

Flight Change (Couple to Beautiful Women TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

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When a flight to Hawaii gets hit by strange purple lightning, Hank and Jade are assured that it was just a freak storm. Everything seems alright for a few days as they try to repair their rocky relationship on holiday, but soon the pair begin to change, becoming younger, hotter, and more feminine - especially in Hank's case. The terrified pair even find reality changing, as if they were always this way, but is this what's needed to actually save their relationship?

Flight Change

"Hank, you promised you wouldn't work while on holiday!"

Hank sighed. He'd assumed Jade was asleep when he got his laptop out. She usually fell asleep when on long flights, or - he mused with frustration - when he was in the mood for some passion.

"I'm just running some of the numbers for this big closer, honey."

"But you promised," she said. "For God's sake, Hank, does a promise mean nothing to you? Can't you stop yourself from working just once?"

Hank pinched his nose, groaning in an audibly over-the-top way. "For God's sake Jade, it's not like that. We're not *on holiday* yet, are we? We've still got to actually reach Hawaii, which is still, like, three hours away or whatever. I can do a little bit of work in time for that. You don't understand the pressure on me."

"You're right, I don't," she said, folding her arms. "I do know that I had to convince you to take this holiday so you could relax a little and actually get away from work long enough to repair what's going on between us."

"If we were actually trying to fix us, we wouldn't have to fly to Hawaii. You'd just put some effort into the goddamn bedroom."

"A relationship is more than goddamn sex, Hank!"

Their conversation was developing from a hushed series of angry whispers to something just shy of a shouting match. Certainly, more than a few fellow flight passengers were now awkwardly trying to block out this conversation, which carried far too much information. But while this was a new and awkward experience for others on the commercial jetliner heading to the tropical islands of Hawaii, it was not the case for Hank and Jade. They had been together for nearly seven years now, and married for just two. But as the life progressed and the pair went from their late twenties to their mid-thirties, the usual hurdles hit them.

It hit them hard.

Hank had been chasing success in the corporate world for some time. Having achieved the role of manager working for a financial consulting firm called *Etgo Services*, he was obsessed with reaching the next tier of success in order to have the life he felt he and Jade deserved. But again and again he had seen others climb over his shoulders, reaching those targets before him. It didn't help that he lacked the natural charisma of those men. He was an average looking Caucasian man, a little shorter than he would have liked, and his brown-haired head was going prematurely bald.. As such, he focused entirely on working at all hours, and this caused major problems for the pair. Once, Jade had loved that he could communicate openly, but he had been colder and more closed off the last few years, struggling to emote any of his issues and even denying that they existed.

Jade, on the other hand, had problems of her own. Like Hank, she was fairly average in looks, with blonde hair and slight Asian ancestry. She worked as an artist, though her digital works only made enough to support them slightly, with Hank's income being the major one. She did much of the housework to compensate, but whereas she had once been a being of passion, her lack of success in her field had dimmed that light, and that shadow had crawled into their bedroom too. She had once relished sex with Hank, now she could hardly ever be bothered. Part of it was his coming home late, but even when the perfect opportunity arrived, she simply couldn't bring herself to do much or desire it. It was hugely difficult for Hank, who felt that he could only express himself fully to his wife in that most intimate way. Theirs was an almost entirely dead bedroom, and the fear was that it would lead to a dead relationship.

So here they were, on a trip to a romantic paradise getaway in Hawaii. Hank would get away from work, relax, and learn to emote. Jade would regain her passion and inspiration, and her desire for intimacy as well. She'd even packed some clothing she thought he might like, as he had complained a number of times that while he wore things that she liked, she only ever wore hoodies and track pants now, even when they had at-home date nights together.

But instead they were arguing, and about to draw the attention of the stewardesses.

"You're always deflecting to this! My work keeps us going, Jade! Maybe if you were more successful-"

"Don't bring that into the conversation, Hank! You know I'm looking for other jobs. And I do all the damn jobs in the house. I'm a housewife without the respect! What happened to that?"

"What happened? What happened is that you can't be excited for anything anymore! You don't do anything to keep the marriage alive. You're like an at-home zombie."

"And you're an at-work one!"

“Well, if things are that bad, why don’t we just-”

BOOOM

The pair - the entire passenger group - were interrupted by the crack of thunder and sight of a sharp fork of lightning crackling outside. The pair had been too busy arguing to even notice that they had hit the storm, the one that the captain had warned about much earlier. The plan began to experience heavy turbulence, and again there was a crackle of thunder and a shaking of the entire airframe. Several people squealed. One stewardess struggled to get to her seat in time.

“Oh God!” a passenger cried. “We’re going to die!”

For all their arguing, the pair clutched each other’s hand, briefly terrified by what was happening.

“This is Captain Archer speaking. We’re experiencing heavier turbulence than expected folks! Just hold tight and keep yourself strapped in. We should be out of it -”

The radio announcement crackled, ending abruptly. The plane took what felt like a sharp turn left, angling through the storm. Hank and Jade said nothing, the latter particularly terrified.

“Hank?” she asked. “Are we going to be okay? Hank, are you okay? Are we going to be okay?”

But Hank was too embarrassed and closed off to share his feelings. He just held Jade’s hand tight and said nothing more. He grit his teeth, tried to share something.

“I - I -”

But it was too late. Another great surge of lightning, and it was just as ethereally purple in colour as the last few bolts. This one hit the wing they were beside, crackling along the metal. The strange forks poured into the wing and then into the interior of the plane itself. Jade shrieked in terror as small forks of lightning cascaded over her form, and Hank screamed in turn as they hit him too. The sensation was certainly electric, though thankfully not painful. For a brief moment they lost all control as the power surged into them, vibrated into their very essence. For just a brief moment they each saw something, like a vision.

Hank saw a gorgeous young brunette in her early twenties. She was wearing a black bikini, and was emerging from the waters of a pool. Her large, almost head-sized breasts bounced seductively, and she smiled as she posed like a gorgeous model. She was free and happy and relaxed, and unafraid of who she really was.

Jade saw an equally beautiful woman, blonde and with almond-shaped eyes and slightly olive skin like her own. She looked similar to herself, yet also startlingly different; younger and fitter and with a bombshell body. Her curves were amazing, especially around her hips and bust. She wore sexy red lingerie and was spread out upon a hotel bed, her needy expression indicating a powerful passion that needed to be fulfilled.

