

Wong from White (White Man to Asian Woman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Dash666

David is a project manager at an automotive car factory who is as white bread as can be. When a coworker mocks him for being 'the whitest person I know', she has no idea that she has set off a cursed trinket she has inherited; one that transforms David from a white man into an average Asian woman who everyone remembers always being that way. The new Mandi Wong must adjust to her strange new life, and her new husband too.

Wong from White

David Stevens grabbed his regular cup of coffee from the break room before checking over the main productive room of the automotive plant he worked at. He was a manager there, and had been for over five years, and it was fairly good work as far as he was concerned. The company was pretty loyal to its earnest employees, and while he was only thirty two, one could easily mistake him for a much longer-time company man, in looks as well as his attitude. He had a slightly tired-looking face from long hours and a dad bod in early development, and his brown hair was already receding early. Still, he was working on improving himself; he went to the gym several times a week, and despite appearances he was quite athletic. He'd come second in the company jog twice, and first the previous year, much to the surprise of some of his underlings who thought he'd drop right out.

But there wasn't else much surprising about Dave, and one could tell that about him as he made his rounds and checked over his employees. He was friendly, affable, and utterly plain. He was, as his good friend and fellow project manager Laura often put it, "white bread as all hell."

It was that exact coworker he ended up chatting to after checking that the production quotas were on target and that the quality assurance process was on point. Laura was responsible for managing the big machinery and automated services, so while he took the human element, she had the steel bits. It was a good working partnership, and because of the distinction between their roles, the two had taken to ribbing each other constantly.

"Well well, if it isn't Mr Suburbia," she teased as he approached. She was a short and somewhat curvy Chinese-Canadian woman who had a habit of avoiding activity, hence the slight chubbiness. Still, she was pretty cute, and David had tried to ask her out when she'd first arrived until she told him that she was already married to a guy named Stan who shared her love of trashy reality shows and dog photos on social media. Suffice to say, even if she

wasn't married, those two things put Laura in the 'definitely remain friends' category for David.

"With two cars in my oversized garage, yeah, yeah," he replied. "Better than a cramped little apartment, Laura!"

She shrugged. "I like my apartment. Better to have the city life than live next to four golf courses."

"Only two golf courses."

"That is two too many, seriously."

He grinned. She wasn't wrong, but man if he didn't like going to both.

"I see line number two has had problems again."

Laura groaned. "Ugh, tell me about it. That stupid belt just fails every time. Upper management refuses to fix it until we no longer can, but it's gumming up the works. I even brought my good luck charm in today in the hopes that it would set things right, see?"

She indicated to the good luck charm around her neck, which was an odd pendant of sorts that looked like a little bronze globe. Foreign inscription was around its circumference, as well as small engravings of dragons dancing around the words.

"That is pretty cool. Korean, right?"

She nudged him in the side. "You moron! It's Mandarin! How many times do I have to tell you that I'm Chinese-Canadian?"

Dave just shrugged, retaining a small smirk to let her know that he was ribbing her. "Well, what can I say? I guess it's all just too foreign and strange for me!" he said in an exaggerated fashion.

"For your white ass? Absolutely. Seriously, you play *golf*, Dave. *Golf*."

"There's nothing wrong with golf!"

"No, but you also do yoga, drink standard beer, have a literal white picket fence, like Wes Anderson films . . ."

"Hey, lots of people like those things!"

"Well, at your last get together party you literally had lawn games. Plus you do apple picking as a 'fun' getaway."

He frowned. "It's meditative."

"Oh yeah, and your idea of meditative is nothing actually from Asia, but just sitting with your legs crossed and listening to ASMR of the ocean from your TV. A TV which is often playing *The Sopranos* on repeat."

"It's culturally relevant!"

"And let's not get started on fashion. Turtlenecks? Sweaters? Jeans and shirts?"

"There's nothing specifically white about those things!"

Laura just giggled. “No, but all together, along with your meals basically being peanut butter and jam sandwiches every day of your life, certainly paint a clear picture to me. You sir, and I’m sorry to say this, are *white as hell*.”

David clutched his heart, pretending as if he’d just been stabbed. He let out a wheezy noise for exaggerated effect. “No! It can’t be! That’s impossible!”

Laura snorted. “Oh, and add ‘obsessed with *Star Wars*’ to the list.”

“Well, at least it’s not trashy love shows. Those are pretty white!”

She shrugged but had a sheepish expression. “Well, we all have our guilty pleasures and flaws.”

“And there’s nothing wrong with cornhole!”

She folded her arms. “Dude, it is the *whitest* thing imaginable. You are in the bubble!”

David just sighed. “Fine, guilty as charged. I’m the whitest dude imaginable. I think I even called Chinese takeaway ‘oriental’ the other day.”

“Sheesh, really? You’re lucky I wasn’t there to slap you!”

“I can just imagine that you would.”

“Man, we really need to get you a partner, preferably one who isn’t white and definitely doesn’t order pumpkin spice lattes or whatever white girls do.”

“Yes, I’ll just conjure one up this afternoon. But now that we’ve gone over how thoroughly uncivilised and multicultural I am, perhaps we better stop joking around before our respective workers get jealous and start wondering why their project managers are not also working hard?”

“Not a bad idea, all things considered,” Laura said. She adjusted her glasses and smirked. “Well, I wish you good luck in not being such a single white dude.”

“I wish that too!” he said, heading the other way and throwing her a half-serious, half-joking salute.

David didn’t notice what happened next, but Laura certainly did. The little good luck charm that she still had in her hand began to glow a strangely vibrant purple. It shook in her grip, power radiating from it, and for just a moment something shot forth from the little charm and straight into David’s back. He didn’t notice it at all but for a small little prickly sensation. He scratched his back and continued walking. But Laura was gobsmacked. She blinked twice and checked the charm over, even as the glow faded. It was so strange, and in moments the effect was gone. She removed her glasses and put them on again, wondering if what she’d just witnessed had even been real.

“It can’t have been,” she said. It was a wishing charm, she knew, from her old ancestors, but despite loving it since she was a kid, no wishes had ever actually worked. She had no idea that it was the fact that she had made the wish, and the recipient had then verbally agreed to it, that led to the magic functioning. It was a charm that crafted a contract

between two persons, rather than purely benefitting the owner. This knowledge had been lost to time, but it would soon resurface, as the wish that Laura had made was about to have incredible consequences for David's life.

Of course, David had little knowledge that anything had happened to him. He only had that annoying tingle that continued to recur in his back for the remainder of the day, as well as a strange sense of pressure in his body, as if it were overexcited and tired all at once. His muscles occasionally tensed as he continued to oversee the production line of the general motors facility, but there was little else to indicate that a wish was already beginning to transform his life.

It was only as he was leaving his shift that he waved goodbye to several of his coworkers. One of them, a fellow named Greg, shouted out; "Have a good one, Mandi!"

David frowned. He wasn't aware of any employee named Mandi, or any senior manager either. Greg repeated the statement, and it was clear he was talking to David this time.

"Uh, see you later, Greg!"

"Hope the bosses didn't work you so hard at the secretary's desk!"

David didn't respond this time, just gave a confused smile and then walked to his company car. Greg could be a bit of a joker and a prankster, but these statements were weird, even for him. Still, there was no point thinking about it; his chest was starting to feel a little odd, and his hips too. Clearly, he'd pushed himself harder than usual at work and just needed to go home and watch an episode of *Mad Men* or something. He smirked at the thought of that; no doubt that Laura would consider it such a 'white person show', but he didn't mind.

"At least I don't watch trashy love shows and reality contestant stuff," he mumbled to himself as he got the car going.

Though strangely, for a moment, neither of these sounded all that bad to watch.

The commute home was forty minutes for David, something he never appreciated. Usually, he listened to his podcast on the history of the locomotive development, something Laura also gave him shit for, but for some reason he didn't really feel like that tonight. Instead, he did what he almost never did, and put on the radio instead. And not even on the channel that played 70's and 80's classics, but on the more modern station that played hip hop, rap, K-Pop, and a bunch of other styles that were not, and had never been, in his personal wheelhouse.

“Okay, these aren’t half-bad, I guess,” he said to himself as he began to tap his hands on the wheel. It was largely a highway journey, so it was mind-numbingly easy to drive and focus on other things. “Man, maybe Laura is right. Maybe I should expand my horizons a little bit. Ngh!”

