

See How You Like It - Alternate Ending

By FoxFaceStories

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 making she makes ill-worded wish that will alter not just Trent's life, but that of his friend Martin.

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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. You and Martin"

Trent collapsed back against the deck chair and shut his eyes. "Fuck. Lisa, I didn't mean - you know how guys are. Me and Martin -"

"I don't want to hear about Martin! No, I'm sick of this weasel-wording bullshit. I heard what you were going to say to him. 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? You still have to rely on your best friend to be your personal therapist? 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 heard, and I know especially what I heard." 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*. You and your incessant need to off load everything on your friend, while you two have a beer and chat like mates, but can't even talk to me about this! Fuck, even when Martin's on my side, he won't pass any of this to me."

“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! Martin’s given you advice! Or wait, you and Martin had another chat! 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. Martin’s here. Always fucking Martin. He’s a great guy! The best guy! So good you spend more time with him than me it seems. He’s your sounding board of indecision! 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. You’re always just relying on Martin. Martin this, and Martin that! This whole personal conversation that should be between me and you is instead relegated to a chat between the two men chugging beer together. I just **wish** that you two could see what it’s like, being the woman for a change!”

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 the two of you could see how you like it, having to be in a relationship with men where you two feel compelled to please them at all times, instead of having all your secret man cave chats.”

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 both of you could see how you like it, having to dress up and make up and be the perfect woman for someone!”

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. Enjoy your life with your partner. Evidently, that’s Martin, not me!”

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. I’m sure Martin might have his own opinions! I **wish** he could end up playing an actual housewife for good, since apparently that’s his pretend role for you right now!”

The final arm fell, and to his astonishment, the statue collapsed into ash. He gaped at the sight, almost not believing it, until his rational senses kicked in. After all, it was just a piece of tourist trash to spook non-locals. His main concern was the argument he was going through right now.

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 the two of 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.” Not to mention all the comments on him being codependent on Martin. Was that actually the case? Did he treat Martin like his own therapist? He mulled it over under the warm water. 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 two 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?"

"I heard nothing. Are you sure you're okay? You look a bit worse for wear."

Trent shook his head, examined his friend. "Are you sure about me? What about you? You're here commenting about my hair and skin, you didn't tell me you were getting extensions or trying a new skin routine or whatever."

Martin gave a puzzled look. "I'm not doing any of that. What are you even - what the hell!?"

He had placed his hand behind his head, and found the hair was long that it was meant to be. Now that he was no longer paying attention just to his own troubles, Trent seriously considered Martin's looks. His skin indeed was softer, just like his own. And his nose was sharper. In fact, his eyelashes were longer too.

"Dude, I swear I didn't do anything like this! How does hair grow like this?"

Martin stood, as did Trent.

"I have no idea," Trent replied. His blood was starting to turn cold. "But did you find yourself feeling a little off this morning? Like, less hungry than usual, and a bit sweaty?"

Martin nodded.

"And did you feel a strange sort of . . . chill, or energy, last night, after you left me to have it out with Lise?"

"I wouldn't put it that way, but yeah, now that you say it, I was having a beer right in this lounge when suddenly I kind of got this odd twist in my gut. Like being on a rollercoaster."

Trent's eyes went wide. His friend's hair was lighter than it should have been. And was it longer than just a few seconds ago.

"Hey Martin, something weird happened last night. Lise made a wish on that statue. The one with four arms. Well, she made several wishes. It was all about how she wished we were both girls and having to put up with being in her position, and how we should have to act like perfect women for men in our own life or some shit. It was crazy, but all of the arms on the statue dropped, and ever since then I've felt odd. Like, is it a coincidence?"

Martin was running his hands through his hair. It was definitely too long, too light, and his face looked even softer, his jaw rounder.

