

Southern Comfort (City Man to Hot Farm Girl TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

After a one night stand with a farmer's daughter in a very rural area, young businessman Carter McKenzie is cursed by the town witch with a new life. He is changed into the sister of the woman he just slept with, forced to live as a cowgirl rancher with a deep love of her new family. Can she learn to appreciate the country life? Will she give in to her new instincts to be an adorable farmgal? And will she resist the strange sensations a handsome farmhand is making her feel?

Southern Comfort

The woman beneath Carter cried out in pleasure, her spirit having finally been tipped over the precipice thanks to his last series of thrusts. Her voice was songbird sweet, and it enhanced his own orgasm. He buried his face in her neck, in her wild hair, groaning aloud as he shot his load into her.

Fuck yes. They were right. Country farm girls are as hot as they are naive.

"Ahhhh, mhmhhh," she moaned, clutching to him like she was lost in an ocean and he was a life raft. "Carter, that was so good. Sooooo good. Mhmhhh."

"You were good too . . ."

Shit. What was her name again? Maria? Mary? Mary-Anne?

". . . Mary-Anne," he said, taking a stab at the third option.

The wide-brimmed smile upon her features told him that he was right

"I've never met a man like you," she said. "Daddy always says city slickers are trouble, but ya'll been nothing but wonderful. I can't wait to prove him wrong when I introduce you two."

Carter smirked. Naive indeed. Sure lady, I'll stick around your rural nothing town.

Why don't you pass me a piece of straw for my craw while I'm at it? Maybe even learn to say 'ya'll' like a proper Southerner.

But, consummate liar and seducer that he was, Carter just stroked her face lovingly, kissed her again, tenderly, as if he were bringing true love back into fashion. Certainly, Mary-Anne believed it. She shivered at his touch.

"I look forward to meeting him," he said. He stroked her lovely flank. She really was a pretty girl, and she had a considerable bust, which he always liked. "Under more appropriate circumstances, of course."

He slapped her ass lightly, causing her to giggle. She caressed him in turn, still bathing in the post-coital bliss they shared in the taboo of her bed.

“Oh, of course, honey!” she said sweetly, though Carter despised being called ‘honey’ anything. “Daddy would get the shotgun right out if he caught us now. He’s really big on that whole wedlock thing. We were careful though, right? You used that fancy new city pill you were talking about?”

“Of course, honey-bun,” he said back to her. “It’s all the rage in the big town these days. Don’t you worry your pretty little head over it.”

She smiled, as if the thoughts themselves were evaporating from her small brain.

Dumb as a doorknob, too. Jesis, Mary-Anne, did your ignorant father educate you?

He hadn’t used any protection, of course. The raw feeling was far too good, and given that this was a one-night stand and she didn’t know his last name or his address, it didn’t much matter to Carter McKenzie. The handsome young twenty-five year old was used to this kind of behaviour. He was a con-artist and a scammer, a businessman whose businesses folded up as soon as he could extract the maximum dollar value from them and leave his investors turning in the wind. There wasn’t a multi-level marketing scheme, a Ponzi pyramid, an overpriced new fad or deceptive new doodad that he hadn’t sold, pitched, hawked, swindled or stolen for his own purposes. He’d lived like that since he was in his late teens, and it was the kind of behaviour that had made his parents frustrated, stressed, agonised, and finally just furious, especially since he’d ripped them off more than once and nearly sold out the family home from under them. He left when he was eighteen and never looked back, moving from state to state ever since, making bank and then spending it almost as fast, always chasing the quick buck that would one day land him in the businessman big leagues.

But at the moment he was between businesses. His last had done quite nicely: a new pesticide for Southern farmers who were dealing with issues with a larger conglomerate trying to fleece them. He’d fleeced them yet harder, of course, because his pesticide barely worked but for the test formula they purchased, and the subscription model he proposed allowed him to dissolve the company quickly while still running out the clock to collect a few months’ more paychecks. It would be enough to start up an even bigger, more ambitious business. One that might even last, though there was always the next venture. Besides, he was keen to get out of the South. There were more than enough moronic Texans to fleece financially forever if he so wished it, but Carter was a city slicker through and through. He hated the smell of these backwater states as he saw it, detested the drawl of their accents and their fly-filled air and their endless, endless damn inferiority complexes.

How do you know someone’s from the country? he thought to himself, recalling an old joke. *Don’t worry, they’ll be sure to tell you first.*

The truth was, as far as Carter was concerned, all these tough-talking farmer types and renegade rednecks with their rebel Confederate flags were nothing but all hat and no cattle, as they themselves liked to say.

But they do have the occasional beautiful woman. Stupid too, just the way I like to love 'em and leave 'em.

He caressed Mary-Anne's gorgeous form again. She was a sweet thing, one he'd come across while celebrating his latest financial fleecing at the local town bar. It was barely a town. More like a village. It was literally called *Littleton*, which he imagined was supposed to be quaint. He was having a drink and suddenly she walked in, tight jeans and a flannelette top and a gorgeous smile. He liked the bounce of her curly brown hair, and the way her hips gyrated with her movements.

But she liked him too. Women often failed to resist his charm. With his style blonde hair (but never over-styled, just the right level of natural mess and muss to it), his molasses smooth voice, his tall frame and impressive muscularity (he came up with his schemes during his workouts, which worked well for business and pleasure), it was very rare that he was turned down, even by taken women. And so it was that he managed to impress her with all his supposed 'big city ways' and 'city slicker charm,' leading ultimately to this point, with him having just cum inside her within the space of her own bedroom out on her father's cattle ranch. It was as amusing as it was exhilarating.

That was, until the room was suddenly lit up by the blaring of car lights. They were on the second story of the impressive ranch home, but from the sounds outside it was obvious that someone had finally arrived home after his own night at a separate bar, or running late farm errands or whatever it was that farmer types do.

"Oh, shoot! That's gonna be my Daddy!" Mary-Anne said in her thick Texan accent. "He'll be so darn mad if he catches me in bed with a man I ain't introduced to him first, and worse given we're not married. We need to get you out of here before-"

They both heard the echo of the front door opening, followed by two heavy footsteps crossing their threshold.

Great, just great. I was looking forward to having another few spare rounds with May. Mary. Mary-Anne. Whatever.

Carter kissed Mary-Anne on her plump lips again, then quickly got out of bed. He was working quickly on getting dressed in record time, flinging on his underwear and jeans, followed by his shirt and socks. He'd done this song and dance before, but this time he'd been a bit too hasty: his car was out front instead of hidden out of sight of where Mary-Anne's 'Daddy' wouldn't immediately see it.

"Mary-Anne!" a deep, booming voice called out, one that sounded even further south, though still Texan given its long drawl. "Who's that car out front belong to? The dark one that

looks like it hasn't seen a damn dirt road till today? You ain't brought a boy home, have ya? C'mon, Mary-Anne, answer me!"

She hesitated as Carter dressed, then called out.

"It's j-just a friend, Daddy! Just a girlfriend of mine!"

"That better be the truth, honey, 'cause I ain't suffering a man into my house that weren't invited, and you know that. I'm comin' up now!"

She was clearly in the grips of panic, the room in a state of chaos and her own self looking messy and the room smelling of sex. Hell, there was still some of his issue dripping down her thigh.

Well, your problem now, Southern Gal!

Carter pulled up the window, now fully dressed. He winked in Mary-Anne's direction, her own face lighting up with confusion.

"What do I do?"

He shrugged. "Put on a good performance for 'Daddy.'"

"But, you can't just go!"

"Course I can. I'm not facing the end of a farmer's shotgun."

"Daddy wouldn't do that, but - okay, scram out of here! I'll see you tomorrow, won't I?"

Powerful footsteps thudded up the stairs. Hers was the last room at the end of the upstairs hallway, but it was still too damn close for Carter's comfort.

"Of course you will," he said, giving her his best salesman's smile. "You're the one for me, Mary-Anne. I'll see you at the diner tomorrow morning at twelve, how about that?"

She nodded eagerly, her face beaming despite her obvious nervousness. "Yes! Yes! That's a plan, city boy! I - I really enjoyed this. I really enjoy you."

The footsteps thudded closer, and Carter got out of the window and onto the small roof extension.

"Well, a lot of people do," he said, winking one last time. "See ya tomorrow, honey."

He jumped down to the dirt and immediately made for his car. In the floodlights of the house he was able to turn it around easily, only engaging the lights when he was facing away from the house. Then he sped off up the dirt track that led onto the main road onto Littleton. He chuckled to himself all the way.

Oh, to be a fly on the damn wall to see how poor Mary-Anne tries to explain that situation to her dear 'Daddy.'

No doubt she'd end up with quite the haranguing and grounding from a strict Southern farmer father. Carter hoped she wasn't knocked up, but it also wasn't really a huge concern to him if she was. No one would have memorised his plates, and it wasn't hard to ditch them from his name anyway. And he had kept his full name a secret. The time he'd

arranged the next day? He'd be right out of Littleton very much before that, and back in the city where he truly thrived. He already had a number of schemes cooked up in his mind.

"The next one will be the big one," he said to himself. "Something that will please a lot more than just some dumb bimbo ranch cowgirl."

He turned a corner and parked at the motel he was staying at. He made his way to the little apartment he was renting, opened the door, and closed it before turning on the light. What he saw next made him scream out loud in shock.

A woman was standing in the middle of his motel room, dressed in denim jeans and a flowery work shirt. She had a cowboy hat on, and just to complete the look she also possessed a set of work boots with spurs on them, as well as a length of straw in her mouth. She tossed her head, causing her dark hair to spill over her shoulder.

"Just who the fuck are you and what the hell are you doing in my damn motel room?" Carter demanded, once he'd managed to get his wits back.

The woman, who looked to be in her early forties but still pretty damn good looking, and quite healthy to just from her perfect curves, cracked a smirk.

"Now, now, darling, the real question is, what the hell are you doing here? In this town of Littleton, and with poor Mary-Anne who just wants and deserves to meet a good man? Hmm?"

"How could you know about - what's your deal anyway? Are you a member of the motel staff? Oh, this is one of those small town things, isn't it? Everyone knows everyone else's business? Well, I've got bigger business to attend to, lady. Actual business. So if you don't mind, you need to get the hell out of my goddamn room or I'll have the police do it for me. Unless the local sheriff is just as inbred and backwards as the rest of this nothing Southern town."

The pretty woman just smiled, placing her hands on her hips. "Well, it seems you've made your thoughts clear on the matter when it comes to this town. Not exactly one for respecting our Southern hospitality, are ya'll?"

Carter narrowed his eyes. "I'm not one for bullshit, and if there's one thing I see around all these paddocks, it's mountains of that. Now get out of my-"

"Room, yes. You've said that. Bless your heart for thinking you're in control of this situation, honey. But I wasn't talking about our fine little town of Littleton. I was talking about sweet Mary-Anne Connors, George Connor's only daughter, y'hear? He's a good one, George, raising his only child like that, and a single father too. He spoils her something fierce because he loves her so, and that might make her seem a little . . . simple. But her heart is spoiled sweet, and she ain't one for making enemies, only friends. But you wouldn't know that, would ya'll? Ya'll just care about gettin' some pussy and clearing out of town toot sweet. Never mind that poor Mary-Anne might be pregnant. Never mind that ya'll will leave her in

tears, having promised her your heart. Never mind that ya'll are leaving without a word, leaving her wondering forever what happened and feelin' like she betrayed her dear Daddy. But you don't care about any of that, do ya'll?"

Carter folded his arms. *How the hell does this bitch even know all this shit? Did Mary-Anne's 'Daddy' find out and pass it along - but then how did she get her so quickly!? I drove straight here.*

He decided it was a series of questions for another time. For now, this creepy, oddly beautiful woman needed to get the hell out of here, and fast. These small town types were all the same; up in your business and judging you for just passing through.

"I really don't care, *ya'll*," he said. "So why don't you get the fuck out of my room before I-"

"But you will care, Carter McKenzie," the woman said, grabbing something from the back of her belt. "Ya'll are gonna care a *ton* when I'm through with you, and make the Connors family a hell of a lot happier in the process."