Both visions ended almost immediately as the purple lightning retreated. People screamed - several others had apparently been hit by the infiltration of this freak storm. Hank and Jade stared at one another, neither believing truly what had just happened. They hadn't died. They were still alive.

They held hands until the plane landed, their arguments forgotten, at least for now.

The couple were held briefly for medical testing and treatment. A number of passengers hit by the purple lightning was. Apparently even the Captain had been held back, and there would be an investigation to see if the airframe was damaged. Hank and Jade's brief, momentary connection during that terrible storm was already starting to dissipate however, and by the time they had finally been cleared as medically unaffected, Hank was complaining about the whole trip being a mistake.

"Just stop complaining, Hank! We're here, and we're going to enjoy it!"

"Fine. Let's get passionate tonight then."

"I'm too tired. Maybe tomorrow. No, I get jetlagged. Just . . . give me a few days, okay? I might feel up for it eventually after some pool time."

Hank huffed.

"Stop being a sex addict," she said.

"Sex is important," he replied. "It's a big part of relationships. I'm not being bloody shallow with this. I just - I feel like . . ."

But then he closed off. It was too hard to share that part of himself. Not after all the work he'd done to make himself a closed-off ladder-climber. Not after how much he'd changed these past few years. In his view, Jade simply couldn't understand the pressure he was always under, and he didn't want to pass that pressure onto her. Ironically, this was causing even more tension between them.

"Fine, don't speak to me then," Jade said.

"We'll just get to the resort then," Hank said. He scratched the back of his head. "I swear, I can still feel that purple lightning under my skin sometimes. My scalp keeps getting all itchy, like my hair wants to fall out or something."

Jade looked at him. "Same! I mean, I know the examiner said it's just the aftershocks or something, but several other passengers were complaining about it when we left the airport. I heard them as they were getting on a shuttle bus."

They forgot their argument for a moment. "Really?" Hank asked. "Glad to know I'm not alone. I just feel a bit sapped. That's probably the jet lag, though."

"Well, maybe a rest is what we both need, not excitable sex."

Hank harrumphed. "They can be the same." He scratched idly at his chest, discomfited by the tender feeling there. There was a tenderness all over him, actually, but it was especially prominent in his chest and in his hips, as well as the tingliness in his groin. He didn't want to chalk it all up to the weird plane storm though; the cramped condition of aircraft had never appealed to him, and his pale skin never fared too well in tropical atmospheres either. Still, there was something distinctly 'off' about it that continued to annoy him as they drove to the resort. Jade seemed a little distracted as well, occasionally, touching her chest or waist or thighs in a manner that was nervous. She too was feeling continual little pulses of energy coursing through her.

They were probably just aftershocks to the system, they both rationalised internally. Probably.

They were wrong, of course.

The first day, the tingliness and strange feelings were largely left behind. The pair entered the resort, which was a grand spectacle of a place with magnificent coconut and palm trees and delightful pools and relaxation centres, and set about the business of checking in to their rather nice room. It was . . . smaller than either would have liked, and Jade was a little outwardly embarrassed, having thought it would be bigger. They weren't exactly flushed with cash, so this was the best they could do on Hank's salary, and that emasculated him a little too. Jade acted quickly though, getting them out into the pool to relax. She didn't feel like showing off, so she wore a fairly casual one piece with a beach shirt over the top of it, much to Hank's disappointment.

"No bikini?"

"I didn't pack one in the end. I'm here to relax, Hank, not to try and make a spectacle. Not that I'd make one with my body, but you know what I mean."

Hank sighed. He'd brought the boardshorts he knew Jade loved just for her, and outside the pool he'd brought the button shirts that used to drive her crazy, especially since they showed off her forearms. It irritated him that she was putting in no effort to keep that spark of attraction alive. He was about to say something when suddenly a local Hawaiian member of the resort staff came by with a tray of drinks.

"Jade! A drink for Jade?"

"That's me!" Jade said, rising up out of the water to get her margarita.

"And I have one on the same order for Hannah?"

Hank frowned. His chest tensed for a moment, his nipples feeling strangely stiff. He scratched his leg. It had been feeling itchy a bit lately.

“Um, do you mean Hank?”

The woman frowned, looked at her order. “It says Hannah on my order.”

“It’s just . . . that’s my drink.”

She checked again. “Room two-oh-one?”

“That’s me,” he said, getting grumpy.

“My apologies, Hannah!”

“Hank!”

“Of course!”

She passed him the drink, and he decidedly did *not* tip her. When he looked to Jade though she just laughed in amusement, and that got him laughing too. They clinked their drinks together.

“To trying to salvage something here,” she said, still giggling. “Hannah.”

“Oh, you won’t be salvaging anything calling me that,” he said, but he chuckled too.

When his voice cracked, she just laughed harder.

“Aww, you’ve even got a girlish squeak!”

“That’s it, I’m going to lay back on the sundeck chairs and ignore everything from now on!”

Jade chuckled. “Maybe *you* should have brought a bikini.”

“Maybe I’d pull it off. God knows at least someone in this relationship would be wearing one.”

Jade stopped laughing. The moment of brief connection was gone, but something about his words had hit her differently this time. She raised a hand and idly scratched her chest beneath the beach shirt and one-piece. Her breasts felt fuller, somehow.

“Why do I never show them off?” she whispered to herself idly.

The pair had a nice romantic dinner that seemed to rekindle something, though as usual Jade preferred not to dress up. She did, at least, put makeup on, but Hank had put effort into his whole attire. He couldn’t help checking his work email just briefly.

“I’m not doing work! I’m just *checking* work.”

Suffice to say, the excuse did not run with Jade, and the first dinner ended peaceably but without much romance. Sex did not happen, despite Hank pushing for it. As usual, Jade was tired. It was an excuse, both of them knew that, but it wasn’t the worst one this time: both of them felt strangely sluggish, parts of their bodies aching and tired and feeling odd. When they went to sleep, they went to sleep *hard*. Neither woke until past eleven am the next day, and when they did, things seemed quite different.

