

## **If I Was In Your Shoes! (MtF, TG, AR, Preg)**

### **By FoxFaceStories**

*David is a single divorced father who finds out that his twenty year old daughter is pregnant and thinking of dropping out of college. After making an offhand comment about what he'd do in her shoes, he is changed by a magical force and shocked to find himself as his own daughter's younger sister, Daphne. If she can make it through the college year without ending up in his daughter-turned-sister's situation, she can go back to normal. But can Daphne do it?*

### **If I Was In Your Shoes!**

David Wilson rubbed the bridge of his nose as he paced backwards and forwards in the living room. He was a large, stocky man with a growing bald spot on the back of his head, and brown hair that was going grey due to a combination of office job stress and the fact that he was now forty five years old.

"Pregnant," he muttered, pulling off his tie and letting it fall to the floor. "You're pregnant."

His daughter Ivy bit her lip, her cheeks red. She had her mother's bright blue eyes as well as her brilliant blonde hair, but her wider face came from him, as did her swimmer's shoulders. She was a very pretty girl, everyone said so, but it was hard sometimes to look at her, particularly when she wore jeans like her mother always did. It had been five years since the ugly divorce, and while David had managed to get fifty-fifty custody with Sherry, it had been hard. His gut had ballooned during that period. He'd been told to seek therapy numerous times, but that wasn't for a man like him. And yet when he looked at Ivy's eyes and saw her mother in them, well, it was hard.

And now she was pregnant.

"You're pregnant," he repeated.

Ivy took a deep breath. She was sitting on the couch while he paced. "Yes, Dad. How many times do I have to tell you?"

"As many times as it takes for me to understand how it happened!"

"Well, when a man and a woman like each other very much, sometimes--"

"Don't give me that lip, young missy! I'm not the one in hot water right now."

Ivy sagged a little, her features glum.

"It wasn't just a fling, Dad. Brett and I love one another. We've been . . . intimate a few times, if you must know. We're normally careful."

“Only this time, you weren’t. Or he wasn’t. I’m seriously going to beat the living hell out of that sonofabitch!”

At this point, Ivy jumped to her feet and thrust out a finger. “Oh no you won’t, Dad! Did you miss the part where I said he loved me?”

“And does he love you back? I notice he’s distinctly absent, Ivy!”

“That’s because I *told* him that I wanted to talk to you alone, because I knew you’d get all like - like *this!*”

David pinched the bridge of his nose again and rubbed it. “How could this happen?” he said, gesticulating outwards like he was praying to the heavens. “I did my best to teach you right. I taught you to be a good girl, to be responsible. For Chrissakes, I’m paying into a college fund that will make you a *biologist* one day, honey.”

“Firstly,” Ivy snapped. “You weren’t always the best Dad. You and Mom were at each other’s throats.”

“That’s not what we’re talking about.”

“And secondly, I am *still* going to be a biologist, Dad. It’ll just be . . . later down the track. Afterwards.”

David finally froze on the spot. Slowly, he pivoted to take in his daughter. For all her twenty-year old bluster, he could see past through to the nervousness deeper within. She was scared, and for good reason.

“Afterwards?” he said slowly. “You’re planning to, what, keep it?”

Her hand went down to her stomach, and sure enough David realised that he could see a slight dome to her belly. Very early days, only slightly visible when she ran her hand across it, but a tautness nonetheless.

“It’s my baby, Dad. And it’s Brett’s, too. We’ve already talked about it. He’s going to study extra hard to support us while I raise the little one. And then, after they’re bigger and we can organise daycare, I can return to college part-time and-”

“NO!” David erupted, whirling around to wave his hands near her face. “No, no, no, no! That is *not* happening, Ivy Wilson. Not under my roof!”

“I won’t be under your roof for long! I can always go to Mom’s!”

“She’ll say the same thing I’m saying. You cannot drop out of college; you’d be throwing your life away Ivy, and for what? A college fling? A surprise baby? No, we deal with this quickly. You’re obviously too far along for the morning pill, but there are services one state over . . . *abortive* services. For dealing with it.”

Ivy swallowed. Her hand was still on her stomach. “Dad,” she whimpered, her defiance melting away again. “I already *went* to do that. Brett took me. We had a huge discussion in the car.”

“Did he pressure you into a choice? Because by God, if he pressured you, sweetie, I’m going to-”

“He was just supportive, Dad! He was there for me. He let me choose, and we discussed the positives and negatives, and he was there one hundred percent for me either way. And . . . while I would support any girl who wanted to choose to do that, I found I couldn’t do it. I . . . I wanted to keep it. I still do. It’s my baby, and it’s with Brett, and he or she is going to be our little blessing.”

David found it hard to contain his fury and frustration. “You are throwing away your life, honey. You can’t drop out of college. You just can’t.”

“I’ll have to, Dad. I don’t want to study and raise a baby at the same time.”

“Your career is what’s important.”

“No, my baby is more important. You prioritising your career is what got you divorced. If you were in my shoes, you’d do the same thing if you had any sense!

That pushed him over the line. “If I was in your shoes, I wouldn’t be getting myself pregnant and becoming a dropout! If I was in your shoes, young missy, I’d be making much, much better decisions! And I certainly wouldn’t be thinking of cutting my future into ribbons if I did get pregnant, which I certainly wouldn’t if I were if I in your *fucking shoes!*”

His voice echoed loudly through the room and reverberated, leaving Ivy in shock. His daughter’s features slowly contorted into a scowl. She rose and began to head for the door, ready to head back to her campus apartment. David followed after her, digging ever deeper.

“Ivy, don’t you walk away from me! We’re not done discussing this! You are not dropping out, and if I was in your shoes-”

All of a sudden there was a bright flash, causing David to jump back. Likewise, Ivy let out a brief scream of shock as a figure manifested between them. It appeared to be a woman, one in a stylish black dress and with beautiful Indian features, her long dark hair floating about her as if she were not bound by gravity, or simply underwater.

“In her shoes?” the woman said in a remarkably regal voice, staring right into the surprised David’s eyes. “Well, that can be arranged.”

“Who are you!?” he said. “What are you doing in my house? Ivy, is this one of your college friends? What was that, a flashbang or something?”

“So many questions,” the woman asked. “Have you met me before, Ivy?”

Ivy’s eyes slowly widened. “I - I saw you in the park just a week ago. I told you about my situation because I thought you were safe to talk to . . . a stranger.”

The woman smiled. “And I told you that you should tell your father and see how he reacted. I must confess, part of me was hoping for some drama. I’m a witch, you see, and I like to intrude into the affairs of others and deliver karmic retribution where necessary. You

may call me Priya, and think of me as a witch who likes to base my magic around games and challenges. I leave things up to chance, you might say.”

David frowned. “Look, I don’t know what scam this is or how you just appeared before us, but this is a private matter between my daughter and I. I don’t plan for her to throw away her future, and I were her-”

“Ah, but that’s exactly it, Mr David Wilson, you’re *not* your daughter, and you *aren’t* in her shoes. So, I’m going to fix that.”

Priya the witch flicked some playing cards artfully between her hands in an almost hypnotic manner. She smiled mischievously, stepping towards a defiant David. “From now on, you’re being put to the test, David. You’re going to be put in a pair of shoes just like those of your daughter. In fact, you’re going to become her nineteen-year old younger sister, and reality will remember you like that. Your challenge is to see if you truly can avoid landing in your daughter’s shoes, and avoid getting pregnant just like she has. If you can make it through a single semester, I’ll change you back, and reality reasserts itself. If you fail, you’re stuck like this, and you two get to be pregnant sisters who truly understand one another’s ‘shoes’, so to speak. What do you think about that?”

David was fuming. This situation was not in his control, and he hated that. His daughter’s entire future was in peril because of her rash and stupid actions, and now this crazy woman had stalked Ivy into their home.

“You listen here,” he said, jabbing his finger in Priya’s direction. “You have to the count of ten to get out of my home, or-”

Priya sighed and threw her pack of cards in David’s direction. They spread around him, surrounding him in an instant, spreading out so that he was covered over by hundreds of cards that coated every inch of him. He mumbled and moaned, a walking card-man, writhing and trying to remove them, and then just as quickly as they had come, they fell off of his form . . . only to reveal a form that had instantaneously been transformed. The man felt something was instantly wrong - his body was all strange - but when Ivy looked at him and actually screamed, he knew it.

