



# Metamorphosis

**GABRIELLA  
BRADLEY**

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BY

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**T**he storm was fast turning into a blizzard. Wesley leaned forward to peer through the snow laden windshield of his car. The wipers were iced up and had trouble keeping up with the icy particles hitting the glass. He pondered for a moment if he should pull over to clean them, but decided he'd get stuck. "Damn," he muttered, "I can barely see the edge of the road." He slowed the car down to a crawl. He was thankful he'd put the chains on the tires before heading up the mountain. "Ty would be worried sick if he knew I decided to join him at the cabin anyway," he mumbled.

Just that morning Tyler had phoned him, told him about the predicted snowstorm and warned him not to come. But it was Christmas Eve after all and Wes wanted nothing more than to spend this special time with his lover. Groping beside him, he grabbed his cell phone and flipped it open. Taking his gaze off the road for a second, he glanced at the brightly lit buttons and punched the

memory key for Ty's number.

It was a second too long. Just as he lifted the phone to his ear and looked back at the road, a set of headlights came straight at him. He dropped the phone, grasping the steering wheel with both hands and tried to veer away from the oncoming vehicle without going into a spin. *The ravine*, was his last thought as he felt the car tilt, then as if in slow motion, it started to slide down the short slope leading to the edge of the ravine. He groped for the seatbelt, undid it, then unlocked the doors and yanked the handle on the driver's side. It flew open. Taking a deep breath, Wes threw himself out of the car, hoping he'd land in a soft pile of snow. Instead, he hit something very hard. Lightning flashed through his head, in front of his eyes, before he sank into oblivion.

\* \* \* \*

"How could you make such an idiotic mistake?" St. Peter bellowed at his young apprentice. "You were supposed to make sure their souls stayed put."

"I tried," the young angel said softly. "I'm so sorry. It all happened so fast and this was my first assignment. They all look alike when they first leave their body, just a cloud of mist."

"And you sucked them both into the same soul

catcher and got them mixed up. Why didn't you use two soul catchers?"

"I didn't thin —"

"Exactly. You weren't thinking and you've forgotten your most important lesson. When dealing with multiple spirit departures, you use multiple soul catchers. Putting them in one container is like putting ice cream and spinach in a blender."

"I'm so sorry, St. Peter. I funneled their souls back right away. They're not dead."

"No, but you've got a woman in a man's body and vice versa. Now how are you going to fix that? Do you remember that lesson?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Then I suggest you return to Earth and reverse what you've done."

"Don't they have to die first? How can I do that?"

St. Peter groaned. "Read chapter fifty-one of your manual. And if you screw it up this time, you'll be demoted. Now go and don't come back until your job is done."

\* \* \* \*

*Damn, I thought for sure I went off the side of the road. Ouch. Wesley felt his forehead gingerly. I must have hit the windshield. But I had my seatbelt on.*

*How's that possible? And I had the strangest dream. I took the seatbelt off, jumped out of the car and fell against something hard. I guess it didn't happen that way. He groped for the belt, but it wasn't around his shoulder. Maybe it came loose when I braked. The engine was still running, the wipers working like mad, fighting with the snow. He peered through the cracked window for a sign of the other car, but saw nothing. I guess the other car was okay and drove on. Bastard, for not stopping to see if I was okay! Oh well, now to try and get this thing going again.*

He revved the engine carefully, slowly inching, until he felt the tires grip. He knew exactly where he was because of the large boulder he could barely make out on the side of the road. Straightening up the vehicle, he drove on. He knew he didn't have far to go. Joy filled him as he thought about his partner. Just minutes away and they'd be together. He heard the sound of a loud engine somewhere in the distance behind him. "Right, *now* the snow plough comes. Just a tad late..."

The log cabin was decorated with Christmas lights. They winked at him as he swung into the snow-laden driveway. The bright red, blue and green lights, made the snow look like cotton candy puffs.

Wesley sank knee deep in snow when he stepped out of the car. He groped in the backseat

for his bag, but couldn't find it. "Oh, well, I'll look for it tomorrow," he muttered, and hurried to the cabin. Something didn't feel right. He felt dizzy, a bit disoriented, and his legs wouldn't move as fast. "Man, I must have hit that window hard."

The door was locked. Wes lifted the brass knocker and let it fall against the door several times. "Mm, did Ty move that thing up higher?" The door opened and Ty stood framed in the doorway, looking as handsome as ever. He had on a white knit ski sweater that showed off his dark, handsome face and black hair. Ty was taller than Wes, but now he seemed to tower over him.

"Oh my God. Come in," Tyler said, reaching out for what Wes thought was going to be a bear hug filled with love. Instead, Ty put an arm around his shoulders and helped him inside.

"I can't believe I made it through this storm. It was touch and go there for a minute." Wes stopped dead in his tracks. That wasn't his voice. It was a female voice. But it was he who had spoken, wasn't it? "Who else is here, Ty?"

"A friend. How do you know my name?"

*Okay, this is getting even more stupid.* "Why shouldn't I know your name? You're acting strange. Ty, you never told me you were bringing anyone else here." Jealousy surged through Wes's heart when he thought about Tyler alone in the cabin with someone else, especially a woman.



"Lady, I don't know who the hell you are or how the hell you know my name."

"Lady?" Again that female voice.

"Ma'am, I think you have a concussion. Let me take a look at your forehead. What happened? Were you in an accident?"

"Who was that knocking on the door, Tyler?" Matthew Williams walked into the cozy living room.

Matt was Tyler's former lover. Wes glared at him. "What the hell do you think you're doing here?" he shouted, his voice coming out in a shrill female pitch.

"Matt, go and get some cotton wool, disinfectant, and bandages. This woman is hurt. She must have had an accident, although her vehicle looked intact. Maybe she braked and hit her head on the steering wheel or windshield."

Wesley felt utterly confused. What was Ty talking about? This woman? What woman?

"Here, let me help you out of your jacket and let's get those wet boots off."

Gently, Tyler peeled off the gloves that covered Wes's hands, then undid the zipper of the parka and took it off. Wesley felt his forehead and came away with sticky fingers. He glanced at his hand and saw blood on his hands, then in shock he held both hands up. *Those aren't my hands! What the hell is going on here?* "I need to use the bathroom," he

said softly, still stunned at his female sounding voice.

"I'll take you. Are you still dizzy?"

"Yes."

"I'll take you upstairs. Lean on me," Tyler said, offering his arm.

"That's okay. I know where it is." *Something very strange has happened. Not my voice, not my hands, and Ty keeps calling me a woman.*

"How would you know where it is? You've never been here before. And you shouldn't go alone. If you get a dizzy spell while going up the stairs, you'll fall and get hurt worse." He turned to Matt who had returned with the medical emergency kit. "She's totally confused. Claims she knows this place."

"I heard. She must have banged that head pretty hard. No way of getting her to a doctor in this storm."

"Yeah, and phone lines are down, so we can't call for help either, and you forgot your cell phone, and I don't have one. That doesn't help matters," Matt said.

At the bottom of the stairs, a wave of dizziness caused Wes to sway.

"See, I told you. Here, let me carry you." Ty promptly picked Wes up and carried him up the stairs. Once in the bathroom, he gently set him on his feet. "I'll give you some privacy for a few

minutes, but don't lock the door, and I'll be right outside."

Wes noticed Ty's worried look as he gazed into his lover's eyes. This was too unnatural. Ty wouldn't have just picked him up as if he weighed nothing. He'd have had trouble picking him up. Wes was by no means a small man himself.

He was glad when the door closed. He turned to the mirror and stepped back in shock. A woman's face was reflected there. He lifted his hand and touched that face, a face not his own. "My God, I'm in someone else's body," he whispered. "How the hell could that have happened?"

"Are you okay in there?"

