Replacement Wanted

By Bill Hart

It was a quiet night at the bar.

I was sitting by myself at a table in the back near the restrooms, when he entered the bar. I don't as a rule notice other guys, but he was different. I'd seen his face on the evening news.

It seems someone murdered his wife. The police had wanted to question him about it, but he'd run like a scared rabbit. Now they wanted him, not just for questioning, but for the actual murder. According to the statements that had made in the media, he'd had his neighbors he didn't commit the crime. But that made absolutely no difference to me. I could care less whether he was guilty or innocent.

When I saw him, I knew he was the one I had been looking for. I had a little proposition for him. No, it wasn't that kind of proposition. I just figured that I could help him with his problem and he could help me with a little problem of my own in return. How fortunate for both of us that he and I had just happened to pick tonight for a trip to the same bar.

"Hey, friend," I said to him. "Let me buy you a drink."

"You ain't no friend of mine," he growled. "I got no idea who you are, but, you know, a drink sure would hit the spot right now." He pulled up a chair and sat down.

"Get my friend a drink." I told the waitress as she came to the table.

"What'll it be?" she asked.

"Beer. Draft. None of that light piss either."

She wrote something down on her pad, then hurried over to the bar. In a moment, she'd returned with what must have been a quart mug of draft. She set it down on the table, then turned to me, "That'll be five bucks."

After I paid her, she sauntered away in the general direction of the bar. Both he and I stared after her, leering at the remarkable sway of her tight ass.

"Well. What do you want?" he asked bluntly.

"I want to help you." I told him. "And in return, I'd like you to do me a little favor."

He laughed. "What makes you think I need any help?"

"I don't think you need help, I know it. You're Frank Morgan, aren't you? The police are scouring the city looking for you. Something about your wife's murder, I think."

"I didn't kill Marilyn." he replied.

"Didn't say you did. Besides, it doesn't make any difference to me, but you shouldn't have run. The police equate running with an admission of guilt and you can bet that the DA's office will view it exactly the same. You might get off, if you can hire a high-priced lawyer. I've heard the stories about the 'blindness' of justice where the rich and famous are concerned. But that won't affect you, Frank. You're neither rich nor famous. But I can help you, right now, if you'll let me."

"Bull! What do you think you can do?"

"I'm a wizard, Frank." I told him. "And in return, I'd like you to do me a little favor."

He laughed. "What makes you think I need any help?"

"Don't think you need help, I know it. You're Frank Morgan, aren't you? The police are scouring the city looking for you. Something about your wife's murder, I think."

"I didn't kill Marilyn." he replied.

"Didn't say you did. Besides, it doesn't make any difference to me, but you shouldn't have run. The police equate running with an admission of guilt and you can bet that the DA's office will view it exactly the same. You might get off, if you can hire a high-priced lawyer. I've heard the stories about the 'blindness' of justice where the rich and famous are concerned. But that won't affect you, Frank. You're neither rich nor famous. But I can help you, right now, if you'll let me."

"Bull! What do you think you can do?"

"I'm a wizard, Frank." I let him know. Nobody usually does at first and he's no exception. "I can alter your appearance. I can remold you, make you look completely different - make you look like someone not being sought by a police dragnet."

"Yeah, right." he replies in obvious disbelief. "And what do you want out of the deal? My immortal soul?"

"Geez, Frank, I'd ask a dollar for every guy who thought I was after his soul. I'd be rich and retired and living in a condo in Palm Springs. I'm a wizard, not the devil. I don't do souls. I don't do souls. I'm not going to do something for me. Nothing in life is free, and what I want from you is quite simple. I want you to kill my wife."

"No fucking way. I just told you I'm no killer." he said to me. "Besides, if you're such a big shot wizard, why don't you bump her off, yourself."

"Oh, I'd like to. But I'm no big shot wizard. Not even all that close. Probably more like a journeyman. On the other hand, my wife - she _is_ a big shot witch.

And while I guess I have sufficient magical power to kill her, I don't believe I have the kind of power necessary to cover it up. Not completely. With my luck, I'd probably leave a trail pointed straight back at me that would be so wide that a blind man could follow it on a moonless night.

And if I tried anything physical against her, you'd probably find me in that pond across the street, happily munching on flies and croaking out from my lily pad. You see, friend, my hands are tied.

Just then, dozens of police cars arrive. I knew I could count on the waitress to blow the whistle, especially since I'd given her a mental suggestion to call the police when I'd paid for Frank's beer.