Carter's blood ran cold. *How does this woman know my full name?* But before he could even move forward to physically force her out of the room if need be, she tossed something forward that quickly roped around him, pulling his arms tight against his waist and leaving him helpless.

"What the fuck? Is that - is this a goddamn lasso? Are you crazy?"

The woman grinned. "Not crazy, but ya'll might think you are in just a tick, honey. I've got a bit of Southern country magic coming your way, and this lasso here is my focus for it. Now hold tight, youngun, we'll make a country bumpkin of you yet, and a real sweet pie of one at that, too!"

Carter gritted his teeth, trying to shake free of the lasso, but it was oddly firm. The woman began speaking in some kind of strange tongue, one in a language he couldn't place. He was certain that the population of Littleton could only speak one language, and a poor job of it at that. But this didn't sound like any kind of language at all, more like words played backwards in a strange and arcane manner that ran chills down his spine. Slowly, the lasso began to glow a brilliant gold, and it warmed his body considerably at it did so.

What the fuck? How is this possible? It's almost like . . . magic.

"Stop this!" he shouted. "I've got rights! I know people - powerful people - in the big city who will come down hard on you for this!"

The light and warmth of the lasso only intensified, and the woman smirked, looking every part the confident cowgirl.

"I highly doubt that, Carter. Ya'll been ripping off people left and right your whole life. Now it's time to settle down and try some rustling. It might do ya'll some good. And so will . . . this!"

She spoke one last word in that odd tongue of hers, which caused the lasso to glow blindingly white. Carter groaned as the warmth spread not just across his skin, but through the very core of him, as if the power and light of the lasso were penetrating deeply into his body.

“I don’t understand what you’re - nng! Ahhhh!!”

He gasped as something began to happen, all through his body. His flesh warped and distorted, the lasso pulling somehow tighter around him. But instead of hurting, his flesh actually . . . gave way, somehow. His waist pulled in, getting thinner and thinner, and his arms also shrank down in size. They gained a litheness that was positively womanly, and this was followed by the loss of hair along his arms. His shirt began to contract, changing shape until it was a flannelette country shirt, which slowly tied itself up at the bottom to expose his slimmer midriff. That same midriff became toned and taut and smooth, all evidence of body hair and his proud abs gone.

“This can’t be - ahhh! MMhmm!!”

“Oh, it can’t be, doll. And it will! You’re gonna be a real cutie, just true me!”

My hair! I can feel something with my hair!

The thought gave way to reality as his hair began to spool out from his scalp. The sensation was incredible: it was like hundreds of thousands of tiny arms were pushing the roots out from below the skin, making it grow at an astonishingly rapid pace. It flowed out past his chin and down his shoulders, obscuring his vision entirely at the front. He had to shake his head just to see again, which caused his new honey-blond hair to wave about like he was suddenly in a shampoo commercial; certainly it had a gloriously shiny quality to it.

“What are y-y-ya’ll doing to me!?” he cried, only to widen his eyes in horror at two things. First was his voice, which had cracked up an octave, now sounding light and borderline feminine. The second was his use of the word ‘ya’ll’, which had never been in his vocabulary and would have humiliated him to ever say. And yet it had, impossibly, slipped out anyway.

“I’m making ya’ll a new member of the Connors clan, that’s all!” the woman declared. “Think of me as the secret town witch. Ya’ll can call me Deborah, but I prefer to go by Debbie. And ya’ll are gonna be Cassie. Cassie Connors, the cute little sister to Mary-Anne to raise her and her Daddy’s spirits.”

A girl? She can’t make me a girl, can she?

He got his answer at that very moment, as three pressures made themselves known: two in his chest and a third between his thighs. The last was the most immediate, making him exhale sharply, his lungs losing all air as his member began to pull back inside of him. Even as it did, his entire form took on a more feminine appearance: his thighs became softer

yet thicker, the rest of his legs slimmer, his feet dainty. His hands also took on the appearance of femininity, complete with long nails that painted themselves red right before his eyes. His waist pulled in again, and his hips spread yet further, giving him a wonderfully hourglass figure. His shoulders shrunk down even more, all while his ass began to surge outwards, becoming round and peachy, exactly the kind of ass he loved to chase. But none of that concerned him nearly as much as what was happening to his cock.

No! No, my goddamn - euugh! She can't take my -!

“OHHHHHH! AHHHHH!!”

The sensation was unbearable, yet also highly pleasurable. It was pleasure he tried to fight against, but there was no denying that the formation of his new vagina was making him almost orgasm from the intensity of it all.

“S-s-s-s-toooooop thisssssss!” he managed, wailing as his cock withdrew entirely, followed by the *plop plop* of his testicles. The resulting passage buried deep into him, forming a new womb and ovaries as it did so, causing his stomach to clench. His voice rose yet further, crying out loud.

“You b-b-biiitch! Ohhhhhh, mhmmm! You t-took my d-damn d-dick! You've given me a f-fucking *cunt!*”

“Well, one might say ya'll have been acting like one, doll,” Deborah replied with a chuckle. “But don't worry, the rest is gonna match up alright soon enough.”

The lasso grew tighter, and it only made the changed man wince as further transformations occurred. His face rearranged, lips becoming fuller until they reached a natural cute pout, his cheekbones rising, his cheeks gaining a little extra fat to denote that his entire body was becoming several years younger. The remaining body hair he possessed all shrank away, back into his body, never to be seen again. His eyelashes extended, his jaw cracked and creaked as it took on a smoother shape, and his neck became slender and beautiful, devoid of an Adam's apple.

Even as this occurred, the grunting and groaning former male bore witness to his new clothing fitting him better than ever. His trousers had become a pair of blue denim short shorts that hugged his luscious thighs, while his tied up shirt now exposed a gorgeous flat stomach that was at once toned and yet smooth at the same time. He writhed, sticking his butt out, and he felt the way its peachy curves were hugged by the shorts. A set of cowboy - or cowgirl, rather - boots manifested on his feet, replacing his smart sneakers.

F-fuuuuck! This is impossible. How in the hell is this happening?

“Ya'll have got to stop this!” he yelled, voice now utterly female. It had a Southern drawl to it that would be right at home in Texas, and it was a high soprano, the kind of voice that would be damn sexy in bed and yet sounded sweet and naive at the same time. “Ya'll can't make me a woman, 'specially not a Connors girl! I ain't some country bumpkin cowgirl!”

“But you will be, and what a sweet peach you’ll be at that, too! Gawd, the boys are gonna wanna put a lasso around you, I can tell you that. Of course, you’re just missing two natural features that will *really* entice them. Hold on, honey.”

Deborah placed the lasso in both hands, and it glowed just a little more. The golden power emanated one final time, and it caused those twin pressures on Carter’s chest to positively *erupt*.

No. No no no no no NOOOOOO!!!

But as much as his mind fought it, there was no way to stop the growth that was coming. All at once the flesh of his chest began to push forward in two places, slowly filling the empty space of his too-loose tied top. It wouldn’t be loose for much longer though, because the flesh was continuing to pile up, expanding forwards and upwards and downwards until it was unmistakable a pair of very fine breasts. Carter knew his breasts, he’d held, cupped, groped, squeezed, sucked on, and caressed more than a few big pairs in his day. Now, his own began to dwarf them all, the twin mounds of tissue and fat and milk ducts forming a pair of ripe C-cups, then large D-cups, then even bigger E-cups, and then finally to new and uncharted territory for him as they began a massive pair of F-cups, huge and rounded and straining to escape his now too-tight flannelette cowgirl shirt. A great deal of cleavage was exposed as a result of the top buttons coming undone, and even worse was the weight of them upon his shoulders and back. They were pushed upwards by the bra that formed around them, and the cups and straps became slightly visible, peaking past the cloth of his shirt. He went to cup them, only to recall that his arms were bound in the lasso. Still, the stretching caused him to instantly feel the sensitivity of his new and swollen nipples, which had become pink and perfect. They wobbled considerably after the squirming, jiggling in such a way that would have had him positively *salivating* were he still a man and not the woman who had these ripe cantaloupes on his chest.

“Hot damn! Ya’ll look like a total bombshell. Congrats, cowgirl, you’ll be turning the cowboy heads wherever ya’ll go.”

“F-fuck you!” Carter spat.”

“Now now, no need for that unpleasant city language, y’hear? This is a nice town with nice folk, and we believe in Southern politeness and hospitality here. Lord knows George Connors taught Mary-Anne as such, and in this new reality I’m making for you, he taught *you* too, Cassie.”

“Cassie?” the former male asked, still pulling at the lasso’s confinement, and only causing his chest to bounce and threaten to escape at any moment.

Can’t even see my own damn fucking feet anymore! These things are huge!

“That’s right. Ya’ll are now Cassie Connors, cowgirl of the ranch and sister to dear Mary-Anne, and daughter to George Connors, your new father.”

The mental changes hit the new woman like a lash, remaking her very self-identity. Carter screamed as his male persona died away, or at least was locked within a cage deep, deep inside his subconscious mind. It was replaced with a new, much more *female* mind, as well as numerous attributes that would serve her well in the new role Deborah was casting her into.

Compassion, love, devotion, duty, even a giggly, silly sense of humour all poured into Carter's mind. They simmered there, then sunk into the depths of her synapses, travelling along her neurons and making them reconfigure into new patterns.

No! I won't become some stupid country gal! I'm still me, ya'll! I'm still Cassie! I mean, I'm Cassie Connors! Goshdarn it, why can't I think of my name! I'm even thinking of myself as a damn woman! NGH!"

The changes flickered out, and the lasso finally lost its glow. The new Cassie Connors stood there, panting, trying to catch her breath back. She could feel the strange new dynamic and centre of gravity for her gorgeous cowgirl figure, though she still didn't have two clues what she actually looked like. Busty, probably. Certainly, the 'town witch' Deborah seemed pretty happy with her handiwork, because she untied the lasso with one smooth motion and coiled it back into her hand before looking over Cassie appreciatively.

"You . . . you absolute *sweetheart!*" Cassie said, though she'd intended to use a far less pleasant word. "You've made me a *goshdarned* cowgirl!"

"Much better language already," Deborah said. A lot of people are Godfearing folks round these parts, so even if ya'll don't believe - which is fine - it's best to show respect. And you *will* show respect now, Cassie. Ya'll have run the clock back a bit to just twenty years old. You lost, what, six or so years? I'd wager you were well-rotten before that. Now ya'll can start again in a much sweeter life here in the country and learn the value of an honest day's hard work on a ranch instead of scheming and plotting other's savings away. Don't ya'll agree?"

Cassie felt over her body, cupping her large breasts, feeling their sensitivity fully. She touched her soft stomach, her wide hips, pawed at where her penis had once been and now had been stolen from her. And she only had one thought.

I'm gonna kill this damn witch!

Deborah sighed as Cassie lunged forward, long fingernails stretched out like a big cat's claws, ready to slice her apart.

"*CHANGE ME BACK NOW!*" the new woman cried, but Deborah just rolled her eyes and dodged to one side, causing Cassie to land straight on her stomach on the floor.

Owwwww! My boobs!

She'd squashed them flat, and it wasn't pleasant. Deborah 'tsk tsk'ed her, standing over the woman as she got up, her breasts hanging in her top, swaying suggestively.

“I guess ya’ll will take longer than that to learn your lesson. Best of luck, Cassie.”
Deborah clicked her fingers, and suddenly there was a bright flash.
And Cassie was no longer conscious.

What the . . . did I just dream all of that?

Cassie woke with a great weariness. It was dark in the room, and the clock beside her said that it was only five in the morning. She struggled to remember what had happened the previous night. She had sex with that hot cowgirl Mary-Anne, that was for sure. And then she had . . . what? Gone back to the motel and fallen asleep, right?

But there was a woman waiting for me, some witch named Deborah. And she . . . no, that must have been a weird nightmare.

Reality sorted itself a bit more clearly before her. The room around her was difficult to make out; dawn’s light had not yet arrived, but the glimmering edge of the horizon was just discernible out of her window, foretelling its eventual arrival.

Wait, this isn’t my hotel room. Did I end up staying the night with Mary-Anne?

