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The Wishlock

January Snowden

It was a dark and stormy night. I know it's cliché, but it really was a dark and stormy night. Still, there was no Jason, no Freddy Kruger, ready to jump out of the blackness to terrorize or kill me. To be honest, it was more of a sci-fi than horror or anything else. That's a little teaser. I really shouldn't have said that so soon, but what the hell. Maybe it'll keep you with me until the very end. This is my story, as on that clichéd night of my then very young life that I decided what I wanted to do with my future, like a sudden pure white lightning bolt slashing the black-blue night. That is, of my beginning, and continued existence, as the Wishlock.

My title did not really come out of the blue, fully formed, then and there. Awakened from a light sleep by a cacophonous boom of thunder, along with an oxymoronic hiss and sizzle of heavy sheeting rain, my mind bounced randomly, thinking of many things be-

fore I was soothed back to slumber. All the same, one of those things was what was I was going to do with my future. It was as if the present state of elemental fury had given me my ultimate idea. Oh no. Not that thunder, lightning and rain disturbed me into making my life's path. On the contrary, for the first time, it fascinated me. The harnessing of such power. This new-found revelation segued into my desire to possessing such power to do extraordinary things.

This particular power had a name: magic. Believe it or not, real magic does exist. The practitioners of such are more kindly called magicians. Otherwise, there is another rather unflattering sobriquet: There are witches who are female but there are also male witches. Generally, the latter are known as warlocks. As I will explain in due time, apropos to my method of practice, along with the way as I practice my craft, this is why I uniquely dub myself as the Wishlock.

Introduction

It took almost a decade. That is, once my quest seriously began. Early on, I got discouraged. Part of that time disbelieving that magic really existed even as I contradicted my thoughts in hoping that it did. Real magic, mind you. Not the kind stage magicians pull in Vegas or on TV. Real magic was not wishful thinking, to deliberately pun. I joke now because sometimes I do exactly that.

It was in vogue, to lack a better word, for centuries, centuries ago. There is no written record of how it began; only that it was frowned upon. There was black magic, which gave the reason for that. But then there was white magic, which you almost never hear about. What was the difference? Obviously, one was bad and one was good. But here was the interesting part: What

mostly defined black or white, bad or good, was mostly how it was used. To wit, if one's intent was to harm needlessly, spells could be considered black or bad. However, if the same spell was used with good intentions, let's say, an act of justice, it could be a good thing.

It was like any childhood goal, as crazy as it may sound. Some 'crazy' childhood dreams were wanting to fly on their own power. With age, they settled for airplanes, helicopters and, oh my gosh, spaceships! A century ago, it was a joke, even as the Wright brothers built the first airplane. We have not gone to other planets personally, but space travel above earth is routine. But people will still chuckle if you say that with magic you can fly...and even teleport instantly.

Whether you wanted to be a teacher or an astronaut or even to want to be a pilot or an architect, it took dedication to follow through. For some, it was relatively easy to achieve, for others hard. Some things were just simple for some while others had trouble adding two plus two...literally. It was not because of a brain malfunction, while it definitely could be the cause. Yet, to dismiss this notion right away, there are scores of people of record who achieved while being deficient. And yes, there are those who triumphed through sheer dumb luck. Of the latter, it can and had backfired. Still, even then, with discipline and determination, if you do stumble upon it, it does not mean that you broke your leg if you fall. You can also otherwise get up, and by being wary of how you tripped, become a stronger person because of it.

In short, why magic? Okay then, why a doctor or a lawyer? If indeed it is your dream from a young age, unprompted by no one else, then why not? Even the

latter can seem unrealistic to many for a child – unless it is the elder’s idea, of course – but to pursue a dream to be a magician? Why, that’s just foolishness. But being a magician, as I said earlier, is not the same as being proficient in real magic.

In the end, it can be said of adults, but few give credit to children: that is, knowing how to keep their mouths shut. Particularly realizing that their dreams might border on the fantastic, if not the impossible, until it was accomplished. Have you never heard anyone say that they never knew someone could do something, as if it was considered unreal by them? In turn, have you ever seen that someone’s face, as if inwardly smiling, “If I’d told you before I did it, you wouldn’t be amazed or proud. You would’ve laughed.” Well, that was me, only I never told a soul...until now.

For now, for my own amusement, I share some of my adventures. Accept it as fact or fiction, I don’t care. And to add to your fun and or disbelief, every name has been changed – especially my own – to protect the innocent and for the guilty to be unconcerned.

I am neither a witch nor a warlock. You can call me “The Wishlock”.

Now I have already explained my title and have said it more than once. But is that snickering I hear? Be careful.

Although I practice white magic, it would not be right to make fun of me. You have already been warned.

Chapter 1

I ultimately indulged calling myself the Wishlock because, as with anyone with enough experience in the occult, people had a format, style or technique, which

aided their perfection of performance. Some did intricate verbalization via Latin. Others used mantras; the same words despite the desired effect differed. Others used seemingly complete gibberish... at least to anyone who heard them. Myself, I used my inner child, using my talent as if it were a wish.

I did what felt easy for me as some also surely did, in their own way, as there were those who felt that the ways of magic as discovered worked best for them. Yet, as for the latter, I found that having to say a longwinded incantation could be cut off when you needed it most. The mind, being a most unfathomable tool, has a way, however, to finish the job if your mouth already has most of it out. Provided, of course, you planned to do it that way... ahead of time. It rarely, if ever, works that way if you are unprepared.

It is not really fantastic to pull this off. Rudimentary computers – machines – today have the ability to even anticipate several possibilities for writing, as a timesaving option. And what is the human brain but the most complex computer ever? A computer search engine goes over its entire hard drive in seconds in search of one thing. The human mind can internally quote from the voluminous book “War and Peace” in milliseconds. Teaching myself to think a spell makes verbalization a luxury.

Ergo, while having the option of speech, all I have to do is concentrate and think – “wish”, if you will – and presto! Mission accomplished. Although, sometimes, as far as human beings are concerned, sometimes getting their attention eye-to-eye is just plain fun. I never have to think or say those two words. It simply reinforces the spell should I do so.

Bottom line, I tell you that I am the Wishlock on paper, but you still have no idea who I am. I could be right behind you.