He tensed as he felt that prickly sensation in his back again, only this time it expanded further, shooting down into his belly and causing his gut to clench. His stomach growled rather audibly.

“Damn, must be hungry. I reckon I’ll make up some dumplings when I get home.”

He continued to drive, rubbing his stomach a little due to the strange churning within it. It was only minutes later that he cottoned on to what he’d actually said before.

“Wait, dumplings? Since when did I eat dumplings? Hell, since when did I *know* how to make dumplings at all?”

And yet the knowledge was there, in his mind. The ingredients, how to cut and fold and crinkle the dough to give it the right shape. The best way to make them in pork, chicken, mushroom style, as well as many others. And even the best Chinese sides to compliment them, right down to the homemade sauces that went well beyond the standard soy flavouring.

“The fuck?” he said aloud. “How do I - ohhhhh, my d-damn gut!”

It clenched again, and this time when he rubbed it something very strange occurred. The majority of his focus was naturally upon the road and his car’s place within it, but even a practised and sensible driver like himself couldn’t ignore the incredibly eerie sensation of his flesh actually *withdrawing and thinning* on his figure.

“Nghh! What the hell? What is - ahhhhghh!”

It wasn’t painful, but it wasn’t comfortable either. Somehow, his dad bod was shedding its fat, or at least absorbing it elsewhere. He had always maintained a solid level of fitness, but being in his thirties and always being a thicker guy when it came to his bone structure, his waist and stomach had always had a little bit of extra blubber. The fact that he enjoyed a good few cans of beers to celebrate the end of a hard week of work may also have contributed to this. But now, inexplicably, his shirt was becoming looser around his middle, leaving his stomach only slightly chubby, and a whole lot more softer.

“Oh God, oh God!” he cried. “I’ve got to get to a hospital or something! This isn’t normal! *This isn’t normal!*”

He swallowed, gasping as his throat altered. The last part of his sentence had shot up several octaves and sounded positively different. Almost like a woman’s voice. No, *exactly* like a woman’s voice.

“*That wasn’t my voice!*” he exclaimed, “*it still isn’t my voice! What the hell has happened to my voice!?*”

It didn't just sound a little feminine, it sounded utterly female; a high, sweet, slightly reedy soprano. Even stranger, it had an odd lilt to it, as if there were accent markers.

"I don't have an accent!" he said in his new voice, gripping the wheel and hitting the accelerator. "I'm just Canadian! I definitely don't sound like this! This is really, really wrong!"

His 'r's and 'l's were a slight difficulty for him now, however. There was the trace of a lisp there, as if the words came with a bit of unnaturalness that he stumbled over despite his fluency. He sounded not dissimilar to Laura, in fact. Like somehow he had an Asian accent, specifically a Chinese one.

"This is just some weird prank, or something. Maybe she put something in my lunch. Wait, how does that make sense? And why would I be talking like an Asian woman? Jesus, why won't this truck go any faster!"

He honked several times, and as he hit the horn, his hands were hit by those same eerie pressures. To his horror, they began to contract and soften also. His nails, which were always irregular due to his bad habit of nail biting, reformed to become long and perfect - for a woman. Red nail polish even filled in over them, though he didn't notice this immediately so much as how bizarrely small and dainty his hands now were.

"This has to be a nightmare! Or a trip! Jesus, when I inspected the last car on the line I inhaled those awful fumes. I bet - that *has* to be it, right? Why else would this be happening? It can't be real!"

But it very much was real, and while David did indeed have a habit of talking to himself, he was doing so to a far greater degree as his agitation rose. Other changes followed, several of them even briefly impacting his ability to drive. His feet shrank, also becoming quite dainty and slim, while his legs shortened. He had a moment of absolute panic as he had to adjust his chair while driving, and nearly collided with the truck he was overtaking. It honked at him relentlessly for his idiocy, but before he could turn back and give them the finger or shout an apology (he was down the middle on both options), his scalp suddenly tingled, itching all over.

"What now!?" he yelled.

He got his answer immediately after; his ordinary brown hair began to *pour* forth from his scalp, growing at such a rate that it felt like millions of snakes or worms were sliding out from his skin. It covered his face, the brown hair turning a brilliant black, shiny and surprisingly silky.

"AH! STOP IT! I NEED TO SEE!"

He swept the hair aside, hitting the brake just in time to avoid colliding with the overly-cautious van ahead of him. He overtook it, but in the rear view mirror could see that he now had a gorgeous head of black hair that fell all the way to his shoulders.

"Definitely a dream! Just need to get to the exit! Need to get to the hospital!"

His heart was beating like crazy in his chest, but that wasn't the main organ of worry at that moment. His stomach lurched again, only this time he felt his intestines literally shift aside to make room for something new below them. It bloomed into place at the same time as his hips began to widen. He squirmed in his seat like he had a bad wedge, grimacing as the bones audibly creaked and groaned. He bit his lip, almost drooling with a strange mix of discomfort and weird arousal. His dick was getting hard for reasons he could not understand. It was a total nightmare!

"Mhmmm, oh God! Stop it! It's t-too much! My f-fucking hips!"

They widened further, and were further emphasised by the additional padding that was flowing into David's ass. He squirmed even more, writhing as the fat and muscle that had receded from his waist and upper torso was now deposited to his hips, ass, and thighs. They all thickened, taking on an increasingly feminine shape. His body hair disappeared, and his arms and legs both slimmed - apart from in the thighs - to match his new body. Worse, his shoulders reduced in size, while his stubble smoothed over. Everything about him was becoming more womanly, and it was clear from the budding pressure in his chest, and the way his nipples were stiffening, what was occurring next.

"Please no, not tits! Why is this happening? AND WHY THE FUCK ARE PEOPLE SO SLOW IN THE ONE-TEN LANE!"

He honked again, finally reaching the off-ramp. He raced down it, going so fast that he almost shouldered against the side, barely avoiding damage to his car. The hospital would be near. If he could only make it before - before . . .

But it was too late.

"NGNHH! SHIT! I'm growing t-tits! Fucking t-tits! OHHhhhhh - ahhh - ahhh - ahhh!!"

He had to breathe in and out heavily, panting through his mouth rather than his nose in response to the utterly alien sensations. As his body took on more and more proportions of a slightly chubby, albeit still attractive, woman, the final confirmations of his new gender was taking place. His nipples expanded, denting against his shirt, while the flesh behind them began to push forwards. It was small at first, but soon the mounds grew, larger and larger until a pair of quite respectable C-cups or even D-cups were hanging from David's chest, wobbling with writhing movement from the transforming man. He tried to focus on the road, but it was impossible not to consider the impossible growths on his chest, nor their heft and weight, or how they jiggled in response to his movements. It was utterly alien, and completely wrong!

But even more wrong was what was happening between his legs. Where pressure had pushed forth his round breasts, now a vacuum-like sensation was pulling his penis and testicles back into his body.

“NGHH! NO! I WON’T! NO WAY AM I GROWING A VAGINA! I’M GETTING TO THE DAMN HOSPITAL BEFORE THAT EVER HAPPENS!”

Except he was wrong; the transformation was only speeding up, and far faster than his own speeding violations. He rocketed towards his destination, but nothing could save his manhood. He got on a straight, but was forced to stop at a red. The poor man bounced in his seat, adjusting it again due to his reduced height, and was at least given brief time to try and clutch his crotch and prevent his manhood was escaping entirely.

“Don’t you dare go in there! Don’t you - MPPMPHH!!”

He pressed his lips together, momentarily stunned and silenced. It was like being kicked in the balls, only instead of being hit with lancing pain that shot right up to his kidneys, it was instead a disconcerting and discombobulating tension that rocked through him. His penis scuppered back into a newly formed tunnel that went all the way to his new female internal organ, and his balls quickly followed one after another, sliding up to become what he could only assume were his new fallopian tubes and ovary sacs. At least, that was what it felt like; the man didn’t have much time to consider this, because the light turned green and he hit the accelerator, even as he whined in his reedy voice.

“Ohhhhhh - ahhh - ahhh - ahhh - n-nearly there! N-nearly - MMHHHMPH!!”

The final transformation of his new vagina settled, and it left the new tunnel utterly awash in arousal and fluid. None of his clothing fit anymore; his shirt was tight around his chest and loose around his waist, but he couldn’t care. He *needed* care.

“S-so close! So damn close!”

