

# Going Caving (Cavewoman Bodyswap TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **An anonymous commission**

John is in a loving relationship with Molly, and believes she is the one. Together, the two enjoy going caving. But after an accident where John breaks a strange crystal, he finds himself starting to swap places with the gorgeous cave woman named Ulka, who lived nearly two million years ago. And each time they swap places, they find themselves spending longer and longer in their new bodies . . .

## **Going Caving**

### **Part 1: The Cave**

The cave was serpentine, tight, and with some worrying space. It was perfect.

“Are you sure about this, babe?” Molly asked. “I don’t want to get stuck like that famous guy who died when he got trapped in a tunnel.”

John gave a dismissive wave. “Don’t worry, that won’t happen. We’ve got better equipment we know what to look for, and besides, Jimmy vouches for this hole.”

Molly arched an eyebrow. “Jimmy says a lot of things.”

“Yeah, okay, so he’s pretty full of shit.”

“That’s putting it lightly.”

“But the man knows his caves, doesn’t he?”

She sighed. “Okay, you’ve got me there. But *you* get to go first. If your big stubborn head can fit through some of these passages, then mine will be certain to follow.”

“Oh, ha ha!”

John kissed his girlfriend on the forehead as she grinned at her silly joke, and then she pulled him down to kiss her more deeply on the lips. Then she spun him around and gave a joking pat on the backside.

“Go on then, sexy! I want to see that backside while we’re tunnelling!”

He winked, wiggled his ass suggestively in a silly fashion, and checked over his equipment one last time. After all, you couldn’t take too many precautions when you were going caving. Still, the two had some experience in this activity, and had actually met as part of a caving experience, their chemistry quickly blossoming into romance.

John was a young man only twenty five years of age. He’d always loved caving, hiking, running, and exploring. The wild spaces of nature were what he enjoyed, and he

craved new experiences, often travelling for hours to find them. As a result, he had a slim but fit figure, like that of a runner, and combined with his feathery blonde hair and confident smile, he was not bad looking at all. He had certainly put on the charm when meeting Molly, and while he had a spirit to always be on the move, he had managed to settle down long enough to move in with her, something he was unfamiliar with, but tried to embrace despite the occasional difficulties of having to perform maintenance.

Molly, on the other hand, had not been a traditionally 'outside' person for much of her life. She liked settling down, and sometimes chafed with John over this. Still, she adored his passion, and to her own shock, there was something about going caving that did indeed ignite her passion, even if it still made her nervous. She would never, ever go caving without him, but she found it oddly intimate to go through such tight spaces and tricky situations, depending on the love of your life. At twenty three, she was two years his junior, and was significantly shorter than his 6'2 height, being only 5'3 herself. With her mop of curly brown hair and her glasses, she looked more like a librarian than anything else, and so she surprised herself quite often by going along with John. She was intent on this being the last of her caving experiences for a while, however. As fun as it had been, there had been enough close calls with discomfort and danger that even her own personal thrill was being restrained by her common sense. She loved John, but he'd have to do it on his own from now on.

"Okay, in we go," he said. "Excited?"

"You know it," she said, not revealing that particular secret.

"Fantastic, then let's have some fun. This cave is meant to be ancient!"

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An dark olive-skinned woman ran through the jungle, intent on eluding her predator. It was nearly two million years before John and Molly would ever be born, but only a few hundred feet from where they were set to enter their caving experience. Ulka ran on bare calloused feet, moving swiftly but carefully, the sharp-toothed cat silently stalking her movements. She was clad in furskins, one piece a short skirt and loin cloth around her wide hips, the other containing her full chest. Her long dark hair bounced and flicked with her rapid movements. Spear in hand, she shifted, gazing around for a moment. The many birds of the forest called, but it was the low snarl of her predator that she listened closely for.

There. From the treeline.

She kept her back to it. Readied her spear, determined. She would prove herself capable. She would be a defender of the tribe, not some pretty thing to be bartered away.

Her heart beat tremulously, her heavy chest heaving up and down, the same chest that the chieftain, Selkath, desired.

Suddenly the beat burst from the treeline, and she turned quick as the wind from the hot mountains. Already, the great fanged beast was in midair. Time slowed. She thrust the spear upwards, pulling her body down and to the side. With one last split second of confusion, the sabretoothed creature realised its mistake, and it fell upon the spear, impaling it deeply. It shuddered, growled in a violent fashion, and died.

“Good,” she said, nodding. She was partly covered in the creature’s blood, but she had been successful. With a smile and some effort, she hoisted the creature to the side and pulled out her spear, before going to a nearby stream to wash herself.

Ulka was just twenty years old, but already her life had been full of tumultuous events. Her family lost to great clawed beasts when she was a girlchild, she was captured by a tribe in the lowlands, and raised to be one of them. As was the way. All were meant to know the way of the spear, but for the womenfolk it was purely to defend their caves. A last resort. The women had to be protected, from rival clans, from the sharp-toothed cats, and from the great thunderous monsters that ruled the earth. Their role was to cook the food, to weave the baskets, to stitch the furs, and to nurse the children. It was the last that Ulka feared. As she had grown in the tribe, it had become clear to all that she was to be a woman of great beauty and incredible fertility. To her shock, her breasts had grown early, and continued to grow for years, until they were full and weighty, each half the size of her own head, if not larger. Her hips had widened considerably, perfect for bearing children, an act that was often dangerous for a woman. Her rear was just as developed, and her thighs thick and full. Her dark olive skin had little blemish despite the hardship of life, and her face was full-lipped with a proud nose and large, dark eyes. Her wild black hair hung down her back, but she remembered the traditions of her old tribe and what her mother had taught her, and took care of it using the oils of creatures and plants.

But she was not without the scars of such a difficult life. A deep scar ran over her left shoulder, and a small but noticeable claw mark intersected her right eyebrow from a close call with a toothed tiger. Across her left thigh were several marks from the thunderous times, when the earth had split and she had scrambled down a sharp-rocked hillside. But these impacts and scars only enhanced her beauty, informing the tribe that she was a survivor, while also displaying her resilience.

Unfortunately, it had marked her for possession by the chieftain, Selkath. He not a clever man, but was a powerful one, the alpha of the tribe, the strongest hunter. He desired Ulka’s body, and had made no secret of this. Only her repeated efforts to put off the time of his claiming had kept her free of his body, playing other males against each other and demanding increasingly large bounties to prove their worthiness. Because for all of her

beauty and evident perfection for child-rearing, Ulka desired freedom. Power. Dominance over her own life. To be forced to become Selkath's mate and bear his children was not the life she wanted. And so she had to prove she was a hunter.

Which she had.

"Now for pelt," she muttered in her low, steady voice. She took a knife from the belt at her loincloth, and began to work on skinning the cat.

But then she heard something. A low growl. Several steps. She shot to her feet, grabbed her spear, but her eyes widened when she saw not one but *two* sharp-toothed cats emerged from the treeline. One gave a growl, and the angered cavewoman returned it. And then she ran.

The cats pursued, moving to flank her. She burst through the bushes, moving with alacrity, not caring how the plant life scratched at her thighs. Her large breasts bounced discomfitingly on her chest, as they always had. She hated their size, but could not pay them heed now. She kept her breath cool even as her heart raced, focusing only on what was ahead.

A cave.

One of the cats growled, launching from the side. She barely managed to avoid it before she ran into a deep cave entrance, the two creatures in pursuit.

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John wriggled his way forward through a particularly difficult squeeze.

"Agh, watch yourself here Molly."

"Th-thanks."

"Doing okay?"

"Yeah," she replied. "Just . . . finding it a little bit harder than normal."

"You'll be okay, watch out for the drop on the right."

"Thanks."

The two had been caving for nearly an hour, shifting deeper through the quite beautiful cave. Supposedly, Jimmy had found quite the glittering cavern deep within, and John was intent on seeing it. Molly, on the other hand, was finding this cave dive a little beyond her ability. She was still enjoying herself, but was clearly finding her limit. Her heart pulsed with excitement, but in truth her brain was telling her that she needed to get serious, and make this the last adventure before she got hurt. Her diving skills were not on par with John's, and even her own enthusiasm could nowhere near match his.

John was not aware of this internal debate going on in his girlfriend's head, so focused was he on the dive. He grinned, loving the sense of adventure, the sense of the unknown.

"Don't you just love this?" he said as he entered a slightly wider area and helped her through. "We're probably some of the only people to explore this cave! Even Jimmy didn't reach the end of it."

"It is pretty amazing," Molly said. She hesitated, unsure if she should tell him this was her last trek, but decided against it. Instead, in this low space where they could shuffle, she planted a kiss on his lips. "And you're amazing too."

"Even when I'm always gallivanting off?"

"Even then," she smiled.

"Good, I'll remember that the next time you complain about it!"

She gave a light punch to his shoulder. "I have a right to complain! I still want you to stick around for two weeks after this. Just us. Unpacking the place finally. It's long overdue. We can settle down and enjoy ourselves."

He shrugged, hit his shoulder on the ceiling, and cringed. "Maybe. I don't know, Molly. I promised I would, but there's meant to be some great waves down the east coast -"

She sighed. "Let's just keep going. We'll talk about it later."

"Cool. I'm keen to see this glittering. Jimmy said he couldn't get through, but I think we can. Reckon he found some crystals?"

"Would be cool," she said, but her thoughts were still on her otherwise wonderful boyfriend's lack of commitment to staying in one place. Just two weeks would be nice! Meanwhile, John's thoughts were entirely on the experience they were undergoing.

"I - I think this is it," he said, finding a tight space. "Jimmy didn't have good ropes, but if I shimmy out I think I can abseil down."

They did so, crawling through a thin and claustrophobic space and abseiling down a vertical rocky shaft. Molly's heart beat nervously but with a bit of excitement, while he was simply grinning from ear to ear as he crawled through one last tunnel at the end.

"Molly! You've got to come see this!" he called.

"Hang on! Just getting my line off."

She crawled through, he helped her out the other side. She gasped at the sight that greeted her.

They were in an immense chamber, ancient and brilliant, no longer lit by their helmet torches but by the glowing lights of thousands of purple crystalline formations. They pulsed as if alive, their light dancing across the distance walls of the vast cave.

"Holy shit," she said.

“Holy shit indeed,” John said, beaming. This was what he lived for. The discovery. The exploration. The finding of the *new*.

And at the centre of the cave was something fascinating. A great purple crystal perhaps the size of football, jagged and brilliant, and pulsing like a rocky heartbeat. He moved towards it, and placed out a hand.

“Hey Molly, take a look at this . . .”

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Ulka grunted as she tended to a wound. The cats were searching for her, and one had nearly got the best of her. Only by diving into the crawlspace of the cavern had the cavewoman survived. She scrambled and moved, shifted and hurried through the thin spaces, a creature just behind her, another moving through a separate tunnel nearby. She couldn't tell where it was, only that it was following her, and perhaps readying an ambush. She cringed as she looked at her spear. It had snapped in the cave, and now was just the sharpened rock she carried in her fist.

“Not good,” she muttered, furthering into the cave. She gritted her teeth as she forced her hips and buttocks through a thin pass, groaned as her full chest dragged against the ground. It was not the first time she was frustrated by her body, despite how enviable her fellow tribeswomen found it, or how lustful it made the men of the caves.

“Tight,” she said, but managed to get through.

Unfortunately, on the other side was one of the cats, waiting. She froze. It didn't, launching at her. She barely managed to raise her spearhead in time to deflect the beast's horrific claw, but it still gouged her shoulders. She screamed, a ragged cavewoman's roar as she launched forward, grabbing the beast. They fell to the ground together, and to their combined shock, the ground gave way beneath them.

“AAGGH!!” she cried, and the horrid beast cried with her. They fell many feet into a vast, glittering cave, purple jewels glowing brightly. She bounced painfully, landing on her side. The beast howled, and then made no sound at all.

It took some time for Ulka to stand and check herself over. The beautiful cave woman was not deeply injured, thank the Thunder Gods, but she tore off some spare fur to bandage her bleeding shoulder. Her top had come loose in the fighting, her immense bosom now held up by a single strap over her shoulder. She shrugged.

“Problem for later.”

The cat was impaled, dead upon a rock. She breathed easier, let her breathing calm. And then, after several minutes of hearing no sounds of her other pursuer, looked instead to the strange glowing rock in the centre of the cave. Ulka had seen many impressive things in

her life. Great red anger from the living mountains, blue streaks of fury from the thunderous skies, the migration of the great haired beasts that howled through their long noses.

But she had never seen anything like this. It was a discovery for her tribe, perhaps even a sign. A signal of greatness that would herald meaning to the people of the low valley. An omen that she was destined for something more than a broodmare for the chieftain's babies.

She reached out.

"Pretty light, what are you?"

She ran her hand across its surface, viewing the myriad of reflections it showed of her. And another reflection, one that was becoming dominant. It made no sense. It showed a man in strange, thick garb. He was light-skinned, like a ghost, and thinner than most men. His hair was a strange light colouring. He looked like no one she had ever seen.

She caressed the part of the crystal that contained his face, and then there was a flash, and everything changed.

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John's hand met the rock. There was a thrumming of energy as his fingers slid across its smooth, glassy surface. A roiling of power that fascinated him.

"John, be careful," Molly warned.

"I am," he said, fascinated by the strange, heartbeat-like pulsing of the crystal stone. "I just . . . it's strange."

Molly had a bad feeling about it that she couldn't explain. "Should you be touching it?"

He looked her way, raised an eyebrow.

"Molly, it's *just a ro-*"

And then he paused, and saw something fascinating. His reflection in the stone was changing, no longer depicting him but instead a woman. Despite the purple of the crystal, her image was clear, as if it were a television screen. She was the most gorgeous thing he had ever seen, and the strangest too. She had dark olive skin, and wore only a two piece fur costume. She had the biggest rack of any woman he had known, like two perfect boulders which were barely contained by her torn fur top. Her face was full-lipped, with a long Mediterranean nose and large dark eyes, and wild shiny hair that tumbled down her back. She had been injured on her shoulder, and as he reacted with shock, she did also.

And then there was a flash, and everything changed.

## Part 2: The Experience

Molly watched in confused awe as the crystal cracked, and a series of strange images spiralled outwards into the air of the chamber, lighting it even more brilliantly. She saw dozens of strange moving sequences overlapping one another, all of them displaying some sort of . . . cave girl. A young girl watching the demise of her family in some tribal forest. A crack of thunder as she escaped through a rainy night. A netting cast over her as she was captured by a different tribe. The growth through the years as she aged, residing in the series of caves the tribe called home. A full-figured woman with a frankly astonishing astonishing figure, and the lust of the other cavemen as they looked upon her. The hunt of a sabretooth tiger. The crawling through a cave. The touching of a strange purple crystal.

“What the fuck,” she gasped, “how - what!?”

Then there was a bright purple flash, and the lights of the cave went completely dark, just for a moment. She squealed, and someone else screamed. For just a moment, it sounded like there was another woman in the chamber. But when the crystals relit, there was just John, standing over the cracked, still glowing crystal and looking dazed and confused. She ran to him.

“John! Did you see that!? There were all these images in the air - are you okay?”

He turned on the spot, startled, eyes wide. He was looking over his arms in fascination. He twisted about, looking around the cave floor. He said something in a language she didn't recognise, pointed at a spot in the floor. She had no way of knowing that a *deeply* confused cave woman now occupied her boyfriend's body, or that she was saying “where gone?” as she pointed to where the dead sabre tooth should be.

Ulka looked over her body, entranced by the strange fabric she was wearing. Her full chest was gone, and her clothing was now quite intricate. Her wide hips had become thin, but though her life had demanded some muscle from its stresses, she now felt fitter, stronger than ever before. And between her thighs . . .

“John, what the hell are you doing? Are you in shock or something?”

Ulka looked to the other woman, the pale ghost with strange shards upon her eyes, and odd shamanistic clothing. The woman looked about her own age, but her skin was far too pale. She had the power of a magnificent light pouring from her helmet, and it was then that Ulka realised what was happening.

She was in the presence of a Goddess of the earth.

She fell to her knees. “Worship! Worship! Praise!”

From Molly's perspective, her boyfriend looked to be having some kind of stroke. She grabbed him, tried to stop whatever strange prostration he was making, and it was only after several tries that he indeed stopped.



Ulka was confused. Did the Goddess not want worship? But she had the power of light itself! Only the shamans held the secret of fire. She reached out with her strangely pale arm to touch that light.

“No warm,” she muttered.

“What are you saying? John, please come back to me. I’m really fucking scared, okay!”

Ulka cocked her head, trying to understand the language of the gods. This pale spirit did not want worship, and for some reason had given her the body of a male. Was she telling Ulka something? Was she saying this was her rightful form?

“No understand,” she said, but again her words fell without understanding. The other woman approached, holding out her pale hand. Ulka backed away briefly, then held firm. Molly stepped forward, slowly.

“John, it’s me. Your girlfriend, Molly.”

“Molly?” Ulka said, not knowing the word, but recognising that this must be the spirit’s name.

“Yes, Molly! It’s me, Molly. Please, just breathe. I think you had a concussion.”

She brushed her boyfriend’s cheek, and to Ulka’s surprise, it was a wonderful sensation. The goddess or spirit or whatever she was had a short appearance, but she was quite beautiful, particularly her strange curled hair. She breathed, noticing just how strangely deep her voice was now.

“Beautiful,” she said. Something between her legs hardened as she gazed at the gorgeous spirit. It shocked both of them: Molly stepped back as she felt the large erection, and Ulka giggled at its strange feeling. She lowered a hand to touch it.

“So big! So hard!”

“John, stop it! Oh God, what’s happening?”

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At the same place, but not the same time, as all this was happening, John was experiencing an altogether different kind of confusion. Dazed and confused, the tall caver stood to his feet a little unsteadily. Something felt wrong. Off, somehow. Like all his bones were there, but subtly in the wrong place. A heavy set of weights pulled at his chest, like a couple of sandbags. And his hips felt . . . stretched.

“What - what was that?” he said, only to stop. Something was wrong with his voice. It sounded . . . feminine. Strangely accented. The bright glow of the flash dissipated, and he was able to see again. And what greeting him were two very large, wobbling orbs of creamy brown flesh.

“The fuck!” he cried in that same feminine voice with its odd accent. He scrambled back, tripping over the crystal and landed on the dirt upon his soft ass. An ass that was much too soft, in fact. He gave a squeaky ‘oof!’, and immediately experienced the alien sensation of his new tits bouncing heavily on his chest, pulling at his shoulders. His jaw dropped, his eyes went wide as he beheld the impossible sight before him.

“I’m - I’m a girl? Is this a dream? Molly!? Where are you Molly?”

But there was no sign of her, only a strange furred creature bloodily impaled upon a growing stalagmite.

“Is that - is that a fucking *sabretooth tiger*?”

He gaped at it, then back at his own body, the one that was most certainly not truly *his*. It was undeniably female. Very, *very* female in fact. This body didn’t have boobs, it had *tits!* Huge brown ones that were now barely contained by a torn fur covering, resulting in a loose cleavage that was shockingly deep. They were huge and round, soft and pert, but that wasn’t even the start of it. Beyond them - and it was a difficult thing to see beyond them - was a tough yet curvaceous female body. It had little clothing beyond another loincloth, and even its feet were bare, calloused on the soles. It had powerful thighs, with a womanly thickness, leading up to a set of wide babymakers that would have had Shakira herself blushing. John brushed some long curly black hair from his eyes, feeling over this impossible body. It had a gorgeous midriff, toned and feminine, and with a waist that was small, giving him a hourglass figure that spoke of great fertility when coupled with his huge chest. He raised himself, grunting at the shake of his strange and huge bosom, and rubbed his backside.

