



**Always read the  
fine print**

**A short TG Tale  
by ds1000**

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Meet Jerry Wallace, one of life's winners. At twenty-eight, Jerry was at the top of his game. In peak physical condition, he worked out regularly, even finding the time to fit in a marathon or two each month. But he wasn't all brawn and no brains. Jerry was smart and laser-focused. Which helped him recently get promoted, becoming the youngest partner in the history of the small law firm where he worked. Ok, I know what you're thinking. Good looking, athletic, rich, he must have some flaws. Perhaps an attitude problem or women troubles. No, not the case. Although Jerry could be a little arrogant at times, he had plenty of friends and was liked by all. In the relationship department, he also had no concerns. Having just started dating the beautiful Tamia. A nineteen years old secretary, recently hired by his company, Jerry was on cloud nine. She was all a man could want, fun to be around, dynamite in the bedroom, and a sense of humour to boot. It looks like Jerry really has hit the jackpot in life. But you know what they say. When you've reached the top, the only way to go is down.



Looking across his bedroom, Jerry smiled as he saw Tamia applying her makeup. The view from where he was standing was spectacular, giving him mischievous thoughts.

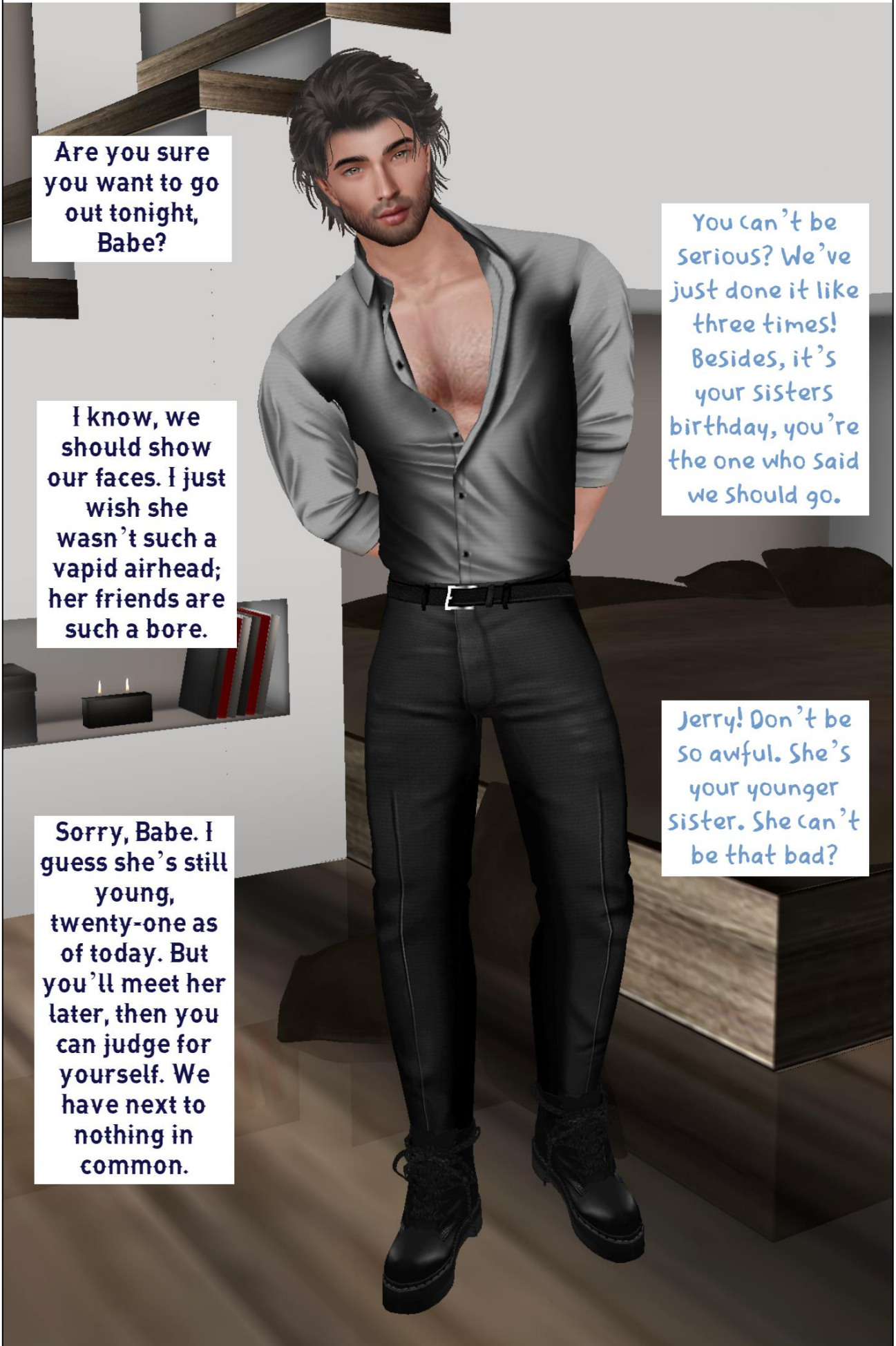
Are you sure you want to go out tonight, Babe?

I know, we should show our faces. I just wish she wasn't such a vapid airhead; her friends are such a bore.

Sorry, Babe. I guess she's still young, twenty-one as of today. But you'll meet her later, then you can judge for yourself. We have next to nothing in common.

You can't be serious? We've just done it like three times! Besides, it's your sisters birthday, you're the one who said we should go.

Jerry! Don't be so awful. She's your younger sister. She can't be that bad?



