

If Wishes Were Kisses - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

Linda walked slowly, almost in shock, away from the bedroom. Her fingers curled around the video camera, gripping it for dear life. She had always known, deep down, that hiding who she was would come back to bite her one day. But she had never imagined it having such dire ramifications for somebody else. Ever since she was young she'd known she was...wrong. As a girl she had always been more drawn to other girls, when she got old enough to start developing crushes she was shocked to find she never turned boy crazy like her friends. She had acted on these urges all of once, only to have her best friend, an Irish exchange student and the most beautiful girl she had ever met, reject her soundly. More than reject her really, she called her a sinner, a little freak who was destined for the fires of Hell. Linda had never been religious but something about the fire in Marcy's eyes had scared her; she had vowed from that day on to be normal.

She'd gone on dates with men, convinced herself that good friendship were love and that it felt wonderful to be fucked by them. When she met Ben and he was funny and kind, she had decided he was as good as any other. Had she really grown so distant that he'd thought a potion was the only answer? The sound of plastic groaning brought her back to the present. She had walked right past the study to the end of the hall, her grip on the camera so tight there was a slight buckle to the side. Whoops. Glad for the distraction she turned the camera over in her hands, checking for any other damage her sharp nails could have caused till her eyes landed on the playback screen. It was frozen on a still image of Ben, almost fully transformed; red long hair, huge ass, giant breasts; all the things she secretly loved. It was so wrong, but arousal swirled in her stomach looking at the image. With burning cheeks she quickly looked behind her to check if the coast was clear before ducking into the bathroom. The polite thing to do would be to delete it but...she had been in so much shock watching her husband transform before her eyes she had not really been paying attention to the details. With trembling fingers she locked the door, sliding down against the door and clicking playback.

"I never knew you liked guys with red hair."

One hand covered her mouth to hide her heavy breathing, watching her plain, milk toast husband change right in front of her again. His hair was fiery red, just like Marcy's had been, juxtaposed against his pale freckled skin he really did look like an Irish beauty. How had she

never realised just how hung up on that girl she was? Ben was groaning now, his new tits swelling against his chest, he cupped them in shock as they burst through his shirt, sending buttons flying. Linda moaned; they were such lovely tits; bigger than hers and the nipples stood out so much more thanks to Ben's now creamy skin. Even in the tiny video screen she could clearly see the hard nipples. Without meaning to, she imagined what it would feel like to suck on them. Her hand slowly sank from her mouth southwards to the front of her jeans.

Her husband was having an emotional meltdown, his entire life turned upside down and here she was getting turned on by his misfortune. It was wrong, so wrong and that made it feel all the more right. With a shakily moan her finger slipped inside her jeans, brushing against her mound and pressing down on her clit just as Ben's ass began to swell. His hips were so wide, how good would it feel to hold onto them, to grab handfuls of the soft, peachy butt?

She was rubbing faster now, clit slick with wetness as her legs began to shake. The video was coming to an end, she had tuned out the words, seeing only the images and hit pause. Ben was half bent over, tits hanging low, his pretty mouth frozen in a perfect circle. Paired with his wide eyes and flushed features, Linda could pretend it was his new O face. That did it, she shuddered, cumming harder than she had in years, a small squirt of wetness staining her panties. The pleasure made her whole body relax back into the floor and for a moment she was in a perfect haze of post-coital bliss. Then the guilt hit her; what the fuck was wrong with her? Marcy had been right all those years ago, she was a freak. Poor Ben, he was probably having a full on mental break back in their bedroom, a break she drove him to, and here she was, acting like a whore. She really was the worst wife in the world.

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Permanent.

Irreversible.

Drink at your own peril.

No matter what he googled, what he read on the instructions on the box it was always the same. Ben's heart felt as though it were about to give out. How could he have been so blind; his wife as a goddamn lesbian. No wonder none of his efforts had reinvigorated their marriage, so long as he had a dick between his legs there was nothing he could have done. Were he a better man, perhaps this would still be a win; after all, he was now if there was only one thing he could trust now, it was that his wife most certainly found this body

attractive. But Ben was not a better man; hell, he was not a man at all anymore! He knew for certain had he known, he would never have drunk that potion.

