

Movie Genie: Romantic Comedy (Man to Hallmark Movie Gal TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Dylan and Neve are spending the night for Valentine's Day watching romantic movies. But when Dylan wishes he could understand why his girlfriend likes watching rom-coms, they are transported into one! Stuck now as the main character Danielle, the new woman must grapple with her girlfriend now being her in-movie best friend, and a man being her love interest! Can they escape this Hallmark movie fate, or is Danielle cursed to lose her memories and end up with her male love interest?

Movie Genie: Romantic Comedy

Dylan was clearly not enjoying himself, even as he tried to make an effort on Valentine's Day for Neve, who was the love of his life. The dark-haired, olive-skinned man was not the rom-com type. He preferred to spend time playing sports and going to the gym, as evidenced by his fit form and masculine style. Neve, his red-headed girlfriend, was the total opposite. Sure, she liked to keep in shape, but she was someone who liked to nest and make scrapbooks and other crafts, and she *loved* romantic-comedies, which was a big contrast to Dylan's preference for shoot 'em up action movies.

"Awwww," the small woman moaned. "She's going to stay for him! She isn't going to get on the plane!"

"Yeah, I know," Dylan said, rolling his eyes. "Honey, you know I love you, but all these movies go the same way. She's a big city girl who will end up choosing the small town hunk."

Neve pouted a little. "They're not *all* the same. Besides, your action movies are far more samey than mine."

"At least they're entertaining. Sorry, that was too much."

Neve frowned. "Look, it's Valentine's Day. Can't we just enjoy a bit of romance? Tell me you're not feeling it!"

"I wish I was feeling it," Dylan said. "I wish I could understand the appeal of these silly Hallmark rom-coms, but I just don't, honey."

"*That's so sad!*" the woman on the screen declared, just before she was about to embrace her small-town hunk. Suddenly, she didn't just look at them through the screen, but the beautiful blonde *stepped* through the screen, out of her wintry small town with all its saccharine sweetness and into the couple's living room. Neve squealed, but Dylan was right to his feet, reaching to grab the little wooden stool beside the couch to use as a weapon.

"Get back!" he yelled, throwing it at the beautiful blonde in her cute red winter coat. Instead, the stool went right through the woman and smashed the television behind her. The

figure pouted, then flicked her fingers, and the TV somehow repaired itself, the cracks sealing instantly.

"You must be more careful!" she proclaimed, her voice warbling oddly before correcting itself. "Television is a sacred altar! It's practically my lamp! Oh, don't go running for the phone, Dylan. I'm here to grant your wish; you wanted to know the appeal of Hallmark-style romantic comedies in all their gooey sweetness, didn't you? Well, the Movie Genie is here to help you!"

Dylan could barely believe what was happening. Poor Neve was practically frozen on the spot, reaching out only to grip his leg in fear.

"What are you?" he said.

The woman rolled her eyes. "I just told you! I'm the Movie Genie! I travel from television set to television set, living among the pixels! I adore films, and romantic-comedies are such a sweet spot for me after a long day of granting chaotic wishes. It's time you appreciate them."

"Look, when I wished, I didn't expect there was a genie in my TV!"

She grinned. "Well, too late for that! The wish is made! Don't worry, all you have to do is reach the end of the movie and learn your lesson. Of course, you may choose to stay, but as with all Hallmark classics, if the love between the pair of you mismatched partners is strong enough, romance may bloom! Good luck in there!"

Neve summoned up the courage to speak. "What - what are you going to do?"

"Why, put you in the movie, of course! You may experience some . . . casting changes."

The genie stepped aside to reveal that the television had become a strange portal of static, swirling like a whirlpool. Instantly, the pair found themselves pulled towards it. Dylan grabbed for the couch, then tried to shove his girlfriend to safety, but the gravitational effect was too strong. With a scream, the pair were both catapulted through the screen and then were sent somersaulting through a strange static-filled void. Televisions of numerous eras flew past them, each colossal in size. In one, a cave woman battled against a dinosaur, her gorgeous brown body almost entirely on display due to her thin arrangement of furs. She appeared to look their way.

"Another one coming, everyone! Wait, two of them!"

A Victorian woman, clearly pregnant and in labor in her birthing bed, gritted her teeth from her own television screen. She looked like she was in some kind of BBC production.

"Just - aghhh - don't get - pregnant! Nghh! Why does he w-want such a b-big family!? Isn't s-seven children already enough!? NGHH!"

They passed others. A woman in what appeared to be a porno, who cheered them on and encouraged them to join her. A handsome knight and princess on a grand journey in

some eighties-inspired flick, bidding good luck to the 'newest couple to join the ranks of "Move Genie alumni!"

A graduating couple from some kind of college coming-of-age flick literally threw their hats through the screen to Dylan and Neve, as if to emphasise that point.

None of this lessened the couple's fear. They clung to one another as they fell and fell and fell, until a very familiar scene appeared before them: a wintry landscape and a small town within it. The small town of Hobbs from *Finding Comfort*, the very film they'd just been watching.

"Oh God, we're really going into the movie!" Neve cried. "At least we know how it goes, right?"

"What are you talking about!?" Dylan screamed. "I was barely paying attention! I was secretly on my phone the whole time!"

"Are you kidding me?"

But then it was too late. The pair yelled out one last time and then crashed through the screen. Everything went white.

A lovely, wintry white.

"Hey, honey! We're here! I know this is a sleepy town and all but I'd like to get paid."

Danielle immediately snapped her eyes open. She was in the back of a taxi. It was snowing outside. And she was . . .

"Oh God, I'm a woman!" she cried, looking down at her svelte form, including the curve of breasts beneath her coat. Hair trailed in front of her vision, and it was the wrong colour of hair. "I'm a blonde woman! And I'm pale!"

The bald man in the front of the taxi chuckled. "Yeah, honey, I can see that. Look, are you gonna pay me already? I just need your card for the ride."

For a moment, the new woman was completely lost. Everything felt different. Everything felt wrong, including how damn small and weak and *soft* she now felt. She shook her head, and it sent her hair all over the place. Even her *lips* felt kind of puffy and too big.

"I - I -"

And then it hit her; what had just happened. The Movie Genie, the strange figure who had placed her into this movie.

"Are we in the town of Hobbs?" she asked.

"Where do you think we are?" the driver said. "You're on 31 Angus Street. Now, are you gonna pay me?"

She reached into her purse - her purse! - and pulled out her phone. Its cover had her cards. Her name was listed as Danielle Sprinter, just like from the movie. The blurb had even said she was 'sprinting towards a slow-paced life,' like some kind of lame pun.

"Oh God," she said, but she quickly tapped her card and paid her way. "I - I have suitcases, right?"

"Well, I'm not keeping them!"

