

## Ladies Town (Friends to Lesbian Couple RC TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

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*While on a road trip together, best friends Greg and Tyler have a car breakdown outside the small town of Lesbos. Startled to discover the town is full of beautiful women, they aren't complaining too much when it turns out their car will take a week to be repaired. However, soon they find their minds, gender, and even their races changing to fit the aesthetic of the female-only town, and their feelings towards one another begin to shift too.*

### Ladies Town

Greg Smith and Tyler Hardick tore down the highway in their beaten-up Honda Civic. It was summer, and the sky was spotless and clear, the heat bearing implacably down upon them. With the windows partly down and eighties hit singles playing, it was like something out of a classic movie, right down to the best friends singing along happily to *Queen* as they kicked up the dust. They were heading south, and had been for a good few hours. The pair were in their early thirties, and finally fulfilling a long ago promise to each other to tour each of the fifty states in a gigantic road trip.

"We're actually doing it," Greg said, smacking the dashboard gleefully. "We're finally taking our trip!"

"You can stop acting surprised, man," Tyler replied with a smirk, keeping his eyes on the road. His shades were aviators, and he was the image of cool as he drove along the mostly empty highway. Even driving, he kept his lucky baseball cap on. "We've already hit a dozen states, after all."

Greg flushed a little with embarrassment. "Yeah, but we never thought it would happen. Too expensive, too little time, too hard to organise. And now we're finally pulling the trigger!"

"Pulled the trigger, past tense."

"But it's so exciting! I still feel nervous sometimes!"

Tyler looked at his best friend, a little amused. "Well, it'll be good getting you out of your shell, and me out of the damn office. But you're right, we are doing it. And all it took was us losing our jobs, ha!"

They laughed, and Greg cracked a cold one. Whoever wasn't driving was allowed a little bit of drink until they swapped, though nothing to make their own spot in the driver's seat too dangerous. It did keep the fun up, however, particularly in the cutting heat of Nevada. They'd already hit twelve states, and this was their next. Las Vegas was obviously

going to be the epicentre of their travel, and they'd allocated three nights to spend there. They couldn't 'spend' all that much though; the pair were software engineers who'd been laid off at their separate companies pretty much around the same time.

The two had been friends since high school. Greg was the shyer of the pair, though you wouldn't think it to look at him. He was broad-shouldered and big around the belly, and had simply buzz cut brown hair to avoid dealing with it. He had the pasty white skin of a nerd though, and he would be the first to admit it. He had always wanted to do software design for video games since he was such a big fan of them, but the only jobs he'd found were in website development for retail companies. It wasn't too bad, and it was a nice space to work in sometimes, particularly since he could occasionally work from home which was his preference. He didn't like large crowds, and it was his one hesitation about the trip: Tyler had assured him that they would not be hitting too many major cities and instead find some 'tucked away' spots.

Not that all of them could be avoided, and it would be fair either: Tyler loved a good crowd when it suited him. He wasn't a major extravert, but just by looking at him you could tell this was a man who was often out and about and frequently outdoors. He had suntanned skin and dirty blonde hair that was short and curled, giving him the appearance of being a surfer. He was certainly tall and a little lanky, and added to the appearance with his love of flannel shirts, cargo shorts, and sandals. He had been the one that had dragged Greg out of his shell back in high school, and the one that had first come up with the idea that if life ever got too busy or shit or - heaven forbid - they drifted apart, that they should finally take a massive road trip across the US of A in order to recapture their youth.

They'd never truly imagined they would do it, at least as they got older, but with them both being laid off along with hundreds of fellow workers, and both having saved enough to survive in the meantime while they applied for other work, what better time was there? Greg had taken some convincing, but as Tyler was well aware, the other man always came to enjoy himself, once the proverbial horse was finally dragged to water. Even if he almost always had some little hesitations, some of which he was voicing at that very second.

"Do we really need to stay three nights in Vegas, though?"

"Of course we do, man! I doubt we'll be heading there again, and besides, we got a great deal at the hotel! Not too expensive but not too shabby either. And there's so much to see!"

"I just don't want to gamble everything away."

"Dude, you don't gamble at all. Besides, there's way more than just hitting the tables and the slots. There's pools and parks and theatres and crazy entertainment and shows. And, of course, some hot girls, am I right?"

Greg blushed. He hadn't had a girlfriend in well over two years, despite his attempts to be a bit more social and find one. Tyler knew this, and while the latter was far more interested in flings than relationships, he was more than happy to play wingman for his bestie.

"I think they might be a little out of my league," Greg said. "And not likely to come back with us."

"Bah! Think of it as practice. You strike out, at least you improved your technique, right? And anyway, stop thinking about long-term relationships and just try to enjoy some one-night stands. It'll build your confidence."

"If you say so, Tyler."

The man grinned. "I am! I'm telling you, man! Soon we'll be at Vegas, and everything will be alright. The next leg of our tour is going to be ace!"

He just had to jinx it, of course, because at that very moment the engine began to smoke, and a series of red lights flashed across the dash.

"Shit," Tyler said. "I'll have to find a place to pull over. This better not be a big issue!"

The smoke turned black.

"I think it's a big issue," Greg said.

Luckily, there looked to be an off road that led to a small town nearby, the only one around for miles and miles and miles. The sign said it was called *Lesbos*.

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The poor Civic barely had enough energy in it to make it into town. Greg was forced into the position of constantly wiping the windshield with a dirty rag because the wipers were shot. Tyler was sticking his head out of the window just to try and see, and every so often the engine made a loud *BLAM* sound, like a gun firing off. It frightened some of the women on the streets, and there were no male partners nearby to calm them, from what it seemed. Tyler cringed.

"Sorry!" he shouted, continuing to ease on the accelerator in the hopes that the car could make it through to the centre of town. This *Lesbos* was not a big place, probably a community of just a few thousand or so, but it was evidently developed enough to have a town centre with numerous shops and the like, even a surprisingly green park. In fact, for a place in Nevada, it sure had a lot of greenery, from the vibrant green lawns to the many trees lining the streets. The buildings were also fascinating; it must have been a rich little holiday town or something, because they all appeared to be Greco-Roman in style, with impressive marble columns and formal stone steps and solid, semi-triangular ceilings from which numerous bas-reliefs and other statue outlines were carved.

“This place is amazing,” Greg said, before choking on some fumes.

“Yeah, let’s get the car fixed first before we play architect,” Tyler said. “This isn’t an expensive car, but that doesn’t mean I want to lose it! We’re only a dozen states in!”

They ambled forward, and by the time they reached what had to be the only car repair place in town, Greg was literally holding the passenger door seat open and helping push the ailing Civic onwards to its final destination. Though hopefully not its *final* destination, despite the sheer amount of steam and smog and smoke escaping from the bonnet. Tyler had to keep restarting the engine, which was screeching like some ancient and terrifying beast ready to erupt from the metalwork. More than one woman passerby had looked at them in astonishment, before having to cough themselves. It was, Tyler reflected, a real embarrassment for the pair of them. They’d seen some real hot ladies living in Lesbos already, and having a total shitbox of a car would kill any potential attraction. Word travelled fast in small places like this. At least they hadn’t seen any men yet. Dudes would find it hilarious and worthy of mockery, especially if they were all manly and survivalist types like these backwater towns often bred.

“Hopefully the mechanic isn’t some six foot asshole looking to fuck us over,” Tyler muttered as he pulled the car to a stop by the autoshop. “I can’t stand these small town macho dickwads who shove their big burly chests around like they’re hot shit because they’re dealing with some city boys. Probably got a beer gut a mile long.”

Greg didn’t reply for a moment, then he reached over and tapped Tyler on the shoulder. “Um, I don’t think you have to worry about that, buddy.”

He pointed beyond the windshield, but Tyler couldn’t see through it. He opened the car door and stepped out, only to blink several times and recompose himself. Greg was right; he didn’t have to worry about some big burly wannabe macho man talking down to him, because the mechanic approaching him, half-covered in grease and looking all the more strangely attractive for it, was one of the hottest ladies he’d ever seen. She had to be in her early thirties, just like him, and her skin was golden-tanned from the sun. Her blonde hair had grease and oil in it, and the same was true of her left cheek, which was cherubic round. She grinned as she approached them, her wide hips swinging wide. Even wearing coveralls, her figure looked damn fine. She was the sexiest damn grease monkey Tyler could imagine, and delightfully short at that. She beamed a pearly white smile their way as she approached.

“Well, I’d say you two were in the right place!”

Tyler scratched the back of his head. For the first time in a while, he was on the backfoot in a conversation. “Huh, yeah, you’re not wrong. The engine just blew while we were travelling on to Vegas.”

“Yeah, I don’t need you to tell me that. It looks like you’ve blown more than just a gasket, and I haven’t even seen the engine yet. You two are out of towners, yeah? Where are you from?”

“Washington,” they replied at once.

“I’m Tyler. Tyler Hardick.”

“I’m Greg. Greg Smith.”

She stuck out the cleaner of her two hands. “Abigail Eastman, though most folks round here just call me Abby, so you can call me that too.” She had a delightful twang to her accent that made Greg want to fall in love with her. He was practically there already, though his shyness made it hard to comment on it. “I’m guessing you want me to check this out?”

“If you can,” Tyler said. “I don’t know if the lead mechanic is out but-”

She crossed her arms and gave him *The Look*, one that was tinged with judgement as much as smug triumph. “I *am* the lead mechanic, young man.”

“Oh. Uh, jeez. Sorry. I’m just used to being serviced by a male mechanic, I guess.”

Her smirk widened. “You really are new to this place, aren’t you?”

He gave a nervous chuckle. “What gave it away?”

“You’ll see,” she said cryptically, before turning her attention to the car. “I can get it fixed up, alright. Not the first Civic I’ve worked with. It’ll take a while, though. Are you happy to give me a contact number while I look at it?”

Tyler was crestfallen. “It can’t be fixed right now?”

She shook her head. “Buddy, this could be a several-day job, and besides I can’t kick you to the front of the queue. If you need a place to stay I can drive ya’ll to the *Greek Lodge*, or you could just walk there. It’s the hotel here. The only one. It’s only two blocks up and one to the left from Main Street.”

Greg spoke up, sensing Tyler’s bad mood. “I think we’ll walk, but thanks for the offer, Abby.” He gave her his phone number, and walked with her to the autorepair shop’s office so he could pass on any additional details for her to record, while Tyler stewed on the smoking wreck of the engine.

“You know, ya’ll are the first men I’ve served here in quite a while,” Abby said nonchalantly. “Makes for a nice change of pace. Of course, there’s plenty of change to be had in Lesbos. You know the meaning of the word, right?”

Greg blushed a little. “I must admit, my thoughts just went to the obvious.”

“And you’d be right,” she said, chuckling as she wiped her hands on a grease rag before grabbing a pen to write down his details. “The town is founded by women of a certain . . . persuasion. But you know the other meaning of the word, right?”

Greg wracked his brains, thinking back to his time in geography class. “It’s a Greek island too, right?”

She beamed. “Yep, nicely done! In fact, the island’s name came first. Had certain . . . practices among the women where we derive the word ‘lesbian’ from. Funny how most people don’t know that. But it was women from Lesbos that founded this town nearly two hundred years ago.”

Greg put two and two together. “So that’s why there’s so much Greek-looking architecture.”

“Exactly! We like to pay ode to our history here, and you may see that reflected in the demographics. Hell, sometimes we even get new people just drifting on in, and if their energy is right for this place, they even stick around.”

Greg smiled. It really was a nice looking town from what little he’d seen so far. “Well, I’m afraid we can only stay as long as the repairs, but if there’s any places you recommend we visit, it’ll be part of our road trip memories.”

To his surprise, she grabbed a piece of paper and wrote down several locations, then ripped it off and handed it to him. He read through the first few.

*Meg’s Diner*

*Persephone’s Pizza*

*Lesbos Park (go at night, it’s lovely)*

*The Olympian Walks (ironic, it’s mostly flatland)*

*Ice Cream Cora*

*Starsight Cinema*

“Wow, I guess there’s a bit to see.”

