



Blessings and Beyond.

- A TG short -

By Razmagurk

"Mmm..." There was a horny edge to my girlfriend's purr as she rolled over in bed. "Babe?" Her thighs rubbed together as she ground her body lasciviously against the soft sheets. "I just had the hottest dream. You had turned into a girl and I was-"

That's when her hand found my titty.

“Babe?” she reiterated in sleepy confusion.

I gasped despite myself as she gave an experimental squeeze, and then another, and a final firm third. Before long, despite her only-barely-conscious state, she was manhandling me all-too eagerly.

“Hey!” I wriggled out of her grip. “Cut it out!”

Her eyes snapped open. That wasn’t my voice.

She recoiled, pulling the blankets up as far as they’d go to cover her naked form. She stared at me in panic as she tried to process the naked bimbo lying in bed with her.

“Easy! Easy!” I held out my hands reassuringly, the pink tips of my nails glistening in the early morning light. “Uma, I know it’s hard to believe, but it’s me. It’s Ulysses.”

“Lyss?” she blinked, looking down at my body and back to my face. “Oh wow, it’s just like in my dream. You look - you look - “

“I know.” I turned away, ashamed. “It’s horrible, isn’t it?”

“You look super fucking hot!”

“What?”

“Hot damn!” She bit her lip as she ran her eyes over me. There was a curve of a smile on her face and it just grew all the bigger the longer she took in my naked form. She licked her lips. I hadn’t seen her so amped up in ages. “Am I still dreaming?” She swallowed hotly. “Should I go get my dildos?”

“Your what?”

“Sorry,” she shook her head. “In the dream I was -” she licked her lips again. “Never mind. Wow, sorry. I don’t normally... I mean, I’m straight. You know that, but god damn, look at you!” She rolled herself right up against me, her hungry face so close I could feel her breath upon the tender skin of my breasts. “Look at those hooters! I’ve never seen any so big and so perky at the same time! They’re huge!”

“I’m well aware!” I crossed my arms over my chest petulantly.

“Aw, do you not like them?” She reached out to give one a poke, testing it to see if it was real. “I thought you liked big boobs.”

“Not when they’re mine!” I cupped and lifted the errant organs, then released them and watched them fall and sway back into position. They were so much heavier than I’d have expected, and all the attention was making my sizable nipples stiffen lewdly. “What are you saying?”

“Sorry!” She failed to turn her gaze away. “I don’t know if it’s just residual horny from the dream or what, but it’s like my brain is full of all these weird new needs. Like all I want is to hold you down and see how much I can make you moan. I want to live between your thicc thighs. God, I want to bury my face in your

fat tits and never come out. It's not even romantic, it's just..." She let out a horny sigh. She was almost panting. "Fuck! Are you sure you don't want to play with my dildos? It'll be real fun, I promise!"

"You know," I said, raising a playful eyebrow, "normally I'm the one begging you for sex."

"Sorry!" She put her hands over her face. "I'm not normally like this, I promise. How is this even possible?"

"I think I have an idea." I sighed. "Though I don't know if you're going to believe it."

"Huh?"

"I was walking home from work yesterday, right? Double shift, worst day of my life. I was completely exhausted, but then I saw the most amazing thing. I was taking that shortcut through the mall, just grateful for the air conditioning, and there was this store there I'd never seen before."

"A store? In the mall? Oh my god, is that even allowed?"

"Not just any store." I rolled my eyes at her sarcasm. "Blessings and Beyond, it was called. There was something about it. It was like it was calling out to me. And inside they were selling all the strangest stuff. Magic. They said they had just what I needed to turn my life around. But there was a warning that with every blessing would come a curse."

"The magical mystery store warns you that you're getting a curse, and you bought from them anyway?"

"I didn't think it was real!" I rolled my eyes. "There was this ring," I gestured at the slim silver band around my finger. "They said when I wore it I'd never have to work a day in my life. And this necklace" I thumbed the silver chain hanging from my neck. "They said would solve our um, intimacy problems?"

"You believed that was real, but the curse wasn't?"

"I didn't think any of it was real, but... I don't know." I sighed. "I got caught up in the moment. I was so exhausted and frustrated and it just... felt good to do. Besides, cursed stuff is always like, some mysterious uncle dying and now I've inherited everything but at the cost of estranging everybody or whatever. Something ironic, something poetic. I could handle that! I was ready for that!"

