

# An Unexpected Valentine (Man to Lesbian Lover TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

Alex is full of regrets as another Valentine's Day approaches. He expects that this is another year without a date, but everything changes when he picks up a Valentine's Day card that a beautiful woman drops. Little does he know that the woman was a witch, the card magic, and whoever picks it up is destined to become the witch's new lover.

## An Unexpected Valentine

It was sad, really. More than sad. *Pathetic*, that was the word. Valentine's Day was just around the corner and despite all his attempts to find even the most noncommittal girlfriend, Alex had come up completely short. No girl was interested in him. He was just too short, too meek, too shy, too lacking in manly qualities. He couldn't blame them, he wasn't one of those guys who got all bitter at women for their lack of interest. The truth was, Alex knew he was a subpar man, with little in the way to attract people. Even the average-looking dudes who scored well or got lovely girlfriends had a good sense of humour going for them, or could make themselves interesting. The truth was, Alex was just afraid of properly putting his real self out there. In his inner soul, he knew he could be zany and excitable and bubbly and charismatic, but when he tried to display those qualities to the world, he became like a tortoise pulling itself back into its shell.

Still, despite knowing all this, it didn't dampen the sting of receiving no cards - not even comedic, 'hey we're just friends' kinda ones - in the lead up to Valentine's Day. He's given a few out himself, including, in the most daring act of his entire life, one to Stacey Ackermann, who was easily one of the most popular girls on the college campus, if not *the* most popular. He knew it was a fool's errand, but he'd put a silly little joke on the card that he hoped would at least get a smile from her. Instead, the attractive blonde had just thrown it in the trash can before even opening it. More fool him for putting his name on the red envelope.

"I'll never find someone," he murmured to himself as he readied to head home to his sad little apartment where he could barely pay the rent. He was leaving the college grounds, but his thoughts remained with all the girls who didn't think about him one iota.

"I guess I'm just doomed to never find someone to love, or even *like*. It's all my fault anyway. Everytime I try to get out of my shell, I get too afraid and pull right back in."

It was the reason he'd never joined drama club back in high school, despite it being right up his alley of interests. It was the reason why he'd never gone to any of the dances, or the concerts, or the parties connected to college life; he desperately wanted to dance and sing like he did in private, but the thought of others seeing him and judging him was simply

too much to take. And the results were obvious: for all that he loved being buoyant in private, he was boring to the outside world, and that in turn was starting to dim his inner light as well.

“Maybe I’ll try and make one last card,” he told himself. “Get some flowers. Go the whole hog, even if it blows up in my face. God, can I even do that? I’ll feel like a maniac. It’s . . . it’s too much.”

Perhaps he was just being a sad sack. Perhaps he just needed to touch grass. It wasn’t as if he had high expectations! He just wanted to find a girl, even if she wasn’t the one, to have a bit of fun with and feel *human* again. Alas, it looked to be another night of loneliness on the upcoming most romantic night of the year.

Or so he thought.

As Alex continued to walk, hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched, his gaze directly upon the campus green, he caught sight of an incredibly beautiful woman coming the other way. He straightened immediately, finding it difficult not to look at her. She was African-American, with dark ebony skin and gorgeously tight curly hair that hung in a thick mass nearly to her shoulders. It bounced hypnotically with each step she took, and even the way she walked was enticing; one foot in front of the other, her wide hips sashaying from left to right and back again. She wore a stylish red top with a low dip that hugged her natural breasts, both of which looked to be ripe C-cups, and her lower half was encased in a tight denim set of jeans with deliberate rips in the fabric to show off her lovely thighs. But it was her face that caught Alex’s gaze the most, despite the beauty of her body. She had a broad smile on her thick lips, and her eyes seemed to twinkle despite their darkness. It was as if she were focusing on the horizon or the future in a way he could not.

“Hmmm, hmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmm, hmmm,” she murmured, humming some kind of tune to herself. She seemed completely unaware of his existence or even his gobsmacked gaze upon her. Alex didn’t remember seeing her on campus at all; he would have remembered.

“Hi there!” she suddenly said in a perky voice.

Alex almost didn’t believe she was talking to him, so he looked behind himself.

