

## Cottage Core (Survivalist to Sweet Lesbian TG)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Slayerangel1945

*David is a paranoid and misogynistic survivalist prepper who has moved into a shack in the woods. Imagine how upset he is when he finds out that an actual witch lives in the woods, and even more when he starts turning from a gruff, buff prepper into a slim, pretty cottage lesbian?*

### Cottage Core

“It’s perfect.”

That was the impression David had of the shack deep in the Mississippi woods. To most people, the lack of luxury, of power, of anything resembling a connection to other people, would all be a total turn off. Not to David Shackhoff. He was a tall, gruff man with a heavy beer gut and a mean expression. He always had three guns on him at any given time, and was clearly a paranoid lunatic if one was to see him. He was in his early forties, but had spent the last decade of his life increasingly isolating himself from other people, all in preparation for what was to come. Or, at least, what he *imagined* was to come.

“No damn government is comin’ for me here,” he muttered, circling around the shack, checking over every space. “No drones. No spies. None of the feminazis and Molock worshippers in the government are gonna find me here. No one to tread on my damn *liberty*.”

He moved back to his pickup truck, where the first of many deliveries of necessities had been piled up to the point of illegality. To survive out here, unregistered, unknown, all for the eventual apocalypse, he knew he’d need resources to last him for years. But the most important thing to David, more than anything else, that he had to have a lot of, was *guns*.

Rifles.

Pistols.

Semi-automatics.

Shotguns.

Tear gas.

Grenades.

Claymore mines.

All the damn works, half of it purchased with cash from an illegal seller in person. He’d verified it all, and was ready to make himself a killing machine if necessary. No way was he letting the damn feds come for him, especially not if those lefty soyboy types put

more of their chemtrails in the sky and the water and tried to brainwash the country against him. He'd come out as a Sovereign Citizen for a reason, even if the courts didn't recognise his *goddamn legal rights*.

Well, that was how he saw it, anyway.

It was also why David had come here, having left his job, left his life, sold everything and severed ties with everyone. They'd called him a paranoid conspiracy theorist, a freak loser who needed to stop watching Fox News and reading far-right conspiracy theories online. In his view, they needed to stop being a bunch of cucked pussies who were destroying America. And if America had failed him, falling bit by bit to the liberal menace and all the ugly blue-haired transexuals, then he was *seceding* from the United States, damn it. The country was about to implode, and he'd be ready for it. He'd have guns, god, and enough petroleum to power an independent generator for years to come.

"Yeah," he said, putting his hands on his hips and staring at the shack, which was so hidden by the surrounding forest that no fed copter would ever spot it.

"This is the place."

\*\*\*

Over the next couple of weeks, David Shackhoff got his new home ready. He inspected the tunnel beneath the building, ready to be filled with supplies, traps, and an escape tunnel should the worst come to pass. He rigged up the generator and set up the spare, and organised the lighting and other necessities. He put up his Confederate flag, draping it across the entrance to his home, and a *Don't Tread on Me* poster on the side. He set up sensors and alarms in a wide diameter around his home, and got to working the dirt for his eventual garden. It was tough work, and he was pouring sweat more than he thought he would. The sun beat down on his coarse features, turning his skin red. It just made him laugh.

"Won't catch me buyin' none of that sunscreen bullshit. That's got all the Big Pharma *chemicals* in it."

"You could always wear a hat."

David nearly jumped. He immediately grabbed his Desert Eagle from its holster and pointed it with perfect control at the clearing straight ahead. He swivelled around, trying to lock on to whoever had spoken the words. It sounded like a woman; could be a *fed*.

"Behind you," came the voice again.

He turned, still aiming his gun, but the woman wasn't a fed, at least not as far as he could tell. Far from it. Instead, she looked like some kind of country *model*. She was a sweet-looking thing, that was for certain, with a figure that just wouldn't quit, wrapped up in a

pair of daisy dukes and a tied red flannel shirt that exposed her toned, tanned midriff. Her breasts were large and shaped to teardrop perfection, an impressive amount of cleavage shown off, her breasts squeezed together to form a remarkable pair of shapes. Her arms, tough yet feminine, were covered in full-sleeve tattoos right up to her shoulders, where her dirty blonde hair fell loosely over them. It took a moment for David to even notice her face - he was too busy looking at her amazing ass, the cowboy boots, the way her figure just *popped*.

“Uh, hey now, my eyes are up here, honey.”

It was only then that he took in her face. She looked like a real home-grown peach, that was for sure. Lovely lips, cute dimples, bright blue eyes and cheeks that were still slightly rounded with youth. She couldn't have been older than twenty five.

“Do you mind putting the gun away, big boy?” the woman said, hands upon her hips, her chest thrust out. She had a long southern drawl that was music to his ears.

He put the gun down; there was literally no place for her to actually hide her own weapon from how damn tight those dukes were against her skin, and how much skin was showing in general.

“Who are you?” David said gruffly. “You with the government?”

At this, to her surprise, she actually laughed. “Are you serious, now? Do I *look* like I'm with the dang government? What are you, some kinda paranoid maniac? And here I was just bringing along some brownies for my new neighbour.”

