

Wishes Fulfilled

Chapter One-Dreams Do Come True

I dropped my head in shame as I came to a stop inside of my garage-the gentle bang of the garage door signaling me that it was time to get out of the car.

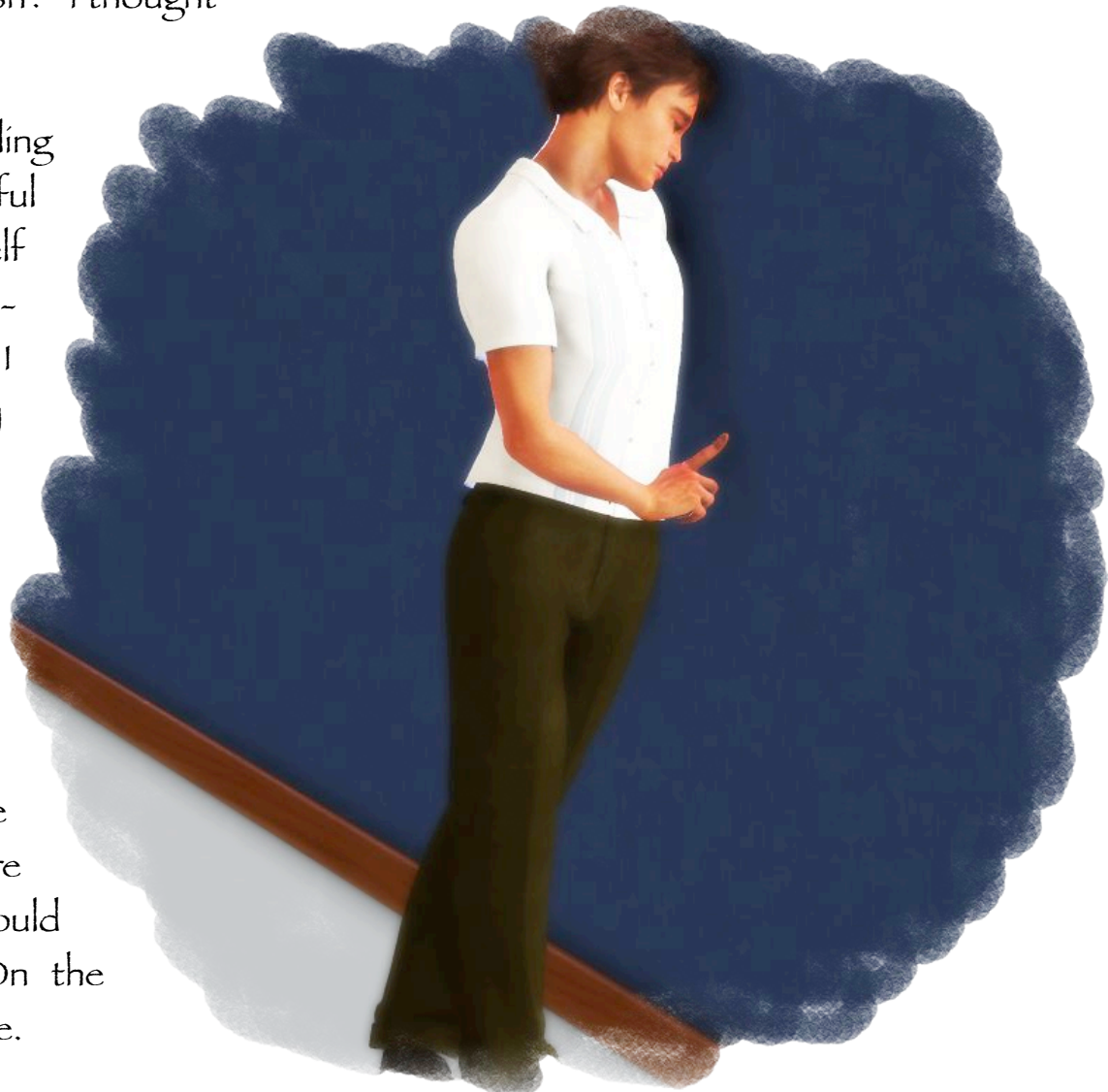
“Was I really that selfish?” I thought to myself.

My mind kept trailing back to Ella. Beautiful Ella, stuck by herself with Jack in that restaurant. All because I couldn't put off my little fantasy for just another couple of hours!

Was I wrong to desert her like that?