She pawed around the bed, which was impressively large and quite plush, scattering a number of fluffy toy animals and throw pillows off of the side. The bed contained only her, however. She grunted, shifted around to try and figure out what was going on. Her tired mind began to pick up some details though, such as the fact that certain body parts seemed a lot more . . . jiggly than they were meant to be, and something kept landing in front of her eyes; strands of hair that could not possibly be her own.

And what’s up with my voice? I sound like a damn girl.

She coughed, trying to clear her throat, but it just came out sounding like a young woman coughing.

“Wh-what’s going on?” she said.

That was enough to finally wake her up, because the voice that had just escaped her throat no longer sounded *like* a young woman. It *was* a young woman’s voice.

No. NO. NO NO NO NO NO!

She bolted upright out of bed and jumped to her feet. It caused her to nearly stumble over; the great weights on her chest bounced in her nightie, unburdened by any bra or tight containment. They were most definitely breasts, and as the memories of the previous night returned to her, she recalled that they were *big ones* at that. She cupped them in her hands and they overflowed her palms, the silk of her nightie yielding to their shape. Still, it gave her some support as she moved around the room, her hips swaying in an odd and unfamiliar manner.

A light. A light. I need a goshdarn light!

She recalled that swearing was a problem for her now, but that was far less of a concern than the large teardrop-shaped mammaries upon her chest and the smooth *nothingness* between her gorgeous thighs. She scrambled against the wall, pressing her big boobs against it by accident and wincing just as she had when she'd fallen on her chest trying to attack Deborah the witch.

"F-f-for goodness sake!" she exclaimed in a rural Texan drawl of an accent. She placed a shaking hand over her mouth. "This has gotta be some sick joke. I sound just like *my sister.*"

The very word conjured up mental images of Mary-Anne.

No. No way. No way, Jose. That cannot be the truth. I need to see myself. I need to know what I'm up against so I can take this bull by the horns. I mean, so I can lasso the right stallion. Shoot! So I can deal with this dang situation!

Her shaking hand found the lightswitch, and with one click the room turned brilliantly bright. It had light pink walls and numerous other tells that this was a woman's room, from the feminine dresser and stand for makeup, to the posters along the walls of handsome country boy band singers. There were female clothes strewn across the room, including the flannie she'd been 'given' by Deborah, and the denim dukes that had fit her ass rather snugly. There were also plush animal toys of every farm animal you could imagine and then some.

It's like a total girly farmgirl's room. Oh Lordie, there's even photos.

She ignored them for now, though out the corner of her eye she could tell that a number of them displayed her fishing in a bikini top, her large melons unable to be hidden away, and a few others had her in full cowgirl regalia, riding on a horse. Others featured her as a child, as if she'd always been there.

That's if it's me at all. I don't even know what I look . . . like . . . yet.

Her thought slowed as she crossed paths with a full length mirror and took herself in. She was wearing a silver-coloured nightie with a hem that stopped mid-thigh, leaving her perfect legs pretty much on full display. It was loose and comfortable, but there was one place - or two, really - where it became quite tight.

"Holy smokes, I'm goshdarned *stacked!*"

She pulled back her honey-blonde hair to see her figure in full, and in doing so finally focused on her face.

Even as a woman I'm struggling to look myself in the eyes!

The enormous slope of her breasts certainly was more of an eyecatcher. They weren't, thankfully, overly-huge, just very large. They made her look like a very, very busty chick - which she was - but they were not grotesque. It made her feel strangely proud for a

moment, until she realised she was smiling and had to bite her lip. It redirected her attention to her face, and somehow that was even more shocking than having a big female rack.

“Lord, I’m a pretty thing too,” she stammered, shifting her head from side to side and taking in her expression. She had cute cheekbones and even cuter cheeks - they had the fat of youth in them, giving her an innocent look that matched her now bright-blue eyes. Her hair was even brighter than it had been as a man, and though it was tangled and messy from sleep, it still looked beautiful. Her lips indeed had a permanent pout, and her facial structure was heart-shaped just like her sister’s.

M-my sister’s . . . Mary-Anne is my older sister. Gosh!

She inspected the rest of herself, and in doing so built up the courage to undo the nightie entirely. It fell to her feet, revealing her voluptuous body in its fullness. Very full, to look at her chest.

I’m the most beautiful, gorgeous, sexy woman I’ve ever seen . . .

Again, there was that small tinge of pride that came over her, a smugness she should not have possessed but was foisted upon her. Her breasts were full and bare, her nipples prominent and pink. Her boobs hung lower due to lack of support and the natural pull of gravity, but even so there was an impressive pertness to them, a fullness that left them as gorgeous teardrops. She felt them, mesmerised, before moving her fingers to her new vulva.

“There’s no way. I gotta be dreaming. I can’t have a - mmhmm!”

She stroked her womanhood lightly, and was rewarded with the pleasant sensation of her clitoris being stimulated. She pulled her finger back, but then lowered it once more, feeling a bit more softly. The woman in the mirror was drop-dead gorgeous. It was turning her on, though not in the usual way. She wasn’t aroused by the woman herself with all her perfect curves, but rather the fact that she possessed them. It made her feel . . . good.

“Ahh . . . ohhhh, that f-feels d-different. Mhm . . .”

She continued to feel herself, and was rewarded with an even stranger sensation: her new tunnel beginning to self-lubricate in preparation for being entered. She breathed deeper, her breasts rising and falling dramatically, and she slowly moved back towards the bed, still able to see herself in the mirror as the new woman began to experiment.

Why in the L-Lord’s name am I doing this? I should b-be panicking! I should be screaming! I should be - ooh! NGH! Ahhh!!

Her rational thoughts terminating as she began to stroke and rub her nipples, both of which stiffened with her heavy arousal. She fondled them, squeezing her breasts, and something in her new mind made her imagine it was another person doing this, a lover who was *dominating* her.

“Y-yess, t-take me! T-take me like . . . thissss!”

She slipped two of her fingers into her now-soaking wet tunnel, and it made her eyes go wide with shock at the sensation.

I've got a vagina. A darn pussy! And it's so dang sensitive! So dang hoooooot!

She tried to stop herself, tried to come to terms with the insanity of immediately masturbating upon waking as a woman, but her new libido was even stronger than her old one. She closed her eyes, imagining a mystery figure playing with her body, sucking on her big tits and making her a woman in full. She imagined that person in a ranch costume, big cattle rustler's hat still on and all, and him thrusting deep into her wetness, just as she had to Mary-Anne.

"Yesss, fuck me, b-big boy! Take this cowgirl by the h-horns! Ohhhhh!!!"

Wait, take me? I'm imagining a m-man fucking me! I shouldn't - oh, but it's too f-freakin' goooooood!

She rubbed her clitoris faster, plunged her fingers in deeper, caressed her breasts more firmly, and it was all too late to regret her traitorous thoughts by then, because she was suddenly hit by an explosive orgasm that quaked her to her core. It was like nothing else she'd ever felt, and it made her squirm again and again as a second orgasm hit, then a third. It was so different from the male variant, with its single one-and-done sensation. This lasted. Not as strong at first, but building to a great tidal wave of pleasure.

"Yessssss," she moaned, collapsing fully on the bed, her breasts still jostling heavily upon her chest like two wonderfully sensitive sandbags. "Yesss . . ."

No. No, not yet. What the h-hell did I j-just do?

She didn't have much time to figure out an answer, because at that point a door opened down the hall, the creak of it audible even past her own locked bedroom door.

"Cassie! Cassie Connors!"

It was a male voice. It was George.

My father. No, he's not my father, he's my Daddy. I mean - shoot!

Her mind betrayed her for the second time. This man *was* her father. The town witch had done something to her mind that made her instantly think of him as such. His heavy steps drew closer, and he banged on a door near her own.

"Mary-Anne! Not like you to miss your alarm! Come on, missy! Hard day's work ahead for us all, and I'd like my ya'll to get your beauty sleep *after* all the chores are done, y'hear? C'mon girls!"

From the room next door came Mary-Anne's voice. "S-sorry, Daddy! I was just . . . um, sleeping in for once. My mistake."

"Better be the last mistake, Mary-Anne, after that mysterious car last night."

A chill hit Cassie's spine. *Wait, so that still happened? I was here, as my old male self? But then . . . oh good Lord, am I just stuck as a new person altogether? Like, inserted into this time and Carter just goes missing or something?*

She could only imagine this 'Carter' as a separate person, even though she knew it was her own self applying the name to her life just felt all wrong. She was Cassie now, and her Daddy was currently knocking on her door.

"Cassie! You awake in there?"

She hesitated. *What do I even do? I guess I gotta play along till I can get that witch to change me back from this busty cowgirl body!*

"I hear ya'll!" she called out. "Don't worry, Daddy, I'll be right out!"

"Good to hear! Wanna get started the moment the sun rises."

His footsteps carried back down, and Cassie was left looking around the room at her farmgirl clothing, then back to her own attractive blond-haired self.

"What in the Sam Hill blazes am I gonna do?"

Cassie ran into her sister just before she was set to go down the stairs. Mary-Anne was just as beautiful as she had been the previous night, when Cassie had been a man, but now the dynamic was immensely changed between them. Not only did Mary-Anne look to her as a sister, and Cassie recognise them both as such, but there was an entire history between them.

She looks more excited than usual. How do I even know that?

"Someone's struggling to stay awake," Mary-Anne said with a grin.

"What - what of it?" Cassie said.

"Well, you were a little . . . *loud*, before, ya know."

Cassie blushed, thinking back to her first act of masturbation as a woman. She'd had a shower since, and dressed herself, which was enough to become just a little more familiar with her body.

"Um, shoot. That's embarrassing as all hell. Did Daddy say-"

"Daddy's on the ground floor, little sister. He ain't hearing nothin' but the cows mooing and the stallions stamping. But you seemed mighty worked up. Was this just because I snagged a hot city slicker last night? I recall you complaining about *my* noise then."

What the -!/? She remembers that? Then I can tell her and she can help me!

But when she went to speak, the words came out all wrong: "Yeah, sis. Ya'll sure know how to holler in the middle of the night. You're lucky I covered it over with Daddy. Jus' make sure you weren't dumb as a doornail and used protection."

Mary-Anne giggled. "Oh don't worry, he had some high-falutin contraception on his end he told me about."

Yeah, right, moron. No, that's a mean thing to think. My sister's a sweetie.

She paused, wordless at the fact that her brain was now forcing her to actually *like* and *feel sorry* for her new older sister.

"C'mon," Mary-Anne said. "Let's get some breakfast and head on out. I can tell you all about my new boyfriend while we do the chores, and while Daddy ain't listening. I reckon he's gonna be a real keeper, Cassie. I can just tell!"

Cassie smiled awkwardly, giving a strange gurgle of a giggle. She tried to tell Mary-Anne who she really was again, even to hint at it, but the magic just made her giggle even harder as she descended down the stairs. George - her new father - smirked as his two beautiful daughters reached the ground floor.

"My two troublemakers," he said affectionately. "Come get some toast. I've started the bacon and eggs. First light's about to hit us, and then we can get started."

"Great!" Cassie declared, placing her hands on her too-wide hips. She'd meant for it to sound sarcastic.

Instead, thanks to her sweet soprano and the compulsions of the curse, she sounded positively buoyant. Like a real farm girl.

This is gonna be torture. How long am I gonna be stuck like this? Until I learn my dang lesson? How long will that take!?

It would take at least longer than a day, as the new woman would discover. Her new memories - if the guidelines and compulsions in her feminised brain could even be called that - could only get her so far. Led by their father, who was a tall, strongbacked, white-haired man with a deeply rugged face, the two sisters set about their chores. They checked the fences and saw to any minor repairs, they gathered and sprayed and prepared the fertiliser for the gardens, they started the water, making sure not just to irrigate the crops fields that were a portion of the ranch's income but also to check that there were no leaks in the pipe flows. They cleaned the cattle pens, the horse stables, and cleaned up the milking stations ready for that other profitable venture. Feed was distributed, and animals were checked for welts, sores, bruises, and any other sign of disease or issues that they would have to attend to.

It was, in a word conjured up in Cassie's mind, utterly *disgusting*.