He looked down at his new body and felt ill; it was gorgeous, he had to admit but it felt wrong. Like his skin didn't quite fit. That feeling was not helped by the tightness of his pants. Lacking any better options he kicked off the pants, revealing a mound of curly red hair. The carpet matched the drapes, so it seemed. Without any hesitation he reached for Linda's drawers, feeling no guilt slipping into a pair of her panties and sighing with relief when they fit. Just. There was no way her bras would fit but this was something at least. Humiliation burned through him as he dressed in her loosest sweater and pants in effort to hide his curves. There was simply no getting around it though; they were too big to hide even in the baggiest of clothing. Looking in the mirror he knew the outfit did not look flattering. Good. He did not want to look like a sexy woman to his wife right now. If he had to suffer, so did she. He groaned; what would he do tomorrow though? Or the day after? He'd have to buy his own clothes eventually, women's clothes. The idea near made him pass out as all the blood rushed to his face; how could he have been so stupid as to make this irreversable?

Hang on, this potion was not reversible, that had been clear but what if he got another and found a sample from a straight woman. He would not get his old body back, that was certain but at least he would be male again. Hope began to bloom in his chest only to wither and die as he placed another potion in his cart only to be stopped. A pop up blocking his screen.

'Our system shows you have purchased this item before. Unfortunately, due to the potency of this spell, it is highly recommended you do not drink another for at least six months or the side effects can be dire.'

The words were surrounded by awful images of people with half formed faces; one side of their hair red, the other black, half tanned, half coffee black. As desperate as he was to change back, he did not want to risk...that. Images of himself with one tit and one pec, half a swollen ass and half taugt, filled his mind. No thank you. The little words on screen flashed and buried in his mind, six months, it wasn't that long in the grand scheme of things, perhaps he could wait six months. It would be a humiliating, awful six months but when it was over, he could be some semblance of himself again and start a whole new life somewhere else where nobody knew him. Alone. Then maybe, he could find a woman who would love him for him.

It was the tensest lunch he had ever had. He and Linda sat across from one another at the bench, silently chewing their sandwiches. He had been tempted to make a 'go make a sandwich joke' when he'd walked into the kitchen and found them set out but thought better. Now he was waiting; if she thought he would break the silence, she was dead wrong.

"How...are you feeling?"

"How the fuck do you think?!" Ben threw his spoon across the room before sitting down with a defeated sigh, "Sorry, that was uncalled for."

"No, I think it was very called for." Linda looked at her hands, unable to meet his eye. "If I were you I'd hate me."

"If I am honest." Ben bit his lip, knowing he would likely regret the words despite their truthfulness, "I do a little."

There was another pause, the few feet between them may as well have been miles.

"Well, I suppose we should talk about it." Ben sighed finally, rubbing his forehead in frustration, "Let's get the big stuff out of the way and figure out where we stand."

"Good idea, we can take turns!" Linda suggested, "You can go first."

"Alright," He took a deep breath and stared straight into her, "Did you ever love me?"

Finally her dark eyes met his.

"Yes." She whispered, "Just not the way I should have."

Linda curled a finger nervously around her hair.

"I wanted to be in love with you; you're funny and kind and smart, any woman would be lucky to have you as their partner. I figured, I liked you well enough, I considered you a good friend and thought that with time that would become love. But I could never quite shake the fact that I was..."

“Settling?” He added coldly, Linda nodded.

“You have always been so happy, so...go with the flow.” She shrugged, “I never realised you were picking up on my disappointment.”

“No offence Linda, but you didn’t exactly hide it well.”

She winced.

“Why the potion, why not just talk to me?”

“I tried!” He cried, “But you always said nothing was wrong or made some excuse about being tired. I tried so hard to fix this and now I find out there was no way I could have! I just...wanted my wife to love me, to find me attractive again.”

Linda opened her mouth a few times then closed it again.

“You’re right. This is my fault at least in that regard, but why did you not tell me about the potion before you drank it!”

