



*Be Careful What You Wish For*  
*by Crystal Summers*

**Sci-Fi/Fantasy TG Fiction by Crystal Summers**

# Be Careful What you Wish For

*Feminization Fables Vol. 7*

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## Chapter 1: "Wish Gone Wrong"

*One of the oldest pieces of advice is to be careful what you wish for. This advice becomes all the more important when you find a stone that can actually grant your wishes. Connor Miles didn't follow this advice and he made a reckless wish to understand women. Now he's learning a lesson he never wanted, a lesson that involves his horny boss and a girlfriend who might not want things to change back.*

Connor and his girlfriend Samantha worked in adjacent buildings, so they often met for lunch in the small plaza between the two buildings. That's where they were today. But things weren't going well, as was often the case when it came to Connor and women. Indeed, Samantha was glaring at him in silence, and he had no idea what he'd done to upset her.

"Now what?" he asked.

She ran her tongue over her teeth. "I'm sick of it, Connor."

"Sick of what?"

"I'm sick of how inconsiderate you are," she said.

Connor furrowed his brow. He didn't recall doing anything inconsiderate. All he knew was that, one moment, everything seemed fine, and then he mentioned an old girlfriend. Suddenly, Samantha was angry. Clearly, mentioning the old girlfriend had upset her, but he didn't see what the problem was. After all, it wasn't like he said she was better than Samantha. "How was I inconsiderate?"

"You know."

"Honestly, I have no idea what you're talking about," he said.

"I'm sure."

"Seriously, what's the problem this time?"

Samantha flared her nostrils. She didn't like the insinuation that she was the one with the problem or that she was constantly having problems. She grabbed her purse and rose from her chair. "You might want to think about other people's feelings the next time before you open your mouth," she said and she stormed off

Connor rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Why are there no sane women left on this planet?"

After finishing his sandwich, Connor returned to his office. He managed a medium-sized office for a large multinational corporation. He was considered an

'up-and-comer" within the company and would likely be promoted up to the corporate headquarters soon. His staff wasn't as impressed with him, however.

"I'm back," said Connor to his secretary Amanda.

She rose and followed him into his office. "You had four messages while you were gone. Nothing too urgent, but Bob Reynolds is still waiting for the information we promised him.

Connor pursed his lips. "Why didn't you give it to him?"

"I didn't have your approval."

Connor exhaled frustratedly. "You know, you can use your own initiative sometimes. you don't need to wait for me to make every decision.'

Amanda's face burned red. "Every time I've tried, you got upset.'

"That's because you made bad decisions the couple times you tried it. But this, this isn't hard. Anybody can do this. you just walk your pretty little butt over to the file cabinet and pull out the information and fax it to him," Connor said snidely. "What's so hard about that?"

Amanda glared at him. "'My pretty little butt' ," she growled.

Connor rolled his eyes. "Look, I'm not being sexist; I'm just making a point. This is why women never make it into management in this company, it's because none of you show any initiative and because your skin is too thin. you all need to get tougher if you want to make it in this world."

Amanda pursed her lips. 'Is that all, sir?"

"What? Now you're upset at me too?"

She said nothing.

"Fine. Go back to your desk," he said, and she stormed out. "What is wrong with all the women in my life? They're all nuts."

Connor took off his jacket and got back to work. After an hour or so, he decided he needed a break, so he went downstairs to get coffee from the small coffee shop inside the building. As he paid, he noticed something unusual in the change dish sitting next to the register. Normally, this was full of pennies which people tossed there to help anyone who might not have exact change. Today, however, there was a bluish stone sitting among the pennies. He picked it up and examined it. As he did, he noticed that the stone felt warm and he thought for a moment that it glowed.

"Wow, that's strange," he said.

"Here's your change," said the young woman behind the counter.

"How much do you want for this stone?" he asked.

The young woman shrugged her shoulders. "It's not ours. you can have it."

"Great," he said and he put the stone into his pocket. He then walked outside to the plaza where he and Samantha typically ate lunch. He sat down and sipped his coffee. Then he pulled the stone from his pocket to examine it. It still felt warm.

He sipped his coffee again.

"I wonder what kind of stone this is? I wonder if it's valuable?" he asked himself  
"No, can't be. Why would anyone leave a valuable stone in a change dish?"

He turned the stone in his fingers and it glowed again.

"That's amazing. It's like some kind of magic. How fantastic would it be to have a magic stone. . . one that grants wishes?!"

He closed his hand tightly around the stone. "I wish I understood women, inside and out," he said with a laugh. Then he dismissively added, "Oh well, there's no such thing as magic stones. If I'm going to solve this thing with Samantha, I'll need to figure it out myself.'

With that, he rose from his seat and started to toss the stone beneath some plants. At the last second, however, he decided to stick the stone back into his pocket instead. Then he headed inside to ret-um to his office. As he got into the elevator, however, he suddenly felt really hazy and strange. It felt like waves of son warm air were washing over him, much as it felt the last time he stood in the ocean with waves of water pulling his body back and forth. It was incredibly relaxing, but also disconcerting and it made him feel like he was too weak to remain standing. Then the elevator door opened and Connor stumbled out onto his floor. He felt funny and everything seemed "off" to him. He didn't even feel stable on his feet somehow.