She got out of the car, nearly stumbling on her feet; she was wearing heels. Not tall ones, and certainly not stilettos, but it was enough to throw her off. The air was cold, and snowflakes were falling. She tried to control herself as she retrieved her suitcase - a pink one at that - and stepped away from the taxi. The man bid her farewell and took off, leaving her at the doorstep of a cheerily lit suburban home that looked just a little too backlit. In fact, the entire world had that kind of colourful and bright Hallmark lighting, that sense of unrealism and plentiful colour that spoke to happy endings and good-natured fun without any need to worry about tragedy or intellectual investment. She could practically smell the popcorn in the air.

"Okay, calm down, Danielle," she told herself. "You're a woman now. You're the main character of *Finding Comfort*. You are in a movie, and you're even thinking of yourself as Danielle. Shoot! Darn! Ugh, I can't even swear properly. Wouldn't fit the ratings, I guess. Need to find Neve. Need to find her!"

But how? The only thing she could think of was to advance the movie's plotline, just as the Movie Genie had suggested. That meant going into the house. It was one part she certainly remembered from the plot, before she'd gotten distracted by her phone or complaining about the few scenes she did watch. This was the scene where the Big City Gal turned up at the doorstep of her Long-Forgotten Small Town Best Friend, all because she'd been passed over for a big promotion, had a nervous breakdown, taken a sabbatical, and needed a break before she got back into the Soulless World of Corporate Advancement. It was a plot so stereotypical that it sounded like it was churned out of an equally soulless AI generator. But it gave her some bearings. The new woman strode towards the house at 31 Angus Street and rapped her knuckles on the door.

"Ow!" she whined, shaking her hand. "That really hurt. Ugh, this body is so stupid!"

Already, she was starting to notice the absence between her thighs. Her damn *dick* had been stolen. It didn't help that her hips swayed a little, or that she could feel her small breasts in her bra.

"At least I didn't end up some busty cavewoman or porno actress like those other girls," she muttered to herself.

Though she was pretty. She could see her reflection in the curtained window beside the front door. She had the perfect face for a Hallmark movie: young and with straight blonde

hair that curled just at the ends, and with beautiful lips, cheekbones, and magnificent blue eyes. Pretty without being a supermodel, beautiful while still having a 'girl next door' appearance. The kind of body that Hollywood liked as well: shapely and with nice curves, but not too many curves as to distract.

"Okay, Danielle," she said. "You can do this."

She knocked again, and this time the door opened. On the other side was Natalie, Danielle's childhood best friend. She was partly the comedic relief of the film due to her love of sugar, her excitement for her friend's love life, and her ridiculous antics to get Danielle to stay. She was also a voluptuous woman: she had a thick figure with large breasts and a wider face. Her brunette hair was always a little messy, and her wardrobe wasn't exactly kind to her; she wore ill-fitting dresses that made her ripe for a third act makeover courtesy of Danielle, one that would win her the Secondary Love Interest's heart.

"Danielle?" the woman said in a slightly country accent.

"Natalie?" the blonde former male said. "I'm, er, here to come back from my job. I mean, I had a nervous breakdown and stuff. I'm trying to advance the plot here; I just need to come in and then meet a guy that I don't want to meet. His name is Hank."

"His name is Frank, Danielle!" the other woman barked, before gasping. "Oh my God, it's you! You - you turned into a woman!? You turned into *Danielle!*?"

"Natalie? I mean . . . I can't say your name, but is it you? My ginger girl?"

"Babe!"

The two embraced, only to part and inspect each other.

"This is insane," Natalie noted. "You've become a woman and I've become a fat girl."

"You're not fat. You're cute. I saw your makeover near the end. You've got nice boobs."

She raised an eyebrow. "Gee, thanks. Fine, I'm 'curvy.'"

"I'm just saying I've seen the actress in other stuff, she looks good, for that kind of body type. You know, the thick gal hottie thing."

"Ugh, I can't tell if you're flirting with me or her."

Danielle pouted. "I'm not flirting at all. I . . . don't think I'm feeling anything."

At this, Natalie dragged her indoors. It was very warm and colourful inside, and there were little Valentine's Day celebrations being prepared. Natalie's character was a lovesick puppy, and she helped prop up the lame Valentine's Day theme of the movie.

"Okay, tell me how you feel when you see *him*," Natalie said, grabbing a photo frame with a rather hunky man in it. It was Natalie's cousin, the one called Frank who would be Danielle's love interest. In it, he and Natalie were grinning and giving a thumbs-up to the camera while on a nature walk.

Something fluttered within Danielle. She licked her lips. For a moment, her character took over.

“Woah, he’s really handsome. Didn’t realise they raised them so cute in a little nowhere place like this. Those muscles . . .”

Her fingers lingered on the photo, but Natalie snatched it away.

“Hey! I was just window shopping!”

Natalie surprised Danielle by pinching her arm, which snapped the new blonde woman out of it. “Woah, that was weird. Was I just checking out a dude?”

“Worse, you were quoting the movie *exactly*. I’ve seen it five times, Danielle.”

“Five times!?”

“I like a Hallmark flick, okay? You could have at least watched it once! But right then you did the dialogue and expressions and gestures exactly like the Danielle from *Finding Comfort*. You even licked your lips a little, just like her!”

“So? That’s a good thing, right? I’ve gotta finish the plot so we can change back. It’s not like I have to have sex or anything. I just have to kiss your handsome cousin and then end the plot. There’s, like, a little kissing. I’m not looking forward to it, even if he has nice lips, but-”

Natalie pinched her again.

“Hey!” Danielle squealed. “What was that for!”

“You were acting weird again. Danielle, I don’t like this.”

“Yeah, me either. I’ve got boobs now. Not as big as yours, but I’d like to trade them in for a penis sometime soon.”

“I don’t mean just that,” Natalie said. “We’ve only just started and you’ve already said a couple of things ‘in-character.’ Look, the Movie Genie implied we might stay here, or get stuck here. Think of all those other people we saw on the, er, way down. What if you get lost in your role? I’ll end up with Stephen! And you’ll end up with Frank! You might end up living in the *sequel*.”

Danielle frowned. “Wait, there’s a sequel?”

Natalie nodded. “There’s *three sequels*, Dani. The last two focus on your kids as they grow up. You wanna know how she *gets* kids, or do you already know the birds and the bees?”

The blonde beauty experienced a shiver of fear. “Okay. This is worse than I thought. We need to strategise.”

The plan was simple, but it was as good as the pair could work it out to be. In order to turn back and return to their reality, the plot of *Finding Comfort* would have to be played out as close as they could make it. It was a romantic-comedy, so much to Danielle's embarrassment, she'd have to be romantic . . . with a man. The fact that she now found men attractive didn't exactly make it better for her. Natalie would play the role of her cheery, down-to-earth friend with a wacky obsession with getting her friend in a relationship before the two weeks was up. They would try to keep to the dialogue, but Natalie would be there to pinch Danielle and snap her former boyfriend out of it if she ever went 'too deep.' As the main character, she had the biggest risk of such. And because they were still living their day-to-day lives 'offscreen' between the movie scenes - bathroom visits, sleeping, grabbing a bite to eat outside of a montage, etc, they figured they could act more like the real them whenever an actual film scene wasn't happening. It would keep Danielle's mind on track, and allow them to strategise. They could also simply block out the outside world of Hobbs and only come out when a scene was about to start.