"It - no way. Magic isn't real. We're just feeling a little fried after everything that went down yesterday. I mean, you unloaded a lot on me, and maybe I just didn't realise how much I need a haircut, and -"

“Mate, your hair is turning lighter! And my voice sounds tinny! I was *there*. I think - I think that her wish is changing us s-somehow.”

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 both could see how you like it, being a woman.*”

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

But this time, Martin screeched as well. He lurched, nearly tripping over as he grabbed the back of a couch for aid, steadying himself.

“Oh God! I heard her too! Trent, I fucking heard her - OHHH!!”

His hair extended, his muscles shifted as well. Before his eyes, Trent could see his friend similarly slimming, his body altering and becoming increasingly soft and feminine.

“I told you!” Trent replied. “I t-told you that - UGGHH!!”

He arched his back again. Trent’s hair was becoming blonder and blonder, while Trent’s own 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! To both of us!”

Martin groaned, his voice cracking until it was nearly as high as Trent’s. “My lips! My lips are MMHPPH changing!”

They plumped up almost comically, until they were full and female, with a strangely glossy finish that spoke of a womanly fashion. He took a step back, dropping the phone he was about to use to call for help. Both their frames were shrinking and softening, and the two men were helpless but to experience their changes. Muscle and bone collapsed, and Martin in particular became shorter and . . . younger!”

“Holy sh-shit Martin! You’re looking like you’re in your mid-twenties!”

“What!? What the f-fuck!? I - ahhh! - I don’t want to change! Stop it, man!”

“I c-can’t! It was Lise’s wish, and she used all of them! It doesn’t even w-work for me! It can’t! It collapsed into f-fucking ash!”

“WHAT!?”

Martin shrieked, voice jumping up an octave again. He blinked, and his eyes turned the most brilliant ocean blue. Trent, meanwhile, clenched his eyes shut, only to open them again utterly changed. They were now a striking emerald green.

“Your eyes!” the two transforming friends shouted to one another at the same time. But their shared revelation was overcome by another common experience: the widening of their hips to positively womanly proportions. Trent’s altered first, his hips popping outwards with an audible *CRACK!* He gasped, falling backwards onto the couch. Martin managed to maintain his stance, but only barely. His hips weren’t as wide, but it still left the two looking odd. The fabric of their clothing struggled to contain them, and both men only just managed to unzip their shorts to give their hips ‘breathing room.’

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

The wind was sucked out of Trent 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. Oh God, is mine going to g-get that big too?”

The answer was no. Martin’s swelled up, becoming fine and peachy moments later, and he too shrieked at the invisible hands. The man was normally much calmer, but a spike in feminine hormones caused him to feel suddenly erratic. For Trent, the emotions were exaggerated further, as was his ass. The extra flesh rounded out the shorts and stretched the fabric slightly. Martin looked at his friend’s behind. It had become the perfect female posterior. But to his horror, there was no attraction to it, no male desire for the female. There was simply . . . jealousy.

“No! No, it’s changing my mind. Dude, you have to call Lise!”

“I can’t even contact her now! I called this morning and she’s blocked my number and changes hers!”

“Shit!”

More changes followed for both men, one victim more deserved, the other unfortunately and unfairly caught up in the wording of the wishes. Their faces rearranged, becoming more feminine, with slim jaws, ovoid faces, rounder chins, and smaller noses. Trent’s became more button cute, while Martin’s was a little more straight and angular. Trent’s skin was lighter, losing its slightly tanned appearance and gaining a smattering of cute freckles that ticked his skin. Martin, on the other hand, gained more of a tan, looking increasingly a bit like some sort of surfer babe. Both were reaching the point of becoming unrecognisable.

But their emasculation was only just reaching its zenith.

Trent realised what was happening first. He widened his eyes, trembling in terror. “My - my - my dick! It’s - AARGGH!”

He clutched at his crotch, squirming as his sizable 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.

“Trent! No, don’t tell me - that’s not gonna happen to me. Don’t let it happen to you!”

“I c-can’t! It’s going up! It’s - 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.