"Wow, I feel strange," he said.

He walked awkwardly toward his office, steadying himself against whatever furniture happened to be along his route. As he reached the door to his office, his head started to clear. Amanda was standing there, blocking his path

"Have you been drinking?" she asked sternly.

"Of course not. I just feel sick. I'll be ok after I sit down for a bit. Hold my calls," he said.

Amanda raised an eyebrow. "Hold your calls?"

"Yes, hold my calls."

Amanda laughed. "Sure. Is there anything else I can do for you? Maybe get you some coffee or pick up your dry cleaning?"

Connor squinted his eyes at her. He didn't like her disrespectful tone.

"Listen," continued Amanda, "Now that you're back from lunch, I have a couple projects for you."

"You have projects for me?" he asked and he furrowed his brow.

"Yes. Is there a problem?" she asked.

Connor was about to tell her, "Hell yes, there's a problem. Who do you think you are trying to give your boss a project? Life doesn't work that way, honey!" but he didn't. He didn't because when he pointed his finger at Amanda to tell her off, he was horrified to see a long, red, oval nail on the end of his finger. In fact, he had red nails on each of his fingers.

"What the—!" he exclaimed.

Amanda exhaled. "Now what?" she asked in an annoyed tone.

"My nails. . look at my nails!" he said and he held up both hands to show her that all of his nails were painted red.

"What about them?" asked Amanda.

"They're painted!" he gasped.

Amanda furrowed her brow. "I'm really not in the mood for this," she said.

As she said this, Connor realized that his sleeves were gone too. He'd been wearing a white cotton dress shirt all day, but now he had no sleeves. Instead, his sleeves stopped just past his shoulders and they had flowers embroidered on their cuffs. This was a blouse! Not to mention that someone had placed two silver bracelets around his wrists.

"Why am I wearing a blouse?" he asked nervously.

"What else would you be wearing?" asked Amanda.

Connor looked down the front of his body. He saw that someone had stuffed the front of his blouse giving him the appearance of small breasts. And as he tipped forward to look further down, not only did long brunette hair fall across his face, but his eyes focused like a laser beam on the end of his skirt! Yes, he was wearing a skirt and pantyhose and. . . and high heels. He could actually see his painted toenails sticking out the fronts of the shoes. No wonder he was walking unsteadily.

He looked up at Amanda. As he did, he straightened himself out and stood up straight. That's when he received the shock of his life. Despite the fact he stood as straight as he could and despite the fact he wore high-heeled shoes with a fairly significant heel, if the aching in his calves was any indication, he needed to look up into Amanda's face. That's right, by his estimation, he was at least six

inches shorter than Amanda. That was impossible. He should have been over six inches taller!

"Is this some kind of joke?" he asked.

"What are you talking about, Connie?" asked Amanda.

"Connie?!" he repeated incredulously. No one had ever called him that. This was confusing. everything was confusing. He felt stunned and had no idea what was real and what wasn't.

"Are you feeling all right, Connie?"

Suddenly, the room seemed to spin and he thought he might fall down.

"Whoa, have a seat," said Amanda as she caught him.

"I'm ok," he said after he caught his breath. "How can you be so tall? Why are you calling me 'Connie'? What is going on?"

Amanda raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure you're ok? Why don't you sit at your desk until you feel better? I'll find someone else to do the projects."

Connor nodded his head in agreement.

For the next twenty minutes, Connor sat at what should have been Amanda's desk trying to figure out what had happened. How did he end up dressed as a woman? Why did everyone seem to think he was a woman? Why did they think Amanda was his supervisor and some other man named Ted Marlow ran the office? Connor was the boss, everyone knew that, but now they treated him like nothing more than an entry-level secretary who reported to Amanda. This made no sense.

"How did this happen?" he asked himself

When his head began to clear, Connor looked at what he wore. It was pretty sexy and he would have turned himself on, that's for sure. He wore a navy blue pencil skirt and matching open-toed slingback pumps. He also wore a white silk blouse with an embroidered collar and capped sleeves. He wore makeup too, according to the contents of his purse. His ears were pierced. So he was a woman, right? Well, no. When no one was looking, he peeked down his blouse and he found a slightly padded bra, but no breasts. He also felt his crotch and his penis was right where it should have been.

"I don't understand this at all. This has to be a joke," he said. "They must be messing with me? They must have chugged me and dressed me as a woman and then all agreed to play this little joke on me. . . but how did they make me smaller?"

After awhile, Connor decided he needed to do some investigation. He walked to the bathroom to examine himself in the mirror. Strangely, he managed walking in heels quite well, as if he'd worn them his entire life.

He reached the bathroom.

