

Wishing for the Right Girl (Lesbian TG)

By FoxFaceStories

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Alex is a young single man enjoying a bar when the woman of his dreams sits down on the other side of the room. Wishing he could be the type of person she would date and marry, he doesn't realise that a fairy is floating nearby, able to grant his wish. Unfortunately for Alex, 'the type of person' Mia would marry is very much outside of what he expected, as he soon finds out.

Wishing for the Right Girl

She was the most beautiful woman Alex had ever seen. He was seated at the bar he usually went to on Friday nights, sipping a cold one and enjoying the ambience, hoping to find a single lady that might attract his interest, and he hers. Still, pickings were often slim, and while Alex wasn't an ugly individual by any measure, he was well aware that he had to really push his charm and wit to the next level to punch above his weight level. Between his shaggy brown hair, slightly chubbier build, and slightly misaligned nose from a sports injuries years ago, he gave the impression of a thoroughly average looking man that could have been handsome if God had given him just a few little alterations. Still, he sometimes got lucky, and if a girl liked big brains, he was their man. After all, he was on the cusp of becoming a doctor, and chicks generally dug that, allowing him to bat outside his league.

Except this lady was *leagues* above him. Plural.

She had gorgeous brown-olive skin and thick, dark eyebrows. Her eyes were hazel, large and rounded, and she had long black hair that had a wonderfully silky sheen to it. It spilled over her shoulders on either side, moving freely as she chatted to her friends, hugging girlfriends she obviously hadn't seen in some time. It framed her cute, heart-shaped face with its finely carved nose and full lips. She was tall for a woman, perhaps around 5'8, but her body had some wonderful curves that avoided her looking like a beanpole. She had sizable breasts - not too large, perhaps around a C-cup, though he'd always been bad with sizes - and a nice ass. Her hips were amazing, particularly when contrasted against her waist. Her thighs were slim, legs shapely. It was easy to see the whole package on display thanks to the cute blue cocktail dress she wore, which conformed to the dimensions of her body perfectly and revealed a nice line of cleavage. She looked as if she had Persian heritage, perhaps, though that was just a guess. And she was utterly gorgeous just by herself.

But what really made Alex intrigued was the way she beamed when she smiled, chatting and laughing with friends, her voice a pleasant low contralto that was slightly suggestive. He could only hear bits of her conversation with her friends, but the parts he did hear increased his interest further.

"Mia, how are you?" one of the girls asked. "Have you . . . about it yet?"

"Oh, I'm good. Especially since I . . . still, you know, single. After I dumped . . . I feel like every relationship has floundered. I want a . . . or something like . . . that will treat me right, you know?"

"Totally, girl. You deserve that! There's someone out there, a nice fine . . . that will be make you . . . at least that's what I believe."

"Well, cheers to that belief!"

"It's just I'd like someone not just to date but to . . . and eventually marry. I'm . . . years old, I just want to start thinking of the future, you know?"

"You'll find a . . . and . . . make you very happy, Mia! Don't you worry. Who knows? Maybe it'll happen tonight!"

The gorgeous woman he now knew to be named Mia gave that same gorgeous, beaming smile, clinking her glass against her friend's.

"Thanks Charlie. He's hoping!"

Alex took this all in, sipping his beer. He'd had one or two too many, in fact, because he was finding it hard *not* to stare in her direction. The woman looked like a goddess, even the way she moved had a confident, yet sexy sway to her. She continued to talk with her friends, and while he wasn't trying to eavesdrop, he was able to determine from the fragments he was able to decipher that she was an engineer. An aerospace engineer, in fact. The woman must have been incredibly intelligent, because that was a hard field. It made him all the more attracted to Mia, on top of her wonderful curves and magnetic smile.

Perhaps it was the fact that his last relationship had ended badly with him being dumped, or simply because he'd been going through a dry spell, or just that he was a little more tipsy than he thought, but Alex fixated on the words she had spoken before, about wanting to find someone to date and marry, to build a future with. He sighed, imagining that future with *him*, what it would be like to have a woman that beautiful and confident on his arms, and what it would do for his confidence as well. But it was only a dream; a girl like that was a perfect ten, and he was a six on his best days. She was so far out of his league that she was on a different planet, and just the thought of approaching her and asking her out, even if she separated from her friends or hit the dance floor, was anathema to him.

He sighed, took another drink of his beer, paid for another, and took another long adoring gaze at her.

"I wish I was the type of person she would like to date and marry," he said.

It was a simple, silly wish. The kind everyone makes when they get a little tipsy and swoon over a stranger. Only unlike all those other times, something was very different here. Something that would change Alex's life.

Hazelheart was new to fairy-ing. She was young, enthusiastic, full of energy, and very bad at listening. It meant the other fairies weren't entirely sure if wish-granting was the right path for her, but she had nevertheless tried her hardest to follow it. All her life she'd wanted to be a wish granter, the most highly esteemed of all fairy roles, and among the rarest. It involves a deep understanding of the fae magic of their kind, and the responsibility that came with those powers. After all, not all humans deserved their wishes to come true, and it was important that wishes be quick in execution and as the wisher wanted them to be. The last part was particularly important. After all, if a wish went wrong, the consequences couldn't be averted. A wish granted was a wish *permanently* granted, as the fairies said.

Which meant that as Hazelheart floated through the city on her first stint out of her realm, she was excited and nervous. She had to find the right wish to grant, one born of true desire that would not cause too great a change, and thus bring chaos. There were many such wishes across the city, but none seemed right to her.

"I wish I had a million bucks."

"I wish I could just kill him."

"I wish those two would just finally divorce already."

They were too selfish, too consequential, or too petty. She continued through the night, flitting invisibly from location to location, unable to be seen by ordinary mortals. And that was when she found the perfect wish.

"I wish I was the type of person she would like to date and marry."

The little fae woman with green skin and purple butterfly wings did a loop de loop in the air, cheering.

"Yes! True love! I've found it! The perfect wish."

She observed the two of them: one was a man, larger set, who was alone at the bar. The woman he was attracted to was clearly the olive-skinned woman with the nice curves and pixie-like smile. She could sense his aura being directed towards hers. Hazelheart pressed her hands together, her heart flooded with emotion.

"Oohhhh, they'd be sooo cute together! I bet they're really close friends, and they just can't take the step. Well don't worry, sweetie! One wish grant coming right up! You'll be just the person she wants to date and marry, Hazelheart will make it so!"

Unbeknownst to the man, she floated over his head, retrieved some pixie dust from her bag, and blew it over his hair and neck, with a dash right in his face for good luck. The man sneezed, breathing some of it in, and the rest settled on his skin. She giggled: he had no idea what had just happened!

"Best of luck, big guy," she whispered in his ear, despite knowing she couldn't hear him. "Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on you until the spell is completed."

She flitted over to the bar, sitting next to a large empty mug, and waited impatiently, bouncing a little on her butt as she waited to see how he would change.

She waited.

And continued to wait.

And waited some more.

Soon the little pixie was utterly frustrated, anxious, and confused.

"Why isn't it working? Oh, by the magic circles, this should have worked! He should have changed by now, become handsome and fit or something! They should be dancing and laughing and giving each other true love's kiss by now!"