On the one hand, she was an adult-far more self assured than I could ever hope to be. On the other, she trusted me. She was my guest. I had introduced them

knowing that he was a bit of a player. But I hadn't told her that. Honestly, I was more interested in having her distracted for the night so that I could have the night to myself.



“Was I really that selfish?” I thought to myself.

I gathered my things and entered my home, my head still hanging low. Tonight was supposed to be the most exciting night of my life!

Slowly, after pouring myself a glass of wine, I made my way back to the study where I had left it. Sipping the warm red, I let my fingers drift over the hand written instructions. Would they really do as she promised? I certainly paid enough for that to be true!

I read the instructions again- desperately trying to find anything that I might have missed before-but there was nothing new to be found.

I had two choices. The first was as close as she could match to my current life. Similar job, similar interests-just the one shift that I had longed for my entire life.

The other option was where things got tricky! "Extreme beauty," she had written, "for a cost."

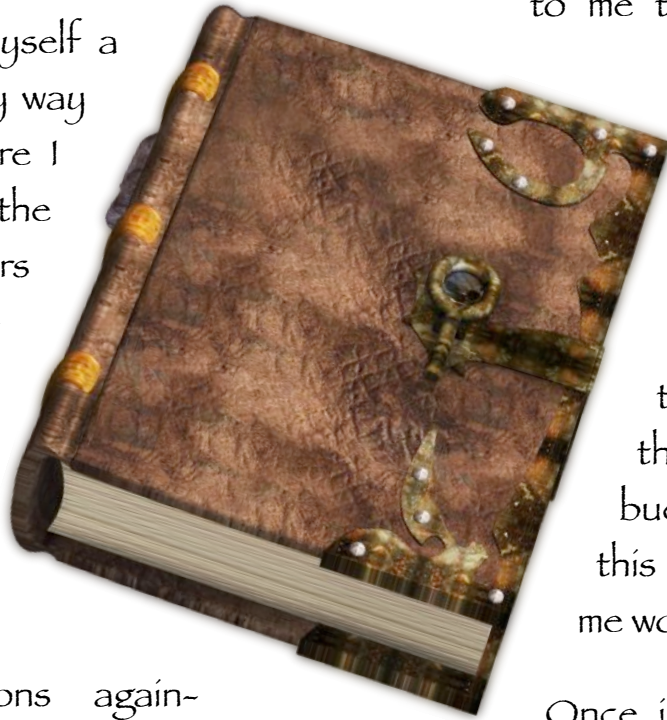
She didn't explain what the costs were. I guess that was for me to find out, and ultimately decide just which one was to be my life.

From what I could tell, there were three "spells" written on regular notebook paper that had been clipped to the center of the huge book. The spells were bound to me through a charm she had crafted from some personal items of mine I had sent her a few weeks ago. By reading the words aloud, they would channel the power she had imbued into the book and this alternate version of me would take my place.

Once in place, the new me would have a real history, occupation and would fit into my life as though she had been her all of my life. It would be as if I had been born into the world a woman. My greatest fantasy. My lifelong dream.

My salvation!

I would have as long as I needed to make my choice. However, once I had spent a total of three weeks in one of the bodies, my reality would completely change, and that would be the only me that existed. In her note, she said a spell on the book would magically transport it back into her hands-making the the choice permanent.



It had been a long week, but I had resigned myself to wait for the weekend to play, as it were, before trying out my new identities at work. Who knows, what if there was something I hadn't expected awaiting me once the transformation had become complete.

Or worse, what if it was a scam!