Since everyone assumed he was a woman he decided to use the women's bathroom. It wasn't that different from the men's, except the urinals were missing. When he turned to look into the mirror, he received his next shock. Instead of himself looking downright stupid in drag, he saw a young woman who looked exceedingly beautiful. She had an hourglass shape, large breasts and flowing hair. Every inch of her tiny frame was that of a woman. And she was indeed tiny; he estimated this woman couldn't have been more than five foot two at the most.

This was him now.

"Oh my God!" he gasped and he covered his mouth. "How can this be?"

Just then another woman entered the bathroom. Her name was Karen and she'd been hired recently. He knew this because he'd hired her. Karen stood next to Connor and blushed her long, golden hair with a blush she had taken from her purse. "Long day, isn't it?" she asked.

"Karen, can I ask you a question?" asked Connor nervously.

She smiled at him. "Sure, Connor. What's up?"

"How long have we known each other?"

Karen shrugged her shoulders. "A couple months maybe. Why?" "Do I seem different to you in any way?"

"What do you mean different?" she asked strangely.

Her tone was enough to give Connor his answer. This woman walked in upon him, in the bathroom, and claimed she saw nothing unusual about him. Seeing a man in drag in the bathroom should have been enough to send her screaming. Combining that with everything else told him that whatever was happening was real. There was just no way to fake all of this, not his image in the mirror, not his lost of size, and not getting everyone to play along. It wasn't possible. Something had happened for real. . . but what?

## Chapter 2: "Under Ted's Desk"

Connor spent the next few minutes sitting at his new desk trying to grasp what had happened to the world. He looked through his purse and his wallet. He found photos of himself in the arms of some man he did not know. He prayed his

wasn't married. He then checked his ID and found out that he lived in the same building, but in a smaller apartment on a lower floor. According to his vehicle registration he no longer drove a muscle car either. Instead, he apparently drove a pink VW Beetle.

"Blech. . . pink," he said.

He looked himself up in the company directory as well, and sure enough, discovered that he was listed among the junior secretaries. Amanda was listed as the head secretary in the office and was his immediate supervisor. Strangely, he'd worked at the company longer. The office was run by a man called Ted Marlow.

All the other names seemed to be the same. The only difference was that he was now at the bottom of the food chain.

"How did this happen?" he asked himself

Just then he saw Samantha walk across the floor and walk into the break room.

"Finally, a friendly face!"

He jumped from his seat and rushed after her as fast as he could on his high heels. By the time he caught up with her, she was standing by the microwave.

She wore a brown pantsuit and brown heels. She was several inches taller. Without a second thought, Connor rushed over to his now-enormous girlfriend and he hugged her. He rested his head against her breast.

"I'm so glad to see you!" he exclaimed.

Samantha immediately scowled. She tried to push him away. "Whoa! Let go of me."

He ignored her. "You have no idea what kind of day I'm having," said Connor and he stood up on his tiptoes and kissed his girlfriend on the lips.

She lurched away from him. "Oh gross! Stop it! What do you think you're doing?! Let go of me!"

"Samantha, it's me."

She squinted at him. "I know who you are."

"No, it's me. . . Connor. your boyfriend, remember?" "My what?"

"I'm your boyfriend.

"I have one boyfriend, and you're not Ted," said Samantha.

"No, I'm your boyfriend! Don't you recognize me?"

Samantha furrowed her brow. "Look, Connie, I'm flattered, but I'm not a lesbian

Connor sighed. "I'm not a lesbian!" he protested. Then he realized that she didn't recognize him. Like the rest, she saw him as a woman. He hung his head. "You too, huh?"

"Me too, what?"

"You see me as a woman too, don't you?"

This comment made no sense whatsoever to Samantha and she looked confused. "How else am I supposed to see you?!"

"I'm a man. I'm your boyfriend Connor!"

"You're what?" she asked incredulously.

"I'm your boyfriend Connor. I'm a man," he repeated.

Samantha shook her head. "You're crazy."

"No, I'm not. Until this afternoon, I was your boyfriend Connor. I was the manager here. I was a man. I was taller. I most definitely did not look like a woman in the minor and I'd never worn high heels or panties before in my life. Then everything changed."

There was silence.

"Did you hit your head or something?" Samantha asked.

Connor sighed. "You don't believe me, do you?"

Samantha laughed cynically. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Honest, you're my girlfriend," he said in a pleading tone.

"Seriously, Connie, you need professional help. Now let go of me," said Samantha and she pushed the smaller Connor away from her. He stumbled backward on his heels. As he did, the glowing blue stone popped out of the tiny pocket on the front of his skirt just beneath his belt. This pocket was meant for something like a house key and, apparently, he had put the blue stone in it. The stone landed on the floor. As Connor stared at it, everything suddenly made sense to him. He knew now exactly what had happened.

Connor crouched down and picked up the stone.

"I'm not a lesbian," he said firmly "I really am your boyfriend. I just. changed." He held out the glowing stone for Samantha to see. 'I picked up this stone and I said something about wishing I understood women and the next thing I knew, I was a woman.'

Samantha took a deep breath. "You know that's impossible, right?"

