

If Wishes Were Kisses - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

Ben and Linda have been drifting apart, so Ben decides to take a potion which will turn him into his wife's ideal partner. Unfortunately for him, Linda is a closeted lesbian and now Ben has no choice but to learn how to be a good wife.

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Ben leaned against the bathroom door feeling guilty and awkward.

“Honey? Are you okay?”

“Yes, I just-ah! I’m having a little trouble with the zipper is all.”

Ben groaned. He had thought trying a few toys or outfits would be the key to finally reigniting their sex life; it had taken days of coaxing for Linda to try them. He had thought they were starting small, a sexy leather bra and panties with zips; Linda had even liked the look of them in the mirror, but then he’d tried to act like the doms in all his porn videos, ripping down the zip so that the panties would fall off except...

The zip had jammed.

Now, fifteen minutes later she was still in the bathroom trying to remove them; all sexual tension gone and replaced with awkwardness. Ben knew instinctively that even when she did get them off, they would not be having sex tonight. Again.

“Got it!”

There was a sigh of relief from the other side of the door before it opened; even pissed off and exhausted Ben was in awe of his wife’s beauty; how he had ever landed such a ten out of ten girl he’d never know. Her long, dark hair was in tangles and he could see a small indent in the middle of her lips where she’d clearly bitten down in frustration trying to get the zipper undone. The offending item hung from her slender fingers for a moment before she threw it across the room into the bin by her makeup table.

“I appreciate the effort darling but I don't think gimp suits and riding crops are for us.” She gave him a sad smile. “I think I'll just go to bed.”

“Can I do anything for you?” He tried, “I could give you a back rub or something?”

Linda gave him an appreciative smile but shook her head.

“Honestly, darling, I just want to go to sleep.”

“Okay.”

Ben could feel himself deflating, watching Linda throw on her faded silk nightgown, the one he'd gotten her for their fifth anniversary last year. She clicked off the lamp, leaving him standing with only the open hall light for guidance. He picked up his jeans from the floor and walked outside, closing the door behind him. Going to bed now with her would be too awkward, he'd only stare at the ceiling. He had been so sure this was it; the thing to reignite the passion in their marriage but all he'd done was screw things up. Again.

Feeling sorry for himself Ben grabbed a beer and flopped down onto the couch without even bothering to turn on the tv. Instead his eyes scanned the photos on the walls in the half light with a despondent look. He knew his marriage was failing, he'd known for a long while; honestly, things had been going downhill ever since they returned from their honeymoon, he just had not noticed until about a year ago.

It had started with small things; Linda wanting to do things on her own more often, going out with her girlfriends without inviting him, that sort of thing. But then they stopped having sex as often, it went from two or three times a week to once, then once a fortnight, then once a month. Now he'd lost count. In other ways they were fine, the best of friends but he could feel the lingering weight of some dark shadow over their relationship. Sometimes she caught his wife looking at him with an unreadable expression on her face, which, mixed with her seemingly erased libido had him nervous. She had to be cheating on him, it was the only explanation but no amount of snooping turned up a single shred of evidence. That didn't matter though, he knew deep down that must be the secret, the wedge he could feel between them. Instead of making him angry though, the realisation just filled him with determination; he had to be a better husband. It had to be some failing on his part that was driving her away, right? He upped his game; he made sure the house was spotless, took her on numerous romantic dinners, showered her with gifts and made sure to listen intently to

everything she said and yet, somehow, ever since he started putting in more effort she only got colder.

Ben took a swig of his beer, barely tasting it as he stared ahead at all the seemingly happy pictures that littered his walls. His wife was gorgeous in each and every one, her tanned skin and almond eyes made her look like something out of a makeup magazine. He'd always joked she could become a model. He, on the other hand, looked plain next to her. Ben had always known she was out of his league, when he'd asked her out to coffee in the final years at college he had already been bracing for the rejection because there was just no way somebody as beautiful as Linda would ever want him. He'd thought she was humble, down to earth but now that he looked at his average physic, the mousy brown hair, the dull brown eyes, he was sure she had just taken pity on him.

