

## See How You Like It

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*Trent is having girlfriend problems with Lisa, and its compounded by his constant lack of commitment and indecisiveness. One day, after having enough of his high expectations, Lisa calls it quits, but not before wishing he could see how he would like it being a woman, right in front of a wish-granting statue. Soon Trent finds his world turned upside down as he becomes Trish, and only his friend Martin can help him. But the new woman is hiding a big secret, and among her new compulsions to be Martin's perfect suburban woman is a tension over whether she'll even want to change back.*

## See How You Like It

### Part 1: The Change

Martin was visiting his friend Trent's house when he heard the argument.

"You don't seem to care how much effort this is for me, Trent!"

"I do care Lisa, I do. It's just that you always find excuses, and sometimes I want to see you dress up a little, that's all."

"That's all? That's all!? Trent, you are *always* asking me to look nice for you, to do my makeup, to wear this dress or that outfit, to do this or that in bed, to tell you all about my day and what I'm doing, it's freakin' exhausting!"

"I'm sorry, okay! I just really appreciate you Lisa, and I want the rest of the world to see you how I do."

"Why? Why, Trent? If we've got each other, isn't that enough? Seriously, I come back from overseas just two days ago - I even got you a thoughtful gift - and all you can talk about is 'showing me off' when we go out for dinner. Do you have *any* idea how exhausting it is to be a woman?"

There was a momentary silence, and Martin felt the need to step in before things got any more uncomfortable. Trent and Lisa were in the living room, both looking fairly intense.

"Look Lisa, I wish that - oh, Martin, you're early. Sorry, Lisa and I were just . . ."

He trailed off awkwardly, and Martin could feel the awkwardness.

“Just having a spirited debate,” Lisa said, covering for the two of them. “It’s good to see you Martin.”

“You too Lise, I can come back if now’s a bad time for -”

“No, it’s okay Martin.”

She wagged her head, and her red hair tousled with the movement. Lisa was a pretty woman, with a cute smattering of freckles on her face. She was thirty-five years old to Trent and Martin’s thirty-six, and as long as Martin had known her through Trent, she had preferred to wear a simple sweater or hoodie over a set of pants or long skirt. She wasn’t one for dressing up or putting up with much bullshit, and it surprised Martin that once again Trent was trying to make her into something she wasn’t. He had never fully understood his friend, who seemed to obsess over women’s attire and presentation, something which had cost him a number of relationships, and very well could spell the end of this one.

“Are you sure?”

Trent looked a little pleadingly at him, as if he wanted his friend to stay.

“Yeah, it’s fine,” she said, “you two enjoy your man chat and beer and barbecues and whatnot. I need to go run some errands anyway. *Someone* has to be the adult here.” She looked pointedly at Trent, and then left, putting her red hair into a ponytail.

“Sorry about that,” Trent said, turning to his friend. He felt embarrassed at being caught mid-argument, and even more for coming across as shallow, yet again. He had his own reasons, even though he knew it was wrong, but he’d never told anyone what they were.

The two men lived in the same suburb in a nice middle-class region; tidy lawns, sizeable backyards, garages for two cars, the works. They both held solid jobs - Martin as a hardware store owner, Trent as a sales manager - and their history went way back to high school. But as time passed and they both purchased houses in the ‘burbs, both found that the lives of others around them were moving on while they remained static. Couple came together, got married, and were having children, and soon they both found themselves the last bastion of parentless people in the suburbs. In Martin’s case, he didn’t even have a girlfriend; though he often longed for the lifestyle others had, it had eluded him. Ironically, it was Trent who kept getting partners who were ideally suited to settle down, but he never succeeded in settling down with.

He turned to his friend. Trent was a sharp-dressed man with light blonde hair and dark eyes. He was tall, roughly 6’2, taller than Martin, and was moderately fit.

“Having troubles again?”

“Something like that.”

Trent regarded Martin in turn. His friend may have been shorter than him at 5'9, but he was more traditionally manly, an avid gym-goer who gained a lot of strength from his working with hardware. It didn't hurt that Martin often had a rugged five o'clock shadow.

Trent would never, ever tell him, but there was a small kernel of attraction he found in his friend. It had always been there, even when they were teenagers. It probably explained why he was still single, though there were deeper reasons, ones he didn't want to examine.

"Well, let's crack a few beers open and watch the game; that'll cheer anyone up."

"That will certainly help," Trent said with a smile.



A couple of hours later, the two friends were out on the back deck, a number of cans empty on the outdoor table. The game had gone Martin's team's way, and Trent had still not heard the end of it. Martin could stir and rib his friends with the best of them; he had a sense of humour like that, and Trent often said he needed to hurry up and find a wife already so "you can use those Dad Jokes on some actual kids."

"Yeah, maybe I could, if you'd stop stealing all the good ones around, then driving them up the wall. I could have had a great shot with Eleanor, but she didn't want a bar of me given it meant still seeing you around."

Trent grimaced. Martin was ribbing him gently, but he could detect a sore spot beneath the surface. "Yeah, maybe I step in it too often. I just want something . . . perfect. Someone ideally suited to me, you know?"

There a clink of keys in a door at the front entrance, but neither of the slightly-tipsy men could hear it from the backyard, and the afternoon wind rustled through to obscure someone moving through the house.

"That's just silly, Trent, you have to work at that shit. No one is going to want to want you if you're always trying to make them the woman *you* want them to be. Policing what they wear and what not. Lisa's a great catch; she's smart, she's pretty, she wants to settle down, and she doesn't put up with bullshit."

"Yeah, I guess," said Trent. He gestured to a strange statue sitting at the end of the deck. "But she doesn't really get me, you know? Not really. Like, she went to South America for work, and she comes back with *that* as a present to me."

Martin cocked his head quizzically. "What is it?"

Trent took another long drink of beer. "Fuck if I know. It's some sort of 'wishing statue'. Or 'passion statue' or something. See the four arms? They represent desires, or

something. She thought I'd think it was neat. Shows what she knows about what I really want."

There was something serious in that last statement. As usual, Martin felt there was a barrier between him and his friend that he had never quite managed to breach. He considered the strange statue instead. It did indeed look a little odd. It depicted what appeared to be some form of leopard god or goddess - it appeared to have a pair of female breasts as well as male genitals - with four powerful spotted arms reaching above its head.

"Any idea what it represents?" Martin asked, a little intrigued.

"Something, that's for sure. I think, and I'm just trying to remember the nonsense she told me, that each of the raised arms is a call to the heavens, or something, and that when a 'wish or curse of passion' is pleaded before it, such a thing may be granted. And its arms are meant to lower or something. This one still has four wishes."

"Nice. I wish that I was filthy stinking rich." The statue did not change. Nothing happened. Martin chuckled and threw his friend another beer. "Your status is faulty, Trent."

"Yeah, well, the relationship's on a rocky foundation too."

Martin groaned. "God, buddy, you don't know how good you have it. I'd love to have what you have. Lisa is cute, she's funny, she's stubborn as a bull, and she's got a nice job in history. She also said you guys have been talking about kids."

Trent took a sip of beer. "Yeah, talking in circles. I still can't decide if I want them."

His friend threw up his hands, unbelieving. "Ugh! Seriously, mate. I'd kill for what you have. I want that home life. I want to settle down with a nice suburban wife and have three or four kids together, but time is just running out. You don't know how good you've got it. I gotta be honest Trent, it's like you just don't know what you want in life."

Trent went quiet for a time. "Yeah, maybe I don't, I don't know. I'm even sure Lisa and I are even meant to-"

His eyes suddenly went wide, and he perked up. "Shit, Lisa is home, I didn't hear her. I better get you packing. Take a few of the cans with you."

Martin just smiled. "She'll smell it on you, Trent. You just get in there and appreciate what you've got."

He gave Lisa a wave, and she gave a sad wave back through the glass door as she slid it open. He shouted his goodbyes to them both as he moved to walk home. Back to his empty home.

"So," Lisa said, "I heard a bit of that."

Trent collapsed back against the deck chair and shut his eyes. "Fuck. Lisa, I didn't mean-"

“No, I’m sick of this weasel-wording bullshit. I heard what you were going to say to Martin. After two whole years of being together - of me being moved in with you these last five months - you still aren’t sure about us? Are you fucking serious, Trent?”

He cringed, and stood himself up, placing his hands on her shoulders. “Look Lisa, it’s just the drink and some talk with my mate, okay? It’s not what it -”

She shoved him back. “Don’t give me that gaslighting bullshit, alright? I know what I saw, and I know especially what I hurt.” She balled her fists and seemed to rage briefly at the air. “God, Trent! It’s like you blame everything on people’s misconceptions, but the only one I see with a bunch of misconceptions is *you*.”

“Hey now, you’re blowing this way out of proportion.”

But those fiery eyes were already staring holes through him. She jabbed him in the chest. “Don’t tell me what I’m blowing out of proportion, not when you’ve spend a whole hour complaining about your present from Peru, and another ten here still complaining about it to your friend.” She indicated to the leopard statue currently facing her.

Trent sighed. “Look, it’s just not *me*, okay? I don’t know what else to say.”

“Nothing, you idiot! You say ‘thanks’ and then ‘nothing.’ If you don’t like it, who cares? I don’t even care! I just hate that you’ve been so much time shitting on it and not appreciating the fact that I cared enough to at least get something I thought you’d like. God, Trent, what do you even want from me? You ask me to wear better clothes, you ask me about my lipstick, you nag and nag and nag me to be your perfect little partner, and then complain when I don’t live up to your standards! You want kids, oh wait, no you don’t. Wait, yes you do! No wait, you’ve changed your mind again. And you want to settle down and live in the suburbs, except that you want to travel, except that you don’t want to come with me to Peru because you like it here. Make up your goddamn mind about something Trent, about anything!”

The sun was falling below the horizon by this point, and the lights in the neighborhood were turning on. The moon shone a little more brightly - it was full tonight, and it seemed to reflect noticeably down upon the statue, as if it were not made of stone, but something crystalline.

“Hey, Lisa, the statue -”

“I don’t care about the statue, Trent. In fact, you know what? I don’t care about any of this. Keep it, or throw it away. It’s not like you could decide upon a set of wishes. I just **wish** that you could see how you like it, being a woman!”

There was a low grinding sound, and one of the arms descended, much to Trent’s shock. But Lisa was still ranting at him, and hadn’t even noticed.

“Um, Lisa.”

“I **wish** that you could see how you like it, having to be in a relationship with a man where you feel compelled to please him at all times!!”

Another arm fell, and the statue appeared to glow slightly.

“What the hell, Lisa, the statue, it -”

She jabbed him in the chest. “And I **wish** that you could see how you like it, having to dress up and make up and be the perfect woman for him!”

A third arm fell, the stone quietly grinding, and the statue now glowed even brighter. Blue cracks began to show in its previously rocky exterior.

“Lisa stop, that statue is acting real weird-”

“Yeah? Well, you can always throw it away. Just like you’ve thrown away this relationship. We’re done.”

It hit Trent like a ton of bricks.

“Lise, this is absurd.”

“What’s absurd is sticking with a man who doesn’t even like his own life, so he keeps trying to mould *mine*. I’m taking my shit Trent. Not like you let me decorate the place with much of my stuff anyway.”

Over the following hour, Trent was largely speechless. He made several feeble attempts to get Lisa to stay, but they all died away. She was adamant, and the worst part is he recognised she wasn’t entirely wrong: already, he could feel a little lightness in his gut, as if a weight had been lifted. She left, her car full of as much stuff as she could take, and a promise that she would come back ‘eventually’ to get the rest.

“I’m going to find myself,” were her last words, “and unlike you, I’m actually going to commit to something.”

Trent was left alone at his doorstep, that lightness in his gut still there, though it had started to churn. He walked back inside, got himself a beer, and flopped back in a chair on the deck, appreciating the full moon. The statue’s three arms were still down, one still raised.

“Weird,” he said, still unsettled by the statue. But there was no way, surely, that it was real? He took another swill of his beer, and decided to ignore it. It was a gimmicky tourist item, nothing else.

His stomach churned a little more.



Trent woke the next day feeling awful. Perhaps it had been the number of drinks he’d had, or the fact that it was only just starting to hit him that Lisa had actually done it and walked out. He spent the morning dealing with an awful migraine from his hangover and trying to figure

out what was left in the cupboards now that she was gone. He'd have to make a list for the grocery run; Lisa had usually taken care of that.

As he ate his cereal, the living room looking oddly empty of life now that her various paintings and decorations were gone, that strange churning began in his stomach again.

*"I wish that you could see how you like it . . ."*

Trent spun around. "What? Lisa? Was that you?"

But there was no one there. His stomach growled again, and he clenched over, still hearing that strange ethereal echo of his girlfriend's voice. His ex-girlfriend now, he supposed.

"Must be hearing things," he muttered. He managed to get up out of the seat, breakfast unfinished. For reasons he couldn't explain he felt less hungry than usual, like his stomach was smaller or something. He rose and made his way to the bathroom, trying to ignore the stink of alcohol on his own breath.

"Thank God it's the weekend," he said.

He faltered a little as he caught his own reflection. He hadn't realised how bad he looked. It must have been a bender of a night. His skin was coated in a light sheen of sweat, and his hair looked greasy and darker than usual.

"Hm, need a haircut," he said. It wasn't a bad idea; after a bad breakup, he usually liked to make sure his appearance didn't go to the dogs like so many other guys. Appearance had always been important to Trent. It was something women often complimented him on at the office, and it was a good way of feeling confident again after being dumped.

He stripped naked and threw his clothes to the side, and stepped into the hot shower, trying not to muse too deeply on the cutting words Lisa had put to him. She didn't understand. He didn't really understand himself. Even Martin, his best friend, couldn't understand. He stayed in the shower for nearly fifteen minutes, mulling over those words Lisa had said; "you don't know what you want," "you're a man who doesn't even like his own life," "unlike you, I'm actually going to commit to something." Finally, he got out, and as the steam cleared, he looked into the mirror and gave a small gasp of surprise.

His skin seemed different somehow. It was hard to tell. Lighter perhaps, or smoother. Less coarse, certainly. It was most clear around his face; he still had his mid-thirties crinkles, but they were less apparent. His hair looked lush as well, and darker than usual. He looked over himself. Trent was quite fit, but was surprised that even the bit of tummy fat he had seemed to have dissipated. He pressed his hand over his taut stomach. It was like he'd seemingly lost some weight overnight. But it must have been a process he just hadn't noticed until now.

“Huh, I guess Lisa leaving has done wonders for my self-confidence already,” he said.

He paused as he put his shirt on however. His arms looked smoother, yes, but almost like he’d lost some of his arm hair. He shrugged, chalked it down to the fact they were probably still matted down by residual water, and dressed for the day.

He wanted to see Martin and tell him what had happened with Lise.



“You’re kidding? You idiot!”

Trent scratched the back of his head as he looked around. His friend’s suburban dwelling was much like his own - at least now that Lisa had stripped it; bare of detail and ornamentation. Martin often said he lacked the talent for decoration, and was hoping an eventual partner might have the spark.

“Yeah, I guess I made some mistakes. I might be able to patch it up with her, but she made it sound pretty final. Even wished that I was a woman so she knew what it felt like, would you believe it?”

Martin chuckled. They were both seated in his living room. “I don’t blame her. You put a lot on her shoulders, Trent. And speaking of being a woman, what’s up with your new look? Trying to jump back into the dating scene so quickly?”

Trent cocked his head. “Is it that obvious? The look, I mean.”

Martin chuckled. “Mate, you look like you’ve used too much skin lotion. Seriously, you look younger. And whatever dye you put in your hair has made it look longer.”

“I didn’t put any dye in my hair.”

“Sure you didn’t. And have you stopped working out? You look thinner.”

*“I wish that you could see how you like it, being a woman.”*

Trent spun around, trying to find out where Lisa was. It was definitely her voice again, but it sounded ethereal, almost ghost-like. Present, yet distant. “Lisa? Where are you?”

He stood, moving swiftly to look through the windows, to see where she was speaking from.

“Trent, what’s up? Seriously, what are you doing?”

Trent turned back to his confused friend. “Are you telling me you didn’t just hear that? Lisa’s voice? The wish about me being a woman and seeing how I’d like it?”

Martin looked at his friend, trying to figure out what to say. Trent had always had his secrets, but he’d never acted irrationally, and he seemed a little unhinged.

“I’m serious, I *just* heard it! There’s no way you didn’t hear that?”

But Martin had heard nothing, and was starting to doubt his friend's state of mind. He noticed that Trent had a light sheen of sweat over his body, and his hair looked ragged. Definitely darker.

"Trent, I think you just had too much to drink last night, buddy. You threw away a good thing - man, a good thing I would have *loved* to have had - and now you're feeling a bit awful and still have some stars floating around in your head.

"No, I swear, I - UGH!"

Trent doubled over suddenly, clenching his teeth as a series of strange pressures overcame his body. His skin itched like crazy, from his scalp all the way to the soles of his feet. His nipples burned, and it felt like the bones in his pelvis were about to pop out of place. He clutched his stomach, groaning as something shifted around beneath it. Martin dashed to his friend's side.

"Trent, mate, are you okay? What's happening?"

"I - aaahh - don't kn-know! Feels like my guts on f-fire! Aghhh!"

He lurched back, his shoulders muscles stretching and contorted, the tissue of his arms pulling tight. He bit his lip, trying to push through the strange, alien sensations, even as his face became numb, as if his lips, eyes, nose, all of it, were moving around and reorganising.

"Trent, your face! It's - it's changing!"

"What? That's impossible!"

*"I wish that you could see how you like it, being a woman."*

"Dammit Lisa, where are you? I CAN - OOHHH - HEAR YOU!"

Martin was utterly confused and completely helpless as his best friend since high school writhed and moaned, ranting at a voice he could not hear. He finally got his wits, and reached for his mobile phone, beginning to dial for the emergency service, when the sight of something stopped him dead in his tracks.

As he shivered and twisted, clutching his body, Martin's hair was visibly *darkening*. Not just darkening, it was going from blonde to *brunette*. Right at the roots, and spreading impossibly down the length of his hair. And moreover; it was *lengthening!* Trent grabbed his scalp in response to the sensation of hair pushing through.

"Oh God! Oh God! What's ha-happening to m-me!"

But he was helpless against the alien feeling of new bristles of hair continually sliding from his scalp, like small snakes wriggling from his head. Even as they did, Martin took a step back, dropping the phone as he witnessed other changes that were unfolding. Martin's frame was softening, but not only that, it was also *shrinking*. His left shoulder contracted suddenly, as if muscle and bone suddenly collapsed, and Trent gave a cry that sounded higher-pitched than usual. The other shoulder followed, leaving him with a decidedly smaller

upper frame. The changing man looked with panic at Martin, and though he could not see it, his friend could see that while one eye remained dark, the other had turned a green, almost emerald colour.

“Martin - Mhhhhmmmn! - I think I’m ch-changing!”

The other man could not even respond, and soon Trent was moaning once more as his hips popped outwards with an audible *CRACK!* He gasped, falling backwards on the couch, looking at his widened hips with horror. The fabric of his shorts was straining to contain them, and with an awkward urgency he managed to undo the button, gasping in relief as the zipper shown down to relax the pressure on his widened lower half.

“My hips - they look . . . look - OH!”

The wind was sucked out of him as an outward pressure began to mould his torso. For just the briefest of moments, it felt almost like a pair of hands were pinching and pressing at his figure, remoulding and remaking him in a new image. His figure suddenly cinched in at the waist, becoming narrow and accentuating his widened hips. His muscles seemed to boil away, turning to fat and redepositing down into his thighs and around his hips, giving them more womanly proportions. Trent leapt from the seat, grabbing his bottom as further pressures mounted.

“M-Martin - something’s happening to my ass - what is it!”

“It’s . . . it’s getting bigger, Trent.”

And it was. It bulged outwards almost comically in one swift expansion, complete with a little wobble as it halted its progress suddenly. The extra flesh rounded out the shorts and stretched the fabric slightly, and though Trent could not appreciate it, Martin was simultaneously shocked and slightly interested in the fact that his friend appeared to have suddenly developed the very definition of a ‘peachy behind’. The kind that men liked to see on women.

The kind that Martin *loved*.

He was knocked from his thoughts when his friend began to grunt in short, sharp breaths. His face had rearranged, and it was obvious to see it was becoming more feminine; his jaw had slimmed, his face become more ovoid, his chin more rounded, his nose smaller. But more than that, his skin had become whiter; from a slightly tanned look to a much paler look, and a smattering of faint freckles rose into place on his fair cheeks. He was almost unrecognisable.

“My - my - my dick! It’s - AARGGH!”

The increasingly feminine Trent clutched at his crotch, squirming as his sizeable manhood began to pull itself up between his legs. He twisted, grimacing and grunting, as his testes succumbed to the dread pressure and were vacuumed up inside him - one pop, followed by a second, both of which made him gasp.

“Ah! AH!”

With the ascent of each testicle, his voice rose higher, and higher. There was an audible rending sound that accompanied another shift down there, and though Martin could not see it, he quickly deduced from Trent’s unbelieving eyes - now both a vibrant emerald - what was happening.

“Oh - oh - OH NO - NNNGGGHH!”

His penis was pulled into his body in a single sliding motion, and it felt to Trent as if his body was actually *consuming* it, dragging it up and devouring it, creating a tunnel from its absence. He could feel his balls spitting apart, shifting to either side of his lower stomach, and altering. Opening. Their contents changing. It didn’t take a genius to realise they were becoming his new ovaries. Or that the strange opening sensation between his thighs was a brand new vagina. He couldn’t believe what was happening. He was actually becoming a woman. Becoming female.

He didn’t know what to think to think about that.

By this point, the feminising man’s hair had stopped short of his shoulders, and his face was nearly finished rearranging. His height had been reduced, from an impressive 6’2 to what must have been a meagre 5’4. He’d gone from looking down at Martin to looking up, and it was made all the more obvious from how thin and petite he’d become. His fingers compressed, becoming slimmer and elegant, the skin paling there too, and his feet likewise became too small for his shoes. His throat smoothed over, losing its Adam’s apple, and each little gulp, moan, groan, or exclamation Trent gave was in an increasingly light, soft, even attractive voice. The changes continued, but almost appeared to be concluding.

In a few moments, the changed man stood there breathing, a far-too large shirt hanging loosely on his small frame, its hem falling below her pelvis.

“Is - is it over?” Martin asked.

