

Innocently Enough (Man to Friend's Perfect Wife TG)

By FoxFaceStories

It started innocently enough: it was my birthday, celebrated with my wife and friends. I felt sorry for my friend Tom, the only single friend who couldn't find a girl, so I wished he could find the woman of his dreams. Well, turns out she didn't exist, so the wish started to turn me into her!

Innocently Enough

I can't think of a better title to summarise how this all went down. Before I became the woman I am today, I was a man named Jared. I was tall, pretty good looking as far as I was concerned, and while I know some women aren't huge on men with red hair, my wife went crazy for my 'fiery hair', as she liked to call it. That was Caroline, the love of my life.

Well, the former love of my life.

But I'm getting ahead of myself when it comes to my previous and current relationships. This story starts with my thirty-first birthday. I was having a party, well, more like a get together of my various friends and family. My sister Michelle was there, as were the Donaldsons, neighbours who I'd always gotten along with. My wife was helping to host, and there were various other friends, including work friends from the office where we helped sell furniture supplies to various retailers. We were pretty much all couples: my sister Michelle had her husband Rick. The Donaldsons, Marie and Betty, were obviously a married lesbian couple. My good friend Ivan had his latest girlfriend Tabitha, and we were all sensing that she could well be The One for him: anybody that could get my partying friend to stop drinking so much and actually *talk* about his feelings *had* to be a keeper, right?

And, of course, there was Caroline and myself. We made quite the interesting pair: I was over six feet in height, and my adorable little wife was only five-foot-two. She had the prettiest smile in the world with her adorable dimples, and her cute pixie cut of brown hair was something else too. She was also a damn fine organiser, which left me in charge of the barbeque while she did all the party set up and welcomed the guests.

The only problem, as I saw it, among the celebrations and well-wishing and occasional present (at thirty I found that, honestly, getting socks starts to be actually *exciting*), was that my introverted friend Tom was mostly keeping to himself, without a plus one yet again, yet clearly looking to the various couples around the table and wider room with quiet jealousy. Not a malicious kind of jealousy, mind: Tom didn't have a mean bone in his body, nor an aggressive one. No, it was just a kind of sad longing to have what others already possessed.

"I might just keep Tom some company," I whispered in Caroline's ear.

"Of course," she said. "Poor guy looks a little lonely."

"I think that's it," I replied. "He just needs to get himself out there."

"A bit hard as an introvert, honey. I was just lucky you were there as an extravert to sweep me off my feet. After this party I'm going to need my own time."

"Yeah, but Tom always needs his own time. Women aren't going to crack that nervous shell of his for him."

I squeezed her shoulder, kissed her briefly, and then went over to my friend.

"How's it going, mate?" I asked him.

Tom shrugged. "Hey, Lance. Oh, you know."

"Nah, I don't! That's why I'm asking."

"Well, work's going okay. I'm getting a lot of customers, and my illustrations are selling well."

I grinned, perhaps too forcefully. "I always knew you'd get into illustration. You couldn't stop drawing your little doodles when we were kids, and now you're on the covers of comics and everything."

He smiled sheepishly. "Just local stuff, though I did have my art commissioned recently for a display at the Sydney Opera House for a performance."

I slapped him on the back. "Mate, that's fucking amazing! Why aren't you celebrating?"

He shrugged almost imperceptibly, not meeting my eyes. He wasn't a bad looking bloke, even if his goatee was a bit too scruffy and his brown hair a perpetual mess. He wore glasses which could be a bit smarter, but then I was part of a business, whereas he was an artist; they were generally expected to be a bit more bohemian, I guess.

"I just wish I had someone to celebrate it with, I guess," he said.

"You'll find a girl, mate. You just need to get yourself out there. Get on some dating apps. You present yourself right, you'll land a sexy sheila, I bet."

He smirked. "Who even says sheilas anymore?"

I jerked a thumb in my own direction. "I do, as of now. C'mon, mate, what have you been doing to find a girl?"

"Mhmm, not much, I guess. It's just . . . hard for me, you know? I've always been an introvert, and shy, too. I kind of dream of just . . . running into a woman on the street, like they do in the movies. Stupid, I know."

It wasn't *that* stupid. I'd almost bowled over Caroline when she was walking her dog and I was walking mine one day. The resulting tangle got us talking, then laughing, then flirting, and the rest was history. Of course, as I would soon learn, history can *change*.

“Well, mate, you have a drink and loosen up. Maybe we can find a way to get you out there. Caroline knows all about fashion, even male fashion.”

He sighed. “Yeah, that’d be really lovely, mate. Sorry to be such a downer on your birthday.”

“Hey, so long as you’ve got me a killer present, we’re even.”

I gave him the finger guns and returned back to my wife.

“Any luck?” she asked.

“We’ll see,” I said. “I don’t know, he doesn’t help himself, does he?”

“No, he doesn’t. But . . . it is hard.”

“Yeah, I know. Especially these days where it’s all apps. He doesn’t sell well online, but if you see him drawing, or passionate about something, and he’s a whole different person. Focused and obsessive, but also brilliant.”

Caroline chuckled. “Well, he also becomes oblivious, like when he didn’t even realise that we had a pandemic in 2020. He was self-isolating and following quarantine without even knowing it, because he was stuck drawing away!”

“Hey, he did realise.”

“After six months.”

I bit my lip. “Yeah, okay, you’re right. But this is why we have to give him gentle nudges.”

“That’s *my* argument.”

I looked at Caroline, and she was grinning smugly. God, how did that woman always manage to bring me to her side of the argument without even realising it?

“Okay, you win. But I’m the birthday boy, so you gotta leave it as a draw.”

“Fine by me. I’ve got wins to spare.”

We both observed my little dinner party. The Donaldons were calling us over to get into a debate with Michael and Pamela about something, probably political. God, couldn’t they wait until after my birthday? With a sigh, I looked at Tom, who was still at the table, drinking some wine but otherwise sitting still and alone.

“I really wish Tom could have the woman of his dreams,” I said.

The moment I finished saying the words, something strange began to happen. The air seemed to shimmer, and the lights flickered all around the house, causing my guests to startle. I heard an echo of my own voice from all around me, as well as inside my own mind.

