night shifts were getting to me. It was the only explanation that made sense, right?

Night 3:

Maddie was off to work for much of the day, but she did try to initiate sex when I woke. It . . . didn't go as I would have liked it to have gone. In fact, my manhood felt even more diminutive and unresponsive than before. I had dreamed of green lights and chanting, and weirdly how handsome David was in his doctor garb, looking down on me, but when I'd woken, only my nipples had been hard, and the flesh behind them kind of raised. If it looked odd, Maddie hadn't said a thing.

"I want you in me," she whispered in my ear, the sexiest thing a woman can say as far as I'm concerned. Only it didn't *feel* sexy for some reason, perhaps because of the long night shift's effects.

We made it work, in the end. I went down on her, and she moaned with ecstasy as I brought her to orgasm with my tongue. A small image in my mind appeared as I did so, imagining what it would be like to be on the receiving end of such treatment, to have someone - woman *or* man - go down on me, if I had such feminine equipment. How would that feel? It made me partly jealous of Maddie, especially when she was hit by multiple orgasms. Women really did get lucky in that department, provided they had a caring man to bring them to that point. I bet that David would be that caring to his eventual 'perfect woman', if he ever found her.

"Hey, Brandon, we're okay, aren't we?"

I turned over to her in the aftermath. "Of course. I didn't think we had any problems?"

Maddie sighed. She ran her hands through her dark hair, waited for a moment. "I just feel like . . . maybe we're not right for each other, y'know? Maybe we're turning into new people. Changing."

I froze. Something about that word was triggering, and made me instantly think of the strange changes to my body. Surely it was just sleep deprivation making me see and feel things?

"Do I - Maddie, do I look different to you?"

"I don't mean physical changes, I mean -"

"But do I look different to you?"

She examined me, then her eyes went wide. "Holy shit. Oh my God, Brandon, what's happening to you? You look - you look really androgynous right now! Since when did your hair get so long! And you look so dainty!"

I sat up, vindicated. "I knew it! I'm not crazy. Maddie, some seriously weird shit has been happening to me. I think it's affecting my mind as well, and people around me. Janice and Samuel think I'm normal. Your brother noticed something then . . . didn't. He never got back to me about my tests, either."

“Tests? What for?”

“For why I look so different. Why I’ve been acting so . . . I don’t know, so feminine, I guess.”

She suddenly changed attitude, playfully punching me on the shoulder. “Oh come on, you’ve always been quite feminine, Brandon. But you look the same to me.”

“But you just said I looked weird! Androgynous.”

She snorted. “Duh. You always looked that way. Anyway, I’ve got to head to work. You relax. Take care of yourself. I hope the shift tonight goes well.”

She kissed me on the cheek - not the lips - and headed off. I didn’t say a word. What was there to say?

When I arrived at work I was flagged down by Janice and another nurse named Stephanie.

“Hey, who are you? Why is a woman driving Brandon’s car?”

My jaw gaped. “Um, *I’m* Brandon. I’m not a woman, no matter long this stupid hair keeps getting.

Again, there was that familiar blink, that realignment of some reality. Janice and Stephanie both exchanged a look, and then were suddenly calm.

“Oh, silly me! Of course it’s you. Long night tonight, Brianne?”

“Brandon,” I corrected.

“That’s what I said.”

It wasn’t, and it freaked me the hell out. I’d spent most of the day examining my body, looking up solutions online, even trying to see if there was a supernatural cause - a big step, given how naturally sceptical I was. Nothing had borne fruit, but neither had any changes progressed. It didn’t keep me from being afraid of further transformation, though. The previous ones had taken place almost entirely at night while I was on shift, and it could well be the case for this night as well. I had intended to call in sick, even with the constant short-staffing we were experiencing, but something prevented me from doing so. It was impossible to explain, but it was as if a kind of compulsion had come over me, forcing me to come to St Finn’s and continue working. The thought of seeing David again was also in my mind. Sure, I occasionally saw him outside of work, but there was a weird allure to seeing him in his doctor’s garb, him performing his duties in that dominant, manly way of his. Always in control, always . . .

I tore my mind from the subject. Why the hell was I thinking of David so much more than his sister, my own girlfriend? And why did it make me feel so funny in my chest?

“Just get through the night,” I told myself. “There’ll be an explanation. I’m just . . . going a little stir crazy. One more night after this, and I have two days of sleep. Everything will be normal after that.”

The night was busy. The third in a row. Sam and I were roaming back and forth in the ambulance, often with the lights blaring as we tried to keep ahead of the calls. Another night of being short staffed. Another night of me feeling the strange sensations that coursed through my body. I tried to avoid the raised bumps on my chest, the tight sensation in my waist, the way my hips seemed to gravitate outwards. It was all in my head. I knew that. It had to be.

It had to be.

“Just get through the night,” I repeated, as if it were my own maddened mantra.

“What was that?” Samuel asked me. “You say something, sister?”

I raised an eyebrow, but it wasn’t too out of the ordinary as a comment. Samuel always liked to be a bit of friendly mockery.

“Just talking to myself. I’m just tired after all these night shifts.”

“Always is, dudette,” he said. “Now come on, let’s deal with what’s in front of us.”

He pulled us to a stop and we filed out. A nasty injury had been called in, a big laceration down the arm of a drunk who’d tried to stumble over a barbed fence to get home quicker. He only realised what had happened when his girlfriend saw his arm bleeding. We got to quick work patching him up as much as we could for the ambulance ride, and once more that compulsion came over me. The man - Paul was his name - continued to panic, freaking out over his arm and generally sucking at listening to what Samuel was trying to browbeat into him with his instructions.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” I said. “I’m right here, alright? I’m not going anywhere. I need you to listen to me, Paul, alright? I’m going to take care of you. We all are. We’ll take care of you.”

“That’s right, this is my partner, Brandon,” Samuel said. “She’s a good woman. She’s going to take care of you.”

Again, that green flash. Subtle, in the corner of my eyes. I could almost hear the glimmer of a chant with it. Samuel had just called me by female pronouns. By goddamned *female* pronouns.

“Did you just call me a woman?” I asked.

“Of course I didn’t, sister,” he said. “Anyway, this lady will help you, Paul. Seriously. Just listen to her.”

I squeezed my eyes shut for just a moment, then got back to my task. Something was wrong. I couldn't deny it anymore. My own partner was calling me a woman and not even seeming to realise it, and I was struggling to pull against the tide of my own increasingly maternal instincts. I didn't know Paul, hell, I didn't even *like* him. But I needed to take care of him, to reassure him, to make sure that he was safe and sound. It was more than just my job, it was . . .

It was my purpose.

"Let's get you into the ambulance, Paul," I said, my voice a little bit higher, a little bit more comforting. "Will you help us?"

"I - I will," he said. "Thank you."

It calmed him enough for us to do our jobs. We got him situated within the ambulance, during which I calmed the wife as well. She was hysterical, in tears, and I did the oddest thing: I actually *hugged* her, even shedding some small tears myself, and told her it would be alright.

"You did everything you could," I said to her. "Once you're able, come down to St. Finn's. Trust me, you need to take care of yourself as well."

It seemed to work, and I got something like a little dopamine rush from the sensation of calming her. It felt . . . good.

"Yeah, don't worry," Sam added. "I'm good with lacerations like this. Brandon here, she'll get him to the hospital quickly."

I jokingly played it off. "Sure, I will. That's me, the total woman, right?"

Neither of them seemed to think anything I'd said was out of the ordinary. The dopamine rush ended, and I was back to feeling confused once more. I got back into the ambulance and got into the driver's seat. I had to adjust it quickly: I was most certainly shorter, just as my paramedic's outfit was baggier and my hair almost in need of tying into a ponytail. My suspicion was indeed rising that I had been magically affected somehow - the green light and the chanting had to be connected to what was happening to me. But why was it happening? Who was causing it?

I couldn't dwell on the questions. Paul needed us, as did other call-ins that would come over the night. I hit the pedal and got us moving, lights blaring, back to the hospital. I tried to ignore the sore bumps on my chest. I tried to ignore everything really, and just hope that things would return to normal.

I was wrong, of course. Things got even weirder when we arrived.

“She’s a good driver, that’s for sure,” Janice said as joked with Samuel. She had a little bit more support tonight despite still being understaffed, and the drunken sexists seemed to have abated now that the weekend was over. But now she too was referring to me by the feminine pronoun. “Our Brienne sure gets them here quick.”

It wasn’t just her. I’d been referred to by the feminine pronouns by a number of the staff. The nursing team were calling me ‘sister,’ Samuel hadn’t stopped, and when I came face to face with David a few moments later I had a brief flicker of hope that at least one person wasn’t going completely crazy in this new, re-written reality. He nearly bumped into me as I turned a corner, and for just a moment his expression changed to one of shock. He was even taller now, and the contrast enhanced his somewhat dreamy nature: his dark eyes, his strong jawline, his impressive shoulders. I gaped a little, looking up at them, and I could have sworn there was a second where I was actually *attracted* to him.

But the moment faded as quickly as his own expression of surprise. It relaxed into a smirk, then a gentle smile.

“My apologies!” he said. “I mistook you for someone else. How goes the night so far for one of our rare female paramedics? Not too many sexist assholes making comments about you, I hope.”

My cheeks burned. Was he really seeing me as a woman? Surely I didn’t look that far gone! But then nothing about this made any sense to me.

“I, um, yeah, nothing too bad. Just a few comments, y’know.”

“None of them from Samuel, I hope? The man can be an absolute dog, that’s for sure. I’d hate it if he were unprofessional to a woman like yourself.”

Woman. There it was. *Woman*. Confirmation beyond just a few female pronouns.

“Sam’s my partner,” I said, as if that was that. “He’s a good guy.”

“Yeah, I know. I just like to give him a bit of a stir and check in, you know how it is. We all like to make sure you’re being treated alright, Brienne.”