But nothing happened, and eventually the woman and her friends got up and left from the dance floor. They stepped past the man, who kept his eye on her but was otherwise unobtrusive.

"Hurry up and at least talk to her!" she said. She was getting the idea she should have done more research - obviously the two hadn't even met!

But instead she slipped past him, not even noticing the man, and he simply looked at her with longing and sipped from his drink.

"Oh no, you're not getting away that easily!"

Hazelheart flew down to the woman and dove into her purse. She rummaged around, and managed to find something she'd heard humans placed great importance on: a wallet filled with cards. She removed one that looked important, and threw it out onto the floor by the man's feet, just in time.

The woman left. Hazelheart waited impatiently again. The man stood, clearly a little tipsy - like a hard drinking gnome - and moved to leave.

"C'mon! Notice it!"

He almost didn't: she had to swoop down and ensure he stepped on it. The man furrowed his brow, picked up the card, and his eyebrows raised. The picture of the gorgeous woman was upon it, along with other details.

"Holy shit," he said to himself. "Mia Yasmin. That's her name. I need to return this to her."

He took a step forward, nearly fell over. He seemed to think better of his declaration, because he put the card in his pocket and withdrew a phone.

"Tomorrow. I'll return it tomorrow, after work. Gotta get s-sober first."

The pixie grinned, hoping that this counted as a wish coming true. It was only when the man turned to leave that she noticed he had an odd spot of discolouration on the back of his head. She flew closer, fascinated, and then to her horror noticed what was happening.

Very slowly, just a few hairs at a time, his hair was turning blonde.

"Oh, by the magic circle, I think I've done something wrong!"

The man stepped outside, waiting to be picked up, and she followed him.

"Oh dear, what have I done?"

Alex felt a little strange as he made his way into his apartment. His hair was itchy, and he felt like he'd inhaled some strange dust or something. The back of his neck also felt a little funny. But more than that, he felt like someone or something was watching him.

"Probably jus' the drink," he muttered as he stripped off his clothing and stepped into the shower. He enjoyed its warmth for a few long minutes before drying himself. He regarded himself a little oddly in the mirror a couple of times, his drunken mind a little suspicious of the figure in the mirror.

"T-too fat," he grunted. "Or pudgy. Whatever. Gotta l-lose weight."

He turned his head, and again that confusion flared up.

"Thought my hair . . . was darker."

It did indeed look a little lighter. He shrugged, chalking it up to his drunken state and flopping onto his bed. Still, he couldn't help but scratch his neck, the skin of which felt oddly soft.

"M-Mia. God, how good it would be to be with a hot chick like her . . ."

He fell asleep, snoring on his bed. That was when a little fairy flashed into visibility above his head. It landed, and walked lightly over his head. The blond hairs had spread, and the hairs on the back of his neck and on his shoulders were slowly withdrawing.

He was changing alright.

But far too slowly.

"Maybe she just likes hairless men?" she said to herself. But she couldn't shake the nervous feeling that she'd gotten more wrong than just the timing of the wish.

Work was busy the next day, and Alex had little time to consider Mia's ID card. He wanted to return it, but part of him was fearful of her reaction: would she think him a creep? View him

as some nobody. He knew he was tying his stomach in knots over stupid worries, but nevertheless they occurred. It didn't help that his job consisted of packing and unpacking various pharmaceutical pills for a major medical delivery company. It was dry, joyless work, but it gave him solid references, boosted his knowledge in the prescription field of medicine, and paid well. Most days passed with ease, and he simply shut his brain off or mentally studied for his next medical exam.

But something was weird about this particular day of work. His stomach churned despite him having eaten well that morning, and he could get rid of that strange itch, which was spreading further over his body. He felt a little sweaty, his body a little tired, and more than once a coworker had given him a funny look or made a comment.

"You okay, Alex? You're looking a little soft today."

"Just had a long night. Was out drinking."

His coworker shook his head. "Never go out drinking on a Friday if you have to work on a Saturday, even if you're hoping to meet a nice girl. Not worth the headaches."

But that was just it: he didn't have any headaches. Just the itching, the occasional pulling or tugging of his flesh. Several times he went to the bathroom and checked himself over, but apart from looking a little haggard he was fine. In fact, as the day passed, he started to look better, even his nose which had very obvious pores now looked much smoother. It didn't stop his confusion, however.

"I could have sworn my hair was darker than this," he said, tousling his brown hair. "And shorter."

It certainly felt longer, passing just above his eyes. It distracted him enough that he actually got in trouble a few times.

"For God's sake Alex, you're meant to be one of the knowledgeable ones, aren't you?"

It was Robert, his boss, who usually was less of a hardass.

"I - what did I, like, do wrong, sir?"

His boss rolled his eyes and pointed. "You're meant to take the A-MEX pills, not the B-MAX. Can't you tell the difference?"

Alex shook his head, unbelieving he'd made such a mistake. The A-MEX pills were the sales code for heart medication for the elderly. The B-MAX were for erectile dysfunction disorders. It was the kind of mistake a rookie would make.

"This is the third mistake you've made like this in one shift," Robert said. "What's got into you? It's like you've suddenly become a ditzy airhead!"

Alex winced. It was insulting, but only because it hit so close to home. He had always prided himself on his intelligence, but today he'd been mixing up all sorts of numbers, codes, and rules, and having trouble putting any of it together.

"I don't know, Rob. I'm sorry, I think I'm like, sick of something."

"That's another thing, what's up with all the 'like's? You're starting to talk ditzzy too. Take the rest of the day off, Alex. You're clearly sick or something."

Alex sighed, feeling embarrassed, but he couldn't argue with his boss's reasoning. He finished his current job, almost making another slip up, and made his way out.

"Seeya Alex! And nice dye job! The circle at the back's a bit much!"

It was a coworker who's name he'd briefly forgotten. Alex gave a girlish giggle in response, before realising what he was doing and covering the back of his head. *It was blond at the front?* He made double time getting out of there.

"What is, like, going on with me?" he said.

He giggled nervously again in an uncharacteristic manner, and his voice cracked a little this time.

"Well, at least I can drop off that ID card now."

He nervously held it up as he got into his car, looking over the address.

"She's not too far away either. I hope she doesn't view me as weird."

Alex was nervous as he rapped his knuckles upon the door. He still wasn't sure what to say, and that weird itching still hadn't left him. He had to cough several times to get that deeper masculine tone back into his voice - he hoped it wasn't a cold, but it sure was odd that his voice was cracking a bit. He tried to focus on presenting himself exactly as he was: a sweet, intelligent man who had done a good turn for a stranger.

If things went well for him from there then, hey, who could blame him! For a moment, he thought he was being watched, and he turned around to look. But it was nothing, and then he heard footsteps heading to the door, and moments later it opened. Standing before him was Mia Yasmin, the girl from last night. She looked as gorgeous as she had in the bar, even if she was wearing a casual hoodie that disguised her fine body, and little makeup. She gave a wide-eyed look, not sure what to expect.

"Um, hello, can I help you?" she said in her surprisingly low tone. It sounded lovely to Alex's ears.