“And always more, even if you’ve lived here a while like me,” she said. “I’ll keep in contact and get to work on your car as soon as possible. Trust me, I do good work and I don’t overcharge like city folk. You and your friend Tyler go find some distraction. Remember, the Greek Lodge is your best bet since you’ll be likely staying overnight.”

Greg thanked her again and left. It had been hard not to be struck by Abby’s beauty while talking to her, but her brief foray into the town’s history had kept him nicely distracted, particularly since he wasn’t very attractive back, nor too good at talking to women. Tyler, who would have normally leapt at the opportunity to chat up a girl like her, was in too foul of a mood. He was still frowning at the car. Abigail was already shifting her tow equipment to drag it into the service bay.

“This is some bullshit,” he muttered, adjusting his baseball cap.

“I mean, it’s just a little delay of a few days,” Greg offered.

“We’ll lose our bookings in Vegas. Goddamnit, we were so close. Not to mention that this cuts down our time in other states. We had a plan.”

Greg chuckled.

“What?”

“Sorry, it’s just that usually *I’m* the one fretting over these things. You’re the one who plays it all cool and goes with the flow.”

Tyler sighed. “You’re right. Man, you’re right. I need to touch grass. Let’s go check out the neighbourhood and hit this Greek Lodge. Hopefully there’s some nice eateries around here.”

“Well, you’re in luck my man, because Abby just gave me some cheat codes to the best places in town.”

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As they made their way to the Greek Lodge, the two young men began to notice more and more something quite strange about the town. It was idyllic, social, and borderline bustling in areas. It radiated colour and kindness, and it was clear that the townspeople loved being here purely from the way they walked and talked and acted around them. All of this would feel almost a little bit too much already, but that was just the tip of the iceberg.

Everyone they saw was female.

Every. Single. One.

“It’s not just me, right?” Tyler asked. “There’s a lot of chicks here. Hot ones, too.”

“Yeah,” Greg said, smiling at a passing lesbian couple in their twenties, who could well have been a pair of gorgeous models in any city. “I’m trying not to look.”

“Dude, you can’t *not* look. Seriously, the demographics of this place are wild. I’ve never seen so many hot girls in one place, let alone without any dudes. And I swear half of them are lesbians, if not more. I guess that Abby wasn’t shitting you about the history of this place when she told you, because oh my God.”

Indeed, the people of the town seemed all uniformly beautiful women of varying ages. The oldest members they could spot seemed to be only in their early fifties, and even then they had attractive maternal looks, slender bodies with pert breasts and colourful sundresses to match their stylish hair. Even the pregnant women were gorgeous, and while there were plenty of kids around too, they were all girls as well, and damn cute at that, running around and giggling ahead of their mothers.

“Seriously, even the oldies are total MILFs,” Tyler said with a low whistle. “Or GILFs, I don’t know. It’s hard to read their ages given they all look like they used to be Miss Universe.”

It was a vibrantly multicultural town too, to judge from the different races of women and their styles of clothing too. There were busty blonde beauties and curvaceous black

women and petite Asian supermodels and confident latinas with wide hips and so on and so forth, and with numerous combinations that defied stereotype as often as they conformed to it. Tyler was certain he even spotted a few Native American women. Some were jogging in rather full sports bras, others wore cute sundresses, and some were in swimwear on the way to the pool. And just as the two men found it hard not to stare at the veritable parade of nubile women all around them, they too got the sense they were being watched.

“You’d think they hadn’t seen a man before,” Tyler whispered. “Seriously, maybe this is a horror movie? Like a reverse Stepford’s Wives or something.”

Greg shrugged. “Abby did say it had been a while since she’d taken a male customer. I guess this place really is mostly female.”

“Mostly? You tell me when you see another man, and that will make it ‘mostly’ instead of ‘all.’ But hey, I’m not complaining. Maybe we’ll both end up getting very, very lucky in the end!”

Greg noted the many women couples who were holding hands, or kissing, or simply acting close in a way that even the closest of female friends didn’t quite approach.

“Maybe,” he said, though he wasn’t too sure. “Look, we’re here.”

They’d reached the Greek Lodge. True to its name, it was in the style of some temple from Ancient Greece like the Parthenon, only smaller and with less actual marble and stone. Still, it was an impressive building for a small town like this, and the sign indicated that there were multiple free rooms, which was a good sign. The pair entered.

“Well hi there!” the woman at the counter said. “I’d heard there were two men in town, and I nearly rushed out to see! But I suppose you two have come to me instead! How can I help you fine folk?”

She was an older woman, perhaps in her forties, with a distinctly Mediterranean look. Greek, even, which would be appropriate. She had long curly black hair and a long aquiline nose, and perfect olive skin that was practically without blemish. Another beauty in a town full of them, and yet unique all the same.

“Um, hey,” Tyler said. “We’re looking to get a room for a few days, if possible.”

“How many days?”

“We’re not sure. Our car broke down. We’re doing a road trip of all fifty states.”

She whistled. “Damn, that is impressive. Well, we’ve got rooms free, and we can sort out full payment once you leave. I’ll just need your details and a small deposit, and you can have a place to stay at the Greek Lodge.”

The woman, whose name was Alene, walked them through when breakfast was available (self-serve) and various other services the hotel ran. She was a cheerful one, clearly happy for new customers, though she kept inquiring how they ‘felt’, or if they were getting a ‘particular aura yet’, to which the two men could only assume she was a bit of a



New Age type who was into that sort of thing. Still, they paid the deposit - Vegas would have to be cheaper on the wallets, it seemed - and went to their rooms, which were not all that bad. The Greek theme was a little hokey but fun, and they both had double beds, which would be lovely after some of the smaller places they'd stayed out. Not to mention their rooms were on the second floor and had a good view of the nearby park. They settled their gear, took respective showers to wash away the stink of the engine smog, and got changes. The laundry service was free, which was damn good in Greg's eyes.

"Well, nothing to do but hit the town and get a cold one to soothe us over," Tyler said.

Greg agreed. In fact, he felt pretty good about it.

Almost like he had a nice aura.

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For the rest of the day, the pair explored the town and hit up several of the locations. Meg's Diner was also Greek-themed, and the woman who ran it - Megara was her full name - was a gorgeous Greek as well, with a pair of childbearing hips that Tyler and Greg alike found it hard not to stare at. Tyler even flirted with her for a bit until she laughed and confirmed that the other server - a raven-haired beauty who filled out the front of her uniform nicely - was her wife, Riley. Once again, Tyler had struck out, though he took it in good humour.

"It's like the ultimate Twilight Zone episode," he said as they tucked into their pancakes and waffles. "We're trapped in a town of unbelievably gorgeous women, but they're all lesbians."

"I guess we'll just have to turn into lesbians to match," Greg said.

Tyler looked at him. "What was that?"

Greg blinked. "I'm . . . not sure. Sorry, I don't know what came over me. I just sort of . . . said that."

"Well, while I'm sure you'd make a good lesbian, Greg, I think I'll stick with being a man. There's gotta be at least one hot chick who's into dudes here. At least a bisexual."

But if there was, they didn't find one over the remainder of the day. They met plenty of lovely women, many of them curious at the fact that two male visitors were in their town, but even when they hit a bar later that night, it was clearly 'Ladies' Night', as it would likely be every night. Greg was fascinated in a sociological sense. It was like something out of a comicbook. Tyler was less enthusiastic. But both men couldn't deny a strange pull to the town, either. Perhaps it was the alcohol, or the sight of so many lovely women out of reach of their sexual orientation, but there was something about the town of Lesbos that stuck in their minds as they walked back to the Greek Lodge. Greg was the first to voice it.

"Tyler, do you feel kind of . . . nice here?"

“Nice being in a town of women I can’t even chat up?”

“Yeah,” Greg continued. “I can’t explain it. It just feels sorta . . . nice. Like, maybe I’m just not a big crowd guy, so these small places appeal to me. But I’m kind of looking forward to sticking around for a few days.”

Tyler considered this. Despite his frustrations, he couldn’t disagree with his friend. Lesbos was idyllic, and far more beautiful than his own Washington home. The weather was hot without being scorching, and there was a closeness to the people he continued to observe that had been missing in city life, especially in an environment where he’d been fired like he was just another number on a spreadsheet.

“Yeah, you’re not wrong there, actually. I guess I just need to stop being such a bummer. This place is really nice.” He yawned. “Man, I’m more tired than usual. It’s been a long day.”

Greg yawned too. “I’m wrecked as well. Jeez, what time is it?”

“It’s only nine. Dude, we are weak.”

They shared a laugh and headed back to their rooms. Both waved a quick goodnight to each other and went to bed. In fact, they were so deeply tired that they barely managed to get their clothes off before they flopped into their beds. Greg groaned a little as he settled himself.

“Damn nips are sore,” he muttered, before wincing. “Waist too. And shoulders. Guess I pushed myself a bit hard cleaning the car while we drove in. Hmm.”

He went to sleep, those strange sensations continuing to creep over him, all while Tyler was experiencing the same in the room next door.

“Hope I didn’t breathe in fumes or s-something,” he managed to say, twisting a little in bed as he tried to settle. “F-feels like I’ve got pressures all over me.”

He went to sleep soon, as did Greg, but both of them writhed a little, experiencing strange dreams as their bodies were seemingly massaged by ghostly hands. But then how could they not be a little uncomfortable?

Their auras were starting to change.

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After an odd night of sleep, during which he’d dreamed of a hot Middle Eastern woman with blonde-dyed hair, Greg woke feeling *fantastic*. He shot out of bed, and that should have been the first clue that something was a little off. After all, Greg wasn’t exactly a small guy; he had a large stomach and weighed two hundred and seven pounds at last check. Now, however, his belly had slimmed dramatically and impossibly overnight. He still looked like he enjoyed a good beer from time to time, but he no longer looked obese. He stretched,

yawning, his jaw cracking a little as it finalised a slightly new configuration; a softer, more rounded one.

“God, that was a nice dream,” he said to himself. “And not even a sexy one. It almost felt like I *was* that woman.”

It hadn't been all that bad. More than once Greg had imagined what it would be like to be a woman, to the point where he was even partly curious over the experience, more so than the average man. He didn't like to linger his thoughts on it usually, but he allowed himself to think on what it was like to walk with swaying hips and bobbing breasts for a moment as he moved to the bathroom. Once there, he paused, his mind catching up to the odd changes that had occurred to his body.

“Wait . . . hang on a minute. That's . . . that's not possible!”

He gripped his stomach. It was still flabby, but not nearly as much as it had been the previous night. His limbs were thinner too, and his face looked less doughy as well. Perhaps it was just his imagination as well, but his face had smoothed further, his lips even looking a bit more full. There was a fresh glint to his hair that hadn't been there the previous night, and this was despite the full night of tossing and turning in strange dreams.

“Am I still dreaming?” he asked aloud, and he took a moment to clutch his throat. “It has to be. Even my voice is different.”

It was higher. lighter. But then, that made sense, didn't it? He *felt* lighter; practically buoyant! Despite the strangeness of what had occurred, he couldn't help but smile. It was like a cloud had passed over his mind, making it hard to be alarmed over these sudden changes. All he could think about was how much better he looked and felt.

“This place really is a miracle,” he said, before slipping into the shower.

He didn't even notice that his penis was noticeably smaller.

Meanwhile, Tyler had also experienced some changes to his body, and his were also quite surprising. His chest still felt sore, and his hips even more sore, along with his rear. He had not dreamed of a Middle Eastern woman, but rather a party-going latina with copper-dyed hair that fell wildly around her shoulders, and lipstick upon her full lips that made her look like she was just dying to be kissed. Similarly to Greg, at times the dream had blended: Tyler had gone from interacting with this attractive woman to actually *being* her, and the weird part was that the 'being her' part felt even better than the first bit. He had felt every sway of her sumptuous hips, every bob of her breasts, and the way her body was shown off by the tight outfits she wore. He'd even talked in a different accent, though he couldn't quite remember what it had been as he pulled himself out of bed.

