

Wishes Fulfilled

Chapter Three-Swimming with the Sharks

“What on earth happened in here?” Ella asked as she poured through the piles of clothes on the floor.

I laughed. “I was just feeling good about myself, you know! So I started trying on all kinds of stuff from the back of my closet.

“I can still wear my senior prom dress!” I cried as I draped it in front of my body.

“You bitch!” she teased. “I’m at least two sizes too big for mine. Maybe I should start coming over to use your treadmill!”

“You can do that, any time! But, you look beautiful as you are!” I said honestly. She wasn’t quite as small as I was, but she looked wonderful. “Your figure is so much better than mine!”

“I really should do that. How much time to you spend on it?”

I just made up a number, of course. "About three hours a week."

"Ugh, I used to be so good. I wonder if I've been depressed since I caught Randal cheating on me."

Randal was a total asshole. One of the few people I ever really hated as Aubrey-the-boy. He never treated her well, but was good enough to keep her from running early on. Of course, when she finally realized just how bad he was, she was devastated.

I had never thought about it before, but, seeing her now, I wondered if she was just as insecure as Aubrey-the-boy was—just better at hiding it. "How could someone so beautiful, so perfect, be insecure about anything?" I thought to myself.

I quickly grabbed a pretty blouse and a pair of jeans, hoping to go for a more casual look but Ella wasn't buying it.

"We aren't going outside to work in the garden!"

"I think this looks nice!" I said. I knew it was a hopeless cause, trying to sway her opinion on something like this, but the last thing I was prepared to do was wander around in the skimpy skirts she seemed to be looking through. It's not that I didn't like the idea of being



"I think this looks nice!"

sexy-it's just that I needed some time to become comfortable being seen that way. After all, it wasn't even twenty-four hours ago that I first become a woman.

I buttoned the top all the way up and played with the tails a bit. It did look nice, but it didn't exactly scream sexy. At least the pants were tight, I consoled myself as I admired my little butt in the mirror. Maybe that would be enough to change her mind.



I played with my hair and make-up, despite her pleas to have me change and was getting close to being ready for the night when she finally settled on a dress of her own.

It was a stretchy black dress that looked nice on me (I knew, because I had tried it on the night before!) But on her, it looked absolutely amazing.

“Wow!” was all I could say, as I stared at her reflection. “You are going to make me look like a dork!”

“Well, there is only so much one can do to hide the inner dork, and you have a long way to go!” she teased. I tossed a dried up mascara brush at her and missed.

We've got to work on that inner tramp!

“We've got to work on that inner tramp, Ms. Goody Two-Shoes.”

"I'm not that bad, am I?" I was suddenly filled with a sense of concern. Was I one of those women that everyone hated because she was always too serious, and was no fun to be around?

She gave me a quick hug and rolled her eyes. "You are fine. You just need to realize that you are a sexy woman. You have some really hot stuff in here, but you always dress so conservatively."

"I guess I don't want to give the wrong impression."

"Of course," she said as she started letting her hair down. "But there are times when the wrong impression is really the right one!"

"Now you sound like an old man who hides in his cave all day by himself."


"Mmmmm, I prefer my caves to come with a man. Especially if he has a big club!"

"I bet you do!"

We were both laughing so hard I had to start redoing my make-up. We did manage to finish getting ready, and eventually we made our way toward the nightclub.-but not until after she made me change.



"I'm not that bad, am I?"



I got out of the car, still feeling clumsy in the heels I was wearing when she rushed up to me.

“Let’s see,” she said as she started unbuttoning the front of my shirt.

“What are you doing?” I asked as I tried to make myself presentable again.

She shooed my hands away and tied the shirt tails around the bottom of my chest-exposing way more tummy flesh that I was prepared to do.

“I can’t go in like this!”

“Oh yes you will. You look great!”

"I can't go in like this!"

It was a long walk, from the car to the club, and there were quite a few people on the streets—many of them were giving us both those looks. By the time we reached the entrance to the club, Ella’s trick was beginning to do its job.

I felt sexy!

At least a little bit. Mostly, though, I felt nervous.



It had been years since I had been to a place like this, and I had long since abandoned the idea of ever returning to the scene. Yet, here I was, dressed like a teenager in a room filled with young men and women. The pounding rhythms rushed over us as we stepped into the room.

The first thing I noticed was just how different things felt. Not the lights, the sounds nor even the slightly different perspective. It was how the men and the women made me feel.