But for all that this gave her some comfort, the unavoidable truth was Danielle *had* to romance Frank. That meant she'd have to literally run into him after getting her coffee at the local diner. She would have to spill it on him, apologise profusely, then slip on some sidewalk ice and end up falling on top of him. She would stare into his eyes, and a connection would be found. Only for her to snap at him for not looking where he was going. It was a lame, cheesy, almost aggressively cliched Meet Cute, but it had to be done.

"You can do this!" Natalie said, coaching her up.

"I can't!" Danielle whined as they ate breakfast at the diner. "Natalie, I had to put a bra on this morning! An actual bra!"

"How do you think I feel? My little B's are suddenly G-cups. I'm not exactly happy!"

"Please, you look gorgeous, Natalie. I'm sure there's someone out there for you."

Another pinch upon the arm. "Owie! What was that fo - oh. Shoot. I'm only one day in and I'm acting like a damn Hallmark person. How come this isn't affecting you?"

"The narrative centres around you, honey, not me. I'm just a side character. Your best friend."

"I liked you better as my girlfriend," Danielle murmured.

"Me too. You know I still love you."

"I love you too. But now I guess I have an appointment with *someone else* who I'll be saying that to, huh? What am I meant to say? I just have to go to the post office and send some papers to my boss!"

She stood up, said goodbye to her friend, and stepped out of the diner. She still wasn't used to this female body - so small, so slender, so female! - but she strode with purpose, holding her coffee until -

THWAK!

It spilled all over the very, very handsome man who'd been walking around the corner.

"Oh my God!" Danielle declared. "I'm so sorry! I've gotten coffee all over you!"

She tried to smear it from him, but only spread it further, accidentally feeling his muscles. He was tall, dark, and handsome, and wore a button shirt with the sleeves rolled up, despite the cool temperature. Her eyes took that in, and she found her body warming slightly.

"Ouch! That's hot!" the man said. "Did you have to spill the whole thing on me?"

"I - you should have watched where you were going! And besides - whoa!"

She slipped, and it wasn't even deliberate. The ice beneath her feet, still not melted in the early morn, caused her to careen forward. The man went to grab her, and she toppled him over too. The end result was the classic Meet Cute: she was right on top of him, their faces right up close, their eyes glued to one another. God, he had amazing dark eyes. She suddenly became *very* deeply aware of the sensation of her breasts pressed up against his chest, not to mention his strong muscles which had encircled her almost protectively.

"Uh, hey," he said.

"H-hey," she replied, before almost jumping to her feet. This caused another slip, and he caught her. "I'm okay!" she declared. "I don't need any help!"

"Are you sure? Big city gal like you slipping on the ice?"

"There's ice in the city! Besides, how do you know I'm from the city?"

The man cracked a smirk. "I'd recognise a New York accent anywhere. Used to have one myself until I moved here and found the better, quieter life."

Danielle scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Please, the quiet life? The boring life, I'd say! I'm just here to see my friend and take a brief holiday. Too long here and I'll end up mooing with the cows."

"Is that so?" he said. "Or you might just find the comfort you're looking for and plan to stay." He held out a hand. "Name's Frank."

She hesitated, then shook his hand. "Danielle. Er, thanks for catching me. Sort of."

He chuckled in a folksy charming way. He really was very handsome. "Well, thank you for scalding me with the hot coffee, because now I figure you owe me, Danielle."

She placed a hand on her hip. "Is that so?"

"I run a little bakery just around the corner. I'm trying something new tomorrow. I'd like you to be the first to try it."

She bit her lip. "Fine, but only because I owe you!"

"Trust me, it'll be enough to make you want to stay in Hobbs for good, that's how nice it'll taste!"

“Oh, now *that’s* a challenge.”

She went on her way, and it was only after she went to the post office and nailed her forms that the horrid realisation washed over her. Without even meaning to, she had slipped into her character for that *entire* interaction. Danielle had played out the scene almost perfectly and not even realised it. For several minutes, she had just plain forgotten that she was really Dylan, that this was some weird Hallmark alternate reality, and that she needed to get back home.

“Oh, shoot!” she declared. She couldn’t exactly swear. This thing had a PG rating, after all.

“It’s okay,” Natalie said, rubbing her boyfriend-turned-bestie’s back. “Now, I’ve made you a cup of honey tea, and some sweet cakes - my favourite! - and I’ve got some vinyls ready to play with all the most romantic music on them!”

Danielle shuddered. “Do we really have to do this? I slipped into a total movie role coma yesterday, babe. What if I get stuck like that?”

Natalie winced. “I know, but we have to get out of here, right? I mean, I spent a whole half-hour slipping on the snow last night because my character has this hilarious bit where she peeks in on Steven’s window because she sees him changing.”

“That’s kinda . . . creepy.”

“It’s a Hallmark movie. It’s presented as sweet. Plus, he totally loves her! He’s just got that cute stutter and she - I, I guess - talks over him all the time.”

“Well, at least you had fun,” Danielle said. She sipped the honey tea as she sat on the couch of her bestie’s living room. It really did help calm her down. “I’ve got to go to a bakery and start *flirting*.”

“No, *he* flirts with *you*. You reciprocate, but only hesitantly. Remember, you’re a city woman who just needs a break, but you’re *not* being tied down. Until he does tie you down, babe. But that doesn’t happen yet.”

“What if we kiss!? I don’t want to kiss a guy, even if this body . . . kinda does.”

She gestured to her form. It was a warmer day, so she was wearing a stylish dress that flowed around her ankles. It was blue in colour, giving her an innocent appearance, as if this place was tempering her away from her more aggressive red colouring she normally wore. Hallmark films weren’t exactly subtle.

“Don’t worry,” Natalie said. “You don’t kiss . . . yet. You get interrupted by a call from your boss about a legal case.”

Danielle took a deep sigh. "This is gonna suck. That damn Movie Genie. I'm going to kill her or it or whatever once I'm out!"

Natalie was about to reply, but then she smirked a little.

"What? What's so funny?"

"It's just . . . I heard some moans coming from the guest room last night. Your room."

Danielle's pale features blushed a deep shade of red. She swallowed, and tried to cover up her shame, but there was no hiding it.

"So," Natalie said, rubbing her changed boyfriend's back again. "Did you enjoy cumming as a girl? And what were you cumming to? Or who?"

Danielle narrowed her eyes. The sensations last night had been wonderful, and even more when she'd imagined Frank's body on top of hers, pleasuring her, filling her. She'd orgasmed so exquisitely she could barely believe it. God, it was humiliating.

"I'm so going to break up with you when this is done," she said to Natalie.

Her girlfriend-turned-bestie simply giggled. She already sounded in-character.