I was about to find some excuse to walk away when my brain clicked to what he had just called me. *Brienne*. What the hell?

“You mean Brandon,” I corrected.

He cocked his head quizzically. There was a slight smirk on his features, but I couldn’t quite tell if there was anything secretive in it. “No, I definitely mean Brienne. It’s your name after all, Brienne.”

My name. The words resounded through me. The worst part was that a small part of me wanted to accept the name. It felt . . . right, in an undefinable way. I’d never been the most masculine guy, I’d always been a bit sensitive, not feminine perhaps, but definitely sensitive and caring. And now whatever magic or sci-fi madness was changing me was even adjusting my name to match these attributes.

Brianne Liu.

I rejected it outright.

“That’s not my name,” I insisted. “I’m Brandon. C’mon David, you know me. We’ve been friends for years now. We met through your sister Maddie. You know that my name is Brandon. I’m a guy. I’m a dude.”

At this point David looked concerned. He pulled me aside, checking his pager to make sure there were no emergencies he had to see to. I hadn’t been called in, so I had some time in the ER to spare. He shuttered one of the curtains so we had some privacy, and I thought that I would finally, *finally* be able to address this head on, maybe convince someone. Instead, he held out his hand.

“Wallet.”

“Huh?”

“Brianne, your wallet. I know you prefer purses, but you’ve got a wallet in your pocket while you’re in uniform - you need to get a better fitting one, by the way. Pass me your wallet.”

He said it with such confidence - perhaps even *dominance* - that I acquiesced immediately. It made me aware of how submissive my mental state was becoming. I hoped it was just the tiredness. David flipped it open, withdrew a card, and held it in front of my face.

“See? Brianne. Brianne. Liu.”

A shiver ran down my spine. He was right. The name on the ID was clear as day. It even showed the face of a woman on it, a woman who could have been my sister. A very beautiful sister at that: she had my same dark eyes and Asian heritage, a similar facial structure (albeit one that was smoother, with a heart-shaped face), and the slight smile she possessed in the photo was much like one I often had in photos. But she had long black hair and full lips and a cute button nose, and her eyebrows were perfect. Something about her looks stirred feelings of jealousy within me, as if my body desperately wanted to reach that state by now. I took the wallet from him and looked through my other identification. All of them listed me as Brianne Liu, female. I was even a bit younger, no longer twenty five years old but twenty *two* instead. Three whole years younger.

“This doesn’t make any sense,” I said, clutching my head. “Wait. My uniform name badge had ‘Brandon’ on it earlier. Look!”

I adjusted the baggy folds of my poorly-fitting uniform to show David what I was talking about, only to see that the badge had changed as well. It too read ‘Brianne Liu.’

“Fuck!”

David put a hand against my forehead, taking on the role of a doctor. “You don’t appear to have a fever, Brianne, but you sure are acting weird. Are you sure you don’t want to go home? I know we’re shortstaffed yet again but it’s not as bad as the last two nights. No

one would blame you, you know. Hell, I don't know how you do it out there as a female paramedic. It must be full-on!"

I had to make a choice in that very instant. What was happening to me was insane, but it would get even madder if people *thought* I was insane. I needed to go along with things until I could figure it all out, so I just rubbed my temples and stood back up.

"No, no, I don't need that. Sorry, I've just had this crippling headache all night. I think I've had too little sleep. I thought it was a clerical error, the Brandon thing. Obviously my name is Brianne, ha!"

It was a forced laugh. More of a giggle, actually, which was not what I intended to let out. High and soft, and borderline womanly. Or girly. But it was enough to extract myself from the situation. David just smirked, as if it was all a misunderstanding.

"Okay, sure thing. You just take care of yourself, okay. You mean a lot to us, Brianne. You mean a lot to me."

His words were emphasised, as if he were nervous to express them, yet confident of their sincerity. Once again my heart fluttered - why was it doing that? His words were like damn syrup!

"Th-thanks!" I said weakly, before extracting myself from the situation entirely. David and I got along, but I had never realised that I meant a lot to him. Was that just part of the freaky reality change? Or was it always there? Was it romantic? My cheeks blushed at the thought.

"I'm not a woman," I said to myself, my newest mad mantra. "I'm not."

I passed Angie in the hall. She was one of the ER nurses, an older woman who could be quite the maternal figure herself.

"Oh Brianne," she said, making me wince with her choice of name, "you look so tired! Another emergency?"

"Afraid so," I said, giving a forced smile to play along.

"You poor dear. I still can't believe you work as a paramedic. How do you do it with such a dainty lithe figure like yours!"

The smile became even more forced, somehow.

"I guess I just work twice as hard as the boys to compensate," I said with a smile.

"Well, it's a good thing you've got that Samuel. Though I suppose you're fairly close to him outside of work anyway, right?"

"What? No! I mean, are you suggesting that him and I are . . . ?"

Thankfully, Angie just laughed. "Oh, for Pete's sake, hardly dear! I just meant that because of you and Maddie and he and . . . oh, never mind! I'm keeping you!"

I had no idea what she meant by that, but I had little time to investigate. The call was about chest pains, and so we made our way out again. As I did so, Samuel choosing to drive

once more, I couldn't help but think on Angie's comments. Was my body really that lithe and dainty? I felt my limbs as subtly as I could. I must have shrunk even further, somehow, because my arms and legs indeed felt smaller, and my body was slimmer in general also. I had started out as 5'9, but I could well have been around 5'5 by that point, perhaps even shorter! It was a dreadful thought, and so was the body dysmorphia it was giving me.

But then again, so was the lack of dysmorphia. It was like I had to actively concentrate - like flexing a muscle - to continue feeling out of place in my form. Whatever magic had come from the green light and that strange chant in the air, it was clearly affecting my mind as well. First, it was dialling up my maternal and feminine qualities, even leaving me more emotional. Second, it was making me become more receptive to my new name. Hell, I was even automatically thinking about myself in female pronouns now!

Now, it was making me feel 'at one' with my body, somehow. I looked at my hands as Samuel drove. They were indeed daintier, the nails perfect and no longer a little chewed (a nervous habit I suddenly felt no desire to continue, not even a temptation!), the fingers slim. There was basically no hair upon the palms of my hands, and the skin was perfect, unblemished. It was emasculating and embarrassing, but it did not feel totally wrong. In fact, there was even a small desire to see the changes continue. To become *complete*.

I shook the thoughts away and repeated the mantra in my mind.

Just have to get through the night. I won't become a woman. I won't.

I can't.

I was about to leave the hospital and finally crash into bed at the wee hour of 6am when David called out to me in the parking lot. I didn't notice him at first because I was so lost in thought. I was basically wrapped up in my internal war of identity, trying to figure out just what was happening to me, yet feeling compelled to go about my regular day as well as I could. I was bizarre, worrying, and oddly comforting all at the same time, though the soreness in my chest and numbness in my crotch made me concerned.

"Brienne! Wait up! Hey, Earth to Miss Liu! Earth to Miss Liu!"

He too looked tired from the night, but still his tall, dark and handsome usual self, an easy smile on his features. Again, that flutter in my heart. That warmth. I drowned it out as best as I could.

"Hey, David," I said, looking up at his hunky face from my shorter stature. "Sorry, I was lost in thought."

"I was just asking to see if you're alright. You seemed a bit out of it tonight. The name thing and everything. Did you want me to give you a lift home?"

I shook my head. My longer hair swished a bit from the motion, which I wasn't used to. "No, no, it's alright. But thanks for the offer David, truly. You're a good guy. I just need to get home to Maddie and take a rest. You know how she is; she'll be even more concerned than you!"

Again, he cocked his head. "Um, what do you mean, Maddie?"

"Dude, your sister."

But his quizzical expression did not abate. A distinct sense of foreboding settled in my stomach like a heavy rock.

"Why would you go home to my sister? I mean, I know you are close, but I imagine Samuel will be wanting a rest."

"Samuel!?"

He chuckled. "Boy, you sure are tired. They've only been together for, what, the last five years now? Hello, I'm pretty sure he's planning to propose any day now!"

I staggered back, trying to find my feet. The green light edged into the corners of my vision, making it hard to see. Again, there was that chant, that echoing voice that heralded further change. My stomach lurched, and I had to concentrate to prevent myself from dry-heaving right in front of David. I turned to reach my car, only to find it was gone. Vanished. It had been there almost seconds ago, but now there was another car in its place. I recognised it as David's.

"C'mon," he said, placing a hand suddenly around my waist as he gestured me towards the car. "Before you forget that we've been together for five years now!"

"Oh God," I said, whispering under my breath. The full revelation of the reality changes was hitting me. Not only was I becoming a woman, but I was losing my girlfriend Maddie in the process. Even more dramatic, *David* was now my goddamn *boyfriend*. The brother of my girlfriend had become my new partner, and my work-partner was now the partner of my former partner! I let out a strange, almost maddened giggle at the sheer ridiculousness of it. It was like untangling a goddamn web! Lord, what was happening to me?

"Oh dear," David said, "we definitely need to get you home, honey. You have absolutely lost the plot. Come on."

I could have run. I could have screamed. I could have erupted into tears. But again, I didn't want to be dragged off to the madhouse or end up homeless. And there was also that strange compulsion not to rock the boat, coupled with an increasingly submissive disposition. Even David's mere presence was a comfort, and despite the insanity of him apparently being my *boyfriend* in this sudden new reality, I didn't want to leave his side just yet. Besides, he was also my ride.

I got into the car, very aware of the soreness in parts of my still-changing body. The tears flowed silently down my cheeks, and David placed a comforting hand on my thigh, rubbing it. I didn't push him away.

"There, there, Brianne. It's all because you've been pushing yourself too hard. Much too hard. You just sleep on the way home, okay? You're my passenger princess, after all."

I didn't have the energy to argue. I fell asleep just five minutes later, and dreamed of green lights, strange chants, and a gorgeous man holding my dainty body in his arms.

