

Lesbian Storybook (MtF & FtF, RC)

By FoxFaceStories

Samuel and Jennifer are two friends who are about to spend another Valentine's Day single. But when Jennifer tells Samuel that she wishes she could find love like the characters in the romance novel she's reading, a witch overhears them and gives them exactly what they want. Too bad for Samuel that Jennifer loves reading lesbian romance!

Lesbian Storybook

Yet another Valentine's Day was about to roll around, and Samuel and Jennifer were once more without dates. The pair were in their mid-twenties, having graduated from their philosophy course a couple of years ago, and because they had chosen philosophy as their major, both were stuck working as a barista (Samuel) and retail worker (Jennifer) without any hope or prospects. The fact that neither had *romantic* prospects was only making it worse.

"This suuuuuucks," Jennifer said in her dramatic way as they hung out together at Samuel's favourite cafe near his apartment. "Why can't we find dates? I don't look bad, do I? I mean, you asked me out once!"

She gestured to her short form, which was indeed cute, her platinum blonde hair making her almost pixie-like in appearance.

"And never again, you might recall," Samuel replied with a smirk. "We fought basically the whole time."

"Well, yeah. We were like oil and water together. And besides, you're way too much of a beanpole for me. But you thought I looked nice, right?"

It was true, he had thought she looked nice. And it was also true that he'd been too much of a beanpole for her. He was a very tall, quite skinny man with red hair and far too many freckles for his own liking.

"Yes, I thought you were cute. I also thought you were crazy, Jennifer. I still think you're crazy. It probably turns other guys off."

"Name one way I'm crazy!"

Samuel arched one eyebrow, then counted on his fingertips. "Well, for one, you never let anyone touch your books. Also, you're very, very particular about where things should be in a shared space. For three, you're *always* needing to finish 'one last chapter' even when it's 2am and your boyfriend needs to go to work the next morning. And four—"

She waved her arms. "Okay, I get it, I get it! We can't all be beatnik thinkers like you, Sam, just 'going with it, maaaaaaan.'

He snorted. "I do not sound like that."

"But you *are* too casual. When was the last time you even read a book?"

The man shrugged. "I'll read one when I feel like it. The last book I read was for my philosophy major, and look where that got me. Besides, your recommendations haven't exactly stirred my interest. It's all romance."

This time, it was Jennifer who scoffed. "Please, I was trying to help you find a date. Women are into romantasy at the moment! Maybe I'm too high-strung to find a guy, but all you have to do is put in some effort and know what women like."

"Maybe," Sam said, expression going glum. "But I've put in effort before. I swear, by the time you turn twenty four, everyone seems to be taken or hiding behind an army of bots on social media. I got scammed trying to meet someone last week."

"Ugh, that suuuuuucks."

"Yeah, it sucks."

Jennifer took a deep sigh and leaned forward against the table they were talking across. "I just wish I could find love like the characters in this new romance novel I'm reading."

"Let me guess, this one has dragons."

"No, it's set in the modern world. No magic. It's got a little philosophical bent; a clash between viewpoints."

"Such as?"

She blushed a little. "Okay, so it's more just opposites attract. And it's a little smutty. It's about this stylish Japanese beauty named Yumi who comes to America to pursue her dream of becoming a librarian. She's all particular - just like me - but unlike me she's actually *confident* and stylish and knows what she's about. But then, she's completely undone by a gym instructor named Fiona who comes to the library often. Just head over heels, because Fiona is this tall, fit girl who looks like she should be confident, but is secretly a closet nerd. It's just this really cute romance, and man I wish I could have something like that, especially on Valentine's Day tomorrow."

Samuel was trying not to laugh.

"Hey! It's a good book!"

"And what's it called?"

There was a brief hesitation in Jennifer's voice. "Um, it's called . . . *Lesbian Storybook*."