"Yes, yes, I'm okay. Thanks." But he wasn't okay. He would never be okay again unless he had his own manly body back. He tried to think, but thinking hurt like hell. His brain seemed to swim as he concentrated on what had all just happened. He recalled a car coming at him. He'd turned the steering wheel to get out of the way. Then he recalled the car tilting and going into the ravine, jumping out of the car and hitting something hard, probably a big rock. There was no way he could have survived that. He was dead, but he wasn't dead, his body was dead. So what about the woman? He stared at the vision in the mirror, at the blood that covered her face. Had she

died? She'd had no seatbelt on. But surely someone didn't die from hitting their head on the windshield? Or did they? Maybe if the impact was too hard? And how did he get inside her body?

Another wave of dizziness. This time the mirror disappeared. Everything became hazy around him and slowly he crumpled to the floor.

"Lady, lady, are you all right in there?" Tyler opened the door a little and peeked inside. He saw the crumpled figure on the floor and quickly rushed to her aid. Picking her up, he carried her into the bedroom and lay her carefully on the bed.

"Did she pass out?" Matt, the med kit in hand, asked from the open doorway.

"Yes. Give me the medical kit, please? And I need some washcloths, a bowl of warm water and a towel.

Matt soon returned with all the requested items. "You need my help? I'm watching a good movie."

"No, I'll be fine. Why don't you warm up that soup I made yesterday. When she comes to, that'll help maybe." Tyler carefully lifted her a bit to pull the duvet down. Her pants and socks were soaked so he took them off and threw them in the laundry hamper. He looked down at her for a few moments. She looked so very small lying there on

the big bed, and beautiful. Even though her face was covered in blood, he could make out her delicate features.

He dipped a washcloth in the warm water, then started to wipe the blood off her face, being careful not to touch the cut on her forehead. When he was done, he cleansed the cut with disinfectant. It needed stitches. The best he could do was use butterfly bandages. He pulled the edges of the cut together and applied five of them. Then he covered the wound with a gauze pad and taped it down firmly. He pulled the duvet up, then stood back and gazed down at her.

Now that she was cleaned up, he couldn't help but admire her face. He'd already seen part of a very sexy body, but her face really caught his attention. It was gorgeous, even angelic as she lay there with her eyes closed, a very peaceful expression on her delicate features, the lips slightly curled up at the sides as if she was amused at something. Very long black eyelashes rested on pearly skin. A faint rosy glow tinted her cheeks, and she had full pouting lips, lips made for kissing. Her long blonde hair was wavy and fanned out across the pillow. He felt a stirring in his loins, his cock springing to life, something it hadn't done for a woman in years. She looked almost ethereal and was the most beautiful female he'd ever seen. He leaned down and felt her

fragile wrist for a pulse. It beat steadily. He pulled the duvet up and tucked her in, then bent down and kissed those delectable lips. "Now why did I do that?" he asked softly, and quickly straightened.

Glancing at her one more time, he left the bedroom, closed the door and went downstairs where Matt was engrossed in his movie. "Wonder who she is? I'm going out to check out her vehicle. That'll tell me."

"It's a shame Wesley couldn't join us."

"I know. I miss him, but I didn't want him driving up here in a snowstorm. I'll be back shortly."

The snow was even higher than when the woman had arrived. At least a foot had already accumulated on top of her vehicle. He noticed the cracked windshield and wondered how she'd managed to drive at all. Opening the door of the old red Jeep Cherokee Ty spotted her purse on the floor on the passenger side. He quickly retrieved it and looked in the back for luggage. There wasn't any. Maybe she had only come up the mountain for the day and was going home to celebrate Christmas with her family. He hadn't seen any rings on her fingers.

A pang of excitement thrilled through him at the thought she could be unattached. Why? He was in love with Wes. How come the sudden

interest in this female? For the life of him, he couldn't understand it. He might be bi, but Wes was his soul mate, his life partner. He hurried back to the warm cabin. The fireplace was ablaze. Matt had probably added a few more logs. It crackled cozily. Matt had also lit some candles and the TV was off.

"No power."

"Great. That's all we need. The woman has no luggage or overnight bag. Just a purse."

"She was probably just visiting someone for the day."

"My thought exactly. Well, let's see if the lady has a name." He hated going through someone's personal things, but he needed to see who the heck she was. The driver's license was in her wallet. Her name was Marian Milner and the address showed her as living in Seattle. "Her name is Marian. I don't really want to look at anything else. It's an invasion of privacy."

"Right. And even if you found contact numbers, you couldn't phone anyway."

"I'd better go and put a candle in her room. I don't want her waking up to total darkness. Hopefully the storm will die down soon and they can get the lines back up and the power on."

"Thank God for fireplaces. Did you tell Wesley you invited me here for Christmas?"

"No, I should have and explained that you

would have been alone otherwise. He knows we're just friends now."

"Yes, but he'll find it odd you didn't tell him. Is he the jealous type?"

"He probably will be when he finds out the two of us are alone here. I hope he can make it up here tomorrow."

\* \* \* \*

Wes struggled out of a deep abyss and opened his eyes. He was in bed and he felt freezing cold. *But how did I get here?* The cabin. Straining his memory, he finally recalled his close call. His eyes became accustomed to the dim light emanating from a large candle on the bedside table. He reached out to switch on the light. No power. That's why the room was so cold. *Man, I need to take a leak.*

Swinging his legs over the side, he walked to the door and opened it. Voices sounded downstairs. Ty's beloved voice and another. Wes recognized it immediately. It was Matthew. A wave of jealousy attacked him. *I'll deal with that in a minute. First things first.* He left the bathroom door open and hurried to the toilet. Standing in front of the toilet, he bent and leaned on the tank, then groped for his cock, but he found nothing. "What the fuck?"



Sticking his hand further down, he still felt nothing there. He pulled the elastic aside of the g-string and felt gingerly. A woman's slit. A vagina. Pussy lips. "My God, what the hell is this?" he bellowed, but it came out squeaky thin and shrill.

Then a vague memory returned of a face that had stared back at him from the mirror, a face covered in blood. Light blonde hair, pansy blue eyes. He was Wes, but he was not. He was trapped in a woman's body. Muttering, he pulled the g-string down and sat on the toilet. He stuck out a foot. In the dim candle light emanating from the bedroom, he saw a tiny, very dainty foot, and small toes with pretty pink-lacquered toenails.

"Dammit, I have to wipe. Nothing there to shake." It had been years since he'd touched a woman's pussy. Now that pussy belonged to him and it felt utterly weird. After wiping, he ran his fingers along the moist folds, fingered the clit, then entered the hole. It felt quite tight as if the young woman was still a virgin. And maybe she was. He might possess her body right now, but he didn't know her memories. All memories were his own. So what had happened to him? To Wesley Davidson? Was he lying dead at the bottom of that ravine? Would he have to live as a woman the rest of his life? And what twist of fate had done this to him? How could he be with Tyler now? Ty had no interest in women. He'd come out of the closet

about ten years ago and never looked back. At least, not as far as Wes knew.

He felt utterly disoriented, but at the same time found his new organs interesting. He played with them for a bit, stroked, fondled, thumbed the hardening clit. He actually started to feel horny. But would Tyler want him now? He quickly pulled the g-string up and washed his hands. Then he went back to the bedroom and looked for a pair of sweats. They were Ty's and of course they were far too big for him now. Hitching them up as far as possible, Wes went downstairs to join the two men.

Tyler jumped up. "You shouldn't be going up and down the stairs by yourself. You passed out earlier on, Marian."

"Marian?"

"I took the liberty of opening your purse. That's the name on your license."

"Ty, we need to talk."

"You use my name as if you know me. I'm quite sure we've never met."

"That's why we need to talk. I *do* know you and you know me. How about a Scotch on the rocks?"

"I'm not sure if it's wise for you to have alcohol right now. You could have a concussion."

"I'm fine. I was shaken, that's all. And I have a mighty headache. Please?"

"Okay then, but a short one. Please sit down? I

don't want you to pass out again. Maybe I shouldn't let you have a drink. I can't see it'd be good for you in your condition."

"For Christ sake, stop mollycoddling me. I need that drink, dammit."

"For a moment you sounded like..." Tyler stopped and studied Marian for a few seconds. "Okay, as I said, just a short one." He walked to the bar and poured some Scotch in a glass and added plenty of ice cubes.