“I think so,” Trent said, his voice a pleasing female pitch, sweet and soprano. “I can’t feel any - oh! Oh, I know what this is! Shit!”

He cursed himself for not expecting it earlier. Two twin points of pressure began in his chest. It was as if there was a force behind them, pushing outwards, willing the tissue and fat to grow, to expand.

“Trent, your chest!”

“I know man, I know! Ooohhhhhh . . . they’re growing!”

He pulled off his oversized shirt, exposing a very female upper body to Martin. Trent’s nipples were visibly throbbing, and with each throb, they widened and enlarged, a pink areola swelling around them. Trent reached to touch one and pulled his fingers back.

“Ah - so sensitive!”

Instead he placed his hands beneath his chest, trying to keep his breaths steady; with each exhale, they swelled outwards, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Martin could only watch on, his phone totally forgotten as his friend developed a set of very female breasts in real time. They rose with every puff of his - of her! - breath, tissue and fat forming behind them to create a teardrop shape. They swelled past A-cups, became shapely B-cups, and slowed as they passed a respectable C-cup size; Martin's ideal size for a woman. Finally, they halted, shy of being D-cups, but still quite a generous chest by anyone's standards: by this point they each filled a respective palm of Trent's reduced hands, the perfect nipples pert and erect.

Trent continued to pant for some seconds, regaining his or her breath, in shock over what had just transpired in only a few minutes. Martin was utterly silent, not knowing what to say, himself taking in his friend's changes.

"I'm a woman," Trent finally uttered. "I'm a woman. I just turned into a fucking woman!"

"You did," replied Martin. "Holy shit you just did. Trent, you're a lady. How the hell are you a lady?"

The gorgeous woman spun to face him more directly, still holding her boobs, which jiggled in her unfamiliar hands. She appeared briefly surprised by this, and the need to preserve her modesty. "I don't know, dude! I just heard Lisa's voice out of nowhere saying '*I wish you could see how you like it, being a woman.*' I heard it earlier today, when my skin was getting softer, and my hair was growing."

Martin shook his head. "I didn't hear anything, Trent. This is insane."

"It's the same thing she said to me last night. She made a heap of wishes about me seeing things from her point of view. It was all about how I was indecisive and didn't know what I wanted and always trying to micromanage her."

"How could that possibly turn you into a chick, though?"

A lightbulb went on in Trent's head. "Oh fuck. Oh, fuck fuck fuck! I know exactly what happened. It was the damn statue!"

"The wishing one?"

The woman spread her arms, and Martin had to take a seat to ignore the growing erection in his pants. Her full boobs were on full display, and regardless of the situation, a beautiful lady was now half naked in front of him.

"What else could explain it? When she was making the wishes, three of its four arms moved down. I thought it was just the beer or a coincidence, but it must have actually happened for real. Lisa's wishes made me into a woman."

Martin considered this, trying to not focus on the blood rushing to between his legs. He shifted and hunched a little to conceal it. "It's crazy, but . . . it's the only thing that makes sense. What I just saw . . . that was pure magic, Trent. You just became a woman."

"I'm a woman," Trent said, still not believing. But another lightbulb seemed to turn on, as she turned her slender hands over in front of her face. She looked down at herself, then to Martin, and quickly covered her breasts with her forearm.

"Shit, I need a shirt!"

She put her old one back on. It hung loosely, leaving one shoulder exposed in a way that Martin thought was sexy in an altogether different way; a good looking woman wearing men's clothes gave very specific connotations of a night well had by both parties, and it was a hard image to shake.

"Holy shit man, do you have a hard-on for me?"

"You, uh, you look real good, Trent," Martin said weakly. "It's hard to explain, but you sort of look exactly what I like in a woman. Seriously, have you *seen* yourself?"

"I - I think I should." Trent moved before even waiting for a reply, heading for her friend's bathroom. Movement was odd; her hips naturally pivoted, and her centre of gravity was lower thanks to her widened hips and peachy ass. More than that, more things jiggled; her C-cup breasts most of all, but also her butt, and the flesh of her thighs. She felt weaker, shorter, smaller, and it was no doubt because she actually *was* each of those things.

But she also felt something else entirely. A warmth she couldn't explain. No, she could explain it. It would be more accurate to say it was a warmth she had never *managed* to explain to anyone but herself. Her breath came quickly again, and not because of renewed changes or even her fear at what had just happened. Instead, it was something else. A budding excitement grew, an eager desire to see herself. What she looked like. Would it be what she imagined?

She stopped at the threshold of the bathroom door, and took a single, nervous breath. And then she entered, and looked in the mirror.

The woman facing her was not quite what she expected, or perhaps not what she had always imagined. She was beautiful, but her figure was quite petite and thin, the kind of woman who you wanted to protect. Her hair was a dark chocolate brown, and was in a cute cut that ended just above her shoulders, a number of strands tucked behind her ears. She had a button nose and dark, thin eyebrows, and her eyes were unbelievably beautiful. A deep, forest shade of green, somehow fey and mischievous and innocent and wise all at once. She pouted deliberately in the mirror, taking in her new, full lips. They were prominent without being out of place, the kind of lips that guys wanted to kiss . . . or have them provide other services. Trent shook that image from her head.

She removed her shirt and pants, and inspected her body, still managing to control her breath. The former man was indeed quite pale, but it was a beautiful tone, not sickly but instead simply appropriate. Her hourglass figure was especially noticeable, with a thin waist and svelte hips. Her stomach was taut, almost athletic despite the thinness of her limbs. She turned, and gasped a little at her rounded ass. She traced her demure fingers of it, appreciating the way her tips indented deeply into the flesh, and the way the flesh pushed back to become smooth again as soon as they were removed.

Her breasts were indeed generous and attractive. A handful, certainly. Two pretty pink nipples crowned her mounds, which were utterly symmetrical. She idly ran a thumb over her left nipple, and was surprised at the slight pleasure that came from that simple action, and how it hardened slightly, the bumps of her areola rising in satisfaction.

“Could be bigger,” Trent mused. He paused, not believing he’d just voiced that out loud. He’d never imagined he would ever have the chance.

Indeed, the woman in the mirror was beautiful. No, scratch that. She was a real knockout. It was easy to see why Martin was so quickly turned on by his transformed friend, though the sight did nothing particular for Trent right now. The former male lowered her fingered to touch the edges of her vagina.

“Ah, ooh, that’s even more sensitive,” she said, wincing at the strange sensations. She teased at her labia, and slid two fingers in, taking an automatic breath in as a shiver of delight overcame her. “Okay, okay, wooh! That’s . . . that’s something. Holy shit, I have a vagina. Holy fucking shit, I’m a woman.”

Trent looked into the mirror, at the impossible sight in front of him. In front of *her*. In a million years, he’d never imagined this would come true. He wouldn’t have made all these choices; he’d imagined what it was like to have a real set of knockers; some ripe cantaloupe-sized Double-Ds. And while she had an hourglass, he’d imagined an even bigger ass, something that stuck out in tight cocktail dresses. Idle musings that always had an air of personal fantasy to them. Of deep, buried want.

And now, through a freak accident involving magic he couldn’t understand and had no way of predicting, it had come true.

Trent Reeves was a woman. A beautiful, raven-haired, emerald-eyed, light-voiced, hourglass-figured, full-breasted woman. Tears welled in the woman’s eyes. Tears of fear, yes. But also tears of thankfulness. To just be able to experience it for a small time, before this was all fixed. To just know it for a short while, even if she had to hide that delight, just a little. It would be enough. She knew it would be enough. Trent was finally female.

She twisted her body around a little more, shaking her booty, letting her breasts wobble, inspecting her soft face and faint freckles up close. It was real. All of it was really real.

"I can't call myself Trent anymore, she pondered. "But what to even call myself?"

She looked over her body again, aware that she had not much time before Martin would come, concerned. There was so many names she had idly considered as a man, just stupid mental meanderings of things that would never come to be. But now that it had, none of them seemed to quite match. Out of the blue, a new name formed on her lips.

"What do you think about . . . Trish?"

The woman in the mirror bit her lip, suppressing a clear smile..

## **Part 2: The Act**

"Lisa's still not answering," Martin said, as Trent returned twenty minutes later. The strange leopard goddess statue sat on the kitchen table - Martin must have retrieved it from Trent's house while she was exploring her new form. "Oh, yeah, I've been trying to use it. I made a heap of wishes too, but none of them work."

"Let me try." Trent focused, trying to feel passion. Trying to feel a *need* to change back. "I wish I was a man again."

Nothing happened.

"I wish I was Trent Reeves again."

Nothing continued to happen.

"I wish Lisa's wish hadn't happened!"

No effect.

"Damn."

"Maybe only Lisa can do it," Martin said. "It worked for her. Maybe she still has one wish remaining. What *were* her other wishes, anyway?"

“I can’t recall,” the brunette woman said, “I’d been drinking, and it was an argument. Something about relationships.”

“Well, it doesn’t appear to have changed too much, but we’ll still need her. Do you want to try calling her?”

Trent shook her head, admiring the way her longer brunette hair shook from side to side. It probably looked quite cute. Given how luscious the strands were, she probably wouldn’t have been out of place in a shampoo commercial.

“She’s already blocked me. I can’t get through to her. I’ve reached out to a few of her friends via text, and they won’t have a bar of me, though they had some choice words to say about how I’ve been treating her.”

She grinned a little, and Martin couldn’t help but admire the full lips and cute dimples on her face.

“Is there anywhere she could have gone?”

Trent wracked her brain. For a moment, she even considered lying, but decided better of it. The whole situation was too crazy to not act. She could suppress her hidden feelings long enough to solve the problem, then deal with the aftermath.

“Her friend Abigail might know. They were closest. She never really liked me, but she’s pretty honest.”

Martin stood, determined to help his friend. No one deserved being stuck as the opposite gender to some freak accident.

“Tell me where she lives, and I’ll find out for you. You stay here. I’ll go get your statue as well”

Trent nodded, okay with this. It would help track Lisa down, and it would give her a little more time to . . . experiment with her new body.



“Oohhhhh,” Trish moaned. She could think of herself as Trish, now that Martin was gone. She lay back on the couch, having undone the ill-fitting trousers she was wearing, and was gently caressing her female parts with her finger. “Mmhhhm . . . oh . . . that’s nice.”

She teased at her new genitalia, probing her two fingers deeper, and deeper as she felt herself getting more and more moist. It was such a strange sensation, to be able to feel at the absence, to part a set of lower lips and rub the edges of her feminine tunnel. It sent pulses of gentle pleasure up to her body, and she used her stray hand to begin rubbing her right nipple, which was becoming hard and sensitive.

“Nngh . . . aahhhhhh . . . is this how it always is?” she asked herself, continuing to experiment. Her heart raced, but the pleasure came differently than as a man. Slower, a gentle simmer that rose and rose slowly, until she was so close to a boiling point that it felt as if her whole body was on fire, and she was on the very cusp of orgasming in an utterly new and wonderfully different way. So. Damn. Close.

There was the sound of a key in the front door and the lock turning, and she bolted upright, her body still filled with need, but that ultimate pleasure denied.

“Fuck. Shit. Fuck shit fuck!”

She stood, moving quickly to do up her trousers and belt and fix her shirt. She probably *reeked* of sex. The door closed, but a wall still separated them. Trish - Trent - ran to bathroom as quietly as she could and washed her fingers hurriedly, sparing a moment to quickly spray herself with Martin’s body spray.

“Ew, this stuff stinks,” she said. Was her sense of smell more womanly, now? “Maybe this is why Martin can’t get a consistent date.”

Still, it served, and she emerged from the bathroom just in time for Martin to round the corner, looking at her with a somewhat hollow expression. It was alarming enough that the dying remnant of her sexual urge collapsed entirely.

“What’s happened? Where’s Lisa?”

Martin sighed. “You may want to sit down, buddy. This is going to be a bit to take in.”

Trent - it was hard to see herself as Trish in her male friend’s presence - sat down on the couch, desperately hoping the smell of her sex was disguised by Martin’s horrible deodorant. Her friend remained standing.

“Okay, so I met with Abigail, and after making up a spiel about owing her some stuff she left at my place, I managed to find out where she’s gone.”

Trent listened as the story was told, her emerald eyes widening as Martin awkwardly regaled what he’d been told. By the end, her jaw had dropped.

“FIJI!” she gasped, “she’s gone to fucking *Fiji*? How? When?”

Martin shrugged. “Apparently to ‘find herself.’ It was a spur of the moment thing. Abigail helped her pack some bags, and then she was off. She’s gone silent on social media too, and Abigail doesn’t know when she’s coming back. She may be gone anywhere from a week to a whole month, if not longer. You really must have pissed her off.”

Trent cursed under her breath. “Damn. So, what, I’m stuck as a woman until she gets back?”

“Looks like. We’ll . . . we’ll try to sort something out.”

“Jesus, how can I stay a woman that long? I don’t have a new identity - I’m still Trent Reeves on paper! I could lose everything!”

“We’ll work something out, but you may have to take your long-service leave.”

Trent put her feminised face in her slender hands. "I can pull a few strings, I guess. The boss owes me more than a few, but it will still be a slap in the face. I can play the 'emergency personal situation' excuse, I guess."

"Then you'll have to do it."

Trent sighed. "I'll give him a call then."

"Um, do you think that's the best idea?"

The gorgeous woman looked over herself, and placed a hand at her throat, where her sing-song voice emerged from. "Yeah, good point. I'll send an email. This will take a bit of getting used to."



"Holy shit," Martin said, "I still can't believe this has happened."

It was an hour later, and the two of them had managed to cobble together some clothes for Trent, not that they fit much better. She wore a set of ill-fitting jeans that were rolled up at the ankles and tied awkwardly with an overly-large belt. One of Martin's old button shirts fit loosely over her, making her appear every part of a woman the morning after wearing her boyfriend's outfit. Martin tried to ignore that aspect. The two of them were eating pizza they'd ordered, and there was an unspoken agreement that Trent was staying the night, given the strange circumstances.

"Yeah, I know," Trent said. "Imagine what it's like for me."

She hadn't verbalised her name choice, yet. It was insanity, really. Why had he/she acted that way? Sure, Trent had always wondered, imagined what it would be like to be a woman. But it was just an idle curiosity. The thought rose up in him like a bubble about to pop; *then why were you tearing up, smiling in the bathroom just a couple of hours ago?*

Martin considered his friend. She had a hot hourglass figure, a soft, full-lipped face, and a nice peachy ass. Her breasts, the one time he had seen them, were perfectly sized. She was almost uncannily so. She was beautiful, exactly the woman he'd often fantasised about.

"What's it like?" he ventured to ask as his feminised friend. "You know, being a woman?"

The woman in front of him put a finger to her cheek. It somehow was an undeniably sexy gesture, and she didn't even realise it. "It's . . . totally familiar and totally alien at once. I have boobs - actual boobs! - and they bounce and jiggle every time I so much as take a step or wiggle my shoulders."

She gave Martin a demonstration, and he could see the movement beneath the loose shirt. He gulped.

“Sorry,” she said, “that probably was . . . a little forward.”

“You looked a ‘little’ forward.”

“Yeah, they weigh a bit. And I can’t walk the same way now. These hips are too wide, and I don’t have - well, my dick is missing - so my feet sort of go in front of one another, and my hips move from side to side. Want to see?”

Martin tried to suppress his growing erection yet again. “Uh, sure.”

Trent got up, and walked back and forth across the living room. For a little fun, she wiggled her hips in an exaggerated fashion, trying not to smirk as she did so. “See?”

Martin breathed. “Damn. Uh, Trent, do you realise you’re super hot?”

The woman stopped in her tracks. “Yeah. Damn, I am, aren’t I? Is that a problem?”

Martin shook his head. “No, just thought, you know, that you should know.”

“Dude, no wonder you can’t hold a girl if you’re this awkward around a man who’s been turned into one.” She giggled, and her green eyes went wide. It was quite the girlish giggle, and took them both by surprise.

“Well, I’d better do your bed up,” Martin said, changing the subject. He set about extending the sofa, and gathering various spare pillows and sheets to make it as comfortable as possible. Trent watched, admiring the effort her friend was going to, but as Martin continued to set the bed, she unexpectedly found herself starting to admire *him*. As Trent, she had been taller and generally more successful than Martin, but now as Trish she was seeing another side entirely. He was more muscular than Trent had been, and he had a rugged handsomeness and down-to-earth practicality about him. His friend was more quiet, less confident, but the care in his movements was evident. She’d never thought of him this deeply before, and it didn’t help that he had a cute butt, or impressive shoulders. As he began fitting the sheets, he rolled up his sleeves, and Trish’s heart fluttered. *Holy shit*, she thought, *who would have thought girls had a thing about forearms?*

“Holy shit,” she whispered out of hearing range of Martin, “have I been turned gay? Or, straight?”

The slight hardening of her nipples gave her an answer. She snapped herself out of it. Lisa’s wish had done a number on her, and now Trish was caught between delight and horror at what was happening.

“Done,” Martin said, completely unaware. “Your bed’s ready. It’s as comfortable as I can make it. Unless . . . should I sleep here? And you in my bed? It feels like the gentlemanly thing to do.”

Trish waved him off. "It's fine. We're both still dudes." She looked down at her ample chest, which was the only thing denting out the otherwise too-large shirt she was wearing. "Relatively speaking, of course."

"Is there anything else you need?"

"Don't be a gentleman, Martin. We'll figure more of this out in the morning. We just need sleep."

"Yeah, sure. Well, goodnight Trent."

She waved at him awkwardly, aware of how ridiculous the whole situation looked.

"Yeah, goodnight. And Martin . . ."

He turned at the entrance to his room. "Yeah, Trent?"

"Thanks."

The man smiled, his gaze lingering just a little longer than expected. "No worries."

He shut the door, and Trent - it was easier to think of herself as Trish again - got into bed. It was astonishing, she was still not used to it. The curves of her new body, the new places where fat and tissue had been redistributed. The absence between her legs, and greater sensitivity of her skin. She lay in bed for some time, simply feeling herself over, cupping her well-developed chest and caressing her thighs. Even her hair was something to play with; she brushed it to one side, blowing it out of her eyes. That would take some getting used to.

Which stirred another thought. How long was she like this for? A week? A month?

"I hope it's a month," she whispered, getting comfortable.



Trent was woken an hour later from her early slumber by a strange sensation. It took a moment for her to gather herself, realising not only where she was but in what *body* she was. There was an ethereal aura she could not discern visually but distinctly felt around her. Something had changed again. But what?

And that was when she heard it again. Lisa's voice.

*"I wish that you could see how you like it, having to be in a relationship with a man."*

All at once, a heat came over her. Trish moaned, still waking up, as she became flushed with desire. With need. She clutched her breast, feeling at her nipple, and her placed her other hand beneath her shorts, between her thighs. But it wasn't enough. She needed something else, and instantly she knew what it was.

Who it was.

Trish rose, her nipples hard, the space between her thighs moist. There was an aching absence there that needed to be filled. It was an utterly bizarre sensation, and yet at the same time it came so naturally to her. She stood on shaking legs, and slowly walked to the door of Martin's bedroom, one foot in front of the other, hips swinging gently from side to side. The fire burned within her, the need that came from Lisa's wish.

"I'm actually doing this, I'm actually doing this," she whispered to herself.

Trish opened the door silently, and stood at the threshold. She could resist, she knew it. Her body was under her control, but the compulsion was there, and growing stronger.

*"I wish that you could see how you like it, having to be in a relationship with a man, where you feel compelled to please him at all times."*

She gasped, clutching her left breast as another, even more powerful wave of desire surged through her. She could picture Martin in her head; his powerful muscles, his manly frame. His . . . yes, his impressive cock, hard and ready to enter her. Her vagina continued to lubricate itself in readiness. Her entire body was captivated by that need to be penetrated. To be mated. To be made *his*.

"Oh my God, here I go. I'm doing this."

She stepped into the room silently, and pulled up the covers. Martin was still asleep, but was starting to stir. She got in under the covers with him, heart racing. She reached out, and began to caress his back. How had she never noticed how sexy men's backs were, before? The muscles, the strength. She cooed softly in response.

Martin stirred. "Wha - Trent? What are you doing? What's happening?"

Trent bit her lip. No, she was Trish now, she needed to own it. In the dim light of the moon through his curtains she could make out his features, his waking expression.

"There's been another wish, I heard it. Lisa's second."

"What was it? And why are you in bed with me?"

He notably had not pulled away from her wandering hands, particularly as one went further south.

"She wished I could know what it was like to be in a relationship. With a man."

She drew closer, bringing her lips to his ears. "With *you*, Martin."

Martin's eyes went wide. He was fully awake now. "Trent, this isn't right."

She drew closer. "Please Martin, I need this. I need it so fucking bad."

"You have to fight it, Trent."

She brought her hand down to his pants, and felt the large stiffness present there. She began to caress it, and she couldn't help but delight in the way he moaned in pleasure, his already-hard member becoming even harder. God, it was so big. Could it really fit inside her? The very thought of it brought her shivers.

"I don't want to fight it, Martin. Please, I want you *inside of me*."

“Trent . . .”

She brought her full lips to his, and kissed him deeply. A moment's hesitation, and he returned, a strong arm beginning to enfold her petite body. It felt wonderful, and Martin couldn't help but feel the same. Despite his confusion, he couldn't deny that he wanted her. She looked like she had jumped out of his own personal fantasy, and her body felt divine. Their lips parted, and she took the opportunity to take his rough, manly hand and place it on her breast. He cupped it, feeling its large softness, and she moaned in pleasure as her nipple stiffened.

“Don't call me Trent. I want you to call me Trish.”

“Oh God . . . Trish . . .”

Their lips met again, and their bodies pressed together even more intimately. The desire continued to burn, the wish continuing to push them together, and Martin himself felt a strange aura. A need to fuck his best friend that went far beyond the natural, as if he was being pushed or compelled to make a real woman of her. He caressed her body, gripping her wonderful peachy ass, causing her to squeal lightly in pleasure. Her breasts were trapped beneath his old button shirt, and he longer to feel them. To squeeze them in the flesh. He began to pull at the buttons, but the impatience each shared was palpable.

“Just rip them apart!” she cried, “I need you too badly!”

He ripped the shirt open, sending the buttons flying. Trish looked up at Martin, overwhelmed by how utterly sexy he was. How *dominating*. Her large, bare breasts were on full display, and her heavy breaths made them heave. He cupped them both, feeling their generousness even as she groaned at their wonderful sensitivity.

