

## Mini-Story: Which Wish is Which? (Multi TFTG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Ever wish on a well on April Fool's Day? Be careful, because you never know when a mischievous wish-granting imp has played a trick. Now everyone's wishes are being granted at the well, but not to the person who made the wish!*

### Which Wish is Which?

It was April Fools Day, the imp's favourite day of the year, and the small fae pixie couldn't be filled with more glee. The magical creature had slipped out from the confines of the land of fairies and into the world of mortal men. This was against the rules, of course, so the imp knew it had to act quickly. It flitted and buzzed about, trying to find the perfect place to perform some amusing mischief on such an auspicious day. That was when the fairy spotted it: a wishing well located in a park, where a young woman was already tossing a coin in and making a wish.

"I wish Darren would go out with me," she whispered to herself.

Not long after, an old gentleman approached the well and also tossed in a coin.

"I wish I could be reborn as an urban legend," he said. "Something interesting and fun!"

Not long after, a couple approached, a woman and a man.

"I wish I could have a baby," she said, tossing in a coin.

"I wish for that too, honey," he replied, following suit.

The imp giggled. What a wonderful set of wishes! And so much could be done with them! The immortal creature flew invisibly down to the wishing well and scattered some potent magic into its waters. For the remainder of the day, the wishing well would indeed grant wishes . . . only they would be granted to someone *e/se* who made a wish instead!

Giggling and gleeful, the imp withdrew to watch the chaos that was soon to unfold.

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Eric didn't really believe in magic, but the mid-forties man was down on his luck since his girlfriend dumped him. He'd hoped to marry her, but now his prospects were running low, especially since he was only five years from fifty. He took a coin from his wallet and tossed it into the wishing well.

"I wish I was married to a beautiful woman," he murmured.

Suddenly, the man heard an impish voice in his ear. *'What a wonderful wish! But you shall receive someone else's wish instead! Heehee! Which wish is which for you, I wonder?'*

The man doubled over, a wave of nausea hitting him. He groaned as his body changed, his wrinkles disappearing. Two masses pushed out against his shirt, while his hips widened. His penis slid back into his body, eliciting a feminine moan from the transforming individual, and even his clothes changed, turning into a tight purple crop top that lifted up his new and impressive D-cup breasts, while a pair of yoga pants pulled tight against his rear and hips. His hair, already grey, was now a lovely red.

"What - what's happened to me!?" the new woman cried.

As if to show her, she was treated to a brief vision of a young woman wishing that Darren would go out with her.

"I - no! Take back the wish, I don't want it, I don't!"

"Hey, Erica! I was hoping to find you here."

The new woman turned on the spot, unused to the way her breasts bounced a little, or how short she now was. Before her was a very handsome man who couldn't have been older than twenty. She was immediately hit by a funny feeling just looking at him.

"D-Darren?" she asked.

"That's me," he said. "Hey, I was wondering . . . did you want to go out sometime?"

Erica tried to fight what happened next, but her lips moved for her.

*"Why wait? Why don't we start going out now, handsome?"*

She skipped over to him and took him by the arm, and Erica suddenly found herself Darren's girlfriend, just like someone else had actually wanted.

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Sandra and Becky were hanging out in the park, but Sandra was in a total mood. That was because her mom was trailing the pair of them, having driven them here.

"I just can't stand it!" she declared. "She's always such a helicopter, seriously. I want to live my life and be free! I'm eighteen years old now, for God's sake"

"I think she just cares about you," her friend Becky said. "I mean, your mom's a sweetheart."

"Please, you don't have to live with her. She's always fussing over me and checking up on me. I want my independence. I want to party like crazy and drink and do drugs and break some rules, and she's just too . . . responsible! Ugh, do you have a coin? Maybe this wishing well can help me."

Becky shrugged and passed Sandra a coin.

“I wish I was far, far away from here on a deserted island somewhere,” she said, before tossing the coin in.

“And I wish that I could be a mermaid on that island,” Becky said, tossing her own coin in. “What? Mermaids are cool! I’ve always wanted to be one!”

But then suddenly they both heard a voice emanating out of the well and into their minds. *What a great pair of wishes! But you’ll get someone else’s wish. Let’s find out which wish is which, shall we?’*

Suddenly, Sandra cupped her belly. There was an immense pressure there, and it expanded up to her breasts. She moaned as her stomach suddenly expanded, filling with something real and *alive* inside of her. Her clothing changed, becoming a maternity dress that pulled tight against her increasingly large mound. Her breasts also expanded, and then moments later were literally leaking into maternity pads. Something kicked inside of her

“What the frick!?” she cried.

