

Mini-Story: The Nice Kind of Curse (Man to Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Brett is a closeted trans woman who dreams of becoming Sally, her true inner self. When she hears of a witch who curses misogynistic men at a local bar to become women, she is quick to try and play the part of the burly, macho man.

The Nice Kind of Curse

Brett took a deep breath. Just a few poor comments, and she could be Sally, her true self. She had been living in denial for years, and then for two years after realising that she was trans, she had been living closeted. To all outward eyes, she was a blonde-haired man who was clean-shaven, perhaps a little bit feminine in his appearance, but otherwise most certainly a man. She hated it. She had been born into the wrong body, and she knew it. But sexual reassignment surgery took a lot of money, and it also took a lot of daring. Brett was terrified of surgery and medical procedures of that invasive nature in general, so she was stuck in a blind, as she saw it.

That was, until she heard a strange rumour of a woman at a nearby bar who'd shown special powers. Apparently, this purple-dressed woman - attractive in appearance - liked to come in alone and drink, minding her own business. But when a man made a pass at her and wouldn't let it go, or acted chauvinistically in the presence of another woman, or simply treated women like objects, then she used her power to transform them into a gorgeous woman, to see how they would like it.

Brett would like that very much, in fact, not that anyone else knew it. While the rest of the world saw her body as male, while it was male, she yearned to be her perfect self. *Sally*. And so it was that, chasing the rumours of this mysterious woman, she spent a number of nights visiting various bars. The witch travelled, evidently, and it took days before Brett was able to find her. When she did, nervousness hit the would-be transwoman. The witch appeared beautiful, with long dark red hair and a calm smile as she nursed her drink. Brett wasn't sure if she even was the woman, but she had to take a chance. And so it was that she placed her heavy male body upon on the stool next to the woman.

"I'm drinking alone, before you ask," the woman in purple said.

Brett exhaled, remembering the lines she'd rehearsed. She spoke in her deepest baritone, acting like a macho man.

"That's okay, I don't go for redheads anyway. A perfect woman is a blonde."

The woman smirked further, looking sideways. "Is that so?"

Brett puffed out her masculine chest. “Oh yeah. A blonde with shoulder length hair and a gorgeous face. Nice blemish-free skin and, uh, good hourglass figure. Good hips. Perfect legs.”

The woman chuckled. “Let me guess, big Double-D tits and a bimbo brain?”

Brett had to thread the needle here, so she guffawed and slapped her knee. “Please, my Sally would never be like that!”

“Your . . . Sally?”

“My perfect woman, since so many fail to live up to the standard, ya know! She’d be smart, alright. A real go-getter. And C-cups would be fine. Too big is too much, that’s what the womenfolk don’t understand. And she’d know good style and how to dress herself, and how to look nice, and how to . . . uh, all the hygiene stuff. And she’d be a biological female and all. And . . . and . . .”

She lost steam. The witch looked at Brett with amusement.

“Lost your train of thought?”

“Um, she’d have a great ass?”

“Are you asking me?”

“I mean, yeah, she’d have a great ass! And she’d have amazing orgasms. Yeah, women just fail to live up to that image, and that’s the, uh, problem with them.”

The witch grinned broadly, lowering her drink. She flourished her hand, and the bartender stood on the spot and left.

“Well, my friend,” the witch said. “I think you’ll find that no woman ever lives up to a man’s estimation, because a man is too busy thinking of her as a possession. But since you’ve decided to be so repulsively sexist and chauvinistic right in front of me, perhaps I should tell you I’m a witch, and that if you really want to find your perfect woman, you need only look in the mirror! Enjoy your lifelong curse!”

And with that, she flourished her hands again, and a bright light extended from her fingers. Brett could only hope the other woman didn’t see her hidden smile.

Sally’s best friend Allison raised a glass at the table.

“To our new girlfriend, Sally!”

The others raised their glasses, and Sally herself grinned from ear to ear. She and her best friends - some male, an increasing number female - were all at the very same bar where she had been transformed into her perfect self, celebrating her success. It had been a wild thing to come out as trans to people *after* a magical change, but to her immense relief she had been fully accepted and supported. A good thing too, since there was no going back

- the witch was off in another city now, apparently. Not that she would ever want to go back. Sally had a gorgeous womanly figure, the complete plumbing and all, and vibrant blonde hair that she was already loving how to style. Plus, she was pretty dang happy when it came to her big-but-not-too-big C-cup boobs. And thanks to her own wording, she had all the intimate knowledge of how to style herself, which was why she was currently vibing with the cute pink cocktail dress she was wearing, along with minor heels and makeup that matched her outfit.

“Thanks everyone,” she declared, loving her new soprano voice. “I’m just so glad it all worked out. Some kind of curse, right?”

“The nice kind!” Allison declared.

Sally giggled. Her friend was right. She was finally in the body she had always desired, had always *needed*. And it was very nice indeed.

The End