

## Merging Lives (M&F Merge, Futa Amazon)

By FoxFaceStories

An anonymous commission

*Paul and Myra are having relationship troubles. Myra would like them to move in together, while Paul is hesitant. But after a shared wish that they could 'be together always', they find their lives entirely changed. Now stuck as a two-headed fusion of their bodies, complete with male and female equipment, they must navigate a new reality in which everyone knows they've been this way for some time, as well as their own strange new attractions . . .*

### Merging Lives

Paul sighed as he stared out the window to the town beyond.

"Myra, it's not that I don't love you. You know I love you. It's just that moving in together is a real big step. We're doing so well right now, so what's the harm?"

Myra rolled her green eyes. "Paul, it's precisely *because* we're doing so well together that we should move in. Like you say, we love each other. So why don't we at least talk about it?"

"What's there to talk about?" he asked, turning back to look at her. "I don't see the point of it. We don't even live that far apart. And besides, what if we get on each others' nerves?"

"That's half the point of moving in, Paul; to actually learn if you're fully compatible."

"We are compatible!"

"Then move in with me! Or me with you! Or us together at a third place!"

"Shh! Keep your voice down," Paul said. "Everyone downstairs can probably hear us with you complaining like that."

Myra burned with fury. She placed her hands on her impressive hips. "No, you're the one who made a big yarn and whine downstairs during *our* little get together. You're the one who complained about me being 'on your case.'"

"You are on my case! Agh! This is hopeless. I can't deal with this right now."

Paul threw his hands up in the air and sat on his bed. It was queen-sized, more than enough to hold both of them in Myra's opinion. Plus, his place was better: nicer viewer, bigger backyard. And it was actually *his*, even if he was paying it off. It wasn't a rental. But even though she'd offered to help pay it off, he'd refused the offer of even a test move-in.

It was a shame, because the two had been dating for two years now, and the L-word had been dropped many a time after the first six months. Everyone agreed - at least at first - that Paul and Myra were perfect for each other. He was a 6'3 Adonis with frizzy black hair,

black skin, and an impressively manly jaw, and a confident swagger to his movement that made the ladies fawn. She was a voluptuous third-generation Irish lass with an impressive pair of jugs, a gorgeous set of hips, and fiery red hair to contrast her emerald eyes. She even had a trace of her parents' accent, which Paul found adorable.

But it wasn't just because the two were quite attractive that they made a seemingly perfect pairing, though that was no small part of it from the perspective of others. Both of them were into fitness, and though Paul was much more of a typical gym-junkie, they often worked out together. He loved basketball, and was part of his own team. Myra on the other hand was more of a girly girl in a lot of ways: she loved fashion, shopping, and getting beauty treatments. But she was also seriously pursuing her engineering degree, and worked hard from home for a travel service in order to support herself. Paul made his money through coaching basketball and as a fitness trainer on the side. And while these two lives may have been very different, they were inspired by each other's passions and always tried to lift up their partner. They adored watching movies together and snuggling up on the couch, and for going on trips together across the country. Despite her more feminine aesthetic, for instance, Myra really enjoyed camping with Paul . . . so long as he took care of the bugs.

But after two years, she longed for them to take their relationship to the next step. She wanted to be married, and knew that the journey to that point could only happen if they were able to move in together and make it work. Except stubborn Paul had cold feet, as she saw it. The silence in the room was deafening.

"It's like you love me, but you're not committed to making this work," she finally said. "It's like you've got one foot in the door, and one foot out of it, just in case."

Paul lifted his head. "I do not. I *am* committing. I'm just . . . keeping my options open."

"Oh, great!" she said, throwing her hands up in the air. "Keeping your options open. That's just perfect. So glad you need your options open when we've been boyfriend and girlfriend for over *two years*, Paul."

He looked again out the window, unsure how to resolve this. He knew that he might be in the wrong, but he always felt like Myra was rushing him. Rushing him into relationship statuses, into announcing anniversaries, into moving in and eventually getting married. It was like she had a plan and he didn't, but not having a plan was relaxing and right in its own way. But with her, as much as he loved her, it was like being on a goddamn set of train tracks sometime.

"Shooting star," he heard her mumble. He looked up, and saw that she was right. A particularly bright set of green meteorites were streaking through the sky. It was incredibly impressive.

"We could make a wish?" Myra suggested in her soft voice. "Maybe wish we could be together always, no matter what?"

Paul shrugged. It was clear their argument was at an impasse, and both wanted to clear the air a bit. "Works for me."

"Say it both at the same time?"

He chuckled. "Sure, babe, sure. Okay, one, two, three."

*"I wish we could be together always."*

At the very moment that they finished the sentence, the shooting stars lit up an extremely vibrant green, enough that both briefly worried there had been an explosion. But then the light reduced once more, and the stars were gone.

"Holy moly," Myra said, "that was cool."

"Yeah. Really cool. C'mon babe, let's go downstairs, shall we?"

He held out his hand, and after only a second's hesitation Myra took it.

"Okay," she said. "We'll put a pin in it for now."

"Exactly."

They began to head for the door that led to the upstairs hallway, when Paul realised he'd left his phone on the bed.

"Wait, I'll just grab it," he said. He turned and walked back to the bed, only to accidentally yank Myra halfway across the room. She squeaked in sudden confusion, and he only just managed to arrest her momentum.

"What the hell, Paul!?" she cried. "It felt like you pulled my arm off!"

"I let go of your hand! You were holding mine!"

"You didn't let go! You're clinging tight to me now!"

"You're clinging tight, just look at . . . our hands . . ."

They did so, and a chill ran down each of their spines as they saw the strange unfolding going on there. Well, not an *unfolding*, as that would imply separation. Instead, their hands appeared to be *merging*, drawing together, flesh melding as one at the palms, and fingers beginning to stitch together as well.

"What the fuck!?" Myra cried. "What the actual fuck?"

"Holy shit," Paul said. Where their skin merged, his dark skin and her pale skin seemed to mix like paints, producing a gorgeous olive tone. Their hands pulled together further, fingers becoming one set of five where once there was two.

"Oohhhhh that f-feels weird!" Myra exclaimed.

"S-same for me!" Paul said. "Is this a trip? We've got to be on a trip, right?"

"I bet Angus slipped us something," she replied. "But then how are we seeing the same thing? Our hands look like they're fusing."

"They are fusing, I can feel this p-pull."

"Me too. Oh shit, what if this is real? Is it the wish?"

Before Paul could figure out what she meant, their flesh pulled together once more. Their fingers - the five they briefly shared a strange connection to - suddenly melted into their conjoined limb as it shorted. The two staggered, just barely managing to keep upright as their forearms were now meeting, then their elbows, then their upper arms. They screamed, looking over to their partner: Paul on the left, Myra on the right.

“Aaghhhh - that was a big one!”

“I felt it too!” Myra said. “And - oh God, I can f-feel you!”

“What do you - oh shit. Me too! I can feel your other arm. What the actual fuck?”

Both of them were panicking heavily by that point, their hearts beating in their chests like crazy. Both of them could feel the other’s heart beat as well, heightening the insanity.

*Ba dum ba dum ba dum ba dum ba dum*

*Ba dum ba dum ba dum ba dum ba dum*

Another pull of flesh, and suddenly they were right beside one another, shoulder to shoulder, and the skin continuing to shift like molten wax and reform like jelly. Neither had both arms anymore, but the sensations were far from painful. They were simply alien and strange and all kinds of wrong.

“Paul, I’m scared!”

“Me t-too Myra! We need to get out of here! Angus or Cindy can help us! Hurry!”

They began to move forward, only to topple onto the floor. Both flung their remaining arm out to catch their body, and to their shared surprise they coordinated it perfectly, able to move in sync with the other’s arm with ease. They looked down at the same time, and realised in unison that their legs were also melding together, becoming a ‘middle’ leg that proceeded to then shrink up into their body.

“Oohhhhhh this is all wrong! Oh my God, what the fuck!”

Paul tried to think. It was too crazy. “What did you say before about the w-wish!?”

Myra went to answer, only to groan as their shoulders combined, followed by their hips. Their middle leg shrank into nothingness as their bodies shifted together even more fully. She cried out, partly in response to a strange ripple of unwanted pleasure as their hips drew closer together, and their genitals entered the mix.

“The w-wish,” Myra stammered. “We wished to b-be ‘together always’. I th-think something is fusing - ahhh - us! We’re becoming one person!”

“Fuck, you’re right!” Paul exclaimed, grunting as their shoulders combined. Their heads drew closer together. Their flesh intertwined and redistributed. Myra groaned their spines knit into one, and her body expanded, growing taller to match evenly with Paul. Their skin on both sides rippled like waves across an ocean, and where it carried their skin tones united to become that same gorgeous olive.

"F-fuck! Are we going to die!?" she cried, tears pouring down her eyes in fear. "What if we become a new person! I didn't want this with my wish, Paul, you have to believe me! OOHHHH!!!"

She moaned in a strange mix of terror, discomfort, and ecstasy as their bodies fused further. Within seconds, they had not two chests but *one*. Their organs combined, and the two were overwhelmed with impossible sensations and unnerving experiences as their bodies united to become utterly singular. Their hearts stopped momentarily, two beats becoming one after the pause was finished. Their stomachs joined, and Myra cringed at the junk food she still felt sitting in the pit of Paul's belly. *Their* belly. Her breasts carried over onto their new chest, nipples stiffening in an arousal she couldn't shake, one that Paul now also felt. To their shared astonishment, the additional mass and fat from both figures spread around to her - *their* - boobs, causing them to swell. Not only did they swell to match the greater size of the new body, but they also then swelled larger. For a moment, Myra was afraid of splitting open the clothing, but it was only then that she realised the clothing had been altering with them.

"Paul, look! Our clothing!"

"Holy shit, this is magic! What the fuck!?"

It had to be. It was the only explanation that made sense. But it offered no comfort to the pair as they were forced to go through the completely foreign experience of having their bodies meld together. Worse, or at least more humiliating, was that the couple were also becoming increasingly aroused. The union of two bodies was connecting millions upon millions of nerve endings, resulting in a series of pleasurable fireworks exploding across their bodies. They writhed, nearly falling over again, unused to having to share control of their body with another. Paul and Myra both groaned as their genitals completed merging. It came as a heavy relief for Paul that his impressive member did not dissipate, but instead grew even larger in proportion to his - *their* - massive body. It rose, becoming incredibly erect, and he had to adjust himself in his shorts. Myra bit her lip, moaning at the unexpected sensation of a hand upon a cock she now has as well. Their balls swelled also, but located below them was a moist feminine slit, a pussy that remained tight and perfect and increasingly wet.

"Ooohhhh it's t-too much!" she cried. "Stop touching your c-cock!"

"It's - ahh - *our* cock now, Myra. And you're t-touching our f-fucking clitoris. God, it's s-sensitive!"

She hadn't even realised she was doing it. It was so hard to make sense of what was hers, what was his, and what was *theirs*.

"I didn't mean to, I - Ahhhhh!!!"