“Oh my God, what happened!?” Becky announced. “You look preggers!”

She was, and she was treated to a vision as to why: a young woman wishing that she could have a child.

“But that wasn’t my wish! I - oh my God, Becky! What the fuck?”

Becky was growing taller, her figure more handsome. Her muscles expanded, and her smooth olive skin began to develop muscles. Her stylish female top became a male shirt, and her skirt turned into a pair of men’s shorts as well. Even her face changed, gaining a square jaw and a dark beard. She even grew older too, not that she noticed that while she grabbed her crotch.

“S-Sandra! Help me! I think I’m growing a big di-ohhhh!”

It pushed out, and then the new man’s changes were complete. He gasped, his breasts gone, his height easily 6’2, his muscles very impressive but not too large at the same time.

“What the f-fuck!?” he exclaimed in a booming voice, only for a vision to show him Darren’s wish to be married to a beautiful woman. “What? How does that make me married to a beautiful woman!”

It was then that Sandra’s mother appeared. Abigail was her name, and she was very beautiful indeed. She was only thirty four years old, and had a lovely body and thick black hair, having given birth to Sandra when she was sixteen years old.

“There you are, handsome. Making a wish for another romantic getaway for us two, are you?”

Becky’s eyes went wide.

“Brett, are you okay? Oh no, Sandra, are you tired? Do we need a break? I remember what it was like when I was pregnant. Even walks were a struggle!”

Sandra and Becky - now Brett - exchanged a shocked glance. The former rested her hand on her massive belly, where a baby now wriggled and writhed, easily seven months along. The latter tried to ignore his new obvious attraction to his best friend's mother, but the ring on his finger indicated that he was now Sandra's *stepdad*.

"I think we need to rest for a moment," Brett said. "Er, honey."

"Oh God, I need the biggest rest in the world!" whined Sandra, grimacing as her new baby did a somersault in her womb.

"Better rest up now," Abigail said with a light laugh. "Because soon there'll be no time with all the responsibility you'll have!"

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Emilio looked left and right as he approached the wishing well in the park. A shocked-looking pregnant girl and her parents were just leaving, and only one nerdy-looking Asian guy was left. He was looking seriously into the water and making a wish, one that was clearly embarrassing, because the guy's cheeks were blushing heavily. Emilio checked his surroundings again, but then when he looked up, the guy was completely gone. Weird. He must have run off on some errand or something. But the way to the fountain was clear.

"Easy score," Emilio said.

It was illegal to steal coins from a fountain, but what did he care? He was keen to grab what he could and go.

"My wish is to enjoy the fruits of this fountain!" the young latino man cackled as he waded in and began grabbing fistfuls of coins.

*'Now that wish will be very funny in the future! But the wish this well shall grant for you will be someone else's. Which wish shall it be?'*

Emilio nearly stumbled in the water, trying to see who it was that had spoken. No one was present, however, so he decided to get out of the fountain ASAP. But as soon as he tried to take a step, his leg seized up and he fell in the water. The young twenty-three year old man expected to take in a lungful of water and start coughing, but for some reason he found himself *breathing* in the fountain, and to his horror it was because some slits had opened up in his neck. He tried to stand and run, but his trousers and underwear dissolved off of his body, followed by his jacket and shirt. He was literally naked in the fountain, but it only got worse from there. His legs started to fuse together, causing him to fall over a second time. Emilio peered through the water of the fountain and screamed underwater, bubbles streaming from his mouth as he saw bright turquoise scales erupt from his skin. He managed to get his head above the surface just long enough to cry out.

"S-someone help me! *Dios mio!* Help me!"

His legs fully merged, and from there his feet flattened, extending to become a broad fin. He now possessed a tail, one that grew three extra feet and writhed about in a more flexible fashion, the ligaments bending *up* where his knees would have once locked. He fell beneath the surface, but the changes continued. His ears stretched out to develop small semi-transparent blue fins, and fins also grew out along his forearms, beautiful and shimmering. Even as this occurred, his entire form slimmed down; his waist reducing, his shoulders pulling inwards, his neck turning slender. His hair turned the same turquoise as his new scales, and it flowed outwards, growing so long that it floated almost halfway down the length of his new tail.

