

Fairy of the Park (Friend to Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Morfe

Daniel is in college, studying for his upcoming end of year exams. Too busy to ever get a girlfriend, he is a contrast to his friend Simon, who is highly intelligent and a huge romantic but is always being rejected by girls. Feeling sorry for his friend, Daniel wishes he could make Simon feel better. To his surprise, that wish is granted by a well-meaning fairy of the park, but not as Daniel expected. Now stuck as the busty, beautiful Danielle, the new woman must try and get her life back before she ends up as Simon's girlfriend forever!

Fairy of the Park

It was painful to watch as it was inevitable. Daniel was just finishing up his studies for the day, readying for his Architecture Major exam for the year. He was only twenty years old, but he could feel the weight of the future bearing down upon him. He had always loved poetry and literature, but such things didn't grant one success like his field of study did. And he desired to be truly successful, which required him to excel. As such, there could be no distractions until he graduated with high honours and found success in his limited field. That meant no breaks, no holidays, no travel, and certainly - much as he did want one someday - no girlfriends. It was a hard slog, to be sure, but he knew he could do it. One day he would be rich, with a high paying job and a gorgeous trophy wife to make up for his entire life so far with no girlfriend. Hell, even his rather plain 'background character' looks, with his average face and brown hair and brown eyes and drab brown shirts, would be no impediment then.

But that wasn't what was painful and inevitable at this moment.

No, that would be his best friend Simon following an altogether different philosophy in life, and trying to ask the beautiful Stacey Hineman to go out with him, if she were interested. They were in the study section of the library, but Simon had intercepted her after several pleasant interactions they'd had in recent days. Daniel couldn't make out the words, but it was clear that Stacey was trying to let him down easy.

After a few moments, the woman walked away, and Simon retreated back to Daniel, adjusting his glasses and running a hand through his blond hair as he did so.

"No luck?" asked Daniel.

"No luck," Simon muttered, before brightened. "But I think I just timed things wrong. She said she just needs a bit of time herself. I really do think she likes me, particularly after all the help I gave her."

"Dude, no offence, but maybe give it a break? I think she's playing you."

"Stacey's too nice for that," Simon said, always the optimist and believer in people. "I think I just need to show her I'm committed. You've messed up number four, by the way."

Daniel checked his practice paper and sighed. "You really are too smart sometimes."

"Guilty, as charged. Number eight's a bit wonky, too. I can help you out if you want? I want to make sure you get that successful future you deserve."

Daniel smiled. Simon was always like that. Brilliant, nerdy, and not at all good at talking to girls. But he'd bite his own hand off and pass it to you if you needed the extra aid. He regularly hung out in the library not just to study - which he rarely needed to do for long - but to see if anyone needed help. Hell, he'd already helped Stacey Hineman before several times, and Daniel didn't for a moment think his friend was trying to butter her up to ask her out. *She'd* see it that way, of course, but Daniel knew his friend better. He just liked to help, and would be aghast at such a connection. He clearly thought he had a chance here, though Daniel was sceptical.

"I'd love the help, buddy. But I best be getting home."

"Me too, actually. Shall we walk together?"

Daniel shrugged. "I don't see why not."

"Stacey likes that park, too. Maybe that'd be a better place to ask her out?"

"Dude, so soon?"

"Is that bad?"

That was Simon, alright. Loveable, kind, but also not exactly good at reading the room when it came to social relations. The amusing part was, Daniel thought, a girlfriend could really help in that regard . . .

They took a different route from normal, weaving through the nearby park instead. Daniel and Simon were talking about the future, and once more Daniel reiterated his hope to become a hugely successful businessman and have a sexy trophy wife. Simon, on the other hand, went the romantic route.

"I'd like to use my skills to help people . . . and maybe find the right gal along the way. Which, speaking of, there's Stacey! Should I . . . ?"

"Can't hurt," Daniel said with a chuckle. "Don't ask her out though. Just see if, I don't know, she wants to keep studying with you or something."

Simon beamed, moving ahead to do just that. But again, what followed was even more painful, because just as Simon neared Stacey, a rather muscular footballer type emerged from behind a bush to embrace her, kissing her passionately.

"Oh, shit," Daniel said.

The pair noticed Simon just a moment later. He had *flowers* in his hand, and was holding them out even as his face was frozen in confusion.

"Oh God, Simon. You brought flowers in your bag?" Daniel muttered to himself, unable to stop watching. "What are you thinking?"

Stacey clearly had the same thought. There was an exchange between them, and her voice rose louder, becoming mocking as she clung to her actual boyfriend.

"Simon, you may be smart when it comes to study, but you're an idiot when it comes to women. I was just playing you, stupid. Getting the right answers and help I needed. I was never interested in you. What girl would be? So you can take these flowers and stuff them up your pathetic, tweeby little asshole and scram, okay? Does that send a clear message?"

She stepped away with her boyfriend, giggling and laughing with him, even as Simon returned to Daniel looking defeated and almost teary-eyed.

"Are you okay, man?" Daniel asked.

"Y-yeah," he said, clearly lying. "She was just . . . setting a record straight."

"Dude, I'm sorry."

"It's okay. It's not her fault. She'll grow out of it. I was probably pestering her. Look, I think I'll head home on my own now. Is that alright?"

Daniel told him it would be, and then he watched his friend walk sadly away.

"Dude, I wish I could do something to make you feel better," he said as he took in the view of Simon's misery. "And get a girlfriend who's perfect for you."

Suddenly Daniel's vision went strange. For just a moment, he could have sworn he saw something giggle and flitter about his head, little pink dust clouding his vision.

And then his stomach tensed.

"Ugh," he groaned. "I f-feel weird. Oh G-God!"

It was as if his stomach was twisting about inside of him at the same time as every muscle was tensing. His scalp itched, and his chest burned, nipples becoming stiff for reasons he couldn't fathom. Another lurch in his gut followed.

"I'm gonna hurl!"

Daniel ran in a bee line straight to the bathroom, almost knocking aside a college peer as he burst into the stalls and found a cubicle. He gasped, trying to lower himself to throw up, only for an altogether more foreigners series of sensations to come over him.