“I really wish Tom could have the woman of his dreams.”

My skin buzzed, almost feeling like it was . . . humming, somehow. It was the only way I could describe it; a sort of music playing upon my skin. It was strange, soothing, and somehow discomforting all at the same time, and then the effect immediately ended.

“Woah, that was weird,” Michael said. “You okay, Lance?”

I blinked, my vision going back to normal. Even the shimmer effect was now gone. People were looking at me oddly, including my own wife. How long had I been staring at that strange effect?

“Yeah, did anyone else see a shimmer?”

The result was a resounding “No,” but for the flickering lights, which everyone *had* noticed. I frowned, then strode over to chat with my friends. Tom remained at his table, but I couldn’t help but look at him curiously.

For just a moment, it had almost appeared as if that strange shimmer had flowed like a river in two directions, from him to me, and from me to him.

I shook off that image. I must have been tired. Still, there was at least another hour to go, and dessert and cake yet to come. I rallied, and had a good night before falling back into bed with my wife.

Looking back, I should have summoned the strength to have sex with her. That opportunity was pretty close to vanishing entirely, by that point.

I was brushing my teeth the next morning when the shimmer returned. This time, it flowed most definitely out of me and then out the window as well, before curling down and around the street from our suburban house. The lights flickered as they had the previous night, and my voice returned to me.

“I really wish Tom could have the woman of his dreams.”

That strange music played upon my skin, causing me to tense. It was horrifically relaxing, putting me into a strange lull. Despite the weirdness of what I was experiencing, I found myself closing my eyes and extending my arms upwards and outwards, as if I were standing beneath an open sky and taking in the rush of natural air.

Instead, the changes first began.

I felt them, rather than saw them. My fingernails pushed out, I recall that was the very first change that I noticed. The same was true of my eyelashes, as well as the hair on top of my head. I *didn't* feel my body hair thin, but I would notice it several hours later when inspecting myself. What I was certain of was that my lips had softened just a tetch, and my jawline too. I gasped, lost in a kind of oceanic peace, calm upon the waters of life that were changing me into what I was supposed to be. I could feel beauty around the corner. Beauty and connection. And *love*.

And then the feeling ending, abruptly, without even giving me the consolation of fading away. I was mentally back in my bathroom, my toothbrush stupidly hanging in my mouth, and my reflection looked . . . odd.

I knew what was wrong immediately. I checked over myself, noticing all these little changes. I didn't go into denial, not at all. I didn't even think I was crazy. Instead, I went straight to my wife, who was readying to go to work herself.

"Hey, love!" I called. "Do you notice anything different about me?"

She looked me up and down, then shrugged, as if my hair hadn't extended two centimetres, or my face was just that little bit feminine in places.

"Not that I can see. Are you talking about your hair?"

"Yes!" I declared. "I'm *trying a new style. Does it look good?*"

My eyes went a little wide, but otherwise I couldn't correct myself. Without permission, the words had just leapt from my tongue as if they were what I meant to say.

"I mean, it's a little spiky. Too much like bed hair. I'd go back to your usual thing, honey, but that's just one girl's opinion."

"But my face! I look more like a girl! My eyelashes have grown, and check out of my fingernails!"

That was what I *wanted* to say. Instead, I once again said something entirely different.

"*Yeah, you're probably right, love. I'll change it back. You have a good time at work.*"

"Another day of flower arrangements," she said, beaming, then kissed me. I patted her on the rear as I sometimes did, and she left, giggling at my little gesture. As soon as she was gone, I brought my hands up and inspected my fingernails. Sure enough, they were clean, unbroken, and longer - feminine.

"What the fuck, why couldn't I tell her what was wrong?"

I described my own changes out loud to myself, and found that I could do so. Thinking quickly, I called up Michael, who was always the friend to answer his phone first.

"*Speaking!*" he said, straight down to business.

"Hey Michael!" I said. "Sorry for calling you, but I need to tell you that *I'm trying a new look today. Just a hairstyle, nothing more.*"

"Ohhhhkay. Are you still a bit tipsy from last night? It happens, mate."

I hung up, giving some quick apologies as I did so. Something was definitely up, and I couldn't tell people about it. I quickly tried doing it via message, then recording my voice and sending it, then a mixture of these, and even via my online social media accounts. *None* worked. I had already called work and taken a day for sickness. I didn't know what else to do beyond that. Physically, the changes were only small. But my speech changes? The odd compulsions to say things I didn't mean? Something was weird.

I was in serious trouble.

I had hoped that this was just some kind of psychotic break; I *had* been working too hard lately. Or perhaps that I was just overly tired that day. I rested up, ignoring my slightly-too-long hair and the way my nails easily scratched against my skin, no longer chewed to bits (yes, I am aware I have - *had* - a problem). Relaxing was indeed a big help, but it could only get me so far. I really did have longer eyelashes, and after being very, very careful, I chopped a few short. It looked ridiculous, like I was cosplaying Alex DeLarge from *A Clockwork Orange*, but I considered that these little sudden changes were pretty easily reversible.

Only they weren't. I'd just had a ham and cheese toastie for lunch and then done the snip and chop job, and right as I was inspecting myself again in the mirror, the strangest thing occurred: the shimmer returned. It glowed a bit more this time, like it was the Southern Lights dancing in the air in my bathroom. It vibrated and shook in the air, almost like it was dancing, as if it was . . . frustrated? Angry? I almost got a sense that it was *accusatory*, as if it were saying '*how dare you get rid of the work that has already been done on you?*'

Suffice to say, it scared the shit out of me. The music danced upon my skin again, making me writhe as it rippled. Moments later, my own voice echoed.

"I really wish Tom could have the woman of his dreams."

"No! Not again! I didn't know I was doing something with that wish! It was just an innocent request!"

But the magic, or force, or entity, or *God*, or whatever the bloody hell it was didn't seem to care about my own feelings on the matter, because my eyelashes not only regrew in formation with the others, but then they *all grew*, all of them becoming prominent, quite girly lashes. It didn't stop there, however. My hair grew out yet again. My nose withdrew just a tetch, as if it were taking on a more cute button shape (it was, as it turned out). My nipples distended, throbbing as they grew, pushing outwards as they became like little pink raspberries sticking out against my shirt. Hairs retracted along my arms, pulling beneath my skin, and my legs and chest followed too.