Their breasts swelled again, becoming head-sized H-cups that were full and ripe, but large enough that gravity pulled them closer to their navel.

"Holy fuck! These are huge!"

Paul grabbed them, taking control of Myra's arm - well, her half's arm, at least - to grope and squeeze them. They were unbelievably sensitive, and their huge nipples were centres of pleasure, denting through the thin fabric of the cups of a bra that had magically materialised upon them.

"Stop! We're g-going to come!"

"I can't help it!" he called back. "Now you're on my dick!"

"And you're on my damn pussy!"

They had switched places without realising it. No, that wasn't it. It took them a moment to realise they had switched *control*. All of their body was one now, fully shared. They were nearly finished. They turned their necks - their heads were the *only* thing under separate control, apparently - and looked at one another with fear and desperate arousal in their eyes. Their skin had mixed. While they had all the same facial features, and their hair, from before, Myra's tone had darkened to that rich olive, while Paul's had lightened.

"Paul . . ."

"Myra . . ."

They both tensed as another redistribution of muscle and tissue added enormous curves to their body. They now had a set of hips that were even wider than Myra's original babymakers. True to Paul's muscular torso, their waist remained thick, and a set of incredible abs formed upon their midriff. Their shoulders stayed wide to support their head, but while their arms and thighs also became impressively strong, particularly in the bicep department, they retained a womanly softness that spoke of belonging to a strong female warrior.

Myra's hair grew out longer, cascading down their back, and it became a little wilder. Paul's hair lost a little frizz and also extended, albeit to form a loose afro that suggested a hint of feminine style.

All this time, the two had not stopped feeling, caressing, and masturbating themselves and one another. The merging, while terrifying, was electrifying in its arousal, and they were lost in their strange unity. The torrents of bliss became all too much. As the ecstasy rose, they switched control as if by instinct, back and forth between them, so that both were stroking their enormous hard cock and rubbing the sensitive lips of their pussy.

"F-fuck! Sooooo close!" Paul cried. His voice was slightly higher.

Myra replied in equal keenness, her voice lower, huskier. "M-me too! I need to come P-Paul!"

"We both do!"

They pressed their lips against one another, kissed passionately. And then it happened. The ultimate feedback loop. No longer did one of them control one arm and the

other the other. In that moment, *everything* was shared. Paul felt Myra's lips on his, but also hers on his from *her perspective*. They shared control in the fullest sense, becoming one shared being exploring their merged form together. It was like being in a heightened state beyond any other.

And it sent them careening over the edge into the most explosive orgasm they'd ever had.

"YESSSSSSSSS!!!" they cried together, separating their lips. Their enormous chest wobbled as they fell back onto the bed, writhing in blissful agony. Enormous jets of semen splattered into their underwear, and their pussy juices dripped down their thighs. They were lost in male and female pleasure for what felt like full minutes.

And then, afterward, they lay resting, their massive tits rising and falling with each shared breath, and neither believing what had just happened or what they had become.

"We aren't turning back," Paul said. "I thought-"

"Me too," Myra said. "Oh God, we're a freak. I don't care how fucking good that felt. We're freaks, Paul! I've got a dick! We *share* a dick."

"And a pussy," he added. "And everything else. Let's get up. We need to inspect the damage."

They stood, a little awkwardly.

"I've got the left foot," Paul said.

"There's no 'your foot' or 'my foot' Paul. Didn't you just feel what we went through? Listen to our instincts!"

Paul sighed and did so begrudgingly. On the second attempt, they rose to their feet easily.

"Okay, you may have something there," he said.

"See? It pays to work together as one rather than stay separate," she said, turning to give him a meaningful glance.

Paul rolled his eyes. "Now is *not* the time to talk about the housing situation."

"You're right, sorry. Let's inspect the damage."

They shuffled over to the full body mirror in Paul's room. No one downstairs had heard them, so they had time. At least, they hoped they hadn't been heard. If so, it would have just sounded like sex. Hopefully. But that thought was put on hold as they stepped before the mirror.

"Oh my God," they said as one as they beheld their form. They looked at one another then back to the mirror.

"So male," Myra exclaimed.

"So female!" Paul countered.

Paul was the closer of the pair. The figure in the mirror was easily 6'5 tall, and utterly amazonian in appearance. She had wide hips, an impressively round backside, and heavy breasts that were very large, and yet on this figure not comically so. Their broad shoulders held both their heads, mostly unchanged but for their skin colour and touches to their hair, and their limbs were similarly strong. A large bulge made it obvious how well hung they were now, but while it wasn't visible beneath the elastic band of their shorts, both had reached down to rub the pussy that was also present. All in all, they looked like something out of Greek mythology. Or a lab accident. And the strangest part was that they both found the form quite attractive, despite their shared revulsion. Paul focused his gaze on their huge tits and childbearing hips, while Myra was lost in those muscles and massive cock.

"We need to change, and then get to a fucking hospital," Myra said.

"Why change?"

"Uh, hello? You just splattered all that cum inside our shorts!"

"My cum? It's our cum, now!" Paul objected. "You were stroking off our cock too, and I saw you orgasm when we jizzed everywhere. And besides, your pussy has leaked its juices all down our thighs."

"Our pussy," she corrected. "Remember? This goes both ways. We really are sharing."

There was a moment of pause, and then Myra began to cry. Paul held her, and therefore also himself.

"Hey, hey, I'm sorry, alright? It's going to be okay, Myra. I promise."

He could feel the flood of her emotion through him. It didn't exactly overcome him, but he certainly felt it on a much more empathetic level. After all, the same hormones that ran through her also ran through him now, and as his girlfriend sobbed, it caused their entire chest to heave, their large breasts wobbling in their top.

"You p-promise?" she said, wiping away her tears. Paul gave up his control of their arms to her as she did so, but lent an extra gentleness to his movements.

"I do."

"This is all my f-fault," she cried. "I m-made a stupid wish, and n-now we're stuck as f-freaks. What if we can't ch-change back?"

"Let's worry about that after we've changed. We need to figure a way out of here. I know it sounds terrible, but we need to get to a hospital. If you relax while we're in the car, I'm pretty sure I can drive us."

Myra nodded. It felt utterly shallow, but so many experiences now seemed out of reach for her, if this state were to continue. She loved to go out dancing and clubbing with the girls. She loved getting manicures and beauty treatments with Cindy, her best friend forever. She adored getting dolled up for a nice date night with Paul, and getting neck-deep



in her university assignments. Now, all of those would be out of reach for her. She'd be on national television, along with Paul. The crazy freaks.

Paul too was trying not to think about what their fates might hold for them. Government experimentation, or depicted as a ridiculous meme on the internet. Being reduced to little more than a punchline, or a weird documentary that appears at 2am on a Tuesday night, or something. His basketballing would be impossible. He couldn't drink with the guys. And even working out - something they did together - would now be so weird. Too weird, perhaps. And if the government was interested in them, then they would be impossible tasks anyway. Angus, his own best friend, would probably view him as a strange weirdo, no matter how much he'd say otherwise.

The two got changed in relative silence, each ruminating on their changes. When they thought about the strangeness of their shared body it became consequently difficult to coordinate. Both found that trusting to instinct, and letting each other take control as needed - or better yet come together to *share control* - got the result they wanted. But the weird thing that kept coming to both their minds was that their entire wardrobe had changed to accompany their changes. The change *had* to be magical, but if that had changed . . .

"Pass me my phone," Myra said.

"What?"

"Nevermind, I keep forgetting we don't have 'sides', hang on."

She took her phone and began perusing through her photo gallery. Her jaw dropped, and Paul felt it, and so quickly turned to look at what was concerning her.

"Okay, this is getting even weirder."

There were numerous photos of the two of them from the past several days, on their date at the skatepark, working out together, even when they met up with friends for drinks at their favourite bar. And in all these photos, they were in their merged form. Sometimes in more masculine clothing, sometimes wearing a full cocktail dress. No one else in the photos saw this as strange, and neither did the Paul and Myra in the photographs either. It was as if their entire history had been rewritten.

"I need to check something," Myra said, moving their body out of the room.

Paul halted them. "Wait - where are we going?"

"Downstairs."

"But Angus and Cindy will see us!"

"They're probably making out, but I don't care. I want them to see us. If I'm right, this change goes way further than either of us thought."

Paul tried to halt the body again, but Myra took charge, and it was harder to put the brakes on than it was to go full steam ahead, at least from his end. He finally relented, helping her movements rather than resisting them.

“Just trust me,” she said, taking their heavy, curvaceous, hermaphrodite body downstairs. “That’s all I’ve ever asked you to do.”

“Stop making this about the fucking house,” Paul muttered, but he adjusted their step so they didn’t trip again.

The unified pair reached the living room, their breasts still wobbling from the earlier steps, and both a little unused to the mixture of curves and muscles. On the couch before them, their friends Angus and Cindy were making out. Hardcore making out. The kind that wouldn’t bat an eyelash at the strange sounds upstairs kind of making out. Angus was his usual beefy, jock-looking self, his blonde hair cute short. Cindy was likewise blonde, and had a cute body that was built like a classic femme-fatale: nice C-cups breasts and a knowing, wry kind of face. Both of them broke from their passionate kissing, and both were shirtless, though Cindy still had her lacy black bra on. They saw Paul and Myra coming, and for a moment the freakish conjoined pair were terrified that their friends would scream. Instead, they broke into smirks.

“Finished with your fun already, you two?” Angus asked.

“Don’t tell me you’ve come to watch us again?” Cindy added with a raised eyebrow. “You two are insatiable.”

Paul and Myra had no idea what to say. An immediate understanding past between them, but they had to test it.

“Um, do you guys notice anything weird about us?” Myra asked.

“You mean apart from the two-headed body thing?” Cindy asked. She then shrugged. “Not really. Your boobs look amazing though. Is it a new bra?”

“Uh, you aren’t freaked out by the two-headed body thing, then?” Paul said.

“Why would we be?” Angus said, pulling back from Cindy and rolling his eyes, as if to say ‘are you really interrupting our hot makeout session for *this*? “You guys have been like that since forever.”

“Since when?” the two asked as one.

“I don’t know. Since you were sixteen, I think? You two were dating and got in that chemical spill accident when that hazardous truck tipped over, or something.”

“And everyone knows this?”

“It was all over the news. Everyone knows. It’s just normal now. Hell, you two have gone on dates with *us* before. We’ve had *fun* together, remember?”

Cindy frowned. “Are you two, like, okay? You’re acting weird.”

She said it as if their memory was the thing that was strange, not the fact that they had been turned into a giant futa Amazon with two heads. It was Paul that thought up a quick response.

“Yeah, yeah, Cindy. We’re alright. I was taking a huge hit of weed. It was an experiment, to see if Myra would be affected too.”

She caught on quickly. “Uh, and it did!” she exclaimed, giving a somewhat ditzzy smile. “I guess we’re both totally affected by weed. Weird, huh?”