“Jesus, even my ass is huge. What the hell is this? Am I - am I dead? Is this a fucking stroke or something?”

It sounded so wrong to have a voice so female come from his throat, but then it wasn’t truly his throat at all, was it?

John walked around the cave, heart beating nervously as he tried to figure out what was going on. His huge tits bounced, full and heavy, and he cradled them in his hands, trying to ignore the slight ripples of pleasant sensitivity that came from them when he did so. He felt utterly naked in just this - this *furkini!* He stepped over to the bloody creature impaled on the sharp rock, curious and afraid. It was dead, certainly so, and there was no doubt it was real. A sabretooth tiger, complete with its curving teeth that made it so famous.

“Have I travelled back in time or something? Did the crystal do this?”

Something echoed from a hole in the cave, but he couldn’t tell where it came from. It looked subtly different in places, yet preserved in others. Like it was slightly out of time, but its entrances and passages had changed.

“I must be. It’s the only explanation. I’ve - I’ve landed back in a cavewoman’s body, or something.”

The thought was so strange he immediately dismissed it.

“No, that’s crazy! It has to be something else. The crystal, it’s psychedelic! It’s giving me visions or something, maybe it was coated in weird mushroom juice and I didn’t notice. Holy shit, it’s gotta be something!”

Another echo, this time accompanied by a growl that echoed in a chilling way. It made him jump on the spot, and he was rewarded by an intense jiggling not just in his chest but his ass as well. In fact, it took several moments for his boobs to stop moving, they were that big.

“How does Molly stand this? But then her tits are less than a fifth of the size of these monsters! Fuck!”

He returned to the crystal. He had always loved discovery, exploration, the sheer joy of experiencing something new. But this was too weird, too unexplainable. The crystal had done something. He palmed his hand over it, trying to discern if there was a way to change back, or end the illusion, or whatever effect was going on.

Instead, he saw a reflection that was all wrong again. While he wore a busty, olive-skinned woman’s form, there in the surface of the glass was him. The *real* him. He was standing, playing with himself oddly and looking about with amazement while Molly teared up, looking aghast and confused.

“Molly!” he called. “Is that you? Molly, I’m coming!”

He touched the crystal, and there was that pulse of strange power again. The figure in the mirror looked around - both of them did - as the reflection brightened. He’d done something on ‘their’ end, it seemed, because the body that should have been his launched forwards as well to grasp the crystal.

The world flashed bright purple and white once more.

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Ulka gasped, panting heavily, her large bosom dangling as she found herself on all fours and staring over the crystal. The strange experience with the crystal was finished, and whatever the goddess had been trying to tell her was over.

“Strange,” she said. “Strange.”

It wasn’t the half of it, but it seemed to sum it up all the same. She touched the crystal, which was now quite cracked and only flashing dully. She pulled away a small shard, finding it of interest. She needed to show this to her tribe. It was an omen, that was certain. The shaman would perhaps know something. He had the secret of fire, and many other

things. He would know. She took a length of twine from the belt around her fur loincloth and fashioned it into a necklace, attaching the softly glowing purple shard - the brightest of the pieces - around her neck.

"Take with," she said. "Show to shaman. Will make for prestige. Stop Selkath."

She nodded in agreement with herself. It was a plan. A growl from a sabretooth was enough to make her move quickly. She backtracked through the tunnels, crawling and cursing her body once more. How strange it had been to find herself a white-skinned male, like a ghost, with a manhood and everything. The feeling of so little weight on her shoulders! It had felt so real it could not have just been a dream.

She crawled out from the cave and into the light of day, covered in dust and some mud. But somehow the crystal around her neck remained clean. Before her, the last of the sharp-toothed cats was dead, two spears embedded in its side. Several tribesmen of the low valley were there, all males but for Mother Grilka, one of their elders.

"You run," Selkath said. The chief stepped forward, burly, well-muscled. Ulka felt that same pull of attraction to him, one she had indulged in privately when she took to solitary hunts, but never with him. She did not *like* him, but the attraction was there.

"I go to cave," she said.

"You kill one?"

"I kill two."

There was a series of whispers among the hunters.

"This is not so," Selkath said. "You are not hunter. You are to be mate to Selkath."

She shook her head. "I have hunted two. Been to cave. Seen great omen. See? See!"

She held up the glowing crystal, and somehow it glowed a little brighter. For a moment, she felt elsewhere, as if she were still in the tunnels, slowly rising out of them, a woman nearby that matched the appearance of that strange spirit goddess. And then the feeling went away, and the tribe before her were wide-eyed, astonished. Selkath gulped.

"We take to shaman," Mother Grilka said.

"I take," Selkath said.

But Ulka pulled back, clutching the shard. "Is mine. Spirit goddess show me. She of white skin and crystal eyes."

Another round of discussion, but the elder Grilka was not to be ignored. Finally, Selkath agreed, though he still looked to Ulka's body with a deep desire.

"We take to shaman. Read omen. But you *will* be mate. Stars have shown me."

She grunted annoyance, then swaggered on ahead, her wide hips swaying from side to side, as if to tease him. She could not stop her breasts bobbing, but did her best to keep her chest out proud. She *had* killed two cats, and those that went into the cave would find

just that. Not that they could return for some time. The tribe's centre was a week's journey away with their heavy catches of two greater predators. But now with the crystal, perhaps she could have all the time in the world.

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Molly hugged the utterly confused John, who was trying to regale the sheer insanity of his story.

"It just . . . it felt so real, Molly! Like I was some sort of cavewoman."

"You *were* making weird cavemen sounds," she said. "But a woman? Jesus, did you have a stroke or something?"

He shook his head, chuckling. "I don't think so. I'd not be able to talk like this otherwise. I think the crystal is a little psychedelic with its effects."

"I did tell you not to touch it."

"Yeah, that you did."

They shared a chuckle, both still coming down from their respective concerns.

"Did you look hot?" Molly jested.

He grinned. "*Mega* hot. Like, unrealistically so. I had tits out to here." He gestured, and she whistled jokingly. "Big hips too. It felt so real. And there was a sabretooth tiger corpse."

"Maybe you just interpreted that pile of whatever there," she said, gesturing to a mound on the floor."

John stopped in his tracks. Right where he remembered the sabretooth had been, there was indeed a mound that looked ossified. It was impossible to tell, but it *did* look a little like fossilised bones preserved by cave water slowly drying. But there should have been more if he truly travelled through time, though the place did have a timeless quality . . .

He reached out and snapped off a piece that looked like a tusk, followed by one that looked like part of a bone.

"Uh, vandal much?" Molly said.

"Just curious."

Molly shrugged, but was still hugging herself a little with unease. "Can we get out of here, John?"

"You're not going to let a little weirdness pull you out of it?"

"John, I love you, but I was scared shitless. I thought I was going to be trapped down here with a medical patient! I want to go home."

He was about to argue, but he saw the concern on her face, and the fresh tracks of tears that were still slowly flowing in the aftermath of her panic.

“Okay,” he said, “we’ll get out of here. I’ll just get my gloves. I want to keep a piece of that weird crystal.”

“Don’t let it shock you again or whatever!” she said. She was worried it might happen again, and once more she was annoyed by her boyfriend’s preference for pursuing needless danger rather than listening to her. She bottled it up for now, and seconds later John had a small crystal shard in his hand, one that he placed in a zip pocket.

“We’ll head now. Get some fresh air.”

“Thank God. Don’t go thinking you’re a cavewoman again.”

“Oogie boogie barg!”

She shook her head. “Don’t joke. Please.”

“Sorry.”

They began to make their way up, slowly and more carefully than before. As they ascended, John shivered as a strange pulse hit him. For just a moment, he felt like he was elsewhere, standing before a circle of tribesmen, one particularly powerful individual in his late twenties or early thirties before him. He was female again, with his large bust and everything, and this cavewoman he was inhabiting also had a shard of the crystal.

And then the flash ended, and he was back in his body. Back in the cave.

“Anything wrong?” Molly said.

He shook his head, put on a smile. “Nothing,” he lied. It was just a residual effect of the weird crystal vision. He wasn’t going to freak her out again.

They continued to climb out of the cave, until they exited into the open air. Everything was normal again, and for Molly it was most definitely her last involvement in such adventures. In fact, it had just about soured her on even the parts of caving she actually enjoyed.

“From now on, two weeks of just us,” she said. “We can finally fully unpack and relax.”

John nodded, though he wasn’t entirely sure. There was a surfing experience that was supposedly hitting next week if the weather charts were to be believed, and his buddy had invited him to go rock climbing for several days. He could deal with the aftermath later, for now he simply felt at the strange crystal and those odd bone-like remnants in his pockets. The memory of being that cavewoman stuck with him. It had felt so real, realer than any hallucinogen he’d ever taken.

He decided not to say anything as they packed their gear and left, instead engaging in frivolous and light-hearted conversation with his loving girlfriend. He even asked if she could drive, just to allay her worries over his condition.

“Everything will be just fine,” he said, reassuring her. And it was. For five days. After which he found himself the cave woman once again.

### **Part 3: Switching Places**

The tribal centre was far away, but the huntsmen made quick progress. Ulka had to contend with their prying eyes when they made camp, or when it was time to clean themselves. The river waters had healing properties, it was said. Certainly, the tribe that had taken her had a longer span than that which she had been born to, something that was attributed to their bathing. But it also meant that Selkath was prone to looking at her when she removed her furskins, despite her removing herself from the sight of men.

“What you look for?” she demanded, covering her breasts. But they were prodigious enough that she could not hide them completely.

“You are most beautiful. You will be my mate.”

“We shall see what Grilka says,” she reminded him. Daringly, she raised the shard that was still tied by the thread around her neck, exposing her chest. For a moment, the chieftain’s eyes gleamed, but then the shard *literally* gleamed, its purple-blue glow emanating, revealing the nature of the spirit power within.

“You have power of shard,” he muttered. “Only now. Maybe not later.”

She smiled as he moved away, no longer interested in her. She bathed, cleaning her wounds and re-dressing them. She had fine scars, but though she disliked how much her looks were favoured above her true ability to hunt, she was relieved that they were not *too* extensive, or upon her face, where that single scar over her eyebrow was more than enough for her. After all, she would have to find a mate *some* day. So long as it was not Selkath.

The journey continued with little interruption. She was proud of her kills, but the spirit god’s presence followed her. Each night, she had strange dreams that were impossible to interpret. She saw silver mountains that were tall and straight, like cut stones. And far more people than could possibly be in the world, all around each other. Greenery was almost nonexistent, but neither were the threats that pervaded their everyday life. And there was the ghost goddess, the pretty woman with the curly brown hair and strange circular crystals over her eyes. She was frustrated, annoyed at something, and Ulka felt a frustration back that was not truly her own. She woke each morning, struggling to interpret the dream messages, or the strange feeling of power she’d had in them. As she had before in the cave, each dream had her experiencing existence as a man. As a ghost god.

When they reached the tribal centre, she was relieved that the shard still warded away her would-be partners. The tribe's cave was well-established in the lowlands, with a nearby river and plentiful fruit beyond its main entrance. With the many dangerous creatures and harsh elements, the cave was the source of safety, if not much comfort beyond what they could crudely put together. But it was home. And Ulka was relieved to be among the women again.

"Ulka, you are safe!" Hagra called.

Her friend ran to her side, or at least tried. She was quite full with child, her belly bare between her fur skins. Ulka embraced her friend, and as her breasts flattened a little against Hagra's shoulders - the other woman was not nearly so tall - she wished they could switch bodies. She wished she could not be so curvy in all her womanly ways. Though, it would be hard to be a hunter were she so short and lacking in muscle.

"I am. I have killed two of the sharp-tooth cats."

"It is not so!"

"It is! And I have been visited by ghost god. Must see Mother Grilka."

"It true," Selkath muttered, and several other warriors nodded. All of them were suspicious of the shard, and over the journey had given Ulka a surprising amount of leeway and respect, if not a bit of jealousy. "She has taken spirit crystal. Must belong to chief."

"It belong to me!" she cried angrily.

"You are woman! You must mate! Make children! Worthy of a chieftain!"

She growled like the sharp-tooth cat, invoking the power of the two she had killed. He roared like the great bears of the distant sun-ward hills, of which he had slain several. She recognised he had the greater spirit power within him, but refused to give in. She beat her chest, uncaring how the men of the tribe looked to the way it bounced, and gave the cry she had heard from the ghost god. The rallying sacred words.

*"I think you had a concussion! John! John! What the fuck are you doing, John!"*

The crowd gasped, pulling back, and she knew she had won the contest. The words were not random. They could only be some divine invocation, like the anger of the gods that came from the sky in bolts of lightning.

"I will see Ulka," came a hoarse voice. The tribe froze, several dozen individuals looking to the ancient Mother Grilka, who was in her shamanistic furs with numerous beads and bones hanging from threads around her body. "Four other watch."

Selkath was one of them, but three others of the tribe - two men and a wise woman who was set to replace Grilka - also followed. They entered deep into the heart of the cave, where a small fire was all that lit Grilka's space.

"Show ghost god totem," the shaman woman said.



Ulka held it up, nervous. It felt strange in her fingers, as if thrumming with power once more.

"It no look magic," Grilka said. Selkath grinned at her words. "This story to avoid mate. Selkath has right to claim you."

"No!" she exclaimed. "It real! It glow! It bring forth ghost god! You see!"

In her agitation, she nearly didn't see it being to glow. Purple veins sparked within, capturing the attention of the others. Grilka gasped. Selkath too. But Ulka just gleamed. The glow became brighter and brighter, and her vision twisted, the world seeming to come apart, turning white.

And then, once more, she was in a different place.

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John was annoyed. After the scare in the cave and his strange experience, he'd continued to have strange dreams. It was like he was that woman each night, the brown-skinned lady with the huge tits and incredible baby-makers. It all seemed so real, he could even remember what it was like to have those big boobs pull at his shoulders as they bounced with each step, and how she stooped a little, running like a hunter through the jungle. It left him cranky, annoyed at a tribe that didn't even exist!

It also annoyed Molly.

"John, you promised we could just have an ordinary week or two!"

"Yeah, but it's surfing, Molly! You don't get waves this good every year! And besides, while I'm there I can do some quick rock climbing with Steff. No big deal!"

She groaned, throwing her hands up in the air. "I've not even had one full week of just us together. We've moved in, but we haven't *really* moved in, because you haven't unpacked all your shit yet. Jesus, John. I've enjoyed these experiences with you, especially caving until that latest disaster, but I'm genuinely worried that you're not invested in us."

"Look, it's just one little trip -"

"It's *always* one little trip. And then you bonk your head and start telling me you were turned into a big busty cavewoman."

He sighed. It *had* been a mistake to tell her. He'd planned not to, but in the end it had come out once the dreams started.

"It's just a weird fantasy, Molly," he said. "Besides, I got something cool out of it."

He showed her the shard he'd taken from the rock, the one that glowed purple at times.

"You are changing the subject. And I've got to go to work. I hope you're still here when I get back, John. If not, then we'll need a bigger talk."

She left to head to the bakery she worked at, leaving John alone in their apartment.

“Jesus, it’s like she *wants* me to be boring,” he muttered. “She must have known who I was when she started dating me. Hell, we’ve had more fun doing crazy stuff than we ever had relaxing in some boring apartment.”

He flopped down on the couch, irritated.

“I guess I’ll just have to beg for forgiveness rather than ask for permission.”

He began packing his stuff. Molly would forgive him. He knew she would. After all, they’d always patched things up, and she had quite the excitement factor herself, when he was there to awaken it. Maybe he’d cut short of rock climbing. But he *had* to surf, that was for sure.

He spent the next hour and a half getting ready, organising the equipment, checking the weather, and making himself some snacks for the road. It was a long drive after all. He was about ready to leave when he noticed a strange glowing on the couch. *Jurassic Park* was playing on the television, but as the children hid from the coming form of the T-rex, a blue pulse seemed to emit from elsewhere.

“Woah, it’s glowing way more again,” he said.

He moved to the couch, where the shard seemed to draw him closer. Suddenly it flashed brighter than before, just like before it had fractured. The world exploded into brilliant lights that nearly blinded him.

“What the hell?”

But then he was elsewhere, and things got *really* weird.

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Ulka marvelled. She was in a strange ghost god cave. The walls were made somehow, not of mud and heaped rocks, but strange material. She was sitting on a comfortable sitting rock of some kind, but instead of just some furs atop it, it was *all* fur, or at least it felt like it. And there was a strange cave before her, small and yet opening to another world.

Suddenly a great monster, the likes of which she had never seen, roared right at her. She gasped, made to grab her spear, but she was once more a ghost god man, and so had none. The nearest thing was a large soft kayak, small yet wide. It would have to do.

“I hunt you!” she called. “I no get eat!”

The cave mouth smashed to pieces as she threw the board, and a great black box that contained it fell. The monster was gone.

“What? I no understand.”

She gazed about the strange space. It was alien and wrong. And yet . . . she had dreamed of it. Her eyes settled on a strange device upon the kitchen counter. Wait - kitchen?

“Make food place,” she whispered. “Kit-chen.”

The device was fascinating. Some sort of construction, more complex than anything her tribe could make. Truly a device of the gods. “I know from dream. Mike Ro Wave.”

She pressed a button, bounced back as it made a strange *BEEP*.

“Can speak!” she said, delighted. She touched her throat. “Voice low. Am male god. Is my true spirit?”

An excitement built within her. Could it be true? Was this what the magic shard was telling her? That she was meant to be this pale man? Possess the body of a hunter in true? She moved to the area where the ghost god did his business. Again, the dreams stirred in her imagination, feeding her knowledge. Yes, it was on the left.

“Left,” she mumbled, marvelling at the word. Even the language of the ghost gods was coming to her. She halted as another man stood in her way, looming tall and handsome, perhaps just a few years older than her but in his prime. Not as big as Selkath, but perhaps just as formidable in his build.

“Who you?” she asked, but the figure responded the same. It was like the reflection of water, or in crystal! The entire rectangle upon the wall was like a flat crystal.

“Me? It me! And I handsome! Very attractive, ha!”

She laughed, engrossed by her form.

“Need see all.”

She began to undress, marvelling at each item of clothing that was so mysteriously well made, light and thin and lacking the protection of furs, and yet strangely superior all the same. When naked, she gazed down at her manhood.

“Would not see if woman! Breast too big!”

She laughed again. It felt so damned wonderful to be without her massive chest. Not only were her shoulders and back free, but she could actually see her feet while standing, and therefore the large manhood between her legs also.

“Bigger than Selkath. I bet this!”

She had never actually seen Selkath’s member, but she had seen others, thankfully from afar. But possessing it now . . . it felt like it gave her a kind of strength. She lowered a firm hand, again enjoying the feeling masculinity she now possessing, and took the time to stroke it.

“It hard. Ohhhh, it most get hard!”

She blinked a moment. She’d just said that in the language of the ghost gods. Yes, her words were fragmented, but then the tribalspeak often ran against concepts difficult to define. Language was older than any knew, but new words were occasionally in need of inventing, and more each day. Now, feeling the dreams of the ghost god coming to life, she was being positively *flooded* with concepts and terminology.

