

# The Mirror

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Submitted: August 10, 2018

Updated: August 10, 2018

*What if a Mirror could change your life...?*

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## 0 - The Mirror

Alexander Winsur sighed as he stood in what had once been his grandmother's house, taking a break from trying to clean the place up. His parent's had inherited the house when she had passed away years ago, but hadn't done much to it in all that time. Now that his parents had themselves passed away about a month ago in an accident it was his. Grandmother had been a horrible packrat though and the old house was packed full of stuff. Most of it utterly useless, but you have to go through everything to have any idea.

He wanted to sell the place, and that would be very hard stuffed full of junk no one wanted. He had moved into his parent's house with their passing. Taking care of all the stuff from their passing had caused him to take time off of his job and it was easier to do it at their house than his apartment. The amount of paperwork was more than a bit staggering and without siblings or anyone else really to help him out it was quite the task.

He was in his early forties now, though most people said he still looked to be in his twenties, which wasn't a bad thing. His most impressive feature was possibly his strikingly bright blue eyes. His hair was a dark blonde, with his hair growing a bit long now and a a close cropped mustache and beard. He had always been a bit overweight as well. That said he actually works out, eats well, and does what he can to keep himself healthy. Not huge by any means, he was still at least 'heavy set'. In all other ways he was fairly average to look at and nothing special. Just ask his ex-fiance and she would tell you.

That was a long story. It was kind of odd she had always been the one that had issues with commitment and after being on again, off again for nearly a decade she had eventually pushed him away before they had actually gotten married. It was hard for him as he still loved her and where he lived everyone his age seemed to be married by their mid twenties. So while he met a lot of women they all tended to be married or more than ten years younger than him.

Alex shook his head to clear his erratic thoughts. He was getting more than a bit depressed, and feeling terribly lonely, with the way things have gone the last couple of months and it was making him stray off into what a crap life he's had. He needed to finish checking and clearing this room though. It had been a second floor bedroom when this colonial style house was his grandmother's, maybe even his mom's room when she was little. They all looked alike to him though, so who knows what it had been back then.

Behind the boxes he had just gone through and then moved downstairs was a large object covered with a sheet. Whatever it was it was tall. Taller than Alex who was five foot eleven inches in height. It was also quite wide, broader than he was and then at least another foot to each side. Curious at such a large object and why it was covered in a sheet he tugged the sheet off and pool on the floor.

What he found was a mirror. A large full body mirror with a ornate carved wooden frame. Alex guessed it was made of some sort of red wood due to the color, though it seems it was varnished at some point and that could be coloring the wood. The feet of the mirror were even stylized to the point of looking like some sort of bestial claws.

The really strange thing though was the sight within the mirror. The glimmering silvery surface of the mirror was reflecting someone that was wearing his clothes, but it wasn't Alex. The person in the mirror was a woman. A woman who looked to be in her twenties with bright blue eyes, strawberry blonde hair of medium length in an unflattering cut, and a well shaped curvy body as far as he could tell under the over sized tee shirt and jeans. In fact he'd always wondered what his life would have been like as a woman and this mirror seemed to be showing him that.

He was more than a bit freaked out and was wondering if he was dreaming as he reached out his hand to touch the surface of the mirror. As soon as his fingers brushed the cool mirrored surface he felt a surge of sensation, that he couldn't even begin to describe, pass through his body. When it reached his head the world seemed to spin and soon the world swam in front of his eyes before everything went black.

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Alex slowly woke up on the wooden floor of the room. His entire body ached kind of like when you have slept on something uncomfortable. Which may have been the case as he slowly pulled himself off the floor. As uncomfortable as Alex felt, he still noticed that he felt... weird... as he picked himself up, but he wasn't quite sure why. Well his clothes didn't seem to fit right. Seeming to loose in places and to tight in others.

Alex glanced over toward the mirror and was shocked to see no image within the mirror now. It didn't even reflect the room he was in. Which was freaky. Very freaky. However pulling his phone out of his pocket he saw that around a day had passed since he'd last looked at his phone. Alex sighed and shifted his hips as his body let him know it really wanted to use the bathroom, which made sense if he'd been out for a day.

He slowly walked over to the nearby bathroom and undid his pants, then tugged down his underwear and stood above the toilet to relieve his bladder. Relaxing his muscles he then ended up peeing on himself more than in the toilet and he blinked and tightened his muscles back up as he glanced down to see what the heck caused this. He freaked again when he saw no cock between his legs. Reaching down with his hand he also realized pretty quickly that he was missing his balls as well. Instead he felt something he'd certainly touched before, but not on himself. Quickly he stripped off all his clothes and went over to the full length mirror in the bathroom behind the door. The sight that greeted him made no sense initially.