“I - brownies? What?”

She turned around, and then turned back. Suddenly, she had a whole tray of brownies in her hands. They still looked warm. David blinked.

“Where the hell did you . . . ?”

She beamed. “I got my tricks. So, you wanna try this again, without the gun? Hi, I'm Lily-Anne Rose. And who might you be, neighbour?”

A sickening feeling extended down David's spine. Neighbour? This was supposed to be an area empty of people. All the better to live out his survivalist fantasy. To be a man, standing on his own. Even worse that an attractive young woman lived nearby; no doubt she was some hippie bitch who wove flowers in her hair and had no idea how to take care of herself. Just when he thought he'd gotten away from the weak influence of women . . .

But Lily-Anne still had her hand out, and was still beaming, and there was something in her expression that made him falter in his resoluteness, just a little.

“Hey,” he said, taking her hand after a pause. “I'm David.”

“Just David?”

“Just David.”

“I respect that. What brings you round to my woods, David?”

“Your woods?”

She giggled. “Ain’t you heard from the trees and birds? I’m the witch of this little forest. Been here more than a few years now. Maybe around a decade?”

He gave her a funny look. “Ain’t no way you’ve been here a decade. You look like you’re twenty five at most.”

“Looks’ll fool ya. Now, why don’t you show me to your place?”

“Out here is right fine. I don’t invite people in. I came here to get away. To prepare for the end of it all.”

She put her hands on her hips again. God, she was good looking.

“The end of it all? Wait, are you one of those survivalist nutters? God, Guns, and Country and all that?”

“I’ll have you know I’m a Sovereign Citizen. I ain’t American, not since it got all woke and taken over. Civil war is comin’, and I intend to live out here and be a man apart from it all. Stand on my own, no offence. So I don’t intend to eat any brownies from you.”

The self-proclaimed witch frowned. “Well, in that case, you might wanna move your garden to the other side of your shack.”

“I - come again?”

She raised a smug eyebrow. “Better light there, and better soil. You’re about to hit clay where you’re at.”

“I - you don’t know that.”

She wagged her fingers. “Witch, remember. Anyway, I’ll leave these here. Good to meet you, neighbour.”

She waltzed off, whistling a sweet tune, and the birds seemed to whistle with her, which made David a little offput. He couldn’t help but look at her magnificent ass as it swayed, and he kept watching until she was out of sight.

“Ignore her,” he said to himself. “No temptations. No feminine shit out here. Just you, Dave, and hard work, and survival.”

He started to work the ground further to prepare for his little survival orchard. True to Lily-Anne’s words, he hit clay not long after, and far too many rocks further along to do much good.

“Goddamn it,” he muttered, sitting on the ground and feeling embarrassed to be corrected by a lady. The smell of the brownies rose up to his nose, and he grimaced.

“Just one,” he noted, grabbing a slice.

The whole tray was eaten by the end of the day.

\*\*\*

It was three days later that Lilly-Anne visited. She was wearing her dukes again, and a different tied top, but otherwise looked just as gorgeous and curvaceous, a regular temptation.

“Hey there, neighbour!” she called. “Thought I’d come see how you’re doin’. Choppin’ wood?”

“For the fireplace,” he grunted, chopping the wood some more. “I imagine you got some kinda electric heater in yours, no doubt, but I go old school. Can’t rely on electronics.”

“Electric heater? Don’t y’all insult me. I burn wood, and I burn it well. Lemme help ya.”

“No, I don’t need-”

But she was already grabbing a block of wood, setting it up, and grabbing his spare axe. He was about to correct her stance, but it was perfect, and she chopped the wood in half with a single slice.

“Woah, that’s not . . . terrible.”

“I did it damn perfect, admit it.”

Despite himself, he chuckled. “Okay, not that bad at all. I’m guessing you been living out here a while yourself, then?”

“Like I said, over a decade. Just me and my magic.”

“You ain’t a Molock worshipper, are you?”

“The fuck is that?”

“You know, QAnon? The conspiracies online . . .”

She cackled. “For someone so self-sufficient, y’all been on the internet way too much. I don’t buy much into conspiracy theories.”

“You should. It’s why I’m out here. Men aren’t valued. Society is fallin’ apart. And no offence, but women are part of that. Can’t expect a woman to survive out like this.”

She snorted. “Please, women been surviving like this for ages. I mean, look at me, I have. Hell, your garden would be dying if not for me.”

“Yeah, but . . . you’re different.”

She chopped some more wood. “That’s just what - ngh - people say when they confronted with the truth of the matter and don’t wanna admit it. Look, why’d you come out here to my wood?”

He chopped, trying to keep up with her. His muscles felt weaker than usual, his stature not as perfect. “I came out here to survive, like I said. To prepare for the end. To keep myself safe.”

“Brought guns?”

“Plenty,” he said with a grin.

She stopped chopping wood. She was, somehow, better at it than him.

“You know, it’s funny but you ain’t said one lovely thing about this place. Not one.”

“What?”

