

Epilogue: Wishboned (TG AR Reality Change)

By FoxFaceStories

After an unexpected Thanksgiving reality rewrite of her gender and history thanks to a wishbone, Lucy attempts to flourish in her new life as a woman. In doing so, she helps support her loving yet occasionally awkward boyfriend as they both find success.

Wishboned

Somedays, Lucy could still barely believe how much her life had changed. Once, she'd been a hotshot lawyer and total alpha male named Lucas, a real snob and a bully who had somehow managed to land Eve Ricketts as his girlfriend. For a time, Lucas had felt like he'd had it all; a beautiful girl and a successful career ahead of him as an esteemed legal practitioner. But all of that changed when his girlfriend dragged him out into the Midwest to spend time with her parents and her little brother. Lucas had complained, not wanting to visit a so-called "nothing town", and he had rolled his eyes at the Midwestern charm of her parents when they welcomed him. To make himself feel better, Lucas had honed in on Eve's little brother, twenty-year old Matt, who was an awkward history nerd on the spectrum. He had made belittling comments that cut down the young man's confidence, all because he didn't want to be there.

And then the turkey arrived on the table, and the wishbone was placed on the table. Lucas had reached for it, wishing that he could 'finally have some damn fun.' At the same time, Matthew had grabbed the other side of the bone at the same time and wished in his mind for a 'pretty girlfriend who shared his obsessions.' From there, everything changed as a flash of light only the two of them could see suddenly engulfed the room. When it cleared, Lucas' body was already changing and his mind with it. No one but Matthew thought anything of the scene unfolding before him, not even when Lucas sprouted C-cup breasts, his clothing became feminine, and his hair grew long and dark and curly. In moments he had become a nineteen-year old beauty named Lucy, and even gained a Midwestern rural accent to go with it, along with a sweet charm and an intense passion for nature and history, just as Matthew had wished for. She couldn't even tell anyone who she was meant to be, and neither could Matthew; they could only confide in one another as they grappled with having two sets of memories.

That had been weeks ago. Lucy had not changed back. Each morning she woke up in her house, her life having been slotted into that of the Anderson family. She suddenly had a new last name, not to mention a new *sister* as well; a girl named Emily who was sixteen years old. Her wallpaper was pale green. The ceiling of her room was blue with little clouds

upon it. The photos on her desk and on her walls showed her history as a young small town girl. There were even a few from when she had braces, and one where she was fishing with her father, and another with her holding a hunting rifle for the first time.

"This is still so crazy," Lucy murmured to herself as she got out of bed.

As usual, the slight jostle of her breasts, unsupported by a bra, surprised her. She was still getting used to them, and so she cupped them a little and pushed them up.

"At least they're not too big. The perfect size for my Matty."

It was embarrassing. So damn embarrassing. Still, she couldn't help but think of her totally cute and nerdy boyfriend. Because of his wish, she couldn't resist him, and her own wish for 'some damn fun' had likewise fed into it, because already she felt a strong urge to quickly shower, get dressed, eat some quick breakfast, and then run over to his place in order to meet up with him and cover him in kisses.

So she did exactly that.

She even did just a little makeup. She wasn't some city girl anymore, so she let her looks stay a bit more natural, an easy thing thanks to her natural prettiness, but she liked putting just a little bit of gloss on her lips and a touch of foundation to keep her skin looking great. She put on her bra - her second set of memories when she got her training bra from her Mom was a help there - and then a green flannel shirt and black skirt, and then she was practically set.

"Morning, honey!" her father declared as she descended quickly down the stairs. He was a strong lumberjack who used few words but made them count. "Off to see Matt?"

"Just having breakfast first, Pa, I promise."

He nodded. "Good girl."

"Oh, surely you can stick around a little longer?" her mother Jemima said. "We hardly see you these days, Lucy! I swear, you'd live with that boy if you could."