Ben had no choice but to face facts; his wife didn't find him attractive, maybe she never had and no amount of bells and whistles in the bedroom was going to change that. What could he do though? He couldn't make his jawline stronger or his shoulders broader; perhaps he could start going to the gym? But Linda had always said she hated those overly muscly guys; she once told him they were a bunch of preening peacocks who looked like they were smuggling watermelons under their skin. So that was probably not going to help anything. Lacking any better ideas Ben pulled out his phone and began doing what all desperate people in search of answers did; browning the internet.

There were millions of articles on saving your marriage; all of them insisting that communication was key. He'd tried to talk to Linda about their problems but she always denied them, saying she was just tired or that work had her stressed. No matter how much he begged for her to open up, she only closed up tighter. So he skipped most of those articles, they were not what he was after anyway. They were all about identifying the problem, he'd already done that, now he needed to know how to fix it. Googling 'how to make my wife more attracted to me' garnered several results on personal presentation which he combed through only to be disappointed once again; nothing but hairstyling videos and advice on dressing for your body. He already did that, in fact he often had Linda pick out his clothes so that he knew she liked them!

Ben groaned and rubbed his eyes, when the internet was turning up nothing you knew you were in trouble. As a last ditch effort he started clicking on the sketchier looking links, finding plenty of porn and kink sites which is what had led him to the BDSM in the first place but then, something else caught his eye.

'BEDROOM MAGIC, BECOME YOUR PARTNERS ULTIMATE FANTASY'

Curiosity peaked he clicked the link to find what looked like an online store selling trinkets and...medicine? There were photos of little glass bottles each with some strange name and description. The top of the page had only a small paragraph of information.

Hi! I am Lucy Loving and I have been classically trained in the arts of witchcraft and now, my wares can help you to achieve your dreams! I make charms and potions for everything from the simple confidence boost to erectile dysfunction aids. For the bravest among you there is even my dark collection, found here. But beware, these spells are not for the faint of heart and many are permanent!

** Due to the unstable nature of magic Lucy Loving is not responsible for any unwanted side effects created as a result of items purchased from the dark collection.*

Intrigued, Ben began to scroll through the offering. Magic was so rare these days it was odd to see somebody making their living with it. Since the industrial revolution and the advent of machinery and such technology, magic was becoming more and more outdated; especially since the mid twentieth century. Ben had honestly forgotten it was even an option. Lucy Loving was aptly named, she had everything except, it seemed, stereotypical love potions. His thumb hovered over the Male Enlargement Potion for a moment before dismissing it; he was no bull but he wasn't wanting in that department. What he needed was a beauty potion or something along those lines. Finding nothing to suit he hesitated a moment before clicking on the dark collection; no harm in just looking, right?

The dark collection was small, only a handful of items but one caught his eye right away; True Love's Visage.

'Worried your partner doesn't find you attractive? Want your crush to notice you in a crowd? Simply add a single hair from your beloved to this potion and drink it and you will transformed, physically, into their ultimate lover.'

**This change is permanent without extreme magical intervention. Buyer Beware!*

Ben's heart began to thump in his ribcage; this was it, exactly what he was looking for. The little bottle of clear liquid in the picture was almost five hundred dollars and there was the real chance this could be a scam but...was he willing to take that chance? If this really worked; he would become Linda's ultimate man but he would likely look completely different. Forever. Ben glanced over at the photos once more and grimaced at his own face; boring,

dull, he could live without it. Especially if it meant he and Linda could finally reconnect. With a deep breath he clicked on the potion and added it to his cart.

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The next few days were tense; if Linda noticed she didn't say anything. Every day Ben raced back from the office to check the mail, disappointed to find nothing but junk mail and bills each time. After a week he was ready to give up, admit to his wife that he had been scammed and that there was five hundred dollars missing from his account.

But then it arrived.