Martin witnessed it all, and perhaps witnessing it was all the worse, because now he could dread exactly what was coming. The only mercy was that he didn’t have to wait long. It happened quickly, but it felt like an eternity to him, as his manhood - also impressive - slid back into his body. He tried to contain his shrieking, but he began to wail anyway, the

discomforting sensation of his balls pulling into his body and becoming a pair of ovaries was simply too much to take in.

By this point, Trent'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.

Martin, meanwhile, actually *gained* a little height, becoming a statuesque stunner for a woman at 5'9. His hair continued to spill down his back, platinum blonde and curly to Trent's silky straight. The rest of his body tanned, but he maintained some unexpected muscle compared to the slim Trent. While Martin became the image of a sexy young tanned Instagram influencer type, Trent looked more like a hot suburban single type. Both were undeniably attractive.

In a few moments, the changed men stood there breathing, both adorned in far-too-large clothing.

"Is - is it over?" Martin asked, his voice now a sexy young twang. Sort of sensual.

"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!"

Martin realised instantly too. He pawed at his chest, feeling the change that was occurring. Both men cursed themselves for not expecting it earlier. Two twin points of pressure slowly rose in their respective chests, as if there was a force behind them, pushing outwards, willing the tissue and fat to grow, to expand.

"Trent, your chest!"

"Your t-too!"

"I know man, I know! Ooohhhhhh . . . they're growing!"

"M-mine too!"

Trent 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!"

Martin followed suit. He ripped off his shirt, and found that while his changes were always a few seconds or more behind Trent's, his own coming breasts were actually rapidly expanding beyond that of his friends, expanding to supersede them.

"Not bigger! No, I don't want them b-bigger!"

But it didn't matter what Martin wanted, because they were indeed. Both men planted their hands on their surging breasts, trying to contain them. But they simply swelled outwards, defying both men's attempts and making fools of them. With every puff of the two men - well, two *women's* - breaths, tissue continued to form, creating perfect teardrop-shaped breasts. They zoomed past A-cups and B-cups, finally slowly until Trent had quite ample C-cups. Generous by anyone's standards, but inwardly he was actually slightly disappointed. He managed to keep that disappointment a secret, as he had a number of associated things for many years.

Martin, on the other hand, was making no secret of his own despair. His breasts surged past those of his friends, swelling and bloating until he had a ripe set of Double-D's that hung heavy and full upon his chest, flushed yet perfect. They jiggled with his movements, the tan nipples throbbing with an unwanted, sudden arousal.

"They're huge! Dude, what have you done to me?"

"I didn't do it, it was all Lise!"

"If you'd just committed to her!"

Trent clenched his teeth shut, regaining his or her breath. Both former men were in shock over what had just transpired in mere minutes. Martin was silent, taking in *her* own changes. She looked like a sexy surfer babe indeed, no older than twenty two or so, with a tan body and impressive chest and hair that hung to below her shoulders. She had pouty lips and a sort of bimbo look about her, even though her eyes were panicking.

Trent, on the other hand, looked far more respectable, though still just as hot in a different sense. She looked like a woman who could take care of herself, with mid-length hair and a feisty set of emerald eyes, and the kind of hips that could well fill out a pair of mom jeans.

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

"Um, are you forgetting *me* too, Trent? Your crazy ex - the one you ticked off - has made us both into women with her crazy wishes! You've got to explain this.

The gorgeous brunette 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. "Well, I definitely heard her a moment ago, Trent. This is insane. The wishes were real, and now we're both women. Is she haunting us psychically or something?"

Trent spoke, not used to his new soprano voice. "I don't think so. 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, and included you in them. It was all about how I was indecisive and didn't know what I wanted and always trying to micromanage her. And she blamed you for always being more of a girlfriend and housewife than she could ever hope to be."

Martin slapped her forehead, wincing a little. "You've got to be kidding me. What else is there?"

"I wish that both of you could see how you like it, having to dress up and make up and be the perfect woman for someone!"