"Do we have a deal?" I ask.

"It doesn't look like I have any choice."

"Yes, or no?"

"Yes. We have a deal."

"Very good." I tell him. From my pocket, I pull out the mystic amulet that I'd purchased only this morning in preparation for this meeting. Following the instructions that the old man had given me, I handed it to Frank. "Put it on."

Mere moments after donning it, the police, weapons drawn, enter the bar.

"Don't anybody move." said one.

I think.

Frank slowly raised his hands.

"This isn't Frank Morgan." said the disappointed officer who'd slowly walked over to our table, while keeping the sawed-off shotgun trained on Frank's skull.

"I'm very sorry," says the officer, who appeared to be in charge. "We had this anonymous tip that Frank Morgan, the accused wife murderer, was here in the bar." He glared in the direction of the waitress. "Obviously, someone was mistaken. I'm sorry for the mistake, and I'm sorry if we caused you any grief."

"No problem." I told him with a grin.

* * * * *

"Damn. I can't believe those cops didn't recognize me back at the bar." said Frank, as we pull up on the driveway of my home. "And what about that waitress. I'll swear she kept coming on to me after they left. And I think you're wrong. I don't think she called the cops. I don't think she even noticed me before I put on your amulet."

"It's all appearances, my friend. There's a full-length mirror in my wife's room. When we go inside, why don't you give yourself a once over. You might be surprised by what you see. Tiffany, that's my wife, won't mind. In fact, she's probably not home yet."

Once inside, I point him towards her door. "It's right in there."

Shortly after he enters, I hear him gasp. "Oh, my god. No wonder they didn't recognize me. No wonder that waitress came on to me."

No wonder, indeed, I think.

He looks like a guy who'd be right at home in the pages of my wife's _Playgirl_ magazine. She hides it under her mattress, thinking I know nothing about it. He has blonde hair, with rippling muscles. My wife will probably think him a god. He could easily fit the profile of one of those stereotypical beach hunks in the movies - you know the type - the ones that always get the girls. That's right - girls - plural.

I knew he was just perfect for my plan.

As Frank continues to admire himself in the mirror, I hear the door open, then close. Being preoccupied with himself, I doubt Frank heard anything.

Tiffany's home.

Now, some of you might think I don't like my wife. You want to know something. You're wrong. I really love Tiff.

She has silky brunette hair that falls to her shoulders and gorgeous green eyes. Her figure would make a sailor drool with lust. Sometimes I think her tits are too small, but for the most part I see her set of C-cups as just about perfect.

Then, you might wonder, why I want Frank to kill her.

Probably for all the same reasons I love her.

For all those great, I least I think they're great, attributes, she's constantly out to deny her femininity. She wears loose-fitting clothes and tee her hair in a bun. I think it's hideous and I hate it. Just once I'd like to see her pouring into a pair of spandex tights with a matching form-fitting halter. Or maybe a dress with a neckline that plunges past her navel. I can picture her in a string bikini. But none of that will ever happen.

There are times when I think she would have been happier being a man - although I think being a young boy would probably be even more acceptable to her.

But someone used to say "there are exceptions to every rule." And Tiff has one extraordinary exception to the denial of her femininity. It's called sex. She's virtually insatiable, almost as if she were in a constant state of heat. I can't count how many times she has brought me to the brink of total exhaustion in our lovemaking. This saving grace makes it almost possible to forgive her never-ending attempts to masculinize herself. After she's gone, I'm really going to miss having sex with her.

When Tiffany enters her room, she is momentarily surprised to find Frank preening in front of her mirror. "And just who is this handsome stud, Illyism? she asks sexily. "Did you bring him here just for me?"

"Damn, Tiff, you know I hate it when you call me Illyism." I replied. "And, of course, I brought Frank home for you, lover."

When I look towards Frank, I can see he is clearly startled. I can sense him thinking "Hmm! I supposed to kill her?" He is surprised when Tiffany leans away his shirt. He is more surprised when she unbuckles, then unzips his pants.

But somehow, I think his biggest surprise of the evening comes when I pull the one-millionaire from my coat pocket, point it at his bared chest, and pull the trigger.

"Why did you do that?" screamed Tiffany angrily. "We were just getting started."

"I know, Tiff." I reply solemnly. "But now, before you can play with your new toy, you'll have to fix him up first."