"Oh, uh, hi Mia, I'm Alex. Alex Paley."

"Nice to meet you Alex, do you mind telling me how you know my name?"

He blushed a little, feeling nervous already.

"Oh I wasn't, like, stalking you or anything."

A raised eyebrow, followed by a narrowing of her eyes. "Okay."

Shit, this was going terribly! He was usually pretty witty and smooth, what the fuck was happening to him? It was like his mouth was outpacing his brain.

"Wow, yeah, okay that was a weird thing to say. Sorry, it's just, I was at the bar last night, the same one you were at."

He could see the fear growing in her eyes.

"Wait, like, hear me out, okay? I know your name and address because you dropped this out of your purse, I think. I only noticed when I was about to leave - it was under my foot. I remember seeing you across the floor with a few friends, and I thought I should return it, but I was a bit tipsy last night and had to work most of the day."

He held up her ID, and she took it, clearly relaxing.

"Oh, thank you so much! That's so kind of you. Sorry about, you know, the whole 'holy shit what the hell is this guy talking about!' look. I was just kinda afraid I had been followed or something. Seriously, you've saved my bacon man, I was trying to chase this down all day. I can't believe I dropped it, thank you!"

He smiled, happy the conversation was heading to safer waters.

"Like, no problem. I was just chilling at the bar. I'm recently single, so I like kind of just taking in, you know, the ambience and stuff. It helped me notice that."

She rolled her eyes, but in a friendly way. "Oh, I totally get it. I'm single at the moment too, and as fun as last night was with my friends - since you noticed - I kinda wished I'd taken your route and just chilled, enjoyed the music, taken in the air."

"Yeah," he said, a little unsure of what to say next. "Do you go there often?"

"Sometimes. I prefer Mel's, but my girlfriend and I had a bad experience there. You know how it is."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Anyway, thanks again so much . . . I just realise I've forgotten your name?"

"Alex Paley," he repeated.

"Thanks so much Alex," she said, shaking his hand. "All the best to you, and to us singles. I hope you find a nice guy soon man, you deserve it!"

She thanked him again, and closed the door.

"Well that went terribly," he said, his voice raising a pitch again. "She thought I was gay. How on earth did I give off gay vibes?"

He made his way back to the car and took off, his cheeks flushed red in embarrassment, the scenes of absolute cringe replaying in his mind.

"Well, I doubt she'll want to go out with me now."

Hazelheart was nervous. She'd followed the man - whose name was Alex - all day. He was doing boring human things that involved stacking boxes and getting yelled at. Something was off about him though. She couldn't say she knew him well, but judging from the thick books on his desk and some of his conversations at his workplace, he was one smart cookie. Except that all thanks to her terrible wish granting failure, he was now making all sorts of mistakes! Including talking to his one true love! It must have been her fault; it was the only explanation!

Worse, his body was changing, even though he still denied it. She could see all the signs of magical transformation occurring. Even his voice was getting higher, and the one called Mia thought he was into men because of the little ditzy twang that had crept into it. It only became more alarming when he went home he clutched his stomach and grunted.

"UGgghhghhh," he had groaned, clutching his lower belly. It was thinner than the previous night, as if he'd lost weight from all the morning sweat, but she could tell that he was also made uncomfortable by something else going on.

"Wh-what the hell. It's like something is *totally* growing in there. MNMhhmm."

His stomach growled, causing him to wince. Hazelheart noticed that as he rubbed his stomach and grabbed a painkiller that his shoulders seemed less broad, and his arms had much thinner hair coverage over them.

"Oh no! He's becoming some sort of pretty boy for her. But that can't be all bad, right? Maybe it's still working?"

She continued to observe Alex. He was quoting aloud his interaction with Mia, saying the things he *should have* said. It made her heart happy to know that perhaps the mission was still on track, but then those hopes were dashed when his stomach churned again, and he was forced to lie down and read one of his big texts on the human body.

"C-c'mon Alex," the man said to himself, "you're going to be a d-doctor. Diagnose yourself - nngghhh . . ."

He poured over his book, but it quickly became clear to the pixie that his frustration was mounting. His temples throbbed in focus, as if he were pushing against the tide to understand the complex terminology in the book.

"Pers-pi-ra-tion . . . altered pig-ment-tation - what the hell is pigmentation? I should know this! Like, what the actual fuck? Why don't I, like, know what pigmen-whatsit is?"

He threw the book across the room in annoyance, early hitting Hazelheart. After that, he simply rested back on his couch and watched television. For a few minutes, he watched something called 'the news' - it mainly looked sad to the pixie - but then he switched to a girly story that was some sort of 'reality show'.

"Fuck it, this isn't my usual thing, but fine. *Say Yes to the Dress* it is. Maybe I'll finally understand, like, why Bianca was into it."

“Was Bianca his old love?” Hazelheart wondered out loud, her voice impossible to hear. “Obviously not his one true love, then.”

She cast her little eyes over Alex’s form once again. Clearly, he was feeling too sick to organise a plan to gain Mia’s heart. Hopefully, tomorrow he would be the handsome pretty boy he needed to be for her, and then everything would be okay. They would get together and live happily ever after, and make plenty of babies just like humans do!

“Still, I’ll stick around a little longer,” she said, “just in case he gets any . . . softer.”

Neither she or Alex had any idea just how ‘soft’ he was going to become.

Alex had weird dreams that night. He dreamt he was being watched, first of all. But he also dreamed that something was whispering in his ear, telling him to “change the right way, darn it!” and to “stop growing so much hair on your head!” and all sorts of other strange stuff. He tried to shoo away the voice, but it was impossible, and in the dream his hair really *did* grow longer, his body softer, and then other changes occurred too. In this dream he was a sexy, very done up blonde woman. The kind of gal you expect to see on social media sites with plenty of attractive influencers. She had a lot of makeup on, and thick lips, and eyebrows that were very carefully arched and looked just a little fake, but in a way that was kinda sexy. She had a ditzy, airheaded quality to her, and the bimbo-like figure to match it. And standing opposite her, was Mia, a smile upon her lips.

When he finally woke, he was strangely aroused.

“Ohhhh, that was a weird dream.”

Instantly he clutched his throat. Something was odd. He sounded almost like a *woman*, and that wasn’t even the half of it. His nipples were strangely sore and raised from his arousal. He brushed his fingers over them and whimpered a little in his softer voice. They were sore, but there was a strange little shiver of pleasure as he touched them, and then again, and then a third time, like a child who couldn’t resist touching the bench with the ‘wet paint’ sign. He lowered his hand further, and felt his hard cock. It was already softening, but even just from feel alone it was like it had shrunk a little. He was probably imagining things, but one area he’d always been proud of was his above-average penis size, and it made him a little nervous to imagine it was smaller than it should be.

Other odd feelings and symptoms manifested as he raised himself out of bed. His shoulders seemed shrunken, his stomach fat withered away. His hair felt longer, though that was probably just from the need for a haircut. But it was certainly softer. Silkier. He realised his morning shave was unnecessary - in fact, his face seemed smoother than it had been

the night before. And on top of all of that, there was a pressure in his hips that had left them looking a little wider. Almost feminine.