“Peen-iss. Test-ick-ells.”

She felt them, thought of the power of her manly body. Pale as it was, it was masculine indeed. It was enough for a new, rather alien sensation to begin: her new manhood hardened, dick becoming slowly erect. She bit her lip, began to stroke it some more, placing a hand against the cool ‘bench’ she somehow knew the name of. Soon it was throbbing, and she was actively tugging at it as the cavemen often did at the edge of the cave, laughing among themselves. They possessed a virility the women did not, and she revelled in that virility now, grunting like the men did as she got closer and closer to a climax.

“I will spurt seed,” she said, as if it were a mandate. An act of divine power.

The pleasure rose, the need to release, the ache in her new balls growing. She had never felt anything like it before: even her acts of self-pleasure, while utterly wonderful, were not the same as this build. A woman’s pleasure took time, had to require patience and depth of thought. But this . . . this felt like something primal. The act of a beast, or a sharp-tooth cat in mating season. She growled, furiously drawing closer to a finish. She tried to imagine an arousing sight, but rather than the flesh of a man, it was the flesh of the other woman that came to mind. The one with the strange eye crystals and curly brown hair named Molly. The one who held a quiet beauty and strong resolve.

“Want. Molly!”

And with that, Ulka’s new manhood ejaculated, a climax rushing through her form. She gasped, grunted, then *roared* as long streams of manly seed erupted from her penishead, her testicles pumping their issue out and out and out. The white, sticky substance caught on the mirror, on the bench, on the floor, and she stood for a long moment, clutching a clear area of the bench, breathing heavily. Her penis slowly went limp again, but not before another piece of knowledge came to mind: the ghost gods did not make messes like her tribal people did. This has to be cleaned, or dishonour among the gods would follow.

She set to work as best she could, using a prized blue cloth that must have been worth many sacred bones. But still she felt a great pride in what she had done. She had embraced manhood, and already wished to experience it again. More than that, she wished to meet this Molly. Surely she would return soon? The dreams made her think yes. Ulka gazed into her reflection, more memories that were not her own coming into being.

“John. I am within John. That is the name of me.” She said it proudly. “But then where is real John?”

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John cried out in confusion. He was back in her body again. The cavewoman with the ridiculously fertile proportions! His new (or ‘returned’) breasts were heavy on his figure, and

he couldn't ignore how big his rear was, or thick his thighs. If he'd seen this woman on the street, even in normal clothes instead of the 'furkini' he was wearing as her now, he'd have gone totally gaga. It was no offence to Molly, simply an acknowledgement that this body was the kind that came once in a millenia, the kind of body that made men yearn to fill it with babies, because it was shaped to advertise exactly that function. Only he was currently wearing it, and it was becoming clear that his experience at the cave had been no strange dream.

John looked around the strange tribal members surrounding him. There were five of them: three men, one of whom was very muscled and wore a necklace of teeth and talons, a woman in her forties, and an ancient witch-looking figure who had many tassels and trinkets and shamanistic tokens looped and threaded over her. She was muttering something in the brutish language of the cavemen, but to John's shock he could understand most of it.

"What happened? You see vision? Shard real?"

His heart beat quickly in his new, expanded chest. Panic overtook him. "What the fuck is this? Who are you people? Why am I a woman?"

They looked at each other, astonished.

"Ghost god? Ghost god in Ulka?"

He understood it again. More than that, he understood what they *meant*. Ulka was the name of the woman whose body he was inhabiting. She was twenty years old, and was lusted after by someone whose name he couldn't quite recall from the dreams, but was certain was the chieftain. The large man with the trophy necklace.

"Oh God. Oh fuck. What the hell is this? Is this some weird magic shit? Why am I in the body of a fucking cave woman with big tits?"

They gasped, shifted back at his words.

"No understand. Language of gods."

And yet, he realised, he could understand *them*.

"My dreams. I've . . . I've learnt your language." He focused his thoughts, tried as hard as he could to summon them to speak their language. "*Why I here?*"

There was much talking between them that was impossible to decipher. The elder woman stepped forward, put a leathery hand on John's shaking shoulder.

"You summon from you realm. You bring might to tribe! You have power of shard!"

John looked down, wincing at the sight of the heavy bosom now affixed to his chest. His skin was a gorgeous light chocolate brown, and nestled between his breasts - Jesus, they must have been F-cups or even bigger! - was the shard. It looked, impossibly, identical to the one he'd taken.

"*I have shard,*" he said in their language, trying to work out its significance. A nervousness crept down his spine as he saw their expressions upon him.

“Yes. You have power. Must mate! Bring power to tribe! Make many baby to spread power. We honour you!”

The men nodded, practically licking their thick cavemen lips at the prospect. It was then that John realised what they had in mind. They wanted to fuck him. They thought he was some kind of spirit trapped in Ulka’s form, and that his powerful energy had to be harvested by producing a child. *Children.*

“No! NO!”

He leapt to his feet, shocked at the powerful musculature of his form, particular in his thighs. He didn’t love the feeling of absence between his legs though. The others shifted back, wary. The powerful one even reached for his spear. But John vaulted past him, pelting up through the dark halls of the cave. His feet were bare, but they were strongly calloused, something he was grateful for. Moreover, Ulka was tall. She had to be at least six feet, nearly his own height in his regular body! He shouted for people to move out of the way, using English to terrify them. The shard glowed on his chest, and they shifted aside.

He burst out of the mouth of the cave even as the chieftain yelled for him to stop. Thinking quickly, he grabbed a crude spear with a sharpened rock that was positioned against the mouth of the cave, and ran straight into the jungle, ignoring all their pleas. He ran and ran and ran, gaining speed as he got a little more used to the heavy wobbling of his chest and the further spread of his hips and thighs. This body was truly athletic, and for a few moments he felt a surprising thrill as he bounded through the jungle, leaping over fallen logs, swinging on a vine across a ravine, and darting aside a strange creature that looked like a supersized squirrel roughly half his own height. The feeling of discovery, of danger and risk, was upon him, and he couldn’t help but grin maniacally for a few moments, laughing as he leapt over a deep chasm and continued into the depths of the jungle.

“This is crazy!” he yelled. His voice was powerful, lower than he expected, but still feminine. Powerful in its womanhood despite its youth, and certainly very attractive.

It was only when he finally ran out of breath that he halted by a slowly flowing stream. He panted heavily, still feeling utterly exposed in his two-piece ‘furkini’ which was struggling to contain his new breasts.

“Goddamn, these things are massive,” he whined. He felt them, exhaled a little at their surprising sensitivity. He undid the knot at the back and bared them. They sagged just a little - boobs that big would have to follow gravity’s pull a little - but not as much as he expected. They were full and round and pert on his chest. “The size of my own head each, I swear.”

He felt a little more, moaned lightly as he rubbed the dark brown nipple.

“Mmmmm . . . oh God. Fuck. That’s sensitive. I can see why they want to mate with her. This . . . Ulka. But why am I her?”

He shifted, moving on all fours to stare at his reflection in the slow stream. His breasts hung, flopping about as he moved.

“Poor chick has to deal with all this without the invention of a modern bra. I must be back in time. That sabretooth carcass back in the cave . . . it’s the only thing that makes sense.”

He stared into Ulka’s reflection. The woman was gorgeous. Rough, yes, with wild black hair that felt like a mane where it wasn’t tied back, and with a deep scar over her eyebrow from a creature’s claw. There was another light one across the side of her neck, and a big gash on her thigh when she looked back to it. But her skin was surprisingly perfect.

“Guess Molly was right,” he chuckled, still unused to the half-husky growl of his cavewoman voice, “a diet really does make a difference. I guess if you’re just eating meat and veg, and working out all the time and getting enough sun, you don’t have all that oily shit stirring up your pores. Too bad about the shitty life expectancy.”

He chuckled again, wiped some tears from his eyes. It was like all his emotions were being strained not just through the wringer, but also through an entirely new body, one that was endowed with a hell of a lot more estrogen.

“It has to be temporary, right? It was last time. No way am I getting stuck going *me Ulka now. Me good cavewoman mate. Fuck me and big boobs!*”

He sighed, sat back, and cupped his big chest again. His flesh overflowed his palms, soft and perfect. Out of curiosity, he began to feel himself again, rubbing his chest more firmly, slowly pinching his nipples and making them become erect with arousal.

“Ahhh - oohhh - that f-feels incredible. Ulka, you’ve d-damn lucky, in s-some ways.”

Slowly, a moistness grew between his thighs, a damp need that was inflamed by his arousal. Despite not intending to, he lowered one hand by curiosity, felt at his feminine slit beneath the furs.

“OOhhhhh, ngnnhh! Jesus Christ, I c-can’t believe I’m d-doing this! *Me like!*”

The cavewoman speak had slipped out, but there was no focusing on it. The self-pleasure had shifted from an exploratory want to a surprisingly desperate need. He closed his eyes, continued to fondle his tits, shaking his shoulders to feel them wobble, and moaned as he slipped two of his fingers into his entrance. He grunted several times as he thrust his fingers in, sounding every part the native of this prehistoric time. His pussy became even slicker, and soon he was rubbing the edge of his vulva, circling his throbbing clitoris and drawing ever closer to female orgasm.

“Good. *Feel good. Feel great!*” he cried, slipping into the cavespeak. He squeezed his left breast, palming the large nipple and sending electric shocks of bliss to his core.

And then, as he rubbed his thumb over his clit and sank his fingers into his depth, he finally exploded. The orgasm hit, and he couldn’t help himself. He roared like a lioness,

giving a great cry of pleasure that echoed out and sent strange, multicoloured birds bursting from the trees.

And just when that pleasure faded, another hit. And another. He shook, trembling, causing his breasts to jiggle and wobble and bounce freely, smacking against one another as he shook his shoulders again.

“Aaahhhh! YES! Good! *GOOD FEEL!!!*”

It was only when he collapsed against the river bank, still trembling, overcome with pleasure, that his eyes widened, and he nearly scrambled back in terror.

Looking back through the water’s reflection was not the reflection of Ulka.

No, he was looking at himself.

At John.

#### **Part 4: Conversations**

The two travellers across time stared at each other in their swapped bodies: Ulka in John’s, standing before his bathroom mirror, and John in Ulka’s, gazing at the reflection of the river stream. For a long moment, neither said anything, unsure of what to even say. It was Ulka that spoke first in John’s body.

“You are in me!” she exclaimed in his deep, handsome voice.

“And you’re in me!” he shouted back.

They both froze again, drawing closer to the reflection of their true selves. Despite speaking different languages, they were able to understand each other almost completely.

“You have shard,” Ulka said, pointing. “In ghost god realm!”

“I’m not a fucking ghost god!”

“Ghost god does not fuck? Do not mate?”

He winced, looking down at his hanging chest as he crouched on all fours. He certainly fucked, all right. In both bodies, apparently.

“No, that’s not what I mean. I mean, I’m not a ghost god. *I no ghost god.*”

Ulka frowned, looking down at her pale, naked form. Her member still tingled from the self-pleasure, but she had also looked around at other parts of the strange homestead. It was high up in the rectangle mountain, looking down upon cooled grey lava upon which strange box-like monsters travelled. She had seen them from the window and feared them greatly, and instead spent time exploring the comfortable beddings and strange trophies about the house. But when she came back to the mirror to pleasure her powerful manly essence again, there was her. The real her.

“But . . . you have great trophies! Great essence! Your skin like bone!”



John rubbed his smooth forehead, pushed back his thick black hair, trying to explain it. "No. I am . . . how to explain this? I am from the future. From tomorrow. But many, many, many, many tomorrows. To me, you and your tribe are dead a long time ago. Long before memory."

Ulka nodded slowly, taking in this incredible information. There were stories of such strange matters in the spirit world - it could bind different ages together. After all, weren't her original tribe guided by the spirits of their ancestors before they were broken apart?

"The sharp-tooth cat. It is old and broken in the ghost go - in your realm. But still bloody in mine."

"Exactly. I think that strange crystal, whatever it is, switched out bodies when we touched it at the same time or something."

"Magic power."

He went to mock that response, only to pause. "Perhaps it is. I don't know. But I'm just an ordinary person. There are parts of the world where people have pale skin, like me. I'm not a ghost."

She nodded again. It made sense. Had she not engaged in . . . pleasurable acts? And she had felt sharp pain when prodding her new body a little too much, and had to treat a wound when looking at a sharp tool with a blade beyond anything her tribe could create.

"I know some things," she said. "I dream of you."

"Me too."

"I am Ulka."

"I'm John."

"Hello, John," she said with a slightly nervous smile.

"Hello, Ulka. I need my body back. I'm not meant to be here."

Another nod. John was happy to see she learned quickly. It was true what his old history teacher had said: people in the past were not dumber, they just had less access to knowledge. But they could absorb concepts just as fast.

"I no know how to do this. Shard do it. But I have shard now, and it no do anything!"

John furrowed his brow. He settled on his stomach, but had to put his arms beneath him: Ulka's damn chest was so ample that even lying on her stomach on the soft grass squished her bust too much.

"Your boobs are too big," he complained.

Ulka actually giggled. "Much too big. They grew at young age, like bountiful fruit of the booja tree."

"I don't know what that is, but it sounds like a damn big fruit."

She laughed. "The biggest. Many possible mate notice me. Look at chest and healthy hip. Say 'Ulka blessed by spirits. Make many babies for tribe!' But I am huntress. I wish to catch the sharp-toothed cat, herd the hairy tusk beasts. Will not become mate to Selkath."

John grimaced. So *that* was the name of the leering chieftain.

"Maybe. Look, I'm sorry about that."

"You have powerful body. I wish I born man."

"It's pretty good, I won't lie. In my time, women don't *have* to mate."

"My time much harsher. Must do so one day. But hunt first."

"You sound a lot like me. I like to take risks, be bold as well."

The dreams had told Ulka as much, and she grinned in remembrance of them. The climbing of rocks not for desperation, but for fun. The conquest of the great endless lakes on the horizon, but without needing to seek further land to eat from. It sounded amazing, and she relished the idea of trying such in her new body. She told him as much.

John wasn't a fan of hearing it. "Look, I get it. Being a caveman, especially a *cavewoman*, must be hard as hell. But this is my life we're talking about here! We have to swap back."

"But how? No make sense!"

John tried to think, but he was interrupted by the sound of a crude horn and yelling. Ulka's tribespeople were near. At the same time, there was the loud click of a door opening at the entrance of the apartment where Ulka was, followed by a female voice.

"Thought I'd come visit on my lunch break John!" she exclaimed. "I brought an apology pie! Chicken and camembert, your favourite!"

The two displaced individuals panicked. John stood, hastily retying the furskin top and slipping his large breasts inside it. Ulka ran out, trying to reach 'her' clothes too, only to come into contact with Molly.

"Woahhhhh," she said, chuckling. "When I told you to stay, I didn't mean *this* casually! Are you having a shower?"

Ulka was confused. "Sho-wah? What is sho-wah?"

Molly's face fell. "John, this better be a prank."

"What is prank? I no understand."

Molly was instantly hit by fear. John had been off ever since whatever happened at the cave. After the confession about the dreams, about inhabiting a cavewoman's body as a hallucination or whatnot, she had only grown more concerned, though he seemed more interested in going rock climbing or surfing and ignoring their relationship.

"John. Are you okay?"

"I know you! You are Molly!"

"Obviously, John, please-"

I no John. I am . . . I am thinking. Your language . . . hard. I am Ulka. Woman from distant past! John is in my body! He is complaining about my breasts!”

Molly stepped forward, not sure whether to slap him for this cruel prank or to rush to his side and try to get him to a doctor . . . or call an ambulance. But she stopped halfway across the room, and stared instead at the mirror.

Where a strange purple-blue glow was lighting up its surface, and revealing a brown-skinned and very busty woman standing at a right angle away from her, wearing nothing but a two-piece furskin. She was heavily muscled and breathtakingly beautiful, rugged and wild and strong, yet womanly and fertile. Molly had always been a little bi, preferring men but definitely appreciating the odd woman.

This woman’s form was one she *definitely* appreciated.

And then the woman moved, looked ‘down’ at Molly, and gasped.

“Molly! It’s me, John!” she cried.

“What the FUCK!?” Molly yelled, nearly collapsing over. She was immediately caught in a bright light as the crystals belonging to both parties suddenly illuminated, a surge of power expanding through the room and seemingly on this strange other ‘side.’

And then Ulka and John were back in their own bodies, both dealing with an ambush. John turned to Molly, while Ulka turned to face the advancing tribe.

Both would have some explaining to do.

## **Part 5: The Hunt**

It took a long time for Molly to swallow the insanity of it all. John was on the brink of insanity himself trying to grapple with it. Three days later, it was still something they feared could happen again. Obviously he couldn’t go surfing, much to his disappointment. Rock climbing was out as well. In fact, for the next couple of days, he didn’t go much out at all. Molly was glad for it at first, but while she had wanted him to spend time with her, she hadn’t wanted it this way. He made it *very* clear how much he hated the situation, how much he wanted to be conducting his daredevil activities, perhaps even returning to that odd cave to get answers. And his dreams were persisting.

“It’s just so crazy,” she said, as they went to bed together. Once, they would have curled against one another, but he was too distracted. “You’re literally switching places with an ancient prehistoric cavewoman.”

“Yeah. It’s - it’s wild.”

“She has huge tits, too.”

“I know, I felt them. And her tribesmen want to fuck her.”

“I want to fuck her.”

He furrowed his brow. “Don’t say that.”

“Sorry. It’s just . . . it’s still a lot to take in.”

“How do you think I feel, Molly? I just want to be able to fucking surf, but I’m trapped here with you monitoring if I’ll be shot back in time again!”

She turned in bed to face him. “What do you mean *stuck with me*’?”

He rolled his eyes. “You know what I mean.”

“I sure fucking do, John. It was *your* idea to take us to the cave. I enjoyed it, at the time, but I had reservations. It’s your addiction to always chasing thrills and never being able to just settle down and spend quality time with me that’s got you into this!”

“We do spend quality time when we do physical stuff together! And how could I know about a fucking magic crystal?”

“Whatever. I’m going to sleep. We’ll try and help you in the morning, and hopefully you won’t switch again. You just dream about your cavewoman girlfriend.”

“God, Molly, you’re being a bitch. You are the one attracted to her.”

“It was just a damn observation, John. And don’t call me a bitch! Not when you’ve *been one*.”

They went to bed sour, their frustrations genuine but fuelled further by the anxiety over the changes. And just as he had increasingly in the three nights that followed, he dreamed of Ulka.

From what he’d been able to gleam, the cavewoman had postponed any ‘mating’ by making the tribe believe they had angered the ghost god, who had fled her body. Selkath was greatly disappointed, and strangely humbled by this as well. He had lost honour among the tribe, and was attempting to coax the spirit back by taking a softer approach, much to Ulka’s annoyance. At night, when they were both heading to sleep - John in his bed, Ulka on her pile of furs - they could even communicate, literally able to see and hear one another. John could feel her hesitation, her desire to experience his life again, just as she could feel his fear at the same, but also a curiosity to see that wild jungle and see its dangers and thrills. The connection between them was growing stronger, despite the fact that John had not only thrown away his crystal, but had it crushed and thrown in the trash. He suspected she still had her own shard, though he also feared that the connection was now established, and it might not be so easily severed.

“You need to get rid of it,” he said in the mirror the next day, at the same time as she faced the stream. They could see each other now, almost at a whim, in any reflective surface.