"Thanks. Are you ready for a shock? You'd better get a stiff drink yourself and sit down. What I'm going to tell you will blow your mind."

"I've already got a drink on the go. Now fess up. What will blow my mind?"

"I'm Wesley."

Tyler almost choked. He spluttered and coughed and quickly lowered his glass. "Whaaat? Lady, you're out of your mind. That knock on the head must have done more damage than just a cut."

"Ty, stop it. It's not funny. I'm Wes. There was an accident and somehow I'm in the other driver's body."

"Impossible. You're delusional. Things like that only happen in movies and books."

"Then how do you explain me knowing your name?"

"Yes, I've asked you that question several

times. I don't recall ever meeting you. You're beautiful, strikingly so with that glorious platinum hair. I'd surely remember you."

"Ty, ask me some questions. Ask me what we talked about just last Wednesday night after that wonderful candle lit dinner."

"Okay, I'll humor you, but just because I know your head isn't screwed on right at the moment. So, what did we talk about?"

"We talked about moving in together. You asked me to marry you."

"That doesn't tell me a blasted thing. You must know Wes and he told you about Wednesday. I think you need to go and lie down again. That drink is making you worse. You're talking nonsense."

"There are things that only I can know. You've got a dark brown birthmark just at the base of your cock."

"I'm going to kill Wes for telling you all these personal details."

Matt joined in the conversation. "Tyler, Wes doesn't talk about personal stuff. You know that."

"He must have. How else can she know all these details? And why did she come to me for help? There are other cabins for Christ sake."

"I just don't see Wes talking to a woman about his personal stuff."

"Maybe he had, or is having an affair with her,

and is scared to tell me. This is all some sort of sick plot to break up with me."

"Tyler, stop it. I love you," Wes cried out, almost in tears. "It's me, it's really me. You've got to believe me."

"So, there was an accident. What happened to the other driver?"

"Ty, the other driver was me. I'm lying dead at the bottom of the ravine. I ignored your warning and drove up here anyway. Fuck the storm. I wanted to be with you. And what the hell do you mean with a plot? I should be the one furious at you for bringing Matt up here instead of being with me."

"Matt's family is overseas. He was going to be all alone so I asked him to come along. You know very well we're still good friends and always will be. And you were working. Otherwise you would have driven up with us two days ago. Dammit, now I'm talking to you as if you are Wes. Why am I explaining this to you?"

"I am Wes. I just don't know how to prove it to you."

The power came back on suddenly. The TV clicked on automatically on the news channel.

*"The blizzard still rages in many parts of Northern Washington. Power has been restored in some areas, but thousands are still without. There was a bad accident on Mount Vixen road and rescue teams are*

*fighting the storm to rescue the driver of the vehicle involved. More updates soon."*

"My God, so that part at least is true. *Could she be Wesley?*" Tyler grabbed the phone, but there was no dial tone. "Fuck, the phone lines are still down."

"We should keep the news channel on," Matt suggested.

"I'm worried sick now. Maybe what she's telling us is partly true."

"It still doesn't make any sense to me."

"Stop talking as if I'm not here," Wes told them. "I told you. It's all true. Marian has never met you, or Wes. Wesley's body is dead and somehow I ended up in this female."

*"We have a report that a man was found at the site of the accident we reported earlier on Mount Vixen Road. He has been rushed to hospital and is reported to be in critical condition. The name of the driver has been withheld until family members are notified. There have been countless accidents this evening. Rescue workers are searching for a stranded hiker..."*

The newscaster's voice droned on about the hiker and the blizzard.

Tyler stared at the TV, the drink in his hand shaking. "He's alive. Goddammit, he's alive. He's not dead!"

"Then how can I be Wes in this body if Wes is still alive?"

"Marian, I told you before, you're completely

delusional. I have no clue how you came up with all these stories. All I know is that Wes is alive, hurt, maybe unconscious, and I need to get to him."

"You can't drive in this weather. Hell, you won't get your vehicle out of the driveway," Matt said. "And how do you know if it's even Wes?"

"Ty, don't you dare even try. I'm right here with you. Whoever they rescued isn't me. Remember, they haven't said a name yet."

"How many cars were there on Mount Vixen Road?"

"I'll be damned if I know. You couldn't see beyond the hood of the car. The lights of the woman's car were there before I had a chance to try and avoid her."

"Exactly. There weren't many drivers on that road. So is it sheer coincidence?"

"That man can't be Wes. And if, by any chance it is, he'll die anyway, or his body will. His soul is here, in this girl's body. It's me. I'm Wes."

"You realize by saying what you are, you're tearing me apart? My God, I'm devastated at the thought of Wes in that hospital all alone. He has no family. All he's got is me. How the hell do I find out which hospital he's in and how do I get there?"

"You'll have to wait out the storm, Ty," Matt interrupted. "Even if we could dig enough to get

you out on the road, you've been drinking. What good are you to Wes if you also get into an accident?"

"I'm going to bed," Wes said. "I'm tired of trying to convince you that it's really me. I'd like to get back into my own body, but since some kind of divine intervention decided to stick me inside this woman, and we're just Earthly mortals, there's no way of doing that. I guess I'm stuck as a woman for the rest of my life."

"I'm too worried about Wes now to go to bed," Tyler poured himself another drink.

"Well, you two can sit here and argue, but I'm hitting the sack. I'll say a prayer for Wesley. Goodnight." Matt gulped the last of his drink down and went up to the loft.

Wes stood, walked over to Tyler and planted himself on Ty's lap. "Ty, it's really me. Please hold me?"

"Marian, I can't get my head around all of this. You're beautiful and very sexy, but I'm in love with Wesley."

"Yes, I know, and I'm in love with you, too. We're soul mates. Do you remember when we first met how you loved the way I kissed? You said you'd never been kissed like that ever." Before Ty had a chance to react, Wes leaned forward and kissed him fully on the lips. Thrill upon thrill coursed through his body, his female body, and he



probed Ty's lips apart until he felt some response, a connection. He withdrew, then softly rubbed his lips against Tyler's.

Softly, slowly, then licking Ty's lips, tracing the outline of them, and suddenly crashing hard against his mouth, claiming him in a passionate kiss, his tongue seeking, exploring. His hand stole down inside Tyler's sweatpants, found the object of his desire now starting to harden. "Ty, I almost feel jealous. You're getting hard for a woman," he whispered softly against Tyler's lips.

"A woman who kisses and touches me just like the man I love. A gorgeous creature," Tyler said softly while pushing the recliner all the way back so he was lying down.

"Because I'm that man. Just a shame I don't have the equipment now." Wes tugged Tyler's pants down, then sat on his knees beside the chair. "Damn, I'm too short now. I'll have to sit on your legs. And my hands are too small. You know something, Ty, I think this gal is a virgin. She feels very tight down there. You'd tear her apart." Wes fondled Tyler's taut sack with one hand, while he traced the veins on his completely erect cock with the other hand, then circled the pale mauve head. A drop of precum appeared at the tip, trickled slowly down to Wes's fingers. Quickly, he brought them to his mouth and licked the cream off.

"Stop!" Ty suddenly shouted. He put the

recliner back up, jumped off it and yanked up his sweats. "I feel like I'm cheating."

"You're not."

"I'm taking you back to bed and I'm going to try and get some sleep myself. Tomorrow I want to try and find out which hospital they took Wes to. If that was him."

Wes didn't mind that Tyler picked him up and carried him up the stairs in his arms. Being a woman had some advantages. As a man, Wes was far too big for Ty to carry him like this. He put his arms around Ty's neck and lay his head against Ty's shoulder, nestling against his strong neck, nibbling at his ear. If he had to spend the rest of his life as Marian, then he'd make damn sure to win Tyler over. But would he be able to keep him? Or would Tyler's other side come out and his need to be with a man...

Tyler lowered him to the bed. "I'll have to share the bed with you. There are only two bedrooms and Matt has the other one. I won't share a bed with him anymore."

"That's fine, piggy-poo. You belong with me."

"What did you just call me?"

"Piggy-poo. You're my piggy-poo."

"Only Wes calls me that. No one knows what he calls me in private."

"Right. And it's because I'm Wes I know about it."