Night 4:

I woke up in David's apartment. Something was different. My body was different. I hadn't been conscious for the full ride home and David had put me to bed. I had strange, comforting memories of him sleeping against me, hand around my sore chest, his larger body spooning my smaller, daintier one. For the first time in a long time, I'd had a good rest.

The results of that rest were now clear.

David wasn't in the bed, thank God. I wouldn't know how to tackle that. I was pretty certain he'd only been in sleeping shorts, just as he'd stripped me out of my paramedics uniform and left me in female panties and a bra.

"Wait," I said to myself. "Oh wait. Oh wait wait wait. Oh God."

The first clue of how much I had changed during the night was my voice. It was high and sweet, a borderline soprano. Almost classically feminine, but with a perfectly demure cadence. It was not a voice for authority or shouting, but comforting and nurturing. The second and third clues were the length of my dark, now-silky hair spilling over my face, and the weight upon my chest. I sat up in bed immediately to inspect my changes, and found that most female of presences; a pair of ripe, rounded breasts were upon my chest. They were not huge. Not too bountiful, thank God. But they were not small either. They were cupped and supported well by the bra I now had, and I somehow knew instinctively that I was a C-cup. Not bad, all things considered. Enough for a nice line of cleavage, especially in the right outfit.

I chastised myself for that thought. "Shit, don't be proud of it! Damn it Brianne. I mean, Brianne. Shit, I can't even say my old name now!"

I concentrated.

"B-Brandon."

It had taken effort, no doubt because I *wasn't* Brandon anymore. With a deep breath I got to my feet and made my way to the bathroom carefully. I had been to David's place a number of times, usually with Maddie. I knew the general layout, but it was strange to view it

from the perspective of exiting his bed, and even stranger to be wearing a bra and women's underwear. My entire body had changed, right down to my new lower centre of gravity. My hips swung gently from side to side without meaning to, and while the bra offered good support, there was still a foreign wobble to my new chest. I was smaller again, my body dainty and lithe. The noticeable absence between my legs worried me. Was my penis just gone? Oh God, it was, wasn't it?

I received my answer moments later as I reached the bathroom. The late afternoon light flooded in, informing me that I had slept in, big time. It cast my body in warm orange light, rendering the woman in the mirror somewhat like a painting. An attractive painting at that.

"Holy shit," I said aloud. "I'm . . . I'm beautiful."

It wasn't a statement that came from a place of pride or delusion either, my new body truly was beautiful. I had a gorgeous 'girl next door' look, slim and pretty, cute yet possessing an undeniable beauty in my face. My eyes had the same almond shape, but with my more delicate eyebrows and smoother face and smaller nose, it all came together in a very attractive way. My lips were certainly fuller, though not ridiculously so. My curves were not exaggerated, but I certainly now had a noticeable hourglass figure, with wider hips that could now be described as 'childbearing,' I supposed.

"Fuck, I can make babies now," I whispered, lowering a hand to between my thighs. The smooth surface over my new venus mound made it obvious that I was a woman there, and a quick inspection revealed that I did indeed possess a vagina, labia and all. It was a lot to take in, as was the fact that I also had a pair of actual knockers on my chest. I cupped them, and then took the bra off. The knowledge of how to do so from the woman's perspective came unnaturally easy, and when freed my breasts dropped a little, with their own defined weight and wobble now that they weren't supported across my shoulders and upper back. I cupped them again, feeling their sensitivity. My nipples were slightly darker, and much bigger, complete with areolas.

"Mhmmm," I moaned. "God, they're really sensitive."

"I love that about them," came a voice from around the corner. I froze as David appeared from behind, entering the bathroom. He was shirtless but in shorts, and his impressive muscles from his hours at the gym caught my attention immediately. For a second, I could have sworn I saw a green light, but then it disappeared. My nipples stiffened and my new pussy became oddly moist just staring at those muscles.

I hadn't even realised he was home, having assumed he'd gone out or something. But that made no sense; we'd be starting our shifts at the same time tonight, and evidently he was now my ride quite often. He'd even called me his 'passenger princess' the previous night.

“David!” I exclaimed, starting to cover myself. “I - I didn’t realise you were here.”

“Well, it is *our* apartment, honey,” he replied, and with that he wrapped his powerful arms around my naked torso. My own arms fell away, and his hands fell upon my breasts, cupping them and gently fondling my nipples. I couldn’t help it; I was putty in his hands, and so I began to moan with more than a little eroticism in my soft female voice.

“S-stop - ahhhh . . .”

“Are you sure? You sound like you’re in the mood for some fun.” He lowered his lips to my left ear and whispered into it in such a way that made my new feminine plumbing become even wetter.

“And I know you like having me inside you, especially when you’re on your back with those lovely legs wrapped around my waist, right?”

I could just picture it. God, I could picture it.

But then an alarm went off. It was time to get ready for work. I used that as my excuse, pulling away.

“Sorry, uh, honey, we have to be ready for work.”

I quickly exited to have a shower, which only highlighted how different my body was, its sensitivities heightened by my application of soap across it. After that I adjusted my hair as best as I could, leaning into the compulsions to aid me while David had his own shower. I put on my uniform, knowing already where it was in his - *our* - room. It fit me perfectly this time, sized for my smaller and thinner female form.

But of course, he seemed to notice and like how I looked.

“God, you look so hot in your uniform,” he told me, once again placing his arms around me. He was so much bigger than me, stronger too. It should have intimidated me, but instead it was a true turn on. It was like this man was my protector now, my guardian. I moaned softly as he ran his hands over my paramedic’s uniform, cupping my chest again but also lowering his hands to grip my widened hips.

“We still have time,” he said.

“I - I need to eat before I go.”

“I’ll buy some food for you on the way. My treat. For now, I want a more tempting meal. Don’t tell me you don’t want me to fuck you like this.”

He kissed my neck from behind, and I was shocked once more how sensitive all of my skin was now compared to when I was a man. The strange new genitalia between my thighs began to coat itself further in aroused juices. I rubbed said thighs together, trying to not be so damned turned on. But I was. Shameful and reluctant as I was, I turned around and faced him, once more looking up to his handsome, deeply attractive features. Tall, dark, and handsome, and with a charismatic, booming voice beside. He was a man, everything I wasn’t, and thanks to the magic that was changing me, it felt so goddamn good.

“Admit it, babe,” he said, holding me tight, drawing his lips close to mine. “You want this.”

“I - I - I do!” I exclaimed. “Please, get it over with! F-fuck me!”

He kissed me, and his taste was heaven. His tongue snaked into my mouth, and the excitement it produced made my nipples stiffen further, needing to be touched.

“I love it when you beg me,” he said, before lifting me up and placing me on the bed. “Keep the uniform mostly on. I want to fuck you in it. You look so completely hot like this.”

“Ohhhhhh, s-stop saying this! It’s all wrong but . . . so hot.”

He crawled on top of me, and I widened my legs by instinct. He kissed me again, stroked my hair and fondled my body through the uniform, unzipping a section of it to lick and grope my breasts. I adjusted my bra, letting him suck on my nipples. It was an alien sensation, and I should have fought it harder, but the truth was that it was *goddamn good*. I whimpered at the pulses of pleasure it produced as a result.

“Mmmhm, m-more! Please, m-more!”

He gave me more, alright. The desire to be submissive, to be *his*, rose further within me. I wanted him *within me*. This wasn’t just a compulsion, I couldn’t lay this at the feet of the magic. Yes, I had become more submissive and apparently a heterosexual woman, but I was consenting to all of this. My body *ached* for David’s touch. For his entrance.

And when he tugged down my pants and then my underwear, I got exactly what I wanted. His cock pressed against my entrance, and then after only a brief resistance I was easily wet enough for him to glide within me. It was the most alien - and wonderful - experience I had ever felt. I was being penetrated - *actually penetrated* - and loving it. I cried out, unable to contain my high, sweet voice, and then my wails only became more impressive as he began to thrust fully within me. He was muttering all kinds of soft words and encouraging comments, but between the way he was rubbing my nipples and ramming his huge cock (God, he was big, so damn big and *good*) into me, I could barely understand or care what he was saying. All that mattered was that I was fulfilling my duty to my boyfriend, accepting him into me in bouts of seemingly unending pleasure.

Though when it *did* end, it was greater bliss than I had ever known. I gripped him with my thighs, wrapping my legs around his torso and holding on for dear life as I got closer and closer to my first female climax. He was close too, no longer speaking but grunting as he fucked me again and again. The dam finally burst, my body going rigid as a fresh wave of orgasm hit me, followed by another, then another. I cried out, louder than I should have been but lost in it, and he too made a delightfully animal sound. His cock throbbed within my new feminine tunnel, pulsing, and then a warm sensation shot within me.

“Oh God!” I cried out. “Oh God, you’re cumming in m-me! You’re actually cumming in me! Ohhhhhh, yesssss!!!!”

It took entire *minutes* for the train of orgasms to end, and David looked me, savouring every moment he was sending me to heaven. It was only after I collapsed back, he still within me, that I realised what I had just done.

I had fucked my former girlfriend's brother, now my *boyfriend*.

And I had loved it.

David dropped me off at the paramedic station.

"I'll see you later at the hospital," he told me.

I could only meekly agree, still reeling from what I had done. I had needed to shower again after just to get his jizz out of me, and even that had seemed kind of arousing; he had filled me up so much with his little swimmers! Seriously, there was so much. How had I let myself go so far? But weirdly, it was even easier to play the role of his dutiful girlfriend after that. I was Brianne Liu, his beautiful girlfriend, and that seemed . . . well, it seemed a role I could play. For now. Until I figured out what was going on.

I tried not to focus too much on the frankly wonderful sex I'd just had as a woman. Instead, I placed my attention on the first call of the night. Samuel was driving again, though the dynamic between us had shifted a little. He was still up front about lots of things, but now that *he* was the one in the relationship with Maddie, he was almost asking my advice as a *woman* on things.