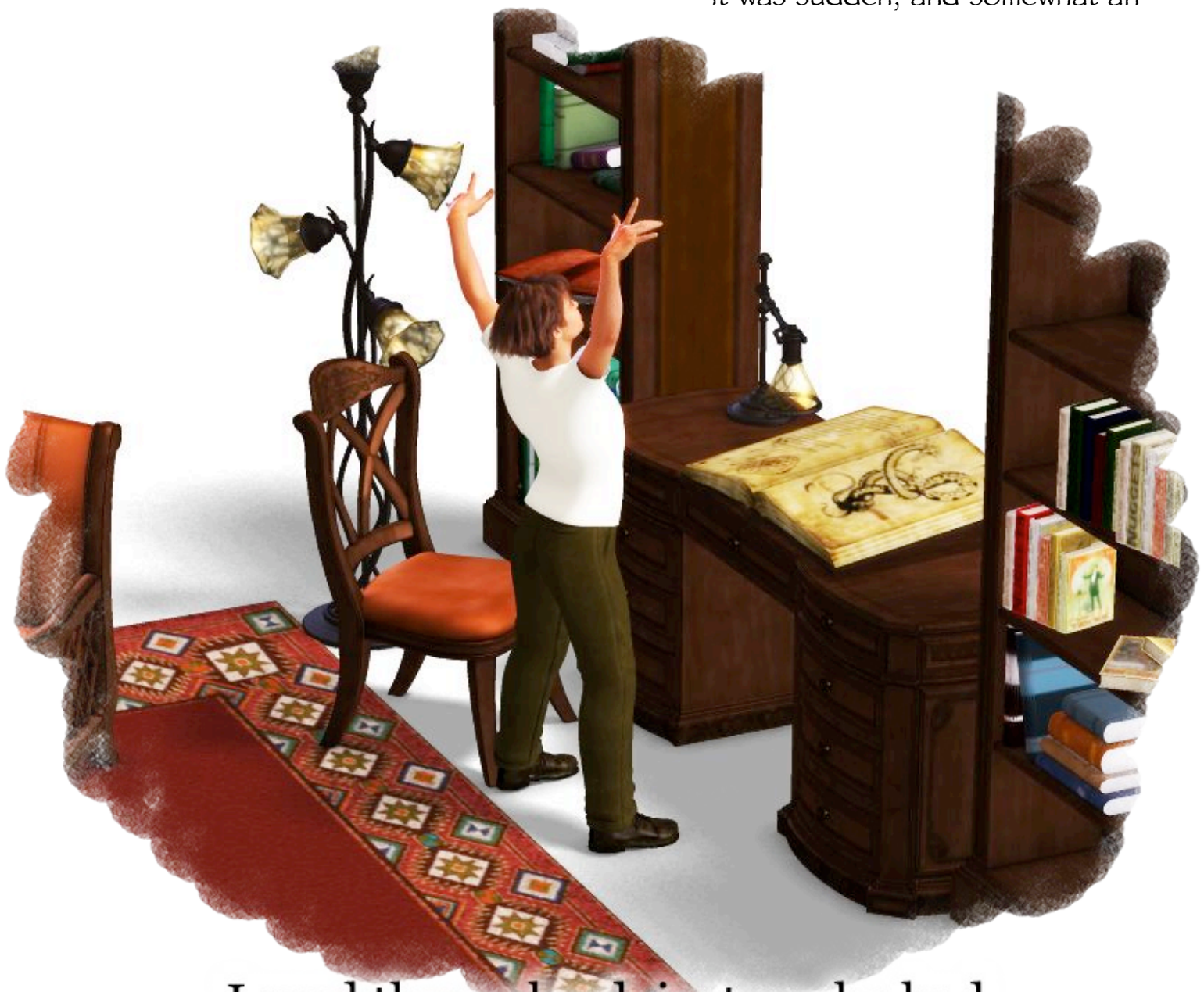
I was pretty sure 2 days weren't

going to be enough to recover from the heartbreak that reality would cause.