The two looked unimpressed. “I mean, yeah,” said Paul. “You guys have taken weed before. Hell, you dropped acid with us once. You two tried to run in opposite directions. Myra claimed she had her own body again, and it had wings this time!”

Paul and Myra gave a sheepish grin that hid their horror.

“Oh yeah. I guess we forgot that.”

“Because . . . because we were making out hardcore,” Myra said.

“There it is, girl!” Cindy exclaimed.

“Hot,” Angus replied.

“You two are insatiable,” Cindy repeated. “Now, if you don’t mind, Angus and I were getting pretty hot and heavy too. You’re both welcome to watch, you know, since we tend to like it when you do that.”

Myra’s now less pale face burned red. Paul looked at her with shock, mouthing the words: *We do that?*

Myra could only give a shrug using their shoulders. *I guess so? This is crazy!*

But Angus and Cindy were already making out again, him shoving his face back into her impressive bust, and her making sweet moaning noises in response. Feeling awkward, the merged pair moved swiftly to the kitchen to get away from them. Neither wanted to admit that they actually felt a little *aroused* by the sight. Neither did they want to admit something even stranger. Myra had found her eye wandering over Angus, certainly, but the gasps that Cindy emitted were also quite . . . intriguing. Similarly, Paul was ashamed to realise that he’d actually looked to Paul’s bulge in his trousers, and for just a moment imagined how big it would be. The pair felt their shared vaginal passage become damp with the new anticipation, and their cock stir until it was fully erect.

“This is ridiculous,” Paul said.

“Agreed. I’m so humiliated. How do they see us as normal?”

“I have no idea, but apparently we were in a chemical spill, ‘or something.’ Why would they think of it so vaguely?”

“I have no idea - hey! Stop feeling our pussy!”

“S-sorry. I was thinking with our left hand. Didn’t realise I was making the right kind of frisky.”

The two paused for a long time. Their combined, much larger stomach growled in hunger, causing them to finally end it. Myra wiped away some stray tears, and Paul managed to calm their collective breathing.

“Okay, we eat first. Both of us, I guess? And then we figure this shit out.”

“Good idea,” Myra responded. “And there better be a way back too. Because there is no chance in hell I’m going to be stuck with this colossal penis for the rest of my life.”

Paul gave a bitter grin. “I could keep the tits personally.”

“Paul!”

Myra punched him lightly on the arm, which given the much greater strength she possessed, was a much harder punch than intended. And also a punch that hit herself as well, by their very conjoined nature.

“OW!” they cried.

“Sorry!”

“Ugh, this will take some time getting used to.”

They opened the fridge, their immediate concerns at least numbed by the need for food. But both of them knew that this new reality they’d landed in would take a lot of time adjusting to. They could only hope it was temporary.

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It was a wonderfully warm morning the next day when Myra and Paul woke. Both had enjoyed some quite sensual dreams, filled with strange imagery of combined bodies, multiple cocks and pussies, and of sharing the most deep and wonderful sensations with another.

Myra woke first, her eyes slowly opening as she took in the rays of dawn through the gaps in the blinds of her window. Part of her remembered taking Paul home with her the previous night, and she could feel his presence beside her. Odd that he was on the left, as he almost always slept on the right. Still, she gingerly moved an arm to feel his body, enjoying the slow rumble of his breath. Her breath was even in tune with his, it seemed, for she could feel her chest rise and fall in time with his snores. It was a heavier chest than she was used to. Sure, her Double-D cups had always been impressive, and she wasn’t afraid to flaunt them, but they seemed twice, maybe even *three times* heavier than usual.

“What the-?”

She raised her arm to feel them, and to her shock they were indeed enormous. Enormous and naked, slipping over to her upper arms and drooping closer towards her navel. But her attention shifted to her arm: it too was bigger, incredibly muscled. She went to raise the other one to inspect it as well but it stubbornly refused. Instead, it lowered itself down to her still-moist entrance, her womanhood wet from the wonderful dreams.

But then it fell short.

“Mhmmm,” Paul moaned beside her, his voice higher than it should have been. He must have been teasing her, but then it made no sense: he was touching his cock. It was huge, bigger than it should have been, and only getting far more erect by the second, blood pumping down to make it hard as a rock.

And it was attached to her. Along with a set of big, semen-producing balls as well.

“Oh God! Paul! Wake up, Paul!”

He jolted away. “What - what is it Myra? H-holy shit!”

She turned her neck to face him, her groggy morning self finally realising the obvious: they were *attached* to one another. Sharing a muscle-bound female body with an added big cock for extra-measure.

“Oh God, oh God, it wasn’t just a dream!” Myra exclaimed.

“Of course it wasn’t!” said Paul. “You dragged us back here to sleep. You told me it might be gone in the morning. Well, it isn’t! I still have a fucking pussy! And why are we hard?”

“I had . . . dreams.”

Paul groaned. He tried to assert control, but Myra was panicking, flailing their limbs about. Her hand fell on her penis and it pulled away in disgust. But only for a moment. She was too hard. *They* were too hard. Their big boobs tingled in desire, nipples aching to be pinched and squeezed.

“Myra, calm down. Calm down!”

“How can I be calm? We’re a total freak! We’re stuck in the same body, and I’m s-so f-fucking horny, Paul! You have no idea!”

Paul managed to get them to sit up. He used the hand on his side to cradle his girlfriend’s face, and turn it towards his head beside hers. “Myra, I feel it too, okay? We feel the same things. Our friends didn’t see us as freaks, remember? I’m with you - not just in body, but I’m *with* you, you understand? There’s no need to freak out.”

He was fighting a current - Myra was affecting their own adrenaline levels and breathing intensity, after all. When one of them panicked, or got excited, or terrified, the other would at least feel a strong torrent of the cocktail of hormones that would be released. But Paul managed to be victorious. Myra relaxed a little: she focused ahead on the mirrored cupboard doors, taking in their naked reflection. Their cock was still hard, their womanhood wet, but he was with her.

“Okay, okay,” she breathed. “What do we do?”

Paul wiped his forehead, still trying to fully awaken himself. He got the sense that when one of them woke, the other wouldn’t be far behind, but at least wouldn’t be jolted awake. “Well, first thing is first. We get ready for the day. We practise being, uh, ‘together.’ And we meet up with friends and family and sort out our new work and study situation. And

once we have an idea of our lives, we can look into wishing and stars and see if we can change back. Deal?”

Myra nodded. “Deal. B-but before all that, can we take care of this first?”

She gestured at their monster penis, throbbing with arousal. Paul lowered that same hand to their pussy.

“Only if we take care of this too. God, I never knew women’s bodies could get so fucking aroused.”

“Or how it felt to *have sex right now* like men do,” Myra retorted, smirking a little. “This cock is impatient as hell.”

“Welcome to manhood.”

“Well, welcome to womanhood. Why don’t we please the parts we’re used to pleasing?”

Paul agreed, a brief smile on his features. To his surprise though, his hand instinctively went to their pussy, and Myra’s to their cock.

“Well, I guess we’re switching today, then? Not like we aren’t used to dealing with each other’s parts, right?”

“Right!” Myra exclaimed, trying to be confident.

But as they began, groaning and grunting as one, feeding off of both sensations, male and female, neither could escape the notion that they were pleasing the parts that felt more natural to their touch, regardless of who they once were.

Only minutes later, as proof of that naturalness, they came explosively, whining and crying in male and female orgasm at once, a nearly mind-shattering experience.

“O-okay,” Paul moaned, sounding a little feminine. “L-let’s sort out lives out. This m-may take some time.”

It did. In fact, they had to undergo another session of self-pleasure before they were even ready to shower, another unique experience. But then the mission was on, to find out what their new lives were like.

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Over the next several days, Myra and Paul learned about their new circumstances. It seemed that just as Angus and Cindy had said, they were originally two separate people in this reality, but fused due to a chemical accident that mutated them together following a collision. They weren’t born that way, at least. In fact, by all accounts they were dating, and people already felt they were ‘destined to be together’, something that became quite a running gag once they were literally fused into one being.

But it was strange. The magic must have been at work, because while the town they lived in wasn't enormous, the sight of an amazonian two-headed person 6'5 in height should easily have still gained a great deal of attention. And even if their home was used to them being merged, surely there would be scientists, researchers, documentary makers, news reporters and so forth crawling around, always trying to get updates. Even social media influencers playing pranks or trying to talk to them were absent. For the first day, Myra and Paul were terrified at the possibility that some government agency would 'finally' get them, drag them off to some secret lab, and experiment on them for the rest of their conjoined lives. But that wasn't the case. In fact, while everyone seemed to have an interest in their situation, it was interest in the same way that a new haircut was interesting, or someone unexpectedly switching jobs. It was as if the magic was shielding their new reality, so they could live a somewhat 'normal' life.

"I bet it's to fulfil the conditions of the wish," Myra said as they sat outside a snack bar. She was too deep in thought to be eating, but their body was hungry - it was often hungry now that it was so big and supporting two brains - so she was happy to let Paul be the one to scoff down toasted sandwich after sandwich.

"Don't eat so fast, you'll give us a congestion!" she said.

"Sorry," Paul said, though he slowed down only to reply. "What do you mean, 'conditions' of the wish?"

"I mean that we wished to 'be together always', right? Now, the wish made this a lot more literal, which sucks. We're literally always together. I *literally* can't escape your snoring."

"Well, I can't escape your fashion style either."

Paul gestured to the chic purple top they were wearing, the one that was loose on the shoulder and gave a nice view of their midriff, particularly their lowest row of impressive abs. He also indicated to the fact that the straps of their colossal bra were consequently showing, and that Myra was wearing a necklace that fell slightly to the side to dip into their tantalising canyon of cleavage.

"Please our body looks more outwardly female than male."

"Oh, I am *very* aware, trust me. But fine, what's your point about the wish?"

"My point, Paul, is that if we were too great an anomaly in this new body, we'd be carted off and experimented on. Maybe even separated."

"Well, we want that, right?"

"Probably not like this. But it's a moot point, anyway. The magic has some kind of reality warping effect that means we aren't being investigated, and we aren't too great a curiosity. Still weird, still strange, but not as bizarre as we really should be considered."

Paul guzzled down another sandwich. It felt strange to Myra, to find her growling stomach slowly being filled without actually going through the 'taste and chew and swallow' part of it all.

"Well, is that a good thing or a bad thing?" he said between bites.

"Good, for the most part. We aren't going to be seen as a total freak, just sort of different. Bad, in terms of getting changed back."

"We surely aren't permanently like this, right?"

She sagged, which meant that 'her' shoulder dipped while his remained upright. She took control of their right arm to hold up her chin. "I really, really hope not. No offence."

"None taken. And me either. While it's a fun novelty to experience having big sensitive tits and a pussy, I'd rather not have them forever. Or share them."

Myra sighed, took control of their left arm to intercept the sandwich meant for Paul's mouth. "Give me some of that. I don't want you hogging all the taste."

"Well, you certainly got your other wish," Paul said while she ate. Several other individuals walked past, a few even waved. They weren't far from the beach, but neither had any desire to go in swimwear.

"What do you mean?"

