

heteroD

# Green ray



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It was a typical Thursday morning in August, the kind of day that makes you want to take a stroll outside. My wife Amy and I decided to head over to the massive Empire Mall, which had recently opened up in our neighborhood. Despite being early in the day, the streets were already hot and stuffy, making the cool air-conditioned mall all the more appealing. It was around 11 am when we arrived.

The most striking feature of the Empire Mall was its centerpiece - a large stone pool with a fountain, directly beneath a dazzling, transparent dome made of multi-colored glass mosaic. When the mall first opened, this area was always packed with people admiring the artistic installation. However, as time went on, the crowds began to thin, and that day, being a weekday morning, there were hardly any people around the fountain. There was just one woman with her little girl nearby.

"Y'know, I really love that stained-glass dome," I remarked to Amy, pointing upwards. "The pattern is abstract, but it's got this stylish vibe to it, don't you think?"

We both gazed at the intricate mosaic above, just as the woman said to her daughter, "Mary, if you toss a coin into the fountain and make a wish to come back here, it'll definitely come true."

"Ha! I'd rather find a stack of cash," I thought to myself, when suddenly I was blinded by a bright green ray. A ray of sunlight had refracted through one of the green glass tiles in the mosaic, hitting me square in the eye. The intensity of the light was shocking, and for a few seconds, all I could see was a dark green haze in front of me.

Panicking, I stumbled over to the edge of the fountain, scooped up some water, and splashed it into my eyes. "Paul, what's wrong with you?" Amy asked, concern etched on her face. "Did something get in your eyes?"

"The sun hit me right in the eye," I replied, a bit annoyed. "Stupid mosaic!" As I continued to splash water on my face, the cooling sensation helped alleviate my discomfort, and the green haze slowly faded away. But now I was shaking, my legs weak and wobbly from the nerve-racking experience.

"Amy, I don't feel like walking around anymore," I said, still trembling. "Let's head home. I can't believe just looking at that colored glass almost made me go blind!"

She nodded in agreement, her expression filled with worry as she kept a close eye on me during our walk back home. Amy loves me deeply, and I love her just as much.

When we got home, I lay down on the bed and quickly fell asleep. Strangely enough, I dreamt of finding a bundle of cash, neatly wrapped in a bank package.

Three hours later, I woke up feeling refreshed and rejuvenated. As I rubbed the sleep from my eyes, I noticed a stack of cash sitting on my bedside table – the very same bundle of bucks from my dream. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"How are you feeling?" Amy asked, walking in from the kitchen.

"Seems like I'm all good now," I replied, still staring at the money. "But, uh, where did this cash come from?"

"What money?" Amy asked, confused. Then, she spotted the stack of bills on the table. "I have no idea. Maybe you put it there? How much is it?"

I picked up the bundle and examined it closely. "It looks like 100 bills of 100 dollars each – that's ten thousand dollars."

"Not bad," Amy remarked, raising an eyebrow. "But why 'looks like'? Don't you know how much is there?" She looked at me skeptically, clearly not buying my story.

I chuckled, knowing exactly what she was thinking. She assumed I was playing a prank on her, albeit a pleasant one, unless... "Are they real?" she asked, referring to the bills.

"Probably," I shrugged, still not entirely sure myself.

That's when it hit me – this must be magic! Everything added up. I had wished for a stack of cash, and the green ray must have activated some latent, magical abilities within me. Perhaps everyone had these abilities, lying dormant within them? While I slept, my wish must have materialized! And if that were true, then I must be a powerful and benevolent wizard. After all, a weak wizard might have conjured up a smaller amount of money, like twenty-dollar bills. But I had created one hundred hundred-dollar bills! Evil wizards could only harm and destroy, but I had created something!

I excitedly shared my thoughts with Amy, but she met my revelations with skepticism. Of course, I couldn't blame her – I'd need to provide some solid evidence to break through her wall of disbelief.

"If you're really a wizard now, try materializing something else as proof," Amy suggested, her tone challenging. "How about a gold bar?"

I focused my thoughts and mentally exclaimed, "I wish for a gold bar!" Nothing happened. I pondered for a moment before realizing that I had been asleep when the money appeared. Maybe sleep was a necessary step for my magic to work. It was also possible that nobody could be in the room when it happened.

"Let me try sleeping while you wait in the kitchen," I suggested.

Amy agreed and left the room, allowing me to lie back down on the bed and drift off to sleep. I seemed to dream of the gold bar, though the memory was hazy. However, when I woke up, there was no gold bar on the table.

