

Wishboned (TG AR Reality Change)

By FoxFaceStories

Lucas is a hotshot lawyer in his early thirties who is very frustrated at having to spend Thanksgiving with his girlfriend Eve's family in their nothing small town. His negativity threatens to ruin the joyous celebrations, until Lucas grabs the turkey wishbone and wishes to have some fun. Unfortunately for him, his girlfriend's little brother Matthew also grabbed the wishbone, and his wish is for a 'really pretty girlfriend.' Soon, Lucas finds himself in an entirely new position in the Thanksgiving celebrations.

Wishboned

Lucas huffed as Eve began to turn into her family's driveway.

"Ugh, I can't stand small towns like these. Look at all these gaudy decorations? Who the hell does that?"

"It's just a neighbourhood communal thing, Lucas," Eve replied. "It's nice. I like it. I kinda miss it after all the time in the city."

"Well, we're heading back to the city as soon as this night is over, babe."

"You said you'd stay the night?"

"And not a second longer, I swear. Look, I'm sure your family is nice and all, but this town just reeks of the kind of people that go nowhere in life fast. C'mon, there's a reason you moved to the city in the first place."

Eve put the car into park and switched the engine off. Frustrated, she ran her hands through her long, straight brunette hair, as was her habit. She was a pretty girl, slim and tall and quite striking in office wear, which was how Lucas met her: she was a receptionist at the big law firm he worked at as a hotshot lawyer, and he'd made a damn charming impression. How could he not, with those remarkable grey eyes, his even taller figure, his fit frame and confident, even mischievous smile? And for a while, things had gone very well between them, even if he could ride roughshod over her decisions from time to time, or simply complain when he had to do things he hated. He had a habit of looking down on those who didn't try to climb the ladder like he did, and in the end Eve had decided to take him to her family's old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner in the hopes of getting away from the hustle and bustle of it all. Except this had seemingly backfired, because now Lucas was complaining more than ever, and his slings were getting dangerously close to insulting her family members.

"Babe," she said, placing a hand on his thigh. "Please, just try to have a good attitude about this. My family are really excited to meet you, they really are. Mom especially. And it's

Thanksgiving. Let's just leave work behind for one night and enjoy ourselves. You might even enjoy how tacky and silly we can be!"

Lucas put on a brief smile. "Okay, I'll try. I may need to send some emails later, though."

"Please, Lucas."

"Just a few off of my watch."

"But not at the table, please."

"We'll see. I'll try! Look, are we going in or not?"

Eve sighed, then nodded. She checked her appearance in the mirror again, and so did Lucas, who wasn't nervous at all but hated the idea of looking mussed up and unprofessional in front of some rural small town hicks, as far as he was concerned. He got out of the car and tapped on the bonnet.

"Hurry up!" he called.

Eve sighed again. She was really, really hoping Lucas would act like he used to. He had been so carefree in the early days. But now it would take a really big change to set things right on that score.

Many hugs and greetings and introductions and exchanging of names and pleasantries were had. Eve shed a few tears holding her mother again, and her father wrapped her in a bear hug until she practically had to beg him to stop. Her little brother Matthew - Matt, as they all called him - tried to play things cool, of course. He was only twenty years old and looked a lot like his sister, only with a wild mop of tangled brown hair instead of her silky straight appearance. She pulled him in for a hug anyway, and he put his hands out jokingly.

"I didn't consent to this! I didn't give consent!"

"Shut up you stupid little kid and hug your big sister," she replied. "She missed you!"

"Fiiiiine."

Lucas found it all very nauseous. It was saccharine to the Nth degree, and instead he tried to simply get the formalities out of the way. He extended a firm hand, quickly batting aside any attempt by his girlfriend's mother to hug him or her father to clasp him on the shoulder and introduce himself.

"Hello," he said. "I'm Lucas. I'm dating your daughter. It's good to meet you, Mr and Mrs Sullivan."

"Please, call me Jessica!" Eve's mom said.

"And I go by Sully."

Lucas cocked his head. "Your name is Sully Sullivan?"

“No, my name is Ericson, but what a stupid name. I always liked Scully more. Comes from the worksites. Come on in, kid, and lose the boots. We’ll show you around the humble home. So I hear you’re some hotshot lawyer according to Eve? Tell us all about that. Must be nice to get away from the business of the city, am I right?”

