The man staggered to the doorway of the bedroom, leaning against the frame. “Attend me, puny human,” he muttered.

The woman looked up. “Oh, hi Cass. I’m glad you’re up. I was starting to think I might’ve put too much sedative in your tea. Sorry about that, but it was the only way I could make the swap happen.”

The man was panting. “Who—who are you?”

“Who am I? Silly boy—I’m your husband, of course. Who else would you expect to find half-dressed in your own bedroom?” She laughed gaily. “I know, I know—why do I look like you? It’s simple. On my last dig in Arabia I found this magic medallion that can turn people into someone else. So I used it to turn myself into you. Now I’m Cassandra! Pretty wild, huh?”

The man collapsed into the armchair next to the door. “I am aware… of that artifact.”

“Guess I mentioned it before, huh? No duh! I’ve been looking for the fabled city of Zulo for years. Most people thought it was just a myth, but nuh-uh—it’s totally real. I found the medallion hidden in the burial chamber of a high priestess or some such. But I bet she was somebody else before she got hold of the medallion, if ya get my drift. Ever since then I’ve been itching to try it myself.”

“The city you found… was not Zulo. That place was destroyed long ago, by an army of Shoggoths. The medallion of which you speak… was one of the few items to survive.”

“No kidding. Anyway,” she chirped, “you probably figured out the other half of the equation by now. I also used the medallion to turn you into me. The old me, that is. So you’re the husband and I’m the wife—is that cool or what?”
The man took a deep breath. “The ruins you violated… were those of fabulous Irem, City of Pillars, as scribed in the *Necronomicon* of the Arabian scholar Abdul Alhazred. It was inhabited by a race of wise and powerful reptiles, aeons before your kind evolved.”

“Interesting… as a man I never did think much of myself, but you know what? Now that I’m female, I’m starting to see why you married me. Not too bad at all…” She stroked the man’s stubbled cheek and ran her fingers through his hair. “Tall, decent build, strong face, nice abs… curly hair. This girl likes what she sees.”

“The artifact you found… was not the Zulo. It is the unholy amulet of Nyarlathotep. Its effects are not limited to physical transmutation, as you assumed. It can be used to summon the Great Old Ones who ruled your world countless ages ago.” “You don’t say. Seems to have done the trick, though—far as I can see.” She moved back to the closet. “According to the legend, the medallion needs one ‘passage of the sun’ to recharge. I used it twice, so that’s at least two days. However,” she added coyly, “while you were sleeping I mailed it via courier to my office at the museum—aaaand I suspended delivery until late December. So you better get used to being me, sweetie. It’s gonna be a few months.”

The man smirked. “You believe *me* to be your spouse?”

“Like, who else?” The woman rifled through a line of dresses in the closet. “I’m on sabbatical this term, so you don’t hafta worry about teaching. We were planning to travel through Europe anyway, so now you get to do that as a man. Don’t worry, it’ll be fun.”

The man nodded. “We *will* travel—to the remote South Pacific.”

“That might be fun too—I can wear a bikini! I must admit, I wasn't planning to keep us swapped that long, but I felt differently about it the moment I turned into a woman. I think the medallion must have feminized my mind as well. I feel so amazingly comfortable in your body, it’s hard to imagine being anyone else. I need to see how this plays out, but being a woman long-term seems pretty appealing.”

“You are, and shall forever be, a woman,” the man said.

“Ah, you’re starting to feel the same way, aren’t you? And why not? Periods, cramps, hairstyling, putting on makeup every morning—who needs it, right? Now you get to pee standing up, you can sleep on your stomach, and best of all you get to stick your wiener into a woman who turns you on like nobody’s business. Uh, yeah… don’t try to deny it, buster. I know the signs. This girl ain’t blind.”

The man stood up. “I am an avatar of the daemon Azathoth. The artifact did not transform you into your wife. It merely placed your mind in her body, forever displacing her consciousness.”

“Boy, I sure hope not, ‘cause then she’d be gone and I’d be seriously bammed. Anyhow, I’m gonna fix my hair and do my makeup, and then you get to take me out for dinner and dancing, you lucky devil. After that, if you’re a very good boy, you might even get laid.”

“I am to Azathoth as the tip of your little finger is to the rest of your body. I am commanded to seek out the sunken city of R’lyeh, where mighty Cthulhu lies dreaming. There will be much time on our journey to explore these bodies in the manner you suggest.” He seized the woman from behind and spun her around to face him.

“Oooh, I like the way you think, big boy. What say we skip dinner and get right down to business?” She planted a quick kiss on his lips. The man tightened his grip. “Know that it will happen.”

“Awesome. I’m so looking forward to becoming a real woman, just like you did on our third date. One for the bucket list, amiright?”

“It is true, human female. Your existence as the bride of Cthulhu will be memorable in ways you cannot possibly imagine.”