"You got that right, Ma!" she replied with a smile, though her cheeks blushed a little at how easily her answer came. She really would. The wish had made her fall head over heels for her boyfriend. She'd stayed up far, far too late last night reading about the Haitian Revolution and how Toussaint Louverture had used the language of the French and American revolutions to justify the uprising to the Western imperial nations, and she couldn't *wait* to talk Matt's ear off about it. Hell, she was starting to wonder if she was now a little on the spectrum herself with how single-minded she could be. God knew that her former girlfriend Eve often teased her lovingly about being "Matthew's perfect match."

She ate breakfast quickly, then kissed her parents goodbye and promised to be home at a reasonable time. And then she was off at a run to Matthew's place, her hair in a wild ponytail to keep it from going everywhere.

"Morning Lucy!" a girl across the street called out. She recognised her as Stacy Lu, and she waved back.

"Hey Stacy!"

"Off to see your boyfriend?"

"You know it!"

"Talk of the town, you two are!"

Again, that embarrassment crept in, even as she increased her pace. Despite her second set of memories where she grew up as a woman, Lucy couldn't help but feel a little male pride rising to the surface to make its vociferous complaints known. She was supposed to be an alpha male. She was supposed to be a tall, charismatic, high-powered lawyer with a beautiful girlfriend who did all sorts of naughty sexual things to him in the bedroom. She was supposed to be enjoying the big city life in all its excitement, instead of being in Nowheresville and living the life of a woman who was, technically, still a teenager. It was a conflict of the mind that happened often these days, but as usual, the power of the wish won out, as did the needs of her body. She was too excited to smack lips with her adorable and *adorkable* boyfriend.

And then maybe something else too. A few other things, in fact.

Matthew panted as she fondled his balls. Her lips were already upon his cock, and she bobbed her head up and down upon his rigid girth, sucking him off and flicking her tongue along the sensitive head of his penis just like Eve used to do for her back when Lucy had been her boyfriend instead of Eve's brother's girlfriend. She hadn't even meant for things to end up like this! When she'd knocked upon the Ricketts' front door, she'd been pleasantly surprised when Matt answered it and revealed that Eve was meeting friends in town and his parents were at work. It meant they had the whole house to themselves, and it didn't take long to coax Matt into sex. He knew who she used to be, but they were stuck together and wildly attracted to one another, and soon they were making out in his room while he nervously helped remove her bra. He was still such a gentle young man, so eager to make love to her, but so hesitant to take advantage of her.

"Just do it," she moaned in his ear. "Fuck me."

It was the only time she could really swear now that she had such a pleasant Midwestern sensibility, so she could take full advantage of it, and she gasped with joy as he played with her sensitive breasts and sucked upon her neck.

But then a new desire had risen up inside of her, one that many young women feel when they want to experiment with their boyfriend.

"Sit on the end of the bed," she'd told him. "And take off your clothes first. Trust me."

"Oh, um, okay? Is this a surprise?"

"A big one."

"You're not forced to do this, are you? I know we've done it a few times, but-"

"Matt, this is *your* wish. Just sit there and enjoy it, and let *me* work up the courage to do this, sexy."

"Oh, Jesus," he said as she lowered herself down between his legs, getting down on her knees."

"Language, sweetie," she said teasingly.

Now, he was gripping her hair more tightly than she expected as she stroked his dick faster and faster, gripping it and rubbing it and sliding her hand up and down, all while teasing the end of his cock.

"Oh my goodness! Lucy, y-you're amazing! I love you! I love you so - ohhhh! Ughhh!!"

She'd done a marvellous job, because he came in a big way, his load shooting again and again into her mouth and filling it with deliciously warm and salty cum. Lucy could barely believe it; she had *no* memories of giving blowjobs. This was Lucy's first. She'd had to rely on her knowledge of having been a man and what Eve had often done to her when she blew him, and it had worked *marvellously*. She couldn't help but lock eyes with him and smile as she slid her lips off of his member, and then, feeling such a desire for him, she did the unthinkable. The ultimate act of emasculation. A thing that made her cheeks go ruby red even as she felt her pussy go damp with arousal. She swallowed it. She swallowed it all, every last job.