"You don't have any uncles."

"Exactly! And instead of that I got-"

"Huge horny stripper titties?"

"Exactly." I flushed. "Where's the poetry in that, huh? This isn't even an ironic echo of what I desired, it's just a shitty thing that's happened. They might as well have pulled a gun on me and shot me and claimed that was the curse. Zero points for originality. I'm really annoyed."

"Can't you just... take it off? The ring, I mean? The necklace?"

"They're stuck." I demonstrated by tugging fruitlessly at the ring. As though that wasn't the first thing I tried.

"Okay, I have an idea." She gave me a sly wink. "Let me see your chest?"

"Like this?" I turned to give her a better view.

She leaned in closely, her gaze intent on the strange pendant on the necklace I was wearing. Then her eyes were dragged lower.

"Babe?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Mm?" She continued to stare at my boobs, a grin breaking out on her face as though they were the greatest things she had ever seen. She reached a hand out to cup one, her hands so soft and delicate, moving with a grace I'd rarely appreciated. Her fingers traced an intricate little pattern, caressing every soft sensitive inch of my tit. Then she reached her other hand out and started on the other.

Blood pounded through me as she worked, carrying with it some strange subtle hormones. My breathing quickened. It was all I could do not to arch my back, not to lean into her further, not to see just what those hands of hers were truly capable of. God! Where was all this coming from?

"Babe!" I whimpered. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry! Sorry! They're just so big! Goddamn." There was a little too much excitement in her voice. "Are you staying like this? I think we should have sex. Hot, raw, lesbian sex."

"What?" I cried. "Now!?"

"Maybe it's like in those hentai doujinshi and after you have sex you'll turn back!"

"What are you talking about?" I pulled away, the warmth of her hands giving way to the cold of the room. My breasts fell, heavy without her support, swaying and jiggling with every little motion I made. "I'm not going to have the first thing I do as a girl be having sex, lesbian or otherwise. This is a tragedy, I would hope for a little sympathy."

Was I seriously turning down sex with my girlfriend? God knows that was a rare enough event.

"Well, I mean maybe look on the bright side?" She looked up at me with the softest of eyes.

"Bright side? I've been turned into a fucking stripper. Fuck that!"

"Oh I'd fuck that alright," my girlfriend winked.

I slapped my forehead.

"I'm just saying," she ran a hand gently along my shoulder, "maybe this isn't a curse at all."

"I'm a girl!"

"A super hot girl." She pressed in, taking me in a supportive half hug. "You're like a slutty little angel. Most girls would kill to look like that."

"And how am I supposed to get any work done like this?"

"Lyss, Baby, I don't think you even have to. A girl like you doesn't have to lift a finger if she doesn't want to. All we need is a webcam and a microphone."

"You want me to be a camwhore?" I asked flatly.

"Why not? It sure beats the construction site, doesn't it? Forget the fact that you can't lift anything. How do you think your colleagues are going to react to a piece of ass like that around, huh?"

"I mean... you're not wrong."

I could already picture it. The leers, the stares, the constant attention. The way they'd joke about how if I can't pull my weight lifting the least I could do is put my ass to work in other ways. I shuddered at the very idea of it.

"Or, hear me out," She offered, perkily. "You can stay home all day and all you have to do is shake those sweet titties for the internet. Ooh, maybe you and I could even put on a special show or two, hmm?" Her hand worked its way gingerly down my body until it found something wet and pulsing that I did not want to think about it.

"Nope"! I flushed and jumped up, rolling my way out of bed. "Not happening. I don't care how much money we could make, I don't plan on staying this way!"

"Aw, come on baby!" Uma begged. "Where are you going?"

I teetered unsteadily on my dainty little feet. All my weight was off and I'd lost more than a foot of height. I brushed aside the soft chestnut locks that hung down my face. Clothes. I needed clothes. Why was I so fucking naked?

"I'm going back down to that store, and I'm going to make them turn me back! They can keep their stupid blessings!"

I turned to the mirror. Big mistake. The breath caught in my lungs. I was on the shorter side, but Uma was right. I was a fucking angel. My face was soft and delicate with plump juicy lips and big soulful blue eyes as clear as the summer sea. It was a face of youth and beauty, but any purity or innocence it may have had was tainted by the lusty sexuality of the rest of me.