For one, they woke nestled in each other's arms. That hadn't happened in some time. Secondly, their skin seemed quite sensitive. Thirdly, there were some indefinable changes.

"Mhmm," Jade said. "I feel so well rested. Refreshed. Mhmm, I even sound younger."

"You look a bit younger," Hank said, staring into her face. He paused, frowned a little. "Do I sound weird to you? I sound weird."

Jade giggled. "You sound like you've got a squeak in your voice again. Actually, you do sound a bit odd. Your voice is higher. And you look different. Woah."

She pulled back and swept aside the sheet. Hank, who'd been enjoying a moment of intimacy for once, was a bit annoyed by this, but then he saw how different Jade looked as well.

"Honey, you . . . you look different. Your body -"

Hank had gone to sleep in nothing more than his underwear, and Jade had gone in her pyjamas. Except now she was wearing lingerie for some reason, allowing the full view of her changes. Her hips were definitely broader, and her bust - which had only ever been around the B-cup range, was obviously fuller and riper. They did not overflow her bra, however, which also seemed to be a larger size. Her skin was lacking the blemishes of time and age and frustration, and her stomach - which had slowly been gaining flab lately - was much more trim. She even had a bit more of a tan, but that was impossible already! Even her face was a bit more changed; her lips seemed less thing, her eyebrows a bit more

"My body? Look at yours!"

Jade's eyes were wide at the odd changes to Hank's form. He had lost weight, that was for certain. A good number of pounds around his waist had gone, though there was still some flab remaining. His shoulders seemed less pronounced, and his skin less blemished just like Jade's own. His hips seemed just a little wider, while his legs and arms and chest were lacking body hair in comparison to how they had been just the day earlier.

"Jesus," he said, voice still a bit light. "And what's up with my nipples?"

They were larger, and seemed to have something like female areolas around them.

"Your lips too," Jade said. "And I swear your nose looks different. This is too freaky."

"Freaky? This is fucked! Shit. We need to get to the medical ward or whatever there is here."

Jade checked herself out in the mirror. She cupped her breasts, amazed that somehow she had impossibly gone up a full cup size overnight. Her chest was nicer than it had ever been, and her figure was looking better too. She hadn't cared about such things in a long time, but the weirdest part was that for the first time in ages she actually *wanted* to show off her body.

"Where did this lingerie even come from?" she whispered to herself. "I kind of like it."

“C’mon, Jade, let’s go!” Hank urged. He too saw himself in the mirror, and was shocked at the subtle yet weird changes to his body. “Damn, and I actually *felt* like relaxing today.”

He really did. It was astonishing. He actually *wanted* to go to the pool and relax. Already, part of him was infuriated that he had to get checked out.

“Normal? How could we be completely normal?”

The doctor shrugged, a friendly smile on his face. “I don’t know what to tell you, Jade, but everything is medically fine about both of you.”

“But - but look at me! My boobs have grown! And I never looked - or felt - this pretty! It’s . . . weird.”

“And look at me! My nipples are all puffy,” said Hank, blushing a little at his own statement. “And my voice is higher. And I’ve lost weight!”

The doctor chuckled. “Everything is fine, I assure you. In fact, you look identical to your photo IDs on the system.”

Hank frowned, got out his wallet. He gasped a little as he saw the image in the wallet. Sure enough, it was him, but the current, *changed* him.

“No way. Jade, check your ID.”

She did the same, and sure enough, it looked like this new, refined her with the fuller lips and smarter eyebrows. Even her hair was fuller.

“But - I could have sworn -”

The doctor raised his hands for calm. “Don’t worry, either of you. You’re not the first I’ve seen about this kind of concern in my years here in paradise. Often, couples feel they’ve physically changed when all it is, is a combination of our bodies’ reaction to the changed weather, and their own perception of having leisure time. The unburdening of stress comes with its own physical indicators and psychological distressers. This is just one of them.”

The pair looked at one another. Hank placed a hand on his stomach. Could it really be that he had just *felt* bigger than he was because of all the stress from work? Surely it made no sense!? Jade’s own thoughts were similar on this matter.

But . . .

Jade wasn’t minding the changes to her body too much, and felt a strange new compulsion to show her body off.

And . . .

Hank was finally in the mood for relax. It was almost like a full mental change: the desire to lounge at the pool in perfect pleasure was a draw he could not resist.

“Okay, that makes sense,” they said as one.

It was convincing enough. For now.

Hank relaxed on the sundeck chair, sprawled out and in perfect peace. The occasional thought about work lingered in his mind still - it was impossible for him *not* to think about work - but it was far dimmer than usual. Even the strange changes to his body weren't as concerning, provided that was it and there would be no more. He occasionally found himself scratching his slightly-sore chest and hips, and his scalp was still a little itchy. Certainly, his hair seemed longer than it was meant to. But really, he was ignoring those sensations and changes for now, because it was Jade who was capturing his attention. For once, she was actually wearing a proper swimsuit. Sure, it wasn't quite a bikini, but it wasn't a once-piece covered over with a swim shirt either. Instead, her body was fairly on display, with her midriff uncovered too.

And what a midriff it was. If Hank was astonished by the change in her demeanour and appearance, Jade was just as astonished at how much she was *relishing* it. She had always hated showing off - not that she had much to show off - but thick hoodies and loose pants had slowly become her preferred clothing, especially as she reached into her thirties. She didn't hate her body, but neither did she ever really feel sexy, and as her libido had pretty much gone the way of the dinosaurs, she didn't see much point in trying to look sexy either.

But now . . . now something had changed. Her bust was bigger, her hair was slightly longer than she'd thought it was, and it was only getting more silky and beautiful, its blonde sheen lighter. Her figure had just that little bit more of an hourglass upon it, and her tan was glorious; subtle but present, making her look like a healthy beach babe. She even walked with a bit more swagger - or just *a* swagger, since she'd always had thinner hips.

“Mhmm, like what you see?” she teased Hank.

“Hell yeah I do,” he said. “Honey, this is easily the most gorgeous you've been in *years*.”

“Well, this is the most relaxed and *here* you've been in years,” she said. “I've only seen you check your work email a few times, and not once in the last hour.”