But more changes followed. The man may have become female, but his overall appearance had yet to be finalised. Even as David grappled with his new femaleness, his face bubbled and shifted. His jaw slimmed, his nose become button cute, and his eyes altered even more to become almond-shaped, almost like he was becoming . . .

“Asian!?” he cried in his feminine voice. “I’m turning into a goddamn Asian woman!?”

It was undeniably true. His cheeks softened, gaining a cute chubbiness that made his face look a little round, much like a few Chinese-Canadian women he knew, including Laura. His eyebrows become thinner, his eyelashes longer, and his lips fuller, though not incredibly so. But his normally blue eyes turned dark, while his skin darkened in tone. This change swept from his face and down his arms and legs until it was all over his body. It was mirrored by a change to his clothing, the first change that marked his transformation as more than merely biological: his shirt became a professional woman’s blouse, and his grey pants morphed together to become a pencil skirt, all while his legs were wrapped in stockings. His hair was dyed slightly brown, and it was lifted by some magic set of invisible hands, tying into a loose but professional ponytail behind his head. Lipstick appeared on his lips, along with slight foundation and faint eyeshadow, while a well-fitting bra simply popped into

existence over his breasts, cupping them up somewhat, but also supporting them in a way his shoulders appreciated, even if the former male *herself* didn't.

And *she* was a *herself*, too, because the magical changes extended to her mind also. They raced through her neurons, causing her to grimace and struggle to focus on the road. She was a man, she knew this. She was David. She was meant to be a man! And yet her gender identity changed lanes as easily as if a train track switch had been flipped. One moment, she saw herself as a man with a woman's body, and the next, she couldn't *not* think of herself as female, despite how wrong it utterly was.

"I am not a woman," she repeated to herself. "I am not a woman. I am *not* a woman. I'm Mandi, for God's sake. I mean, I'm Mandi. What the hell? I'm Mandi Wong! I'm trying to say I'm Mandi Wong! AAGGHH!!!"

She turned a corner violently, eliciting a hostile horn from a nearby car going the other way. She didn't even care at this point. She simply needed to get help, even if no one would believe her straight away. She adjusted her rear vision mirror again, gazing in horror over her form. In minutes, she had gone from an ordinary - borderline stereotypical - white man, to a cute, smartly dressed Asian woman who appeared just like one of the company secretaries, outfit and all.

"Wake up, damn it! Wake up!"

She pinched herself, wincing at her long nails upon her skin, but it did nothing. She simply ignored her body, despite the strangeness of it, and focused entirely on getting to where she was needed. It was with great relief that she finally pulled into her driveway a few minutes later and got out of the car.

"Finally, I'm home," she declared out loud. "Finally I can slip into something more comfortable and watch some silly trashy love shows and - and - oh God. Oh God, why am I home? I was driving to the hospital!"

She turned to get back into the car, only to do a double-take. The car was no longer there. At least, not the company car she had just been driving. In its place was a cute little Mitsubishi Lancer that looked to be second-hand at best. It was painted white, and had cute fluffy pink dice dangling from the rearview mirror.

"No, no," she managed. She stumbled backwards out of the garage, suddenly terrified at how reality was warping around her. Unfortunately, she hadn't quite noticed that her shoes had changed either. They had slight heels, nothing too exaggerated, but enough that she tripped into the main corridor. She let loose a girlish squeal as she fell, only for someone to catch her unexpectedly.

"Woah there, honey! Watch where you're going! Are you alright?"

A mounting sense of dread surged up within the new woman, paralleled by a strange sense of comfort that was most definitely not familiar, and yet was insisting it was at the

same time. Slowly, her heartbeat rising, she looked up into the face of a surprisingly handsome man, one with ruffled dirty blonde hair and a well-maintained goatee. He was wearing a casual checker-pattern shirt, and his strong hairy arms supported her weight easily. He must have been nearly six feet tall, and given that she had reduced to a mere five foot four or so, she felt like putty in his hands. Those strong hands that held her soft skin so easily, and were making her body feel all kinds of things.

“R-Rob?” she squeaked, somehow knowing his name.

“Who else would I be, my daring *wife*?” he asked. And with that, he helped lift her back onto her feet. Maintaining one hand on the small of her back, he planted a deep kiss on her lips, one that she returned without thought.

It was at that point that David/Mandi’s consciousness was simply too overwhelmed. She looked down at her hand and saw an engagement ring and wedding ring affixed, the latter matching the style of the man who was still holding her.

“Everything okay, babe? Hard day at work?”

“H-hard, y-yeah,” she said.

And then she fainted.

Mandi woke in bed, lying in deep comfort against a strong, supple form. She purred softly, particularly as a powerful arm wrapped around her side. She was wearing nothing other than her panties, and it felt utterly right; what else would she be wearing, when he husband was warmth enough for her?

The question was answered by another question: since when was she a *she*, and since when did she have a *husband*!?

It was then that all her memories of the previous night returned to her. She had transformed into a woman unexpectedly in the car, and then arrived back at home instead of the hospital. Only a man named Robert lived with her now, and he was her *husband*. She was now Mandi Wong, a second generation Chinese-Canadian woman who had met this man three years ago, and married him two years later. They were a loving couple, she knew, because a number of memories that stirred in her mind, at once hers and not hers, like she was seeing them through a filter of sorts. Still, she could recall being proposed to, and walking down the wedding aisle in her gorgeous white outfit, and going on a honeymoon to Shanghai with Rob, and seeing members of her family who remained in her ancestral country. More than that, she had flashes of painting the house with him, putting up the cute decorations that included a variety of traditional lanterns and charms, as well as photo albums that covered her wide family. She retained knowledge of hundreds of Chinese

recipes, and it was clear that in this new relationship, *she* was the main cook despite working similar hours to her photographer husband. A number of outfits in the cupboard could even be seen from the bed, several of them in Chinese styles, including a couple of stylish *qipaos*, including the classical red and golden variant with the dragon patterning. It was, she knew, a true authentic, and quite expensive given that it was contained with a clear plastic cover.

“I fainted,” she whispered to herself. “What happened next?”

It came to her, in gradual little moments as she tried to extract herself from the warm comfort of her husband. She had fainted, and then woken several minutes later on the couch while he cared for her. She had tried to run, but some magical compulsion didn't let her, and instead she had begun 'playing a part' of sorts as his devoted wife. Her mind had raced in confusion while she drank the water he offered, accepted his care and concern, and then got back on her feet and got changed into an ordinary female top and shorts and got working on dinner as she always did. It was indeed dumpling night, and she was not going to be stopped.

“And then . . .”

More memories flowed back in. She had eaten with her husband, and the two had discussed the latest chapter of their favourite manga, and then she had convinced him to watch an episode of *Love Island* with her while they snacked on a chocolate dessert. Once done, they retreated to bed. She was hit with the instant knowledge that ordinarily the scene would become a lot more sensual by that point, but thankfully with her fainting spell and confusion over becoming a woman, she convinced her husband she simply needed rest. She'd fallen asleep curled in his arms, finding his hand around her breast to be far too comfortable to protest, despite how wrong it was.

And that had been her night. Every time she had fought against 'playing the part' of Mandi Wong and telling Rob who she really was, she had instead lost a kind of control, and slipped into an 'automatic wife' mode. It was a fearful scenario, especially since some parts of Mandi were already intertwining with David. Already, she was keen to watch the next episode of *Love Island*, despite never caring about it before at all.

The body she was pressed against stirred, and the arm slid across her back. She shivered from the pleasure of Rob's touch, and cursed herself for it all the same. Why was she even feeling like this!? Her new husband stirred, slowly waking.

“Hey honey, awake already?”

She nodded, trying to contain herself from freaking out and losing control again.

“Everything okay? You're not going to faint at the sight of my handsomeness again, are you?”

Despite herself, she giggled. “No, of course n-not,” she managed. She was trying not to stare at his naked torso as the sheets slid down.

“You know, if I didn’t have a job today, and you didn’t have to go to work, I’d love to make up for the lack of last night. Wouldn’t you?”

She swallowed. He was referring to sex. It was obvious. Sex with him. Sex with a *man*. A man with a cock that would get all hard and be pumping away *inside* her. The thought alone made her new pussy go a little moist, and her nipples harden on her not unimpressive breasts. It also made the remnants of her male mind *shriek* in fear.

“No way,” she said, tearing aside the blankets and leaping to her feet. “No way, no fucking way man! Not in a million years would I let a man have sex with me! I’ve got to change back before I let anything like that ever fucking happen to me!”