"It only thing keep me from becoming normal woman. I learn much form you, during night and day. Of micro-wave and dishes, and the car that drive on road. I learn so much! I wish to see your world again!"

"No!" he replied. "This is my life! You can't take it!"

"Just one switch! I know you enjoy run through jungle. Take risk - hunt sharp-tooth cat!"

"I'm not fucking crazy!"

But the thought did stir in his mind. In fact, it stirred more than a little. The notion of not only coming against dangers and thrills no one on Earth had experienced in literally a million years or so, but doing so with an easy retreat afterwards, was indeed tempting. And sadly, that temptation was all it took. The blinding flash occurred, and they were exchanged.

Just in time for Selkath to emerge from the treeline, startling John, who was looking down in shock at his very female, fertile-looking body.

"I no mean to trouble," Selkath said, holding up his hands. He had placed two spears nearby. "I wish make sorry."

John looked at this man, tall and broad and incredibly powerful, even more than his own strong cavewoman body. He instantly felt that warmth, that tingle of arousal that he had felt both up close and afar with Ulka. As much as she disliked this man, there was no denying he was indeed good looking.

"Fuck, I'm attracted to men in this damn body," he muttered.

Selkath paused, looking at him in a new light. "You have the ghost god."

"*Half so,*" he said, changing to the tribal language. "*I can feel presence.*"

It would be good enough not to make him too excited, though the chieftain still drew near. "I wrong. Too harsh. Your shard, belong to you, not me. You beautiful. Most attractive of tribe women. Thought I deserve mate. But now . . . humbled."

It was a side John almost didn't believe, and yet his expression seemed genuine.

"*Why big change?*" John asked. He looked around, trying to find a good exit, a clear place to run. In the stream, the reflection of Ulka was already gone, having betrayed him and left to explore the future world that fascinated her.

"Grilka say you speak truth. I no wish to anger ghost gods. I wish to say . . . am sorry. Was wrong. You kill two sharp-tooth cat. This means you are hunter. I was angry at success. Wished to claim as my own. You did well."

John could have broken into a great laugh. Despite the fragments of early language form the figure, whose skin was lighter than Ulka's in tone, but not as pale as his regular Caucasian tone, it could have been a sporty college jock apologising to his girlfriend for underestimating her knowledge of the rules of football. People really had not changed in a million years, it seemed.

“Sure, you’re fine. I mean; *That fine. I accept apology.*”

Selkath beamed, and it was surprisingly earnest. He puffed his chest out a little, and again that slight arousal - hell, that *powerful* arousal - made itself known between John’s feminine thighs, and in his firm nipples. My, the chief was strong-looking. The man picked up a spear and tossed it to John. By instinct, he caught it easily.

“You hunt with Selkath?” he asked. There was hope in voice.

“*I no mate.*”

He shook his head. “No wish to.” His eyes panicked. “No! Wish to! But no wish to now. Wish to earn mate. Wish to earn respect of she who holds power. Wish to hunt *with.*”

John nodded, feeling a little more at ease. He’d feel even more so were he not feeling annoyingly attracted to this cave figure.

“*Fine. One hunt. Wish to see sharp-tooth cat.*”

“Also time of migration of hairy tusk beast.”

*That* made John’s eyebrow’s rise. For all his fears about being stuck for a time as Ulka, as a woman out of time alongside a man that desperately wanted to mate him, the idea of seeing a woolly mammoth was *very interesting* indeed.

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Molly was surprised when John walked into the bakery, and even more surprised to see a series of flowers in his hand . . . alongside what looked like carved wooden totems. He was looking about the room with an astonished expression.

“John,” she said when the line cleared, “what are you doing here?” But one look at his eyes, fascinated and wide yet possessing a fierce quality, and she knew it wasn’t John. “Wait, Ulka?”

Ulka nodded. She could barely keep her eyes in one place. She had dreamed of this location several times. One where strange food was prepared from the produce of the ground and made into a variety of shapes, and taste warm and sumptuous. To think that the people of the tomorrow tomorrow world had it so wonderful, it was staggering! And yet, when her eyes met those of the short, pale-skinned girl with brown hair and something called ‘glasses’ upon her eyes, Ulka was captivated in an altogether different way.

“Molly, I come see you,” she said.

“I can see that. Holy shit. Oh my God, this is weird. Uh, I don’t think you should be here, John. Ulka.”

“I bring you gift,” she said. She extended a gathering of flowers - some plucked from the crystal receptacles in the ‘apartment,’ others from gardens she had passed on the way

here. One man had yelled at her, and so she roared at him with the power of the furybeast spirit, and he held still, submitting in fear.

“Oh, this is lovely,” Molly said, taking it gingerly and little awkwardly. But her heart fluttered a little. John had never gotten her such a gift. “What are these . . . things, attached?”

“They are totem. Give good luck. I will explain.”

Molly noticed her manager was coming. “Um, maybe it’s better for you to explain later. We need to talk. I need to figure out what is happening. Why this is happening. Is my boyfriend safe?”

“He is hunting.”

Molly was caught between gasping out of fear and rolling her eyes out of frustration. “Well, it sounds like him. The bastard is probably enjoying it.”

“Bar-stard?”

Molly shook her head. “Look, let’s go for a walk once my shift - my, uh, work - finished. One hour.” She instantly realised the problem with that assessment. She pointed to the clock on the wall. “That is clock. When the little point reaches the one called ‘three’ on the right, then I can talk.”

“I will wait,” Ulka said proudly.”

“Oh, please don’t wait on my -”

“I will wait. I will be under sun.”

She pointed outside, then walked away proudly, loving her masculine form. To Molly’s astonishment, Ulka in John’s body continued to wait, looking with wonder and excitement at everything that passed outside, from the clothes to the trained dogs to the cars and buses on the streets. Ulka was fascinated by it all, and occasionally barked out the word she recognised from John’s vocabulary. Once or twice she stared back into the bakery’s window, seeing Molly provide the life giving sustenance with ease. Truly, she was a mighty woman to perform such a service! Occasionally, she also saw John in the reflection, dashing through the jungle in those moments he leapt over streams and rivers. He was hunting, spear in hand, and alongside him in her body was Selkath, treating him like a partner. It dazzled her, but it reeked also of a mating ritual. Of earning Ulka’s admiration. They were in pursuit of the sharp-toothed cats, and she hoped John would be up to the task.

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John roared, adrenaline coursing through his system as he leapt into the clearing and hurled the spear. His body’s muscle memory allowed it to be well-placed: it struck the sabretooth in

the neck, bleeding it out. He dodged aside, taking advantage of his lithe female body's greater dexterity, missing its deathknell blow. And then it was fallen. Selkath cheered.

"You have kill! It is your! You do well, Ulka!"

He thrust John into a warm embrace, and John was forced to embrace back. He did so willingly anyway, forgetting for a moment that he was an attractive woman, and instead revelling in the joy of the hunt, the kill, the hazard and harm. A small cut was upon his forearm, but otherwise he had been totally successful.

But then his nipples rubbed against the fur lining of his chest, which was pressed against Selkath's own strong pectoral muscles, and John was instantly hit with that spike of attraction again. That burning need to feel something between his legs, in his moist, feminine slit. He looked up into the rugged face of Selkath, and for a moment they stared into one another.

"No!" he exclaimed, pulling back.

"Hmm," Selkath grunted. "Not worthy yet?"

*"No. No worthy! No want you."*

Selkath gave that determined look again, but it was thankfully free of maliciousness. Instead, he grunted again. "We see. I show you grand sight. You rethink maybe. Come."

He gestured forward, and John followed willingly. It was hard to keep his sight off of Selkath's bare back, which positively rippled with muscled and sexy scars. The kind that made his ultra-fertile body tremble with attraction. One thing was clear: Ulka may be a free spirit, but her hormones were off the chart with horniness. She was one lustful cave lady, and it must have taken a herculean will to focus on what she wanted - freedom and choice - over just mating away, especially since a body like hers would have had men of *every* era lusting after it.

Selkath indicated a harsh climb, one that required strength and risk. John chuckled, and impressed the chieftain by easily overtaking him and making it to the top. He could feel the chieftain's eyes upon his large rounded ass and wide, child-bearing hips, but it felt okay to let those eyes wander. After all, he wasn't going to stick around. He was sure of it. They reached the top, and the bodyswapped man grinned at the risk he'd just taken. He hadn't even used any equipment! With one hand, he helped the larger figure up as well.

"*What we see?*" John asked in the tribal speak. But part of him was suspicious. Ulka had heard such tales, he knew from his dreams. But she had never seen what Selkath was about to show him.

"Look," Selkath said, holding back. He parted a curtain of great leaves, and John spluttered, for a moment forgetting how to even take a breath. Before him was the most magnificent sight he'd ever seen.



A great herd of mammoths, in all their hair, long-tusked glory, were moving through the valley below, now even three hundred feet away. They were immense, and with them were numerous mammoth calves. They were migrating, and it was a sight unlike any other.

"It's incredible," John said in his own language. "I've never - holy shit, this is fucking amazing. *This* is a damned payoff! Better than any surf or climb!"

Selkath was silent. His gaze shifted to Ulka's body, and John felt himself blush heavily, particularly as his black hair tossed in the wind, making him no doubt look like a wild beauty of the jungle straight from one of Molly's pulpy novels.

"*What you think of?*" he asked eventually.

"You not Ulka. You *are* ghost god."

John nodded slowly. Selkath was not exceptionally bright, but he was not stupid.

"*You right. Me ghost god in Ulka. She in my body elsewhere.*"

Selkath's jaw dropped. "You . . . you like realm?" He indicated to the gorgeous jungle environment around them, the mammoths making their way north in their great herd.

"*I like. I like very. But cannot stay. Must return.*"

Selkath appeared momentarily in deep thought, or at least trying to enter deep thought. "Selkath wrong of many things. Wrong about Blessed Ulka. Wrong about shard. Will no wrong again. Will you return again? Hunt with Selkath?"

It was an offer too tempting to resist. John felt the pull of another world upon him, and saw that Ulka's own shard nestled within his current bosom was lighting up with power. He'd intended to destroy it, but after this grand experience . . .

"*I return,*" he said. "*But come back, to hunt. Few more times.*"

Selkath beamed.

And then John was gone.

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Ulka and Molly walked through the park, chatting excitedly. Molly couldn't believe how enthusiastic and passionate the cavewoman in her boyfriend's body was, nor how quickly she was learning. It was astonishing! More than that, there were the tales of her life, her hardships after losing her family and being taken by another tribe, and warding off males. Molly was overwhelmed by the explanations of the carvings she had made (even if amused that they had been carved by breaking the leg of a chair, of which Ulka had deemed there were too many anyway).

"This totem bring - brings - good luck. This tome brings strength in bad time. Times. And this tome," she said, gesturing to one that had been crudely carved in the shape of a woman, "is beauty totem."

"It ensures I'll become beautiful, I'm guessing," Molly said with a chuckle.

But Ulka frowned, stopped, and shook her head slowly. "No, all wrong. It ensures that you *stay* beautiful. You keep your great beauty."

Molly stood stock still as a deep red blush crept over her cheeks. "Th-thank you. Wow. Okay. Even with your admittedly poor English that's . . . yeah. John never talks to me quite like that."

"He love you."

"Eh, I thought he did. I think he *likes* me. I love him, sometimes."

He should love you. You make great gifts."

Molly raised an eyebrow until it clicked. "Oh, the bakery food? Anyone could do that."

Ulka shook her head. "None can do that where I from. You are most special. You should be proud of your gift. I am in awe."

Molly chuckled, blushing again. "You know, this is kinda nice. I don't have a lot of women friends. I mean, you're a man, I guess. But you're sort of a woman, now."

"I wish I were not woman. Much prefer this body. Not made to make children, natural strength. Also, prefer virile manhood."

Molly had just brought a coffee to her lips when suddenly she practically ejected it from her mouth. "Whoa! Okay. I mean, yeah, I guess you would have had a play."

"Mhm. John is most virile. Impressive in girth."

Molly broke into laughter, and Ulka joined her, despite not quite understanding it all.

"Oh man, you just can't say that, Ulka. This is so crazy. I'm talking to a million year old cavewoman. Besides, you're one to talk about virility. I saw those knockers."

It was Ulka's turn to become confused, until Molly made a gesture over her chest like two great boulders. "Ah, breast. I understand. Much too big. Ripeness sign of fertility, but do not wish make babies, not yet. This why being John for a time is a blessing. Also learning so much. And also," she looked meaningfully at Molly and placed a firm hand on her shoulder. The other woman stopped, looking up at the figure of Ulka in John's body. Ulka rested her other hand on Molly's hip, and the other woman breathed a little quicker, shocked by both the intensity of Ulka's gaze as well as the fierce loyalty she seemed to exude. Far greater than the flakey presence John so often gave.

"A-also what?" Molly stuttered.

"Also, meeting you, Molly. You are beautiful. Deserving of loyal mate by your side."

"Woo! Okay, wow, you are full-on. Um, John is loyal. Well, sort of. I mean . . . I guess not. But I want him to be. He's probably panicking right now."

Ulka shook her head. She was nothing if not honest. "He is relishing hunt."

Molly sagged a little, only for Ulka to take her chin and lift it up so that their faces were nearly touching. "You deserve loyal mate," she repeated.

The tug, the pull of her world returned. It annoyed her - she wished to stay longer with Molly and know more of this time. More than that, her manhood was erect, straining at her 'pants', desiring the small yet beautiful form of Molly, to take her as Selkath wanted Ulka. But it was not to be, the light began to grow.

"I am leaving," she explained.

"Will you be back?"

"I must. I will find way. Wish to walk with you again."

Molly nodded, heart fluttering once more. And then there was a small flash that few would have even noticed, perhaps even her were she not close to it. She placed the totems in her pocket, clutching them.

And John was back, smiling brightly.

"You'll never believe what I just got up to!" he exclaimed, laughing. He pulled his hands away from Molly and began to pace, spilling out a story of sabretooth tigers and mammoths. She simply listened, trying not to shed tears. In his own way, he'd managed to indulge in his extreme sports anyway, and once more without a care for staying with her.

She clutched the totems Ulka had given her within her pocket, determined to keep them a warm secret between the two of them.

## **Part 6: Trading Places**

The bodyswapping across time did not stop. In fact, it began to happen with increasing regularity. Between the two of them, Ulka and John realised it was occurring partly as a result of their desire, a sort of being 'in tune' with the shards. Destroying his own had not been enough, evidently: somehow, the shard's essence was within his system, as he continued to dream of Ulka. But since she maintained her shard, her connection was stronger. When either desired to experience part of that 'other life', even subconsciously, the possibility of change grew and grew and grew, until finally there was no stopping it. Then *WHAM*, they were in one another's bodies for several hours, or longer.

Ulka continued to love being one of the so-called 'ghost gods' in the modern age. Her mind was like a sponge, taking in everything, and Molly was her minder as she absorbed it all. In the following weeks of learning, she was treated to further walks through nature, a trip to the cinema (that nearly ended with her trying to wreck the silver screen when a monster appeared), and even a shopping trip. As strange as the situation was, Molly was ecstatic to not only have a new friend who showed such genuine interest in her, particularly her side hobby of painting (she was a cave woman after all: paintings were important), but one that seemed steady and reliable in a way that John was not.

John, in turn, disliked having to be stuck in a female body, particularly one so utterly voluptuous. Still, his time as a wild barbarian cave woman came with the greatest joys he'd ever known, beyond any caving exercise or rock climbing or abseiling or whatnot. The young man roared with pleasure as he hunted sabre-toothed tigers, tracked great aurochs, and climbed great mountains and descended into the maws of chasms to perform important ritual rites. Selkath was increasingly by his side, and while the lust of his female body was a terrible distraction sometimes, it did mean he had a 'spotter' of sorts, and someone to vouch for the fact that a 'ghost god' was inhabiting Ulka's body, which allowed him leeway with the tribe. It did mean, however, that he had to complete the tribe's various rites to become a full-blooded huntress. And while he would have preferred to have been in the body of a male hunter, he was still eager to prove himself. So much so, in fact, that it was all he could talk about when back in his own body with Molly. It made his girlfriend yearn for a return of Ulka, who showed such great affection. She knew it wouldn't be too long either.

It was something all of them realised, and weren't quite sure how to confront: the body switching was lasting longer and longer each time it occurred, and the time between switches less and less. It wasn't enormously dramatic yet, but whereas initially John and Ulka had switched after again after a week, then after four days, they were now switching every two-to-three days. Instead of lasting several hours, they now remained in the other's body for nearly twelve by the fifth week of experiences. And while each was learning fascinating things about the other's life, and also dreaming of each other's experiences, they were also confused as to where it was all going.

"Look, it's fun, I won't lie," John said. "Yes, I've got to put up with having a pussy-"

"Sharp-tooth cats are no pussy," Ulka said into the river-mirror.

"No, I mean your womanhood. It's . . . another name for it. I'm just saying we need to work out a way to undo this. If the swaps keep getting longer, it won't be too long before I'm stuck as you for a full day."

Ulka grinned. "Could be fun. Could dream in your body of mine."

John sighed. The nervousness he'd been feeling lately came over his heart, making it beat faster. "Don't even joke, Ulka. What if we end up switching so often that you end up in my body longer than you end up in your own?"

She shrugged. "Could be destiny. I am more man than woman, and you have been great huntress. Nearly as good as I, but much better with Selkath. He still likes me, but knows I am not 'his mate.'"

John shuddered. Mating was often on his mind when in her body, but when he was back in his own he realised how much Ulka's hormones were responsible. He understood why she could be so fierce and strong-minded: she was constantly suppressing that incredible libido in pursuit of her true desires.

“Next time we switch, I’ll destroy the shard.”

“You won’t! You can’t!”

“I have to,” he said. “I’ve seen such amazing things, and if we could control this, I’m sure we’d have a lot of fun. But I’m scared as shit of how this will end if we keep changing. And speaking of fun, you’ve been having far too much in my body. Molly is fucking cold to me every time I’m with her, and yet she can’t stop bitching about perfect you are. Ulka this! Ulka that! It’s like you’re trying to steal my fucking life.”

Ulka narrowed her eyes. “You should be more loyal to Molly. She is a great mate, but you abandon her. Run off.”

“Pfft, like you don’t want the same freedom!”

“NEVER!” she shouted, and both were surprised by her depth of feeling. “I would never leave her. She has passion. She likes freedom also. But wishes to have freedom *with* you. It is the same of any mate I wish to have. Were I to stay you, I would love my freedom, but I would also be loyal to Molly.”

Another shiver came down John’s spine.

“Molly is *my* girlfriend,” he said.

“Not for long,” Ulka replied, before walking away.

John was left alone in the bathroom, wondering just what the fuck that meant. It almost sounded ominous, and yet Ulka was hard to read. So straightforward that she was like a brick wall, in a way.

“This shit is just too weird,” he said. “Fuck! What the hell have I gotten myself into?”

He kicked himself for indulging in the past. It had just been . . . too tempting. Too powerful. Too enticing to his thrillseeking. But now his actual life was slowly dissolving. He moved to the bedroom, where Molly was reading. It was a book on ancient prehistoric societies. He scoffed.

“Really? You’re reading about *her*?”

“I thought it might let me understand her more,” she replied.

“Sure. You two really get along, huh? But it’s *my* fucking body.”