He raised an eyebrow. "We have to sleep in the same place now."

That was true. For the past several nights, they'd taken to alternating locations, even though Myra was starting to push for them to stay at her place, permanently. Evidently, *that* aspect hadn't been decided for them, though all their friends and family thought it was weird that they didn't just 'move in', given their bodies had already made that decision for them.

"You two are literally stuck together," Paul's mom said. She was a lovely woman with gorgeous dark skin and frizzy grey hair. "I don't see why you have to ping pong back and forth like this. Everyone knows you're meant to be together."

"See, hon?" Myra said, turning her head to his and feeling a bit smug.

"I just want my own space," Paul declared, though he knew it was ridiculous, given its impossibility.

"And I want grandchildren!" Paul's mom declared. "You two aren't getting any younger, and the doctors confirmed you can most definitely make a baby. 'Incredibly fertile as a result of their combined genetics', I believe was what I was told."

"Mom! I'm - no way am I - not a chance in hell!"

"Really?" Myra said. "Not at all? I thought we wanted kids?"

She'd always wanted kids, and Paul certainly knew that. He'd wanted them too.

"Yeah, but - not like this!"

"Well, you're not becoming unstuck, sweetie," his mom pitched in.

"How would we even - I mean, it's impossible for us to - to-"



“Where there’s a will, there’s a way,” his mom replied, grinning as she served out cookies. “Besides, I know you’re both separate people, but also one as well. You’ve enjoyed your occasional dates with others! With a body like yours, both your families know relationships are going to be a little . . . different.”

Myra ate some, filling that continual hunger but also enjoying the blush on Paul’s cheek’s beside her. Their body warmed from his embarrassment, letting her experience it a little secondhand. Certainly, she could feel a growing arousal at the thought of what was being suggested. Could they actually have sex with a third person in this body? It was too wild to think about! And yet, she couldn’t stop thinking about Angus and Cindy. Weirdly, her thoughts trended further towards Cindy than Angus. She’d never been a lesbian before, but something had clearly gotten mixed up, wires crossed in the merge.

Paul managed to retreat them from the conversation, but it was clear his male ego was damaged. He didn’t tell Myra this, but when he was reminded of this reality’s strange new connection with Angus and Cindy, it was his best friend Angus that he thought of most. His muscles, his strong biceps, the way his gym body was on display . . . it made him shiver in anticipation. It made *their* body moist and erect simultaneously.

“We need to jerk off,” Myra said as they got into their car, which was modified to contain them more easily.

“Yeah, and we need to rub our fucking pussy. It feels like it’s on fire!”

“I know!”

The drive home was a long one, and this time they chose Myra’s place because of its greater privacy. As was apparently now a daily, sometimes twice or more daily ritual for the merged pair, they got each other and themselves off in the bedroom, facing the sliding cupboard door mirrors so they could see one another and be turned on by their shared arousal.

“OOoohh f-fuck! I’m so damn turned on,” Mura moaned as they removed their clothing. Their huge breasts flopped free, bouncing heavily, huge dark nipples erect with need.

“Me too. Goddamn.”

“Just, take care of the penis, okay?”

Paul scoffed. “We’ve already done this dance several times, Myra. And you always end up taking part just as much.”

She winced at the truth. “That doesn’t mean it’s not embarrassing! I’m not meant to have this ridiculous - ahh - dick. How can I even w-wear bikinis and skirts again? Mhmm!”

Paul stroked their cock, allowing Myra to handle their sensitive vulva. Occasionally he raised a hand to grope their magnificent tits, letting their H-cups spill over their hand. As much as having a pussy freaked him out, at least having a huge pair of knockers was

something most guys were curious about at least once in their lives. And God they felt fucking good to squeeze and caress!

“Wait - did you say bikinis? Why the h-hell would you m-make me wear a bikini?”

“I still w-want to go to the beach, you know. You l-loved me on the beach in my blue bikini!”

“But - oohhh! - I don’t want to wear one!”

“Our tits will need one, babe.”

“Ohhhhh God. But there are o-o-other options! Fuck, you’ve taking over stroking our cock, Myra.”

She realised she had, just as he had switched to their pussy. But as much as she was ashamed of it, she couldn’t stop feeling it up. It felt so large, mighty, and *powerful*. Their testicles were gearing up to explode out wads of their seed, even more than the virile Paul had ever produced on his own. It made her side’s shoulder shiver in anticipation.

“W-we could try a mix. Bikini top, boardshort bottoms? F-fuck! Why does it feel so good to stroke this d-damn huge cock?”

“I g-guess we could - nng! - try that. Fuck, these tits are wonderful. So heavy, so wobbly. How do w-women stand it? MMhmm!”

“Most women aren’t nearly as m-massively buxom as us, b-babe!”

She stroked, he rubbed, and as they often did just before they came, as the pressure and pleasure rose, they turned their heads to kiss one another passionately. The feedback loop completed, it all became too much once more. Myra just barely managed to grab the large wad of tissues they’d bought and press them over the head of their cock, because suddenly their balls contracted, *squeezing* a pressurised stream of sperm right out their hard cock. They ejaculated enormously, enough of the issue breaking forth through the tissue fabric to spill over their hand. Neither cared. They wailed, gasping together into each other’s mouths. Another rub of their pussy, and Paul sent them over the edge a second time, several concussive blasts of bliss causing their huge, over-muscled body to quake on the bed, which creaked under their movement.

“Y-Y-YESSSSSS!!!”

The pleasure was, as always, far beyond anything they could hope to experience ‘on their own.’ They trembled as their seed spilled from their font and dribbled down towards their crotch. There was a slight tingle as the substance pool at their entrance, a result of them lying back so that it entered back into themselves through their vagina. It was warm. Wet. Sticky.

Wonderful.

“Mmmmm . . .” they moaned together, her voice a little more masculine, his a little more feminine. They both realised what they were doing and sighed.

“We did it again,” Paul said. “You can’t stay away from our cock.”

“And you can’t stay away from our pussy.”

“Does that make us gay, straight, or masturbating? Or all three?”

Myra gave a long exhale. “I have no idea. But . . . when I came - well, before I came - I was thinking of my girlfriends.”

Paul turned to look at her. It was weird to think that unless she turned in a particular way, he couldn’t just walk around and see the back or front of her head. The mirror was the easiest way to carry a conversation without always having to turn their necks. To say nothing of the fact that the right side of her face was impossible for him to see from that side unless they turned in front of said mirror.

“Paul, did you hear me?”

He unhitched himself from that train of thought. “Sorry babe, what did you say?”

His now olive-skinned girlfriend rolled her eyes and folded their arms. He let her have the motion. “I said . . . oh, never mind.”

“Okay, really cool. Anyway, any ideas on how to change us back? I’ve looked at patterns of meteorites-”

“I know, I was there. I’m always there, remember?”

“Yeah well, I couldn’t tell if you were paying attention. Basically, this shit is entirely unpredictable, and it’s not looking like we’ll catch something like we did the other night again.”

“I was reading about wishes and magic on my phone,” Myra said. “No luck there either. All superstition and mumbo jumbo but nothing matching the description of what we went through, or anything like our wish leading to our merge.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah, shit.”

It was a revelation that continued day after day of their new, strange existence. Their respective families continued to see their situation as normal, and their friend groups would message them constantly asking to hang out and do all sorts of feminine or masculine activities, which Paul and Myra continually postponed in the hope that things might possibly go back to normal.

And yet each morning, they didn’t. They woke - usually Myra first, then Paul - took care of the need to ‘release the valves’ after their shared sensual dreams, got in the shower and took care of their shared body. Like a man’s, it continually grew body hair. Paul was happy about this, but at Myra’s request, he gave in and allowed her to take control and shave it, particularly around the legs and armpits.

“I just don’t like having it all, it’s gross! And we look far better without it.”

Paul had to admit she was right. They *did* look better shaved. He wasn't sure what to exactly make of that. Certainly, Myra was insistent, partly because while Paul's own stubble no longer grew *at all*, she now had to continually shave to keep her gorgeous face clean.

"Goddamnit," he said one morning. "You can grow a beard but don't want one, and I want one but can't grow one. Where's the justice?"

Myra chuckled, only to tense as she shaved her cheek. Already, they were purchasing expensive products to avoid quick regrowth on her part.

Still, the next part of their routine was fun. Paul enjoyed playing with their big tits a bit *too* much, but Myra was starting to join in on the fun. It was kind of enjoyable making her boyfriend squirm as she manipulated their big, fat, sensitive nipples, even if it did mean she squirmed with him, and in one case accidentally brought them to such an orgasm that they tripped in the shower.

But they were getting better at dressing themselves, at using their limbs. The shared aspects of their existence gave them instincts to cope, at least, and it was shocking how easy it was for them to both use their limbs at the same time when walking, no need to be concerned over who got what leg. But it was still optional to do things that way. Hell, when Myra couldn't be bothered walking, Paul could take over the effort. Sure, she still had to endure the annoyance of tired legs, but didn't have to personally put the effort in. Similarly, when it came to doing her makeup, Paul simply mentally checked out and gave her control, so that she could apply her lipstick and eyeshadow and so on while he waited it out.

Which was not to say things were going swimmingly. They still alternated homesteads, mostly at Paul's stubborn insistence. In addition to this, neither were willing to admit another change that was slowly coming over them, one that was just as embarrassing as actually becoming a strange two-headed, 6'5 human. And that was to do with their sexuality, which seemed to be in flux.

Each night, they had their rather sexy dreams, but in Myra's they were populated by gorgeous women, and in Paul's by hot male studs. When they watched a movie together (after a lot of bickering as to whose turn it was to choose given that they were forced to do it together), the male shirtless scenes only raised Myra's eyebrows a little. Instead, their tunnel moistened and shared dick hardened at the sight of the gorgeous actresses, particularly when they had a sexy topless scene. She played it off as being from Paul, and he went along with it, urging himself to believe it was the case. After all, he did find the bikini scenes in that beach action film rather entrancing, but it was hard to avoid staring at the impressive pectorals and sexy forearms of the handsome leading man. In his mind, he very occasionally wondered what it would be like to be on the receiving end of a cock, to have one driven up his pussy, to have it thrust in and out of his wetness.

*Their wetness.*

But always, each would deny this change. Their arousal would peak, and they would 'take care' of each other, the two of them gasping in delight as they came twice as hard as anyone had ever come. That, at least, they were becoming used to.

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"I can't believe I'm going to this," Myra complained.

"It's just basketball," Paul replied.

"With all your male friends."

"Half of them are your friends!"

"Yeah, when they're not playing basketball!"

Paul chuckled. They were wearing their casual sports clothing: a set of shorts and a loose singlet, one that did a hilariously bad job of hiding how impressive their bust was. Their sports bra was very visible from the sides, but Myra had assured him that was pretty normal for women in sports, not that she was really one of them. She made that *very* known.

"Trust me babe, when we're out there, you're going to love it."

Myra lolled her head on their shoulders, acting like a lifeless doll. "I could sabotage the game."