“What the fuck!?” she cried. “What did you just do!?”

“I turned your father into your sister. I feel like I just explained that? Did I not make it clear enough?”

Davie looked down and squealed. His voice was high-pitched and deeply feminine, and this matched the new body he possessed. He was wearing a t-shirt instead of a suit, and the airy quality of his pants made him realise he was also wearing a damn *skirt* as well. Worse, his shirt had a decently low cut that exposed a pair of breasts that looked positively *enormous* upon his chest. They had a noticeable weight and heft to them, and they were pushed up by a bra. His hair was blonde, falling into his vision as he shook his head slowly.

“N-no. No. This - this doesn’t make any sense.”

“Oh God, Dad, is that you?”

David looked to his daughter, who somehow appeared to be *taller* than him now. “It - it’s me sweetie. It’s me, alright? Oh God, my voice . . . look, tell me what you’re seeing right now, okay? How do I look?”

Ivy had tears forming in her eyes. “Dad, you look like a girl, Dad! You look like me! You look like - my sister!”

Priya cheered. “Finally, you’ve caught up! I explained all of this, remember? David here is now Daphne, your little sister. She is, and always was, at least in this changed reality.

David gaped at his changed appearance and raised a hand to his soft throat, shocked by the sound of his new voice.

“This can’t be . . . this can’t be happening.”

Priya grinned. “Oh, it absolutely can! Now you’ll be walking in your own daughter’s shoes, as her little sister Daphne! Just make sure to get through the whole semester without getting knocked up, and the challenge is complete. If not, perhaps you’ll come to understand Ivy here a little bit more! Good luck to you!”

David cottoned on to Priya’s words, and it was enough to pull him away from the impossible sight of his very female and distinctly younger body. “Wait just a minute, you can’t leave me like-”

There was another flash, and suddenly Priya the witch had disappeared, leaving David trapped in his new body. Ivy swallowed, her breathing shallow, the daughter-turned-older sister not even knowing what to say for a time until finally . . .

“D-Dad? Are you . . . are you okay?”

David replied with a high-pitched scream.

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“It doesn’t feel right. Can’t you do something different with it?”

“You wanted something simple, Dad. This is a ponytail. That’s as simple as it gets.”

“It just - it feels too long! Maybe I should get it cut.”

“Well, it’s too late now, and I still think you don’t want to rock the boat on this.

Everyone thinks you were always Daphne thanks to the magic, so getting an extreme haircut out of nowhere might raise eyebrows or something.”

“Raise eyebrows like getting pregnant?”

Suddenly, David felt a yank at his hair that made him squeak a little. “Hey! You did that on purpose!” he exclaimed in his soft new voice.

“Oops, sorry!” Ivy said, though her expression was anything but apologetic. “But I guess I *am* your older sister now, Dad, so teasing you a bit is probably my responsibility now, right?”

David scowled and looked over himself again. They were walking from their now-shared college apartment to the campus building. His actual home wasn’t even his anymore - it had defaulted to Sherry - and apparently in this changed reality the real David had basically faded out of the lives of both women. Which left him stuck as a college girl now literally one year younger than his daughter.

Worse, a very attractive nineteen year old girl, with brunette hair to contrast Ivy’s blonde, but still with those same bright blue eyes and fuller cheeks and cute smattering of freckles. That wasn’t even getting into the fact that she was now only five-foot-four in height, below average even for a woman, so that her new ‘sister’ was taller than her. And then there were the *other* changes she was still getting used to.

“How many times do I have to tell you?” Ivy said, grabbing David’s hand and pulling it down. “Stop touching your chest.”

“Hey, don’t grab your father like that, young missy.”

She raised an eyebrow as they began to step onto campus grounds. “You’re not my father right now, Daphne, and I’m not a ‘young missy’ anymore; you’re one year younger than me, remember?”

“That’s absurd.”

“No, what’s absurd is that you keep cupping your boobs and people are going to notice.”

David groaned. “It’s not my fault!” she said, sounding whinier than intended. “Why’d they have to be so big?”

A laugh. “I don’t know, but I’m jealous. I can’t believe my own Dad has bigger boobs than me. There is seriously no justice. I can only hope I go up a cup size while I keep growing.”

“Can we not talk about breasts? I’m your father, for God’s sake.”

“Not right now you aren’t. You have to play the role of a college girl and get through one semester. And you clearly needed my help with your big Double-D’s this morning when you asked me to help you get the clasp in.”

David found it hard not to blush at this point. It had only been a few days as a woman, and already he felt like he was floundering. The former mid-forties man was dealing with being lighter, thinner, and younger, all of which should have been pluses, especially since he had so much more energy now. But he was also a woman, practically a *girl*. He had to sit down to pee. He had to share an apartment with Ivy, knowing his own daughter was paying for it along with his ex-wife, and he had to deal with having a pair of big boobs and

curves and a cute smile and a high voice and - and all of it! It was damn emasculating, and all the worse because Ivy was *still* pregnant and *still* planning to keep her baby and *still* dating damn Brett, who even came around and was making plans to move in with them.

"This is just a load of malarkey," he muttered, which caused Ivy to laugh.

"Sorry," she said. "But you need to update your lingo to your new generation, 'sis.' We don't say malarkey anymore. But it is pretty fucked up, yo. My own Dad is my sister."

"Hey, no swearing!"

"I'm the older sister now," she said with a grin. "That means I don't have to listen to you right now. Are you ready for your first day of college? You look pretty cute."

Never before had David felt so embarrassed. He'd managed to wear a more gender-neutral outfit, at least; not skirts this time. Still, he was wearing women's jeans and a t-shirt that was a little tight around his breasts, which bounced a little even in his bra, much to his dissatisfaction. He wore no makeup, which Ivy told him was a mistake for a girl on campus, but he knew she was trying to get revenge on him a little for being, in her view, too overbearing.

"I'll have you know that while I'm stuck as your sister, I am still your Dad," she said emphatically, hands on her too-wide hips. "And I will not take kindly to being called cute. I'll make it through this semester, but so will you, Ivy. If I can hack it as a woman just to satisfy that awful witch that *you* gave your whole story to, then *you* can also keep yourself from dropping out, even if you are keeping the baby."

At this, Ivy's grin faded and she sighed. "Jesus, you're still a hardass even as my younger sister, Dad."

"I'm only being a hardass for your sake. Your career and future comes first, and I hope you understand that. Because I am *in* your shoes now, and just you watch; I definitely won't be falling pregnant."

Ivy snorted at this. "Yeah, *that* I can't imagine! Well, your lecture is over there, and I've got a tutorial for my biology course across campus. I'll see you for brunch, *little sis*. Try not to attract too much attention from boys."

David pouted as Ivy walked away, then turned to head towards his own lecture. Apparently 'Daphne Wilson' was studying medicine and nursing. That frustrated her; she'd been hoping for commerce, since that was the nature of her office work, as intense and stressful as it had been. But her as a nurse? The thought made her laugh. She was many things, but a compassionate soul she was not.

As she arrived at the medicine hub David suddenly paused and hit her forehead. *His* forehead.

"Jesus, I was just thinking of myself as an actual woman there for a moment," he muttered under his breath. "Get a fucking grip, David."

He shook it off, and continued inside. He really was in shoes much like his daughter's now. If that ghastly Priya witch was trying to make a point, it wasn't going to work. He'd push his way through this and tough it out like he always had in life. He'd make it through to the end, and the only other failure condition was if he got pregnant.

"Me? Pregnant?" he chuckled lightly as he found a seat. "As if. What an absurd notion."

It was at that moment that a young man around his new age entered the lecture theatre and took a seat not far from David. He had olive skin and looked vaguely Polynesian, with curly black hair that was pulled back into a kind of manly ponytail. He looked in David's direction and threw a casual yet very charismatic smile, raising his hand in a slight wave. David felt his cheeks going red, and he smiled sheepishly back, waving as well. The man looked her up and down appreciatively, causing the former man to realise he was sticking his chest out a little for some reason. He pushed some loose strands behind his ears and tried to focus on literally anything else in the room.

"What the fuck was that?" he whispered to himself.