Amy remained convinced that I was just playing a prank on her, and that I had somehow acquired the money elsewhere. But I knew the truth was far more extraordinary. Hoping to get some fresh air and clear my thoughts, I took one of the hundred-dollar bills and headed to my bank to verify its authenticity.

As it turned out, the dollars were indeed real. However, I decided not to deposit the cash into my account just yet. What if my magic hadn't actually created the money but had stolen it from a bank instead? Were all the bill serial numbers recorded somewhere? It was best not to take any risks until I had a better understanding of what was going on.

As I walked back home, I mulled over the events, and it dawned on me that the green ray of light might have played a crucial role in activating my magical abilities. When I arrived home, I suggested to Amy that we return to the Empire Mall the following day to take another look at the mosaic on the ceiling.

"I'm up for a walk," she replied, "but just be careful not to overdo it. You don't want to damage your eyesight even more."

"I'll be cautious," I promised. "Let's just make sure we go at the same time as today so that the sun is in the same position."

With our plan set, I couldn't help but feel a mix of anticipation and uncertainty about what we might discover at the mall the next day.

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On Friday morning, Amy and I found ourselves back at the Empire Mall, standing by the fountain and gazing up at the mosaic. I convinced Amy to stand as close as possible to me, look at the same spot, and make a wish alongside mine. I had my heart set on wishing for a huge suitcase filled with stacks of hundred-dollar bills in old banknotes that couldn't be traced. As for Amy, she planned to wish for a gold bar weighing 100 grams.

With my head tilted back, I focused intently on the image of the coveted suitcase filled with money. Doubts began to creep in; perhaps I wasn't standing in the exact same spot as before. What if I couldn't hold the position for long enough? How long would I have to wait? I couldn't possibly keep this up for half an hour without drawing unwanted attention. But I quickly shook off those thoughts and refocused my mind on the image of the suitcase filled with money.

Fortunately, the area around the fountain wasn't crowded, just like last time. Some children ran up to the fountain, splashing in the water before scampering away, giggling. A portly, bald man ambled past, and soon after, two college-aged girls strolled by. Amy shot a jealous glance at their slender figures. That's when it happened.

The green ray of light blinded me once more, and I felt a surge of excitement as I realized my plan had worked. In that instant, I clearly thought, "I want a suitcase with

money," and vividly pictured the open suitcase in our apartment, filled to the brim with stacks of cash.

Amy, however, seemed to have missed the moment.

"I wish I had a figure like that," she murmured enviously, eyeing the two girls as they disappeared into the crowd.

With the familiar dark green haze obstructing my vision, I couldn't see anything for a few seconds. But this time, I wasn't scared. Plus, my sight returned much faster than before.

"Amy, it worked! I was blinded again, and I managed to make my wish," I exclaimed.

"Really? I'll believe it when I see that suitcase," Amy replied skeptically.

"Alright, let's hold off on conclusions for now," I agreed. "But I'm almost 100% sure. When I close my eyes, I see a bright green inscription on a black background saying, 'I want a suitcase with money!' right next to the suitcase."

"And you don't see anything else?" Amy asked incredulously.

I closed and opened my eyes. "Now I see your phrase, 'I wish I had such a figure!' You said it just in that moment".

"What?" Amy seemed surprised. "I didn't say anything out loud. But yeah, I was thinking along those lines after seeing those two girls. Compared to them, I feel like a fat cow."

"You're not fat," I reassured her, trying to be politically correct. "But what does this mean? Can I read your thoughts when I'm in this state?"

"Or you just guessed what I was thinking," Amy suggested, as we started our walk back home, each of us lost in thought about the day's mysterious events.

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Upon arriving home, my eyes felt heavy, and all I could think about was sleep. Every time I closed my eyes, one of the two inscriptions would appear in the darkness: 'I want a suitcase with money!' or 'I wish I had such a figure!'.

Amy maintained her skeptical expression, but I could tell that, at a subconscious level, she was starting to believe that I wasn't playing a prank on her. We agreed that while I slept, she would sit beside me and attempt to witness the exact moment the suitcase materialized.

Exhausted, I lay down on the couch and immediately fell into a deep slumber. My dreams were a strange blend of the vividly imagined suitcase filled with money and the enticing image of a shapely female figure in tight denim shorts, accentuating a wasp waist and long, slender legs.

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I awoke feeling refreshed and immediately noticed the enormous open suitcase filled with money, as well as Amy sitting gloomily in a chair beside it. Her figure hadn't changed.