I have thus far used my powers well, in getting started. I live reasonably well without being ostentatious. It would be foolish to live poorly with all this power. For sure, absolutely no one is perfect. So only an idiot, although with much power, would presume themselves gods. On the other end of the spectrum, paranoia has caused some to live as hermits. Sheer stupidity causes still others to live beyond provable means. However, the latter can be done, but for the most part, you would be spending more time unnecessarily covering up yourself than enjoying life with reasonable discretion. That is precisely why it is stupid. I do not claim to be a genius, but common sense is common sense.

And if you make your mistake and try the ultimate clean-up? There is absolutely no way to escape your past except through death. And if you “resurrect” yourself as someone else – translation: not really dying but create another identity – it often becomes a problem if you stubbornly think that there is a way to live your previous life. Therein lies the dark side of magic; finally resorting to means you would not have had to, had you only lived simple in the first place. People, magicians generally chose their craft as adults. I have thought this through since childhood and still I do not think that I cannot screw it up. It is probable that I will not but not impossible. The great irony of all with magic, almost nothing is impossible. The scary part? It works both ways.

All magic aside, doing positive things in life brings the most satisfying fulfillment. Not unwilling to seek

help when needed, I found that the best help for me is my familiar. A familiar can be an inanimate object like a totem or it can be animate; most common animates are cats. While animals can be made human to serve purposes, I chose to do the reverse; a human that can be an animal, if need be. He, I mean, she, has been very helpful to me.

Ah, you have caught me in a Freudian slip. Yet none is the harm. I will explain.

Becoming accomplished in magic was not an obsession, it was a goal. Even with obsessions, it is possible to have other dreams or preoccupations. That having been said, notably since puberty, I have noticed girls. Just like any other male has, only minutely moreso. Girls, women, females. Virtually everything about them. How they vary and yet all are meant to be beautiful, one way or another. As such, it is not impossible for even an ugly woman to be beautiful. Yes, there are those, through unfortunate means, are not physically attractive. Still, even of these, there are those who have such inner beauty that the outside is dismissed. Just like the reverse: drop-dead gorgeous knockouts with ugly souls to their core.

Then, too, there is the gay community. Not totally discounting lesbians, I'm talking about the "tranny". A term that has, as far as I know, originally applied as a nickname for "transvestite". Today they are more commonly known as crossdressers. Tranny now seems to embrace anything prefixed sexually "trans". Transgendered, transsexual, and yes, still hanging on, the transvestite. Even transsexual used to mean someone who underwent a complete sex change but now it also refers to those who did everything and or anything except penile removal.

I am going to stop right here to go off-topic for just a bit. It is because you might wonder how did magic, discovery of the opposite sex and all things transgender become a connected bundle in my life. I cannot speak for anyone else. I can only speak for myself.

I am an only child. I have two attractive and loving parents who love each other and me. For the record, they additionally loved each other physically, which was how I got here, and yet I was just showered with hugs and kisses from both parents – yes, fathers do kiss sons without any sexual desire. We were just another loving family.

When puberty arrived, I did notice my mother after I realized that girls were more than funny-looking boys. My mom had always been a very attractive woman but regardless, it is normal for her male child to ultimately notice it without personal lust. When it did hit me, hey, I was damned proud to have a hot mom but that was it. I saw my mother's beauty and, like many men who live straight lives, I wanted a woman like Mom. It was natural, although I am sure you know of several extremes to either direction that I will not go into here. However, I did go to one extreme myself. For a while, I became a crossdresser. Where the urge came from, I do not know, but once thought, I just could not dismiss it. Curiosity got the best of me then. I just had to know.

Mom was not petite nor was she tall. As I wondered about girls my age, I tried to understand them through my mother. Having grown to Mom's height, with girls in mind, alone one day, I tried on her clothes. You might think it vanity, but first time out, no padding, just wearing, I got into everything, even high-heeled

shoes! It was not impossible for everything to fit, except the emptiness of the bra cups, and they did. Not trying makeup with the dress-up, I had an androgynous look first time out. I could be seen as either sex. More to the point, in women's clothes, people could see the male but the female won out because of what I wore. I still liked what I saw and wanted to do it again. As I will constantly digress throughout my whole story, I make a huge note of digression here:

In many cases, perhaps more often than not – I would not know if anyone kept these kind of records – crossdressers would get sexually turned on; especially if they passed without deluding themselves, either first time out or over time. Some masturbated over the mere fact that they were femininely dressed, whether complete or partial. While I admit that I honestly passed, such as I was in my mom's things, yes, there was an internal thrill. No external one.

Hard to believe? Well, I refuse to believe that I am the only one who did not get sexually turned on by my feminine visage, but I tell it like it was. The key word was "sexually". Turned-on? Hell, yeah! I passed as a good-looking girl, not as a guy in drag with a clothing fetish dying for a cum fix. Anyone who says that it is not possible are liars or simply blind to the truth. As I said, the thrill of the feminine transformation in my parent's things triggered something other than sexual in my psyche, although, being female, that was a different story.

For the time being, I waited for another opportunity to crossdress. It came and so I did. Over and over again. And if I looked good the first time, I only got better at it over time. I never got caught. I suppose there are naysayers who will pooh-pooh that. In my

case, that was the way it was, whether I was lucky or not. I was not stupid. I did prepare for the eventuality. (For example, once I tried makeup, I bought my own. Yes, as a girl. Just so my mother would not discover hers strangely diminishing to even dream that I was using it.)

The more I practiced crossdressing, I equally practiced returning back to male in record time. It only made for common sense. A big help was my family's trust in me as we were a two-income family. With Mom and Dad both working, it gradually became my job to keep house, even cooking meals on my own instead of calling take-out. If I did, it came out of my pocket with no reimbursement. In any event, I did well in school, grade-wise. Never got in trouble outside school after hours. And after hours, I was home alone, assuredly for hours.

Careful study made my short hair easily into a feminine boy-cut; allowing for a more male shaggy length led to dozens of girly hairdos. I learned how to pad a bosom, to tuck away a cock. How to use makeup for different times of day; smash without the trash. How to move, act, walk, and yes, even talk female. What made me a good magician later made me a very passable crossdresser then. (And vice versa in being a real woman when I accomplished my magicks.) This was not conjecture. I may have been very lucky but I dared to go outside all done up, before and after I made my cosmetics purchases. I was not accosted. I was not ogled. I was not unmasked. Daring to interact, if anyone did see through me, I never knew it. They looked me to my face and even they liked what saw.