Here I was, in a room full of beautiful women, most of whom were dressed to be as sexy as they could possibly be, and I found myself only slightly attracted to them. The men, however, were dressed anywhere from t-shirts to wearing a tie...and they REALLY caught my attention.

It was this realization that made me want to run back to the car. I just wasn't ready to be a real girl....I needed more time!

Ella was quick to get us both drinks and soon, we were on the fringe of the big crowd dancing awkwardly, trying not to make a spill.

"You know, I miss doing this!" she shouted in my ear. "We should go out



"You know, I miss doing this!"

more often.”

I nodded, but didn't say a word. This could be fun, but right now I felt like a little fish in a pool of sharks! I had already caught several men offer me smiles and seemed like they would come over to ask for a dance. Luckily, the smile I returned wasn't encouraging, so most of them stayed where they were.

But not all of them were so easily put off and some I accidentally encouraged!

The first was probably in his late 20s. He had short black hair and a never let his eyes off of me, even after I had done a little turn and faced the other direction. By the time I turned back around, he was right beside me and his eyes were locked on me like a hawk.

He stepped up close and started dancing a bit more provocatively. I just smiled and stepped back a bit but I couldn't deny the feeling I got from his forceful interest. He stepped even closer this time, and boldly took my hands in his, wrapping them around his waist.

I was honestly torn in two. On the one hand, I wanted to dump the rest of my drink over his head! On the other, I kind of liked feeling his body so close to mine.

After a moment of panic, I slipped free and stepped back another step. This time, without a smile. I guess that was enough to give him the right idea and he quickly found another girl to focus on.

The second was younger, probably still in college.....but he was really cute!

I noticed him with a small crowd not too far away, laughing and obviously having a great time. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't stop looking!

He had a beautiful smile and his eyes had this wonderful sparkle. I couldn't resist looking at him....again...and again. He caught me soon enough, and before long we were dancing-at a much more comfortable distance, mind you.

He would tell me silly things and I couldn't help but laugh. I was having so much fun, that I was the one getting a little bit closer to him. Every time our eyes met, I

couldn't stop my smile. It sent thrills down my spine that I had never even known before! This is what I had been missing. This is what the rest of the world knows, and I've been missing out of it for so long! It was truly a wonderful experience.

Up until the blonde with the big boobs and skimpy top showed up.

She was barely out of her teens, and was dressed like a stripper. Audrey-the-boy would have been completely enchanted by the site. However, when I looked at her now, it was like looking at a cheap liquor ad. Sure, she was beautiful. But it was an empty beauty. Looking at her now was more like looking at a pretty but otherwise dull and meaningless painting.

She literally just pushed me out of the way and started dancing up against his body! I was so mad-and embarrassed. Didn't she see that I was with him?



Up until the blonde with the big boobs showed up

He wasted no time adjusting to his new partner's sleazy dance routine and ran his hands up and down her body as she shimmied her butt against his front!

What a slut!

I stood in a terribly long line as I pondered my situation. "Who am I kidding?" I asked myself as I waited for my turn to use the restroom. "I'm not really a woman. No matter what I look like, I'll still just be me.....whatever that is."

I watched the other women in the line-laughing, gossiping, complaining....doing things that were perfectly natural for them. For me, it was anything but! I had never had the chance to participate in these activities before-and I was sure everyone could tell.

It was like I was wearing a big sign on my forehead. "I'm not really who you see!"

I was looking at one pretty woman, admiring her look. She was beautiful, and her hair was styled in a sexy, but smart style. Of course, she caught me staring, and shot me a mean look before whispering something in her friend's ear. Her friend gave me a similarly mean look before they both laughed.

If there were any holes around, I would have happily plunged to the bottom without checking how deep it was.

I almost turned around immediately once I saw the state of the single available stall. "Dear god!" I thought to myself. "Women are worse than men!"

Globs of wet tissue were strewn around the floor, which was suspiciously slippery. I could here some laughing in the stall next to mine-who knows what THEY were doing. And the toilet itself looked suspiciously full of balled up tissue.

I managed to take care of my business without soiling too much and had to squeeze up to the sink, past two girls on cell-phones and half a dozen reapplying their makeup. When I finished, I vowed never to use a public restroom again....ever!

I made a quick scan of the room, and managed to find Ella standing not far from where I had experienced my recent humiliation. She wasn't alone, and I silently

wished he would disappear so I could demand that we leave-but instead, he handed me a drink. He was young, probably about the same age as my recent rendezvous, but not nearly as cute. He slipped an arm around her and she kissed him on the cheek.