Tyler had crawled into bed by this time and suddenly swung around to face Wes. "Marian, how close are you to Wes?"

"Since I'm in her body, I guess Wes is very close," Wes said, giggling.

"Let's be honest for a change. I'm tired of this mind game."

"Baby, I've been nothing but honest. How do you think it feels for me? Suddenly, I'm a woman. I've got breasts. At least I suppose I do. I haven't examined that part of Marian yet. I've got a pussy, a clit, pussy lips and a very tight vagina. It's all too weird."

"You've almost got me to the point where I half believe you. There can't be that many coincidences."

"Baby, it's all true. Come here, hold me. I want to feel your arms around me," Wes said and at the same time pulled off his sweater. He was at least grateful that Marian did not wear a bra. He touched the breasts. They weren't huge, not sloppy, but round and very firm. Her nipples were large. As he pinched them, he felt a strange sensation, a thrill unlike he'd ever felt as a man.

Tyler's arms stole around him and pulled him tight against his chest. Using his feet, Wesley struggled out of the sweat pants, then tugged at Tyler's. He wanted to feel all of Tyler, feel his cock against him. What would it be like to have him

enter a different part of his body? Would it hurt? He felt Tyler lift his head, heard him blow out the candle and Wes snuggled closer to him. His skin was so soft now, it felt so different to feel Ty's hard, muscular body against his own, against those breasts.

"Kiss me again," Ty said softly. "Don't talk, just kiss me."

Wes didn't need to be told twice. "I love you, baby, I love you so much," he whispered against Ty's lips, then claimed them in a heated kiss. He felt Tyler take off his sweats, felt his hard cock throb against his soft belly. Wes suddenly felt very small, very vulnerable with his big lover. *I have to make this work. Ty has to believe it's me and I have to make him fall in love with Marian. How do I do that?* He rained tiny kisses all over Ty's face, stroked his chest softly, just the way Ty liked it, then stole down to his cock. He played with it at first, moved the skin back and forth slowly, circled the tip, cupped his balls. Marian's arms were short, she was short, so it was hard making love with her mouth and fondling him at the same time.

Only one solution to that. Wes threw back the duvet and, pushing Ty's legs apart, sat between them. He bent down, licked the swollen head, the precum, savored it for a moment on his tongue, then encased the engorged cock completely inside his mouth. He sucked for a bit, at the same time

moving the skin back and forth. When Tyler pushed upward, his cock reached Wes's throat. Marian's mouth was smaller than Wes's and Ty's cock was very big. It filled the small mouth completely. Ty started to push in and out, then suddenly he reached out and pulled Wes up, turning him around into sixty-nine position.

Wes's blood was on fire when he felt Ty spread the pussy lips, when Ty's fingers started to stroke him down there. Ty spread his butt cheeks, played with the small rosette, most probably a virginal rosette. With his other hand, he spread the netherlips and pushed on the throbbing clit. It was strange to experience a woman's feelings as a man. Strange and yet utterly wonderful. Though he was as gay as could be, he'd often wondered how women felt and he'd even discussed it with Ty. He wiggled his hips closer to Tyler's mouth. Would Ty tongue fuck him? Fingers stroked inside the pussy lips, a thumb pushed on the throbbing clit, then suddenly a finger shoved inside Wes's vagina. He stiffened for a moment at the strange, unusual for him, invasion, then relaxed his muscles. The finger held still. It felt good to have Ty probing inside him.

Ty wiggled the finger a bit penetrating deep inside. Wes felt him moisten his anus with his other hand. A finger entered the tight rosette very slowly. Wes spread his legs a little more to widen

the hole for Ty. When Ty's fingers started to finger fuck him, he thought he'd burst. A shudder ran through him, sudden release as he came, a rush of liquid between his legs, a completely different sensation. He heard Ty's finger slush as it moved faster and faster, causing Wes to reach the ultimate heights of desire. Another finger pushed completely into his bum hole. He sucked Ty's cock hard, swiftly moved the skin back and forth, cupped the sack and squeezed his balls, and still Ty didn't come. Could he give him relief in female form? Under normal circumstances Ty should have come by now. What was holding him back?

The fingers withdrew, leaving Wes suddenly empty and disappointed. But Ty grabbed him by the waist, pulled him up and turned him around. "Sit on me," he ordered.

"But —"

"Do it."

"I think she's a virgin, Ty."

"I'll be careful. I want to look at that gorgeous body. Sit on me now. I'm hard as a rock."

Wes positioned himself over Ty's cock until he felt the tip inside his pussy lips. He pushed down a little, felt the vaginal walls resist, but although it hurt a little, it wasn't unpleasant. Ty reached up and touched the breasts. He kneaded them, softly at first, then harder. He pinched the nipples hard, tweaked them, kneaded the breasts again.

Wes pushed down a bit more until suddenly Ty grabbed him by the waist and shoved him down hard. A moment's resistance, a sharp pain, the stretching of the vaginal walls and Ty filled him completely. It felt almost the same as in Wes's form, but not completely. Wes wasn't sure what to think of this way of making love. He liked it because he could see Ty while Ty fucked him, but he wanted his other hole filled, too, and there was no way Ty could do that in this position.

Tyler started to push in and out. It hurt at first, but then, as the juices started to flow again, it became easier. Oh, it felt so wonderful to have him so completely inside. Ty grunted, moaned, finally shouted out loud. A huge shudder and he shot his load into Wes. Wes came at the same time. Their juices mingled. Wes caught the musky scent of semen. Wonderingly, he touched them down there, Ty's softer cock, still inside him, the semen that had settled at the base of it. He brought it up to his nose and sniffed, then licked his fingers.

Tyler pulled Wes forward into his arms. "Goodnight, Marian. Thank you. That was wonderful."

That simple. No words of love like he would have whispered to Wesley. Just a simple, thank you. *I can't expect more right now. This was a good start. The sooner they take my body off life support, the better. Presuming my body is even on life support. At*

*least then I can get on with a life as Marian and win Tyler completely.*

\* \* \* \*

*Christmas Day*

Marian opened her eyes. Focusing on anything was hard at first. Her head hurt like hell. A steady beep sounded next to her. Turning her head, which made her dizzy for a bit, hurt as well. A monitor showing her heart rate and blood pressure stood next to her. *Hospital? The accident.* She recalled it vaguely. She thought she'd braked in time, but apparently not.

A nurse approached.

"Nurse?" A male voice. But it was she who had spoken. She tried again. "Nurse?"

"Yes, Mr. Davidson?"

"Huh? What's going on?" Again that male voice and it was coming from her own mouth.

"What's wrong with my voice?"

"Nothing. You sound normal to me. How do you feel?"

"My head hurts. Did I get hurt anywhere else?"

"You have a concussion and a mighty contusion on the side of your head. You'll have a headache for a few days. Other than that, you're fine. I'll let the doctor know that you're awake."



"Can I have something to drink? I'm so thirsty."

"Yes, I'll get you some water."

"How long have I been here? What day is this? Darn it, what's wrong with my voice?"

"It's Christmas day. They brought you in last night. And there's nothing wrong with your voice. Lucky for you, a snow plough came along right after you drove your car off the road. He radioed in for help. You could have been out there all night otherwise and ended up freezing to death. As it stands now, you'll probably be allowed to go home today."

"Where is my purse?"

"Purse? I didn't know a man carried a purse. Your wallet and other things found in your pockets are in safekeeping."

"Man? What are talking about?"

"Mm, that concussion must be worse than the doc thought. You're a tad delusional."

The nurse left the room and Marian tried to sit up a bit. Her mind spun for a few moments, but then she felt okay. Just as she was about to swing her legs out of bed, a doctor walked in.

"Morning, Mr. Davidson. Merry Christmas."

"Thanks. I think." The sound of her deep voice startled her again.

"Let me examine you. The nurse told me you're having hallucinations."

"Hallucinations? Everyone calls me Mr.

Davidson, and my voice is strange. My name is Marian Milner."

"Oh, I see. Well, if you prefer us to call you Marian, that's fine."

"You don't understand. I am Marian Milner. I don't know who this Davidson person is."