And I didn't care one bit.

I was lost in that ocean of calm once more. I could easily visualise myself lying back, floating in a tranquil sea, the changes flowing through me like water. It was beauty and peace, the kind of serenity that would normally require years of meditative practice to achieve. Once more, I could feel every change, sense every little thing. Even the blemishes that disappeared on my skin, the scars from that failed rock climb around the Kakadu Range, I somehow *knew* they were disappearing away, in the same fashion that I could supernaturally sense the growth of freckles on my skin. Being ginger-haired, or 'ranga' as anyone Aussie will tell you, I had my own set of freckles on my face and shoulders, but now

more of them were appearing, erupting like tiny little rust-brown-orange stars upon my skin. It seemed . . . right, somehow.

The effect ended with the same immediacy as it had before. Well, not quite; it lasted slightly longer this time. I tried to be angry as I beheld my changes in the mirror, and then directly on my body when I took my shirt off, but it took an oddly long time to manifest. Perhaps just thirty seconds, but for that duration, that peace quietly persisted. That strange *oneness* with the universe, like I was innocent and pure all over again.

“Goddamn it!” I finally said. “Fucking oath, I changed again!”

My hair was now reaching my eyebrows, like a terrible fringe. The hairs were also redder. Not unnaturally so, but they had even more ‘fire’ in them than normally, as my Caroline would say. My nose had definitely become smaller, and there was a softness to my face: I no longer had as many hairs; my goatee had entirely thinned. Hell, most of the hair on my chest and arms and legs was just . . . gone. And the freckles! They were . . .

“Cute,” I said, and that little flicker of peace resumed. Yes, there were a lot of them. A hell of a lot, in fact, but somehow it *worked*. I had a very freckled face that would be cute, or at least was *going* to be, I sensed.

That sense made me shiver in horror.

“Fuck. Fuck. Shit, fuck, fuck.”

I needed to see Tom. Somehow he was at the centre of this, and the wish I had made about him. It didn’t take a genius to realise I was becoming more feminine. After all, I had a set of very female-looking nipples, wider areolas and all. Well, I wasn’t *just* becoming more feminine. I’d heard my wish echoed back to me *three* times now. The outcome heading my way was obvious. I was becoming Tom’s woman.

The woman of his dreams.

I had experienced the strange shimmer one more time when I was finally able to catch up with Tom for coffee the next day. Thankfully, it was a Sunday, so we were both free. But *unthankfully*, I had changed more as a result of said shimmer. It had come while I was trying, once more, to communicate with Caroline what was happening to me. I had tried a new method: pictures. Now, I’m not Tom, so this was no master effort so much as a series of doodles, but I was proud of what I’d created.

Except the second I tried to show them to her, they spilled out of my hands and onto the floor, my hands spasming to stop me from telling my story.

“That’s okay, dear,” she said. “You can show me after I’ve sorted out the pot!”

She returned to the kitchen, and I automatically put the paper in the bin without a second thought. “*Nevermind, just a silly work thing,*” I said, my lips forming the words I didn’t want to say.

She hadn’t even noticed a difference in me, and her back was turned when, in my anger, I tried to do something *drastic* by smashing a plate on the kitchen just to show her something, at least, was *wrong*. Instead, the shimmer rose up, angry just like last time.

Yet despite its anger, it intervened before I could scream in response. I was already finding that calm, sinking into that ocean, and the changes were beginning.

It’s why I felt so odd, meeting Tom at his place, ostensibly for a coffee, but really to get to the heart of what was going on and try to stop it. Reverse it, even. My hair by that point was down to my chin, and I had to keep pushing it out of my line of sight, not knowing what to do with it. My hips swayed just that little bit: they had expanded outwards, just as my waist was thinning. I hadn’t exactly possessed a dadbod prior to this moment, in fact I tried to keep myself in shape, but it was still alarming to feel so thin, not to mention so *short*. I’d dropped at least two inches, and was almost south of six feet in height.

But the biggest change on my mind as I knocked upon Tom’s door to let him know I was here, was the small pair of weights that trembled slightly on my chest from that very motion. Yes, I had developed breasts. They were only tiny. Practically nonexistent. Except that they did, in fact, bounce. Just the tiniest bit of weight, but it was there. I had breasts. Fucking hell, I had *breasts*.

“This better work,” I said. “I don’t want to become a woman. There’s no way I’m going to end up as Tom’s ideal woman. I’ll find a way to tell him, though. I’ll tell him what’s happening, surely the connection between us will help. I’ll just say it out loud. ‘Tom, I’m turning into-’”

The door opened.

“*Such an early arriver!*” I declared, a smile now on my features, despite my impulse otherwise. Even my attempt to ‘accidentally’ tell the truth had failed.

Tom opened the door, looking a little bit flustered, running his hands through his messy hair. He looked as if he’d just come up for air, or more likely just pulled himself away from the drawing table.

“Sorry!” he announced. “Sorry, Lance. I lost track of the time and-”

“Hey, it’s okay, mate,” I reassured him. “No worries at all. I’m actually early. Coffee, remember?”

“Y-yeah! Sorry, the place is a bit of a mess. I’ve been making some illustrations for a new tabletop RPG coming out and it’s gotten away from me. Come on in!”

I followed him in. I couldn’t necessarily trust his eyes - Tom could be quite oblivious - but it certainly seemed like he couldn’t recognise any difference in me. My voice was

sounding a little bit squeaky, I'd noticed, but he hadn't batted an eye. The odds weren't in my favour.

His house indeed had a bit of mess to it, but not nearly as much as he claimed. Mainly crumpled up paper balls from tossed illustrations that weren't up to scratch. Others looked perfect to me: sleek characters in various fantasy costumes, some of them like elves, others orcish, others more human. They were wonderfully designed; I never got tired of my friend's boundless creativity. He had a keen understanding of human anatomy, and this was from of the more reclusive and introverted people I knew.

"Good coffee or shit coffee?" he asked me.

"Good coffee," I replied. "None of that Nescafe bullshit, thanks."