"Mhmmm," she purred, licking her lips. "Is that enough to clear your thoughts, my cute dork of a boyfriend?"

"Holy shit."

"Language."

"You just sucked my . . . you just did that!"

Lucy bit her lip, feeling quite sheepish. "Shut up!" she said, only half-meaning it. She rose up and punched him lightly on the shoulder. "That was a big step for me, okay? I definitely didn't ever do that when I was Lucas."

"Where did you even learn how to do that?"

At this, she arched an eyebrow. "Matt, I was with your sister for over a year. Do you really want to have *that* conversation?"

This time, it was Matt's turn to go beet red. "Oh. Right. *Ew*."

"Hey, I was quite literally a different person back then. I wasn't a rural country girl, for one. And I wasn't a massive nerd, either."

“Oh, that reminds me! I’ve been accessing this site that has old Roman epitaphs. Those are the funerary inscriptions on their tombs, and there’s so much to learn about them. I know Ancient History isn’t our usual thing, but my professor says you should always widen your horizons, and I was thinking-”

She placed a finger on his lips. God, why did he have to be so endearingly cute? It made it so much harder not to fall for him, a mission she had massively failed at already. She pressed her naked form against his and kissed him gently on the nose.

“Sweetie?”

“Oh, um, I’m missing an obvious social cue right now, aren’t I?”

“Let’s just say that when a girlfriend goes down on you, especially one who just made a really, really big step because she used to be a thirty-three year old man, it’s usually a rather gentlemanly thing to *return the favour to her*.”

Matthew blinked, realisation taking just that little extra second to spread across his face. “Oh. Oh! Oh yes, of course. I’ve read about this. I mean, I’ve never done it before-”

“Matt, I’m more experienced than you. We’re tied together by magic. Just give me my *damn fun*, and I promise I’ll stay as your pretty girlfriend.”

She flopped back and shimmied out of her skirt and underwear, then spread her legs and pointed at her very wet and hungry pussy.

“Now get your tongue down there and I’ll give you pointers, kid. And if I end up shouting out how much I fucking love you, well, that’s when you know you’ll have succeeded.”

And succeed he did, and quite substantially. In fact, Lucy was so loud in her loving approval that even she almost doubted she was once a man, because she came so explosively that her desire to ever be a high-powered male lawyer again was eclipsed by the sheer delight of having her dork of a boyfriend become a secret master of the art of the *tongue*. She was left in a sex coma, clutching him against her and revelling in his warmth.

“Now what were you saying about epitaphs?” she said, unable to hold back her interest as she stared at his face.

The way his eyes lit up with passion was enough to make her heart melt all over again.

Lucy shifted awkwardly in her seat as she waited for her drink to arrive. As Lucas, she preferred a triple shot long black, but now that she was a sweet girl, she preferred something with some sweet spice, a lot of sugar, and a large dollop of milk in it. And here at the old

1950's style diner, they always knew Lucy's favourite drink order. When it was placed before her, however, she found herself not even wanting to drink it.

"Something up, Lucy?" Eve asked. "You've got this nervous energy. Is it Emily's boyfriend?"

"Hey!" Lucy's little sister said. "Hunter is, like, really cool. Tell her, Lucy!"

"He's actually pretty cool," Lucy admitted. "Though he doesn't like history, and isn't really academic. You could be with someone who appreciates nature a bit more too, Em. Does he have to tear up the forest floor with his dirtbike every weekend?"

Emily stuck out her tongue. "At least he isn't a total nerd moving to the big city and leaving us all behind."