She shrugged. It made her tits wobble distractingly, but he took in her words nonetheless. “You’re in the goddamn Mississippi woods, darlin’! You got pines, maples, sweetgums, the works! You got critters running underfoot and birdsong in the trees! You got fine humid weather, and frankly me lookin’ fantastic in it. But everything out of your mouth is just cynical city-wash.”

David had no real response to that. “I guess . . . it’s pretty nice.”

“It’s *gorgeous*. Trust me, I built my cottage here for a reason. The river nearby is just beautiful, like a song from Mother Earth herself.”

“I don’t believe in that kind of stuff.”

“Right, because you’re a *real man*. Tell ya what. Let’s make a deal: I let you see how wrong you are about the world, maybe convince you to let at least one person in, and I get to see the inside of your shack. How about it, honey?”

She extended a hand. For some reason, David found himself taking it, shaking it.

“Deal,” he said. This time, he actually smiled.

\*\*\*

David was slowly getting things together. He was officially off the grid now, prepped and ready. His alarms were fully set, so he’d know the next time Lily-Anne played an unscheduled visit. He wanted to be alone and yet . . . each day he thought about her, and the deal they’d made. He didn’t want a feminine influence in his life, though. None of that weak womanising shit.

And yet it was finding him.

It first began with his hair. He’d always kept his hair relatively short, but expected it to get longer out in the woods over time. He just didn’t expect it to grow so unnaturally quickly. It had an auburn, almost rusty look to it in the days that followed the woodchopping, and yet his facial hair wasn’t matching it. In fact, it was *retreating*, falling away and leaving his face smooth. The same was true of his body hair, and he assumed he’d done something wrong with his filtration system and water purifiers, but no spots or new moles were turning up on his skin. In fact, his surface was *losing* its blemishes, looking more and more beautiful by the day.

“Goddamn it,” he muttered to himself more than once, particularly after he’d organised a little bush shower. “Why am I lookin’ like some kind of metrosexual?”

And yet . . . his skin really did look nice. And the change was bringing out his eyes. They were greener than usual. He'd always had flecks of green among the grey, but . . . wow. They were coming out more.

"Why the fuck am I carin' about how I look?" he snapped, flicking the little mirror up into the shelf. He went to the wall rack, grabbed a rifle, and took off hunting.

\*\*\*

"Nice catch."

David screamed, nearly dropping his rod and falling into the water. Lily-Anne was right beside him all of a sudden, wearing a shirt that still exposed her midriff, and a pair of ripped jeans. She had some kind of tokens around her neck like she'd done some kind of ritual lately. It made him suspicious, but less than he imagined he would be.

"Goddamn, woman. You scared the shit out of me! I could have shot you!"

"You should try a little more upriver, near the rocks. You'll catch your fill in no time."

"How did you get past the sensors I set up? I should know you were comin'."

"I used my powers. I keep tellin' ya, I'm a witch. Same reason I know you'll find better eating upriver."

He turned to her, tried not to be taken in by her beauty. Was she taller than before, or had he gotten shorter somehow? He certainly had less of a height advantage now. Or perhaps he wasn't eating as much; his figure was noticeably more slight and less alpha male than he'd hoped it would become.

"Why are you helpin' me?" he asked. "I've made my thoughts on women and others clear. On why I'm here."

"Well, I thought about stoppin', but then I recalled we had a deal. 'Sides, I noticed you staring across the river with something approaching wonder on your face. Could it be that David 'No Last Name Given' is actually taken in by the beauty of nature, even just a little?"

He pouted. "It is . . . quite beautiful, I guess."

"Feelin' more positive? Less 'rar rar, the world is broken!' and all that?"

"I still gotta prepare."

"End of Times, got it. You know, for someone preparing for the end of days, you're lookin' quite good, ya know."

*That* startled David even more than her initial appearance. "What are you talking about?" he said, though he immediately placed his hand upon the side of his face, as if to cover up the smooth features there.

"I'm just sayin', you've got some nice feminine energy about you, hiding way, way, waaaaay down deep. Sensed its potential the moment I felt you arrive. I've got a way of

seein' aura like that, hun. Somethin' tells me you're not a fan, even with those gorgeous green eyes coming out of hiding."

David stepped back, still holding his rod. "Did you do somethin' to me? I ain't one for playin' around, girl. I'm armed and I'm serious: did you put something in my water."

But Lily-Anne just seemed unperturbed by his behaviour or hit threat. She just winked, stepping backwards over river stoned, her breasts hanging like ripe fruit from her chest as she gave him an exaggerated little bow.

"I keep tellin' ya, I'm a witch! Bless your heart, David, we made a deal, remember? Maybe it's time you accept a bit of change, and let others in, huh?"

He unlatched his holster.

"Or not," she said, before turning on the spot and walking away. "You can enjoy the view, by the way! Nothin' wrong with that! People need each other, and attraction is part of that! You come by and visit anytime, David!"

She disappeared back into the scrub, leaving David on the backfoot, almost literally.