At least, that’s what she *tried* to say and do. But because she wasn’t playing the role of Mandi Wong properly, the magic of Laura’s dragon charm instead took over, and the new woman instead responded very differently than intended.

“Of course, babe,” she purred, leaning in close to enjoy a kiss on the lips, and his hand fondling her impressive rear. “I’ll make it up to you. I’ll even wear that *thing* you like. You know the one.”

“Mhmm, that sounds amazing. I better go shower. You can join me if you want?”

“Absolutely,” she said, her cute accent clear on her lips. They kissed again, and she did indeed join him in the shower, whereupon not only did she see her own new body naked for the first time, but her husband’s as well. And it was *glorious*.

“Sorry,” he said sheepishly. “You’re just too gorgeous. Can’t help it if the little guy feels the same.”

“Don’t apologise,” she replied automatically. “I can’t wait to see how hard you get when I dress up for you tonight.”

“As that character? Really? I thought you never wanted-”

“I want to make it up for you,” she said, pressing her wet naked chest against his. “You know I’m not big into all your shows, but I want my husband happy.”

“I have the best fucking wife. Even if she’s obsessed with those social media videos and those puppy accounts.”

“Hey, Laura got me onto those!” she responded, giggling.

It was then that her mind - her actual mind - hit upon a thought. Laura. She was the last person she’d *really* interacted with before things had gotten strange. And she’d had that odd charm. *And* she’d made a wish, one that David - now Mandi - had jokingly agreed to. About not being a single white man anymore. The revelation was like a ton of bricks falling upon her head, and it was enough for her to regain control of her body. She pulled back from her husband despite the warm feelings and left the shower early, towelling herself off. She needed to get ready for work, and avoid fucking this man, and finding Laura as soon as possible.

She needed to turn back.

Mandi was already noticing other weird new things about herself and her changed mental state. For one, her new (old) car was connected to an old iPod that was filled with almost nothing but Disney songs, and she couldn't help but sing along proudly as she drove to work. She'd never liked Disney before, but now it was addictive to listen to! Especially the really girly ones! The songs eventually transitioned to pop Chinese music, and she switched to fluent Mandarin to sing to those ones, changing back to English only when the chorus shifted language to corny love lines in English. It was ridiculous, and yet despite herself she grinned like a maniac.

"Ugh, why do I like this girly stuff so much? And how come I can speak perfect Mandarin!?"

It was bad enough that, like a perfect cute wife, she'd made her husband breakfast after leaving the shower. Worse still that she'd gotten changed into woman's clothing. The bra she fitted took time - not everything came naturally yet, it seemed - and it only emphasised how odd it was to suddenly have sizeable breasts that flopped about as she fitted them into the cups. Still, a thought bubbled up into her mind that she did not appreciate; the notion of wearing a classier brand of lingerie appealed deeply. Hell, the notion of having *Gucchi* or *Victoria Secret* anything sounded amazing, if only she could afford it.

"Stupid female brain," she mumbled to herself as she pulled into work. "God, I better still be into football by the time I change back. Goddamn it, and hockey too. They can take hockey and lawn games and golf from my frosted dead hands!"

Thankfully, watching a good game with a beer in her hand still appealed. For now. She got out of her car, mindful of the fact that she no longer had dedicated parking space as a project manager, since she was only an administrative assistant now. Her hips swayed from side to side a little as she walked, and her breasts bobbed in her bra slightly, but she managed to keep her head high as she entered.

"Hey there, Mandi!"

"Morning Mandi, hope you're doing well."

"Looking sharp, Mandi girl!" someone called out.

She blushed, waved to several of them, and moved to try and find Laura. Unfortunately, she couldn't do so straight away; she was intercepted by Mr Harolds, her 'new' boss and the man she was administrative assistant to.

“Mandi! On time as always. I’ve got a number of meetings I need you to help me schedule. And can you call the Robertham guys back about the replacement job we need on line four? There’s a few documents that are on your desk too that need sorting. Anything with the red line goes to me, obviously, but I trust you to work out the rest and summarise them for me. Love the new lipstick, by the way. I’m sure Rob does, too.”

She had to strain to avoid rolling her eyes. She’d always known Harolds was a bit of a sleaze, but now she had confirmation, and a much bigger reason to care. She nodded demurely, trying to ‘stay in her part’, and took her seat at the desk.

“Of course Mr Harolds, I’ll get right onto it!”

“There’s that immigrant work ethic!” he said, patting her on the shoulder as she passed.

“Second generation, asshole,” she whispered to herself. “Wait, what am I saying? That’s just part of this new made up reality!”

But that new made up reality was what the new woman had to deal with. At first, she had no idea what she was doing as an administrative assistant, but like with the Disney songs and the Mandarin fluency and even how to put a bra on, it seemed like the knowledge of her role was slowly seeping into her. She managed to sort the files, make the calendar appointments, and even put up with Mr Harolds’ weird comments about her being a ‘credit to her people’ just because she was now Chinese. Her skin crawled enough that she almost wished Rob was back to comfort her, until her male mind revolted at that as well.

Finally she was able to sneak off during her lunch break and try to track down Laura. It didn’t take long either: the other Chinese-Canadian woman - now her senior in the company ranks - was also frantic, searching about and talking to various people who were looked at her as if she had her head on straight.

“Are you sure you haven’t seen him? David Stevens, he’s got a bit of a dad bod, brown hair, receding hairline, white as all hell? No?”

“I’m pretty sure that person doesn’t exist, Laura,” one of them said.

“Yeah,” Greg replied. “I know everyone here. That doesn’t match with anyone.”

Laura moved on, eyes darting back and forth. She almost collided with Mandi as she passed.

“Sorry!” she cried. “I’m looking for a friend!”

“You just found her,” Mandi replied, joyful that at least *someone* remembered her old self. “It’s me - it’s David!”

A wave of relief hit; she could actually say her old name to Laura, even if to no one else.

“What?”

David gestured at her body. "I don't know how it happened exactly, but I think it might have been the wish we made yesterday after all the dumb joking about about me being white. Laura, you have to believe me; your charm turned me into a woman! An Asian woman! I'm Harolds' assistant now, and I can speak Mandarin, and I like singing stupid songs and watching Asian dramas and love shows. I've even got a freakin' husband! It's crazy - you're the only one I can. I changed on the car ride home and couldn't stop myself! You've got to change me back!"

Laura looked flabbergasted. "There's - no way. There's no way!"

But Mandi grabbed her by the shoulders. "You made fun of me for enjoying cornhole and other lawn games. And for my golf! And my sandwiches. God, I didn't even bring sandwiches today. I brought *rice!* Traditional Chinese style at that! I even made it!"

Laura gasped and stepped back. She had to adjust her glasses.

"I - that's impossible. Let's get a seat. This better not be a prank! I need to hear everything."

They gathered at the far corner of the canteen area, where Mandi explained everything in detail. She became quite embarrassed when describing her changes, and her new cup size, and especially her new husband. The fact that he was quite cute in a nerdy kind of way managed to escape her tongue several times, and Laura couldn't help herself; as strange as the scenario was, she continued to tease her formerly white and male friend.

"This is crazy, it is you. And you've got a husband! When I said I wanted you to experience things from my side, I didn't mean for this to happen, but it's kind of hilarious! And you ended up so cute!"

"It's not so cute and funny from my angle. My whole personality is changing! And he wants to have sex with me tonight."

"Oh my God, you should go for it! Find out what it's like from both sides."

"No way! I can't believe you're acting like this! We need to turn me back! All that was a joke, I didn't actually want to become an Asian woman. I look and sound so small and fragile. And I have *boobs*, big ones!"

Laura chuckled as she looked her friend over. "Welcome to womanhood, sister. But fine, let's turn you back. This makes sense too; I saw a weird purple light from my charm yesterday, but thought it was just a weird reflection off of my glasses. Let's see if we can undo this - oh shit!"

"What?"

Laura went a little red. "My charm - I left it home today. I'll have to bring it tomorrow."

"Let's just go to your place."

But Laura shook her head. “Can’t - I’ve got a date tonight with Stan! We don’t get to go out much since we’re both full-time. We try to have a husband-wife night twice a month, and we can’t skip this one.”

“Laura! C’mon! I’ve turned into a freaking woman here. I watched *Love Island* last night and liked it! I’m worried I won’t care about football soon. Hell, I already can’t stop looking at my nails and liking them.”