This was a scene that Danielle had barely paid attention to. She entered the bakery, which was closed for a section of the morning. It was, like everything else here, lit in that fluorescent, far-too-cheery way, but the smell in the air was as saccharine and sweet as a romantic-comedy, which made it quite appropriate. For a moment, she recalled her childhood, before her life as a busy big city lawyer had driven a sense of wonder out of her life and replaced it with endless work and ladder climbing.

"Wait, you were never a small girl," Danielle muttered to herself as she clenched her fists. "Get it together, Danielle. Just do this."

Still, she closed her eyes and moaned a little, taking in the scents. Natalie had reminded her to do this, because it led to-

"Told you this place would want to make you stay."

Her eyes snapped open as she realised Frank had been looking at her from behind the counter. He gave her a bit of a smug grin and gestured to his little bakery.

"What do you think of *Brian's Bakery*?" he asked.

"I'm thinking 'where's Brian?'"

"You're looking at him. I'm Frank Brian."

"You have two first names?"

"Not exactly trustworthy, is it?" he said with a chuckle. "Still, I'm glad to see you, Dani."

"I go by Danielle."

"Well, I like Dani. And you're going to love this new blackcurrant pie."

"Is that really a bakery product?"

"Of course it is! We do desserts, and trust me, I do the best. But I'm trying something new with the filling. Got peaches in there, as well as a new type of cream on top that I'm trying. Have a treat."

He gestured for her to sit at one of the tables, then brought them both some root beer and a piece of pie to share on one plate. Danielle bit her lip. It smelled good, but goddamn did this feel like a date.

"I'm just gonna try one bite," she said. "This isn't a date, you know. This is just an apology for spilling coffee on you."

"Of course. Now try it, Dani."

Ugh, these flicks were aimed at women, and yet this guy was telling her what name she had to go by? No wonder they went for *Twilight*, Dani thought.

Danielle. She was Danielle. *Not* Dani. Still, she tried the pie, raising the spoon slowly to her mouth, her features sceptical, her mind desiring to just get out of this damn scenario, and especially out of her weirdly flirty new female body. But then the pie touched her tastebuds.

And she fell in love.

"Oh my God," she said, before grabbing another full spoon. "This is incredible! Oh my *God*."

"I told you! Get a bit more of the cream. Is it a bit too watery?"

"No, it's *perfect*. Mhmm! I've never tasted a pie like this. Damn, these peaches are perfection."

"The cinnamon works well, too. Just a subtle finishing."

"But I can taste it! Frank, you're an incredible baker!"

He laughed again. "I'll take it! Better than being the CEO of Packard Enterprises, eh?"

At this, she gave him an amused look. "I don't know about that. I bet *he* loves his life just the way he is in the big city."

"And yet, he found comfort in a small town in the middle of snowy nowhere called Hobbs."

Danielle frowned. She definitely hadn't been paying attention to this part of the movie. But then Frank brought out his wallet and showed her a picture. It was him . . . dressed to the nines in a fine suit at a Packard Enterprises conference.

"You were the CEO of Packard Enterprises?"

"For a time."

"But - but I represented them!"

The man shrugged. "You really shouldn't have. They were assholes. I'm glad I left."

"And you came here?"

Another shrug. "It's a better life."

"You would have been making millions?"

"I *could* have been making millions," he corrected. "But now I make pastries. And I'm happier for it. Trust me, there's a lot more out there than just making money and climbing the corporate ladder, Dani."

She scoffed. "Such as?"

His hand briefly touched hers. "Romance, for instance."

She was saved by a call from her boss. The scene played out, her making an excuse and getting away from their little date. Danielle had to remember her lines, to show the desperation on her face to some invisible audience who may be watching - likely the Movie Genie itself. But part of her anxiousness was not acting, but totally genuine. Once more she had lost herself in her movie role, and sublimated her personality with that of the fictional Danielle's. It was so easy, too. Just as she'd wished to finally understand the world of lame Hallmark movies, now she would understand them all too well.

"I need to keep my damn mind together," she moaned in the aftermath, clutching her phone to her chest. Her thoughts were of Frank, the bland good guy who was charming the city lady off of her feet.

"Natalie will know what to do," she said. "Oh God, she *better*. She knows all about these damn films."

"Okay, so I've got a plan, but it's a stupid one," Natalie said. She'd just gotten back from a disastrous attempt to get to know Steven, her neighbour, better. This was part of the cutesy romantic subplot of the film, the B-Romance, if you will, and she looked quite flustered from the fact that she'd had to once again slip on ice and stumble over her words. Her story was the quite lazy trope of 'Just Spit It Out Already!', where the only tension that existed to prevent the couple from getting together was their mutual shyness. And yet, Danielle could tell that her friend was having the time of her life.

"Wait, hold up, hold up, hold up! Are you seriously smiling about your little misadventure?"

"I can't not! I got to experience one of my favourite scenes! And there's the bit where I look back at him as we part ways, and then he looks back at me. I was so tempted to see him looking, babe, but that's not in the script."

"Ugh, at least one of us is having fun," Danielle muttered, resting her hands on her face. They were back at Natalie's place, and both were wearing their comfortable pyjamas. It was almost time for the scene where Danielle's best friend tried to convince her to see Frank a few more times, all while totally in denial about how much she was head over heels for Steven next door. There was a lot of ice cream present for the two women as they commiserated, particularly since Danielle's character had just been given another load of legal work to do, despite this being her break from work for two weeks.

"Come on, you have to admit, being a woman is pretty fun. You look so cute in your pink pyjamas. And your hair is beautiful!"

"It's . . . not all bad, I suppose," Danielle admitted. "It's kinda cool to try a female body on for size. Having boobs ain't too bad either, though I wish they were bigger like yours so I could play with them."

Natalie scoffed. "Men. Besides, mine are too big. I feel so curvy."

"I'm not minding!"

"Please, you've only got eyes for boys at the moment. And fashion! Jesus, you look good in your outfits."

"Sponsored clothing lines to fund the film, no doubt," Danielle noted. "Though . . . dresses are surprisingly comfortable. And I guess I see what women are going on about when it comes to wearing makeup. But having to flirt with a man! And finding him *interesting* and getting into character. Yuck! Well, it only feels yuck when I'm not losing my mind to this stupid Hallmark plot."

"Hey! It's not stupid, it's a guilty pleasure!"

"Well, I feel more guilt than pleasure, Nat," Danielle said. "Now what's this stupid idea of yours?"

Natalie gave a conspiratorial grin. "Okay, so I've seen *Finding Comfort* seven times, right?"

Danielle frowned. "I thought you'd 'only' seen it five times?"

"Weeeeeeeell, maybe I was lying," Nat said with a cheeky giggle. "My point is, I know the upcoming scenes, including the montage, off the top of my head. It's cheesy and saccharine and fun, but I *also* know where the 'camera,' so to speak, won't be. Basically, apart from those times where I need to be off making a fool of myself in front of Steven, I can be there so you don't lose your brain. Does that work?"