"Of course, I know that. But I also know who I really am. And when I look at myself in the mirror, I see me this woman Connie, just like everyone else sees. But when I look at myself normally, I still see Connor. I've even got my penis," he said and he squeezed his penis beneath his skirt.

Samantha decided it was time to get some help. "This has gone on long enough," she said and started to walk past him.

"Wait, I'm serious! It was this stone!" exclaimed Connor excitedly and he reached out to grab her arm to stop her from leaving. As he did, the stone touched her exposed flesh and she froze. A confused look came over her face. She stumbled backward against the counter and slid down to the floor.

"Are you all right?" Connor asked.

"I don't," she said. "Connor, is that you?"

Connor smiled. "Yes!"

"The moment I touched the stone, I could see the truth. I could see who you really were. You look like Connor to me now. I don't understand. What's going on?"

Connor laughed. He felt relieved that he wasn't crazy. "That's what I've been trying to figure out." He hugged Samantha and then helped her to her feet.

She looked him up and down. "You look ridiculous in women's clothes!"

Samantha and Connor realized that they couldn't speak in the break room and Connor couldn't leave the office for a break for another two hours. Samantha was the Head of Research, something she most definitely was not before, and she could leave at any point she wanted, so they agreed to wait until Connor could take a break and then they would talk. In the meantime, Connor agreed not to do anything with the stone and they both agreed to act like nothing unusual had happened.

Unfortunately, the next two hours would prove to be rather humiliating for Connor.

When Connor returned to his desk, his boss Ted Marlow called him into his office. Ted was a relatively handsome young man about Connor's age, and he was apparently Samantha's boyfriend. Unfortunately, Connor had only limited knowledge of Connie's life, so this was all he knew about Ted at this point. He didn't even know anything about his relationship with Ted. For all he knew, they were good friends. . . or not.

"Connie, come to my office," said Ted tersely.

"Yes, Sir," said Connor. Ted's tone wasn't inspiring. Still, he had no choice, so he walked into Ted's office, closed the door and stood before his desk. Ted had no chair in which Connor could sit, as it was full of boxes, so he stood there in his high heels. His feet were sore already and this only made things worse.

"I suppose you think this company exists just to give you a place to play around?" asked Ted.

Connor blushed. "Uh. . . no sir," he said uncertainty.

"Well, that's good. At least we agree on something," said Ted and he rose from his chair. He walked around to Connor's side of the desk and leaned against it. He wore a dark suit and he stood more than a foot taller than Connor. "I saw you running to the break room. Is there a reason you can't walk like everyone else?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"It wasn't break time in any event."

"No, sir."

"Frankly, Connie, I'm concerned that you don't have the right attitude to work here. You spend all your time being this girl and it needs to stop. You need to get serious. Be a professional." Ted picked up a file and flipped through it. "I mean, look at this. The papers are out of order. Some of the figures don't add up. All I asked you to do was to organize the file and add up the expenses and you didn't even do that right!"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"I assume that rather than doing your job, you probably snuck off and did your nails somewhere. It's not like this would be the first time, would it?"

Connor didn't know what to say. He didn't have Connie's memories, so he couldn't really respond because he didn't know if he had done this or not. So how should he respond? He chose the safe route. "I'm sorry, sir. I'll try harder," he said.

"This is why I can't promote you. This is why I promoted Amanda over you even though you've been here longer," he said coldly "Frankly, Connie, I've considered firing you."

Connor felt sick. If he couldn't reverse the wish, this would be bad for him.

"Of course," said Ted, "there are other ways you could be valuable around here."

As he said this, Ted reached out and ran his fingers down the side of Connor's breast. This stunned Connor. Not only was it a stunning invasion of Connor's dignity that this man thought he could touch Connor's breast, not only was it highly intimidating that this larger man had touched him so intimately and was

clearly coming on to him, but Connor felt an amazing feeling. . his breasts tingle and his nipples rose. This wasn't something he'd ever felt before. He couldn't even describe it. Could this be what women felt when someone touched their breasts?

"Uh—" said Connor, but he didn't know how to finish that thought.

In any event, he never got the chance. No sooner had he mouthed the words than Ted swept him up in his arms and jammed his lips against Connor's mouth. He kissed Connor hard.

Connor forced his hands against Ted's chest and tried to push him away, but he couldn't. Ted was just too strong.

Ted forced his tongue into Connor's mouth.

Connor tried to shake like a fish on a line, but he still couldn't free himself. And like a fish, the more he tried, the more he hooked himself. As he struggled to break free, he felt Ted slide his hand down onto Connor's rear and squeeze his butt cheek tightly and pull Connor toward Ted. Disturbingly, Connor's penis shot to attention. He felt it pushing hard against Ted's body, but Ted didn't seem to notice.

"You're so beautiful," said Ted before he forced another kiss on Connor.

Connor struggled to get away and, in the process, felt one of his high-heeled shoes fly off. His nipples were super-erect now, as was his penis. This was so humiliating. He wanted to get away. He needed to get away. He readied his hands to push with all his might to free himself from Ted's embrace.

Suddenly, Connor felt something cool wash over him, like a shadow.