A nondescript little cardboard box, signed from Lucy Loving. Ben's face split into a huge smile; Linda was out shopping, now would be the perfect time to take it and surprise her when she got home. He raced inside and eagerly placed the little package down on his bedside table before getting everything ready. He set up his tripod and video camera ready to film; this was liable to change him so drastically Linda might not recognise him so he wanted proof just to ensure she knew he wasn't some weird stranger. Plus, it might be sort of hot for her to have a video of her plain old husband transforming into her ultimate man right before her eyes. He stripped down to his boxers and hit record, facing the display toward him to ensure he was all in frame.

"Hey babe." He smiled awkwardly, "I know things between us haven't been great lately and I know that's my fault. I know you're not attracted to me anymore and I think I have found a way to fix it."

He picked up the box and opened it, revealing a phial of clear liquid with two notes, one of them legal disclaims he discarded immediately, the other a handwritten one with simple instructions.

"Okay, looks like all I need to do is add a little lock of hair to this phial." He announced, moving over to the make up table while explaining what was going to happen.

He plucked a hair from Linda's brush and popped open the cork, dropping it inside and watching the liquid fizz and bubble. The clear colour turned pink and opaque as the hair dissolved and Ben's heart began to race. He stepped back to the camera and held it up high as if to cheers it on an invisible glass.

“To us, babe. I can’t wait to be your perfect man.”

Then, before he could second guess himself, Ben placed the glass to his lips and gulped it down in one swallow. With such a vivid colour he’d expected a stronger taste but the potion was as plain and easy to drink as water. As soon as he swallowed he flinched, eyes squeezed closed waiting for the inevitable change but...nothing. For a full minute of awkward silence he waited but the only thing that happened was his stomach growling as it churned in embarrassment. He’d been scammed; fuck, and he’d filmed it too how humiliating.

“Right uh, I’m going to turn this off now.” He mumbled to the camera, flicking off the button and dejectedly redressing before walking down to the study ready to give that scam artist a piece of his mind. Hopefully the bank could still do a chargeback.

The sound of the key in the front door made him sigh; Linda was home, so much for his surprise. Still, maybe he could get a makeover of some kind, bit of hair dye or something.

“Hi honey.” She smiled, “how’s your day off going?”

Miserable.

“Fine.” He lied with a tight smile, “I was thinking, why don’t we go down to the mall and get coffee? I’ll even pay for that super sweet, weird coffee you love in the giant cup.”

“Spiced chai iced latte with whipped cream and sprinkles.” She corrected, as if anybody could be expected to remember a drink with a name so complicated. “Sure, let me freshen up a bit.”

She brushed past him and it was only as his wife was turning into their bedroom and paused that Ben realised he’d left the camera and box sitting in plain view. A box stamped with the name Lucy Loving.

“Did you ah, order something for yourself?” Linda’s voice was smooth but her pitch high and uncomfortable. “Why is the video camera here?”

“It’s not what you think!” He cried, pushing past her to hide the box behind his back as if that would do any good. “It was nothing, I got scammed-no not like that I...I...”

His mind was blank, nothing but white noise fuzzed between his ears as he desperately searched for a way to explain this away. Linda was looking at him uncomfortably, clearly imagining her husband filming himself getting off with some toy; Ben’s stomach twisted and he wished the ground would just swallow him up. Then he realised it wasn’t just his stomach that was feeling strange it was the skin above it; a sensation like pins and needles was spreading from his core out to cover the rest of his limbs and as he looked down at himself and lifted the hem of his shirt he gaped. His once sunkissed, light brown skin was turning pale with only a smattering of brown freckles to break up the smooth skin.

“Ben! Oh my god, you skin!” Linda cried, fumbling with her phone.

“No it’s okay!” Ben insisted, rushing over and taking her hands in his to stop her dialling an ambulance. “I did this for us!”

“Did what?” She gaped, “You’re going so pale!”

Hurriedly Ben flicked on the camera again, standing back proudly with a wide smile, he wanted this documented. His joy was marred somewhat as he explained to Linda the nature of the potion; instead of joy and happy tears she looked horrified; eyes wide and shining with what looked like guilt as his short brown hair began to grow.