"He's been holding that for you for quite some time! Such a good boy."

I gave him the best smile I could muster and leaned close to her ear, "Are you sure we aren't too old for this?" I shouted in her ear. I was hurt and ready to go home. This was anything but fun.

"We look as good or better than most! Who cares if we are a couple years older than some of them." She shot her little boy a look and he nodded in agreement as he took a sip from his beer.

"Don't listen to her," someone said behind me. I turned and almost spilled my drink on a man who had slipped up beside me. "I think my hip is hurting, maybe we should go back to the retirement home!"

I was tempted to 'spill' my drink on his face until I got a playful nudge from Ella.

"She's not usually this socially awkward!" she teased. "I'm Ella and this one is Aubrey. She doesn't get out much."



"Are you sure we aren't too old for this?" "Joshua," our guest said as he

flashed me a smile that almost made forget what it was that made me want to leave.

“I don’t usually insult women before I’ve met them,” he said with an awkward grin.
“Maybe I should just...”

Ella took his hand in hers and switched it out for my drink. “Don’t you dare,” she shouted as she nudged me toward him.



I didn't really want to, but I found myself moving a little more comfortably to the music as we just watched each other closely. It was so much nicer than anything I had experienced before. He let me set the pace while still somehow, managing to showing he was interested.

After a few songs, he led me back to a corner, where we were able to talk a little bit.

"I guess this isn't your typical scene," I heard over the pounding music.

"Well," I stammered. "It's just been a while, I guess."

"Busy with your career?"

I nodded. "Well, trying to, I guess!"

"What do you do?"

He never once said a thing about himself—rather, he was purely interested in finding out about me.

ME!

I was the center of the universe here, and it was so exciting.

After getting to know each other then a dancing for a little while longer, I led him back to a table where Ella was chatting with her little frat



"I guess this isn't your typical scene"

boy. I slipped into the booth right next to her and Joshua scooted in very close. I felt a rush with these two sexy bodies so close.

“Joshua, right?” she asked my dancer friend. “This is Tom.”

It only took a half hour before we found ourselves down the street a bit sharing a booth at a late night diner.

“So you are studying law, Tom?” I asked, hoping that I wasn’t still shouting.

“Well, I have to finish up my graduate degree first-but that’s the plan.”

“You must be really smart!”

He raised a single eyebrow and grinned. “I just know how prepare, really.”

“Aw,” I teased, “he’s so modest!”

Ella shot me a look which caused me to inch a bit closer to Joshua. Those drinks certainly made it easier to forget that this wasn’t a typical date for me. Not to mention how much easier it was to be a little playful at Tom’s expense. He was just so cute that I couldn’t help myself.

I sipped my coffee as Joshua put his arm around me. “I’m sure he’ll lose that modesty once he gets a few cases under his hat,” Joshua responded as he pulled gently on my shoulder.

“Well, it’s not just about the trials. There are all kinds of different types of jobs out there. I am thinking more along the lines of doing patent work for bio-tech.”

As we all nibbled on a big plate of gooey breakfast, I found myself really enjoying the attention Joshua was paying me. It wasn’t just that he was being friendly, he really seemed to enjoy everything I said. By the time we had parted ways I was completely unable to get him out of my head!

I had let a man kiss me goodnight!

“Oh,” Ella said as she started the drive back. “I definitely needed that!”

“Tom was really cute!”

“He was. It wasn’t him I needed, though. I just needed the boost, you know?”

It took me a while, but I finally did understand what she meant. Tom was irrelevant. What she needed was a reminder that she was a desirable woman.

“Joshua though,” she said. “Now he was scrumptious!”

“He was nice, wasn’t he?” I said feeling an uncontrollable grin creep over my face.

“He was perfect!” she said in an exaggerated fashion. “Don’t tell me he didn’t ask for your number.”

“He has it,” I said shyly.

She didn’t say a word, but her smile said it all.

As I drifted off to sleep, I couldn’t help but switch between thoughts of Ella and thoughts of Joshua. Was I now bisexual? I couldn’t tell, but it was



“He has it...”

nice having two beautiful people to think about as I drifted off to sleep.

And that's how I found myself falling asleep, once again, smearing foundation and eye-shadow on my pillow. How long would it be before I got used to the routine?