"There's no way she's changing me," he muttered. Though could she? Was she giving him adrenochrosomomes harvested from children. Was she putting soy milk in the river to feminise him? These were the conspiracies he'd begun to believe over the last few years, but after her light mockery, they seemed a little . . . juvenile. Unbelievable.

"Change," he muttered to himself, feeling his soft arms. "Maybe I just need to touch grass."

He made his way upriver, following Lily-Anne's advice. He'd never caught so many fish in his life by the time he was done.

\*\*\*

David continued to feel his body change. He wasn't sure why it was occurring or what was happening, but it definitely felt *wrong*. His stature had shrunk further, and his beer gut was disappearing, but then so was his manly frame as well. His shirts barely fit him anymore they were so loose, and his belt was almost to maximum tightness above his hips due to how baggy they'd become, those his hips had spread a little further as well.

"What the fuck is happening to me?" he grunted, staring at himself in the mirror. "I'm becoming some kind of metrosexual or somethin'. God, look at my hair!"

It was red now; he'd become a full-blown ginger, and the hair was only getting more vibrantly red with each passing day. It was now reaching down to his chin, but every time he went to cut it, he found a strange compulsion to just . . . let it be. The same was true of other features as well. His eyelashes had extended, giving him a softness and femininity that he

deplored, and yet he found himself checking out his own appearance in the mirror, occasionally smiling before his scowly self took back control.

All of this might have been manageable, except that other changes were becoming worrisome. His penis, which he'd started to exercise a bit recently since Lily-Anne refused to leave his aroused thoughts, wasn't as reactive or as large as he recalled it being. He'd always been rather impressively hung, but it was like he was shrinking in the cold weather, except the weather was actually a strong humidity instead! That would have been emasculating enough, but now his nipples were growing too, forming indents against his otherwise loose tops, and causing him to suck in air when he rubbed them or touched them, which he did so idly without thinking more often than he'd care to admit.

"Mhmm," he moaned, realising he was doing it again. "Fuck! Why are they so sore? Why is my voice cracking!? Is the goddamn government experimenting on me!? Why am I becoming so goddamn weak!?"

He had hoped that this was just temporary. Just mountain air or something. But now he knew different. That *witch* really was behind it, and those feelings of . . . of *giving in* at the river several days ago, that was her beguiling him once again.

"Need to find her. Need to find that bitch and put a stop to this."

He grabbed a hunting rifle and two pistols, and filled his backpack with supplies necessary for a scouting mission. David was ready to fight the government, he could surely face down one self-proclaimed witch.

And yet, just before he left, he took care to adjust his hairstyle and ensure that his shirt and pants looked good on him. He wasn't sure why he did that, but it felt just right.

\*\*\*

It took hours for David to find Lily-Anne's home. She was several miles away, her cottage on a lovely hillside with a flowing little river beside it. She even had a waterwheel for generating electricity, and a nearby mill too. A garden that put his to shame was on a patch of hillside facing the sun, and there were a number of sheep and cows grazing in a paddock out the back. It was the most self-sufficient life he'd seen, a true cottage core aesthetic, right down to the very pleasant old-English looking homestead. It brought to him feelings of comfort, and a feeling of emotion swept through him; he felt a strong urging to live in a place like this, a desire to settle down and enjoy the cottage lifestyle, out in the sticks, for its own sake, rather than for survival.

"Don't be stupid," he muttered, voice cracked, nipples throbbing, reminding him of his changing body. "Just make your demands."

He moved forward, hand on his left holster, ready for anything. He knocked several times on the door, but no one answered. This place wasn't abandoned though, so he knocked several times again. Still there was nothing, until he heard a loud baaing coming from the small barn far behind the cottage, followed by:

*"You can do it, Joy! You can do it! You're nearly there!"*

David ran, moving swiftly to reach the little barn, prepared to see some kind of foul ritual or repulsive feminazi practice. What he wasn't prepared for, however, was the obvious.

A sheep was swollen with pregnancy, and struggling with birth. Lily-Anne was on her knees, uncaring of the dirt upon her lovely legs, and helping the creature through its labor.

"Hey there, stranger!" she called out, seeing him. "Put the darn gun away and help me, will ya?"

"You're behind this!"

"I can assure you, I did not fuck this sheep. I also lack the equipment to get Joy here pregnant, if you weren't aware."

"Not that!" David shouted. "This!" He gestured to his slimmer form, his more feminine face, the way even his height had changed. "Look at me! I'm changing! I'm fucking becoming a ladyboy or somethin'! You did this and you gotta stop it!"

But Lily-Anne was barely paying attention. "That's right girl, you push. I've got the way clear, now."

"I said change me back!"

"Oh, hush. Hurry up and give me those towels, will ya? Better yet, come on over and I'll show you a thing or two you might need to know down the line. Then, after Joy is safe, I'll make us some warm cocoa and explain everything, okay?"

An impatient and agitated David wanted to seize control, but there was something far more timid in him, far more submissive than he had realised. How much was his mind changing? This witch was causing him to not only look effeminate, but act it as well, because he immediately dropped his gun to the ground - not his holster, the ground - and moved to help with Joy. Something in his heart just couldn't stomach the idea of such a poor creature suffering.