Hank grinned, leaned back. He once would have been a little self conscious about being shirtless like this, what with having a bit of a gut, but something had changed upon reaching Hawaii. His stomach had deflated considerably, and the flab in his arms was gone

as well. His legs were less trunk-like, and the very air seemed to pulse with a calm, laidback pleasure.

"I gotta admit, Jade. You were right about us coming here."

"I told you," she said.

"But I was also right about something."

She raised an eyebrow, and Hank couldn't help but notice how wonderfully arched it was now. She must have been plucking it or using makeup or whatever it was to make her brows look that good. "Oh, and what is that?"

He gestured to her body, from her increasingly luscious legs up to her generous C-cup bust, of which the smallest peak of cleavage was showing out from her swim top.

"That you should have started putting in an effort to keep the attraction alive. Because this . . . this is *working for me*."

He clutched his throat while his wife giggled. It had cracked again, sounding momentarily almost androgynous in its pitch.

"Ignore that," he said, voice still a bit warbly compared to what he was used to.

"Drinks for Jade and Hannah!" came a call.

Jade just laughed again while Hank rolled his eyes.

"It's Hank," he said.

But the server, much to his wife's amusement, insisted that he was Hannah. He took the drink anyway. Who said a man can't have a girly margarita while on vacation? It wasn't his usual fare, but he felt like it now.

That night, after a surprisingly argument free dinner during which Frank gave up on not being called 'Hannah,' the pair finally shared a night of intimacy together. Coupled with Jade's sudden desire to make herself look good and show off her body was a growing need to make Hank happy. This manifested not just in letting him relax and rubbing lotion into his skin and wearing nice things for him, but also in finally, *finally* joining him in the bedroom. Hank's relief was immeasurable: his cock was hard as he thrust into his wife.

She was on the bed, legs spread wide, her larger breasts wobbling on her chest with each thrust by her husband.

"OHhhh, h-how have I g-gone this long without w-wanting this? What was w-wrong with m-meee!?"

"I don't know," Hank said, squeezing her breasts before kissing her passionately, their tongues intertwining. "But I'm f-fucking glad you finally changed your mind! God, you're hotter than ever!"

“You’re r-really hot too, hun. How had I f-forgotten that? I even like how soft you are now. I love your s-smaller shoulders. I like how sensitive you are here.”

She rubbed his nipples with her slim fingers, and it made Hank wild. He continued to fuck his wife, finally pleased to be having this romance once again. His cock wasn’t as hard as he would have liked it to be, and it felt smaller as a result, but the pleasure of having his wife was more than enough. He could even ignore her comment about the shoulders.

“I’m c-close!” she cried. “Oh G-God, I’m c-close!”

“Me too!” he exclaimed. “I’m - nngghh!”

“Yesssss!”

He came within her, and her entire body shuddered in response. For just a moment, as the pair orgasmed together, they both could have sworn they saw a brief flash of purple, like a trace of lightning from the storm, out the corner of their eyes. Both felt that familiar thrum, that sensation of energy coursing through them.

And then it passed.

“Mhmmm,” Jade said, clutching her husband close. “That was s-so amazing.”

“It was,” Hank said, trying to keep his voice deep. “Let’s keep doing that.”

“So long as *you* don’t look at your work emails once tomorrow.”

He grinned, kissed her, the married pair feeling that love bloom once again.

“You’re on,” he said.

He wouldn’t have checked it anyway: the next day they would both have bigger concerns.

It was Jade that woke first the next morning, her husband spooned around her. It was deeply comfortable, and once again she could scarcely believe how sexless and shut away she had become the last few years. She resolved to change that going forwards, marking Hawaii as the turning point. She even got the idea to go and change into something sexy for him before he woke. She slipped out carefully, making sure not to wake her husband, and moved to the bathroom for a shower. There was a lovely red lingerie she didn’t remember taking but would look to die for on her body.

“I bet I’d look real nice in - what the hell?”

She dropped the lingerie on the floor as she looked at her body and felt the difference. Jade had thought it had only been her imagination that her curvy parts had been jiggling more, but her reflection removed all doubt. She had *definitely* changed.

“My tits. My ass! My hips!”

Her body had become even more voluptuous, and more than that, her body was

clearly younger too. She had been thirty four years old, now she had to be in her late twenties. Several small wrinkles that were just starting to show on her form had now disappeared, and her face was younger too, with just a little more fat around her cheeks that made her look quite adorable. Her hair was just a little longer, just touching her shoulders, where before it had been a shorter cut. She was also shocked to see that her thighs had thickened, though not in a way that indicated weight gain, but rather just becoming the kind of shapely legs that men loved.

“Is that - is that a tattoo?”

She stared at the strip of dark ink that formed an image of a rose halfway up her left thigh. There was also a thin band of writing inked over her left wrist, and again just below her belly button, also slightly to the left. She examined them, peeking past her breasts to do so.

“These have to be double-D’s. Seriously.”

They were, and they had all the heft and expected wobbliness of such a stacked woman. Even her voice sounded younger. Bubblier. Like that of a partygirl, which Jade had never been, not in a million years.

“*The kind of girl who’ll let you know,*” she read off of her stomach. She examined her wrist. “*Live life dangerously and attractively,*” she continued. “That doesn’t sound like me at all! What’s happening to me?”

She was jolted off her feet momentarily by a scream. Jade darted back to the main hotel room only to find her husband standing next to it, looking down at his body in horror. It was not hard to understand why: he didn’t look like him at all anymore!

“Jade? What’s - what’s happening to me? I’ve got tits. Actual tits! Big ones!”

They weren’t big, not by far. There were barely B-cups at best, but there were most certainly breasts, and not manboobs. The reason why it was easy to know they weren’t the latter was because how much thinner Hank had somehow become. There was also the fact that he now had larger, firmer, and surprisingly darker nipples.

“Hank,” she stuttered. “You look like you’re becoming a *woman*.”

“I know! I’ve got fucking long hair and everything!”

It fell down to about his chin level, so it wouldn’t be ‘long’ by any woman’s estimation. But Hank had been going prematurely bald. Now, just like Jade, his hair had grown, and moreover his entire person looked younger. The hard edges of masculinity had worn away, and between his softer, fuller lips, thinner nose, and longer eyelashes, it would be easy to mistake him for a woman. Certainly any sign of scruff on his face was gone. Not even the shadow of the hair roots were visible. His skin was simply baby smooth.