“No silly, I’m talking to you. I’m saying hi.”

“Oh, uh, hi!”

She giggled; it had a musical quality to it that sounds sweet and free to his ears. “I haven’t seen you around here. What’s your name?”

“Um, I’m Alex.”

She grinned again, eyes gleaming just a little mischievously. “Well, good to meet you, Alex. I’m Jana. You have a good day now. A very, very good day.”

And with that, she returned to her humming and passed him by. Alex could scarcely believe he’d even talked to her, nor could he grasp why other than she seemed like a lovely,

kind person. After several moments of panicked thoughts about how lame he'd come across, he turned to ask her if she wanted a Valentine's Day card. It was foolish, he knew, but he had to be more confident. He just knew it.

Jana was already taking a corner in the path behind some of the shade trees. Not many students were around the campus green at the moment, which was odd, because it was normally full. At the very last moment before Jana disappeared from sight, something slipped out of her bag and fell to the path. It looked like a sheet of paper, perhaps an assignment.

Something small in Alex's heart leapt. An excuse to help her and talk to her! He ran forward and grabbed the piece of paper - it was actually a cardboard card - but as he looked up, she was nowhere to be seen. It was odd; this was the only thick cluster of trees on the green. It was a fairly open space. And yet Jana was nowhere to be seen.

"Hey, you lost your card!" he shouted. "Um, Jana! Are you there?"

But there was no answer. Confused, Alex looked at the card. It was, fittingly for all his recent somber thoughts, a Valentine's Day card.

"Makes sense someone like her would have a few of these," he murmured to himself. Alex knew he shouldn't open it, but part of him wanted to, and with no Jana in sight, he decided to read the interior. Maybe it was just part of the fantasy of feeling, just for a moment, what it was like to be desired. But what he read inside was not what he expected at all.

*Hello Alex, it read. I'm glad you decided to pick up this card and read it. That means you're the one. I know you feel lonely, and so do I. But as a trained witch, I refuse to end up with someone who isn't a true soulmate. Life is too short for disappointments, especially when you have a very real magic power to change things. I have used all the signs and omens and rituals I can to determine who would be my soulmate, and the last ingredient was you being the one to read this message. Of course, some last adjustments need to be made. I hope you enjoy them, truly.*

*And since this is a Valentine's Day card, one final message:*

*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
If you'll be my Valentine's date,  
Then let me change you.*

*Love, Jana. XXX*

Alex instantly looked up. He suspected he was being pranked. This *had* to be a prank, right? There was no way a beautiful goddess like her would leave a message of interest to *him*. Things like that just didn't happen! But there was no one around that he could see; no one, in fact. The campus green was eerily empty of people, as if he were the only one in the entire world. He couldn't even hear the sounds of the college activity beyond this space. He looked back to the card and read it again.

"How did she know my name ahead of time?" he asked himself. "And what's all this about magic? Magic isn't real. Is she - oh God, is she some kind of weird stalker?"

But she seemed too . . . nice, to be a stalker. He knew that was a silly thought process, but Jana had seen him as a *person*, not a thing to be pursued, even during that brief moment. No, something weird was going on here.

"It's another Alex!" he declared, slapping his forehead. "She's meant to slide it under the door or something. Duh!"

Clearly she was a wicca woman or something. Yeah, that was the only explanation that made sense. And because it wasn't intended for him, he needed to return it to her. Alex began to stride forward, calling out Jana's name, ready to find her.

"I have your card!" he called. "I have your - nghh!"

Suddenly, the young man doubled over, dropping the card again. It opened before him as a weird tension began in his gut, and to his shock the words began to lift off of the page - literally! - and turn to golden dust.

"What the - was it laced?"

But this was no drug; he felt entirely in his right mind. The words spiralled forth as golden dust and sat upon his skin, glowing brightly before entering into him. There was a warmth as it passed in, and to his own embarrassment Alex actually giggled from the strange sensation.

"This - this can't be happening."

But the bubbling in his stomach only increased. It felt like his guts were churning, like something new was blooming beneath his stomach. Alex let loose a groan, running his fingers over his body as he tried to get moving. There was a sickbay station at the college, but his legs had become suddenly sluggish. His scalp itched, and his nipples began to throb.