Molly gave him a sympathetic look. “I’m trying to make the best of a bad situation, babe. I don’t know what to do. I feel so powerless. But at least Ulka isn’t running headlong into this other world.”

“Oh, she *wants* to, alright. She wants this life.”

“Can you blame her? Think of the age she lives in.”

“Well, what if I get stuck there? What about me?”

She rolled her eyes. “Obviously I don’t want you to end up there for good, but you’ve been talking about how great it is nonstop.”

“Yeah, before I was getting stuck there! With the hot caveman.”

They both stopped.

“I mean, the caveman. It’s just Ulka’s body.”

“Sure.”

“I mean it.”

“I said sure,” she said. “Look, just smash the crystal. You should have done it ages ago when this all got figured out. Instead I’m the one who has to deal with two people in the same body, and a boyfriend who would literally rather be a million years in the past than commit to a fucking relationship.”

“This isn’t about you, Molly.”

“It never is,” she said. “I’m going to sleep.”

“Look, Molly.” He moved to touch her, but she pulled away. It was like he’d been stabbed in the heart.

“Not now,” she said, features softening. “Just . . . not now, John. I need time to think, and you need time to work this all out. Let’s just sleep.”

He nodded. “Okay.” The light went out, and they went into bed together, but both apart within it. John closed his eyes, and as he drifted closer to sleep, his anxieties slowly melting, he began to see and feel and experience a sort of afterimage of what Ulka was going through. She was moving in the darkness of the cave, holding the hand of someone. Someone bigger than her. She was taking him to a private spot just beyond the cave’s lip, where the full moon shone upon them in the warm air, and where many furs had been laid out. Her heart pulsed, full of arousal and lust, and she lay upon the furs, taking off her own fur clothing so that her perfect body was naked, the moonlight illuminating its occasional scar. Delicately, she indicated for the other figure to join her, to lie against her back and spoon her, cupping her breasts gently. She gasped, exhaling.

“Not yet,” she said in her language. “We wait. He will come. For now, feel me.”

John bit his lip. The feelings were wonderful. It was like he was almost there. His own member hardened, and he could feel a recursive loop of desire: as her lust grew, Ulka was projecting her own arousal into the future, imagining Molly moaning beneath her. It made John doubly aroused, his member hard as rock.

And it was at that moment, as a bright light began to envelop his vision, that he realised *exactly* what Ulka had just done.

“N-no! That bi-”

In a flash, he was not in his body anymore. He was in the arms of a strong tribal chieftain named Selkath, whose own immense cock was hard between John’s fleshy cheeks, his tough hands upon John’s melon-sized breasts. He writhed in pleasure, his body overwhelmed by need like it had never been consumed.

“Oh G-God!” he moaned, his own language signalling to Selkath that the ‘ghost god’ had come. “F-fuck! She t-tricked me! OOHhhhhh . . .”

His lust only rose as Selkath huffed with pleasure at this news, and began to knead those incredible breasts.

No.

*Her lust rose.*

And it needed filling.

## **Part 7: Mated**

John moaned in Ulka’s body. The big, melon-sized breasts upon his cavewoman body were incredibly sensitive, and it didn’t help that Selkath, the caveman tribal chief, had brutish hands large enough to caress them in full. No, that wasn’t true. Ulka’s tits were *far* too big for that. But his hands were large enough to make John whine with pleasure.

“F-fuuuuuck, oh G-God. She g-got all aroused, damn that b-bitch!”

Selkath was behind him, occasionally running one hand over John’s incredibly shapely hip, down to squeeze his ass. It made him groan in arousal. His pussy was so damn damp, he couldn’t believe it. His juices were sliding down his thick, muscular thighs, as if already anticipating the entrance of this tribal chief. It was wrong.

It was so fucking *right*.

“*You ghost god now,*” Selkath grunted, kissing John’s neck forcefully as the former man’s wild black hair fell to one side. “*You come to me.*”

“*Y-yes, I here,*” he muttered, the cavespeak returning to his lexicon easily. He could sense Ulka’s presence. She was still somewhat here. There had to be a mirrored surface, even in this torchlight. “*What - ahhh - happening?*”

“*We have hunted. We have made bone. Now mate. You and I, mates.*”

As if to emphasise his words, he squeezed her right tit, which was weighing on the other one since she was lying on her left side. Her enormous dark nipple became rock-hard, lightning bolts of bliss coursing down into her body each time the large brutish figure teased at it, pinched it, ran his thumb over that areola. He realised he had almost slipped into the ‘she/her’ pronoun for a moment, and pulled back from that mental edge.

“*N-no. Trap. Ulka trap me.*”

“*This is way. Mate is caught, and submits.*”

John realised that this was not some threat, but a kind of practice of the tribe. In Selkath’s view, John had been ‘won’ through guile and trickery with Ulka’s help, and this

made him worthy of becoming John's mate. In his view, John would respect this. John would want this. The worst part was, he might well be right. The feelings were too damn good, and his swapped body *ached* to be filled.

*"I am man. No w-woman."*

*"You woman now. Essence here woman."*

As if to emphasise, the barbarian pressed his own nakedness more firmly against John, so that his enormous cock parted his cheeks slightly. He lowered one arm down to rub the cavewoman's pussy, and the wetness that met his touch made John groan.

*"OOhhhhhh God that f-feels good! Why does she have to b-be soooo horny!"*

He writhed his body against Selkath's, feeling that big cock even more firmly. He couldn't help but reach a hand back to caress his male lover, and Selkath made a grunting sound of approval.

*"You bless with ghost god words."*

*"N-no - ahhh! I need. I need!"*

It was impossible to deny. Ulka's body was already incredibly fertile, as if made for breeding. With her sensitive, huge breasts, her wide hips, her soft brown skin, her huge ass, she was a vision. But *being* in the body revealed just how suited it was for mating, and that's exactly what John's mind feverishly needed in that moment. To be mated.

*"Need!"* he repeated. *"In me! Hurry!"*

With his immense strength, Selkath easily lifted John's own muscular form. There was something so fucking *primal* about it that made him even more aroused.

*"I take you now,"* he said. *"Now I earn. I finally worthy."*

*"Y-you are! You worthy!"*

John would have said anything about Selkath if it would mean the burly caveman would fuck him. Selkath lifted the cavewoman to her feet, and positioned her against the cave wall, facing away from him. It was the archetypal caveman's position: to take his woman from behind, while still having access to the fruits of her chest. John knew this, and knew that he was almost at the point of no return, but he didn't want to stop it now. He had no willpower to fight it. He spread his legs, adjusted his stance so that his wide hips could be taken on either side by Selkath's hands, and so that his *rondure* behind stuck out prominently. His large melons dangled a little, wobbling heavily, but he knew that Selkath would soon cup them like fruits of triumph.

*"Mate me!"* she begged. And in that moment, she was a *she*. There was no denying it, especially once Selkath grasped her hips and pressed his enormous cock against her entrance. She looked back to see him in the torchlight, and saw that he was like a great beast, strong and mighty and utterly determined to breed her and make her his. It was too



arousing a sight, too right in all its wrongness. She looked back to the cavewall and closed her eyes.

And then squealed as he entered her.

“OOhhhhhhhh! Y-yessssss!” she cried, switching back to ‘ghost god’ talk. His cock was huge, at least it felt so as he continued to slowly but surely slide it into her wet depths. Her vagina clamped down upon it, so that it massage his girth, allowing it to press against her numerous pleasure nerves.

“Mmhmmphh! More! D-Deeper!”

“*Ghost god pleased.*”

“*V-very! Very b-big!*”

“*Worthy of ghost god. Worthy of ghost goddess.*”

He thrust quicker, causing her to almost spasm. It was like being split in two, being impaled upon a rod, only instead of pain it was utter pleasure. There was a moment of tension, and then what must have been her hymen split, allowing him full access. She groaned at its tearing, the brief discomfort and stinging quickly overwhelmed by an unbelievable horniness. She couldn’t believe she was letting herself be fucked by a caveman’s big dick, but in that moment she wanted nothing else.

It got even better when he started thrusting.

He started slowly, surprisingly gentle given his nature. The changes that had taken place in him, the humility he had gained since being wrong about Ulka, and the respect he had for the ‘ghost god’ John, must have made him cautious, because he was clearly focusing on maximising her pleasure as well. He pressed his chest against her back, and began to massage one of her dangling, bouncing tits.

“MMhhnn! Yes! K-keep doing that! You can go faster. *Faster! Mate faster!*”

“*Mhm. Ready,*” was his entire reply.

She knew what he meant: he was indeed ready to do so, aching for it just as much as she was. He thrust faster, and she bucked her hips to meet his advance. Her vaginal muscles gripped him, her wetness clinging to him. This wasn’t a dance. This wasn’t like when he had sex with Molly, and the foreplay was gentle, and the sex was a delicate exchange between the two of them. No, this was something that - to his horror and joy - was *far* better. It was *animal*. Primal. Savage. It was the base act of sex distilled down to its most primitive and glorious components, and it made her let loose an animalistic howl of ecstasy as he fucked her again and again.

“MMhmm! Ahh! Yes! Yes! Yessssss! Fuck me! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! I want to cum! I want to feel what it’s like to - NNGHHH!!!

It was over far too quickly, but then an eternity wouldn’t have been long enough. Suddenly Selkath gripped her like a powerful bear, pressing his weight against her so that

only her terrified strength held them from collapsing against the wall. His hands squeezed her enormous breasts one final time, fingers sinking into the soft flesh in a way that made her cry out, and then his balls tightened against the entrance to her tunnel. She knew what was coming, and it frightened and fascinated her all at once.

“AAAAGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

It was an immense roar, like that of a great lion. It was accompanied by an ejaculation worthy of such a beast. John could only buck her hips a little more, sliding up and down on his still-rigid cock as spurt after spurt after damn spurt of caveman sperm poured into her in great jets. It was warm and sticky, and it felt like it was coming in a torrent straight for her womb.

“Mmhm! OOHhh! OH! YES! OHHHH!!!”

It was enough to make her final come as well. She slid up and down on that huge rod a couple more times before her body squirmed sensationally. The orgasm was so much different from a man’s. It was not an earthquake, but a slowly coursing wave that swept through her, annihilating all other sensation as it rose and rose. And then, just as it reached its peak, she flung her head back again, wild black hair whipping about, as a second orgasm hit her. Followed finally by a third. Selkath gripped her face, loomed over her so that he kissed her from the side, turning her neck to face him. She locked her lips with his as he continued to pump his cum inside her.

It was minutes afterwards that he finally disentangled himself. Even the feeling of his great girth sliding out of her made her squeak a little in unexpected deliriousness.

“Holy shit,” she murmured, collapsing to the ground in a quivering mess. “Holy shit. That was amazing. Holy shit.”

Selkath moved her to the thick fur blanket, closer to the fire.

*“Ghost goddess please?”*

*“Y-yes. Ghost goddess great pleased. Very great pleased.”*

*“Mhm. Then we are finally mates.”*

He pressed himself against her, enveloping her. For as strong and muscular and barbarian as Ulka’s body was, Selkath still dwarfed her. She snuggled against him, coming down from that immense high. She couldn’t believe what she’d just done.

*He couldn’t believe.*

His male and female self warred within him, but it was impossible to deny that while he was in Ulka’s body, *she* was female, and could see herself no other way. But still, she had just allowed herself to be fucked. She had allowed a man to come inside her. And she had loved it. What was wrong with her? Was it the taboo? The secret thrill? Or was it just Ulka’s machinations. The woman was full of guile, and had played John like a fiddle, not that she knew what a fiddle was.

But John was too tired and lost in pleasure to work up hatred towards the real Ulka, nor to be so aghast at what she'd just done. She was naked, and sweaty, and so was her mate, and his comfort was immense. She began to nod off, particularly once he pulled a fur blanket over them both. His member was at her ass again, albeit flaccid now. Part of her relished the notion of it being hard against her cheeks again. But for now, she needed to sleep.

The last thing she saw before she entered a dreamy state of unconsciousness was Ulka in John's body, reflected in a pool of water beneath the torchlight, a thin smile on her lips.

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Molly was growing frustrated, and Ulka was doing her best to comfort her.

"How could he be gone several days now!? This is ridiculous! Doesn't he give a shit about me anymore?"

Ulka sat beside Molly upon the sofa in the living room, knowing *exactly* what was happening to John in her body. She could feel it occasionally, like a tribal drum being played on the distant horizon. He was being mated, again and again, by Selkath, and despite his occasional horror at this fact, he was also *loving* it. Addicted to it. She knew she should feel bad about manipulating him into that position, but she didn't. The man she once saw as a ghost-god was not worthy of Molly, and treated her poorly. Ulka, on the other hand, was increasingly there for Molly's needs, providing a warm shoulder for her to cry upon. They were having food together, seeing sights of the city together. Molly had even taken her to a grand building called a museum, and Ulka had laughed at how wrong the cave exhibits were about her lifestyle. It gave her time not only to become closer to this amazing future woman, but also to see and understand everything around her, and to gain more and more of John's knowledge. Already, she had delighted in working the toaster, and the microwave was increasingly falling under her dominion. And while the television had to be replaced after her initial accident, the 'programs' upon it were astonishing.

"He still cares," Ulka intoned, working her male vocal chords more easily now, and also avoiding the 'caveman speak' that Molly initially found quite amusing. "But he in past. I mean, he is *in* the past."

"Good use of the preposition," Molly laughed. Ulka raised an eyebrow, but she gestured casually. "Don't bother. It's a language thing. It was a compliment."

"Then I will smile at the compliment, for I know you give them meaningfully," Ulka said. "You are a good woman, Molly. I know you are not a ghost goddess, but I still struggle not to believe it."

Molly blushed, and Ulka delighted in it. Not only was it adorable, and made Ulka's member stiffen in John's body, but it told her that she'd hit the mark for compliments.

"Thank you, Ulka. That means a lot. This whole thing is just so crazy! I mean, my boyfriend swapping places with a lady from a million years ago! What is he even doing in the past? God, he must be so scared. Can he get back?"

Ulka gave a low nod. "The crystal lets us change places. But it is harder to control now, since he destroyed his. Mine is still in past, but it is connected to me essence. Er, *my* essence. So he struggles to use it, I think."

"I guess that makes sense," Molly said. "God, I feel so guilty. I told him to destroy it! Would him destroying it in the past help?"

"No idea," she said. "May strand him, perhaps."

"Shit. I don't want that. I want him back. But maybe he's not scared. Maybe he's just enjoying hunting more monsters. Is it possible for you to check on him? In the mirror, I mean?"

Ulka nodded. She stood, and walked to the bathroom for some privacy, where she could see her body in the mirror. The sensations of sex had ended, and John was intertwined with Selkath out on the jungle floor. Clearly, the chief had been fucking the displaced man again. Taming his 'ghost goddess.' The end result was the two of them panting, him pulling out of her. Ulka's cock stiffened at the sight. She never could have imagined being turned on by her own body, but while in John's it was easy to see why so many of her tribesmen wanted her, particularly Selkath. Her breasts were heavy fruit, her hips made for bearing children, and her muscle tone impressive. With each heavy breath, her chest rose and fell dramatically, as if to entice every mile in visual range. She smirked, imagining Molly in that same post. How she longed to see that gorgeous woman like that.

"Y-you!" John said, suddenly. Selkath had gone to fill their waterskins and ward off any nearby creatures, giving them a moment of privacy. Ulka was looking down on John, and it took her a moment to realise that the water reflection this time was through a gentle waterfall.

"Hello *Ulka*," Ulka teased.

"I'm not Ulka."

"You look like a mate, right now."

"Oh, har har! I see you're getting better at English. Absorbing more of my knowledge!"

"Just as you have taken mine. But you have used more than than. You know how to use a woman's body better than I did."

"Fuck you!" he spat. "It's all your fault. This body is so damn horny."

"I am well aware," she replied. "I had to deal with it all my life, remember?" It felt powerful, to have command of a greater language that could deal with so many inflections and insinuations. "You have only had it for a short time, but I see you don't have the will I did." She grinned, more at her successful use of a contraction than what she'd actually said.

"You trapped me," John replied, in that husky cavewoman voice he now had. "You got me in bed with Selkath, made sure I was horny as all hell, then somehow used the crystal. How did you use it?"

"I focused," she replied. "I can't explain it. It's synced to me."

"Why can't I use it? I'm in your body! I've had enough of this. The chief won't leave me alone. We've fucked several more times and I can't damn resist him. Even all the dinosaur hunts in the world aren't worth this humiliation!"

Ulka knew there was a slight deception there. He *had* enjoyed the sex, deeply in fact. And the risk of the hunt, of the exploration of the wilds, had John feeling alive. She knew this because of their link, and how they could sense one another.

"You do not - don't - have my essence," she explained. "I think this is how it works. So when the change comes, it is . . . volatile? Unpredictable? The words are hard, but this is what I think."

"But the changes are getting longer! It started out as minutes, then it became hours. I've been you for several fucking days now! And I know you're feeling attracted to Molly. You're not allowed to touch her."

Ulka didn't reply to that. Of course, it made sense; their connection went two ways after all. John would have to suspect something. It made her feel guilty.

"I'm sorry. I will do nothing that she does not want. I swear on my life."

"Good," he said, seemingly mollified. "Because I want my life back. I mean, switching has been fun. Maybe if we can work it out in time as a regular thing. You know, you can go see *Jurassic Park*, I see a triceratops sort of thing."

Ulka smirked. She had liked that movie, though it did terrify her. Molly had shown it to her, and had also comforted her, and laughed when Ulka pointed out that the lack of feathers made the creatures look 'bald.'

"If we can, perhaps that would be good," she replied. "But I do not want to be Selkath's mate. I prefer life here."

"Well, you're not taking my life. I'm still John."

"But what if the times get longer?" she asked.

That gave John momentary, terrified pause. "What do you mean?"

"Well, it would mean soon you would be like me: spending just a little time as John, and a lot as Ulka."

His horrified expression said all. "That's not going to happen."

“It might already. You are adapting to being a cavewoman well, at least.”

“Don’t joke about this!”

“It’s not joke. Enjoy your hunt. I will take care of your life until you return, don’t worry. Remind Selkath that he is not to mate with me, just the ‘ghost god’ when it is in my body.”

John scowled, but the vision was distorted as Selkath approached from the wild, naked and glorious and clutching a spear. Ulka felt John’s sudden attraction spike, much to his clear humiliation. But by that point, Ulka was walking away, returning to sit next to Molly.

“Well?” she asked. “What did he say? Does he need me?”

Ulka realised that it wasn’t even manipulation: John really had shown no concern for Molly at all in their exchange.

“I’m sorry, he didn’t much mention you. He is . . . hunting.”

Molly sagged. In a moment of daring, Ulka placed her arm around the woman. Molly didn’t fight it, and nuzzled against her boyfriend’s body’s chest.

“At least I have you, Ulka. God, is it crazy to say I’m glad you came into my life? At least I have one reliable friend.”

It gave Ulka an idea. Something modern that she’d been absorbing, a future person thing that was not unlike the walk to the fireflowers young mates took in her time. Here, they called it a ‘date.’

“Molly, I am sorry about all this. I wish to make you feel better. Why do not we go to dinner tonight?”

Ulka beamed. “That . . . that sounds incredible, Ulka.”