"Ohhhhh, what is h-happening to m-me!?"

He gripped his head, only for his hair to suddenly spiral out from his scalp, his brunette hair extending all the way down over his shoulders. He gasped as his body began to shift and morph, muscle and fat redistributing to all the wrong locations. His bones changed shape - his spine shortening along with his limbs, his pelvis widening his hips, his

ribcage noticeably collapsing until it left his form much more petite. It wasn't painful, but it was discomforting and strange beyond belief.

"Ughhhh, oh G-God! Ohhhhhh, mmnnh! M-make it s-stoooooop!"

Daniels' voice went high and feminine as his Adam's apple shrank down. His face bubbled and shifted, and he flung his daintifying hands up to feel his features. There was no mirror present, but he could feel his lips getting fuller, his nose smaller, his eyebrows more defined. He backed out of the stall, terrified and needing to see himself. He moved to the mirrors above the washing basins, glad that no one else was present in the bathroom.

What he saw shocked him.

"I look like - oh f-fuck, I look and sound like a w-woman!"

He did, and an immensely beautiful one at that, with full kissable lips and bright, beautiful eyes. His eyebrows were perfectly shaped, and his cheeks had cute dimples and a beauty spot on the left side. He would have screamed, but his voice was overtaken by more groans and grunts as the next series of transformations took place.

"Nghhh! Ughh! My ch-chest! My d-dick!"

They both changed at once, as did his clothing. His entire form gained an hourglass figure, hips lusciously wide and backside impressively peachy. A cute purple skirt that was quite short suddenly rippled into existence, replacing his shorts, while his shirt became a rather loose crop top that barely managed to stay up. That was, until suddenly his chest inflated. Daniel moaned in unbearable discomfort and reluctant pleasure as two breasts expanded like balloons upon his chest. He gripped them, trying to stop them from forming, but they continued to expand rapidly until they were easily the size of ripe cantaloupes, heavy and full and pert and *ripe* upon his chest, a considerable amount of cleavage showing through the low V-neck of the top. His flat stomach was displayed, toned and sexy, but he could only see it in the mirror: his new boobs were immense from his point of view, easily blocking any view of his feet.

"S-so b-big," he groaned, voice feminine and almost . . . sultry. "Why are they s-so heavy! Why am I - UGHHH!! NO!"

His hands flung to his crotch, but it was too late. His penis and testicles pulled back inside his body, sliding back into him and leaving him salivating from the sheer alien sensation. A new tunnel was formed between his thighs, and he nearly lost his balance as he squirmed his thickened, sexy thighs together.

"Mhmmm . . . noooo. My - my dick. It took my d-dick!"

Daniel was horrified. He - now *she* - had turned from male to female in mere minutes. And now just any female, but the most beautiful, sexy specimen of a woman she had ever seen. Her figure was dynamite, with a perfect hourglass and hot hips. Her legs were almost entirely bare, perfectly shaped and ending in cute black sandals. Her crop top left her slim

shoulders and trim midriff on display, as well as a lot of cleavage as well. Her breasts were huge on her, heavy and full and supported by a bra beneath the crop top, the straps visible over her shoulders. And then there was her face: pretty and perfect and with bright eyes that were almost too big: they gave her a magnetic quality, like one wanted to get lost in those gorgeous hazel eyes.

"I'm a w-woman," she said.

"Uh, sure are, Danielle," came a voice. "Um, did you take a wrong turn?"

Daniel squeaked, bouncing a little and causing her breasts to wobble heavily in her top - a very odd feeling. Just entering the bathroom was Todd Phills, one of her college peers. He knew her - as a man, that was. And yet he'd just called her Danielle?

"I - Todd! What's happened to me?"

Todd smirked. His gaze lingered a little on her tits, an act that made her feel *very* exposed, before answering.

"Well, I'd say you were meant to go to the ladies' room. Unless . . . you're looking for a big, strong man? I could walk you home, if you want?"

Danielle's eyes went wide. She pushed past him, strutting out into the park to avoid whatever *that* had meant. Her breasts jiggled in her top despite her bra and her hips moved in an unfamiliar fashion, sashaying left to right. She was shorter now and felt it, and despite wearing a skirt it felt oddly tight against her butt, which likewise was wagging back and forth. Even having longer hair was weird; it bounced across her shoulders and flickered in the wind a little. But even more was the mental effect: she was now *female*. She was *thinking of herself as female*. And people she knew who were also walking in the park were looking at her like this was normal . . . or looking at her with *interest*. She walked faster on her shorter legs, finding a private space to avoid having a panic attack.

"What the fuck could have possible done this?" she muttered under her breath, trying to figure out what had gone wrong.

Only for a literal fairy to pop into existence in front of her in a brief explosion of pink pixie dust.

"What the hell!?" Danielle cried, almost jumping in shock.

"Sorry! I didn't mean to, like, scare you or anything! I'm Hazelheart, a wish-granting pixie! I'm the fairy of this park, you know, and sometimes when someone makes a wish in it, I can grant the wish! That's what I did for you - you wished for a way to make your best friend happy and for him to have a girlfriend. So, congratulations, you're now his beautiful, sexy girlfriend! I wouldn't normally reveal myself like this, but you were panicking in confusion so I thought it best to explain. Anyway, enjoy your new life and all the best! Toodles!"

"Wait!"

The fairy paused, her little olive face screwed up in confusion. "Oh no, did I do something wrong?"

"Very wrong!" Danielle cried, gesturing to herself. "Look at me! I've got tits!"

"I'm so sorry, are they too big? Oh no, are they not big enough? My pixie dust made you into Simon's fantasy woman, and he obviously likes 'em busty!"

"No, don't make them bigger! I don't want to be a woman *at all*! I didn't mean to actually wish for this. Please, you've made a mistake, Hazelheart. You need to turn me back!"

Hazelheart's wings fluttered in a panic. She covered her mouth in surprise.

"Oh no! I've screwed up again!"