“Fuck, that feels soooo goooood,” she moaned, as he began circling her nipple, “there, ooooh, keep it there.”

She tugged at her shorts, needing to be naked with this man. With his spare hand, he ripped them from her, stopping his manipulations of her boobs so he could remove his own shirt. Trish bit her lips and smiled as she worked rapidly to undo his shorts. Now only his briefs were in the way, and her eyes lit up with desire as she saw the absolute monster that was throbbing with anticipating, outlining the taut fabric.

She pulled them down, gasping at the sight of it. She'd never seen something so damn sexy. He was almost impossibly hard, his balls seeming almost to visibly throb, waiting to empty their contents into her. God, she needed that more than anything, and now he did too.

“*I wish that you could see how you like it, having to be in a relationship with a man.*”

“Mmhhmm I wish that toooo!” she managed, as he began to move on top of her. She spread her legs wider, allowing his body to fit over hers, and they both savoured the delight of her soft breasts sliding against his chest as he kissed her deeply once more. She was so

damn beautiful, and he handsome, and the mysterious wish-granting statue was pulling them ever close together, binding their fates.

For a moment, they paused, holding each other and breathing heavily.

“Are we really doing this?” Martin said.

She looked at him with her emerald-green eyes, coy and full of need. Her full lips parted, and her tongue snaked around that fullness.

“I need you inside of me,” she said. “I want you there.”

He nodded, and moved rapidly to his bedside table, hurling aside underwear and briefs to retrieve something she hadn’t even considered but was glad he had; a roll of condoms.

“Quickly!” she said, playing with her nipples. “I want to feel what it’s like. The wish, it’s making me so damn horny!”

Martin slid the condom on. “I think it’s affecting me too. I’ve never felt this way. I need - I *have* to come in you.”

“Then fuck me already!”

And with that he mounted her. She cringed in strange discomfort and mixed delight as his large penis slid deep inside of her. Her slick tunnel accepted him, her new vaginal muscles hugging his girth as he slowly entered further and further. Her eyes went wide, and she fell silent, quaking as she was filled more and more. It was unbelievably strange, and totally wonderful. There was a brief resistance, a sharp pain that made her whine softly, and then her hymen gave way, and he was fully in her, and she fully around him.

“God, that feels so strange. But - but don’t stop!”

“I have no intention of doing that, Trish,” he replied. He began to withdraw, her wet muscles clinging to his member, and he thrust in again, faster this time. He did it again, and again, and she raised her pelvis to accept even more of him. She was being penetrated, and it was more wonderful than any sex she’d ever had, and on Martin’s side, he’d never had better either. It felt like it was meant to be. Her smooth thighs gripped his waist, legs entangling around him, and they kissed deeply as he continued to slide in and out, in and out of her, his thrusts becoming faster and more lustful. She continued to grunt and moan, unable to even say words. She reached her hands back to grab the headboard of the bed, her voice getting higher as he pounded her. She felt utterly submissive and dominated, and it was a feeling like no other.

“This. Is. So. Fucking. Good!” she just barely managed to say. Martin could only grunt as he thrust again. He shifted a little, gripping her breast with one hand and playing with her nipple, sending electric shocks of pleasure through her body, that only made her ache for orgasm even more. She was getting close, as was he.

“I want you to come inside me!” she cried, gripping him harder. That wave of pleasure was building once more, far greater than her own experiments with self-play. No, this was a tsunami, and it was about to fall over her at any moment. She kissed him again, and their tongues danced in their mouths. Her breasts bobbed and jiggled with each thrust, and her best friend-turned-lover delighted in the motion.

“Trish. I’m - I’m going to cum! Oh God, I’m going to come! We have to stop!”

But she gripped him again, licking his chest and nibbling his ear.

“Don’t you fucking dare,” she said. “I need this. *We need this.*”

He only thrust harder, dominating the former male, his own pleasure building and about to bud. They revelled in the sensations of her pussy, its tightness and wetness, and within moments it was all too much. Their pleasures were matching each other, drawing to new heights.

“I’m - oh GOD I’M COMING!”

Trish couldn’t help herself. She cried out in a womanly moan, loud enough to wake the neighbours. The first of several orgasms rolled through her, starting low between her legs, and then surging up to her breasts and at the centre of her being. She convulsed, barely recovering in time for the next wave. Martin’s body seized, and with a low growl of a groan - manly enough to give her another jolt of orgasm - he ejaculated into the condom. She felt him throb inside of her, and unbidden, a small disappointment came to her that she couldn’t feel his wonderful seed spurting inside of her. The disappointment quickly faded as he tensed again, gripping her as he continued to ejaculate, far more than any ever had before. While Trish was caught in waves of feminine pleasure, Martin had never felt like such a man, his own orgasm mind blowing in its intensity.

The two of them collapsed together, breathing heavily, still holding one another as they waited out the post-coital bliss. Finally, after a time, Martin drew back, and both panted as his sensitive cock withdrew from her sensitive folds. He felt beside her, and she drew her back against him, guiding her hand around to press against her soft breasts, and placing her own soft backside against his slowly softening member.

“Holy shit,” he managed, “that was the best sex I’ve ever had.”

“Mmhm, me too. Thank you Martin.”

“It was the wish.”

“I know, it was the wish.”

“But it felt so good. I’m so sorry Trish - Trent, whatever. It was like I couldn’t help myself.”

She was glad he couldn’t see the look on her face. She couldn’t help but beam in the aftermath. It had felt amazing. And the truth she could never share with Martin was that she wanted more. They lay there for almost ten minutes, both feeling compelled to hold the

other, just as the wish wanted. As if they were in a true relationship. Finally, Trish rose, as Lisa had once always done after he'd had sex with her, and made her way to the bathroom. She cleaned herself up, rinsing the sweat off of her form, and dealt with the slight bleed that had come with the breaking of her hymen.

"I'm sorry Trish," he heard Martin say, "I . . . it's like I need to sleep in the same bed as you."

"I know," she said, "it's the wish. I can't help it either."

He wrapped around her, more eagerly this time, and they stayed like that for sometime. As Trish continued to bask in the afterglow of their act, she felt something pressing between her cheeks. Martin was getting hard again. So quickly!

Her breathing increased, and she felt him tense, awkward and not knowing what to do. It was getting harder, and his hand was still on her breast, and beginning to knead it.

"Trish."

"Yeah?"

"I think the magic is making me want you again."

"I know. I can feel it, dude."

Indeed, his prick was pressing firmly between her cheeks now, and she was starting to get moist herself. Her nipples hardened as he continued to play with them, their sensitive undersides shivering with intensity as he stroked them.

"It's okay, Martin. Let's just . . . let it happen."

Martin needed no more permission. He couldn't believe that his friend had become such a perfect woman, or that a magical wish was forcing them together. But his own biological needs were making it difficult to fight, and already he needed to be in her once more. He lowered a hand and began to place his fingers into her opening, and he delighted in the way his feminised friend moaned in response.

"You like that, don't you?"

"Mmhhmm . . . I do. I want to be wet for you."

He continued to tease her, and she grew more and more moist. When she was ready, she gave her assent, and he lifted one leg, shifting his body so his large penis could enter her from behind. They lay on their sides, him entering her, and she gasped again, still shocked that she was being penetrated, and far more shocked that was loving it.

It didn't take long for them both to climax again. Nor did it take long for that need to rise once more, their bodies impossibly requiring one another.

They did it two more times before they were utterly spent, needing a glass of water in between. Finally, they fell asleep, their bodies intertwined, both not knowing what they would do in the morning, but neither fully able to regret the pleasures they had just felt.

### **Part 3: Dress Up**

When Trish woke, there were just a few fleeting moments where she thought she was Trent. The events of the previous day seemed nothing more than a strange dream, an impossible one. That was, until she felt the strong presence at her back, the manly arm around her body, hand still planted on her ample chest. She gasped softly to herself, savouring the wonderful feeling of her friend's presence, the way she felt so warm and protected in his grasp. She shivered in delight; it hadn't been a dream! She was a woman, right down to the DNA, and it was all thanks to the magic of the leopard statue and a set of unknowing wishes from her ex!

It was wonderful, but it was also embarrassing. She knew she couldn't stay like this forever, and it was even stranger that the wishes had somehow pushed her into the arms of her best friend, Martin. He was her friend, for God's sakes, not someone she ever imagined she would be penetrated by, even as a woman! She couldn't let him find out that she actually *liked* being a woman, and certainly not that it had always been a private fantasy of hers. She

would have to pretend to hate it, and summon on the very genuine feelings of awkwardness she felt; after all, as much as she imagined it, she had no real idea how to be a woman. And being fucked by your best friend was plenty awkward.

But it had felt so wonderful . . .

She shivered again at the thought, and Martin held her tighter in his sleep. She pressed herself against his form, enjoying its warmth. *God, this stupid female brain finds him so attractive*, she thought, *it's ridiculous!* She was determined not to give in to that aspect of the wishes: Martin was her friend, and it would be too weird to end up like this more than once, right?

*Right?*

She was pulled from that thought by the hardening sensation between her ass cheeks. It didn't take a genius to realise that even unconscious, Trish's body was giving Martin a hard-on.

*"I wish that you could see how you like it . . . where you feel compelled to please him at all times."*

"Oh fuck," she whispered, realising what was happening. It began as a tingle in her cantaloupe-sized breasts, and burrowed into her core; a dull throb of need that slowly quickened. She reached her hand around behind her, and began to massage Martin's increasingly hard penis, turning to face him. He was slowly waking, a smile spreading across his features as she teased at his member. With a slight nudge, he moved to his back, and was able to more easily access his manhood, cupping his balls gently with one hand even as she stroked the length of his cock, her heart-rate quickening in excitement at his size. She began to feel hungry, but not for food. Something else needed to fill her mouth.

"Oh, oh *no!*"

But she couldn't deny it. It made her mouth water: the very thought of waking this man up with the best damn blowjob of his life was inescapable to her. She *needed* to do it. She needed to have his cock in her mouth, and please him like his dream woman.

Please him at all times, just like Lisa's wish.

But just because Trent had desired to become a woman, didn't mean that had ever included giving a blowjob. Trish railed against it, but the compulsions were strong, and Martin really did have such wonderful balls, such fantastic girth. Despite her revulsion, her flesh tingled at the very thought of tasting his most private parts, of tasting his seed. Martin moaned softly, his voice low and attractive, and it *did* things to her.

"Shit. Shit. *Shit*," she whimpered. She couldn't fight it: Lisa's wish was too strong, and she couldn't help but lick her lips as she shifted down, his throbbing cock almost rock hard in anticipation for her.

"Mhmm . . . Trish," Martin mumbled. She couldn't help but smile. *Even asleep, he thinks of me. I really am his dream girl.*

She wrapped her soft hand around his member, stroking it softly.

"God, I'm really doing this," she said under her breath, her heart beating rapidly in anxiety and anticipation.

She took him into her mouth, and wrapped her full lips around his head. Slowly, she began to work him deeper and deeper, licking and sucking at his cock even as she continued to rub his length. He stirred, slowly waking, his eyes dawning in shock and arousal as he saw the beautiful brunette woman waking him up in the best possible way.

"Oohhh . . . Trent. Trish! It wasn't a dream. You really - ahh - you really did change."

Trish managed a hasty nod, locking eyes with him as she continued to suck him off.

It was as strange, it was reluctant, it was downright embarrassing now that her friend was awake, and yet excitement was also building within her. She began to work faster, causing Martin to moan. He couldn't believe what was happening, surely this couldn't be the same Trent? But the pleasure was too great to resist. He placed his hand on her head, gripping her head softly.

"Trish, you've got to s-stop. I'm going to come!"

Trish locked eyes with him, the two friends in a confused and compelled new relationship. And then she took him even deeper, so much of his dick that her gag reflex was nearly triggered. She felt his body tense, and her eyes went wide at the realisation of what she'd just been forced to do.

But it was too late. Martin seized in orgasm as his penis tensed, then released a stream of thick, sticky semen into mouth. He grabbed her head, keeping her down as more throbs of ejaculation came, the salty issue flooding her mouth and landing on the back of her throat. She clamped on tight as he continued to throb, several spurts more following, and she rolled her tongue around the head of his penis to draw out as much as possible. It was horrible and wonderful, and after several more hot wads of his semen, Martin fell back, overwhelmed by the best wakeup call he'd had in years. Her mouth full of cum, Trish moved off his penis, eliciting a gasp from her friend-turned-lover. She needed to be rid of this.

But another compulsion arose. Trish tried to make several illegible sounds in protest, her eyes wide and catching Martin's, just in time for him to see her dramatically and loudly swallow every last drop of his seed, licking her lips of its last remnants.

It had tasted warm, salty, and strangely satisfying, though she could never admit it.

"Holy shit," they both said as one, having no other idea of what else to say.



"So," Martin said, "that happened."

It was the first real words either had communicated to each other beyond mumbled apologies. After the come down from Trish's enthusiastic wake up call for Martin, they had hurriedly separated, Trish to rinse her mouth out with extreme thoroughness, and Martin to have a shower and process what had happened.

Unfortunately, matters were complicated when Trish found herself joining the show with him, cuddling her naked form against his and pressing her C-cup breasts against his chest. They had rinsed themselves in near silence, trying to avoid gazing or feeling one another, although the wishes compelled them to press their naked forms ever closer. Finally, they had separated to dress. Martin had adopted a casual set of denim jeans, a red shirt and a dark blue fleece jacket, as it was getting quite cold today. Trish wore a set if baggy black sweats and loose grey hoodie too large for her figure. Part if her desired to look pretty but was fighting her new firm after the sex act that morning. Not only that, but she lacked viable women's clothing or know-how, and was afraid of what Martin would think of her if that was the case. As it was, her hourglass figure and nice chest were obscured beneath the overly-large male clothing, leaving just her beautiful face with its startling green eyes on display.

It made little difference to Martin. He knew what supple beauty lay hidden beneath those ill-suited clothes.

"Yeah," she said, "it did. It was the wish. There was a compulsion -"

"We don't have to talk about it. I'm sorry this has happened to you, Trish. Trent. Whatever. I can't imagine how awful it iz for you."

*No, you can't imagine, Trish thought, not my true feelings, not that this is my own wish come true, even if I have these damn compulsions making things weird.* She said nothing aloud, just pouted with her full lips.

Martin tried to avoid her emerald-eyed gaze as he served her a plate of bacon and eggs, with mushroom and spinach on the side. He passed her an OJ and coffee too.

"For you," he said, "figured you'd need it."

She thanked him sincerely, but couldn't help but feel there was something intensely wrong with *him* serving food to *her*. A strange compulsion briefly churned through her. It was as if *she* was meant to be the one serving *him*. It left a sour taste in her mouth, which only increased as she took a sip of coffee.

"What the hell did you put in this, Martin?" she spluttered, "this tastes like ass!"

Martin reeled. "It's the same as always I, your favourite: flat-white with one sugar."

It had tasted awful. "Are you sure? Taste it."

He did. "Tastes fine."

Then it hit her. "Holy shit, even my tastebuds changed. Fuck, no wonder I feel like a tea so much, this new body hates coffee. It's taken my fucking coffee from me!"

Martin couldn't help but chuckle. "I guess, maybe . . ."

He trailed off, and Trish eyed him.

"What? Go on, say it."

"I don't think I should."

She folded her arms. She didn't realise it, but she also put a slight tip to her hip with the motion and pouted her lips, one eyebrow raised. Martin found it a very sexy look.

"Fine, fine. But please don't be offended. I was just going to say that if your taste buds have changed, maybe it would explain why you were wanting to taste something a little different this morning."

Trish felt herself flush red. *I swear this damn body lights up red so much more easily*, she thought.

"Let's just not talk about that. Like, at all."

"Agreed. It was dumb of me to bring it up."

The two finished their food in silence. Martin kept sneaking glances at his friend's beautiful face, and even the light suggestions of the form that lay beneath the baggy sweats. Trish, for her own part, occasionally snuck glances back, feeling a little strange over how manly and impressive she found Martin now. They finished breakfast, and Martin moved to put the things away. Again, she was overcome with an odd revulsion, as if it was entirely wrong of her to not be performing that action instead.

"Lisa's wish just had to have strings," she grumbled. Trent had *hated* doing dishes. He'd hated most chores, really. It was often a compelling factor in his quest for a new girlfriend when his indecisiveness and lack of commitment ended the last relationship.

But as Trish, she felt a strong compulsion to help with the dishes. No, to *take over them*. She fought against it as much as she could.

"Let me help," she managed, though the wish was pressuring her to say *let me do it*.

Martin raised an eyebrow, curious that his formerly-male friend was helping. She worked well, though a little unused to getting it done quickly and neatly. He chose to bite his tongue and say nothing, working next to her.

As they neared finishing the cleaning up, Trish found herself drawing physically closer to Martin. It started as an 'accidental' nudging, then a soft press against his shoulder as she passed the spatula. Both their breathing drew a little quicker.

It ended when her hand fell on his. He made to pull away but she locked her green eyes on him, clasping his rough hand.

"Wait. Do you feel it?"

Martin paused. "I'm trying to ignore it. It's . . . hard."

Trish's eyes wandered downward. "I can see. You've got it *real hard*."

Martin grimaced. "I'm sorry, Trent. I can't help how beautiful you are."

Trish winced a little at the mention of her real name. She reached up with her other hand and placed it on Martin's chest.

"But you *can* help how strong you are. This body finds it sexy, Martin."

"Is this another compulsion?"

She nodded, eyes filled with lust and longing. "I know it is. But I need to follow it anyway. Please."

Before he could refuse she placed her slender arms around his neck and rose on the tips of her toes. Martin's mouth was already parting to receive her lips. He gripped her protectively, arms encircling her as they tasted one another.

*"I wish that you could see how you like it . . . where you feel compelled to please him at all times . . ."*

Lisa's words echoed in her mind, and Trish could not help but let her tongue linger in her friend's mouth, enjoying the way he sucked on it. She pressed her boobs against him, savouring the way her nipples rubbed against his chest, becoming erect and even more sensitive. She was helpless to the power of the wish, and the overwhelming need returned with a vengeance; she needed Martin inside of her.

She needed a man to make her a woman, once more.

Martin pulled back briefly. "Trent, this is wrong."

She placed a finger on his lips. His own hardness as pressed against the flat of her belly, and she could feel it even through the hoodie.

"Shh, it doesn't matter. Just pretend I'm not him. I'm Trish, remember? We're just following the wish. You're not doing anything wrong." She lowered her fingers down to rub at his crotch, and Martin tensed. "You're going to do something very right. Please, it's unbearable."

She gave him no time to argue, pulling him away from the sink and into the bedroom. In her haste she had already pulled off the hoodie, allowing her breasts to wobble freely, their perfect pink nipples large and swollen with desire. Martin eyed her as if she were his dream girl. Which, really, she was.

"Like what you see?" she said with a grin, and found herself feeling it. She had not imagined she would be paired with Martin, but her horniness was making her see him in a new light as he removed his shirt, his build strong from lifting and dealing with heavy work tools. His chest was hairy, and unlike the previous night, she was able to see the sights in full now and drink them in. She swallowed, trying to avoid salivating, and then she was upon him.

The two friends were lost in a flurry of kisses, caresses, gropes and passionate gasps. They fell on the bed together, stripping off more of their clothing until they were naked together once more. Martin placed his wonderfully coarse hands over Trish's immaculate breasts, massaging her erogenous zones with an almost obsessive devotion, even as she once more stroked his penis to ever more hardening heights. She was lost in the pleasure, unable now to even comprehend fighting back against her new instincts and needs, and Martin was giving himself over as well, easily putting out of mind that the moaning woman whose thimble-size nipples he was sucking had once been his male best friend.

Her moans sounded anything but male.

The two writhed against one another, and Trish bit her lip and groaned as he groped her soft ass; one of her best features. She felt her moistness grow in anticipation, her opening ready to receive him, but once more there was that compulsion to please him at all times, in the ways that he wanted. She found her body almost on autopilot, pushing Martin over so that he lay on his back, his large and fully-erect penis jutting upwards. She had half a mind to play with it like a joystick, perhaps even taste it again, but instead her body slowly climbed atop his.

"I want to ride you," she said, placing her hips over his and gazing down at his eyes. "I want you to fuck me while I ride cowgirl."

"Holy shit that's hot," Martin gasped. He cupped her breasts, still placing with her impressive tits as she began lowering. Trish found herself anxious; she'd done this once before, but it felt so strange to do it again in the conscious light of day.

Yet still she lowered, and then came the alien sensation of his penis gliding into his opening like a long spear.

"OooooOOhhhhOOhhh."

It slid deep into her, so deep she couldn't believe it. She was being penetrated, and more than that, her own muscles contracted to grip his staff, massaging it from wishing. She began to move up and down, bouncing slowly on his body in time to his own movements, feeling herself filled ever deeper before receding, deeper again, and receding.

"MMhhmmmm sooooo good! Fuck that's good!"

"F-feels good to me too, Trish!"

It was true. Martin was overcome by her beauty and sexual prowess. He'd never had a woman ride him like this before; Trish performed the act as if she had done it a thousand times instead of being a man only yesterday. She was milking him for all he was worth, and he could feel his balls aching for release with each passing moment.

"I'm going to come again, Trish! Stop!"

She continued to bounce, lost in her own pleasure. She lowered herself and kissed him deeply, feeling her tits rub against his hairy chest. His hands were on her hips, the tips of his fingers running grooves along the flesh of her rotund ass, and it felt too good to stop.

“I mean it, I’m not - aahh - wearing a condom, we need to stop!”

She bounced further, lost in the moment, his girth splitting her. Nothing compared to being penetrated like this. Nothing. She could feel in her mind’s eye the moment of orgasm coming, for both of them. She thrust against him faster.

“Fuck me! Keep going! I’m so close!”

Martin groaned, tensing. “N-no! I’m going to come! Get off!”

She was so close to climax when Martin gripped her shoulders and pulled him off. In one swift movement, he slid from her, and her body went loose from the sensation, a minor orgasm rolling through her.

Martin was just in time.

He grunted, grabbing at the head of his penis as it erupted with semen, shooting several squirts across the bed and over the sheets. He sucked in air in great heaving breaths, his throbbing penis ejaculating several more times and leaving a hot, sticky mess. That same part of Trish’s brain from that morning seemed to fire up at the sight, and again that salivating taste for his issue rose in her mind. She pushed it back down, and focused instead on Martin’s look of horror.