## **Part 8: Replaced**

John moaned in ecstasy as she spread her legs wide. She was by the fire flowers, which were of some apparent significance to the tribe, though she did not know what yet. It had been nearly four days since she had been stuck in Ulka’s body, and no tampering with the crystal, or thinking on certain experiences, or wishing on a shooting star had changed her back. Instead, she’d been forced to live with the tribe, walk with Selkath, talk with Hagra - Ulka’s best friend - and in general be visibly seen and held and fucked as the chieftain’s mate. It was torturous and wonderful, but for all the pleasure her male pride was continually humiliated by her female sexual needs. She simply *had* to return to her body, fast.

The only respite she received was the joy of exploration, of danger, of hunting. She had been nicked quite badly by a pterodactyl’s talons, leaving a future scar across her lower back. Selkath was pleased; such a thing was a mark of a true hunter, especially since she

had successfully down the beast with a hurled spear. It had been more magnificent than any conquest, but she in turn had been conquered shortly after Selkath attended to her wounds, when the chieftain - member stirring from the sight of her triumph - pressed her back to the ground, had her spread her legs, and fucked her with his caveman cock. She had given in willingly, as she always did. There was a hint of the taboo in the action, an exciting shiver of doing something daring, even though she knew it was wrong.

“Y-yes!” she continued to cry, and she knew that Selkath loved this ‘ghost goddess word’, since it clearly signalled her pleasure. “Faster! F-faster! Come inside me already! NNGHH!!!!:

The strength of her body was something to behold. It was hard to tell when she switched places, due to the difference in both eras, but she was certain that Ulka’s body was actually even buffer and tougher than John’s. Well, for now: Ulka was making sure to go to the gym in John’s stead, and pushing her male body to the limits. But during sex, the virility of Selkath and her own thigh strength made for a perfect union, and it was impossible not to moan in her hot, husky voice as he kneaded her big, ripe tits.

*“Good mate. Breed. Make strong baby.”*

And there it was, the thing that John feared. As fun as Ulka’s body and timeline was, the fact that condoms and birth control did not exist in this prehistoric time also gave her cause to be anxious. Selkath wasn’t subtle about wanting to get Ulka’s body pregnant. He believed a ‘ghost god’ child would be endowed with great power, knowledge, and good fortune. He longed for John to bear him children, now that they were officially ‘mates’ in the eyes of the tribe. John could only hope that she and Ulka would swap back for good, and she would be left with the ‘wonderful news’ if pregnancy did occur.

Not that other women of the tribe did not celebrate the possibility. Hagra, Ulka’s much shorter friend, was ecstatic. It could not be all hunting and fucking and exploring and escaping; now that Mother Grilka had confirmed to the tribe that a ghost-god inhabited Ulka’s fine body, she was treated strangely by the tribe. Some were wary, others almost worshipful. The men who had clearly once been predators were now in fits of apologies to her, as if she were a queen, and Selkath paraded that fact in front of them too. But the shaman woman and fellow elders were also adamant that a ghost-god - while having wisdom and power of their own - needed to be tamed by the tribal culture’s own learning. And so, upon return from another hunt, John was press ganged into involving herself in the women’s weaving and treatment of furs, guided by Grilka and Hagra. The latter continued to pepper Ulka with questions.

*“Ulka no dead?”*

*“No. She . . . elsewhere.”*

*“In ghost god world?”*

She grunted in the affirmative, feeling an intense jealousy and bitterness.

*"What she doing now?"*

*"No know. But something . . . happy."*

Hagra smiled. *"I glad. Want friend happy. But also happy know ghost goddess."*

Ulka gave a thin smirk. *"Thank, friend,"* she said. And the sentiment was meant, even if the actual weaving and care of the reeds and the treatment of the furs were the farthest thing from fun for her. Hagra was a good woman, and John could see why Ulka liked her. Unfortunately, she was also quite the 'girly girl', if there could even be such a thing in caveman prehistory.

*"I happy Ulka happy,"* she said. *"Want you make baby with Selkath. Strong for tribe. Become good mother."*

John winced. *"I no want that."*

But Hagra just giggled. *"Time, time. You will! Is good feeling, bear child. Painful, but good! Want another. Want more."*

She already had two, which made John astonished. Childbirth could be a total death sentence in this age! Let alone the issues of infection! Who would actually *want* to be pregnant.

It was something he needed to consider when next Selkath came onto her.

"I better change back soon," she said to herself.

*"No ghost god speak. Just us now!"* Hagra said, ribbing her friend as they weaved.

John just sighed and got to work.

*"You lot like Ulka still,"* Hagra joked.

*"No. Nothing like,"* John said. Though she feared she was slipping into her life a little too easily after four days. It was time to go back already.

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Molly blushed at Ulka's compliments. The two were on a night walk, having gotten dinner together. It had been . . . interesting, to say the least. For the both of them, in fact. While Ulka was getting used to the modern age and quickly gaining knowledge on it, there was no denying that it was still so overwhelming in ways, and none so more than the ready availability of food. The woman in Molly's boyfriend's body was wide-eyed with astonishment as she regarded the selection of Chinese food at the restaurant, which were beyond anything she'd ever tasted. Some of it was simply too flavourful, but other parts - such as the dumplings - made her practically salivate. She'd made a show of how much she appreciated the food, but her manners were something Molly had to quickly work on correcting: burping



was not considered a way of showing appreciation for a good meal in the modern age, after all.

Still, both felt like there was something a little electric in the air as they walked through the city, and made their way into the gorgeous surroundings of the park. Ulka moved with a kind of cautious awareness that bespoke her past as a cavewoman always on alert, but Molly noticed that her body was always positioned to protect her, not Ulka.

"You don't have to keep doing that, you know," she said. "It's sweet, but I don't need protection."

Ulka relaxed a little. "Not used to all this. A jungle in the middle of a tribe - uh, city. You have captured nature like I would capture the sharp-teeth cats in netting. I wait for predators to hunt me, but nowhere. This place you have built is truly a marvel."

"I didn't build it. I'm just a nobody, really. Just studying and learning and baking to make money to get by."

It was then that Ulka stopped, and quickly turned Molly around to face her directly. "No, that is not true," she said with an intensity in her eyes. "You have done many great things. You know so much, and the food you make . . . it is beyond anything I can imagine."

"Oh, that's not true."

"I would never lie to you, Molly. I swear it by the ancestors."

Molly bit her lip. Again, that electricity in the air returned. For a moment, the pair's gazes lingered on one another. Ulka felt a desire to kiss this woman, to make her her mate. It made her feel less a woman, and more of a true man, one who would protect his mate and keep her safe, and even . . .

"Ulka," Molly whispered, drawing closer. "We - we shouldn't."

Ulka's arms came around her. "I am here. He is not. By his choosing."

"I - I know. John has issues. But he's a good man. I wish he could commit more, and put my needs above his -"

"Your needs should always come first. If I were your mate, you would never be alone."

Molly trembled. The pair closed a little more. Both were breathing heavily, and there was a hint of arousal now enjoining them. A desire for one another that had crossed time and space. Ulka wanted nothing more than to mate this woman right here in the park, though she knew by future standards it was not to be done.

However, they were interrupted by someone yelling.

"Hey, romance, fellas! Don't ya just love a good romance, especially on a dark night with no one else around."

The pair pulled apart, and Ulka instinctively went to raise a fist and stone knife that wasn't there. Instead, she raised her fists, stepping in front of Molly to protect her as three men advanced, all of them looking mean.

“Oh, this is hilarious,” their dark-haired leader said. “You gonna fight me, dude? Well, you look a bit tough, I’ll admit. But it looks like you’ve just got your hands. Whereas / . . .”

He drew a long, rather terrifying looking knife. As did one of his friends. The other brought out what appeared to be a bat of some kind. Ulka knew it was connected to a sport, but couldn’t name it at that moment.

“C’mon Ulka, let’s go!” Molly begged.

“Not without your wallets, ladies,” one of them said, not realising how actually correct that statement was. “And watches. And maybe a kiss from the cute girl in the glasses.”

Molly gasped. But Ulka was steady.

“No,” she said.

The man looked to his friends. “Listen, you asshole. You can look like a big hero later. But if you don’t do what I say, I’ll fuck you up six ways to Sunday, understand?”

But Ulka was doing something that confused all of them. Slowly, she crouched down to the dirt path, and gathered up some of it in her fingers. It had been touched by light rain, and so it came away wet. Slowly, she applied it to her face. Two strokes under each eye, three over her forehead, like a featherclaw scar.

“What the fuck are you even doing? Are you guys seeing this?”

The others shrugged, chuckled.

“Well, okay. If you want a new hole in you, I guess it just means we can have more fun with the lady when we -”

Ulka leapt forward with a primal savagery that shocked all of them. She was quick, precise, her movements barbarian-like and full of rage, yet calculated. She had fought men before, those from other tribes who would threaten to take her. And these were *not* men. Simply fools. The leader barely had time to lash out before she seized his wrist and, easily breaking it, seized the knife as well. The other knife-wielder ran forward, but she threw the knife straight at his throat. It missed - she was unused to some of her differing masculine qualities still - but it gave an awful slice across his arm that left him crying out instead. The last cried out an obscenity, but with a duck and swift kick, she crushed in his testicles, dropping him to the ground too. He writhed, reaching for an even deadlier weapon, but another kick to the head left him unconscious. The leader made one last attempt to get back at her, though.

“You f-fucking bastard! I’ll f-fucking kill you!”

Something clicked in his cocked. She recognised this as a gun, a strange weapon of the future age. Quickly, she jumped into the air as he drew it, and landed down upon his rib cage with her elbow pointed out. More than three or four ribs cracked. More were bruised. The man gurgled.

“You *will not hurt my mate!*” she cried in her booming manly voice.

The silence was her answer that they understood.

“Come,” she said to Molly, extending a hand. “We can continue walk. These have been conquered.”

Molly had never seen anything so dangerous, so terrifying, or so completely wonderful in her life. She was in awe, and for just a moment, she swore she could see the *real* Ulka as John had described her, standing before her. A titan who would do anything to keep those she loved safe, and whose fierce independent spirit was still buoyed by an equally fierce loyalty.

“Take me home,” she said. “I want - I want to go home with you. Now.”

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Ulka’s heart pounded as they re-entered the apartment that was Molly and John’s. Something had changed in the short, curly-haired woman. There was almost a glint in her eye as she looked up at Ulka, as if she were finally seeing something in this new soul that did not exist in the original owner’s.

“What are we doing?” Ulka asked, though the tingling in her loins, and the smitten look in Molly’s eyes told her what might be the case.

“Come to bed with me,” Molly said. “Please.”

“But . . . John.”

For just a moment, Molly looked away, guilty. But then she grabbed onto Ulka’s upper arms, lightly. “Please, let’s just pretend you’re John, for tonight. A better John. The kind I thought I had fallen in love with.”

Ulka nodded. “I can do that.”

“Good. Now kiss me. I want someone who can be with me here, now. Who can keep me safe. Like you did.”

“I would *always* keep you safe,” Ulka said, taking the other woman into a kiss. It was soft and tender and kind, but there was a dominance to it she couldn’t help but establish. She was a man now, after all, a being who was meant to hunt. And had she not hunted down the three enemy tribesmen and defeated them? Had she not won the hand of this gorgeous mate, in a way that John never had or would? She grasped the back of Molly’s head firmly, held her entire form with a smothering hug that told her that she was protected and safe and *Ulka’s alone*.

“Mhmmm,” Molly moaned, incredibly turned on by this. “I like the way you hold me. John, he’s such a daredevil with everything, but he sometimes sees me as this fragile flower in the bed.”

“You are a flower,” Ulka whispered in her ear, biting it just hard enough to make the feeling known. “A fire flower from my time. Hard, resilient, and blooming in the most fertile places. And the most beautiful sight imaginable.”

“God, you picked up English good.”

“Not well enough. I can’t describe my feelings for you.”

Molly blinked. “I - wow, that was romantic.”

Ulka kissed her again, but this time she took the woman in her arms easily. Molly squeaked in shock, but quickly gave over to this show of strength, as the masculinised cavewoman took her over the threshold to the bed.

“I want you, Molly. I have wanted you since I first saw you. Will you let me take you in the way of my people?”

Molly nodded, swallowing a little. Her nipples were hard, her womanhood flushed with wetness and warmth. She’d never known she had such a fetish for being submissive, or perhaps it was simply the way Ulka carried herself, like she was a great protector determined to be worthy of this modern gal. Just the thought of it made her all tingly with arousal.

“Take me,” she whispered.

Ulka grinned. “Trust me. It is not gentle, but it is not . . . unkind. You will love it. Tell me if you wish stop. Wish to stop.”

Another nodded. “Please, just start. I want you.”

With that, Ulka grabbed Molly’s form, and began to rip the clothing from her. It was forceful and powerful, and parts of her clothing gave way as she did so. Ordinarily she would care, but in this moment it felt like she was being dominated in the best way. Ulka was like a man possessed: she pulled Molly up and shifted her around, groping and caressing her increasingly naked body. She pulled off her panties in an animalistic fashion, then gripped her hips. She leaned forward, felt at Molly’s breasts.

“These are beautiful,” Ulka grunted. “They are mine.”

“Y-yours. All yours!”

“Yes, my mate. Mine. I will make you mine. Lift your hips.”

Molly did so obediently, practically moaning already from arousal. Ulka was amazed herself at what she was doing. Her cock was huge and erect, like Selkath’s in size, and it throbbed with need to enter Molly. She had enjoyed playing with it, bringing it to its full, a number of times already. But finally she would take the big leap to becoming a man. She was going to fuck her mate like a powerful man of a tribe should. Already, her mind raced with thoughts of breeding this beautiful woman, of making her full with Ulka’s child. That was the power she possessed now, and it gave her such a sensation of strength that she went even rougher with Molly, squeezing her ass, slapping it.

“Mhm! Yes!” Molly cried. “I want you in me!”

Ulka’s heart raced in excitement. She was almost nervous. But the moment the large, round tip of her penis touched the wet folds of her ‘ghost goddess’, all notion that she was even a *she* passed away. *He* was a man now, and this was his mate. He pushed his cock deep within Molly, and cared not to be gentle. She didn’t want it to be, and neither did he now.

“OOhhhhhhh,” Molly moaned. “Fuck! John n-never took me this w-way.”

“John doesn’t know what you need. You need a caveman, Molly.”

With that, the mighty Ulka began to thrust. It was violent, brutal thrusting, the kind that was almost selfish in its want, but also possessed of such clear arousal and attraction and immense lust that he just knew that Molly felt it. She was little more than clay in his powerful ghost god hands, and with each thrust he confirmed that fact.

“Nngh! Amazing!” he roared. “This is what I was meant to be!”

“OOHhhh, yes! It is, fuck!” Molly gasped. “I n-never knew I wanted it s-so rough! Fuck me like I’m your mate!”

“You *are* my mate, Molly. I want you to be my mate for life. This is how it is, in my tribe. This is how I would have us.”

But words soon fell away as he continued to thrust again and again. He squeezed her ass cheeks occasionally, leaned forward to caress and breast. But best of all was when they both sped up again, both eager to climax, their animalistic, primal heat driving them towards this inevitable conclusion. They were like two great beasts in the wild, and as Ulka approached orgasm, she roared.

“AAAGGGHHHHH!!!” he screamed, much like the men of the tribe always did when conquering a mate for the first time. Suddenly, his balls squeezed in an unfamiliar yet wonderful way. His big cock tensed, and suddenly it *pulsed*. His entire body shuddered in an explosive orgasm, more powerful and immediate than the female equivalent, as stream after stream of his seed poured into Molly. She herself writhed in pleasure, moaning. She had reached her orgasm over ten seconds before Ulka had come, but was still squirming, overwhelmed by this new, dominant pleasure. Ulka felt a great pride at this, and the amount of seed he spilled into her. He had claimed his mate, and it consolidated a great truth for him: he desired to stay as John, for good.

The two went to bed together, Molly still murmuring in pleasure from the act. Ulka held her, spooning her comfortingly, brushing her hair with surprising tenderness.

“That was the best sex I ever had,” Molly said.

“I as well,” Ulka replied.

“What - oh God, what do we tell John?”

“The truth. We are now mates. I . . . I love you, Molly.”

Molly knew it. She felt it too. She shifted to face Ulka, and once more imagined the face of the cavewoman beneath her boyfriend's features.

"I love you too, Ulka," she breathed.

They kissed, and then held one another as if they were covered in furs in a cave, in forgotten ages passed. It was then that Ulka knew what she had to do, as wrong as it seemed. She was not used to deception, but John clearly was. But she refused to lie to Molly any longer.

"Do not fall asleep yet, my mate," she whispered. "I have something I must tell you first. I'm sorry, it will not be easy to hear."

Molly listened.

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John woke, and he was immediately filled with glee to be back in his body. It was morning, and he could already sense that Ulka was 'on the other side.' He'd felt a strange echo of her pleasure, a rush of bliss and masculine joy, and assumed that once again she had masturbated using his body. It didn't matter: he had been enjoying hers with Selkath, after all. Sure, it was embarrassing, but it had been enjoyable as all hell, and he doubted Ulka would have shared that particular detail anyway.

He breathed easy, back in his body, and enjoyed the warmth of Molly's naked body against his own. Not only was it great to be a man again - the fact that his cock was stiffening at his girlfriend's back was already evidence of that fact - but he had Molly back. In truth, he hadn't missed her as much as he had thought, a fact that made him feel quite guilty.

"I'm here now though, babe," he whispered in her air, snuggled closer so that he could smell her wonderful curly brown hair. It was not at all like Selkath's. It didn't have that rough, rugged quality of a hunter, but instead a kind of feminine sweetness to it that came from modern shampoos. But there was something familiar that his wakening senses seemed to catch, and it was only when his slowly rousing mind caught up that he realised what it was.

She smelled of sex. Her hair even had that lush, springy appearance it had when they'd finished going at it. It didn't make any sense, but then it didn't really make sense that he was naked against her, did it? Why would he be like that unless . . .

The dreadful epiphany crashed down upon him in a terrible torrent.

"No. Fuck no, she wouldn't."

It was enough to wake Molly. She stirred, shifted around slowly to face him, and opened her eyes in a sexy, half-lidded fashion, a sensual smile upon her lips.

“Hey,” she said, caressing his strong chest with her hand, the chest that seemed a little odd without two large breasts attached to it. “Morning, my gorgeous caveman. That was really nice, last night.”

“Molly!?”

All at once Molly’s attitude changed. She seemed to flip fully awake, and her expression shifted to one of abject horror.

“J-John?”

“Yes, fucking John! What the fuck is this! You *slept* with her? Knowingly!”

Molly pulled away, stood on the other side of the bed. He followed suit in opposition, divided from her by the very spot in which his girlfriend had cheated on him. He couldn’t stop staring at it, this symbol of betrayal.

“John, I didn’t realise - I thought you - Ulka and I were just -”

“Just what!?” he demanded. “Just fucking one another? Cheating on me?”

Her features turned cold. She crossed her arms. And once more, her entire demeanour changed. “I wouldn’t throw stones from glass houses, John. Or perhaps / should travel back in time and talk to this ‘Selkath’ and see what he has to say?”

John’s jaw dropped. He didn’t know what to say. He worked his mouth for a moment, trying to force words out, but Molly’s expression told him *everything*.

“Molly, I don’t know what that cave woman told you, but -”

“Can it, John. I believe her. You’ve been taking me for granted this whole relationship. You dragged me to all of your interests - and I even liked some! - but you never showed any interest in mine. You were willing to throw away and discard my relationship concerns at the drop of a hat so you could go surfing and rock climbing, and now you’ve been playing at dinosaur hunter and even getting fucked as a woman behind my back?”