I turned to get a better look, to take in all of me in all my hot naked glory.

She was right, my breasts were magnificent. The word breasts barely did them justice. These were hooters, honkers, tits. They stood tall and proud despite their size, and I could scarcely believe the size of my still turgid nipples. I loved a busty girl as much as the next guy but these were a step beyond.

The rest of my body followed suit: an exaggerated hourglass figure that left no doubt what this body was designed for; a tight waist with just a hint of abs giving way to hips wide enough to accommodate my thick thighs; and of course I had an ass so round and plump it was impossible not want to take a big hungry bite.

I don't know if it was the residual horny from Uma's ministrations, or something else entirely, but my heart was racing.

God! This was a body porn stars would beg their surgeons for. This was a body the guys on the construction would nut at just the sight of. And it was all mine? That just wasn't fair!

"Babe?" Uma chimed, cautiously.

"Huh?" I closed my mouth - when had my jaw dropped like that?

"I asked if that was good idea." Uma had slid over to the edge of the bed. "Going down to the cursed item shop and demanding a refund, I mean."

"You don't think so?"

"Has that ever, in the history of fiction, worked?"

"Well -" She was right, of course, but I was too angry to stop now. I had to do something. "Well if it doesn't work then I'm going to leave them a bad review!"

I shook my head and turned from the mirror. I had to not get distracted by own body's impossible hotness. What was I doing? Right. Getting dressed. I pulled a hoodie from the drawer. I kept some clothing here, but clearly not enough.

"Oh, of course." She rolled her eyes. "You know this is just going to end with you even more cursed than you are now, right?"

"What's the worst they can do? Give me even bigger boobs?" I groped the air in front of my heavy melons by way of demonstration.

"Ooh," she purred lustily. "You think?"

"That was a joke!"

"Sorry!"

"Baby, please." I begged. "Can you just drive us to the mall?"

"Right, okay. That's an option." she slid her legs off the side of the bed and began to swing them playfully. "But are you sure you want to rush off half cocked? You've barely even explored your new body. You're always pressuring me for sex - well, now the situation's reversed. Don't you even want to at least make out for a bit? Oh, remember that sexy lingerie I wore on our anniversary?"

"The baby blue set?" I gulped at the memory even though the physical sensations that followed were so alien. There was none of the stiffness I was used to; this was too warm, too gooey, like a flush of heat diffusing through my whole body.

"Mm, yes!" She winked. "Fuck, I bet it'll look so good on you. Gonna make me want to throw you down on the bed and unwrap you like a christmas present, then bury myself between your soft thighs and -"

"Babe!" I groaned, but it came out more of a horny moan than I'd intended.

"Right." Her eyes widened. She swallowed her arousal. "S-sorry."

"I'm not wearing your lingerie. I'm not wearing any girl's clothing. I'm going to be a guy again soon enough."

I pulled my sweater over my head. Big mistake. The fabric was hanging from my boobs like a waterfall and my nipples were so big and hard they might as well have been tent poles.

"Well you can't wear that." she laughed. "Here-" she reached into her closet and pulled out something in a creamy soft material. It seemed to have extra padding around the bust region, then she pulled open her closet and handed me a lacy little black skirt."

"What did I just say about girl's clothing?"

"Mm, if you'd rather be naked babe, be my guest." She winked. "But I get the feeling that's not going to happen. A girl's body needs girl's clothes. I may not have boobs like that, but at least it's stuff designed for your general anatomy, and well, I don't have anything that'd fit that ass of yours, but a skirt's better than nothing."

I glared angrily at the offered garments, then at her, then at my own ridiculous body.

"Fine!" I took the top she was offering and closed my eyes as I slid it on, as though if I pretended hard enough, it wouldn't be my girlfriend's top. I don't know what it was made of but the fabric was sheer and cool to the touch. It was still tight, but at least it was more comfortable than the sweater, and the extra padding did something (though not nearly enough) to contain my nipples.

Something about my proportions made it so even though I was shorter, the hem of the skirt still sat just above my knee, just as eager to ride up just as it was to cling to my prodigious posterior.

I opened my eyes and looked up into the mirror. I frowned.

"Do you have anything that isn't quite so... slutty?" I tugged the hem trying to get it fit just a bit better.