Despite having more energy in her surprisingly athletic body, she still found herself tired, in need of further sleep, and repulsed by the strong stench of the leavings of numerous animals. Mary-Anne just chuckled in her direction.

“Get used to it, little sister! Ya’ll were the one who told me there was no way you were gonna end up anything but a farmgal, so here’s to you!”

Cassie just grit her teeth and got back to it. She wanted, of course, to hurl invectives at the stupid woman, but every time she opened up her mouth to do so there was this other feeling that shot to the surface.

I - I can't be mean to my big sister. She's my whole dang world!

She wasn't, of course, but it still felt real all the same anyway. And so instead she worked alongside her sister, shovelling hay to the horses, checking the cows and milking any excess if they were too uncomfortable to make it to the milking stations, which apparently was a thing. When she gave into her new instincts she could at least not make a complete fool of herself, but nothing was making her new body feel ordinary to her. It was simultaneously too weak and too full of energy, too small and yet far too big in places it should not be big in: chiefly the hair, the thighs, the ass, and - of course - the tits. The tits more than anything bounced and jostled in her top, and the same was true of Mary-Anne though not to the same extent.

Don't feel smug about it, don't feel smug about it, ya'll hear?

They got in the way constantly, and despite the fact that no one was around but family, she couldn't help but feel she was showing off her body regardless.

“Cassie, you okay there, honey?”

She was caught off guard while checking one of the cows. They hadn't even hit the wider ranch yet with the freer herds, but already her Daddy was sensing something wrong about her. She looked up to him, and again the strong well of emotion hit her. This was her Daddy, the man who had raised her. He was tough and headstrong and stubborn as a damn bull himself, but he was also kind and loving, and she had nothing but deep love in her heart for him.

Because of the dang curse! I ain't staying loyal to no parent, 'specially not one who I have to call Daddy despite not knowing him truly a day in my real life!

“I'm f-fine, Daddy,” she managed to splutter. “I'm just . . . having one of those dang mornings, y'know?”

He placed a hand on her shoulder and gave her an encouraging smile. “Just do ya best, Cassie, it's all I can ever ask of ya. Though perhaps it might be nice to drop in on that nice Frank boy later in the day.”

“Daddy?”

“Oh, nothing. Let’s just say I think he’s taking a shine to you, and he’s a good sort of folk. Just the ramblings of your old man, Lord knows my girls will ignore me at the best of times!”

She blushed again, this time even more deeply. *There is no way I’m getting stuck in a dang dating relationship! Imagining a man inside me this morning was bad enough!*

“I’m too busy for that, Daddy,” she replied, trying to shut the conversation down.

George just nodded. “Fair enough, fair enough. You just keep up the good work. Oh, and Cassie?”

“What, Daddy?”

He smirked. “Try to wake up on time tomorrow, will ya?”

She just sighed as he walked off, chuckling to himself.

“Jus’ kidding, honey! Keep up the good work now! Don’t know what I’d do without ya!”

You didn’t even have me before today, Daddy.

Still, she smirked just a little despite herself. He was a Southerner alright, right down to that dry, hardbeat humour. It was something Carter had not really experienced before, at least in his own childhood. His parents had been overbearing, strict, distant, and consequently it had been easy to scam them and leave them behind.

Just gotta fight these feelings, keep ‘em suppressed away. Try and get through all this until Deborah hurries up and turns me back. Or I’ll have to take that bull by the horns and make her.

She continued throughout the day, trying to get used to her new female body. As the sun rose and the more regular chores began, the new woman began to notice that there were other farm hands helping across the ranch and farm area. Most were men, and most of them were making a studious point of looking everywhere *but* her and Mary-Anne, in a way that made it clear they *were* looking whenever she and her sister weren’t looking *back*. It was an odd kind of sixth sense to suddenly have, to realise that men were checking you out but trying to be subtle about it.

Shoot, I can’t say I blame ‘em with this rack and this body and my midriff all on display. Hell, even my legs are the kind I would’ve worshipped back when I was a straight shooter of a man.

Occasionally, she looked back, smiling sheepishly in their direction. Again, she wanted to bark and bite and push back against this new state of affairs, but her own magically-imposed sweetness kept getting in the way. She even did the whole ‘brushing your golden hair behind your ear and beaming innocently’ look, all while placing a hand on her hip and thrusting out her chest without meaning to.

Feel like a dang pinup!

And it was in that pose that she met Frank. They'd just returned from a hearty lunch their Daddy had made (it was, frustratingly, deeply delicious, complete with bacon and egg faces on the waffles that made her giggle like a schoolgirl) and were helping rustle the cattle to the next paddock. Cassie had never done anything like this before. It was too hot, too dry, too wild, too full of flies and animals, and yet . . .

. . . and yet it was damn fun to ride a horse and somehow have the skill of it. She wore her cowgirl hat and everything, and while the bounce of her breasts in her tied top was impossible to avoid, it at least was made up by the feeling of control from holding the reins - literally. When she got them into the gate she took some time aside to hop down from her horse and pat it.

"Good girl," she said. It was named Star Rider for its black coat with little white speckles, and evidently this was the name the younger version of herself had given it.

Can't wait to be rid of this place and this body, but at least this horse ain't so bad, are ya'll?

She rubbed her face and flanks, and the horse whinnied with appreciation. It made her beam, briefly forgetting that she wasn't even supposed to be here or be a woman or any of it all. She placed her hands on her hips and relaxed back a little, chest thrust out proudly. Then a voice nearby caught her off guard.

"You sure got a way with that horse there, Cassie!"

She opened her eyes, shocked that someone had snuck up on her. The man just getting off his own horse was tall, stocky, and quite handsome in a rugged way. He couldn't have been much older than her, perhaps around twenty three or so. His dark hair was visible beneath his rancher's hat, and his face had a delightful five o'clock shadow. Like her, he was dressed for the job, albeit not nearly so revealing. Still, his sleeves were rolled up to expose some strong arms, and his legs were hairy and masculine. Her eyes lingered on his form, and then on his dark, lovely eyes.

Sh-shoot! Shoot! That dang witch had to go and make me into boys!?

It was true. She felt a warm flush of attraction to this man almost instantaneously, and even more as he approached her.

"H-hey, Frank," she said automatically, the name conjuring up in her mind.

"Ah, so you do remember me! Nice to know I made an impression the other day."

"The other day?"

"When I was hired. Your pappy was a harsh interviewer, if you don't mind my saying."

"Oh, um, that's just Daddy."

He smirked, then gestured to her water bottle. "Sorry to be a pain in the neck, but do ya'll mind if I take a swill of that fine water there? I, uh, forgot mine back at the ranch."

She threw it to him, trying to compensate for her reduced strength to close the distance. It resulted in quite the tantalising wobble from her shirt, which only made both of them pause a little. She quickly folded her arms over her breasts to hide them from view, but this only emphasised them further. Frank fought the clear urge to keep looking at her very fine, very deep cleavage, and it was an amusing sight.

“Cheers,” he said, taking a drink before passing it back. “That hits the right spot.”

“Uh, good,” she offered up.

He threw her a glance and grinned. “Hard to strike up conversation when you’ve been done worked over like an ox all day, huh?”

She shrugged. “Frank, if you knew the kind of day I was having, you’d just about hall me off to the madhouse.”

“Well, at least I’d be in your fine company, Miss,” he said, tipping his hat. “Ya’ll take care now. I best be getting back to my duties.”

“You - you’re not meant to be here with me?”

“Nah,” he said, nonchalant and handsome as hell. “I just saw you on the horizon and wanted to come say hello.”

“Well, hello.”

“And now goodbye. Hope I weren’t bothering you, I just saw you staring off into space and thought you might want some brief company. Plus I just wanted to steal your water.”

She bit her lip, grinning awkwardly. “Well, anytime Frank. Thanks for coming over.”

He bid her farewell and headed off, getting back on his horse and turning it around. It allowed her to look at his mighty fine shoulders, but that made her more embarrassed when he shifted in the saddle and saw her peeking.

Shoot! This is just plain humiliating! I am not a damn busty buxom blonde cowgirl, y’hear ya’!!!?

She got back on Star Rider, who snorted as if also in the know about her situation.

“Yeah, yeah,” she said. “I know it. I won’t be stickin’ around, Star, even if you are a mighty good girl. H’yah!”

She took off riding, her fine female form in the saddle, riding as if she’d done it every day of her life.

What Cassie had hoped would only be a day of being stuck as a cowgirl ended up continuing on through the week. Try as she might to figure out how to find this ‘Debbie the

Witch,' her own elder sister just looked at her like her head was on wrong when she brought the name up.

"Ya'll don't mean Destiny, right? Dark-skinned girl who tends the bar during the day in town? She's pretty sweet."

"No, I mean Deh-bor-rah," Cassie insisted the next morning as they set out for the dawn chores. "Blonde cowgirl lady. Dresses like me but brunette, trimmer figure, maybe in her late thirties or early forties. Smaller boobs-"

At that, Mary-Anne just giggled. "Oh please, that's the least specific thing ya'll could have said, sis! There's not a girl in Texas that don't wish they had a set as big as you, yours truly. You got Mom's lucky genes."

Cassie could only fume privately. *Stupid sister and her dumb brain can't even figure out that I didn't even exist just a few days ago! Ugh!*

But instantly, those regretful feelings came over her, the pressure to apologise, at least mentally.

She's . . . not all that bad. Just a little naive, is all. God, I hope I didn't get her pregnant. That'll be a whole other bag of fleas at this point.

George - her Daddy - didn't know either. In fact, he just furrowed his brow, looked up the name in the phone book (he was the kind of man who still *had* a phone book), and shrugged his shoulders after slamming it shut.

"Can't say I ever heard of the lady. Friend of yours? You sure she was a local, Cassie?"

Good Lord, it's like she's invisible! What dang game is that witch playing out to leave me stranded like this, with spurs and a pair of tits!

"Yeah," she insisted. "I ain't lying, Daddy."

"I know, I know, you'd never lie to me, honey. Your older sister on the other hand, she likes her secrets. But I won't deny I want this to be true. You say she's a pretty brunette in her early forties who likes wearing spurs? Hot damn! Maybe I need to get back into the dating game."

He burst out laughing as she rolled her eyes.

"Daddy, dang it!"

"Hey now, a farmer's life can get pretty lonely. I'm only kidding, honey. Ya'll get out and enjoy the day now anyhow. The rest of it's free for you. Frank offered to cover the rest of your chores. A sign, perhaps?"

She rolled her eyes again, even harder, though part of her was touched by this reveal. "Well, he can do what he wants. I'm heading into town. I can find this Debbie on my own."

"Because she has something of yours, did you say?"

“Dang right,” she repeated, walking away from her new father. She wasn’t willing, or even able, to tell him *what* she’d taken. He’d never believe her anyway.

Littleton was a small town of just a few thousand. Practically a village, really, at least by Cassie’s estimation. It was dominated by one main street where all the really important buildings were: the local bank, the local post office, the local set of bars, along with a myriad of small Mom and Pop dollar stores, general stores, the one single motel, and various other obvious sites. There was even a little cinema, and it sure was *little*, apparently only kept running from the private owner’s sheer enthusiasm more than anything else. Carter would have - and *had* - disdained the place as a little ‘nothing town,’ and upon her first little wander around the centre of it all, Cassie had much the same impression. This was a small rural folk village where everyone knew everyone else, and was all up in each other’s gossip. Hell, some of them even asked about how Mary-Anne’s ‘date’ had gone, since it was talk that she had been rather interested in a city fella just recently.

God, these people need a life.

She didn’t find Deborah, nor catch anyone who recognised a description of her. In fact, a few just said it sounded like a member of *her* family, what with the flannelette shirt and tight denim shorts and cute hat and all. Certainly, it was quickly becoming obvious that Cassie and Mary-Anne had a reputation as a pair of beautiful and utterly sweet farmgirls, particularly herself, as plenty of local townsfolk went out of their way to say hello, ask how George was, talk about Mary-Anne’s online education, discuss Cassie’s own future on the farm, and so on. Samantha Crowners of the *Four Horses Bar* even thanked her for helping out with the dog when she was sick, while Half-Blind Bill served her up a free batch of his wonderful meat pies for tending to his fence and helping out on a busy afternoon when his assistant was sick. It seemed that in this new reality, Cassie was quite the beloved figure. Not just lusted after - though certainly quite a few boys around her age were quite keen to say hello and watch her away - but genuinely liked. They wanted her around for the company and the sweet smiles and the pleasure of her kind words, not just to make a hopeful buck and fall into a scam as a result. It was an . . . odd feeling for Cassie.