“Like, have I caught a disease or something?” he whispered to himself.

He moved to the bathroom and gasped.

“Oh. Em. Gee.”

The man in the mirror looked strikingly different from the person he was before. Or at the very least, quite changed. His hair was no longer brown but a dark, dirty blonde. It was full and soft, and hung down past his ears, requiring him to sweep it out of his eyes. His jawline looked a little softer, and his face was bereft of even the faintest of shadows, instead it was baby smooth. He ran his fingers along it, and was surprised to note that the puff in his face had reduced, though his cheeks were still full - now looking a bit cherubic rather than fatty. His eyes were not changed much, but he could have sworn his brown eyes were meant to be darker than they were now.

The rest of him had changed a bit too. The loss of pudge on his belly was a clear one, but then his nipples were also very noticeable, their outline against his top quite obvious. He removed his sleeping shirt, and was shocked to see that his nipples appeared to have almost doubled in size. He had never been overweight to have developed the dreaded ‘manboobs’, but his chest did look a little less defined, a little more rounded than it should have been. He pulled down his sleeping briefs, and examined his penis.

“Maybe smaller?” he said, voice quivering, and far too high. “Hard to tell. But it *fee/s* smaller.”

It made him fearful, and he spent over half an hour examining his body; his slightly expanded hips, his thinned waist, the way his chest and legs and arms had far less body hair on them than they should have. In the end, he decided he needed to get checked out by a professional, but only after one last skim through his textbooks. After all, a doctor-to-be should know these things.

He had a shower - hotter than he usually liked them - and ate breakfast - a smaller meal than he usually had - before getting down to business. Again, that feeling of being watched pervaded him, but he chalked it up to his nervousness over what was happening to his body. He tried checking over his textbooks and medical go-to sites, but nothing could match his symptoms, and it was giving him weird headaches. There were so many big words and strange terms, and it was so difficult to find his place and read those long boring passages.

“I swear I’m, like, good at noticing this stuff!” he said aloud, frustrated once more. “Just last week I was reading this for fun. Why is it so boring?”

It almost made him want to just stop thinking about it and put on an episode of *Say Yes to the Dress* and call it a day. Maybe take some selfies and put them online. He’d been

meaning to try to increase his social media presence anyway; it was a good way to meet women, and he'd totally failed with Mia.

"What am I thinking? I've *totally* got to call the doctor!"

He did so, fumbling his way through the questions and descriptions of his symptoms. He tried to show off his medical knowledge, but kept making foolish mistakes. In the end, he was able to book an appointment for ten days from now, but was told to go to the hospital if it got too bad.

"Maybe it's just me being anemic," he said to himself. "I'll see how I go over the next three days."

He decided to go outside and get some fresh air, maybe buy the groceries he needed to stock up on. He tried to ignore his nipples against his shirt and hoped others would too, and in the end he set off, hips swinging just that little more than they should. He hummed a tune - he didn't know what from - in a high, musical tone, and set out on his day, trying to keep a brave face.

Unbeknownst to him, a nervous little pixie floated behind him, rubbing her hands together and worried about what was going on.

"Three days, he says. Three days should be long enough, right? The spell has to work by then!"

Unfortunately for Alex *and* Hazelheart, over the next three days the changes only became more pronounced, instead of lessening. Alex became increasingly concerned as his body altered, particularly during his sleep, slowly but surely. His hips expanded, his waist contracted, his thighs became larger and softer. The ache in his chest was followed by a subtle growth that almost looked like the development of breasts, and his hair grew unnaturally fast, turning lighter and lighter. To any outside observer, the changes were too slow to really notice, but it was undeniable to him as someone who was experiencing it. Even his manhood was altering, his penis becoming subtly smaller, his balls too. He was terrified that he was withering beneath some disease, and the time was soon approaching where he would choose to go to the hospital, especially since his changes were not only physical, but mental as well.

He'd noticed from the beginning, of course. The way the word 'like' had crept into his vocabulary, as well as terms like 'totes' and 'totally', and phonetically saying 'Oh Em Gee' instead of 'Oh my God.' He found himself giggling at silly things, especially when he became nervous, and sometimes he would blurt stuff out at work without thinking, like how nice Bill's latest haircut was, or Jenine's dress style suiting her skin colour. His coworkers received

these strange praises with a mix of genuine thanks, blushing embarrassment, or outright confusion.

“Um, thanks Alex, and your new style is pretty cool too. Good on you for being out there and proud of it.”

He had a good notion of what they meant by *that*. With his softened features and more feminine movements and figure, they either thought he was coming out as trans or gay or some combination of both. It wasn't helped by his higher voice, which made him sound a bit stereotypically femme gay, or the fact that when he wasn't paying attention his physical mannerisms became more feminine. The fact that he was now addicted to *Say Yes to the Dress* as well as a beauty fashion Youtuber only made it seem more obvious that he had been in the closet. It was like he was being compelled to play a part, and worst of all his mind was betraying his male personality.

It all came to a head in the worst way possible, two days after he should have been to the hospital already. Alex was already trying to conceal his changing form within a tacky hoodie (he'd been thinking of particular brands and clothing types as 'tacky' lately), but he found he needed to get clothing that was closer to his new, reduced size. He felt as if he was literally shrinking in height, getting shorter by at least an inch or two, but hadn't measured himself lately and wasn't currently certain of his height. All he knew was that he needed new shirts, hopefully thick ones that would cover his growing nipples and slightly domed chest. He was on his way to a store on the opposite side of town - one where no one he knew would spot him - when by sheer coincidence he happened to cross paths with Mia.

She was in the clothing store itself, checking out an item, and before he could rapidly swerve down an aisle to avoid her, she beamed that bright white smile of hers. She still looked gorgeous, and to Alex's embarrassment he felt his nipples tense, getting harder with arousal just at the sight of her. Thank God he'd brought his hoodie.

“Oh my God, Alex, is that you? Alex Paley?”

He gave an awkward nod. “Oh, yep, that's me! Hey Mia.”

“This is crazy, do you shop here?”

“No, not really. I'm trying - um - I'm trying to keep a low profile at the moment.”

She gave a knowing nod. “I understand what you mean. I'm sorry you have to go through this. Look, thanks again for returning my ID card.”

“It was the least I could do.”

“Still, it was awesome of you. I'm right at the end of my engineering course exam period, and it would have made me so much more stressed.”

“Are you planning to be an engineer?”

She puffed out her chest a little in pride, and it was a lovely sight.

“Aerospace engineer, to be specific.”

“Wow, not a lot of girls in that field I bet.”

It had slipped out before he could stop himself, his mouth outrunning his brain as it had the last few days. But instead of looking at him with irritation, she smiled.

“That’s right. Breaking ground for the Yasmin family. Mum always said I should shoot for the stars, and I guess working with actual rocket science is the closest thing to taking that literally, huh?”

He laughed, and it was that silly giggle again.

“Well, it’s been good seeing you, Alex. I really love the name, by the way. You should keep it, unless you don’t like it. It works either way though, right?”

“Oh, yeah, like it totally does.”