"Fine, fine! Fuck! What do I do?"

"You just keep the towel there, and help me push her here. It'll help her with labor. The rest is up to her. It's gonna be a beautiful change, David."

David wasn't sure what she meant: a change for Joy the sheep when her lamb came, or the changes that were occurring to him. Judging from the way her gaze swept over him, making his stomach fill with strange butterflies, he had the awful sense that it was the latter.

Well, not completely awful.

And that was the worst part.

\*\*\*

“Okay, so this is an old family recipe. Trust me, this hot cocoa will blow your socks off.”

David wasn't exactly certain how he'd gone from approaching Lily-Anne's place with three guns and some tear gas grenades to sitting back in her comfortable cottage sofa with his feet up on an ottoman, but he found it hard to argue with the comfort of it. He'd never loved comfort, always preferred the rough life, the struggle, the manliness of suffering, and yet here he was, almost *melting* into the sofa.

“Holy shit, that's good,” he said, taking a sip. “That's really, really good.”

“Told you,” she winked. “Did you get a good look at the place while I showered?”

He had, though it had been hard to ignore her singing from the shower, and how the birds had joined her, or the fact that she had emerged wearing just a towel in her hair and a bathrobe around her body after Joy's successful birth. Her breasts were so close to falling out of her robe, which was only loosely tied. It was so, so difficult not to stare, but he'd managed to check out the strange trinkets in the house, the little prayer statue, the cauldron. If she was a witch, she definitely had the racks of plants and herbs and ingredients for it.

“Pretty Wicca, huh?” she asked.

“It's real, isn't it?” David asked. “You put a hex on me, or somethin'. You're makin' me all weak and girly. I don't deserve this. This place is nice an' all, but I'm here and I mean business, and I can't keep puttin' that off just before you cursed my mind to be all submissive and shit. You need to change me back, or hell is comin' your way. I ain't gonna be like a woman.”

Lily pouted, but put down her drink. “You're not becoming 'like a woman', you're *becoming* a woman, period. Ha, period!”

David froze. “You're pullin' my leg.”

“No, I ain't. I sensed your energy when you first arrived, sensed your hostility and anger and hate, but also your potential. There's a good woman waiting inside of you, David, which is why we made a deal. You're turnin' into the kind of neighbour I want to have, the kind of woman you coulda been had you not been swallowing up all that paranoid conspiracy bullshit. And, I won't lie, you're also physically turning into exactly the kind of lady I fall head over heels for, since even a witch gets lonely out in the woods. Haven't you noticed you're lookin' younger, lately?”

David leapt to his feet, his heart beating rapidly. The throbbing nipples, the slight raising of the flesh upon his chest, the shrinking penis, it all made sense! He'd even been having stomach cramps lately, and that could mean the growth of a new, rather feminine organ . . .

“No,” he murmured. “No, you can’t do this to me. I’ll kill you, I’ll-”

But he couldn’t grab his gun. It was on his person. His rifle was even still by the sofa chair, but he *couldn’t physically grab them*.

“I don’t like neighbours who are so eager to shoot me, or point guns at me,” Lily-Anne said darkly.

“What did you do to me?”

“Part of my magic put a limit on your aggression. Trust me, I thought long and hard about all these changes, but in every scenario where I left you be, my crystal ball showed you killing me or someone else when you were lost to your paranoia. I’m helping ya, ya big lug. You don’t see it yet, but I’m helping ya be a better you.”

“No!” he cried, clutching his head and feeling his longer hair - the hair that was now almost reaching his shoulders and starting to shine like from a shampoo commercial. “You can’t! I won’t be a woman! I won’t be weak like the rest of this country?”

“And what in the Sam Hill is weak about bein’ a woman, huh? You tell me? Or is this more hateful conspiracy nonsense?”

David began to step out of the room. He couldn’t even take his guns with him.

“I’ll find a way to fight back! I’ll change back!”

Lily folded her arms beneath her beautiful breasts, emphasising them in her revealing bathrobe. “I expect you will. You might even succeed; the terms of the deal last another two weeks. You don’t invite me over to your place, then you turn back.”

“Good! I’ll win, and I’ll get back at you - you Molock worshipping *bitch!*”

“I’ve been called worse things, but I do expect better. Maybe when you’re a true lady you’ll think otherwise. See you around, David. I’ll wash up.”

He left, scrambling, running from the cottage, fear filling his heart. There was a magnetic pull back towards Lily-Anne, but he managed to fight it off.

“I won’t be a woman!” he announced like a mad mantra, as he ran miles all the way back to his college. “I won’t be some sweet girl! No matter how good it sounds!”

He didn’t even mean to say that last part, and yet part of him meant it all the same.

\*\*\*

David tried to fight the changes. Each day following, he worked out. He chopped wood. He thought manly thoughts, and did repair work whenever possible. He made sure to handle his guns, and yet . . . they didn’t have the appeal they did before. He found himself questioning why he needed so many in the first place, and why he even felt the need to fight. Surely he could just appreciate the beauty of this place?