A moment later, he threw his arms around Ted and began kissing him furiously. His other hand reached for Ted's crotch and squeezed and stroked Ted's hard penis through his slacks.

"What am I doing?!" Connor screamed to himself.

He concentrated as hard as he could on stopping himself, but to no avail. Nothing he did could stop him from making out with Ted. It was like an irresistible impulse and no matter how consciously he wanted to stop, he couldn't.

**KNOCK! KNOCK!**

Someone knocked at the door. Ted immediately pushed Connor away and shot around to his side of the desk. He tucked his shirt back into his pants and checked his zipper.

Connor felt dazed and did nothing.

"Quick, button your blouse," whispered Ted.

Connor looked down and realized that somehow Ted had managed to undo the top three buttons on his blouse. He quickly buttoned those. Then he realized that he was standing lopsided because he only wore one high-heeled shoe.

He frantically searched the floor for the other with his eyes. He found it. It had slipped beneath Ted's desk and he couldn't reach it from this side, so he raced around to Ted's side of the desk.

"What are you doing?" asked Ted nervously.

"My heel!" he said and he dove under the desk.

"Stay down there," whispered Ted. He then sat down in his chair and pulled it closer to the desk, trapping Connor beneath the desk.

"Come on," said Ted.

Connor grabbed the shoe and slid it onto his foot. He pulled himself into a ball just as whoever it was at the door entered the office. It was a woman. Connor could see her toes sticking out the open-toe of her high-heeled pumps, but he didn't know which woman this was.

"Sorry, I was on the phone. What's up?" asked Ted.

"I got the project you needed finished," said the woman. It was Samantha.

"Nice work," he said. "Have a seat."

"Here's the report," she said and she moved the boxes and sat down.

"What's the bottom line?" asked Ted.

Samantha started speaking. For the next ten minutes, they went over this report in excruciating detail. At first, Connor listened with some interest as the report was similar to something he had been working on before everything changed, but he felt that same cold wave wash over him and he lost interest. Instead, he found himself intensely interested in Ted's penis.

"Please, not now!" he said to himself, but it was hopeless. He felt compelled.

A moment later, Connor placed his hands on the inside of Ted's thighs and he slid them slowly up to Ted's crotch.

"Oh my God! Am I really going to do this?" he asked.

Connor felt sick. The last thing he ever wanted to do was to touch another man's penis in any way, and yet, he was about to do it in grand style and there seemed to be nothing he could do about it. Even worse, Ted was Samantha's boyfriend. . . Samantha, who was going to help him fix everything. If she found out about this, there was no telling what could happen. This was so intensely stupid.

And yet. . . he proceeded.

Slowly, Connor's fingers with their red-tipped fingernails worked the zipper on Ted's pants. Ted spread his legs slightly to give Connor easier access.

Connor then slid his fingers inside Ted's pants and pulled out his erection.

"No, don't do this," he begged himself

He slid between Ted's legs and raised himself slightly, the whole while being careful both that his heels didn't poke out from beneath the desk and that he didn't slam his head against the bottom of the desk. His face was now inches from Ted's penis.

Above Connor, Ted and Samantha continued to talk about the report as if nothing unusual was happening.

Connor looked at Ted's dick and did his best to resist his urge to slide his lips over it. He was starting to win too. . perhaps, he could avoid this disgusting fate after all? But then Ted slid one hand beneath the desk and placed it on the back of Connor's head. He pulled Connor's face down on his penis. Connor's resolve instantly vanished.

"Oh no!" screamed Connor to himself

A moment later, he wrapped his lips around Ted's penis. He began moving his head up and down, forcing his lips to slide along Ted's shaft. His penis tasted salty and unpleasant. This was truly disgusting. . or was it. Strangely, Connor felt his own penis become erect. It was throbbing in fact. This was clearly turning him on, and not just the "Connie" part of him, but the Connor part of him. He found that utterly, utterly humiliating.

Time passed slowly. Up and down and up and down Connor's head bobbed. His tongue pushed and prodded and licked Ted's shaft over and over. sucked and he blew. He used his hand too to stroke as well. He hoped to speed this up, but it was taking forever. And the whole time, his own penis throbbed along with Ted's.

As Ted and Samantha neared the end of the report, Ted's penis started to throb wildly and convulse. It would explode any second. Connor was desperate to pull his lips away before that happened, but whatever had happened to him wouldn't let him. . or would it? It suddenly dawned on Connor that he hadn't even tried to pull his head away since the initial feeling of compulsion. He wasn't sure why, but he just hadn't. He now decided to test this

"Here goes," he said and he pulled his head away with no difficulty at all Connor blushed. He wondered how long he had done that without needing to and he wondered why he hadn't stopped earlier. Was it possible some part of him had

enjoyed it? He wanted to say no, but he couldn't help but notice that his own penis remained strongly erect. This was disturbing.

A moment later, Ted's penis shrank back to its flaccid state.

An hour later, Connor sat in the plaza with Samantha. His break had finally come. Both had coffee. He was happy to finally be able to rinse the taste of Ted's penis out of his mouth. Just the thought of it disgusted him.