I’ve never had people act like this before. Why in the hell aren’t they chasing riches? What in the Sam Hill is wrong with these people?

She thought it suspicious, but in the days that followed across that first week, suspicion gave way to bewilderment, which itself gave way to a level of understanding. Sure, every town has its marks, its suckers, its rubes, as well as its conmen and bullies, but for the most part the people of Littleton really were the real deal.

“Good to see ya, Cassie! Hope the rustling is going well. Tell ol’ George he’s welcome over this week for dinner, and you lovely ladies too!”

“Cassie! Cassie! I worked on those jeans you gave me last week. No, no, no need to pay me! Anything for the sweet gal who found my runaway sheep.”

“Cassie, the cinema’s playing some old romance flicks on Friday. Me and the girls were getting together for a movie night. We’d love you to come along.”

And so on, and so forth. It was a bizarre experience to suddenly be so genuinely wanted, and it actually made her feel oddly good about herself. Her physical stance even changed: she stopped fighting the clear sway in her hips and the obvious bounce of her chest, and let her strut simply play itself out.

It’s only temporary, after all, and it’s not like I look bad like this. ‘Course, I’m giving the boys a bit of a show with the way my ass keeps moving. Wish I could cover up a bit more, though.

That was the other thing. Her compulsions were strong enough that dressing modestly or as anything but a hot blonde cowgirl was practically impossible. She even put on the ruby red lipstick each morning, and made a show of tying her shirts always so that her delightful midriff was exposed. Mary-Anne thought it was hilarious, and her Daddy thought it a bit scandalous, but evidently in this new reality he’d long since given up on fighting her over it. She was an enthusiastic farm gal, so as far as he was concerned the bigger victory had already been won.

That enthusiasm did manage to infect her, just a little bit. She still scorned the country life and its rural backwardness. She missed instant entertainment, the hustle and bustle of the streets, the fast-paced life and anonymity that city life gave. But she couldn’t deny that perhaps life in the country wasn’t *all* bad. Getting up so early in the morning sure sucked, but the environment around the town was breathtakingly beautiful, with stunning mountains in the distance and gorgeous nature strips she and Mary-Anne took walks on. The people were lovely, as she had come to realise, and there was something rather nice about being known and accepted everywhere you went. And the work itself could be rewarding: she had calluses on her hands and feet unlike most girls, and that was a result of rustling cattle, mending equipment, running the tractor, and a whole host of other jobs. There was no denying that, despite being a woman who was physically weaker than her old Carter self, she was nevertheless comparatively *fitter*. Her endurance was greater, and while she didn’t have a bunch of obvious abs to show, her arms and legs and stomach were all marvellously toned without diminishing their attractiveness. It didn’t make up for the embarrassment of having big boobs that people always stared at, or having to sit down to pee, but at least there was that. Well, that and the masturbation. She hadn’t stopped that, and had become quite the addict.

No one can blame me for having a bit of fun while I’m stuck like this. Any guy who became a gal like me would want to press his luck.

And she had 'pressed that luck' a great number of times, often at least twice daily. Her breasts were sensitive, and her clitoris . . . well, she'd learned a thing or two about women. The only annoying thing was that she always thought about men at the climax, and it was often Frank's face who appeared the most. He had helped her around the farm a number of times, even eating with the family, sometimes with the other farm hands, and always she found it hard not to look at him and smile.

"You're looking real sweet today, Cassie," he would often say.

"You're not looking too bad yourself, Frank," she would reply.

The two often talked about the one other thing she had come to really enjoy about this temporary new situation: horses. Frank was nearly as horse-mad as her new mind made her be. He was, according to her Daddy, a dang expert when it came to rearing them, training them, breaking them in, and healing them up. Certainly, Star Rider took a great liking to him. The beautiful mare was practically Cassie's best friend in this life, so her getting along with Frank was quite the recommendation.

"It's just about respecting the animal," he said, patting her muzzle as they walked their horses back to the stables. "Take Jazz here. She started out as a wild one who just wanted to get clear of the paddock. Now she loves it here, and I don't know what I'd do without her."

He gazed at her meaningfully, and for just a moment Cassie was concerned that he somehow knew about the curse that had given her this new, albeit temporary, life.

"M-maybe she just misses the life out there. You know, maybe it was better for her."

Frank shrugged, his carefree farmboy expression sending warm fuzzy feelings down to her core. "Maybe. But she chooses to stay. She's had more'n a hundred chances to scam out of here if she wanted to, but she stays for the company, the life, and the feed, no doubt. Besides, she also loves your sister. And you."

She patted Jazz along the flanks. Carter had always thought horses were dirty animals, but now as Cassie she could see that they were powerful and beautiful, and with so much spirit and personality to them. There was indeed something wild about Jazz she could sense.

"She's not tamed," she said, amazed. "Not really. It's like she's free, but free to be *here*. I know that sounds one brick shy of a load, but it's true, isn't it?"

Frank nodded, tipping his hat. "Well, you've got the horse sense, that's for sure. And I mean that literally, ha! Yeah, that's the way I see her too."

"And what about Star Rider?" she asked, gesturing to her own creature.

"Well, she's a beautiful one, that's for sure. And I see some wildness in her too. But she's loyal as hell, she loves her family, and she's a hard worker. Everyone loves her

because she's so sweet, and I feel like I've drawn a pat hand from a stacked deck just to be around her. And did I mention she's dang beautiful?"

His eyes roamed over Cassie's body, and there was nothing leery about it. It was simply appreciative, interested. It made her heart skip a beat momentarily, particularly when his wonderfully dark eyes met hers, and she realised who he was actually talking about.

"You chatting 'bout Star Rider here, or about someone else?" she asked, placing her hands behind her back automatically, emphasising her best features.

"I guess that's up to you," Frank said, drawing a little closer. "I think you know how I feel about you, Cassie Connors. You're as bright in my life as a new penny. And if you feel the same way, then, well, I'd be lucky as a new start too."

He reached out with a hand to caress her cheek. The feeling of his tough, callused fingers on her soft skin made her briefly lose her breath. It was wonderful. It was right. She breathed heavier, her breasts straining against her tied shirt. He gazed down at her magnificent pair and smiled, then returned his gaze to her.

"Did I mention how pretty you are?" he said, voice just a little cheeky.

"I could stand to hear it just a little more," she said, moving closer to him so that her chest was against him. The feeling was intoxicating, the sensation that anything could happen looming.

What am I doing? I can't be acting like some randy cowgirl stereotype! I'm only a week in and I still have to find this Debbie witch. I don't know this fella! And I don't care how dreamy his eyes are or how handsome he is or how warm he makes me feel or how hot my - oh, to hell with it all!

She kissed him, and he kissed her. They came together, his arms enveloping her as she kissed him, kissed him, and kissed him some more. Her tongue snaked into his mouth, tasting him, and she savoured the feel of his breath upon her face, the strength of his arms around her. And then, all at once, he receded.

"That was mighty fine indeed," Frank said.

She giggled despite herself, causing her chest to jiggle. One of her top buttons had come undone, revealing more of her double-crop of America's best.

"I - I really liked it too, Frank," she said.

"We could do more, if you want. Don't want to overstep my boundaries, though. I know your father might be real mad if-"

She placed a finger on his lips. "What Daddy don't know won't -"

But it will hurt him. Gawd, it will hurt him real bad if he found out, and it's wrong to go behind him like this. I can't just act all improper. I gotta do this right and - shoot! What am I thinking!?! I'm a guy, dang it!

She pulled back, a well of emotion building in her. "I'm sorry! I'm wrong, I can't do this now. I'm s-sorry, Frank!"

She ran from the stables, leaving the handsome man scratching his head, confused. Cassie held her chest in her folded arms as she ran all the way to the ranch house, trying to control all the wobbling. She had to blink away tears of confusion, shame, humiliation, and - yes - disappointment.

Stupid dang curse! I got cobwebs in my attic if I ever thought I'd go through that! I need to find this Debbie no matter what it takes! Before I do something I'll really, really regret.

She reminded herself of that goal like a mad mantra all through the evening, even when her wonderful Daddy served them up some prime steak and asked his daughters all about their days. Mary-Anne was surprisingly quiet, as she had been for a few days now, and Cassie had to carry much of the conversation. She tried to keep her Daddy happy and not talk about the near-act of sex that had almost occurred.

"I really do have the best daughters a man could ask for," George said after they had finished. "Now go on, I'll rinse and wash up. You two enjoy the rest of the afternoon. You've more than earned it. You've made me proud as a king bull, I tell ya."

Cassie thought on those words as she went to bed. For once, she didn't play with herself, though the temptation was there after all that kissing with Frank.

Proud as a king bull, huh? You'd have to have a hole in your mental screen door to be proud of a con artist like me. I'm still at it too. I'm stuck pretending to be something I'm not. So why is it all startin' to feel so dang natural to me?

It was three days later when Cassie finally met Debbie again. She was almost starting to lose hope that she'd see the self-proclaimed witch of Littleton again by that point, especially since she'd been plunged into the awkwardness of occasionally working with Frank, flirting with him, but not progressing any further. Her new life had a rhythm to it that almost felt normal after just nearly two weeks, and that scared her. Even putting on her big-cupped bra in the morning, or shaving her legs, or styling her fine, honey-blonde hair all came naturally to her, as natural as the sexy sway of her hips or the feeling of her huge boobs jiggling in her top. Okay, the last one was still a bit weird to her, but feeling men look and appreciate her fine form was starting to come across as normal, and that scared her even more.

So when she'd managed to shoo away some would-be suitors with some fiery words from her otherwise honeyed tongue at the *Sweetwater Diner*, she had expected to drink her afternoon milkshake along with a nice, very sugary waffle. It wasn't exactly breakfast food,

but she felt like treating herself after a hard day of work, and an even harder day of not approaching Frank again and asking him to kiss once more, just to feel it.

“Room for one more, honey?”

Cassie looked up and was shocked to see Deborah standing next to her booth, tall and proud and beautiful as the last time she’d seen her, a charming smirk on face. The same air of mischievousness came with her as she waited for Cassie’s response.

“You,” the former male said, narrowing her eyes.

“Observant!” Debbie said, taking a seat. The diner was almost entirely empty, and Cassie got the distinct sense that it was no coincidence that Deborah had chosen this moment to appear before her. “I thought I’d drop in and see how our lonely cowgirl is doing. Enjoying your new family? Being a bit more honest? Perhaps you’ve got some love life on the horizon?”

At that, Cassie broke her glare for just a moment, and Debbie seized upon it.

“Ha! I’d hoped as much. Girl, if I were quite a bit younger and looked like you with those two thangs, then you bet I’d be playing with all the boys. ‘Course, I’d need one other major thang as well, but that’s an obstacle even I can’t overcome!”

“What the Sam Hill are you talking about?”

The woman smirked again and made a gesture as if to sweep aside her strange, nebulous talk. “Ignore it, honey! All stuff in the deep, deep past now. Let’s talk about you and how you’re-”

“Coffee, honey? On the house!”

Cassie looked up to Daisy the waitress. She was a plump, black-haired girl who had a double-chin from too much eating of her own waffles, though they were some of the best around, even better than Cassie’s new Daddy. As a man, she would’ve mocked this woman, but Cassie knew her to be quite the sweet pie herself, without a mean bone in her body and nothing but love for the diner she one day stood to inherit.

“Uh, thank you kindly, Daisy, that’d be sweet, thanks. Two sugars, please, to make it real sweet.”

“Just like you, Cassie,” she said with a smile.

Cassie waited for her to offer any to Deborah, but the woman acted as if she wasn’t there, and she quickly toddled off to make the coffee.

Wait a moment, does that mean . . . ?

“Are you really here?” Cassie asked the woman across from her.

“Oh, I’m here alright.”