As the very many have, if I did not have my primary goal, I might have been a crossdresser, or more,

for life. I was one of the not-so-many not to become addicted. As a male, I thereafter successfully interacted, dated and was physically intimate with several girls, and growing older, women. Learning from them even as I physically loved them. All the same, discovering beautiful femininity in men became sort of a subset, if you will, in my search for true magic. If you wanted to call me addicted to gender swapping then, I freely admit it. It was all simply labels then. If I wore women's clothes then, well, after all, I was a woman. And yes, in typical double standard, as female, I could get away with wearing men's clothes without a remark... for the most part. But you well know that it would be nothing compared to the other way around.

My first perfected magical transformation was typically juvenile. Touching myself everywhere, noting the physical differences given free rein on my own womanly body. Eventually, I masturbated as a female. Then I did everything all over again as different types of women. While at first I was experimenting, this later enabled me to settle a usual, standard – a default, if you will – female body. Finally, just for the hell of it, I tried being a shemale. I did try once being a man with a pussy. Yes, I orgasmed like a woman but it just was not the same. I ultimately learned how to get feminine orgasms when I was a woman with a cock. No matter what gender I was, when it came to sex, I left masculine orgasms behind forever.

So as I accomplished one, it enabled me to enjoy another. Charming the opposite sex is something millions of men do every day, not having one whit of true magic. I'm talking about really being the opposite sex. All too real. That is to say if I chose shemale – myself or someone else – they would actually be the so-called "90% woman, 10% male" without surgery, no matter

how successful sexual reassignment is in either direction of overall gender choice. Obviously, going all the way as one sex is a no-brainer.

Too, there was no rewiring of the brain required. Shemales did not act male and neither did genetic women. Via magic, they could have natural feelings for their counterpart, or with little effort, be contrary for same or bisexual. I find it ironic if justice serves that a gender repulses them, as it would take deliberate effort on my part, if the 'shoe fit' the individual. Anyway, plainly put, if a practitioner can disguise themselves within their gender for whatever the reason, not to mention the morphing familiars from animal to human, it is a small matter to swap genders. And here was when my adventures truly began.

One of my earliest attempts in switching genders: At first, I am vaguely androgynous. I open my jacket while changing to show curves. Although I expose my full bosomy chest and finally in just undies, my cock is tucked; I am a shemale. Panties removed and complete nudity show me as fully female. Truly, inside and out.

One significant adventure I had had given me my *raison d'être* – French for “reason for living” – to help people who could use it. Whether someone else could have, maybe, maybe not. My way would be a sure thing...and I would have fun doing it.

I was still overseas, mind you, when I met an honest-to-goodness American Indian. He was almost the perfect man. To say more would ruin the story, jumping ahead.

Ironically enough, in this early evening, I chose to stroll before dinner in an avant-garde Indian style. I was a tall woman with straight white hair. Bangs in front almost to my lashes. In the back, it swished across

my bubble butt with every hip swivel. With natural black lashes, they were almost too long, thought to be false. My lips were puffy, the color the pinkest pink. Everything was natural; that is, without cosmetics. My body's dimensions were a cartoon made real. Something like Jessica Rabbit if she actually existed in the real world.

I was very top-heavy and my ass bounced as much as my skintight white jeans would let them. My bosom jiggled braless under a blouse of my own design: a black sequined asymmetrical affair, it was up to the neck on my right but just off the shoulder on my left. The right sleeve was three-quarter length; the left went over my palms, only letting long white-nailed fingers be exposed. Across my back and down each sleeve were long white fringes. On my feet, I wore white cowboy boots, silver studded with silver stiletto heels.

I went into a fancy restaurant without a reservation and was immediately given a table. The place looked full, but pure femininity got this girl her table. No magic. You know what I mean. The maitre d' himself wanted to leave his station, to serve me, but was told to go back to his post as a waitress took over.

I was on my second drink, feeling quite good. A no-no on an empty stomach. This place did not water down their liquor. Thankful, I wanted the buzz, not worrying about getting drunk. Before my first sip, I spelled myself that should I get intoxicated, if I had to interact with anyone beside my waitress or get up to leave alone, I would have the cognizant option to sober up.

Remember when I just said "ironically," referring to my Indian/cowboy/techno mode of dress? Well, here was the real irony:

I fully expected to be hit on. After all, I made myself my personal definition of "hot". Name one tranny that wants to be ugly. And I was this night a genuinely genetic female. I was hungry and brazenly ventured into a swanky café without even a handbag, much less a purse. Worse came to worse, I could have conjured cash. But I wanted to truly feel the power of a woman in social circles. I had seen a little so far, in getting a table. Now, will anyone pick up my tab?

There suddenly was a shadow over me, coming from my side. >From a dimly lit establishment, that was saying something. But no lighting gave out from around me. It was human. Boy, was it ever!

Six feet if he was an inch, stood a genuine Amerindian. A big buff Native American with naturally tanned chiseled features, his ethnicity was his giveaway. Hair parted down the middle, it was almost as long as mine. Well, below his shoulder blades at least. If there had been a breeze, he would look as if he jumped off the cover of a romance novel. I just got "Timmy" in my life but we both knew that I would have other men. This guy was at my table for a reason and he was not my waiter. I could have had him instead of food and be well satiated.

"Y'know, a lot of people have ripped off my heritage style and corrupt its fashion sense, but I must admit, you do pull it off magnificently," he said.

I almost missed his first words. I was guilty of what many men did. When some meet busty women, they talk to their bosom. My saving grace was, that I was struck dumb. My being seated, his eyes could have been lost looking in my albeit covered bosom, but in my direct line of sight, I was unavoidably eye level to this guy's crotch. I had thought that I had given Timmy

a monster cock, but here, in tight white slacks, was a bulge above and across his left leg that was not even hard and it was impressively thick. His pants was so snug, there was no underwear line, so it was a safe guess he was commando. As I finally raised my head, I saw that he was wearing a yellow polo shirt; the nipples of his pecs were clearly defined. He was so gorgeous, I went wet quickly. Before I would stand up, I would magically make my pussy and pants be dry. For now, I let it flow, let it flow, let it flow in horniness.