Danielle folded her arms beneath her ample breasts and cocked one eyebrow.

"Did you just say 'again'?"

"Um, look, I might be able to reverse this, but reality change wishes take a lot of fairy dust! I'll need seven whole days at least to recharge my power."

"You're kidding! You expect me to live as some big-titted girl for a whole week?"

"I'm sorry, it's the only way! But everyone recognises you as Danielle. In this reality, you were *a/ways* Danielle. So maybe just play along for a week and then come back?"

Danielle huffed. "This is unbelievable! Fine, but you better be here when I get back. Stuck as a woman, I can hardly believe it. And there is no way I'm dating Simon. No freaking way!"

She stormed off home, still unbelieving all that had happened to her. The new woman cupped her breasts before letting them fall, causing them to wobble heavily and for some seconds on her chest.

"Christ, they're like two sandbags! Why did you have to like them so busty, Simon?"

She was immediately presented with an opportunity to get her answer, because to her surprise she came right across him as she left the park - he was one of the benches right outside, trying not to sulk and obviously doing so regardless. He didn't see her, and obviously she didn't want him to see her, so she kept on walking, trying to keep a male gait and failing.

But then something tugged at her, something like guilt. A deeper sense of compassion than she'd ever had came over the new woman, an almost hormonal need to comfort her best friend.

"Damn female hormones," she muttered, before turning around. "Simon? Are you okay, buddy?"

Simon looked up, eyes going wide. "Danielle? H-how can I help you?"

She put her hands on her hips - God, they were wide - and smirked a little. "Dude, we're friends. I saw you sulking just now. Are you okay? Don't tell me this is about Stacey?"

“Stacey? How do you know about Stacey? Wait, did you just say we’re friends?”

Danielle halted, realising the full implications of what Halezheart the park fairy had said. If this reality really was changed, then Danielle was no longer someone who would have been friends with Simon. The mere fact of that saddened her deeply, and that feminine compassion stirred in her considerable breast.

“Well, of course we are!” she declared, determined to fix this problem. “Or at least, we could be. Look, you’re obviously down, right? Did you get dumped?”

Simon stood and adjusted his glasses. For a brief moment, his gaze flickered over her midriff and bust. Danielle couldn’t even really blame him; she would have done the same; she was a total snack now. Weirdly, she shivered a little as he took her in, and for a moment she found herself taking in her friend’s form too. He was kind of . . . cute. In a nerdy way.

“I didn’t even get to the stage of being dumped,” Simon said awkwardly. “I thought she was into me, but she already had a boyfriend and was leading me on so I could get her a high score in the coming exams.”

Danielle bit her lip. She knew she should be getting home, playing sick until a week had passed. And yet here was her beloved best friend in trouble . . .

She punched him playfully on the shoulder.

“Okay, we need to cheer you up, man. Why don’t we go to the mall and have some fun, like old times.”

“Old times?” Simon asked, looking at her with disbelief. “We’ve never hung out before. I mean, you’re the most popular and beautiful girl on campus - er, I mean . . .”

Danielle blushed a little, particularly when Simon’s gaze shifted for a half-second to her deep line of perfect cleavage. What the hell was she doing? But again, that little tug, that draw to help her friend, resurfaced. She’d always been focused mainly on herself, but now as a woman it seemed her compassion meter had risen considerably.

“I mean old times like with, uh, my girlfriends. Only you’d be a boyfriend. I mean a friend! Just friend! What do you say?”

Simon actually grinned, coming out of his funk. “I mean, if you really want to, I would love that, Danielle. I really would.”

“Well, it’s only midday,” she said. “Our lectures for the day are done. What are we waiting for?”

Without thinking, she took his hand and dragged him away from his sulking bench. In her mind, she couldn’t help but wonder just what on earth she was doing.

What followed was, shockingly, an incredibly fun date. It was still utterly weird being in a very attractive woman's body, of course. Everywhere Danielle went in the mall, men looked at her way, and some women with jealousy (and at least one known lesbian, Lacey, with attraction). It was both creepy to be seen as a piece of voluptuous meat, but also oddly flattering. Daniel had never been attractive, being fairly average. But as Danielle, she found herself cocking her hip a little or thrusting out her chest without thinking, subconsciously showing off her bombshell bod. And, as much as she would hardly admit it to herself, it was oddly fun to have her friend being so taken in by her, trying so hard not to stare at her big tits even as she pressed them between her arms just so. She caught herself doing it a number of times and went red-faced, but her body clearly had some muscle memory in this new reality, and Danielle in this timeline knew how to show off her body, evidently.

And yet, despite the big, wobbling boobs and the sexy midriff and the swishing skirt (the last of which was quite comfortable, once she got used to it, even if she didn't want to think about the entrance between her thighs), she and Simon still got on like a house on fire. Better, maybe, even if Simon was an awkward nerd around her. They went to the place they always went to in the other reality; the arcade. Simon was utterly shocked at how damn good she was on some of the games, particularly when the pair went on the *Jurassic Park* arcade shooter and made it all the way to the final level having spent only five dollars.

"You're incredible!" Simon exclaimed. "I had no idea you were an arcade fan."

"All my life!" Danielle declared, shooting another dinosaur with tranquiliser darts.

"Consider me a gamer girl, I guess."

"A damn good one!"

She grinned from ear to ear.

"Did you want to do *Dance Dance Revolution*?" Simon asked when they were done.

Ordinarily, Danielle would have said no, but something about the eagerness of Simon's voice and her own fitter body made her agree. She was a woman, and obviously more petite and weak now, but she was *comparatively* fitter than she had been, and she had energy to burn.

"I don't know how good I'll be," she warned, breathing heavily. Her breasts rose and fell in her top as she steadied herself, and then the music began. Perhaps it was the magic, perhaps it was simply the capabilities of her new body, or perhaps the muscle memory of her new timeline, or all three together, but she *rocked it*. Simon's jaw fell - he flunked out pretty immediately, and not long after had joined a small gathering crowd who were there to see the hot and busty brunette dancing up a storm. To her embarrassment, she felt a great deal of joy in being the centre of attention, even if her tits were bouncing heavily. When she finished with a near-perfect score, the crowd erupted. She took a brief bow, only to realise

that her tits were nearly falling out of her top and that she was giving Simon a stellar view. She covered her chest and stood up, utterly embarrassed.