"You wouldn't dare."

"I just - it's so weird! I'm literally being *dragged* to a basketball game."

"Basketball practice, babe. We're not playing anyone except facing off against our own team. Besides, you wanted us to be together always and share everything, right?"

Myra mumbled under her own breath, annoyed at how right she was.

"Fine, but if you're playing with Angus and your mates today, then I'm taking up Cindy's invitation for a girl's day out in a few days. That's the deal. We share this body, then we share our hobbies. Deal?"

She extended a hand from her side of the body to his. Paul reluctantly took it.

"Fine. So long as it's nothing too embarrassing."

"Can't be worse than having to be a jock for a day!"

They approached the public basketball court where the team, comprised mostly of Paul's friends, were already practicing. A few let out a cheer and waved their hands at the merged duo's approach.

"Here they finally are! Paul and our only female player!"

"Hey guys!" Paul called. "Good to see you Angus!"

"Great to see you too," he said. He winked at the pair of them, blew a kiss their way. It made their heart flutter for a moment, which was an odd sensation. Clearly, in this new

reality they were a *lot* closer to Angus and Cindy - who was on the side of the court cheering - than before. It made them uneasy, and a little turned on.

“Goddamn, keep it in our pants,” Myra said.

“Trying. Stupid Angus apparently wanting to fuck us.”

“Well, we wouldn’t have this problem if we weren’t playing basketball now, would we?”

Paul did chuckle at that. He patted themselves on the ass like he used to, a ‘good luck charm’ before entering a game. Myra snorted.

“Well, it’s a lot bigger, I guess. Okay, let’s get this over with then!”

The training started, and the two teams were led by Paul and Angus respectively. Cindy was on the side with several other girlfriends, relaxing in the nice shade and throwing out the occasional cheer. Myra wished she could be there, but once the adrenaline of the game kicked in she was surprised at how exciting it all became. She’d only occasionally watched Paul’s games, but now she was participating in one, or at least the practice for one, and it was becoming quite exhilarating. Paul could sense this, and several times he caught his other half smiling.

“See? I told you that you’d enjoy it!” he said as he made an easy lay-up, much to Angus’ frustration.

“Fine, fine! It’s pretty nice. It’s all these muscles we’ve got, I feel so powerful.”

“We’re powerful, honey.”

“Can - can I have a go at being in control?”

Paul hesitated. “Sure. How about you take control, and I make adjustments. We can get past their defence. I’ll keep a running strategy.”

It felt a little like cheating, but them having to work together was a handicap all of its own. After all, basketball, like any game, required concentration and quick decision making, something that was not natural to a two-headed being. As such, Paul did his best to give advice to Myra as she dribbled the ball across the court, and when she passed it, or made to go for the net, he exerted just a little fine control on her movements to give them success.

“YES!!” she cried, her voice lowering to an almost masculine deepness as she managed to sink one into the net. “Take that Angus!”

Angus laughed. “You got lucky! Besides, you’ve got more than a few inches on me.”

“How about we go another round then?”

“You’re on! I’m game enough for the two of you.” He lowered his voice, gave that flirty look again. “But I think you already know that. How about if I win we have another enjoyable night? I know Cindy’s been wanting to spend time with you as well, Myra.”

Myra blushed deeply. Off the side of the court, Cindy waved, and it was impossible not to appreciate the gorgeous woman’s trim figure and C-cup breasts in their crop top.

“Fine. You’re on,” she said.

“Uh, why did you agree to that?” Paul exclaimed. “I don’t want to fuck Angus!”

“That’s okay, we’d be the ones fucking him. And I’m going to win.”

“My God, where did *this* Myra come from?”

She grinned. “Let’s just say you’re rubbing off on me.”

She launched forward as play began, snatched the ball out of the air, and soon the play was off. Angus was incredibly good at the game, and Myra would definitely have lost, but with the aid of her boyfriend and his own encouraging words in her ear, she was able to break through the other team’s defences.

“Make it a dunk!” Paul exclaimed. “Show him who’s boss!”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes! You’re half-guy now. It’s a dominance thing. Trust me, you’ll love it.”

This time she did trust him, because together they launched their huge, muscular body into the air and dunked it, clinging onto the net for a few moments before releasing. Their enormous H-cup tits wobbled, threatening to break open their bra and singlet.

“Wow,” was all Angus could say.

The two dusted off their hands together, both grinning at their friend.

“Another night Angus,” Paul said, as they walked off to grab a cool drink.

“Did you seriously just say ‘another night?’” Myra teased.

Paul blushed. “Shit. I didn’t mean it . . . that way.”

But in his mind, he was already imagining it. And Myra could feel their crotch dampen and their cock go a little erect at that arousal. She decided not to tease him further.

After all, Cindy was making her feel similarly intrigued, and it was getting harder each day to ignore.

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The game of basketball was no fluke. During the actual game, Myra continued to show involvement, working alongside the more experienced Paul to score goals and deftly take the ball out of the reach of the opposing players. They passed to Angus with a trick throw, a feat easily manageable thanks to their larger stature, and he scored the final two points that brought them over the line to victory. No one in the crowd thought it too odd that a merged couple were playing, though a couple did shout out things like “best player and cheerleader all in one, folks!” and “best looking player on the men’s team!”

Afterwards, rather than being hesitant on going out with the boys to drink and celebrate, Myra almost seemed more keen than Paul, who was more reluctant than his usual self to partake. She wasn’t sure why, but then he’d often preferred his own ‘me time’ with ‘the

boys', and so she tried to stay out of conversations as they enjoyed their time at the bar. But Paul still didn't say much, and so she was forced to lead conversations, chatting with Angus in particular about the game, and even asking him questions about different kinds of plays.

"Wow, you sure seem like you're getting into it!" he declared with a laugh.

She blushed, and that blush trickled even more heavily over to Paul. "Well, I just never realised how fun it is. The exhilaration, the manoeuvring, and the tactics! I'm usually a bit more girly, so I guess I always assumed sport wasn't for me."

"Well, we're certainly glad you're into it now, Myra," Angus said, raising a beer. "You two were in rare form tonight. A toast to the team!"

The other boys all raised their glasses and toasted. Paul remembered just in time to raise his, and give a small smile.

"To the team!" he said.

Myra couldn't have known, but Paul was becoming increasingly distracted. Both of them knew that their body was often continually aroused, but he was reluctant to share with Myra that his desires were increasingly inflamed by the presence of good looking men, particularly his best friend. Angus' gym bro physique and confident smile was doing things to him, things that made him ashamed to even feel like that. And worse, he didn't want to fuck Angus, he wanted to be fucked *by him*. He could just imagine taking his friend's cock into his own - *their own* - wet pussy. It made him feel the kind of sexual submissiveness and feminine anticipation that should have been Myra's.

"Everything okay?" Myra asked him quietly.

"Yeah," he said, though she could tell he was lying.

"Paul, you're making our heart accelerate. What's up?"

The alcohol at least had loosened him up. He whispered to her while the boys laughed about something. "It's . . . I'm finding it hard not to stare at guys. Our wires are fucking crossed or something."

She stared back at him. "Shit, me too."

"Yeah, but that's normal."

"No, I mean I'm looking at *girls* now. Especially Cindy. I - I kind of want to fuck them with our cock. Like, really pound them. I get horny over it."

It all hit Paul like a truck. "Is *that* why our dick is always getting hard?"

"Yeah, except when you make it hard. Same for our vagina, I guess."

Paul groaned. "This is a nightmare."

She rested one of their hands on their other, a comforting gesture from herself to him. "Hey, it'll be alright. We'll figure this out. It might not be permanent."

"Maybe," Paul said, clinging to hope. "But I'm going to need another drink anyway."



Myra raised her hand to grab another one. “Just remember I can’t be your designated driver anymore,” she said with a chuckle. “I hope some of my Irish constitution made it into this body.”

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As per their deal, Paul had agreed to attend one of Myra’s girls nights. He wasn’t looking forward to it, but a deal was a deal, and he did accept that if they were in for the long haul like this, then they would have to ‘timeshare’ their experiences between their interests. Luckily for Myra, she was quite engaged with what Paul enjoyed now. He doubted the same would be true of her love of manicures, shopping, beauty treatments, and general girly things. She was, after all, still quite feminine despite their shared cock between their legs.

Still, even as he mentally prepared himself for the coming date with destiny, he could at least say that he was getting more used to their arrangement. For one, they could work out together in an entirely new way. The endorphins he got from Myra’s excitement at being able to lift such heavy weights and go with such stamina were like a drug to him, and their strength was beyond even his originally, which made them all the prouder when they overcame their fitness goals and pushed their amazonian body to its limits. While Myra wasn’t sold on all their muscles originally, she now thought otherwise.

“I’m coming around on being this big, buff, tough woman. Well, half-woman. A buff, sexy hermaphrodite, I guess.”

“Well, I can’t have your same enthusiasm babe, given I don’t like having all these guys staring at our tits. But at least I’m stronger.”

The attention to their impressive chest was something he wasn’t sure he’d ever get used to, especially since now that guys checked him and Myra out at the gym he felt an excited flutter. Still, the fitness regime was a ray of shine among the clouds of his new existence.

For two, the everyday perks of being a multi-headed hermaphrodite were clear as well. They could share meals, keep up conversations while eating, let one of them sleep while the other read or did something relaxing. They always had someone to talk to, and having a single body also made for some amusing shared experiences to ‘gift’ to the other person, ranging from morning wood, hair care advice, to shower etiquette, to simply being forced to share their favourite movies, books, and so on in a way that made them understand each other more.

Third and last was perhaps the deepest thing, the one that made their strange condition not just bearable, but something that Paul and Myra could even celebrate from time to time. While they had initially been bickering a lot, they now had an equilibrium based

on continual agreement and consensus building. It was necessary, but it brought them both closer together. After a break, they had even begun expressing their genuine love for one another again, capital L-word and all.

“And I mean it,” Paul said as they got ready for girls' night. “I do love you. Hell, I wouldn't be considering letting us dress in a, well, *dress* if I didn't love you.”

“I love you too,” Myra said. “This is still so strange, but I'm glad that if it was to happen, it happened with you Paul. I can't imagine sharing a body with anyone else.”

“Me either,” he said. “Okay, I'm mentally ready. Let's, uh, get ready for a girls' night.”

“Oh, don't be so dour,” she said with a giggle. “You're half girl now anyway. Besides, your face is so much softer now, and your hair longer and prettier. You could almost pass for a girl yourself.”

“Don't remind me!” he groaned, though inwardly it felt strangely a nice compliment.

They headed off to meet Myra's girls' group, both still quite thankful that this reality had given them a bigger, specially modified car to accommodate their merged body. Paul tried to relax as Myra took over driving duties, trying to steel himself for the girly night to come. They were meeting, in almost a stereotypical fashion, in the centre of the mall.

“We totally should have worn a dress,” Myra said.