She gave him a grin. “It’s a big change, alright! But us brave ‘outies’ gotta stick together, right? I’ll see you around!”

And with that, she left. It took a few minutes before Alex realised what she had been indicating by her words.

“Oh God, I’m like, sooo dumb. She thinks I’m transitioning! She thinks I’m becoming a woman!”

He said it loud enough that several members of staff looked his way, causing him to blush. He paid for his new clothing and rushed back to his car, his steps a little bit more mincing, his hips swaying that little bit more. His heart pounded in fear, thinking more deeply on the crazy possibility he’d just spoken out loud.

“Turning into a woman,” he repeated. “Oh God, is that what’s happening to him? Oh Em Gee!”

He sped off back home to check himself over, the worst case scenario now clear in his mind.

Tears ran down Alex’s face, big wet ones. It was impossible to deny now: he was becoming a woman. It had been five days since he had promised himself to visit the hospital in *three days*. Each time he’d been too nervous, a strange weight settled on him, that feeling of being watched. And each time he made a move to finally go and get checked out, he instead felt a strong compulsion to simply watch a girly reality TV show, or go out shopping, or scroll the internet and put photos on social media, photos he desperately hoped none of his family or friends were seeing.

But now the reality was in front of him.

Or rather, in front of *her*.

No, he wasn't fully female yet. But since that chance meeting again with Mia, when she had mistaken him for a transwoman in transition, he had realised that was exactly what was happening. He couldn't explain it. It was beyond all medical knowledge - not that he even had much of *that* anymore. He now had little B-cup breasts, and that was a knowledge he *did* have that he *shouldn't*. His hips were positively womanly, and his face was developing prominent cheekbones. His eyes were approaching blue, and his eyebrows were becoming arched and looking like they'd been styled.

"I'm t-turning into a f-fucking woman! A totes blonde girl!"

He rubbed at his tears. He'd never been a crier before, but this was all too much, and he'd been feeling increasingly emotional the last few days. Even the latest episode of *Danger's Edge* had made him tear up, and that was a damn action series! Yet for some reason it was the *romance* that made him cry then. And now it was even worse, sending him into a full body blubber.

"What - what is h-happening to m-me!? I don't wanna become, like, a girl! My d-dick's getting smaller and it's gonna b-become a total pussy!"

He cried even more at the changes to his vocabulary. God, he felt so damn emotional, it was impossible to keep it all in. It was like he was becoming a stereotypical woman, but he couldn't figure out why, and he was too ditzy to even figure it out - his medical degree was leaking out of his brain, replaced by knowledge of hairstyle treatments and makeup. He was sorely even tempted just to do a facial treatment just to calm himself down, only to realise how *insane* that was.

"P-please universe, I just want to, like, know why this is happening!"

That feeling returned again, the sensation of being watched. He looked around, his chest wobbling a little in that alien and unfamiliar way it now did. Nothing else was in his bedroom, and yet he felt watched

Suddenly something materialised in a puff of green smoke. It was small, no bigger than his hand, and human-shaped, though it had green skin and purple butterfly wings. It looked like a pretty woman in her early twenties with bright red hair. She flapped her wings on the spot, hovering in the air above him.

"So . . . hey," she said.

Alex screamed and fell off the bed.

"What the hell? Like, what the actual hell are you!?"

The little green woman descended on her wings and sat on the edge of the bed, looking quite nervous and agitated. Alex could relate.

"Hey, I'm not really supposed to appear before humans, but I'm sorta to blame for this total disaster here. My name is Hazelheart. I'm a pixie. It's a type of fairy. We use dust to create magic."

She flourished some dramatically, and Alex gasped at the little constellations of light it created. He looked up at her from his position on the ground, and slowly stood up, backing against the wall. His breasts jostled a little in his shirt.

"A f-fairy? That's - that's totally not possible. Fairies aren't real."

The pixie shrugged. "We don't advertise. We lurk in forests and glens and in different realms, but some of us live among humans for a short time. That's what I've been doing. I should introduce myself: I'm Hazelheart."

"Um, Alex. Alex Paley."

"I know who you are Alex, I've been following you the last week or so."

Alex's eyes widened. A week ago he would have instantly realised this was the creature whose gaze he had continually felt. Now, his more airheaded mind took longer.

"Oh Em Gee! You're the one that's been watching me."

The pixie looked embarrassed. "Yeah, I'm not good at being stealthy yet."

"You - you're the one that did this to me, aren't you?"

The pixie gave a sad nod. "I didn't mean to. I meant to make your biggest dream come true. All us fairies are magic, but some of us have the power to grant wishes, the greatest power of all. None of the fairies thought I was ready, but I came to the human world to prove them wrong. I was searching for a wish from the heart, and when I heard yours-"

"Wait, what wish? I didn't make a wish!"

The fairy flew down to the feminised man's face and sprinkled some dust. Before Alex, an image of himself - still fully masculine - appeared, sitting in a bar. He was transfixed by the beauty of Mia among her friends. The image of him spoke, his voice its normal low tone.

"I wish I was the type of person she would like to date and marry."

"Holy fucking hell!" he said. "You granted *that* wish? Then why the hell am I turning into some blonde bimbo who likes reality TV and, like, fucking makeup tutorials!?"

"I've got no idea!" the pixie said, fluttering on the spot. "I think something went wrong! Maybe I attached the wish to the wrong person."

"So what - I'm turning into some *dude's* idea of who they'd like to date and marry?"

The pixie gave a sheepish grin. "Um, maybe?"

Alex was appalled. The whole situation was insane. Fairies were somehow *real*, and the ability to grant *wishes* too. And for some horrifying reason, this 'Hazelheart' was accidentally turning him into a damned woman. He winced at the thought of what the 'final product' might look like. Already his tits felt big, even though they were only a B-cup or so. And his figure was already starting to shift toward an hourglass, with his rear getting fatter and more peach-shaped. He ran his finger over his lips, feeling their increasing fullness, as well as his cheekbones, which were becoming more and more prominent. How could he not

have seen it earlier? But then, the damned wish was making him so totally airheaded and ditzzy!

“Oh God, I’m gonna grow a pussy too, aren’t I?”

The pixie gave an awkward ‘maybe’ gesture with her hand, one that only made him feel worse.

“Change me back!” he declared, trying to ignore that his voice had cracked up yet another octave. “We’ve got to undo this!”

There was a long pause, during which the little fairy was looking anywhere but in his direction.

“Change me back! Why haven’t you changed me back?”

More silence.

“Like, frickin’ answer me already, bitch!”

What had *that* come from? He’d never called anyone a ‘bitch’ in his life! Small tears rose in the corners of his eyes, and he found himself getting overly emotional again.

“P-p-please change me b-back,” he blubbered, wiping away the tears with his soft hands.

“I, um, I can’t.”

Alex sobbed. “Wh-what do you mean you can’t?”

The fairy looked utterly remorseful, on the verge of tears herself. “I can’t, I’m so sorry. When a wish is granted, it is granted *permanently*. It cannot be undone, even by another fairy. The only thing that can undo a wish is if it wasn’t granted correctly, and even then it has to be really, really wrong.”