“Holy shit, Trish, that was close. Oh my God, I could have gotten you pregnant. Fuck. I didn’t mean for that to happen. I’m so sorry.”

She went to his side, and placed a hand on his back.

“No, I’m sorry. I got wrapped up in this stupid wish, and all because of me, Lisa made those wishes and that got you dragged into it. I need to control myself, if I even can.”

Martin nodded, still not wanting to face her. But her words seemed to have reassured him, as he moved to put his pants back on, and she in turn did the same.

“Okay, well we need to find some way of contacting Lisa,” Martin said, “and getting her to wish you back to a dude again. This has already gone way too far.”

Trish agreed, in part. Becoming a woman as she had always imagined was one thing, but it was becoming clear to her that if such an existence would hurt Martin, she couldn’t maintain it. It wasn’t fair to him that she was being foisted on him. And yet . . .

And yet she couldn’t deny how wonderful it felt. Nor how much she had truly wanted him to come inside her, no matter the outcome. She had not considered that she could actually get pregnant, and it made her drop her hand down to her flat stomach, imagining what it would be like to swell with new life. To become a mother.

Trish finished changing, as did Martin. Once again she was struck by how out-of-place her beautiful body looked in baggy men’s clothes.

*"I wish that you could see how you like it, having to dress up and make up!"*

"Oh. Oh, this might change things."

Martin turned, and caught her surprised expression. He knew his friend, even as a woman, and was able to put the clues together.

"Trish? Trent? You okay? Is there something new?"

She nodded. Already her skin was itching, her sensibility outraged by what she was wearing. It felt like she was covered in mud, or tar, or wreathed in flame. It *burned* to wear this travesty of an outfit. She needed a change.

"Can you control it? Martin asked. "Because I'm thinking we should go to the travel agent and see if we can pry some information."

*It could well work*, thought Trish. And once more the great uncertainty and indecision fell upon her. To change or not to change? There was only one way to avoid having to deal with that question; the compulsion that was pressing down upon her. She gave into it willingly.

"No *honey*," Trish said, the term of endearment being spoken automatically, "we've got a few things we need to take care of first."

Martin looked at her, eyebrows creased in confusion. "What could possibly be more important than changing you back?"

Triss blushed, and indicated to her baggy sweats. "Getting me *changed* into some proper outfits. We're going shopping, *dear!*"

She gave a forced smile, and he bought it hook, line and sinker, not knowing she had not even tried to fight this new impulse.

After all, provided she was careful, they were in no rush, right?



"It's strange to be holding your hand in public. Or at all, really."

Trish looked up at Martin as they moved through the mall. He was over a head taller now, and there was something alluring about feeling protected by someone more powerful than you. She had felt compelled to hold his hand as they walked together, and while Martin's compulsions were not so strong as hers, he still felt that same pull.

"Yeah, but, it's not bad, right?"

Martin gave her a look. "I guess not. It's just . . . strange."

"Not the strangest thing we've done together."

He chuckled awkwardly. "I suppose not. So you really feel the need to dress up?"

Now it was her turn to chuckle awkwardly.

"Yeah, dress up for *you*, specifically, *honey*. Sorry, the wish makes me call you that. But it's like I told you on the way over, I keep hearing her voice the wishes whenever a new compulsion arises. It sort of . . . programs me, I guess. I was looking at this hoodie and these sweats and I just felt this burning need to dress up for you. To look like your dream girl."

Martin shook his head, and tried to force the mental images of just exactly what his dream girl would look like all dressed up, her hair done professionally, makeup elegant and alluring. He quickly found he couldn't *not* think about it. Even as he did, Trish felt that strange aura again, that push to strive faster and further to follow the guidelines set down for her. She turned to him and rolled her beautiful green eyes.

"Oh my God, you're actually thinking about me dressed up right now, aren't you?"

"Sorry! I couldn't help it. It's like saying 'don't think about the elephant.' All you can think about is the elephant. I'm just imagining you all dressed up in a nice dress or figure-hugging overalls."

"*Overalls?* Seriously?"

"What? Nothing shows off a sexy suburban woman's figure that a well-fitted pair of overalls over a nice t-shirt."

Trish couldn't help but laugh. "Holy crap Martin, you are *such* a handyman. And did you just call me a 'sexy suburban woman'?"

Martin shrugged as they drew closer to the clothing store. "Hey, if the shoe fits."

Another compulsion forced its way into Trish's mind, and she groaned as she realised what it meant: "Great. Now I'm going to spend a ton of money on *shoes* as well now, aren't I?"

"I swear I'm trying not to think of you in heels."

Trish laughed. "Sure, just like the elephant."

As they walked through the mall, Trish noticed the way others looked at her. She was obviously dressed in men's clothing, and her hair was a bit of a mess after the . . . events of that morning. She must have stuck out. But still, the occasional man who walked past seemed to regard her a little longer than she was used to, and it was a strange feeling to realise how much bigger and stronger they were. Just as it was strange for other women to look at her sympathetically. They probably thought she had no money for clothing, or was trash. Well, she'd show them how good she could look soon.

They entered a clothing store together, one that she felt drawn to but had never actually entered: *Femme La Chic*. It had been Lisa's favourite spot to buy clothes, and Trent had always found it a little boring to wait for her, especially since some idle part of him wanted to be the one trying on outfits, and never could.

Now things were different.

“Are you sure about this? I mean, it’s your money.”

Trish shrugged. “I just need to. Plus, I can’t be wearing all your ill-fitting clothes if Lisa could be over a month away. I need stuff that actually fits this body. I definitely need a bra - you can’t see it, but these things are flopping all over the place.”

Martin practically coughed, and it made her giggle. *God, I can see why he struggles with women, he’s so awkward. But it’s a little adorable . . .*

“C’mon,” she said, pulling at his hand. She was beginning to feel oddly excited. She made for the front desk, where a dark-skinned woman in her mid-30s with frizzy black hair and cute glasses was looking expectantly at them.

“Hello, I’m Jemma, would you like some help today?”

The two former-friends exchanged a brief look.

“Um, yeah,” Martin said, “my, well, my -”

“Girlfriend,” Trish cut in.

“Yeah, my girlfriend is looking for new clothing.”

The woman was wonderfully professional; she hadn’t even made a single probing glance at the fact that Trish was in oversized men’s clothing.

“Well, you’ve come to the right place. Looking for anything in particular? Pants? Jackets? Shirts? We have some lovely designer hoodies if that’s your preference, and a range of sweat pants too.”

“I’m looking for everything,” Trish said. “I’m, well, as you can see, I’m wearing my boyfriend’s clothing. There was a fire, and I kind of lost pretty much all my clothes.”

The woman put a hand to her mouth. “Oh, my dear, I’m so, so sorry. That’s awful. Of course we can help you. Do you need just a few simple outfits? We have some wonderful items on special.”

Trish found herself shaking her head. “No, I figure I’ll go the full shebang. I feel a . . . I guess you could say compulsion to get an entirely new wardrobe. It’s a new me, in a manner of speaking.”

The woman smiled, anticipating a large purchase no doubt, but both Martin and Trish saw that there was genuine compassion in those eyes as well.

“Well, come with me, and we’ll find you some pants and shirts first.”

“Uh, actually, we may need to start with panties. And a bra. A few of each actually.”

Jemma nodded. “Come with me to one of the changing stalls, and we can get you fitted once I get some of your sizing.”

The worker moved ahead while Trish looked at Martin. The man seemed uncomfortable to be in a women’s clothing store, and Trish still felt some residual discomfort herself, though it was mingled with private excitement.

“Are you going to be okay, being here?” she asked.

“Am I going to be okay? You’re the one who has to wear women’s get up. I just feel a little weird about it, especially since I’m apparently influencing what you’re going to put on.”

She touched his arm, and once again she felt that comfort at being near him, especially in his delightful awkwardness. “I’d rather have you near than not, man.”

“Well, okay,” he said, nodding. He broke into a smile. “Hey, at least you’re really a dude on the inside, right? So this will be done pretty quickly.”



Two hours later and they were still at the store. Once the compulsion to dress up properly began, Trish could find no escape from it. Or perhaps she didn’t want to. Martin spent half the time on his phone, and half the time trying not to think too deeply about what new look a woman in her mid-thirties like Trish might appear stylish in.

It had begun with, naturally, a bra and underwear fitting. It became pretty quickly clear to Jemma that Trish had no idea what size she was in any of her measurements, causing the new woman to become flushed and more than a little embarrassed.

“I don’t know any of that stuff, sorry. I just sort of always wore clothing that fit, you know? I want to learn, though.”

Jemma was wonderfully reassuring. “That’s okay, dear. You would not believe the number of women who don’t know all their measurements. Why don’t you take off the sweats and hoodie and we’ll take them.”

“Um, that’s the thing. I . . . uh, I sleep naked, and when the fire happened, I ran out, and I don’t know anyone in the city, and - and . . .”

Tears were close to welling at this point. *God, I’m becoming so emotional*, Trish thought. But again, Jemma reassured her. She brought over another woman, an older lady with white hair and a kind smile named Hannah.

“Trish here has lost all of her clothing due to a home fire. Can you get the customer try-on underwear for her?”

Hannah returned and passed them over, and the two gave her privacy as she pulled the beige underwear up. They were quite snug on her hips, but clearly designed to stretch.

“Um, do you want me to wear a top? Like a bra?” she asked.

“No need dear!” the call came over the side. “We’re all women! We’ll need to see your bust to get you properly fitted anyway - can’t give you a bra if we don’t know your size!”

Trish cupped her C-cup breasts a little awkwardly, not knowing the etiquette.

“Okay, I’m ready then!” she managed to croak.

“Are you right in there, *honey?*” Martin called.

“Fine! Just wait out there, Martin!”

She was broken from her anxiety a little as she heard Jemma and Hannah shooing him away, demanding she get privacy. They stepped back into the large stall, Hannah holding a measuring tape and sporting a set of seeing glasses.

“Golly!” the older woman said, “all that was hiding underneath!”

Trish grinned sheepishly. “I look alright?”

“Girl, you look like the ladies they used to paint on the side of warplanes! And I mean that in the best possible sense. Your body has class!”

“And once we get your measurements,” Jemma said, “we’ll be able to get you some clothes that show it.”

The thought of that made Trish beam as the two workers asked her to raise her arms as they measured her. Hannah had a wonderful little cackle.

“My, my, that’s 36’ across the chest, a good pair of C-cups you’ve got there!”

“Um, thanks.”

“We’ll find ways to show them off for that cute fella you’ve got waiting.”

“That would be nice, actually.”

Jemma marked down the measurement as Hannah continued. “Nice little waist there. Only 28’. What an hourglass - making me jealous of my own days of youth. Leading out to some wide hips - yep, those will require some consideration. I’d say . . . 39.5. Possible 40’. Real Marilyn we have here.”

Trish chuckled. “I’m not too upset about it.”

“Oh, she’s modest! We’ll get you some bras and the like. We have some excellent skirts, jeans, and the like for women of your figure, but given that *delightful* hourglass we’re both so jealous of, some may need a little custom work.”

“I’m okay with that, so long as I have something to wear that Martin will like.”

Both workers exchanged a knowing look.

“We might have a few things like that, also,” Jemma said.

“Perhaps,” Trish ventured, “some nice overalls?”

“Overalls? Of course! They complement a woman’s figure wonderfully! You’ll look great in those.”

The two left, leaving Trish bewildered. “I had no idea.” She checked herself in the mirror, admiring the curve of her hips. They really were her best features, she felt, apart from her gorgeous face. She had a ‘sexy suburban soccer mom’ sort of vibe to her. She made a few poses in the mirror, and couldn’t help but grin at what she saw as she cupped her breasts. “Man, if only these were a little bigger and my hair a little blonder, I’d be *my own* dream girl,” she mused. She turned, examining how her butt was outlined in the underwear

she'd been given. "Hmm, a bit of a dump truck that I'm carrying as well. Seems like Martin likes his girls pretty 'hippy'. Damn, I bet I could fill out a pair of jeans real well. I just bet he's into the whole 'wearing jeans and a bra look.'

And just as she made the thought, the women returned with several brassieres to choose from.

"We've picked a few different samples for you to try," Jemma explained. "Some good casual ones, some elegant black push-ups for date nights."

"For that hunk out there," Hannah cut in.

"Yes, for him too. We've included several sports bras also; anyone with a B-cup or larger with your kind of measurements will need one. There are also some strapless bras and a nice cami that I think will work well for your shape."

Trish felt overwhelmed, and utterly grateful. "Thank you, thank you so much. This is so amazing after the change. The fire. Would you mind helping me with some of them?"

"Of course! We're specialists dear; we'll help you find a bra that fits. It's practically our logo!"

For the next ten minutes Trish experienced the pleasure of trying on different bras and seeing how they looked and felt upon her body. What started as an unfamiliar and almost shameful process quickly became fun and vibrant, and gave Trish an idea of the closeness that could develop between women as compared to men, who never discussed their own bodies or fashion sense. The two women peppered her with suggestions, showered her with compliments, and made all sorts of amusing gossip.

"Try moving to see if they feel nice and contained!"

"You look stunning in that one dear, I think your Martin will be very pleased with that."

"I don't think it does you justice; it flattens your boobs like pancakes."

"Make sure to keep moving to see how well they contain your bust."

"Hmm, too much side spillage; some girls like that, but it can be impractical."

"Oh, Trish, you look amazing in that! I'll add that to the purchase pile."

The last was Trish's favourite: a sexy black push-up bra that fitted her boobs snugly yet comfortably into its cups. It lifted them proudly, pressing their teardrop shapes together to form a deep line of cleavage, her breast lifted enough so that they rose like pools of flesh with each breath. They appeared a full cup size larger: D's at the very least.

"Woah," she said, gazing at the mirror. "I look amazing."

"You look hot," Hannah said, "and I bet he'll think so too."

Trish beamed, and she admired her adorable smile in the mirror. She had very cute dimples that had not faded, even in her mid-thirties.

"Okay, I'll take it. Can we take a look at some of the other things now, too?"

What followed was a fashion extravaganza even greater than the search for bra and matching panties. Poor Martin was held hostage, surrounded by women but not wanting to abandon his buddy, who he knew was only being girly because she - he - was forced to. But it was taking a long while, and his mind was starting to wander to their earlier activities. It took Jemma reappearing to bring him back down to earth.

“Hey Martin, I’ve just finished my shift, and I’ve been told by Trish to tell you to enjoy yourself around the mall. She’s going to be a while. I’ve got a feeling that gal is rediscovering her sense of style, and she only wants you around when the finished work of art is ready.”

In the background, Hannah threw her thumbs up and gave a toothy grin.

“Get out of her big boy! We’ll pass her back to you when she’s good and ready!”

Martin shrugged, not sure if leaving was the right thing to do, but leaving boredom to be his own personal decider. He took off to a nearby hardware store in the same complex. It was always good to look at the competition and besides, he needed to clear his head. It was too full of Trish at the moment, and it filled him with guilt.

“My poor buddy,” he murmured, “he must be suffering.”

Trish herself, meanwhile, was having the time of her life. She couldn’t believe that she was actually buying women’s clothing, for her own womanly body! For all her deep want to be a woman, the one that had existed her whole life, she still had little idea of what being a woman entailed. Yet how wonderful it was to learn, and learn quickly! Jemma and Hannah fussed over her, relishing the opportunity to play dress-up doll to a customer who wanted to try and buy a little of everything. It felt like entire shelves of clothing were coming off the rack, and not for no reason either! Trish found jeans that accentuated her peachy behind, she piled on blouses and shirts that hugged her chest or hung loosely in summer fashion. She found a purple jacket to suit her for the colder weather outside, and a woollen jumper that looked utterly adorable on her. She found a pretty pink turtleneck that contoured to her waist well, and a few flannelette button shirts that gave her the look of a beautiful suburban or even country housewife. A set of high-waisted ‘mom jeans’ were her favourite; they suited her age and figure perfectly, and she could imagine in her mind’s eye a future where she trotted out in those to see a game of football, or wore them at a neighbourhood barbecue, or visited this very mall. At Jemma’s suggestion, she tried skirts, having told the woman honestly that she’d never actually worn one.

“Really? Never?” Jemma replied, genuinely shocked, “what planet are you from? Skirts are proof that woman is smarter than man and only the Scots realise it! You haven’t known comfort and freedom on a nice warm day if you haven’t worn a skirt.”

“Okay, okay!” Trish said, laughing as she checked out her orange dress in the mirror. “I guess I’ll try one. I guess it’s just like a mini-dress, of sorts.”

“But with a lot more customisation of your look, girl. Let me find you a few.”

Jemma was right. Skirts were *wonderful*. She loved being able to pick and match the colours to her tops, and to be able to try on stockings beneath them, or even just a set of pants beneath for the look. It was so *chic*! She bought several, including a green pleated variant and a denim skirt. Jemma laughed.

“You white girls and your denim!”

“I can’t help that I look good in it,” Trish said back, giggling.

“Hey look, I finish my shift in ten. If you’re really serious about this huge makeover, what say I take you round the mall and we fix up your hair and makeup. Because - and this is just a hunch because so far you’ve been a *little bit* unfamiliar with a lot of womanly norms - I get the feeling you’re not the biggest expert in makeup or hair care either.”

Triss grinned sheepishly. “That obvious, isn’t it?”

“I knew it!”

“I just had a very . . . different upbringing.”

“No judgement here, but let’s give you the full makeover. It’s the least I can help you with. You’ve raked in a bigger commission for me and Hannah today than I’ve ever had working six years at this place.”

The bill came in, and Trish paid, hoping no one would notice that the name on her card read ‘Trent’, not Trish. Even she was shocked at what she was spending, but even more shocking was her total lack of regret at the purchase; it felt utterly natural to her, and beyond just her compulsions to look good for Martin, she wanted this. She wanted to look like a beautiful woman in her mid-thirties with a fashion thing for denim and overalls and skirts and cute flannelette shirts, and she wanted to feel damn good wearing them too. One month of Lisa’s absence would not be enough to enjoy it all, but she could only try.

“Okay girl, how about we go make the new you?” Jemma asked.



Jemma was wonderful. Trish wished she had met her earlier, though she probably would have dated her, then annoyed her with his noncommittal behaviour. Instead, she was fast becoming Trish’s first ‘girl friend’ - emphasis on the *friend*. She was a proud mom of two little boys who were currently in school, and had met her husband back when she’d been in a punk band in her teens, which Trish thought was awesome.

“We’ve been tamed by suburbia now!” Jemma laughed. “Derek is an accountant, would you believe? But I occasionally still jam out. But even when I was against the system, I did love a nice pair of shoes.”

The two got to talking about Trish's own life as Jemma took her to get a manicure, a pedicure, and a visit to the hairdresser. At every stage, she found ways to be vague about her life, substituting facts about her upbringing as Trent to that of Trish. It wasn't that hard to take a harsh, expectant upbringing and transpose that onto a woman's life. If anything, her father's cold, obsessively masculine approach to everything in life, and her mother's own absence as a guiding figure only further explained why she was a woman who had little knowledge of how to dress and treat her own body, as well as her own awkward nature. Jemma was about as far from that as possible; a woman who was perfectly happy with her life, and loved making new friends to share fashion tips with. The former male was instantly taken in under her wing, to the point where the two went shopping for suitable earrings (something which made Trish a little hesitant but looked wonderful once finished), jewellery, and even a hair styling. Jemma practically forced Trish into the chair, insisting on paying, as a lovely hairdresser named Sharon gossiped about goings-on in the mall and the local news. Trish's hair was trimmed in a couple of places, washed, shampooed, dried, and curled slightly, giving it a beautiful wave that fell down her shoulders.

And lastly, the part that Trish was most nervous for arrived. Jemma had to practically drag her into the makeup store, introducing her to numerous foundations, shadows, lip sticks, and so on, overwhelming the new woman's mind.

"But it's no problem if you forget," Jemma said, "because I'll be helping you today. Let's make Martin's jaw hit the floor when he sees you."



Martin had made a few calls to ensure that his store was taken care of over the next few days, and shifts all arranged. He felt it best to make sure the next few days were free so he could help his friend. He was starting to get hungry, and it was interfering with his thought process. He needed to get into contact with Lisa somehow, before this all spiralled even further out of control. Who knew what was happening to Trish right that this moment?

*I can't imagine how she feels, being trapped as she is. I promise Trent, I'll do everything I can to make you a man again. And I swear I won't take advantage of you like I already have. There's nothing that could possibly make me go back on that promise.*

"He's here, Trish," Jemma called from somewhere behind him. "Hey Martin, get ready to have your socks knocked off, big boy."

Martin turned, surprised to see the store woman in casual dress. But his gaze didn't linger on her very long. Because beside her, looking a little nervous, yet smiling all the same, was *her*. Trish, but not as he'd seen her before. She was wearing a pair of high-waisted

denim jeans that hugged her hips and cinched in impressively at the waist. Tucking into it was a loose silky white blouse, the top few buttons undone to reveal a tasteful amount of cleavage, her wonderful breasts pushed up by a matching bra. A loose floral dress hung over her shoulders, its sleeves going only to her elbows, and its hem reaching her ankles, which were adorned in cute black shoes. She wore a stylish pair of round sunglasses, and her lips were ruby-red with lipstick. Slung over one arm was a black handbag, and at the ends of her fingers were red-painted nails, perfectly manicured.

She looked classy. She looked stylish. She looked sexy.

She looked like the hottest woman in the suburbs.

She looked like Martin's dream woman, exactly as the wish had granted.

"What do you think?" Trish asked, lowering her sunglasses and raising a shapely eyebrow. She placed a hand on her hip and adjusting her footing in a classically feminine pose, just for emphasis.

"Wow," Martin said, his breath taken away, "you look amazing, Trish."

"Goddamn right she does," Jemma said. "You've got my number if you ever want to hang out, Trish. But for now, I think I'll leave you to two to get reacquainted."

She left the scene as Martin continued to stare. Trish beamed, enjoying his attention of her form, just as Martin tried not to enjoy the sight of her. The woman was beaming, proud of her looks. And judging from her smile, there was still Trent in there, ever the teaser.

"Trish, I don't know what to say. Is this just the wish? If so, I'm sorry that you -"

She waved a hand. "It's okay. I actually - I feel pretty good. I look pretty good."

"That is *definitely* true."

"And frankly, I'm starving more than anything."

"Me too. I was afraid I was going to wait another twelve hours. You've been a woman a little over a day and already you're taking ages to get dressed."