"I have never been so humiliated in my life," said Connor. "The men all stare at me. They look at my chest or my rear. They talk down to me. They assume I'm stupid just because they see me as a woman. They act like my opinions don't matter." He chose not to tell her about Ted.

Samantha laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" he demanded.

"You know, Connor, few men are like that. But there are some. you were like that was never!"

Samantha smirked. "Yes, you were. I remember exactly what you were like and the things you're talking about are things you did to women. Clearly, whatever granted you this wish has decided to give you a dose of your own medicine," she said.

Connor's face burned red with a mixture of anger and shame. He had expected sympathy and instead he got accusation. "Can we please move on? I want to figure out how to undo this."

She laughed again. "Sure."

"So what do we do?" asked Connor.

"I know someone who's into this stuff as a hobby," said Samantha. "I'll give him a call and see what he says."

"Your friend collects magic stones?" asked Connor doubtfully

"No, he reads about legends and myths and things like this. If anyone has ever written anything about a stone like this, then he'll know."

"Why can't we just make the wish?"

Samantha shook her head. "No, we need to research this stone before we to reverse the wish," she said. "We don't know how the stone works and the last thing we want to do is to make things worse."

This was true, but Samantha also wanted more time to decide if she really wanted to reverse the wish. Indeed, what she didn't tell Connor was that she had been considering the implications of the wish now that she had her

memories back, and she wasn't so sure she wanted to undo it. For one thing, she now remembered what Connor was like before. She remembered him as arrogant, sexist and indifferent to other people. He was kind of a jerk and she wasn't entirely sure why she was even dating him. And if anyone could use a lesson on humility, it was Connor.

There was another reason as well. In this reality, she was head of the research department at the firm. Her salary was more than double what it had been before and she was well-respected throughout the firm. She had been a temp in the other reality. She also had an excellent boyfriend in Ted who seemed to care for her very much and definitely turned her on — like Connor, she didn't have any memories of this new world, so she didn't know yet that Ted was not the great boyfriend he seemed when he was being charming, as he had been with "Connie" under his desk. So from her current perspective, maybe leaving things as they were would be for the best option for her?

She hadn't made up her mind at this point though.

Connor raised an eyebrow. "Why don't we just say, 'I wish my wish was undone'? That should do it."

"Because we don't know what would happen."

"It should just undo the wish. It's simple. How could that go wrong?"

Samantha shook her head. "What if it causes a loop and you go right back to the moment you made the wish with no knowledge of what happened? you would just repeat the wish, since you didn't know not to, and this would all start again. For all we know, you've done that a million times already. Or maybe you just repeat the wish until you run out of wishes and are stuck forever."

Connor pursed his lips at the thought. "Yeah, good point.

"We need to be very careful in how we make the next wish.

"Why don't we try something like wishing the wish undone, but I remember what happened? That should work."

"It might not, and we don't know how many wishes we'll get either."

All the colour suddenly left Connor's face. "What if we've already done that and the reason we're still here is that the stone is out of wishes already?" Connor pulled the stone from his purse and held it between his fingertips to examine it.

"Calm down," said Samantha.

"That's easy for you to say. . . you aren't the one stuck as a woman."

Samantha raised her eyebrow and pursed her lips. Clearly, he hadn't learned anything yet. "There's nothing wrong with being a woman," she said coldly. "Now give me the stone."

"Because I need to show it to my friend." Also, she thought, because she didn't want him doing anything stupid with it. Who knows what would happen if he made another errant wish with it? Further, she didn't want him wishing his way out of this until she was ready for that. She intended to control this stone to make sure things turned out the way she wanted. . . whatever that ultimately was.

Connor reluctantly handed her the stone. "Whatever you do, don't lose that!"  
"It's safe with me."

### Chapter 3: "Thing Get Even Worse"

The day finally ended and Connor could go home. He walked down to the parking garage and had to look through several levels before he found his car. His girly little pink VW Beetle.

"It's worse than I imagined," he said.

He actually doubted he would fit into the car at first, because of its size, but he had forgotten how much smaller he was now. He climbed in with no trouble and drove himself to his apartment. He hated driving this car. He felt intimidated driving in such a small car. Other cars blew past him and pushed him all over the road. This never happened in his muscle car. Moreover, when he put his foot on the gas, little happened. This was deeply frustrating. And whenever he pulled up at a light, people could look down into his car. It felt like he had no privacy.

"This is embarrassing," he said.

Even worse, driving in heels was proving to be quite a challenge.

Connor finally pulled up before his building and parked his cute little car in a compact space. He grabbed his purse and made his way to the building. Although he was quite adept at walking in heels, indeed he was graceful, that didn't mean they were particularly comfortable, and this was a long walk to make in five inch stilettos. He was, therefore, relieved to get into his apartment and take them off

"Oh, thank God! What a relief" he said as he slipped his feet out of his shoes and left them by the doorway. "I don't know how women wear those things!"