“I wasn’t aware that it was under copyright,” I manage to rejoin.

“We’re not in America now, so I’d rather not discuss politics. Do you mind...?” he grinned as he asked, pointing to the seat opposite me.

Well, here was my meal ticket in more ways than one. I was not about to turn him down. I motion for him to sit.

His name was Willow Fontaine. “My father was a big fan of Johnny Cash,” he explained. “You know, ‘A Boy Named Sue’?”

His father was full-blooded Algonquin who actually going to name him Running Twotrees but his mother did not like that name. She said that she did not mind having Tallfeathers for her married name but they lived in a mansion, not a tipi. That they were in a new millennium now where it was so common to find interracial couples across virtually every nationality; some men even took their wives’ surnames without the slightest loss of masculinity. Especially those who could not be harassed as an adult.

So when the birth certificate was filled out, the baby was surnamed Fontaine, first name Willow. They had

talked over baby names and Willow was what Mom had wanted should it be a girl. Even though they got a son, Dad was adamant that his wife's choice stays, even giving him his wife's surname. As a Cash fan, "Willow" was to make him tough. But no worry. While Mom doted on her child as if she did have a daughter before and through his early school years – his hair was untouched as to growth and he even had pierced ears to this day with wedding band earrings to show me – Willow got his father's genes.

His being an Indian, he was never teased about his very long hair. He bulked up naturally with an obvious manly physique that wordlessly said, "I dare you to make fun of me." No one did. Girls, then women, flocked to him and Willow as a name was just an easy introduction to fuck them. In his twenties, he was given an inheritance from an Indian gold mine that the government could not touch or tax.

Across the Atlantic, women knew many men called Carroll, Leslie, Joyce, Lindsay, even Hilary or similar, so they did not blink at a Willow. (Okay, they might blink but they are more accepting at a name being just that, a name.) His tree-trunk cock was the main attraction. But as he matured chronologically, his cock gained a little more length and breadth. Many could not handle it, not even for a blowjob. Never thinking himself a freak, he proudly put himself on display even fully clothed. Consensual sex, well, as I got what I did from him, I will iis tree-trunk cock

let my experience tell the rest of the story...

Since such a handsome man was being so open to a fellow American, I let my magic be a bullshit detector, just for giggles. As a woman, I wanted to see that dick out in the open, fully hard and in me. This was how I

found out about him really being a stud, not to mention the cock growth. I still wanted him, knowing one way or another that we would both get off.

But as I learned about his lower anatomy, I decided to sober up and yet pretend to be tipsy, as he kept the liquor flowing as we ate. He felt a need for me to be drunk and I played along; my magic enabling me to drink him under the table if I had to. Then he did a really bad thing.

Willow and I were both getting friendlier. As we were both holding our liquor – each in our own way – I pretended to be a loose-lipped debutante when plastered. As he told me his name, I gave him mine: Jesse Ursula Waite, but that I did not care for Ursula and only used the initial when I had to. It took him a minute to ask himself why I bothered to mention a name I did not care for.

Then it came to him and he laughed, "Well, Jesse U. Waite, how long do I have to?"

I simply leaned forward across the table, not quite halfway, and said, "C'mere."

It was obvious of what I wanted. It would have been awkward for him to lean more than halfway across the table. So, since our table was set for two but seated four, Willow then slid one seat over and comfortably kissed me. He seemed to be a consummate lover and not simply with the use of his dick. But as I closed my eyes in intimacy, I felt indirect subtle movements that put me on guard. When Willow's hands did not touch me by now, I used my mind's eye – sometimes called a necromancer's third eye. It was as good as if I had the normal two open, able to see through walls or distances away.

As it was only a moment, as one hand did touch my thigh, his other was busy...doping my drink! It could have been Rohypnol, GHB, or something new. Willow could not trust my honest compliance. He was date-rape drugging me!

In mid-kiss, I was mentally "wishing" away its affect on me before my hand even picked up my glass. When we broke the prolonged buss, Willow reached across the table for his drink. It was my cue to sip mine. Willow's eyes widened, as I did not sip. I took a very unladylike gulp, draining my glass.

Trying to hide his surprise, he decided to test the swiftness of his drug's effect. "Y'know Jesse, you seem to have the biggest tits I've ever seen!"

Now, sober, a remark might make even big-boobied babes a little miffed. My bosom was an expansive and firm EE this night but not even cleavage was exposed. So, I gave him a sleepy-eyed look and slurred with a giggle, "Shh. Don't tell anyone. I'm wearing an oversized strapless bra filled with loooooots of padding." Then I pouted as if about to cry, "Does this mean that you don wanna do me?"

Willow's face did show disappointment at first. Then there was a second look of odd disgusted dissatisfaction. If he had chalked me up as a loss, this story would have had a different ending. But then he said, "Jesse, you don't look so good. Lemme take you over to my place."

Simulating compliance, all I said was, ""Kay.""

Was Willow going to be a good guy and let me sleep his drug off since I was not what I appeared to be?

We arrived at a nice little bungalow in the suburbs. I sill feigned as if I was now more woozy than drunk per the way I had heard date rape drugs was supposed to work. In any event, I wanted some control, so when he parked in the driveway I had assumed he lived, I immediately let myself out of his car as he got out from his side. I did it in order to get my bearings; to know how to get home by looking at the stars' positions in the night sky. By the time Willow got to me, I knew it, even if I left here during the day.

"Easy there, Jesse," Willow said anxiously. "You should've waited for me. You could've fallen and hurt yourself."

If I did not know before, I knew then that I had surely been drugged. A normal woman could have been somewhat soused by all I had to drink but she would not have been a tanked-up stumblebum. I staggered a bit to keep in character but overall showed that I could walk when we left the eatery. Willow now still insisted on having me lean on him as he held me by my waist.

Once inside, we walked in the dark, as Willow led me to his bedroom. As if assured of romantic company, he gently touched the light switch and instead of an instant bright light, there was a soft dim glow. A couple more taps and it was even more dim; lit but moody dark.