She gave him a light punch on the arm. "No wonder you have such trouble getting a girlfriend. C'mon, let's get lunch. I'm just glad your dream girl isn't wearing heels all the time like mine would."

"Shall we go back to my place?" Martin said, trying to ignore that wonderful cleavage in her open top.

Trish turned and smiled, taking his hand.

"Naw, let's go somewhere public. If I've got to look like this, might as well show it off, right?"

## Part 4: Pleasing Him

"Okay, let me know your Trish better. Who is your perfect woman? The kind of woman who would 'please you all the time'?"

The two of them were eating seafood pasta at Martin's favourite dockside restaurant. The sun had finally come out, and the afternoon was bright, allowing them to sit outside. Several men had already glanced Trish's way. It was evident she was an attractive woman. She had nearly giggled when a teen boy stole several glances at her. But it made her think all the more on what the wishes were turning her into, hence the question.

Martin paused mid-bite on his fork. He gave a deep breath.

"Just promise you won't embarrass me too much."

Trish indicated to herself with both hands. "Hello? You're speaking to a dude who is now the proud owner of a pussy because his ex thought he was just *that bad* of a boyfriend. I gave my best friend since high school a blowjob this morning *and* wore overalls, both of which were equally shameful in my eyes."

"Okay, low blow on that last one."

She touched his arm, her perfectly manicured fingers resting over his forearm. "My point is, I'm far more embarrassed than you can ever be, so I reserve the right to bust your balls, especially since you're probably going to bust a nut inside me later tonight."

Martin rested his face in his palms. "Goddamn, this is difficult, especially when you say shit like that. It's almost like you want to be a woman sometimes, I swear."

For the merest moment, Trish felt her heart beat faster, but Martin continued.

“I know that’s not true. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said it. Okay, my perfect woman. Well, first of all, it’s one that my friend Trent doesn’t steal the attention from, with his flashy sales job and easy grin and bigger salary. She’d love me for me, even if I’m a little clumsy and awkward sometimes, and don’t always know what to say.”

Trish leaned forward, sipping at her milkshake, absorbed in his words. She’d had no idea that as a man she’d stolen his prospects away and burned the bridges back to Martin when things had fizzled. She felt ashamed, but was determined to listen to the end.

“A woman ‘who pleases me all the time’ and ‘dresses and makes herself up for me’ would look pretty much exactly how you do now. I’ve always liked brunettes, and I’ve got a thing for green eyes. I like - well, I love a nice set of boobs, but I’ve never gone in for the whole ‘Double-D Degree’ thing some guys are obsessed with.”

*Shame*, Trish found herself thinking. She liked her bust, but even one cup size more would be *fantastic*, not that she’d ever tell Martin that.

“I’m guessing you like a girl who’s a bit more thick in the hips, huh?”

He blushed. “I guess it’s not hard to figure out. Petite too, size 6, and about 5’4, which is what you seem to be. And the woman I’d want would be someone who could settle down with me in the ‘burbs, around my age.”

“I still feel around thirty six or so. Maybe a couple of years younger at best. No fountain of youth for me.”

“Yeah, well, I’m not ashamed to be into women my own age. And you can already see the style I like. You look amazing in it, and I’ve always liked the casual ‘suburban wife’ sort of look. Which leads me to a woman who ‘pleases me all the time.’”

Trish leaned forward, truly interested in this part. Being a woman was a blessing, a miracle! But exactly what her life would be dictated by in the next few weeks was altogether a little trickier.

“Go on. I won’t make fun, probably.”

Martin smirked. “Thanks for the assurance. I work hard at the store, and I’ve never been the best homebody. I take care of my place, but I could never present the same ‘in control of everything’ look your place had.”

“Yeah, that was mainly a front so my next girlfriend could take over the duties.”

“Well, about that: a woman who pleases me all the time would be a stay-at-home housewife, maybe someone who was willing to man the shop occasionally to help me out. But her real focus would be on keeping the house looking amazing, bringing some decoration and interior design to the place that I lack. She’d cook amazing dishes for me and . . . any kids we might have.” He blushed at the last, and both remembered the near disaster that could have happened that very morning. “Basically, she’d be the perfect housewife, and

she'd love surprising me with painting as a side hobby, and planning vacations for us, and at night."

"We'd have sex," Trish said, sipping her milkshake, feeling her body shiver with anticipation.

"Yeah. A lot of it, actually. I've always fantasised about a woman who would wake me up in the morning with a blowjob. And given that she'd love being in the kitchen, someone I could bend over the dinner table or kitchen tabletop and take from behind. I have this image in my head of you - I mean, my ideal partner - barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen, and still really needy for me. It's pretty pathetic, I know."

*It sounds incredibly sexy*, Trish thought, though she knew part of it was the wishes effects. The notion that she could get pregnant, that she could bear a man's children. *I could be his wife, and give him babies*. She snapped herself out of it. Not only was it yet another compulsion she'd have to deal with, but it was not feasible. She couldn't stay like this forever - she could barely manage a surprise month off work without getting fired! And, of course, it would not be fair to Martin, to trap him with her like that.

She didn't know what to do, or what she wanted. Just like Trent.

"It's not pathetic," she said, grasping his hand, "it's just . . . very different from what I'm used to. I can't cook very well, and I hire a cleaner most weeks! Perks of a sales manager salary. And the sex stuff is - well, I wouldn't be lying if my own dream girl wouldn't be pretty damn randy all the time too."

"Yeah, we've just got to fight it," Martin said. "I don't want to take advantage of you, *my love*."

"Of course," Trish said. "*Honey*. Why don't we go for a walk and clear our heads, and when we get back we can figure out how we're going to proceed."

Martin smiled. "That would be lovely. Plus, no offence, but your ass looks amazing in those jeans. I can at least enjoy that, right?"

"You're never going to let me forget this, are you?"

"Nope. Just like you're never going to let me forget my taste in women."

He stood up to pay the bill, and Trish imagined a very different meaning to what Martin had said. *What if I never let you forget that taste, because I never changed back?* Her thoughts lingered on that image of being pregnant in the kitchen, her belly rounded with life, her breasts swollen up to a cup size she'd actually wanted as a woman. It was alluring, and it wasn't just the wish or the curse or the compulsions or whatever. Something about it fulfilled a deep want.

"Okay," Martin said, "let's enjoy the dock front. And when we get back, we'll see if we can fight this curse. No more sex."

"No more sex," she agreed, taking his arm.



“Oooohhhh, fuck that feels sooo good! There! Right there!”

Trish was bent over the kitchen top, her dress pulled up to her waist to allow Martin access. His enormous dick penetrated her deeply, and she moaned with each thrust into her depths. It felt like she was being parted, in the best possible way, like she was being split by her lover’s amazing cock, her insides gripping tightly onto it.

“You’re so - damn - hot in that dress!” Martin exclaimed, gripping her hips and pushing himself even more deeply in the biggest thrust yet. Trish whimpered in response, her voice high with ecstasy, and she bit several fingers to contain a louder wail. She could never have imagined how good it felt to get fucked by a man, to feel so completely dominated by him.

“I knew you’d - ahh! - like it!” she managed, savouring the feeling of her breasts bouncing in their bra. She’d gotten dressed in a pretty sunflower-pattern dress on return, feeling somehow that it was ‘right.’ It certainly had been; Martin couldn’t resist her.

“I’m sorry, I can’t stop fucking you,” Martin said. He gripped her hips tighter, practically pulling her back onto his cock, her lips widening to accept his stem, making her coo with delight.

“D-don’t be! I *want* you to fuck me! I want you to come, *baby*! H-how amazing would it be if you - mmmhmm! - weren’t wearing that condom? You could g-get me p-pregnant!”

“Oohhh, don’t say that. It’s the wish talking.”

She wriggled her hips, her body squirming in response to the sensations of his cock touching new parts of her. Martin grunted in approval also.

“I c-could be your sexy wife! I could be barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen! I c-could make you all sorts of nice meals while knocked up with your b-babies!”

“Oh God, Trish!”

Martin began thrusting faster, and faster, and she gave into the pleasure, as did he. She could feel her climax building, and when it came, it shook her so incredibly that it was only thanks to Martin’s grip that she could stay upright. She pressed herself against the tabletop, mashing her breasts against its surface and letting out a high wail in response to the orgasm, which passed through her like an earthquake, from her lower lips all the way up to through her chest and into her throat. Even as that orgasm passed, the next came over her, particularly as Martin had not stopped thrusting, and she was helpless but to ride each wave of pleasure out, her skin alight with sensitivity. She lowered her head, giving herself

over to it, loving the submissiveness, the helplessness, the passivity that made her feel utterly dominated by her friend. A friend who, with one final thrust, gasped as his balls tensed, and he filled the condom with several pumps of semen. She shivered at the thought of what it would be like to actually feel him come inside of her. And the fruits that could come from such an act.

“You’re so fucking sexy, Martin,” she sighed, and it was no compulsion making her say it. Whether the wish had made it so or whether it was all her, she couldn’t deny that her former friend had become so damn *manly* in her eyes. She *wanted* him.

The two came apart, him sliding out of her in a way that gave her one last mini-orgasm. Then, wordlessly, and with more than a little shame at his actions, Martin left to dispose of the condom, leaving Trish to pull her panties back up and fix up her dress. She adjusted her hair and her bra, and carefully stepped back to the dinner table on wobbly legs.

“Better clean myself up,” she mused, even as another magical push came over her. “Then, time to start making us dinner.”

By the time Martin returned, having mused for long minutes in his room on what he had done, Trish was already hard at work. He was shocked to see the former male pouring over cookbooks and counting ingredients almost obsessively, moving between cupboards to take various items and check their dates.

“I’m making beef stroganoff,” she declared proudly, holding up a cookbook and beaming. “I wanted to try a roast chicken but it’s too late to get the chicken and I figure we’ll want to eat sooner than later. Maybe we could go grocery shopping tomorrow and I can plan us some meals. I also noticed you had some past due ingredients so I’ve made some lists on what to replace and thrown them out.”

“Wow, I can see you’ve been hard at work.”

She smiled, blushing a little. “I felt you needed some time alone after . . . that. And I really need to cook you dinner. It’s a wish thing.”

Martin stepped forward, taking her arms. “But don’t you want to fight it, Trish? Every time we have sex, or you’re forced to dress up for me, or now cook dinner for us, I feel so guilty. This isn’t you. It isn’t fair that you’re forced to be like this.”

Trish felt herself welling up with tears, overwhelmed by his compassion and care. She had forgotten how much more emotional this new body was. She rubbed a stray tear from her cheek.

“It’s okay, Martin. I mean it. I’m stuck like this, and we’re stuck together. We can make this work until Lisa returns, but we should stop fighting it. This magic is bigger than both of us.”

“You can’t mean that.”

She stepped forward, touching his arm. “I do mean it. I *need* to be the woman who pleases you, and this wish makes it feel good to be that woman. There’s still a wish left remaining to turn me back, so why can’t we just enjoy it? We can look back on it with a bit of embarrassment later if we have to, but for now we just have to go along with it. Fighting it doesn’t work, and it’ll be easier if we just give in, if only for a while.”

A strong hand reached her chin and tilted her head up. She looked into his face, his manly five o’clock shadow, his tousled brown hair and hazel-eyes.

“Are you sure? Because I’ve been trying to resist you, and failing, Trish. If you’re not going to fight it any longer, I know I won’t have any luck on my own self.”

She went up on her tippy toes, and kissed him deeply. It only took a moment for him to return the kiss.

“I mean it,” she whispered. “I’m okay with it.”

“I promise you’ll be a man again,” he replied.

It was enough to deflate her, sadly. She pulled away. “Well, no use being all romantic and weird about this when I still have to make dinner. I’m feeling a strong compulsion to let you relax on the couch for a bit while your girlfriend serves you a nice cold beer. How does that sound?”

Martin put a hand behind his head, grinning despite himself. “That, uh, that sounds just perfect for me.”

Trish placed a hand on her hip. “Well, I aim to please.”



There was no progress on finding Lisa, as far as Trish was concerned. That night they ate the food, which she was not entirely satisfied with, and she spent some time pouring over online suggestions to make it better. Once more, the wish compelled her to be perfect for him, and that apparently extended to her newfound cooking obsession.

That very night, they went to bed together, and a new discovery was made.

“I can’t seem to put any pajamas on,” Trish mused, standing naked over the bed.

Once more, Martin was a little sheepish.

“Yeah, I guess I always liked the idea of a girl who’d sleep totally naked most nights.”

She could only roll her eyes. “Well, you better keep me warm, big boy.”

“That may be part of the fantasy too.”

And so once again she found herself coiled up against her friend, his larger form the big spoon to her little spoon. It was wonderful and comfortable, and she relished the feeling of his hardening penis between her cheeks. It took even less time for her to give in to the

need to please him, and in fact she enjoyed stirring him up by gyrating her hips slowly against his manhood, causing him to moan complaints.

“Dear God, Trish, when you say you accept it, you really accept it.”

“It’s not my fault. This damn wish is making me so horny for you!”

And so once again he was thrusting into her, this time sitting on the end of the bed while she bounced against him, her mounds cupped in his hands as he played with her erect nipples. She gasped as he entered her over and over again, savouring how each different position came with its perks. It was like her body literally existed to please him, and this was an expression of the ultimate care for her man. And the care he showed her, the withholding of climax to ensure she reached hers, only made her care for her friend even further.

It was, she was starting to fear, the very first bubbling of genuine love. Something she could never let Martin know.

Finally, he groped her breasts, the flesh overflowing his palms, her nipples coursing with pleasure, and he came into the condom. She felt him throbbing within her, and she gave a deep and sensual moan of delight, rotating her hips on his staff.

“Mmmhhmm . . . that’s good . . .”

The two fell to sleep, awaiting the next morning, where Trish would wake before him, and bring him to consciousness with her tongue and lips upon his member. The cycle of sex, cooking, cleaning, and little moments of romantic passion continued, and with her new wardrobe set, Trish became increasingly confident appearing to the public as Martin’s new girlfriend, even meeting some of the neighbours. Heads turned when they travelled to get groceries, or to grab a bite to eat, or run an errand for Martin’s workshop. Always she felt compelled to be his perfect partner; she researched cooking and cleaning skills and tips and tricks as if she were studying for an exam, just as she spent due time applying ruby red lipstick and the right level of foundation and eyeliner, all to create the best look. She fell into the role easily, and it surprised her how she was able to take advantage of the wishes’ effects when leaning into them. Yes, she was compelled to dress as a gorgeous suburban woman, but she was able to take the initiative and choose a cute miniskirt and dark top if she so wanted, just as when it came time to lovemaking, she was able to convince the still-reluctant Martin to let her ride cowgirl, or take her from behind, or have her spread her legs wide as he thrust into her in the ordinary fashion. Even her makeup and jewellery was something to experiment with; Jemma continued to help teach her the ‘secret ways of women’ as Trish increasingly thought of it as, and the two maintained their friendship over the following week.

After seven days, Trish found herself incredibly comfortable in her role, and more than that, she was certain she was developing feelings for Martin. He showed such compassion and care, such courtesy and kindness to her, that it was impossible not to feel

something, particularly in their most intimate moments. For so long, her friend had been in Trent's shadow, despite his own success, and had valued their friendship enough to never complain that Trent was essentially 'stealing' the women away with his natural charisma, his fancy job, and his style. Meanwhile Martin was always there, silently working away, earning his way through life but flying under the radar. His way was more quiet, humble even. And yet when he entered her, she felt utterly loved and protected in his embrace.

It scared her, that she was falling in love not only with this love, but her friend as well. Especially since she was still maintaining the lie that she wanted to be a man again. These had been the best seven days of her life, and yet she would lie awake in his arms fearing the day it would all end. When Lisa would fly home.

"Please give me another three weeks," she whispered to herself quietly.

But it was not to be. In the dark of night a week after her transformation, Trish woke with a need to pee. She rose, and not wanting to disturb Martin by using the heavy sliding door to the ensuite, walked down the hallway instead. Even tired as she was, she couldn't help but picture the potted plants and paintings that could make the space more vibrant for them. She went, still feeling a little odd at having to sit and simply let the liquid stream out of her, cleaned her hands, and moved to head back to bed.

A light from the living room grabbed her attention, and she moved towards it, still naked due to the compulsions of the wish. Martin had left his laptop open, again. She sighed. Something about the new 'housewife' persona she had made her fuss over such things, despite doing it all the time as Trent.

"Waste of power," she mumbled, moving to shut it.

That's when the contents of the screen caught her eye. He was on a social media site, and his messenger was open. Her eyes widened, sleep disappearing from them as she realised what she was seeing. It was a chat window with Lisa! And more than that, Martin had been messaging her repeatedly over the last week, trying to get into contact.

And now, he had been successful. Lisa had replied.

*Hey martin. Good to hear from you. Sorry ive been offline for a bit so i booked a month long trip to fiji, wanting to unplug. Didnt mean to be rude but didnt want to hear from trent either - you know how it is after a breakup. Whats the emergency? Has something happened?*

"Oh. Oh no," Trish whispered. "What the hell do I do?"

She looked at the bottom of the chat. The message had been recent. Her breathing quickened. It was as if her entire world was beginning to fragment, as if the ground was opening up. It was true, she was meant to be gone for a month. But now it was all falling apart. If Lisa came home, it would be over. She would be Trent again, and life would go back

to what it was. She'd lose Martin, and she knew she could never see him as just a friend again.

Slowly, she regained her breath, reached for the keyboard, and begun typing.

*All good Lisa. Trent is taking the breakup hard but nothing I haven't seen before. Sorry to keep contacting you - Trent's been bugging me about some belongings of yours still at the house, but I didn't realise you were in Fiji. You relax and come back when you need. He's just overreacting.*

She hit send, and waited.

"No, it's not enough. He'll see the message, and know I sent it."

She typed some more.

*Oh, when I said Trent was taking the breakup hard - a couple of these messages were sent by him. He thought he could contact you using my profile. I've told him to knock it off, but feel free to ignore any of my messages till you get back - it'll be him and not me.*

She hit send again, hoping it would work. She sat in the dark and waited for what felt like eons, more cognisant of her naked female form than she had been in days. She was in danger of losing it, after all.

Finally, a reply came.

*Hey Martin.*

*All good thanks for msging me. Trent can be a real bab sometimes huh? Wish those wishes of mine had worked and he could see what it was like for us on the sides, huh. Ill just hit unfollow on your posts for a bit then. Hopefully he can man up and actually commit in the future then rather than miss me when im gone. Bye.*

Trish sighed deeply. It had worked. Which meant there was just one last thing to do. Her finger hovered over the 'delete' button for Lisa's messages, as well as her own. Was she really right to deceive Martin like this? It felt wrong, somehow, but as always, that small bit of Trent surfaced. It was easier to delay than make a hard decision, easier to try to keep things going as they were rather than pull off the band-aid and tell the truth.

She hit delete.

Satisfied, she moved back to the bedroom, and snuggled against Martin's still-sleeping form, and breathing in his musk.

"I'll give you a nice wake up with my mouth," she whispered, enjoying his warmth. "Maybe that will make it alright."

But something in her stomach turned after what she'd done.

She knew it wouldn't please him.

## Part 5: Dating

“Oh God, oh God, oh God don’t stop don’t stop don’t stop! Ahhhgggghhh!”

Trish went mute with pleasure as her body rocked in orgasm. Martin continued to pump into her from behind, and it took every effort not to collapse to the floor, shaking in delirious ecstasy. Martin clearly liked taking his women from behind; it was their third time doing this position this week, and it wasn’t even Friday yet. Something about wearing her kitchen apron did it for him, particularly how she chose to wear a pair of short shorts under it, and only a bra on top beneath. He’d pressed her right up against the fridge and kissed her so deeply and animalistically that she had gotten wet for him almost immediately. That was another thing they’d learned; Martin’s ideal woman was a total sub, and she *loved* being dominated by him, especially being pinned by his hot, sexy body.

Martin continued to pant, and Trish beamed, still savouring the intense orgasms he was giving her. He was close, she could feel it, and she wouldn’t be totally fulfilled until he came. That was another part of being Martin’s perfect girlfriend; she felt an instinctive need for him to always come. And so far, she’d never failed.

Right on cue, as if responding to that mental brag, Martin gripped her hips, thrusting ever so deeply and bringing forth another surge of pleasure that left her gasping against the kitchen benchtop. His hard cock tensed within her, and she bit her lip and closed her eyes, knowing what was coming, and wanting to savour every moment of it. There was a brief

pause. A near-silent huff of breath. And then the flood. A spread of warmth within her pussy, as his balls emptied their contents within her.

*If only I wasn't on birth control*, Trish thought. She opened her eyes in shock at the thought. *God, I nearly said that out loud. I keep thinking about it!*

It stayed with her as Martin groaned, erupting further spurts of his seed. He stood against her, keeping her lovingly trapped, his long hard cock within her, for some minutes. Finally, still semi-hard, he pulled back. They both gasped at the last bursts of sensitivity.

"Fuck, I love it when you pull out of me like that," she purred.

"Not as much as when I put it in, apparently," he said. Martin smiled, and it was an open smile, a handsome smile. He quickly put it away, looking embarrassed.

"Sorry Trent - Trish, I mean. That was unfair. I don't mean to joke about his situation. It won't be long until Lisa comes back."

Trish sighed, keeping her irritated expression hidden. She pulled up her panties and short shorts, and pulled her apron back down. All the time she kept looking away from him.

"It's okay," she muttered. "Like I said, I'm just playing my role. I'm not ashamed of it. It's just the wish. We shouldn't always be apologising."

*Don't you ever apologise for that display*, she thought.

*I didn't want to apologise. Sex with you is the best I've ever had*, Martin thought, and neither was willing to totally communicate their true feelings to the other.

"I know," he chose to say, "I just wish Lisa would return my messages. It's like she's blocked me, or deliberately ignoring me or whatever. One chat with her and we could end this, like we both want."

That too, was a lie on Martin's part. Lately, he'd had dreams of Trish in all-white, walking down the aisle. He'd daydreamed about seeing her full with his child, wearing nothing more than a string bikini on paradise island, looking fertile and round and perfect, his future encapsulated. He didn't know it, but she'd been having similar dreams, and not just because the wish made the former male compelled to follow his desires. No, deep down Trish wanted that. More than anything.

*To be pregnant*, she thought, looking in the mirror near the top of the fridge at her own reflection, *my thoughts keep going there. God, I'm getting in deep.*

"I better make dinner," she said, changing the subject on the audible and mental level.