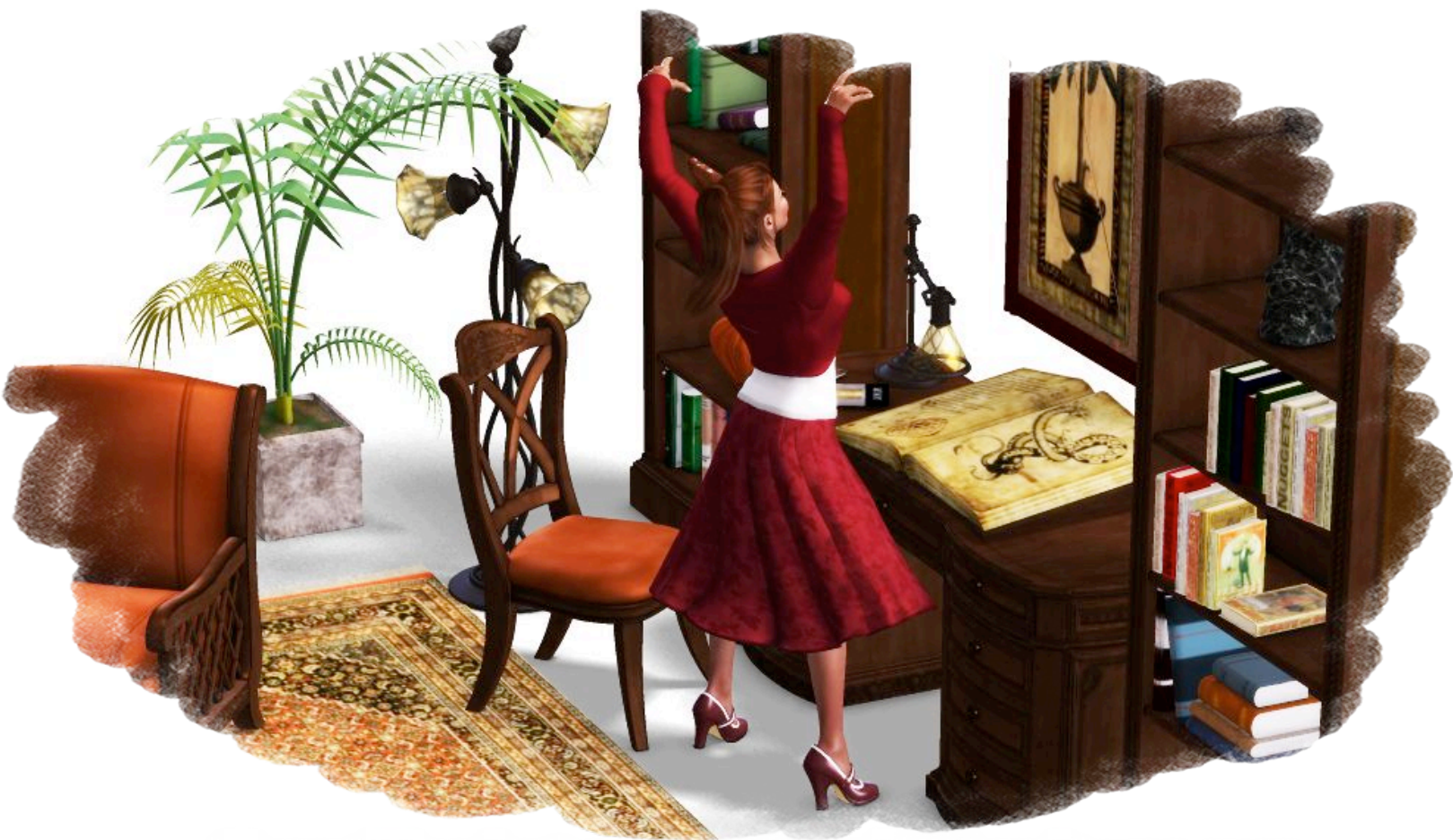
So, at long last, I began reading the strange words. I read them aloud, just as she had instructed-carefully following each of her rules.

Just as I finished the bizarre incantation, I felt it!

It was sudden, and somewhat an-



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ticlimactic. Suddenly, everything just sort of shifted. Then it was over.

I looked around the room. I knew in an instant that I had changed because everything seemed off. I couldn't tell by how much, but it was clear that I was a bit shorter than before. There were a few changes to the room itself as well—a new picture here, books that had been moved to one bookshelf or the other. Most of the furniture remained the same, since it was what was left behind when my grandmother died.

I took a few steps back and almost fell to the floor.

The “casual friday” dockers and polo had turned into a light sweater, skirt and heels! I was wearing heels! It had worked!

I stumbled for a second, but managed to barely grab onto the desk and keep myself upright.

“I will have to be more careful next time,” I said in a soft whisper.

That voice! It was so pure. So beautiful. And it was my voice!

“It can't be true!” I said aloud, smiling like never before. “It just can't be!”

I ran over to the small oval mirror beside the door and almost cried as I looked into the pretty blue eyes that looked back at me behind thick, dark lashes.