"Mm, temporary memory loss? Your other self has surfaced. Not unusual after head trauma. You'll be fine in a few days. I had planned to discharge you today, but maybe we should keep you longer and run a few more tests."

"No. I'm fine."

"Let's see if you're fine. Can you sit up on the side of the bed for me?"

Marian swung her legs out of bed and was shocked to see two hairy legs appear from under the covers and a set of large feet. She was about to say they weren't her legs, but stopped herself just in time. If she said any more, the doctor wouldn't discharge her, and all she wanted to do was go home. "The driver of the other car, is he or she okay?"

"No one else was found at the scene of the accident. Was there another vehicle involved?"

"Yes, I recall headlights coming at me. It was hard to see in that blizzard." The sound of her voice was beginning to irritate her. It was fairly loud, deep, a man's voice. The doctor at the same time was examining her. He shone a small

flashlight into her eyes, checked her legs and arms for motor movement.

"Stand on your feet for me?"

Marian slid off the bed. She towered over the doctor. *Mm, seems I've also grown a few inches.*

"Now walk to the bathroom and back to me."

Marian did as she was told.

"How do you feel? Are you dizzy at all?"

"I feel fine."

"I don't understand. You should have a major concussion, but you check out just fine. I'll get your discharge papers ready. The nurse will bring you your clothes and personal belongings."

The doctor left the room and Marian hurried to the bathroom. Her bladder was ready to burst. But before she went to the toilet to relieve herself, she looked in the mirror and gasped in shock. A man's face stared back at her. Blond, handsome, green eyes, a day's bear growth and a cleft chin. A man to die for...under normal circumstances. *This is all too bizarre. I'm Marian, but my body is that of a male, and a gorgeous hunk of flesh at that. Wonder what the rest of him looks like. Wish they had a full length mirror in here. I guess I'll have to wait till I get home.*

She turned around, pulled the hospital gown up and glanced down. *I have a cock. The picture is complete.* Gingerly, she fingered it, then examined the rest of her genitals. *Nice piece of equipment, I must say.* As she played with it, it stood to

attention. Fascinated, she watched it grow from a mere four inches to at least ten and its circumference wasn't anything to sneeze at either. *So this is what horny is? Or is it my full bladder?*

Holding the penis, she pointed it down into the toilet and relieved herself. But after her bladder was empty, the erection was still there. She played with it, felt strange sensations shoot through her abdomen. The sack was now taut, the balls ached for release. She'd never had sex. Yes, she'd had boyfriends, but never allowed them to touch anything below the waist. She wanted to keep that for her true love, her soul mate, if she ever found him. But she'd seen movies. She knew what to do.

Encasing the penis within her hand, she swiftly moved the skin back and forth. Her heart pounded in her chest, her ears, the burning feeling inside her loins intensified. Her body started to tremble and she felt release building up. Suddenly, she came. White semen shot into the toilet. Fascinated, she gave the last couple of pulls and watched the last drops leave the cock. Marian had just wiped it with a piece of toilet paper when the nurse came entered her room. Quickly, she dropped the hospital gown and went back to her bed.

"Mr. Davidson, here are your clothes and personal items. The paperwork is ready to be signed at the front desk when you're ready. Ring

the bell when you're done. We have to take you out in a wheelchair."

"I can walk."

"Hospital rules. Sorry."

After the nurse left the room, Marian examined the clothing. She expected them to be damp. After all, they told her she was thrown from the car into the snow. But they were dry. Maybe the hospital had dried them during the night. A plastic bag contained a watch, a wallet and a set of keys. *Did they retrieve those from the car?*

She took the wallet out and flipped it open. Wesley Davidson. The face on the picture of the license was the one she was wearing. She looked at the address. He lived in Seattle, not too far from her own apartment. *Damn it, I can't go to my own place. I don't have the keys. And the manager won't let me in. How the hell did this happen anyway? I believe in the paranorma, but this is a bit much. So my body is dead and now I've become Wesley Davidson? So what happened to him? Where is his soul? Or maybe I was so banged up and it wasn't my time, but it was his, so they decided to transfer my soul to his body?* That explanation was the only thing that made any sense to her, as unbelievable as it was.

Dressing was awkward. She felt very clumsy, big, ungainly. After she put on the leather jacket she picked up the wallet and saw plenty of paper bills. "I guess I'll take a cab to his place and go from there. Maybe going to his apartment will

give me some answers," she muttered softly.

It didn't take long to sign the paperwork. A candy striper wheeled her to the exit where she phoned for a taxi. "Merry Christmas, Sir," the youngster said with a big smile. Marian took the wallet out of her pocket and handed the girl a twenty dollar bill. "Merry Christmas to you, sweetie."

The cab took a while coming. The weather was so bad and the roads slick, and there weren't enough taxis to accommodate those who didn't want to risk driving. It still snowed, although the worst of the blizzard was over. After waiting for more than an hour, the cab finally arrived. She read the address to the driver from the license.

Wesley's studio was nice. It was in an older building. Just a huge room, a small kitchen, and a large bathroom. A typical bachelor's pad. It was nicely furnished and looked spotless. Wesley seemed to like plants. The studio almost looked like a tropical paradise and orchids seemed to be a favorite. In the corner stood a large, king-size bed. The pillows were encased in black pillowslips and the comforter was black and white with the occasional red decoration. Marian was suitably impressed with her new abode. She decided it could do with a little bit of a woman's touch, but she could be quite comfortable here.

*What the hell am I thinking? Have I accepted this body? Hell, even if I don't want to accept it, but what choice do I have?* She opened drawers, looked at paperwork, letters, then the computer. What kind of work did Wesley Davidson do? Just as she turned the computer on, a phone rang. The answering machine clicked in. After Wesley's message, a male voice sounded throughout the quiet studio.

"Wes, are you there? Wes, it's me. Baby, I miss you and I've been worried sick. We were without power for a while last night, but just before it went out, they reported a bad accident on Mt. Vixen Road and someone told me it was you. And the phone lines were down all night. I found out this morning which hospital you were in. When I called, they said you'd been released. I need to talk to you badly. Something very strange has happened. Call me back when you get this message? I love you."

"He's gay. Wesley Davidson is gay. That makes it even more interesting," Marian said as she flipped to the files section on the computer. *He's a vet. Now how the hell can I swing that? I suppose he has an animal hospital somewhere nearby. I'd have to close it or sell the practice. I need to find out more about him. I wonder if I should call his lover back. What am I going to tell him? Yes, this is Wesley's voice, but I'm really Marian just living in Wesley's body? He'd declare me crazy. And what was the lover's name?*

Marian gazed at the answering machine. It showed nine messages. She jabbed the play button and leaned back to listen. "Wes, Ty here. I'm worried sick about you. Call me at the cabin? Love you."

Ty, probably short for Tyler. If the wallpaper on the computer was a picture of Ty, Marian couldn't blame anyone for falling for the man, be it male or female. He was some hunk with a body to drool over. It was a naked picture showing everything, and on the photo, he sported an erection. The man was massive. She thought the cock she now had was a good size, but it was nothing compared to that one. Or was it just a naked model for Wesley to drool over.

She took the wallet out of her pocket again and opened the credit card and picture holder section. Maybe he carried a photo of Tyler with him. Yes, bingo! And it was the same man as the one on the computer. So what kind of work did Tyler do? Was he a model? She gazed at the photo on the screen again and felt her cock react to it. Not only did she have Wesley's body, but she'd inherited his feelings as well. Looking into those black eyes on the screen, staring at Tyler's muscular body, his angular handsome face, tanned skin, long black hair, and finally, that fascinating organ, his huge cock, caused her own cock to respond. Not only did her cock respond, but she had butterflies in



her stomach, her groin ached, her blood was on fire.