"You know how it is with Maddie. She's fantastic. Real chill. I love the pajama thing. Girl loves her pajamas. I just hope she's happy in the bedroom, y'know?"

"Um, okay?" I said, mortified at the direction of this. Sure, Maddie and I might have been going through some motions, but I'd just lost her to him with this reality change, and now he was chatting about their sex life!"

"It's just, I can't talk about this with the guys, y'know? But you're a chick, and I trust you're opinion. I know you won't rat me out. I really want to marry that woman. The whole wedding and shebang. And I know she wants kids and, well, I guess I do too. But is the life of a paramedic going to satisfy her, you know, in *that* way?"

I was burning red by this point, hiding my face with my hair and looking the other way. Why couldn't the call be at a place that was closer, to end this conversation? I just replied something vague about 'making it work and giving her time' and he seemed to accept it, thanking my 'woman's intuition.' But then, something leapt out of my mouth without thinking:

"I guess it's like my own relationship with David. We're definitely going to be married, and I'll be having his kids, of course. And that scares me, pregnancy and everything. But mostly it's the long hours we both have, and how they can be switched around. I'll probably

have to take some leave or get part-time hours. But you make it work, and you *always* leave time for good sex. Trust me. I won't go into details but before work David and I - well, let's just say we had a good time."

Samuel guffawed. "I need to get more active in the small hours before shifts begin then, ha!"

It made me realise I'd never really done that much with Maddie while I'd been Brandon. I felt guilt, but also a strange comfort in knowing that David and I were more active. God, what was happening to my mind?

Thankfully, the conversation steered from there, and we arrived to pick up our patient. We attended to him, and unfortunately for me I got another dose of sexism, with this particular fellow commenting on how much he liked Asian women, my eyes especially, and that he'd "love to give you my number so you can see what you're missing out on."

Suffice to say, when we got back to the hospital, I was pretty pleased to hand him over. I knew I looked cute as hell in my uniform, but goddamn was being catcalled and hit on not a fun experience. How did women do it? Hell, was I going to have to deal with it from now on? Was this forever? I tried not to think about it.

I finished up the report and handover, and got ready to head back with Samuel, when suddenly my partner gave me a curious look.

"Um, where are you going, Brianne?"

I looked at him blankly. "I'm pulling the stretcher with you so we can go out for our next call?"

"Look, that's really nice of you to offer to help, but I can take it. It's probably better for a registered nurse like you to stay in the hospital in case they need you."

I blinked, and in that moment, the luminous green light seemed to shine *through* my eyelids, nearly blinding me with its brilliance. The chant sounded in my ears, strange and ethereal, as if summoned from elsewhere beyond the veil of this existence. When I opened my eyes - a mere few milliseconds later - I found myself suddenly wearing nurse's scrubs, not my paramedic outfit. I quickly grabbed my hospital ID, and it too had changed: *Brianne Liu, ER RN* it read.

"But - but I'm supposed to be a paramedic! I'm your work partner!"

Sam just laughed. "Brianne, my work partner is Maddie, and has been since the start of our relationship five years ago."

At that point, I turned, as if sensing something. There, striding towards Samuel, now suddenly a paramedic herself, was Maddie. She looked as beautiful as ever, though her hair was done up in a smart ponytail unlike her usual loose arrangement. She smiled at me as she passed, and I recalled how much that woman used to enchant me. Now, I recognised

her beauty, but the male attraction to her was gone. She was just . . . a beautiful woman, and I was pretty sure I was prettier, which made me feel strangely smug.

“Hiya Brienne!” she said, patting me on the shoulder as I passed. She snuck a look down the corridor, then took a moment to give Samuel a big kiss and a slap on the rear. “C’mon partner let’s get going. You okay Brienne? You look sleep deprived or something.”

“I was just thinking that,” Samuel mused.

A sudden lurch hit my stomach, and I nearly doubled over. I had to grip the wall just to keep myself upright. Even my boobs - which I still wasn’t used to having - felt kind of sore. I felt so tired all of a sudden, and expressed this to the impossible pairing.

“Honey, you get the stretcher up with those manly muscles of yours. I need to talk to Brienne. I’ll be quick!”

“You better!” he said. “The secret lives of women, I swear!”

He left, leaving me still reeling. My former girlfriend placed a comforting hand on my shoulder. “Hey, I just realised something. You and my brother, you guys are going at it a bit, from what I hear. Gross, I know, he’s my brother, but I’m right, right?”

I reluctantly nodded. It was true for *that* afternoon, at least. Very, very true.

“And have you been using much protection?”

We hadn’t. Again, I had a sample size of one, but we had been anything *but* careful. If that pattern was true of other encounters previously in this rewritten timeline . . .

“I’m just saying,” Maddie continued, my former girlfriend’s words each landing like an anvil on metal, “that you might want to consider the possibility that you’re not actually all that sleep deprived. Are your boobs a bit sore?”

“Y-yeah.”

“Have you felt stomach cramps?”

“Just n-now, actually.”

“And you’re tired a lot? Any nausea?”

I had felt nausea, but surely that was just the change? Surely it had to be? Still, I needed her to outright state what she was hinting at.

“What are you saying, Maddie?”

She gave me an encouraging smile. “I’m saying that maybe, just maybe, you might be pregnant, honey. Trust me, from your BFF, you might want to take a test. Go get one, please.”

She said ‘please,’ but her words were authoritative. My own were submissive. We had not only swapped roles, but in many ways our own attitudes as well.

“I’ve got to go, but I hope you get the result you want, sis,” she said, evidently viewing me as family. “For now, just focus on getting through the shift and taking that test. We’ll all have breakfast after the night is done, all four of us, if you’re up to it.”

I could only meekly agree as she headed off.

“P-pregnant. No. No no no. No way.”

I headed off to deal with the night shift, that terrible and unshakeable thought ricocheting through my mind. Pregnant. Pregnant.

Pregnant.

Making babies and pushing them out of me *pregnant*.

“No way. Just get through the shift. Find the source of the green light. Keep asking even if they think I’m odd. I’m not staying a woman.”

But still, thoughts of having a growing belly full of life dominated the next few hours to come, and they weren’t all entirely unpleasant. I kept putting my hand to my stomach without thinking before retracting it, or viewing every moment of fatigue or slight nausea as evidence. I probably should have taken a pregnancy test straight away, but the truth was that I was nervous as all hell about it, and confirming it would probably send me over the edge.

For now, I had to deal with being a nurse, and that was weird enough. The other ladies, including Janice who was head nurse again, all recognised me as one of their own. Of course they did. And just as when I had changed fully into a woman that very morning, there were now pieces of knowledge and sets of skills that accompanied my changed brain and position. Just as I thankfully knew how to easily put a bra on, and deal with my longer hair, and even my new feminine plumbing and its hygiene requirements, so too did I know the ins and outs of being a registered nurse, even one on the floor of the emergency room.

That didn’t make it any easier to go along with, however, though go along with it I had to do, as with everything else.

Now, I was the one dealing with sexist and belligerent drunks and patients and angry old men who leered at me with both an Asian fetish and a nurse fetish, as if they’d found the damn jackpot. Only instead of just helping strap them down or get a nurse out of trouble like I did before, now I had to deal with these jerks through the entire process, up to and including cleaning them, feeding them and staying with them, putting up with their annoying complaints at every level. At one point I literally had to call security because an irate man in his early forties was screaming at me, and it actually *terrified me*. I was now only 5’4, short and button cute. I had lost so much of my muscular power, and while I wasn’t exactly a titan of a man before, I found myself thoroughly intimidated by men like that now, whereas before I could handle them. It was an experience that Janice and others went through every day, and women like Angie had known for literal decades on the job. But for me, it was all new.

“Th-thank you so much,” I told Ben and Angus, the security men on the floor for the night, when they helped restrain and deal with the belligerent man. “I just . . . couldn’t be authoritative with him.”

“That’s okay, Brianne,” Angus said, bearing a comforting smile on his face. “No one expects you to. Sometimes all these assholes respect is another man who can beat the shit out of them. You’re just too nice and sweet for shitheads like this, and they’re too foolish to respect that.”

I thanked him again, even as my cheeks burned with a deep blush. He was right, of course. I could no longer be authoritative, not even in the ways that other nurses were. I had turned into the stereotypical caring nurse, and I realised that in spades as I progressed through the night, insisting on making each patient as comfortable as possible, and getting little dopamine rushes when I succeeded or was thanked for it.

The other women checked up on me, and we bonded over the experience of dealing with sexist men and drunk assholes. It was a new experience to hear Janice frankly doling out advice and setting up warning systems in place if the nurses needed to support each other. There was a sisterly bond there that I hadn’t realised, and it extended to some of the male nurses to a degree, though it was almost all women on the floor tonight.

Finally, I had a break, during which the notion of taking ‘the test’ continued to flit through my mind. The nausea had abated, though not the tiredness. And my boobs were seriously sore. I couldn’t be pregnant. Surely, whatever was changing me wouldn’t go any further?

I was pulled from my brooding thoughts by David coming to sit opposite me. We were alone in the break space, and he was in his doctor’s garb, gorgeous as ever. I couldn’t deny my attraction to him now, nor the way he continued to provide such a calming, magnetic presence. My thoughts went back to me on my back, him ploughing into me, and I couldn’t help but smile cheekily in his direction, my spirits immediately lifted.

“How are you doing, babe?” he asked me.

“Oh, you know. Busy night. Dealing with sexist drunks. Suddenly stuck as a woman who gets hit on or fetishised, all while cleaning out bedpans and finding myself as a nurse.”

“Don’t tell me you’re still missing your life as Brandon?”

I dropped my fork. It clattered to the table. My appetite - which was decent, and hopefully not for *that* reason - suddenly disappeared.