Both new women froze. They looked to one another, and there was a moment of recognition as they each nodded to one another. They had *both* heard the voice.

"What does it mean?" Martin asked.

But Trent already had an idea. After all, her proximity to the original wishes seemed to make it so that they affected her first. Certainly, she felt a strange compulsion. A warmth she couldn't explain, though it was mingling with another warmth she didn't dare give voice or admission to. The one that told her she'd *always* wanted to be a woman. She pushed it away, instead focusing on the overwhelming desire that was coming over her.

"I think - I think it means we need to dress up. Need to look sexy for . . . someone. Or someones."

Martin trembled. "I feel it too. Crap. I need to do my hair. Wear something nice. Something hot. No, I don't want that!"

But he most certainly did. They both did. They tried to stay in place, but the sight of their bare chests and sagging men's shorts was too much to bear.

"M-maybe just a little adjustment?" Trent offered, though she was starting to feel a strange excitement, one not just pushed by compulsion.

Martin swallowed. "N-no. That's not a good idea."

"I don't think I can fight it. I'm sorry! I'll be back!"

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. 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. Lucky Martin, to have those instead. 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, even if it was meant as a curse, and she could well be stuck this way. 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, obviously trying to hide a clear smile.

Martin suddenly burst in, heading straight to the bathroom mirror and throwing a pile of clothing that looked a lot like women's dresses on the counter. Trish immediately frowned, despite her inner joy. Martin couldn't know her secret wants. Instead, her friend was freaking out. She was dealing with her own altered, sexy body. Her big Double-D's wobbled heavily on her chest, and her long blonde hair bounced with each movement, slightly curly as it was. She couldn't help but pout, even pose in the mirror.

"Oh God, I look like a blonde bimbo," she whined. "I didn't even do anything and now I feel this strong need to dress up!"

She felt over her body, groping her tits and exhaling at their marvellous sensitivity. Unlike Trent/Trish, Martin had never desired to be a woman. Sure, he was going through a dry patch, but his orientation was one hundred percent straight for girls, and he'd hoped to find the perfect woman for him one day.

Well, now she was that perfect woman, with a ripe chest and gorgeous fit body that just spoke of sex and sensuality. It horrified her, but the need to dress up, to correct her looks remained.

"What is this?" Trish asked, gesturing at the clothes pile.

"Everything I own is female now, man. Even my shorts were changing on the floor - yours too! When I went to find something I couldn't help but grab these clothes and - and come here to try them on with you!"

Martin held them up, and a number of articles caught Trish's attention. Once more, she held back that innermost desire to jump with glee, to finally tell her oldest, closest friend

that her dream had come true. But it would be a cruel mockery of Martin's fate, trapped as she was instead. As such, she simply took a green cocktail dress from the pile and began to put it on, her body acting as if it were entirely natural to her, like a second instinct.

"It's the compulsions!" she lied, and Martin nodded sadly.

"I have them too . . . for the red one."

She gestured at a gorgeous red dress that was simultaneously classy and sexy, with a deep v-neck for her pert double-D's.

"I've got t-to hold off."

Only Martin couldn't. Even as she said it, she was putting on the dress, matching her friend. It fit her dimensions perfectly, and while she found it not as easy as Trish obviously did, she managed to adjust her large breasts into the in-built cups, following Trish's example. The two former men then proceeded to do their makeup, finding lipstick, foundation, eyeliner, and haircare products in the drawer of Martin's bathroom.

"This is crazy," Martin said, applying some eyeshadow. "We're cursed. We have to find a way out of this. What is it even doing to us? We're becoming perfect women or something, but for who?"

Trish had a notion. After all, they were heading out into the night. It was the only logical conclusion: they were dressing in sexy tight outfits to go clubbing, searching for dates. Lisa had wished for both Trent and Martin to experience life dressing up and being submissive partners to men, even housewives! She shivered with a mix of anxiousness and excitement at the prospect, but she didn't want to make Martin too nervous.