“What a strange, yet awesome dream,” he said. Except then he paused, because his voice sounded off. Higher. Lilted. In fact, several parts of him seemed quite off. He looked down at his naked form - Tyler always slept naked - and alarms bells began to ring in his

head. Something was deeply wrong: his tan had become slightly darker overnight, and his nipples were enlarged. He seemed shorter too, no longer as lanky. He bit his lip, trying to figure out what visual illusion he was seeing, but even the lip felt different; fuller, somehow.

“I gotta check this out. Bed bugs or something? That weird booze from last night?”

He moved to the mirror in the bathroom, and much like his best friend he was confronted with a series of unnatural changes. But whereas Greg had lost weight around his middle, the spindly Tyler seemed to have thickened, at least around the waist. Or perhaps his reduced height had simply made him look less like he'd been stretched like taffy.

“The fuck? I'm meant to be five-eleven! Practically six feet! What happened?”

The question was not just about his height, but about his face and hair as well. A prominent pair of freckles had disappeared from his right cheek, as well as an even larger one on his neck. His lips had indeed become a little bigger, and his nose a little longer; aquiline, even. His hair had grown further, annoying him with how it sat against his forehead. And that wasn't even getting into how sensitive his nipples were. He was trying not to touch them, despite how stiff and weirdly large they were.

“Why aren't I freaking out?” he asked himself. “I should be freaking out right now, but I'm not! I'm not even freaking out about how much I should be freaking out!”

A fog descended upon his mind, making it hard to panic. He knew, intellectually, that these changes were unnatural and wrong, and more than enough cause for concern. But just like with the vivid and wonderful dream, there was a kind of strange release, a catharsis even, to the changes.

“I kind of look a bit cuter,” he said. Tyler was often one to pose in front of the mirror, and he did so now, appreciating the way his body was less lanky, and even how his now-olive skin worked even better for his looks. “I should see Greg. I think he'll want to see this. After I've had a shower, of course. These damn nipples need some cold water.”

Of course, he had a hot shower instead. A *very* hot shower. He touched them more than a few times and moaned with a delight that was almost feminine. Not that he really thought of it that way.

The magic of the town Lesbos made it so he couldn't. Not yet, at least.

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The two men looked at each other.

“Greg?”

“Tyler?”

“You look . . . different. Thinner!”

"It's me," Greg insisted, trying not to smile too brightly. "I swear. I woke up like this. It's the same with my skin. It's like I've had a tan, even though this road trip has been the most I've been outside in ages. You look shorter!"

"I am," Tyler said, blushing a little. "My face is different too, I think. It's changed, right?"

Greg narrowed his eyes. "Yeah, it is different. I mean, I think it's different. I should be able to tell, right? Maybe your lips?"

"Yeah, maybe it's just that."

They had both met in the hall of the Greek Lodge, having emerged from their showers and gotten dressed only to rush out and see one another. In the act they had nearly collided, and for a moment hadn't even recognised the other.

"What's happening to us?" Tyler asked. "This shit is really freaky, I had a strange dream about being a lady. It was kinda hot."

"Same!" replied Greg, his voice still in that higher pitch. "It was kind of nice. Really nice, actually. Like being home."

"Yes! Exactly that! I felt really hot. I - I can't remember what kind of lady I was, though. But maybe - oh shit, is this place changing us into ladies?"

Greg's eyes widened. It wasn't often that Tyler made the intuitive leap, but it made sense. They both looked and sounded more feminine, and judging from their shirts they both had swollen nipples denting against the material. And the dreams . . .

"Shit."

"Shit."

"That - that can't be. The science doesn't make sense. Trust me, I took a minor in biology, and there's nothing that could do this."

Tyler gestured to his lost height. "But look, I literally lost two inches in height, dude! I'm five-nine now. But somehow the weirdest thing is that I can't freak out about it."

Greg took a deep breath. "You're right, I can't either. I mean, I wanted to lose weight, but not in some magical way. It's like something is preventing us from-"

He never finished the sentence, because at that moment the two changing men experienced a wave of dizziness. It hit them like nausea, and they both had to hold the hallway wall to stop themselves from falling over. When it passed, the two of them took a moment to recover.

"Sorry, just felt a bit weird," Greg said.

"Me too. What were we talking about?"

"No idea, sorry. I think we were going to see some of the sights of Lesbos and find out how long the car repair would take?"

Tyler snapped his fingers. "That's right! Let's get to it, partner, right after we've had breakfast. I'm really famished.

"Me too!"

They headed down to have breakfast in the hotel, neither seeing anything odd in their changes. Greg smirked a little at his raised nipples, and Tyler appreciated his shorter, cuter height, but neither were able to dwell too deeply on these changes. They had occurred, and they were aware that they had occurred, but a mental block had been placed that made it all but impossible to see them as anything other than natural.

"I wonder if we'll change more?" Greg idly asked.

"Who knows? It's just a weird transformation thing," Tyler noted. "No use thinking about it. Might as well see how it goes."

Greg beamed. It sounded like a plan.

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Abby was covered in grease once more, and still looking damn cute because of it. She was serving another female customer - a hot brunette in denim shorts and a tied flannel shirt - but after dealing with her she smiled as the two men approached. But the smile faded a little as she noticed something about them, at which point it regrew even bigger than before.

"Well, well," she said. "Looks like you two have undergone a bit of change, then?"

Greg cocked his head in confusion. "Sorry?"

She giggled. "That's right, I forget how it is. The whole memory thing. Don't worry, it'll resolve itself by the end. For now, it'll all seem normal. Good to see you've lost weight though, Greg."

Greg looked down at his flatter stomach. In fact, it looked even smaller than it had since he woke up. Less like a beer belly and more like some slight pudge, now. He smiled. What a wonderful change! He didn't even question how it could have happened.

"Yeah, it feels great!" he announced. "And Tyler is shorter now."

Tyler blushed. He felt like he should be embarrassed about that fact, despite the fact that he too was pretty happy to be smaller.

"Just two inches shorter," he said.

"Still plenty of time to lose another inch," Abby said. "Because with that good news - and I *do* think it's good news, since ya'll have some amazing auras that would fit right in here - there's also some bad news. Could be good though, if you're enjoying our little town of Lesbos already."

Greg cringed. "The car repair?"

“Gonna take at least a week. I’m afraid that, unless you want to get a hire car - doubtful, given you’re doing a big tour - or willing to buy another one, you’re going to be enjoying a stay at the Greek Lodge a while longer.”

Tyler frowned. He was frustrated, though not as much as he thought he would be. “I guess . . . Vegas can wait. It’s not like this place doesn’t have its entertainment.”

“That’s the spirit, honey!” Abby said, giving him a soft punch on the arm. “Besides you may find you want to stick around even longer when you’re done.”

“Ha! This is a fine place, but I doubt that.”

“Who knows? Greg here is already looking better, and you’re looking cuter too. Lesbos has a way of figuring out who would be welcome into its fold, and what shape would best suit them. But this is probably just gibberish to you right now, isn’t it?”

Tyler smirked and nodded. Greg experienced a twinge of understanding, like a little ray of light that seemed to illuminate what was going on; something magical, something transformative that he should be a lot more concerned with.

But then it was gone. Abby bid them goodbye, and reminded the pair of the many sights they could experience and people they could meet in Lesbos.

“I guess we just explore the town then?” Tyler asked. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Greg said idly scratching his chest. It was a little sore again. “I just had a moment where I thought of something important. But it can’t be that important, right?”

“Probably just a trauma flashback to our old coding jobs,” Tyler remarked. He adjusted his baseball cap, though his hair had grown long enough to be seen out from under its hem. “Let’s do some touring, sister.”

Greg frowned. “Sister?”

“Sorry, I wasn’t thinking. Let’s do some touring, buddy.”

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Greg and Tyler decided to do a walk of the town. Ordinarily, Greg wouldn’t be up for such a thing, but with his reduced weight he was feeling a lot more fit, and was even finding himself eager for the prospect.

“I don’t know, man, I’ve just got way more energy than I remember having in years!” he declared.

“That’s called getting outdoors, nerd,” Tyler teased, ribbing his friend. “It’s invigorating, isn’t it?”

“I’m starting to appreciate it, yeah. You used to always invite me out on walks like this, remember?”

Tyler grinned. “And you always turned them down. ‘Too much effort.’ Man, there are some great hikes around Washington though. You really missed out.”

“Well, maybe when we get back and are job-searching, I should start joining you, especially since I’m losing weight! Do you think I’m losing more right now?”

He gestured to his stomach, and Tyler observed him for a moment.

“Definitely. That’ll be a big help for walking. You know what isn’t? Losing your long stride! I swear I’ve lost another inch of height.”

“I think you have. It’s pretty weird, huh?”

“Super weird.”

“But, like, kinda okay. I can’t explain it, but it sort of feels right.”

Tyler nodded as they continued to walk. “I know exactly what you mean, sister. I mean, brother. I feel super-energised. It almost makes me want to change a little more, though I can’t say how. Hey, at least we both got a bit more of a tan to handle the hot Nevada sun, right?”

Greg agreed, particularly as he looked around the trail they were taking. The Olympian Walks were indeed mostly flatland, but the nature was indeed gorgeous. It was spartan in places, with orange-hue desert, but occasionally there was a burst of bright greenery or expanse of rocky hills to break it up. It contrasted with the colourful life of the town, and not in a bad way. The place felt old. Timeless. There was a magic in the air it seemed, and perhaps there genuinely was, because by the time both of them had returned, having only done part of the walk, they were both experiencing those odd pressures, the same ones that had been a prelude to changes the previous day.

“Man, I could do with a cold one,” Tyler said, voice just a little softer than it had been a few hours ago. “You up for going a bar or something?”

Greg got out the list of locations that Abby had given him. “How about Megara’s Diner?” he suggested. “We could meet some of the people around town.”

Tyler clasped his friend on the shoulder. “Look at you! First you’re enjoying the outdoors, and now you actually *want* to meet new faces and be social.”

Greg blushed, though it was less evident now that his pigmentation had turned a little olive. “What can I say? Maybe Lesbos is changing me.”

“It’s changing us both!” Tyler said, “because I’m feeling like hitting the dance floor. And that is *one* thing I was never good at!”

The two friends shared a laugh, and rather oddly placed a hand around each other’s waists for a moment as they walked together, looking a lot closer than simply two ‘friends.’ They held the pose for some time until it naturally fell away. Neither thought it was odd, and neither were able to dwell long on the fact that they were changing. It was difficult to think directly about, and when either managed, it just felt . . . normal.



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Both Tyler and Greg liked Megara instantly, and she liked them too from what it seemed. Like the rest of the town's denizens, she was not only female but an absolute bombshell. She had long brunette hair done up in a classical style, and her outfit was a kind of modernised Greco-Roman toga that doubled as a diner server's costume. Given that her diner was appropriately Ancient Greek theme, it suited her, but the pair of men couldn't help but be transfixed by her beauty, and her rather prominent bust. Her *very* prominent bust.

"Yeah, yeah, keep on staring!" she joked as she came on over to see if they were ready to order some food. "I don't just wear this outfit because it fits the décor. I know I look good on it!"

"Damn right you do!" Tyler said. "You are really working that, girl."

He blinked. Since when did he say 'girl' when referring to women, like he was part of the sisterhood? Hell, since when did he intone it like that at all?

But Megara took this with a broad smile, and deliberately posed like she was a pinup model. Several other female customers bit their lips just looking at her; Greg got the sense she was still single, and the many other lesbians in this town were drooling at the prospect of dating her.

"I like a man with confidence!" she declared, and for a moment Tyler was excited. "But I like a confident woman even more, ha! Still, it's good to see a pair of men in Lesbos, it's been too long! Are you two going to be staying with us?"

"We're at the Greek Lodge," Greg said. "But we won't be here longer than five days. Abby at the autorepair shop is fixing up our busted engine."

Megara sighed, and her magnificent chest rose and fell, threatening to burst open her toga. Or stola. Somehow the boys both knew it was a stola. "That's a real shame! The town grows slow, being all women. There's magic in the air that works around that, of course, but we can't exactly breed like rabbits, you know? So it's always nice when outsiders put down roots, even if there's a . . . change, involved." Her eyes narrowed. "Mind, you two look like you've had a bit of a change lately. Anything odd in the air for you nice fellas lately?"