With his heels off, Connor decided to look around the apartment to see who this "Connie" was. The apartment was small, but tastefully decorated. There was little unusual about it, except that it was distinctly feminine. The apartment had a small bedroom with a long closet. In the closet were a variety of feminine clothes. There were dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters and maybe two dozen pair of high heels. There were no pants and nothing without at least a four-inch heel. Clearly, Connie wasn't a fan of casual dressing.

Next he opened a set of drawers. In the top drawer, he found panties of all types and colors. There were stockings too. Mixed in among them, he found several items he did not expect. "Connie" had a large collection of vibrators and several pairs of handcuffs. Apparently, she had a kinky and active sex life.

"Oh boy," said Connor. "I hope I never find out what those are for."

In the drawer below that, Connor found pictures of himself in the arms of several different men, as well as a set of kinkier pictures of himself tied up or masturbating. In each of these photos, he was dressed as "Connie" but he still appeared to himself as Connor. He shuddered.

"Yikes."

Just then, he heard a knock at the door. He assumed this must be Samantha as she was supposed to come over after work and help him figure out how to reverse the wish, so he returned to his front door and he unlocked it. He was still holding the handcuffs.

He opened the door. "It's about time you got here," he said. "You wouldn't believe what I found."

It wasn't Samantha. It was Ted!

"Believe what?" asked Ted and he slid past Connor and closed the door behind him before Connor could object.

"What are you doing here?" asked Connor.

"We have unfinished business," he said and he took the handcuffs from Connor's hand and smiled at them.

"What kind of business?"

Ted smirked and then stroked Connor's hair. "You left me high and dry in the office and I thought we could finish that."

Connor swallowed hard. The last thing he ever wanted was to put Ted's penis inside his mouth again. . . or any other part of him actually. "Uh, I'd rather not," said Connor.

Ted smiled. "That's not a no." He took Connor in his arms and kissed him.

"Then no!"

"Too late," said Ted. With one unexpected motion, Ted scooped Connor off his feet and carried him to the bedroom. Apparently, he knew where it was. Connor tried to struggle at first, but then he felt that same cool wave wash over him and he knew exactly what was coming. He felt sick as he stopped resisting, but it was hopeless. He was on autopilot now. He even found himself pecking Ted on the cheek.

When they reached the bedroom, Ted first stood Connor up so he could pull down Connor's skirt. He removed his blouse as well, leaving him in panties, a bra and stockings. He then carried Connor to the bed and lay him down on the bed on his stomach. He took the handcuffs he had taken from Connor's hand and he cuffed Connor's wrists to the headboard.

He stood back and admired the cuffed Connor.

"Very nice," he said and he ran his hand across Connor's rear. This sent a shiver down Connor's spine and it made his penis jump to attention. Ted then tickled the soles of his feet, which made Connor giggle helplessly.

"Please stop!" Connor said between giggling.

"Make me," said Ted with a laugh and he continued.

"Please!" squealed Connor.

"No!"

"Please!" squealed Connor again. By this point, he was giggling so hard that he almost peed himself

Ted suddenly stopped and kissed the soles of Connor's feet. This made Connor feel particularly dirty.

"Where are your heels?" asked Ted. "You know I want you in heels." Connor blushed. Clearly, he and Ted had done this before.

Ted rose from the bed and went to Connor's closet. He looked through Connor's shoe collection until he found a pair of hot-pink strappy sandals. They had a five-inch platform heel. "I love these," he said and he returned to the bed. He sat down behind Connor and took Connor's right foot in his hand. "You have beautiful feet," said Ted and he kissed the sole of Connor's foot. This tickled and it made Connor blush. Then he rubbed Connor's foot before sliding the high-heeled sandal onto his foot. He buckled it into place and then did the same with Connor's other foot.

As all of this was going on, Connor struggled with his feelings. Whatever had happened to him was giving him an uncontrollable urge to do this, but he was

still Connor inside and he knew he didn't really want any of this. It shamed him and humiliated him to be cuffed to his bed as a man played with his feet. It shamed him even more that he was hard as a rock. And it worried him what would happen next.

A moment later, things got worse.

After playing with Connor's feet, Ted finally rose from the bed again. Connor couldn't see what he was doing, but he could hear it. He heard Connor's shoes hit the floor. Then he heard Ted unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants.

"Oh no. . please don't do this!" Connor said to himself He tried to protest. He wanted to tell Ted, "Don't do this, I don't want it," but nothing came of it. All he ended up doing was purring, "Hmm I can't wait.'

Ted climbed onto the bed behind Connor. Connor felt Ted's hand circle his rear and slide between his legs. Ted was actually rubbing Connor's penis, though he didn't seem to realize it. He was slowly, but surely masturbating Connor.

Connor turned bright red with shame.

Then he felt it. Ted's hard penis pushed against his butt cheeks. It slowly slid toward his crack. As it did, Ted leaned over and put his hands on Connor's chest. Connor felt that same tingle as before. His penis throbbed and came near to cumming.

Just then, Ted's penis found its way to Connor's rear. Slowly, it pushed its way inside.

Connor cringed.