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It was over a week later, and David was getting into the routine of his new life. He didn't *like* it, of course. Hell, he could barely *tolerate* it, but at least he was getting used to it, right down to how to manage his hair and put on his much-needed bra each day. He recalled how Sherri felt so relaxed when removing her bra at the end of a long day, and he did the same, sighing as he let his new 'girls' sag down a little, though he still wore a shirt of course.

"Letting them things go free, I see," Ivy noted when she entered after her own college day had finished.

David pouted. "I get why women like to remove them at the end of a day."

"Well, you got Double-D's, so you probably need it more than I do. I'm just a C-cup, though I think they're getting bigger."

"Again, it is highly inappropriate for a father to talk about breasts like this."

"But not sisters," she teased. "And certainly not - oh God!"

Suddenly, Ivy *ran* from her spot and went straight to the bathroom. Moments later, David heard his daughter throwing up in the toilet. With a sigh, he got up and moved his silly female body over to her and helped hold back her hair.

"Thanks, I guess," she said when she was done. "Fucking morning sickness. Yes, I swore, I know."

"Well, if you hadn't gotten pregnant-"

"Don't, Dad. Just . . . don't. Focus on not getting pregnant yourself."

“Yeah, like that’ll be the day! Look, rinse your mouth out and I’ll make us up a meal. What are you craving?”

It was then that Ivy gave him a funny look.

“What?”

“It’s just . . . since when do you act like this? Hold back my hair while vomiting, offer to make me a meal that takes into account what *I* want. And are you wearing a *skirt* now?”

David hesitated. He wasn’t sure why he’d worn a skirt today. It just felt . . . nice. And Matteo, the would-be nurse in his class, seemed to like the look of it. He wasn’t entirely sure why that was a factor, but he liked the idea of having a male friend. It made sense, as a former man. At least, that’s how he tried to justify it.

“I’m just fitting in,” he said. “Look, do you want the help or not, sweetie?”

Ivy smiled. “I’d love, love, love some pancakes. Maple syrup pancakes. I think this little baby has a total sweet tooth.”

He smiled. “Coming right up, sis.”

“Wait, did you just call me sis?”

He was already halfway out the door when he paused. “It was just a joke, kid. Is Brett coming around today?”

“No, he’s pulling a double-shift. He’s doing that a lot to support the baby when I can’t work anymore.”

David nodded along to this. “That’s . . . good. That’s real good. At least someone can be responsible.”

“And there you go, ruining a good moment!”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Just . . . just make the pancakes, Dad.”

David did so, and they ate them without much conversation not long after. Then Ivy fell asleep on the couch. She’d been more tired lately and struggling with her studies, and David had reminded her several times that this was what pregnancy did, but Ivy was adamant that she planned to keep the baby, and that dropping out was still likely at the end of the semester, so she could defer the course years down the line. He sat there in the living room in his own girly body, watching Ivy on her side, one hand on her stomach which was just a little bit swollen.

“You dumb kid,” he muttered. “I love you so much, but Jesus, what a mess. And what a mess your father is in. Goddamn magic. Can’t believe it’s real.” He sighed deeply, feeling his breasts rise and fall with far too much heft. “I might as well hit the hay myself, I guess.”

He made his way to his room, the one that had photos displayed of the two of them as sisters, as well as mementos of his ‘mother’; apparently his own ex-wife had given birth to him in this new reality.

“That’s still disturbing as hell,” he noted. “For an entire semester, I’ve got a whole different kind of relationship with that woman’s vagina. Instead of going in, I damn well came out. Shit.”

He checked his phone. Sure enough, there was a message from her.

*‘I hope you’re doing well sweetie. Tell me if there’s anything I can do to help you. I know lots of attention is going Ivy’s way but I haven’t forgotten about my Daph. Always loving you XXOOXX’*

He tossed the phone onto the ground in disgust. “Where the hell was this side of her when we were married? That bitch is hot and cold, I swear.”

He lounged on the bed for some time, lost in thought. He conducted a bit of reading from his medical textbook, getting ready for next week’s material, and then he simply lay there. Something was off about his body, even more than usual. His nipples were aching a little, and his pussy was . . . responsive. He kept thinking about Matteo, and how the man was slowly sitting closer lately, and how they even shared some of their notes and had talked about what they wanted out of their careers. She thought about him a bit longer, and soon the woman’s thoughts turned to his facial features; his handsome jawline, his gorgeous curly black hair pulled back into a frizzy ponytail. She wanted to see it all out so she could run her hands through it. He almost smelled so good, too. And his body . . . the man was fit. Fitter than she’d ever been as a man.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned. Daphne slowly pulled up her shirt to expose her breasts, and then threw it away entirely. She pulled her skirt and underwear down, and didn’t think twice about feeling her body up. She’d been ignoring it for way too long, and now she couldn’t resist. As wrong as it was, she couldn’t stop imagining Matteo’s lips on hers, and on his nipples, his fingers rubbing on her throbbing clit . . . or something else entirely doing the work.

“Ohhhhh,” she moaned. “Ohhhh, yess. Mhmm. That’s the s-stuff. Ahhh . . .”

And so her first experiment continued, her thoughts echoing around this handsome man who had only just started to orbit around her life. It was wonderful. It was ecstasy. And when she finally came she had to cover her mouth to stop herself from waking her own sleeping daughter/sister in the other room.

In the aftermath, Daphne lay there gasping, struggling for breath, and horrified at what she had just done and imagined. And yet, she had seen herself as female - as Daphne - the entire time she had played out that fantasy.

And now, she couldn’t go back.

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Daphne smiled a little as she walked across the campus green. She'd decided to be a little more experimental today, a little . . . girlier. She couldn't say why, just that it was suddenly more appealing to her. She'd been a girl for several weeks now, was thinking of herself as a girl, and she was masturbating with what was probably far too much regularity, a fact she was desperately trying to conceal from Ivy as she went through her morning sickness and tiredness. Ivy was exiting her first trimester and her bump was starting to become obvious, so the news was out and all that, but that just meant Daphne was having to define herself a little more outside of a matter that was, apparently, quite settled.

And now she was wearing a skirt.

A *pink* skirt.

One that actually fell to just above her knees, rather than below them, and was complemented by a lovely white top that showed off a two-inch wide gap of flat and lovely midriff. It still covered her shoulders, so she could tell herself that it was modest, but it also lifted her chest and displayed a hint of cleavage from her bust. Hell, she was even wearing her hair looser and had started trying on some faint makeup - 'natural makeup', as Ivy had put it.

"Looking stylish today, Daph!" Maggie called out. She was one of her fellow students in nursing, and a real gregarious sort. Daphne grinned at her, feeling a little self-conscious. "It's not too much?"

"No way! You look amazing. I'm glad you're not covering up for no reason anymore. And I'm sure *Matteo* will notice it."

At this, Daphne gulped. "I, um, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, please, I see the way you give him those fuck-me eyes. Don't claim you don't have a crush, girl!"

"I - he's just a friend, barely even that! Look, I've gotta go see my sister."

"Oh yeah, say hello to Ivy for me. Tell her I hope it's a girl! She's gonna be a great mom!"

Daphne tried not to think too much about the fact that she was simultaneously a grandfather *and* an aunt presently, and instead on making her way to see her sister for their brunch. A brunch with *Brett*. She'd been avoiding the man's presence as much as possible. Previously, she'd given the whole fatherly intimidation routine to show Brett that he needed to behave, not that *that* had worked, given that Ivy was pregnant. But now Daphne was Ivy's younger and arguably slightly *hotter* sister, and that just made the dynamic . . . odd. *She* was now the younger one, the one Brett saw as his *babymama's* baby sister.

"Just show him you still have authority, Daphne," she told herself. "You've still got it. Everyone on campus knows you're a tough one."

Which wasn't exactly true. While she had a habit of talking with too much gumption and using phrases that were two generations out of date, Daphne was ultimately just a good looking woman on campus now, one who increasingly was finding herself in the company of other women studying her same course, or having to rush to avoid the occasional man who asked if she was 'free sometime' or wanted to know if she 'would like to catch a drink.' It was galling. She was in her forties!

And yet as she passed a group of rather attractive men in their early twenties, she couldn't help but let her lovely hips shake a little from side to side, or stop herself from correcting her posture and letting her boobs stick out more. She pushed her hair behind her left ear and smiled almost demurely as a couple of guys checked her out.