“They *are* nice nails.”

“Stop it!” she exclaimed, though the compliment did leave her extending her hand out to show off said nails.

Laura examined them. “David Stevens has become Mandi Wong. This really is a lesson in culture for you! How does it feel to be a woman?”

“Not cool.”

“Not even a little?”

She crossed her arms. “Not. Cool. Even if I look nice in this skirt, and lovely in a qipao.”

Laura snorted. “Oh Lord, this would be hilarious if it weren’t so freaky! And you’re Chinese too. We can have whole conversations in Mandarin. But you’ve got a stronger accent than me. Does this mean we can watch Chinese dramas on streaming together while we eat ice cream in our pyjamas? We can do the whole girly sleepover thing!”

Mandi sagged onto the table. “Why did it have to be you? Of course you’d find this funny. This is my life here, Laura. I’m not meant to be a woman. And I’ve promised Rob that I’ll dress up as something for him tonight and I have no idea who it is or what that even means!”

“Ooh, sounds exciting!”

“This is serious!”

Laura did indeed become serious, at least for a moment. “Okay. Well, I promise I can get you the charm tomorrow.”

“But-”

“But nothing. Stan has the charm anyway, and we’re meeting out of town because he’s working out of town. Your Rob will flip if you don’t go home, and according to your own rules, you won’t be able to avoid doing that, right? It’ll be a whole thing. Besides, one day won’t make a difference. You can put off sex and not worry about that; just be a little sexy for him. Enjoy being a woman for a day. In fact, even more than that, enjoy being a *diverse* woman for a day, *Mandi*. Finally, you can get away from being such a whitebread dude and actually enjoy a bit of culture and difference! See how you connect with your new Chinese self. Now, I’ve got to get back to work, but you seem to be doing okay as an assistant. Try to

enjoy this crazy, unique opportunity you've been given. Who knows, maybe you'll even come to like it?"

Mandi was absolutely certain she wouldn't, but one thing was clear about her new self; she was a *lot* more submissive. Whereas before she could take the ribbings and give back just as well, now she simply nodded in resignation as Laura patted her on the shoulder and walked away.

"God, I'm such a doormat now," she complained. "Bad enough that I'm a total girl but I can't even talk back against Laura!"

She moved back to her desk to continue her work. She tried to ignore how Greg was now staring at her ass as she moved, and her chest as she sat down. Why had the charm made her pretty cute as well?

Mandi was furious on the drive home. Not only was Laura not taking her new situation seriously, but the woman actually *wanted* her to embrace this new self of hers, including the 'joys' of seducing her new husband! Worse, the appeal of actually doing so was swirling in her ever-changing brain. She was starting to 'remember' aspects of this new life, including how Rob liked her to dress up and cosplay as anime characters or sexy superheroes. He was such an incredibly adorable nerd, and while she didn't share a great deal of overlap in his pop cultural interests, she certainly liked to please him in private, usually by wearing something tight that showed off her nice, wide hips and nice cleavage. She wasn't mega-busty, but a good push-up bra could serve many purposes.

"Ugh, I can't believe I'm even thinking about this!" she declared in Mandarin, before catching herself. "Great, now when I'm frustrated I revert to Mandarin as well!"

David basically didn't talk to his parents in his old reality - they had been cold and unloving when he hit his teenage years, and it had been no surprise when they divorced and found new families to love - but now he had his own set of Chinese parents who were first generation immigrants. Hence the language. And hence the slight guilt that she should call them sometime.

"Stupid Mandi brain," she mumbled to herself. "I can't believe I have to put up with all of this. So long as I can convince Rob to put off sex or whatever for another night, and then change back, then I can just ignore their existence."

At least as an administrative assistant, her hours were less than that of a project manager. She didn't have to stay late to supervise employees or go over numbers with even higher-ups. Instead, she arrived at her home earlier than Rob, which gave her time to get rid

of her ridiculous female uniform and slip into something more comfortable that would appease her male pride.

Unfortunately, at some point her female brain took over without her even realising. She unburdened her breasts from her bra, only to settle them into a much nicer set of cups; the exact kind of push-up bra she'd been thinking about. She swapped out her regular work underwear for a cute matching lingerie underwear, then went for the 'special' cupboard at the back, where various costumes were located. She looked over various options, ultimately choosing a character who wore a tight white tanktop that showed off her midriff, with a set of very small black shorts that would similarly reveal her hips. She put on a black wig that went down to her midriff, followed by some black boots and fighter's gloves. With the application of some makeup, she had transformed herself into the very sexy image of one of Rob's favourite anime and videogame characters.

"Oh yeah, he'll like this," she said, smiling sweetly before posing. She took a selfie photo of herself and uploaded it to her social media. It was only after she'd recorded a couple of short videos of herself and uploaded them to her video account that she once again was hit by a wave of male shame.

"Fuck! FUCK! I did it again. And I wasn't even purely sleepwalking through it that time, I was actually getting into it!"

She was about to tear it all off and get into something comfortable, even if it had to be some tight yoga pants or something, when suddenly she heard the garage roller door open and her husband's car enter. Try as she might to fight the feeling, she experienced a surge of excitement at his approach, and taking the costume off was out of the question. Instead, she moved to the main living room and began to stretch, part of her hoping that Rob would 'catch' her in some rather nice position.

"I am so fucked," she said, hoping that this would not *literally* be the case.

The door opened, and Rob entered, carrying his bag and looking a little distracted from his day of photography work. That was, until he saw her.

"Hey honey, I hope you had a better day to-WOAH!"

"Surprise," she said, smiling sweetly as she posed.

"Surprise indeed! Oh my God, I didn't know if you'd go through with it."

"I want to," she found herself saying as she stepped forward, thrusting out her chest. "I wanted to make up for last night, and make my loving husband happy."

"Oh, he is *very* happy indeed right now."

Mandi couldn't help but notice that he was noticeably tenting in his pants already. It should have disgusted her, but instead it excited her. She licked her lips, her nipples stiffening at the thought of stroking her husband, teasing his body. It was enough to make

her tunnel become a little moist too. Rob was clearly just as aroused, if not more so, because he strode across the room, gazing over her form.

“You look incredibly hot,” he said. “Just fucking sexy, Mandi. Oh my God.”

You could cut the tension in the air with a butter knife. Mandi felt as if she was on a precipice. Laura had suggested just to have a little fun with her husband, and see what it was like on the other side. But she had no intention of going all the way to sex! And yet . . . her body *burned* for it, so very dearly, particularly as Rob placed a hand around her waist and pulled her closer. The two of them kissed, and even if she wanted to she couldn't resist playing her part; the magic was too powerful.

Except she wasn't resisting. Not at all.

As Rob caressed her body, pressed her chest against his and stroked her bare back and groped her ass, she was overwhelmed with a need to be feminine and submissive to this man. Mandi Wong was clearly ultra-feminine - she had her own social media accounts for her makeup and dress sense, she liked girly shows and reality love programs, and cute dogs made her heart absolutely melt - and this extended to her love life. She *needed* Rob to take her to the bedroom and make her a woman, to be the strong one in charge while she writhed in pleasure beneath him. The need was so strong that she momentarily locked away her male pride.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned. “I need this. God help me, my body needs this.”

“As always, you naughty minx,” Rob said. “God, you look so hot dressed up like this. Total *Final Fantasy Seven* Tifa hotness.”

“Tifa? That's who I am, right?”

He chuckled. “God, I love you. Even when you don't follow my interests as much, you always try. And look good trying it too!”

He kissed her, and she didn't resist. She moaned in his mouth, pressing her body firmly against his. She didn't follow his interests much, that was certain, but now she was receiving compulsions to start doing exactly that. To indulge in his nerdy interests, and get out of her comfort zone in a way she never had as a man. Similarly, to cook traditional Chinese meals for them, to indulge in foreign films, to get a taste of different culture when it came to fashion and travel and sports - why follow football that ardently anyway, she could share interests, right? The thoughts flashed a mile-a-minute through her mind, accelerated by the tension and excitement that her body was feeling. Rob's tongue danced in her mouth, and she sucked on it, moaning again as she savoured the taste.

“Shall we take this to the bedroom?” her husband asked.