“Whoops,” she said.

“I wasn’t looking,” Simon lied.

“Sure you weren’t. Everyone would look at a chest like mine, even in the architecture class.”

“I thought you were majoring in poetry and literature?”

Danielle paused. This must be another change in the timeline caused by that damn park fairy. Poetry and literature had been her twin fascinations as a young boy. She loved the sound of words and the study of great poets and writers. But she’d shelved that in order to pursue financial success. Now, knowing this version of herself followed her loves, she didn’t know what to think.

“Well, yeah. I meant that,” she said.

“I always thought it was cool that a girl like you did poetry,” Simon said. “I love Robert Browning and Emily Dickinson, but I feel like that’s only scratching the surface.”

“Oh man, wait till you get to Sylvia Plath,” Danielle said automatically. “She’s tragic but unbelievably gorgeous in her work.”

“I’ll read her stuff tonight,” Simon said.

Danielle felt touched. She knew her friend would.

“Thanks for cheering me up,” she said.

“I thought you were cheering *me* up,” Simon replied, grinning. “Is something going wrong with you too?”

Danielle looked over her *very* female form. “I guess I just don’t feel like myself at the moment. Kind of an ‘out of body’ experience, you might say.”

“Well, why don’t we watch a movie together? They’re playing some great films at the cinema. I don’t know if you like sci-fi but-”

“I love sci-fi,” she replied. “Let’s do it! A movie watch will take my mind off of some recent changes rather well, actually.”

And it did . . . in a sense. *Metallo World IV* wasn’t the best entry in the franchise, but it sure was a lot of fun. Danielle considered Simon a close friend, but she was only just now realising that she barely caught up with him outside of college. As a man, she’d been so damn focused on becoming a high earning alpha type that she’d actually missed out on moments like this. Simon laughed with her, and she found herself gasping at the final twist before the credits that promised a sequel, even briefly clutching her friend’s hands when a Metallo cyborg reveal scared her.

But, to her embarrassment, even the passive act of watching a movie failed to get her mind off of her new femaleness. For one, she dropped a piece of popcorn in her

cleavage and had to fish around to get it, making Simon briefly stare her way. She also kept her legs spread out until Simon whispered that a guy on another row was looking back at her, at which point she realised that the proper feminine etiquette with a skirt was to cross them. When she left she almost walked right into the male bathroom again, but thankfully Simon corrected her. It should have been incredibly embarrassing, but each time she had one of these uncertain moments he was never creepy or opportunistic or teasing; instead he acted like a gentleman. Sure, he'd occasionally look at her ass or midriff or - especially - her big tits, but she couldn't really blame him in that regard. Besides, she found herself taking in his cute, nerdy face and frame, and surprisingly staring at his bare forearms a bit.

She didn't want to think about why that was the case.

"You know, this has been really fun," Danielle said as they were leaving the mall. "I didn't expect to stay this long, but I'm really glad we did this."

"M-me too," said Simon, obviously nervous in her presence. The nervousness flattered her, somehow. "I was thinking, actually, if you wanted to hang out again, I'd love t-"

"What are you doing with this loser, Danielle?"

Danielle and Simon both turned to see a rather well-muscled footballer type moving towards her. She vaguely recognised him from college - Randy or Rowdy or something - but had never really interacted with him before.

"Um, can I help you?" she asked.

"Can I help you?" he barked. "Are you seriously asking me that while you stand next to this dweeb, holding his hand?"

She let go. She hadn't even realised she'd been holding Simon's hand up until that point. It had been . . . comforting.

"Look, I don't have know what your problem is," she started, "but if you're trying to bully me for money or something, then-"

"Jesus, Danielle. I'm your ex, not some fucking bully."

That made her raise an eyebrow.

"I'm your ex?"

"Fuck, are you on drugs or something? You fucking dumped me for some bullshit emotional reason just a week ago, and now I find you at the mall with the biggest fucking pasty-faced four-eyed nerd on campus. Is this some revenge shit? There's no fucking way you'd ever end up with a pathetic little beta male like that, especially not when I'm right here ready to take you back."

Something furious lit up inside of Danielle. She could feel Simon shrinking next to her, but then to her surprise, the nerdy man balled his fists.

"Hey," he said, summoning courage in his voice. "We're just friends cheering each other up. Leave her alone, douchebag."

Randy - or was it Robby? - smirked and cracked his knuckles, stepping forward to loom over Simon.

"Oh yeah? Or what, you gonna fight me?"

Again, Simon shocked Danielle. He narrowed his eyes and looked directly up at Robby/Rowdy/Randy.

"Yes," he said. "I will. I'll lose. Probably badly. And we both know it. But I'll get some hits in. And I won't give up. And it won't be pretty for you even if I get it worse. So like I said, leave her alone."

It was like seeing an entirely new Simon. Something in Danielle's feminised heart just *pulsed* in response to it. She moved quickly to stand between the two men.

"Don't be stupid," she told the bully. "There's cameras everywhere here. And besides, he *is* my boyfriend."

And then the new woman did something very silly: she grabbed Simon's face, pulled it against her own, and gave him a kiss. And not just a peck either, but a long, passionate, literally *moaning* kiss, emphasising every bit of satisfaction for her apparent 'ex's' benefit . . . and, as she discovered quickly, her own as well. The sensation of her full, sensitive chest squishing against his was divine. When Danielle pulled her lips away, she was blushing like a tomato, but her nipples were oddly stiff with arousal and the tunnel between her thighs just a little bit moist.

It felt wrong.

It felt good.

"Let's go, Simon," she said, taking his hand. "We've got better company to keep."

Her best friend was so shocked by the kiss that he followed along without a word.