Lucy hung her head. She'd been a woman for over eight months now. Sometimes it was almost difficult to remember what it had been like to be a man, at least physically. The memories were all there, of course, but every passing moment made her girl memories longer and also put her guy memories further into the distance. One day, she would have thirty-three years of memories as a woman to match those of her life as a man, and then all it would take was one more day and she'd be female for over fifty percent of her life.

"I'll really miss you guys. You know I'll call. I don't want to lose contact with you."

Eve gave her a gentle smile. "Hey, I'll probably head back one day down the line, if my whole 'small town return' stint doesn't pan out. And we can always visit for a girls get-together, right Em?"

"Can Hunter come?"

"No," they both said at once, only for Lucy's teenage sister to pout in her usual way. It was still so bewildering, to know that she had come here as an only child and now would be leaving a younger sister behind. She could be a real brat, and her sense of fashion was way too goth for Lucy, but in the last eight months Emily had been a wonderful companion to help Lucy adjust to her fully female life. As much as her female set of memories helped her to figure out her new Midwestern life, there was nothing quite like getting one's first period and freaking out, only for her sister to come in clutch with some much-needed pads and some pain medication. That was how Lucy learned that the Anderson family gals had a heavy and rather painful flow.

"I don't want to leave," Lucy admitted. "Part of me really wants to stay. Once, I never thought I'd want to stay, but Matt has this big job offer, and he's so excited for it."

"My brother the lawyer," Eve said wistfully. "I can hardly believe it."

"He's just going to intern," Lucy replied. "I mean, I'm rather familiar with the place. I just didn't expect this career turn for him! He wanted to be a historian."

"Look, I know my brother. He loves numbers, facts, and old dusty books. The world of law is perfect for him. Plus, he talks your ear off about history . . . just like you do, Lucy."

Lucy beamed a little. She'd long since stopped fighting her newfound passion for the humanities. Once, she'd viewed them as useless. Now she adored reading everything she could about history, from ancient Sumeria all the way to the end of the Enlightenment Period.

"Well, my Matty is just clever that way," she said a little proudly.

"And he's got a girlfriend even more clever than him," Eve added. "Don't you let him forget that."

"She's not that smart," Emily added. "She couldn't even figure out her makeup a few months back. I swear, she can be a total klutz when it comes to feminine stuff sometimes. You have no idea, Eve."

The woman who was once Lucy's girlfriend simply chuckled. "Just like my brother, in a way. The smartest guy around, but he doesn't know some real basic stuff. Between the two of you, you'll be okay. So drink up and celebrate with us, Lucy. We'll be there to see you off when you go, and we're just a flight or a long ass drive away."

Lucy smiled warmly at this. "It's a new beginning, I guess," she said. "Another one, really."

"Exactly!" Eve said.

But really, she had no idea. After all, Lucy had once dated Eve. Had been her manly boyfriend. And if she continued down her current wishbone-driven path, she might well be calling Eve her *sister* one day instead.

She took a big gulp of coffee. She'd need it.

Lucy checked the apartment. It was spotless from floor to ceiling. The kitchen was clean, the dishwasher unpacked, the pantry stocked, and her trademark shepherd's pie was ready to come out of the oven at any moment. The beautiful dark-haired woman smiled and placed her hands on her hips, satisfied with a job well done.

"Look at you, Lucy Anderson," she told herself. "You really can do it. Matty gets to be the high-powered lawyer you never were, but you can support him all the way . . . and get a little history reading in on the side."

Still, some part of her was a little dissatisfied. Everything was not quite right, and she couldn't quite tell what it was. She knew they had both agreed to this arrangement. Lucy worked part-time as a library technician, and she truly loved the work, but it wasn't great pay. The rest of her time she was practically playing housewife, sans the part where she was an actual wife. And yet, in many ways, she already felt like one. She loved her Matt, loved his little giggle, the way his eyes lit up when they talked about politics and history and art, and, of course, she loved his body too, and all the things she could do for it, just like he could do

so much for hers in return. But such passion had also led to her current predicament, one that had her wanting to reach for another wishing bone just so she could undo it. All the housework and cooking and cleaning in the world couldn't distract her from that little test that sat on the edge of the kitchen bench. The little white strip with its two thin pink lines. That's all they were; two little lines, and yet they threatened to turn her entire world on its head.