When such thoughts crept in, the changes progressed faster. Despite cutting his hair numerous times, David would always find that it grew back perfectly and even longer when he wasn't looking. He had lovely flame-red hair that bounced against his shoulder blades when he moved about, and he was starting to have to style it. Worse, his voice had also cracked, seemingly permanently, giving him a higher register in his voice. Hell, sometimes he sounded downright *womanly*.

"No, I'm not giving in!" he tried to growl to his reflection. "Even if I do look so damn cute!"

Yes, he was getting a sense of *aesthetics*. Part of him wanted to style it even more, but that would require getting Lily-Anne's advice, and he refused that.

But still the changes marched on with the days. He was shrinking, having once been six feet tall David was now less than five-foot-five. Soon he'd be shorter than the average woman. He couldn't even reach the guns on the top rack, and wanted to see Lily-Anne and her lovely, gorgeous legs present to help him.

Mind, he had some lovely legs of his own. He often found himself giggling as he admired them, occasionally caressing them and smiling from ear to ear. He did the same when he cupped his butt, which had grown out just a little, and again with his breasts.

"I'm really getting boobies," he told himself. "Actual *tits*."

They were small, at least, but starting to jiggle. With his penis positively miniscule, the day was fast approaching when he might become all female. He didn't want that, not at all. And yet . . . the image of Lily-Anne's cottage paradise kept coming to him. That homey setting that was so much warmer, kinder, and loving than his own squalid, paranoid space. His own shack felt so empty now. He hadn't even gotten to work on his escape tunnel, but the more the days passed the more his paranoid conspiracies seemed less important. He wanted social contact again, even if it was from the witch who had changed him.

"She's making my mind so damn female!" he cried, clutching his head and viewing his feminised self in the mirror. "I'm going to fight it! I will!"

The oath didn't last as long as he hoped, though, because when he went to bed that night he found some pink ribbons in his shack. He wasn't sure where they'd come from, and yet . . .

"These would go great in my hair . . ."

\*\*\*

It was a week after Lily-Anne had explained the terms of the magic, and despite her previous reluctance, David was back. He was now just a little over five-foot-three, and he looked almost entirely like a woman. His body was slender, his breasts slight but sensitive, and his

hair was now reaching the bottom of his shoulder blades . . . well, it would have, except that he now wore it in pigtails, with those pink ribbons in his hair keeping it all in place. He even had a pink shirt, a pink skirt, and white cowboy boots. *Women's* boots.

"Whoa there!" Lily-Anne called as she exited the front of the cottage, having seen David approach. "Someone's looking good! You're looking mighty fine indeed, I'd say!"

David blushed a deep shade of red, hugging his smaller frame and emphasizing his slim yet obvious bust.

"It's not my fault! Your magic is darn changin' everything! Most of my guns are gone, and there's lots of decorations and, like, girly shit and all!"

His voice was higher, sweeter, bordering on a cute soprano. Even his manner was a little more feminine; he walked with one foot in front of the other, causing his hips to sway a tetch. His pout was womanly, his cheeks blushing a cute rosy red as he tried to avoid Lily-Anne's eyes.

"I guess the magic is advancing. You must really like it."

"I'm not! This ain't my doing! It's your foul dark magic! It's all that Molock stuff!"

"I seriously don't know what that is, nor do I care. Come, take a walk with me, Daisy."

"David!"

"We'll see. Come on, I'll show you more of my garden."

To his own surprise, David followed submissively, almost dutifully, letting Lily-Anne take the lead. His cock was so small, but his nipples went erect at the sight of the woman's pert ass and bouncing tits; she really loved her tied-up shirts, that was for sure.

"Help me pluck the apples, would ya? You can get the ones lower down, you cute shorty."

David blushed again, but obeyed. He found it oddly nice work, though, and he helped fill up several boxes with the apples as they worked together to pluck them. When they were done, Lily-Anne passed her a water.

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Plucking apples?"

The witch chuckled. "No," she said. "Helping someone else out. Being out here, free and joyful. Bein' a woman at one with nature, instead of some man pitting himself against it and the world. That's why you been changin'. The magic only advances the more you let it, and I'd say you've been slowly succumbing to the pleasures. You're wearing a skirt, after all. A pink one."

David was red as the apples by this point. "It's not my fault! I feel these compulsions. My dang brain is changin'! I knew I shouldn't have trusted no damn woman!"

"C'mon, there's no point bein' a misogynist when you're about to become a woman. You're only gettin' what you deserve, and also getting a new chance, Daisy."

“I told you, I’m not-”

Lily-Anne stepped forward and kissed David on the lips. He couldn’t fight it - his body simply didn’t want to - and so he returned the kiss, his entire body shivering, feeling how much taller and tougher the woman was now.