The man howled, coughing up bits of muffin he'd just devoured and startling other customers around them. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry Jen! I shouldn't laugh. You're my best friend . . . but you realise how lame that sounds, right?"

“Yeah, I know. It’s really, really, really sweet and saccharine, but it’s the stuff I like. Wouldn’t you wish for that?”

“I’d wish I could experience it just for a laugh, at least!” Samuel replied with good cheer. He was about to take another sip of his coffee and tease his best friend a little more, when suddenly a figure at the table near theirs suddenly stood, moved to their table, pulled out a chair, and sat down with them. She had dyed purple hair and a real goth vibe to her, and looked to be in her mid-twenties just like them. She grinned mischievously.

“That’s just what I needed to hear!” this mysterious new woman proclaimed.

“I’m sorry, do we know you?” Samuel asked.

“Nope! And you won’t either. Best you’ll get is my name: Raven. Hope you don’t mind, but I was listening in on your little convo, and I decided to stick my beak in and help the two of you lovesick puppies out.”

“Oh, we’re not together,” said a very confused Jen.

“Not yet, at least!” Raven replied. She rubbed her hands together excitedly. “Because guess what book I was reading by myself just next to you?”

She held up a novel, and Jennifer actually gasped a little. It was *Lesbian Storybook*, and it displayed a busty and beautiful Japanese woman with dyed red hair and a toned blonde beauty, both sitting in a library, both holding books up to their faces, but their eyes absolutely *fucking* one another. You couldn’t make their expressions more lustful if you tried.

“No way!” Jen said. “Are you liking it?”

“Loving it. But I think it needs a bit more pizzazz. A little more conflict! Perhaps something surprising in it! And as I said before, I’m a witch, and you’re both looking for some Valentine’s fun *and* to get a feel for this kind of romance. So I’m gonna help the pair of you out, okay?”

Samuel put up a hand. “Look, no offence, but this is a private table, and we’re not interested in some ad for some kind of . . . whatever this is.”

But the self-proclaimed witch was already circling her finger over the book and whispering something in a nonsensical language. The book started to glow a little bit, causing the platonic pair to halt their responses as their brains caught up to what was happening.

“What are you . . . ?” Jennifer asked.

Raven grinned, then held up the book, opening it so that the pages were on display. “Enjoy your Valentine’s Day romance, you two! I can’t wait to read about it. I bet it’ll be a real bodice ripper, this one!”

And with that, the book suddenly glowed bright, almost blinding the pair. Jennifer tried to get out of her seat, but instead she found herself pulled towards the book. The same was happening for her beanpole of a friend. Their hands were stretching, their bodies

becoming noodle-like as they shrank and thinned and corkscrewed into the very pages of the book itself. They screamed, their voices high and tinny and pathetic.

And then it was done. Raven shut the book and it stopped glowing. The entire cafe was looking at her, a mix of terror and disbelief on everyone's faces. The witch chuckled.

"Silly me! I always forget to prepare the memory spell. Just gimme a tick, and you won't remember a thing . . ."

Jennifer opened her eyes. She was in a library. A rather old-fashioned and very lovely smelling library, as if each book here had never been opened. The shelves went right to the ceiling, and there were even ladders that could be run along tracks to reach anything further up. The light poured in from the windows above, marking it as midday, though it was a lot cloudier than she'd experienced just a few moments ago.

"What that . . . where am I?"

She looked around. She could hear people further down the halls of this immense institute, but before she could reach them, she suddenly doubled over. A strange heat had come over the pale-skinned woman, and soon her aforementioned skin was no longer pale at all: it darkened, gaining a lovely olive complexion, and losing even the tiniest of faults, scars, and blemishes. She gasped, holding up her hand to examine it, but then new sensations carried through her body. Jennifer squeaked as her hips started to spread wider, her very bones cracking and reforming - thankfully without pain - as they extended. She'd always been a short, boy-shaped woman, but now her hips had a lovely generousness to them. That wasn't all, either. Even as she stumbled, struggling with a slightly altered centre of gravity, Jennifer felt a pressure blooming in her chest.