"Looking fucking *hot*, Daphne!" one yelled out, a frat bro called Chet. "Tell me you're single, babe!"

She frowned, but the man was admittedly good looking despite his sleazy and womanising reputation, so she responded anyway.

"That I am, Chet!" she said, and she let her butt wiggle a little more as she passed him.

"Fuckin' A!" he said, clapping a friend on the back at the sight as they passed. "Wanna go out sometime?"

"I'm busy!" she replied, though her voice was sort of teasing, in a sense. Which was a total disaster move, because this took place just outside the campus cafe and Ivy clearly spotted this behaviour.

"Dad - I mean, Daphne! What the hell was that?"

"Wh-what!?" she said with a bit too much outrage as she sat down.

Ivy raised an eyebrow. "You putting on a show for the boys out there, that's what! And you're wearing pink! And a crop-top! I swear, while I'm getting bigger you're getting girlier."

Ivy was past the fifteen week stage now, and she was starting to wear looser trousers. Her shirts were still the same, but they pushed out a little, exposing a tautness in her stomach that made it obvious she was growing a baby. Daphne found it hard not to occasionally shift on her seat to get a better look at her daughter-turned-sister's profile. What would it feel like to grow a child inside yourself? It was almost fascinating to comprehend.

"Earth to Daphne! Hello? Did you hear me?"

"What was that?" the woman said.

Ivy crossed her arms. "I said, you're getting girlier. And you were swaying your hips and sticking out your big boobs out there. What's going on with you?"

"I'm just . . . adjusting. Playing my part, okay! I have to get through a whole semester. I've still got like nine weeks to go, so I'm doing my best to be Daphne. I'm even thinking of myself as Daphne, right? That's what *you* wanted."

Ivy frowned, but slowly nodded. "I guess so."

It was then that Brett arrived. Tall and rather handsome Brett with his dark hair and leather jacket and cool, calm confidence that David had always found hard to confront. Daphne, on the other hand, found herself having a sharp intake of breath at the sight of him. God, he was handsome, and it frustrated her to hell and back that her body responded to his appearance.

"There's my gorgeous girlfriend," he said, leaning down to kiss Ivy. "And I bring mushroom pasta, your favourite."

She giggled, then took his hand and placed it against her belly. "I felt a flutter," she said. "I'm pretty sure they're starting to roll around a little."

Brett caressed her stomach lightly, his eyes fascinated. Daphne found herself drawn to this moment. It seemed so very . . . intimate. She remembered doing this when Sherry was pregnant with little Ivy, but she hadn't been this involved. She'd been working and hadn't been up on all the 'connection to the baby' stuff, thinking it wasn't a man's job. And now, she found herself touching her own bare stomach just lightly.

"I can't feel anything yet," Brett said with some disappointment.

"Give it time."

"I can't wait. I know it's scary, but I'm so glad we're doing this, babe."

"Me too," she said. "I was just talking to Daphne here about how I'm planning to defer my course at the end of the semester."

Brett smiled and waved as he took a seat. "Good to see you, Daphne. Still trying to get your sister to reverse course?"

"Trying and failing," she muttered. "But I *will* succeed. She needs to think about her future."

"And you need to butt out of my business, little sis," Ivy said. "You're going to be an aunt, not the mom of this baby."

Brett paused. "I didn't walk into anything, did I?"

For a moment, there was a slight awkwardness that hung in the air, but it was Ivy who broke it. "No, I'm just moody. Hormones. Trust me, sis, if you get them, you'll get a little bitchy too. I'm sorry, and I'm glad we're having brunch together, all three of us."

"M-me too," Daphne admitted, trying not to look too much in Brett's direction. "I still think you should stay in college, though," she said. "I - I could help a little. I could step up more."

"Hey, you don't need to do that," Brett said. "I promise you, Daphne, whatever we end up doing, you know I'll take care of your sister. Anyway, how goes nursing? Finding it interesting?"

Daphne was about to answer when suddenly Ivy butted in instead. “Oh, she is! She’s even found some new friends there, from what I hear. Some nice girlfriends, but also some potential boyfriends.”

“I definitely have not.”

“Then who is that handsome guy coming your way? Seems he recognises you.”

Daphne turned, and her heart instantly skipped a beat. Matteo was walking towards her, a radiant and handsome smile on his features. He waved a hand.

“Hey, Daphne! Fancy seeing you here!”

The new woman swallowed. “H-hey, Matteo.”

“Are you busy? I don’t want to intrude.”

But after her comments on Ivy’s choices, her daughter was now planning mischief. “Not at all. You’re Matteo, right? Daphne talks about you all the time.”

“Sis!”

“I’m her sister, Ivy. And this is Brett, my boyfriend. Come and sit with us, I’m sure Daphne would love it, right sis?”

She was about to go nuclear. She *should* have gone nuclear. But then, for reasons she couldn’t quite understand, the former male bit her lip in a rather demure way, that kind of nervous flirty way that turns on all the boys, and then gestured to a seat. “Y-yeah, of course. If that’s okay with you, Matteo, I mean. I’d love - I mean, we’d love to have you at the table.

He took a seat, and once more she was assaulted by his great smell. He clearly used a nice aftershave or cologne or something, but it suited his sexy looks. He wasn’t too muscular either, but instead had a lithe fit build and his longer hair was just begging to be released so she could feel its fluffy curls.

“It’s great to meet you both,” he said, shaking hands with them. “I sit next to Daphne in our lectures and we’ve started doing some of our readings together.”

Ivy snorted. “You have, have you?”

“Oh yeah, she’s just great. A real natural future nurse. Ain’t that right, Daphne?”

The woman wanted to die. This was *not* how this was meant to go, especially not with her own daughter’s shit-eating grin aimed right at her.

“I - I’m enjoying it, yes. I don’t know if I’m right to be a nurse, though.”

“Nonsense, you’re acing it. Hey, I was wondering if you wanted to catch up sometime. Outside of the campus, I mean. If you’re free, that is.”

All eyes were on her. Daphne was finding it hard to breathe.

“I - sure,” she said. “That would be great. Just for some free time, though. When I’ve got time. Life is pretty busy right now.”

Matteo smiled. “It’s a date . . . at least, once we find a date, heh! We’ll talk some more. Nice meeting you both!”

He took off, having not had brunch at all, but instead clearly came for the purpose of asking her out. Ivy blinked, shocked at what she'd just witnessed.

"Holy shit, did you just say what I think you said?"

"Sounds like love is in the air," Brett joked. "Just be a bit careful! I hear when it comes to Wilson women, accidents can happen."

He smirked as he rubbed Ivy's belly, and the woman playfully pushed him away, but it just left Daphne's stomach lurching.

"I've - I've got to go!" she announced. She got up from the table and stumbled away. The question ran again and again in her mind. Why had she just agreed to that?

And why was she struggling to regret it?

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It took another two and a half weeks to finalise a date. Daphne tried to play everything coy, and with Ivy's pregnancy news out and quite obvious from her pregnant stomach now that she was eighteen weeks along, her sister was a handy excuse.

"Sorry, but Ivy is really sick right now, and I want to make sure she's okay."

"Sorry, but this weekend won't work for me, I'm taking Ivy to some appointments and it leaves no time for study."

"I really want to have some time with you, Matteo, I really do. But this upcoming bloodworks and operations test is kicking my butt."

It worked, but only for a time. It was becoming interminable, especially since she was acting increasingly feminine in order to cope. Her body was young, and while it felt great to be full of energy, able to run just for fun again, there was also the drawback of having a youthful libido that hit her like a goddamn freight train. She masturbated on average every two days from the sheer frustration, and it was always while thinking about men, or wondering what it would be like to have a dick inside of her, or simply imagining Matteo holding her body and nibbling at her breasts. And speaking of breasts, Ivy was starting to brag that she'd gone up to a D-cup, and might even end up bigger than Daphne again. It galled Daphne to realise it, but she was actually *annoyed* by that possibility. She had the bigger boobs, and she was getting used to wearing outfits that showed them off a bit more, especially those tight crop tops and dress tops, so why should her sister surpass her?