He wasn’t, but Lucas tried to be polite. Tried, but failed in noticeable ways. He couldn’t help but snicker at the mawkish decorations in the house, the glitzy homebody nonsense that signalled too many hours entertaining close neighbours and friends instead of building actual success. It all felt very incestuous to him: pretty much all the photos were from around the rural town and its nearby lakes and hills, and none were from the wider world, places of interest, the kind he made sure to put up on social media as a display of success to his colleagues. Hell, had these people even *been* outside of the country? In a fit of pique he decided to ask that very question, just as ‘Sully’ was chatting some nonsense about the eighty-seventh lake fishing tournament or whatever small town hokum it was.

“Oh, I’ve . . . no, I can’t say I have. But America’s a big place, and I’ve certainly been all over the Midwest!”

“The Midwest is peanuts compared to anywhere else,” Lucas said dismissively.

There was an awkward pause, and Eve actually jabbed him with her elbow.

“I think what Lucas means to say is that there’s so much more out there, not that the Midwest is boring, right sweetie?”

“Sure,” he replied. “That’s what I meant.”

The parents accommodated this interpretation, though things clearly weren’t going well. The timer was ticking down for the turkey roast, and from the way Jessica was talking about it, one would think it was to be the talk of the town.

“Be nice about it,” Eve told him privately as her parents fussed in the kitchen and her brother read a textbook on the couch. “Mom takes real pride in her turkey.”

“I’m always nice, when am I not nice?”

“You know what I mean, Lucas.”

He just shrugged. “I’m nice, babe. I just don’t lie. Hey, what are you reading, Matt? You go by Matt, right?”

Matt looked over the couch and smiled sheepishly. “Oh, it’s a new history book I bought for my course. We’re looking at social and demographic movements across history. Um, it’s mainly about things after Tamerlane all the way to the early modern period, so it goes a bit beyond the scope, but it’s really interesting and-”

Lucas interrupted him with a sudden, deliberate sweep of his hand across his own head.

“Whoosh!” he announced. “You’ve completely lost me. Who’s Tamerlane?”

“Oh, yeah, I get a bit carried away. Um, he was also called Timur, and he was a great conqueror. This was in mid to late thirteen hundreds, so-”

“So what’s the relevance?”

Eve held her breath, feeling a tension rise in the room. She loved her brother and his passions for history, even if she didn’t really understand it she had always supported it. They all had. He was a little on the spectrum, however, and sometimes not quite read the room of other peoples’ interests in his passions. She could see the hopeful excitement begin to die on his face, but then he rallied.

“Okay, so, the point of history as my professor says is that it’s not just about political importance, but also because it’s interesting on its own. And also it’s really cool to know how we got here. I mainly study online because there was no course nearby and I wanted to stay in town, but there’s loads of people online who form communities and-”

“Are they as small as this one? Your little town, I mean?”

Matt frowned. “Um, some have a few hundred members, so-”

“So smaller, then. Look, no offence kid, it’s good that you like something, but maybe you could switch majors. I mean, with a mind like yours you could go into law and be actually successful - if you can talk normally that is.”

Eve actually gasped. Her mother Jessica nearly dropped her tray. It was Sully that stormed out into the room, summoning the authority every small town father has in their own home, which they take pride in.

“Lucas, I don’t know how it is in the big city, but here in our small town we don’t talk like that to anyone. Ever.”

Lucas turned, surprised by this turn. And then, as he often did with Eve, he shrugged noncommittal. “Oh, I didn’t mean to come across like that. It was an accident. He’s a smart kid, it seems! You have a girlfriend, Matt?”

Matt frowned again. He very much didn’t, and it was clearly a sore spot Lucas had honed in on.

“I’m . . . busy.”

“Might want to pull your nose out of the books and find one, is all I’m saying. I didn’t mean to offend or anything, I swear.

He ruffled Matt’s hair, one last little act to try and establish a sense of superiority. Matt himself was about to say something, when the oven suddenly dinged.

“It’s ready!” Jessica called, thankfully deflating the tension. She put on her big pink mitts, the kind that made Lucas nearly roll his eyes from how stereotypical they were. “Who’s ready for Thanksgiving and fireworks?”

Lucas was increasingly annoyed by the presence of Matthew in particular. It wasn't that the younger man had done anything wrong to him in particular, but simply what he represented. To Lucas, Matt was a loser. A leech. A kid who was too busy studying worthless shit from a thousand years ago instead of learning the hustle and the grind, the importance of hard work to get ahead financially. He was chatting on and on about how excited he was for Miss So-and-So's lectures on demographic changes across history, and Jessica and Sully couldn't stop singing their praises about how good his marks were, how proud they were of both their children, about they themselves had never dreamed to be able to go to college when they were young.