He chuckled. "No worries. So, how's things? I was surprised you wanted to catch up after the party. It's only been two days, and I think I was a bit of a sad sack for that. Sorry if that's what this is about."

I cocked my head. "What? No. No way, mate. No, nothing like that. I guess I just wanted to check up on you, see how you were faring. For instance, do you feel any different from that night? You were pretty down about being the only single at the party. Did you feel something change?"

He gave me a funny look as he got the coffee machine going. He knew I liked a good hazelnut latte, but over the noise of the machine he replied.

"Funny that you say that, I do feel different! I don't know how to describe it, but it's like this incredible calm hits me at times, and I just feel . . . nicer. I have no idea why, but I feel a lot more at peace, you know? Even if I'm single. Plus, I've thrown myself headlong into drawing. I've got this piece in my head that I just can't get out of it right. I've done dozens of copies already. It's a personal project, but I feel like it'll be one of my best illustrations yet."

I nodded along, just barely managing to take in his words. Truth be told, I was doing everything to test if he could see my changes: my nipples were pushing against my shirt, my pants were tight on my hips, and I was brushing my hair, fluttering my eyelashes, all of it. Even Tom couldn't be that lacking in perception; he actually had his glasses on, for one.

We talked a bit more, about his work and mine, about how Caroline was going and the latest thing to watch on Netflix and all that, but all the time there was that undercurrent of nervousness rising inside of me. I could feel a strange connection, one that bridged me to Tom. I knew the wish was doing this, but had he something to do with it? I suspected not. It made me distracted, feeling like this trip was for nothing: I couldn't even tell Tom to console him. When I tried, I just spoke about the weather instead.

"Here we are!" he said, presenting me with my coffee.

I was nervous, not quite sure what to say. Tom fidgeted in his usual manner, not quite knowing how to proceed with conversation. I decided to help him bridge the gap.

“So, Tom, how goes your illustrations? You said you have a good one going?”

He perked up. “Yes! It’s more my art project. Recently I’ve just been struck by inspiration - ever since the party, actually! It’s an image of a woman, one who I think will be quite striking. I’m trying to render her just right; I can’t explain it, but I think she’ll be very important to me somehow.”

I tasted the coffee. It was good. Real good, in fact. Tom knew how to make them, that was for sure. It put a calm in me, despite the concern his words gave me.

“Would you mind if I saw what you’ve done so far?”

He bit his lip, a little nervous. “Um, sure! Just be aware she’s not done yet. I haven’t got all the details quite right, okay? But maybe an outside perspective will be good.”

He took me up to the second floor of his house, asking me how Caroline was going. I told him she was well, but that things were a little odd right now.

“Oh? Roommate problems?”

I chuckled, assuming this was some kind of innuendo. Of course, I now know better, don’t I?

“You might say that. We’re still solid, but she just hasn’t been noticing some changes I’ve been going through.”

“Well, if you ever need to talk about it, I’m here.”

That surprised me. Tom usually wasn’t so on the ball when it came to emotional stuff. Of course, I literally *couldn’t* tell him, but that was neither here nor there; that sense of calmness returned to me. At least until he opened the door to his ‘art room’ and brought me to see all the sketches he’d pinned to the wall.

The sketches of a beautiful, freckled red-haired woman with a beautiful smile and gorgeous body, the kind any lady would dream of. She was in various poses, her face changed subtly between takes, and some of them looked very close to how I did at that very moment, shorter red hair and all. Others were far more . . . bosomy. And others still were wearing red dresses, or beautiful summer skirts and blouses, or, in one case, a red lingerie to match her long, fiery hair with its many curls.

“Oh God,” I said.

Tom blushed, scratching the back of his scruffy brown hair. “Yeah, I know. It’s a bit much. I think there’s a good piece in here, something with the red hair against the dark shadow of her entering the bedroom. I could make an exhibition but it might . . .”

His words trailed off in my mind. The shimmer had returned. It danced in through the window, moving around and then through me, and just as I suspected it then curved around and pierced right through Tom, connecting me to him. *Binding* me to him. The wish’s power was right before my eyes.

“I really wish Tom could have the woman of his dreams.”

Calmness.

Tranquility.

Beauty.

I was awash in it once more. The changes began, but more than ever before, I *welcomed* them. My red hair gained its curls and snaked down to just above my shoulders, free and surprisingly weighty compared to what I was used to. My face felt as if it was bubbling and shifting, its structure becoming a little softer, and yet angular in all the right places. My breasts pushed forward, and something appeared to cup them beneath my shirt: I knew moments later that it was a bra, and I thought, 'how grand,' as if all was right with the world. My hips spread out, my height reduced, my limbs became thinner again. Even my waist shrank, just a little, and my penis and testicles did so as well.

And I didn't bloody well care.

I was too busy bathing in that sense of 'rightness' in the air. My gaze was fixated on Tom. He looked so . . . so . . . handsome. In need of a good barber job. A better dress sense. A set of glasses that suited him, of course, and a woman's touch to his general appearance, but . . . he was handsome all the same. Right down to his nervous demeanour and obsessive love of the arts. His introverted nature, and the hidden passion beneath. I took a deep breath, and as I did, the effect slowly wore off, the calmness still an undercurrent, but my thoughts my own again.

Well, *mostly* my own.

Something had switched in me, mentally. I couldn't explain it, but I was looking at Tom as he went on and on about the lighting and the shading and the linework of his pieces, and something in me just couldn't stop . . . appreciating him. He kept glancing my way, smiling, clearly happy to have someone to chat to who could support his interests. There was a light to him that I'd never noticed, and I wanted to drink it in. I wanted to drink *him* in.

"Oh God, look at the time!" I declared. "I've got to go! Sorry!"

Tom looked at me with utter confusion in his eyes, but I was already moving. I needed to be away from him; away from his cute nerdy look and adorable introverted personality and his shy brilliance and his marvellous imagination and, most of all, the dream girl he had invented in his head at the moment I made that damn wish.

The wish that was making me *her*.