It was insane, she knew it. But so were her other behaviours, like the fact that she was becoming better at doing her makeup, or how she was adjusting her hair as well. Some days she even put on some smoky eyeshadow, only to rub it off when she looked in the mirror and saw how attractive she was.

“The fuck are you doing, Daphne?” she’d say. “This is the kind of stuff you told Ivy to stop doing! You got onto her case as a teenager about wearing slutty makeup, so why are *you* doing it now?”

Because it was appealing, was the answer. Because it was sexy. Because it made her feel beautiful and wanted, and because Matteo had complimented her several times. It was the same reason she had, very secretly so that Ivy would not know, actually gone out and purchased some cute sundresses, not to mention a red cocktail dress that made her look hot as hell . . . were she to go on a date.

Which was exactly how she’d ended up finally agreeing to meet up with Matteo at the local club in town; *The Red Fox*. She felt like the fox, her crimson-coloured dress conforming to her curves and lifting up her boobs far, far more than she was comfortable with. And yet, she felt goddamn hot in it, especially since she wore matching heels. She should have stumbled in those, but instead her body adjusted.

“Holy smokes,” Matteo said as he saw her after she’d snuck out of the apartment while Ivy and Brett were in their room together. She didn’t want to hear them having sex - it would practically destroy her psyche, so it was the perfect time to leave a note saying she was off to meet Maggie.

“Is it too much?” she said nervously. “I haven’t dressed up in twenty years. And I’m not used to wearing dresses.”

He just laughed as he approached her, his gaze lingering over her legs, her hips, and then her lovely bosom. “Twenty years, huh? Well, no need to exaggerate, given we’re both nineteen. I’d say you cleaned up beautifully, Daphne. I was actually starting to think you weren’t into me.”

“I - I never said I was into you. We’re just having a fun night. I, fuck, I need one. Life has been stressful and you have no idea. No one does, outside of my daughter. Sister, sorry. Jesus, my mind is fragged right now.”

He chuckled again. “I love your old-timey slang. C’mon, then. Let’s have a good time. I wanna see you on the dance floor. Have I mentioned how fucking hot you are, by the way?”

She knew getting into the Uber with him was a bad mistake, but she did it anyway. It was like something was affecting her mind, making her girlier and girlier, so that she didn’t mind his advances, nor showing off her curves so much. She played with her necklace - the one she’d also secretly bought recently - and did so near her cleavage, drawing his eye there. When he looked down her dress without meaning to, she actually giggled nervously.

“Sorry!” he declared. “It’s just . . . damn, that’s a good view.”

It should have shamed her, but instead she bit her lip and smiled. “They’re not bad, are they? I’m still getting used to them.”

“Late bloomer?”

“Really late bloomer. Really, really late. But I’m coming around to having boobs. They’re, uh, Double-D’s, you know.”

“Holy fuck. Goddamn, you are a smokeshow. Am I coming on too strong *before* we start drinking? Actually, don’t answer that, I don’t care. Your tits look amazing. There, I said it. You look amazing in general, actually. Your makeup, your hair, those legs of yours, all of you. But I swear, I am locked onto your tits right now and you’ll just have to excuse my maleness, because your dress is really showing them off and I am all here for it.”

She giggled again. God, he was so forward, more than she would have expected.

“You’re a boob man, huh? I always was, too.”

He cocked his head. “I mean, I always liked it when guys were into that. Once I grew mine. Shit, I’m nervous about this.”

Matteo just smiled. “Then I’ve got the perfect solution for that. It’s called having a drink and a dance at the *Red Fox* with a hot guy.”

“Do I get to feel your hair?” she ventured. “It always . . . it smells nice.”

At this, he took her hand and placed it on his head, and she rubbed his scalp gently.

“Woah. I guess girls really like hair,” she said. “And . . . shoulders.”

The car pulled to a stop not long after, probably to the immense gratification of the Uber driver after all their backseat flirting.

“I’d like to find out more of what you like,” Matteo said. “Especially if it means you shaking those goods of yours on the dance floor.”

“Oh, I’ll have a drink, but I’m definitely not dancing!”

But just half an hour later, Daphne was doing exactly that. She and Matteo danced, the alcohol seeping into her system and making her more excitable, and she didn’t so much mind how her breasts bounced in her dress top or even that she had to keep pulling it up to avoid a wardrobe accident. Matteo kept telling her how hot she was, and the pair laughed and giggled about some of the mistakes they’d made in their latest test, and talked a whole heap of baseball. She blew him away with her knowledge, and told him to abruptly shut up and let ‘his elder’ tell him what’s what several times.

“You’re only a month older than me!” he exclaimed.

“Please, you wish! I’m spiritually in my forties, and I’ve got the soul of a single divorced dad who watched baseball twenty-four-seven, you hear?”

They both laughed at this.

“Well, I’ll take a forty-something year old divorced dad as my dad, so long as he’s got a body like yours!”

Again, she bit her lip. Not long after, Taylor Swift’s *Shake It Off* started playing, and they were back to dancing, she excitedly bouncing to the music despite finding the musician utterly vapid and shallow prior to her change.

"I normally prefer eighties stuff!" she declared. "All this new pop stuff just doesn't hit like it used to!"

"Okay, grandma!" he teased. "But you seem to be enjoying it!"

"It's my sister's fault! She made me listen to it for years, and now the magic is getting into me!"

It was a magnificent date night, the first she'd had in ages. It was only spoiled when someone grabbed her ass while she was dancing and Matteo was fetching drinks, and she turned to see that it was goddamn Chet, the frat bro who was clearly into her.

"Fancy seeing a hot piece like you here," he said in a drunken voice. "Fancy a fun night with a real man?"

Daphne backed up. For just a brief moment, she wanted him. But she pushed those thoughts away, disgusting as they were. "Hey, I used to throw down with bigger guys than you. Scram off and find someone else, tough guy."

It was not the tone he was expecting, but he reached out and grabbed her arm.

"Not one dance? I bet we can have fun together. Trust me, I can change your mind."

Again, that strange pull. Her mind slipped into another place. She imagined him inside of her, ploughing into her pussy, making her pregnant. Her belly would grow. It would swell. She would have a child, just like Ivy. No longer father and daughter but *sisters*. And for that little instant, that fantasy seemed *enticing*.

"Hey, buddy, you got somewhere to be?"

Matteo was at her side, and had placed his drink down so he could square up against Chet. The other man was bigger, but Matteo looked more confident, his muscles ready to spring. In the end, Chet just shrugged, his drunken words slurring a little.

"Just seeing if Daphne here was up for a real man. Guess not."

He strutted off, leaving Matteo to move to her side. "You okay?"

She shook her head. What had been those thoughts? "I - can you just take me home?"

"Of course."

Their uber back to her apartment didn't take long to arrive. Matteo insisted on taking her back, and she leaned against him like Sherri had once done to her. It was a strange reversal, but oddly comfortable. Still, they rode in silence, and she tried to avoid any further flirtation. When they arrived, Matteo opened up the door for her and helped her out.

"Do you need help getting inside? I think you're a little tipsy."

"I'm okay," she said. "That was . . . a really good date. Thank you. I'm not good at being a gentleman, never have been, but you did a pretty good job. No malarkey."

He laughed. "Definitely tipsy. But . . . I'm tipsy too, so I feel this is fair."

He kissed her on the lips. Her eyes widened, then she closed them again, and moaned a little as she kissed him back. They held one another for a moment, then they parted.

“Oh God,” she said. “That was good.”

“Damn straight,” he said. “And as much as I can’t stop thinking about your body in that dress, we should wait till when we’re in our right minds. But maybe next time . . . I can show you some of those muscles you were checking out tonight?”

She gulped. “I’d . . . maybe. I’ve got to go to bed. Sorry!”

Daphne ran up the steps and into her apartment, stumbling just a little. She waved to Matteo one last time and slipped inside, before breathing heavily on the other side of the door. But to her immense horror, the light of the fridge illuminated the interior space, and there was Ivy, wearing just some pyjamas that exposed her pregnant belly, eating a snack in the otherwise darkened room.

“Daphne?” she whispered in the dark. “What the hell are you wearing?”