"It shows," Lucas muttered under his breath, so quietly that even Eve couldn't hear. He could tell she was getting annoyed at him, but what was he supposed to do? Just grin and laugh at the corny jokes and act like this wasn't a gigantic waste of time? And even worse that they were rewarding their child instead of pushing him to learn how the real world works and how to make *actual* money.

It didn't take long before Lucas was checking out of the conversations, even when Sully tried to extend another olive branch and talk about fishing. Why would he care about fishing? He was a damn *lawyer*. Was fishing all these small town hicks think about? That and setting off fireworks?

"We'll go after dinner," Eve whispered in his ear, clearly dejected from how things were going.

Lucas simply smiled and nodded. "Probably for the best. Don't want to interrupt Matt's very important study."

"Stop it, seriously Lucas. Just . . . stop it."

Again, that silence dominated, their private conversation clearly going public.

"Oops, looks like we've got a wishbone!" Jessica declared in her singsong voice, trying to shift the conversation yet again. "Who wants to make a wish?"

Even Lucas was surprised to find himself reaching his hand out. He was bored, frustrated, and already homesick, wanting to be back in the big city. She grabbed one half of the turkey wishbone, and his immediate wish bubbled up in his mind.

'I wish I could finally have some damn fun.'

He didn't even notice that Matthew had reached out eagerly to grab the other half of the wishbone, trying to get it before Lucas did. His own wish was quite different and, in what would be a very amusing irony, one that had actually been brought forth by Lucas' own needling comments.

'I wish I had a really pretty girlfriend who shares my obsessions.'

The two men pulled, and the wishbone snapped in half. Eve's family cheered, and the woman herself cracked a smile.

"Well, Lucas, here's hoping that you both—"

There was a bright flash of light, one that briefly blinded Lucas and certainly affected Matthew as well.

"—get what you wish for," Eve finished.

"Woah, who put fireworks in the wishbone?" Matthew asked.

"Jesus fuck, that wasn't funny, whatever it was," Lucas snapped.

"Language at the table, thank you!" Sully commanded, but the confusion in the room was clear. "What are you two even talking about?"

Lucas scratched his chest, where an itch was developing. "The light," he said, moving his hands up to his scalp, where the itch was spreading also. "There was a flash of light like a goddamn flashbang!"

"Language," Sully said again. "There was no light."

"There wasn't, babe," Eve added.

"But there was!" Matthew added. "He's telling the truth and - dude, what's happening with your hair?"

Lucas' eyes widened. Already he was feeling a horrid uncertainty over what was going on, but it deepened considerably as he felt his hair begin to grow, pushing out from his scalp and descending down past his chin and to his shoulders.

"What the fuck!?" he gasped, rocketing to his feet and nearly upending the table, remaining turkey and all.

"Language!" Sully said.

"Lucas, are you okay?" Eve said, taking her boyfriend's hand, but even that hand was changing too. It was beginning to shrink, becoming far daintier than his right one. Manicured nails grew out, and the skin lost all blemish, looking younger and certainly feminine.

"I'm - I'm not okay!" he declared, voice cracking a little. The hot shot alpha male lawyer could feel pressures across his being, moving up to his face. It was like wearing a damn corset; his waist was being compressed inwards even as his hips stretched out a little like taffy. He grunted, placing his hands on the table as his vertebrae audibly clicked, his spine losing several inches of length and his limbs shortening along with it.

"Oh God, what the fuck!"

"Language!" both parents shouted this time, though both were also standing, staring at him with confusion.

"Do you see it!?" Lucas practically yelled, his other hand now shrinking and daintifying. He tried to speak with a lower register, but his voice only shifted upwards again.

He now sounded like a woman with a sweet soprano, and it was freaking him the hell out, especially as his hair settled on his shoulders, turning curly and luscious and dark.

“See what?” Eve asked. “Babe, you’re freaking out? Are you seeing things?”

Lucas locked eyes with Matt, his body shaking as two points began to expand on his chest. He could feel his thighs losing their muscle but gaining womanly fat, his rear expanding too, just subtly but enough to be obvious to his anxious-ridden system.

“Y-you! You can see it, can’t you?”

Matt spluttered, then managed to nod. “Can’t anyone else? Can’t you all? Eve, your boyfriend is turning into a lady! A young one!”

“What are you talking about, *my* boyfriend?” Eve said, chuckling as if something amusing had just happened.

Lucas groaned. There was a convenient mirror up on the wall, and he turned to face it just in time for his own face to become unrecognisable. His lips became just a little thicker and gained soft red lipstick, while his eyelashes extended and his nose became adorable instead of his more aquiline shape. He was indeed reverting in age, because not only did his face bubble and shift uncomfortably to a pleasing heart shape, but his cheeks had that soft baby fat on them still, denoting that the woman he was turning into was probably only nineteen or twenty years of age, instead of his thirty three.