"Well excuse me!" She shot my boobs a dirty look. "It's not super slutty when I wear it, okay? We're not all naturally endowed with great big honking stripper titties like you are. Although," her faux-scowl turned into a smirk. "If you want a hand getting out of it, I'd be happy to provide."

"God!" I threw my arms up. "Whatever! It's fine. I don't care how slutty I look. Let's just go down to the mall and deal with this, okay?"

“Okay, okay.” She stepped behind me so I could see us both in the mirror. She stood a whole imposing head taller than me and still very naked, and put a hand on my shoulder. “I just want to make sure you’re thinking this through. You’re sure you want to try this?”

I narrowed my eyes as I considered.

“Or, we can spend the whole morning in bed making out.”

“Babe!” I swallowed. It would normally be a very tempting offer. But no. No! This was undignified, this was humiliating. I couldn’t go on like this. “Please?”

“Okay.” She gave me a soft, piteous look. “Give me five to get dressed.”

So we set out. Every step on the trip to the mall was a trial, but I steeled myself the best I could. I felt so small, so exposed, so *weak*. As soon as we got to the apartment elevators I knew everything was going to be different. Everybody in the elevator was staring. Men and women alike. I could feel their eyes boring into me.

“H-hi!” said one of our neighbors. She had the same amorous tone I’d been getting from Uma all morning. Why couldn’t I have been this lucky as a guy? “Wow, I’ve never seen you around here before.”

“Y-yeah, I uh-” I coughed, trying to force my voice down into a range that wasn’t velvety and seductive, but all I ended up doing was digging down into a whole new, equally seductive valley. “I’m just visiting.”

“Maybe I could show you around sometime? Or if you’re not busy now we could –”

“Back off bitch,” Uma stepped between the two of us. “He’s mine.”

I went so red my skin was tingling. Her words reached inside me and stirred something hot in my belly.

The rest of the elevator ride passed in awkward silence as Uma and the girl exchanged looks like daggers. Honestly though? I was grateful for it. I’d rather deal with that than getting hit on the whole time. She stormed off in a huff a few floors before our lot.

The whole experience left my heart pounding, but not necessarily in a bad way. Was the idea of Uma protecting me really turning me on? What was happening to me?

“Wow,” I sighed once we were in the car. I fumbled the seat-belt over my ridiculous tits. “Baby, I don’t think I’ve ever seen that side of you before.”

“Right?” She laughed, still high on the rush. “I can’t believe I said that. There was just something about the way she was looking at you that brought out the beast in me.” She peeled out of the lot and down the street. “I’m not normally a jealous person, am I?”

“I don’t think you normally have to worry about it, babe. Girls aren’t normally beating down my door, you know? Honestly though - I don’t mind.”



“You don’t?”

“If you being protective of me means I don’t have to deal with people trying to pick me up, that’s fine by me. Plus, I think I may have found it a little hot.”

“Really!?” She turned and grinned at me.

“Hey hey hey! Eyes on the road!”

“Sorry!” she laughed.

It only took five minutes to get to the mall, but with how self-conscious I was about my body at that moment it felt like an eternity.

“Last chance to bail out,” Uma warned me. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

I took a breath. I’d been so mad when I woke up. Now all the rage and panic had boiled away, leaving me feeling hollow and unsure by contrast. My body seemed to handle emotions differently. But despite my doubts and apprehension, some part of me still clung desperately to my conviction.

“Let’s do this.”

We walked into the mall. Luckily it wasn’t too busy. Thank god for small miracles, I suppose. Still, half the people we walked past turned to stare. It didn’t help that my stupid boobs were completely out of control. Every step sent them bouncing up higher than before and this top could barely keep up. I had to slow down to a mince lest they escape entirely. How did girls deal with this?

Uma, to her credit, had taken what I’d said seriously. Well, when she wasn’t distracted by the hypnotic bouncing of my body, at least. She was on me like a bodyguard, getting between me and anyone who tried to make a move on me. Maybe it was just because I already loved this girl, but seeing this new side of her, seeing her fighting to protect me? It made it all bearable.

But it also was getting us nowhere. This was taking way too long and the longer this took the more frustrated I found myself becoming.

I took a breath. I was a guy, dammit. I wasn’t seriously going to mince my way through the mall, trying to demurely deflect any attention was I? Was I seriously worried about what other people thought? You know who cared about running too fast and losing their top? You know who cared about everybody lustfully gawking at their enormous stripper titties? Girls.