“Even my hips. And my dick! Jade . . . look . . .”

He lowered his underwear, and Jade gasped. Her husband had never been a hugely impressive man, but he hadn’t been small either. And last night he had rocked her world

regardless of length. But now . . . now his cock was easily half its former size. Even the hair around it had reduced, just as it had practically disappeared from the rest of his body, leaving it smooth. With his shrunken shoulders and thinner limbs, there was almost something petite about him.

“And you’ve changed too,” he said.

“I know,” Jade said, cupping her bare breasts. “I’ve, um, grown. And I feel a lot curvier.”

“At least you look fucking amazing. I’m a goddamn freak.”

“You’re not a freak, Hannah.”

He paused. She paused. The very passage of time seemed to pause as they all took in what Jade had just said. Hank was the first to speak.

“What the hell did you just call me?”

“I - Jesus, I called you *Hannah*. I didn’t mean to, Hannah. I mean, Hank.”

“Jasmine, you know my own goddamn-”

The time for pausing resumed, though it was shorter the second go around.

“Jasmine?” she asked.

“It just . . . leapt into my head. Dear God, what’s happening to us? Is reality changing or something?”

Jade realised immediately. The sensation last night, that brief flitting image of purple forks of electricity, the storm in the sky.

“It’s that storm,” she said. “The strange one that hit us during the flight. The doctors all thought we weren’t affected but clearly we are! We’re changing slowly.”

Hank nodded, though he bobbed his whole body in affirmation, causing his new boobs to jiggle slightly. He cringed and decided to hold them, but was surprised by their sensitivity.

“You’re right. That *has* to be it. There’s no other explanation. We need to check out at the hotel and get this sorted. Get back to the mainland if need be.”

Jade agreed, though part of her was disappointed. Obviously it was sad for Hank, even if he was still surprisingly attractive, but part of her wanted to keep this new form. She knew it wouldn’t fly though. What would people think?

“Let’s get sorted out for the morning, get breakfast, and make a move then,” she said.

Of course, that seemingly normal process only brought on further awareness of changes, and just how extraordinarily far-reaching their changes were. It wasn’t just their bodies, but their entire lives and reality that seemed to be altering. Despite worrying about how clothes would fit him now, Hank found that not only had his entire baggage changed, but that he even had bras to fit around his chest. The notion of wearing a bra was

humiliating, but he couldn't deny the need for it. He fitted it on expertly without a second thought, and only later realised how naturally it had come to him. The same was true of the makeup that he put on from the collection added to the sink that clearly belonged to the new him. Jade's clothing and fashion sense had also changed dramatically, every outfit now geared to showing off her increasingly hot bod. There was barely any clothing that didn't show off her midriff or cleavage, and she didn't resist the urge to do so anyway. Like Hank she now had a large collection of makeup, from which she applied ruby red to her lips and eyeshadow to give her a sultry look. Even their actual bags had changed: hers was a cute stylish green one, and Hank's was, surprisingly, pink.

But as surprising as this was, and how weirdly 'right' it felt to go along with it, the biggest shock came when Hank found that his driver's licence now listed him not as Hank, but as 'Hannah.' Apparently, he was no longer thirty five but twenty eight. He was also a *she*, though at least with the same birthday. Jade was now Jasmine on her records, and in her image she had a cute, sexy smile. Hank didn't look too bad in his/her picture either.

"I really am becoming a woman," he said as they finally headed out of their hotel. Even his stride was feminine, and his voice could easily be mistaken for a woman's. "How could a storm do this?"

"I don't know, honey," Jade replied. "I promise we'll get to the bottom of this. I never meant for this to happen!"

"Well, it has. And now my penis is shrinking. I bet they won't even recognise me at-"

"Hannah! Jasmine! Great to see you again! I hope your stay is going well in the ultra-class suite?"

The married couple paused before the reception desk of the resort. The woman, whose name tag read Kaia, smiled broadly at them.

"The ultra-class suite?" Hank said, voice cracking in pitch again. He pushed back some of the longer hairs. "I don't understand. We have one of the regular rooms."

The woman just shook her head. "No, no, you have the ultra-class suite! A good deal for a pair of lovely models like yourself, I'm sure. You both look gorgeous, by the way." "Thank you," they both automatically said as one. Hank was surprised at how nice the compliment felt.

"But you are definitely in the ultra-class suite, don't worry. Is there anything I can do to help you?"

Jade went to speak, but Hank cut her off. "No, not at all! Just wanted to say that we're really enjoying our time here. Thank you!"

He turned, taking Jade with him, his hips rocking in an almost sensual sway that he never would have countenanced, yet he felt compelled to perform.

“What are you doing?” Jade hissed. “I thought we were going to get to the doctors! Check and find someone who can help us?”

“I did too,” Hank said, his expression that of a man - or woman - in shock. “I - I don’t know why I did that. I just thought about this ultra-class suite and didn’t want to check out. I feel like I *have* to see it and just . . . relax in it for a while. That’s crazy, right?”

Jade was about to agree, but that little electric pulse of change was in her mind as much as her body. She looked down at herself, so increasingly gorgeous, her body made to show off. Where else would she get such an opportunity? And had Kaia the receptionist actually called them *models*?

“I guess we can check it out for a little bit,” she said.

“Right! Right. I need to check some work emails before we think about a long flight anyway,” Hank said. It was a total lie, of course. Work was the furthest thing from his mind. The soon-to-be woman felt a strong, borderline magical compulsion to play a new part.

They didn’t visit the ultra-class suite for ‘just a bit.’ They stayed the night. How could they not, with all the splendour, amenities, and wonders it offered? The suite was nearly five times larger than the ordinary room they possessed, and it had its own viewing deck, personal pool, spa area, private bar, expansive space, and numerous free service deals, all of which had apparently been paid for in this changed reality. Hank was greatly troubled by all that was happening, but there was an odd docileness to his fear. Despite knowing how wrong it was, it was as if reality itself was turning against him, making him slip further and further into this new role. Without even thinking he styled his hair, wore a female dressing gown after getting out of the shower, and even continued to lounge about wearing a cute bra that gave him some slight cleavage. He prodded his boobs, feeling the soreness of their growth, but a growing part of him was oddly excited for said growth, until his conscious mind struck into action and reminded him how bad it was.