“You kiss like a Daisy,” Lily said, slowly lowering a hand to cup David’s small right breasts. The changing man let out a girlish coo in response. “And you feel like one, too. You know, I’ve been hoping for a long time to meet someone to share this cottage with. My tastes don’t exactly run towards men, see, and I don’t get out to socialise much. So when I saw your aura, saw how but for a fork in the road we could have matched, I knew I had to do something, correct a big universal error, give this crazy paranoid redneck survivalist another chance. You have a think about that, Daisy. You’ve got one week left, and I believe you can make it to the end. Or, instead of me coming to your place, you could come to mine. My door is always open. I promise to show you that opening yourself to others, even just one person, is more than worth it. It’s high time I did it, and I think we can do it together.”

She gave a wink.

“Thanks for stopping by. By the way, I’m not really into the hyper-pink look. But a cute redhead in a corset dress with a red-rose pattern? Mmm-hmmm. I could do nasty, wonderful things to a beautiful woman like that.”

David shivered, trying not to imagine it. And yet he let out a brief, quickly-stifled giggle anyway, just picturing how pretty and free and totally female he would look in a beautiful thing like that.

“I - I’ve got to go!” he exclaimed. “But I’m not giving in! I - I won’t, Lily! Even if you are so damn beautiful!”

He ran away from the cottage, but as soon as he disappeared, it felt like he was losing a piece of warmth in his heart.

\*\*\*

More of David’s shack changed. Each time he woke or revisited after a day of trying to make his survivalist fantasy work, he found that it was more like a little cottage of its own. The guns were disappearing off of the walls, and there was a makeup dresser now, and a full-length mirror, and a far more comfortable bed. There were items for doing his hair, skincare lotions, and a lot more girly clothes, including bras and women’s underwear which could easily fit him now that his cock was so miniscule and the rest of him so slender and pretty.

“M-maybe just a little makeup,” he told himself. “And just a few ribbons in my hair.”

“Maybe just try one dress,” he said.

“Just two earrings. The holes appeared there for a reason, right?”

“Maybe these two colours will match . . . maybe Lilly-Anne will find them pretty as hell.”

It was becoming excruciating. He wanted to hate women again, to detest them, view them as weak. But the truth was, he had never felt so damn empowered. He was making his look match his feelings, turning his own body and style into an art. It was expression in its purest form, and he found himself giggling and beaming as he mastered the art of lipstick and lip gloss and foundation and eyeshadow, not to mention all the outfits he was gaining.

When the corset suddenly appeared in his cupboards, complete with its red rose pattern and accompanying white dress, something in him shattered. A piece of resistance that had done so well to carry him so far. The former grungy-looking survivalist was just two days from getting his old life back, but that knowledge now gave him more dread than hope. He'd not seen Lilly-Anne in all that time, not visited her once, and it was burning at him. His dreams were filled with her sumptuous body, his imagination concerned with what her fingers and lips could do if he truly did go all the way and grow a vagina. What would it feel, to take on a new life? To give in to this lesbian cottage core existence?

“Ohhhh,” he moaned at night, touching his nipples, rubbing what was left of his member, almost urging it to become an opening. “L-Lilly-Anne . . . I want you. Want to be y-yours. Sick of fighting . . . mmhmm. Wanna just forget it all and be your darlin' . . .”

The sensations were too strong. The former man could feel his willpower eroding, his own thoughts becoming so much more spontaneous and excitable. Even his knowledge of weaponry was fading away, replaced with ideas of beauty, of simple-living, of . . . certain new positions only capable for the fairer sex.

Fairer, he thought. Not weaker. Just . . . fairer.

And what was wrong with being *fair*?

\*\*\*

She should have been more nervous. Daisy knew it. But then again, there was only one day left, and the choice was clear in her mind. She couldn't even hang on to her old male identity; the moment she'd made her decision to see Lily-Anne, the desire to stay as David had dissipated entirely. She was a woman, with just one final change to go, and she wanted to show that to the cottage lesbian witch.

Which was why she had done her hair out in beautiful ribbons.

Which was why she had applied her makeup subtly, to enhance her pale beauty.

Which was why she was wearing a flowing white dress with a rose-patterned corset over the top, all of which made her feel like a back-to-nature woman with a sense of style, right down to her women's cowboy boots.

Daisy strode to Lily-Anne's home, her heart beating nervously, but a sense of purpose in her heart. Perhaps, in another life, she would have stayed hateful, spurning the world, digging tunnels and preparing a fight against the imaginary feds. But instead, Lily-Anne had found her, and now her entire worldview had flipped around.

When she knocked upon the door, that nervousness burned into her cheeks, but she forced it down until the witch opened the door. To Daisy's delight, the gorgeous, busty blonde's jaw dropped, her blue eyes equally wide as she beheld Daisy's new look.

"Woah now," she said with her southern twang. "Colour me speechless for once. David, you look amazing. You look . . . beautiful beyond words, honey."

Daisy felt the rosiness return to her cheeks, but this time she didn't fight it. Just the look of Lily-Anne in her daisy dukes and tight tied shirt, all those curves on display, was enough to dispel any regrets about her decision.

"H-hi, Lily-Anne," she said.

"Hey yourself, David."

"Um, so I was thinking . . . maybe I could go by Daisy, like you said? You know, on account of me bein' all girly now, inside and out. Would that . . . would that be okay?"

Lily smiled, stepping out onto the porch and placing a hand on her magnificent hip, which she cocked to one side.