“But she can’t see you.”

“You’re the only one who can, darling.”

Cassie paused, thinking. “Why? A spell of some kind?”

“Think of it more like a law of nature, even the unnatural parts. Or supernatural, as you might have ‘em. It’s all very boring as far as I’m concerned. I’d much rather have a nice ole chat about how you’re going. You’re certainly looking prettier than a Southern belle at her first big ballroom dance, if ya don’t mind me saying.”

Cassie blushed. She hated how much her cheeks blushed rather cutely these days.

“That’s all *your* fault, missy,” she said, trying to sound a bit more confident, perhaps even aggressive. She stuck out her rather considerable chest and sat with her spine straight. “I literally can’t help but look like a total farm gal bombshell. Hell’s bells, I can’t even go about wearing my own button shirts right; I gotta tie ‘em up so every boy past puberty can look at my midriff, not to mention these big fruits stickin’ out from my chest!”

The woman laughed loudly. No one in the diner noticed. “Well, you certainly have taken some heat from Mary-Anne at least, though I doubt she’s lacking for suitors with those big ole Double-D’s on her chest. She’s only small by comparison. How is Mary-Anne these days?”

Cassie experienced a shiver of sadness. “She’s not talking much. Pretty down, actually. I thought she was happy as the sun when I first met her, back when I was . . . you know. I thought she was sweet but stupid.”

“You took advantage of her.”

“Yeah, but . . . oh shoot.”

That’s why she’s acting so glum. Dang it, I may have been her sister for less than two weeks, but I’ve already done a poor job of it!

“Seems ya’ll still have some adjusting to do,” Debbie commented. “I told ya that you’d be a lot nicer and dutiful and loving and all that, ‘specially with the new family I gave ya’ll. There was an open space for you, honey, and I knew it would be a learning experience. Seems ya’ll got a bit more learning to do, though.”

“I’m not meant to be learning any of this!” Cassie declared. “I’m meant to be a man. I’m meant to be C-C-Cassie. You know what I mean, anyhow!”

“I surely do, but ‘meant’ and ‘should be’ and all that are just words. Reality is what reality does, and currently reality has you as Cassie Connors, gorgeous farm girl, on the outside and, hopefully, on the inside as well.”

Cassie exhaled, her large chest shifting in a way that reminded her of her present female form. She brushed some long strands of her honey-blonde hair behind her ear, as was her new habit.

“When do you change me back?”

Debbie arched an eyebrow. “Say what now?”

“When does the spell end? When do I get to be C-C-C- you know who I mean! That person again?”

They were interrupted by a confused Daisy placing a coffee at the table.

"Talking to someone?" she asked.

Another bright red shade of blush on her cheeks. Cassie smiled awkwardly. "Um, just figuring out what to say to a boy."

"Frank?"

"How did you-"

"Word gets around," Daisy said with a smile. "All the boys are jealous too, and they gossip like the hens, even more than us gals. You should go for it, Cass. He's a real cutie."

Good Lord, he is. And kind. And handsome. And a dang good kisser. And that's the problem. I can't stop thinking about him! Daddy would make fun of me something fierce. And try to pair me up with him anyhow, all proper-like, when all I can think of is going through with it and rolling in the hay.

Daisy chuckled as she walked away, leaving Cassie to fume opposite the town witch.

"I have to change back. Before I do something I will clear regret, y'hear?"

"I don't think you'd regret drinking that fine glass of tall water at all, honey, but if you want to switch back, I can surely do that-"

"Good, then hurry up and-"

"At the end of the season."

Cassie spluttered, nearly spilling her coffee. "The whole dang *season*? That's two months away! We've got chores galore to sort out on the farm, and Daddy wants me to work the tractor some more, and Mary-Anne needs tending to, and I gotta talk to Frank and clear the air with him, and-"

"And that sounds like you've got a full plate to make the time go by, toot-sweet, honey." Deborah shifted out her seat. As she did so, a pendant fell out from her top at the end of a necklace chain. It was bronze, and had the image of a mountain upon it in a slight silver sheen. "Oops!" she said, tucking it away instantly. "Can't be falling out of my top now; you'd know all about how easy that is with those new udders of yours, missy. Ya'll get back to the farm now, and I'll see ya'll again at the end of the season. If ya'll don't want to turn back by that point, you've got my blessing to stay as part of the Connors clan. If ya'll do want to turn back, well, I'll see to that, and hopefully ya'll have learned a lesson by then. In the meantime, try to find some Southern comfort, honey."

She started to walk away, and a desperate Cassie stood and extricated herself from the booth.

"Wait!" she called, exiting the diner. But as soon as she was out on the street, Debbie was nowhere to be seen.

Two more months? I gotta be a Connors farm girl for two more months!?

At that very moment, a young man named Phillip passed by on the other side of the street. His gait slowed right down as he took her in, adjusting his focus to observe the magnificent curves of her chest, her bare legs, her gorgeous midriff.

Cassie huffed, trying not to feel good about looking good, and stormed off, providing quite the welcome sight to the man as she left.

Two more dang months. Well, time to see my sister. My sister for two more months.

Daddy had a sad expression as Cassie came home. It was late afternoon, right around the time they'd usually be finishing up for the day and be making a meal together as a family, chatting about their day, local business, and what would be happening on the weekend. George had even been getting excited over doing a horse ride up near Mount Forrester, just him and his daughters, to spend some special family time together. Only now he looked confused, sitting alone at the big wooden family table he'd carved himself. He was a rugged, tough, yet loving man, and something about seeing him so small broke Cassie just a little.

"Hey, honey," he said wearily.

"Mary-Anne?" she asked, knowing instantly what this was about.

"She won't come out of her room, won't talk to me. Won't say much of anything, anyhow. I think - I think I said or done something to make her upset, only I can't damn figure out what it was, and it's turning me crazy as a bull in a china shop."

She smirked. *Daddy and his bull metaphors, he just can't help himself.*

"It ain't about that at all, Daddy, not one bit. I'll go talk to her, okay? This is something for sisters."

He nodded, held her hand for just a little bit. She rested it on her Daddy's shoulder, and they both found momentary comfort in it.

Maybe two months won't be so bad. My actual Dad wasn't nearly as nice as Daddy.

"Thanks Cassie. You're a good daughter, and an even better sister. Try to cheer her up for me, okay? I don't need to know details or anything, you and I both know that she likes to jump into situations without thinking it through, but please just make sure she's alright. I promised your mother I'd make sure she was alright."

Cassie nodded again, then slid her hand off of her Daddy's shoulder and went upstairs. She knocked three times on Mary-Anne's door.

". . . go away."

"It's me, Mary-Anne."

"Go away," came the voice more strenuously.

"Alright, I'm bargain' in now. Ya'll can try to stop me, but I'm coming in."

Mary-Anne, who could be a lot more passive during her sad moods, didn't try to stop her. Cassie flung open the door and stepped inside, shutting it behind her. Her poor older sister had a face that was red, hair that was all mussed up, and long tear tracks down her face. She was still in her farming clothes, and had tracked some dirt in.

Bein' dramatic, no doubt about it.

Cassie went and sat down next to her sister on the bed, and placed a hand around her. She wasn't even being strategic about it, or just trying to find a way to calm her to avoid drama and make the next two months easier. No, there was a deep stirring of sisterly love in her heart. She'd only known this woman less than two weeks, but the connection was there regardless.

This is my sister.

She waited patiently for over ten minutes, not prodding anything, not even saying a word. Just holding her sister as she cried a little more, lost control of her breathing then got it back again, and generally tried to calm herself. More tears were shed, and to her embarrassment, Cassie even shed some sympathy tears herself.

Lord, I can cry with the best of them now, can't I.

Mary-Anne clung to her, weeping into her shoulder.

"He ain't replying, Cassie. He gave me a false number and everything. Clean disappeared from the motel he was staying at. I feel like such a dang fool!"

Cassie brushed her sister's hair with her hand.

"I know, I know," she said. "I should'a come and spoke to ya sooner."

"You knew he wasn't coming back?"

"I'd . . . hoped. If he is coming back, I don't think it's for a long time yet, Mary-Anne."

She sobbed. "I feel like such an idiot. Such a dang moron. I let him - he took my virginity, Cassie. I thought he was the one. I don't know, he had such a way with words and we had such a, like, connection. And he was real cute." She chuckled darkly, through the sobs. "He had me spellbound. Said we had something. Instead I just got played by a damn, stupid, conniving, scheming city slicker. Daddy'll kill me."

"No he won't," Cassie said. "You know Daddy only cares what's best for you."

"But he's so traditional! He wants us to save ourselves from marriage, like Mama did. Everything's so traditional here. I feel like such an idiot, but only 'cause I want to get out there and have adventure, and see the big city lights, dance the night away. I thought if I gave myself over to him he could show me all that. Instead, he just took what he wanted and left like a thief in the night."

Cassie pulled back a little and lifted her sister's face to see her. "Then screw him," she said. "He's missing out on the best person I know, and if he can't see that, then it's a good thing he's gone. He could stand to learn a lesson or two, not just in how to treat a lady,

but in how to be a dang human being. There's someone out there for you, Mary-Anne, I just know it. You'll get your adventure, and he can hopefully go somewhere else and . . . change. . . for the better."

Mary-Anne wiped some more tears away and nodded. "You're right," she said in a hoarse voice. She cleared it, then spoke with more determination. "You're right, Cassie. Oh, you're just the best damn sister around, I swear."

She embraced Cassie, who in turn embraced her sister back. Again there was that warm fuzziness that filled her to her core. Not from attraction, obviously, as it had been with Frank, but from a genuine sense of love and loyalty to her older sister.

This is going to be such a dumb dang thought, but I'm almost glad I've got a little bit longer. I think . . . I think I got a bit of making up to do for some of the mess I left around here, including some rubes - some people - that I done conned over a little. A lot, really.

"C'mon," she said. "Let's get downstairs and get working on dinner before Daddy's belly starts gurgling like an engine with salt in it."

Mary-Anne giggled. "What did I do to deserve a sister like you?"

"You were just you," Cassie said. "Now clean up and get downstairs."

A thought suddenly occurred to her.

"Wait, you're not pregnant, are you?"

"Cassie! Of course not! I did a test this morning. I was pretty afraid but all clear."

Thank the Lord. That would have made things complicated.

The days and weeks began to turn, and Cassie devoted herself more fully into her role. It wasn't like she could exactly stop all the compulsions, nor the feelings of love and duty and compassion that continued to soar within her heart. It was far easier to give up fighting and go with the flow, especially since part of her actually *enjoyed* segments of her new life. And knowing how that it would have an expiration date made it easier to stomach having to occasionally shovel manure or deal with an unexpected bovine birth, or even deal with all the calluses on her hands.

I must be getting some of that female pride now, she thought to herself after another week. I'm starting to wish I didn't have these dang calluses. Well too bad, it's what a farm gal should have.

Certainly, she started to take a bit of pride in her daily duties. Her Daddy was happy again now that the issue with Mary-Anne had seemingly been resolved, and Cassie realised that she had felt somewhat lost herself without her big sister. She was in much better cheer after their little chat, and soon the stranger known as 'Carter' was forgotten, at least to

Mary-Anne. And yet, in some ways, that mysterious and slick city man was forgotten at times by Cassie as well. She would have thought herself crazy in those first few days after the change, but as the days slipped by and she became more accustomed to being, well, *herself*, the idea of being a man again occasionally seemed outright bizarre to her.

Just think, she thought after another round of pleasing herself in private and achieving a record number of orgasms, *I used to just be a one-and-doner. Hard to believe I once had a big ole member between these thighs. It seems to . . . wrong. 'Course, I have to put up with periods now, so it's not all a win.*

Indeed, the first arrived just a week after her change, paired with her sister. She got to experience the fullness of emotion that came with feeling so bloated, and to her surprise her boobs got a little bigger, but not in the fun way, just the sore and achy variant.

Gawd, I hate being a woman! she thought as she dealt with pads and bleeding and feeling emotionally drained. *Make me a dang man again, you batty witch!*

She would never mock a woman on her period again, or accuse her emotions from coming from that place. It was a damn good thing that her new Daddy actually went out and bought pads for her and her sister, since they were both cramping that day.