He was a she. In fact he looked like the woman he'd seen in the mirror before touching it. He, err she, looked like she was in her twenties, had brilliant blue eyes, strawberry blonde hair... However what she couldn't see before was a pair of firm perky breasts that she guessed were a B or C cup. Not that she'd ever been good at judging such things, but they looked like a nice handful. As she admired the breasts in the mirror her nipples swelled, sticking out an inch or so from the tip of her breasts and she couldn't resist squeezing them. Managing to take her eyes off her breasts she saw sexy full hips and a glimpse of an ample firm looking ass. Between her thighs was a pussy, or at least a sexy looking slit formed by

the outer lips of one. The inner lips just barely peeking out along the center.

She managed to take her eyes off her body and sit down to use the toilet, though it took some adjustments before she succeeded. She decided to take a shower after, having accidentally peed on herself a bit during this whole process after all. So she headed downstairs to the other bathroom which had the shower in it.

She turned on the water and slipped under the stream. Running her hands over her body with the soap was a bad idea though, her own body was a turn on for her. Her breasts felt both so good under her hands and them being touched felt so good. Her perky puffy nipples got rock hard standing out what felt like an inch from her aureolas and she could feel a... stirring in her groin. Soon her fingers had moved down and traced along her new pussy lips. First the outer lips and then the inner ones as her pussy started to blossom under her touch. She rubbed her clit and had to reach out with her other hand to steady herself as her legs trembled and felt like they were going to give out on her.

She slipped a finger into the entrance of her pussy, feeling her tight depths wrap around her own finger. Which felt a bit strange as she had fingered more than a few girls, but now could feel how good that finger felt inside her tight wet little pussy. It literally felt amazing. She started to give up any pretense of this being a shower and instead started masturbating. One hand fingering and caressing her brand new cunt while the other teased and tugged on her hard aching nipples.

Right before she came the stray thought wondering how it would feel to have a cock stuffed in her tight cunt. The sweeping feeling of her orgasm took all thoughts away when it came, she could feel her pussy muscles tightening and squeezing her own fingers and even her breasts felt good. Briefly she considered orgasms as a guy versus now as a woman and she thought women got the better deal in general as the orgasm felt almost like it consumed her body. As a guy the feeling was intense, but so focused. Not that both didn't feel great, but damn, she feel felt a tingling feeling in her nipples in her afterglow.

Which is when that thought about what a cock would feel like stuffed in her tight wet cunt again. She felt a cold shiver pass through her and reached over to turn the shower off. She wasn't sure if these were good thoughts or bad ones, though she still found women attractive so it wasn't like she was having some weird twist to her sexuality. Or at least it wasn't somehow reversing. Not that any of her thoughts made much sense at the moment, but it certainly held a certain... curiosity for her. Probably because she was now equipped for the other end of things, or at least she hoped that was the case.

She got annoyed looking in the mirror and seeing her pussy with hair all around it, so even though probably not the best thing to use she took a electric razor and shaved the pubic hair away. She'd always loved the look on women and besides she'd rather eat a bald pussy then one that got hair in her mouth. It didn't quite get all the hair, leaving fine stubby hairs left over, but she didn't have anything better on hand. The humming vibrations had actually made her a bit horny again as they turned her on, even though she was still sensitive from just having cum.

She left the bathroom and put back on what clothes she had with a sigh. Then she went back upstairs to study the mirror some more. However the mirror still didn't show her, or the room for that matter. She touched the mirror, but nothing else happened. It felt like a normal mirror. She had to accept that she was a she now, and there certainly didn't seem to be a way to change that. It wasn't every day a mirror

changed someone's gender after all and certainly no doctor or scientist was likely to 'fix' this. While not a believer in magic, that was the only way this even made some sort of sense. Convincing anyone else that a 'magic' mirror had transformed her body... Well it didn't seem very likely. Not to mention why it had worked on her at all.

Fairly soon lots of practical considerations started to fill her mind instead of panicky thoughts about the how's and why's. A lot of practical things weighed into her as she considered what to do next. Obviously some things were going to be a tad difficult at the moment. Her driver's licence was obviously for a him, not a her just to start. Besides calling herself Alexander would be a bit of an issue. Thankfully the name 'Alex' was not always male, she could be Alexandra, Alexa, Alexis, or maybe even Alix. That was almost a scary thought. How did one go about changing their name? The obvious line she can give is the fairly obvious one. He had a sex change and is now a she. That's just about exactly what had happened after all, just at a speed and to a completeness modern medicine couldn't match.

She also had some money and accessing her account would not be an issue. Probably best to change her ID and close her old account before opening a new one though. Banks may not mind giving her the money from her account to much if her signature matched, but any time ID would be required and her old ID was on file things would probably get confusing.

She sighed and shook her head before gathering some things and locking up the house. She couldn't very well sell the house now with a magic mirror that probably weighed a couple hundred pounds being upstairs in it. So she had best go home and start taking care of some of the practical aspects of this transformation.