As I sat up on the couch, I glanced down at my arms and legs and instantly understood why Amy appeared so upset. The slender figure she had impulsively wished for was now mine!

I sprang from the sofa like a bullet, rushing to the large mirror built into our closet. I saw myself, but smaller. Along with being smaller, I now had a narrow chest and shoulders, thin arms, a flat stomach, wide hips, and feminine legs ending in small, dainty feet.

I was still a man, but the hair on my arms, legs, and chest had disappeared, as had my facial stubble. My face remained the same, but its features seemed to have become slightly more delicate.

"I'm sorry," Amy said, her voice filled with regret. "I should have believed you sooner, and I shouldn't have made such a foolish wish."

"No, don't apologize," I countered. "What matters is that I truly am a wizard! A wizard! There's no doubt about it now! Everything else is trivial; we'll figure it out."

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After taking another look at myself in the mirror, I decided to measure my new proportions to accurately assess the changes that had occurred. We found a measuring tape and a scale in our apartment, and soon a column of numbers was written on a piece of paper in front of me.

Firstly, I had shrunk by seven inches, now standing at 5'6", while Amy remained at her 5'9" height. My new measurements were 30-22-36—wild proportions! My hips, although slightly smaller than before, looked larger in comparison to my narrow chest and shoulders. Somehow, the shape of my hips had become more feminine, and even the way my legs connected to my hips seemed different.

Turning my back to the mirror and dropping my underpants to the floor (which were now too large for me), I caught a glimpse of feminine buttocks in the mirror over my shoulder. Along with those, I now had a very narrow waist, a back that would look stunning in an evening dress, and delicately thin shoulders.

From behind, my body appeared absolutely feminine and attractive, if you didn't pay attention to the fact that something suspicious still hung between my legs. But from the

front, I looked like some kind of mutant monster, a bizarre mix of male and female features that left me feeling uneasy.

My arms had become thin, and the muscles had almost disappeared. My hands were now small and neat, with slender fingers. The only flaw I could find in this effeminate body were my small, round nails. By the way, my legs were now too thin for my liking, even if they were on a real woman.

After examining my new body from every angle, I stepped on the scale. I now weighed only 99 pounds! Amy even bit her lip with envy. I had lost nearly half my weight, likely due to my bones becoming smaller and thinner.

Lastly, we assessed my shoe size. My feet were lost in my old size 11.5 sneakers, and even Amy's size 8.5 shoes were too big. According to Amy, I now likely wore a size 7.

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I pondered for a while, trying to figure out what I should wear when we went back to the fountain. Should I just go in shorts and barefoot? Amy and I discussed our options.

"I could wear shorts, a T-shirt, and your house slippers," I suggested. "They won't fall off my feet, and I doubt anyone in the mall will pay much attention."

"You'll also need dark glasses and a wig so that our neighbors won't recognize you," Amy added. "We don't have a wig, though."

The thought of someone recognizing me in this form made me cringe. "You should probably head to the store and buy me a wig, and anything else you think I might need. And while you're there, we can test out the money—maybe it's fake. If I come up with any other ideas while you're out, I'll give you a call. Just make sure to hurry back; we don't have a lot of time."

Amy agreed and quickly gathered her things before heading out to the store. Meanwhile, I tried to come up with a plan to fix my current situation. The clock was ticking, and I couldn't afford to waste any time. While I waited for Amy, I carefully examined the money from the suitcase, feeling its texture and inspecting the intricate details. To my relief, it seemed genuine.

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Amy returned from the Empire Mall with two large packages of things. On the way there, she decided that the easiest way to deal with my current state was to dress me in women's clothes, and we discussed all the details over the phone.

When she arrived, we got to work immediately. My fingernails and toenails were hastily painted with light pink polish. For my feet, Amy bought me flip flops so I wouldn't have to worry about sizing. This meant I had to paint my toenails as well.

While the lacquer dried, Amy applied some makeup to my face and painted my lips with pink lipstick, which I found completely repulsive. I reluctantly allowed her to continue, understanding that it was all for the sake of disguise.

Then I put on women's underpants and some kind of solid padded bra. Over that, I wore a sundress that Amy had bought at the mall. Looking at myself in the mirror, I noted with satisfaction that the disguise was successful. The folds of the sundress effectively hid the fake breasts, and its fabric was opaque enough not to be revealing. The tied belt of the sundress emphasized my narrow waist and wide hips. My feminine legs, beautiful women's shoulders, and arms were exposed for all to see. My face, of course, still looked awfully masculine, despite Amy's efforts, but we hoped the wig and dark glasses would help with that.

