

## If Wishes Were Kisses - Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

*Linda let herself be pinned down by those strong hands. The heavy weight of the redhead sinking her down in the mattress, hips pinned to the bed beneath her partners as green eyes glinted in the firelight; mischievous smile on the woman's face. Linda was totally at her mercy as the redhead lowered herself down to lick and suck at her bare chest. Nipples hardened almost painfully as the tongue circled them in teasing motions. She moaned and writhed, unable to move with her hands and hips pinned. She could only arch her back, thrusting out her chest so that the woman could suck on more of her soft tittlesh. She could feel wetness from both her and her partner mingling on their legs as their hips began to rock.*

*"Ben!" She shuddered, "Please."*

*She could feel something entering her, a finger perhaps. Whatever it was, it was just the right combination of soft and hard, stretching her inner walls, feeling all the way up to her G-spot-!*

Linda snapped awake. The sexy red head from her dreams disappearing into the mists as her vision cleared to reveal an empty room and an even emptier bed. They were still sleeping separately, taking turns on the couch. It had been over two weeks since that fateful day in the study and things had never really returned to normal. Or perhaps they had and this quiet, awkward existence was their new normal. She prayed that was not the case because if it was she might just cry. Gone were meals together, neither of them felt like cooking. Instead they ate take out, usually in separate rooms with only a nod to one another as they served it out in the kitchen. As wonderful as that day in the study had been, part of her regretted it because Ben was further from her than ever.

Having her husband now in the body she found sexier than anybody else in the world was torture. She did her best to be respectful; tried not to ogle but it was just too difficult. Every time he walked away from her she couldn't help but watch his round ass bouncing as his hips sashayed away. Now that she knew how good his pussy tasted, how sexy his moans were in that new high pitched voice she couldn't help it. Each night she dreamed of that body against her own and woke up wet and wanting. Once or twice, she got off thinking about it. Though she had not dared to watch the video of his transformation again for fear of getting caught.

With a sigh she got up, making the bed and hoping any wetness left behind would dry before tonight. She hopped into the cold shower, stubbornly refusing to give her pussy any attention. The icy water did its work and she got out, dressing to head to work. As she entered the living room Ben was still asleep; his wild red curls fanned around his face Even with his mouth agape and a line of drool trickling over his lips he looked beautiful. What she would not give to be able to kiss those lips properly.

With a sigh she stared down at her husband; for so long she had been hiding who she was. If she had just talked to him earlier, perhaps this would never have happened. But then, where would she be now? Divorced and alone? Maybe that is what she deserved.

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Ben scrolled through yet another page of baby girl names, trying to find one to use as an alias. They had gotten by for the past few weeks hiding him away in the house but it was getting too difficult. They had covered their ass already with his work and told their friends he was travelling but until he could get his hands on a cure or book surgeries to change himself back, he was going to need a new identity.

Once again he felt a stab of annoyance at Linda for putting him in this situation. Not only had she ruined their relationship but his entire identity was gone and now he had to rebuild himself. Creating a whole new persona wasn't exactly easy though; he thought once he had a name he could go from there but nothing felt right. On some level, he knew it didn't have to be perfect; this was basically a prolonged game of pretend after all. Eventually he would be a man again and he could be Ben once more. Still, it felt important. Frustrated and bored he threw down his phone and looked around the room. He had been stuck here more or less alone for weeks and it was starting to get to him.

He glanced over at the front door. It wasn't that he had become agoraphobic or anything since his change but the idea of going to work did make him somewhat uncomfortable. It didn't feel right walking around in this body, even with Linda there to help him blend in. Ben grit his teeth; if this was going to be his life for the foreseeable future he could not let fear and discomfort rule him.

"Fuck it."

He grabbed one of Linda's old purses and chucked his wallet and phone inside before heading out the front door. Unsure of his destination but just wanting to be anywhere but his own damn house. As he walked he kept waiting for people to stop or stare; walking around, feeling his hips sway and his breasts moving each time he turned felt wrong still. He was so sure any second somebody would point and go 'that's a man!' and humiliate him. But of course no such thing happened. He realised all of a sudden that this was the first time he had gone out without Linda at his side; he hated how that made him feel better.

