

Mini-Story: Girls Have It Easy (Plain Jane MtF)

By FoxFaceStories

I was wrong, okay? Is that what you want me to hear, universe?

This sucks! I'm trapped as a total plain Jane, not even as a hottie with big tits and a nice ass, all because I made the mistake of saying 'girls have it easy' in the presence of an actual damn witch. I was just joking around with my buddies outside the club! It was after a group of sexy busty chicks in tight dresses were allowed to cut in line courtesy of a very aroused bouncer. Plus, it was free drinks night for girls. You can't tell me that women like that don't have it easy!

I believe, looking back, that my exact words were "girls have it easy, they just have to show up and guys will be all over them, wanting to serve their every whim just for some pussy. Meanwhile, guys have to chase and chase, and take the lead on everything. We have to pay meals on dates, cover the fuel costs, and make all the first moves, while they get free margaritas and a total pussy pass."

And sure, maybe I went just a little too far in making that comment - I was a bit tipsy already from the previous bar we'd visited - but I definitely didn't deserve what happened next. A woman in the crowd who'd been waiting in the line for the club stepped aside. She was real average looking, flat brown hair and a set of thin lips, but not ugly either. Just plain forgettable. And she took real issue with what I'd just said.

"Is that what you think so loudly is it, pig? Well, if you truly think 'girls have it easy', then why don't we put that to the test and see if you can experience this so-called female privilege, hmm? Maybe then, you might think otherwise!"

With that, she spoke some strange words that made no sense to me. I tried to laugh it off with my buddies, but suddenly my voice went all high. I shrieked in shock, but that was only the beginning: my skin became softer, my spin and limbs shrank down, and my clothing even changed to be an ordinary blue dress, neither flashy or showy nor dowdy. I gasped and groaned as my muscle tone vanished. My hair grew out, my face became feminine and hairless, and my hips spread while my shoulders shrunk. I had a girlish figure in no time, and it wasn't long before I was moaning in discomfort as my penis withdrew into my body, replaced by a vagina. To complete the effect, two little A-cup breasts formed in their place. My friends were utterly aghast, and two of them even fled in horror.

"What have you done to me!?" I cried in my soft voice.

"I've made you a total Plain Jane," the witch replied smugly. The crowd looked in shock at me, not believing what they'd seen. "That's your name now, in fact. Jane Plaine. You think that girls

have it easy, but you only ever think about the ten-out-of-tens that get all the attention. Boys like yourself never think about the mass of ordinary average-looking women who are passed over everyday, and ridiculed by beautiful women and men of all types alike."

"Change me back! I'm sorry, please!" was what I yelled.

"Not until you learn your lesson. How about this? If you can get a man to date you, and treat you to all those things you said girls get automatically, then you can become a man again. *After* he fucks you. Because that will be a nice little reward for his attentions. But you must achieve this before the end of the year, or else you'll be Jain Plaine for life, *miss.*"

With that, she clapped her hands and murmured another strange sentence, and she disappeared in a puff of smoke and a bright flash. When it ended, no one seemed to remember what had just happened, or that I was meant to be a man. Even my buddies just viewed me as a girl to ignore.

Ever since that day, I've been stuck as Jane. I'm an ordinary looking woman, a little short, with curly brunette hair and slightly too-thin lips. My nose is a little too long, and my figure is nothing to write home about. There is nothing wrong with me, I'm just a total five-out-of-ten, and little more. It's been hell, adapting to being a woman. I've had to get used to periods, to haircare, to hygiene for my damn vagina, and following female expectations of dress. But worst of all, I have to go out there every day, looking perfectly average, and try to snag a date. I've been doing it for months now, and the only thing that helps me is that the witch made it so I could be attracted to men now too. It's weird, and wrong, and humiliating as all hell, but the fact remains that I need to have a man pay for everything on a date, show me a good time, then take me back to his or my place and fuck me. Like, I've even fantasised about it from time to time. This body is pretty horny.

The problem is I have to wait for men to approach *me*. After all, that's what I claimed was the male job, right? Which means that few actually do come to me, and those that do try to split checks, or ask for a second date before sex, or otherwise don't give me the full experience. I don't even get free margaritas because with these damn little A-cups, I sometimes get mistaken for a boy, and besides, I'm not pretty enough to gain the benefits of being a woman.

Which, I suppose, is the point that the witch was trying to teach me. I've learned it now, that girls don't have it easy. This has been the hardest stretch of my life. But all I can do is put on that nice blue dress, try to make my makeup perfect to cover up my plain face, and hope that tonight will be the night a man sweeps me off of my feet. I only have a month to go, after all. And if I don't get the full treatment from a man soon, I might just have to live my life as a plain Jane for good.

The End