"Well, I lost a lot of weight last night," Greg admitted, patting his now-flat belly. "That's meant to be pretty strange, isn't it?"

"And I've gotten shorter and tanner. My voice is higher too," Tyler said. "But I think it's just the air here or something."

"The air," Megara said, tapping her pencil against her luscious lips. "Sure. Definitely the air. Well, speaking as someone who also put down roots a few years back, and had some equally big changes, I'll wish you the best of luck with it. A week can be a long time. In

the meantime, let's get you both some meals and some drinks. What's on your mind for the menu?"

Both Tyler and Greg felt like something out of the ordinary. Quite out of the ordinary, in fact: *The Lovers' Basket*. It had a sumptuous array of shared meats on a hot slab as well as various sides to exchange. It came with cosmopolitan cocktails, which was far too girly for Tyler usually, and Greg only liked them in private.

"Well, well," Megara said, leaning over Tyler and distracting him with her chest. It made him go a little hard under the table, but also feel strangely jealous. His own chest grew imperceptible just in response, his nipples swelling also. "It looks like you two have ordered a romantic couple's menu! Are you sure?"

Greg stammered. "Oh, um, I didn't, like, realise."

"It has hearts, honey. And it comes with a shared platter. With heart-chocolate desserts."

He looked to Tyler for guidance. He *really* felt like this menu. To his surprise, Tyler just shrugged. "We both just feel like it. We can eat it in a non-romantic way – we're just friends, after all."

"Just friends, right. Well, I'll get it right to you. You can have some nice *friendly* moments together in this dark, romantic corner."

It was teasing, and it left Tyler a bit annoyed. "She's teasing us," he said. "It doesn't mean anything."

"Dude, I know."

"This whole place is weird."

"Yeah."

"She has magnificent tits, though."

"Oh my God," Greg said, taking a peek at her profile again as she served another table, this one a pair of twin blonde hotties. "She does, doesn't she? God, I wish I had boobs like that."

He paused. He hadn't meant to say it out loud. He'd been thinking it ever since she'd introduced herself as the owner; *what would it be like to have nice big boobs like that?* He winced at what Tyler might say, but to his surprise he just tapped his fist on the table.

"I know right? I'm glad I'm not, like, the only one to be thinking that? I'm feeling a bit more growth up top, actually. I almost hope it's not my imagination."

"Me too, and me either," Greg said.

The two shared a laugh, and went on to talk about other things, mostly their plans for when they resumed their road trip, as well as what they would do about their jobs when they got back to Washington and had to figure things out. They also talked movies and games, and then – surprisingly – about makeup.

“I don’t know, I’m just feeling like I should do a bit more about my face here,” Tyler admitted. “Maybe it’s because all the girls are, like, total hotties.”

“I could do a bit too, I guess,” Greg said. “Hey, you’re using the word ‘like’ a lot, lately.”

Tyler chuckled and sipped from his girly red cosmo. “Like, you’re right! Maybe it’s just this place! How about we go shopping tomorrow and see how things go? I think my figure isn’t really, like, fitting my clothing now anyway.”

Greg agreed. The prospect of getting clothes that were a little more androgynous, perhaps even a little girly, excited him. It occupied their thoughts and conversation as the food was served, and the two ate from the lover’s basket, giggling and chatting with more passion than usual, as they really were a couple. They only noticed it a little, but it wasn’t just Megara that looked at them with amusement in her eye. Other couples in the bar introduced themselves – Cynthia and Tyra, Jace and Priyanka, and so on – and all of them made note about the pair looking like ‘more than just friends’, and having ‘a compatible aura for this place.’

By the end of the night, the two of them feeling a little tipsy, they no longer even saw it as an irritation, just an amusing if off-the-mark compliment. They paid for their meals, their hands accidentally hovering over each other’s as they went for the check, and when they left they almost held hands on the short walk back to the Greek Lodge.

“This was, like, a totally lovely day,” Tyler said when they were back at the hotel hallway outside their rooms. “I’m almost glad that the engine died!”

“I *am* glad,” Greg said. “I feel way better than I have in a long time. This town is amazing.”

There was a silent moment between them, as if something more needed to be said, though neither was quite sure what it was.

“Well, I better head to bed,” Tyler said, opening the door.

“Um, that’s my door, dude.”

“Oh, right. Sorry. I just . . . it felt like the right one. Anyway, I’ll see you tomorrow, dude.”

“Sure thing, sis.”

They went to bed, both feeling more exhausted than they should have. But then that made sense; the hands of fate and change were once more upon them. They stirred in strange dreams, feeling as if they were being massaged by spirits or nymphs from another realm, their bodies slowly reshaped.

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Greg leapt out of bed yet again. This time he had something of an idea of what to expect, especially given how soft his form felt, and how much extra energy it seemingly possessed. He'd dreamed once more of the woman, and this time he knew more about her. She was of Persian heritage, though her hometown was in Canada. She had magnificent hips, and this time he had noticed her delightful derriere as well; huge yet also toned. Unlike him, she was a being of fitness, and that fitness had only made her wonderful curves all the more pronounced alongside her fit abs and shapely legs. It had been a delight to be here.

It was an even greater delight to look yet more like her again.

"I am so damn . . . fit!" he declared.

He wasn't wrong, at least by his own previously dismal standards. Greg had slept naked but for his loose-fitting boxer shorts, though they were a lot tighter now that his hips had widened overnight. His stomach no longer possessed any flab at all, but instead looked toned and fit. Furthermore, it was devoid of any body hair, which had always looked a bit unattractive on him, in his opinion. In fact, as far as he could tell, he was now completely devoid of body hair outside of what sat above his manhood, and even that had shrunk and become neater. His skin had darkened yet further; it was now a mid-range olive, and no longer could be mistaken for a tan at all. He appeared Mediterranean in complexion, if not potentially Middle-Eastern. He hoped it was the latter, to match the girl in his dreams. The fact that his hair was longer, and had darkened considerably (perhaps he could dye it blonde later, just like the dream girl?) added to this hope, as did the general changes to his figure.

Because Greg was not only fit now, he was *curvy*. Or on the way to being curvaceous, at least. Greg marvelled at his appearance in the mirror, noting that he most definitely had breasts now. *Actual breasts*.

"I've got boobs," he said, holding them, feeling their heft and jiggle. They were not large, perhaps A or B-cups at the most, but they had a respectable shape and pertness that made them feel quite different from the manboobs he'd once possessed.

"S-so sensitive," he murmured, feeling the stiffening nipples. They sent little electric pulses to his core as he rubbed them, making him giddy. He couldn't help but grin, and even more so as he admired the way his face had feminised further, his nose button cute, his lips full, his cheekbones wonderfully pronounced. And that was to say nothing of his rear, which was incredibly pronounced now, but in a much more pert way. It matched his wider hips, though he wasn't used to the lower centre of gravity.

"Woah," he said, stumbling forward a little, "this is gonna take a while to get used to!"  
And then it hit him.

"This isn't right. What the fuck is happening to me? I shouldn't - I don't want to become a girl!"

He pulled out the waistband of his boxers, and saw just what he had feared to be true: his penis had shrunk further. He'd never been a particularly 'large' guy down there, but now he appeared positively pitiful. Even his balls were reduced in size!

"Why am I only now freaking out?" he said, voice cracking even higher than it was yesterday. "This is fucked. It's like there's something in the air of this town."

He quickly grabbed a shirt, one that was far too big for him, and pulled on a pair of jeans that were far too snug around the hips. He exited the hotel room, still hyperventilating, and banged on the door of Tyler's room.

"Tyler, sister! I mean, brother! I mean, buddy! Whatever! You've got to let me in! Something freaky is going on!"

Clearly Tyler was still asleep, because the sound of zombie-like steps echoed slowly towards the door, which opened to reveal someone further changed, as much as Greg was. He almost didn't recognise his best friend, whose curves were even more impressive than his own, at least up top. Tyler had also slept only in boxers, which meant that his pronounced breasts were *very* obvious, from his expanded brown nipples and areolas to his pert, rounded globes. They had to be large B-cups at the very least, perhaps small C's. They jiggled as he opened the door, and his hair shifted over his eyes before he removed it, still half asleep. His hair was down past his chin, and had developed a wavy curve to it, rather than its light curls. Like Greg's, it had darkened, matching the new race that Tyler was transforming into. He had mentioned that his dream girl was latina, and if so then he was certainly heading that way with his bronzed skin and cute, defined eyebrows that were thick and black and yet perfectly contoured. A tattoo had even appeared on his left forearm, a series of Greek alphabet symbols that seemed to form a pleasing diamond shape. Like Greg, Tyler's waist had pinched in, but it was even more so than himself, though whether this was because his change was more advanced or because his final form would have more of an hourglass figure was not yet obvious.

"Dude, it's like eight in the morning. We agreed nine was the earliest we could wake each other up. Hey, you look a bit different . . ."

He squinted, and Greg said nothing. Slowly, Tyler's eyes widened again.

"Greg? That is you, isn't it? Holy shit, you look, like, really different! Like, impossibly different! You're starting to look like a chick!"

"I'm starting to look like a chick? Buddy, look at yourself?"

Tyler looked down and *jumped*. His not-unimpressive tits bounced as he did so, flopping about slightly and making him even more alarmed.

"What the fuck? Why have I got tits? Why am I *brown*?"

"You were brown yesterday, we both were! Only . . . lighter brown!"

Tyler pulled him into the room and slammed the door shut. He was struggling to control his breath. "But - you're right! Why didn't we pay attention to this? We were starting, like, to act all girly and stuff! We shared a lover's basket at the diner! We even made plans to buy, like, totally cute lipstick and stuff! Wait, why am I calling lipstick totally cute? God, I'm even *thinking* of it as totally cute."

Greg thought quickly, though his thoughts slid to how cute it would look to be an outfit that fit his figure better. He pushed such thoughts aside. "Wait, did the girl in your dreams wear lipstick?"

"Yeah! Really awesome red shade, actually. I bet I'd look sooooo good with it. Um, not that I want to! Fuck, are our brains changing or something? I swear I feel more ditzy, Greg. And, like, I kinda want to show off my new bod, y'know?"

He had never been averse to being social, but showing off his body was certainly a new turn, and one that Greg understood as well. He thought of the many gorgeous women around town, and a chill ran down his spine.

"Dude, what if this place is some kind of hive mind?"

"What?"

"Think about it! All the amazingly beautiful, busty women. And how they're all lesbians? Wait, that wouldn't be a hivemind. Abby and Megara both spoke about the origins of this town, and Alene also mentioned it when we booked in here. It was founded by female Greek settlers from Lesbos! What if they brought some kind of magic with them, or a tome, or I don't know!"

Tyler's jaw fell. "You mean, like, it's brainwashing us and stuff? We'll turn into women and not even remember who we are? We've - we've got to, like, get out of here! Especially since I'm feeling like a total bimbo right now!"

"Just don't look at your dick. Mine's, um, pretty small."

"Awww man!"

Tyler moved to quickly shower and change, and Greg did the same. In fact, he nearly jumped into the shower *with* Tyler before catching himself.

"This place really does want us to turn into lesbians. But with Tyler? No, I would - I would never!"

But then he remembered that in his dreams, there had been another figure. A beautiful latina woman with a large bust, a tiny waist, and killer legs. She was a total party girl, and utterly gorgeous besides. And she had red lips . . .

"Oh. Shit."

He had to ensure his own shower was a *cold* one. His penis wasn't able to get very hard, but his nipples sure got sensitive.

"I am *not* getting Tyler as my lover! No matter how cute she - I mean, he - becomes!"

He had no idea that Tyler was battling the same thoughts in the other room, and almost losing.