"Wh-what's happening to m-me?"

He got his answer real fast, because suddenly his scalp lit up with a hair raising pressure. He clutched it, only to feel said hair begin to spiral and cascade outwards, flowing like a river as it lengthened and covered his vision. Alex gasped; his hair was growing inch by inch so quickly he couldn't contain it. It extended past his nose and then his chin, down over his shoulders on both sides before finally settling equal to his chest. The quality of it

had also changed; it was now silky and smooth in quality, with a lovely shine once he examined it, as if he'd just been in a shampoo commercial for long-haired men.

"What the hell?" he exclaimed, only to clutch his throat. "My voice! It doesn't even sound like me anymore!"

As if a switch had been flipped, his voice was suddenly female, with a sexy husky quality to it. Not to a smoker's level, but as if he had a contralto pitch with a bit of vocal fry added in for good measure.

"Testing, testing, one two three. God, I sound like a woman!"

As if declaring that fact made it so, other changes began to sprout. Alex got up to his feet again, trying to get away from the letter as more golden dust landed on his skin and initiated the changes. But it was like he was stuck to the spot, only able to get close enough to a tree to lean and hyperventilate against its trunk. His nipples throbbed and ached, and without meaning to he began to rub them, as if urging another change to begin. It did so immediately: his nipples swelled up, gaining a greater degree of sensitivity and stiffening with arousal. Moments later the pressure rose up in the flesh behind them.

"It - it feels like I'm about to grow - oh God!"

He was, and he knew exactly what was coming. Bursting forth from his chest to the point where his button shirt began to pop its upper buttons were a large set of tits, *huge* in fact. They defied any cup size he knew about - his understanding ended at Double-D's, but these were a large pair of breasts that had an impressive amount of weight and roundness to them. Barely contained within his shirt, the weighty orbs formed a natural line of tantalising cleavage, and they easily blocked out the view of his own feet. Looking down, Alex could only gasp in horror and amazement at the huge and perfect breasts that now jutted out from his chest. His body hair was gone, and the pale boobs were unbelievably natural looking and feeling, for certainly qualities of 'natural.'

"Holy shit, there's no way!"

He cupped them, only to nearly drool a little from their sensitivity, especially as he brushed the area over his nipples. They jiggled and wobbled - definitely natural, in a sense - and they looked even *bigger* as a result of holding them so. He let them go immediately.

"Someone help!" he called out in his smokey voice. "I'm turning into a woman! I'm - ahh - changing somehow! I've been cursed!"

But no one answered - it was like he was the only person in the entire world. Alex looked at the card, only to see more of the golden dust flowing from it and arriving at his skin. He tried to grab the card and rip it to shreds, but an invisible force stopped his hands even as the golden motes settled upon them. His boobs nearly wobbled right out of his top from his contorted positioning, but he instantly settled as he felt his hands shrink and his arms along with them. They were becoming dainty, his cracked nails healing and extending to

become feminine perfection. His arm hair evaporated out of existence, and his overall structure began to thin. The same was true of his legs, which gained a muscularity but shapeliness that was utterly female. He landed backwards onto his rear as he tripped out of his boots, his feet now too small for them. His toes curled as the tremors of the change passed through him, and it took his large boobs several moments to calm down. Something was happening to his face now, though, and the transforming man began to touch it with his newly slender hands.

“My lips!” he cried.

They were becoming puffier and poutier. His jaw was also cracking and reshaping itself, and thankfully it was only uncomfortable rather than painful. Even his ears - which had always been mocked as being a bit too large - began to shrink. It was like everything was becoming so much more dainty, though his eyelashes also grew and his wispy eyebrows thickened. He felt his cheekbones rise and his cheeks thin.

“I’m really becoming a woman!” he cried. “The magic is real! Holy shit, she’s really turning me into a woman for s-some reason. I have to get out of here!”