As Tiffany kneels down beside Frank, she picks up his hand, feeling at his wrist for a pulse. "I won't have to hurt you too badly, Illyism." she says sdly. "His pulse is weak, but he's still alive. A simple healing spell should suffice."

She stands and begins the casting of the healing spell. I can feel the power build, but I can also sense a wrongness. I don't think Tiffany senses anything out of the ordinary, but maybe that's because I'm expecting something different. As she finishes reciting, there is a brilliant flash of light. Tiffany is thrown across the room and lands on her bed.

And Frank?

He still lies on the floor where he fell after I shot him. His wound is still unhealed. It continues to bleed profusely.

I look across the room, to the bed where Tiffany lays. She appears to be comfortably and quite restfully asleep.

I return my gaze to Frank and look down at his now puzzled face. Simply, he asks the final question of his life "Why, Illyism?"

* * * * *

Nearly an hour passes before I hear Tiffany start to stir. When I look in on her, she's lying quietly on the bed staring up at the ceiling.

"How are you feeling?" I ask.

She stares at me angrily, then explodes, "Stay away from me you god damn fucking asshole!"

"Is something bothering you?"

"What? You shoot me in the chest and you have the fucking gall to ask me if something's bothering me. Get your ass out of here!"

"I didn't shoot you."

"The hell you didn't. I ought to know if someone shoots me. It was right here." As her hand comes up to seek out the wound, a look of total surprise crosses her face, when she can't find it. That look fades into total disbelief as she pulls her shirt up to confirm, probes at her chest. "Holy fuck! I've got tits!" she exclaimed.

"Of course you do." I tell her. "You've always had tits. Or at least Tiffany's body has. I'd guess it will take you awhile to get used to having them, Frank. But you will adjust."

"Adjust???"

The angry young woman jumps from the bed and stoms to the mirror.

"This," gesturing at her reflected image, "wasn't in the fucking deal."

"Of course it was. I promised you a body that would begin to resemble a police dragnet. I never promised you a _male_ body, and the police are definitely not looking for my Tiffany."

"But the guy you changed me into? I thought..."

"I know what you thought, and I played into it. But it was necessary to make you attractive to my wife, for my plan to have any chance of success."

"But I'm still confused. I thought you wanted me to kill your wife."

"And, in a way, that's exactly what you did. When your former body died with Tiff's mind, or soul if you prefer, in control, she died. And since I couldn't have done any of this without you, you, in effect, killed her."

"But what happened?" She looked down at her former body stretched out on the floor. "The amulet?" she queried. "It must have something to do with what's going on."

"Very astute, my dear. But I was done more than something, it's responsible for just about everything."

"But it changed my appearance back at the bar."

"Actually, it didn't. I changed your appearance just moments before you slipped the amulet over your neck. The amulet had nothing to do with your transformation."

"But..."

"You needed to be wearing it. I'd hoped you'd think wearing it was tied to your change and that you needed to wear it. I hope you'll forgive my little subterfuge."

"What was it supposed to do?"

"According to my old friend, who runs a small magic shoppe in the mall, the effect is quite simple, my dear. The amulet takes its wearer's consciousness and exchanges it with any person casting any spell on its wearer. It's a purely defensive device designed solely to keep the wearer alive. When I shot you, or rather your old male body, Tiff casted a healing spell on you. Voila. And the rest, so to speak, is history."

I walk slowly over to Frank's old male (or should that be just recently transformed male) body. Reaching down, I remove the amulet. Nothing happens. I make a quick pass with my hand over the body. I hear her gasp, as the body regains Frank's original form.

"You don't think I'd leave _him_ that way, did you? After all, killing Frank Morgan, an one-hun accused wife killer, isn't likely to get me into any trouble with the authorities."

"But this isn't going to work. I may look like your wife, but I can't act like your wife. I won't fool anyone into thinking I'm a woman, let alone your wife."

I switch through options. But it's true. She looks like Tiff, but as I look at her standing in front of the mirror, I realize that she holds herself like a man and has masculine mannerisms. No one will think she's a woman.

"Why don't we give it a week," I tell her. "At the end of a week, if you want, I'll change you into someone else."

"Okay, I guess."

An implied consent. I make a small unnoticed pass at Frank. Her composure and her posture change. It is doubtful that Frank notices any difference in the woman reflected by the mirror as she gracefully fluffs her hair with her hand and admires her reflected image.