"S-Samuell!?" she hissed, her fundamental respect for the quiet nature of libraries too powerful even to disrupt *this* particular moment. "Sam, where are you!? S-something really weird is happening to *mmeeee!*"

She had to clasp her hands over her mouth to cover up a sudden cry as the pressure finally gave way. Jennifer had always been upset over her chest size. She was, as she often said, a "member of the itty bitty titty committee." Well, no longer. Now, her chest size grew, fat and tissue pouring into her body as her bust size positively swelled. Her breasts rose and rose, pushing against her summer shirt and then growing further until they literally *snapped* her bra painfully.

"Owie! Oh God, I'm getting big boobs! Oh my God, this is so weird and . . . and fantastic!"

Despite her changed pigmentation, and the fact that her height was literally growing, and her short hair too, Jennifer couldn't help but feel a strange excitement. She was finally getting big boobs! They were large without being ridiculously so as well; perhaps a DD-cup or E-cup at most. But they felt *massive* on her, and the weight was *wonderful* to experience.

"Oh God, they jiggle! I finally jiggle!" she whispered excitedly to herself, hopping up and down. "She really was a witch! *<She's helping me find a date by making me sexy! Wait, why am I talking in a different language all of a sudden?>*"

The changes became a little more startling. Her skin gained a slightly deeper olive tone, and she felt her face start to rearrange. This put a panic in her, especially since even her *thoughts* were now starting to be in another language.

"<Wait, I don't want to change too much! Am I - am I speaking Japanese right now!?"

Someone shushed her several rows of shelves over, and she clamped down for a moment. That was, until a more confident part of her suddenly surged up.

"Baka!" she yelled, before switching back to English. "You shut up! I'm having a medical issue here!"

Now she had an *accent* too, though her voice no longer had a slight rasp to it, but instead sounded dignified, and with an imperial element of command running through it. She placed her hand on her lips, right at the very moment where they became a little more plump. Her eyes stretched, and she had little doubt whatsoever that she had gained the epicanthic folds of a Japanese woman. A Japanese woman who now had a gorgeous hourglass figure, a large pair of quite noticeable breasts, and who was wearing - oh God! Who was now wearing a very attractive librarian outfit that had manifested even without Jennifer realising it: a tight red skirt and a professional white blouse over the top, one that was tight in all the right places. To finish the effect, her hair turned a fiery and clearly dyed red, while a pair of glasses manifested on her face. Even if her mind hadn't suddenly switched to a new identity, the altered woman would have known who she was.

"Nani!? I've become Yumi!? I'm a character in Lesbian Storybook!?"

"Shhh!" someone called out.

"Baka! YOU SHUSH!"

Samuel had no idea why he was in the park. He had opened his eyes, and nearly tripped over because he was, apparently, in mid-run. The last thing he could remember was being sucked into a book, but that couldn't have been real, right? He had managed to arrest his speed and gaze around. It wasn't an area of the city he was familiar with, not that he'd ever

been the jogging kind. He much preferred lounging around and smoking weed whenever he felt like it, something Jennifer repeatedly judged him for.

“Where the hell am I?” he asked himself. The man pinched his arm just to make sure that he wasn’t dreaming, but sure enough, this was reality. It was an idyllic park space, though it was less than idyllic weather; the clouds were turning dark grey, and were threatening rain.

“C’mon, Sam,” he told himself. “There’s no way that witch was real. It was just some kind of hallucination. You tried some LSD instead of weed or something, and . . .”

His words petered out as he felt a strange tingly feeling spread across his body. Soon, he felt a strong urge to scratch at his skin. The tingliness was extending all over him, and it was becoming stronger, pairing with some foreign-feeling pressures in particular places.

“Nghh! What the fuck? Did something bite me!?”