“Come on,” I grabbed Uma’s hand and tugged, “let’s hurry.”

“Right!”

I pulled her across the plaza and through the north wing, each rushed step setting off an avalanche of motion under my shirt and causing my skirt to ride up just that much higher. Thanks to the pendulous sway of my huge tits I’m pretty sure I was flashing the whole damn mall at some point, but I didn’t care. I

kept telling myself that: I didn't care. Even as the leers and grins got so much worse, even though I'm sure everyone thought of us as some kind of perverted lesbian couple, I pushed through, regardless.

But what I thought would be a simple push across the mall turned out to be anything but.

"It was around here somewhere, I know it." I looked around dejectedly. The reduction in crowd density and the difference in my own proportions was really throwing off my sense of direction. "I think?"

"I don't see it."

We ran through the east wing and the central wing before doubling back. We'd gone the whole damn mall at this point.

"Where is it?" I cried.

"It's okay baby," Uma pulled me in for a hug. "We'll find it."

"I don't know what I'm going to do if we can't -"

"Where is it?" a woman's voice cried, but this time it wasn't mine.

I looked over. There was a girl sitting on a bench nearby. At least, her head was that of a girl: Flawless skin, elegant makeup and hair, soft features. But below her neck it was like she'd been replaced by a professional body builder. A very male one.

She held herself daintily despite her masculine bulk. She was squeezed into a sundress that would have been loose and flowy on a girl's body. She looked moments away from crying.

"I keep telling you, it's gone!" said the busty college-age blonde in a schoolgirl outfit sitting next to her. She was leaning back with her legs spread wide in an extremely mannish gesture that presented her little white panties for any to see. Her voice, despite the femininity of her body, sounded like a chain smoking trucker.

My heart scrambled in my chest.

"Excuse me," I walked up to them. "Are you -?"

"You got screwed over too, eh?" the schoolgirl eyed me up like a piece of meat.

I nodded.

"Figures." She rolled her eyes and smirked at my tits. "It's always the hot ones. Let me guess, you were some pervert nerd wishing to get laid?"

"Something like that." I sighed and exchanged a glance with Uma.

"This is Beth, I'm Alex, over there -" he gestured with his chin to a flashy blonde cooing at the displays at a makeup shop, "is Chad."

"I'm Ulysses, this is Uma."

"Wait, let me guess," he said, locking eyes on Uma's more modest bust. "you think you've always been a girl."

"Oh, no!" Uma laughed. "I really am a girl."

"Sure you are, buddy, sure you are."

"No, for real!" She stomped indignantly.

"It's true." I held a hand to my chest. "She's my girlfriend, she's trying to help."

"Or, more likely, before yesterday she was something else entirely and now you both think different." She nodded sagely to herself. "Happens all the time. That's what happened to Chad, wasn't it?"

"I keep telling you, I like, don't know what you're talking about," giggled the blonde beauty.

"See? Poor Chad."

Uma and I exchanged another look. She shrugged.

"I just wanted to go back to simpler times," Alex gestured down at his schoolgirl outfit. "And now I've been living senior year of high school over and over and over again. Not exactly what I had in mind. And of course Beth here just wanted to get in shape and look at her."

"So you've all been screwed over too." Tears were welling in my eyes as I put the unsaid details together. "And you've been here looking ever since." My pulse raced. "H-how long have you been looking?"

"All week!" cried Beth.

"Kid, I've been prom queen twelve years running and I've been down here every weekend in that time," said Alex. "But no one who's been in that store has ever been able to find it again!"

Twelve years. The floor fell out from under me. The world spun. I could be trapped like this for -

"Is that it?"

"Huh?"

"Look." Uma pointed at the space between two other shops. "Right there."

I followed her gaze and focused. It came together like an optical illusion, like it had always been there, and it was just waiting for my brain to make sense of it. The store front, that familiar signage and display.

Blessings and Beyond.

"How?" Alex gasped.

"You said no one who has been in can find it again." She shrugged. "I haven't been in yet."

"Oh my god, that's it!" I grabbed Uma for a hug so exuberant I'd have picked her up and spun her around were I my normal strength. "Baby I could kiss you!"

"Mm," she puckered her lips and leaned in. "You better."