“Jesus, it’s not like that, Molly. There’s - Ulka tricked me. She set up a situation.”

“Oh, this should be good. A ‘situation.’ And how does that explain that you *keep* doing it?”

“She’s lying.”

“No, *you are*. I could always tell when you were, John, you know that. And Ulka . . . she doesn’t lie. She actually wants to stay with me. *He* wants to stay with me, since in just the last few months of getting to know him across all this insanity, he’s proved to be far more romantic, loving, kind, and protective than you *ever* were. Did you know that he saved me from a group of muggers last night?”

John had sensed some sort of action. He’d assumed it was just gym work, or a hard jog, or a foolish misunderstanding from Ulka that was slowly wrecking his life.

“But it wasn’t just that he risked himself to protect me that made me realise that I love *him* and not you, John,” she continued, tears in her eyes. “It was the fact that I knew for a

fact that you never liked dinner dates. I've always gone to them myself, like a sad person, and if it had been you in that body instead of Ulka, I would have been all alone, and God knows what would have happened."

A wave of guilt hit John. "Molly, I'm - I'm sorry. I didn't know. Look, I'll make it up to you. I just - you can't be serious about this."

"I am," she replied. "God help me, I am. I want *him*."

The guilt vanished as quickly as it had come, replaced with fury. He clenched his fists. "You want him? Well, let's go talk to him. To *her*. I want us to have words, with all of us present. All three of us. Right now."

He stormed to the bathroom, which had the biggest mirror in the apartment. He focused his feelings, trying to feel out and sense Ulka. She was alone, he could tell that. Almost as if she were waiting. The adornments around her neck still held the crystal. It radiated energy, that shard, and as it did he felt that connection that bound them. The same reason he couldn't just smash it while he was in her body. Because doing so might lock him *in it*. But what if there was a way to make *her* smash it? Or for it to be smashed when they were in their own bodies? Would it be powerful enough? It was, after all, only a shard of the much larger remnant in the cave. If there was a way to smash it in that presence.

"The cave," he said aloud, realising it. That was where the power ultimately flowed from. A plan began to form in his mind, one he hoped would prove his assumptions true.

"John, what are you doing?" Molly asked. "This is crazy. I can't see her. Him. Whatever."

"Maybe you can. I don't know. She has the crystal. It's her call. And if you can't see her, then - oh. Oh, now I know what to do."

"What? What?"

John turned back to his girlfriend, who was maybe now his ex-girlfriend.

"We need to go back to the cave. You want to be with Ulka? You want to see who she really is? The life I've been forced to lead these last five days? Then we're going back to where it all started."

## **Part 9: The Cave, Again**

Ulka waited in the bright illumination of the cave, reminiscing on all that had happened. She was back in her body after five glorious days as John, and those had been among the best days of her life. She had taken the shaman's chalk - she had a right to it, given that she was



the chosen vessel of a supposed ghost god - and painted an image of Molly for the tribe, scratching another into the wall in the hopes that it would survive the ages.

"I see her. I go to her," she explained to Hagra. "She my mate."

Hagra had teared up, hugged her. "You succeed? Stay for good?"

"I hope."

And then she had wandered back through the cave where it had all begun. She had picked up a couple more scars since then courtesy of John's actions, but on the whole he had acquitted her body well. In many ways, he had fulfilled her destined role as a mate for the chieftain better than she ever could. She had always known that her fulsome figure would mean she would bear children, and after all John had done with Selkath, there was a real possibility she was already with child, and didn't know it. Mother Grilka was uncertain. Hagra was hopeful. Selkath was *determined*. At least her chieftain knew not to touch her, to be too affectionate or see her as his mate while she was herself again. He had become a true believer, and something about that had changed him. He no longer leered at all, but was respectful of her. It made her imagine what he would be like in that future world, where men and women were seen on much more equal footing. Where the struggle of life was not nearly so great, and where wonders of technology could astound him. But perhaps it would be too much.

Those thoughts ran through her head as she waited for John. Their times were a million years apart, but somehow in a kind of sync. She gazed around at the chamber where they had switched places. It still glowed a brilliant amethyst purple, though the central crystal had darkened since their initial shared accident. The corpse of her great kill was still here as well, though it had rotted since, its bones exposed. She gave a smirk.

"*Now I have a different hunt,*" she said in the future English tongue.

Ulka took a deep breath, and once more felt that familiar tug of her heavy breasts upon her chest. She was annoyed to feel them again. They were so cumbersome and full. Yes, perhaps there was a little pride in them, but having the hard chest of a strong male was by far preferable. The same of the power and virility that came with a large member swinging between her legs. Far better than experiencing the awful monthly blood and cramps . . . if John had even left her with those.

"He must come," she said, voice echoing throughout the chamber. "Must come now."

She longed to feel Molly's touch again. It had been a couple of days since she had reverted back to her life, and while the feeling of the great jungle was like coming home in some ways, the inconvenience of it all, the lack of power in her own tribe, the way Selkath looked at her even though he knew she was no longer possessed by the 'ghost god', it was all too much. She wanted to be in the future again, more than anything. And what she yearned for most within that want was for Molly, her beauty, her cuteness, her kind spirit.

And her wonderful baking. She had begun it again in her private life, enthused by Ulka's love of it. The cavewoman was proud to reawaken this passion within her, whereas it had wilted in her relationship with John.

"He must come," she repeated.

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John and Molly moved through the cave, her following him. He was borderline frenetic, a little crazed. She had hoped that the two day delay had made her boyfriend less full of desperation, but instead he just seemed to be even more agitated.

"Not going back," he'd mutter. "Not going back, not again!"

And yet, because he still slept in their apartment - albeit now on the couch - she couldn't help but hear his mutterings while asleep echoing down the hall.

"Selkath . . . mhm . . . take me. Want to be yours. Want you to take me. F-fill me. Ahhh."

More than once, it actually sounded like he'd come in his sleep. The fact that after waking she could hear him moving in a panic to the bathroom and changing his clothing, followed by the rapid use of the sink, gave evidence to this. Occasionally, he even seemed to idly slip into caveman speak, particularly on the journey to the mysterious cave.

*"Me go cave. See Ulka. Return. Maybe Selkath just once."*

"John? You're scaring me. What are you talking about?"

Then he'd snap back. "N-nothing. Just . . . reminiscing." And he would blush a deep red, and it would be impossible not to notice the raging erection in his pants. It was like he was caught between two worlds, putting on a show of hating his time travel body swapping, and the conflict it had brewed between them, but at the same time wanting to hunt one last time, fuck Selkath one last time, see that past vision one last time. It was something she thought on more deeply as they plumbed the dark caverns towards that luminescent chamber. She wanted to bring it up, and if Ulka was present she would have had the strength to do so earlier. Finally, she decided to voice it anyway.

"John . . . did you ever think about staying like this? Maybe swapping with Ulka more often? Would that work as a compromise?"

He was silent for a moment as he shifted ahead. "Why even suggest that?"

"Don't be stubborn, or you'll wedge your head in the rock! It's so obvious that you enjoy being Ulka, or at least parts of it. C'mon, you fucked that cave man, more than once! And you went hunting, and God knows that would have set off your big ole danger thrill. And we're done - admit it, we're through, John."

"This is just a temporary-"

“No, it’s not. John, I meant what I said. I love Ulka. But I also love you, even if not in that romantic way anymore. But why don’t we just go back. You can keep letting the two of you shift, maybe find a good balance.”

“Babe - uh, Molly - each time we shift it’s for longer, and my time as her grows. I - yes, I enjoyed parts of it. More than I like to admit. But what if I get stuck there permanently? I don’t deserve that.”

Molly had no answer, and he knew it. She wanted a compromise, but there wasn’t one. Not unless the cave provided an answer.

They were silent once more as they found the chamber again. It was as they remembered it, and the softly glowing crystals had a renewed look, though the central one was still largely shattered. John took a deep breath, and marched to the centre. In the opalescent sheen of the broken crystal, his reflection was clear. He closed his eyes, focused, and then opened them again.

And there was Ulka.

“I see you,” she said.

“And I hear you,” he replied.

“Molly is with you.”

“And you’re alone.”

She grit her teeth, a little wounded. “Selkath is *your* mate, John.”

“Well, he can become yours. I want all three of us to have this conversation, and to work this out. You brought the crystal, right?”

She lifted it from the furskin wrap of her chest, revealing its purple gleam. It still shone brilliantly. “Why here?” she asked.

“Because maybe, just maybe, we can finish this.”

“I want to talk to Molly.”

“Maybe we can do that too. Fuck, I hope so. I want this done.”

“What do you want me to do?”

John suppressed a smirk. It was a crazy idea, and it was based mostly on guesswork, but perhaps there was a way to end it all. The broken crystal in the centre of the chamber seemed to thrum with a little power.

“First, I want us to talk,” John said. “I want Molly to see you. See what I’ve had to put up with.”

“How do I do this?”

“Hold up the crystal. Let it light up the cavern.”

Ulka nodded. She had an understanding of this too. She couldn’t tell if simply maintaining her shard aided her, but she had the distinct sense that this could work. Slowly, she raised the crystal, and focused. She allowed her own essence to flow through it, into it,

and then into the wider power of the chamber. She didn't understand future technology fully, but were the crystals not like little radios, sucking up the signal and power of the crystals and reflecting it out? She focused further, and let her essence pour through that still-shining receptacle.

And it worked.

Molly gasped as the entire cave chamber lit up. All across its walls, Ulka's image was reflected, like some sort of great hologram that shifted and altered slightly against the walls, before finally converging on the centre.

Suddenly Ulka stood among them, as if she had always been there. She was framed by light, appearing almost angelic, and her beauty was staggering. Molly had never considered herself attracted to women, but standing before this Amazonian beauty with her massive chest, her wide hips, her brute strength and impressive scars. She was from another world, literally, but she could have been a goddess. Molly's breath fell away. She could see why John had enjoyed such a body. Hell, she could imagine revelling in it herself, bar from the way the other cavemen would lack at her.

"Holy shit," she stammered. "She's beautiful."

"And you as well," Ulka answered. "This is all very beautiful."

She was amazed to find herself standing in two timelines. The same could be said of John, whose ethereal self was also in the cave before her, and Molly two. All three were at some kind of convergence point, but already it seemed somewhat fractured. Flickering, just a little. As if by lacking both crystals, it was running out of power, and could not sustain their balance.

As if soon it would reach a crisis point.

John grinned. He could sense it too, attuned to the crystal in the centre of the cavern. He could never have planned or schemed this in a million years, and he knew such a stretch of time well, in a sense.

"Well, here we all are," he said to them. "Now at least we know I'm sane."

"I didn't doubt that, at least not after the first time," Molly said. She drew closer to Ulka. "Is this really you? I can't believe it. John wasn't lying about your appearance. My God, I've never seen anyone like you."

"You prefer me like this?" Ulka said, blushing a little. She knew she was desirable to men, but to women as well?

Molly nodded, equally nervous. She reached out to touch Ulka, but there was just the slightest shiver of sensual touch before her fingers phased through the flickering image of the cave woman. "I prefer *you*, in whatever shape. John believes there might be some sort of way to bring you to us. Just you. He says it's something he senses about the crystals."

Hope leapt in her heart. She looked to John. "This is true? I can come to your time, and stay? We will be two separate people?"

"You'll keep your own body," he said coolly, "but yes, you'll be with us. You and Molly can go off and be lesbians or whatever, and I can keep my life without losing it. Maybe, who knows, I'll even find a way to visit your time, when I want, as a 'ghost god' for my own amusement."

Ulka nodded. It was not a perfect solution, but despite her earlier manipulations, she knew it would not be right to steal another man's body, or his life. She was Ulka, and should remain so. But someone who had seen the future she had seen did not deserve to be stuck in her own brutal, primitive time.

"What must we do? I wish . . . whatever it takes, to be with Molly. To be with my love."

The two women exchanged a glance. One that was entirely romantic. It only made John more resolute in his action to come. He kept his anger at check. This had to go perfectly.

"I think . . . and this is only what I feel . . . I think you must place the crystal where it first came from. And while we are all together like this, you must *smash it*."

Ulka paused, cocked her head. "Are you certain? The crystal keeps us bound, you could not smash it while me because it could strand you. If I smash it now?"

"But we are all connected now," John explained calmly. "If you do so, you'll be on our side. But you have to be quick, Ulka!"

Again, the lights of the chamber flickered, unstable. The hearts of all three present raced, and Molly was caught in the middle, looking from her former boyfriend to her current lover, terrified that it could all go wrong. The air was thick with energy, and this time she could see it.

"Quickly, Ulka!" she urged. "John must be telling the truth!"

He wasn't, but then, he realised that he'd always led her on a little. Dragging Molly from one place to the next. He really did love her, but he had to be honest with himself: he would do anything to keep his life and keep Ulka *out of it*. And so he watched with hidden satisfaction as Ulka took the crystal from her necklace, still glowing brightly, and placed it on the great rock that had been the powerful centre of the room.

"I just . . . smash it?" Ulka asked, still uncertain. It seemed to phase between both realities, mingling in both timelines.

"No," John replied, moving forward quickly. "I do."

Molly cried out. "John, what are you doing!?"

He took a rock from the ground and threw himself forward, smashing the crystal upon its larger cousin, hoping against hope that he was right. That now in this moment he was

finally, finally severing the connection between he and Ulka. The crystal shattered, and sparks of violet burst from its centre as it did so, causing Ulka to roar in horror.

“What have you done, ghost god!?”

“Fixed this!” John declared, his look wild. “I’m sorry, Ulka. You’re not a bad person. But I can’t risk this. We have to be in our own times. I can’t risk getting stuck with you again, even if parts were enjoyable. I’m sure you’ll make Selkath very happy.”

Molly raged. She beat at John’s back with her fists, furious, but he was tranquil, staring only at Ulka. The cavewoman stared back across a million years, her image flickering, and then too. The timelines were separating, and the whine of power from the shattered crystal was reaching a pitch so high it made them all tense. Something was happening.

“Ulka!” Molly called.

“Molly,” she replied. “I’m sorry.”

“I won’t lose you! John, how could you do this?”

“It was the only way!”

The timelines split further, widening the chasm of their separation. Ulka panicked, briefly reduced to a helpless woman in need of her mate. But she found her resolve. As the She was no woman. She was a man, or at least she would be. And her mate was *right there*. She vaulted forward, grasping her spear. She pressed it to the ground, smashing into the crystal on her side, shattering it further. A corona of energy burst open, and in that moment Ulka didn’t just see John and Molly, but their very essence. The thing they had traded between their bodies. And she knew what to do.

She roared like the great warrior she was, using her spear as a pole vault to leap into the air. John looked up at her, barely a flicker, but his essence was still there. Still screaming, the barbarian cavewoman careened towards that essence, colliding her own with his.

And then suddenly the cave was dark again, the bright lights gone. The two figures in the cave breathed rapidly, trying to control their panicked breaths. Molly quickly adjusted the light upon her shoulder, and flicked it on. Before her was John, scattered on his back and looking a little bruised, but otherwise with a great, almost manic smile upon his face.

“J-John?” she asked. “What happened? Where’s Ulka?”

“Right here, my love,” he said.

The two embraced.

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A million years into the past, John cried out in frustration, terror, rage, and futility. His breasts shook, and his buttocks quivered with his movements, reminding him of the female body

he'd been trapped in. Ulka's spear was impaled upon in the crystal at the centre of the cavern, and there would be no budging it. Instead, he gave it a powerful kick, annihilating the would in one powerful, borderline satisfying blow. The wooden splinters echoed across the cave floor.

He gave a ragged, furious roar, one befitting his new fate as a womanly barbarian.

“AAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!”

He collapsed to the ground, sobbing for a time.

“F-fuck this! FUCK! Goddamnit! How did she do that? What went wrong?

FUUUUUCK!!!”

Another kick of the ground, sending stones scattering like beetles across the earth.

“I can't be stuck like this! I can't! Do you hear me, Ulka! I'm getting my life back! I'm not being stuck as some caveman bitch for the rest of - for the rest of - ullp!”

He began to scramble to the edge of the cave, only to fall to all fours and heave.

Nausea filled his throat as he threw up what must have been Ulka's fish stew breakfast. He wiped his mouth when he was done, sat back. His breasts . . . did they feel a little tender? He moved a hand to his flat, yet very muscled brown belly.

“Oh. Oh no. Oh God.”

## **Part 10: After Images**

John woke to Selkath's strong arms around his form, and a very hard penis against her backside. She sighed. She'd briefly dreamed of being a man again. God, she'd even dreamed of having a damn toaster again, and a cup of coffee. Fuck, she missed coffee. But then she missed a lot of things, including easy mobility.

“You wake?” Selkath asked hopefully.

How could she not be awake? His large, brutish hands were all over her, one caressing her large ass, the other playing with her heavy tits. They were even bigger now, their bare brown nipples darker and surrounded by a larger set of areolas. They were so damn sensitive, and despite her irritation at her mate waking her, she groaned slightly.

“I wake,” she admitted. “They wake too.”

She took his hand and placed it over her belly, which was currently swollen and full with life. Within, her babies kicked against her right side, causing little ripples upon the surface of her skin. She clenched her jaw at the sensation. At least they were developing well, even though they were making her absolutely enormous.

“Mhnm, very full. Mate fertile. John is name for fertile woman.”

She chuckled at the sheer ridiculousness of that particular claim, but he wasn't wrong. She was, after all, the first 'John' now, technically, and she had proved unfortunately fertile. Not enough that she got herself knocked up even before she was stuck in this horny cavewoman body, but she got knocked up so hard she was growing a set of twins. Mother Grilka had informed her so, and Hagra had agreed upon seeing how quickly John had swelled up. She even came to know that fact intimately herself. The sensation of having two little bodies growing and moving inside her womb was odd enough, but she slowly became aware that there were far too many limbs for there to be just one child.

"Very f-full," she admitted. "You make me big with children."

She knew that statement turned Selkath on. He was powerfully protective and possessive now that he was destined to become a father. Ordinarily she found it a little irritating, but now that she was six months along her nine month journey, with no sign of ever being a man of modernity again, she now just went along with it. After all, as muscled and powerful a woman as Ulka was, there was no accounting for lack of stomach muscles, or the big burden of carrying two whole extra lives. Necessity overcame her diminishing male pride, and now it was simply better to rely on her mate to feed her, provide for her, and see to her needs.

And she certainly still had needs, even now deep in her second trimester.

"Yes. Much big," Selkath said, stroking her fertile roundness. "We make many powerful children. Great sons and daughters from John belly."

She sighed, shifting herself so she was a little more comfortable - not that there was much comfort to be had with such a heavy belly these days. His hands continued to roam her swollen stomach, but occasionally he caressed her big, head-sized breasts, making her gasp with arousal.

"M-many, my mate. No choice."

"Mhmm, ghost god is now woman of tribe. Destiny."

"Yes. Destiny," she said forlornly, just going along with it. There was no point in fighting back in words or deed. For one, Selkath at least did love her deeply and take care of her, and he was the tribe's leader, which was a perk that granted her a lot of privilege as his mate. And two, she was fucking horny for him by that point, and would have said anything to get him to keep rubbing his enormous cock against her backside and to squeeze her aching, sore tits.