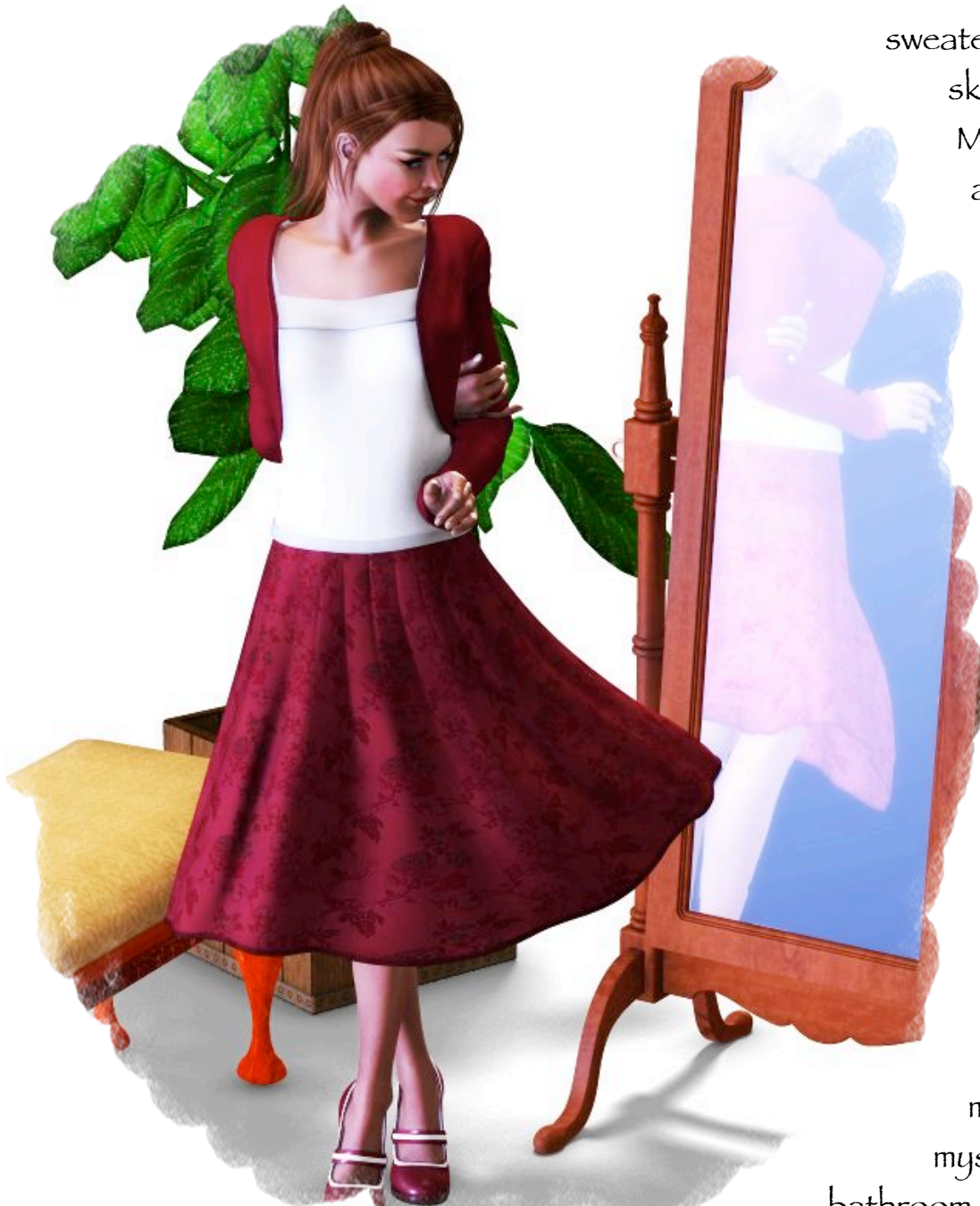
"You are beautiful," I said in a whisper.

I just stood there staring at my reflection. It must have been several minutes, but there was nothing I could do. I just couldn't pull myself away.

After a few minutes, I frantically ran into the bedroom and almost fainted as I saw myself in the full length mirror. There I stood looking so wonderful in a soft sweater and a sweet, playful skirt. I was wearing a skirt! My hair was pulled back in a comfortable, but professional little pony tail and I was wearing eye-liner and lipstick. Just the basics for me, it seemed!

I was frozen! I couldn't believe that I was seeing myself reflected in the mirror.

"Oh my god!" I said as I collapsed to the ground. Tears running down my cheeks leaving smeary trails-even that was a beautiful sight to me. I smiled as I laughed at myself and I walked into the bathroom, casually dabbing each eye with a tissue before splashing my



"Oh my god!"

face with warm water and scrubbing ever so softly.

When I was finished, there she was—staring back at me from the bathroom mirror. Fresh faced and slightly red-eyed. Her smile was a bit crooked and her brows were a little bushy, but the face I saw before me was more than of average beauty.

Nervously, I removed the fuzzy sweater from my body. Then I removed the soft halter and placed them carefully onto the vanity and admired my new chest.



"Maybe this was the beautiful one after all!!!"

