Aftermath

By Morpheus

I wrote this one, thinking about what the future of one of the Old Man's "customers" might be, after he was done with them.

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I remember it starting with that store. I had been going through the mall, when a store caught my eye. The name written out clearly above in a sign said Spells R Us. Shrugging, I went inside, thinking that with a name like that, they ought to be selling something like D&D stuff or magic tricks. Either way, I figured that it would be interesting to check out, so I went inside.

It didn't look quite like I'd expected, though there were definitely a few things that looked like they could be magic tricks, and a few others that were certainly D&D related, but overall, it seemed to be a mix of antiques and all sorts of odds and ends. Still, it looked pretty cool.

Carefully, I started walking around, noticing a few things. I smiled when I saw what looked like a crystal ball, thinking that my roommate, Sean, might like it since he was into that kind of stuff. He even claimed that his mom knew how to tell future and stuff. That always gave me a chuckle. Still, it wasn't what I wanted, so I walked past it, along with some other things.

A few video tapes on a shelf caught my eye, with a variety of things like Little Mermaid, Debbie does Everyone and Barbarella. But since I wasn't looking for tapes, I ignored them, in spite of their cheap cost. There were a few board games, a few dolls and a bunch of other odds and ends.

I was about to leave the store, a bit disappointed, when something caught my eye. There were a few necklaces hanging against the wall. I picked one up, seeing that it was just a black stone clasped with silver. Pretty cool, I thought.

"May I help you?" Someone said from behind me. With a start, I turned around, seeing some old man, wearing what looked like some wizard's robe. I chuckled, thinking that he was really getting into the spirit of the place, or at least its name.

I told him I was just looking, but kept the necklace in my hands. I looked around for only another minute or two, then went to the counter, paying the old man for the necklace. He smiled at me, and wished me luck with it. I wondered what for, since it was only a necklace. Whistling to myself, I started on my way home.

Getting back to my dorm room, I saw that Sean wasn't around, and wondered if maybe I should call Tony and see if Sean was over there. Between the two of them, they were my best friends. Whereas Sean tended to believe in that magic nonsense, Tony was more logical, and tended to be a skeptic. In fact, he was so skeptical that he'd doubt that the astronauts even landed on the moon, thinking it might be a hoax. Tony always made me chuckle, reminding me of that character Dan Aykroyd played in Sneakers. But Tony wasn't quite that bad. At least not yet.

I decided not to call them, knowing that Sean would be back sooner or later, and I'd definitely hear from Tony. He wanted me to give him a hand with his math assignment.

Yawning, I sat down on my bed, opening up the bag from the store, and pulling out that necklace. Holding up to the light, it looked rather impressive, in a sort of mysterious way. I shook my head, knowing that it was just my imagination, seeing things that weren't there. Slipping it over my neck, I went to the fridge and pulled myself out a beer, taking a long deep drink before sitting down again.

After several minutes, I shifted position, feeling very uncomfortable for some reason. It was as if I were sitting on a cushion or something. For some reason, I just didn't feel quite right, but I couldn't place my finger on just what it was.

After a few more minutes, I got up again, and went to my bathroom mirror. Staring in the mirror, I saw that my normal light brown hair had turned black, and was hanging almost to my shoulders. I stared, stunned for a second. But then it dawned on me how silly I was. Of course my hair couldn't change like that. It was only my imagination. I smiled, suddenly knowing that my hair was supposed to be this way.

As I looked at myself in the mirror, my reflection seemed to blur right in front of my eyes. I grabbed my chest, feeling it pushing out, I gasped, completely shocked. This couldn't be happening. At the same time, I could feel my waist thinning, which was also visible in the mirror. I couldn't believe this, but for some reason, I didn't feel quite as shocked about it as I should.

I felt my groin pulling inward, and knew instinctively that I no longer had my equipment. The funny thing was, that it didn't seem horrible. As I stared at my reflection, my now stretched to the limit black T-shirt and blue jeans all seemed to shift as well. The jeans grew shorter, the legs fusing up at the top until I was wearing a black leather skirt. The shirt similarly changed.

Staring down at my feet, I saw my tennis shoes changing, turning bright red, and growing heels. When I looked back up, I saw that my hair was at least to my shoulder blades, and almost pure black. My lips were bright red, and I noticed that the rest of my face was similarly coated with makeup. I even had earrings on. The dangling type.

I stared in the mirror, seeing the image of a beautiful woman looking back at me. The real funny thing was that it didn't seem odd. I didn't feel uncomfortable at all, and in fact, felt completely normal. Absently, my hands went to the purse at my side, and pulled out a cigarette, which I put between my lips. I didn't even realize I was doing it until I drew the smoke in, and blew it back out. This startled me a little since I'm not a smoker, and I was doing it like I'd always done it.

Still looking into the mirror, I suddenly asked myself why all this seemed strange. Of course it wasn't strange to see that woman in the mirror smoking. I always did that. This was the reflection that I always saw. Laughing, I looked around, seeing that I was in the room of that John from last night, and decided it was time to leave.

Quickly, I hurried out of the dorms, back to the streets where I could pick up my next customer. After all, a girl has to make a living.

The next two months went by in a flash, with me picking up customers all the time, and doing my thing. Sure, I spent a couple nights in jail, and I was lucky that some of the local boys hadn't treated me too roughly, but overall, it was pretty normal.

Then one day, I was approached by two boys. Well, they actually looked to be about 21 or so, which was the same age as me, but they still just looked like college boys. For some reason though, they looked familiar. I decided that they'd probably been customers of mine before, so I smiled invitingly at them, asking if they wanted to have some fun.