I apologised to Tom over text the next day. It seemed the right thing to do, but also I wanted to. I couldn't get him out of my thoughts. Every time I felt agitated or terrified as hell of my changes, one thought about him made them all wash away. The calmness came easy now,

like a drug, as soon as my thoughts turned to pleasing him and loving him. It was . . . innocent. Like I could just banish all the worries of my life by embracing this transformation, and letting myself become this devoted future wife to my good friend. To make matters worse, he kept sending me images of his illustrative updates after I foolishly asked him to, and I was addicted to them as well. I scrolled over the images in my phone, astonished at the complex linework, the vulnerability and beauty of this red-haired woman, the way she looked back at me with such . . . *life*. Again, that feeling of innocence came upon me, as if I were truly being reborn.

“What are you looking at, roomie?”

I was brought from my thoughts by my wife. I’d had another Shimmer during lunch, and was getting afraid she wouldn’t recognise me soon: I looked far more female than male, and my height was now just slightly above that of a regular woman’s: only five-foot-seven. I was even getting some ‘padding’ in my rear, and my hips swayed a little when I walked. The less said about what was basically my micro-penis now, the better. Hell, just speaking was a humiliation: my voice had a soft, sweet quality to it now, with just a pale remnant of his masculine tone.

“I’m just looking at some pictures Tom sent me,” I said.

“Aww, she looks beautiful. A lot like you, Laney. Do you think he has a crush?”

Something in my blood chilled. I slowly turned my head to stare at my wife as she peered over my shoulder. She was pretty as ever, all done up in a nice summer dress which she knew I loved, and yet . . . I wasn’t attracted to her. I could only enjoy the aesthetic of her.

“What did you just call me?” I asked.

“Laney,” she said. “Oh, I’m sorry, do you still prefer Laine? You know that sounds like a guy’s name, right?”

“*Laney*,” I said, trying not to feel sick. “My name is *Laney*.”

“Yeah, that’s what I said, roomie.”

That word again: *roomie*. Roommate. Not ‘sweetie’ or ‘babe’ or ‘honey,’ just *roomie*. The changes were happening quicker now, and reality was sliding with them. It wasn’t just that Caroline was *ignoring* my change; she was now being affected by it, too. I trembled, trying to communicate with her what had happened to me.

“Caroline,” I said. “You know that I’m supposed to be *his girlfriend, right?*”

“Thank God! You’re finally admitting it. I mean, we all know you should be with him, but most people don’t guess it at first. You, such an extravert, and him such an introvert, but you bring out the best in each other! I’ve seen how he looks at you, and how you look at him. And those drawings of his, you always obsess over them.”

I gulped. That calmness, that acceptance loomed over me. God, it was tempting. I craved it. That desire to leap into the purity of that sensation, and embrace what I was becoming. I looked again at the drawing. I could be so beautiful . . .

Tears formed in my eyes. "Caroline, do you ever get the sense that things are meant to be different between us?"

She smirked. "Well, we did have that fun experiment back in college!"

"I'm serious."

She just rolled her eyes. "I know you want to stick around and live with your bestie for good, but you should seriously consider asking Tom out. I mean it. Plus, let's be honest, his place is pretty great."

"I just . . . *I want to be the woman of his dreams so much. I want to be with him, and please him, and make him happy. And that'll make me happy. I just can't fight it!*"

The worst part was that the compelled words were partly *true*. I wanted them to be true, and even more so when my own wife hugged me close.

"I want that for you too, roomie! You deserve to be happy with someone you love."

I did, and she was hugging me as if we were friends and not lovers. It burned me. God, it hurt. But not nearly as much as it should have, and that's what scared me. I had married this woman, I *loved* her. And yet my brain was telling me that she was just my friend, my closest friend, sure, but my heart had to make space for someone else. A *male* someone else.

When I retreated to my room after our chat (I had my own room now, I didn't share one with my own wife) I had to scramble to the adjacent bathroom to throw up. I could barely look at myself in the mirror, out of disgust and a strange sense of pride, a desire to look more like Laney. I cleaned myself up and entered back into my new room, witnessing the various changes that decorated the space, including a feminine-looking image of me as a *waitress* when I was younger. Tom was in it: was that how I met him in this reality? Did I serve him and see him drawing that cute figure of me on a napkin that he was holding up?

My heart fluttered. He looked so handsome, in a way. And . . . I looked happy. Innocent. Just how it had all started, with one innocent little wish.

I pushed the thoughts away. Bad enough that my wardrobe now had dresses and blouses and *bras*. Bad enough that I was becoming a woman, and that my marriage had been dissolved, or that I had to fight to make my brain horrified by all of it.

I was *not* going to give in.

Thankfully, I had finally achieved a breakthrough: I could talk about my experience online with zero hesitation, but *only* if I was not on my social media accounts, not talking to anyone I knew or connected to me, and doing so with an anonymous account on a messageboard. Naturally, this restricted things a *lot*. But it *was* progress. I put up a few posts on several boards, ranging from transgender discussion forums to housewife chat sites to online shared therapy groups, and that was just the start. All I had to do was wait and hope.

Naturally, the dismissals came first. This was stressful for me, because the Shimmer (I had started thinking of it in capitalisation now, as if it were a living entity) had already returned while I was visiting a coffee shop. My hair had gotten longer yet again, and more than that, it had gained a smoothness and vibrancy it had never before possessed. My nose was cuter, and my skin without blemishes apart from my really cute coat of freckles. The other changes were on my body. My breasts were a full B-cup now, heading towards C's. Part of me wanted C's. Don't most women want bigger boobs? They felt enormous to me, even if they weren't really that big when I looked in the mirror. They were lovely, though, as was the rest of my form. I almost didn't have a penis at all.

So yes, I was keen to see the results on the message board posts I'd made. Most, alas, mocked me or thought I was crazy.

'Is this a troll post?'

'This isn't a creative writing exercise, sorry!'

'Sounds like you need way better therapy than we can give you, dude.'

Slowly, my hopes fell. I don't know why I hadn't considered this very obvious outcome. What was the point of being able to tell your story if you could only do so in a space where no one would ever believe you? I had almost given up entirely on my online project, until I checked the replies in full on a little message board dedicated to paranormal experiences. Most were dismissing me, one even called me a Fed for some reason (obviously an American, despite me asking if I could only speak to local Aussies), and others were clearly lunatics or bots. But one reply interested me, one that I almost missed as I prepared to exit the window.