Alex gestured hurriedly to his altered form.

“*THIS DOESN’T LOOK LIKE IT WAS GRANTED CORRECTLY, HAZELHEART!*”

“I know! I know! I was hoping it would turn out okay, but it hasn’t!”

“So then what’s stopping you from *CHANGING ME BACK!?*”

The pixie buzzed in the air. “It’s not that simple, we need to determine if the wish went wrong. It doesn’t matter if you didn’t get exactly what you *wanted*. We always try to achieve that, but sometimes little, um, hiccups occur.”

“Like growing *breasts*? Like suddenly wanting to put on *makeup*? Jesus, at least I’m not, like, hot for hunks or anything. But tomorrow I might wake up and not even find girls totally sexy anymore!”

“And these are all hiccups!” the pixie continued. “But if the wish still fulfilled your wording, then it can’t be reversed. It’s ancient fairy law.”

“You can’t break the law?”

“It’s like laws of physics, not court law, I’m afraid.”

Alex stood, wiping away stray tears, and flopped down on his bed. He tried to ignore yet another jostle in his breasts - had they grown again already?

"This is the worst thing that's ever happened to me," he whined. God, he even sounded like an airheaded valley girl type.

"I'm really, really, really sorry Alex! I didn't mean for this to happen!"

"But it has," he moaned, sticking his head into a pillow. His elongated blond hair settled over his neck. His hair, at least, had definitely grown since that morning. He wanted to just put on a set of pyjamas, grab a bucket of ice cream, and devour it while he watched a trashy reality show aimed at vapid women.

Fuck it, why couldn't he do that? It wasn't like he was going to have much choice soon, right?

"What are you doing?" Hazelheart asked as he got up.

"I'm going to cheer myself up the only way this frickin' ridiculous body likes it now. I'm going to eat some ice cream and watch *Say Yes to the Dress*. You can join me if you like or go away forever, I don't care."

He changed into his pyjamas, sighing a little at his feminised body. He definitely was getting an hourglass figure, but it was his manhood that bothered him most - it was starting to look like a little nub, smaller than it had been since puberty. He threw on his pyjamas and went downstairs in his increasingly feminine gait, and took out a whole tub of ice cream.

Hazelheart, still looking obviously guilty, joined him.

"Don't say a word," Alex said. "I just want to sit here and not think about anything. Which, thanks to you, is like super easy since I'm all dumb."

Hazelheart nodded.

The two of them fell asleep on the couch. Fairies didn't often sleep, but the ice cream she'd had overexcited her and spent her energy. Alex had cried at times, trying to think of ways to turn back, or meet other fairies, or regain her lost knowledge. She couldn't figure out why she was turning into a woman at all, especially one with an increasingly curvaceous figure. She felt like there was some obvious answer, but it was getting lost in the fog of her new brain. She didn't feel *dumb* per se - with each passing hour she had a positively genius knowledge of makeup, fashion, fitness routines, and social media expertise - but she certainly didn't possess the problem-solving skills of her former self, or the ability to form logical conclusions as easily. She was too distracted by the amusing events on television, or the changes to her own body, or an unwanted desire to start wearing lipstick.

"There's gotta be, like, a reason I'm becoming a woman," she whined, feeling increasingly tired. "It's on the tip of my brain but I'm becoming too much of a stupid bimbo to figure it out!"

Hazelheart had no idea. Humans were mysterious creatures to her still. Weren't girls meant to like boys? She was *certain* her spell had directed Alex's wish towards Mia's desire. If not, then who? And how could they ever find them! She communicated this to Alex, but the unfortunate victim wanted no word of it. She simply wanted to absorb the information and process it, however much time it took.

The last thought Alex had before she fell asleep was a question: why was she starting to think of herself as a *she*?

Alex woke with a groan. She'd had another dream, one in which she'd been a busty blonde bimbo type, her boobs big and her hips wide, and her figure barely contained within a cute blue dress that showed off her curves. She felt free and wonderful, loving the gazes she received, and taking several selfies where she pouted her lips. Someone giggled near her, a sultry feminine voice that was loving and sweet. This mysterious woman placed her hand around Alex's waist, and for the first time in a long time, Alex felt like she belonged.

The feeling ended as she woke.

"Ohhhhh, oh God, how much of that was a dream?" she said.

She touched her throat again, finding it perfectly smooth and absent an Adam's apple. It made sense: her voice was unmistakably female now, almost verging on a sweet soprano. She hummed a few bars of a pop song she had started to enjoy the last few days, and found her voice quite musical and attractive.

"Let's see the other changes," she said, rising up from the couch. Her hair spilled over her shoulders, and she took several strands, placing them before her eyes. They were now light blonde, perhaps approaching platinum blonde.

"Well, that's one, and I can feel another."

It was, of course, the heavier weight on her chest. Her nipples pressed against the material of her old, now-oversized pyjamas, and they seemed a little bigger. But the boobs themselves had become larger and rounder. She held them in her dainty hands, marvelling at their softness and weight. Yes, they had definitely grown, and were looking *very* nice. Easily C-cups by now. A small flush of pride overcame her as she pressed them together, forming a nice line of cleavage in the slight v-neck of the top. They did look lovely, much more lovely than any girl she'd actually dated.

"The hell is wrong with me?" she gasped, letting them go. They wobbled a little, and she realised she would most certainly need a bra soon, particularly if they got any bigger.

More changes were obvious, particularly when she checked herself over in the mirror and took off her clothes. Her penis was barely existent, a tiny nub that was slightly numb and didn't respond to any touch or stroke. His balls were shrunken and pathetic, and she could almost *feel* the tugging sensation, drawing them back in. Her hips were undeniably female, and also gave her that same unwanted pride: they gave her a wonderful hourglass figure matched by her itty bitty waist, her little shoulders having lost all masculine bulk. Her legs were shapely, her thighs thickened just a little bit. Turning, she admired her ass.

"Nice," she said, before realising what she was saying. "Oh God, no! Not 'nice', I look ridiculous! What are they gonna say at work!"

After all, she was on shift that morning, and hadn't even thought to ask for a sick day. Not like anyone would recognise her voice now anyway.

"Shit! Shit shit shit! And I'm thinking of myself as, like, a girl now too!"

It was hard not too: her face had become beautiful. There were no hard edges remaining, and what remaining fat there was upon his features was now just the ordinary curves that an attractive woman had in her cheeks. Her cheekbones, on the other hand, were high and sleek, and her eyes bright blue. Her eyebrows were fully formed, looking perfectly styled.

"Oh God, I look soooo pretty. I bet pink lipstick would make me *hot as fuck*. And a tight green dress with a little green highlight in my hair."

It would. She could visualise it. The damned fashion knowledge had overridden her entire medical degree.

"It's not fair! Why couldn't the wish have been granted, like, properly! I could be the guy that Mia would like. God, she's so fucking hot!"

She got a little aroused just thinking about the woman. In fact, she got *quite* aroused. It didn't manifest in her little penis, but instead in her nipples, which became hardened and sensitive, and in her core, which became flushed with a nice heat.