Then the arm that was around my waist moved from my back to my side, pushing me in a half-spin to face him. Holding my face with both of his hands, we then kissed; frenching as if kissing was the way to dine on our last meal. The pressure of his palms slowly lessened but we continued to furiously french. I did not mind but I gathered that since Willow was not sur-

prised, my continuing to do so without concern was a supposed conditioning of the drug that was to affect me.

His hands went down either side of my arms, moved at that point to my upper torso, but stopped. It did not take a mind reader to tell that he wanted to molest my breasts. Since I said it was all padding, he had no reason to disbelieve since he thought that I told him under the influence of his drug. Willow then abruptly went to unlatching his pants. After unzipping, his now-stiff rod hit my belly. Tits or no tits, I was still an attractive enough turn-on to get him hard and keep him hard. Again, no magic; just being a beautiful woman. Of course the impact of his cock was not enough to hurt but it was definite insistent contact. Willow's hands went back to my shoulders but only to apply pressure on them for me to kneel.

I was thereafter eye level to an amazing sight. Ever hear of the expression "hung like a horse"? Willow was no "like". He had a cock that belonged to a horse!

All he said was an angry, "Suck it, bitch!" and grabbed a handful of my hair at the roots to make sure I complied. I gave mental kudos to all the women he made try. The willing ones. Sadly, with a little bit of magic, I found that there were those who were afraid to try.

At first, I went for it, now keeping my own anger in check. I still wanted it but had new information that did not make me happy. After I licked it for a moment, Willow wanted to gag me with it and I saw images of women with broken jaws and worse. I have hated bullies ever since childhood. Willow was one but I could not see him tormenting just anybody any time, any way he felt like it. It was a vague idea then, to be fully

formed later, but from that point on, it was profoundly then that I made it my mission to use my white magic for those who could not help themselves.

To truly blow Willow, I would have to unhinge my jaw, not to mention overstretch my lips. Both sets if he wanted to fuck me. I did just that. (The one on my face, for now.) I also made my gag reflex nonexistent, as both my hands gripped his cock from the base and my mouth took almost the top half, just below its huge bulbous head. There was some space between hands and mouth and I used the gap for my hands to pump. It only looked as if my head was bobbing back and forth.

Willow was so happy to have found someone who could finally take his grown-up prick, he bawled like a baby. Through his tears, though, he had to spoil it, as he wailed, "Ooh god. Say goodbye to the rest of the world, bitch, 'cause I'm never letting you go!"

Okay. Jesse was not my real name but from then on it was going to be "Bitch"? Nuh-uh!

Just like that, spoiled rich kid Willow had plans for my future with him. But then, just like that, as I said, I had plans for the future...and they did not include him.

Soon enough, Willow felt himself about to cum. He began to swivel his hips, as if to fuck my face. He may have humped back but he made no progress forward. My hands were his wall. For untold minutes, he continued to "fuck" but he could not ejaculate. I simply would not let him.

He finally wrenched himself from my mouth and almost ran to an ensuite bathroom off the side of the bedroom. I now knew that this was his usual practice with other women he mutilated who could not get him

off. The nasty bugger would then begin to cum in there and rush out to further humiliate his lovers by spraying the rest on them. He would later dump some in front of hospitals, others he would just dump, well away from where he lived before the drug wore off.

Of these, some found him anyway. The story of being abused by an inhumanly large penis was largely dismissed. No pun intended. He did not put himself on display then and he could not be coerced to put himself out there. Again, no pun. Then there was the deal of a woman's name. Even though, he told them of its origin, it was just between them. To everyone else, he publicly used his father's surname and called himself William Tallfeathers. His main defense? The victim was thought to exploit an Indian, particularly a rich one. He never had to legally show his damning member and it was never on display in court like, for example, tonight when I met him.

I finally let him cum and he screamed like a banshee as he emptied himself in the bathroom. He would not coat me. Despite the fact that I really wanted to be, early on. I just did not want it the way he had to offer now.

In stereotypical fashion, with a muscular, gorgeous hunk owning a name like Willow, given my penchant for transgenderism, you know where this story is heading? Come on, I am not spoiling it for you. You still do not know how. Hang in there. Pwetty pwease?

Willow had come out of the much-lighter-lit bathroom as if he had just gone ten rounds with a prizefighter. Panting heavily, his cock dangling limply between bowlegs like a misplaced tail, his head was bowed, his long hair sheathed over his face and part of his chest. He had taken the time to strip naked before

exiting; I guess to make a grand re-entrance but failed. I had seen to it that he was completely tapped out of sperm and yet I did not want to know what mess his fire hose made in there.

"You okay, baby?" I said in a loud but kittenish whisper. It seemed appropriately softer because I had said it from a distance. Willow wearily lifted his head in my voice's direction, anger etched his face as if to childishly blame me for his condition. He would be right, but he did not know how right.

From the corona of the bathroom's bright light left on surrounding him, I could see Willow's countenance then abruptly change. He had realized that he left me in his urgency fully clothed. But now, here I was, sitting up in his queen-sized bed, not only naked but my very long white hair braided into a single huge French braid, draped between and past my two large breasts that I joked about not having.

In shock, Willow exclaimed, "Your tits...!"

I simply giggled and said, "Come and play with them, honey."

He seemed to forget that I was not only supposed to be drugged but also drunk. I should not be able to make commands, not even suggestions. And able to take my own clothes off as well as braid my hair? No, in my nudity, Willow had only one thing on his mind. You might think it would be murder but...here I was, the woman he originally thought I would be, undraped.

Adrenaline out of nowhere rushed to every extremity except his cock, and he fairly leaped atop me to feverishly maul and suck my bosom. He appeared to be torn about my lie and the grander truth of my bounti-

ful breasts. As he feasted, Willow indeed began to get rough, biting my pudgy nipples as if he were intent upon tearing them off. At that, I silently put him under my control; not fully but subtly. Soon enough, I did to him what he had done to me, as I slowly pushed him down to my wet crotch. Willow obediently lapped at my dampening pussy without a word.