“I wanted to surprise you, turn up as your perfect man,” Ben gave a bitter bark of laughter, “So much for that.”

“So, what’s our plan from here?”

Linda reached into one of the kitchen drawers and produced a sheet of paper and pen.

“There is nothing we can do to change the past. So let’s deal with the future.”

Ben explained the six month time limit and Lisa began scribbling down a plan, thinking of viable excuses for both his work and their friends to explain his absence and the sudden appearance of this new woman she was living with. They decided to keep the video, just in case, that way if he desperately needed to prove his identity they had it. In the end, it was Linda who came up with the game plan.

“First, we tell our friends you are going on a six month business trip, going to work at some sister firm in...India! We’ll tell them your internet plan there is crap and you can only

communicate via messenger and such, no video, takes up too much data. Then for work, I'll make up a doctor's certificate for something like a spinal injury. Legally, they can't fire you and we'll say you need six months rehab. No pay during that time but at least you won't lose your job entirely. As for you now, we can say you're an old friend of ours from out of state and you came to stay with me while Ben was away. Sound good?"

Despite his anger, Ben felt that same spark of admiration in his chest watching his wife methodically figure out each step of their scheme. She was so bright and organised, she was criminally underappreciated just working as a secretary when really, she could be CEO.

"Yeah," He swallowed down the affection, doing his best to remain furious, "I think that will work."

"I'll get started on the doctor's note and file before calling your office." She nodded, "Then we will go shopping to find you some clothes of your own. My shout."

She was over compensating, trying to do anything to bury her guilt, it was obvious. Still, he was not about to complain, she *did* need to make things up to him.

"I guess I'll go watch tv till you're ready to go to the mall then."

"Good idea, I will be in the study." She practically raced past him and Ben huffed.

Even now that he was her perfect woman she could not wait to be rid of his presence.

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Linda felt safe, secluded in the study again. She made sure to slam the door hard enough that the stupid broken latch didn't come undone and sat herself down at the desk. She taped away at the keyboard, letting the familiar solid feeling of the keys beneath her fingers ground her. This was something she could do; she had always had a one track mind when it came to work, able to focus so clearly on a single path that nothing could stand in her way. She was grateful for the distraction; anything to keep the gnawing guilt at bay. As she clicked across photoshop creating the fake documentation needed to fool Ben's office her eyes glanced across the folders in her directory. While no more noticeable than the rest of the surrounding files one stood out; quilting ideas. She had always loved craft, Ben once joked that she had busy hands, if she wasn't typing she was creating in some capacity. Lovely as

he was, even Ben could not feign an interest in it, so she knew that fil was the perfect place to hide her stash.

Hidden in yet more sub folders just to be safe was her collection; slowly built up over the years in secret. Pictures of women, a few videos too, her secret and most shameful collection. Each time she opened those files and got aroused she felt guilty. Always intending to delete them later but she never did.

Her eyes drifted to the cable connecting the video camera to her computer; she had copied the video over to ensure they had a backup in case something happened. She felt as though her eyes were about to bore holes in it. She had already acted shamefully; her pussy still tingling slightly in a reminder of her debauched behaviour. To keep a copy just for her, to put a video of her husband in her porn folder was unthinkable cruel. Getting off on it once was bad enough.

“I’m going to hell anyway...” She whispered to herself, dragging a copy over and into the folder. She couldn’t watch it, not now but...maybe later.

It was a cruel twist of irony that now she found Ben hotter than ever; God what she would not give to run her tongue across that exquisite body but now, it would be forever out of reach. Ben would never want to sleep with her again. She imagined what it would feel like to lick a stripe down his new pussy, to feel those silky folds under her tongue. What would he sound like now, when he moaned? Would it be breathy and high like her instead of those deep, masculine baritones that always turned her off?

Linda bit the inside of her cheek and forced her eyes forward, so much for a one track mind. She had not felt so flustered since she was a school girl around Marcy. She refocused, quashing down the arousal and refusing to give in. She refused to degrade her husband any more than she already had.