“Hey, I compromised, didn't I?” Paul said, feeling sheepish. Indeed, they were wearing a cute feminine crop top that did a fantastic job of showing off the sheer size of their buxom chest, an impressive line of cleavage rising almost to their shared clavicle. They had a cute matching skirt that had a flowery pattern upon it, one that made Paul cringe a little, but had to admit did look really cute on them. Naturally, they were tight male briefs to keep their penis from flopping above and ruining the effect. And while they weren't wearing high heels, thank goodness, they were in female flats. All in all, they looked like quite the amazonian knockout - albeit one with two heads - and certainly other heads turned to look at them, male and female, and more than a few appreciatively. Paul wouldn't admit it outright, but it felt kind of good to get such a reception, and the free air of the skirt was rather nice. He just wished their boobs weren't *quite* so prominent, or their muscled midriff so revealing.

“Oh. My. God,” Cindy declared upon seeing them. “You guys look fucking amazing! Seriously hot there Myra! And you too Paul, of course.”

“Uh, thanks,” he said, his voice a little light. “Hey Hannah. Kira.”

“Hey Paul. Hey Myra.”

“Hey you two.”

Paul didn't know Hannah and Kira well, but judging by how much joy was coursing through Myra at that moment, and therefore also through him, he judged they were quite close. She shrieked, taking control of their body to step forward and embrace them. Paul was worried he'd get hard at the notion of embracing such attractive women, but he

surprisingly felt nothing. Rather, it was Myra who pulled away quicker than she would have ordinarily, as their dick stirred a little in their pants, and their large nipples stiffened just a tetch.

“Ahem,” she coughed awkwardly. “I’m so glad to see you girls. It’s been way too long.”

“I know, you guys have been so shy recently,” Cindy said. “Angus and I have been super disappointed.”

Again, that arousal from both of the merged pair, albeit not directed at the gender they ordinarily would have been thinking about.

“So what’s the plan?” Myra asked. “Makeup? Shopping? Beauty treatments? Spa?”

The girls all looked to each other with something approaching glee.

“Why not *all of them*?” Kira said, giggling.

Paul’s jaw dropped in horror. Myra’s dropped in excitement.

“Yes!”

“No!”

“Oh come one, Paul,” Cindy said. “You’ll enjoy it. Don’t worry, it won’t be just us girls around. There’ll be plenty of cute boys for you to look at as well. I promise.”

He gulped. That wasn’t what he meant! But before he could say so, the girls were already dragging them towards *Coquette’s*, a classy fashion store that had everything under the sun. It was the place Paul had never entered, just met Myra outside of. And now, whether he liked it or not, he was going in.

“The things I do for love,” he sighed.

Myra grinned, and kissed him on the cheek.

What followed was an entire hour of dressing up, trying on different clothes, and ordering different styles. It should have been impossible, given their form, but apparently *Coquette’s* did a lot of business for those with unusual body types, and made special orders in preparation, at least in this new reality. As such, by wonderful and magical convenience - at least for Myra - there was an entire selection that had been altered just for them by a personal fashion stylist named Mandy who knew them by name.

“I’ve got a wonderful series of options for you today!” she exclaimed. “Don’t feel pressured to buy everything or anything, but I think I’ve hit the mark here.”

And hit it she had. Myra was ecstatic, as were the girls, and even Paul had to admit the variety of dresses, tight jeans, blouses, and swimwear looked astonishing on them. He still gave the occasional grumble, but as he and Myra strutted out of the changing stalls again and again, slowly his confidence grew. The dresses were surprisingly comfortable, even if they did draw attention to their frankly magnificent breasts, ass, and overall hourglass figure.

“Admit it, you’re enjoying this,” Myra said as they changed into a stunning blue cocktail dress that showed off their powerful thighs. It linked around their neck - both of their necks - and had a sexy ‘boob window’ that certainly drew the eye.

“Maybe just a little,” Paul admitted. “I guess trying on outfits can be kind of fun. And this blue one does look pretty fucking good on us, that’s for sure.”

“Damn straight, babe,” she said.

The other girls thought so, practically *demanding* they buy it, and thank Mandy personally for making it. Paul grinned sheepishly as they posed one last time in the mirror.

“Maybe . . . I guess we *could* try on the bikini top and shorts before we leave,” he suggested.

Myra just laughed. “We’ve got him, ladies! He’s one of us!”

“One of us!” Cindy declared proudly.

A similar experience was had at the spa, and then later when they got beauty treatments. Paul had given up on protesting loudly, even if he was embarrassed to be partaking in activities that were so deeply girl. But it was undeniably that their skin felt wonderful after the oil and massage treatments. Myra was ecstatic to find her partner finally realising how fun her own interests could be, and so she suggested that they get *him* made up as well when they went to the beautician. Paul was hesitant at first, but Cindy then said something that tipped him over the edge.

“A shame if you don’t, Paul. I mean, I know *Angus* would love to see you all done up.”

Paul stiffened, literally. The thought of his handsome, well-muscled, total alpha male of a best friend looking at him as if he were beautiful just knocked the resistance right out of him.

“F-fine,” he said. “But not for Angus.”

“Sure it isn’t,” Myra said, as the group headed to get their nails, hair, and faces done.

“I mean it!” he insisted, whispering in his partner’s ear.

But Myra was putting the pieces all together. “Paul, I think in this new merged life, we’re both two separate people *as well as one*. Do you follow?”

They were gestued to a seat, and their rested their large body in it while an attendant was called to see to them.

“No, I don’t.”

Myra rolled her eyes, a little amused at her boyfriend’s continued stubbornness. “Paul, it means that though we’re very attracted to each other - and still very much in love with one another - that this body has needs, and that those needs are external. I think we can love one another, *enjoy* one another, but that we also feel a strong desire to love and enjoy . . . other people too. Like Cindy for me. And Angus for you.”

"I don't want Angus that way!"

"Sure you do. Our cock hardens every time he comes up, and our nips stiffen too. Not to mention our pussy was practically salivating at the sight of him when he came over to say hello the other day. I know it's strange, Paul. Our wires are crossed. I feel the same way about Cindy. God, I want to fuck her with our cock. Tell me you don't want the same with Angus?"

But Paul just shook his head in defeat. "No, not that."

But then the attendant was there, asking them what they wanted. Myra answered, exhilarated at the thought of getting her boyfriend a full facial, nail treatment, beauty makeup, and hair work. She asked for it all, and Hannah, Kira, and Cindy all joined her, cheering from their respective seats. As the woman got to work, and Paul felt the strange sensation of oils and product being applied to open the pores of his face, he admitted the true embarrassment to Myra once the attendant went to fetch the next product.

"Myra, I love you more than anything. But what you said was wrong."

"Oh?"

"I don't want to fuck Angus. I want - oh God, I want him to fuck me."

Myra nodded, feeling the nervousness of her partner affect their heart rhythm. He was making them sweat a little more from sheer nervousness. She took one of their hands in the other. "It'll be okay, babe. It'll be okay. Trust me, it's a lot of fun. This is a new life for us. Maybe it's time we embrace it."

He tried to keep on that thought as the beauty process continued. The manicure and facial were therapeutic, but when his longer dark hair was taken care of, and his eyebrows tweaked and makeup applied, that's when his sense of self was truly confronted. The attendant gestured at their finished appearance in the mirror.

"All done! What do you think?"

Myra was ecstatic, and Paul was shocked.

"I look . . ."

"You look like a woman, Paul," Myra said, astonished herself, and she wasn't wrong. He looked, in fact, quite utterly gorgeous. Not a hyper feminine woman like Myra or Cindy, but not butch either. In fact, he looked like an attractive, *handsome* woman with strong features, that confidence and powerful beauty enhanced by his red lipstick and subtle eyeshadow, as well as the work done upon his perfect eyebrows.

"I look *beautiful*," he said, unbelieving what he was saying, let alone feeling. But it was true. He truly did look beautiful, as did Myra. "And you do too," he added. "Holy shit, Myra, We're *hot*."

She gave him a light peck on the cheek, making sure not to leave a lipstick mark. "Yeah, we are, Paul. We are."

In that moment, both of them felt a strangely powerful sense of calm about their new selves. A happiness, perhaps, in what they were, and all they could be. It was that happiness, perhaps, that Cindy noticed, because when they left to part ways for the day, she hung back while Hannah and Kira left. She too looked beautiful, and Myra wanted nothing more than to have this woman beneath her and slide her cock into Cindy's depths. Cindy seemed to notice.

"I was thinking, Myra, Paul."

"Yes, Cindy?"

The other woman gave a flirtatious smirk. "Well, Angus and I were having a date night tonight, but the only table we could get had three seats. Did you two want to come along? Could be a nice double date. Or even something more, if you want."

Myra looked to Paul. With their change, he had become less decisive, a result of her feminine nature seeping over to him. But now that he'd achieved some kind of equilibrium, he actually smiled.

"We'd love to come," Paul said.

"I bet you do. I know Angus does too," she teased.

Paul somehow managed not to blush *completely* red.

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Slowly, the two got ready. Myra guided the process of 'beautifying' themselves for their date, but Paul was becoming more eager to learn. The dress was on, and they had taken special care to shave their legs - Paul had even taken 'his' side and done well, much to Myra's genuine awe. Slowly, they worked together to apply the right lipstick.

"Not the ruby red, that's overdone," Myra said.

"Oh, I thought it might look good on us."

"No, with our skin tone it's just too . . . bright. Let's go a more subtle shade, but with a bit of gloss, just to show those full lips off. I know Angus would like them."

Paul blushed, but went along. He helped apply the foundation with her aid, and even worked the eyelashes in such a way that drew attention to his entrancing eyes. Once more, Angus was on his mind. Myra, meanwhile, worked on their nails, applying a matching polish to their lipstick, and ensuring they were feminine and beautiful. She could feel Paul's hesitation give way to excitement.

Both of them were a little nervous. While Myra was certainly more eager and confident than she had been alone, the prospect of dating a friend of hers, her best friend, at the same time as dating her other half, was still very strange to her. She'd known Cindy since they were kids, and while it was fun to tease the stubborn, sometimes overly-macho

Paul about his new crush on Angus, she still felt a hesitation over the desires she had for her oldest friend.

“Myra? Are you okay? You haven’t spoken a word about what we look like.”

She blinked, hearing Paul’s words. She was becoming used to his lighter, androgynous voice. It suited his new half-feminine look.

“Sorry, I’m just finding myself nervous. We do look fantastic though, don’t we?”

“If you’d asked me yesterday, I wouldn’t have agreed. But yeah, we look dynamite.”

They were wearing the blue dress they’d purchased that day, the cocktail one that conformed to their astounding curves while offering a very large look at their deep cleavage through the ‘boob window’ at the front. Their muscled thighs were on display, as were their equally muscled shoulders and bare arms. All in all, they looked like a monster from Greek mythology.

A very sexy monster.

And that was to say nothing of the monster between their legs, though that at least was contained by the male briefs they wore underneath it all.

There was just one last touch, and it was something Myra had secretly ordered on her phone while Paul wasn’t looking - literally the only way to hide information from each other now. She took a box that she asked Paul not to question from the shelf, and finally opened it.