Despite his 'oddity' and sexually-cruel presumptive coitus, apparently, Willow performed foreplay exquisitely. Cunnilingus for fellatio or vice versa, before fucking. Perhaps he was not a full-on rapist. I gathered why he went straight to sex with me was that, as his 'toy', I revealed a disappointing truth when I lied about being flat-chested. Otherwise, I might have gotten my breasts played with as he hoped I would get comfortable with the size of his meat, limp as well as hard. That was the way the willing ones acted as they did try. Since my bust had initially attracted him, it was a wonder that he gentlemanly always was at my eye level but chose the wrong 'easy' test question to make sure that his drug was working. So with all of this new information, I revised my newborn brand of justice accordingly.

Willow had licked and tongue-fucked my twat to the point of my needing to cum. More control was impressed, as I deliberately guided him to go to my clitoris, stay there and suck it. It grew larger and larger until it was the size of a small boy's penis. Willow wanted to stop when he finally realized its growth. I then made him want it, and as he sucked anew, my pussy slowly disappeared, to evolve indeed into a cock and balls. Then my cock grew longer and thicker. As he continued to bob, it was stunted at first. Not that he was resisting my spell but that he was a novice. But what made him progress into a steady flow was that

with each inch he took in his mouth, his own flaccid cock was shrinking. Yes, Willow was becoming Willow for sure.

I got Willow on his back, his mouth never letting go of my cock. Looking up at me, he saw the present incongruity of me being a fantastic shemale. Looking down at him, I saw his facial features soften, becoming genetically beautiful rather than handsome. Even his wedding band earrings became dangling diamond chandelier style. I had thought to make them Indian-beaded but she was rich. There was no need to be ethnically cliché.

Willow started to raise her slender arms to fondle my breasts. But then they dropped; one hand fondled her own inflating breast as the other diddled her new clit. Abruptly thereafter some minutes, she began bucking. Willow was able to cum again. It was not too soon. It was due to being another person entirely. Willow wanted to have her first female orgasm.

I then came until she began to gag. Pulling out so that she could easily swallow what she had, I sprayed her face and body as both of her hands went to her vagina to bring herself off. When Willow came, she squirted like a fountain in a high arc. With her back arched in orgasm, her juices went upon herself, mixing with my cum. All the same, having cum mightily as a man and a woman, she was thoroughly exhausted and readily drifted off to sleep. I was sorely tempted to have her cunt and ass but I had put Willow through enough. So spooning myself behind her, I reverted my genitals back to female and went to sleep myself.

(I know what you are thinking. When Willow came, arching her back would have had her vagina pointing down. That means, as a squirter, her juices would have

shot downward. Not necessarily. Even with split-second timing, I wanted Willow to be coated with both of our ejaculations. While it is not too uncommon, I did not make her a squirter. It simply stood to reason that, as a female counterpart she would be. As a man, he came much more than the normal spoonfuls. Even though it may feel like gallons from a healthy male, Willow could cum slightly more. Spoonfuls, not gallons. Handled capriciously, it can make a mess. Anyway, as a female, nanoseconds from spurting, her body went from her downward arch to a less convex, her back then slightly into the mattress, that would have spouted upward before going out ward. I caught the curve and magically made it go to an almost 360° to her belly, to mingle with my cum.)

The next morning, I awoke to find Willow sitting up on the edge of the bed, her back to me. Her shiny long ebon hair, slightly askew, was even longer, now almost to her backside, the latter being round, full and inviting. Where her shoulders used to be broad, it was now her butt that was wide. Although I did not see it yet, a perfect match to her rack in front. Her hands in front of her, my first thought was that she woke up horny and did not rouse me to play.

Then I heard her now-melodic voice say, "Father, you win. I'm not a Fontaine. I tried to be. You know what I mean. I tried to be as assertive as Mother. The woman she was that won you over. But I am a Tallfeathers. Or at least until I meet the one chosen for me." She was not playing with her tits and twat. Hidden from my view behind her by her hair, one hand was holding as she was talking into a cell phone. The other was feeling now dried and crusty sexual fluids on her torso.

I then knew that in changing Willow and wanting to repair his victims, it took drastic magicks. I had not realized its extent because I did everything without thinking of its repercussions. I was trying to make things right. This was it. The right thing for her. Next time – and I was positive that there would be – I would do so knowingly at the outset.

At that, I magically listened in to both ends, as her father spoke. “You have humbled an old eagle, my little swan. While some traditions are to be revered, there are those that should be let go. After all, I was the hypocrite who married your mother. I had forgotten that she left everything of her world to be fully immersed in mine. It was unfair that I pushed her but she did come willingly afterwards, without complaint. Our people live differently now but we still refused to give up some things that supposed to make us men. It was bound to bite this old bastard in the ass,” he joked.

“Then I can come home without shame, without being condemned as a whore?”

“Do not say that! Ever! You are my princess. Your acquired ‘skills’ will make you not a mere squaw but a queen.”

When she hung up the phone, I decided to make myself scarce. When I changed Willow, it was not my idea to make her a pariah. I had resolved to make things right with all of the women Willow hurt. I inadvertently included Willow herself, now that she was female. Apparently, when he left, it was to abandon his heritage and yet use it to live a hedonistic lifestyle against his father’s wishes. It had proved unsuccessful, thanks to his freak cock. Willow did wrong, but he was frustrated. His only loyal lovers were Hannah Palms

and her ten sisters. This was now resolved as she would be welcomed back home.

Everything Willow owned had been transformed into its feminine counterpart. Invisible to her, I double-checked. Before I left, I saw her look at the big bed as if she expected someone to be there. She obviously woke up and saw me asleep, but I made her assume that I was a REM dream; with my white hair to her black I was negative to her positive, total opposites...or so it seemed. The bed was cleansed of all sexual activity, as suddenly was she. (I did not forget the bathroom!) Although her vagina was moist, there was not even an aftertaste of quasi-salty sperm in her mouth. With a heavy sigh that heaved her hefty chest, Willow smiled weakly as she rubbed the sheets and hugged a pillow. I then got the hell out of there before she heard me crying happy tears, too.

Obviously, my story is told in retrospect. From my point of view at all times, even though I may slip from first to third person, and too, if things really did not happen exactly as stated. While this remark is precautionary, it should serve you to relax and just enjoy my tale, the whole of it. After all, all of it will seem unreal, I readily admit. But, be honest. You would think different if it happened to you.