Danielle didn't know what she was thinking. First she claims Simon is her boyfriend, then she kisses him (and liked it!), and now she had taken Simon not back to his place, but *hers*. She was aghast at the changes to her room - so many more posters of poets and books instead of the utilitarian walls she'd possessed. There was also the matter of her rather showy wardrobe - apparently her breasts were double E-cups. *Lucky her*.

And now Simon was in her room, in *her* house, chatting and laughing with her about their favourite shared media, their best and worst professors, the most embarrassing things that had happened to them (Danielle, for reasons beyond her ken, said that she'd had a 'wardrobe accident' with a cute dress once).

There was a lull in the conversation when Simon finally addressed the big, awkward elephant in the room.

"Did you mean that before, Danielle, about me being your boyfriend?"

Danielle bit her lip. She was very much aware that her body was clearly attracted to Simon's, all because of that stupid spell. She wanted to press her big boobs against him again and feel his lips on hers, but she smothered that thought quickly.

"Look, Simon, it was a spur of the moment thing and-"

"I understand," he said. "But if you have had fun with me, and don't want that ex around you . . . then maybe you'd like to go to the college dance with me on the weekend? We could have a lot of fun, and what I lack in dance skill I make up with enthusiasm. I'll be a perfect date, even if nothing happens between us."

She was at a crossroads. She should have kicked him out a while ago. Hell, she shouldn't have even *brought him in*. And yet . . . reality would change back in a week, right? So even if she did dress up in a really cute, showy dress and go on a date, then Simon wouldn't remember once it all reset anyway! She could indulge in being a really hot lady and soaking up the attention, and then nothing would happen beyond that and she would change back. Easy peasy.

"Simon," she said, placing her hand on his. "That would be wonderful."

He left not long after that. Danielle was left to her thoughts, and the fact that the house now displayed images of her as a girl - one that went on to develop quite a ripe chest over time, and one that she wasn't afraid to hide, given all the beach photos in her room. It was a lot to take in, especially when her younger sister Bethanie ducked her head into the room.

"So, who was *that*?" she asked. "Your new date to the prom? He's so not your usual type!"

"Bethanie!" Danielle cried, throwing a pillow in her direction. "Leave me alone!"

"Never! The rumour mill must spread!"

Her younger sister giggled and ran away down the stairs, already gossiping to their mother about all that was going on. Danielle could only sigh.

"I guess that's another new dynamic to get used to," she moaned. She grabbed a photo frame and examined it. It was her, her sister, and their mother all sharing a hug and beaming for the camera. It made Danielle smile. She'd always been aloof from her family, separated due to her obsession with becoming a wealthy man. He could focus on family later, when he had a hot wife and megabucks in his bank account.

Only now as a woman, Danielle found herself oddly touched by the photo, to the point where little tears formed in her eyes.

"I look so . . . close to them," she whispered to herself. "I've been missing out on so much."

Danielle was hopeful that the fairy of the park could change her back the next day, but again Hazelheart confirmed that it would be a full week before her pixie dust was recharged.

"I can definitely do it then!" the fairy said in an excited voice. "I'm so sorry about this! I'm usually more successful. But I do hope you're having fun with it? Did Simon like you?"

"Oh, he did. A little too much. Did you have to give me such a busty body."

"Again, it's just because that's what he--"

"What he finds ideal. Right. Him and every red-blooded male with a pulse, apparently."

Danielle could only sigh and try to go about her day. It was a little easier this time, at least. She'd found that certain objects now gave her quasi-memories to aid her in this new life. They didn't overwrite anything, and they weren't too vivid as to confuse her sense of reality, but they were helpful.

For instance, when she'd needed to put on a bra that morning, she'd been worried that she'd have a hard time of it. But when she'd pick a nice black one up - God, the cups were big! - she was instantly hit with several memories of her as a younger woman and teenager learning how to put them on, and then it was easy! The same occurred for makeup. She hadn't even intended to wear any, but after showering her rather sensitive body (it had been a hard thing to not try a little female masturbation), she'd automatically put on some cute natural tone and some delicate eyeshadow, all thanks to another onset of memories. It was like muscle memory, and the same applied to doing her hair and putting on clothes. It was kind of too late by the time she realised she was now in a pair of cute, tight shorts and a tight tee with buttons that literally couldn't be done up to hide her cleavage.

"It's just for a week," she told herself as she entered campus and received yet more male attention. "You're just a sexy, rather well-endowed girl for a week. Try to enjoy it, Danielle. Soak it in, and be confident and fun. It's like stepping into another life. Think of it like a holiday. You've never, ever taken one. So here's the strangest one ever, and you can get back to being a hyper-obsessed stick-in-the-mud study golem later."

To her surprise, embracing the fun of it wasn't actually too hard at all. For one, being one of the most popular girls on campus meant that she suddenly had a lot of girlfriends who were all excited about the dance and eagerly talking about dresses. That was enough to get the feminine side of her brain going, and the scandalous fact that she was going to be taking nerdy Simon as her date left the other girls bemused and amused and *fascinated*. She had a lot of fun talking up her friend, and to her surprise they weren't a bunch of mean girls, but instead telling her to "go for it!"

Her enjoyment also extended to her classes as well. Danielle wasn't a straight A student in this timeline, but she still got high marks to be proud of. Far more importantly, she was actually doing courses she loved rather than courses she felt she *had* to in order to succeed. Her *Classics of Literature* course had her so excited to offer her interpretations of *Mrs Dalloway* that she had to stop herself and apologise when the professor reminded her that other students needed to give their say. Her sociology class was almost entirely female and, coincidentally, looking at the concept of gender through the perspective of transgendered individuals.

"Many men who transitioned to women and 'pass' report greater instances of sexism, the male gaze, not being taken seriously, and objectified," her professor said.

Danielle had to hide her little giggle. "Yeah," she whispered to herself. "I can definitely confirm that."

"But they also report a greater degree of social cohesion, emotional stability, moments of compassion and connection to their wider community," the professor continued.

Danielle smiled to herself. "Yeah, I can confirm that too."