“What - what did you just say?”

He extended a hand out and placed it over mine. I didn’t pull away. “I called you Brandon,” he said slowly, his voice serious. “Are you missing your life as him?”

“H-how do you know that? You didn’t know that the last few days!”

“I didn’t, until the magic was fully solidified in you. Apparently it must be one of the side effects. I certainly didn’t mean for it to go that way, but it must be part of the reality rewrite.”

I swallowed, heart beating furiously. “What are you talking about?”

He stood up and circled around to sit beside me. Despite my shock, I still allowed him to put an arm around my waist and kiss me on the cheek.

“I had an amulet. I found it at a garage sale. It was an old thing; with an emerald-like centre. Apparently it granted wishes, but I never believed in it. So I just started wearing it under my clothing as a good luck charm. No wishes ever came true. But when I was talking to you several days ago, and I was wistfully thinking about my perfect woman - you know how Maddie always complains about my hyper specific tastes - I realised that I wanted a woman with *your* personality and who looked like a female version of you. I mean, we’re good friends after all, and I know we have similar interests in movies and sport, and that we both like similar foods. I also knew that you and Maddie were sort of going through the motions, or at least my sister told me.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “You - you changed me?”

He held me a little tighter. Damn, it felt comforting. Protective. I hated that his warmth and touch felt so good!

“Not deliberately, I swear. I sort of just . . . made a wish. A wish for a woman like you to be my gorgeous girlfriend, someone who would be devoted to me and willing to marry me and carry my children, just like I always wanted.”

The nausea crept back up. *Carry my children*. I resisted the gooey feeling it gave my silly female body, but only just.

“Can you reverse it? The spell, I mean?”

His grin became a little awkward. He reached down his collar and retrieved what must have been the amulet. I gasped instantly: what must have been the green emerald giving the light I’d been seeing had shattered. It was now dulled. Useless.

“When I made the wish, it sort of broke,” he explained. “And there was weird chanting that made me forget what had happened. But something must have happened in the last couple of hours that made me slowly remember. I know you were Brandon, but I also know that you’re my gorgeous girlfriend now, and that we love each other, truly.”

“You mean, I’m stuck like this? As Brianne?”

“I’m sorry,” he said, and seemed to mean it. But he didn’t let go of me, and his lips got closer. “It seems you’re my girlfriend and perfect woman now. I didn’t mean to change you, Brianne, but I swear I’ll take care of you. I swear I’ll always take care of the woman I love.”

“But - but I used to be a man?”

He raised a hand to caress my cheek.

“I know. But if you really are as into me as you have been the last couple of days as you’ve changed. If you truly felt for me when we were, well, going at it, then I truly don’t care. In fact, I know this sounds a bit crazy, but it’s actually kind of hot knowing who you used to be and who you are. I’m not trying to offend, it’s just the truth. You have become the most

beautiful and perfect woman, Brianne. I didn't mean for reality to turn out this way, but couldn't you be happy with it? Couldn't you be happy with me?"

I swallowed. I should have fought the feelings. Should have run. Should have done anything. Instead, I gave into those comforting submissive compulsions.

I kissed him, and it felt good, right down to my stomach.

I placed a hand on it, both soothed and anxious at the possibilities there.

Breakfast:

Maddie and Samuel parked simultaneously to where we were. The Cafe Corner, as it advertised itself, smelled of good coffee, baked goods, and pancakes. Glorious pancakes. I had a sudden hankering for them, perhaps because of the *other* piece of news I was now very much aware of. The little piece currently growing in the womb I now possessed, which was indeed making me resigned to my fate.

"There's Brianne, riding passenger princess as always!"

I rolled my eyes at Samuel's teasing nature, and Maddie gave him an affectionate punch on the arm. David just laughed and placed his hand around my shoulder. Again, it brought comfort, despite what he had unintentionally done to me. He had formed me into his perfect girlfriend, and now I was going to be the mother to his child. I could scarcely believe it. In just four nights, everything had changed.

"That's not fair, Sam," Maddie said. "You know out of the four of us she's the only one who can't drive."

I suppressed an embarrassed giggle. Before, I had either driven Maddie to work or she had been one to take public transportation.

"Well, let's grab some much needed breakfast," David said. "I'm starving, and I bet you are too, Brianne."

He gave me a meaningful grin. I had told him the news, of course, and he was ecstatic. He believed the wishing necklace had finally worked because it was 'meant to' bring about this reality. I wasn't convinced, but from the way he kissed me it at least calmed a little from my worries.

"I love the idea that I'm getting my former friend pregnant," he said, kissing me again after I told him. "I'm sorry, Brianne, but it's a real big turn on. I'll make it up to you."

At least someone was happy. I probably would be too, if I let my new submissive compulsions take over my mind. God knew that I was getting dopamine rushes every time he complimented me, touched me, or otherwise treated me like his princess (his pregnant princess apparently).

We sat down for breakfast together, and I was able to fall deep into conversation as we all complained about the night, Maddie and I even bonding over sexist treatment we experienced. She asked about how Janice and others were going, and she in turn told us about the night she and Samuel had experienced. She was tougher in this reality, while I was softer, and so even my part in the conversation was quieter and more deferential. As the food arrived - God, did I scoff it down, thanks little baby! - we chatted about relationship goals, marriage, and children. Maddie seemed so much more lively in this reality, and Samuel less . . . shallow, I guess? He seemed truly in love with Maddie, and no doubt was intending to marry her and stay faithful. Hell, they even wanted kids!

"I'd love two sets of twins," she said. "David is my twin, and it was wonderful having that connection. And since I want four kids, why not just bat them out with two pregnancies?"

Samuel laughed. "Well, let me get ready to pay for all of it!" he said, getting another playful punch. "Fine, fine, that would be ideal, honey, even if highly unlikely! What about you two? Marriage and kids?"

"Yes," I said, before I'd even realised I'd said it. The compulsion was strong, but the knowledge that I was secretly *already* pregnant only made me more willing to just hurry up and go along with it. I wasn't getting out of this new life, after all. I was resigned to it, stuck with it, and . . . perhaps slightly entranced by it. Maybe even reluctantly excited for it, given how much my body and mind craved David's presence.

"That easy?" Samuel said.

"I - I guess it's that easy," I said, glancing meaningfully at David. "Almost by magic."

"A few kids for you, then?"

The words came out again. "David wants four, don't you, honey?"

He smiled. "Of course my perfect woman would know that. Absolutely."

I blushed, falling quiet again. Maddie, always the detective, stood up. "Well, I need to go to the ladies room. Join me, won't you Brienne?"

I did, walking with her. Her face could barely contain her excitement, and as soon as the coast was clear she grabbed me and hugged me.

"Congratulations!" she exclaimed. "It's true, right? You're totally preggers. I'd know the truth about my BFF anywhere. You are touching your stomach and blushing and even getting teary eyed talking about babies. You're so knocked up, right?"

I sighed, grinning despite myself. "Um, yeah. I'm 'knocked up.' Wow, it feels weird to say it. David, um, he got me pregnant."

"Yuh, obviously!" she said, giggling. I giggled with her.

"I didn't mean to. It's all so crazy, lately. I just . . . I can't explain all of it. It's like everything has just changed and I'm a new person and dealing with all this craziness, and

half of me wants to run away, and half of me - the new me - loves it, and I don't know what to think about it!"

"Well, are you excited for it? Do you love my brother?"

"I'm . . . I guess I'm a little excited. Scared, but also excited. And of course I love him. It's . . . weird how much I love him. It's just sort of come over me and now I can't get him out of my mind."

She laughed, hugged me, and wiped her own tears away. "I think you'll do fine, sis. We just need to get you married to him now. And you know that David will treat you well and love you completely. I'm his twin, after all. I know him well, and twins share a special connection that lets them-"

There was a small green flash, like a tiny afterburst. Somehow, I knew it was the last one. Maddie's eyes lit up, opening wide in shock. She took a step back, nearly backing against the bathroom sink.

"Holy shit," she said. "*Brandon?*"

It seemed she was right. Twins really did share a special connection. My former girlfriend could remember everything.

Somehow, despite the shock that would follow, that made me happier. Maybe she could punch David on the arm for me, because God knew that I could never hurt my man.

Epilogue:

It was happening. Actually happening. I was getting married. But instead of waiting by the arch as I always imagined, seeing my bride Maddie step down the aisle, instead *I* was the one walking up it. Well, I wasn't exactly *walking*, really. More like waddling.

I placed my hand over my enormous round dome of a belly, taking it slow and making sure to keep pace with my bridesmaids, of which Maddie was my beautiful maid of honour. She was pregnant herself now, though much less far along than me. I had reached the fifth month mark just a few days ago, and while we had hoped to cover my belly a little in the initial planning stages months ago, there was absolutely no hiding it. My two little babies stirred softly in my womb, thankfully sleeping and not distracting me too much as I advanced to my soon-to-be husband. David stood under the arch beneath the pleasant blue sky, his smile brilliant, his eyes taking me in. It made me smile radiantly in return, beaming with joy.

Which was not to say the situation still wasn't weird.

Oh, I'd certainly become much more used to being a woman, not to mention a nurse. I now had boobs (bigger ones, thanks to my pregnancy. David *very much* approved, and

showed it, too), a vagina, an hourglass figure. Well, I *had* an hourglass figure. Now my extended stomach, full with twins, had spread wide enough to form a little 'pooch' out from my waist on each side. Poke it, and you could feel the amniotic fluid within. Trust me, I'd done a lot of the poking just to marvel at how weird it was. And full. Damn, damn full.

But the body was mine now, jiggly parts and long hair and high voice and small stature and lithe, dainty build and all. It was mine, and I had learned to love it. Certainly, David's ministrations helped; we went at it like animals, even now that I was incredibly pregnant. There was little risk remaining, I guess! But just because I was *used* to it didn't mean it wasn't still strange. I'd put up with a lot more catcalling since, as well as women talking to me about subjects no man would be invited to discuss. I'd learned to wear dresses and cute outfits, and further style my hair, and the kind of strategies one used to protect oneself as a woman. I always had David to project me though, of course.