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By the time they reached the lobby the strange mind fatigue was already settling in. The two were starting to move with a bit more of a feminine gait; one foot in front of the other, their widened hips swaying just a little, their chests pushed out in a womanly poise. Even their panic had abated somewhat, for even in their confusion and fear, neither man gave voice to a hidden truth: that a growing part of themselves were actually *enjoying* where the changes were headed. This feeling was especially strong in Greg, who had often imagined being a woman for many years. He had assumed most men did this, though some of his imaginative scenarios regarding this were likely more developed than others. Still, he needed to get to the bottom of this. He needed the truth, especially given that Tyler looked quite worried.

“Checking out already?” Alene asked at the counter. The gorgeous older Mediterranean woman eyed them curiously. “But I thought you were staying longer? Perhaps a lot longer!”

“Why, so you can, like, eat our human brains or something!?” Tyler spat.

She looked very confused by this, so Greg had to translate.

“What she - I mean, he - is saying is that we know we’re turning into women or something. Do you know what this is about?”

Alene sighed, and it wasn’t in an impatient way. More in the slight disappointment of someone who has to break the news. “Ah, so you’ve reached this point. Look, I don’t want to be rude or anything, but this might be better if you talk to Megara, or Persephone, who is not just our ice cream connoisseur but our mayor.”

“Please, like, can’t you tell us?” Tyler begged.

“The long and short of it is that yes, you are becoming women. And no, you are not the first to visit Lesbos and turn. This place has a magic to it brought by our long-lived founders, and when people pass through, some stay. But I don’t want you to be scared, this is not a bad thing. The town only changes those who were *meant* to be women all along; that’s why you might have heard people commenting on your auras. We can sort of see it, when a man or woman visits and before they begin to change; that their destiny is with us here, in their true body and true inner self.”

Both of the men looked down at their changing bodies. Tyler in particular was distraught by two things: first, the existence of his bobbing breasts in his shirt, and second, the fact that he almost wished that they were bigger. Greg was hit by similar feelings about

his rear; it sure would look swell if it were more *swell*. The women in their dreams were in the forefront of their minds, but both rejected this at the same time.

“Like, no way is this the real me!” Tyler cried. “I’m not some hot, sexy latina woman with nice big boobs and a totally cute wardrobe. Ugh, I’m even sounding like her! But it’s not me!”

“Isn’t there some way to turn back?” Greg asked.

“Of course there is,” Alene said. “This place isn’t cruel. You simply have to leave, or otherwise consciously reject your forms. But I’ll warn you, you can only really do that at the end of the whole process. It’s what happened to me: I used to be a Caucasian man just like yourselves, but that was a long, long, *long* time ago. Like you, I forgot some things, or found it hard to pay attention to my changes. It was only in the minutes after a transformation that my mind was clear, but then I fell into feeling everything was normal. It will be the same for you.”

“No way,” Tyler declared, clenching his fists. His hands were a little smoother, his chewed fingernails already a little neater, a little longer. “I’m not going to forget this time. I’m leaving town right this second. Come on, Greg. We’ll hitchhike if we have to!”

He turned and left, and Greg followed with him, though he gave an apologetic glance to Alene first. The woman called out to them as they headed out of the Greek Lodge.

“Please reconsider! Trust me, you’ll be happier here! The Fates are never wrong! This is where you’re meant to be! Who you’re meant to be!”

Greg shivered. That sensation of belonging had been tugging at him. But he followed Tyler’s leadership as always, even though his friend no longer had that same level of dominance in personality. He did look nice though.

“Where are we going?”

“Out of town,” he declared. “I’m just making a move. If this effect reverses we’ll figure out, like, what to do next. But I am not ending up with a vagina! I’m just not!”

“Y-yeah, me either.”

The pair moved with alacrity, speeding past the various citizens who looked their way or smiled. One of them was Abby, presumably on the way to work, but they continued to head, and she seemed to recognise they were going.

“Where are you off to?” she asked

Tyler snapped his head to bark a comment about how she should have warned them, but instead his thoughts became jumbled. Where were they off to? He looked around, and saw that the mall wasn’t far. That’s where the clothing stores would be; his own wears were so incredibly unfit for his changing body!”

“Just off to get some new cute clothing!” he declared. “Isn’t that right, Greg?”



Greg paused. It *sounded* right. After all, with this *completely normal* transformation, they'd need new clothing, especially stylish clothing.

"Of course," he said, his voice cracking higher. "We're not leaving until we look divine!"

Abby smiled. "Is that so?"

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The day was utterly splendid for Greg and Tyler. Both had a sense that something was a little off, but with the changes to their bodies feeling so wonderful, it was difficult to care about what their intentions had been earlier that morning. The pair visited *Pari's Parlour*, and were surprised at how expansive and high-quality the clothing the store was, given the overall small size of the town. But then again, given that the population was entirely female and entirely beautiful, it made sense that it was able to cater to a smaller range of body types. Pari herself was a tall Indian woman with magnetic dark eyes and shining dark hair that fell around her shoulders. Her dark skin was perfectly complemented by the stylish red sari she wore, and the practically *radiated* energy, literally bouncing with excitement as she brought the two men into her store.

"Oh, this is so exciting! I haven't had such a challenge in *forever!* Tell me, how aware are you of your changing auras? You only look about halfway through!"

Greg and Tyler did indeed know what she was talking about, but now that the mental fog had descended, neither were thinking too deeply on the changes. They just seemed . . . natural. Ordinary. Welcome.

"Well, we're hoping to keep changing," Greg said. "I feel so much better already; I used to be quite overweight! And besides, it's exciting to be turning into a different race. But my breasts are getting a little uncomfortable, now that I have them."

"Like, totally," Tyler agreed. "Mine are extra bouncy."

"They would be!" Pari declared, breaking out into an infectious giggle. "If you're that big already, you might end up with quite a pair of melons! Count me jealous! I'm only a C-cup!"

"That's not small at all!" Tyler declared. "You look gorgeous."

"N'awwww, thank you! But I'm guessing you want clothing that will fit your bodies now? Or are you also looking for clothing that will fit you in the future? The changes keep coming, after all. I know it may freak you out sometimes, but then you adjust. I did!"

Greg's eyes widened. "You used to be a man as well?"

“Oh, yes! I was. That was a long time ago. I know that sounds strange, but this place keeps us young and vibrant for a lot longer! I was a black man from Seattle, would you believe it? I didn’t even have this accent! Though I do love my accent.”

Tyler did too. It was quite sexy. Oddly, it made him wish not only to have a cute South American accent himself, but also to hear Greg develop some kind of Persian lilt to his voice. That would be even cuter, he decided.

“It’s hard to believe so many people here used to be men,” Greg said. “But I suppose that’s just the nature of the place, right?”

“Exactly!” she giggled back. “Of course, when the change occurs, it all feels very ordinary. In fact, this conversation probably feels a bit boring to you, doesn’t it?”

Tyler nodded, blushing a little. “Sorry, I was, like, looking at all the cute outfits on the racks over there. I just really, really feel like I should be trying stuff on right now!”

Pari gave a dramatic gesture to the rest of the store. “Well, my friends, the rest of the store is yours to explore! I can come with you if you’d like, and give my recommendations? You might need help getting used to more feminine items?”

“That would be wonderful,” Greg said, beaming. He was painfully aware that he wanted to pair some outfits with makeup as well, which was also sold in the store, but that he had no experience in such matters. But that pull to look more like the gorgeous Persian woman was in his head, and wasn’t that just *totally a normal thing to want?*

“I just want to look pretty,” he said to himself, but Tyler caught his words. To his surprise, his friend took him by the arm.

“We’ll *both* look pretty, partner! Let’s get all dolled up!”

They giggled as they began their perusal, Pari helping them along the entire time. She was an absolute marvel, knowing exactly the kind of colours and items that would work well not just with their figures, but with their *future* figures as they described them.

“Oh yes, the dreams are a good tell! Just describe for me what the main girl in your dreams looks like and I’ll do my best to plan for the future. Anything that I misjudge you can bring right back, of course! Pari’s Parlour places great pride on making all customers satisfied! Everyone in Lesbos should be happy!”

And they certainly were, even if those niggling doubts occasionally rose up in their minds when they went into the change stalls to try on new articles. When the two transforming men first attempted to put on bras, they needed the help of Pari to work the clasps and settle their new mounds into the cups. Tyler was delighted at the push up bra and the way it made his lower-end C’s almost look like D’s. Similarly, Greg enjoyed the line of cleavage a classy black lingerie top gave him, and was even taken with a negligee bed piece that would be all the more enticing once his figure developed further, but for now gave a wonderfully transparent view of how his stomach had slimmed and toned.

“Surely this is weird,” he said, cupping his breasts in his bra and delighting in the way they felt. “Men don’t turn into women. They just . . . *don’t*. But then why does it feel so good? Why does it feel like I’m getting everything I want?”

Tyler also had brief moments of uncertainty. When he tried on a cute dark skirt for the first time he became particularly aware of just how much his hips had widened. They looked practically *childbearing*, were it not for the fact of his shrunken manhood still clinging on to existence.

“Woah. Woah, that’s kinda weird. Like, not bad or whatever, but *weird weird*. I’m wearing a freakin’ bra. I’m shorter. I’m not even wearing my lucky baseball cap anymore! What’s happening to me?”

But then he examined his reflection in the mirror, and couldn’t help but smile his fuller lips at what he saw. If the changes kept up, he’d become quite the latina beauty. And who would want to cover up that wavy dark hair anyway?

“But I need to dye it, of course. Copper-colour, just like the girl in my dreams. Just like, like, like me!”

He giggled at that, and began posing in the mirror, putting on a tight woman’s tee that was just a bit too tight on his figure, but would hopefully fit him better once his shoulders slimmed down.

“I bet Greg would *love* me in this!” he declared. “Wait, would do I even, like, mean by that?”

He didn’t think too far on that question, particularly since his increasingly ditzzy self was quickly distracted by other articles of clothing, especially those recommended by Pari. Neither of the men were rich by any account, but they had certainly saved a lot and had enough in their bank accounts to sustain their long road trip ahead. As such, they didn’t feel too much guilt about overspending, especially given how surprisingly cheap the otherwise expensive-looking and high-quality clothing was. They purchased crop tops, tight tees, a variety of bras from push-ups to casual to even some that were a little naughty, along with skirts, boots, pantyhose and stockings, high heels, headbands, blouses, and perhaps more teasingly girly of all; *dresses*.

“Oh, you two will look so good in dresses!” the cheerful Pari exclaimed. “I cannot wait to see how you look at the end!”

Greg was pleased, though he had a feeling his future self would look better in two-piece outfits and fitness wear to show off her amazing abs and great ass. Tyler, on the other hand, was all delight. Dresses would be right up his future female self’s alley. Her bread and butter, showing off her cleavage and curves and pulling tight around her waist.

*Her.*

That wonderful word that occasionally slipped in mentally when they thought of themselves. It was only occasionally, of course, but it was the first snowfall of a coming avalanche.

Pari was delighted, of course. It was a success for her business, but both transforming men got the sense that she was genuinely happy for them, and practically *lived* to see her customers have their fashion wishes come true. They left with literal *bags* of clothing, and it was only thanks to their waning masculine strength - as little of it that remained - that they were able to keep it all on their persons.

“Are you *really* sure you need an E-cup bra?” Greg said, chuckling at how over-laden his friend was. Tyler had almost twice as many purchases as Greg, and Greg had not exactly been cheap in his spending.

“Like, I don’t know! My boobs are sore at the moment, so maybe they’re, like, already growing and stuff!”

“Hmm, mine too. They’re really sensitive.”

“We should stay together in the same room tonight, so we aren’t going back and forth, and we can, like, keep track of it all. Sorta like a boys’ night in!”

“Or a girls’ night in,” Greg jested. “Are you sure? I mean, we’ve never done that. Wouldn’t it feel kinda . . .”

The word, unspoken, was *gay*. Neither of the two were reactionary. They had gay friends, saw nothing wrong with gay relationships, but it simply wasn’t them. For all the jokes about their ‘epic bromance’ the two had only ever been interested in women: Greg for a loving relationship and Tyler for his endless series of mostly successful one-night stands. But now they were both *becoming* women, and it was getting hard to see their friendly relationship in the same way. Greg continued to peek at his friend’s chest, especially now that it was more obvious with a bra on, and Tyler’s gaze was on Greg’s ass, admiring how it swayed more.