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“I feel stupid.” Ben muttered standing in the middle of the department store, “I have no idea what I am doing.”

He was surrounded by a veritable forest of clothing of every shape and style you could imagine and then a few you couldn’t. Men’s clothing was simple, pants and shirts in half a dozen different base designs, he never realised just how complicated female clothes could get. No wonder Linda spent forever picking out a single pair of socks; he was standing before an entire wall of socks and underwear totally baffled by all the different styles; bikini,

high rise, mid rise, boypants, thongs, the list never ended. And that was before he even got into colour, style and material. What happened to just boxers or briefs?

“It’s okay, we can just pick some plain ones for you.” Linda offered, “Here, bikini briefs are what I wear most of the time. Fairly simple though...”

She trailed off, cheeks dusting pink.

“What?”

“You’re ah, bum is a lot bigger than mine, if you want it to stop bouncing around so much when you walk you might need something with a bit more support.”

Ben flushed from embarrassment; he had felt his tits and ass jiggling as he moved, he had hoped the somewhat baggy clothes had meant nobody else had noticed. He snatched up a back of plain black boypants style underwear as well as the bikini ones and stormed over to the next aisle to pick out a bra. God, just thinking that made him feel so humiliated; he was picking out a bra. A fucking *bra*.

He turned the corner and almost stumbled backwards; there were even more choices here. Everything from practical beiges to lingerie that were basically a handful of string; he had no idea where to start. His confusion must have shown because Linda gave him a sympathetic smile.

“Let’s start simple. You’re a bit bigger than most in the chest region so you want something with underwire to get that extra support.”

“Right, okay. What do all these mean?”

He ran his eyes over the numbers and letters, he, like any man knew that DD meant big but he was surprised to find it was not nearly as large as the internet and porn had made him believe. He surpassed it with ease and with that being the sum total of his bra knowledge he was up the creek without a paddle. Lacking any better ideas he started picking random bras off the shelf and pressing them to his bust, discouraged to find very few fit even when taking the extra layer of clothing into account.

“Here, can I?”

Linda grabbed a tape measure from a hook on one of the shelves and held it out, Ben blushed but nodded, letting her wind it around him slowly. He could feel the pressure across his nipples as the soft fabric of his top squashed against them.

“32G.” Linda said, her voice slightly strangled. “Here, let’s find something in your size.”

Ben had never even heard of a G cup size before, a strange part of him, the immature petty side, was gratified to know he was bigger than Linda. He then gave himself a mental slap for having the mindset of a fourteen year old. He focused on the bras and felt his heart sink a little as he arrived at the larger size section; everything was so...boring. Beige, white, bone, a few options in plain black, the most embellishment available was a tiny fringe of lace around the edges. It wasn’t as if he had been excited to try on any of the more decorative, fancy options but still, he could not help but feel disappointed by his lack of options. Linda pursed her lips and held up a hand.

“I’ll be right back.” She dove around the corner, sifting through the bargain bin and Ben left her to it. Plain black was the best option he supposed and grabbed it off the shelf, chucking it down into his basket. Next, some clothing options.

With all the different styles, cuts and colours he was too overwhelmed to put much thought into it. He grabbed things close to what he already owned and liked. Though the cut of his jeans were tighter and he had to get lower cut shirts to avoid feeling choked. More than once his curiosity peaked as he passed a skirt or dress but he fought back that feeling. Maybe later, when summer came and he was desperate he would try those. He chucked a handful of shoes in without even looking and made his way to the change rooms, desperate to try and feel comfortable in this new skin.