“Fuck!” he cried, his voice carrying underwater quite unnaturally. “What the fuck is happening to me! *Mierda!*”

His voice rose up in octaves, and this coincided with his chest suddenly expanding outward, his nipples growing to the size of silver dollars and pushing out, ripe and brown. His tits were larger and larger, leaving Emilio to cup them, but this only produced further moans beneath the surface of the fountain’s waters. His face rearranged, and though he could not see it yet, he now looked like an utter bombshell of a latina mermaid, her hair a gorgeous flowing turquoise that matched her iridescent scales. She managed to pull herself up, her tail flopping about, but this just confirmed to her what she had just become.

“No fucking way! I’m a goddamn *mermaid!*?”

It was then that the vision hit her. The woman named Becky who wished to be a mermaid . . . on a deserted island. Emilio was not a booksmart man-turned-mermaid, but she immediately realised what was about to happen.

“No! NOOOO!”

With a flash, she was suddenly elsewhere.

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The next one to visit was someone who had been feeding the ducks for a while. His name was Amir, an olive-skinned man whose wife had sadly passed away a number of years ago. He always came to the park to feel closer to her; she loved feeding the ducks. And yet lately, it didn’t bring him peace. He needed a new start. Some kind of change to the status quo so that he wasn’t trapped in grief and could start looking for someone again. He left the ducks in their pond and made his way to the fountain. He had no coins on his person, but he figured that some duck feed was enough, given its sentimental value to him. He threw it in and pondered the sky above his head.

“I wish for a new start,” he said.

*'A fantastic wish. And you'll get it . . . just not the way you think! Today, on April Fools Day, everyone gets the wish someone else made, and you get quite an interesting one!'*

There was a sudden flash of light, and Amir found himself on a gorgeous tropical beach, the beautiful ocean before him. He was wearing nothing but swimshorts, his muscular figure on display.

*"Dios mio, you two? Why didn't you get turned into a mermaid, amigo?"*

Amir looked over and saw, to his astonishment, the most wondrous sight he'd ever laid his eyes on. A mermaid. A real, actual mermaid. She was naked, laying on her side upon the beach as the waves gently lapped across her perfect form. Her breasts were large, her waist small, and her face captivatingly beautiful, as was her long turquoise hair, which shimmered like her scales.

"I think I got a different wish," Amir said, unable to stop staring at her beauty.

"Just my luck! Great! Stuck as a girl mermaid with a sexy looking man on a deserted island!"

Amir smirked. "Did you just call me sexy?"

The mermaid's jaw dropped, and she lowered her hands to cover her chest. Amir couldn't help but smile. It was like a message from his wife delivered straight from the heavens. A deserted island, and an adventure with a beautiful mermaid who was blushing as she checked out his muscles.

"A new start," he said to himself with a grin.

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John was a crooked businessman with mob ties, a large gentleman with a pot belly and thinning hairline. He was discussing a very private matter with his lawyer Denise, which was why they were in the park where there would be no recording devices, especially any that could tie them to their fraudulent schemes and connections to the mob.

"I don't want her to have a single fucking asset, do you understand, Denise?" the older gentleman demanded. "She thinks she can leave me? Does she think she can take evidence of my cheating to court? Evidence of what we've been up to? No, no, I want her shut up."

"You want me to provide a settlement agreement?" Denise asked.

"No, fuck no! That little slut was bought and paid for already. She knew she was meant to be a loyal trophy wife, but she went snooping around the *other* parts of my business. I want her taken care of . . . permanently. Do you understand?"

Denise smirked. She was in her thirties and a capable mob lawyer, one who knew how to manipulate justice. She was pretty, but her real power was in her ability to shut off her moral compass entirely.

“I know a man who can deal with her. Shut her up for good. Make it look like an accident.”

John chuckled as they passed the fountain together. “Good. Get it organised. Huh. A wishing well. Perfect timing, eh?” He flipped a coin into the fountain. “I hope Grace Clarkson gets what’s coming to her.”

With a smirk, Denise also took a coin and tossed one in. “And I wish to be filthy stinking rich!”

The pair laughed, only to be interrupted by a mischievous voice that echoed from the fountain but seemed to infiltrate into their very minds.

*‘What a devious pair you are, and your wishes are now part of the magic of the well this day. Unfortunately for you, this April Fools you get to receive someone else’s wish! Enjoy!’*

John looked around to see who was responsible, but he couldn’t see anyone.