Thankfully, I didn't just *have* him. I loved him - truly - but part of that was the magic, and the fact that he got off on me being a former male made him a pretty biased individual when it came to encouraging me in my new role. But with Maddie's own memory returning, things had changed. Like me, she accepted her new life, especially since she didn't have the same compulsions as I did, and actually had memories of dating Samuel to make it easier. She loved him, but we both got closure on our old relationship, and accepted we were better as girly BFFs than a couple. When morning sickness started hitting me harder, and I got more tired, and my belly finally began to swell with the promise of life (two lives, as it turned out!), she was right there to help me through it, encouraging me every step of the way, and serving as a shoulder to cry on. She also made sure that David, bless him, didn't get too possessive and dominant. Sure, it turned my new nurse self the hell on, but she was quick to remind him that if I had been wished to be his perfect woman, then "you damn well better be a perfect man for my BFF, bro!"

I'd also learned a great deal about being made love to as a woman; of being the fairer sex in the bedroom. David had taken me from behind, let me ride him, and even encouraged me to give in to one last frightful impulse and go down on him.

God, that had been a strange - and strangely enjoyable - night. We had been quite frisky after drinking with friends. I wasn't tipsy, of course, what with the baby and all, but I was just so into him, and one thing I loved about David was how . . . *passionate* he became when he was slightly intoxicated. I pointed this out to him as we got into a taxi - he was insistent, he didn't want me to drive while I was so pregnant.

"I'm not intoxicated with alcohol," he said, eyes gazing over my form. He rubbed my belly, then shifted forward to kiss my ear before whispering into it. "I'm intoxicated by *you*, Brianne. I want you so bad right now, you have no idea."

“Just not in the taxi, thanks!” called the driver ahead of us. Clearly David hadn’t been as quiet as he had thought. The blunder made us both crack up laughing, which in turn woke my little ones up, who immediately started kicking and squirming in my womb. David watched, fascinated, and rubbed my stomach until the babies had soothed. It was a good thing too: we arrived at his place - our place - not long after, and by that point I was getting really randy as well. I may not have consumed any spirits, but my prego hormones were more than enough to get me in the mood. We had barely made it into the door when he was all over me, possessing me. Something about it made my nipples all the harder, my pussy all the more wet. As a man, it had been expected of me to be the dominant one. Now turned into a woman, I was the submissive one, and there was something deeply freeing about that. The freedom to be weaker, to be dependent, to be directed by someone else in the most intimate and passionate of ways.

And Lord, was there passion.

“I want to take you right here, in the dining room,” David grunted, his voice almost animalistic. “Do you want to be my hot nurse?”

“Mhmmm,” I moaned, unbelieving how these words managed to turn me on. “Yes. Make me your hot nurse, David. Make me yours. I want to serve my patients.”

“And I have to conduct some invasive tests. Try not to make a sound.”

It was a roleplay we’d both played around with before, but never to such an extent. Even my new profession made me feel more submissive. I knew, intellectually, that many nurses could be absolute battleaxes, or they could be headstrong and powerful women like Janice. But as I leaned against the dining table and let David pull the skirt of my dress up and my cute panties down, all that was in my mind was the stereotypical image of the hot nurse who would please all the men with her present. And God, I wanted to please him.

“I’m ready for insertion, doctor,” I murmured sweetly, turning my head to look back at him.

“Good, because it’s a big needle,” he said.

I bit my lip, trying to control myself from moaning from sheer arousal. He gripped my hips with his powerful, manly hands, and then I felt something else that was *very* manly, probing at my wet entrance. He was toying with me, delaying my pleasure, and I freakin’ loved it.

“P-please, doctor!” I whined. “I n-need your care!”

“Then you’ll get it,” he said in a low voice. And then, finally, he entered me. It was a feeling as intensely familiar as it was unfamiliar. Every time my friend-turned-lover thrust his cock into my wet, tight depths I was reminded just how much I had changed. How much of a *woman* I now was, one who was deeply attracted to her man. I groaned, bucking my hips back in time with his thrusts, accepting this change fully.

“I love how much you love this,” he grunted. “I love that you’re pregnant. You’re so fucking hot, Brianne. I never want you to be Brandon again.”

“M-me either!” I cried. I had to lean against the table, letting my huge stomach hang past its edge. It was the ultimate submission, and it was even better when we really got going and found a rhythm, him sliding ever deeper into me. My widened hips were perfect for him to hold, but he occasionally snaked a hand down to feel my belly. It felt like I was possessed by him, owned by him.

God, I loved it.

“Yesssss, David! I love you! I want to b-be your hot nurse for life! I want to have your babies!”

“Even more of them? Four in total?”

“Mhmmm, yes! Or more! You get to d-decide! You’re my d-doctor! You make the recommendation! Ohhhhh, God! Yes! Yes, I’m s-so close! I want you to cum inside me! I want you to remind me how much of a woman I am now!”

He grunted, clearly heavily aroused himself. “You’re my woman, Brianne. Mine! I’m so close too. I’m going to cum inside you. I’m going to - AAGGHH!!”

He roared, and that sent me well over the edge. My vaginal muscles clamped down upon his cock, milking him for all he was worth. I was rewarded with the sweet sensation that I never imagined in a thousand years I’d savour: his warm seed rushing into me, flooding my female passage.

Of course, we weren’t done for the night. Once we had cleaned up we showered together, and my lovely, tipsy fiancée just couldn’t keep his hands off of me. He loved to rub my huge belly, where our babies were active once more. They were so big now, but I knew they would be even bigger in the wedding. Somehow, I kind of liked the idea of being so pregnant at my own wedding. It would mark me as a full woman, and my maid of honour would know just how much I had changed. The thought turned me on, and I knew it was turning him on too, because his large cock was slowly stirring against my back as he hugged me from behind.

“Do you like it when I do this?” he asked, cupping my belly and lifting it.

I sighed, my shoulders sagging in relief. “Mhmm,” I moaned. “Oh God, that’s amazing. I didn’t even realise how much weight I was carrying up until now. Can you hold it a little longer?”

He kissed and sucked on my neck. “Anything for you, my hot nurse.”

His words made me giggle. Both of us were weirdly aroused by the fact that we knew I used to be a woman. It made him damn libidinous, knowing he was fucking a former man, but it made me aroused too. I began to play with my own nipples, cupping my fuller breasts, larger with the promise of future milk production. That too excited me: no doubt David would

help me get rid of any 'excess flow.' The shower water fell upon us wonderfully, but I had to start rubbing my thighs together.

"Want me to stop?" he asked, still taking the great burden of my twin-pregnant belly off of me.

"Never," I sighed. But I raised a hand behind me to stroke the back of his head, and then turned my face as far back as I could to lock lips with him. "But I'm really in the mood, and I want to do something for you."

I rode him, of course. I rode him *hard*. Being on top was the best position since I had gotten so huge, and I knew he loved it too. Not just because cowgirl was a deeply sexy position anyway, but also because there was something arousing about me getting to be a *little* dominating for a change, if only to emphasise my submission to him later. I straddled him with my impressive weight, my naked boobs jiggling with each bounce upon his lap, my enormous belly almost drowning out any view of his face. He held it, gazing at it in awe, then raised his hands to squeeze my breasts.

"God I love you," he said, rubbing my nipples as he did so. "You're so perfect. You were meant to be this way."

"Mhmmm," I whimpered, lost in pleasure. "Grab my hips. Please. I need the help. T-too heavy."

"God, that's a turn on. You're so full with my babies. I bet you never expected this!"

"Expected? N-no! Want? God, yes. I love this. I love you, David."

He gripped my hips, helping with the rhythm, and soon both of our lusts were satisfied for a second time that night. I wailed in a high, ecstatic voice as he came within me, and this time I had three continuous orgasms, each of which overlapped the other. My entire body shook, and it was only thanks to him that I didn't fall to the side and get stuck - I often needed his help to get up these days.

"You're so loud in all the best ways," he said as I finished. He caressed my belly, calming out babies from the commotion.

His words made me blush. "I can't help it," I said. "I was always a quiet grunter as a man. Now I'm such a screamer. I'm glad it turns you on though."

"Never stop it. Never. I don't care if we're on holiday in a packed motel with thin plywood walls. I love how I make you cry out."

We were tired by this point, and after yet another shower we were ready for bed. But one final challenge remained. David had quite the refractory period, something my horny girl body was very appreciative of. But sometimes, late at night, he needed to have it taken care of. As he spooned me, playing with my breasts and belly, my own mind fading towards sleep, I detected his penis hardening between my buttocks. I thought it might go down, but soon he was slowly thrusting against me, only getting harder. I reached back to grab his

cock and stroke it. Sometimes he liked me to give him a handjob and let him cum on me, particularly against my belly. But this time he halted my hand.

“I want something else,” he said. “If you would consider it. I know, being a man once, this may be something that’s even more confronting than most of what you do for me.”

I woke a little more, and with great effort shifted around to face him. “What did you have in mind?”

In the darkness, I could sense his sheepish grin. He wasn’t often sheepish, but he sure was cute when he did act that way.

“I would like you to go down on me. To give me a blowjob.”

Even at that stage, fully female and utterly pregnant with this man’s twins, I was taken back. I had taken so many steps, what was one more? But at the same time, sucking on a man’s penis and letting him blow a load down my throat felt like something even further.

But my body couldn’t deny him, and the more I thought about it, the hotter it made me. I wanted to please him. I was, after all, destined to be his perfect wife.

“Are you saying you have some excess fluid that your nurse needs to drain for you, doctor?” I teased.

“Oh, God yes.”