“Is that a necklace?” he asked.

“A special one,” she replied. “You know I like fashion to be symbolic, and what’s more symbolic than a gorgeous necklace wide enough to form a double-eight around our necks before dipping down into our amazing cleavage?”

Paul had no reply to that. With the more feminine emotions coming over him, he actually felt oddly emotional as he helped his partner apply it, circling both their heads. The blue symbol between their large breasts was that of Gemini, and it wasn’t lost on him what that referenced.

“It’s beautiful,” he admitted.

“We’re,” beautiful,” Myra answered, gesturing with ‘her’ arm at their reflection.

Paul couldn’t agree more. He looked down at the necklace, and how it drew attention to their bustline.

“Fucking hell we have tits,” he said, chuckling. Even the chuckle set the flesh wobbling.

“Yeah, even for me it’s a lot, and I had double-D’s,” Myra said, smiling.

“Myra, you’re the one that opened up about this all. You’re the one who’s been pushing me to accept this new state and accept my ‘other half’, this feminine half. And the truth is, you were right. I *do* like it, and while I’m nervous as hell, I’m willing to give it a try

with you. And hell, you enjoyed your time with the boys doing all the masculine stuff, so I know you feel it too. Let's just see how this date goes."

Myra nodded, taking in their shared reflection in the bathroom mirror. "You're right. I've been the one pushing this, and you've kept up. Now it's time for me to face the music. Besides, what's the worst that can happen? We back out and go home and masturbate each other silly, right?"

"There's the gorgeous woman I fell in love with," Paul said. He took her head in one hand, she with the other, and they shared a passionate kiss. "Now let's go knock some socks off."

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Angus and Cindy were sharing a laugh and a drink as they shared a booth at the fancy restaurant they'd picked out: *The Starre*. The lighting was low-key, and the food was phenomenal. It was the kind of place you dressed up for, and Paul and Myra had definitely done that. They knew it because quite a few eyes went their way, and none more than Angus and Cindy.

"Holy shit, you two look spectacular," Angus said.

"Girl, you are rockin' it!" Cindy exclaimed. "You too, Paul!"

"Thanks guys," Myra said as they approached the table. She was in charge of the legs for now, but her very movements were teaching Paul how to walk in sexy high heels, as well as how to sway one's wide hips in a seductive fashion, and thrust one's chest out just right.

"Yeah, we feel pretty good," Paul said, and realised he meant it. There was a kind of power that came with being a woman on the prowl, he realised. And having both their friends look at their cleavage with lust made him feel more powerful than he had in a long time. He and Myra together were sex on legs, and he was intoxicated with it. Even the dress contouring to their curves and muscles alike was simply a demonstration of their perfect unity of womanly curves and impressive masculine strength.

"Got the mojo back, then?" Angus said. "You two were AWOL for a while. We were kind of concerned we wouldn't get to have much fun any more."

"Well, the fun is here, and it's large and in charge," Myra boasted. "And it wants plenty of alcohol and good food."

"Then let's order!"

They did so, and as expected, the merged couple ordered enough for three people, if not four. After all, not only were they two people combined into one, but their immense height and impressive muscles required a lot of protein, calories, and energy to maintain. The four



of them bantered, chatting back and forth about the upcoming basketball game (something Myra was incredibly excited for) as well as work (something the pair still struggled with, literally working two jobs and having to do a lot of back and forth on their calendar for). Myra was excited to have her degree back on track after 'recent interruptions', and Paul had organised a series of customers for his fitness training program, now that he too had overcome the vague 'recent interruptions' they couldn't quite explain to Angus and Cindy. They enjoyed some good whiskey and bourbon as they sat and chatted, and soon the four were talking as if the merge had never happened, as natural to Paul and Myra now as it had always been to Cindy and Angus in this new timeline.

"I'm so jealous of the two of you," Cindy said. "You literally depend on each other, and you make it work so well. Plus, I bet it's fun to experience both sides of the equation, if you know what I mean."

Myra laughed. "Well, I always make sure Paul gets the toilet seat down, at least. And peeing standing up is a huge convenience."

"And you get to play with those big titties whenever you want, eh Paul?" said Angus. He was looking at them most suggestively.

"Well, I won't complain about it," Paul said nervously, "and I gotta be honest, wearing a dress is surprisingly comfortable. More men would realise that if they had the good luck to be merged."

"Still, you got to put up with periods. I bet that sucks."

Paul sighed. He hadn't even thought of that, but it made sense. Surely it would be coming up soon, too?

"He'll handle them as tough as any woman," Myra said, cutting in. "God knows it's worth it, so we can fully experience each other."

"Yeah," Paul said, his smile a genuine one. "I guess it is."

They shared a little kiss between their heads, prompting Angus and Cindy to groan.

"Fine, we better match them!"

They kissed also, and Cindy - being a little tipsy - made a show of giving quite a passionate display with Angus, practically straddling him in the booth. Her moan was loud enough to annoy a nearby patron.

"Jeez, get a room you two!" Paul said.

"Actually, we were hoping we could have some further fun tonight," Angus suggested, pulling away from his vixen of a girlfriend. "What do you two say? Want to come back to our place?"

"U-us?" Paul said.

"Really?" Myra said, to a nodding, excited Cindy.

“Of course,” Angus continued. He was looking them up and down, drinking in their huge hermaphroditic form, but it was clear his attention was focused on Paul’s face. “I’ve been thinking a lot about you lately, Paul. You were fire on the basketball court the other day. I know I lost the bet, but I’d still like to teach you a thing or two in bed, if you’re keen.”

“And I *know* you’ve got things to teach me, honey,” Cindy said to Myra. “Like how to make me wail as you plough me six ways to Sunday.”

Myra nearly choked, coughing on her drink.

“Don’t act surprised, honey,” Cindy said. “I told you Angus likes to watch. Besides, we can all have fun at the same time. You two have the parts for it.”

At that very exact moment, both parts were stirring in their own way, and both of them were keenly aware of that fact. Getting aroused was one thing, getting aroused from two distinct sets of genitals as well as aching nipples just yearning to be touched was completely another. The merged pair exchanged a wordless glance, both aware they were on a precipice - Paul about to have sex with his male best friend, and Myra with her female friend as well. And both could see the other had already made the decision.

“Okay,” Paul said, grinning at Angus. “If you two think you can handle us.”

“We can only try,” Angus said, chuckling. “That’s why it takes two. Let’s pay for our food and get out of here.”

Both Paul and Myra were relieved: their erection was so obvious by that point that not even their briefs could hide it. The urge was rising, and it could no longer be contained.

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The two couples had barely stepped into Angus and Cindy’s place before they were all removing their clothes, kissing and caressing one another. Paul readily accepted Angus’ mouth onto his, and the pair even used tongues, causing the former male to moan like a woman in heat, his voice rising.

“Fuck, I love how much of a woman *and* a man you are, Paul,” Angus breathed.

“I want you to make me *feel* like a woman tonight,” Paul replied. He was weak at the knees, a good thing, in order to reach Angus’ shorter height.

Myra, meanwhile, was playing with Cindy’s tits, and helping relieve her of her bra. The other woman was giving the same service in return, and both figures (and Paul) gasped with relief when their respective bras fell to the ground. Their large head-sized tits wobbled on their chest, and Paul clutched them for a moment, moaning in passion.

“Damn, soooo big,” he stammered.

Angus wasted no time caressing one, placing his face right into it and sucking at the large, distended nipple. Cindy worked at their pussy, rubbing with one hand, while also

stroking their penis into an even firmer hard-on. Clearly, in this reality, they had all done this before, and quite expertly at that. Paul and Myra stood no chance of possibly resisting, even if they wanted to. They were feeling themselves as well as their friends-turned-lovers, and each caress, each grope and squeeze and suckle and stroke was making them more needy. Most lustful.

“MMhmmm!” Myra moaned. “The b-bed. Cindy, get on the damn bed. I want - I *need* - to fuck your brains out!”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Cindy said, licking their cock and causing Paul to shiver in pleasure also, as Angus had also stroked his thigh while kissing his lips at the same time.

“I’m not asking. I’m telling, Cindy. I want to make you mine.”

The woman giggled in sexual delight, and the four of them quickly made it to the large king-size bed they possessed. Myra felt large and in charge, and the sight of a now-naked Cindy sprawling back on the bed, her blonde hair tousled about and her legs spread wide, was making her almost ache with anticipation. She needed to plough this woman, and cum deep inside her. It was the aggressive instinct of a man, but she still took the time to nibble at Cindy’s breasts and let the other woman feel them too, allowing the foreplay to bring them both to an eventual climax.

Paul, on the other hand, was gasping in a feminine manner as Angus squeezed their other breast, and then gripped their backside.

“Your fucking hips are wild man,” he said, kissing Paul’s large shoulder, “God, it almost makes me want to put a baby in the both of you.”;

Paul whimpered, biting his lip. Why did that sound so hot? He and Myra could definitely make a baby now, and the thought of being dominated, impregnated, was just too erotic to not think about.

“F-fuck me then,” he stuttered. “Please. I want you to take me from behind. Cum inside me!”

Angus licked their right nipple, eliciting a moan from Myra and Paul both. “You take my girlfriend while I take the pair of you. Sounds perfect. Bend over.”

It took only moments to adjust so they could all fit their parts together; the benefit of having two working heads coordinating one body with now-expert precision. Angus was positioned behind the pair, who were hunched over Cindy.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” Paul said.

“I know - ahh - but we want it, don’t we?”

It was a question that needed no answer, as they worked together to press their gigantic penis against Cindy’s opening. The blonde woman moaned in pleasure as they parted her sensitive folds, and for the first time, Myra experienced what it was to penetrate a woman. And it was amazing.

“OOhhhhhh,” Cindy moaned. “F-fuck! You’re s-so big!”

“It f-feels right!” Myra grunted, sliding their enormous length all the way in. “God it feels damn right!”

“S-start thrusting!” Paul suggested, but his own attention wavered. As pleasurable as the act of penetration was, Angus was already positioning his hard cock at their rear. With help from the more experienced Myra, they guided Angus’ impressive member against their own slit.

“T-trust me, you’re g-going to - oohhhh - like this Paul!” Myra moaned, beginning to thrust into Cindy.

Paul’s eyes widened as his friend’s cock slid into his own new depths. Myra whimpered too, even as she focused on their bodies thrusting. But that was something Paul was used to. This, this was *alien*. Foreign. Different. Wrong.

And so fucking amazing at the same time.

“OOhhhhhh yessss! Push it all the w-way in!” he whined, uncaring how feminine his voice sounded. He caressed their breasts, shook as Cindy suckled on the right one, twisted as they thrust once more into Cindy, but it was the act of being penetrated that was best of all. Suddenly, he didn’t truly see himself as a man, so much as something in between male and female, and all the better for it. He became one with Myra, their minds separate but their control entirely shared, as it had been that first time they pleased one another. They were perfectly in sync as they thrust into the wailing siren that was Cindy, and bucked their hips at the same time while Angus fucked them in their shared pussy. The pleasure was beyond imagining, the feedback loop greater than ever. They thrust and bucked, penetrated and were penetrated in turn, fondled Cindy’s breasts while allowing both other parties to squeeze and grope their own. Their balls slapped against Angus’ own testicles, and somehow that managed to turn both parties on even more. The connection was aided by Angus slapping their enormous ass, and more than once as he thrust.