"Later." I put a finger to her lips, then ran to the store. "Let's go!"

"Aww," she pouted.

"I demand a refund!" I cried as I kicked the door down. Okay, that's not quite true, it wasn't that kind of door and I wouldn't have had the strength for it even if it was, but that's sure what it felt like. That was the kind of energy I was bringing to it

But only silence answered me. There were no customers, no one behind the counter. Row upon row of strange miscellaneous items, vaguely sorted together on entirely ordinary store shelves.

"Hello?" called Uma, walking right in as if it were a perfectly normal shop. She began perusing the collection of odds and ends, and to my dismay seemed to have a special interest in the sex toy aisle.

"Anyone here?"

"What?" came a small voice from the back.

"We want a refund!" I tried again.

"Oh!" The voice came again, this time clear and loud. Its owner was seated behind the counter where there had been no one a moment ago. She was a tall older woman, just as curvaceous as any of us customers, though she wore it with clearly more comfort. She was wearing a sultry dark blue blazer and a long pencil skirt, and over that, inexplicably, what appeared to be a tattered bathrobe. "Well, why didn't you say so? We'd be more than happy to help you out."

"What, really?" I hadn't been expecting it to be so easy.

"Do you have the receipt?"

"What?" I looked behind me at Alex and Becky and Chad, all looking on incredulously, just waiting for me to get turned into a toad or something. "Uh. No?" I turned back to her and approached the counter.

"That's okay. We can use your phone number."

"Oh, okay. Just like that?"

"Of course. Blessings and curses, darling. Our return policy is a blessing, but it comes with a curse:" She paused for dramatic effect. "Store credit only."

“Wait, really?” The surreality of the situation was making me dizzy.

“Yup! My Master wasn’t big on them, but I’ve always been a stickler for customer service.” She smiled politely. “What seems to be the problem? You were forewarned your boon had a curse, no?”

“Right!” I took a breath. That was the heart of the matter, wasn’t it? “I was expecting something ironic or poetic or dramatic, like a death in my family or whatever, but you just turned me into a hot fucking girl? What kind of a half-assed curse is that?”

“Oh!” She squinted at my ring. “Oh yes, I think I see the problem. Talk about a mix-up.”

Relief washed over me. Finally, some vindication.

“The curse on this isn’t that it turns you into a girl. Who told you that? The curse is that you discover the road to ultimate fulfillment lies not with the simple easy path you’ve been following your whole life, but rather by diverging from it entirely and struggling through difficult changes in the pursuit of self discovery and betterment.”

“Huh?”

“In other words,” she sighed. “You’re going to find that you’re happier and more successful as a girl than you ever were as a guy, even though you’ve convinced yourself this was some horrible fate.”

“Th-that’s a curse?”

“It’s ironic!” she beamed.

I slapped a hand to my face. “So you’re saying...”

“The true curse was inside you all along. It was the masculinity you had burdened yourself with, preventing you from seeing the true you.”

The true me? What the hell was she talking about?

“Okay, and what about this necklace? What about the curse on that? You made my girlfriend super nonstop horny?”

“Oh.” She raised an eyebrow at the necklace. “That’s just a basic too much of a good thing. She’s going through a bit of a bi awakening, and turns out that you’re exactly her type, darling. You were pressuring her for more sex, now you get all the sex you can ever crave.”

“She’s never acted this way before though.” I gulped as I turned to look at Uma. She was walking over to join me, a coy grin on her face as she held a hefty strap-on dildo in her hands. “I mean come on, look at her!”

“Some people are very different in their arousal towards one gender over the other. It’s not always the same balance of romantic and sexual attraction.”

“Ooh, baby!” Uma purred to me as she joined me. “This one’s 50% off!”

“What -” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. “What’s the curse on the strap-on?”

“What do you think?” the shopkeeper raised a seductive eyebrow. “She puts it on and she’ll find she has a dick of her own, of course. And I imagine soon enough you’ll find that you like being a bottom a little too much.”

I gulped. There was something about the way she said it that sent a shiver of arousal through the back of my brain.

Uma grinned all the harder.

“But,” she winked, “if it’s a refund you’re looking for instead, we can certainly do an exchange for you. You’re lucky, actually, not all of us little hole in the wall magic shops are quite so forgiving. Let’s see what I can exchange this for.” She pulled out a little notebook. “A blessing to turn you back into a man of course, and hmm, what curses do we have that would go with that. Oh, how about ‘the vague sense of wrongness and a constant feeling that you’ve made the wrong choice here today that slowly makes you doubt your sanity and eventually consumes you with regret’? How does that sound?”