His wife was walking on eggshells around him. She was so sickly sweet and kind it was enough to make him sick half the time. She never got angry, never lost her temper, Ben was starting to believe he could set their house ablaze and she would just say 'I understand you're frustrated. It's okay.'. Not that he wanted her to get angry, he just...wanted Linda to treat him like a real person. Not as if he were made of glass.

"Are you okay, miss?"

A kindly voice made him start and turned to find a short old man looking at him with a furrowed brow.

"You've been standing here pressing the signal button for a straight minute. You didn't even walk with the last group." He elaborated.

Ben blushed; so he had.

"Sorry, I just have a lot on my mind."

“Ah, the troubles of youth, eh?” The old man chuckled, stepping out to cross the street at his side, “It’s love isn’t it?”

Were these words coming from a younger person they might sound nosy, maybe even arrogant but the elderly had a kind air to him and Ben found himself nodding.

“Sort of. My wife and I...had a fight.”

“Oh a wife!” The man positively grinned, “Didn’t see that much back in my day, you younger generations, I can hardly keep up.”

There was no malice in his words, as they reached the next corner he stopped and heading in the opposite direction.,

“My advice, dear? Talk it out! Yelln’ never helped nothing when it comes to wives, I should know, I’ve had three!”

Ben laughed, quickly covering his mouth to try and swallow the sounds but the stranger didn’t seem to mind him laughing at his expense. The short man gave a little wave and rounded the corner and Ben was left feeling...light. That was the first person he had spoken to just as him, in this new body. Without feeling the weight of his old life on his shoulders. Perhaps living this life for a few months would not be so bad after all.

He walked with more confidence, this time actually taking in the people he passed. Most of them smiled at him, one or two men looked him up and down briefly, giving appreciative looks that made his confidence grow. He walked into the nearest coffee shop and ordered himself a drink, one with sugar and whipped cream without the barista so much as batting an eyelid; after all, women could order that sort of thing without judgement.

“What name?” The barista asked and Ben froze, it was a simple question yet he felt as though he were standing at a crossroad.

“Hope.” He said after a moment, “My name is Hope.”

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When he got home there was a genuine smile on Ben’s face. Not only had he found a new name, he was feeling more comfortable in this body than he ever had. There was a spring in his step as he sipped the last of his sweet drink and locked the front door behind him. Who knew going for a short walk to get coffee could be so empowering? He felt like his skin was buzzing and in his excitement he called out.

“Linda, I’m back!”

His voice echoed.

Oh. Of course, she wasn’t here. It was barely lunch time, it was hours until her shift was over. Why had he even cared? As he sat down on the couch, alone once more Ben realised he didn’t even know what his plan was had she been here; to hang out? They barely did that

before he was changed let alone after. Bored once more he flicked on the tv and started channel surfing; they had an advanced cable package and he rarely took advantage, perhaps now was the time. History Channel, Music Channels, Three channels seemingly devoted to 'As Seen on TV ads', why did they pay extra every month for this again?

Ben was just starting to feel his eyes glaze over when the sight of a woman, pressing herself down into a mattress, fingers gripping the sheets and she moaned made him freeze. With the internet so ubiquitous these days he had forgotten porn channels even existed, let alone that one was included in his cable package. The woman was arching her back as another held her hips down, a strap on clearly thrusting in and out of her as she writhed. Immediately Ben felt as though he'd been thrown back in time to his teenage years, trying to hide his porn stash from his parents. After a quick fumble with the remote he snapped the tv off and the sudden silence was more damning than any amount of noise.

His pulse was racing and that light buzzing on his skin had turned to heat. He'd not touched himself, or had any release since that night in the study. The memories of it suddenly flooded his mind and he shivered; recalling how good Linda's mouth and tongue had felt between his folds. Ben swallowed, feeling that familiar heat bloom between his legs as he looked down at the remote still clutched in his hands. Linda wouldn't be home for hours and his want was swiftly becoming a need. If he resisted and she decided tonight was the night to try anything, he would be putty in her hands. Swallowing hard he hit the button and the screen once again showed the two women.