"OOhhhh, that'd be so good. Well, at least I'm still totes attracted to hot chicks. That'll probably change too. I'll probably be hungry for cock like an absolute slut soon. This sucks!"

There was a flicker in the corner of her eye, and Hazelheart appeared before her.

"So . . . hey," the pixie said. "Have you changed again?"

Alex raised an arched eyebrow, gesturing to her form. Her breasts jutted from her chest impressively, not exactly 'large' but certainly not small, a pair of ripe C-cups that jiggled with every movement.

"What do you think? I'm, like, turning into a total hottie! We need to find a way to reverse this!"

"I'm not sure there is a way. Most wishes are permanent!"

"But this isn't what I wished for! I wanted to be the kind of person Mia Yasmin would date and even marry. Why am I, like, turning into a boy's wet dream? I can't stop thinking about how cute I would look in the right dress. It's ridiculous!"

Hazelheart gave her a sympathetic look. The pixie thought furiously; there was no doubt that Alex was indeed becoming a woman, and a very attractive one at that. The former man probably didn't notice, but even her movements were much more feminine - she was much more animated when expressing shock, and she pouted her big lips in a cute way to express her irritation. She didn't even realise that she had crossed her arms under her breast, lifting them.

Out of the blue, a thought occurred to her.

"Maybe . . . maybe we can go see Mia."

"What? Are you kidding? I don't want to see *anyone* looking like this! She'll think I'm a freak!"

"I don't know! But I'm sure I connected your aura to hers. Maybe when you visited that clothing store, you were drawn to her location without even realising it, or something! She might hold the answers we need!"

Alex groaned, immediately annoyed at how feminine she sounded.

"I can't, like, deal with this now, okay? I'm gonna be late for work! I'll see if I can go there and convince them that I am who I am, otherwise I'm in super big trouble. You can come with and be invisible or whatevs, but even with all this craziness I still need to pay rent. Unless you can, like, grant a wish for money?"

The fairy gave a dismal look. "One wish to a person, and they can't be affected again."

"Ughhh! This totally sucks!"

Alex was humiliated as she made her way to work. She was terrified of being found out but what else could she do? She didn't want to be fired, and she got scared and emotional at the thought of having to pick up a new job out of the blue, all while dealing with her failing medical knowledge and changing body. She made her way to the warehouse, her feminised body contained within a dark hoodie and loose pants, her hair stuffed into a cap (she'd tried cutting it, but no matter how close she managed to get the scissors, she just couldn't bring herself to cut her wonderful golden hair).

"Alexis? Alexis, is that you?"

She looked up, surprised to hear and see that it was Robert, her manager. He was astonished.

“Um, yeah, I know I look a bit weird, but-”

“Where’s your uniform Alexis? Don’t tell me you need a smaller shirt again? I told you that even if it’s comfortable it’s not practical to show off your midriff.”

“Oh, um, I think I forgot my uniform. Sorry, I was in such a rush to get here!”

Rob sighed. “That’s fine, just don’t do it again. Use one of the spares out back, and get changed. We need you manning the phone line in ten.”

She nodded, unable to think of what to say. Somehow, Rob saw nothing wrong with her appearance. Hell, he was calling her ‘Alexis.’ The name sounded weirdly *right*, and the moment she absorbed that fact, it was difficult not to think of herself as Alexis.

“Shit,” she muttered to herself. She made her way to the back and took the spare outfit, one that had her name on it as a spare. To her dismay, it was a woman’s outfit.

“Damn it,” she continued. “Oh gawd, and I’m not wearing a bra underneath this hoodie. I’ll be flashing the headlights!”

She had to improvise with some masking tape. It wasn’t comfortable or nice, but it prevented her increasingly large and wonderfully pink nipples from being too prominent. Several of her coworkers said hi to her, seeing her body as perfectly normal, even despite the fact that her tits were making a noticeable outline against her work top.

“Hey Alexis.”

“Love the hair, Alexis.”

“Hey Alexis, don’t forget which one is the callback button this time!”

A couple of the male warehouse movers even lingered their eyes over her form, drinking it in. It made her uncomfortable, but also weirdly happy on an instinctual level. She realised that she must have dropped another few inches of height, but Matthew and Caleb were definitely looking much taller to her now.

“Lookin’ good Alexis,” one said.

“Shut up, Matt!” she replied, walking past him, but unable to stop her hips swinging, or her unsupported breasts from bouncing heavily. She was just glad she wasn’t finding men attractive . . . yet. She could still look to her coworker Sasha with interest.

“Oh gawd,” she said as she made her way to the reception desk where she now apparently worked. “I need to get a frickin’ bra.”

The worst part was that in her mind, a cute black lacy one would look *fantastic* with her tits. No, that wasn’t true. The worst part was she still felt a subtle tingle, a slight pressure in her breasts that told her they were *still growing*.

“Oh Em Gee, these things better not end up as Double-Ds or whatevs.”

The rest of her shift was spent manning the counter and working - effectively - as the receptionist, handling orders and shipments and confirming payments and the like. It was work she was unused to, but she managed to bumble her way through it effectively enough. Something about her increasingly high soprano voice evidently appealed to people, even if she did get called 'hun' or 'honey' a couple of times. She felt like a bit of a klutz with several of the order, having to constantly type in codes that she had easily memorised over a week ago. But the whole time she was preoccupied by the fact that everyone now saw her as a woman. Her changes weren't even finished yet, but her entire life had changed around her.

A peek at her wallet confirmed as much: her photo ID now showed a gorgeous blonde woman with thick makeup smiling at the camera, and she was listed as Alexis Paley. She was glad she still had the same parents, but did that mean they remembered having a daughter instead of a son?

"Gawd, it would be supes embarrassing if I ran into my younger brother now," she said to herself.

The entire time, she felt Hazelheart's presence over her. It was a desperate, anxious presence, and it heightened Alexis' own worries. There had to be a way to turn back! There just had to be!

She finished the shift and changed back into her hoodie and pants, getting some odd looks from the others, particularly the guys. Evidently, they were a little disappointed she wasn't wearing something tighter. She got the feeling she was 'meant' to be doing that. She made her way to her car and got in, cupping her sore breasts a little. She definitely needed a bra, especially since she could have sworn they'd gotten bigger just over the course of the shift.

"Alright, make yourself, like, visible or whatevs," she said.

Hazelheart appeared before her. "Are we going to see Mia?"

Alexis nodded. "Will it change anything?"

"It might! If it turns out I didn't link you two, or got something really, *really* wrong, there might be the smallest chance to undo the wish."

"Then let's hurry up and get there!"

Her heart pounded in her chest as she took off, the afternoon sun shining down upon her car. She could feel that small pressure in her crotch, and did her best to ignore it.

"Just stay with me, little guy, stay with me. I'm not going full girl just yet, kay?"

She was at Mia's door again, and her heartbeat was once again loud and fast. She had definitely shrunk some inches: she was probably only 5'7 or something now, probably even

shorter! Even now, she felt that her hair had grown and her hips expanded. It felt like she should have had a 'wide load' plate on her ass from the way it had rounded out.

"Oh my gawd, I'm so frickin' nervous," Alexis said. She could feel the tugging in her crotch again, and it was making her even more anxious.