Besides, the town of Lesbos was quite gay. Very gay. Most of the women were seemingly in either female-female relationships, or happy to date women or couple with them casually, at least from what they had observed. Certainly, not one of them had shown interest in the men while they had been obviously men.

Still, for all the ways the town was preventing them from being too alarmed by their changes, there were still some barriers that came up all too easily.

“N-no! Nothing like that!” Tyler said, giggling in a rather false way. “It’d just be, like, a sleepover or whatever. Like when we were kids. Besides, we could try on our clothes and tell each other what works. And if we change more we can, like, see where we’re heading and stuff. I mean, I’m becoming a bit of a fun ditz, but you’re becoming a fitness person or something - you have to slow down because I can’t keep up!”

Greg slowed down. He hadn't even noticed he'd been power walking ahead. "Sorry! Didn't mean to! Okay, that sounds great Tonia."

"Tyler, Gia. My name is Tyler."

"Yeah, that's what I said, wasn't it? And you called me Gia, just now!"

"No I didn't!"

Their stomachs growled, shifting the conversation.

"Man, maybe we're just hungry. Let's hit Megara's and see how she's doing. I bet she'll love how we're looking."

She did. The incredibly busty Greek beauty gushed over them, though she had her own knowing smirk plastered on her face as they discussed them.

"Yeah, I guess we're just changing a bit further," Greg admitted, resting a hand on his developing chest. "I hope it keeps going, but who knows? It's just the magic of this place. I imagine when we leave it'll just be a fun thing to look back on."

"Oh, is that so?" she said, winking at the pair. "Well, how about you Tyler? Looking forward to leaving?"

Tyler was already digging into his ordered food, an appropriately Greek salad. He had to watch his new figure after all, not that he'd ever had such concerns before.

"I mean, we still have our road trip to do. But on the other hand, I still feel like there's sooooo much more to see here. God, I feel like I was getting lost just in Pari's store!"

"I did notice you were wearing bras. How do they feel?"

"Ohmigod, so comfy! Seriously, I love how much lift they give. I bet you need 'em, Megara! I'm almost jealous! Hell, I totally am!"

The busty woman laughed, thrusting her chest out a little. "Well, I wasn't always like this. Part of the magic of Lesbos. But you two are starting to fit in just perfectly. The changes, you may notice, are much quicker at night. It almost makes you eager to head to sleep, doesn't it?"

The two agreed, though again there was that slight shift, that slight awareness that this was not ordinary. Greg, whose mind had always been more introspective than his extraverted friend, felt that awareness more strongly.

"Megara," he said. "Are we losing our minds? I feel like I've only got a minute here before the fog falls." He looked over at Tyler, who was inspecting his nails. He'd purchased some polish but hadn't applied it yet; it was clear he wanted to as soon as possible, though. "I'm scared that I'm losing myself. Please, it's scary."

Megara, who had a surprising strength, took his slim arm and pulled him out of the booth and to a private corner.

"You're growing aware again, Greg. It happens. We all went through it; even those who grow up here have a sort of . . . blossoming, when their body takes on the physical

representation of their perfect female aura. The 'mind fog' makes it easier to accept the changes as they happen, but don't be afraid. Lesbos is only making you the woman you were meant to be."

"But - but I'm a man! Tyler is too - he loves women!"

She smirked. "Oh, trust me, *she* will love women too. Even more so. In fact, I have a feeling you two are going to be pretty close, judging from how she's looking at you right now."

Greg turned, only to catch Tyler blushing. His formerly lanky friend had been staring at Greg's ass, her tongue on her lips at the sight.

"See?" Megara said, winking.

"No. It's just - I'm not a woman! This place is forcing me to-"

Megara cut him off by putting a soft finger to his full lips. She shook her head. "Men pass through her more often than you would think, and many don't turn. Their auras are too male. It's who they are. But it draws in those who come near and makes them whole; makes them who they were meant to be. Be honest with me Greg, have you ever imagined being a woman?"

Greg couldn't deny it. Besides, his new self felt more honest. More confident. And perhaps a little impulsive too, which he had never dared to be as much as he had wanted it.

"I have. Quite often, actually. Not a Persian woman, though, not even one from Canada!"

"Well, I didn't imagine being this! But Lesbos has a way of knowing the perfect glove to fit our auras. And all its citizens can see a person's aura when they are set to change; yours is one with a need for a powerful female release. Trust me, when the next time you get your full awareness back, don't panic. You are becoming who you are supposed to be."

It was an appropriate point to end on, because at that very moment the magic of the town descended upon Greg's mind once more, shifting its gears and even making further alterations. He gave a broad grin.

"Well, of course!" he declared. "I'm meant to be a cute Persian chick! I can't wait to have the confidence to actually party and have fun. I better not lose my smarts though."

"Oh, I doubt you will. Don't be surprised if you end up a bit more . . . outgoing, though."

Greg returned, giggling to himself as he sat not opposite Tyler, but right next to him, their soft shoulders rubbing.

"What's, like, so funny?"

Greg giggled again. "I don't know! I just feel happy! Like things are going our way. Like . . . like I'm becoming a bouncier, happier me!"

Tyler grinned. "That's so hot."

“Right?”

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They stayed together in Greg’s room that night. Tyler’s was too messy, and Greg’s had the nicer bed. They both realised they’d be sharing it, but that didn’t seem like a big deal anymore. Women did that sort of thing all the time, right? Besides, they were curious about one another, even if they couldn’t quite admit it yet.

“Like, we should totally do a fashion show! Try on different clothing and stuff,” Tyler suggested.

“Hell yes! But we can’t fit into half this stuff yet! Why don’t we just watch a movie together and do that tomorrow night? We’ll still be here in Lesbos, after all!”

“Good point!”

They stripped down until they were only wearing their new sleeping wear: Tyler in a cute pink set of silken pyjamas and Greg in a two piece that left his stomach exposed. Both found it hard not to look at the other; over the course of the day their facial features had become ever more feminine, their shoulders slimmer, their busts slightly larger. There was a tension in the air that could be severed with a rusty butter knife, and both of them knew it.

“What shall we watch?”

Greg considered this. “I’m up for something nerdy. But also sexy, y’know? Like, I know we normally watch sci-fi action when I choose, but why not a cool sci-fi romance?”

“Ooooh, great idea, Gia!”

“Greg, Tonia.”

“Tyler, Greg.”

“Right.”

They settled in together beneath the covers, keeping a respectable space between them. After some searching on the local streaming service, they found a film called *Crossover*, a love story between a woman from Mars and a woman visiting from Earth, and how they both had to evade the authorities when a conspiracy was set loose. Tyler found it harder to follow a complex plot than usual, but Greg had no trouble. However, he found himself getting hard - both in his manhood and his nipples - when the two lovers were on screen. The lesbian leads were deeply sexy, their chemistry arousing.

“Fuck, they’re so goddamn hot,” Tyler said, voice practically *moaning*.

“I know. Jesus, I haven’t been this turned on in ages.”

“That’s because you’re, like, such a nerd that you didn’t get out enough to meet hot ladies!”

“Well, thank goodness I’m turning into such a hot lady then!”

“You a hot lady? What about me? I’m turning into a total package! Check out these tits!”

They giggled together. Greg hadn’t felt so carefree in a while. He leaned closer to Tyler, who was still laughing, and before either of them could stop themselves they were sharing a kiss.

They pulled back quickly.

“Dude, like, what was that?”

“S-sorry. It’s just, you look like such a woman now. You’re really pretty.”

“Yeah, but it’s bromance, not romance. We . . . we shouldn’t have done that. Even if, like, it was really nice.”

It had been nice, for the both of them. Greg was startled; he’d never shown such daring before, but Tyler was less accepting of his changes than Greg, and was still reeling from what had just happened.

“I’m going to sleep now,” she suddenly declared. “My boobs are sore, so maybe I just need to change more. We’ll compare, like, notes and stuff in the morning.”

“Okay,” Greg said. “We’ll do that.”

But there was a discomfort hanging between them. The pair had just done something they wouldn’t forget. And even more, neither could stop thinking about it. Greg had to go to the bathroom once he was sure Tyler was asleep and sort himself out by teasing his sensitive nipples.

The thought of Tyler’s lips on his was just too arousing.

“Damn, I’m becoming a really, really horny girl,” he muttered after he had come down from the high.

He had no idea.

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When the pair woke, it was with their soft bodies entwined. Greg was spooning Tyler, and to her own astonishment, she was actually the larger of the pair. She had one hand over Tyler’s soft form, her hand clasped over her friend’s breast, the nipple stiff against her palm. Her fingers were sinking into the flesh; she had most certainly gotten more busty over the night. But then so had Greg; her own chest was squashed against her friend’s back. She was keen to see how big she’d gotten, but she was so damn comfortable. There was a general new softness everywhere, though other parts of her body were more fit and toned than ever. Furthermore, some mental changes had taken place; Greg didn’t feel as if she were dumber or anything, but she certainly felt more confident in her body, more dominant and sexy, perhaps even more willing to show herself off.



But more than any of that, she *knew* what was happening to her. As with previous mornings, her awareness was not stolen from her. The town of Lesbos was a magical place that was transforming her into a woman, and that. Was. Crazy.

Only this time, she had no regrets. She had dreamed of the Persian woman again. Of Gia. That would be her name, if she chose to stay here. And the bigger part of her was already fantasising about that.

“Do I actually want this?” she whispered to herself, clinging to Tyler/Tonia’s womanly form. “Do I want *her* too?”

At that, Tyler stirred, waking slowly. When she did, her eyes widened at the realisation that she had changed further, and that furthermore her best friend was currently snuggling her. No matter how comfortable it was, it was all wrong, especially so for how *right* it felt.

“No! No, no, no, no! This isn’t, like, happening!”

She pulled herself out of Greg’s grip and got to her feet, throwing aside the warm covers. Part of her wanted to return to them instantly, but her bigger concern was the series of changes that had come over her in the night. She had dreamed of being the latina woman - Tonia - once more. She had been partying and giggling, talking like a valley girl, and generally showing off her delicious body. Her extraversion was even greater than before, but whereas Tyler had always had to make up for his lanky body, as Tonia she didn’t have to worry about such things. She *loved* being the centre of attention.

She had loved being the centre of *Gia*’s attention.

But that was too much to take right now, especially with the development between her legs.

“F-fuck! I think I’m a woman!”

“Really?” Greg said, momentarily forgetting that moment of physical closeness. She put her hand down to her mound, and actually found herself disappointed that there was still the tiniest nub of a penis and testes remaining. “I’m not. Still male . . . just.”

“Just as well,” Tyler said, breathing a sigh of relief. “But everything else is so, like, goddamned female! Shit, we keep changing and forgetting how weird it is! Look at my tits! They’re so big and juicy and ripe! Fuck, I’m even talking like a total hottie about my own tits!”

The two got up and compared their bodies. Indeed, they had changed significantly once more. Any man walking down the street - not that there were any in Lesbos at the moment - would think the two to be not only women, but quite pretty ones as well. They still had a number of masculine markers - shoulders still a bit too wide, jaws a bit too square, facial features presenting a little more androgyny - but they would be seen as more female than male by far, especially given their breasts and hips.

Tyler was the bustier one, as per their dreams. Her breasts must have been D-cups by that point, and were quite prominent on her lovely chest. She also had an itty bitty waist that was driving Greg wild. Her hair now fell down to her shoulders, while her eyebrows were larger and darker and perfectly shaped. Another tattoo had formed on her thigh, similar to the one on her forearm, and her thighs had thickened considerably.

Greg, on the other hand, was also becoming quite busty, though not quite as much so. She had full C's that bounced and wobbled on her chest, and her ass was now quite pronounced, albeit all natural. You could bounce a quarter off of it! Her thighs had similarly swelled, even larger than Tyler's even, while her toned fitness-chick appearance had manifested further. She felt full of energy, and was unable to stop smiling at her reflection: her hair had developed a series of curls, while her lips were even larger than Tyler's. Her olive skin was considerably darker, whereas Tyler's was more of a classic Mexican or South American bronze.