Amy put a small gold bracelet on my left hand, and a gold ring with a gem on one of the fingers of my left hand. The accessories seemed to complete the disguise, making me look more like a woman.

And finally, I pulled a wig over my head—straight honey blond hair falling to my shoulders—and put on large sunglasses that covered almost half of my face.

Amy looked at me critically and gave me a gloomy thumbs-up. "Good!" she said, though it was clear she wasn't entirely thrilled about the situation.

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The two elderly women at the entrance of our apartment building didn't seem to notice anything suspicious. One of them, more vigilant, asked Amy if I was a relative who had come to visit her. Amy answered dryly "No," and we managed to pass the risky encounter without any issues.

On the way to the Empire Mall and inside the store, everything went smoothly. There were a lot of people on Saturday morning, but no one paid much attention to Amy and me. At first, it seemed like everyone we encountered was looking at me suspiciously, but eventually, I calmed down.

We arrived at the fountain about 10 minutes early. Unlike our last two visits, it was crowded—after all, it was a Saturday. We agreed that Amy would try to keep those who came too close away from me so that their desires wouldn't interfere with mine. She herself would wish for a suitcase of money in used hundred-dollar bills.



I removed my dark glasses and noticed a grimace of disappointment on the face of some guy who had been looking at me. I couldn't blame him—such a face on such a body must have been quite a sight. The guy turned and walked away from the fountain.

Suddenly, panic gripped me. What if nothing came of this? What if I stayed like this forever—a freak with female forms, a male face, and voice? I would prefer having a completely female body over this bizarre combination.

Just then, the green beam flashed, and everything was obscured for a moment by a green veil. This time, it lasted only a moment. In that instant, I heard Amy's voice say, "I want a suitcase with hundred-dollar bills," a child's voice exclaim, "I want a drone!" and an unfamiliar woman wish, "I wish our family had such passionate sex!"

Shocked that I had missed the crucial moment to make my wish, I froze, opening and closing my eyes, trying to process what I'd just seen. I quickly put my glasses back on and tugged on Amy's hand.

"Let's go home, everything has already happened," I told her, my voice laced with disappointment and uncertainty.

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"Paul, how are you? Did it not work out?" Amy asked impatiently as soon as we left the Empire Mall.

"It worked, but not exactly as we planned," I replied hesitantly.

"What happened? Tell me!" Amy demanded.

I took a moment to choose my words carefully, trying to make the news more palatable for her. "Amy, how would you feel about gaining a new, unique experience? Feeling new sensations?" I asked.

"What kind of experience are you talking about?" Amy inquired.

"An experience in sex," I answered.

"Well, we can have sex, if that's what you mean. Although, I liked your old body better," Amy admitted. "I'm not a lesbian; I prefer men's bodies, not women's."

I hesitated once more before continuing. "This is a fundamentally new experience. The chance to feel sex the way men feel it," I explained.

"Are you implying..." Amy trailed off.

"Yes," I confirmed, "I made a mistake with my wish. I thought I might be stuck like this forever and that it would be better if I had a completely female body. Just as the green ray flashed, that wish was made."

"But why would I have sex like a man?" Amy asked, confusion apparent in her voice.

"Because there were more wishes," I explained. "First, yours. You wished for the suitcase full of dollars, as we agreed. When I close my eyes, I can clearly see the image of the suitcase. Second, some child wished for a drone. That's not dangerous for us; we'll just have a drone. However, the third wish, from a stranger woman, I believe, will affect you."

I looked guiltily at Amy, who was listening to me with an increasingly troubled expression on her face. "I don't know why, but she literally wished, 'I wish our family had such passionate sex!' When I close my eyes, I see a graphic image of a huge male member entering a female vagina. Now, think about it: if I have a female body, whose penis will it be? Someone else's? A casual lover? No, the wish specified 'our family.' So, it will be your penis, Amy. There's no one else in our family. And magic, I think, tends to follow the path of least resistance."

"Fine, let's go home," Amy agreed, still processing the information.

A little later, Amy added, "Well, I suppose it will be interesting for me to be a man and feel what it's like. And don't blame yourself. It was my responsibility to push that bitch away from you in time. I remember her."

"I'm glad you're not mad," I sighed in relief. "Next time, we'll just have to be more careful with our wishes, and we'll find a way to undo this and return everything back to normal."