A few joggers made their way past him, and they looked his way with a little concern on their faces. Samuel cringed; he knew he probably looked like some kind of meth addict picking away at imaginary bugs on his skin. Wait, was that what was happening?

But then suddenly he found himself letting out a loud moan as the pressures rose even further, and his body began to change. His hip popped out to the left, and then to the right, and then the left again, and then the right, and so on to the point where he had to grip a tree by the side of the running track just to keep steady. His waist pulled in, as if it was compressed by some invisible corset.

“Ohhhh, G-God! What the hell!?! It seriously *feels weird!*”

Samuel gasped as his voice jumped up several octaves. Impossibly, it sounded female, and when he gasped and moaned in response to more changes, it very much sounded like a woman in a compromising situation.

“Why do I s-sound like - someone, help!”

But the few people in the park who could see him were either backing up or pretending not to see the utterly crazy person. Samuel panicked. He tried to grab his phone to call an ambulance, but right before his eyes his arm thinned and his hand became dainty, with feminine fingers as his new digits. Even his nails extended, becoming womanly and no longer fingernail-bitten.

It couldn’t be possible that he was transforming, and yet it was. Samuel recalled that the witch named Raven had sucked them into the book, and he realised that this must be connected to that incident. His hair spooled out from his scalp, growing longer and longer until he no longer had red hair but instead gorgeous blonde curls that fell softly over his shoulders. His spine pulled in, causing him to grunt and moan in that ever-more feminine tone.

“Raven!” he whined in a sweet soprano. “Ch-change me b-back! Ohhhh! My ch-chest! No - WAIT!”

But it was too late. His chest grew and grew, expanding until they were very obviously a pair of breasts. Samuel groaned, barely able to believe that his nipples were now over an inch from his chest and getting further away by the second. A weight began to form there as more and more flesh pools into his tits. At the same time, his waist shrank yet further. He gasped, voice almost sultry in its femininity, and as he stumbled backwards he doubled over again, once more clutching the tree as he experienced the unique double-sensation of his ass cheeks and his new boobs growing at the same time; one pair of fleshy lumps out his back, the other pair from his front. Pleasure rocked his body, leaving him to moan and groan even as his new blonde hair grew longer and longer. His body hair was in full retreat, and while various park goers must have thought he was some kind of demented exhibitionist.

“C-can’t you help me! I’m turning into a w-woman!”

But they just looked at him quizzically. One man scoffed. “Sure, like you weren’t already the hottest runner in the park! Stop being such an influencer thot in public, lady!”

Lady? Had he just been called a *lady*?! But as if the man’s words were somehow influencing the change, the transformation began to accelerate for poor Samuel. The lazy beanpole of a man grunted as his spine clicked audibly in the act of shrinking, then again, and then again. He was still tall for a woman, but no longer a 6’4 scarecrow of a man, but instead a 5’9 with a deeply impressive set of curves. His boobs swelled, and while he cupped them to try and push them back in, he instead moaned in unexpected pleasure from their sheer sensitivity. His lips took on a natural pout, while his jaw cracked and took on a heart-shape. Even his long, thin nose was now button cute in shape, while his legs were shapely. With a gasp, the man managed to stand upright for a moment. He now had a toned female stomach and impressively fit thighs and arms, and it was clear that he was in much better shape even if his body was womanly. It was quite a big alteration, not that he appreciated it in this context.

But the biggest change of all, other than his now impressive D-cup rack, was the one between his thighs. Samuel whined, his voice turning even higher as his penis and testicles pulled up inside of his body. He tried to grab his genitals, but it was too late; they shrank within him, leaving the now *former* man with a sensitive passage there, not to mention a fully developed vulva. It was alien and wrong and it was *part of him now*.

“N-no! You can’t take my - ohhhhh!”