"I'll help," Martin said.

"No, I've got it!"

But instead he moved closer, and placed a coarse, masculine hand on her slender white arm. Her heart beat just that little bit faster when he did that. It always did, as if his very presence made her soar.

“I want to help,” he said. “Take it up with the wish, alright? Sometimes a man likes to cook with his wife.”

“Okay, but let’s clean ourselves the hell up, because that was a lot of spunk you put in me. Damn, how were you holding all that in, Martin?”

“Plenty more where that came from,” he said with a chuckle, “but yeah, guilty as charged. You certainly know how to make my tools work properly.”

*God, he’s even got the Dad jokes ready.*

She slapped him lightly on the upper arm before moving to the bathroom, and he went to clean off in the ensuite. It was only as she was cleaning herself out quickly during the quick shower that she realised he’d referred to her not as his friend, or even girlfriend, but as his ‘wife.’ It made her smile. No, it made her *beam*.

Martin hadn’t even realised.



It had been another whole week since Trish’s deception, and each night she lived in terror of being found out. Each mention of Lisa, each turn of conversation that covered her travels or eventual reappearance, all of it continued to hammer down what a bad girl she’d been, how unpleasing her actions would be once she’d be found out. Whereas most people had a little voice in her head informing them when they’d done something wrong, Trish had an active compulsion pushing her to be Martin’s loving beau through magical force. It made her acutely aware of just what a betrayal it had been, and yet simultaneously how necessary. She was adamant he couldn’t know this was the fate she actually wanted, because how could they ever be friends again when changed back?

And so it was that, as usual, be she Trent or Trish, the former male was trapped in indecision and lacking in commitment. It made her sympathise ever more with her ex and understand her reasons for leaving. The notion that Martin might leave too, as a boyfriend or even just a friend, scared her to the core.

To avoid it, to forestall it, to banish it from reality and from mind, she had thrown herself ever more into the role in the last week. She had worked hard to improve her recipes, ranging from stir fry chicken to chocolate sauce pudding to roast duck dinner. She had redecorated the house, bringing the feminine touch it had sorely needed, including all the stereotypical throw pillows and framed paintings and vases of flowers. She had cleaned and maintained the house, working hours in the garden to dig out all the weeds that had accumulated and plant a variety of veggies, fruit, and even patches of dandelions and tulips. She had helped at Martin’s hardware store, helping man the counter when needed, and

using her own knowledge to guide customers when needed. More than a few of Martin's friends had remarked upon his 'hot new girlfriend' or 'the lovely woman he's finally found', and Robb from across town even remarked that 'he'd better not let you get away, or he's the biggest idiot I know'. Each comment had made her beam with pride.

And, of course, there was one other thing she'd thrown herself in on: a whole lot of hot fucking. Seriously, one thing she'd discovered about Martin was that he had stamina *and* form, and her body was working overtime to please him, not that she minded one bit. So long as there was a tall glass of water by the bed, she was ready to go, and it wasn't just the compulsions driving that; sex as a woman was extraordinary. They'd tried almost every position in the damn *Kama Sutra* by this point:

- Missionary (the classic, it felt magnificent to have Martin's muscled body atop her, her legs gripping his firm waist, as he pounded into her and licked her hard nipples).
- Doggy (a surprising favourite, there was just something intoxicatingly hot about being so utterly submissive and dominated, and she loved the way he gripped her hips. It gave her the most intense orgasms).
- Cowgirl (when her breasts needed attention, this was among her favourites. It didn't feel quite right to be in a classically dominant position, but feeling his strong palms fondle the sensitive undersides of her breasts while she rode him was always a turn on).
- Reverse Cowgirl (her least favourite, but only because she couldn't see his handsome face. It did hit her G-spot nicely, though).
- Side-Fucking (the ultimate comfort fuck. She'd never tried it as a man, and it spoke volumes of the gentle soul Martin concealed that he loved this too. It was like being spooned and entered at the same time, the perfect before-sleep sex).
- Anal (yes, she'd dared to try it, and even had to talk Martin into it. She'd leaned well into her compulsions here, even despite her anxiety. And it had been worth it, to fulfil a fantasy he later admitted he'd never fully acted on).
- Blowjobs, Handjobs, Getting Eaten Out (So many blowjobs, she privately joked to Martin that she was now the 'blowjob queen'. It was the way she was compelled to wake him up, though she had not had the courage to tell him how much she truly enjoyed pleasing him with her mouth. The taste of his sperm was salty yet wonderful, and it turned her on to swallow it, but she pretended it was just 'part of the magic of the wish.' She preferred it over handjobs, which were fun but less . . . personal. Getting eaten out, on the other hand, made her almost delirious with pleasure, and she'd barely been

able to speak after the first time. Martin may be a quieter man in general, but he had incredible skills with his tongue, and had made her wail loud enough to wake the neighbours, to her utmost embarrassment).

Of course, they'd experimented in other ways too, and there was always room for more, as far as she was concerned. Something about being his suburban fuckbunny just turned her on, especially since she was also basically playing the role of his hot, hip, sexy suburban wife as well. Each day had both a wonderful exploration of her newfound femininity, as well as a relaxing monotony, as if she had always been Trish, and Trent was just a memory. She didn't care how much of her life was compelled. She was living as a woman, and she had a woman's urges and a woman's femininity. She had a woman's emotions - God knows she was tearing up at movies more easily now - and she also had a woman's compassion too: where once she would not have been able to read her friend's moods, even as close as they were, she was able now to feel such empathy for him. Even if it was just the disappointment of a bad business day, or the joys of going fishing with him on the weekend. Just as when she was a sales manager more accustomed to cubicle floors over nature, she remained hopeless at fishing, but instead there was a joy now at having 'her man' teach me how to fish, and encourage her with his sweet comments.

Of course, as he was always welcome to experience, she was happy to teach him some new pleasures later that night, and experience new ones of her own as well. She had even continued to meet with Jemma, forming a friendship with the woman that was increasingly iron-clad; it had been one of Trish's proudest days as a woman to go on a 'girlfriend date' with her and several of Jemma's friends, joking and gossiping and attending their weekly bowling club.

To everyone's surprise, Trish kicked ass and managed three strikes in a row. And sometimes they would also go and watch a kid's soccer game or hockey tryout, and Trish would coo at the adorable children. She had never committed to kids as a man, but seeing them now made her wish for some of her own. She knew, on some level, that her compulsions were driving her to provide them for her friend, but it was a genuine feeling too. Part of her had been fascinated always with being a woman, not just because she wanted to be one, but also the notion of growing life within her. Of literally creating a baby within her. It made her smile in her private thoughts.

But she knew it couldn't be. Lisa would return, and that same terror of Martin finding out her deception continued to haunt her. How could she give the man she was continuing to fall in love the children he so richly deserved, when she couldn't even be honest with him? Not even about her affection? And how could she be honest with him, when she was going to be male again anyway?

She took comfort in Martin, and put off the thought for another night.



'Another night' had come, and Trish was brimming with excitement. Martin was not the excitable kind, but he too was looking forward to it, with an almost boyish grin upon his features. Tonight held the prospect Trish had most been looking forward to, and one he had finally given in on. After two weeks of sex, movies, beer and chats, pool games and helping with the hardware store, Trish had finally convinced Martin to join her in an activity they both knew he'd secretly been wanting all along.

They were having a date night.

It was at Trent's favourite restaurant, an upscale place that didn't exactly run cheap, but was romantic as all hell. Classy. When she'd been male, Trent had taken his girlfriends there to show off, willing to buy them oysters and fine steaks and the sweet desserts. For Martin, it was not his first place of choice, but interestingly, it seemed like one component of a woman who was obsessed with 'pleasing him' was also his desire for one that would push him outside his comfort zone: Trish had won the argument, had he had gotten dressed up.

He was a sight to see in his smart white shirt and black slacks, two recently-buffed brown shoes on his feet. His hair was professionally styled in a casual-confident 'just woke up' kind of manner, and Trish had to admit, it *was* doing things for her. It made her ample chest flutter, and she could tell from how his eyes hovered and his mouth gaped that her own look had captured his attention.

She was wearing a gorgeous evening dress, a slinky black little number that hugged her waist and hips, with a generous slit at each side to reveal her long, perfectly contoured legs. Two thin straps ran over her shoulders, leaving them pale and bare for her wavy brunette hair to run over them. Her breasts were pushed up, forming a captivating line of cleavage, the lift making her C-cup breasts appear more like full D's, and certainly letting them swell with each breath. To accompany the form-fitting dress, she wore two sparkling hanging earrings with opal jewels, and a dark red lipstick that worked well with her eyeshadow. She'd been practicing her makeup skills every day, and was proud of her efforts; she looked smoky, alluring, a curvy dame that could have been a femme fatale walking right out of a 40's serial. She was certain her ass looked fantastic in the dress too, especially since her high heels corrected her posture so that it accentuated her rear with every swaying step, and helped her push her chest out too.

"Wow, Trish, you look . . . wow."

"Hot as hell?" she said with a smirk. She adopted the classical feminine approach, one hand on her hip and the other tousling her luxurious hair.

“Oh, God,” Martin spluttered, hastily adjusting his tie. “Jesus, Trish, don’t do that when I don’t have a table to hide myself under.”

She took great satisfaction in seeing that his pants were becoming tight. She stepped forward sensuously, enjoying how she was teasing him. She had always busted her friend’s balls as a man, but there was nothing more ball-busting than literally stroking his package while sticking her chest out for him to see, breathing deeply, and moaning in feminine fashion. It was the most wonderful torture she could give him.

“You are just the worst,” he said, straining to contain himself in his pants. “Let’s get out of here before I rip that dress of you and fuck your brains out.”

“Plenty of time for that later too, honey,” she said, enjoying her sweet soprano voice.

The drive to the restaurant was pleasant, particularly since she kept sneaking glances at her boyfriend. *God, he really does look amazing in a tie*, she thought. Martin was having similar thoughts: *God, she really does look like the hottest thing ever in that little black dress*. It brought to mind images of Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany’s*, and in many ways Trish had that same magnetic quality, a classiness that matched her sexual appeal. It drove him wild.

They arrived, and Martin stepped out of the car quickly to open the door for her and help her out in her heels.

“Thanks,” she said with a laugh, “I’m still getting used to these things.”

She put her arm around his, admiring how much taller he was now. It was night, and while they were in town, there was something pleasingly protective about having Martin there at her side, holding her. She felt like *his*, like she belonged to him, and the compulsions struck again to maintain that feeling, and hang off his arm as she was his trophy wife. Another compulsion hit, and her-already dainty walk took on a hypnotic sway, her hips sashaying from side to side to match the sensuality of her dress. From the way Martin grinned, it was certainly pleasing him, which in turn made her beam.

*God, I want to have this man’s babies*, she thought. The wish was pushing her towards that outcome, but increasingly she had no interest in fighting it. It was fun, at least, to imagine. She was meant to be on birth control, but it irritated her just to be on it; as the wish pressured her to feel, it was just all wrong. She didn’t want to deceive Martin, but she felt such a burning need to get rid of it so they could have all natural, baby-making sex. Two days ago, she had made a decision to -

She abandoned the thought as they arrived at the door, which Martin held, all gentleman.

“Thank you,” she said, smiling sweetly up at him.

A maitre’d approached to get their reservation, and as he did, his eye went straight to Trish’s figure. It lingered longer than necessary, sizing up her hourglass and the way her

breasts were wonderfully on display. Trish felt that she should've been annoyed, but clearly Martin liked having a sexy girlfriend to show off, because the wish instead settled a strange sense of smugness upon her. It was as if her body was made to be displayed in clothing like this, and she subconsciously made a minor pose that emphasised her bust, smirking as the server almost tripped over. It was only when he reached them that he turned to address Martin.

"Good evening sir, may I help you tonight?"

"Ah, yes, my wife made a booking. Under the name Trish, I believe."

"For two? So she has. Please come with me."

He indicated them to follow, and his eyes fell one last time on Trish's body. So did, she noticed, as they stepped into the restaurant, the eyes of several other male patrons, including some sitting with their female partners. Again, that pride came over her, and she took to wiggling her hips a little more than usual so some of them could appreciate her rotund backside.

"Someone's showing off," Martin remarked as he pulled a seat back for her.

She flushed, a little embarrassed. "It's the wish. Seems you like having a hot little piece like me to show off."

He suppressed a smile. "Well, I guess I do. I noticed the server couldn't keep his eyes off you."

"I can't help that Lisa's wish made me a woman who looks this good, especially in a dress. Besides, I noticed that he didn't address *me* once, and only talked to you. One of the little delights of being a woman is being viewed as eye candy but not an equal for some, I guess."

"Maybe he was just star struck by you, like I am."

She beamed. "How on Earth are you not married already?"

He shrugged. "Some asshole kept stealing all my prospects. But then maybe I was just waiting for the right lady."

The comment made her heart soar. "Is that so? Well, maybe I'm here."

He chuckled, adjusted his tie. It made her want to adjust it *for* him. "Look, if nothing else, it has been an amazing ride, Trish. I won't lie, I'll miss you when you're gone. It's gonna be weird being friends afterwards, for a little bit, at least."

She sank a little. "Yeah, can we . . . can we not talk about that now? Let's just live in the moment, okay?"

"It's the wish, is it? Pressuring you not to talk about Trent?"

It was, but for the most part it also wasn't. She didn't want to think about a future where she wasn't cute, funny, sexy Trish, with her high-waisted mom jeans and energetic approach to being a perfect housewife.

“Sure,” she said. “Plus, you called me your ‘wife’ back there, did you notice?”

Martin blinked. “Wow, really?”

“Yeah,” she said, “you did.”

They both blushed.

“It must be the wish,” he said. “I guess I always wanted to get married.”

*I'd marry you*, she thought, and it was her thought entirely. She wanted more than anything to tell him, but that same nervousness and anxiety rose as it always had for Trent when it came to commitment, and so instead she raised the menu.

“Let's figure out what we're ordering,” she said, “I'm famished.”

“Just don't order too much. That stomach is a lot smaller than it used to be,” Martin jested.

“Oh, ha ha.”



It was over an hour later, and both had been more than sated by their meals. Trish found that her new body craved pasta, and she loved it mixed with seafood, particularly prawns. Martin, as always, ordered a nice fine cut of steak with sides. They had enjoyed some serving of calamari and oysters for their entrees, and shared a rich white chocolate pudding for dessert. And, of course, they were slowly whittling down a bottle of fine red. A bottle that was loosening the tongues of both of them, and opening avenues of discussion they might have otherwise had.

“So,” Martin said, “what's the best part of being a woman?”

*All of it*, she thought.

“Hmm, interested in making a change yourself, are you?”

“No, nothing like that!” he chuckled, before leaning forward. “I'm just curious. I can't imagine many people have had magic change them like this. What's the best part? It's the boobs isn't it?”

She giggled, and swayed her chest a little, which got not only his attention but that very same server walking past, who began to walk even faster.

“I won't lie, having boobs is actually pretty cool.”

“Yeah, how so?”

She shrugged, causing them to strain against the bust of the dress. Trish knew he'd appreciate that view. “I don't know. I like how ‘active’ they are. They have a nice bounce and wobble to them, and they're *very* sensitive, as we're both aware. Plus, they look damn good.”

“They certainly do.”

“I won’t lie though, I thought you’d like them bigger.”

A smirk. “They’re not big enough for you?”

“Well . . . a lot of guys go in for Double-D’s and all that. You wouldn’t like me a little bustier?”

He shook his head. “They look great to me. I never went in for the whole ‘massive tits’ thing. I like a classically beautiful woman.”

That made Trish feel exactly that. “Well, that leads me to the next thing I’ve enjoyed; how much of a gentleman you’ve been.”

“Oh really?”

She raised an eyebrow, leaning forward so he could see down her top a little more. “Oh, yes. You’ve treated me like a princess, Martin. I won’t lie, living as a woman this past two weeks, it’s been pretty overwhelming. But you’ve made me feel like the centre of the universe. Safe and protected, too. I can see how it appeals to women, having a big strong, sexy guy like you there for them.”

“You think I’m sexy?”

She placed a hand on his. “C’mon, Martin. I’ve said as much to you before.”

“I thought that was just the wish. You know, the sex stuff.”

“I’m a woman now, Martin. That means I’ve got a woman’s needs, and a woman’s eye. And I can certainly drink in a good view when I look at you, at least as I am now.”

“Well, you aren’t too bad looking yourself.”

Trish chuckled as she took another glass of wine.

“Please, from the way you’ve got your eyes glued to my tits and my ass the last two weeks, I think it’s safe to say I’m the best looking damn gal you’ve ever had, mister.”

She deliberately ran a hand through her hair, allowing her bust to press against the fabric of her dress, outlining her fabulous figure. Martin groaned a little, clearly under pressure beneath the table.

“You are such a goddamn tease, still.”

“Oh yeah,” she said, smugly and sweetly, “I can still poke the bear. What say we get out of here and I let you return the favour?”

Neither of them had ever paid a cheque so quickly.



They were all over each other by the time they returned home. Martin grabbed Trish and took her in his arms, and was overwhelmed by how wonderfully secure she was, being lifted by this big, strong man. Her legs folded over his arms, and she placed her own around his

neck, rising up intermittently to kiss at his neck. They were both panting, overcome with lust, and needed each other more badly than ever.

“To the bedroom,” she said, “I want you to fuck me there. Oh God, I need you in me Martin!”

“Me too,” he grunted. He literally *kicked* the door to the bedroom in, and it was an incredible turn on for her. He placed her on her feet, and she kicked off her heels. He kicked off his shoes. He began pulling at his tie, and she helped him remove it, kissing him passionately all the while. His strong hands felt at the small of her back, groped at her soft ass, and it only made her more and more moist for him. She needed him, but foreplay was so fucking fantastic as a woman, and she loved the feel of his lips on her tender neck.

“Ohhhhh, Martin,” she moaned as she pressed against him.

“Trish,” he said, deep voice seeming to boom as he began to work at the straps of her dress. “I want this dress off you.”

“Let me help you then.”

They tore at each other’s clothing, and she worked her fingers like a factory worker, undoing each button of his shirt with practised, obsessive efficiency. She pulled it free of him, admiring his strong muscles and developed pecs. She licked them, nibbling at his chest and feeling his manly hair. He smells to goddamn good.

“Easy girl,” he said, “let’s get the rest off.”

“Want you so bad,” she moaned. She tore his pants down, and he removed them from his ankles. His penis was long and erect, and began stroking it with her hand, cupping his large balls and anticipating the moment they would tense and expend their produce inside of her.

“You now,” he managed, pulling her dress down. It fell from her form as if she were in a celebrity in a career-defining sex scene. Her breasts were naked and free to the air, and her curvy form was revealed beneath: her flat belly, her wide hips, her pale beauty. She smiled, eager and animalistic in want, as she removed her panties, leaving her as naked as her friend-turned-lover.

“You’re so damn beautiful,” Martin said, and suddenly he was upon her, and she upon him, the two of them pulling back onto the bed, her beneath him, her soft body beneath his hardness. She felt so perfectly submissive, giving way to his dominating desires, giving herself over to him entirely. She widened her legs even as he pressed his face against her impressive chest and licked at her sensitive nipples.

“AAh - ooh!” she gasped, “n-need you in m-me now!”

“As you command, my lady,” he said, beaming. She gripped the stem of his large dick and helped guide him in. Despite having experienced this feeling numerous times in the last two weeks, she still gasped as he entered, the alluringly alien feeling of being penetrated

leaving her utterly helpless. Helpless, but loving it. He slid inside of her, his incredible girth pushing her passage open, and her vaginal muscles clamped around him, wet but firm upon his cock, as if she were devouring it with her lower lips.

“Fuck . . . oh, fuck Martin! That feels so good!”

“I fucking love being inside you,” he replied, beginning to slowly thrust as she spread her legs even wider.

“I want you to come in me,” she whispered, wrapping her arms around his back, cooing as he thrust even deeper into her. “I want you to get me *pregnant*.”

It had just slipped out, but for just a moment he froze, still within her.

“You want to get pregnant?”

“You could do it,” she continued, increasingly turned on by the possibility. “I don’t think it would take much. We go at it all the time. You could get me knocked up. Wouldn’t you like that, getting me knocked up with your babies?”

He groaned, clearly turned on. To her absolute delight, he resumed thrusting, and began to fondle with her sensitive nipple.

“Oh Jesus, Trish, that does sound good. You’re on birth control, right?”

She nodded demurely, and began to buck her hips against his.

“But we can pretend, can’t we? Pretend we’re having hot, baby-making sex?”

“Oh fuck, that sounds so good.”

She giggled, enjoying the way it turned him on. She pressed against his body, and they switched positions, her now riding on top of him, milking his cock for all it was worth as she rocked her hips slowly. His grabbed his hands and pressed them against her boobs, shivering at the electric pulses of pleasure they shot down her chest and to her core.

“Mmhm, you could give me babies, Martin. Then I wouldn’t be able to turn back at all. Because I’d be pregnant. I’d be growing your baby. Right here.”

She lowered a dainty finger and circled her belly.

“B-babies,” he grunted, his eyes delirious with pleasure at the thought.

“Mhm. You could put one in me, and I wouldn’t complain. My boobs would get even bigger. Even more sensitive.”

“But we can’t Trish, we shouldn’t . . .”

She rocked her hips faster, squeezing her thighs so that he pressed even deeper inside her. They were both so close, but she wanted to draw this moment out even longer. She wanted to have him come only *after* he’d begged to get her pregnant.

“Why not? I’m a woman, aren’t I? Your perfect little wife? If you got me pregnant we could get married for real.”

“Ohhh - ahhh - married?”

She grinned, undulating her body so that her breasts jiggled. She took his hands and pressed her palms against them, so that their fingers interlocked. It allowed her to rock faster. She whipped her head, allowing her hair to toss teasingly over her shoulder, falling down to hang sensuously over his head.

“Of course we’d have to get married. Because it’d be proper wouldn’t it, for when the baby arrived?”

“It would - ahh - be.”

Faster, and faster. His big dick was sliding in and out, thrusting deep within her, pressing against her G-spot. She wailed, cried out in miniature orgasm as the pressure built. She looked to him with desire and want, biting her lip with need. It was the sexiest damn look Martin had ever seen, and he rocked his hips in response to hers.

“Don’t you think I’d look so sexy with your babies inside me? I’d be all big and round, and these big tits would be full of milk for you to drink. There’d be so much more of me to love. I’d let you take me whenever you want, because you’d be the father of my babies.”