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Surprisingly, it seemed that I had not only become more susceptible to magic but also more resistant to its side effects. When we arrived home this time, I wasn't overcome by the drowsiness I'd experienced before.

Amy and I spent the rest of the day at our computers, scouring the internet for similar cases of magical transformations. Our search yielded nothing but countless fairy tales and myths. We also tried to uncover any information about the Imperia Mall, particularly its construction, technologies, and materials used, but our efforts were fruitless.

As evening fell, we decided to take a break and indulge in some intimacy. Amy, still feeling uncomfortable with my new feminine body, suggested a position from behind, so she wouldn't have to see it. I had no objections, and soon found myself thrusting rhythmically inside her.

Normally, I would make an effort to prolong the experience for 15 to 20 minutes, but this time, after only five minutes, my newly weakened legs grew so fatigued that I barely managed to reach orgasm before collapsing onto the bed, completely drained. I helped Amy reach her climax using my fingers, which led me to wonder how lesbian women have sex. They probably have to keep their nails short, otherwise, they'd risk scratching each other pussies.

At last, both satisfied, we drifted off to sleep, our minds still racing with the bizarre turn our lives had taken.

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I awoke the next morning to find the sky overcast and rain pouring down outside. It seemed that using magic today would be impossible, as there would be no sunlight to create the rays we needed. As I took in the dreary weather, I noticed the suitcase filled with dollars and the drone nearby, clear evidence of our previous wishes. And then, I looked down at myself, seeing the feminine curves and knowing that the changes extended below my waist.

In any other situation, I would've rushed to the mirror to examine myself more closely, but my main concern now was to find out who was lying beside me in bed. Turning cautiously from my left side to my right, I held my breath.

To my relief, it was unmistakably Amy, albeit a male version of her. Subconsciously, I had been afraid that I'd be faced with a complete stranger, with no idea of what to expect or where the real Amy had gone. He opened his eyes and gazed at me calmly. His masculine features were attractive, and I found myself thinking that if I had been a woman from birth, I might have fallen for someone with such a face.

"Hi," he said in a deep, male voice.

"Hi," I replied, my own voice now distinctly feminine. "Do you remember who you are?"

"Your wife Amy," he answered, much to my relief. "And you know, that woman's face suits you. You look cute."

I couldn't help but chuckle at his comment. Leave it to Amy to steer the conversation away from our main concerns and focus on seemingly trivial matters. There would be plenty of time later to discuss our new appearances. For now, we had more pressing issues to tackle.

As I pulled back the blanket, I couldn't help but notice the large erection straining against the fabric of Amy's feminine underwear.

"Well, look at you!", I teased, pretending to be upset. "You haven't even been a man for long, and already your mind is filled with thoughts of sex!"

"It's not my fault!" Amy's male face flushed with embarrassment. "I woke up like this."

I couldn't help but find the situation amusing, and a mischievous grin spread across my face. "Let's see how much you're enjoying this, shall we?" I placed my hand over the prominent bulge in his panties and gently stroked it. He gasped and arched his back, eyes closed in pleasure.

"This feels amazing," he murmured.

"Just wait, it gets even better," I promised.

Slowly, I removed the panties, revealing the undeniable proof of Amy's transformation. Hairy legs, a slightly muscled abdomen, and most importantly, an impressive, throbbing cock that seemed eager to find release, to discharge sperm into any vessel suitable for this - into a pussy, into a condom, into a woman's mouth or just into the air.

I opened my mouth and slowly brought it closer to the tip of his cock, glancing at Amy out of the corner of my eye. He watched me with a mix of anticipation and lust. But at the last moment, I laughed and pulled away, climbing out of bed with a teasing smile.

"Hold on, I need to take a look at my new face. Curiosity is killing me," I said, still grinning.

Amy sighed in mock frustration, but I could see the amusement in his eyes as well.

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As I stood before the mirror, I couldn't help but marvel at the stunning transformation that had taken place. My body was now that of a beautiful woman, with moderately sized breasts that looked absolutely amazing from the side. My crotch was clean-shaven, which I mentally attributed to the foresight of magic, and displayed perfectly formed female labia. They were plump and tightly closed with nothing protruding between them, just as I had always admired in women.

My face had become a feminine version of my old self, and I knew that if I had remained a man, I would have been incredibly attracted to such a face. I turned to the mirror, examining myself from different angles, before bending over and putting my hands behind my head, completely captivated by my new reflection.