"What the hell is going on here?!" demanded Samantha from the doorway. Ted rolled off Connor and fell to the floor. 'Honey. . uh, I can explain!"

Samantha picked up Ted's shoe and threw it at him. "Get out, you Pig! We're through! I never want to see you again!"

"But honey," protested Ted after dodging his shoe.

"Get out, Ted!" she growled.

Ted grabbed his pants and his shoes and he fled the room.

Samantha then turned on Connor. "And you!! Just what do you think you're doing?"

"It wasn't my fault!"

"Wasn't your fault? Connor, you had my boyfriend's dick in your rear! saw the look on your face. you were enjoying it. This was no accident. You knew Ted was my boyfriend in this universe and you didn't for a moment stop to think about

me." She put her hands on her hips. "You know what, Connor? You're a jerk no matter what sex you are. As a man, you were condescending and sexist. As a woman, you're disloyal. This wish was supposed to teach you something, but it didn't."

"Samantha, it's not my fault!"

"It is too. I really, really wish that you had learned something from this Connor, and I wish that every other man, men like Ted, would learn the same lesson.'

Suddenly, the stone lit up inside her purse.

Samantha and Connor both felt hazy and strange. They felt like waves of soft warm air washed over them and their bodies were blown back and forth by the waves. It was incredibly relaxing, but also disconcerting and it made them feel like they might pass out. Samantha braced herself against a cabinet and lowered herself to the bed, while Connor lay down fully.

They slept.

Connor awoke a few hours later. Little had changed. He still wore the same lingerie and the pink high-heeled sandals Ted had put on his feet. He still recalled all that had happened with Ted as well, just as he recalled being Connor before he was Connie. He wasn't sure which he was now except that he still fit in Connie's clothes, which suggested he was Connie. About the only thing that had changed, at least as far as he could tell, was that he had been uncuffed.

Samantha was no longer in the bedroom.

Connor rose and slipped on a sheer, pink robe. He walked out to his living room, where he heard a noise. It was the television.

"What happened?" he asked as he walked into the living room.

"Hey there, sleepy head," said Samantha. She sat on the couch. Her skirt was hiked up and she was slowly masturbating. Only, between her legs was a huge, erect penis. It must have been ten inches long and as wide as a fist.

Connor's jaw dropped. "You're a man now?"

Samantha giggled. "No. . . not quite."

"Then how did you get the. . . the. . . well," he said and he pointed at Samantha's penis.

Samantha patted the seat next to her, which caused Connor to totter over to her and sit down next to her. She placed her arm around Connor's small shoulders and pulled him close. She also crossed her legs toward Connor and, in the process, threw her leg over his and used that to hold him tightly as well. This made her erect penis land in Connor's lap.

"All women have them now. It seems I made a wish. Who knew that little stone could be so sensitive, or that it had such power?"

"What do you mean?" asked Connor nervously. He felt a strong compulsion to play with Samantha's penis, so he grabbed its head and began to finger it as they spoke. This made Samantha giggle.

"I like that," she said and she kissed him on the lips. "You have soft fingers."

"What do you mean about the power?" he asked again.

"Well, it seems that a few things changed."

"Like what?"

"Take a look," she said and she pointed toward the television.

Connor turned to the television and his jaw dropped again. The nightly news was on. They were finishing a story about the President and how she had signed a new law banning men from wearing pants in public. The Congress, which consisted entirely of women, applauded. They were calling it a "health hazard."

Next, the female reporter asked her male colleague for his opinion. The man, who Connor remembered as being a macho playboy, looked sheepishly at his much larger, much more dominant female colleague. He was clearly stunned and intimidated and he kept staring at her enormous erection tenting out her skirt. Meanwhile, he nervously blushed back his wavy blond hair with his pink fingernails and played with his earring. Then he said that whatever the woman thought was good would be good for him.

"What happened?" asked Connor in a shocked tone.

"It seems that my wish turned all of you men into tiny little submissive things. And it gave all the women huge penises. What's more, it looks to me like the men know what changed, but the women don't."

"How can you tell?"

"The men all look scared and stunned, like they don't understand what happened, but the women look like this is all normal. I'd say they're learning the same lesson you learned."

Connor's mouth went dry. "Is it like this everywhere?"

"As far as I can tell, yes. everything I've seen on television shows all you cute little guys in dresses and high heels, being dominated by your female partners. What's more, it sounds like men still have their penises, but they're tiny by comparison."

"How do people have sex?"

Samantha shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know, but there's a show about preventing male pregnancy coming up," she said with a giggle.

Connor almost passed out. "Give me the stone! I need to change this back!"

Samantha laughed. "Forget it. I'm not giving you the stone ever

"But we need to change things back."

"I'll change things back, when I'm good and ready. . . and when I figure out how to make sure all you boys remember what you've learned," she said with an evil smirk. She then ran her fingers along the shaft of her enormous erection and she squeezed the head of her penis between her fingers. "In the meantime, let's go to the bedroom. I can't wait to try out my new equipment.'

Connor swallowed hard.

The End

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