“Oh God, oh shit -”

“Language!”

“-what do you even mean, Eve?”

“I don’t have a boyfriend, silly. I struck out in town, poor me.”

Lucas’ eyes bulged. The pressure in his chest was growing even as his member became numb. Jessica and Sully was looking at him like he was crazy. His shoulders decreased in size, and he shrunk yet again, becoming positively petite.

“You have a boyfriend!” Matthew shouted. “He’s right there!”

Then Eve said the words that shattered him: “Lucy is *your* girlfriend, Matt, you dummy.”

Both Lucas and Matthew reacted the same way, with a resounding, “WHAT!?”

But then before this insanity could even be elaborated upon, Lucas writhed as yet another wave of changes rippled through him. Matthew could only look on in utter confusion as Lucas’ new breasts surged into being, pushing against his now far too-large shirt. Such appearances didn’t remain long however, because even the clothing itself began to vibrate and alter, shimmering into an entirely new outfit; a stylish green shirt and a blue *skirt* that now left an uncomfortable amount of empty space around his thighs. His shoes changed as his feet did, becoming light heels, while stockings scaled up his legs to just below where his skirt’s hem ended. A bra phased into existence, already cupping his breasts, and the only

thing stopping Lucas from cupping them in amazement and terror was the fact that everyone seemingly already thought he was crazy, for some reason! Instead they just pushed forward, growing and gaining weight until they became a B-cup or even a C-cup, present but thankfully not massive, his bra supporting them in a manner that was far too comfortable for his liking. He barely even noticed that his hair had seemingly resolved itself into a cute ponytail, or that his vision had become briefly blurred, only for a set of prescription glasses to materialise on his face. His breasts changed the contour of his new green top, making their presence unmistakable. He doubted he could even see his -

Lucas' hands darted down to between his legs. The numbness there was complete, and instead he felt the shape of a Venus mound and accompanying feminine slit.

"Lucy! What on earth are you doing!?" Jessica roared.

Eve blushed red. "Lucy, are you okay? Is it your period?"

"I think we should postpone the dinner until we sort this out," Sully said.

But Lucas was beyond reason now. He had no penis. He had a damn *vagina*. He was a woman, at least in body, and that was when the final kicker came, right at the moment he tried to flee in a panic.

"Ohhhh, my h-head . . ."

Lucas leaned against the table, breathing heavily as his mind was hit by a wall of fog. It was strange, almost like her mind was being rewritten, her neurons redirected, several in some places and tied together in others. She clasped her temples, moaning from discomfort.

For just a moment, the broken wishbone on the table seemed to flicker with alien light, catching both of their attention.

And then it was over, for Lucy and for Matthew, who had also been grappling with strange mental changes.

Slowly, the woman picked herself up and sighed.

"God, that was weird," she said. "What - what just happened?"

Matthew blinked at her, eyes wide. He was frozen on the spot. The table was completely undisturbed, nothing upended from the chaos that had just happened, as if some imp had stood the salt and pepper shakers back up along with everything else.

"You were just telling us how you two lovebirds came to finally date," Eve said sweetly.

Lucy frowned. She could have sworn that Eve's brother was sitting right next to her, not opposite. But then that made no sense, did it? Of course she'd be sitting next to her adorably geeky and kind-hearted Matt.

"Oh, that's right," she said, flashing her pretty smile and sitting back down beside Matthew. She placed a hand on his thigh, stroking it a little. "We literally had a meet cute! We

were both in the town library, and both of us had these huge piles of books on Byzantine history. And without even looking we literally crashed into one another, didn't we, babe?"

Matthew grinned. "It was a disaster! I swear, I was so embarrassed, Mom."

"I can totally see it," Eve said, chuckling as she forked up some more turkey. "At least it finally knocked some sense into you. You two have been seriously meant for each other ever since high school, I swear!"

"We were?" the pair asked, exchanging a brief look.

"Obviously!"

No one could see it, but both Matthew and Lucy were now clasping hands quite firmly beneath the table, both of them shaking a little. Despite outward appearances, both could remember who they had been, and the events of transformation only they had seen. And yet despite wanting to voice their concerns, they found themselves literally unable to. Even more than that, the pair were also grappling with another unexpected change: they both had new memories of this new reality. In it, Lucas had never existed. Instead, she was Lucy, a very cute dark-haired woman who was a local girl, one who never wanted to leave this town unless it was with her loving boyfriend. She loved reading, fishing, and all the small town community things, and often dreamed of becoming a mother just as much as she dreamed of learning all she could about history along with her sweet boyfriend Matthew.