Quickly she undid the buttons of the jeans and let her cock free. It jumped out. She stared down at it, fascinated again, then while gazing at that handsome face, that body, that massive cock, and pretending it to be inside her, she pulled the skin back and forth, wishing it was Tyler's hand doing this. It didn't take long before she came again. For lack of tissues, she let the cum drip into the palm of her hand. Lifting her hand to her nose, she sniffed then tasted it carefully with the tip of her tongue. It had a musky odor and it didn't taste unpleasant. She hurried to the bathroom to rinse it off, then took off her clothes and walked around the studio naked, wondering what to do next. A shower. She badly needed one. After that, she'd work up the courage to call Tyler.

The shower refreshed her. Still naked, enjoying the freedom she felt, she walked back into the living area and up to the tall mirror on the back of the front door. "I am a hunk," she told herself. "I'm a very good looking man. Look at that blond hair, that body. I'm almost as built as Tyler, but not quite. I guess I can live with this. But Tyler? Is he going to notice a difference in me? And what will it feel like to be fucked by a man?"

Marian picked up the phone and looked at the call display for the number. Quickly, she jotted it

down on a piece of paper, then clicked off and dialed it. A man's deep baritone voice answered.

"Tyler?"

"Wes, thank God. Are you okay, darling?"

"Yes, I'm fine. I've got a headache, but otherwise I'm okay."

"Are you able to come up here?"

"I don't have a car, remember?"

"Yes, I know. Take a cab. I need you up here badly. There is something very weird going on and I need your help with it."

"Like what?"

"Well, last night..." crackle, crackle, crackle,

The line went dead. Marian tried several times to call back, but kept getting the operator monotone voice saying that the phone was out of service.

"Damn. And I don't even know the address."

After half an hour, the phone rang. It was Tyler. "Sorry, something happened to the lines. The snowstorm has caused havoc everywhere. So, can you come? I'd like to spend at least what's left of Christmas with you."

"Yes. Give me the address."

"Huh? You know where the cabin is."

"Yes, dummy, of course I do. But only to drive there. I don't write letters to the cabin so I don't know the exact address to give to the cab driver."

Tyler rattled off the address and Marian jotted

it down on the notepad. "Might take a while. The cabbies are very busy right now and I don't know if any of them are willing to go that far."

"Bribe them with a good tip. I love you."

"I love you, too," Marian said softly, knowing that's what Tyler expected to hear. And hell, she could easily fall in love with that man. Before she dressed, she called for a cab and gave the address.

"That will cost you, Sir," they told her.

"I don't care how much it costs. I'll have him stop at a bank machine and I'll pay in advance." Happily, yet kind of scared, she looked for clothing and got dressed. She also threw some clothes in a backpack she found in the bottom of the closet. The gods had smiled upon her. Her body was gone, would be buried and mourned by no one except a few friends for a brief time and she didn't have to spend Christmas alone, like she usually did. She'd spend it with a hunk of a man and maybe, just maybe, she had found her soul mate, the man she'd always dreamed about, except in a different form. Yes, she could get used to being Wesley Davidson. Definitely.

\* \* \* \*

Wesley curled up on Tyler's lap, stroked his broad chest and nibbled at his neck. "Who was that you were just talking to on the phone?"

"Oh, a friend. I've invited him over for Christmas dinner. The roads are ploughed, my driveway cleaned off, the storm has died down, it should be okay for him to come up here."

"Aw, I so wanted to be alone with you. Do you realize I've fallen for you? In a big way? I feel guilty about being glad that Matt had to leave, seeing he's so lonely right now. Whatever happened to that lover of his?"

"They broke up. I guess they weren't a match. He didn't want to leave, but something urgent came up that couldn't wait."

"And now you've gone and invited someone else. Sweetheart, make love to me again before he gets here? And who is it anyway?"

"No one you've met. Another lonely soul," Tyler lied.

"And does lonely soul have a name?" Marian wheedled.

To shut her up, Tyler kissed her, long and hard. When she tried asking questions again, he gave into her demands. Standing up, he carried her to the bear rug in front of the blazing fireplace and lowered her down to it. "I'm not sure this is a good idea. You must be sore from last night and this morning. Look at all the blood that was on the sheets. You were a virgin, honey. We need to take it easy. I'm a big man."

"You know damn well I'm not really a virgin.

Marian was, but I'm not. And you know something, it felt damn good. It was like our first time all over again. Do you want to fuck me up the ass? That'd be another new experience for this body."

"Sweetie, you're so petite, I'd tear you to pieces. No, your pussy hole will do just fine. It's nice and tight."

Wes sighed. "I love you so much. You're such a thoughtful man. I just wish you'd believe me."

"Honey, I feel a very strong attraction for you, but how can you love me? You barely know me."

"Wes loves you. And I'm Wes."

"Right. And now you're spoiling the moment by bringing this all up again."

Wes quickly stopped talking and concentrated on sucking Tyler's cock instead. It didn't take long for it to respond. Within minutes, Tyler's carnal lust took over and he had Marian on the rug beneath him. He swung his legs over his shoulders, then entered him in one thrust.

Wes gasped. "Yes, baby, oh yes, that feels so good. You're deeper than you were this morning. Fuck me, baby, fuck me hard!" The only thing Wes didn't like was that Ty couldn't fondle his breasts in this position or kiss him, but having his sweet face gazing down at him, his eyes jet black with lust, that turned Wes on more than ever before.

\* \* \* \*

Marian paid the cab driver and gave him a good tip. The fee was huge, but it would be worth every penny to be with Tyler and to find out more about Wesley. She hurried to the cabin. The driveway had been cleared, but it was still slippery. She had to walk carefully so not to fall. The front door had a Christmas wreath on it. Just above it was a nice brass knocker. Marian lifted it, then changed her mind and decided to see if the door was unlocked.

It was. She opened it and stepped inside, warmth from a blazing fireplace greeting her. The aroma of turkey drifted into her nostrils, making her realize she hadn't eaten. Her gaze drifted to that fireplace and she stopped in shock at the sight of the naked couple. The woman was on hands and knees, the man behind her, fucking her, leaning over her, kneading her breasts. Marian took a step toward them, then another. The woman's long blonde hair hung to the floor. That woman was Marian, it was her, and the man from the computer's screen wallpaper, Tyler, was screwing her like crazy.

*I'm alive. I'm right here in this cabin. So how can I be in this body? At the same time, it seems I've lost my virginity. Oh well, at least I lost it with a gorgeous hunk of male flesh. But I'm not on the pill and it doesn't look like he's using protection...*

Without saying a word, she quietly closed the door, walked right up to the copulating couple and watched them. A thought occurred to her. She had a cock now. She could screw herself. That caused her to laugh. A laugh that should have been a giggle, but it came out as a low rumble.

A loud grunt from Tyler, squeals from Marian, and they climaxed, then collapsed on the floor in each other's arms. Ty had his eyes closed, then suddenly opened them and looked straight up at Marian.

"Wesley, my God, you made it here fast!"

Marian was fascinated and at the same time stunned. What should she do? Obviously, her body was very much alive and right there on the floor with the man she herself desired. She who had valued her virginity so highly! There was only one way her body could have betrayed her like this—if there was another inside her own body. It had to be Wesley!

"I had a good cab driver."

"Wes, I..." Tyler mumbled.

"Looks like you're having a good time. Mind if I join you two?" Marian said, blowing a kiss to the couple.

Her other self just lay there, staring up at her, at *her* other self. What Marian had suspected in the beginning had really happened. Somehow, their souls were switched at the time of the accident. It

was neither Marian's nor Wesley's time to die, so their souls had somehow returned to their bodies—the wrong ones. But now that she'd lost her virginity anyway, she'd play the game a little longer.

"Who is this lovely lady?"

"Wes, how are you feeling? The doctor said you had a concussion. You should be—"

"Having fun on the floor with the two of you. Again, who is this beautiful woman?"

"Her name is Marian Milner, but she told me the oddest story, and..."

Marian stared down at her other self who gazed at her with a wary expression. "Hello, Marian, mind if I join you two?"

"If Ty doesn't mind," Wesley said in a very soft voice.

Did Wesley realize what had happened? If he was in Marian's body, surely he had to be very confused. Wasn't he shocked to see his own body standing there? Didn't he suspect that she was in *his* body? Maybe not. A lot of people didn't believe in the paranormal, that such things were possible.