Mandi paused. This was it. This was the moment. Could she do it? Laura had teased her about it, while she herself had been terrified. But her nipples needed caressing, and her pussy felt so goddamn empty by this point. How could women who were so aroused stand

it? She cursed Laura for making part of the wish so that she wouldn't be single anymore. How much easier to be a woman who at least wasn't obsessed with pleasing her husband? But that's what she needed to do.

"It's what I want to do," she said aloud, realising in that moment the dreadful, exciting epiphany. It also answered her husband's question, because he kissed her again, leading her to the bedroom. She had occupied this house for years, but now the place had all the traces of a couple living there, and a mixed-race marriage at that. There were ornaments and photo frames showing their travels to China, as well as ancestral gifts including the family set of fine porcelain that had been gifted to her. There were several posters with hokey Instagram and Pinterest-style slogans on them like 'Live, Laugh, Love' as well as their Mandarin equivalent. It was the home of a loving couple that had long accepted its multicultural stance and celebrated it. And now she was going to go *very* multicultural; she was about to experience being an Asian woman being ploughed by a white man.

"Oh God," she groaned, as she pulled herself up on the bed. Rob was already helping her remove her tight top and then her shorts. She got rid of the gloves and boots, and soon she was in her sexy black lingerie, her D-cup tits jiggling enticingly.

"You are so goddamn gorgeous," Rob said. His words made her blush.

"Please, just f-fuck me already!" she pleaded. She needed it over with. To get it done. She couldn't fight it, but maybe she could make it go faster. But he wasn't letting her off the leash that easily. Instead, he teased out the pleasure by being the one to unclasp her bra and unburden her breasts. He fondled her large nipples, sampling them with his mouth and tongue, and drawing out sensations she'd never before experienced.

"Sh-shit! You're s-sucking my tits. I can't believe you're s-sucking my big tits!"

"You like that, don't you honey?"

"Y-yeah! I do! F-fuck! I can't believe I love it so much! Please d-don't stop! Ohhhh! Don't you d-dare stop!"

"Wouldn't dream of it. I know how horny my sexy wife gets when she turns her husband on."

She should have rolled her eyes, but instead his words did indeed turn her on. It was fucking *hot* to think how hard she was making him. She was already instinctively spreading her legs to receive him, leaning back so that she fell onto the bed, his face pressed against her soft tits. He nuzzled against her, continuing to paw at her wonderful breasts, but soon he clambered up further to kiss her. His cock was hard as steel, rubbing against her pussy and clit in ways that only made her wetter. She needed him to fill her gaping emptiness, so she spread her legs wider to signal to him.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but I need you in me!"

He didn't even seem to recognise the oddity of her words, but who could blame him? From his perspective, Mandi Wong was his wife, submissive and needy and very aroused. Also, he couldn't speak fluent Mandarin, and that was the language she'd just gasped aloud in without even realising it.

"Please fuck me! I want your cock! I don't care if it's the mental changes or the charm or a curse or just me somehow, but I want you to fuck me! Cum inside me! Make me goddamn pregnant if you have to! I want you to make me your wife so it's not just magic but *real*, Robert! I want you deep inside me!"

Her words were lost on him, a stream of foreign language that only served to entice the man. It only aroused *her* more as well, and soon the issue was solved regardless, for he pressed the thick end of his penis against her folds and entered her. The new woman shuddered, overcome with shame, humiliation, and sheer unbridled pleasure. He filled her, going in slowly to the point where it was blissful agony. She couldn't believe how alien it was to be penetrated, and yet how undeniably sexy it was at the same time. Her submissive instincts rose substantially, making her coo and groan sensually.

"Ohhhhhhh, that f-feels sooooo weird! But s-so good! Sooooo goooooood! Yessss! Keep going! F-fill me! Goddamn you're s-so big!"

He was, at least that's what it felt like. Only when he had reached his zenith did she manage to untense her body a little and allow herself to hold and kiss him. She raked her fingernails across his back as he began to slide out again, and then in, and then out, and then in again. He was pumping away at her, as David had done with several women in his time. But being on the receiving end was so different, and so much the better. Try as she might, Mandi couldn't fight the knowledge that this felt better, and so much more *right*.

"Keep going! Fuck me! Make me yours, Rob! Make me your w-wife! Your sexy Chinese-Canadian wife! Don't ever let me b-be some white guy again!"

Rob couldn't understand her words, which were still in Mandarin. Instead, he was kissing and caressing and complimenting her as he fucked her. He sucked on her tits, caressing them, *squeezing and groping* them, bringing her to further heights. The male shame she felt died away, banished to some remote corner of her mind. Now, there was only the joy of womanhood in its most base sexual experience, and the build up to orgasm.

"S-so close! Soooo fucking close! PLEASE!"

And as if receiving an answer from her new husband and the universe as a whole, Rob suddenly seized, groaned, and his cock throbbed within her. He came, and she came with him moments after, shaking beneath his stronger body as stream after stream of his cum spurt up deep inside her, right into her waiting womb. She thrashed, shaking her head from side to side as the ecstasy hit just as deeply.

"Yes! YES! YESSSSSS!!!"

She finally collapsed, and he on top of her, after multiple orgasms. They had washed through her like a flood, like a rebirth. It was only after pure minutes of absolute post-coital bliss that she realised what she had just done. She had allowed herself to be fucked by a man. And she had *loved* it.

“Goddamn,” she said, now in English again.

“Goddamn great,” her husband said, kissing her cheek. “That’s a nice surprise before dinner, darling.”

“Y-yes, it was, wasn’t it?” she managed.

It was a damn big surprise for the former white man as well. And before she could even process all those feelings, her thoughts were already turning to dinner to make for her husband. A classic hot pot dish was forming in her mind immediately.

Mandi wasn’t sure how to feel. On the one hand, she had behaved like the perfect wife for Rob, particularly after the whole ‘getting fucked by a man and literally orgasming from it’ scenario. She had made a wonderful hot pot purely from her new memories, and she had smiled with satisfaction as Rob found it utterly delicious. Afterwards, he had made dessert to thank her, and helped her clean up the dishes, though she was insistent on doing most of the work. He, in turn, had remained flirty and adorable, squeezing her ass gently and whispering romantic words in her ear. As thanks, he had watched one of her favourite Chinese dramas with her on *Netflix*, with subtitles of course. It had felt completely natural, and she had retired to bed with him shortly thereafter, falling deeply asleep in a way she had not in years despite her comfortable single living.

And yet, on the other hand, she was meant to be a goddamn man! She wasn’t supposed to know all these traditional Chinese dinners! She wasn’t meant to curse in Mandarin when something on the stove got a little burned, or to get actually emotional and teary eyed when a couple she was cheering to get together on *Love Island* didn’t make it through. She certainly wasn’t meant to take photos of the rice and soup dishes she made and upload them to social media with cute little tags. It was like she was losing her old self completely, or at least merging with this new person. Parts of her old David self remained - her love of ribbing jokes, her pride in her home, her love and dedication towards her job - but other parts were dimming away. She realised when she woke up the next day that she should have known that one of her favourite football teams was playing the previous night. She’d never missed their performance before, but now she had. The Blue Bombers may not have had the best streak lately, but she always cheered them on with a cold beer in hand.

Instead, the beer had been drunk only as consolation when her Chinese drama ended on a cliffhanger for its central love triangle.

“Well, that tears it,” she said as she got in her car that morning after kissing Rob goodbye. “I don’t care how cute and sweet and wonderful my husband is, I’ve got to get my old life back. Laura better have that charm. God, she hasn’t responded to a single message of mine!”

She checked her phone again - a phone that was pink - and sighed. Still no reply. She’d just have to wait until she saw her on the general motors floor.

“If she doesn’t have that charm I’m going to scream. Probably in Mandarin at this rate! If I have to put up with another day of Mr Harolds staring at my tits and me being too submissive to do anything about it!”

She started the car and headed off. As usual, she listened to sweet Disney songs and China-pop and K-pop, and after just ten minutes she was already singing along happily, her thoughts getting progressively less anxious as she indulged in some girly silliness. It calmed her mind a lot, particularly since she was wearing an outfit that was even *more* feminine today, one she’d picked out from pure female instinct. It was a pastel pink dress that looked gorgeous on her body, while still being quite respectable for an administrative assistant, and it matched the new hoop earrings she was wearing also. With a dash of makeup and lipstick and care to her skin, she looked not only very secretarial, but incredibly cute too. It was annoying how much it pleased her to feel adorable.