“I never knew you liked guys with red hair.” He teased, holding up one long lock, “Or long hair for that matter, see I’ll be your perfect dude soon enough. Don’t feel guilty, I have never cared much about my appearance, if you like it, I know I will!”

Linda was just shaking her head back and forth and for a moment, Ben felt bad, he had hoped his wife would enjoy watching this change but the longer his hair got the more panicked she seemed. He stepped forward wanting to comfort her when a sudden jolt in his midsection made him stop. That tingling across his skin was increasing, it almost felt like his chest was...stretching? He pressed a hand to his shirt, feeling the skin moving beneath as he started to swell. That was odd, Linda had always said she hated guys with big muscles. His confusion swiftly turned to alarm however as the swelling continued, going far beyond what any body builder could achieve.

His shirt began to strain, and Ben groaned in discomfort as his chest pressed into the fabric till it reached its breaking point. A button flew off, almost hitting the camera before three others followed suit. Ben's mouth was gaping, opening and closing silently like a fish in surprise as the shirt finally burst open and two heavy, round tits burst free. They were pale and freckles like the rest of him, with blush pink nipples. They bounced against his chest as their support gave way and Ben cried out in shock only to have his hands fly over his mouth. That scream, it didn't even sound like him, it sounded like;

...a woman.

In terror he met Linda's gaze, she looked terrified, confused and above all else guilty.

"The potion is going to make you into my perfect partner?" She whispered, Ben just nodded haplessly before swallowing.

"Linda," He asked shakily, "Are you...into girls?"

With wide tear filled eyes she slowly nodded.

"I tried to hide it, oh Ben I am so, so sorry!"

There was nothing either of them could do; his new chest was heaving in panic, tits rising and falling as red curls spilled down his back. His vision blurred for a moment as his eyelashes grew and he watched in the camera's screen as his brown eyes turned a vivid green. A familiar stretching sensation was starting in his ass now and he whimpered in humiliation, feeling his boxers stretch and tear as his hips widened to support his peach shaped ass. If anything he was more bottom heavy than top and that was saying something considering the sheer heft of his breasts.

He held out his hands, watching his nails turn to pretty half moons as his thighs thickened and feet smoothed. The tingling, stretching sensation finally came to an end and he was breathing heavily; long hair now tickling the nape of his neck. Ben could see his reflection in the turned camera window, pixelated and crude but very obviously female. He was terrified to turn and face the mirror but also morbidly curious. Linda just stared at him, frozen in space as he slowly turned toward her makeup table. A sexy red head looked back at him; with curly dark red hair, bright green eyes and pale, freckled skin. Her breasts were hanging free out of her open shirt and her jeans were far too tight. A hand flew to his mouth in shock and he found himself shocked by how soft both his palm and lips were. He had been

prepared for a big change; maybe even to become a different ethnicity but this...he had never seen this coming.

“I didn’t...if I had known you had been planning this I would have stopped you.” Linda said quietly, “Ben, I’m so...this is reversible right? You can just drink another potion and turn back.”

His mind flashed back to the warning on Lucy Loving’s website and shook his head, only meeting his wife’s eyes in the mirror. This was all playing out so differently to his imagination; he had fantasied about Linda seeing him, her new perfect man and then they would finally fall into bed together and make love for the first time in months. Really make love, not just sex. Linda was still frozen in shock but even in the reflection he could see her eyes dip and roam across his new form, a small dusting of pink across her cheeks. Well, at least he knew the potion had worked. If he wasn’t so torn right now he’d have been celebrating, instead he could feel the fires of anger building.

“I...think I need some time to come to terms with this before we talk.” He said through grit teeth, “I might say something I regret.”

Linda just nodded, hitting off the camera.

“I’ll take this back to the study.” She said quietly, “Take as long as you need.”

The bedroom door closed with a quiet click, leaving Ben alone to get to know the fiery redhead staring back from within the mirror.