“Then help me up, my love, and I’ll get right on it. I hope I do okay at it. I’m understandably nervous! I can’t say I ever expected to have a penis up close in my face, even as a woman.”

“You’ll do perfectly. It’s the magic of the stone, remember?”

He turned out to be right, of course. Operating by feminine instinct, I got up onto my feet, moved around to where he was sitting on the end of the bed, and went down on my knees. He turned on the nearby lamp, so I had a good view of his erect cock. It was huge, throbbing with arousal, and it made me excited too. What would it taste like?

“Fuck, you’re the best,” he said.

“I have to be, for you,” I said. It was the literal truth thanks to the magic, but also what I wanted to be as well. I positioned my belly between his calves as I knelt, placed my face before his huge cock, and then opened my mouth.

And began to suck on his thickness.

Maybe it was part of the spell, but he tasted divine. He was rigid and manly and firm, and soon I was taking more and more of him into my mouth, almost to the back of my throat. It was fascinating how much I was now the epitome of a devoted woman just like Maddie had been for me once. I used to be the man looking down on Maddie going down on me, but now I was the girl looking up at my main, my eyes locked on his handsome features as I sucked on his magnificent cock.

“Fuuuuuck, this is already good,” he said. “Try playing with my balls a little, and stroking my stem.”

I did exactly that. I changed up my pace and started licking the length of his cock, lubricating its whole length and even his balls. Then I placed his length back into his mouth all while stroking him off, taking time to cup his testicles and fondle them lightly. It was having a powerful effect: he gripped my hair tightly, and it was slightly painful. I didn't mind though: even the unintentional pain he was causing me was kind of hot. I was making him so deeply aroused that he didn't even know what he was doing. I continued the motions for a little over a minute, bobbing up and down and even using my teeth to very lightly tug at his cock. He was so damn close, and I could tell because he had become inaudible, except for the occasional, “yeah, that's the stuff. Yeah. Ohhh, yeah.”

And then, all at once, he gripped my hair even more tightly. His cock throbbed in my mouth, and I could feel his balls tighten, pushing his seed through to his member. A half-second later he *erupted* within me. I had to resist the urge to pull back, because suddenly my mouth and throat were flooded with his hot seed. It was warm and sticky and unbelievably, amazingly *tasty*. Somehow it was sweet and salty at the same time, and I wanted *more*. I stroked his length, not losing the opportunity, making him release as much of his contents as possible. He continued to spurt semen into my mouth and I swallowed it greedily, drinking down his cum with relish. It made me moan, and to our collective astonishment I had my own miniature orgasm in response.

It was fucking amazing, and afterwards I even took the time to polish him off completely, licking his penishead with a lustful fury in order to take in every last droplet.

“Wow, that was eager,” he said.

I sighed, stroking my belly and breasts, profoundly aroused by the whole ordeal.

“Let's do that more often,” I said with a grin. “To make up for lost time. In fact, I might even start waking you up like that.”

He didn't complain one bit when I was true to my word, and soon it was a regular pattern for us. He returned the favour often by going down on me, and God that was good too.

Yes, it was strange how normal it had become, me still hyper aware of the life I once had, and my new life as a beautiful, dutiful girlfriend, fiancée, and future wife and mother. And so now here I was, pregnant in a way I had never imagined possible, and walking straight towards the man who had indeed become perfect for me. Samuel was beside him as his best man, and he winked at me, completely unknowing that I used to be his partner still.

I made my way right up to him and took his hand.

“You look so gorgeous,” he whispered to me. “I love how pregnant you are.”

“You’re at fault for making me like this, so I *hope* you enjoy it,” I said, clutching my huge belly as much as I could. At least the dress looked incredibly maternal and pretty on me.

“I have no regrets,” he whispered cheekily. “About any of it. In fact, I’m going to make you very, very glad I made you a woman when it comes to our wedding night. Trust me.”

I grinned. God, my pregnant body was so damn horny. I was used to having David’s cock inside me now, and it was practically an addiction. That addiction had gone into turbodrive once the second trimester hit. I looked briefly over to Maddie, who had a cheeky look on her face as well.

“You look gorgeous!” she said.

“Thanks!” I replied, and I realised that I did, in fact, feel gorgeous, big pregnant belly and all. Perhaps I felt even more gorgeous *because* of said belly. Or perhaps it was just because of how David was looking at me, like I was his world. I certainly felt that way, especially with his children stirring within my womb.

“Are we ready to begin?” our officiant asked.

I took David’s hands. Was I ready? I wasn’t sure I’d ever be ready for this life, in the fullest sense of the word. The life of Brandon Liu and the man I could have been would always be with me. But I was ready for David to be my husband. I’d forgiven him for changing me, and God knows I was not just attracted to him, but perfectly in sync with him. Madly in love, one might say, if it didn’t still make me blush to admit from time to time.

“We are,” I said, taking my groom’s hands.

I was ready to be his bride.

I barely made it through the reception. I was sitting down for most of it, of course, but we still had a nice slow dance. As a health practitioner, David fussed over me the whole night, but I had come to love the fussing, and the belly rubbing. The babies woke up at one point and tried to kick through my dress. God, it was so weird to be pregnant. Weird, and strangely wonderful. We cut the cake - I certainly had an appetite for that - and did the rounds, visiting people. Well, they visited me, as I needed to rest my huge boulder of a belly constantly. But as the night wore on and people who weren’t me could get drunk, I began to feel a different kind of addiction stirring. I could see it in David’s eyes too.

He wanted his bride.

And I wanted my groom.

We excused ourselves, of course. I hugged and cried with my BFF, my former girlfriend Maddie. We said our farewells to the still-partying attendees, many of whom were

hospital staff themselves. And then we absconded to our private cabin that we had rented just for this purpose. Somehow, David was able to carry me across the threshold, huge pregnant stomach and all, though there was no way I was going to let him walk me *through* the actual door. No, that was my penguin waddle to make.

“God, I love you like this,” David said, beginning to help peel me out of my clothing.

“I know, you’re incorrigible,” I said, kissing him passionately. I pressed my belly against him, feeling his hardness against it. God, the feeling made me so damn wet. I’d learned to love the feeling of him thrusting deep into me, and I wanted it now. “You do remember I used to be a man, right?”

“Mhmm, I know. But you’re a total woman now. *My* woman. My gorgeous, sexy, pregnant wife. And I can’t wait to take you on this bed.”

“Carefully!” I said, giggling despite myself. I hunched over the bed, presenting myself to him as he took off my panties.

He gripped my hips, his penishead pressing against my wetness.

“Ohhhhh,” I moaned. “I needed this. I don’t care that I used to be a man, I want your cock inside me, *husband*.”

“I love it when you call me that. And now you’re my *wife*. Bet you never saw that one coming, huh?”

“Mhmmhm, no. But it’s how I ended up, and I’ve learned to love it, as if my stomach wasn’t evidence of it.” I stroked my stomach, knowing it would turn him on, then I placed my hands on the bed. “Now hurry up and take your *wife*. Your hot nurse wife.”

“Damn, we need to get you a nurse outfit,” he said, and before I could react to that idea of sexy time, he plunged into me, and I was in heaven.

I ended up having just a few shifts back at St Finn’s before my water broke. By that time I had assumed, being deep in my third trimester, that my libido would finally drop. I should have realised that the nature of the magic that made me David’s perfect nurse wife would also mean I would always have an engine revving for him. And it seemed our kinkiness in the bedroom had time to extend to the hospital as well, because whenever our breaks were timed together, we did a mad dash (a mad waddle, in my case) straight to the backrooms. There were always some spare exam rooms, and those turned out to be great places to lock the doors, shut the curtains, and have a private ‘examination’ of our own. We did it after our shifts were done too, and there was something wildly kinky about going at it in the hospital setting, me playing the part of the hot, pregnant nurse. Which really, was exactly what I was.

"This is so bad!" I whined once, as I lay back on the examination table he had lowered, and he thrust into me while standing. It was an inventive position, and it allowed him to marvel at my whole body, rubbing my belly through my nurse scrubs.

"I know, isn't it so taboo?" he said, grinning as he took me. "You like it though, don't you? You like going from being a good nurse to a bad girl occasionally?"

"Mhmm, only w-when it feels like this! And only if the o-others never know! God, can you imagine - ahhh - what it would be like - mhmm - if Maddie and Samuel found out?"

My comment was perfectly timed for comedy, because before David could reply with his usual teasing words which always turned me on, we heard the sound of two other members of staff going at it in the examination room just next to ours. They didn't have particularly thick walls, so the muffled sounds of pleasure were easily heard, echoing into our space.

"Well, someone clearly doesn't mind this little trespass," David said, grinning. He began to thrust into me again, and he too made exaggerated groans, as if in competition with the couple next door. I joined in, though not by choice: I was quite the screamer, as David well knew. It was just part of who I was now, and it had made for some real near-misses during our rules-breaking dalliances in the exam rooms and closets the last couple of weeks.

The other pair rose in pitch as well, the woman moaning loudly, her voice echoing through our room even more. There was something familiar about her voice that I just couldn't place, but it was difficult to think when your husband - God, I loved that he was my hot doctor husband now - was thrusting his long, thick cock into my pussy. I spread my legs as if I were going to give birth (a very imminent event, given I was almost at my due date by that point), allowing him to push his impressive girth ever deeper into my tunnel. My muscles hugged him, drawing out every pleasure, and it made me wail.

"Oh, David!"

"Yeah, Maddie!"

We both stopped in mid thrust and buck. The voice had come from the other room. It was immediately accompanied by the second voice, the familiar one, which I now knew *had* to be Maddie's, sounding intensely similar to when I used to fuck her.

"Ohhhh, Samuel! You're s-so fucking hot! Keep going, I'm so close!"

David and I tried not to laugh. So I guess Maddie and Samuel really were just as kinky as us, or had simply caught on. Either way, we were too far along to stop now, and there was something weirdly hot about not just us fucking in this rules-breaking location, but our best friends doing the same thing in the other room.