It has been well documented the existence of child prodigies. So much so that they're given little thought as they grow older unless they are major contributors to the world-at-large. Not all prodigies make the news. Many are regarded as those who do things well. Remarkably well, but still go to their graves relatively unknown. So, no. Not all prodigies are Asian. In fact, for the most part, they adhere to a more strict work ethic. Too, not all prodigies are outwardly altruistic. Not that

they are selfish. Some are innately wary of being considered not necessarily odd but indeed different, and this is being kind, as the expletive labels against them can be demeaning and hurtful. Of course there are those who could not care less: borderline nefarious or outright evil. Then you have those who are mischievous. Somewhere in all of this, there's me...and my familiar.

While I was not a child prodigy, I inherently had the ability to absorb information like a sponge. An average student in school, I did not excel simply due to the fact that school was, for me, some place I had to go. Home-schooling was never an option. Sure, I could have dropped out, but by then, it would have been foolish not to finish. My parents did not really care if I were an 'A' student – I'm sure they would have been thrilled if I were – but they were just as happy with my Bs and Cs, even if they did frown on the occasional D. I very rarely brought home an F. Again, my opinion, but I daresay my grades were typical.

What made me excel were my outside interests. I was particularly giddy of my retention then, as I had hoped would serve me in later life – and it did. Why I mention my school years was that it served as a segue to my start of my adult life. The link? My school bully. Not my early school bully. Not my after-school bully. Not my high school bully. My bully from kindergarten to high school graduation. He seemed to want to be a part of my life from infancy on. So, I made sure that he would be indefinitely. Yet, in the end, not on his terms, but mine.

After graduation, some of my peers went straight to work. Others partied throughout the summer before either looking for a job or before starting college. And

yes, there were the slackers who planned to do nothing, catching good times where they were – and even where they weren't – invited. Myself, I used an excuse that some others used. I took time off "to find myself". That was the excuse I gave as I went in search of magic. To tell the truth would only set myself up for ridicule. Therefore, if I was not successful, it would be minimal harm and life would go on. But if I did succeed...

Well, obviously, I did succeed. I was very lucky. No, I will not tell you where I went or how I got there. Nor will I tell you what and or how I learned what I had. I will say this: Throughout my quest, one phrase was said by a number of people, "Each one must find their own path." In so doing, to intricately map out everything to be read will serve no purpose to the reader and a waste of my time.

I will say that I did not learn it all in one place; some places a lot, others precious little. What my parents gave me did not allow for globetrotting but I did traverse the world. Sometimes I starved. Sometimes I had more than I needed. Ultimately I had just enough in everything. Since I achieved my goal, it might be considered a form of bragging. Haughtiness has no place in white magic.

Many who went on similar quests go off and are never heard from again. As I said, I discovered myself an extraordinary student if I truly focused, and that said, finding it, learning it, mastering to my own ends took over ten years. During that time, my family was frantic and had even given me up for dead. But with my newly-acquired skills, I was able to wash away a monumental measure of negativity that started when my family began to worry about me to where it ultimately spread: law enforcement and the media.

In essence, it was easy to say that I did it: To actually perform it took much effort, given the scale. My spell was like a virus. Putting it on my parents, from there it searched out anyone or anything they were involved with about my unscheduled lengthy absence and then from there to the next person and so on, and erased it all, as if I had intended to be gone that long.

Yes, it was like changing history, but it was my personal history. No one lost their life over me. Tons of grief from family members disappeared when I finally showed up. The only ones hurt, if you called it that, were those who made profit off making me a cause celebre – something like as if Amelia Earhart if she went missing in this day and age and profiteers came out of the woodworks just to make money off the disappearance. Who was Amelia Earhart? If you do not check out what you can find about her, it more likely will not affect your life. Not to be cold, but she is a good read. For those who already know about her, well, either way proves my point. Famous but obscure.

How did the media get hurt if I rewound everything? Well, basically, there was only a segment, those who ran with a rumor, to make a buck. As I repaired everything, unsubstantiated rumors were not worth cleaning up. Since I was not famous nor could be made famous over the time I was gone, only the stubborn persistent ones who wondered how a rumor, period, would pop up were the only ones bothered, as they would be frustrated by the next rumor, to plunder it just for money. Upon my return, there was no media frenzy about my being 'lost' and camped on my parents' front lawn there was no inane media circus wanting to know my story of my "missing" decade.

Anyway, arriving home, my family even threw me a “Welcome home” party and life went on. What was supposed to be a grand reunion was flawed. One guest was definitely not invited. Stephen Carp, my lifelong nuisance.

My folks wanted to throw me a party for my return and I helped them be as much as involved as a part of the festivities as I was. As an unknown gift from me to them – they were barely approaching middle-age – I washed years away from them, giving them their former invigorated lives for a second time. Obviously, with everyone they knew taking it for granted. Through hard work and concentrated effort these days, many people in their 60s look and feel as youthful as their 30s, so it was not an outward miracle to an observer who could take it for granted or otherwise deserved no explanation.

My dad was no bodybuilder but he now had a body even they could envy. My mom was one of those women who never wore her hair short – and went progressively shorter with each passing year – she has a sweeping brunette mane that was more red than brown with a body that had curves to die for. Nothing outrageous for either of them but impressive all the same. As a result, they were more than merely energized for just a party for me. They also could not keep their hands off each other sexually. They did not become nymphs. They were discreet. But if it was an example of how they used to be, I’m amazed at how I turned out an only child!

The day of the party, it seemed as if everybody – friends – came out of the woodworks to welcome me back. As I said, one was not invited. More to the truth,

many showed up that were not. Still, of these, none were Sociopath Steve.

A sociopath is more often linked with psychopaths and the latter is more often associated with criminal behavior, fatal criminal behavior. But not all sociopaths are societal malcontents, mentally disabled or ill. Some are obsessive personalities, such as celebrity stalkers. That is, those who think that they are in love with the ones they stalk, and while they would draw the line at killing, they are fixated. Like them, Steve might not ever be felonious, but he was obsessive against other people; most definitely at least me. No one needs that. With my abilities, I not only did not want it, I could definitely do something about it.