Danielle breathed a sigh of relief. She took her girlfriend-turned-friend's hand and squeezed it lovingly. "You're the best, babe. I can't wait to have the hots for you again."

"Same, honey," Nat said back. "Don't worry, we're getting out of this epic, incredible movie."

Danielle's response was one long exhale at *that* particular quality judgement.

The montage truly began. This being a silly romantic comedy, it was filled with all sorts of comical back and forth between Danielle and Frank, particularly as she tried to work through her increasingly ridiculous amounts of paper work that were literally piling up in Natalie's living room, and her own growing infatuation with Frank. Her physical comedy was on display as she literally had to be *dragged* out of the house by an obstinate in-character Natalie, and whenever she tried to flirt with Frank she ended up embarrassing herself; including falling through the frozen lake when trying to embrace a moment's whimsical tranquility. The next 'scene' was her shivering in the ER, covered in blankets and with Frank tripping over with his hot chocolate and getting it all over her; a fun reversal of how things had started between them.

The town was also fleshed out in this sequence, and Danielle could only keep a stiff upper lip and take her Big City Gal role seriously over the following week's events, because she *had* paid attention to this part of the movie, and she recalled it as the part where a lot of the zanier denizens of the small town introduced themselves.

"Wowee, you sure ain't round from these parts, are ya!?" a redneck-sounding gentleman called out from a field she was walking past on her own.

"Oh God, it's him," she muttered to herself. "I remember this scene. No! I'm from New York!"

"New York? Well, I'll be! I bet you like the raw power of nature a lot more, right? The warm sun, the cool snow, the sense of freedom! That's what Bigby says!"

"Are you Bigby?"

"That I am!" called the old, rat-voiced man. He stepped out of the field, revealing that he was entirely naked. And unlike the film's camera framing, his aged genitals were *not* thankfully concealed out of view. Danielle's reaction, a terrified squeal, was actually genuine.

"Oh my God! You're naked!"

"You should try it sometime, missy! That's the country air I'm feeling everywhere!"

She couldn't run fast enough away. Of course, Bigby wasn't the only strange customer in town. There was Sherron the waitress, who served Danielle repeatedly and was occasionally asking legal questions that seemed just a *little* too much like she had a moonshine plantation that may or may not be under investigation. There was Sera, the little kid who was Danielle's archenemy; whenever she had her guard down in public, a snowball hit her right in the face and the little girl would take off on her scooter giggling.

"You little gremlin!" Danielle screamed, even as Frank laughed alongside her. "I'll get you back! I'll let everyone know what a monster you are!"

"No one will believe you!" the girl cried. "City Gal!"

"Grrrr! I will have my revenge!"

Frank had to grab her shoulders to stop her from chasing the evil five year old. "Okay, calm down! Calm down! Beat her in court, not on the street."

"You're damn right I'll beat her! I'll put her away for life!"

"Okay, we definitely need to get you a calming honey tea and some pastry."

All through it, she continued her little not-dates with Frank, and just like in the movie, it became increasingly clear that her not-dates were turning into actual dates. They walked in the park together, where Natalie hid behind trees to keep herself close. They went to the local town cinema and watched an old black-and-white horror movie together, and she found herself leaning up against him. But Natalie was there, hiding several rows back and eating popcorn loudly just to remind Danielle of her presence. They ate pastries and even baked together, and like a scene out of *Ghost* she found Frank to be her Patrick Swayze, placing his arms around her gently and helping her knead the dough. It was a surprisingly intimate sensation, but Natalie was driving around and around the block outside the window like she was a movie extra, helping snap Danielle out of any hypnotic effect she was experiencing. It made for an amusing series of events, but it also made Danielle remember exactly why she loved her girlfriend - even if neither could find the other attractive right now, Natalie was totally devoted to ensuring they both got out of this.

Unfortunately, Natalie couldn't always be there for Danielle. The new blonde beauty would sometimes find herself alone with Frank, or bump into him randomly, or simply get a call from him while Natalie was in the shower, or quasi-flirting with Steven, or on some goofy errand trying to ensure that Sherron the waitress didn't get arrested for her illegal bootlegging operation, a running gag in *Finding Comfort*. The fact that Frank actually had a bottle of Sherron's product only made it funnier, and even Danielle had to admit it tasted damn good when they had a little picnic together.

Damn good.

So good, in fact, that she lost control of her inhibitions and got a lot closer to Frank than she had been intending. Her movie mind took over, and all memories of being a man fled her. She'd always been a girl, hadn't she? She'd grown up in a small town like this, and now here was a handsome man come to sweep her back to a land of comfort, and *boy* was he comfortable to be around. And to feel.

And to kiss.

Their lips brushed just for a moment, and then her mind was back, and she pulled herself away. "S-sorry! I didn't mean to make this awkward. My, er, phone is ringing!"

Would that this could have been her real self's excuse, but the dialogue was straight from the movie. It was only when she got back to her friend's home that Danielle realised

what had happened . . . and that Frank had kissed her back. Tenderly, affectionately, but with barely hidden passion.

“Gotta work!” she proclaimed. “Get some legal work done. James has to promote me if I get this done. I’ll get the promotion, and I can put that stupid baker with his stupid handsome looks and tasty lips behind me! Grr!”

And yet, the more her work piled up, the more she wanted to spend time with him. The more she met strange and funny characters around town, the more he was there to explain them, and talk about this crazy cast of loonies as if they were family.

“Oh, never mind Bigby,” he told her as they went for a hike on the nearby mountain path. “He’s always getting naked. Believes it makes him live longer. That’s why he lives here.”

“And what do you believe?” she asked him, finding herself sinking deeper into her role again, even pushing her hair behind her ear and smiling softly at him, utterly smitten with this tall, dark-haired man.

“Well, I believe in a higher power, if that’s what you’re asking,” Frank said, surveying the view of the entire town. “I feel like I was led here to a better life after chasing money and clout. I believe that a small village of people who care about one another is a stronger community than any vast city. And . . . I believe you are a very interesting woman, Danielle Rogers. And I’d like to get to know you better, and what *you* believe in.”

This was a moment of fragility, and she felt it. Her mind sank deeper, and Danielle smiled. It was getting so hard to even tell when those memory lapses were coming on, and this one pulled her in *deep*. She wasn’t even sure if this was a scene from the film anymore. It felt like it should be, but . . . wait, a film? What was she thinking? This was reality. Her reality. The only reality that there was. Danielle considered the handsome man’s question, trying to put her mind away from that kiss they’d briefly shared, which had been just three days ago.

“I believe in . . . I believe in . . . I - I - I don’t know what I believe in anymore. I thought I believed in getting my promotion, but I don’t know that I’ll get it now. I thought I believed in living in the big city, but the air here is wonderful. I definitely didn’t believe in relationships, but . . .”

But there he was. Staring at her, taking all of her in. Handsome, confident, self-assured and . . . happy. Frank looked like the kind of man she’d always dreamed about, even when she was a teenage girl just starting to realise she liked boys. Before she had ever wanted to be a high-powered lawyer, spending days and nights awake in sequence thanks to the power of caffeine and dedication alone, she had wanted Mr Right to come along and sweep her off of her feet.