Jade was much the same. As her body continued to get more curvaceous even over that afternoon, she only found herself more and more tempted to show off her hot form, rather than hide it away. Her libido was rising again, that need to fulfil not just her own renewed sexual desires but her husband’s as well.

“I shouldn’t be dressing like this,” she whined in an increasingly sultry, vixen-like voice from the bed. She posed seductively in her hot red lingerie. “And I shouldn’t be acting like this. It’s like . . . it’s like I’m changing with everything else. Mhmm, but I really want you, Hannah. Hank. Hannah. Whatever. I really want you and I don’t want to interrupt this with

some crazy medical discovery. Can't we have some fun now and I can make up for lost time, and we can get to the bottom of this later?"

Hank was himself becoming aroused at the sight of his now-bombshell of a wife. His feminine nipples hardened, and he found himself breathing quicker. His cock, now much smaller, was still quite erect.

"Y-you're right," he said, all thoughts of dealing with this staggering issue fleeing from his mind. "Let's enjoy ourselves. I'm sure it's no big deal."

Inside his head, his male ego screamed and howled, but the mental changes were becoming ever more powerful. Hank had been too obsessed with work, with dealing with issues outside of their relationship. Now, thanks to the strange purple lightning storm, he just wanted to fix what was right in front of him.

He stood, shimmying out of the short shorts that now fit his hips so snugly, and revealed his small but firm cock.'

"I don't know if it's-"

But by that point Jade's lust had flared beyond belief. She practically *leapt* off of the bed, dragged Hank over to it, and then placed her busty body over him. The pair kissed passionately, making out as if they were young lovers, which given that they had aged backwards, was now literally true. They removed each other's bras, and Hank moaned in a high, now-quite-sweet voice as his sensitive nipples were fondled.

"Ohh, ohhhh, yes!"

"I have so much to make up to you," Jade whispered in his ear. "Let this be the first night of many, no matter how we look."

And with that, she went down on him.

Hank grunted, moaning more like a woman in heat than a man getting a blowjob. For mere seconds he realised the insanity of staying here and having sex rather than going to a hospital, but then his mind was once more redirected elsewhere. With every lick, suck, and blow upon his member, he swore he could it shrink a little more. The sensation was divine, and he welcomed more of it.

"M-make it g-go away," he groaned. "Ch-change m-me!"

He pulled back, and so did Jade, but only so the pair of them could please one another. He wanted to lick her wet pussy, wanted them to go down on each other at the same time. They reconfigured into a sixty-nine position, and soon they were both whimpering and crying out in bliss. Jade wanted to look more and more beautiful. She wanted a body that was even bustier, younger, more willing to exhibit itself in lingerie and bikinis and all sorts of little tight outfits. And with each shrinkage of his member, Hank's subconscious pulled him towards a reality where he too could be busty and beautiful, his form female, the space between his legs possessing only a warm, wet, feminine slit.

When they both climaxed, first Jade and then Hank not too long after, they clutched each other tightly. The electric pulses not just of their orgasms but of the purple lightning careened through their forms. Both of them saw it: Jade as she drank down the last (the *very last*) of Hank's seed, and Hank as worked his tongue over his wife's clitoris. Their nipples tensed, their breasts expanding subtly but certainly, their bones altering, their heights reducing. It was undeniable that in the throes of their pleasure they were changing in real time. Hank realised the mistake first, his male ego rising back up to the surface.

"N-no!" he whined, voice now undeniably female. "What the h-hell are we doing? I should have been going to the hospital, both of us! Or asking a-about the plane! Ohhhh, God! My cock!"

"I'm ch-changing t-too," Jade whined, body overcome with pleasure as she struggled to disentangle from her lover. "Mhmmm, it f-feels soooo good."

"S-same, but it's - ahh - not right! We need to . . . before . . . ahhhh . . ."

One final climax hit the couple. Hank was reaching for his phone. Work no longer mattered, but getting in a state where he *could* work, that was another matter.

But he never reached it, at least not that night. The pulses of electric purple pleasure were too much, and they quite literally short-circuited his mind. He collapsed into unconsciousness and so did his wife against him.

Both of them knew another set of changes were already sweeping over them. As her mind faded to darkness, Jade began to welcome those changed. So did Hank, but he cursed himself for doing so.

The mysterious temptation, the overriding compulsion to give in to this new reality, it was just too great.

Hank did not wake. Hannah did. She opened her eyes slowly, feeling a strange soreness in her chest, until she realised she'd fallen asleep or rolled during the night onto her chest, and now two rather large fleshy lumps were making that less-than-comfortable. She rose, eyes wide, feeling two wobbling cantaloupes rise with her, attached to her. Part of her.

"Oh my God," she muttered, clutching her bare chest. Her boobs had more than doubled in size during the night. They were easily Double-D's, bigger than most women she'd ever met. She shot a hand down to her crotch and instantly regretted it.

She was a woman there too, her new vagina soft upon its venus mound, its folds obvious - not that she could easily see it from above thanks to the size of her breasts.

"And I'm a woman," she said. "In mind and body. Oh God."

She tried to think of herself as 'Hank,' but 'Hannah' was all that kept coming to mind. She tried to think of herself as a man, but she could only conjure up the memories of having been one. She was no more a man than Jasmine was.

"Jasmine?"

Hannah looked at her still-sleeping wife and saw that the changes had come over her as well. As if just to emphasise this fact, the still-sleeping beauty rolled over onto her back, exposing more of her luscious form. Her breasts were now easily E-cups, big and ripe cantaloupes with gorgeous dark nipples. Her face was easily that of a twenty year old or so. Early twenties at the latest, with her whole life ahead of her. Full, luscious lips and a cute button nose and high cheekbones. It made Hannah feel aroused just to see. She'd always had a high libido as Hank, but now her womanhood was becoming damp in a way that was entirely foreign to her. Her own large nipples stiffened.

"Calm down, calm down."