It was such a relief to take off Linda’s clothes; not only was the idea of wearing his wife’s outfits emasculating but they simply did not fit his more bodacious form. For a moment he stood naked and was stunned by his own reflection; the dressing room had mirrors on all sides so he could see his new naked body from all angles. After the change he had been so panicked he had not really taken in all the finer details, too distracted by the...big obvious ones. He turned slightly, observing the way his body moved almost scientifically. He was not ‘model’ hot, at least not in the traditional sense; yes he had the huge bust and butt but he was also not rail thin, he had an hourglass figure but only just, not like the photoshopped beauties of glamour magazines. He was more heavy set; with pale skin coated in freckles, not just on his face but his legs, arms and torso were coated in them. These little

imperfections somehow made him feel better; like he was not just some sex object dreamed up by Linda. He was still a real person. The red hair was russet and brown in places, reminding him of a fox and the kinks and waves seemed random and wild, even around his mound. Ben smiled, watching light sparkle in his now vivid green eyes; they stood out so starkly against his skin and hair and Ben decided they were his new favourite feature. They had this happy, mischievous air to them, if he didn't know better, he would think the woman staring back at him had their whole life under control. Maybe he could learn a thing or two from her, didn't they always say, fake it till you make it?

Taking a deep breath he held out his hand to the reflection, letting his fingers brush the cool glass.

"Nice to meet you," He whispered, "I'm..."

He still did not know how to finish that sentence. Oh well, baby steps.

Underwear seemed like a good place to start. He picked up the plain black bikini style panties and stepped into them. The lace fringe tickled the inside of his thigh as he moved them into place making him shiver; Ben never realised just how sensitive the skin there was. Sliding into place he immediately realised Linda had been right; the thin material only covered the top half of his ass cheeks, leaving the rest bare to the world and unsupported. He turned, giving an experimental little jump and watching his butt bounce and jiggle as if he were wearing nothing at all. His stomach churned with anxiety at the sight; maybe later he would feel confident to dress that way but for now, boypants style it was. Putting them on he immediately felt better; they were similar to boxers, but short and tight, keeping everything in place. His butt still jiggled a little when he moved but it was a subtle thing and the fabric kept his cheeks taught and tight. He could still clearly see the indent of his cleft in the fabric but still, small victories.

He was just about to attempt the bra when a knock on the stall wall made him jump and a swath of fabric appeared in the small gap between the floor and door.

"I found this." Linda told him, sounding awkward, "You don't have to get it obviously, and I never expect you to show me but...you deserve to feel beautiful in this new body and when I am feeling ugly, a pretty bra really helps my confidence."

Ben took the fabric, which turned out to be a bra; black straps with matching lace fringes but the cups were patterned with a ruffled green silk that made them look almost like clamshells. A small green decorative bow concealed a hook in the front, squeezed between them.

“It unhooks in the front too.” She added quickly, “I thought that might be easier to learn.”

Ben studied the item for a moment; the darker, angry part of him wondering if this was Linda further fetishising his new, perfect for her body. But no, he could hear the genuine care and affection in her voice; the fact that he didn't feel at home in his own skin, let alone confident, was obvious and this was her way of trying to help. The fact that he wasn't going to have to stumble around with his arms stuck behind his back trying to do those tiny hooks up was also a big win in his book.

“Thanks. I'll be out soon.”

He pressed the cups to his bare breasts, sighing as the soft, inner lining touched his skin. It was so soft and comfortable and already he could tell the extra support was going to be very much appreciated. He hooked it up and hefted each of his heavy breasts into place and instantly sighed with relief. He had not even realised just how much strain his back was under carrying the weight of those huge tits before. For a moment he closed his eyes and just enjoyed the feeling before snapping back to reality.

He had a mountain of clothing options but by this point he was exhausted, pulling on a pair of skinny jeans and a white, flurry sweater with a thick turtleneck. His red hair spilled over it and Ben felt a strange sense of confidence beginning to fill him. He looked like a trendy woman on the street, he was not quite himself but he felt like...somebody at least, rather than the strange inbetween. He slipped on some socks and a pair of brown boots and walked out, handing the rest of the clothes over to be paid for. He was just passing over his credit card when he realised Linda had been standing there the whole time saying nothing.

“What?”

“You look beautiful.” She whispered, there was no faux flattery in her words either, not even any arousal, just plain awe and Ben blushed. How many times had he dreamed his wife would look at him with such adoration?

“Thanks.”

Ben was not sure he could ever fully trust her again after all this but in that moment of genuine affection he felt a spark of something; friendship perhaps. If love was off the table for them, maybe they could still be friends one day.