“But?” he said, drawing closer. And because this was a damn *romantic comedy*, where the romance bit slowly became bigger than any comedy bit, she found herself unable to fight back her feelings. She leaned against the railing and-

SNAP!

“Ahhhh!”

She fell off the side of the mountain, and began sliding on her ass down the steep incline. Above, she could see a brief look of horror on Frank’s face, and then he bounded over and slid down as well. They toppled through the snowy banks, covered in snowflakes, and finally came to a stop in a deep snow ditch that left them absolutely coated in the stuff.

“Um, I, ah . . . didn’t mean to do that,” Danielle said, looking like a snowman, or rather a snow woman.

Frank just looked relieved that she was okay. “I would hope not! God, what a ride, huh?”

They both cackled, pulling themselves slowly out of the snow. She nearly fell over again but Frank caught her. Once more, she upon him, his back upon the snow as they careened over. It was a repeat of their Meet Cute. This time, she decided she wasn’t going to let the moment go.

“Hello again,” Frank said.

She kissed him.

She kissed him *passionately*.

Her best friend Natalie was looking at her strangely. Danielle had butterflies in her stomach. She’d kissed Frank! She’d actually kissed him! More than that, they’d totally made out in the snow, until finally they trekked down to the lower section of the mountain path where the hot springs were. She’d hid her nakedness from him by instructing him to close his eyes, but they *had* shared a spring together. Of course, this being a romantic comedy, they were amusingly disturbed by one of Bigby’s horses, followed by Bigby himself in all his naked glory, which left the pair trying not to laugh at their romantic date gone wrong as he inserted himself into the natural warm waters right between them.

She’d told Natalie all of this, from start to finish, her eyes lit up with excitement just from retelling the day’s events. But her bestie didn’t look happy. Instead, she appeared concerned. Had she failed to catch Steven’s eye yet again? Had Danielle done something wrong? The pretty blonde paused her storytelling and examined her friend.

“Nat, are you alright? Did something happen?”

The woman gestured outward as if Dani was missing something obvious. "Babe, have you seriously forgotten? Please don't tell me you've forgotten just because I got stuck in that pond for my silly slapstick scene! You know who I am, right?"

"Of course," Danielle said. "You're my bestie. And a bit of a klutz, no offence. But don't worry, I love you anyway. It's just . . . I'm worried I might love Frank as well . . . in a whole different kind of way."

Quickly, Natalie pinched Danielle's arm. The woman recoiled, clutching her forearm. "Ouchie! What was that for?"

"So you'd remember who you are! The Movie Genie, the fact that we've been transported here, and that you're supposed to be a man, Dani!"

At this, the woman cocked her head to one side and tried to see if Natalie was joking. "Is this some kind of prank? Wait, are you high again? I almost took those gummies by accident, you know."

"Hey, you can't take those! They're from my scene later. Listen, Dani, you need to listen to me. You're really a man. You made a wish to understand silly Hallmark romantic comedies, and now we're *in* one. It's not fair or right, but here we are, and we need to get out of it! That's what we've been doing, getting you together with Frank so you can play out the romance, the credits can run, and we can get out of here. It's just that you keep thinking you're really Danielle and losing your memories. Clearly, that's happened now."

Dani frowned. "Look, this isn't funny, Nat. Are you okay?"

But the other woman was getting quite agitated. "Oh God, oh God, this is bad. I knew I should have tried to make it to your hike. I thought you might be alright."

"Of course I'm alright! We kissed in the snow! He asked me to come see the stars with him! I think . . . I think I might even extend my stay here."

Natalie groaned. She shot to her feet and started pacing the room, waddling about with her voluptuous body and clearly agitated by it, which was a confusing notion to Dani.

"Oh God, this is bad," she repeated. "We need to get your memory back. I can't lose you to this world. What if you end up in the sequel? I can't have a preggo boyfriend stuck in a movie. That damn Movie Genie tricked us - Dani, are you even listening?"

Dani nodded, but she was secretly checking her phone. Frank was on his way to take her stargazing, and she already had the jitters. She had an odd feeling that she was going to accidentally stumble into Sherron's plantation with Frank right in the middle of a hilarious, Scooby-Doo like police chase, but she couldn't say why.

It didn't matter. She was excited to go.

"Sure, sure Nat," she said, thinking that her poor friend must be overstressed in her attempts to tell Steven that she liked him. "Of course I'm a man. Absolutely. I'll go remember all of that . . . just as soon as I get changed into something warm and cute."

Sure enough, the police chase in the plantation did happen. Once more Frank and Danielle were left laughing in the aftermath of another chaotic date, and as they lay on the snowy grass together they shared a kiss and then laid back, hands held. The stars were beautiful here, whereas in the Big Apple they were practically invisible, covered up by endless light pollution. And here was Frank, showing her the stars and making her feel like one too. It was enough to make the beautiful blonde curl her toes in excitement.

"It's beautiful," she said.

"Incredibly beautiful," came the reply. "The stars aren't that bad either."

She snorted. "Oh, you! It's a shame I can't stay."

"You can, you know," Frank said. "We'd have. We're a wacky little town, but you fit in well, and people like you. Especially . . . Bigby."

She punched him playfully on the shoulder.

"Okay, okay!" he announced. "Especially me. I think we've got a connection, Dani. You could stay here and maybe . . . we could see where things go with us. Who knows? You might have just found the man for you."

Danielle rolled her eyes. "Oh, I have, have I? And what kind of life would a high-powered lawyer have here?"

The man gazed at her, making her shiver in delight. "Well, there's not much need for lawyers here, but . . . there is a need for new families. Call me old-fashioned, but I'd like to take care of my woman, treat her like a princess. I'd bake for her everyday, take her on dates, and she'd never have to work a day in her life. And we could have a whole horde of little critters underfoot. What can I say? I've always wanted a big family."

For a brief moment, Danielle felt a wave of revulsion, a sudden urge to vomit. But it evaporated immediately as her eyes became a little starry. Giving it all up to be a housewife and mother . . . it sounded so perfectly fulfilling.

"That would be a lucky woman," she murmured, still staring into his eyes.

When Danielle arrived back at Natalie's place, her friend was still going on about some weird gender changing, reality warping experience. It was driving Dani up the walls, especially since she needed time to go to her room and make plans. There were phone calls to make, papers to organise, and a resignation to post. She'd never felt so excited in her life, and her friend was bringing down the mood.

"Nat, you are not my girlfriend and I'm not your boyfriend! I seriously think you fried your brains trying to climb that electric cattle fence just so you could tell Steven you love him. Just do it already, because I'm going to do the same for Frank! I love him, and I'm staying with him, and I'm not changing my mind!"

She beamed, but Natalie just groaned. "Don't you get it?" she said. "That's the plot of the movie! Look, you're about to get a call, Dani. It'll be from your work, and they'll offer you a promotion. I need you to go along with it, and just remember that this is a play we're acting out. A series of scenes. It's not real, but if you think it's real . . . you might never get to leave."