She investigated herself in the mirror, and found a beautiful woman staring back at her. Her breasts were most definitely double-D's. Not as big as Jasmine's, but certainly larger than most women possessed. Her figure now had a lovely hourglass to it, and like Jasmine she also had a natural tan upon her blemish-free and hair-free skin. Her brown hair was straighter, and it now fell nearly to her shoulders. Her lower lip had become fuller, her nose just a little thinner, and her eyes were younger and larger. She looked to be in her early twenties as well, with the face of a woman who knew she was beautiful and loved it.

"I can't believe this has happened," she said. She ran her hands over her form, cupping her generous breasts and sliding them down her hourglass figure. Even her butt was rather lovely, though not as full as Jasmine's was.

"Maybe I'll get bigger boobs," she said with a grin, until she realised what she had said. She had to bite her lip to stop herself from smiling on accident. "Don't think in that direction, Hannah."

What was even going to become of her life now? How could she even work? Had all of reality changed for her? Hannah moved back to the main ultra suite, part of her still relishing how expansive it was, and quickly found her tablet. It had a pink case now, but she ignored that. She brought up her work emails, desperately trying to see what position she now held in the company or what had changed.

But there were none.

Etgo Services didn't exist anywhere in her history, or her search history, or any other platform or email site she might have used. Instead, she found a different job entirely, based on her bookmarks, her present emails, and her most recent history.

Hannah Tabbot Modelling

She clicked into it, and was suddenly met with literally hundreds of images of herself in her new voluptuous body. Here she was in a tight black bikini, emerging from the pool water just like in her storm-struck dream. There she was in a gorgeous yellow dress and sunglasses, facing the beach as the wind pulled the fabric against her in all the right places. There she was lounging on a bed, with . . .

With Jade. With Jasmine. Who was listed by her maiden name as Jasmine Hanson. They were both in sexy lingerie - Jasmine in red and Hannah in black - and both were posing seductively for the camera while playing a little suggestively with one another. There was a little comment tag on it, left by Hannah herself:

Who would have thought a model shoot with this hot gal would end up with me getting the love of my life? Love you Jasmine!

Hannah sat back, looked over to Jasmine. For all the crazy changes and insanity, for all that she should have been freaking out at this job change, instead she felt nothing but an immense relief. Her horrible, controlling work that she sacrificed everything for was gone. And now, in this new reality, her work was less intensive, more fun, and with the love of her life.

"Maybe . . . maybe this won't be so bad," she said to herself, looking down with a bit of embarrassment at her rather full chest. "Maybe it'll be a change for the better."

The compulsions to accept it weren't even that strong. For once, the woman who had been Hank really did just want to relax and accept what came next.

"We're models?" Jasmine asked, after she had woken and taken in her changes and gotten dressed. Both of them were now women, of course, but Jasmine was surprised to realise how deeply sexy she found the new Hannah. She had never been a lesbian or even bisexual before, but obviously the reality change from the lightning storm had seen fit to change that too, because she couldn't keep her eyes off of her husband-turned-girlfriend's form.

"Not that surprising, is it?" Hannah said. She blushed a little. "I mean, look at us!"

Hannah was in a cute skirt that revealed most of her thighs, and a tight black crop top that plunged low to show off her cleavage. Hank would have been up in arms about this, but for the new woman, it felt like the correct thing to wear, at least with her feminine instincts. Jasmine, on the other hand, was even more daring. She was wearing a white dress that was loose at the hem but tight around her perfect hips and bust. It had a front zipper, which allowed her to make it appear as if her melons were about to fall out at any second. She could barely believe how utterly sexy she now was, or how good that sexiness made her feel. How confident.

"I guess not," she said, smiling a little despite herself. "But - but what do we do, Hannah? I won't complain too much about becoming this way. I feel more beautiful than ever, and more, well, *sexual* too. I look at you and I *want* you, and I *want* to keep our marriage - our relationship now, I guess - spiced up to the max!"

She giggled a bit, her higher voice revealing her reduced age. Hannah giggled too, and it was quite the feminine sound.

"It's like that storm fixed all these parts of me I didn't realise needed fixing, or at least gave me the opportunity to not waste years avoiding intimacy and attractiveness. But you've become a full woman! I mean, you're devastating beautiful, but it's not fair on you! I can still do my art - I looked at my own website and I even have a bigger fanbase now."

Hannah snorted. "Because you draw sexy images of both of us! And also because you draw art backgrounds for your modelling shoots."

"Oh shush! They're still good!"

"They are," Hannah said, kissing her. For a moment both women were lost in that kiss, and the sensation of their firm breasts pressing against one another. Both would have gone further, but Jasmine wanted to finish what she had to say.

"Wait, I really want you, but surely this is just our compulsions? You lost your job, Hannah. You're a female model. A sexy one, as I said, but whereas I've gained everything you've lost it all, including what makes you a man. I'm so sorry."

Hannah nodded a little wanly. Indeed, the loss of her penis, of the very symbol of her masculinity, certainly did bring some sadness to her. But it was much less than expected. Part of that reduction in feeling was no doubt the mental changes, but there was also something freeing in it that was genuine too. She no longer had to play the role of 'the man of the house,' including all the pressure to be the breadwinner that that came with. She no longer had a shitty job she hated, chasing promotions she didn't really want, all to make a better life. She'd seen their new finances and monthly earnings from their modelling, and my God they were impressive! No doubt thanks to her own impressive new globes and gorgeous bod. And last of all, even just talking to Jasmine now, there was an openness. An ability to express herself without shame, without even caring that emotion was welling up on her face.

It presented as tears, flowing down her cheeks. She sobbed a little, and Jasmine, herself becoming teary-eyed in response, flung herself against her former husband, hugging her deeply. She was still slightly shorter, but the comfort she gave was immense.

"Oh, my poor Hannah. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry this happened to you. It isn't fair."

But Hannah managed a laugh through the tears and crying. "No! It's not that at all, Jasmine! I can't believe I'm actually saying this, but I'm happy."

She took her lover's head in her hands and raised it up to her face so that their gazes were only upon one another.

"You're happy?"

She grinned, tears of joy falling down her cheeks. "Call me crazy," she said. "But I am. This is a new start for us. For both of us. We're young again. We're beautiful. We're both very attracted to one another. And we're in Hawaii, and I finally want to have some fun. How could I not be happy with that?"