“What? You think a man raising two daughters can’t go and pick up some damn hygienic supplies? I’m a sucker for tradition, not stupidity. I ain’t gonna alienate my poor daughters when they’re struggling.”

Cassie felt that her heart grew three sizes that day, and Mary-Anne was just as appreciative.

“Remind me, younger sister, when I find a man I actually wanna be with, I want him to be as good in situations like this as Daddy is.”

Cassie chuckled as they both sat down on the couch, taking a day off from their duties. “Amen, sister. Thank the Lord that Frank -”

She stopped talking, but it was too late; having gotten over her own relationship woes, Mary-Anne was happy to practically *leap* into this particular subject.

“Well, well, well, Frankie Boy!”

“Don’t bring him up!”

“It was you that brought him up, sis, not me! Aww, you’re in love!”

“I am not. I’ve only talked to him a few times.”

“Not true. You two go back months, and I see you riding together each day.”

It was true. Things had kissed since she broke off the lovemaking, but the attraction was still very much there, and Frank continued to catch up with her so they could talk horses and dreams and even favourite foods at the *Sweetwater* diner. Now that she had two months - well, less than one and a half now - left on her meter as a woman, it was easier to convince herself it was okay to spend time with him. She was just playing the role of the sweet,

friendly cowgirl, right? Of course, she was also a very, very sexy cowgirl, and one who found him very sexy in turn.

“Okay, but it’s just rides.”

Mary-Anne leaned over close. “Have you kissed him?”

“I - of course not!”

“You are such a bad liar, sis. A horse’s teeth tell the whole story, and for you it’s that mad blush you get. Did things go further? I promise I won’t tell Daddy. I know you won’t tell him about . . . the one that we ain’t naming.”

“I didn’t do more than that. But I did feel him. Up against me. Near the hay. I don’t know how to describe it. It was . . .”

It was good. It was so damn good. One of the best feelings I’ve ever had. Better than any half-cocked scheme or get-rich quick plan.

She bit her lip, and Mary-Anne giggled. “You gotta have plans for him, sis! You gotta!”

“We-ell, he is taking me up around the mountain on a big ride next weekend, with Jazz and Star Rider.”

“Romance in the air! I can smell it!”

She managed to push her sister away playfully, but Mary-Anne wasn’t wrong. Somehow, she’d stumbled into it again. Romance with that hunky farm hand.

No doubt Daddy won’t mind. He loves Frank.

“There ain’t no romance. I just like his company is all.”

“Well, I’d like the company of a man like that too. Maybe I’ll ask him out and-”

Cassie squeaked. “Don’t you dare! I called him first!”

Mary-Anne giggled, somehow having outwitted Cassie, who just sighed.

“Fine, maybe I’m a little into him. It ain’t going nowhere, is all.”

It better not. It’s just one ride, is all.

It was not long after that their father came in, offering his classic bacon and egg sandwich. The two readily accepted, Cassie, devouring hers with a rather unlady-like manner.

“Whoa, nellie!” her Daddy proclaimed. “Someone’s hungry.”

“Hungry for *someone*,” Mary-Anne whispered in her ear.

Cassie was about to make some excuse or laugh it off, when she noticed something strange hanging around her Daddy’s neck. He always wore a simple necklace, but she never knew what it contained until she saw the pendant swing out. It was brass, with the image of a mountain upon it, the latter of which had a silver sheen.

Just like hers . . .

“Say Daddy,” she said, through a rather full mouth. “Where’d you get that pendant from?”

The view from Mount Forrester was incredible. Mary-Anne had given a little 'care package' to Cassie before she left on her ride with Frank, and the former male was concerned about exactly what her sister had put in there. She had promised not to peek after much badgering from Mary-Anne, but now the little satchel hanging from Star Rider's satchel was starting to make her a little nervous.

"Everything okay?" came a deep, pleasant voice.

Cassie looked over to Frank, who sat astride Jazz with all the confidence and command of Napoleon upon his white horse, ready to head over the alps.

I think it was a donkey he actually rode. Can't say a man like Frank ever doing that when he's got Jazz, though.

"Ain't nothing," she said, staring out over her Daddy's farm. I was just admiring the view."

"Me too. It's beautiful beyond words."

"Ain't that dang right," she said, taking a deep breath of the fresh mountain air. "I could look at this for days. I really could."

Even though I was a city slicker. How did I not see how beautiful the country is till now? Far better than the smog and hustle bustle of the big town.

"Same here," Frank said. "I could watch this sight forever. I really could."

There was a cadence to his words, a certain playfulness that she detected. It was only then that she turned her head and realised that he wasn't talking about the same view at all: his eyes were locked on her gorgeous form, her wavy blonde hair, her pert rear in the saddle.

"Hey now!" she exclaimed, trying not to grin. "Are you pervin' on me, farm hand?"

He grinned right back, sensing her obvious amusement. "I was only taking in what was freely offered. Are you sure you're not too cold?"

She was wearing a warm jacket that sadly obscured her midriff from the back, but she'd left it open at the front so that her stomach and cleavage were still on display, despite the cold. She wasn't crazy though: she had tight, warm pants that simultaneously showed off her legs while still keeping her from shivering.

"I'm all good," she said. "You certainly seem to think so."

"Well, it's all Jazz's fault. She keeps pointing me in your direction. I think Star Rider is her best friend and all."

"Oh, and you're just along for the ride are you, cowboy?"

He tipped his hat to her. "Yes ma'am. 'Course, I'd ride behind you any day."

"This wouldn't have anything to you liking the look of my profile in the rear now, would it?"

That managed to get him to blush a little, but then draw a bit serious, too. "It would. It really would. Truth is, Cassie, you know I like every part of you, and I ain't just talking about the physical. You're witty, you're clever, and you're a damn hard worker. You're loyal and kind, and you take good care of your father and sister."

She looked down over the farm again, the warm feelings settling in her stomach once more. "I done them wrong once, never again. They're . . . they're family. Good people."

"That they are. And I love how much you're close to 'em. Sometimes . . . sometimes I want to be close as well. To you, I mean."

She swallowed, breath going a little faster, heart thumping just a little harder in her considerable chest. "I know it, Frank. And, the truth is, I want that too."

"I lied, actually. I want it all the time. Not just sometimes. You drive me crazy, Cassie, you really do."

You don't know anything about crazy! Try being turned into a blonde bombshell farm girl and then finding yourself hot for a hunky farm hand like yourself! Now that's crazy, big boy!

But as much as she tried to keep the distance in her head, it was impossible not to get Star Rider to come a little closer to Frank.

"I want you too," she said. "I really do as well."

Just saying it was a release, giving way not just to magical pressure but her own desires. Where did Carter end and Cassie begin? Where did the compulsions stop and her own genuine change of heart start beating? It was impossible to know, and yet she couldn't bring herself to care.

"So what's the problem?" he asked. "Is it your father or-"

"My Daddy adores you, like he adores any hard worker. Thinks you're a real proper Texan too. Plus he's been trying to get me to go out with you for weeks now. He's obstinate as a bull - and trust me, he likes his bull metaphors."

Frank adjusted his head quizzically. The two had started moving again, further up the trail towards a little resting spot for their horses. It was now wide enough to ride parallel, which they did so now.

"Then why? I like you, you like me. Is it because I'm ugly? Admit it, it's because I look like a horse's ass, isn't it?"

She giggled. He was damn good looking and he knew it.

"No, it's not that!"

"Is it because you're ugly? I swear I can overlook it."

She snorted this time, which only made her blush further.

“And I can overlook the snorting! I worked with plenty of pigs in my old job, Cassie, so you know that-”

“It’s because I don’t know who I am or what I’m supposed to be,” she said, and then she began to sob, right as they reached the gorgeous clearing with its flat grassland. She began to choke on her cries, and she quickly dismounted from Star Rider and lashed his lead to a nearby tree while trying to hide her face. Frank did the same quickly, but took her by the shoulders.

What the h-hell is wrong with me? Why can’t I just know what I dang want!?

“Hey, hey,” Frank said, voice low and soothing. He brushed her blonde hair behind her ears, then wiped away her tears from her cheeks while getting her to look up at him. His dark eyes were magnetic, manly, and most of all reassuring. He had a protective gaze, and she wanted to be lost in it. She held him tight, hugging him as she managed to ride through the emotions.

“Would it help if I told you who I know you are?” he said after a time.

She nodded into his shoulder. He was so warm, his muscles so comfortable.

“Well,” he said, putting a hand around her back and holding her tight. “You’re Cassie Connors. You’re a Southern farm gal, a true Texan. Tough as nails, but also soft where you need to be. You’re beautiful, everyone knows that. I’m entranced by it. But the beauty inside matters even more, because you’re sweet as honey when it comes to your family, your farm, and your friends. You love horse riding and watching old movies, and you adore the days when you can sleep in. You’re also a damn show off sometimes, and I know you enjoy it. You drive all the boys wild, but you’re also a woman who wants a specific man, someone who can love her and take care of her and let her be the wild and free thing she wishes to be.”

God . . .

“Does that sound right?”

She pulled her face back and stared into those gorgeous dark eyes again.

“It does,” she said, blinking back fresh tears. “It really, really does. I’d . . . I’d like to kiss you now, Frank. I’d like to kiss you a lot.”

And then she did, and he kissed her back. Much like the first time, their kissing was deep and passionate, their lips locking together again and again as their tongues danced in one another’s mouths. His hands ran over her form, and she did much the same in return, feeling his firm muscle through his warm jacket.

I could lose myself in this. I really could. And - and I will!

She placed her arms over his shoulders, submitting to him entirely. Her nipples stiffened with great arousal, and he in turn began to grow firm against her. The air was still cool, but as if to consecrate this consummation, the sun came out from the clouds, warming them with its wonderful southern rays. By that point she was moaning into his mouth, feeling

under his jacket and shirt, touching his skin. He felt at her bare midriff, and soon her jacket was off.

“God, you are the damn sexiest cowgirl in existence, I swear.”

She grinned as he separated to remove his own jacket. He was so damn hot it was driving her insane, and she raised the steamy stakes by posing sexily for him; one hand on her hip and the other behind her head, her very large chest thrust out so that it looked like she might burst through her top at any moment.

“You’re not so bad looking yourself, cowboy,” she said. “Why don’t you show me what a man you are?”

“Are you sure you want to do this? I’m happy with anything, but last time-”

She launched into him, toppling him over with a shared laugh. She was astride him now upon the wonderful grass. Star Rider huffed, as if embarrassed, looking away as she worked off her top. She removed her bra, freeing her breasts to the sun and nature, and what breasts they were. Frank marvelled at them.

“Holy hell,” he said. “Those are mighty fine big ones.”

“Crop of Texas best,” she boated, shaking her shoulders to let them bounce and jiggle heavily. “Want to inspect them for authenticity?”

“I surely do.”

He caressed them, which immediately elicited long moans from her. His thumbs played over her distended nipples, and each grope and squeeze only made her wetter between her thighs, more desperate to embrace her womanhood completely.

“Mhmmm, yesss! Ohhhhhh, I love that! You’re s-so good with your hands!”

“They’re certainly a handful.”

She began to gyrate on him, rubbing herself against his hard cock between the separation of their clothes. It made him grunt as well, and soon the two were unable to content themselves simply with second base.

I need a home run. I don't give a stuff that I used to be a city slicker of a man. This farm gal needs her field ploughed!

They worked to remove their pants, getting access to one another finally. His cock was very impressive, just as manly as the rest of him, and she cooed at it. Her heart beat faster, exhilarated and slightly fearful of what would happen next.

“Am I your first?” he asked.

She nodded. *As a woman, yes. Oh, yes.*

“Then I’ll be real gentle. I’ll help guide it in.”

He gripped her hip - oh, it felt wonderful - and helped her slowly lower onto him. Suddenly her eyes went wide and a long, almost bestial groan escaped her mouth as he pierced her.

“Mmhm! S-so big! Ahhh!”

“I can stop now, if ya’ll want.”

“Don’t you dare, Frank! I want it alllllll - nngghhh!!”