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The truth was inescapable now; Daphne was still changing. She was becoming more feminine, more flirty, more willing to look at boys and show off her body, and she was drawn especially to Matteo, though even other guys were starting to do a lot for her. She was masturbating nightly now, imagining what it would be like to have a naked penis thrusting up into her, and she dreamed of what it would be like to have her belly swell like her sister’s. Ivy was twenty two weeks along by this point, a month after that first date with Matteo, and the older sister was starting to don maternity wear. She was showing off her belly with pride, and to judge from the sounds coming from their now-shared bedroom at night, Brett clearly found it a huge turn-on.

But that just meant Daphne did as well now. The thought of having a man fuck her and get her pregnant was so childish and stupid but it was so fucking hot, and it had taken a lot of effort to resist doing so with Matteo. She’d told him that she’d wanted to take it slow, and that she’d not had sex before and she believed in a fuller relationship before then and so on. It fit with how old-fashioned he thought she was, but the craziest part was that he’d accepted it!

And yet . . . she’d still made out with him.

Regularly, in fact.

To the point where they’d come dangerously close to actually fucking more than once, and it was only her male pride that had halted the proceedings. She often had to separate herself and think very, very carefully about baseball, and that she was meant to

have grey hair and a balding spot and a saggy gut and definitely a dick between her legs. Such trains of thought worked less and less now. In fact, just two days previously she'd actually visited Matteo's apartment while his roommate was out, and she'd let him feel her naked tits and play with them.

"Mhmmm," she'd moaned. "I could g-get used to these. N-never thought I'd have a pair of breasts. Always liked Sh-Sherry's . . ."

"Who's Sherry?"

"Um, she's my Mom. I, er, call her Sherry. Sorry, I mean, I always wished I had boobs like my Mom's, and now, well, they're bigger."

"You got some good genes, then," he replied. "Would you like me to use my mouth? I can get you off with that, if you want? I could also use my fingers, down there? I don't want to take things further than you'd like, of course, but your pussy smells so fine, girl."

Those words got her over the edge, and she allowed him. The sensation of his tongue flickering over her perfect pink nipples, not to mention how he rubbed her clit, had her crying out for relief as loudly as possible, cumming extra hard and pressing against his body as he brought her to the point of no return. She'd never done something like this for her wife - it had been missionary or nothing, or sometimes just asking/demanding for a blowjob. This, however, was *passion*. It was *art*. And fuck, it was making her want him all the more to be inside of her. She'd had twenty six plus years of sexual history, and now she was finding out what a bad partner in bed she'd been, while this younger kid was showing her all the real moves.

"Mhmmm . . . you're . . . amazing," she managed in the aftermath.

"We could go further, y'know. I'll wear a condom."

"No!" she said, though she wasn't sure if her alarm was from having 'real' sex or whether it was the idea of a condom being in the way. "I mean, not now. I'm sorry, I gotta get back to my sister. Brett is working, and she's getting all the cravings. I'm her personal cook at the moment and all."

It was a white lie, but it worked. Matteo drove her back, but he couldn't resist squeezing her butt a little as she got out of his car. It caused her to shiver.

"I used to like doing that," she mentioned.

"Well, you still can," he said. "My ass isn't protected. Try it next time."

"Maybe I will."

They kissed goodbye, but when he drove off, her shoulders sagged as the weight of all that was happening came over her. "God, now I'm letting him fingerbang me. Fuck. And I'm wearing a cute summer dress. Jesus, my big boobs look great in this. I used to have a calendar with girls like me on it . . ."

She ventured inside, only to see that Ivy was on the couch, rubbing her stomach. It was only the late afternoon, but Ivy was going to sleep earlier lately, which meant that she liked to hog the TV around this time. Her stomach was visibly larger, and it seemed to be getting noticeably bigger almost every day. Her boobs were approaching a Double-D cup, which clearly delighted Ivy but made Daphne experience all sorts of mixed feelings. But because it was a hot day, her sister was only wearing a bra and a pair of unbuttoned shorts to let her growing belly have space.

“Hey, didn’t expect you back!” her older sister said. “How were the lectures today? Must have been a big study session after, huh?”

Daphne sat down on the couch beside her sister. Without speaking a word, she leaned against her, for the first time seeking a kind of big-sister comfort from her, rather than trying to maintain her status as the father.

“Daph? You okay?”

She shook her head. “I’m losing myself, Ivy.”

“Look, I know you’re acting more feminine. I got the shock of my life when you came back wearing that red dress, but it was just a girls night. You can’t be an island. Maybe . . . maybe this is just you expressing yourself. Let’s be honest, as a man you never got in touch with your feminine side. When you change back-”

“What if I don’t?”

At this, Ivy chuckled a little and took her father/sister’s hand. “What, are you saying you’re somehow gonna get pregnant now?”

Daphne was silent, which elicited a shocked gasp from Ivy.

“No. You’re *pregnant!*?”

“Of course not!”

“Then . . . what’s going on?”

“I - I can’t tell you. For God’s sake, you’re my own daughter!”

“What if . . . what if I’m just your older sister, for now? Would that help?”

Slowly, Daphne nodded. It did help. Quite a lot, actually. In some ways, it felt more natural, especially since her sister seemed bigger and more in control than she did lately, despite the whole pregnancy debacle. “I think . . . I’ve gone into your shoes more than I expected,” she said. “Me and Matteo . . . we’re dating.”

Ivy’s jaw fell, but her surprise continued to grow as Daphne began to tell the secret she’d been hiding for what felt like years now, but was in reality just a few weeks. Tears formed in her eyes as she admitted to finding herself utterly enthralled by the man, and even more so as she talked about her fear of losing herself.

“The m-magic is changing me. That damn Priya woman, I’m getting girlier and girlier, and I can’t help myself. I imagine getting pregnant and I’m worried I will! I’m going to lose myself, Ivy!”

Her sister gripped her and hugged her, pulling Daphne against her pregnant form.

“I won’t let you,” she said. “Whether you’re my father or my sister, I’ll be here for you, okay.”

“I don’t deserve it! I was a shitty dad. Now I’m not even in your shoes yet, and I already know I won’t be able to handle it like you are. I can’t get pregnant.”

“You won’t. I’ll keep you safe. Listen, whatever you were as my Dad, I’ve enjoyed spending time with you as my sister, okay? I can help you. We can let each other in, alright?”

Daphne slowly nodded. “That - that sounds good. I’d really like that.”

They embraced again, and this time Daphne no longer felt like a father at all. She felt like a sister, and she couldn’t imagine a better one than Ivy.

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For a time, things were good. Ivy had a chat with Matteo, and he backed off a little. She indicated that she’d pointed out her own pregnant belly as something that couldn’t happen to Daphne, and as much as the former man felt a deep-seated need to let her sexy and charismatically flirtatious boyfriend fuck her, she managed to restrain herself.

“Your sister is one convincing woman,” he said. “And I don’t plan on being a father yet. But if you’re still up to have some fun with those perfect breasts of yours, or for other stuff that’s safe, I’m more than keen.”

She kissed him on the lips while they relaxed on the campus green beneath the shade of a tree. “That . . . sounds pretty hot. But we can also just do date stuff, right? I’d like to feel young again. Do some golf, go to a concert, hit the club again!”

He put his arm around her waist; she was trending so much to bare midriffs these days, and she loved it. “That sounds perfect, babe. Just make sure to always wear something nice for me.”

“So long as *you* show off those forearms of yours.”

“Deal.”

It was madness, of course. She was over halfway through the semester and it would eventually end, as would her time as a woman. And yet . . . as the magic made her more feminine, so too did Daphne find herself more open to just enjoying this temporary experience. When she utterly thrashed Matteo at golfing (what middle-aged man *wasn’t* practiced in golf, after all?) she was utterly ecstatic, and he lifted her up and jokingly carried her off, the pair laughing the whole time. When they went to the club together, she made

sure not to get too wasted, but it truly was nice being young again; being carefree and wild, even if it meant putting up with Chet's leers in the background. God, she hated how hot he was, because he was a total sleazy perv. Matteo did take her to a music concert, and to her surprise it was *Steel Cinders*, one of her favourite niche late eighties bands that were doing a reunion tour. She knew all the lyrics by heart, shouting them out and getting attention for being probably the only young woman there. She made out with Matteo on the bonnet of his car later, the pair of them drinking and eating fast food and celebrating their youth. He practically worshipped her, and while he perhaps comments on her body a little *too* much, she couldn't blame him. He was young, and he was hot and he knew it, and when he got off of the car and started posing with his muscles for her, things got even steamier, especially when they got *in* the car. She ended up giving him a handjob, and it was shocking how natural it felt to pump him with her hand while pushing her Double-D tits in his face. When he came, a small part of her wished she'd moved in time to swallow his ejaculation. Instead, she just licked her lips and then got him some much-needed tissues.