Jasmine kissed her. Both women raised a foot back in feminine repose as they made out. It was a delightful start.

"Shall we?" Jasmine asked, indicating to the bedroom. "My libido is seriously revving these days. I don't know what was wrong with me before."

"I want to," Hannah said, "but . . ."

Hank's sentence would have closed off there, but Hannah was more in touch with her feelings, less embarrassed by them.

". . . but I'm a little nervous," she said. "Can we take some time to just be our new selves so I can learn the ropes a bit? Then tonight?"

Jasmine kissed her again, reached around to grope her rear. "I love that *I'm* the one impatient for sex now. You've got a deal."

The pair of gorgeous beauties finally got to have a day of pure leisure and bliss, and in a much more expensive and expansive way than either of them planned. They both wore tight bikinis that showed off their forms as they visited the pools and then later on the beach. Both brought their phones, and in Hannah's case a more professional camera, and the pair delighted in taking photos of one another in a variety of cheeky, sexy, and confident poses. They even had a stand they retrieved from their suite so they could get some videos and delayed captures of them together, their busty forms cradling one another as they kissed, or hugged, or simply held each other by the waist and laughed as if they were friends. Hannah realised that her managerial expertise had transferred somewhat; she was not the 'boss' of their respective modelling businesses per se, but she certainly knew the right way to arrange each other, to pose the shots, to composite them well, what lenses to use, and so on. Their business was almost purely online, and even that element of marketing was in her wheelhouse. It was, in many ways, the salvation of her occupation: she was able to use her best skills, but finally in an area that was just so damn *fun*.

So damn fun, in fact, that it didn't really feel like a job at all. The two young women visited a beauty spa that was apparently booked for them that day, and the staff actually

recognised them by name - Hannah and Jasmine - as apparent regulars. Evidently, the now-wealthier pair took quite a few trips to Hawaii. They could both see why: the sensation of being pampered at the resort was wonderful, and Hannah was shocked at how relaxing it all was to lie back with cucumbers over her eyes and coconut-infused cream upon her face, all while specialists attended to her longer nails.

“You know,” she whispered to Jasmine when they were briefly alone to relax. “I think I can get used to being a woman. Even these huge boobs are pretty dang cool.”

Jasmine giggled, then paused. “Is it my imagination, or are my tits a bit bigger than they were this morning?”

She felt them, unable to see them, but the weight change was most certainly there. Hannah raised a slice of cucumber off of her eye and looked down to her magnificent cleavage. Her chest indeed looked fuller. Riper.

“I thought it was just my imagination,” she said, running her hand over her bra and sinking her fingers a little into the flesh of her mammaries. “But yeah. My hair’s longer too - it’s now going past my shoulders.”

“You’re longer than mine!” Jasmine said, chuckling. “How does it feel?”

Hannah’s expression slowly became a wide smile. “I rather think I like it,” she said.

The day continued from there, as did their changes. With their acceptance of their new lives came an acceptance of what their final forms would be. Hannah, much to her own amusement, ended up even bustier than Jasmine by the time they had a romantic dinner together. The pair were both wearing gorgeous two-piece dresses for the warm Hawaiian weather, their makeup and hair immaculately done, their busts looking like they were about to burst free from their chests. Jasmine wasn’t jealous: she rather liked her large E-cups, whereas Hannah’s were easily FF-cups, looking huge and fruitful, though thankfully not *too* huge. Still, she was showing them off, all confident now, and Jasmine was more than happy to counter with her hips and rear, which were exquisite. As the pair ate and drank, chatting and laughing and not arguing once, a tension slowly began to simmer between them. It was difficult not to become aroused just by the sight of each other’s beauty.

They decided to do only the quickest of photoshoots in their dresses before they returned to the bedroom. Their shared lust - especially Jasmine’s half - was unbearable by that point, and Hannah wanted to know what it felt like to be a woman fully.

She found out soon.

The loving new lesbian pair kissed and groped and squeezed and caressed one another. Jasmine sucked on Hannah’s nipples, cupping her divine breasts and even pressing her face between them. It was pure ecstasy for the former man, and it made her pussy soaking wet, a fact that was made all the better when Jasmine began to rub her entrance and slide her thumb over her clitoris. Hannah returned the favour, suckling on

Jasmine's neck, squeezing her sensitive ass, and inserted two of her newly daintified fingers into her entrance, simulating penetration. Both women cried out in pleasure, their voices sweet and ecstatic, as they grow closer to their first shared female climax.

"Ohhhh, yesssss," Hannah moaned. "This is m-much better than as a g-guy!"

"J-just you wait! My body is s-so fucking sensitive! We're going to have m-multiple, Hannah! I just kn-know it!"

"Yessss! Oh God! Ohhhh, God! It f-feels so good! Keep rubbing it! I never want to ch-change back! I want to be Hannah for good! And I w-want you to stay as J-Jasmine!"

"M-me too! Me too! I want - I want - Ohhhhhhhh! Ahhh! MMHMM!!!"

"Yes! YESSSSS!!!"

They orgasmed as one, their bodies shuddering as they held one another. They each managed to stimulate further climaxes in the other, still rubbing their respective partner's g-spots, making each wail in utter ecstasy. It was a storm of its very own, but this time there were no purple sparks or bolts. It was just them, together, and happily so.

It took some minutes for them to settle down, but the good thing about both being women now was that Hannah and Jasmine were happy to provide long and loving aftercare, caressing one another's backs and hair and kissing occasionally. It was pure comfort.

"Do you think we'll change more tomorrow?" Jasmine asked.

Hannah shook her head. "No. We're done."

"Do you think it's for good?"

A nod. "I don't think we're changing back."

"And how do you feel about that, my love?"

Hannah kissed her lover passionately, curling up against her.

"I wouldn't want to change back for the world, my love. This is the life I want now, with you."

Jasmine grinned. "Good, because I'm in the same boat. Speaking of which, why don't we do a yacht photoshoot tomorrow?"

"In tight bikinis? Hell yeah."

"Mhmm, and we could do other things too."

Hannah began to feel her libido return. It had only been fifteen minutes, but she was younger, peppier, and more attracted to her partner than ever.

"Why wait?" she said.

They didn't.

The End