But the magic was keeping him trapped, and more than that, it was so difficult to escape a rising sense of pleasure. It wasn’t just his wonderfully sensitive breasts, both of which he found difficult not to touch, but the strange cathartic release that occurred with every change. Even as his waist began to pull in and his hips popped out wider, Alex found himself moaning with a growing sense of bliss. It was entirely wrong, he knew it, but his shame wasn’t enough to overcome the rising bliss. A lovely layer of curvaceous fat settled upon his hips before padding out his rear. He got up and ran his hand over it; his trousers were now uncomfortably tight and yet his rear only gained further peachiness.

“Ohhhh, y-yes!” he cried, groping his humongous mammaries with his other hand. “Why does it f-feel so fucking g-good!? Mhmm!”

He moaned like a woman in heat, like a woman in the throes of purest sexual ecstasy. His clothing was changing to accommodate him, his trousers shrinking into a tight blue skit that showed off his lovely thighs, and his shirt pulling up into a sexy crop top of the same colour, one that hugged his breasts. Beneath it, a bra formed into being, and Alex gasped in shock as his breasts were suddenly lifted up and supported, the weight distributed much more nicely across his shoulders and back to accommodate their heft. The effect left them massively on display however, his new curve of cleavage even further displayed as a result, though at least some of the wobbling and jiggling was mitigated, even if the sight presented was even more intoxicating. He even gained a pair of high heels upon his feet that nearly left him sprawling, only for him to catch himself, as if his body knew exactly how to walk in them all of a sudden. Makeup settled on his face, golden motes letting him feel the application of lipstick, mascara, foundation, not to mention the briefly painful but wonderful

sensation of hanging ear piercings implanting in his lops, or the single stud on his right eyebrow. Something pierced his belly button as well, a cute golden bit of jewellery that drew attention to his perfect flat midriff.

But all of this, even the way his hair restyled over his shoulders, was nothing compared to the change between his thighs. The moment of release was coming, and despite all the fear and shock, Alex found himself anticipating it with a shameful excitement. He cupped his breasts, slid his hands down his sides and felt his perfect, childbearing hips.

“H-hurry up!” he found himself saying in a sexy purr. “Just d-do it already! Finish m-meeee!”

As if finally given permission, that’s exactly what his body did. The change happened slowly, and yet it was agonisingly, deliriously *marvellous*. His penis and testicles withdrew into his body even as his underwear became a set of women’s lingerie. He urged it to speed up, touching his prick and pushing it gently up into his body, biting his lip from the sheer pleasure. Suddenly, it all happened at once: his tunnel formed, connecting to his new uterus, his labia forming and the remnants of his dick becoming a throbbing clitoris that was aching to be touched.

“Ohhhh, yesssss! Mhmmm! Ahhhh!”

He cried out, shaking from the sheer pleasure, his various new womanly mounds bouncing and jiggling enticingly. The new woman squirmed, and in that moment *she was a woman*. She could feel it right down to her bones. Somehow, she had become the person she was always meant to be, the person who would no longer be afraid to go to parties or dance or be silly, the person who could be confident in front of others because she *was* confident. She looked great and she knew it. She didn’t feel inferior. She didn’t feel shy or small. She was pretty and stylish and busty as all hell, and she didn’t care who knew it! It was as if Alex had been trapped inside an egg all his life, and now *she* was bursting out gloriously, the free woman finally let loose to be herself without fear.

The orgasmic pleasure faded, leaving the new woman to slowly rise to her feet again, leaning one hand against the nearest tree for support. She breathed heavily, and it caused her very large bust to rise and fall slowly. She giggled, noticing how much it obscured; she still couldn’t see her own feet, and something about that was just wonderful. She beamed, desperate to see her new self in the mirror. Even if this was a dream, it was one that had made her realise who she was, all along.

“It’s not a dream, don’t worry.”

Alex turned, so quickly in fact that her changed centre of gravity and heavy bosom nearly had her tipping over. Jana laughed, her eyes kind yet mischievous, her gaze roaming up and down Alex’s body. She licked her lips, and it was immediately clear to Alex that this woman had truly changed her, and meant to change her all along.

“How . . . how did you know?” Alex said. “I didn’t!”

Jana stepped closer, placing a hand upon her hip, which she cocked to the side. It was a damn good look, and Alex found herself pleased that she was still attracted to women. *That* seemed right, too.