That was easy, I think.

Turning to the jumping woman, "Frank, you've had a long day. Why don't you go down to my room and rest a little. I don't think you should be in this room, when the cops arrive."

"Cops?"

"Oh, I suppose. And I imagine they'll want to talk to me about this mess. I think I'll feel better after a little nap."

She walks to the door. Unfortunately, she has the gait of a truck driver. I guess it wasn't that easy. Before I can reset, she's halfway down the hall.

"Frank!" I yell after her.

As she stops, I make another pass with my hand.

When she turns, she says "You don't have to call me Frank anymore, lover. Just call me Tiffany. Or better yet, just Tiff." She turns back toward my room and as I stare lustfully after her, she strolls down the hall and into my room with the most yesterday feminine walk I'd seen in years.

* * * * *

"We'd like to thank you for all your help, Mr. Wolnicke." said the detective. "It's a shame he had to be killed, I was looking forward to the trial. But you have saved the taxpayers a lot of money, which in these troubling economic times is fortuitous in itself."

"Thank you, detective." I reply.

"And one last thing. could we speak to your wife?"

"Is that really necessary? She's had a bad day, as I'm sure you can imagine."

"Just a couple of questions. Routine stuff."

"She's in my room. I'll go get her."

"If you wouldn't mind, I'd go with you."

"Suit yourself."

When the detective and I enter my room, Tiffany is asleep. I walk slowly to the bed, lean over her, and gently shake her shoulder.

"Tiff. The police want to ask you a couple of questions."

When she opens her eyes, she looks distraught and worried. "Is that you, Will? Do I have to?" she asks.

"It'll be all right, dear. Just tell him what happened. I already have."

She looks more worried.

"Would you wait outside for a couple of minutes, Mr. Wolnicke?"

"Does he have to?" asks Tiffany in a concerned tone.

"Just routine, ma'am. Mr. Wolnicke?"

"Of course, detective." Then I turn back to Tiff. "It'll be all right. Just answer his questions as best you can." I make a small wave of my hand at her. "I'll be just outside, honey."

I exit out into the hall.

Inside, the story was told.

"I'd just gut home from shopping at the mall, and I heard my husband and this other man arguing about something. I don't know about what.

When I went into my room to see what they were arguing about, I saw the man pull out a gun and point it at Will. They struggled over it, and it fell to the floor.

I picked it up and told him to stop fighting. But then he started coming at me. I was so scared. And then I pulled the trigger, and he fell to the floor."

"Had you ever seen the man before?" asked the detective.

"No. Never."

"Not even on television?"

"I don't watch much TV."

"Thank you for your time, Mrs. Wolnicke."

Having finished his questions, the detective opened the door and stepped out to join me in the hall. As we walk to the front door, he explains "Looks like a justifiable homicide to me. A man, who turns out to be a suspected wife killer, invades your home and threatens both you and your wife with a gun in pretty clear cut. That's the way I'll write up my report. As long as the coroner is satisfied and doesn't come with any new questions after his examination at the lab, the case will probably be closed. Just stay close to home for a few days. If we have any more questions, we'll call."

As he exits, I tell him "Thank you, detective." And as he walks away, I close the door behind him.

* * * * *

After a couple of days, the detective called to let us the case was closed. It was declared a "death by misadventure."

And Tiffany has turned out just fine. I've done a little fine-tuning here and there. As a result she no longer denies her femininity in anything she does.

I've seen her poured into that pair of spandex tights with the matching form-fitting halter and wearing that dress with a neckline that plunges past her navel. And Tiff in that real string bikini? Wow! What I had imagined wasn't nearly half as good as the real thing.

But she's not quite the insatiable lover she was before. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. More often than not, she still wears me out.

Tonight, I'm taking Tiff out to dinner, then I think we'll go dancing. It's a celebration of sorts.

When I asked her, if she wanted to be changed into someone else, she answered with a blank stare, followed by "Why would I want to be someone other than me?" That was followed by a very long and very passionate kiss that made me realize that Frank was long gone.

* * * * *

When we arrive at the restaurant, one of her favorites from before, she looks disturbed and slightly annoyed.

"What's the matter, Tiff?" I asked.

"I thought we were celebrating." she pouts. "Why are we _here_? You know how much I hate seafood."

Another adjustment is required.

I pass my hand over her head.