"We mate," he said. There wasn't a hint of question in it, though she could likely shut it down. He had a healthy respect for the 'ghost god in Ulka' after all. But she didn't want to shut it down. Not one bit. Her pussy was hot and flushed, and she needed to be filled. Anything to take her mind off the shifting contents of her belly.

"Mhmm, m-mate me," she moaned. "My chief."



He grunted in satisfaction. With ease, the strong man lifted her up so that she was on her backside, her huge roundness sitting on her naked lap quite heavily. She took a moment to catch her breath. Unbelievable to think that she was a pregnant cavewoman. The very thought of giving birth to *twins* without any form of pain relief was bad enough.

Thankfully, Selkath took her mind off of that by sitting on a flat rock and pulling her onto his lap. She grinned, only a little shaken in pride. This was her favourite possession while pregnant: facing away from her lover so that he could cup her breasts and rub her nipples, and place his hands over her dome, all while she took his huge cock inside her pussy. He positioned her to do exactly that.

“Mmhm!!” she moaned in the murky light of the cave. “Y-yes! Feel good!”

“You feel good,” Selkath said. “You bare m-many children for Selkath.”

And while he bounced her on his lap, his long dick sliding back and forth in her tunnel, extracting every possible pleasure, that didn’t actually sound too bad. There was something infuriatingly horny about Ulka’s body that made John lose all his senses when she was fucked. She didn’t want to spend her days as a sexy huntress pushing out babies for the tribe, but in the throes of lovemaking it always sounded really, really good. As if it was what her body was *made for*.

“M-mate me,” she moaned, sliding her wide hips up and down on his manhood. The pleasure from the way he stretched her was immense. She tried not to think of just how much more stretched her passage would be in three months when she became a mother in full, but for now she could simply relish the touch of her mate. He was manly, his large and hairy body enveloping hers. They fucked animalistically, grunting as he bucked his hips, and she in turn making sure he fucked her roughly in the way that drove her absolutely wild. She held her belly, feeling like a fertility idol as his cock pumped and pumped, until finally she could take no more. She let loose a primal raw of pleasure, and he followed with her, biting into her shoulder lightly in a tribal display of possession. It sent her over the edge, and she shook with female ecstasy, right as he shot his load deep inside her. It was wonderful, warm, and so, so much of it too. She knew it would be dripping down her thick thighs when she dislodged herself.

But it wasn’t like he could do any more ‘damage’ now that she was so deeply knocked up. All she could do was quake and squirm in the aftershocks of pleasure, and anticipate the arrival of the second, third, and then *fourth* orgasm as they rolled through her.

“*At least I g-get thiiissss*,” she cried in her future English tongue. She knew it pleased Selkath to hear her orgasm in her ‘ghost god’ language. “*F-fucking hell, multiple orgasms are - ahh - good! Mhmmh!!*”

Afterwards, she required Selkath’s help to pull her off his still-stiff dick.

“You enjoy much more now,” her mate said matter-of-factly. “More each day.”

"Maybe do," she replied in her husky voice, dabbing at her wet thighs with a wet fur lining to clean herself. "Round with child. Make want mating more."

"Pleased by this. Selkath like John this way."

John sighed, though she did bite her lip a little from embarrassed pride. If nothing else, Selkath certainly worshipped her heavily pregnant form. She let him help her dress in her usual fur 'bra' and skirt. Her belly was naked, fully on display, jutting forth proudly and obviously, the kicking of the twins within obvious to any onlooker. After their morning sex, he helped escort her to the entrance to the cave, where other hunters were already gathering for the day's duties. John wished she could go with them, but as much as she missed that danger, she wasn't stupid enough to risk her babies. As they kicked within her, still awake, she couldn't help but feel a flutter of warmth in her heart. She'd always been flaky with every relationship, and even with Selkath whom she fucked more than once every day she didn't exactly feel a pull of romantic love towards. But these babies he'd put inside her . . . she did love them.

"You be safe here," Selkath said, finishing his dressing and adjusting his spiritual talismans. "I bring you fine meat from feather-lizard, and gift of fire flower."

John blushed. He could be a gentleman, of sorts, and her pregnancy hormones made her feel things when he acted that way. He caressed her stomach, stepping forward so that her dome rubbed against the naked muscles of his bare torso. That too made her feel things.

"I thank mate," she said in her crude cavewoman speak.

"You thank me again later," he said, smirking.

It managed to get a smile from her. Selkath could be surprisingly witty and cheeky at times. And he *was* providing for her.

"I dedicate hunt to John!" he called out, holding up his crude spear.

"*So embarrassing,*" she said in English, rubbing her belly.

But when he leaned forward to kiss her, she gave herself over to him. In the tribe, there were far fewer sexual mores than the modern day. He openly groped her enlarged, pregnant tits beneath her fur top, making her moan. He slid his other hand down to grip her soft ass, an ass that had swelled embarrassingly larger thanks to pregnancy.

"My mate," he said.

"Selkath mate," she replied, touching his chest. "Bring me best meat. I crave."

He kissed her again, and then he left with the other men, and even one woman. Evidently, Ulka had blazed enough trails to really change some things for the tribe. Too bad that her own desire to hunt, explore, to swim and climb and swing and see this strange world and its fruits, was now reduced to gestating babies all because she couldn't help herself.

*"Not like I can return to my old life,"* she muttered, before settling down with the other women. The baskets wouldn't weave themselves, after all.

It had been a frightening thing, finding herself stuck for good in the past. In the first couple of months, she had been prone to feeling bouts of rage, enough so that even Selkath was scared. They all recognised that a ghost god had been trapped in Ulka's body, and while they wanted that for the good fortune they believed it would bring, they also feared her wrath. But even anger at being trapped a million years in the past couldn't be held onto forever. Life for cavepeople was busy, albeit in a different way. They had to travel nomadically to where creatures roamed in their migrations, and there was much to do to survive the coming winter as well. Soon, John simply had to adapt, and begrudgingly accept that he was now a she, and one who would spend the rest of her life as a gorgeous, very fertile cavewoman. Emphasis on fertile.

Her worries that she was pregnant bore fruit, two of them, in a small amount of time. Mother Grilka, Hagra, and other women of the tribe examined her signs, and soon others followed, from the bloating of her already far-too large breasts, to the subtle widening of her hips and glow of her skin. Even her wild, tangled black hair had a nice sheen to it. And, of course, she experienced the nausea, the throwing up of the featherclaw stew. There was no denying it: she was pregnant, and would soon be growing with child.

What she hadn't anticipated was how soon that growth would come, or how much it would excite Selkath and the tribe in general. He fucked her silly each day she was able to, and brought her all kinds of great gifts, even if they were totem necklaces and 'fine' meats, at least by the standard of this time. But soon her belly was already getting taut, and what seemed like a small growth at first was becoming firmer and larger and more curved each day. Soon the activities she took for granted in this body - hunting, swimming, running through the wilds with abandon - were no longer nearly as possible, and Selkath even laid down the law as leader of the tribe that she had to stay with the women while pregnant.

It had been Mother Grilka that gave her the news that she was pregnant with twins. The old shaman crone was right, and that was enough to make John even more frustrated. Yet four months into her new fate, she felt a strange stirring in her womb one morning as she lay by the sleeping Selkath. She couldn't believe it at first, but then it happened again. And again. She rubbed her belly, shocked at the alien sensations within, and in the end had to wake her mate to feel. He was ecstatic, to say the least. They were *her* babies, inside of her. Little lives dependent on her, ones that she would painfully birth and then feed with her big, milky breasts. Her sons or daughters or one of each, and they were *hers*. Her pregnancy hormones coursed through her body, and she began to cry at the strangeness and beauty of it all. She still wished to be John again, to be in the future. But this? This could be something unique and wonderful.

And so she continued to grow, getting heavy and heavy. She now waddled a little, though she kept up her strength. In the reflection of the water, she looked every part of the incredibly tough barbarian woman warrior, only now she was also sporting a massive belly to indicate her impressive fertility. In a way, she could draw some pride from that too: she was not some helpless female, even when expecting twins and having to sit down every so often to rest.

Of course, just as she got used to her new life a little bit more, a reminder would stir up. Often in her peripherals, though sometimes staring straight at her, she would see her old body in the distant, distant future, Ulka wearing it, happily with Molly. She would clench her jaw and fists during those moments, still furious at the life she'd been robbed of. And sometimes Ulka could see her back as well, and the two might exchange some quick words.

"John, are you well?"

"As well as I can be, given I'm you. And pregnant."

"You look . . . very full."

"I fucking feel it, Ulka. I'm carrying twins."

"Hm. That is a great blessing in my tribe's beliefs."

"Don't I know it. Are you enjoying the future? Showers? Toasters? Refrigerators? Fast food? Pain relief medicine?"

Ulka, to the now-male's credit, would not answer that very, very obvious question, nor take the bait at all. Instead, he simply replied with kind words.

"It appears you are on the northern trail. If you are by the shallow pool by the twin waterfall, the one with a rock that appears like a modern lion when viewed from its left, then I suggest you find the space behind the larger of the two waterfalls. There is a secret tunnel there, easily big enough even for one that is greatly pregnant. There is a natural hot spring inside I discovered and kept secret. Perhaps it will help the weight on your back."

John would only roll her eyes. "Great, because that will help me with all this weight! And this kicking! Does Molly know I'm pregnant?"

"She does. She is here with me, though you cannot see her. She wishes you the best, and is jealous that you have twins on the way."

"Great. Fucking great."

"You will be a great mother John, I have little doubt. I have sensed your love of the babies. We are shared."

John huffed. "Just like I've sensed you and my old girlfriend together. Just like I've sensed you wanting to marry her."

"In time. When she is ready. I will do what I can to help you, John, but I cannot give your life back, even if I wanted to. Our destinies are still linked, but now you are Ulka, and I am John. Selkath will take care of you."

The connection severed, and John could only mumble to herself. "Him 'taking care' of me is what got me into this damned mess."

But she stumbled towards the hot spring anyway, and found it a most relaxing experience. It certainly did take the weight off of her back, and gave some feeling of exploration and discovery back. And a nice place to seclude to, so she could speak to her babies in private, and complain of the things she missed.

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Ulka grinned. He'd managed to successfully navigate the gym without viewing other 'tribal members' of its space as competitors to be bested for the sake of her honour. Progress. It had been six months since that fateful day had transformed his life forever, and for the best. Navigating the modern world was still difficult - he could still absorb some of John's knowledge, but the process was slower now, and less defined. Ultimately, he had to stand on his own, like he always had.

Well, that wasn't quite true. He had someone else to stand with too, which was why he was grinning. After his visit to the gym, he took his bicycle all the way out of the city to the bordering forests up upon the hill. He didn't trust himself to drive a car yet. While John had been an adept driver, Ulka had no such confidence, even in the male body he now wore as his own permanently. The multi-ton vehicles of metal and glass were simply too terrifying to behold, at least for now. So he had biked, and biked, and biked, his body even more toned than it had been with John. He left it lying by a tree and descended into the forest by himself. In many ways, the forests were necessary. So much of the wilds of the modern world were tamed and paved over. It was a powerful statement of conquest, and people lived without so many fears, but there were other fears too that he could never have imagined: that the forests and jungles he once took for granted would be gone forever entirely. So in these moments by himself, he liked to imagine himself as the warrior and hunter he had once been, and wander into the dark and view the animals silently. He did not this time. Instead, he brought the short spear he had crafted painstakingly the last few weeks, and readied it at the sight of the deer. Technically, one could hunt in this forest, though it was usually with guns rather than crude stakes of wood. It didn't matter. He made his mark.

Afterwards, Ulka took great care to honour the spirit of the deer, and its impressive antlers. He got to work carving and treating the animal, ensuring that its best meat would be kept safe, its fur maintained, its bones and antlers stored. He removed what he needed, and found the parts he desired to mingle with the rest. He had been hunting a number of times for several weeks now, and believed that today would be the day. It was important to do things right, after all.

When he was finished, he placed all that was needed in the heavy bags on either side of the bike, and slowly pedalled all the way back to the apartment. He knew he looked ridiculous, but his muscles needed the exercise. Now that he was a man for good, it was crucial that he prove himself worthy of the body, and not just settle for the same impressive musculature as a woman. After all, he had his mate to protect.

Upon arrival home, he was pleased to realise that Molly's shift at the bakery was not over yet. That was good. He had been earning his own money slowly helping others achieve fitness, and teaching how to hunt with a spear for novelty enthusiasts. It was difficult, but he was getting better at it. Now, he had time to prepare for his mate's return. First, he made sure the meat was taken care of. He was not totally adept with modern spices, but he had focused intensely on learning how to make a good deer broth that would be most delicious. Then, he arranged the larger bones of the creature, treating them as he often had as a cavewoman, albeit with a more modern scouring method, thankfully. He already had many other animal bones necessary, but the antlers were key. Then, he took the finest bones, as he had from the birds he had hunted, and rabbits he had caught. Singing a song of his ancient, long-dead now people, he worked upon the necklace, treating the bones to their right dyes and letting them warm in the sun to dry.

He was nervous, but settled down to wait in the living room. Molly would be home soon, after all. He grabbed himself a beer - truly one of mankind's greatest and worst inventions, he felt - and allowed it to take the edge off of his anxiousness. In the mirror on the desk across the room, he could see his reflection. He appeared strong and stalwart and so very male, though he wished he still had his dark skin. Molly's 'ghost god' complexion was delightful, but he did miss his own brown pigment. Still, it was a minor matter.

"Ulka, damn you!"

She twisted her head, and out of the corner of her eye she could see - and feel - John. Across time and space she was there, for the former male truly was a *she* now, wearing her body for many months. She looked surprised to see Ulka, but she shouldn't have been. Though their lives were now sealed in their current bodies, they still occasionally experienced little after images of one another's lives, and this was no different.

"John," he said.

"Ulka. Thanks . . . for the hot spring, I mean. It was good. Particularly for my ankles."

"I know other such places. And a good bark further up north that is wonderful to the skin. It will be good for the stretch marks of your belly."

John nodded. "How is Molly?"

"She is well. I am to propose to her tonight."

"I know. I sensed it. This damn connection. Each time I try to forget my old life and just focus on being a cavewoman and future mother, my past - my future I guess - gets dragged up to me."

"I am sorry. If it helps, it can be a good thing. I miss my world sometimes, and it is nice to experience it through you, in some way. And also to know what life would be like, had I become pregnant. Some small part of me still feels a desire for it."

John chuckled. "You have news on that front, don't you? Don't try to lie, I felt a strange joy from the 'other side' just a month ago. You've knocked up Molly, haven't you?"

"She carried our child, yes. Just one."

"Lucky. God, more pregnant than my ex-girlfriend. And with much bigger tits too. Best of luck proposing, I guess. I still don't forgive you, but then I guess you wouldn't forgive me either, trying to separate us."

"I do not blame you," he said. "But I am glad how things worked out, yes."

A sigh. "Well, I guess one of us has to be happier. I'll just have to be *accepting*."

And then the cavewoman faded away, and Ulka was pulled from her musing on her 'other half' when her actual romantic other half entered into the room. Molly was barely showing at all, but given her lithe figure, she had a little bit of a dome. Indeed, her nice breasts were also fuller, and Ulka held hopes of them becoming larger still. Indeed, part of her was glad their 'happy little accident' had occurred. Certainly, Molly was insatiable for doing it 'cavewoman style' as she liked to call it. She moved to embrace Ulka, and the two shared a deep kiss.

"I'm glad to be home," she said.

"I am glad to see you, my mate."

"I love it when you call me that. It's so fucking . . . primal."

"But it means more, this time," Ulka said. "I have something to show you, if you are ready. You must close your eyes, and you must remove your top."

Molly adjusted her glasses, gave a quizzical look, but then complied. Carefully, Ulka took the necklace from the box behind the couch. It was adorned in the totems he felt were most important, the small bones of animals, the beads and teeth he'd had cleaned and died, and fragments of beautiful rocks he treasured. It was a simple gift, and he didn't expect Molly to wear it often, but it was important still. He slipped it over her neck.

"Okay, you put something on me. Where is this going?"

"You may open your eyes now."

She did so, and looked with fascination at the beaded necklace full of totems and dyed animal bones. Before she could say anything, Ulka also drew out the pair of antlers. He had reduced their size, affixed them expertly to further threaded reeds, so that they formed a

beautiful crown of sorts. He slipped this onto Molly's head, and she looked at him with astonishment, appearing like some mix of goddess and pale-skinned tribal woman.

"Did you make all this?"

"I had to. It is the way of my tribe. Not the one I was taken into, but the one of my birth. It is how one claims a woman as mate, by proving one as a warrior, hunter, and caregiver, and to know a woman's works of weaving also.

"You wish to claim me?"

"I wish for you to be my mate in full. That will mean we marry in your modern way, I know, but -"

"No," Molly said, and for a moment Ulka was hit by panic, until he saw the tears of joy in Molly's eyes. "I thought I wanted to be married, but no. Not anymore. This is so much better. I want this to be your way, even if no one else ever knows or understands. Yes, Ulka. My love. I'll be your mate."

Ulka smiled, and took his mate into his arms. The two kissed lovingly, and his groin stirred with arousal.

"One last step remains," he explained. "To become a full mate for life, we must also prove it in the act and -"

"Thank God! My hormones are going crazy. Fuck me, Ulka. Make me your cavewoman."

And Ulka did. Several times that night, in fact. He may have become a modern man, but there was still a lot of the cave still in him. And for that, he was glad.

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John gave birth painfully, in a labor that lasted nearly nine hours. It was pure agony, and the mothers of the tribe could only aid her through the ordeal with encouragement and tribal singing. The cavewoman cursed them in her 'ghost god language', but in reality it was just her way of dealing with birthing twins, something she never imagined she could ever experience. As her body urged her to push, and she squatted down to expel the first of her children, it was Ulka's presence that gave her the most encouragement of all. She wanted to hate the woman who had taken her life, but in that moment, all she cared about was that Ulka was sending as much warm mental energy and encouragement her way as possible.

"You can do this, John. I know you never planned for it, but you can do this. I know you are strong. I know you have done great things. Dangerous things. Risky things. This is just one more great adventure, full of its own struggle. You can do this."

"I c-can!" she roared. "I c-caaaaan!!"



And with that, she squealed, pushed some more, and the first of her babies entered into a fellow tribeswoman's waiting hands. And then, another push, and again, and her next twin exited as well. A pair of boys, as it turned out, already blue and covered in gunk and crying out for their mother's milk, of which there was plenty to go around. An exhausted John fed them, lying against a bed of furs as she nursed her babies. The pain faded, becoming a mere soreness in the aftermath, and she looked with love at her two children. They would not be the last, she knew, not by far. There was no contraception, after all, and her body was practically made for birthing. Not to mention her mate loved fucking her too dearly to ever put a stop to another conception. But that was a problem for another day. For now, she had her babies, and she had, perhaps, finally something to look forward to in raising them.

Across the distant gap of time, Ulka smiled.

"John has become a mother," he announced to Molly.

"Oh my God, I still can't believe it. He - uh, she is okay?"

"She is. It all went well. And I think perhaps she might be well, too." He rubbed Molly's belly, which was by now more obviously pronounced.

"Are you sure? I still feel terrible for him, even after his last little trick. To be trapped like that, and now with two babies. He'll be okay? She will be, I mean?"

"I hope so," Ulka answered, seeing the reflection of John's smile as she nursed a second time. "But only time will tell."

**The End**