"I hear you guys!" Samuel called out. "Shouldn't you be on leave, Brianne?"

"I - I - I'm going on leave soon!" I called back, cheeks going red, no doubt. "Um, what brings you two here?"

Maddie laughed from the other room. "What do you think?" came her muffled voice. "We can't leave all the kinky badboy and badgirl action to you guys, right?"

"No pipe down!" Samuel said. "So I can lay down some pipe of my own!"

"No can do, paramedic," David joked. "We're about to finish, and my girl Brianne here can be plenty loud."

I was utterly embarrassed by this point, especially since David and I both knew that Maddie remembered my old life with her. She took it in stride.

"Looks like it's a competition, girlfriend," she shouted to me. "Hurry up, sexy Sam. I want to show the lovers over there what a *real* couple sounds like."

Instantly, the passion of their lovemaking returned. David and I shared one quick glance, and no words needed to be exchanged. It was like we psychically shared the same thought: *we're going to win*.

He fucked me more vigorously than he had in quite a while - and my man was always quite vigorous. I let him rub my belly, even lean forward to play with my tits through the scrubs. It was sexier with the official clothes on, and we didn't have to worry too much since this was one of our sessions *after* our shifts had ended. It must have been the same for Samuela and Maddie, especially from how much they were flirting with the rules. They were loud and proud, the sounds of their sex emanating through the walls, but we were just as into it. David was normally a bit more quiet during sex, but he was making sounds like a goddamn *bear* by that point, and I filed it away in my memory so I could remind him to repeat the performance in private later. I, for my part, began to sing my own sweet song. David loved that about me; how much I wailed and cried out and screamed during sex, though never in a pitch that was too nasally or hard on the ears. Instead I made sounds of gasping need, as if I was totally overcome, which wasn't far from the truth at all. I clutched my incredibly fertile body, feeling the weight of my twin pregnancy upon me, and no matter what discomfort it gave me I didn't care. I simply embraced the pleasure, no longer even trying to hide or be quiet, not that I was ever good at that.

"Mhmm, yes David! F-fuck me! Fuck me harder!"

He chuckled, and continued to do so. My toes curled from the sheer cliff-edge I was on, right at the very edge of orgasm. I wanted him to cum in me. This was probably my final shift, and if so, I wanted it to end in a mighty *bang*.

He complied with that desire. He complied *big time*. He roared as he came, and I squealed in delight, practically losing control of my muscles. His cock throbbed deep within me, spending its seed, and I could have sworn there was almost twice as much as usual. A

woman can tell. I clutched my belly hopelessly against the surge of bliss, overwhelmed, overcome, and overly loud.

“Yes! YESS! YESSSSSS!!!”

I wasn't the only one screaming out. Maddie was also quite loud in her pleasure, coming in just behind me, and Samuel made a point of groaning too, though his was so exaggerated that it set the rest of us giggling, Maddie included.

“Sam, that was too much!” she said with a laugh.

“That's what all the girls say when I'm inside them.”

“Hey, gross!” David said, as we all managed to get our breaths back - I was still moaning, completely insensible and unable to form words - “that's my sister, I'll remind you!”

“Ohhhh,” Maddie said exaggeratedly. “So you'll have sex loudly in a room *next* to your sister, while she does the same with her own partner, but you draw the line at this?”

There wasn't much that could flummox my husband, but this was definitely a moment that did. Maddie could always have that effect on him, and he blushed as he stood above me.

“Well, yeah, okay. Now that you say this and we're no longer all excited, this is pretty weird.”

“Maybe we don't tell anyone,” came Samuel's muffled voice.

“Not a bad idea at all,” Maddie added. “Especially since those loud noises my brother just made are going to haunt my *fucking dreams*.”

“Right back at you, sis,” he said. “Thank God I had Brianne to drown you out.”

“Stupid men and their stupid competitions,” Maddie said, though she was clearly holding back a giggle in the other room. “Right, Brianne?”

I was still clutching my pregnant belly, still trying to get my breathing under control. I panted a few times while the universe waited for me to answer. Finally, exhaling with a surprisingly sensual gasp, I managed to speak.

“I, um, enjoyed it a lot actually.”

“Jesus,” Maddie said. “You really have become a kinky girl.”

She, David, and I all laughed knowingly, though Samuel joined in anyway, sensing some kind of joke at least. David extracted himself from me finally, and I was just starting to clean up, when suddenly the door to our room unlocked and opened. Hell, it was practically *kicked* open. We both scrambled to cover ourselves, but nothing could hide our rather risqué positions that made it clear what we had just been up to. David was literally caught midway through hiking up his pants.

Janice stood in the doorway, her arms folded, one eyebrow raised in terrifying judgement.

“Uhhhhhh,” David managed, his confident slickness momentarily nowhere to be found.

“I’ll get to you in a moment,” Janice said. She stepped out of the doorway and opened up the door adjacent.

“Oh, shit!” Samuel’s voice echoed.

“It’s, um, not what it looks like?” Maddie said.

Janice must have given some stern, non-vocal direction, because not long after the embarrassed post-coital couple marched into our room looking sheepish and red-faced, their eyes on the floor. Janice marched in after them, her arms still folded, her eyebrow raised as if permanently affixed there.

“Okay, does anyone want to tell me why it might be a *bad* idea to have sex in a *goddamn exam room!*?”

David coughed into his hand. “We always sanitise the area afterwards, Janice, we-”

I realised his mistake immediately. Her eyebrow went higher. I may have become the sweet, compassionate nurse after those strange and incredible four nights, but Janice could be a mighty battleaxe when she wanted to be, a force to be reckoned with. We all *withered* beneath the condemnation of that stare.

“Well, what a party you all seem to be having,” she said. “I’m surprised, but I shouldn’t be. It might explain why we’re always shortstaffed if half of the actual staff are too busy fucking in the backrooms. What, the closet wasn’t big enough?”

I raised my hand like a nervous schoolchild. “Um, actually, it was a bit too difficult to work around the belly in there.”

“Same,” Maddie added, looking a bit embarrassed herself. “And sometimes others take it.”

Dear God,” Janice said, rolling her eyes and raising her hands to the heavens. “Please save me from the horny staff! Aren’t you all finished your shifts? Brianne, isn’t this your *last shift* for quite a while?”

“Yeah,” I said. “We were . . . saying goodbye in our own way.”

She snorted. So did Maddie, who smirked in my direction.

“Of course you were, and since David has some leave this was probably his idea.”

“Guilty,” he said. He was taking the fall. It had been my idea, even if I hadn’t started the practice. I really had been a bad girl tonight.

“And these two have no such excuse yet,” Janice said.

“Are we in trouble?” I asked, hands on my belly.

Janice sighed. “Of course not. I wouldn’t have any staff to help me at all if I passed up the chain all the interns, doctors, nurses and even janitors having sex in the unused room.”

We all sighed in relief.

“BUT!” she continued, raising her voice. “It’s not happening again for some time. Go home, people. Clean this place up and then get out of here. And for God’s sake Brianne, have that baby already. I feel pregnant just looking at you, and I don’t even have a boyfriend right now.”

She exited the room, leaving us to our duties.

“Well, that could have gone worse,” Samuel said.

Maddie elbowed him playfully. “Come on, sexy, let’s get the cleaning supplies. David, you take care of things for your new wife. Poor thing probably can’t even reach the floor.”

“The ground is truly dead to me,” I said, finding a comfy seat. “But I like to watch my man clean.”

She chuckled. “Well, it’s another embarrassing story for us twins.”

We all got to work cleaning, and afterwards the four of us left, laughing and sharing jokes and definitely agreeing to not ever, ever do that again because of how weird and humiliating it was. There was, at least I felt, a silent agreement that we had in fact quite enjoyed it regardless, though. I know from how I continued to smile up at my deeply handsome husband, and how he grinned back at me, that it was at least going to be quite the memorable experience for both of us. One that we could both -

“Nghhhh!”

I paused right as we entered the staff car park. A sudden cramp came over my stomach, jolting through my womb. For a moment I thought it might just be another damn case of Braxton-Hicks, but then there was a tricklet between my thighs, one that became a short yet thick flow. It wet down the inside of my left thigh.

“Brianne? What is it?”

“Brianne, are you okay?”

The second was from Maddie. Samuel looked concerned too. I took a heavy breath and exhaled. A nervous excitement was running through me. I guess that having sex really was a great way to induce labour.

“Y-yeah, yeah, I’m alright,” I managed to say, even as the contraction continued to roll through me, tightening my womb. My babies squirmed within, as if somehow sensing the change and knowing they were not far from arrived. “It’s just that, well, we might want to turn around.”

“Honey, what’s - oh.”

David saw the wet part of my scrubs along my thigh.

“Is that?”

I nodded, anxious yet excited. “I think it’s time for this nurse to be a patient for once,” I said. “My water just broke. I’m going into labour.”

There was quite the commotion from the other two, hurried congratulations. They even offered to go pick up the birthing bag I'd left at home, and we were more than happy to do so. David was insistent that he put me in the wheelchair and help take care of me.

"You've already done that!" I joked, rubbing my belly. I could barely believe it, but I was about to give birth to twins, something no man had ever done. And then I would be on leave, spending months getting time to know them.

I'd be back at work someday, of course, even if I was going to spend some years raising our twins, and - if I really was magically the perfect woman for David - the next set of twins to come (God, what would birth be like?). I had no doubt in my mind that my future would consist of raising our little ones, feeding them from my breasts, changing diapers and being a good stay-at-home wife and mother. But it wouldn't be my entire future, no matter how much the other nurses told me they'd be jealous of that life. I'd return to St Finn's when I was good and ready. But not as a paramedic. That part of my life was well behind me now.

No, I'd be back as a kind, caring nurse named Brianne Liu.

The End