“Who was that?” he asked, but before he could follow up with another question, he found himself drawn to the top of the fountain. The man’s body twisted and started to float, causing Denise to scream, though she too began to squirm and shift and change. Bright orange fur erupted from her skin, and her suit burst open at the back as a huge fox tail pushed out.

“Oh God! Oh God, what is this!? Is it a drug in the air!”

“No, it’s happening!” John cried. “I see it! I’m floating! Get me down, Denise! Get me down now!”

But soon he was standing on the fountain’s top, one leg curling up, the other daintily positioned like he was a ballerina. His arms shifted so that one was upon his chest, as if caressing it, and the other on his thigh. He was posing like an aroused woman on display, and that was more true than he imagined, because his fat form started to slim. His limbs became slender, and his fat melted away, though some of it shifted upwards to give him some lovely C-cup breasts.

“No! What the fuck is this!? Whoever is doing this, you’re making a powerful enemy! You’re MMMPHHH!”

He was unable to speak. His skin was freezing, turning to marble quite literally even as his entire form became an image of feminine beauty. Denise screamed as she watched her employer turn into a gorgeous marble fountainhead, the water stream flowing from John’s inanimate lips before trickling down his naked form, which had lost all clothing entirely.

“Oh God! I’m sorry, John! I - I’ve got to get out of here!”

She ran, but the changes continued. Her face pushed forward to form a fox-like snout, and her hands and feet gained claws. Two more rows of breasts, white-furred and plump in size, pushed out from her chest, and like John all of her clothing disappeared. In moments she was a busty anthro fox-girl, one who was naked, with prominent ears and whiskers which twitched in agitation.

“What the hell is happening!?” she cried.

But the explanation came swiftly. John saw Emilio wishing to enjoy the ‘fruits of the fountain’, and the horrid man realised that the wish had now affected him. Well, *her* now. The female statue would be stuck like that forever, and worst of all, she couldn’t escape the arousal of her form as water flowed through her. Arousal without any release.

Denise, on the other hand, saw an awkward young Asian man named Jin making a nervous wish at the fountain. ‘*I wish to become my sexy female anthro-fox OC,*’ he said with some embarrassment. ‘*I could always be naked and live in my fur, free from human appearance!*’

The mob lawyer had no idea what half of those words meant, but somehow she instinctively knew that this would be her form for good now; trapped as a sexy, forever naked fox girl. Her career was *ruined*.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” she cried.

John echoed the sentiment, but could say nothing. She was just a statue now, after all.

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The imp continued to watch, amused by each incident of change. A total jock who’d just made fun of a single mother ended up becoming one on the way himself after receiving the wish of that first man who had wished along with his wife for a child. He ran away crying, his belly distended, his breasts huge, but his body otherwise unchanged. Delivery would be . . . odd, no doubt.

Grace Clarkson, far from being killed, ended up getting *exactly* what she deserved: a loving and rich husband who she could adore and trust and love. Of course, it was probably a little surprising for eighty year old Emily Logan to suddenly be a handsome wealthy man in his early thirties, but *he* wasn’t complaining.

The fashion influencer who had hogged up the fountain for her endless poses also made the imp chuckle; she received Denise’s wish to be filthy stinking rich. The fountain had interpreted that one more literally, because in moments her body was transformed into that

of a multi-breasted pig-woman with a compulsion to roll around in the mud. The rich life indeed, albeit not the best smelling.

More and more people were changed. Some received great fortunes. Others undeserved fates. Many found themselves turned into other genders, species, or even stranger things altogether. The imp drank each wish in, giggling and guffawing at the splendours of April Fools Day, and all the misfortune and mischief it could bring. It was only at midnight that the fountain finally turned off, when the lucky last to be turned was Jerry, a homeless vagrant, who suddenly found *herself* possessing the body of an outrageously attractive and hyper-famous supermodel.

The Imp was fully satisfied. The fountain had done its work and made such brilliant chaos for a day. But soon fae folk would notice. They couldn't undo what the creature had done; John would remain a near-orgasming statue for good, while Amir and the new *Emilia* would likely be getting it on for soon on their tropical deserted island, and so forth. Still, it wouldn't do to overdo it. And so, with a giggle and a grin, and a flash of near-invisible light, the imp vanished back to the land of the fairies, leaving all to their new fates.

Perhaps next year would bring such marvellous chaos again?

**The End**