It was so . . . wrong.

The part of Lucas that was inside Lucy tried to fight it, but it was like battling the sea. The new memories felt so much more vibrant than the old ones. She could remember catching her first salmon, and learning to hunt in the woods with her father, and discovering her passion for the humanities. This new version of her didn't give a hoot about massive financial success or city life, and especially not being some dominant figure who climbed a corporate ladder, yuck! No, she just wanted to enjoy her life, go on long walks through nature, and most of all have *fun* without another care in the world, especially if it was with Matthew. And he too remembered all of this, and how vivacious and buoyant his girlfriend could be.

"Yeah, we're definitely a couple," Matthew said. "Definitely a couple, alright. It's almost like I *wished* for it."

Lucy beamed, moving over to kiss her boyfriend on the cheek. God, it felt nice. How had she never noticed how damn cute he was? It was like her entire perspective had changed. She couldn't even imagine being attracted to Eve now, though she definitely wanted to try that silky straight hairstyle one day, and do a girls' night with her.

"Wait, did you say you w-wished for this?" she managed.

Matthew was only able to partly gesture his head in the direction of the now-broken wishbone. "Yep. I wished for a really pretty girlfriend who is totally in love with me," he said.

“Awww, look at you!” Jessica said. “But what a wasted wish! You already had such a woman, it seems!”

“Nothing wrong with insurance, honey,” Sully cut in.

“Yes, I always had her,” Matthew said, grinning awkwardly at Lucy, who was finding it hard not to snuggle against him at the table. He had such a nice voice. “Not like she just got summoned here on the spot or anything, right Lucy?”

Lucy laughed. She wanted to cry, but the compulsion to laugh was stronger, and it felt so good. When was the last time she actually laughed instead of jeered or snickered or sniggered or smirked? She clung to Matthew, running a hand over his chest and nearly shivering from the delight of such a touch.

“Not at all, sweetie!” she proclaimed. “I mean, I wish to just have a lot of fun, but why would I wish for that? I’m already having so. Much. Fun.”

Matthew definitely caught her meaning. Neither were stupid, and both could reasonably put together what had happened now: Matt’s wish for a girlfriend had remade Lucas into such, and Lucas’ own wish to experience some fun had ensured that his, now *her*, personality would be upbeat and excited, not to mention very social.

They both had an arm around one another, even as the conversation turned to new things, both grappling with what they had inadvertently done.

“I’m your girlfriend,” Lucy said, unable to believe it, and similarly unable to keep the butterflies in her stomach at bay. God, even just saying out loud that she was Matt’s girlfriend filled her with a gooey warmth.

“Y-you’re my girlfriend,” Matt replied.

“They really are just smitten, aren’t they?” Eve laughed, and her parents chuckled along with her, and even more so when the next part happened.

They kissed.

Something in Lucy just melted as Matthew answered the call of this new reality. He knew reality had been rewritten, but he could also remember Lucy as that shy, pretty girl who had always been his closest friend. These feelings were mirrored by her, and she cupped his face with one hand, giving herself over to her womanly desires and her new female life. Nothing about this young man seemed boring to her now. In fact, she wanted this kiss with him to go on forever.

“Alright, that’s enough you two!” Sully said, still chuckling. “Leave some room for the-”

A series of great crackling sounds echoed across the sky, followed by louder booms and various cheering across the neighbourhood.

“Ah, there’s the fireworks!” Jessica announced. “Happening earlier each year.”

“It’s like magic,” Eve said dreamily. “Hmm, maybe next time I’ll grab the wishbone. I really want a boyfriend.”

Lucy and Matthew pulled apart, staring at the fireworks outside the window. Already, Jessica and Sully were moving to see them from the front lawn, and Eve too. The pair just stared at the wishbone.

“Holy shit, you wished me into a girl,” Lucy said, finally free to talk.

“I’m sorry, Lucy, I didn’t mean to! But - but you’re so much fun now!”

“So much happier,” she said, almost dreamily. She looked down at herself, then to the wishbone still upon the table, and then back to Matthew. Fireworks bloomed out in the sky beyond the window, and they seemed to bloom within, too. This was a second chance, and already her new memories sparkled in a way her old male ones never had.

“And I think I want to have a lot more fun,” she said, grinning cheekily. “While no one’s looking.”

Matthew grinned in return, and the two quickly fled upstairs to his room.

The fireworks would last a while: Lucy was more ‘fun’ in a lot of ways, it seemed.

The End