With common sense winning out. Jerry turned his mind to the evening's event. Some rented out room in a tacky nightclub downtown where he would have to mingle with some of the biggest idiots on the planet. Their only dream in life, to look as slutty as possible in the hope of bagging a rich husband. Jerry wasn't normally one to judge, but there was just something about that sort of person that rubbed him up the wrong way.



**Don't worry, Babe. I'll be in and out in five minutes. That is! Unless you fancy joining me?**

Are you just going to stand there all day staring at me? I thought you were going to take a shower.

Ha, what! And have to start getting ready all over again. No way, mister. You'll just have to wait until later. Good things come to those who wait.

Arrrggghh!!!


Arrrrrrgggghhhh!!!!

Oh, come on! That's a little dramatic, don't you think? Surely you can wait a few hours?

Oh my god, Babe. Are you ok?



The sudden pain Jerry experienced in every cell of his body felt like being torn apart from the inside. Mercifully, It only lasted a few seconds before quickly dissipating. But what it left behind was a state of utter shock and confusion.



Urgh, what the hell just happened?  
Tamia am I going crazy, or do I look different?

Different how, Babe?

Different how? Seriously! Look at me! I must be like a foot shorter! And all my body hair has magically disappeared. You see that, right?

Jerry, you're scaring me. You look the same as you always have. Perhaps you should take a sit down for a moment. I'll fetch you a glass of water.

Hearing what Tamia had just said, Jerry's mouth dropped open in disbelief. But before he could utter another word. He was hit with another jolt. This time, less painful, but for poor Jerry, it was even more disturbing. Having not only felt his body shifting but also the clothes surrounding it. Jerry's slimmer, more delicate hands quickly shot down between his legs to open the button of the skin-tight jeans he was now wearing. Hoping to god, not to find what his mind was envisioning.



Oh my god, it's gone! Oh my god, my voice!

Jess! Who the hell is Jess? Tamia, please look at me? This isn't normal. I look like a freak!

What's gone? Seriously, Jess, you should really sit down. You're acting crazy.

Come on, Jessica. Don't be so dramatic. You look fine, you've just had a hard day at work. Jump in the shower, pick out a nice dress, and put your face on. It's time to party, Girl!

About to scream and shout, freaking out at this point, Jerry was hit by another wave of energy. This time it wasn't painful at all, just warm and tingly. Again he felt his whole body slim down and become shorter. The high heeled boots, morphing out of his previously flat shoes, just emphasising the point. Forced forward by the heels erupting out from under his foot, Jerry almost lost his balance. But it would be much worst when he stood back up straight, only to realise he would now have to look up at Tamia, even teetering atop his towering new heels.



Is this you? Are you doing this to me?

Doing what, Babe? You really are acting odd tonight.

Tamia, I'm a woman! I'm wearing a dress and heels! I think I'm losing my mind. You really don't see anything wrong with how I look?

Before Tamia could answer, The room flashed, and, in an instant, Jerry's masculine-looking bachelor pad took on a new look. A look more likely to be appreciated by a teenage girl rather than a grown man.




You look gorgeous, hun. But perhaps you might be more comfortable in a pair of tight. The forecast is predicting ground frost tonight.



Oh, never mind.  
You're already  
wearing tights.  
Perhaps I'm losing  
my mind too.  
Hahahaha

This isn't funny,  
Tamia. Please,  
stop speaking.  
You're making  
things worse.

Oh, ok, Miss  
Partypooper.  
Someone's got  
their knickers in a  
twist. Why are you  
so miserable all of a  
sudden? You've  
been looking  
forward to your  
older sisters  
birthday all week.



Older? What?  
Mia's turning  
twenty-one! I'm  
twenty-eight.

You wish,  
Babycakes. And  
seeing as we're  
the same age. Does  
that make me  
twenty-eight  
too? Hahahaha.  
Next, you'll be  
telling me you're  
like a supervisor or  
something.



Supervisor? But  
I've just made  
partner! The  
youngest one in  
the company's  
history!

Bursting out in a fit of giggles, Tamia turned her back. Jerry, unaccustomed to the impossibly tall heels that had somehow materialized on his aching feet, wobbled. As he struggled to keep his balance and wondering if he really had lost his mind.



Partner! good one, Jess.

You're so ditzzy sometimes, but I do love your silly comments. You're a secretary like me but if you carry on blowing Bob after work each evening, he might give you a pay rise. Or even better, put a ring on your finger and make you kept woman.

Now grab your coat and purse you, little hussy.

There's bound to be plenty of hunky guts out tonight! Your sister had some really fit friends.

With the new Jess and Tamia heading out for a night of twerking and shots. Next door, Milly Ford sat miserably in her bedroom, feeling rather silly. In her heart of hearts, she knew the spell she had bought off the internet was a long shot but the urge to be popular and feminine was too strong to ignore. Along with the depression, she also felt disappointment, having hoped for a brief second that magic might actually be real. She had done her research, jumped through all the hoops, and paid a absolute fortune. Not to mention the rather serious six-page warning email, the girl selling it had sent. It really had seemed legit. After the first reading, Milly thought for a minute that her breasts might have grown a little bigger. But having reading the spell a further five times and seeing no notable difference in her appearance, she had screwed up the paper and thrown it angrily across the room. Unbeknown to her though, the spell was real. If only she had read the fine print on the back. Which clearly stated how to select a target. Without one the spell had defaulted to the nearest person who was definitely feminine, and after she arrived at the club, was soon to be very popular.