"Fuck me, you're incredible," he said.

And the thing was, she *felt* incredible. And not just because Matteo was making her feel young again, but because Ivy was there every step of the way, being her big sister. The baby could be *felt* now, which meant Brett was permanently affixed to Ivy, waiting for the next little kick. When he had to finally leave for work one day, Ivy invited her over.

"Hey, Dad. Feel."

Daphne reached out, then paused. "Just . . . sis, for now. If that's okay."

Ivy grinned. "Then feel, sis. It's your little niece."

"A girl?"

Ivy nodded, now beaming from ear to ear. "Got the confirmation yesterday. Do you feel her?"

She did. It took a moment, but then a sudden sharp kick.

"Holy shit!"

"Hey, who's swearing now?"

Daphne blushed. "Chalk it up to my renewed youth. This is incredible. I'm actually jealous! I mean - ugh, that's my female brain talking. The stupid curse."

"Don't worry, you're not getting pregnant."

"I better not. Still . . . what would it feel like?"

At this, Ivy seemed to consider something. "You seem happier as Daphne, you know. Happier than when you were David."

The woman didn't know what to say to that, probably because she knew it was true.

“I’m hoping I can be happy again when I’m David again. Me again, I mean. One thing’s for sure, I understand you a lot more now, Ivy. I’m lucky to have you as my sister during all of this.”

“Damn right you are, old man.”

“Ew, I am not old! At least not right now! Which reminds me, I want your opinion on something. I’ve got a date tonight. I’m meeting Matteo at *The Red Fox*, and, well, I’m deciding between two outfits to wear.”

Ivy giggled. “You are such a girl now, I swear. Well, you just be careful tonight, because Brett got me pregnant after a date night there.”

“Wait, really?”

“Oh, yeah. We were way too drunk. It was a whole thing. We got too into it and things just sort of . . . happened.”

“Damn. I guess . . . it’s weird, but I’m okay with you telling me this.”

Ivy ruffled her brunette hair. “Because you’re not such an uptight boomer now?”

“Gen X, actually, but I see your point. Anyway, can I show you the dresses?”

“Absolutely! And let me take some photos. I really want Priya to let me keep them!”

“Ugh, you are *such* an older sister right now!”

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Daphne *danced*. Everything was going so well, and Matteo was just so, so fucking *handsome*. She pressed herself up against him as the tipsy pair enjoyed the pulsing music and the sensation of their bodies moving with its beat. Her breasts looked divine in her tight black dress, one that showed off an almost dangerous amount of cleavage, enough so that Matteo couldn’t stop rambling about it in his horny way.

“I’m sorry!” he said. “Blame it on the drinks! You just look so perfect!”

“Then talk about my makeup!” she said. “And my hair! Not just my tits! That’s what I used to do. Er, I mean, I’m used to hearing that stuff about my tits, but I’m starting to get why a lot of girls like to be complimented in other ways.”

He grabbed her face and kissed her passionately, his tongue interlocking with hers. When he pulled back, he planted another kiss on her forehead that made her heart skip a beat.

“You have so much style I’m struggling to keep up,” he said. “And that dress is fire. Whatever you’re doing with your eyeshadow is working for me, and most of all, the way you’re dancing tonight is making me so glad I’m your boyfriend, Daphne. Because I’m having the time of my life right now.”

It was enough to make her chest swell from the deep breath she took. Again, the magic seemed to course through her. She wanted this man more than ever before. He took on her advice, he *listened* to her, which was more than she could ever say for when she was married to Sherry. And he was romantic as hell, holding her as they swayed to the music. She could feel his hard-on, but he had respected her desires to avoid going all the way, and she loved that about him too. Hell, as David she would have thrown a fit if a woman beat her at golf, but Matteo had bragged to all his friends about it, and Maggie had told her more than once that the guy was a catch. Yes, he could be randy. Yes, he liked her boobs a bit too much at times. And yes, he could be brash and overconfident in that way that once sickened her about the youth, but as an equally young *woman*, she didn't mind it. In fact, it just made him feel *real*.

Which, unfortunately for Daphne, was enough for her to teeter dangerously upon the edge of disaster. As they moved to the music, she found herself captivated by him, by the feel of Matteo, the smell of his hair, the way he let her run her hands through it. Her body ached for him, to feel him inside of her so desperately, and this time it was too much. Couldn't she just have this one bit of fun? Just this one time?

"Hey babe," she whispered in his ear, in her most sultry voice - one ripped right out of one of her favourite western films. "How about we get out of here? How about we go all the way?"

Matteo looked her in the eyes, clearly aroused. "Are you sure? I don't wanna-"

"I'm sure. I need it. God, I fucking need it. I need *you*."

Slowly, he nodded. There was a primal need in his eyes also.

"My place," he said. "As soon as we fucking can, because babe, I've been dreaming of this moment."

She took him by the hand, and they began to move for the exit. Her body was excited, and already she didn't care what happened next. Matteo was finally going to fuck her good and proper. She was going to feel him inside of her. She was going to cum as he spurt his seed into her womb, and if it got her pregnant, then *good!* She'd have his babies and be proud of it, because Priya had left her changing mind so fucking horny that she'd rather be a young mommy than ever put off this kind of bliss for one more night.

They made it out of the club and Matteo was readying to flag down a taxi. Part of Daphne was panicking deep inside, realising what a mistake she was making but helpless to stop. She didn't even know if Matteo practised safe sex. He did, right? Of course he did. But what if . . . what if the condom broke? What if they got too excited?

Right then she knew that's exactly what would happen. Priya the witch knew it too, somehow. And now it was all going to fall apart.

A taxi arrived, and Matteo turned to look at her, excited and clearly soaking up her gorgeous form wrapped in her tight dress.

“Ready to go?” he asked.

She was about to answer in the affirmative when suddenly she heard her name being shouted out: “Daphne! DAPHNE WAIT!”

The young woman turned. Her eyes went wide at the sight of her own older sister, the woman who was once her daughter, literally running down the street. Behind her was Brett, who looked confused as hell as to why his quite pregnant girlfriend was running in sweatpants and a pyjama top down the street.

“Ivy? What are you doing!?”

The woman caught up and took a moment to catch her breath, one hand on her stomach. “Oh God, I am never running while pregnant again. Just give me a moment.”

“Is everything okay?”

“I’m hoping it will be! Matteo, I need a word with my sister for a moment.”

The man looked just as confused as Brett, but he shrugged. “Er, of course. I’ll wait with the taxi.”

Ivy pulled Daphne aside in the street by the club entrance. “You were going to head back to his place and have sex with him, weren’t you?”

A very embarrassed Daphne slowly nodded. “Y-yeah, sweetie. I - I couldn’t stop myself. How did you know? Hell, how did you know I was here?”

“Because *I* was here. Daphne - Dad, Sis, whatever you wanna go by - this is how it happened for *me*. Brett and I were dancing at the club. We’d previously fooled around but nothing, you know, too far, but we both got drunk and excited and we headed back to his place and, well, I got pregnant.”

“I don’t understand.”

Ivy put her hands on her new little sister’s shoulders. “Don’t you get it? Priya said you’d be in *my shoes*. I met Brett at college. I formed a little private study partnership with him. We started going out after I tried to avoid my feelings. I can’t believe I’m so blind, but you’ve been travelling in my shoes the whole time. That’s what the magic has been leading you to: this moment, when you replicate how *I* got pregnant.”

The realisation went off like a cannon in Daphne’s head. “Oh hell. This is bad.”

“It doesn’t have to be. You can snap out of it right now and come home.”

Daphne was about to answer in the affirmative, but then she looked over to Matteo, who appeared a little impatient, but smiled as soon as he saw her. It was a genuine smile too; one full of passion and interest.

“But . . . what if I . . . don’t want to?”

“Daphne-”

“No, I just - sweetie, sis, I can’t explain it. I need this. I’ve been this sad clown of a divorced dad, bitter and angry, and now I have all of this. I have you again, and I have - I have *him*. I don’t want to screw this up, and my body . . . it has needs, too.”