The mental changes hit, as did the changes to his clothing. In moments, the now female former male was no longer thinking of *herself* as Samuel, but instead as Fiona Hartley. She was, of course, an athletic gym instructor who loved going on jogs through the

park in the morning in order to keep her endurance up. The fact that she was now wearing a tight blue sports bra and a pair of matching running shorts that left her gorgeous midriff and part of her cleavage on display only made her new persona all the clearer.

"I'm . . . the lesbian from that book Jennifer was reading!" the new Fiona declared. She cupped her breasts and then ran her hands down her figure. Thankfully, by this point, the onlookers were thinning but for a few teenage boys in the distance, and even they were dispersing as raindrops started to fall from the sky and thunder began to boom. It took a few more thunderous strikes and a greater downpour to finally snap Fiona out of her shock. She was a woman now. She had breasts. She had curves - for days, in fact! She had gorgeous hips and from what she remembered from the cover of *Lesbian Storybook*, a goddamn knockout face with a classical Hollywood-style beauty to her.

"I'm a w-woman," she stuttered. "That witch made me a woman! Shit! I've got to find Jen! She'll know what to do!"

She began to run - it was one thing her body was good for now, after all - even as the rain began to fall harder, pelting down upon her and leaving her cold. Her breasts bounced, and thankfully her sports bra worked to contain her breasts, but still the actual motion of her new tits was unbelievably distracting, as was the bounce of her blonde hair, which was now in a ponytail. Even her ass, toned as it was, had a bit of a jiggle to it also.

"This is a nightmare!" Fiona groaned. "I'm not a woman! I'm not a woman!"

But there was no denying she was. And a *wet* woman at that, the rain now coming in heavy sheets that blasted her gorgeously smooth skin. It was getting so heavy that she knew she needed to find some cover. She exited the park and came right to the entrance of a large library building in the middle of a plaza.

"Of course it's a library," she said, shoulders sagging a little. She grimaced as she looked down at her cleavage, and then ran towards the entrance. "Goddamn it, why does running suddenly feel so good?"

Yumi had taken her spot at the reception desk at the library. Thankfully, her mind had some guidance to offer, allowing her to act more within her role. She was still coming to terms with it all. Not only was she curvaceous, but she was also Japanese! She'd gone on a long inspection of her own features, and she didn't exactly mind how unbelievably beautiful she looked; so exotic! Well, exotic from a Western perspective, she supposed. But she wasn't a Westerner anymore, was she? This was just the new her. And if this was her life, just like that witch Raven had said, then it could well be that Yumi would become more used to this life, including the fact that her native language wasn't even English, but Japanese!

“Am I okay with this?” she asked herself after serving a customer. He’d been a handsome man, one who’d done nothing for her. She knew already that if she really was Yumi from *Lesbian Storybook*, then she’d not be exactly interested in men. Still, it was quite confronting to realise. And yet, still, she couldn’t deny how good it felt to feel and look so . . . *womanly*. Not short and cute and androgynous or, worse, *boyish*. No, she was a *woman*, with all the generous curves, ample bustline, and clearly feminine face to provide all the evidence that was needed.

She kept stealing glances of herself in the little desk mirror she had, gazing at her Japanese features and finding them both alien to her and, increasingly, quite lovely. She actually found herself *wanting* them to become more familiar.

“No,” she reminded herself after helping another customer with their book returns. “I can’t do that. You’re not a librarian, even if this is a way better job . . . and with so many amazing books on offer.”

But it wasn’t enough. She was worried about Samuel. Where could he be? Did he also end up in the book or did he manage to escape? He was her closest friend and best companion, even if she couldn’t stand how idle he was and how little of a drive he possessed, while her anxiousness drove him up the wall thanks to her presenting it through obsession and pedantry.

At least she would be better now, right? She felt more confident than she had in years, perhaps in her entire life. As Yumi, the young woman was just as intelligent, if not more so. Her new knowledge allowed her to know the library backwards and forwards, but there was no need to prove that knowledge. When a customer asked for a particular recommendation, she gave them several options, smiled in her stylish way, and then set them loose. A reader should find her own good books, after all. Though part of her was a bit disappointed she couldn’t recommend *Lesbian Storybook* now, because apparently she was in it.