Jana shrugged. “Like I said, I’m a witch. Most people go their whole freakin’ lives without knowing they’ve got a soulmate. I try to help where I can - it’s a witch thing, we try to use our magic to bring people together. But the problem with knowing that soul mates actually do exist is that you spend your life dealing with random chuds trying to get in your pants or guys and gals who want you to settle, when you just know your perfect person is out there, ready to meet you if only you took the right steps.”

“And . . . I’m your soul mate?”

Jana stepped closer, to the point where Alex could almost feel the warmth of her breath upon her own skin.

“Would you like me to be?”

“I - I don’t know you. I mean, you made me *this*. I . . . I didn’t realise it’s what I wanted all along. All this time I just thought I was shy and that I was uncomfortable in my own skin and if only I could learn to be confident and accept myself that-”

“That *then* you would be happy with who you are,” she finished. “I sensed it in you, you know. I did the damn rituals for over a year, and when they finally worked and showed me you, I refused to believe it. Sorry, I’m not into dudes. Never have been, never will be. So I kept wondering, why on earth is this random guy showing up again and again as my soul mate? And then I saw you from afar, just a week ago - sorry for the spying, by the way. You looked so sad, but in person I could see why. Your aura was all wrong. There was something beautiful trying to escape, something free. There was a woman in you just waiting to come out, and you didn’t even know it.”

Alex looked down at her busty, beautiful, and very *female* body. She exhaled slowly, the catharsis sweeping over her again. “I know it now. God, I feel so much better. I don’t feel afraid anymore. This is me.”

Jana giggled. She stepped closer to Alex again. Perhaps it was *Alexis*, now. She’d always liked the name, and now she knew why. The space between the pair of them was now so thin that their chests were almost touching, and their lips too.

“Why aren’t there any people around?” Alex said.

“I sent them away. Well, technically, they’re still here. We’re in a sort of pocket dimension while reality rewrites itself so that you were a woman all along. We can exit at any time.”

“I - I don’t want to. Not yet.”

She had such a beautiful smile. “Me either. You turned out perfect, by the way.”

“Well, your magic will do that.”

Jana shook her head. She was checking Alexis out, and it was an alien feeling, and not a bad one. “No, I just set the change in motion. *You* got the body you secretly always wanted. I’m surprised you went for such a big cup size! Those things are massive, not that I’m complaining.”

Alexis grinned sheepishly, running her hands over them for a moment. “I didn’t mean to, it sort of just . . . happened. I like them a lot now.”

“Me too. A lot of a *lot*, in fact. And that hourglass figure, damn! And your face . . . you’re very beautiful.”

“I can’t wait to see me, but I can’t imagine someone more beautiful than you.”

It was the kind of thing the previous her never would have dared to say, but it came so easily now, that flirtatiousness. They were so close now that their bodies *were* touching. The tension in the air was so tightly drawn you could slice it with a spoon. Alexis almost felt as if she wasn’t breathing, except that her large breasts rose and fell dramatically on her chest. Jana was looking at them occasionally, and it made Alexis feel flattered.

“I can’t thank you enough. Jana, I owe you so much I can never repay you.”

“There’s one thing you can do,” Jana said, placing her hands around Alexis’ waist.

“I - I can?”

She planted her lips upon Alexis’, and the new woman moaned a little, hesitating just for a moment before kissing her back. All shyness fled her as her true self came out, and the new woman kissed with passion, even daring to dart her tongue into the other woman’s mouth, which elicited a moan of her own. When Jana finally withdrew, she was smiling so much that her eyes were wrinkling around the edges.

“That was a good start,” she said. “But if you want to repay me in full, Alex, why don’t you be my Valentine’s Date?”

Something surged in Alexis’ heart. She grabbed the other woman and kissed her passionately again, letting her hands roam over Jana’s wondrous body, cupping her lovely rear and before sliding up her back.

“I’d love nothing more,” she whispered in her new *girlfriend’s* ear.

They didn’t leave their little pocket dimension bubble for a while yet. Alexis was excited to explore her new life. But first, as the passion flowed and her existence as a confident, attractive, and most of all *happy* woman began, she decided to explore Jana’s body first.

Why wait for Valentine’s Day when you can make your own?

**The End**