Almost robotically he placed the remote down on the couch and let his fingers move to the front of his jeans. He'd never touched himself as a woman; part of him had been scared to. Why he didn't know but that hesitation was swiftly melting away as his fingers unzipped his fly. Red hair sprung up as he lifted his hips and lowered down his underwear and pants, planting his bare ass back on the leather couch. He'd gotten himself off in their house as a man of course but always in the shower or discreetly in the study, never right in the middle of their living area. It added a level of thrill to the experience along with the excitement of feeling something totally new. He slipped the finger into his soft folds, marvelling at just how silky and smooth they were; already slick with wetness. His finger gliding back and forth, swirling around his clit and down to his hold at the same speed the woman on screen was thrusting.

Most people probably watched the dildo sliding in and out of her stretched hole, or her breasts bouncing up with each thrust but Ben focused on her face. The seemingly genuine ecstasy there as she was pounded down into the mattress. The woman holding her down was moaning too, each thrust pushing the rounded end of the strap-on against her own clit. Ben slipped a finger inside his silken walls, shuddering as he pressed his thumb to his clit; the best of both their worlds. The woman being pegged was practically wailing now, losing control as she begged for more. Was this the sort of thing Linda watched in secret before he was transformed? Did she spend nights imagining herself like this? Held down by another woman and tortured by pleasure till she came? In his mind's eye, Ben imagined Linda in the bottom woman's place, pressing down hard on his own clit as both he and the women on screen cried out and came. The video clicked over to the next show within seconds, barely giving him time to withdraw his fingers and switch off the TV before being assaulted with yet more images. It was strange, he expected to feel dirty, like he had just done something wrong but instead that same post-coital haze settled over him and he peeled his ass cheeks off the leather in order to redress.

It was odd, getting himself off had always been a shameful thing. As a teen, he had hidden away in secrecy like all his age and then as he got older, having to get himself off

was just a reminder of how single he was. Then when he and Linda got together, it became this awful reminder that his wife didn't find him attractive. All of these things resulted in the aftermath being bitter and sad but this time Ben felt...empowered? He couldn't quite put his finger on why, perhaps he was still riding high from his little trip outside but for the first time since his change the idea of rediscovering and remaking himself into a whole new person didn't seem quite so daunting. Perhaps it was time for him to stop mourning what he was and start looking ahead.

Once more he walked the length of their living room, looking at all the photographs on the wall. AT his own face in each of them, even the ones where he was smiling he could sense it, some hidden burden or stress that he had been subconsciously carrying. His college graduation photo made him sigh; he had gotten good grades in school in order to get into a good college because...that's what success looked like at that age. Then he had studied business and finance, because that was what most people considered a smart move. Nobody ever sneered or questioned getting a business degree, or a stable, boring office job. Nor marrying a pretty dark haired woman and settling down in the suburbs. All his life he'd done exactly what a man should to be happy and where had it led him?

Ben felt his brow furrow as he flopped back down onto the couch in defeat; how had it taken him so long to realise just how...empty his life was? He'd been so busy fixing things with metaphorical duct tape and glue but the potion had been the final drop of water that made the damn burst. Maybe not all of his anger should be directed at Linda after all, some certainly, but perhaps, without even realising it he had started to resent her for putting an obvious mark on his otherwise perfect record of achievements. Real men satisfied their wives after all, successful men didn't get divorced or fail their marriage. He had been so desperate to fix things he'd been reckless. Maybe some of the blame rested with him as well.

His eyes shifted over to the kitchen, from this angle he could see their rubbish bin, overflowing with take out containers. A new sense of determination filled him and Ben stood and reached for the cookbooks on the shelf.

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Linda opened the front door and was immediately hit with the smell of rosemary and lamb. It was a homey scent that made her think of visiting her grandparents for Sunday tea as a little girl. Somewhat shocked she toed off her shoes and followed the scent; it was joined by the quiet hum of the oven opening and she stepped inside to see Ben removing lamb chops from a tray. The kitchen bench was set with plates and cutlery, a glass of wine already poured. Linda felt her jaw drop watching her former husband quietly sing to himself as he dished up vegetables and meat without even noticing her.