“<And where is my Fiona?>” she murmured to herself in her new native language. It was just a private joke to herself, but then suddenly the doors slammed open, and the most drenched individual Yumi had ever seen walked in. She was blonde, she was curvaceous and amply blessed in the chest. She had the face of a supermodel, and the toned body of an athlete, her muscles enhancing her curves rather than subtracting them. A number of people looked at this gorgeous goddess of water and rain as she strode at great speed into the library. Yumi herself felt her heart skip a beat. Just like in the book, her confidence was undone by this moment, and she fidgeted with the books in front of her as the woman who could only be Fiona Hartley was suddenly at her desk, tall and proud, her chest sticking out, her figure perfection incarnate.

“Oh dear, I’m really into girls now>,” she murmured to herself in Japanese.

The other woman halted, her bright blue eyes wide as water dripped down between her perfect breasts, which Yumi was struggling not to admire.

“Wait, I understood that. I know . . . I know Japanese now?”

Yumi gasped. “Samuel? Is that you!?”

“Jennier, is *that* you!?”

The two stared at each other from across the library reception desk. From Fiona’s perspective, she too was looking at the most attractive woman she had ever seen; a voluptuous Asian beauty with a figure that wouldn’t quit, wrapped up in a very sexy librarian’s outfit that made her want to *do* things to this woman. It occurred to her that her sexuality had not changed at all, and yet this somehow made her a lesbian. A lesbian who was already head over heels for this woman.

“You’re Fiona,” Yumi said.

“And you’re Yumi,” Fiona replied.

They both looked quite ‘respectfully’ at one another’s forms.

“I think we’re part of the book now,” Yumi said in her beautiful accent. “*Lesbian Storybook*, I mean. Even . . . the attraction part.”

Fiona took a deep breath. Her heart was beating rapidly. She wiped some raindrops from her forehead, and it nearly made Yumi moan from the sensual sight. “I’m, uh . . . this is kinda embarrassing, but I’m feeling really attracted to you right now, Yumi. Way more than when you were Jennifer.”

Yumi nodded. She felt that same ‘love at first sight’ sensation that book Yumi was described as having in this moment. “I’m . . . I’m feeling the same. And much more than when you were Samuel. I think we’re stuck like this, F-Fiona. I think we might be living out this romance. And . . . I’ve got to say, I don’t mind it right now. You look very beautiful as a woman, you know. Exactly the kind of woman I would hope to meet.”

It was her new confidence speaking out, and it left Fiona startled, and impressed. The new woman should have been horrified, but already her mood was improving. She was seeing her friend in a whole new light, but she herself felt a drive and energy she hadn’t possessed in a long time. And a little bit nerdy, too. She looked at the stack of books in front of Yumi and found herself curious to read more. She had a desire to take risks, to know the feminine perspective, and definitely to get to know her friend in a much more intimate fashion once more. And this time, far more successfully.

“This is kind of crazy,” she said.

“It is,” Yumi replied, smiling happily. “But it’s not that bad, is it?”

Fiona laughed. “In this book, did you say that it happens on Valentine’s Day?”

“That’s how it starts,” Yumi said, leaning over the counter. “Why, did you have something in mind, my beautiful friend?”

At this, Fiona licked her lips, and not too subtly at that. She leaned over the desk as well, until her lips were almost brushing up against the beautiful librarian's.

"Well," she said. "As I recall, we were both complaining recently about not having Valentine's Day dates. Making a rather significant wish, in fact. Why don't we fix that problem together, and see if we can't make a *Lesbian Storybook* romance of our own?"

Yumi was beaming by this point, her body aching for this woman who was her friend. A new start awaited her, and a re-attempt at an old relationship in a much, much more suitable form.

"It's a date," she said.

The End