She had to stop herself singing when she arrived at the parking lot. Once more she mourned the loss of her reserved park: as a project manager she’d been close to the building and had a nice company car. Now her Lancer was stuck at the far end, which meant she had to go all the further in her heels, the ones that made her hips sway from side to side so that her impressive behind gave quite a view to the male employees.

“Damn loss of a job, damn loss of my university degree! Now all I have is some college credit. Thanks for that too, magic charm! Didn’t need to take that!”

But her pout disappeared as she entered the workplace, and instead she chatted and said hello to the various other women and secretaries there, as if they were her fellow friends and had been for much of her recent life. Which, in this reality, she supposed they had.

“Looking gorgeous today, Mandi!”

“Love the heels! I could never pull them off!”

“I bet Mr Harolds will have some comment! Warning you!”

She took these in stride, complemented the other women in a naturalistic way, and reported to work. There was no sign of Laura yet, so instead she did her best to distract

herself with the load Mr Harold's had left her. He was in his office, but opened the door to wish her a good morning and - as expected - compliment her on her looks.

"Very fine this morning indeed!" he said, practically eating her with his eyes. "You know I love a good girl in heels!"

"Yes, Mr Harold's," she responded. "My husband said the same."

At that, he gave a slightly ashamed grin and retreated back to his office, though not before asking her to organise his calendar yet again. Still, her small victory made her smirk.

"At least I'm getting a little used to navigating this woman thing," she said to herself in Mandarin, just in case he could hear her over the comm. She had to admit that Laura wasn't wrong about some aspects of no longer being 'white'; having a second language to be a bit sneaky in was quite fun. It gave her a sense of privacy that couldn't come from only knowing English, and it wasn't half-bad just to know a bit more, culturally speaking.

But that didn't mean she didn't want to turn back. At least, she was *certain* of it. Sure, she had maybe, just *maybe* said the L-word to Rob in those moments of passion, and again when she'd left for work that very morning. And maybe she had felt something spark inside her, a kind of giddy girly romantic high at hearing him say 'I love you' back. But that was just the magic of the charm and her new personality, she was certain of it. Once she was back to being David, everything would be fine.

"It better be," she mumbled to herself as she checked the clock for the umpteenth time. "Or else my life is going to get even weirder."

After an excruciatingly long time of sorting files and figuring out how to manage Mr Harold's various appointments in his overstuffed calendar, it was finally time for a lunch break. She was famished by this point, and it was a good thing she'd made a traditional pork rice meal to eat. She settled down in the eating area outside the canteen and waited for Laura to show up. Thankfully, it didn't take long.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" Laura said as she sat. She had to put her glasses back on, because they nearly fell off from her excited bouncing. "You actually did it! You had sex with your new husband, didn't you?"

Mandi froze. "How - how did you know?"

"It's written all over your face! I can tell - trust me, it's a sisterhood of women thing. Women can always tell that about each other."

"Bullshit. We - I mean -"

"Too late! You just admitted it! I didn't expect you to go through with it!"

Laura sat down opposite Mandi, still bouncing with excited cheer. "This is amazing. My former whitebread friend, now not only an Asian woman but one who's had sex with a man! God, what a turnaround! Did you enjoy it? I bet you did."

"Do we have to talk about this? Please? At least tell me you brought the charm."

Laura pulled the pendant from under her collar and allowed Mandi to see the charm. Indeed, it was there. No strange glow or magical effect, but it carried an important wait to Mandi now. She reached out to grab it but Laura placed it back in her shirt.

“Not yet, missy,” she said teasingly. “I’m enjoying this too much. First you have to answer a few questions before we turn you back.”

Mandi sagged, no longer possessing the will to fight. “You’ve got to be kidding me!”

“Oh, c’mon, it’s not like we’re talking English right now. You have no idea what a relief it is to be chatting with you in Mandarin. Not only is this a good cultural experience for you, but it is also a great source of comfort for me! So no one understands what we’re talking about, so no embarrassment.”

“Except for the embarrassment I’m feeling in your presence,” Mandi remarked. Even with her darker olive skin, her blush was noticeable. It made her look, she knew, absolutely adorable, something that only made Laura grin wider.

“I’m just saying that I’d like to hear the truth from the source; did you enjoy it? Was it worth it?”

Mandi coughed. Despite knowing no one else in the room could understand her, she was still quite nervous about admitting the truth. “It was . . . nice.”

“That’s it, just nice?”

“It was *wonderful*, okay? It felt marvellous. I’ve never felt anything like it. God, it’s so humiliating to admit out loud, but I fucking loved it, alright? Is that enough?”

“Did you orgasm?”

She turned bright red. “Several times, actually.”

“Holy shit, this is amazing! I can’t believe David Stevens got to experience multiple female orgasms. What the hell, ha!”

She chuckled loud enough that a few people looked their way, and Mandi had to shush her.

“Sorry, it’s just so hilarious. Did you snuggle afterwards?”

“Ugh, do I have to tell you everything?”

“Yes, of course you do!”

Mandi sighed, though part of her was already reminiscing happily. “Yes, we snuggled. A lot. He’s . . . very comfortable. But he’s such a nerd. He likes all these weird nerd things from Japan - why didn’t I turn Japanese to make it easier?”

“Maybe my wish was supercharged; you’re getting a very multicultural experience?”

“Hmm, maybe. Either way, I had to dress up for him and-”

“I’m sorry, you *what!*?”

Mandi realised she’d just admitted it. She could have shrunk into a ball and died right there. “Um, I sort of cosplayed for him.”

“This just gets better and better! I hope you know how amazing this is for me, Mandi.”

She folded her arms beneath her breasts, accidentally emphasising them. “Well, I’m glad someone is enjoying this. Can we just get this over with and make the wish already?”

But Laura held up a hand. “Just one last thing. I want you to sincerely answer this last one too: have you enjoyed it?”

“Enjoyed what? The sex? I already told you that-”

“No, I mean all of it. Being a woman. The dresses. The makeup. The change in tastes. Your Instagram account - which I’ve seen, and is adorable, by the way! Even having a sexy, loving husband who’s a total yummy nerd. Have you enjoyed it?”

Mandi Wong knew she should have just said ‘no.’ It was a simple word, and a powerful one. But the truth was that she *had* enjoyed it. A great deal, despite all the stress. She had become a total girly girl, right down to loving bright colours, dresses, and watching silly love shows. She had found her husband’s touch so comforting that she nearly fell asleep after the alarm that very morning. And try as she might to avoid thinking about it, her thoughts kept flying back to the magnificent feeling of being thrust into, of having a thick cock sliding deep into her over and over again. It had been utter *ecstasy*.

Mandi smiled sheepishly, a bit embarrassed but unable to hide the truth.

“I have enjoyed it,” she said. “A lot, actually. Even speaking a different language, and looking different, and having different cultural tastes. I’m almost sad I never got to wear my qipao and try it on.”

“Awww, you’d look so damn cute wearing it!”

“Yeah, I would. And I really liked some of the streaming foreign language dramas. I hope I still like Chinese and Korean shows when I change back. God, I actually skipped football to watch them.”

“No way! You love football and hockey.”

Not anymore, she realised. She didn’t admit it to Laura, but the thought of those sports was actually starting to seem a little boring. Far better to be engaged in love triangles than a silly ball being kicked around left and right. She could still enjoy a beer, at least. That part of her wasn’t gone.

“Yeah, well, Mandi Wong prefers love dramas and snuggling up with her husband on the couch, I guess. It’s been pretty nice. And illustrative. And I guess, maybe, after this I’ll be a lot more open-minded on things.”

“Still willing to give up your husband and go back? You won’t miss him?”

She would. She knew she would. Even now, the thought of going back to a life without him was tearing her apart. But she knew that was the magic of the charm, nothing more. She needed to turn back before she lost herself to her Mandi Wong self completely.

“Let’s just get the wish going before I miss him too much. Please, Laura.”

Laura nodded, becoming a bit more serious. She drew out the charm. "Shall we do it here or elsewhere?"

"By the production line, where it happened the first time."

"Good idea."

The pair left lunch early, the two Asian women walking and talking together in their new shared language. Laura couldn't stop examining Mandi, and it was clear that she was partly hoping the new woman would stay as she was. Mandi herself felt that pull: she hadn't even tried a cute cocktail dress on yet, or gone out on a date with Rob! In some ways, two days as a woman just wasn't enough. She kept those thoughts to herself though, until they reached the production line and found an area where the noise could keep their conversation private.