Marian dropped the backpack on the floor, then took off his jacket, his boots, and stripped naked. Within a minute she was on the floor beside them. First she hugged Tyler, whose sigh of relief one could hear almost outside. Then she hugged the



woman. It felt utterly weird to hug herself and, at the same time, tantalizing, erotic. The thought of making love to her real self in a male body caused the cock to spring to attention.

Oh, wasn't it every woman's wish to have such a piece of equipment? How would Wesley feel being fucked by his real self? Marian kissed Tyler fully on the lips. She was surprised at the reaction this caused within her body. Surely one couldn't fall that fast for a man? Yes, she desired him, had desired him from the moment she saw that wallpaper on Wesley's computer. But there was something more here, something she couldn't place. A touching of all their souls, a joining, a feeling of belonging.

Tyler's hand was on Marian's cock. Her other self kissed her fully on the lips. Marian had never been so on fire in her life. She fondled the breasts, sucked them, rained kisses from the face down to the pubic area. Marian was so horny, she could barely keep herself in check. She sucked her own pussy, played with her clit, drank the juices that flowed freely. At the same time, Tyler was playing with Marian's balls, her cock, and she felt ready to explode. If she didn't enter someone soon, she'd come right there, in Tyler's hand.

Marian took the woman into her arms, lay her back on the floor, then placing her cock at her entrance she teased her for a moment by rubbing

it up and down the moist folds. "You're beautiful," Marian whispered against her lips. She felt those lips tremble beneath hers as she pushed deep inside and started to move. She moved to sit on her knees, her bum facing Tyler, without breaking the rhythm. Her other self beneath her, begged for more, begged her to slam into her.

Tyler came to her from behind. Marian felt his tongue licking, his fingers probing, playing with her balls, then he entered. For a moment, Marian stiffened when the large cock penetrated her anus, but then she relaxed and let it happen. Marian couldn't hold it any longer. Oh, masturbating had been good, but this was even better. She trembled, felt the release building up, then finally she came. At the same time, Tyler came and the woman beneath her screamed in ecstasy.

The three of them crumpled to the floor, each hugging the other, their breathing heavy, until they finally calmed down.

"Well, that was interesting," Tyler said wryly.

"Yes, very," Marian said. Wesley remained quiet, a thoughtful expression on her face.

"Wes, you've got a concussion. You should be lying down. Instead you're participating in an orgy."

"I feel fine. All I've got is a bit of a headache. It was only a light concussion." Marian was tempted to tell them right there who she really was, but

had no idea if Wesley knew what was going on at all. But he must. Otherwise, how could he have ended up at Tyler's cabin? Allowed him to fuck her?

"Let's all get comfortable, get a drink and talk. I need to tell you something, Wes."

"Okay, sounds good." Her other self seemed to cling to Tyler for dear life. Marian sat opposite them in the other recliner. She readily accepted the drink Tyler offered. "So, what is the story? How did Marian land here?"

"You're not going to believe this."

"Try me."

"Marian claims she was in an accident. When she arrived here with a bad cut on her forehead, she said she was you."

"Really."

"Yes, really. She claims Wesley is inside her body. She's Wesley in female form. I almost started to believe her, but here you are as large as life."

Should she make them suffer longer? Nah... "What if I told you that I'm Marian in Wesley's body?"

"Then you're both fucking nuts and trying to drive me insane. Come on now. Such a thing is impossible."

"Apparently not, Tyler," Marian said. "When the accident happened, somehow our souls traded

places.”

“You’re Marian?”

“Yes. Imagine my shock when I woke up in the hospital with a man’s voice and a man’s body. Not that I mind spending the rest of my days as Wesley. He’s nicely put together and I like the equipment. The only thing I might have a problem with is tending his animals. I’m a model, not a vet.”

“And a gorgeous model at that,” Tyler said, stroking Wesley’s long blonde hair. “Is there any way to get you back into your own bodies?”

“I have no idea. I’ve studied the paranormal, but never read anything about soul switching, how it’s done, how to get back into one’s own body. Maybe magick, I don’t know. I’ll have to study it more intensely, see if I can find out if there is some kind of spell that will help us get back to normal.”

“I don’t mind living like this for the rest of our lives. That’s if Marian doesn’t mind,” Wes said.

“Wesley, I guess we’ll get used to our bodies. The big thing is, our professions don’t match.”

“I’ll just pretend to have bought the animal hospital. That would work. But I’d have to keep the modeling job as well. So what does that leave you?”

“I can be your assistant. Or...become a male model?”

"The two of you finally have me convinced that there's something very odd going on. Marian here had too many similarities to you, Wes. I still don't understand any of it and I'm completely confused. On that note, I'm going to wash up and get the rest of our Christmas dinner ready. I was late putting the turkey in the oven because we slept in, but the bird should be nearly ready. We'll try and figure this strange situation out later," Tyler said. He stood up and went up the stairs.

"Tyler makes the best turkey you've ever tasted. And his stuffing is to die for."

"I can't wait to taste it. Now that we're alone, Wesley, how does it feel to be in a woman's body?"

"Strange, but at the same time highly intoxicating. What about you?"

"I feel the same way," Marian said. "So what happened to my body? Did my head hit the windshield or the steering wheel?"

"The windshield. It's cracked. Although I don't see how that could kill a person. I came to and automatically drove here. I've had a hell of a time convincing Tyler that I'm really Wesley."

"You do realize you gave up my most treasured possession?"

"Your virginity. I'm sorry."

"That bites. You know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I'll never know what it felt like."

"It was wonderful."

"How about telling me more? It was mine to give away, not yours, so I deserve all the fine details."

Tyler returned and started to work in the kitchen. "How about we drop the subject for the time being? I could use a couple of extra hands here," he called out. "Go and wash up, guys."

\* \* \* \*

It was a gourmet dinner, the best Christmas dinner Marian had ever eaten. Tyler was an excellent cook and Wesley seemed to have just as much knowledge in the kitchen. She'd watched her body interact with Tyler with much interest. She didn't help much, except to set the table. She was at least good at that. And she made eggnog. According to her friends, she made the best eggnog on the planet.

Enjoying a cup of the spicy treat, the three of them sat in front of the fire, all lost in their own thoughts, until Marian finally spoke. "We can't keep putting it off. We need to talk about what has happened."

"I agree," Wesley said and looked at Tyler.

"During dinner I gave it all a lot of thought. Wesley, is this your idea of a sick way of breaking

up with me?" He looked at Marian for an answer of course, but Wesley answered.

"No use looking at her. I'm Wesley. No, this isn't a sick joke. I don't know how this happened, how it's even possible, but Marian is in Wesley's body. I love you, Ty. How could you even think such a horrible thing? I'd never do anything to willingly hurt you."

"Do you have a laptop or computer here?" Marian asked.

"Wes, you know I have a laptop and you know where it is."

"I'm Marian. I don't know anything about this place."

Heaving a big sigh, Tyler stood and walked to the hallway closet. He soon returned with a laptop and handed it to Marian.

"I've studied the paranormal. Let me do some research."

Marian found typing with larger fingers awkward. "Okay, I've found an article that's rather interesting."

"What does it say?"

"Basically, the human body is a container that holds the spirit. Same as peaches in a can. Pour out the peaches and you have an empty can. So when a person dies, the spirit leaves that container and an empty shell remains. The spirit then moves on, either to remain in the spirit world after

reaching the highest level or to return and enter another container and learn more lessons to attain the next level."

"So you both died and returned immediately, but entered the wrong body? Would a spirit be that stupid?"

"Hey, I'm just quoting what I'm reading here. I don't think anyone *really* knows what happens after we die. And I can't find anything about how to reverse what's happened."

"So we're stuck."

Marian nodded. "I guess so. Although I don't mind this body of yours, Wes. If I have to spend the rest of my life like this, it wouldn't be a punishment. We'll just have to learn to accept each other as we are."

"But my memories are all my own. I have no clue about Marian's life—who her parents were, does she have siblings, how did she grow up, school, boyfriends, her life as it is now. I don't know any of it."