My shoulders were small-slender with just a hint of definition beneath the soft roundness. My breasts were smallish, but they were breasts nonetheless, and looked soft and feminine. I let my open hands pull, ever so gently, up the smooth, flat stomach and stop just below the nipples. I pushed in a bit and cupped fully my small breasts as they rested inside the white cotton bra. I struggled for a moment but managed to successfully open the clasp and set it on top of the sweater.

Naked now from the waist up, I was shaking as I admired myself in the long mirror.

"I wonder if she was mistaken," I said in a soft, sweet whisper. "Maybe this was the beautiful one after all!"

There was no point

in waiting any longer. I had waited my life for this moment. "In for an ounce..." I whispered to myself with a smirk as I quickly pulled the skirt down my smooth, hairless legs.

I had to stop before I took off the panties because I was almost hyperventilating. I looked closely over myself as I stood there in my cute cotton panties looking so beautiful-so natural.

Once I was in control of myself once again, I pulled the soft waistband of the panties away from my soft tummy. There, in place of what I had known for nearly 30 years was something so much more beautiful, and so much more appropriate. Down inside the warm white cavern was the pure definition of womanhood. A vagina.

I let my breath catch up with me for a moment before I took the final plunge and quickly removed the panties and stared in si-

lence at the woman before me.

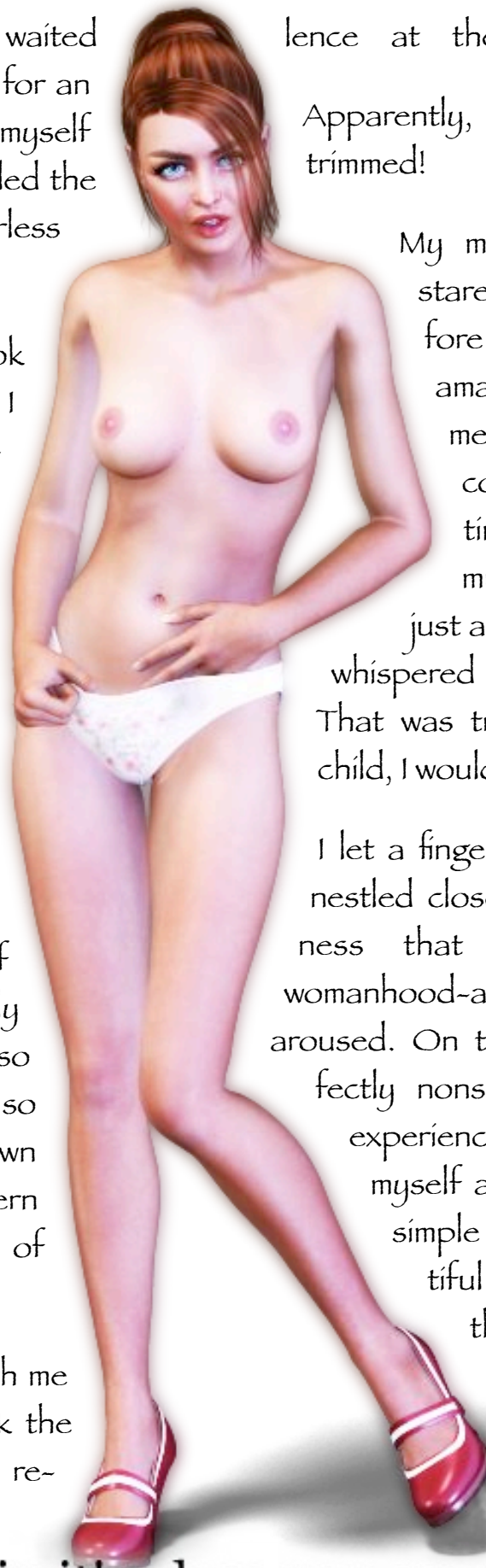
Apparently, I kept myself nicely trimmed!

My mind was swimming as I stared at the reflection before me. This woman, this amazing woman.....she was me! I was so happy! I couldn't remember the last time I felt this happy. It must have been when I was just a little child. "A little girl," I whispered to myself with a grin. That was true now. When I was a child, I would have been a little girl!

I let a finger trace those folds that nestled close to my body-the softness that truly did represent womanhood-and grinned. I wasn't aroused. On the contrary, I felt perfectly nonsexual about the whole experience. Yet, I couldn't draw myself away from this one, very simple detail. It was both beautiful and, frankly, it scared the hell out of me!

I was pulled out of my reverie by the ringing phone. I pulled the panties up quickly

There, in it's place was something much more appropriate



and ran into the living-room only to stare at the ringing phone.