He groaned, gripping her waist. She purred as his fingers sank into the flesh of her ass. They were rocking much faster now, and it was only a matter of time before they came.

“That - sounds - so - fucking - good,” he managed.

“You want that?” Trish asked.

“I do.”

“You want me to be big and round and pregnant with your baby? You want to knock me up?”

“I - ahhhh, Trish - I do!”

She smiled, feeling like a goddess. Feeling like she could have a baby *right now*. An image in her head rose, one where she was heavy and full with child, her breasts a cup size larger, her skin glowing. She appeared maternal and curvy and lusty and beautiful beyond compare, and she wanted to be the woman in that mental image more than anything. She wanted to feel life stir within her, the life that Martin had given her. She wanted to be the mother of his babies so *goddamn badly*.

“Say it!” she demanded.

“I want to knock you up with my babies,” he declared, pulling her waist closer, so that her nipples dragged sensuously across his chest. “I want to get your fucking pregnant, Trish!”

She kissed him, deeply and passionately, and he tensed within her. She gripped him even tighter with her thighs, trapping every ounce of sperm that raced from his cock into her passage. She kept that image in mind, of her becoming pregnant. She hoped it would come true. She wanted it more than anything. They groaned together, moaning in pleasure as he continued to pump his seed inside of her.

“Want you pregnant,” he mumbled into her mouth, as they continued to kiss and caress in mid-orgasm.

Finally, she collapsed atop him, breasts squished against his firm but pleasing chest, him still inside her, the last vestiges of his seed leaking into her and out of her. They cuddled, two forms becoming one, as they both imagined what it would be like to have a child together.

She hoped she was getting pregnant.

It was, after all, why she’d secretly dumped her birth control two days ago.

“I want your baby,” she whispered in his ear, before resting her head back down on his chest. She wanted it so badly it hurt.



## **Part 6: The Truth**

Trish sighed as she checked the pregnancy test. Another negative.

“Serves me right,” she said. She knew she shouldn’t have deceived Martin. She just wanted to stay as his perfect wife so badly, and being pregnant would be the perfect out. She could just . . . slip into this new life, figure out how to create a new identity or something, and not have to worry about coming out as someone who always wanted to be a woman. It was stupid, she knew. She should just confess. She’d just never been good at opening up in that way, especially over something so deep. It shamed her, for some reason.

She threw the tests in the bin next to the toilet, stood, and pulled her bikini bottoms up. She exited the public bathroom stall and caught back up to her boyfriend.

It was easy to think of Martin as her boyfriend now.

“That took a while, you were in there for like ten whole minutes,” he said.

“Oh shoosh, you,” she replied, as he put an arm around her bare waist.

They were having a beach day, and it was a wonderful excuse to indulge in another bit of womanhood; a cute blue bikini she’d picked up at Jemma’s recommendation. They were actually meeting up with Trish’s friend and her husband Derek, who had started to get along with Martin after the latter had helped him with some house maintenance. But for Trish, it was a wonderfully warm day to simply look good in public, and enjoy being in Martin’s presence.

“Damn, I never thought I’d say this about my friend, but you look hella fine in a bikini,” Martin whispered to her. She laughed.

“Man, you are getting bold lately,” she replied, putting an arm around his solid waist also and resting her head on his shoulder as they walked. “You never used to be *this* forward with women.”

“What can I say? You inspire me.”

It was the little comments like that which had made her fall in love with him.

“You just like seeing me in a bikini.”

“Guilty as charged, and not ashamed of it. Your ass looks fantastic, by the way.”

“Thank you,” she said, wiggling it a little.

“Don’t make me hard in public.”

“What? I can’t appreciate how good you look in swim shorts?”

“I’ll find a way to get me back.”

Again that test appeared in her mind. “What, you gonna get me knocked up on the beach or something?”

He pressed a hand over her belly as they arrived at the beach. “That would be something, wouldn’t it? Too bad it’s just something the wish wants for us.”

Again, she was pulled down by his words. Every time she felt like she had slowly convinced him that a future was possible, he pulled away. His concern for her a former male friend was too great. He was too good of a man, and something about that just irritated her.

*Be more bad!* she thought.

In the distance, Jemma and Derek were standing, the dark-skinned couple with their children, waving at them. It was an idyllic view.

“Look how happy they are,” she said, wistfully. “Wouldn’t you want something like that?”

“I do,” he said. “I just wish I could have it with you.”

She turned to him, unbelieving what he was saying. He looked like a god in the sunlight, at least to her, and his eyes were filled with love and concern.

“You . . . do?”

He nodded.

“I do. I’m sorry, Trish. I’m trying not to feel this way. It’s the wish, it’s those compulsions. I just can’t stop imagining you and me like this in the future, on the beach, but you’re all pregnant. Like, six months along or something. And you look so damn beautiful. I want that, but I know it’s not right. Lisa will be back any day now. We’ve got to turn you back. You don’t even exist legally. I’m sorry for feeling this way.”

She looked down at the ground, kicking the sand idly with her feet. She wanted it too. But before she could tell him, Jemma and Derek ran forward with their kids.

“Looking real good there Trish! How are you two?”

“We’re fine,” Trish lied, eyeing Martin, who had clamped back up. “Real fine.”

They had a wonderful day at the beach, laughing and swimming. Martin had carried Trish in, and she had squealed and begged playfully for him not to throw her in, until in husband-like fashion, he had done exactly that. They threw the frisbee across the water and beach, and even had a go at volleyball; Trish had relished the way her boobs had bounced heavily in her bikini top, enough to distract the men enough that her and Jemma in her lovely yellow bikini had scored the winning point. They rested at a cafe just up from the beach, grabbing a nice burger meal together, and Trish loved the feeling of openly relaxing in a bikini, both there and on a towel under the hot sun. She and Jemma had relaxed, both moaning as their respective gentlemen offered massages of sunscreen into their bodies.

“That’s quite a man you’ve got there,” Jemma said.

“He sure is,” Trish said, sighing at the man she was so in love with, swimming his laps in the water.

“When are you going to tie the knot?”

Trish looked at her friend, and tears formed in her eyes. “I don’t know if we ever will.”

“Not the marrying type?”

“He is. It’s just . . . there are problems. I don’t know if we’ll last. I’m not - not the person he thinks I am. I feel like a goddamn liar, sometimes.”

Jemma adjusted her glasses, looked to her with concern. “Hey, babe. You’re my friend, so I’ve got your back, okay? Is it serious?”

Trish nodded. “Sort of. He doesn’t know everything about me. I want to marry him so badly, even start a family with him. I look at the life you have with Derek, and it’s everything I want as a woman. I just worry he won’t want that if I don’t tell him about the person I used to be.”

Jemma gave her a reassuring pat on the arm. “Honey, if that man truly loves you, then there ain’t nothing he won’t be able to hear. And if he can’t, then he never deserved you. You should tell him.”

Trish sighed, staring out across the water at her handsome man. Even now, in the depths of despair, she wanted him. He rose from the current like a god of the sea, water trailing off his muscled form.

“I should.”



She was sitting up on the table they had just cleaned. She spread her legs, allowing him to lean over her, still caressing and kissing her form.

"Are you sure?" he said, and she cooed at how deep his voice was. How had she never noticed what a turn on men's voices were?

"I'm - ahh, that's nice - I'm sure. It's the wish. I - mmhm - need you, *honey*."

He caressed her form, and she was again overcome with how wonderful it was to be passive, submissive. To be dominated by someone else. She leaned back on the table, her beautiful brunette hair spilling over its surface. She was going to tell him the truth, she'd decided. But first she needed him in the right mood. She needed him in the wonderful post-coital bliss so he could bask in it while she told him.

"Fuck me hard this time," she growled, looking every part the mid-thirties suburban housewife with a hidden horny side. She was dressed in a cute miniskirt and form-fitting top that accentuated her figure. Ordinarily they would be removing each other's clothing, but her engine was revved and she needed him now.

"Fuck me with my clothes on," she demanded. She reached and pulled her panties to one side, allowing him entrance. Martin fingered her, causing her to moan with animalistic ecstasy as her wetness ran down his fingers.

"I love it when you're horny like this," Martin said. He reached out and groped her chest, thumbing her nipple through the thin material of her shirt and bra. She panted with desire, reaching to unbuckle his treasures. She'd already given him a blowjob this morning, now she wanted him in her.

*Maybe this will be the time I finally get pregnant*, she mused to herself.

She set his massive member free, and it was already pleasingly hard. She stroked it several times just to make him whimper, then spread her legs wider as she laid back against the table.

"I love being this way. Make me yours. Fuck my brains out, Martin."

She pulled her panties aside again and groaned as he entered her. She was so damn wet that he slipped inside her easily, and he began to thrust. She played with herself as she laid back, groping her own breasts and writhing as he bucked. She was his entirely, and with every pump he brought her closer to the moment of climax. He parted her thighs with every thrust, standing tall over her like Zeus taking advantage of a fair maiden. It was a deeply erotic image, and something about being so horny that they were fucking in the kitchen still dressed made her all the more aroused.

"Knock me up!" she squealed as she writhed on the table, "put a baby in me!"

"I'm coming! I'm gonna come Trish!"

"Do it! I want to feel it!"

There was a familiar tensing in his form, and he came, just in time for her to sigh as ripples of physical delight spread over her. His semen pumped inside her, and she gripped

him, willing his sperm to reach all the way to her womb and burrow into her eggs. She wanted to give him a baby. More than one baby.

*Oh God, I'd love to give him twins,* she thought, *have delirious.*

It was only after he'd slid out of her and they'd cleaned themselves up a little that she considered broaching the subject. They were on the couch, him lying on his back, head resting in her perfect lap. He had a lovely view of her breasts resting in her bra - she'd taken her top off - and she enjoyed massaging his air. Martin had his eyes closed as she continued her ministrations.

"So," she started, not quite sure how to proceed. "That was something, wasn't it? You were like an animal."

He mumbled approval as she continued the head massage. Why was this so hard to say? She just needed to tell him she wanted to stay a woman! To stay his!

"It was good. I'll miss it," he said. "Lisa will be back any day now, I imagine. I just feel bad we couldn't get a hold of her earlier."

"Yeah," she said, feeling the sting a little. "Too bad."

"Still, it's been okay, hasn't it? I know you're compelled to please me and act how I'd want . . . want my ideal girlfriend to act. I know I'm not always talking to Trent, my friend, and that you're often Trish, that very woman. But I'd hope it wasn't all bad for Trent."

"It hasn't been. I promise. I've . . . I've been meaning to talk to you about that actually. I have something to confess, and it's really embarrassing to say. It's the truth though, and I mean that, as Trent *and* Trish. The last three and a half weeks has been the strangest, craziest, and most trying time of my life."

Martin sat up off of her lap, and put an arm around her shoulder. Tears welled in her eyes as he viewed her with compassion.

"I can't imagine how hard this has been for you, Trish."

She shook her head, and more tears fell. "No, you don't understand. It has been hard, but - Christ, why is this so damn hard to say. It's just - you've been such a wonderful friend, and more than that. And I've had a lot of fun. When I was Trent, well, I always imagined what it would be like to-"

There was a loud buzz as Martin's phone rang. Trish halted, uncertain whether to continue. The ringing continued, and Martin cringed.

"So sorry, Trish, I'll just go turn that off so you can keep speaking, all right?"

She gave an uneasy smile. "Thanks."

He stood up, and moved to the kitchen where he'd put his phone before their fun 'activity' from earlier. But he halted over the phone, and appeared to take a moment to collect himself.

"Who is it?"

"It's - it's Lisa. Trish, it's Lisa calling me! I'm going to answer."

She tried to think of a way to convince him not to, but what else was there to say? What possible sentence could she speak that would stop him? In his mind, he'd finally found the key to turning her back. Martin put the phone up to his ear and began speaking.

"Lisa, Lisa, thank God you called, how are you going?"

*'I'm well Martin, thanks. Had a great time in Fiji. Was a real 'purge', you know?'*

"I can imagine. Look, I don't know if you realise but I've been trying to get in contact with you this whole time. It's about Trish - I mean, Trent."

*'I know. He's been pining after me. You already said.'*

Trish couldn't hear what was being said on the other side, but she looked in slowly dawning horror as Martin's expression changed to one of confusion.

"Um, I haven't said anything to you, Lisa. I left a heap of messages on social media to grab your attention, but every attempt to call you didn't work."

*'My phone was off until I decided to come back. I still have some stuff at Trent's place to pick up. But this doesn't make sense, I talked with you over Messenger. You said Trent was using your socials to try and get into contact with me and that I should ignore yours for a while as well.'*

Again, that confusing expression. This time Martin eyed her directly. He was a simple man in his pursuits and wants, but he was by no means stupid. Far from it. He was figuring it out, she could tell, and what's more, the look he was giving radiating anger.

"Lisa, I can assure you, that was definitely *not* me."

*'Wait, Trent was doing that? Jesus, is he being some sort of creepy stalker because I dumped him? But then if so, why did he insist on me not talking. Jesus, is he trying to sell some of my shit and didn't want me dropping in or something.'*

Martin sighed, scratching his head as this new reality configured for him. "Look, Lisa, things are complicated right now. Do you think you could come over to my place and we can sort it out? I'm real sorry about this, but it'll make sense if you swing by."

*'I can make it tomorrow in the afternoon, I guess. Around five pm work?'*

"It does."

*'You can't tell me what's going on? Is he suicidal or something?'*

"Trent has . . . changed," he replied, eyeing Trish, who was struggling not to tear up again. "It'll be easier if you come see. It's awkward otherwise. Suffice to say, he's going through a hard time. It would be easiest to discuss it with me and we can sort out what you've left at his place."

*'Okay, okay, I hope he's okay. He's a thick-skulled moron who wouldn't know what a lady wants if his life depended on it, and the decision-making skills of a deer in headlights, but I hope he hasn't done something completely stupid.'*

“He may well have,” Martin said, eyeing Trish directly. *‘Catch you tomorrow Lisa. Thanks again. I’m glad your trip went alright.’*

*‘I’ll see you tomorrow.’*

Martin put the phone down, and breathed heavily. He rubbed his temple, and Trish tried to calm her breathing. It was as if her world was crashing down all around her. Her manipulation had fallen apart, as it predictably was always going to, and she’d run out the clock on opportunities to come clean.

“Martin, I-”

“Save it,” he said, looking angry at her for the first time since her change. “You’ve got a hell of a big explanation to give, *Trent*.”



It took some time to get all the facts straight, and to tell Martin everything. Tears formed in her eyes as she tried to tell the full story, every facet of truth she’d withheld, from the fact that she’d always secretly desired to be a woman, to how she’d hacked his social media in order to extend her time as female, and even how she’d stopped taking birth control in the hopes of getting knocked up. The last had come, perhaps, as the biggest betrayal. The moment she’d said it, Martin looked at her like she was an entirely different person than the trustworthy one he’d known, and she knew it was not unwarranted. Looking objectively, beyond the compulsions, it was a manipulative and terrible act to try and tie him to her against his will.

“And that’s the truth, all of it,” she finished weakly, tears flowing down her cheeks. “I’m really sorry, Martin, for everything. I’ve acted like an idiot. I was just so embarrassed of you finding out that I actually *wanted* this. I was scared that you would think I’m a freak, or that you wouldn’t feel the same love for me that I do for you, and it would destroy our friendship. And I was scared of turning back too, so it was just easier to push it back and try to enjoy it, but now it’s all come to a head and - and - and I’m so sorry Martin!”

She moved to the comfort of her arms automatically, but he stopped her, gripping her shoulders lightly but with a firmness behind it.

“Trish - Trent - whatever I should call you. You lied to me. About so many things.”

She sobbed. The compulsions were making her feel sick, the need to confess all the times she’d been a *bad girl*, and failed to please him.

“I’m not lying now,” she said. “I love you Martin. I do.”

The look her gave her was impossible to read. Her friend, her lover, had turned to stone.

“I think it’s best if you sleep at your house tonight. Lisa will be round tomorrow at five. We’ll finish this business then.”

She reached for his cheek. “Martin, I -”

“Tess, I think you should go. Now.”



That night, Trish went back to the house she hadn’t been in for nearly a month, excepting the occasional trip to pick up a necessary belonging. It was still slightly messy from Lisa’s leaving, and it had a leftover musk from being unlived in for some time. A lack of freshness. It seemed appropriate, now that the ‘honeymoon’ of her change was over. She took her suitcase of women’s clothing and placed it in the corner of her room. She’d always been proud of how much space was in this room, but now it seemed so very small without Martin to share it with. She missed him already.

“I fucked up,” she said, to no one in particular. “Again. Couldn’t make a single fucking commitment, and now I’ve lost everything. What the hell was I thinking?”

She collapsed onto the bed, still in her high-waisted jeans and soccer mom shirt, and blew the strands of brunette hair from her face. The ceiling was empty and eternal, in the darkness appearing like a great void. Perhaps that was just her mood. She rested her hands on her stomach, the same stomach she had foolishly wished would one day be growing Martin’s child. There was little chance of that now. She’d betrayed and manipulated and lied to the only person left who truly understood her, and cared about her. She’d spent too long worrying about commitments, of how to tell the truth, that now the door had been slammed shut.

She reached a hand between her thighs, exploring beneath her jeans and panties, and felt at her labia. She pressed her fingers a little deeper, and sucked in her breath at the wonderful feeling of having that area stimulated. Her clit throbbed slightly, and she massaged it, the way Martin often had, and she imagined it was him playing with her, readying to enter her or place his lips upon her. It made her body grow more aroused, and she continued to tease and stroke her depths, becoming wetter and wetter as she imagined him coming in her, the compulsions to have that occur only getting stronger and stronger.

“Ahhh . . . God . . . oohh . . . M-Martin!”

She came. It was smaller than usual, and sadder, but it relieved some built up tension, at least. She relaxed, lying back on the bed, and smiled a little at the body she had. The smile didn’t last. It was a body she’d soon be leaving, and she wasn’t sure she’d be

happy as a man ever again, now that she knew how perfectly the other side suited her. And more than that, she would never have Martin, perhaps not even as a friend.

The smile turned to bitter amusement at the cosmic joke she had played on herself. She hugged her body on her empty bed, and began to cry.

It took a long time to fall to sleep, but when she did, she dreamed of two lives. One where she was Trent, and one where she was Trish. In the former, he was still dating, still failing to commit, always falling back on excuses to end things. In the latter, she was full and round with child, already feeding another at her breast, and a strong set of arms held her around her middle. She was loved.



## Part 7: The Fourth Wish

When Trish arrived, Martin was largely silent. His gaze held on her, and it was impossible to tell what he was thinking. She was wearing her denim overalls over a dark shirt, and her hair and makeup were flawless. Even in the midst of despair, she couldn't *not* make herself look pretty for him.

"Hey, Martin," she said.

"Hey, Trish," he replied.

It was awkward, and both hugged their other arm as they thought of what to say. In the end, Trish spoke first. She'd decided on being more decisive, as strange as that sounded.

"I'm still sorry," she said.

"You should be," Martin said, looking her up and down. "You lied to me. For nearly a month. You tried to trick me into getting you freaking pregnant. And you never told me that you wanted to stay like this."

She breathed heavily. "I know. And I won't ever stop being sorry for Martin. But there's one thing I won't apologise for, and that's the other thing I told you the truth about. That I've fallen in love with you. That I want to be with you, and yes, I want to bear your children, as crazy as that sounds! And yes, I know it sounds crazy, but I can't keep being noncommittal. I don't know if you can ever forgive me, but I'll never forgive myself if I don't say it now. *I love you, Martin*. I want to be with you, even if you don't want to be with me I need to tell you that. Even if I've fucked things up so badly, you still deserve to know that."

Martin trembled a little, and wiped his eyes.

"Thanks Trish, for being honest about that. You know the funny thing? I think I had fallen for you after that very first day."

It was somehow the most wonderful and terrible thing he could have said, because the cadence of the voice told her it was all in the past tense. A love that could have been.

"I should have just told you from the start," she said.

"You should have."

"So where does that leave us?"

He looked at her, impassive and stoic, but behind those kind eyes there was something else. An uncertainty, a longing perhaps.

*Or perhaps I'm just being hopeful,* she thought.

"What are you going to ask Lisa to wish for?" Martin said.

Trish had thought about this long and hard that very morning. For so long, the spectre of Trent, the person she had been, had loomed over her. Now that she'd said it aloud, however, that she wanted to be Trish, that this was her, the true her, well it opened other possibilities to her.

"I'm going to make her wish me to be a real person," she said.

Martin's eyebrows raised. "What's that mean?"

She chuckled, feeling a little awkward as they stood on his porch. "It means that I get to be a real girl," she said in a pinocchio-like parody voice. "I finally get my own damn credit card, for one. And ID, so I can get a stiff drink afterwards. And hopefully, it'll mean I can get a job and work to support myself. Maybe get a cheap apartment and go from there. I don't think Trish is the kind of person to go in for sales, but it's what I'm good at, so maybe something in retail or a desk job or even waitressing if I'm desperate, or -"

"Wait! Wait wait wait, you're telling me you're asking to *stay* Trish?" Martin looked at her aghast, his face full of shock. Even separated and tense, he was handsome and concerned for her. It made her shiver.

When it passed, she simply shrugged. "I told you, I've got to come clean and be truthful, and that means first with myself, Martin. I lied to you because I was scared of admitting that this is the real me. I'm Trish, and I'm not going back. Lisa will find it funny, I'm guessing. So, this'll be me I guess."

"If you think this will make me take you back-"

She stepped forward and planted a hand briefly on his chest. "It's not about that," she said. "Even now, these damn compulsions want me to jump your bones, Martin. But I'm not, am I? I have a choice, and I'm choosing to go my way. I've spent too long avoiding making choices like this. Well, now I know. It'll be hard, of course, but it's not for you. It's for me. I told you that I love you Martin, and it remains true. But I think - I think I've also realised how to love myself."

“Yeah, I’ve heard you in the shower,” he said with a chuckle.

Trish punched him lightly on the arm. “Asshole.”

“Bitch.”

They laughed together, the tension between them still present, but thawing a little. And it was then, with both of them still chuckling a little, that a familiar figure appeared walking down the footpath to Martin’s house.

“Hey Martin! What’s up? Is that bastard Tren here?” Lisa said. She was more tanned from her trip, though given her red hair and freckled complexion, that wasn’t much. But she had a skip in her step she hadn’t had a month ago, and was practically buoyant. Her eyebrows raised as she noticed Trish as well. “And who’s this? Did you finally get a girlfriend?”