They looked a little startled, then asked me "Mikey? Is that you?" I laughed. These guys were total dweebs.

"My name's Michelle," I corrected them. What was with this Mikey crap? Did they think that they knew me?

"Uh, Michelle," one of them said, "Can we get you to come with us?"

I instantly grew suspicious, wondering if this was some kind of sting, but they didn't look like cops. Maybe it was some sort of fraternity joke or initiation.

"It'll cost extra for the both of you," I told them in no uncertain terms. They looked at each other funny like, then agreed. Still a little nervous, I got into their car with them and rode with them on campus, into some dorm room. I looked around, thinking that it looked a little familiar.

"So what do you want first?" I asked them, wondering what kind of kinky stuff they were interested in. It's not like it mattered to me much, except for how much money I could get for it.

"Uh, that's a nice necklace," one of them said, pointing at my good luck charm. I smiled, thanking him for the compliment. "Can I see it?" he asked. Sure, why not, I thought, and pulled it off so that he could see it. As soon as he touched it, he threw it across the room, making me jump up. What the hell was he treating my good luck charm like that for?

"Here, put this on," the other one said, pulling out another necklace, sort of like mine, but not quite. I got a bit nervous, and was afraid to do anything to make them mad, so I smiled nicely, and slipped it around my neck. Then everything started to twist.

I felt a horrible wrenching inside my head, and all my memories started flooding back. "OH My God," I muttered, suddenly remembering everything. That store, that necklace, and everything. "Shit," I said, looking down and seeing that I was still a hooker, even though I had all my own memories back. I looked up, realizing that it was Sean and Tony who'd brought me here.

"Sean?" I asked hesitantly, "Tony?"

"Mikey," they screamed, both hugging me at once, which left me rather uncomfortable since I could feel my breasts pushing into them, and my nipples starting to get hard. I started imagining what I'd like to do to them, then shook my head, realizing where those thoughts were going.

"What happened?" I asked them, looking around confused. Sean spoke up, "When you went missing, we looked everywhere for you, and couldn't find you anywhere." Tony nodded his head in agreement, "Finally, I asked my Mom, and she looked for you, and said that you were the victim of some sort of spell."

"At first I sure as hell didn't believe it," Tony muttered, looking at me embarrassed. I felt my own cheeks turn a little red.

"Well..." Sean continued, "she finally found out that you'd been turned into..." And Sean gestured at me, obviously too embarrassed to say what he was thinking.

"A hooker," I supplied matter of fact.

"Well, uh, yeah." He turned his head, trying to avoid looking at my chest. "Well, she said that the spell was too powerful for her to break all the way, but she told us how we could break it at least partially." They both looked rather embarrassed. "All we needed to do was get this new necklace around your neck," he pointed to the one he'd given me, "and your memories would return."

"You wouldn't believe the time we had finding you," Tony broke in again.

"I'm really sorry," Sean started apologizing, "but there's nothing my Mom can do to turn you the rest of the way back."

I sat there, stunned, realizing that I'd probably be like this for the rest of my life. And worse, realized that I remembered absolutely everything from the last two months. I didn't remember the fake past and everything before that, but I remembered absolutely everything since I'd been this way.

I let out a stream of profanity, which made both Tony and Sean blanche, then I stopped, and laughed, suddenly realizing that one side effect of this whole thing is that my vocabulary of profanity had at least doubled in the last month.

Absently, I lit a cigarette, and blew the smoke overhead, watching the surprise on Sean and Tony's faces. I realized that I'd been like this so long, that even though my own memories had been returned, I still had these habits. Startled, I even realized that I was completely comfortable as a woman. Sure, I still felt a little odd thinking about liking guys, but on the other hand, I could remember far too clearly everything that I'd done, and couldn't help but smiling, thinking how good it felt.

Standing up, I walked across the room, just as gracefully as I had an hour before, and feeling just as comfortable. I'd already had my adjustment period in this body, and knew it as if it were my own. I smiled at that again, realizing that it was my own. I was completely familiar with it, and completely comfortable with it.

Tony and Sean both looked stunned when I told them this, but in a way, I guess they were probably a little relieved, knowing that I wasn't about to flip out completely. Sitting back down, I sadly realized that I couldn't go back to my old life, and no way in hell was I going to go back to selling my body.

I started to cry, then forced myself to stop, knowing that it would be useless. When I told Sean and Tony what was wrong, they excused themselves, and went into the next room to talk privately for a few minutes, then they came back.

"We think we can help a little," Tony said. "Between the two of us, we can set you up a new identity, and you can finish up school." I looked around, wondering if I could go back to college after what had happened, but realized that I had no real other choice. It was either that, or go back to prostituting or stripping. Stubbing my cigarette out, I agreed to their plan.

It has now been a month since I got my mind back. I'm going to school again, pretending to be a new student and hoping that no one recognizes me from my days on the street. That would be horribly embarrassing if anyone did, but fortunately, so far no one seems to have.

Since I'd already been a woman so long, and remembered all the times I'd already had sex, I wasn't surprised that I quickly fell into the habit of acting like a real woman, and I even started dating Sean lately.

I've tried finding that shop again, but haven't had any luck in that department. All I can do now, is go on with my new life, knowing that it won't be so bad. I still have my two best friends, and can earn myself a future with a degree. All I can really do now, is warn anyone reading this, that if you see a sign reading Spells R Us, RUN the other way.

The End