'Hey there, I don't know if this is a hoax or not, but this happened to me! I made a wish that my best friend could get married to his ideal girl, and I became her. Sounds like you're in the same boat as me, mate, and if you're not lying, we're not far from each other. I'm also a Melbournite. Send me a PM if you want to talk, and we might even see if we can talk in person if you're up for it: I can't with anyone else, but maybe if you're also affected? Worth a try.'

My heart raced. For once it was pounding for something other than Tom. I hesitated, wondering if this was a scam, but then sent a message.

'Hey there, can I get some details from you before we confirm any meet? I need to know this isn't a scam. How did you make the wish, and how do the changes happen?'

I was fortunate that they were right on the buzzer. Their username gave some credence to who they claimed to be: *StuckAsATrophyWife*.

'Hey there, Redhead456. I was at a party with my best friend Greg. His girlfriend had broken up with him after he proposed. I tried to cheer him up, but it didn't work. I wished that he could get married to his ideal girl, and then there was this weird vibration in the air. It was like music on my skin, and there's this weird effect I call The Southern Lights in the air. I realised later it was a link from me to him. Anyway, I started changing after that. The full set of changes took a month, happening at random. They bloomin' well terrified me. But sometimes I came to like them. It was like being in a perfect state of meditation. I imagined myself in the outback, lying under the sun but not getting burned, just appreciating nature. And soon I didn't even have my own girlfriend, and everyone wanted me to be his.'

My heart pounded harder. It was true. There was no way this woman could know all these details. I typed quickly.

'And how long ago was this? What happened to you?'

'This was five years ago,' she replied. 'I've been married to Greg for four now. I tried to fight it at first but couldn't find a way. You're the first person I've been able to talk to openly about this, but as you've discovered, anonymous online chatting at least lets us get the story out there.'

I typed again. *'Maybe we can work together? Find a way back? I'm turning into my shy friend's perfect girl.'*

'Does she have big boobs like me? I swear, Greg can't stop playing with them even after five years.'

'No. I think I'm more petite. I'm getting C-cups, but I think that's where it stops.'

'Lucky. I've got E-cups. I don't mind 'em, though. Not after all these years. Proved useful when I had my babies.'

'You got PREGNANT!?'

'Twice.'

I made my choice. I typed again. *'Can we meet?'*

I couldn't avoid Tom, it seemed. I was about to head out the door to meet this woman, who's name was Danielle, when suddenly he knocked on said door first. Caroline answered and called to me with a smug grin.

"Someone's here to see you, bestie!"

God, it was weird to be called 'bestie' by my own wife. Still, I advanced, my heart fluttering and my tummy warm. I should have run out the back, but I wanted to see him. God help me, I wanted to see him. And fucking oath, my body just lit up at the sight of him.

He was standing in the doorway, fidgeting and looking nervous and carrying a handful of *daffodils*. Clearly, the female me loved flowers, because I went a bit weak at the knees when I realised they were for me.

"Hey, um, I saw these at a florist's," he said, trying hard to meet my eyes and clearly nervous himself. "I just thought of you. Would you like them?"

I took them gingerly. Caroline was practically squealing in the background, my own wife happy to see me being courted by a man.

"I . . . would. They're lovely, Tom. You're so lovely, bringing these to me."

He smiled a little, then scratched the back of his head.

"I'm sorry you had to run the other day. Um, so I was thinking, Laney. Look, I really like hanging out with you."

"I love it too," I felt compelled to say. *"I enjoy being in your company, Tom. You always make a girl feel welcome."*

He smiled, growing more confident. "So . . . I was wondering if you wanted to go out on a . . . well, a date sometime."

Caroline *did* squeal in the background, and I shot her a look. Tom had nearly jumped: his attention had been entirely on me. I looked at him, seeing not only who he was but who he had the potential to be . . . with a stylish woman's touch. It scared me how much I was falling for him: that calmness was returning, those musical notes upon my skin. I realised I had paused for far too long, but the compulsion was too strong; there was no resisting it.

"I would love that so much, Tom. Fucking oath, it took you a while to ask me out, didn't it?"

He laughed, and so did I. "You know me. I asked myself a million times if you'd say yes, first."

"Well, I'll just have to say yes a million times, won't I?"

I hated how fun flirting with this cute man was. We worked out the details, and somehow I agreed to go out with him not just any night, but *tonight!* I wasn't even a full woman yet, but part of me grew excited at the prospect of becoming his. That ocean of tranquility threatened to devour me with its calm, and I had to fight it. I had to see Danielle.

I only left after Tom did. I drove fast, trying not to experience all the butterflies in my stomach. I imagined posing for him in my fully changed body, letting him draw me as if I were that girl from *Titanic*. And I imagined other things too. The change was clearly getting more powerful, the Shimmer rising up in the air around me. Even as I drove, it cascaded through me, and I was in that ocean again. My breasts expanded subtly, my hips a little too,

and everything about me became that little more feminine, even my dress sense which changed upon me. It was the weirdest thing in the world, to suddenly 'wake up' in the parking spot of a local Maccas, having become almost entirely a woman, my hair suddenly upon my shoulders, my appearance in the mirror beautiful, captivating, my lips captivating with their light application of red lipstick. And then there was the dress! I wasn't in jeans and a shirt but a summer dress now, and the looseness around my hips and legs was . . . lovely. Freeing. Strange and wonderful all at once. I made my way into the fast food place, where Danielle and I had agreed to meet. I had her photo on my phone, and sought her out, trying to ignore the bouncing in my fuller breast, or the way my hair swished, or how some of the young teenage boys looked at me and made comments among themselves. I really did look sexy, didn't I?

And then I saw her. She perked up, and waved to me. I only had a photo of her face - that of a beautiful, dark-haired woman with bright blue eyes and full lips. Now, I saw the rest of her, and I gasped as I sat down.

"You're pregnant?" I said, noting the bulge in her belly behind the table.

She sighed. "And hello to you too, Laney. Or should I say, Lance?"

Tears formed immediately. "No one else knows that's my name," I said. "Sorry, all these new emotions."