"Lucy, what are you going to do?" she asked herself. "Just because you've been a woman for nearly two years doesn't make you ready for this. You love him, but you still remember being a man! It's too much! God, what do I even do?"

She picked up the test, not knowing whether to throw it out or simply show it to her boyfriend and hope all was well. How could she have been so stupid? She had fully adjusted to being female over the last two years, but becoming a *mom* was another matter entirely! Whatever was left of her inner male pride, however small and vestigial its existence now was, was screaming within her. The curly haired brunette rubbed her eyes free of tears.

"God, I'll never get used to all these hormones, I swear."

Just then, a key turned in the lock of their apartment door, and then it opened only seconds later. Matthew stepped, wearing a nice professional suit that really did things for Lucy. He still had his dorky smile and slightly messy hair, however, and his face lit up as he saw her.

"Lucy, sweetie! I really missed you today. I'm so sorry I'm a little late. There was this incredible case file we were dealing with, and it looks like the firm is trusting me with some interesting maritime law cases too. No one cares about maritime law so we previously haven't been able to practice it, but I *love* it, and being in a seaborder state provides such fascinating opportunities to practice it! Perhaps I'll carve out a specific niche, especially if I can show the firm that-

Lucy kissed him. Just a little smooch on the cheeks that was her signal to inform him that he was rambling. His expression became a little sheepish when she pulled back, and he scratched the back of his head in that telltale show of embarrassed realisation that she knew by heart after two years.

"Shoot. Sorry, sweetie. How was your day?"

"A little boring," she admitted. "I missed work. But then, um, something came up. Something really, really big."

"Wow, me too! I was offered a promotion! Wait, is that what you're talking about? Did Sheryl from the office message you about it?"

She hadn't. This was the first that Lucy was hearing about it, but it immediately warmed her heart. Her boyfriend, in all of his honesty and quirks and rambling passion, was steadily climbing the ladder already. Matt Ricketts the lawyer; who would have guessed?

"She didn't. But Matty, that's amazing! I'm so proud of you!"

She kissed him again, and this time put a little more romance into it, an attitude he returned eagerly. His hands scooped around her waist, and he lifted her up. Once, he'd asked her permission to do this, not wanting to emasculate her too much given that he alone knew her past, but she eagerly allowed it now. She *liked* how female it made her feel.

"You're amazing," she told him. "I'm glad we pulled that wishbone together."

"Really? I just - you seem more anxious lately. I worry sometimes that I'm not a good boyfriend to you. That if you had the chance you'd wish yourself back into being a man again."

"Never," Lucy replied, and the reply came easily. She placed one hand on her stomach, feeling the weight of what was happening there, but unwilling to give it up. She knew then that she had to tell him. She *wanted* to tell him.

"Wait, what big thing happened to you?" Matthew asked. "Are you okay?"

"I - I think so. I'm not sure. It's . . . a lot to take in, especially since I was a man and never expected to end up in this position, not even *after* becoming a woman. Oh hell, I'll just show you."

She grabbed his hand and placed the positive pregnancy test in it. Her heart pounded as he looked at it. Then he looked at her. Then back at the test. Then back at her. She could see the neurons firing but taking a moment to catch up.

"Wait . . . is this what I think it is?"

"It's a pregnancy test, Matty. I'm pregnant."

"Holy moly! This is - but we were so careful!"

Lucy couldn't help but laugh. "Not really! We're only careful like half the time, I swear. And a few weeks ago we got *very* frisky, as you'll recall. I, um, sorta rushed you and told you to skip the condom. And if the timeline works out, I think that might have been the night. I'm - I'm so sorry about this, Matty. I've been so nervous and I've been feeling nauseous and bloated, and now I know why. I don't want to put stress on you, but I had to tell you and-"

This time it was Matty who had a finger on *her* lips. "Don't move a muscle," he said. "I'll be back in a moment. Close your eyes, too!"