"I think we're just going clubbing. Showing off our new bodies. Maybe it'll be fun."

"Fun!? What the hell is wrong with you, dude?"

"Hey, you're meant to be the calm one, remember? The laid-back one? I'm just saying . . . maybe the wish will wear off tomorrow if we do what it asks, right?"

Martin cooled down a little. She considered that her friend was likely right. After all, they wouldn't be stuck forever like this, right? That would be too much? She placed on her heels, trying to rationalise that thought process in her head. Yes, it only made sense. Lise had wanted to punish Trent, and Martin had been caught in the crossfire. She was a relaxed, quietly passionate man. She would be so again. She would have to be! Martin stared down at the chasm of cleavage presented by her dress, which lifted her breasts and pressed them together. A sight for any man.

"Okay, okay. We'll follow these compulsions. Just be a couple of girls for the night. No funny business. Look pretty for some men, but go no further than that - no fucking further - and then we turn back. And then we never, ever speak of this again, and you never talk to Lisa again either, got it?"

Trish nodded, putting on her own heels and doing one last check over her supercute dress. God, she really was a damn looker.

“Got it. We’ll be changed back tomorrow.”

And she really did hope she would change back. Well, she hoped Martin would turn back. It would be a shame for him to suffer just because she now had a possible dream life all due to an unexpected series of wishes. But as they left the house, hips sashaying side to side as they looked every part the sexy women they were, a small part of her thought maybe it would be worth the price.

As they began to drive off, Martin still looking irritatingly down at her cleavage, complaining of her current situation, Lisa’s voice returned.

“I wish he could end up playing an actual housewife for good, since apparently that’s his pretend role for you right now!”

Trish coughed, remembering that exact wish. Martin’s eyes bulged.

“H-housewife?” she st
uttered.

But it was too late. Trish had started the car, and the new instincts of the women were pulling them like a black hole to the centre of the town.

They were on the search for men.

For hubbies.

And excitedly in Trish’ case and reluctantly in Martin’s, both were starting to feel more than a little aroused between their soft thighs. Whether they intended for it or not, both of them knew that they would soon be finding some *very* attractive men to make them the women they were now going to be for the rest of their lives.

Two years later, Trish knocked on Maria’s door. The gorgeous blonde opened it, turning slightly red on her gorgeous tanned features.

“Oh, hello Trish. You’re early.”

“Sorry, I was just so excited to see you. Harold is with me.”

She shifted slightly, letting her husband come into view. The tall man was one she had indeed met that very night out at the clubs. She had been drawn to him almost magically - perhaps certainly so - and they had spent the night laughing and giggling and dancing and flirting. And then, to her friend’s shock, she had given in to her passions and taken Harold back to her place instead of returning to Martin’s. And she had had let Harold fuck her all night long until she was sure she never, ever wanted to be a woman again. They had been fucking ever since, and twice as much on their wedding night just six months later.

“Hello Harold. Come on in,” Maria said. “Dave is out back, readying the barbecue.”

“Fantastic. I’ll go join him. Have a little manchat while you wonderful ladies have some time together. It’s great to see you Maria, you’re positively glowing by the way.”

Maria flushed red again, thanked him as he passed into the backyard. She closed the door and waddled over to the living room, Trish in tow.

“Still a bit overcome by it all?” Trish said.

Maria sighed, lowering herself to the couch and rubbing her distended belly. “What gave it away? The sigh, the blushing, or the constant kicking of a damn baby inside me?”

Trish gave a sympathetic sigh. She reached out and rubbed her friend’s stomach, marvelling at the life that grew within her friend’s rounded dome.

“You must like it a little, at least?”

Maria scoffed. “Please, the babies are always kicking, I need to pee every five minutes, and I’m only seven months along! I’ve still got two more months of this! Not to mention my boobs got even bigger!”