“What else have you got?” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

“Oh how about, ‘The knowledge that by turning back you’ll never be able to fulfill the fantasies now flooding your girlfriend’s brain and even if you indulge her at every turn with gender play it’s going to leave her ultimately unsatisfied and yearning for what might have been.’”

I blinked. I looked over at Uma, then back at the shopkeeper, whose smile I couldn’t read. Was this some kind of threat? Or was she genuinely trying to help me? No, if this really was magic, those weren’t warnings: they were promises.

“That one doesn’t sound so good either. Neither of those seems any better than the one I have now!”

“Well ma’am, we do have a rather generous return policy. I’ll tell you what, why don’t you take a little while longer to get a feel for your current blessing and if it’s really just not working out, you can come back then?”

“Ooh, see baby?” Uma waggled her eyebrows. “Think of all the fun things we can try out.”

I looked between Uma and my own furiously sexy body. She was more excited for me to be like this than for me to be normal. In a weird way this had brought us closer together hadn’t it? And if she was going through some kind of weird bisexual crisis, I wanted to be there for her.

I sighed, doubts piling up further in the back of my mind.

Happiness as a girl, or unhappiness as a guy? Was that what I was being presented with? How could you ask someone to choose like that?

I looked down at the little ring. I fondled the necklace.

But that was the answer, wasn't it? I had bought these things, hadn't I? I had been looking for some miracle to come along and save me from the rut I was in. I had been desperate enough to wish and to buy some vague blessing even knowing it was cursed!

I looked into Uma's sparkling eyes and I made my decision.

"Fine!" I brushed the hair out of my eyes in an intentionally feminine gesture. "I'll try it out for a few days."

"You will?" Uma beamed. "Baby I'm so proud of you!" She pulled me into a tight hug that sent our bodies grinding together. "And not just because you're keeping these killer fucking titties, either. I've seen how heavy the world's been on you lately. You've needed a change. This will be good for you."

"Thank you, baby." I wiped away the tears that were forming in my eyes. "I'm not making any promises, but I'll give it a try. It's going to be a big change but with you helping I think I -" That's when I noticed the package in her hand. "You want to buy the cursed strap-on, don't you?"

"Mm hmm," she nodded eagerly.

"Well..." I swallowed hotly. I could just imagine her standing over me in bed, tall and powerful and full of unrestrainable lust. Visions fluttered past of me following her lead as she showed me every intimate pleasure of a woman's body. The two of us pressed together in sapphic ecstasy as I made her every dream come true. I let out a hot breath. I didn't force the idea away. I let go of my apprehension and opened myself up to the possibility. "I suppose we can give that a try too."

By the time we left the shop, Alex was gleefully parading around in a brand new cheerleader outfit. Beth no longer had a woman's head, but one as handsome and as male she had once been beautiful and feminine, even despite her continued beauty-pageant body language. Chad had spent the whole time giggling over the cursed dildos.

As Uma and I walked through the mall, there was a building sensation of anticipation. This was the first day of the rest of our lives.

"Baby?" I sighed. "I'm sorry for dragging you out here. This whole thing was stupid. We should have just stayed in bed like you wanted."

"No, don't apologize!" she put a hand around my hip. "This is important to you. You got closure and we helped those people, and besides," she purred, "this just means we have to make up for lost time. Now come on, first rule of being a girl." She gestured up at the lingerie store we had found ourselves in front of. "Time spent at the mall is never wasted!"

"You just want to see me parade around in sexy underwear." I raised an eyebrow.

She nodded all-too-eagerly.

"And if you're streaming, you're going to be needing a lot more sexy clothing. Unless you want to be naked all the time, that is. I'm fine with that too," she winked. "Long as I get to watch."

“Okay.” I took a step forward, over the threshold into the store, putting some extra sexy wiggle into my walk. “But you’re buying.”

“Deal! Mm, and then when we get home we can take everything right off. Mama wants to play with her new toy.”

“If we even get that far...” I winked.

Whether it was truly a blessing or a curse remained to be seen, but one thing was for sure: it was going to be an interesting few weeks.

The End.