"It's okay. Test something for me: call me Daniel."

I did so, even though she certainly did not look like a Danielle: Not with a bust like that. Her little one was asleep in a stroller beside us. Obviously, Danielle had been breastfeeding, to judge from the maternity top. As such, she had to cover her mouth as she gasped, and tears flowed in her eyes as well.

"Sorry," she said. "Not just pregnancy hormones there. I haven't been called that name in five years now. You really are the real deal."

"I guess so. Where's your other kid?"

She nodded towards the Maccas playground. "Hunter will be in there for hours if I let him. But at least it gives us time to talk. So, you've experienced the Southern Lights."

"I call it the Shimmer. But it sounds like we're talking about the same thing."

"How long ago?"

"Only a week or so, really. It's happening fast."

"That's how it went for me. I sucked at fighting it, I can tell you that. I didn't even see my own girl romantically, soon. I was starting to look at him in a new light, and then I wanted nothing more than to be his girlfriend, and then his wife, and then the mother to his babies."

I cringed a little, partly in discomfort, but also partly because my body almost wanted that too. What would it feel like, to have Tom's babies inside of me? Growing in me? To give birth to them? I couldn't help but tremble in anticipation.

“I think . . . my body wants that, too.”

She sighed. “Then it will happen.”

“No! I met up with you so I could fight it, Danielle. To learn how to go back!”

She snorted, then rubbed her belly before taking a sip of her soft drink. “Sweetie, if I knew of a way back, do you think I’d be knocked up with baby number three? This shit is permanent. There’s no way back. I just thought you might want to hear it all from someone who’s gone through it, has fought it, and now accepts it and even, yes, loves it, too.”

I paused. “You love it?”

She shrugged. “Well, that calming effect helps. You know, when you play your role right, and everything just *clicks*. It’s kinda addictive as hell. Plus, I really do love, Greg. Maybe it’s the magic, maybe it’s Stockholm Syndrome or whatever, but I’m head over heels with him. I don’t really care at this point: I’m his wife, and I love him, and I love our kids, even if getting *preggers* wasn’t exactly something I ever imagined for myself.”

I was galled. Shocked. “But - you have no choice!”

“After five years, I’m used to it. Besides, the sex is good. Really good. Something for you to look forward to.”

My loins shivered. God, I could feel another Shimmer almost coming on. The thought of Tom on top of me, and me on my back, my legs spread as he entered me . . .

Danielle smirked. “I know that look! That’s how I ended up with Hunter. And little Abby here. And the little mystery right here.” She rubbed her swollen belly. It was hard not to look at it.

“But . . . you’re so accepting of it! Wouldn’t you go back to being a man if you could?”

“Yeah, nah. Look, if you’d asked me that five years ago, absolutely. But I don’t want to fight it anymore. I’ve had two babies and one more on the way. Greg wants four, and you know what? I’ll be happy to give it to him. But . . . I do occasionally miss those days, and wonder who I could have been. Truth be told, I wanted to meet up with you to tell you how it is, that you can’t change back, and that you can love your life. But I also wanted to see you just so I could, you know, talk to someone about it. I know it sucks to hear, but maybe that’s what we can be for each other: we should keep in contact so at least we have one other person who knows that we can vent to. Trust me, I’m all ears to hear how much having a period blows when you were never prepared for one, or if you want to talk after you bone down with your man for the first time.”

I imagined it again, and smiled despite myself. I had to fight the calm, that innocent feeling of bliss. “So I really can’t change back?” I asked. “I’m going to be his dream girl, whether I want it or not?”

She took another sip of her soft drink. “Sorry, yep.”

I exhaled deeply. My hope of changing back had evaporated, but even in that there was a kind of . . . acceptance. I could give my future over to this wish, and learn to love it on the other side.

When I returned to my home, the one I now shared with my 'roomie', I wasn't morose. Instead, there was a kind of . . . zen-like quality to my attitude. A sort of oneness with my changing reality. I went to my room and stared at myself before the full length mirror. Danielle had been happy. Truly happy, I could see it. We'd talked more, and she'd giggled as she discussed Greg and how much she had come to love him, and all the ways a woman's life could be enjoyable, and even the joys of pregnancy, even if that was a lot to (literally) stomach. I drank it in, imagining such a future with Tom, and then I found myself sharing his illustrations with her that he'd sent me on his phone. And at that point, as I looked at the longing in those drawings, I felt that strong sense of peace again.

I summoned that peace before the mirror, focusing my thoughts on Tom.

"This is who I am now," I said. "I'm Laney. And I'm his dream girl. Just hurry up and make me her already, Shimmer. I want this over with. I want . . . I want to be *his*."

Perhaps it was coincidence, perhaps the Shimmer really was alive, but it manifested before me, spiralling out the window and no doubt all the way to Tom himself. Those musical notes played upon my skin again, and my own words repeated back to me, this time with more exuberance than ever.

"I really wish Tom could have the woman of his dreams."

And I did, this time. I really did.

Tom took me to a restaurant. He was an old-fashioned romantic, it seemed, because he had even dressed up for the occasion. I had some pointers on how to improve him, but those would come in time. For now, I was dressed up too. I wore a cute green blouse with a loose front that teased at my now C-cup breasts, and a dark long skirt that matched it well, and swished around my legs with each movement. I felt so delicate and graceful, particularly since the magical compulsions had aided me in applying makeup just so. I wondered if, in time, I would learn makeup enough that I wouldn't need the compulsions (I was right on that, by the way).

"You look very beautiful, by the way," Tom said as he stared at me across the table.

I couldn't help but grin. "*You don't look half-bad yourself*. I still can't believe you asked me out. I never thought you'd do something like that!"

He bit his lip, nervously. "I still can't, to be honest. But I'm trying to come out of my shell a little more, lately. I think after the pandemic, when, well—"

I giggled. "When you didn't even realise it was happening for several months?"

"Yeah, that. Well, that was a bit of a wakeup call. But you know me, it takes years to change course. We've always been friends, but I realised I wanted more than that. If that's okay to say! I mean, this is only a first date. Oh, shit, I'm implying I expect more dates, aren't I? That's very expectant of me. Sorry, I'm bad at this."