Indeed, the most embarrassing moments of being a woman - the stares, the whispered jokes about her 'amazing rack' from the jocks, the constant bouncing, the not being always taken seriously, and so on - were increasingly outweighed by the benefits. Danielle and Simon continued to catch up as the days passed, and she found herself able to read his moods and understand his soul far better than before. They spent what felt like hours talking about every subject under the sun on the college green, her lying on her side with her hand on her hip, accidentally looking like a sexy pinup girl. She found herself far more invested in other people, and that extended to her family as well. She really did get along with her Mom and sister Bethanie now.

"We *need* to talk about your dress for the dance," Beth said. "Mom and I are *here* for you, big sis. We need you looking like the queen of the prom."

Danielle chuckled. "It's not a prom. It's just a . . . just a dance."

"Yeah, except you keep letting that cute nerd guy walk you home. I bet you're totally smitten. We're gonna dress you up in a way that rocks his world."

"Ew, you're so gross! But, um, what kind of dress would it be?"

It didn't just extend to girl talk either. Danielle was also far more present at the dinner table, eating *with* her family rather than taking her food and going, much to her mother's clear despair. Instead, she found herself nestled in the warmth of their presence, teasing back and forth with her sister and encouraging her to go for her engineering course when she entered college next year. The three were planning for a beach trip together down the coast, and it excited Danielle as much as it saddened her. It was clear that in her new life she had a much more relaxed and peaceful attitude towards life, and even knew how to

have fun (again, there were the bikini pictures, not to mention the other images with several apparent boyfriends in her room). But that only made the tragedy of her needing to return to her former life deeper, because it meant that she wouldn't get to actually go on this trip. They were planning a getaway to fun and freedom she could never take part in.

It only meant that the upcoming college dance was all the more important: an opportunity to cut loose as Danielle one last time. Hazelheart herself had noticed this when Danielle walked through the park to get home each day. She had taken to talking to the fairy briefly, first with annoyance, and then with genuine interest.

"You seem sad!" the fairy said. "Is it because you still have two more days to go? Simon isn't with you - did things go wrong there?"

"No, nothing like that," Danielle said. "He's just late. I still walk with him. I . . . I rather like it actually. Not like *that*, before you start."

Hazelheart frowned. "Oh, I was so excited by the possibility! What are you going to do before you change back? I can feel my magic dust is nearly returned to me."

Danielle smiled at this question. She placed her hands on her hips and thrust out her very ample chest, taking pride in her appearance rather than embarrassment for once.

"Well, Hazelheart. You made me a total ten out of ten gal, so I figure before I change back, I might as well enjoy it, right?"

The fairy of the park giggled. "You go, girl!"

"Too damn right," she said, and then suddenly the fairy was gone as Simon made his way into the space.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "I had to help someone with an issue with their upcoming test, and then Amanda Banks' car engine blew again and I had to fix it."

"Man, you are too smart and too caring sometimes," Danielle said. She offered him her arm, and he took it excitedly as they walked together. "But that's what's really cool about you, Simon."

"You think?"

"I know, man."

What she didn't know was how to deal with the other emotions her female hormones and new perspective were throwing at her. Because right then, walking with Simon and pushing her beautiful hair behind her ears to get a better look at him, things felt *right* in a way they never had.

The day had arrived. Danielle was nervous as hell. Bethanie had been a total rockstar helping her get ready. Together (well, it was Bethanie and their Mom who had taken the lead

on this), they had selected a gorgeous black dress with a delightful silver trim. It wasn't a tight cocktail dress or anything, with the dress skirt flowing loosely around her ankles, but it was tighter around her upper body, and had a noticeable amount of cleavage thanks to its strapless and shoulderless design. The built-in bra - and lord was it necessary - pushed up her boobs and made them look even more magnificent, full, and just damn *huge* than they already were. Danielle's Mom had done her hair, giving it a soft wave and leaving it to fall largely over one shoulder. Combined with some heels, and thank God for the memories and muscle retention that let her walk properly in them, and she looked like a damn knockout.

"I'm a serious bombshell," she said, astounded as she looked at herself. "Like a Hollywood dame."

"Only with seriously big vavooms," her sister teased. "I'm almost jealous, but I like not having shoulder pain. I bet *someone* will like the look though."

"Shush. He's just a friend. My best friend."

"Best friends can become boyfriends!"

Danielle was about to say something back when the doorbell rang. Beth ran to get it but Danielle was quicker, even in heels. On the other side was Simon, wearing a fancy suit and sharper glasses than normal, his hair styled in a way that actually framed his face well. He'd never be classically handsome, but something about his geeky confidence just made her go all tingly. It made her wish she'd damn well given in and masturbated with her new body, because now she was getting those . . . those *feelings* again.

"Simon!" she exclaimed. "You look wonderful! So handsome!"

"Danielle," he breathed. "You look . . . I can't even describe you. Words fail."

She had to swallow. Hidden at the side of the door frame from Simon's view was Bethanie, her thumbs up and a cheeky grin on her face. Danielle smirked and exited, closing the door.

"I . . . I think it's a nice dress," she said, blushing a little.

"It's an amazing dress, and you elevate it. Seriously, Danielle, I'm going to keep repeating myself like a broken record, but you look incredible."

"It's not too much?" she asked as he walked her to his car. "I mean, I'm worried the boobs are too . . . much, y'know?"

His gaze fell to them respectfully. This time, though, he actually smiled as he took them in.

"If you got 'em, I guess you've got every right to flaunt 'em."

She laughed. "Oh, a guy would say that!"

"Well, I won't lie. I'm trying to be a gentleman here, but . . ."

She folded her arms under her breasts, semi-deliberately emphasising them even more. "Buuuuuut?"

"But . . . they look fucking incredible. Sorry. I'll say no more."

She giggled again. "You pervert. Enjoy them while they last, then. Let's get going."