The woman who set all of this up for me had told me that my new life would be similar to my old one. That many of my friends would still be friends with the new me-but I still didn't know what these new relationships were.

I stood there looking at it when the caller started to leave a message.

"Hi sweety!" it was Ella! "I just got in and realized I forgot to ask you about tomorrow. I hope we are still on for the exhibit at the Wistful Monkey. I can be at your house at ten in the morning? I was thinking we could get an early start and have a late lunch on the way back. Call me if that doesn't work for you."

It was as if everything I had ever hoped for had become true! Not only was I an at-

tractive woman, but the woman I had loved was still a close friend-and I would see her tomorrow morning!

I was so excited, I found the stereo and put in a CD. It was



"I can be at your house at ten in the morning"

a CD from the 80s, when I was a teen, but I didn't own any CDs from then....or, so I thought! I hit play and turned it

up high as I could while laughing. "Just like a schoolgirl when her parents are away!"

I don't know why, but I just couldn't contain myself. I was in a state of euphoria, and I had to embrace the excitement. So I just started hopping around like a child. I even tried to dance from time to time.

I couldn't resist singing along with the chorus when I wasn't too busy laughing.

"Her name is Rio," I sang in a clear alto. I had no trouble matching his range! Something that I had always struggled with as a teen.

It felt so good. Every move I made. Every step I took. The movement my hips made. The sensation of my longish hair as it teased the sides of my face with each hop. It was all perfect!

Then in a moment, my world shifted. My heart exploded from my chest and my face burned with an unseen fire.

The doorbell rang.

I froze completely. My mind was completely blank.



Her Name is Rio and she dances on the....sand

Who was out there at this time of night? It's much too late for anyone to drop by for a visit....except for one person.

I shrank back against the wall furthest from the door and slowly inched toward the back of the house.

If it were Jack, I could just pretend I didn't hear the doorbell. But what if it was an emergency? Once in the hall, I crept down to the laundry room and grabbed some sweats, pulling them up over my hips-they were a bit tighter than what I was used to, but they covered up my legs.

My heart jumped once again as the doorbell rang a second time.

I grabbed the matching shirt and held it over my bare chest as I decided what I should do. "If it rings a third time," I told myself, clutching the shirt tightly against my chest, "I'll put this on and answer the door."

After a few minutes and no third ring, I relaxed a bit. I found the strength to put the shirt on and slowly, my world came back into control as my heart settled back into my chest.

"I guess whomever it was is gone," I whispered to my-



I froze completely....The doorbell rang.

self as I pulled the shirt down over my waist. I grinned as I admired how it lay over my breasts - so soft and delicious.

I walked over to the study and looked at the book. "Shouldn't I try out the other spell?" I asked myself. She did say I would be incredibly beautiful, but...wasn't I perfect as I was?

I closed the book and decided to check in on my closet. I couldn't wait to see just what sort of changes might have been waiting there. On the way up the stairs, I was careful to grab the bottle of wine. Who could know how long this would take...and, there was nothing better than another glass of wine to make a new experience more fun!