"What's all this?" She asked in awe, making Ben jump and fumble to keep the final chop from falling to the floor.

"Dinner." He blushed, "Sorry, I didn't hear you come in, I guess I got caught up. Take a seat!"

Had she fallen through a thin space and ended up in a parallel dimension or something? Bewildered, she took her seat, breathing in deeply and feeling her mouth water at the rich scent of roasted meat.

“This is amazing, thank you.” She smiled.

“You’re welcome.” Ben shuffled awkwardly, quickly taking a sip of his wine, effectively cutting off the conversation.

They ate in silence, but it was more companionable than usual. An outsider might even think it was romantic, two people who were content simply existing in one another’s space. On the inside though, Linda was buzzing; what had spurred all this? She didn’t want to seem ungrateful though so instead she did what she always had; said nothing. Wasn’t that what got her into this mess in the first place though? Saying nothing when the idea of talking through things sounded more uncomfortable? They say the definition of insanity was doing the same thing over and over again expecting different results; perhaps it was time for a new approach.

“Why did you do this?” She asked, wincing at her own words and bracing for anger and indignity. She got neither.

“I...went out.” Ben started, “By myself, it felt nice. Nobody can tell I’m actually a man under all this so it was a bit like playing a character but at the same time I felt comfortable. I don’t know how to explain it.”

He fiddled with the stem of his glass for a moment.

“I guess, I have been trying to come to terms with this body and I think maybe I have?” He looked unsure, “I picked a name. Hope.”

“Hope.” Linda breathed, eyes dancing over Ben’s voluptuous form, his warm green eyes, the red curls. “It suits you.”

“People are always looking for an excuse to reinvent themselves, I figure this is the ultimate chance.” Ben said matter of factly. “It’s time to stop wallowing.”

Linda bit her tongue for a second but once again forced herself to push through.

“Does that mean...you forgive me?”

“For keeping the fact that you’re a lesbian a secret and lying to me for years? No.”

Linda looked down; she deserved that.

“But for what happened to me with the potion?” Ben continued, “Yes. I think it’s time I took at least some responsibility for my own actions. You never asked me to be anything else, I was the one who was convinced I had to change.”

Linda felt her eyes beginning to burn and she pressed a hand to her mouth to keep any sound from escaping. It was more than she had hoped for, more than she deserved really. She realised she had been waiting for this conversation, for some kind of forgiveness for

weeks and now that she had it and the knowledge that Ben was going to be alright, at least in some capacity it was as if a giant weight had been lifted from her back.

“Any ideas where you are going to start, discovering this new self?” She asked after finally getting her emotions under control.

“Nope!”

He said it with a wide smile, a cheeky glint in his eye and for some reason that was the straw that broke the emotional camel’s back. Linda started to giggle, then laugh, soon they were both bent double over the kitchen counter holding their aching stomachs for dear life.

“W-what a fucking situation!” Linda wheezed, “I mean really, what the fuck?”

“Right?” Ben bit down on his lip to try to stop the laughter and failed miserably; it was such a beautiful sight she couldn’t help but memorise it for later.

Warmth bloomed in her chest and Linda felt a sense of dreaded irony fall over her. She had not picked Ben lightly as her beard; she genuinely liked him, he was funny and kind, a perfect man all things considered. But when you were only attracted to women, personality could only do so much. Now not only was he a woman but her ideal woman and Linda felt herself falling fast and hard for somebody who she knew would likely only ever see her as a friend now, *if* she was lucky.

Later that night as she laid on the couch in darkness trying to sleep she dwelt on the idea and realised she could live with it. Maybe she was not meant for love, maybe she had to accept that rather than true, blissful happiness she had to settle for being happy *enough*. And she could. She vowed to help Ben as much as she could and treasure their time together until he could turn back and then, when he walked away she would smile and wave him off, restart her life and pretend like none of this ever happened.