The night passed *wonderfully*. Danielle was initially quite nervous. She was still grappling with the fact that she was now not only a very attractive woman, but one who was very popular and social. And yet, for all her male years of self-isolation, it came surprisingly easy to her to be that social butterfly again, introducing Simon to her friends, complimenting others on their dresses and suits, and so on. Part of it was the gift of the memories of her new life aiding her, but part of it was also Simon. He could be awkward, sure, but evidently she had given him a compliment boost by becoming, in a sort of way, his girlfriend. He eagerly talked to her friend Jessica, was strident in buying her drinks rather than her needing to, and when they went to the dance floor he simply finished his drink, took a deep breath, and said: "Okay, I'm going to be confident. Embarrassing, but confident. Feel free to circle away from me if necessary when I break out these moves."

Danielle just laughed, clutching his hand and dragging him up as a particularly girly and catchy pop song played. Wanting to keep boosting her friend up, she grabbed his hand and put it on her waist and pulled him against her.

"Just trust me," she said. "I'm pretty good at dancing these days. Just follow the rhythm, enjoy yourself, and try to remember my eyes are up here."

Simon grinned. "You can't blame a guy for looking down, can you?"

"With these tits? Not at all. Now, let's dance."

And so they did. At first with some practiced steps and occasional stumbles, and then with a looseness that came with the belting pop lyrics that just let one's body go wild. Danielle didn't even care that she was dancing up against Simon, thrusting her chest out and letting it jiggle and bounce with every step. Instead she just let her once uptight and focused mind go free and flow with the music. She and Simon drew around each other, him making her giggle with his hilariously nerdy dance moves, ones he played up even further to embarrass her in a teasing fashion. She responded by turning around and dancing up against him. She could almost *feel* his hardness against her backside, and when he dared to place his hands on her waist she almost moaned as well. The sensation of her best friend coveting her like this was almost addictive, but far more than that was the connection. He thought she was sexy, that was a given. But he also thought she was *wonderful*, inside and out, and something about that made her *glow*.

"This is the best night of my life!" she shouted at one point.

"Me too!" he declared, still dancing away. "Would you like another drink?"

"No!" she shouted, then reconsidered. "But I do want something."

"What's that?"

She bit her lip. She wasn't tipsy yet, but she was certainly loosened by the alcohol she'd consumed. She was showing off her bust more, moving in ways that were so sensual upon the dance floor that they were probably illegal in some countries. And now she was feeling even more daring. Why not enjoy herself a bit more? Why not *be* Danielle, in all her true wants and desires, for this final night? She'd change back tomorrow, of course, but for now . . .

"Kiss me," she said.

Simon paused, blinked, and then, after a brief pause, *smiled*.

"I'd love nothing more," he said. He drew his lips to hers, and clasped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer. She in turn placed her arms over his shoulders - she'd always loved the idea of her trophy wife doing that to her one day, and now she was doing it to a man instead!

"Mhmmm," she moaned into his mouth. "I like this."

"I'm a fan too," he quipped.

She grinned, then let her tongue slide into his mouth, and soon his was dancing with hers, the two kissing passionately, even more so than that moment at the mall. An inner fire was lit within her, her loins tingling and moist, her sensitive breasts rubbing against his chest, her nipples tender and yearning to be touched. They kissed for what felt like minutes, and when she pulled away from him, something indefinable had changed. It was like she'd been on a precipice, and now she didn't so much as fall off of a cliff edge, but leap willingly into the welcoming waters below.

"Do you want to get out of here?" she asked.

Danielle could barely believe what she was doing, only that she wanted to do it. The former male was making out with her best friend back at his apartment, moaning as he gripped her ass and slid his hands over her body.

"I want you," she whimpered as he kissed her tender neck.

"I want you too, if you'll have me."

"I w-will. Mhmm. I need it! I've never needed something like this! I don't - I don't want to lose the opportunity again. I've missed so many opportunities, I don't want to miss this one."

She resumed kissing him, and at her gesture, he began to help unzip the back of her dress. She slid out of it, revealing her enormous bust, and before she'd even kicked the

dress off and was already shoving her big, sensitive breasts right into her lover's face. Her pressed against them, groping them with his hands and squeezing her nipples gently.

"Mhmmm, don't s-stop! That's s-so unbelievably g-good!"

"How about this?"

She'd never known Simon to be so daring: he actually began to suck on her tits, and it was *glorious*. She was getting so damn wet, and no longer cared about how alien that sensation was. Now she just wanted to *fuck* this man.

"On the bed," she pleaded. "Please. I want you inside me. Ahhh!"

She unbuckled his belt and together they removed his pants. His shirt was gone quickly, and she tore off her panties, flinging them to the far side of the world for all she cared. For a moment, Simon simply took in her radiant beauty and glorious body. He palmed her tits, jiggling them a little bit, and it made her grin from ear to ear.

"Like what you see and feel?" she asked.

"I love it more than anything," Simon said. "I love . . . you." He blushed deeply. "I'm sorry, that was a mood ruiner. That was far too soon."

But Danielle simply planted a finger over his lips before crawling on top of him on the bed. "It's not," she said. "I like it. I love you too, man. But right now, I want you to fuck my girly brains out and suck on my tits while you do so."

Simon did just that. She mounted him, lowering herself on his cock and squealing a little as he entered her. It was like being stabbed, only it was good? It was hard to reconcile, but her wetness enveloped him and gripped him and *milked* his cock for all that it was worth. He was, surprisingly, pretty well endowed.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, pressing her bust against his face. He was half-sitting against the bed headboard, allowing her to ride him while also making sure her nipples were right before his mouth. He squeezed her jiggling ass as she bounced up and down, up and down. It was better than any sex she could imagine, and Danielle realised this was the *first* sex she'd ever had. And yet, despite taking on the female role, it felt so right. She was sliding up and down on his rigid pole, crying out in pleasure.

"I'm going to c-cum! I want you to c-cum inside m-me, Simon! Please, cum inside me!"

"I will!" he promised her. "I'm so close. You're so f-fucking amazing, Danielle. You're so amazing!"