Usually, if you face up to a bully, as long as you do not severely embarrass them, for the most part, they will back off, in search of easier prey. In Steve's case, he became fascinated with me not only because I never backed down, but also he was able to bully others and get away with it. As a result, he became enthralled by my lack of fear. And so he came at me again and again, my never giving him the satisfaction he desired, he ending up being more of an infuriating pest than a bully.

Over the years, he would try to do things too numerous to list to get my goat. By the time I reached a boiling point, he caught it. My mistake was that I waited too late to retaliate. By then, Steven had made himself a "golden child"; someone who would never do things accused of. It was always the other person's fault. After graduation, those years away, Steven could have moved away and been any number of persons to utilize his 'talent' productively or even feloniously. But he stayed around town. With his tight curly blond hair,

modest good looks and swimmer's body, he was notable as an adult...to those who did not know him.

In any event, showing up at my party was his way of letting me know that he was once again a part of my life. What he did not know was that if he did want that, finally so would I. I did not prepare to deal with him specifically. After a decade away, if I never saw him again, he would not even be a bad memory. But here he was.

Like a creepy shadow, once I first saw him this time at the party in my home, he was seemingly everywhere; up close or a short distance away, without saying a word to me. This was the way he had played his game many times before. Doing it now instead of coming up to me, wish me well and leave as many did, it was his way of saying that his 'fun time' was here again. Since it was my party, for me, and to not even greet me, his mere presence was to be a bother. A decade away and some things incredibly never change. I'm guessing that he was trying to unnerve me into doing something stupid or him doing it and I'd get the blame...at my own party!

At one point, I was able to ditch him. Even though he would show up again, I used to be able to duck away without magic. But then...

"Excuse me, aren't you Steven Carp? Tim didn't mention that you'd be here."

As if it were the melodiously sultry siren's voice of myth that distracted many a seaman, Steven snapped to in the direction. Given his six-foot height, when he turned, he saw no one. Then, just as quick, he noticed someone almost below his chin.

Steven saw a woman about 5' 6". An almost cherubic face of wide deep blue eyes encircled with sweeping long lashes. An almost indiscernible pert button nose. Broad full pink lips that displayed a perfect array of gleaming white teeth; a mouth framed with deep dimples as a result of her smile. All of this surrounded with a longish straight boy-cut sandy blonde hair.



Below her swan-like neck was cavernous cleavage caused by a full and bountiful bosom, held in place by a bountiful brassiere underneath an almost diaphanous dress shirt, tied below her breasts halter-style. Her concave waistline bare, her hips wore blue denim shorts that cupped, and only just, each asscheek. Legs unencumbered by cover, there were high-heeled pumps with 5" stiletto design of faux blue denim (that gave her her ultimate height) to match her shorts. Unable to help himself, Steven's cock went rigid immediately after the swift assessment. A view not unmissed by the woman looking at him there with the merest of glances; her visage seemed even brighter having noted it.

"We, uh, match! Have you been stalking me, to see what I'd wear?" was the first thing Steven uttered, attempting to be suave. As fast as his mind did work, he only recalled his own white shirt and denim jeans and being commando underneath. If it were not for her apparent white bra, he would have assumed that she also wore no underwear.

"Not exactly," came the reply. "Unless you thought to wear your denim heels and instead wore high-tops!"

Steven knew even before he finished that his line was beyond lame and now blushed deeply at the quick rejoinder.

But the woman just continued to smile as she took him by the hand and said, "Come on. I know a place where we can kick off our heels and really match."

Seeing her big bust bounce slightly as she turned, feeling her very soft hand grasp his, Steven would have followed this person anywhere.

Ensnared inside a bedroom within the ranch-style home, it was Steven who attempted to slyly lock the door behind them as the woman fell sideways upon the bed, facing him, as she kicked off her heels. They close-mouthed smiled at each other even as Steven fell alongside her on the bed.

“So!” the woman sighed. “Why do you hate Tim so much?”

“Who said that I hated him?”

“Then you’ve loved him all these years, from childhood, with your strange way of showing it?”

“Whoa! Lady, you seem to know a bit about my business and who the hell are you?”

“Well, we’re alone in the room you locked...on a bed. Name’s... Tina, if you need to have a name. You usually don’t. You wanna fuck me or fuck with me?” She ended by cupping her clothed breasts and jiggled them manually.

Common sense would have had Steven getting up at the very least, if not leaving entirely. But he thought with his dick and not with his brain ever since he found that he could do so with a pretty girl. Equally brash, he replied, “If you wanna suck my cock, say no more.” At that, he swiftly unlatched his pants and pulled out an almost fully engorged penis. Lo and behold, Tina had definitely turned him on, giving him his opening to show it.

Tina grabbed his member and stroked it firmly. Expertly holding without losing eye contact, she said sarcastically, “You do have your way with the ladies, don’t you? They get it hard and rough, like rape, even when they willingly had sex with you?”

Steven lost his grin and said in a huff, "Listen, Tee-nah! Leggo, dammit, if you don't wanna play!"

Stroking it even firmer, "Oh, I do want your cock. It's my plan to have it all along. But, again, you're not a fan of foreplay."

"Asking me about Tim is foreplay?"

"Aw baby, be honest," she stuck out her bottom lip in a pout, "Once you saw me, all I had to do was crook my finger and you would've followed me without my saying a word. But it seems as if it's gonna kill you to answer my questions."

At that, Tina released him, got up from the bed and stripped naked. When she got down to a flimsy butterfly-designed white thong, she practically thrust her whale-tailed ass in Steven's face as she turned around to remove this last article.

Steven was stunned when Tina abruptly began stripping. Even before she removed her bra, he was mesmerized with her firm, larger than melon-shaped tits. But it was her ass in his face that really got him moving. Torn between grabbing her butt and doffing his own clothes, with her back turned, Tina heard two soft thuds. That was his sneakers hitting the floor. By the time she turned around, Steven was naked as she was.

"Mmm, yummy. You are built for fun!" Tina exclaimed as she saw his rod in full salute, as he now stood. She grabbed his cock again, this time at its base.

Steven called himself ready this time, to shove her down to her knees and somehow force her open mouth upon his thick dick. But with her free hand she was quicker and pushed him off-balance, for him to fall back upon the bed, to a sitting position.