"I can fill you in and you can fill me in about your life. The big question is, you and Tyler are very much in love. Can Tyler spend the rest of his life with a woman? And to add to that, I feel strongly attracted to you, Wes in my body, and Tyler sets my blood on fire. Can the three of us be together? How do you feel about that?"

Tyler didn't look at either of them, but gazed at



the crackling flames. "I don't know what to feel right now. Marian has awoken feelings in me, but I love Wes. It's all too confusing and rattling my mind."

A strange swishing sound caused the three of them to look around the room.

"What was that?" Tyler asked.

"I don't know. What's that strange glow in the corner over there?" Marian said, pointing at the corner behind the Christmas tree.

"The glow from the lights, silly."

"No. I see something. Look again."

Small sparkling particles appeared in that corner, almost as if someone had lit a sparkler from above. Slowly, the sparkles formed a shape until a beautiful, white haired young man, dressed in a flowing white robe, appeared.

"An angel? They really exist?" Tyler sat up, his gaze riveted on the corner.

The apparition came, no, glided toward them, and stopped right in front of them.

Tyler rubbed his eyes. "I've had too much to drink."

"No. This is real, although you weren't supposed to see me. Only Marian and Wesley should have seen me." The voice was sweet, melodious.

"Why are you here?" Marian asked.

"When you both died, but weren't supposed to

pass on to the garden of souls, it was my task to guide your spirits back into your bodies. I made a big mistake. I caught the two of you in the same soul catcher and mixed you up. When I returned your souls to your bodies, I returned you to the wrong host. It is now my task to correct that mistake. I had to wait until the two of you were together and somewhat at peace."

"How are you going to do that?" Wesley asked.

"There is a ritual. And there must be no mistake this time or I'll be demoted."

Tyler laughed. "Now I've heard everything."

"I got into a lot of trouble already for this big mistake. Wesley and Marian, would you please lie next to each other on the floor?"

"Do we have to die before you can do this?" Marian asked.

"It only takes one second if it's done right."

"Damn, this is too soon. I wanted to make love to my own body one more time," Marian mumbled.

The angel laughed—a musical laughter that sounded like tiny bells. "I'm afraid there is no time for that. I can only appear to you once."

Tyler stood and sat in the recliner, his face wearing an incredulous expression.

Marian lay next to Wesley. "One second," she said, looking up at the angel. Turning to Wesley, she took her female body in her arms and kissed

long and passionately. Her cock stirred and she wished more than ever she could make love to herself one more time. It felt good to be a man. So, if there was such a thing as reincarnation, she had to make sure to come back as a male.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes,” they both said.

“I need you to empty your minds of all thoughts, to be completely tranquil.” The angel waved an arm in a circle and a myriad of sparkling particles appeared, surrounding the man and woman on the floor. The angel hovered above them, a horn shaped container in each hand. A trumpet-like sound echoed through the room and suddenly white mist escaped from Wesley and Marian’s open lips. It funneled into each container. Quick as a flash, the angel capped the containers and switched them, then took the caps off and the mist funneled back into Marian and Wesley’s mouths. The particles hovered above them for just a moment before, they, too, disappeared.

“It is done,” the angel said. “You are once again who you should be. You will remember everything that has happened since the incorrect switching of your souls. Because of my grievous error, your lives have changed, the future has changed. Therefore, you will retain all memory. And you,” he said, turning to Tyler, “will believe

everything that has happened.”

Another sprinkling of sparkling particles surrounded Tyler for a moment. “Bless you all. Enjoy the rest of the holiday season. I must leave now.” The angel retreated to the corner and slowly faded.

Marian stood up. She looked wonderingly down at Wesley who was sitting kind of dazed, then at Tyler. “I’m back in my own body. Wesley, what about you?”

“This is the strangest Christmas I’ve ever had or ever will have. No one is ever going to believe us. They’ll declare us a bunch of nutcases.”

“I don’t think we should tell anyone. Not ever. It needs to remain a secret between the three of us.”

Tyler stood and held out his hand to Wesley. He pulled him up and embraced him. “Merry Christmas, my love.”

“And you, baby.” They turned to the petite blonde who now stood rather forlorn looking beside them. “Come here, Marian,” Tyler said, and pulled her into their embrace. “Merry Christmas to you, too, sweetheart.”

“I was afraid — ”

“No. Don’t even think it. You’ve become part of us. I don’t know about you two, but I’m exhausted. All this emotional upheaval has made me super tired. How about we go to bed?”

They blew out the candles, then, arms around each other, Marian in the middle, they went upstairs and to bed. The three of them shared the big king size bed. Too tired to make love, they cuddled, fondled, kissed, and fell asleep in each other's arms.

*Two months later...*

They pooled their money and bought a house together. Sometimes Wes and Tyler made love, sometimes Marian with either one of them and sometimes the three of them. Each had their own bedroom. They found that even in a king size bed there wasn't enough room for three bodies. To avoid jealousy, they decided on a private room for each.

Tyler lay on his side and gazed down at Marian. "You're so beautiful. I'd love us to have a little girl who looks like you."

"Could be a boy," Wesley said.

"Could be twins... The ultrasound next month will tell us," Marian said, smiling up at each of her lovers. She now knew why the angel said that because of his mistake the future had changed. Would either Wes or Ty ever have considered her as a third partner under normal circumstances? No, she was sure of that. Would she even have considered dating a gay man and allow him to

make love to her? No. But through the angel's error, she now had two beautiful, gorgeous men, who both loved her. And she loved each one in return. She was the luckiest woman on Earth.

Tyler stroked her belly, then leaned over to kiss her navel. Wesley's hands were on her ripening breasts, his fingers tracing the larger and darker brown aureoles. She felt her libido rise, the butterflies went wild in her stomach, thrills coursed through her veins. Oh, she loved having sex with each one, but the threesomes were awesome.

Tyler kissed her gently on the lips while Wesley parted her legs and ran his fingers up and down her folds. He rubbed her clit, setting her blood racing, her heart beating faster. "You guys are teasing me to death. I'm not made of porcelain. Just because I'm pregnant, you can still treat me the same."

"We don't want to hurt the baby," Tyler murmured against her open lips.

"The baby won't get hurt. People have had sex throughout the ages while pregnant and have given birth to healthy babies."

Tyler silenced her by kissing her deeply, his tongue dancing with hers, sucking, teasing. His hands were on her breasts. Wesley sat on his knees between her legs, his cock throbbing gently against his belly. He grasped it and guided it to

her waiting vagina. Her clit throbbed, her vagina pulsed with need. She gasped as he entered her and she climaxed almost right away. Wesley withdrew and Tyler turned her onto her belly, drew her bottom up and spread her legs. He entered a finger into her anal passage and positioned his cock near her pussy. He leaned forward to allow Wesley entry to his passage. He waited to enter Marian until Wesley shoved his cock deep inside his anus. When Wesley started to move, Tyler thrust his cock into Marian.

Marian screamed her release, Tyler shuddered and came at the same time as Wesley and Marian. They collapsed in a tangled heap of arms and legs, still loving and fondling each other.

After their heavy breathing calmed, Wesley looked at Tyler and Marian. "So, what are we going to do?"

"The three of us can't get married. I can either marry you, Wesley, and you me, or one of us can marry Marian. How are we going to solve this?"

"Is marriage really necessary? We are committed to each other, isn't that enough?" Marian asked.

"I'd like our baby to have our name. There's only one way, if I marry Wes, then you can name either of us as the father because Wes will take my last name."

"Do you want me to have a DNA test done?"

That way we'll know who the father is."

"No," Wes and Ty said in chorus.

"Then this baby will have two fathers. Do you think he or she will ever believe this tale of ours?"

"I don't know, but it will be one hell of a tale to tell our children each Christmas."

"Our children...it sounds so good," Marian murmured.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gabriella has been writing for many years. Mainstream contemporary romance first, and was published under a different name, and later she ventured into erotica and adopted the name Gabriella Bradley.

Gabby lives on the West Coast of British Columbia, Canada. She has traveled much during her earlier years and has used her knowledge of other countries in some of her contemporary books. Later, through her love for science fiction and fantasy, she ventured into different genres.