"So, how do we go about this?" Mandi asked.

"I guess I just make the wish, and you agree to it."

"Okay, let's get started, before I go too deep into this whole 'Mandi' thing."

Laura giggled. "Okay, I wish that Mandi was David again."

"I wish for that too."

Nothing happened. There was no glow from the charm, no purple beam that seemed to fire out to Mandi and cause her body to tingle with the prospect of future change.

"Did it work?" Mandi asked.

Laura frowned. "I don't think so. I'll try a few more wishes. And maybe you could make the wish and I agree to it - like it has to be a back and forth thing or something?"

The two continued to experiment, but to Mandi's dawning horror, nothing happened. They tried every combination of wish, wisher-to-wishee, and wording they could think of. At one point they even convinced other employees to make the wish as part of a silly 'debt', but nothing occurred still. Even saying the wish in Mandarin did nothing at all.

"Oh God, oh God, this is so fucked," Mandi said after an half an hour of trying. "I'm going to be in trouble with Mr Harolds for skipping work, and I can't change back. Am I stuck like this now?"

Laura was starting to look incredibly guilty. "Um, maybe? I don't know! I'm sorry, this didn't exactly come with an instruction manual. I thought if it could change you once, it could change you a second time! How was I supposed to know it could do any of this!"

"It's still your fault! Ohhhh, I had sex as a woman. What if that clinched it? What if I'm *pregnant*? In all these stories, if you get pregnant while changed, you can't change back, right?"

"I have no idea!" Laura said, exasperated. "Look, maybe it just needs more time to recharge. Maybe you'll just have to be Mandi a little longer, and enjoy being married to Robert, and you'll just have to deal with that for a little bit. Is that so bad?"

“N-no,” Mandi admitted, biting her lip. In fact, a small part of her was leaping with joy, whether she would say it aloud or not. The thought of feeling him against her, his lips on hers, his manhood within her tunnel . . . it was exciting to think about. “Goddamnit, my Mandi thoughts are only getting stronger. I might never see a single white guy again!”

“And again I ask, is that so bad?”

Mandi swallowed, biting down an automatic smile. “I don’t want to answer that right now. I can’t, not with all these ridiculously girly thoughts in my head. It’s all this damn estrogen! Just let me go about my day, Laura. We’ll talk and try again tomorrow.”

And with that she stormed off, furious and overwhelmed and just a little bit joyful that she could spend a bit more time as Mandi, even if it meant her life was still turned utterly upside down.

“I guess I’ll just have to try and enjoy it,” she said to herself when she returned to her desk. “Try and stay positive, and see how it all goes.”

Mandi couldn’t change back the next day, or the next, or the day after that. Laura actually visited, and it turned out that in this new reality they weren’t just work friends, but *best friends* as well. Laura even took her out to the cinema to watch a cheesy Chinese drama that had just been released, and the two giggled and laughed as they took a break from the stress of the strange magic. Even so, they continued to use the charm in new places, get others to make a wish for them, or otherwise try to find out the origin and nature of Laura’s charm. But no progress occurred, and with each passing day Mandi was slipping further and further into her new role.

She was increasingly a doting, submissive, and loving wife to Rob. She made him wonderful traditional Chinese meals, showed interest in his nerdy hobbies like his manga collection and his collectible figurines, and dressed up nice to please him in modest yet appealing outfits. Of course, in the bedroom she took to showing her body off in lingerie, or even dressing up in tight dresses or cosplays, something which always excited him. After that first riveting sexual contact, Mandi found it easier and easier to agree to sex, and even be the one to initiate it. She loved lying on her back as her husband ploughed into her. She loved the feeling of being putty in his hands, particularly as he played with her tits. But there were other positions she began to try to, like riding on top of her husband while he fondled her ass. The best of all was being taken from behind. There was something so sexy about the aggression of it, of moaning against the blankets as Rob held her hips and fucked her, all while she moaned in near-incoherent Mandarin. It was incredibly addictive, and soon she

was aware that if things kept up like this for several weeks, she might soon have had more sex as a woman than as a man.

Of course, she did get to become accustomed to other things, like the comfortable joy of wearing tight yoga pants on the weekend, and crying while watching a favourite Chinese drama and eating a bowl of ice cream. The feeling of unburdening her breasts after a long day of work was just divine, but so was having her adorable husband reach up to the top shelf and get things for her, since she was now so much shorter. In a thousand little ways, despite trying to be a man again, Mandi was slipping more and more comfortably into her new self. It was dangerous. It was appealing. And Laura certainly noticed when they caught up for coffee two weeks after Mandi's change. The former male was dressed in an adorable yellow sundress with feminine sunglasses and a broadbrim hat for the sun. She looked stylish and feminine, and her figure was nicely outlined by her clothing.

"Oh my God, is that you Mandi? Seriously, you look like you're taking to this!"

"Um, I guess I really am," she said, sitting. She put her purse on the table; it was another feminine change she'd adopted, and not even out of compulsion. It just seemed . . . right to have.

"So, two weeks. Are you ready to try the charm again? I mean, I think I sensed a weird pulse from it or something last night. It certainly glowed a little purple. I think it might actually have recharged, just like we hoped it would. Look!"

Laura held up the charm. Sure enough, there was a slight purple hue to it, as if it were indeed ready to radiate some magical energy once more. Mandi looked at it with awe and fear; this little thing had changed her life so much. Turned her into a Chinese-Canadian woman and tossed her a sexy husband for good measure. It was not to be underestimated.

"We could try it right now, if you like?"

Mandi hesitated. "O-okay. If you think that would be good."

"Of course! I mean, don't get me wrong, this whole situation is still hilarious to me, but I don't want you to end up stuck like this if you don't want it. You still don't want it, right?"

Mandi swallowed. "Just make the wish already."

Laura raised an eyebrow, but she spoke anyway. "Very well. I wish that Mandi Wong would return to being David Stevens as soon as possible," she said.

The glow enhanced in brightness upon the charm, causing both women to coo. Mandi trembled.

"Oh my God, it's finally working. It's finally working!"

"Holy shit. Quick, say your thing Mandi!"

But Mandi hesitated. "I . . . I don't think I can."

"What? Really?"

She bit her lip, trying not to giggle in embarrassment. “Um, I thought I was ready to change back . . . but Rob was so lovely this morning, and I still have so many dramas to watch in my new language, and I really like this flowery dress, and - and - and . . .”

Laura took her hands. The other woman was practically *bouncing* in excitement, as per usual. “Oh. Em. Gee. You don’t want to change back at all, do you? You just realised that you can’t go back. You want to stay as Mandi Wong for good, right?”

Mandi brushed her hair behind her ear, finding it difficult to look her friend in the eyes. Once again, embarrassment burned within her, causing her olive cheeks to go red. But there was also an excited flutter in her chest, a knowledge that she had made the right decision.

“I think I do,” she replied earnestly. “I was happy as David, but I’m so much more than that as Mandi. I can’t explain it. It’s like my eyes are open. I mean, I was such a whitebread person before, with such typical interests. And I guess I’m still, like, a total stereotype in some ways, but I feel like I’m a much more rounded person now. And besides, Rob is so great. I . . . I love him.”

Laura squealed, loud enough that other patrons looked her way and she had to mutter a few awkward apologies.

“I knew it! You do love him! And you want his babies!”

“God, calm down, lady! I’m not thinking about that yet! But . . . he *is* pretty nice in bed.”

“I bet. Pretty nice to be a woman in bed, too, am I right?”

The pair giggled, and it relaxed Mandi. She had made the right decision, and it was confirmed by the magic of the charm slowly fading in its glow. Perhaps her chance to change back had come and gone, or perhaps she would get that chance again. If she did, though, she doubted she would ever take it. She was Mandi Wong now, and would be for life.

“I might get my coffee to go, actually,” she said to Laura, standing up. “I think I should head back to Rob. I can’t tell him the good news, but . . .”

“But I bet you can make him one happy man, bestie.”

She grinned. “That’s the plan. And I know just the thing to cook for him afterwards to make him one happy husband.”

“He’s lucky to have a girl that isn’t so whitebread, that’s for sure!”

Mandi laughed. She didn’t even order her coffee, in the end. She was too excited to get home. She was feeling womanly and feminine and free, and wanted Rob to know it. It was going to be a *very* passionate day.

The End