He kissed her breasts, sucked on her left nipple, and when he bucked hard against her own movements, something *exploded* within her. Danielle raised her head to the ceiling and wailed in orgiastic bliss, even as Simon grunted and groaned like a power animal instead of an underestimated nerd. He ejaculated within her, his warm seed flooding her womb, and she quaked with a second orgasm and then, impossibly, a third as well. She

pressed herself against him, practically suffocating him in her divine cleavage. The two breathed heavily, barely able to talk for some time as the post-coital bliss set in. Afterwards, she pulled herself back and regarded him, he looking right into her eyes with what could only be awe. Awe and, perhaps, the love he had already spoken.

“Worth it,” she said.

It was a phrase that described more than her friend-turned-lover could possibly know.

Danielle waited in the private space of the park. It didn't take long for Hazelheart to appear, all cheer and anxiety, fluttering from one space to the next.

“I was worried you wouldn't make it!” she exclaimed. “I thought you would come here in the morning, not the afternoon. Not that there's a time limit, it's just . . . well, are you ready to do this?”

Danielle rubbed her bare arms. She had chosen to wear a very cute blue dress today. Nothing too revealing, though it was very pretty, and still outlined the shape of her. Appropriate for a campus girl, but also appropriate for looking fine as hell. It was her last hurrah, after all that had happened the previous night. Beth had badgered her like hell to reveal what had gone down and why she'd been so late coming back, but Danielle had kept quiet, simply smiling to herself and thinking about Simon and his lovemaking well into the night. It left her still tingling this morning, and finally she'd decided to take care of herself in *that* way. It hadn't been as good as Simon's ministrations, of course, but God it felt good to imagine it was him doing all of that to her.

So yeah, she had some reservations. She almost wanted to ask for an extension. Perhaps one more week. Maybe a month as Danielle. She could always go back to Daniel, right? Hazelheart had just said there wasn't a time limit! But she knew in her heart that it was either now or never. If she stayed as Danielle any longer, she'd be lost in the role. Sure, there was embarrassment over having big boobs and looking hot - she'd just gotten a catcall again that morning on the walk over - but there were so many other fruits to being a woman, and freedom in this life too.

No, she *had* to make a decision, and it had to be made now.

“I'm ready to do this,” Danielle said. “I'm ready for you to work your magic.”

Hazelheart chirped happily. “Fantastic! Okay, let's get it right this time. What is your wish?”

The former male paused, considered, and then, finally, gave her answer.

Hazelheart had chosen her park carefully, despite her impish and excitable nature. She liked the people that passed through it, the contemplations they had, the private wishes they made in the serenity of the green space around them. She mostly ignored the wishes that were made when people flung coins into the fountain; they were rarely serious, but it was always worth keeping an ear out for the peripheries, where quiet and earnest desires were made. She had never been perfect at interpreting what humans wanted, a common fairy problem due to her literal-mindedness, but when a wish went right, it really went right. And when things really went right, it always brought her great joy to check in on those whom she had had the joy to bless.

This she did now, flitting out from her park in the evening to visit a nearby homestead. It was a very nice homestead, practically a manor. This was, she knew, because its owner had done *very* well for himself in architecture, becoming famous for his bold designs. He had designed this one, a mix of rustic and future, with gorgeous gardens out front and behind. Hazelheart made sure she was invisible, and then flew into the master bedroom, where a beautiful woman in her late twenties was getting ready for an important event. She was, Hazelheart thought, deeply attractive. She'd done good work on this one, what with her deeply impressive bust and hourglass figure, though her hips had expanded further since she'd last seen her. Her brunette hair was even longer now, but was done up in a gorgeous and fancy hairstyle. The woman put on her dark lingerie and then her fancy dress - dark scarlet in colour. It clung to her form, respectable and refined, classy and yet sexy. There was no disguising the woman's bust, after all, so tasteful cleavage abounded. The woman put on her sparkling necklace just in time for a small boy to come racing to her side.

"Mommy! Mommy! I don't want to put on the shirt!"

The woman kneeled down to immediately help her child. "Oh honey, buttons are so hard when you're young. Do you want Mommy to help?"

"Yes," he said simply, in an amusingly pleading voice.

"That's okay. Did you know Mommy used to wear shirts like this all the time? Not anymore."

"Silly Mommy. You wear dresses."

"Yes, I wear dresses. I mean, I also wear blouses, but I know what you mean. How does Mommy look?"

"Beautiful," came a third voice.

Simon entered, looking sharp and still nerdy as ever, but certainly much more well-off since his great success. Danielle smiled deeply at her man, moving to his side after

correcting her son's shirt and embracing him with a kiss - passionate, but not too passionate, for their son's sake.

"You look very sexy," she purred into his ear.

His hand quickly squeezed her butt while their son Jacob wasn't looking.

"And you look drop dead sexy," he purred back. "Seriously, this red dress is doing things for me."

"Just wait until you see the lingerie after the dinner party," she said.

Simon grinned, then checked the time. "Whoops! We better go now, though, or I'll be late to get my own prize."

"So many prizes, Daddy! Is this one for houses?"

Simon chuckled. "Actually, Jacob, this one is for Daddy's science work. He's made a little physics breakthrough on the side."

"Your father is a very brilliant man," Danielle said, hugging him and resting her head on his shoulder. "We're very lucky to have him."

"I wouldn't be so brilliant without such a loving wife or amazing son. Now, we should get going, shouldn't we?"

The three of them began to move, the married pair exchanging one last kiss. Simon took Jacob's hand and walked him down the spiral stairs, but Danielle paused for just a moment, sensing something. Hazelheart watched her with glee, keeping her invisibility up but letting a small shower of pink dust fall to signal she was here.

"Thank you," Danielle said to the seemingly absent air. "For granting my wish. I thought I needed to be a high earning alpha male with a trophy wife. Instead, I became a trophy wife for a *great* man instead. And I couldn't be happier. Thank you, my fairy of the park."

Hazelheart simply giggled, letting Danielle know she was truly present, and then took off into the air. It wasn't like she'd ever had the power to change the woman back anyway, even that day she'd returned to the park. If a soul does not truly want an outcome, a wish can't really be granted. Part of Daniel had always wanted this, and now no part of her wanted to go back.

"Another wish well granted," the fairy said to herself, as she soared back to her park.

The End