She gestured to her enlarged chest, which made Trish a little jealous again. She still had her C-cups, and while she had loved life as a woman, she did wish for some of her friend’s curves. Certainly, Maria would have traded them in a hot second. She always complained about her big boobs, particularly since her husband loved them so much. Unlike Trish, whose romance had blossomed so quickly and naturally, Maria had endured her own trajectory in a way that was much more confronting for the poor former male. She managed to hold against her growing arousal that first night, but it only meant she was compelled to go out alone on the second night. And from that point, it was gloves off for her libido. After just a week, she had slept with nine men, some more than once. Her younger body was addicted to sex, and with her full chest and gorgeous starlet looks, she wasn’t lacking for interest. It humiliated her, as unlike Trish she never wanted to be a woman, and instead of coming as a relief it only became worse when a certain tall dark-haired man named David became first her boyfriend, then her husband, and now the father of her future baby.

Trish looked at her friend with sympathy, but also a slight frustration. She knew that Maria had never wanted to be a woman, unlike her. But while she would never reveal that hidden desire to her friend, she did try to encourage her to enjoy womanhood and embrace her life.

“Well, I think it’s beautiful, Marty,” she said, referencing her old name. “You’re making life, and that’s something you could never do as a man.”

“Yeah, I guess. It is pretty amazing at times. But it’s so embarrassing. I thought for sure you would be the first one pregnant.”

“I know! I’m so jealous!”

Maria scoffed. "You're so crazy. From indecisive, uncertain Trent to devoted Trish. If I didn't know better I'd say you were meant to be a woman, and God made a mistake."

Trish laughed. "Who knows! But maybe one day you too will realise that it's actually pretty nice being a lady, especially such a good looking one. I'm sure Dave takes good care of you."

Another blush in Maria's tan cheeks. "Even seven months along, he's insatiable. I won't lie, sometimes I don't even mind. Just you wait till you're pregnant, Trish. Your hormones go off the charts, and this body is already pretty damn horny."

Trish grinned, drawing closer to her friend. "Well, I do have some news on that front."

For a moment, Maria just gave a quizzical expression. And then the penny dropped.

"Oh my God, really? How far along?"

Trish beamed. "Just eight weeks. I'm only barely, barely showing, but I wanted you to be the first to know other than the hubby. After all, you're my best friend."

Maria sighed, relaxing into a small smile as her child kicked in her womb. "I guess we still have that, don't we? Friendship, I mean."

"Absolutely."

"Even if we're stuck as hot housewives who have to act perfect and sexy for our manly husbands."

"Even if we're stuck like that." Not that Trish actually minded. She loved sucking her husband's cock, cleaning the house, and dreaming of making him babies. But certainly Maria didn't plan on that.

"Well, I guess that's something. I'm happy for you, Trish. Really. I'll tell you what to expect with childbirth. Not a sentence I ever expected to say!"

The two women shared a laugh together, and then slowly relaxed into ordinary conversation, gossiping and chatting about love lives and recent events and the sports channels they were still into, much to the surprise of their husbands. As always, the conversation hit on an old point, one that Maria always brought up.

"So now word from Lise? Nothing about a new statue or anything?"

Trish just shook her head. "She's in Brazil now, living with her new boyfriend. The small contact I did get did nothing for me. She didn't believe I was Trent, and she certainly wouldn't believe anything about you. And besides, the statue is gone. From what I can tell, the wishes are permanent."

Maria gave a chuckle. "God, well aren't I lucky that Dave wants a real big family?"

She rubbed her stomach, laughing bitterly and sarcastically.

"Yeah, I'm just as lucky myself," Trish replied.

Only unlike her friend, she truly meant it. Perhaps after a few more years had passed, maybe Maria would even feel that way too. Maybe. But one thing was for sure: she

was definitely going to be barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen for a long time to come, given how much her husband loved to fuck her.

Trish couldn't wait for her life to turn out the same way.

The End