As I had expected, the closet was packed full of everything imaginable. I

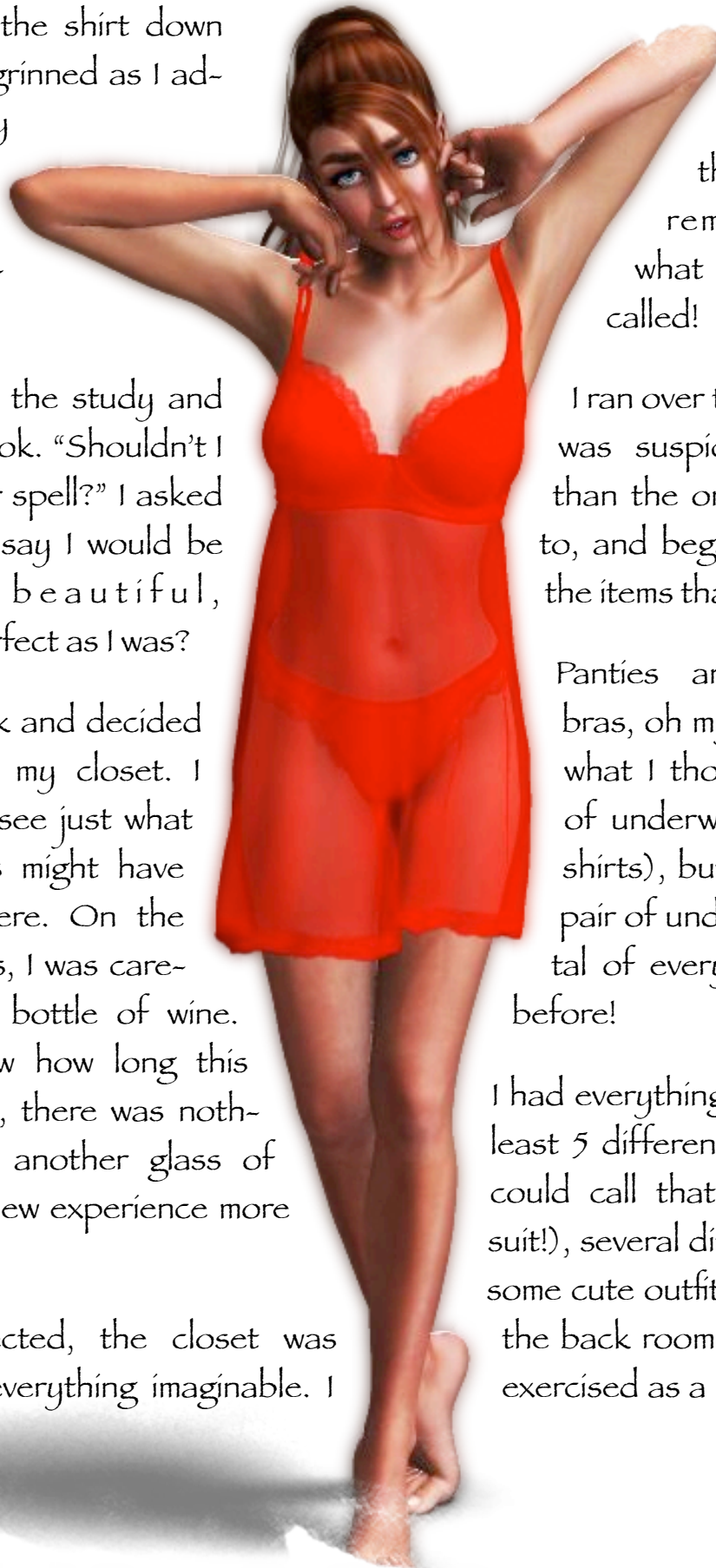
had dresses of every length and color, skirts and things that I couldn't remember offhand what they were even called!

I ran over to my dresser, which was suspiciously much nicer than the one I had been used to, and began pouring through the items that I found inside.

Panties and stockings and bras, oh my! I had always kept what I thought were a bunch of underwear (boxers and t-shirts), but I now owned more pair of underwear than the total of everything I had owned before!

I had everything I could imagine! At least 5 different swim suits (if you could call that one bikini a swim suit!), several different jogging sets, some cute outfits for working out in the back room downstairs (I never exercised as a man) and then gobs

I couldn't resist having some fun!



of clothes ranging from t-shirts to stylish silk blouses and skirts.

The closet was literally packed full of everything from business suits to what I somehow knew to be the dress I had worn to prom my senior year.

I stopped for a moment to reflect on the strangeness of having virtual memories. I couldn't really remember going to the prom, nor did I recall my date's name, but seeing the dress was all I needed in order to associate that event with why it was there.

As I let my mind focus on the memory, it became clearer! Thomas Wahl. That was my date's name!

While I could almost see us dancing together, I could also see us preparing for that stupid government presentation that everyone dreaded. I remember him telling me about some of the girls he dated...and in this new reality, I was one of those!

I ran my fingers down one of the fancy gowns. Unlike the prom dress, only one of these had any sort of distinct meaning. It was apparently the dress I had worn to the office Christmas party! As a boy, I had worn one of my suits. You know, the ones you break out whenever a

relative dies, or you have to go on an interview? As the girl Aubry, I actually went out specifically to buy a new dress, just for that party!

I couldn't resist having some fun, plus, the glass of wine I had been nursing since I started pouring through my closet was gone, and I was feeling the effects quite clearly! Pretty soon, I had gone through my closets and had made a huge mess of my bedroom!

Lying on my bed, exhausted, but undeniably giddy from the rush of being the new me, I stared up at the ceiling in my polka-dot bikini and said a small prayer of thanks to god. I had never been religious, but somehow, in this moment of jubilation, it seemed right.

It was bad of me. But that first night, I crawled under the covers, still in what was left of my makeup, and went to sleep.