He entered her completely, and it nearly left her catatonic, especially when he began to play with her huge sensitive tits again. She started to work his cock automatically, rising up and down as if she’d done it all her life. It was practised and wonderful, and she began to buck wilder, faster, bouncing on his cock so that it entered her completely, nearly left her straight after, and then she took him in in his entirely all over again.

“I f-fucking I-love you!” she cried, finally able to swear in this moment. “I - ahhh - I love you F-Frank! I really d-do! Ohhhh, God! I love you!”

“I love you too, Cassie! You’ve n-no idea how long I’ve w-wanted this. Wanted - ahh - you! God, you’re so p-perfect!”

“Mhmm, you too! I want you to c-cum! I want to c-cum! Make me your farm gal!”

She leaned forward, kissing him, letting her bare breasts hang low, nipples grazing against her chest and sending further pulses of pleasure through her perfect form. She was fucking a man and loving it, riding his cock and letting it burrow deep inside her.

And I want it more! I want this forever! I want this - oh God, it’s coming!”

“It’s h-happening!” she cried. “I’m c-cumming! I’m - MMHMMH!! YESSSSSS! AHHHH!!!”

She raised her head right back and cried to the skies. Cassie thought she’d experienced the female orgasm during her many, many self-pleasure sessions over the past few weeks. She hadn’t, at least not compared to the utter *storm* of pleasure that hit her. She thrust her chest out, relishing the way he continues to squeeze her huge rounded boobs, and she shook her shoulders for good measure as she became lost in the pure ecstasy that followed. Wave after wave of it hit her, harsh gales of bliss that shot like lightning into her. It really was a perfect storm, and it hit the best climax of all when - still bouncing upon his huge rod - she felt her lover tense, grunt in a bestial fashion, and then ejaculate deep within her.

“C-Casssssie! Ahhhhghh!!”

She grinned, beaming as she felt the thick, warm ropes of his seed spurt deep into her tight tunnel, flooding into her womb. Somehow that thought made it all the better.

She collapsed on top of him, breathing heavily, her huge breasts squashing against his manly, hairy chest. His hands ran over her form, and for a long time they simply lay there, out in the wilds, panting together.

“That was the best dang thing I ever felt,” she said in her Texan drawl.

“M-me too,” Frank replied in the same accent. “You said you love me, before. Was that just the sex, or was it-”

She kissed him, silencing any question. "It was true then, and still is," she said. "It just took me way too dang long to realise it. I love you Frank, and I want to stay here, as Cassie, as a farm gal."

"Was that ever in doubt?"

"It was. Not anymore though. I want this life, I want every part of it."

And I also want you.

She didn't need to say that last part. The look on her face was clear. The two made out a little longer before relaxing together once more. And then, after more 'I love you's' and silly jokes between them, she managed to feel him hardening within her once more.

"Again?" she said. "So soon?"

"What can I say? Ya'll the damn hottest farm gal in all of Texas, honey."

"Just Texas?"

"I didn't want to bloat ya'll ego any bigger than those perfect breasts of yours."

She giggled, then grabbed his hands and placed them on her breasts as she sat herself up. "Well then, why don't ya'll make me just as ready as you are by playing with this big sensitive breasts, and then you can take me again. I want to be on my back this time. I want to be *yours*."

With a gleam in his eye, Frank rolled her over so that her legs were spread. He had pulled out of her to do this, but it was a momentary thing, allowing her to see his fully erect cock once more just before he ploughed back into her fertile fields. She spread her legs automatically even further, accepting him on top of her.

"Mhmmm! Yessss, ohhhhh God! Yessssss!!"

Soon she was wailing as he thrust deeply inside of her, her breasts bouncing with every ram of his cock deep into her, the bliss building to fruition once more already. Somehow, this was even better than the first time, in part because it lasted longer. When Frank came, there was no internal shock to her system this time, and Cassie experienced it fully for what it was; an act of passion and love that bore the ultimate delicious ecstasy. She cried out, uncaring who might hear her somehow down the mountain.

I feel whole, is what she thought.

Of course, it was only after they'd had some packed food together and fucked two more times that Cassie finally remembered to open Mary-Anne's presence. The two of them, their asses half-covered in grass, could not stop laughing when they found out that her elder sister had packed just two things.

The first was a compact blanket that would have been *really* helpful for the previous couple of hours.

The second was a set of condoms, with a little note attached that simply read, '*You might need these! Who says I'm the naive one?*'

Cassie was at the diner all alone. She'd said hello to Daisy and chatted with her for over ten minutes about how she and her new boyfriend was doing, complimenting her gorgeous new hair, and ordering a plate of those fine waffles with all the syrup she could take. They had just arrived, and Cassie about to tuck in, when a familiar shape appeared just before her.

"Well, well, someone looks like a real cowgirl this time."

Cassie looked up and actually smiled, which was enough to take the 'town witch' by surprise. "I've been looking forward to seein' you. Have a seat, Debbie. Would you like some waffle?"

The woman put up her hand. "Not for me, I'm afraid, much as I'd love to."

"Yeah, I don't doubt that. Kinda hard to eat when you're really dead, right?"

Debbie raised her eyebrows. "So, you figured that out did ya, hon?"

"Oh yes. It took a little clue to get through my thick head, but I'm not nothing if not tenacious these days. Turns out Daddy - the Daddy you gave me - got that pendant from Mama before she passed."

"And you think I'm her?"

Cassie shook her head. "No, but I think you might've known her a spell, though you would have been an old woman by that point. You're her great grandmother, Harriet Maddock. You were known as the 'Town Witch of Littleton' 'cause you were good with herbs and potions and the like, and when you died you passed down that pendant. Daddy said it's to go to the eldest daughter down the mother's line once they're married, which has Mary-Anne itching to find a man. Again."

Debbie nodded. For just a moment, Cassie saw a flicker of her original self, face still beautiful, if a bit more weathered, her clothing more traditional and modest. Then it returned again to her modern, rather shiny self.

Yeah, I bet you enjoy being able to look how you want.

"Well done," the woman said. "I bet ya'll are wondering then, why I changed ya'll from beyond the grave?"

At this, Cassie shook her head, a smug grin on her features. "Nah, I think I got the lasso around that problem too. Mary-Anne needed a sister, someone she could guide and who could be a shoulder to cry on in turn. She was bound to make some silly mistakes, not to mention it would leave Daddy all alone. He was a real good husband to Mama to hear everyone tell it. I bet you liked him, even though you never met him beyond the grave. Turning a self-righteous city slicker into a dear farm girl was probably just the cherry on top."

"I won't lie, I *did* make ya'll bust just a bit more exaggerated for the hell of it."

Cassie looked down at her bountiful chest. It seemed a bit bigger already, but perhaps it was just her imagination.

“Well, I won’t be gettin’ angry at ya’ll. I’ve come to rather like ‘em.”

“I thought you would.”

“I’ve come to rather like quite a bit of my new life, actually.”

“Is that so? Are you having second thoughts now that it’s the turn of the season?”

Cassie indicated no. “Not at all. I’m resolute as I’ll ever be, Debbie.”

For just a moment, Debbie looked a bit disappointed, but then Cassie stopped her from speaking with a quick gesture from her hand.

“Don’t be so quick, ya’ll. I’m resolute about staying *exactly as I am*.”

Debbie’s frown took a moment to adjust, but when it did, it became a beaming smile.

“Ready to give up the city life?”

“Oh yes. And more than ready to live as Cassie Connors. I don’t want to be the person I was ever again. I just want to be Cassie. Besides, I have to think of others now.”

Debbie nodded. “Like your father, and Mary-Anne.”

“Them, absolutely. But also my boyfriend, Frank. We’re in love. He’s a good cowboy and I just can’t get enough of him.”

“Ya’ll have no idea how happy I am to hear that,” Debbie replied.

“Well, it’s a bit of a problem,” Cassie said. Her cheeks went a bit red. “Y’see, I may have gone and gotten a bit *too* enthusiastic with my wonderful boyfriend, just like Mary-Anne did with me before I changed. Remember I was worried about gettin’ her knocked up?”

“I recall you being a bit concerned about that.”

“Well, let’s just say I should have worried more about myself in that matter. There’s a reason I’m eating all these waffles.”

She lowered a hand to her belly, which she’d only found out contained life within it two days ago. Frank knew, and so did her Daddy. Mary-Anne was the first to be told, of course. Sisterhood was important.

“Well, it takes a lot to surprise me!” Debbie laughed. “Congratulations are in order! And a wedding, I suppose?”

“Indeed there is, and mighty soon too. Daddy’ll bring his shotgun, of course. That’s just his humour, though.”

“The funny part is, I can’t change you back now even if I wanted to. Pregnancy locks the magic down, I’m afraid.”

But Cassie just smiled. “Don’t be. I’m glad it all worked out. And please, drop by the diner whenever you can. I want to thank my guardian angel as much as I can.”

Debbie stood, placed her hands on her hips, and lowered her head in a nod.

“Guardian angel, huh? Well, I think I can accept that deal. From one member of the family to another.”

The birth was a successful one, of course. Cassie welcomed a gorgeous little girl, one who already had blonde hair much like her own. They called her Deborah, though only Cassie knew why. Growing a child in her burgeoning belly had been a wild experience, but something about it had been even more transformative than her new life. To feel those little kicks inside her just made her sigh with joy, and it only confirmed to her that this was the person she was supposed to be. There were many lovely gifts and flowers, but the best one was given anonymously; a necklace with a brass pendant with a silver image of a mountain. She still sometimes saw Debbie at the diner, though never for long. She made sure to give her a thank you for everything.

Frank certainly was thankful too, though he attributed everything to his gorgeous, busy wife. The man became her husband not too long after she discovered she was pregnant, and she never looked back. True to her impression of him and his own words, he took care of her, massaging her feet when they were sore, fetching things when she was too burdened to do it herself, and doing everything he could to make her happy. Which, of course, included a lot of sex, right up until birth happened. The pair were utterly in love and in lust with one another, and while she was saddened about not being able to ride horses during her pregnancy, she was still able to help around the farm and spend time with Star Rider.

Mary-Anne was ecstatic to have a niece, of course. When their new house was built - still on the same farm property in all its expanse - she was visiting daily and almost shooing Frank out of the room. Cassie and Frank joked that her elder sister had gone suddenly baby mad and would need to get a proper man soon or else she might get knocked up in a one-night stand (like what nearly happened with Carter, Cassie reflected privately. In the end, they needn't have worried about that. Mary-Anne found the perfect man in the next town over while doing some deliveries and seeing a friend. His name was Kent, and he was a big, strong, almost silent type, prone to very few words, but all of them kind. He had the patience for Mary-Anne's own excitable temperament, and spoiled her sweet when they began dating. Suffice to say, just six months down the line they were married, and she was pregnant not long after that. It was around about that time that Cassie fell pregnant again also, and just after she'd gotten back into her horse riding again! The two sisters spent a lot of time together, enjoying their pregnancies but also getting to complain to one another about the occasional hardships of it.

And so life continued. Five years after her change and Cassie already had four children. Her body had become more maternal, with even larger breasts and wider hips, but also a great softness to her belly and shape. She didn't mind, she loved it. She was still beautiful and hard-working, with a gorgeous tan and pretty face. She had her 'tiger stripe' stretch marks from her pregnancies, but like the calluses on her hands and her weathered feet, they were just evidence that for all her attractive good looks, she was also a hardworking farm gal and mother.

And, perhaps, maybe mother to one or two more, if I have my way with Frank tonight, she thought as she laughed at one of his jokes around the family table. They were having a big steak barbecue, and her Daddy was laying out the food, Mary-Anne with her two children and Kent looking at her adoringly. Her own four were all about the place, at least the older ones, as toddlers usually are. Their giggles brought her life, and so did her wonderful southern family around her.

Frank saw her looking, and he winked. "Looking at something, honey?" he asked.

"Just you, sexy," she said, and everyone around the table gave a playful groan.

It didn't matter. She was only twenty five years old. She was a southern Texan farm gal, and she was in love with the father of her children as surely as the day she'd first made love to him. She touched the silver pendant between her full breasts and smiled.

Oh yes. That cowboy is having a roll in the hay with me tonight alright.

The End