"Well, good then!" Dani declared. "Now go get your head checked! I've got plans!"

But as soon as she slammed the guest room door shut, her phone rang. To her surprise, it was James.

"Great, what's he want now? Another series of subpoenas written up for him? Another case file review? Well, good luck. Time to quit and rip off the bandaid!" She answered the phone. "James, I'm sorry to tell you this, but-"

"Congratulations, partner. Firm partner, I should say!"

Danielle nearly dropped the phone.

"Wh-what did you just say?"

"I said you've been made partner, just like you were pushing for, Dani! Those case reviews you gave us really got us over the line. We've got big fish clients and everyone knows it's all thanks to you. You were working even on your days off, and that's the gumption we on the board like to see. We need to sign a lot of documentation. This was a pretty slim vote, but we can confirm it if you get back to us in person ASAP."

Dani hesitated. "You need me back now?"

"As soon as possible. I can only hold this up a little longer. We've already booked you the next flight out of that little nothing town. Time to get back to the big city, Danielle! It's time to take the bull by the horns!"

"I - I understand. I'll be there soon."

She ended the call, and simply stood there for a time. The latest image on her phone was a silly selfie of her and Frank making faces together. She winced, took a heavy breath, and knew what she needed to do.

"Stupid Dani," she said. "Of course this was just temporary."

She organised the taxi, and packed most of her things as she settled on the future she had worked so hard for. She tried to text Frank many times, and nearly called him, but she deleted every message. What was there to say? Finally, she opened the door, and there was Natalie. Her appearance ate at her.

"How did you know?" she said. "That I'd be getting a call."

“Because it’s not real! This is fiction! Listen, Dani, I’m the one for you. I love you, okay? I’ve done this all wrong. I thought if we lived out the film it would all turn out alright. But I was wrong! The Movie Genie tricked us. You’ve already forgotten who you are and-”

But Dani was already moving, packing her small collection of things and stuffing them in her bag. “I’m sorry, I don’t have time for this. I’ve got to go. Look, Nat, I hope you get the help you need. And that Steven realises he loves you, the silly fool. I’m sorry, but I’ve really got to go. I have a flight due.”

“And Frank?”

Tears pooled in her eyes. “It was never going to work out between us. Tell him I’m sorry! I’m too much of a coward to say goodbye!”

She flung herself out the door, Natalie chasing after her, but the taxi was already outside.

“Dani! Come back!” Natalie cried.

But Danielle was already in the car, and blinking away her tears.

“I’m sorry, Frank,” she told herself.

The finale had come. Natalie didn’t know what she was supposed to do. It was all working out perfectly, and it was all working out *terribly*. Any moment now and Frank would find out that Danielle was heading to the airport, all because he put a tracker in her phone so he could keep ‘bumping into’ her. Which, now that Nat thought about it, was actually really creepy. Why the hell was the male love interest putting a goddamn tracker in Danielle’s phone? That was seriously stalker behaviour.

But it was also a romantic-comedy, where all sorts of skeezy behaviours and things that felt romantic but were definitely not in real life took place.

“It had seemed so whimsical and attractive at the time,” she murmured to herself as she paced around the room. “Maybe Dani was right about these kinds of movies.”

She paused, took a deep breath, and made a decision.

“No, she’s not right about them! They may be cheesy, they may have some odd moral choices, and they certainly don’t resemble reality in any way, but no way am I going to let the love of my life escape! If Dani is trying to escape by plane, I’m going to be the one running through the security checks somehow, not him!”

She knew it would be breaking the film. She knew it might mean she’d never escape. But she refused to let the love of her life lose her real memories. The curvy woman ran to her comical little Beetle and got in. She revved the engine, a sad sound really, and then took off. The airport was only fifteen minutes out of Hobbs, but it felt like an eternity. Danielle

would already have a headstart, and Frank would be giving chase, desperate to make sure she didn't leave. There would be a big love confession, and then her Danielle - her *Dylan* - would be lost for good.

"No! No way!" she growled, accelerating past Bigby's truck. "Oh God, he even drives naked!"

The old man waved at her, but she just kept on going. Her car nearly slipped on the ice, and with the sun setting on the horizon, she was running out of good light. But people didn't die in movies like this, right? She knew this genre backwards and forwards, and movies like *Finding Comfort* were exactly that; a lovely little snack that didn't leave you sad. So she squealed at the top of her lungs like a true comic relief as she flew through red lights, nearly caused car crashes, and then pulled even with Frank's pick up truck.

The man took a moment to notice her, but then he gazed across to her lane to witness the absolute maniac who was going down the left lane of the road at rocket speed in a ridiculous little beetle. He quickly lowered his window and gestured for her to do the same.

"NAT!? What the hell are you doing!?"

"STEALING YOUR WOMAN!" Natalie cried, embracing the insanity of her perky, high-strung, repressed character. "NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY, BITCH!"

And with that, she literally slammed her car into the side of his to violently force him off the road.

It didn't exactly have the right effect, as she immediately spun out, screaming as she pulled on the wheel. Her car collided with a snowbank on the side of the road. The other car came to a halt, and Frank opened his door and peered back.

"Natalie!? Are you okay!?"

She gave him an awkward wave. "Hey, uh, do you think I can borrow a ride?"

Danielle was trying not to cry. She was ready to board the plane. It was the last call, and her name had been placed over the intercom twice now. Part of her had been hoping that Frank would turn up conveniently at the last second, but it was not to be.

"Finally, last, very last, final call, if one Danielle Rogers could PLEASE come to Terminal 3 . . ."

The woman sniffed, and made her way there. It all seemed like something out of a fairytale. Something impossible and improbable, that she had found love so quickly and in such a cheesy, saccharine fashion. It was enough to give her diabetes. But alas, her job awaited her. She'd made her choice . . . even if it was perhaps the wrong one. She made her way to the terminal, and gave some half-hearted apologies to a rather sour stewardess who

would no doubt *not* be serving her any nice cookies on the flight. Hobbs only had a little airport, the kind you walked across the tarmac in order to climb up a mobile ramp rather than any fancy terminal connection to the building. The sun was just setting, and it occurred to Danielle how beautiful the sky was. It reminded her of the second time Frank had taken her stargazing, and the sky had lit up at dusk because they stayed out so long. Now, the sun was setting. The beginning had become an end.

“Hey! You can’t run onto the tarmac! Security!”

Danielle’s heart suddenly beat quickly in her chest. She turned, and already in her heart she knew who was coming for her. Frank - tall and magnificent and desperate to see her - was running across the tarmac with an entire security team in tow. It was the most stupid and romantic thing she’d ever seen.

“Dani!” he called out, waving his arm. “Dani! Don’t go! Stay with me! I - I love you!”