The two looked at each other, a little red-faced, unsure exactly how to reply to that.

“Why don’t you come inside?” Martin said. “I’ll explain the whole crazy thing. We both will.”



It took a long time to convince her. More than an hour, in fact. Lisa listened, joked, asked questions, continually assuming it was some sort of prank. When she had asked where Trent was a second time, Trish had stepped forward awkwardly, looking every part the beautiful suburban woman in her mid-thirties, and waved her hand awkwardly.

“Um, hi Lisa. I’ve, uh, well I’ve changed quite a bit since you last saw me.”

Lisa had not believed them, even when they showed her the changed statue, and the ways in which Trish met all the conditions of the wishes she had made. It was only when Trish began to recall things that only Trent could know, with such deep specificity and quick speed that no one else could possibly have that knowledge, that she began to take them seriously. Even then, the questions came fast and hard:

“How did this happen?”

“Wishes are real? But why didn’t yours work?”

“You had to have sex with each other? What was it like?”

“If you really are Trent, where is the mole on my back?”

“Do you have an ID? A bank account?”

“Are you all woman? Like, down there too? How does it feel?”

Trish and Martin endured the questions, answering them as best they could, and slowly Lisa began to believe. Towards the end, she demanded a drink just to deal with the emotional turmoil.

“Are you all right?” Trish asked, concerned.

“Am I alright?” she said, trying not to laugh at the absurdity of it all, “I dumped my boyfriend and spent a month relaxing on the beach in Fiji, I’m doing fine. *You’re* the one who was accidentally turned into a woman and stuck as your best friend’s girlfriend for a month. Except . . . I guess you sort of liked it?”

Trish blushed, heavily. It was hard to look her ex in the eyes, given all they’d confessed. She felt Martin’s gaze upon her also.

“Yeah, I guess I did,” she said quietly. “A lot, actually. I think - I think this is the real me.”

“Wow, my boyfriend turned into a woman, and liked it. I guess those wishes weren’t entirely wasted, huh?”

Trish blushed further. “I guess not.”

“So, was sex as a woman all you thought it would be?”

“Lisa!”

The redhead giggled, taking a sip of her beer. “What?” Lisa said, “it’s not like I can’t make a little fun, can’t I? I mean, you were a horrible boyfriend, but now you’re this gorgeous woman instead. It’s not a situation I ever expected!”

It was true. Lisa was beautiful, but, Trish realised, not as beautiful as herself. She felt a swell of pride at that. At the very least, her boobs were a cup size bigger.

“Yeah, me neither. But I mean it, I want to stay as Trish. I know it sounds crazy, but it’s who I am, Lisa. I want to be a woman, I guess I’ve always wanted that. I just was too scared to admit it.”

She looked at Martin, who averted his gaze. He had been largely silent in the last ten minutes, and it broke her heart. She wanted more than anything for him to say something, anything about her choice, but he appeared conflicted, like an argument was playing out in his head. Lisa, on the other hand, had developed actual tears in her eyes.

“Wow, this is a lot to take in. It’s crazy. But, despite you being a pretty shitty boyfriend Trent - uh, Trish - I’m actually happy for you. I never knew that you wanted this.”

“I kept it pretty well hidden,” she replied, looking again at her friend. “I didn’t even tell Martin, and I should have. I fucked everything up, but I still want to stay like this. I’m asking you Lisa - no, I’m *begging* for you to use that last wish to help me stay like this. To give me an identity so I can make my own way.”

Lisa considered this for a time, and there was silence in the room. Trish’s heart was beating in her chest, but despite the tension, she found it less claustrophobic than before she had confessed. It was like a great weight had been lifted from her, and even if she had ruined things with Martin, and was still inescapably in love with him and compelled to please him, she knew she could be alright.

“Okay,” Lisa said, “I’ll do it.”

“Really, you will?” Trish asked.

Lisa smiled. “But you owe me. You and I are totally gonna be girlfriends, and you are just going to have to accept the epic makeover that I’m already planning for you.”

Trish smiled, wiping away stray tears. “Thank you.”

“Are you sure about this, Trish?” Martin asked.

She stood, and dared to approach him. He didn’t back away. Increasingly daring, she leaned forward and gave him a light peck on the cheek, rising on her toes to do so.

“I am, Martin. I’m sorry, for everything. You know how I feel about this, and I haven’t changed the way I feel about you. If you don’t want me around afterwards, then I won’t bother you again. But I’m staying like this, regardless. It’s what I want. More than that, it’s what I need.”

“Like you needed me?”

She wiped another tear. “Like I *still* need you. But you know my feelings.” She turned back to Lisa, who had wisely decided not to say anything. “Can we do it now?”

“Whenever you’re ready, Trish.”

The three of them moved to the back deck where Martin and her had placed the leopard goddess statue, taken from Trent’s house nearly a month ago. It sat there, as it had for many days, with three of its arms down, and only one still pointing up.

“It never worked for me, or for Martin,” Trish explained. “We tried wishing a number of times, but nothing.”

“Maybe it’s malfunctioned?” Lisa said. “Or does it only work for the person who made the other wishes? Weird though, because I jokingly made a few wishes and none of them worked.”

Trish shrugged her shoulders. “No idea. But, I was hoping maybe you could wish me to have a full life as Trish.”

Lisa nodded, and her expression was still bewildered, as if she couldn’t believe it was happening. Martin had become pensive again, slowly drawing nearer. The sun had fallen, and there was just the light of the deck bulb illuminating them and the strange figurine.

“Okay,” Lisa said, “I guess here goes nothing. *I wish that Trish had a full identity and could live it for the rest of her life.*”

Nothing happened. The group waited, and nothing continued to happen.

“Try another wish, maybe?” Trish suggested.

“Okay, um. How about this? *I wish everyone except us always knew Trent as Trish.*”

Again, nothing. Trish’s heart sank. It was like she was caught between two worlds, and could not fully have the life of either. Trent’s identity still existed, but she was Trish, who

didn't exist anywhere except in the flesh. She tried to control her breathing, and then she realised what was wrong.

"A wish of passion," she muttered, "I remember you telling me the wish had to be made in passion. It had to come from a place of complete want. *That's* why it only worked when you were arguing with me. Because you were passionate!"

Martin perked up. "It explains why when you wished to go back to normal it never worked either, I guess. Because you *wanted* to stay as Trish."

Neither of them said the obvious, their exchanged look and knowing glances told it all. They both realised that it also meant that because Martin had tried to make the same wish, that he didn't passionately want his new girlfriend to go back to being Trent either. It made him flush, and a small part of Trish's heart broke for him.

"So, I mean, I *want* you to stay as Trish," Lisa said, playing with her fine red hair, "but I guess I'm still sorta pissed at you, the Trent you, I mean. And I don't feel it as passionately as you do." She smiled a little, a generous smile, and stepped back. "You should do the wishing, Trish. It's your wish to make."

Trish's eyes widened. Her ex was right. It was her wish to make. It had *always* been hers, in a way. She just had to be decisive and be true to herself, and that had been the hardest part of all. But not anymore. She closed her eyes.

"I wish that -"

"Wait."

She opened her eyes. Martin had stepped forward, and his eyes were soft and kind, small tears building at their edges.

"Martin?"

"Trish, I can't let you do this."

"I told you Martin, I want this. It's who I am and -"

"I mean I can't let you do this alone. I forgive you, Trish. I forgive you for all of it. I can't stay angry at you, especially after all you've been through. I still love you, I do."

Again that surge of feminine emotion welled within her, and she felt the tears rising.

"You - you mean it?"

He drew closer, and took her hands. He was so tall and masculine, and handsome and caring. He held that same quiet compassion, that humble kindness. And she could see the love and longing in his eyes.

"I do," he replied. "I mean it. I want you back Trish, if you'll have me, especially after all -"

She leapt into his arms so suddenly that he nearly failed to catch her, and she kissed him deeply. She had missed the feel of him so much, even just after a single day. Her breasts pressed against his chest, her nipples stiffening at his touch. She wanted to take

him, to have him take her. She wanted nothing more than to be in those arms and feel his caress for the rest of her life. And she knew he felt it too; he kissed her deeply, for a long time, until finally someone coughed.

The two of them parted, both looking a little sheepish as Lisa rolled her eyes.

“Jeez, you were never like that with me, Trent.”

“Sorry,” she replied, blushing as she pushed back a trail of hair.

“Don’t be. May I find love like that someday.”

“You will, I know it Lisa.”

“Spoken like a supportive girlfriend. Womanhood suits you better, Trish. And it seems to suit Martin just fine, to have you as his woman.”

The two held hands, and Martin pulled her closer to him, so that she leaned against his strong body. She fit against him perfectly.

“So,” Lisa said, “I’m glad you lovebirds are back together, but what are you going to wish for?”

Trish thought for a while. She felt like she was both at the start of her journey, as well as at the end of it. The end of Trent, but the beginning of Trish. She looked to Martin, and thought of all the ways she wanted to please him. Not just compelled, though there would always be that magical push too, but a genuine desire to be his perfect wife.

“I’ve got an idea,” she said, and whispered it in her lover’s ear.

Martin smiled. “I think it’s perfect,” he replied, and kissed her again. She embraced him one last time, hoping against hope that it would work. She stepped forward to the statue and took it in both hands, lifting it up to face level, focusing solely on it. It was ancient and well-carved, and the expression on the leopard goddess was all-knowing, as if it had foreseen this outcome, somehow.

“Okay then,” she said, steadying her breath. She closed her eyes, and focused on the words she wanted to say.

*“I wish I could see how I like it, being Martin’s perfect wife.”*

She heard the scrape of stone moving downwards.

## Epilogue: How She Likes It

Trish moaned in pleasure as she lowered herself onto her husband's cock. It was as large as ever, and she needed it far more often these days. He held her wide hips gently but firmly, lowering her so that he eased into her depths slowly and sensually.

"Ohhhh f-fuuuck," she managed, as he slid ever further. "Your dick is s-so damn big."

"Just the way you like it," he said with a grin, beginning to gently rock her. She cooed in response, shifting her hips with his movements and relishing the way his penis slid in her passage. Her vaginal muscles held firmly onto his dick, stroking and massaging it, and in turn setting off showers of rising bliss within her vagina. His searching hands reached up to play with her swollen breasts, and my did they feel swollen. Her boobs were easily Double-D cups now, the size she had always secretly wanted, and more sensitive than ever. Her large nipples were darker, and he teased them, squeezing their tips gently. It elicited another moan from her, and she felt herself becoming even wetter around his hard penis.

"Mmhhmm . . . don't - hah ahhh - don't stop!"

"I have absolutely no intention of that," he said, before returning to manly grunting with each thrust of his hips. His hands lowered from her aching, swollen, pleasure-filled boobs down to the other bulge, far larger than even them. He cradled her rounded dome of a stomach, feeling at the taut skin that had filled out with their waiting babies.

"So big," he marvelled, as he continued to fuck his wife senseless.

"S-so damn b-big," she managed to reply, overcome with gratification. His penis was pumping even faster inside of her now, and her body had an incredible need for it. She could

feel her large, pregnant body building towards an explosive orgasm, and she wanted to extend that build out as long as possible, to make it all the more mind-shattering.

"I love you all knocked up like this," Martin said, still feeling her belly. She giggled, even as he thrust up into her again. Her skin was just so damn sensitive.

"Yeah?" she asked, teasing. "You just like that my tits blew up in size." She cupped them for emphasis, savouring the sensation of pressing them together to form a canyon of cleavage.

"You - you like that too," he said. "But I also like how sexy you are like this. It's like - nhg! - it's like you're *mine*, you know? Ahhh . . . everyone can see it. You're having my babies."

She moaned, loving the words he spoke. It was true, she loved being full of his babies. Even with their little shifting movements, having the twins inside her was so wonderful. It marked her as his, literally bearing his children for him. Knocked up good with them. And she was indeed very, very knocked up.

"Not - ahhh - not long now, Martin!" she said, stroking her fertile roundness. "Two more m-months, and you'll be a d-daddy to our babies!"

"And you'll be a mommy."

"Mmhm," she whimpered, as his hands moved back to her hips, sliding her back and forth on his incredible dick. She could feel him tensing, holding off an orgasm so that they could come together. It turned her on all the more. But then again, *everything* Martin did turned her on these days. Pregnancy hormones were no joke.

"And then you'll have to knock me up again," she teased, "s-since you I-love me like this - aaah - so much! Give me more of your babies!"

They were going faster now. Faster. Martin stared up at his wife as she rode him, unbelieving her beauty and sexiness. Her brunette hair had gotten even longer, spilling down her chest and back like an image of Aphrodite herself, and her green eyes sparkled, emerald with desire. Her curves had only increased in pregnancy, and something about having her full with twins, looking enormous yet perfectly maternal and feminine, just drove him wild. He could barely hold off his orgasm by that point; his balls were practically aching to shoot their load into her fertile depths.

"I fucking love you so damn much," he moaned, and she moaned with him. Her body rocked, practically quaked. She arched her back, revealing more of her sheer roundness, her dome of a belly sleek with sweat and full with child. Her breasts trembled, wobbling with her movements, increasingly full with milk for her coming children. For a moment she opened her mouth in silence, too overwhelmed by bliss to even say anything. And then she cried out, practically *wailed*, her voice high and soft, coming in incredibly female moans. Martin joined her, gasping in a lower, manly tone as he felt the enormity of release. He shot

his bursts of come inside of her, his seed pouring into her, and she bit her lip in shivering delight at the warmth it spread within her. After all, his seed had already taken root seven months ago, this was just fun.

*Plus*, she thought, stroking her rounded belly as she came down from multiple orgasms, *it's always fun to imagine making our future babies.*

They stayed in that position for some time, waiting out his cock, which was intent on spilling even more than its usual load inside her. She fell to breathing heavily, panting in that sweet and satisfied voice, until both were a little more calm.

"Wow, you needed that bad," Martin said with a grin.

She gave him a playful punch on the arm. "Shut up. It's these preggo hormones of mine. I can't help if they make me want you all the time."

"I'm not complaining, Trish. You know I love you all knocked up like this."

He placed his hands on her stomach, feeling for his children within. As she had done numerous times before, she placed her hands on his, and moved them to the location where their children, gently stirring, were beginning to kick a little.

"Wow," he said, "that's our little girls in there."

"Mhm," she said, grinning wildly. "Yours and mine. Can you believe in two months we're going to be parents?"

"Still can't. But I'm excited for it. You're going to be an amazing mother, Trish."

It made her glow everytime he said it.

"And you're going to be a pretty okay daddy, I think."

They laughed. "Oh, okay," Martin said, "just pretty okay?"

She giggled, feeling at his strong pecs and abs idly, one of her favourite past times. "Well, maybe you'll be pretty amazing. That is, *if* you can help me off of you. This belly is getting heavy and I don't want to slip."

"Anything for you, my lady."

He helped his wife off of him: she needed the help these days. As he did, he couldn't help but sneak in a kiss of her belly, and then upon her lips.

"Love you," he said.

"Love you too. Want to join me in the shower?"

"I'd like nothing more."

She stood, carefully balancing her altered centre of gravity, and placed her hand beneath her belly, rubbing its underside.

"God, I am huge," she said, chuckling slightly. "Seriously, look at me!"

Martin held his wife from behind her, stroking her naked pregnant body and kissing at her neck. "You're perfect. I'm so glad we're having twins."

She giggled. “Well, you’re not the one who has to carry them. I feel massive, and our little girls never stop moving and kicking inside me. I never knew being a woman would come with so many hurdles.”

“At least you aren’t going through your period during this time.”

She shot him a look. They both knew that in all the time she’d been a woman, she’d only ever had one period. It hadn’t taken long for her to become his pregnant wife, that was for sure. She raised an eyebrow.

“And judging from the way you’re looking at my ass and boobs, I doubt I’ll be having a period for a long time yet.”

Martin spread his arms in a ‘can you blame me?’ gesture. “It’s not my fault you’re hot as hell. Blame Lisa for his wishes. Besides, you wanted to be my perfect wife.”

He embraced her again, and she leaned into him, smiling. She loved the way he held her belly. In truth, she looked gorgeous. Full and round and dominated by her bloated midsection, sure, but she appeared as beautiful as a fertility goddess, with curves that matched her womanly figure. She still appeared petite beyond those curves, though, and it only made her look cuter in comparison to her large belly. It made her feel special.

“Tell you what,” she said, turning around so that her heavy stomach pressed against his cock. “You keep showering me with compliments even in the shower, and I might just give you another amazing blowjob once we’re done.”

“Won’t we need another shower after that?”

“Hey,” Trish said, tousling her hair and grinning like a mischievous pixie, “we’re on our babymoon, honey. We can do whatever we want.”

Martin smiled, and followed her into the shower.



After Trish’s wish, reality had changed, though just enough to give her and Martin the life they wanted. To her delight, everyone who knew she had been Trent still remembered her as being such. There was no question of her origins for Lisa and Martin, but everyone else had never heard of Trent: there was a Trent-shaped hole in the universe that was now filled by other people. Instead, Trish was an out-of-towner who had just moved in, having bought Trent’s place instead. Well, someone’s place - no one could quite figure out who had owned it. All they knew was that the new suburban woman in her mid-thirties was a delightful sight to see, in her overalls or high-waisted mom jeans, or her cute flowery summer dresses and sunglasses when the weather turned warm. Her male neighbours, in particular, appreciated her walking by. She was, after all, a ‘rather nice in the hips’, they said.

Another change had also made her over the moon. While she had wished to be Martin's perfect wife, she was not made so immediately. To both of their shocks, the day after making the wish, they both woke in their shared bed to find a new ring on their ring fingers. An engagement ring. It had made her excited enough to nearly knock him into a coma, that's how eager she was to please him with her body. She had thrown herself into the role of Trish, and the compulsions to be Martin's perfect partner were always with her. She welcomed those compulsions, enjoying the ways they helped her be ever more womanly and submissive to him, as ridiculous as she knew it was. Something about being his submissive wife, dominated by his desires, made her so joyful and, at times, horny. She wanted to be his housewife, cooking and cleaning for him, and bearing his children.

The last had come sooner than anticipated. It was only a month later that, with morning nausea and tender boobs, she tested positive for pregnancy. She and Martin were over the moon, but had to rapidly hasten their wedding plans. She was adamant on one thing; she wanted to be the pretty bride down the aisle, not a bloated whale hauling a prominent belly for all to see. And so it was that they had a pared down romantic wedding in the country, surrounded by a small group of friends and immediate family. Lisa and Gemma were Trish's bridesmaids, an honour they both derived a great deal of joy from, for different reasons. And much to Trish's amusement, she noticed that Lisa and Martin's best man Jacob were getting on very well indeed. Five months on from that day, they were still getting on.

Trish had her moment, walking down the aisle, still petite and slim, her wedding dress tight around her waist and hips, and revealing just a tasteful hint of cleavage. Her hair was up in an elaborate braided bun, and her green eyes sparkled as she looked to her husband-to-be. When they kissed, it was the wish finally coming true. The honeymoon had just confirmed to them both how compatible they were, and how right it had been to stay Trish, and for Martin to forgive her. After all, she woke him up most mornings with her lips upon his member, and who couldn't forgive someone who did that for their partner?

The months had passed, and Trish had been delighted to feel herself swelling with life, her belly growing surprisingly fast. Her already ample chest swelled also, and she was deliciously joyful to find herself unable to fit her current bra size anymore, or even the next size up. As she had always wanted, she was now the proud owner of a pair of Double-D's, heavy and large and forming a wonderful bustline in her maternity bras. She needed them; to her minor annoyance, she had started leaking a little early, though at least Martin was always there to take care of that for her; he rather liked the 'taste' of her.

It had been an amusement to them both to find that she was knocked up with twins. Martin took the news better than her.

“I want to have your babies,” she said, “as many as you want, Martin. But twins off the bat! Jesus, I’m going to be *huge*! I already feel big, what am I going to look like at nine months?”

“Beautiful,” was his simple reply, and she couldn’t stay irritated with that kind of response. The truth was, she loved being pregnant, and it pleased her to feel compelled to give him even more children. Martin had confided in her that he’d always wanted to have a *big* family, and she often fell to sleep stroking her rounded belly, imagining seven or eight adorable boys and girls running around the house. She planned to give him as many as he wanted. More, if she had her way; feeling the miracle of life forming in her womb and shifting within her was its own reward, even among the various discomforts and crushed bladder.

The two of them left on a babymoon, most appropriately to Fiji, following Lisa’s recommendation. After getting out of the shower a second time, they readied for the day. Trish was full and round with twins, and needed Martin’s help a little to get her feet into her flipflops, but she could manage the bikini on her own. Her milk-filled DD’s looked magnificent in her red top, bulging outwards delectably, their shape still perfect and pert. Her belly was naked and dominant, and as they exited the resort towards the beach, she took his arm with one hand and caressed her life-filled belly with the other. She felt like she was glowing, and perhaps she was. The day was warm, the sun high, and her sexy husband was at her side, always ready to please her, just as she spent every moment pleasing him. She was carrying his babies, and as she walked with him down onto the beach, she noticed she was getting a lot of attention. Her belly, after all, was impressively large, and her tits were too.

“Looks like I have some competition,” Martin whispered, causing her to giggle.

She just reached up and kissed him, allowing her husband to plant his hands over her rounded bottom.

“Never,” she said. “I’m all yours, my love.”

“You know, it occurs to me that Lisa’s wishes were right, in a way,” he said, as they found an empty space on the beach and he helped her into one of the lounge seats.

“Oh?” she asked, rubbing her stomach softly.

“Well, her wish was ‘I wish you could *see how you like it*, right?’”

“Uh-huh,” she said, groaning slightly as her husband began applying sunscreen to her rounded belly. “What about it?”

“Well, I’m just thinking how appropriate the wording was. You really did see how you liked it, didn’t you? Enough to stay.”

She smirked. “Gosh, my hubbie is a sexy dork.”

“But I’m right. You did end up liking it.”

She pulled herself up - it was quite an effort - and brought him close to her lips.

“Why don’t you come here, and I’ll see how *you* like it?”

She kissed him, and kissed him deeply. And he did like it. Then, and several times later that night too. Just as she would please him every day to come for the rest of their lives, enjoying sex and hobbies and work and home and pregnancy and children, all of it, for all their days.

**The End**