"Holy shit, we're absolute stunners," Greg said, marvelling at their appearance. "Tonia - Tyler - this is wonderful! This town really is making us who we want to be! Who we're meant to be! I feel like showing off this hot bod to the whole neighbourhood! I've never felt that confident before."

Tyler wasn't so convinced. Her mind was at war with itself, particularly since it insisted on considering itself female.

"I know, right? Like, me too! But - but this is all fucked! We need to get out of here. It's this place that's, like, making me into a sexy latina party girl! I shouldn't be getting totes hot and heavy for you, Gia. I mean, Greg. But I am! God, your hands on my tits felt sooooo good."

"We can always try that again, sister," Greg said, that surge of confidence coming over her again. She stepped forward and placed her hands over Tyler's naked chest; she'd removed her clothing to see herself in the bathroom mirror.

"Ohhhh, that f-feels sooooo good. Mhmmmm . . ."

The two shared a kiss, Greg leading it. She felt so damn fine that she wanted to do a walk of the whole neighbourhood. She wanted to dress up for the Startlight Cinema, and grab pizza at Persephone's Pizza just so she could perv on Tonia as she ate. The thought of it was making her large, dark nipples hard.

But again, despite her diminished ability to introspect, it was Tyler that pulled away. The kiss was wonderful, and Greg herself so deeply fucking sexy, but ever since high school Tyler had prided himself on being good with ladies. Not the greatest Casanova in the land, certainly, but he had a solid batting average, and could be quite the player when he was on a good run. Only now *he* was a *she*, and her best friend was the woman she couldn't stop wanting. It wasn't right. It was the magic of this place.

“We need to get out!” she said. “Or resist until we get the choice to go back.”

“But this is our true selves,” Greg said. “I’m meant to be Gia, and you’re meant to be Tonia. Can’t you feel it? Are you telling me you never wanted to be a woman?”

“M-maybe. Occasionally. When I was, like, drunk and horny or whatever. I got jealous of girls having so much fashion, and all the attention they got. I liked the style of the totes cute dresses and stuff.”

“There! So you do want to be a woman!”

“Of course I do, but it’s this place making me, like, want this! And we’re going to forget again! We’re going to forget and I’ll become more of a hot latina bimbo and I don’t know if I even want to . . . what was I talking about again?”

Greg realised something. In mid-sentence, Tyler had been hit with the magical mental fog. She was already turning to pose in the mirror, viewing her changes as natural and desirable, freed from her anxiety.

Only Greg wasn’t. She *remembered*. Was it because she was actually embracing this new life? Had she already indicated to the magic of the town that she *wanted* to be Gia. Either way, the fog didn’t descend, even as the two got showered and dressed (it took great effort not to join Tyler for the shower). Greg wasn’t sure what to do, but thankfully with her greater determination and desire to enjoy her changes, an idea formed quickly.

“I’ll become Gia,” she said to herself as she finished showering. “I’ll show Tyler how good it is to be Tonia. I’ll show her the time of her life. I’ll make her love being herself, and maybe even . . . maybe even being *with me*.” The thought put butterflies in her stomach just to think about it. “And if she loves it enough, then when she remembers next . . . maybe she’ll realise this is what we’re meant to be.”

It was a bold plan, but a necessary one. Because just five minutes after getting changed, Gia got a call from Abby.

The repair job was going faster than expected. They could expect it to be ready tomorrow afternoon.

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Gia wasted no time. She wore the sexiest yet most appropriate outfit she could find from her purchase the previous day: a tight, *tight* pair of walking jeans in a cute tan colour that contrasted with her darker skin. They showed off her magnificent ass and hips, and with her long sleeve crop top the majority of her midriff was exposed, her toned body ripe for Tonia’s gaze. And gaze she did, especially given that the crop top had a deep v-neck and built in support to *really* make her full C’s look like even fuller D’s. Gia walked with a wide sashay

that made her ass *bounce*, and it also meant that her newly curly hair had a similar cute bounce to it as well. She put on a pair of classy shades and turned to her friend.

“What say we go get our hair gone, girl?”

Her accent had changed, a small amount of an Iranian lilt added to it that gave her a slight air of the exotic. Tyler swallowed when hearing it; it was making the other woman-to-be go a little wild.

“Like, hell yeah. That sounds fucking amazing!”

Tyler/Tonia was wearing a low-cut black dress with a stylish exterior corset that pinched her already delicate waist even further in. Her boobs were heavily emphasised by the top, with a large curve of cleavage open for all to see. It also had a large slit by the right leg that meant her gorgeous bronze thigh was similarly displayed when she walked. Gia thought that if this were an anime, she’d be getting a nosebleed right around that point. The same was true of Tonia, who was breathing heavily just in sight of Gia.

“You look amazing, by the way,” Gia said. “Seriously hot. Like, incredibly hot.”

Tonia brushed her hair over her shoulder. “I feel super hot. Oh my God, I’m soooo happy with these changes. I was, like, really lanky before, and now I’m a total fiery latina, right?”

“Absolutely.”

“Not to mention I’m a much better height. Five-seven for the win!”

She bounced a little with excitement, which caused her breasts to jostle. She blushed a little as she settled herself back in her cups. “Whoops! Still totes getting used to that!”

“Well, they are pretty big!”

“Mhmm, so are yours. Can I feel?”

Gia let her, and there was a delicious sensation that followed while Tonia cupped her friend’s tits, massaging them. “Mhmm, and your ass is super good. Seriously, you are so fucking hot. Hotter than any girl I was into before coming here.”

Gia grinned. “And getting hotter by the second. Let’s have a beauty day and end it with a movie. I want us to hit the town tonight . . . together.”

Tonia actually *squealed*, bouncing up and down again to hug her friend. Both of them savoured the sweet sensation of their chests pressing up against one another. Gia was the taller one now at five-eight. It felt appropriate. She was ready to lead them into their relationship, and show her friend how much better she was as Tonia instead of Tyler.

The two headed out, Gia taking the lead, which was a total reversal of their old dynamic. It felt right to the two nearly-women though, particularly since it meant that she could show off her delectable derriere to Tonia. So much of the town was within walking reach, and despite the Nevada air being a ghastly dry heat at times, there was an almost unnaturally temperate feel to the atmosphere, like Lesbos was from another time and place.

They passed numerous other couples who nodded and smiled their way, and even some joggers like Cynthia who they had met several times.

“Looking great, you two!” she cheered as she went past. “Loving the new looks! Here’s hoping you stick around!”

At the beautician’s, the reception was similarly ecstatic. To their surprise, Megara was there, lying back as her hair was treated along with her face. She had the cucumbers over her eyes, but had them taken off briefly to address the pair.

“My, my, what do we have here? Embracing your femininity, girls?”

“Yes,” Gia said proudly, “we are. Isn’t that right, Tonia?”

“Totes. I mean, totally. Sorry, these changes have me all ditzzy, ha!”

She giggled, but was clearly keen to be here. In her dreams, her latina self had dyed her hair a gorgeous copper-orange colour, and had her lipstick, eyeshadow, and nails all done to make her look utterly seductive. She wanted to look that way not just for herself, but Gia as well.

“Well, I’m very glad you’ve run into me on my day off. I love coming here. Trust me, they know how to make the already-gorgeous citizens of Lesbos look even more gorgeous. And it sounds like that’s something you want, Tonia and . . . ?”

“Gia,” Gia said. “They’re our new names.”

“Just while we’re here,” Tonia said.

“Which can be quite a long time, if you wish it,” Megara said. “And goodness knows we’d be happy and *lucky* to have you. We need a few more free spirits and partygoing types to hit the dance floor with me on Friday nights, as well as some cute nerds to help with the local library. There’s some jobs going there, Gia.”

Gia was intrigued. She’d figured she’d be into something fitness related, but perhaps she could pursue that as a hobby and still cater to her old nerdy interests. Plus, she could keep track of the romance and smut sections. Mhmm . . .

She pulled her thoughts away. She was getting too far ahead. Her first priority was making sure Tonia saw the truth of this place as she had. And for that, they needed to be their best.

“Take a seat, girls,” the owner of the store, whose name was Janita, said. As ever, she was a beauty too, with impressive curves like a nineteen fifties bombshell. “There’s a space free for both of you. What would you like?”

The two friends exchanged an amused glance. From their dreams, they knew *exactly* how they wanted to look.

Over the next couple of hours, the two would-be women were subjected to every beauty treatment they could think of, as well as quite a few they had understandably never heard of. They emerged looking even prettier than before, their skin practically *glowing* and

flawless, their lipstick carefully arranged, their eyeshadow sexy, their hair exactly as they imagined it: Tonia's with its copper dye and cute waves, and Gia's with its blonde dye at the end leading back to darker roots, so that her ringlets were cute light curls. These enhancements were accompanied by more magical changes to their mental states: as Tonia embraced her femininity further, she became even bubblier and ditzier, while Gia's mind swirled with thoughts of sex and fashion, not replacing her nerdiness but adding to it, though she was now far more extraverted. It pleased her, to think she now had a dash of bimbo-like style to her personality: smart but sweet, and very much obsessed with looking good and having a good time. All the things she'd been afraid to be as a man.

"Ohmigod, we're such fucking hotties," Tonia exclaimed as they grabbed some ice cream at Persephone's Parlour. "I can't believe how much cooler we look. Seriously, so glad we got turned into women."

"Me too," Gia said, and she was fully aware of how much she meant that statement when she said it. "Me too. Would you consider staying here Tonia, in Lesbos, I mean?"

Tonia shrugged as she licked her icecream, careful not to muss up her lipstick.

"Maybe. I mean, it's a really great town. And Megara and Abby are soooo lovely. Alene's pretty cool too, though I wouldn't stay, like, in a hotel forever. Why, do you wanna stay longer or something?"

"I'm thinking about it. We'd need to get jobs, but I have a feeling this place would provide. We could totally get into fashion."

"Ohmigod, that's such a super idea! I bet we would rock so hard together. Seriously, I can't stop looking at your butt, it's so amazing."

Gia giggled. "You can look at it anytime."

They both blushed for a moment. Tonia may have been seeing her changes as normal, but she still knew Gia as her friend, not as her girlfriend.

"Um, well what shall we do for the rest of the day? The car is fixed tomorrow so it should be a totally big blow out."

Gia smiled. "Already go that planned, sister. After we finish these ice creams, we're going to finish that Olympian Walk we never did, and then we'll head back to the hotel and get ready for a cinema visit - after a nice meal at Megara's, of course."

Tonia grinned. She had such beautiful lips, Gia thought. She wanted to kiss them again, so damn badly. Her new female hormones were crazy for her.

"Sounds, like, totally a great plan!"

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The walk was lovely, and the view of the pink afternoon sky positively romantic. The two could barely keep their eyes off of each other, and occasionally walked hand-in-hand, or even with a hand around each other's waists, smiling sweetly at the other lesbian couples passing by. But always Tonia would pull back, and Gia knew better than to force the issue. When they returned, Tonia was utterly giddy at the prospect of dressing up. Her body had become even more buxom across the course of the day, just like Gia's had developed more curves on her lower half. The former lanky extrovert adopted a cute red cocktail dress that showed off a devastating amount of cleavage, while Gia wore a black dress that clung tightly to her hips and showed off her dark olive shoulders. Both were still learning haircare, but it was coming more naturally to them: by the time they set out for dinner, they were looking like gorgeously styled women, complete with shining earrings and jewellery.

"This place really is magical," Tonia uttered while they ate their dinner together.

Megara gave an amused smirk, but otherwise said nothing as she took their order.

"It really is," Gia said. "Tonia, I'm thinking of staying here."

"But what about, like, our road trip? There'd be so many super amazing places!"

"I know. I'm not saying I want to *not* go on it, but maybe we can take a pause, get to know *this* amazing place longer. It's made us really happy, hasn't it?"