Her heart soared. She immediately dropped her suitcase and started running towards him. He grabbed her in his arms, and lifted her up. Various employees were coming, but they immediately stood down upon seeing the two make up, and one even went “awww!” in a ridiculous manner before grabbing her nearest coworker and pulling him in for a kiss. It was a moment that made Dani giggle - love was truly in the air. She looked up into Frank’s gorgeous eyes.

“Dani, stay here! Quit your job! Marry me, and be a mother to my children. That’s the life you want. That’s the -”

CLANG!

There was an enormous gasp, not least of all from Dani herself, as a hubcap crashed down upon Frank’s head and sent him toppling. He landed straight on his face and something went *crunch*.

“Outh!” he cried, grabbing his face and writhing like a worm on the tarmac. “Mah nothe! You crazy bith! You broke mah nothe!”

Dani squeaked: standing behind Frank, the hubcap still in her hands, was her best friend Natalie. Despite her small size, her thicker figure evidently had some muscle there, because Frank was trying to get up and struggling badly.

“No, down you stay!” Natalie yelled, hitting him on the head with the hubcap.

“OWWW! Thetop hithing me! Ow!”

She smacked him on the side of the head and then winced. “I’m sorry! I’m really sorry, you’re probably not a bad guy, but you were tracking her? And you want her to give up her career just to pop out babies? Man, these movies really are more ridiculous than I thought. You were right, Dani.”

Dani had no idea what to say. “Nat! What are you doing? You just beat up Frank?”

The semicircle of security personnel and airport employees looked at one another.

“Should someone arrest her?” one asked.

Another shrugged. “Can we do that? I’ve never experienced something like this.”

But Natalie was already grabbing Dani’s arm and pinching it. “Wake up, you stupid girl! It’s not Frank who loves you, it’s me! I’m your girlfriend, remember! This is just some stupid movie where you’re playing a diabetes-sweet part. And I’m not having it anymore. We’re breaking up this plot even if the Movie Genie says otherwise. Because I love you, Dani, and I’m not leaving without you, and I’m not leaving you either. Even to that nice hunk.”

“Mah nothe ith broken! You broke mah nothe!”

Natalie gave him a sheepish grin as he writhed on the ground some more. “Sorry! But it had to be done!”

Danielle took a step back. “No, Nat, this is crazy. You’re scaring me. I love Frank! The man you just assaulted!”

“Oh for God’s sake, maybe this will work! I’m taking the Big Kiss Moment!”

Natalie grabbed Dani and pulled her into a passionate kiss. Dani resisted for a moment, and then her body flooded with warmth, and a series of epiphanies rocked through her. Oh God, she’d been about to kiss Frank! She’d been ready to stay in all the sequels, to be some kinda *mom*! She had almost lost herself. And here was her wondrous girlfriend.

“Please tell me that worked,” Natalie said as their lips parted.

Danielle gripped her girlfriend and hugged her. “What took you so long?”

“Oh, Dani!”

They kissed again, leaving Frank and the security team rather confused.

“Um, what’s happening here?” one of them said, gazing from the injured man to the new female couple.

“Er . . . my friend here wants to join airport security!” Danielle said. “And this man scared me by chasing me here. I’m not pressing charges, but I’d like to leave on the plane right now! Er, can I order one last ticket for my girlfriend here?”

There was a moment of confusion, and then one of them shrugged. “I guess so?”

This was a romantic-comedy, after all. Rules and reality were not exactly consistent here. The two women took one another’s hands and ascended up the ramp as quickly as they could. Dani gave an apologetic wave to Frank, who was barely able to process all of this.

“Sorry!”

“Don’t be!” Nat said. “He was tracking your phone, the creep! He wanted you to be some kind of tradwife.”

“Aww, but I rather liked it. It had a sort of Hallmark quality to it!”

Natalie rolled her eyes. “Great, now we’ve switched places on the topic!”

“Do you think we’re stuck here?” Dani asked.

"I have no idea. We sort of hijacked the ending. But it's sort of an ending, right?"

Dani giggled, glad to be back in mind, if not in body. "Right!"

The moment they stepped onto the plane, a brilliant white light flashed.

Dani blinked, and to her surprise, found herself back in her living room. On the TV, the female pair were together and flying off into the sunset as the credits rolled.

"Wait, I'm back? I'm back! Neve, we're back . . ."

Her voice petered out, even as she saw a surprised Neve beside her, red-haired and beautiful. The woman had a surprised expression on her face, and it made Dani realise a few things.

Firstly, she was still thinking of herself as Danielle, though now it was as Danielle Kapetelis, which was her regular last name.

Secondly, though she had her olive skin and dark hair back, there was no denying that she was female. A little taller, a bit more toned and fit, but definitely still female, right down to the summer dress she had on. Her breasts were even a tad bigger than they had been as Danielle Rogers. Perhaps a C-cup or so. They certainly felt a little heavier.

"D-Dylan?" Neve managed, staring at this new woman.

"Neve? What's happened?"

The credits suddenly stopped rolling on the screen. A figure stepped into view, and the Movie Genie looked exactly as she did before, wearing the body Danielle had just possessed mere seconds ago.

"I think I can explain that!" the Movie Genie declared in an amused voice. *"You finished the film, but you didn't exactly finish it as the plot demanded, did you? You went for a twist ending, ha!"*

"We had to!" Dani exclaimed, her voice still high and feminine. "I was going to be stuck in my movie brain! That was your plan!"

"Yeah, I had to save her!" Natalie declared.

"And you did! I was outplayed, so well done to the pair of you. You found a way back, and you are yourselves again."

Dani gestured to herself, from her beautiful face down to her shapely body. "Excuse me!? I'm meant to be a man again!"

"I think you'll find you've always been a woman, Danielle, at least in this changed reality. And it's who you'll be for the rest of your life. Consider it a little punishment for changing the ending of my favourite romantic comedy. Ta-ta!"

The screen turned off, leaving Danielle and Neve sitting there in shock, not knowing what to say. After a moment, Neve put her hand on her girlfriend's arm.

"Dani, I'm so sorry. Are you okay?"

The new woman blinked a couple of times and took stock of her body. She looked at Neve and, to her immense gratification, realised she was still very, very attracted to her. And she had it on good authority that Neve was bi.

"I - I think I can work with this," Danielle said. "I've had a bit of practice. It's going to take a bit of adjustment, that's all."

"I can imagine. If it's any consolation, you look incredible! So hot."

"Yeah . . . and thankfully I feel the same about you again. Maybe . . . maybe we should just relax while I take some time. Um, did you want to watch a movie or something?"

Neve hugged her girlfriend. "Whatever you need, babe. What were you thinking?"

"Well," Dani said, blushing a little. "I was thinking we could watch a romantic comedy? I'm starting to get the appeal!"

The End

"No, no! Not the end!" Neve announced, waving her arms. "We have had way too much romantic comedy to last a lifetime. I am officially over them! Let's just watch one of your dumb sci-fi action movies."

"Fuck yes!" Dani said, pumping her fist in the air. "That's a way better idea!"

Actually The End