Amy, who had been watching me with a mix of amusement and desire, finally seemed to accept that I had been teasing her. He got up from the bed and approached me, his transformed body now several centimeters taller and with a physique that could only be described as godlike. My heart skipped a beat as he wrapped his arms around me from behind, his strong hands gently cupping my breasts.

"Amy, what are you doing?" I asked with a playful smile, thrilled by the intimate contact.

"I just can't help myself," he replied in a deep, sultry voice that sent shivers down my spine. "You look so incredibly beautiful like this. And seeing you admire your new body in the mirror... well, it just turns me on."

Amy turned me around to face him, his eyes filled with a passion that mirrored my own. He pressed his lips against mine, tilting me back ever so slightly while one of his powerful hands supported me, keeping me from falling. His other hand found its way to

my hair, gently caressing the strands while also ensuring I couldn't pull away from our intimate embrace.

Not that I wanted to. My mouth opened slightly, allowing his strong tongue to explore the depths of my newfound femininity. Each touch sent a delightful shiver through my body, a sensation that seemed to both tickle and tantalize at the same time. I felt a growing warmth in the pit of my stomach, an anticipation of something even more wondrous to come.

His hand left my hair and tenderly cupped my left breast, sending a wave of pleasure coursing through me that felt like the most exquisite neck kisses multiplied by ten. As he continued to caress me, tremors of excitement radiated through my body, culminating in involuntary contractions deep within my core.

In a swift, fluid motion, I found myself being guided onto the sofa. Instinctively, my legs opened, and my eager body welcomed something that felt both large, solid, elastic, and extremely pleasant. It began to move rhythmically inside me, awakening new pleasure points I had never experienced before.

Desperate for more, I wrapped my legs around his hips and pushed back against him, amplifying the sensations coursing through my body. The accumulated tension reached an unbearable peak before exploding in a flood of indescribably delicious convulsions that encompassed my entire being.

My mind was lost in a haze of ecstasy, and I barely registered the sounds of my own moans as pleasure consumed me entirely. Gradually, the involuntary muscle contractions subsided, leaving me with a profound sense of relaxation and contentment. I wrapped my arms around Amy's strong form, tenderly kissing him as we basked in the afterglow of our passionate encounter.

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Four days had passed since our magical transformation, and the relentless rain showed no signs of letting up. With no opportunity to use the magic and return to our original forms, Amy and I spent our days poring over information we found online, making plans, and exploring our newfound physical connection.

It was astounding how easily we acclimated to our new bodies and the intense sexual experiences that came with them.

By now, I had perfected the art of giving Amy a mind-blowing blowjob, taking pleasure in his masculine moans of approval. Even with our genders swapped, it didn't faze me to have him throbbing in my mouth. In fact, the sensation of power and desire only fueled my need for more.

Whenever Amy and I were close, it was nearly impossible to keep my hands off him. I'd reach out, instinctively seeking his erection and stroking him firmly, while his

masculine hands would trace over my feminine curves, teasing my nipples and sending shivers down my spine.

My new body was a sultry, lean goddess. A 32C-22-36 bombshell that was both lightweight and incredibly agile, unlocking a world of sexual positions that we eagerly explored together.

As for the magic, I stumbled upon a promising lead. If we could dig up the construction documents and determine the type of glass used in the mosaic, we could recreate a similar stained-glass window in a secluded, serene location where no one could interfere in my spellcasting. With this plan in mind, we faced the future, ready to conquer whatever challenges awaited us.

It was then that I discovered another peculiar aspect of magic – it seemed to slowly reshape the world to match the changes it had wrought. At first, the signs were subtle; Amy's shoes fit me perfectly, the size adjusting from an 8.5 to a 7. Then, our old clothes in the closet seemed to magically alter themselves to fit our new bodies. It didn't stop there.

Amy ventured outside, and to our surprise, one of the neighbors greeted her with a casual, "Hello, Paul." In her masculine form, Amy bore no resemblance to my old self. The final confirmation came when I held Amy's driver's license in my hands and saw my new face staring back at me. The transformation was complete – I was now Amy, and she was Paul.

Magic was a potent force, but it also proved to be merciless. Amy and I had been fortunate, considering the numerous stories I'd come across where magic users had inadvertently ended up in animal bodies, transformed into statues or mannequins, or even turned into items of clothing.

The question now was whether it was worth the risk to use magic again. This my female body was healthy, beautiful, and provided immense pleasure. I even found myself contemplating the possibility of bearing a child or two in the future. With a vast fortune at our disposal, we had more than enough for a comfortable lifetime. It was time to have a serious discussion with Amy about our future and the role magic would play in it.

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