Lucy did so, not entirely sure what was up. She heard Matthew scamper off and then return less than a minute later. "Um, this is kinda weird, even for a girl who used to be a guy. Can I open my eyes now?"

"You can open them, sweetie," came Matthew's voice.

Lucy did so, and then she gasped. Her boyfriend was on one knee in front of her, and he was holding a ring between his thumb and forefinger. A ring with a small sparkling gemstone in it. It took Lucy several seconds to realise she wasn't breathing; that's how shocked she was.

"M-Matty?" she asked, practically trembling on the spot.

"I was trying to figure out the perfect moment," he said as he gazed up at her with affection in his eyes. "Lucy, I know that we have the craziest coming together story of anyone in history, a story only you and I understand. And I know it wasn't your choice to be my girlfriend originally. It was just a dumb wishbone wish that threw us together. But I've fallen so hard for you, and I know you love me too. I can't imagine my life without your smarts, your sarcastic wit, and the way we share so much passion in all our nerdy interests. I never get tired of hearing you talk, and now that I can support the pair of us, I'm ready to support . . . the three of us. Please, marry me Lucy. No wishbones, no magic wishes at all. Just a guy who loves you very much asking you to be his wife."

Lucy was struggling to hold back her tears at this point. She choked back a sob, and then she ended up wiping her cheeks anyway, even as her pretty face lit up with the most brilliant smile.

"W-what took you so long?" she finally managed.

Matty grinned, and it lit up her entire world. "You'll marry me?"

"Of course I will, you absolute dork! Now come up here and kiss me, because my hormones are making me so crazy emotional I'm going to cry if you don't do it soon!"

Matthew practically launched to his feet and kissed her, and Lucy in turn clung to him, enjoying his warmth and love. The anxiety that had been plaguing her fled from her body instantly, and there was only the comfort of his touch left in its wake. She was going to be a wife. A *bride*. She'd wear a white dress and everything, and she'd walk down the aisle with her Pa by her side, and her own former girlfriend as her maid of honour. It was as bewildering as it was wonderful to imagine.

The pair of them pressed their foreheads together, and Matt slowly wiped some of the tears of joy from her cheeks.

"These are good tears, right? I'm not always good at telling."

"They're good tears," she assured him. "Very, very good tears."

"Thank you for saying yes."

"You thought I might say no?"

"I just thought . . . since you used to be a man, you know, you might find it too much."

"Matty, I'm *pregnant* with your baby. There are no real horizons left. I'm going to be a mommy, and . . . I'm no longer scared of that. Of any of this. I just want *you* to be my husband *before* I give birth. Hell, before I start blowing up would be preferable. I'd like to fit into a nice wedding dress and not look like I'm having some kind of shotgun wedding!"

Matthew laughed, still holding her. "What about a nice little rural Midwestern wedding? You know, back home. In fact, we could have it around Thanksgiving. Would be a good anniversary for a few reasons, right?"

Lucy nodded. "I think we can swing it. God, we'd have to start planning right away. Shit!"

"Hey, language!"

She gasped and slapped him tenderly on the shoulder. "I'm pregnant! I can use whatever language I like! Okay, so we really have to move on this. We'll need to think of where to have it, who in town to invite, who's going to be the celebrant, what to eat!"

"Turkey, perhaps? We could have wishbone decorations as a little in-joke?"

At this, Lucy raised a finger and jabbed it lightly against his chest as he held her. "No, no wishbones at all."

"Oh. Um, why not?"

Lucy smiled sweetly and kissed her future husband on the nose. "Because why risk the chance of another magical wish? I've already got everything I could possibly want, Matty."

The End