"Sweetie, that'd be more than okay. But you realise you just got one more day like this, 'less you make a decision otherwise. You know, me over at your place, or . . ."

"Me over at yours," Daisy finished, and she giggled from the sheer nervousness that was buzzing through her. God, she felt so ditzy right now, not least because she was in Lily-Anne's presence, but also because she felt so damn submissive as well. And yet it wasn't embarrassing. It was, in a way, freeing.

"So . . . how do you feel about that?" Lily-Anne asked. "You can still walk away. We won't be good neighbours. And I don't take kindly to a gun bein' put in my face, but I'm sure we can keep apart and respect our distance. Or-"

Daisy could bounce on her heels no longer. A wave of girlish impulse ran through her, and she leapt forward, pressing her lips against Lily-Anne's and kissing her passionately, moaning into the other woman's mouth and feeling her curves. Lily-Anne was shocked only for a moment, and then the witch was reciprocating that affection, caressing her female form, spreading more magic through it as she pulled the former male into her cottage.

"Ohhhh," Daisy moaned. "I can f-feel it."

“Do you want it?”

“Y-yes! Don’t stop kissing me, please! I wanna change! I wanna be with you!”

“Yes you do, my gorgeous girl. Come on in, and I’ll instruct you.”

She allowed the witch to take charge, pressing her smaller body against the wall. Her stature shrunk just a little more, leaving her at five feet even, and her already-delicate features finalised. She already suspected she looked like an absolutely adorable beauty, cute beyond belief.

But the real change was between her thighs. As Lily-Anne dragged her to the bedroom, she stroked the mound where her member had once been, and something *bloomed* into existence there, eliciting a gasp of pleasure from Daisy, who shivered from the sensation of release. Her pussy finally formed, her tunnel already wet and positively *aching* for attention.

“Ohhhh, it’s ready! I’m ready! Lily-Anne-”

“Call me Lily.”

“Lily! I - ohhh - I need you! Please, I really, really need you!”

The witch was only too happy to comply. The pair continued to make out, even as they mounted the bed together. Lily pulled off Daisy’s clothing, helping her undo the stays of her corset until her slight but lovely chest was freed, at which point she immediately began to fondle the new woman’s breasts. Daisy whimpered in delight, falling on her back. Lily straddled her, taking total charge. This would have made Daisy feel weak and submissive once, the kind of thing she had left society to get away from. Now, she *burned* for it. Burned to be submitted to this dominant woman’s desires.

“Ohhh, please feel them!”

“I’ll do a lot more than that, you adorable little lesbian.”

She lowered herself, and began to suck on her breasts, licking the flesh and then teasing the nipple before giving it more vigorous attention, then moving to the other side. Daisy was totally overwhelmed by it all. She felt her lover all over, undoing the shirt at the front so that Lily-Anne’s humungous breasts were freed from their confinement. They were easily DD-cups or bigger, and they hung gorgeously, pert and full and with perfect pink nipples. Daisy began to grope and squeeze them, moving one hand to feel her lover’s pert behind.

“I’ll take these off for you,” Lily-Anne said. She removed her daisy dukes and her underwear beneath, and moments later the two naked women were writhing against one another, kissing and making love and feeling one another’s most private places. Daisy gasped as she drew closer to her first lesbian orgasm: she rested against Lily, submitting herself to the other woman as she plunged her fingers into her pussy again and again. The sensation was utterly alien, but everything she wanted.

This was who she was meant to be. Not some raging male maniac, but a deeply girl girl living the cottage core lifestyle with her witchy girlfriend. It was perfect, it was bliss. It was-

“OHHHHH! OHhhhh, yesss! MMHMM!!”

Her body exploded into a series of orgasms, each overlapping one another like powerful waves in a maelstrom of endless ecstasy. She turned her head to kiss Lily, fondling the other woman’s breasts and pussy, stroking her clitoris even as the orgasms kept on coming. She succeeded in her efforts though, because Lily-Anne silently went silent, and then moments later cried out with her own orgasmic bliss.

“Daisy! Ohhh, Daisy! You’re p-perfect!”

“I f-feel perfect! Lily, I n-never want to go back! Ohhhhh!”

And now that she’d given herself over to the beautiful, busty, loving witch, Daisy knew she never would. She rested against her lover, allowing her to stroke her perfect new skin, and in turn feeling the other woman’s perfect. They lay there for some time, a pair of lesbian lovers, as if this was how they were always destined to be. Finally, after minutes of post-coital bliss, Lily spoke.

“There’s still some things in your shack,” she said, spooning Daisy from behind. “I can change it back, if you want. Let you organise what you want there. Keep your guns or whatever.”

Daisy turned and giggled as she looked at Lily-Anne.

“Why would I need to do that? I’ll just grab my cutest cothes when I can and come straight back.”

Lily raised a perfect eyebrow, indicating confusion. It just made Daisy giggle again.

“Why would I want to be anywhere else but here, darlin’,” she said.

At that, the witch smiled.

“I can’t think of a reason,” she replied.

**The End**