At this, Ivy actually snorted a little with laughter. She opened her purse and pulled out a couple of items. “Well, it’s a damn good thing for you, *Dad*, that I brought some protection for you, just in case. I bet that’s the first time a kid has ever said that to their parent, huh?”

“Not parent,” Daphne said, beaming. “My sister.”

Ivy smiled. “I like that.”

She handed over a packet of birth control pills, a set of condoms, and even a morning after pill. Daphne could have wept. Protection. Glorious protection that she could take *right now* before she got too excited.

“It’s that simple?”

“Hey, if you really are walking in my shoes, the magic shouldn’t force it, right? I mean, all I should’ve done was be on the pill and made Brett wear a condom, not that I regret it.” She looked over to Brett, who was waiting patiently near Matteo, the two confused boyfriends. “But if you still feel like it’s a risk then come on home.”

It was, perhaps, the more sensible thing to do. But at the same time . . .

“You’re the best, sis!” she said, hugging her pregnant older sister. “And you’re going to be an amazing mommy. Just don’t quit college!”

“And don’t *you* get pregnant! You hear that, Matteo!”

The man looked up and waved. “Uh, sure Ivy! I’ll be careful!”

“You better, or I’m siccing Brett on you. You kids have fun! Ha! You guys have no idea how funny that it is for me to say, but trust me, she gets it!”

Daphne blushed as she ran back to Matteo and took his hand. She placed the condom in it.

“Make sure to wear this,” she said. “And don’t worry, I’ve got a lot of them. You’re going to need them.”

The tipsy man smiled and kissed her.

“Fuck yeah.”

Daphne giggled and jumped into the taxi, pulling him along with her.

“To Matteo’s place, please!” she declared.

“Yeah,” the driver said. “I’m gonna need an address for that one.”

But he needed to wait a little longer, because the pair were already making out in the backseat yet again.

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Daphne moaned as Matteo thrust into her. She gripped him with her thighs, holding on for dear life as his girth parted her walls, his member sliding against every sensitive nerve.

“God, yesssss!” she whimpered. “I f-fucking love this! I love you!”

“I love you too,” he replied, kissing her. “And I love *these!*”

He squeezed her right breast, eliciting another pleasurable sound from her. He really did love her breasts far too much, but so long as he made her feel like *this*, then that was more than okay.

“Just go easy on them,” she said, giggling. “And don’t forget to be *careful.*”

“Don’t worry, I always am. Let’s just enjoy this position while we can.”

He thrust again, and she lost any resistance. The gorgeous brunette allowed herself to moan as her boyfriend fucked her. It was pure ecstasy, and reminded her again and again how good it felt to be *young* again. Even if she was a woman. Hell, *especially* because she was a woman.

“I I-love you!” she said again as she came closer to the moment of orgasm.

“I love you too, babe,” he replied, kissing her on the lips and then sliding into her so damn deep that it just drove her straight over the edge. She moaned into his mouth as she came, writhing in passion as he ejaculated into her, and the bear-like sounds that Matteo produced only made it all the better.

It was only minutes later that he raised his head off of her chest and rolled next to her on the bed.

“Jesus, you always drain me.”

“I can’t help it. I just like you in me too much. I’m a needy girl, especially now that I’m no longer getting sick.”

He reached out a hand and stroked her stomach, which was just gently starting to rise. “I can’t believe we’ve been together for over two years, babe. You know, I really should have proposed *before* I knocked you up.”

Again, she laughed. “But it was just too much fun getting knocked up with your baby . . . once I was ready.”

“It’s not too soon? You’ve only just finished your degree. Your placement will be cut short.”

Daphne turned to her side and regarded her boyfriend - no, her *fiance*. She smiled at the sight of him, and enjoyed the way his eyes roamed her curvaceous body. “I’m still a nurse,” she said. “And I’ll have months of experience before I take my maternity leave, and then I’ll be back. Trust me, I’ve got plenty of experience working. Besides, I can’t quit. Trust me when I say that Ivy would never let me forget it. I’d be quite the hypocrite.”

At the mention of Ivy, an alarm suddenly went off. The pair looked at one another.

“Shit, that went fast!” Matteo said. “We better shower.”

“Ladies first!” she exclaimed, giggling as she ran to the shower first. Of course, he followed after anyway, not that she minded. The pair enjoyed the feel of one another, and Daphne did the best to clean herself out a little - one thing she *didn't* love about being a woman, along with the recent morning sickness and the periods that came prior to her getting pregnant. Still, as she emerged from the shower and dressed herself in a cute purple top and skirt, she couldn't help but beam at her reflection.

“This is me,” she said with a smile. “Thank you, Priya.”

The witch had been as astonished as Daphne herself when the woman asked if she could stay in her current form, but she was immensely grateful when the beautiful Indian witch allowed her to do so. In truth, she was fearful of becoming David again. That man had his best years behind him, was divorced and unfit and lacking in vitality. As Daphne, she had a man she was increasingly falling for, a body that was beautiful and youthful, and a whole suite of exciting experiences ahead of her. And best of all, where David struggled in his relationship with his daughter, Daphne was close as two peas in a pod with her sister Ivy. Sure, it was strange even now thinking about how things used to be, but both of them loved it, even if Ivy liked to tease her about it from time-to-time. Daphne just teased right back.

She was preparing for just that fun sisterly dynamic when the bell rang. She moved to the front door at a quick pace, one hand on her just-slightly domed belly as she did so, and then opened it.

“AUNT DAPH!” cried a keen voice.

“CELIA!” she cried back, just in time for an adorable little brown-haired toddler to practically *leap* into her arms. “If it isn't my favourite niece! How are you?”

“I have a biscuit!” the girl proclaimed, though she seemed to be holding a cookie.

“So you do!” she said.

“You have baby!”

“Not yet! But one day.”

“Tomorrow?”

Daphne laughed, and so did her sister. Ivy was standing there looking radiant, a gorgeous mother of a delightful two-year old. Her blonde hair was shorter now - a pixie cut was easier to maintain while dealing with a young child - but otherwise she looked so similar to how she was before her child. Clearly, she had recovered well, and Daphne hoped the same would be true of her own post-birth experience.

“She's been excited all day to see her favourite aunt,” Ivy said. “It's been impossible to do my work as a biologist, I swear! I can't believe you made me finish my degree even after giving birth.”

“Well, was it the right decision?”

Ivy smiled, a proud working woman. “You know damn well it was, sis. Now can I come in already?”

“Just as soon as your daughter stops strangling me. Come here, you!”

She entered, none the wiser about the truth of what was happening in her father-turned-little sister’s belly. Daphne found herself blushing, but still she closed the door and tried to act nonchalant as Ivy said hi to Matteo and requested if she could have a green tea.

“So, little sis,” Ivy said in her teasing way. “What’s up? You said you had something to show me?”

Little Celia was already running about, and Matteo was having to abandon tea duty just to distract the little girl before she bonked her head on something. It reminded Daphne that she’d have to make this space child-friendly soon.

“Something little,” she said, trying to hide her blush. “But trust me, it’s going to be a whole lot bigger. I think you’ll be excited, but . . . you’ll also be teasing me a lot, no doubt. Even more than usual.”

Ivy raised an eyebrow intrigued, but before she could ask a further question, Daphne lowered a hand and touched her belly meaningfully. It only took a moment: Ivy’s jaw dropped, her eyes widened, and then she let out an amazed gasp.

“What? No way!”

“Yep.”

“I can confirm!” Brett exclaimed. “Thirteen weeks along.”

“And morning sickness seems to be dimming!” Daphne said proudly.

“Oh my God. But - you just got out of this!”

“That was two years ago, Daphne. And it wasn’t the right time. This . . . this felt right. I wanted this.”

Ivy was shocked, but slowly, her features contorted into a smile.

“You know what that means, don’t you?”

Daphne took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling dramatically. “Yes, I do. Have at it, then.”

Ivy stuck a finger out, assuming the posture of a middle-aged Gen X-er with a snappish tone, a repeated joke that neither Brett nor Matteo would ever quite understand.

“Young miss, you better still think of your career! Because if I was in *your* shoes . . .”

**The End**