Again, Tonia blushed, her gaze passing over Gia's figure. "Yeah, it really has. I can't, like, explain it. But . . ."

She never finished the thought, instead returning to her food. Gia wanted to push her, but recognised that she couldn't drag this horse to water. It was up to Tonia herself. The pair talked of other things, from their new interest in fashion, to what clubs they'd like to go to in the town if they stayed longer, to laughing about old times. They avoided dessert, instead paying and leaving for the Starlight Cinema. Gia had it on good authority thanks to some secret snooping (and information from Abby) that it was playing a lesbian love film called *Hold Me*, with some *very* attractive scenes between the cute central couple.

"Ohmigod, this looks really hot!" Tonia exclaimed, looking at the poster as they entered. "I never used to be into films like this, but it looks right up, like, my alley right now!"

Gia chuckled, and put her arm daringly around her feminised friend's waist. "I chose it just for us. C'mon, we've got good seats booked, and catered dessert."

"Mhmm, romantic," Tonia said, only just catching herself by biting down on her lip. "I mean, you know, in terms of, like, the film."

But it made Gia all the more positive. They sat next to one another, the anticipation building as the film started. They were so close to one another, and the arm rests could be lifted up in their rather spacious seats. Numerous other lesbian couples were present, including Persephone herself and her wife, as well as other cute pairs they had seen on their walk. Cynthia waved to them, and even Abby was present, practically curled up against her

girlfriend, whose name was Sharia. The cinema was about two-thirds full, and it was clear that romance was in the air for all that were present. It had an intoxicating effect on Gia, because as the film began, and the first chemistry between the hot female couple was established, she raised the arm rest between her and the captivated Tonia, and put a loving arm around her friend. Tonia looked a bit nervous, but didn't fight it. As the film advanced, Tonia became ever more engaged by the film, wide-eyed when the betrayal occurred, teary during the reunion, and positively hopeful when the pair came together once more after a danger had passed. She moved, without even thinking, ever further into Gia's arms, until the slightly larger woman was holding her protectively. Gia was in heaven and hell; her new body's libido was more powerful than ever, and she could feel the last vestiges of her penis dissipating, blooming into full womanhood in response to the arousal. She had little doubt that the same was occurring for Tonia, who occasionally let out a soft moan or sigh when the couple onscreen kissed.

"They're so perfect for each other," she whispered at one point, and it melted Gia's heart. How could she not have seen it so many years ago, that they too were perfect for each other? They had always gotten along, always looked out for one another, lived for each other's company. And now they were finally compatible. She just needed the opportunity to show it.

She got it at the climax of the film, when the two lovers shared a long, passionate, positively *steamy* kiss. The room erupted into cheers and sighs and swoons from the all-female audience, and as if they were all taking a single cue, the numerous lesbian couples in the seats began to kiss one another, lovingly and tenderly, and some even passionately. Erotically.

As Greg, Gia would have been too nervous to act. But now she had confidence, power, and a lustful nature that was clearly in overdrive. She reached over and softly caressed Tonia's cheek. The other woman was entranced by the screen, but she was staring deep into Gia's eyes when her face was turned. Her lips pursed automatically, and Gia took that moment to kiss her. This time, Tonia didn't put up any resistance. In fact, she kissed her back just as lovingly. The ditzier woman moaned in Gia's mouth, and soon they were feeling one another, touching each other's bodies in a way that just barely skirted traditions of decency.

"Get a room you two!" Abby teased from the other aisle.

The two separated, blushing and giving sheepish grins as the theatre erupted into a brief laughter.

The end credits couldn't come soon enough. The transformed pair *wanted* each other. Badly.



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Gia and Tonia were barely in the door of the former's hotel room when they were all over each other. The walk back from the cinema had been a torrent of flirty comments and long, lustful gazes, and it didn't hurt that they'd both had a few alcoholic girly drinks from the cinema bar as well. Gia was magnetised by the sight of Tonia's full, bouncing breasts, just as Tonia found it hard not to grip her friend's ass and *squeeze*. They had giggled and laughed and joked about their new bodies and how wonderful they were, but in truth, it was more how wonderful the *other's* were that truly was on their minds.

And now that they were in the privacy of Gia's room, they could go to town on one another. Gia took the lead, kissing Tonia passionately, and feeling down over her thin waist. Tonia returned by cupping Gia's sensitive ass and moaning

"Ohhhhh, I've been wanting to t-touch this all day! Seriously!"

"I've been wanting to put my face in your perfect tits all day, Tonia," Gia gasped, coming up for air even as Tonia caressed her form.

"Please, please, please do that! I really want you to suck on my tits!"

Gia pressed her face into the pillowy bronze flesh of her friend-turned-lover. Tonia's little squeals of delight made it all the better. Her nipples were hard, as were Gia's, and both were feeling a trickle of moistness between their thighs. Neither had mentioned it yet, but it seemed obvious that their vaginas had finally developed, their manhoods gone. Hopefully forever, Gia thought. She hoped just as much that Tonia would feel the same.

She was determined to *make* her feel the same.

"Yesss, oh God, yessss!" the other woman cried. "They're s-soooo big and s-sensitive! Don't s-stop!"

But Gia did, much to the other woman's disappointment. That was, until she spoke.

"Let's get our clothes off first. I want to see you naked."

Tonia giggled, and instantly worked on removing her red dress with Gia's help. They tore off each other's clothing, then helped one another unclasp their bras. They mashed their chests together as they continued to make out. Gia sucked on Tonia's neck as they moved to the bed, while Tonia was in ecstasy as her nipples rubbed against Gia's.

"Are you sure you don't want to stop?" Gia asked. "The choice is, like, yours."

"Like, no way! I need this!"

"Good, because I fucking need it too. I need it so fucking bad, Tonia. I need you."

It was the hottest thing Tonia could have imagined being said. The two crawled up onto the bed, their fingers playing with each other's breasts, pinching and teasing one another's nipples. But soon those hands went further south at Gia's urging. She traced her fingers over Tonia's pussy, admiring its new formation.

“Omigod, I didn’t realise I had - ohhhh! Oh sh-shit! Oh shit, I’m a woman!”

She froze for a moment, and Gia realised what was happening.

“You remember? You’re aware?”

Tonia nodded, shell-shocked. “All of it. Holy fuck, I’m a total woman. I’ve got a pussy and everything. I’m, like, a bombshell latina with big brown tits. This is crazy! This is not normal!”

“It’s the magic of this place, Tonia. It’s who we’re meant to be. But, you know, we can stop if you want. I want to keep going. I - I want to be with you. If this is too weird-”

Tonia shook her head. “It is weird. Gawd, it’s so weird. But I’ve never been, like, so happy. Or so totally turned on! Let’s - let’s just keep going! Right now I want this! Tomorrow I can figure out what the fuck is, like, happening with my life! For now, just let me be Tonia.”

Gia beamed, and resumed nuzzling her lover’s tender neck. Tonia was so submissive to her, but she was just as bimbo-ish in this moment. She revelled in how Tonia looked at her, in her own slutty hot body, and how fucking good the sex felt. She never wanted it to end, especially once Tonia also began circling her fingers around her womanhood. The two were getting each other off, hard, and soon they were on their sides on the bed, facing one another, kissing and caressing one another’s breasts while their spare hands entered their respective partner’s tunnels.

“Mhmmm! Oh G-God! F-feels soooo good. Like, so much better than-”

“I know! It does! I’m g-getting close, Tonia! I want us to cum at the same time. I fucking love you.”

“I - ohhhhh - I love you t-too! I, like, love you so much, sister! I want you to make me cum because I love you so MMMPPHHH!!!”

Tonia came first, and Gia shortly afterwards. The sensations were *spectacular*, a series of tidal waves that rocked through their cores. Their new bodies were deeply sensitive, so it was not just their new, slick tunnels that made them shudder in bliss, or their throbbing clits, but also their tits rubbing against one another, their lips upon each other, their hands across the other’s waists and asses. She shook, two miniature earthquakes continuing as another orgasm hit, followed by a final third one.

In the long moments that followed, the two curled up against one another, holding each other as the pleasure slowly ebbed away. Neither had felt such comfort before, and Gia spent some moments caressing Tonia’s cheek and adoring her new latina features, just as Tonia thought the same of Gia’s new Persian ancestry.

“That was incredible,” Gia said. “You’re incredible.”

“Mhmm, I can’t believe I held off for so long. Dude - sis - what do we, like, do now? We’re like, the same people were were, but also totes different. I’m, like, such a partygirl ditz now, and you’re this crazy hot mega sex goddess.”

“Oh yeah. I could go, like, three more rounds right now.”

“Mhmm, that sounds fantastic.”

“Why don’t we?” Gia said, raising herself up over her friend so that her breasts dangled in Tonia’s face. “Let’s enjoy ourselves a few more times, and just live in, like, the moment. You can decide if you want to change back tomorrow when we get the car. For now, let’s just let what happens in Lesbos happen.”

Tonia bit her lip. “Sounds like a plan, sis. Come here.”

But Gia had a better plan. She lowered herself down to Tonia’s new feminine flower, and began to slowly lick at her sensitive folds.

Soon Tonia was at her mercy all over again.

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The next day, the pair of beauties were in gorgeous sundresses as they headed to Abby’s auto repair service. Gia was wearing a white dress with blue flowery patterns, while Tonia preferred a yellow dress that pulled tight around the waist and had a low cut. The two were holding hands as they entered, though there was a silence between them. A small uncertainty. They had both woken together, their naked forms wrapped around each other, and quite a bit of passionate sex had followed during which a lot of lovely words were exchanged, the most powerful of which was ‘I love you.’

Tonia had a full awareness of her situation just like Gia, but she had been a little silent on what she planned to do when she got their car back. Was she going to leave Lesbos, and in doing so reject her form and turn back to Tyler? Or was the love exchanged between the two of them enough? Only Tonia could know, and as impulsive as she was with her slightly changed personality, she had done a remarkable job of saying nothing.

“Great to see ya’ll again!” Abby called, half-covered in grease and looking spectacular besides. “Lemme just clean myself with a rag and I’ll get you to your new and fixed car! We can settle payment now too, if you’d like.”

“Totally,” Tonia said.

Gia felt a wave of nervousness surging up within her gut. She was powerful, strong, athletic, and damn sexy, but none of it was worth it if she didn’t have Tonia by her side. They had been ride or die friends for so long; she wanted the same for them as lesbian lovers. Instead, she had to watch while her bubbly possible-girlfriend paid with her card and Abby went over the big repair job.

“Ohmigod, I’ll take much better care of it in the future, I totally promise!” Tonia said. “I didn’t mean to let it get so out of hand. But at least, you know, we won’t be driving very far any time soon, ha!”

Abby cocked her head to the side. "I thought ya'll were heading out on your big road trip? All fifty states and all that?"

Tonia turned and faced Gia, and in that moment the Persian beauty already knew her friend's decision. It made a huge smile break out all over her face.

"Oh, we'll totes get around to that, Abby. Totes. But for now, I'm thinking we got bigger concerns on our mind, like where are we gonna live in this town? And, like, what jobs are we gonna have? Does this place need some sexy hot programmers or librarians?"

Abby laughed. "I'm happy to hear that! I'm sure we've got something. Persephone will have some ideas, for sure."

"You're really staying?" Gia asked, approaching her friend/girlfriend.

Tonia planted a cute kiss on Gia's lips. "Of course, sis. Where you go, I go. Besides, I can't, like, abandon this ass!"

She squeezed it, causing Gia to giggle. "You're the best. I love you, Tonia."

"Love ya right back, babe. Where should we take the car now that it's repaired?"

Gia thought about it. It was a lovely day, and the perfect idea came to mind. "What so we take her up to the edge of town near the walking trails and overlook Lesbos? It's a great spot to see our future . . . and makeout hardcore."

Tonia squealed. "Ohmigod, that's perfect!"

Abby threw Gia the keys, and the Persian woman caught them easily with her better reflexes.

"Another happy ending for Lesbos," the mechanic declared. "Have fun, you two!"

And they did. In many positions, too.

**The End**