“You two have the fucking best ass!” he grunted, slapping it again. It set their behind wobbling, and Paul soon discovered that he *loved* being smacked on the rear. It made his place in this intercourse so wonderfully submissive.

“D-don’t stop doing that, Angus!” he pleaded. “Slap me like I’m your girl!”

He did, and with another thrust, Myra too groaned in ecstasy as Angus’s balls connected with their own.

Soon they were close, so damn close. They gasped and whined in unison, both voices becoming a mix between man and woman as they assumed both roles at once.

“This is a-amazing!” Paul cried.

“Yes, oh God it is!” Myra responded. “I I-love you Paul!”

“I I-love you too, Myra! I want to m-move in with you!”

Another thrust, another edging onto orgasm. Both of them were straining to release what felt like *gallons* of semen. At the same time, they *needed* Angus to spill his seed inside them too.

“Do you - ahhh - mean it, Paul!?”

“I d-do! I want us to share everything, like this, f-forever!”

Her heart melted. With one final effort, as they edged on the final precipice of a mighty double-climax, she turned her neck to kiss her conjoined partner. He returned the gesture. Their tongues danced in one another’s mouths as the twin explosions hit.

“MHMMHHPHH!!!”

They came over and again inside Cindy, who cried out in ecstasy with them. Angus came also, and the sensation of his dick throbbing in their shared pussy gave them a secondary female orgasm to compliment their male one. Paul in particular moaned in delight as their tunnel was flooded with semen. He never wanted the feeling to end. Or, failing that goal, never wanted to be in a body that couldn’t experience such pleasure again.

“Yessssss,” they moaned together, all four of them. They collapsed onto the bed, slowly disentangling, but it was Paul and Myra who were most satisfied of all. Thankful as they were to their friends, they cuddled up with themselves on one side of the bed, caressing their body, playing gently with their breasts, and continuing to kiss.

“Let’s stay like this for good,” Paul said, breaking the kiss just for a moment.

“Agreed,” said Myra. “Two heads is better than one, after all.”

Paul broke into laughter, and so did Angus and Cindy from the side.

“It’s the guy that’s meant to make the dad jokes!” Angus protested.

“Well,” Myra said proudly, gesturing to them both, “Paul and I share both roles. We share everything, don’t we babe?”

“We absolutely do, my love.” He grinned, realising the wondrous nature of it. “We share it all.”

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It was only eight months later, and Paul and Myra could truly said to be ‘sharing it all’ completely. They had just finished their travel service time from the day, and both were grateful to be able to work from home. For now, they had stopped giving fitness training to others, though Paul was hoping to get back to it when possible. Of course, that wasn’t exactly possible for them now.

“Only a month to go, my love,” Myra said, cradling their large belly bump. Inside a few little kicks made the presence of its contents known.

“I know,” Paul said, sharing control of those hands to cup its large underside. “I feel like we’re about to burst already. I never thought I’d share a pregnancy with someone, let alone my wife.”

Myra beamed. She loved being called Paul’s wife, especially when it was her husband himself saying it. They’d gotten married only a couple of months after the merge, and both of them traced that decision back to that wonderful night of four-way sex during which they fully embraced their new state. The barriers to Paul’s stubbornness had broken down completely, and he was eager to move in with Myra. It had been impossible to keep a ring secret, of course, so he had to simply give a secret text to Cindy to find an appropriate ring, have her leave the box in Myra’s home in a place Myra wouldn’t think of, and when the time was right, after a romantic dinner they’d cooked perfectly together, Paul took the box, walked them to the large mirror they used for easy conversation, and made their body get down on one knee. Myra was crying before he’d even said the words, and the hormones she produced in their body made him cry too. As in their most shared moments, they experienced the male role and female role together.

Of course, certain plans had to be sped up when they learned they were pregnant. Their already huge H-cup breasts expanded to HH-cups seemingly overnight, and were surprisingly sore. They experienced morning sickness together, as well a total lack of their expected period, which Paul had been anticipating with dread. When Myra suggested they get a pregnancy test, Paul had relented, but he certainly made their heart beat faster.

Naturally, it was a positive.

“Holy shit, we’re pregnant,” Myra exclaimed, feeling shock and joy at once, “and unlike most couples who say ‘we’re pregnant’, we actually are both of us pregnant!”

“Oh God,” Paul groaned. “Pregnant. Like, having a baby pregnant. As in, having a big belly and baby kicking and giving birth pregnant.”

“Not to mention breastfeeding afterwards kind of pregnant,” Myra reminded him, taking a little glee in her boyfriend’s surprise at it all. “Remember, we wanted kids, Paul. We both do. This is just the way we do it. Besides, when the time comes, you can help me push our baby out. You can *literally* experience the miracle of life.”

Paul wasn’t so sure. Pregnancy was the ultimate feminine act, in many ways. Already, he was acting more and more like a woman. Their body certainly presented more female overall than male, and now that his beauty routines were exactly that, *routine*, and his voice quite feminine too, it was easy for him to slip into the female role, just as Myra enjoyed taking the male role from time to time. But the thought of growing a baby inside them!

Instead, they threw themselves into wedding planning. Mandy made them a gorgeous dress, of course, a classic gown that nevertheless conformed to their curves and showed off a modest yet enticing amount of their bust. Paul felt incredibly pretty when the

day actually came, and families and friends showed up to watch the perfect couple finally become one - though as the celebrant noted, this couple took 'becoming one flesh' a little more literally than most! It certainly got a laugh. Of course, by this time, they were just barely beginning to show, and Paul's mother in particular had her suspicions, looking on gleefully with a knowing smile as they walked down the aisle together, both bride and groom at once. They had grown out their hair down to the small of their back, and it was braided together to become one interwoven length. It was Myra's idea: it symbolised their union, and they had worn it like that ever since. They gave their vows holding both ring and bouquet, and then the time came for them to kiss, and whatever regrets Paul had about becoming pregnant were quickly overridden by the love he had for Myra, and they kissed passionately and long enough that it elicited another laugh.

"Wait for the wedding night!" Angus called out.

He wasn't wrong, but after a whirlwind reception, and speeches, and all those typical things, they made their way to the overnight stay at a fancy hotel, and pleased each other and themselves into oblivion, relishing the body they now moved and enjoyed as one.

But after the nice tropical honeymoon, during which they got to show off their big tits in a sexy bikini top and enjoy some of the local men and women on the scene, their lives began to revolve around the coming pregnancy. Paul's concerns remained, particularly since their amazing abs were disappearing, but as their belly finally began to grow out, he began to marvel at the change. Myra did as well. She had always wanted to experience pregnancy one day, and while this one came sooner and stranger than she expected, it was unbelievably amazing to literally share the experience with her husband. Together, they marvelled at their growth, at the heaviness of their expanding belly, at how their chest had bloomed further. They helped each other deal with the mood swings, and when one was tired, the other could push through that shared tiredness to help serve the needs of their bodies. Amusingly, both had different cravings, and so they bickered in good humour over whether to have sugar on steamed potatoes or a cheeseburger overladen with pickle.

Myra only alluded to it occasionally, but she even found it quite a sexually exciting, borderline *erotic* experience to have Paul go through the pregnancy with her. The notion that her partner was sharing it all with her gave her a slight kink she never knew, which came from enjoying her husband's bewilderment at being pregnant, at feeling a baby kick within them. It was even better when the flurries of kicks and sensations of squirming became so frequent, and their belly so large, that Myra began to suspect something.

Something which was confirmed at their next ultrasound: they were having twins.

"TWINS!?" Paul had exclaimed. "God, we're going to be huge. We have to push out twins! I know I love this body and sharing it, Myra, but I'm a little scared to spread my legs and push out not just one, *but two babies!*"

Myra just grinned and reassured her husband, secretly pleased that he would get the opportunity to do so.

"A little boy and girl," she said, overjoyed. "And all ours, as well!"

"I really thought they would be Angus's," Paul said. "But I'm glad it's me and you. Babies from our body entirely."

It seemed their masturbation in the early days had done its work. Enough of their prodigious issue had trickled into their pussy, and gushed down their tunnel as they laid back, that Paul had gotten his girlfriend, now-wife, pregnant, just as they'd always imagined he would. Albeit, just not the *form* they imagined.

But now, at eight months, Paul was coming around. Birth still scared him a little, but whatever pain and embarrassment that would come with it, he knew Myra would quite literally be with him, and everything they did, they would do together. Besides, while their belly was indeed massive, and they were now waddling with the best of them, Myra had been right: they did look pretty fucking sexy, even pregnant. They wore it well in their dresses, and they knew this too because Angus and Cindy were still ready partners of theirs. Indeed, even in their third trimester, they were still randy as all hell. As difficult as the positions were, they were looking forward to them.

"Makeup?" Paul asked.

"Check, we look gorgeous."

"Hot maternity dress."

"Check, and good suggestion on the pink. We look hot *and* maternal."

"Sexy lingerie underneath?"

"You know it, hubbie."

"Ready for a wonderful night of fucking with our friends?"

Myra chuckled. "Oooohh yes. Our body needs it, alright. I'm so fucking horny right now."

"Me too. God, I need a dick in me. I never thought I'd be saying that less than a year ago."

"Mhm, but you love it all the same, you sexy stud," Myra replied, caressing their stomach and breasts and kissing him passionately on the cheek.

"Goddamn, I do. Just like you love fucking hot ladies."

"I don't hear Cindy complaining."

"Well, that's because she missed her period two weeks ago."

Myra paused their body as they waddled to the car. "Wait, really? How did I not know this?"

"Angus sent me the text," Paul said. "He thinks, and this is the crazy part, that it might be our doing."



Myra was briefly unable to form words. She blushed a deep red. "So - holy shit, I might be a - a -"

"That's right, my gorgeous wife. I might be about to become a mother, but *you* - well, *us* really - might also be playing the role of father soon. Don't worry, Angus doesn't mind. Our arrangement is already pretty wild."

Myra blinked a couple more times. Inside their shared womb, their little ones kicked, thudding against the taut surface of their huge belly. It was enough to make her smile again.

"Wow, okay. Well, this is going to be an interesting night. What a strange life we now lead, huh?"

Paul laughed. "But it's the best, isn't it?"

"That it is, my love."

The pregnant pair held their life-filled stomach as they moved to the car. Between their legs, their cock was already getting hard at the prospect of a night of sexy fun with their friends, and their pussy was becoming similarly damp. The prospect of yet another shared experience of sexual union was overriding any concerns over future pregnancies or their current one.

After all, they may have had relationship troubles at first, but as crazy as their conjoined state was, it had truly brought them closer together. And neither would have it any other way now.

**The End**