I just giggled again, and placed my hand on his. It sent a ripple of calm through me. Danielle was right. I'd never felt so happy and wonderful before. I didn't care if it was the magic or whatever, I just wanted more of this, and more of *him*.

"It's okay," I said. "I think you're very cute." It wasn't a compulsion to say. "And I think there'll be more dates to come, to be honest."

His eyes went wide. "You think?"

I bit my lip. How had I never noticed how adorable this man was before?

"I absolutely think, mister. *You know, you look very hot tonight.*"

He almost spat out his drink. "Wow, you think?"

"Are you a broken record! Of course I think that. Tom, I really like you. I want to be with you."

I wasn't even sure if that sentence was totally compelled. My loins were starting to feel a little turned on by him. I was still getting used to the notion of having a pussy. I had already played with it a little, even came when I imagined Tom inside of me, but, according to Danielle when I texted her in a panic afterwards, that would be nothing compared to the real deal. My nipples tensed a little, as if yearned for his touch upon them.

"I want to be with you too," he replied. "Look, I know this is crazy, but lately I've been so inspired by you. It's why I used you as a model for my illustrations, and thanks again for agreeing to that. But more than that, I just . . . couldn't stop thinking about you. About your smile, your sense of humour, your confidence. How you know so much about sport and it's like an alien language, but you get so excited about the latest AFL game that it sucks me right in."

At least I still had those parts of my personality, I mused. I clenched his hand tighter, not letting go. My heart was ablaze with passion, the way it once had for Caroline. But I couldn't muse on the past, only the future. The future I had inadvertently wished for.

"I feel the same way about you," I said.

"Well, shall we discuss it more over dessert?"

I licked my lips, on a precipice. But the calmness and I were one: I was Laney, and it made me proud. I leaned over the table a bit, intentionally pressing my breasts together to reveal some cleavage.

"Or," I said. "We could skip dessert, and get out of here?"

I'd never seen Tom look so nervous and excited before. I felt the same damn way myself.

Suffice to say, by the time we got back to his place, I was feeling wet and ready for him. I was nervous, though not as much as I should have felt; the horniness and desire in me was sky high, and so when I kissed him, I was simply relieved that he kissed me back.

Tom was quite the passionate lover. /s quite the passionate lover. Who would have guessed it? But then again, he was always a thoughtful person, and so his attentiveness to my body made me more relaxed into my new life. He stroked and caressed me, kissed my neck, made me gasp as he felt my breasts gently. It was the perfect introduction to my new role in the bedroom, and my new 'dance partner.' His illustrations of me were all over the floor, he'd drawn so much, but I was better than any of them. It made me pleased as we finally reached the bedroom to know that I'd managed to beat even his own imagination. I gave myself over completely, remembering Danielle's warnings as well as her assurances that it would be very, very good.

And my, she undersold.

When he sucked on my breasts, I was already in a pure state of bliss, but when he finally entered me, and I gripped him with my thighs, I was in *ecstasy*. I knew at once that I was okay with leaving my old life behind. It would take adjustment. It would have occasional regrets. But I could do this, and having this man fuck my brains out was absolutely part of that. I cried out in bliss as he thrust into me, filled me, made me his. I was a woman, and I was his dream girl, and I had wished for it.

And if I could have wished for anything in that moment, it would have been to stay the fucking course.

I kissed him. I touched the muscles of his back. I spread my legs wide and let him enter further, and in the end I was gasping and crying out in my high, sweet voice. And then the moment came, and I trembled in agonising pleasure as he came into me, and orgasms rolled through me like thunder.

"Yes! YES! I love you, Tom! I love you! I want to b-be yours, forever!"

It wasn't even a compulsion. I meant every word. And in the aftermath, he held me, cupping my breast gently and pressing his face into my hair.

"You're my dream girl, Laney," he told me.

He had no idea how true that was, or how glad it made me.

Like I said, it all started innocently enough. Just a simple wish for my friend to be happy, and it derailed my whole life. Only, looking back, it did so in the best way imaginable. Yes, I have my occasional regrets, usually when I get my period. Often when I get catcalled, or talked down to and mansplained by some jerkwad at the office. And sometimes when I'm with my bestie Caroline, and I see her with her boyfriend Brandon, and imagine the life I could have had with my wife. I'm glad for those sore spots, because they make me understand that, yes, there are compulsions, and that bliss when I embrace my role, but I'm still *me*. I still made some choices to get to this point.

I still catch up with Danielle, of course. She's my other bestie, and we go to see the AFL matches when we can. The Sydney Swans are our sworn enemy, and we're hoping they get thrashed in the next bout against Essendon. Sadly, it's looking bleak. Still, we always have a laugh about how our lives ended up, and we have time to do our 'mantalk' which we can't do with anyone else. It's a nice release on the pressure valve, though I don't need to vent too often, not with my wonderful Tom.

He's looking much better these days. My female touch has done him well: I found him a good barber for his goatee, and his hair is much less scraggly now, though it still has its cute wiriness at times. And I found him glasses that make him look much hotter; even Caroline thinks so. But he still holes himself up in his room to draw, and I love him for that. I'm the one that yanks him out of the house to go to movies, to go dancing, to see our friends and have regular dates, and he's the one that yanks me back to the comfortable home we've built together.

Of course, Danielle (and my imagination) were right about some things. Despite a couple of years of marital bliss with my sexy nerdy husband, things are about to get a lot more crowded around our otherwise quiet house. I haven't told him yet, but I've missed my period by over a month now. And while he thinks I'm sick and has been so adorably attentive, I know the reason why my boobs are getting sore and my appetite huge, not to mention all this tiredness. My Tom, he probably wouldn't notice I'm pregnant until I was giving birth, the way he is. I can't wait to tell him. I'm no illustrator, but I've commissioned someone else to draw a couple of pictures of me on a card. It won't match up to his, but let's just say I'll look a bit more expectant on the interior side. He'll be over the moon, I just know it. I mean, it's a wonder I haven't had a couple of babies already, from how we go at it.

It was an innocent enough wish that gave me this life, but I'm not so innocent now, that's for sure, and this little surprise baby is evidence of that!

The End