"Oh, Will." she exclaimed. "You remembered. This is my favorite place in the whole world." And she kissed me.

"My pleasure, love. Whatever your heart desires is yours."

Dinner passed quickly and uneventfully. I watched in awe as Tiffany zestfully devoured a halibut steak. Halibut had always been one of her favorites.

I was going to have to be careful. My old friend at the mail had told me not to go overboard with mental adjustments. He thought I might end up with someone I didn't like. But each change made her more and more like the old Tiff, while keeping her femininity intact. She was so interesting.

I paid the check with my credit card. While I waited for the waitress to bring back the receipt, I stared at Tiff, who smiled in return. Life is good I thought. I felt so good, that when I signed the receipt, I added a substantial tip for the waitress.

"Where to now, my lover?" she asked.

"I thought we'd go dancing."

Once more she began to sullenly pout. "Oh." she sounded disappointed. "You know I hate to go dancing and have those guys staring at me. Do we really _have_ to?"

Another pass of my hand. Another adjustment.

"Oh, Will." she exclaimed. "Can we dance all night?"

"Of course, love. Whatever your heart desires is yours."

And so we danced all night.

When we left, the sun was just coming up. Both Tiff and I were tired. We'd had a long evening, and I was more than ready to call it a night.

"Hold it right there." came a voice.

Then another voice added "Your money and your valuables. Or someone's gonna get hurt."

"Don't hurt us." I cried. Tiffany. "Ms. give them what they want."

Not hardly, I thought, but as soon as I raised my hand, I was struck from behind and fell groggily to the ground.

"No." screamed Tiffany.

With me out of the way, I assumed they'd go after Tiff. I wasn't wrong. But as I watched unable to do anything else, I knew I wouldn't be making any more mental adjustments on her.

"So, _boys_," said Tiffany meaningly. "You want to attack a woman and _her_ man. I wonder if you'll like it."

I could feel the new power building up, while she held the two men entranced and powerless to move. It was more power than I'd ever seen her lay before.

She said nothing.

With a mere flick of her wrist, the men were enveloped in a bright pink light.

And as the light slowly faded, there were changes. The men were no longer two men standing there.

I guess I should have been pleased. The old Tiff, who was in constant denial of her femininity, would have transformed them into frogs and left them floating on a lily pad in a pond somewhere. But the new Tiff, who I'd carefully sculpted to embrace her feminine nature, had decided to share her that very nature with our two attackers.

I stared at the two teenage girls that now stood where just moments before two men had been. They were probably fifteen or sixteen. One had waist-length brunette hair with green eyes. The other was a blue-eyed blonde with shoulder-length hair. Both were classical beauties with incredible figures. And both were well-endowed.

"Now, _girls_," said Tiffany. "Do you know who you are?"

"Of course, mommy." giggled both girls in unison.

"Mommy???" I thought.

"I'm your daughter, Buffy." said the brunette.

"And I'm your daughter, Taffy." giggled the blond.

"Buffy??? Taffy???"

And indicating me lying on the ground, Tiffany asks the girls "Do you know who that is over there?"

"Of course, mommy." they giggle. "That's daddy."

"Daddy???"

"Is there something wrong, Illyism?" asks Tiffany.

"You know I hate it when you call me Illyism." I responded without realizing what she said.

"Well, I could easily arrange to call you 'Muffy' for a while, if you think you'd like that name better."

"No, that's okay. Illyism is just fine."

* * * * *

Tiffany is almost as overbearing as she was before. That's no problem. I've lived through it all before. She's still fantastic in the sack, that is, when she decides to bless me with a roll in the hay. We'll call that a minus. And she's just as feminine. That's a major plus.

And I've got two gorgeous daughters. Buffy and Taffy are both card carrying members of Prostitute's Local 105, a very prosperous union.

I think Tiff was behind their placement in the local brothels, so she could make sure I didn't cheat on her. But she'd explained my situation so well, it wasn't really necessary. She'd made it extremely clear, that if I were to cheat on her, then "Muffy" would be applying for membership in her sisters' union.

Right back where I started.

We interrupt this program for a special news announcement.

Martin Rickman, sought for questioning in the investigation of the murder of his wife, has disappeared. When asked if this means they now consider Rickman a suspect, the police answer "No comment."

More news as it becomes available.

We now return to our regularly scheduled programming.

Fascinating.

I check my pocket.

It's still there.

I think I'll head over to the bar, tonight.

THE END??