"Just knock!" Hazelheart said, her form invisible. "It's your last possible chance!"

"My chance? It's your chance! You did this to me!"

But there was no response from the inexperienced fairy, and so Alexis knocked upon the door with three raps. She shifted awkwardly from foot to foot, both of which were too small for her shoes now. Finally, after what seemed like an age, footsteps came from the other side of the door, and it opened.

Standing there, in all her olive-skinned beauty, was Mia.

"Hi there, can I help you?"

Alexis was briefly starstruck, not knowing what to say. She felt her nipples harden with arousal just looking at the other woman, who was dressed in a casual but form fitting blue top and tight jeans. Mia gave her a look over, surprised, but something told Alexis that she was also looking at her oddly in a different way she couldn't quite discern.

"Um, hi Mia. Do you - do you remember me?"

Mia furrowed her brow. "I'm sorry, I can't say I do. Have we met before?"

"I'm . . . my name is Alexis. I mean Alex. Sort of. I returned your ID card the other day?"

Mia's eyes widened. "Alex? Wait, seriously? You've - you've changed!"

Alexis could have cried in relief right there.

"You remember me! You remember that I looked different?"

The gorgeous woman spluttered a little. "I mean, yeah, you looked different! Holy hell, how did you transition so quickly? Were - were you wearing makeup or some prosthetic or something? I've never heard of anyone changing that quickly."

Alexis bit her lip nervously. Her once-logical mind was going a mile a minute, and it was impossible to keep all the emotion in. Tears began to fall down her cheeks.

"Oh God, I'm sorry," Mia said. "Please, come inside. You can tell me what's going on. Did you get kicked out or something?"

"N-no, it's not that, it's - I'll tell you in a moment. I'm so sorry!"

It was strange, being invited in by what was effectively a total stranger. Why was Mia even doing it? It made no sense to her, but she wasn't ungrateful. The woman gestured her over to a living room couch. The coffee table in front of it was covered in engineering textbooks, and a set of reading glasses lay on the side.

"Gawd, you must be so, like, smart and stuff to be studying to be an engineer."

Mia shrugged as they sat down. "I've always been a hard studier."

"Me too. At last I used to be. These days I'm a total airhead."

"What's going on?"

It was better to just bite the bullet.

"It's crazy to explain. I'm sorry to bother you, but you're the only one that remembers me not being a woman. I'm meant to be a man, I swear I am! The night I picked up your wallet, I was a man named Alex Paley. I can't show you a picture, because everything's changed, but I swear I was."

Mia, who had been looking quite concerned, now looked very concerned in a different way.

"O-kay," she said.

Alexis wiped her eyes, her mouth getting ahead of her brain. "No, no I'm serious! I was a dude - I looked average but I had a big penis and everything. I was into girls - I still totes am but gawd even that will change soon I bet - but I was single. My old girlfriend - her name was Bianca and we didn't get along by the end, she's not nearly as pretty as you - she'd dumped me, so I was at the bar hoping to get lucky. That's when I, like, saw you. And no offence but you're suuuuper hot and I couldn't look away, and that's when I made a wish. It was just a stupid wish, I swear! I wished that I could be the kind of person you would date and marry - I'd, like, overheard you saying you wanted a super serious relationship. But it was just me being silly! But then it turns out fairies are real and one heard my wish and granted and then I started changing over the following week and now I've got big boobs and an hourglass figure and totally sexy hair and these big lips and I can't stop wanting to watch *Say Yes to the Dress* and being a total airheaded bimbo at times and - and - and you're the only one that can change me back, maybe!"

She gasped, nearly out of breath from the enormous stream of words that had erupted from her. Mia looked at her like she was an escaped mental patient, but even as she realised how badly this was going Alexis couldn't help but be turned on by her beauty. Her chest ached a little, and she wondered if it was expanding. Were they heavier than before? They certainly felt heavier!

"Um, maybe I should call you someone?" Mia suggested. "I think you may need more help than I can offer."

Alexis was about to try and convince her with yet another long stream of consciousness when suddenly Hazelheart burst into visible existence between the two of them.

"No, she speaks the truth! I made a mistake with the wish!"

Mia screamed.

Alexis screamed.

Hazelheart screamed.

“Oh my God, what the hell is that!? Holy shit, is that an actual fairy? Fairies are *real!*?”

Alexis nodded eagerly, the pixie as well.

“My name is Hazelheart,” she said, “and I made a wee tiny silly mistake, I think!”

Mia put on her reading glasses, brought her face right up to the fairy, even poked it just to make sure it was real. The fairy pulled away, clearly annoyed.

“Hey, watch it! We’re tiny and fragile!”

“I’m so sorry, it’s just . . . you’re a fairy! A real live fairy! This is astonishing!”

“That may be so,” Hazelheart said, “but I’ve got to remain secret. It’s a fairy thing. Look, please let me just explain what happened. Listen to the whole story so we can get to the bottom of this. I’m a real fairy, but I’m new to granting wishes, and I think I did something really, really wrong.”

Mia stood.

“I - I need a glass of water first. Please, make yourselves comfortable. Alex - Alexis, and, uhh . . .”

“Hazelheart,” the fairy said with a sheepish grin.

“Yeah, sure. Okay, wow. Fairies exist, and a man is turning into a hot woman. I mean a woman. I need a moment to process this.

She needed a few minutes, in fact. Alexis couldn’t help but think that Mia looked really cute when she was confused. It made the feminised man feel weirdly damp between her legs in a way she couldn’t quite figure out. Just being in the presence of her made her body tingle, and there was that feeling of magic in the air as Hazelheart told the story more slowly and more properly. It was as if merely being in the presence of this woman - this smart, kind, sexy, even funny woman - was making her body change more quickly, like it had at the clothing store. Hazelheart finished the story, and over the next half hour proceeded to answer Mia’s numerous questions, ranging from the scientific (Hazelheart didn’t really ‘get’ science) to the banal, to the problem solving (such as the mechanics and limitations of wish granting, all stuff that the old Alexis would have thought to ask but now was embarrassed to have never thought of). All the time, Mia couldn’t help but glance over at Alexis, making the latter feel a bit awkward. She felt like she was being stared at like a freak, and it made her feel diminished.

It was only after the questions were exhausted that Mia sat in silence for a long moment.

“I know why you’re becoming a woman, Alexis,” she said in a quiet whisper.

Both Hazelheart and Alexis leaned forward, awaiting the news.

“Why?”

Mia blushed. She gestured for the fairy to fly close to her mouth, then whispered something that Alexis couldn't hear. The fairy looked astonished.

"Really!? But I thought it usually went a man and - oh! Oh! Oh, by the magic circles! By the sacred stones, so it *did* . . ."

Alexis stood, alarmed. "Like, what's going on? What happened? Can I change back or not?"

The pixie flew away from Mia. "Um, so the good news is that the wish actually *did* work!"

"What!?"

"Yep! I didn't realise some . . . things, about humans! Mia will explain! But the wish did work - you got exactly what you wanted . . . you just should have worded your wish more carefully."

"This isn't, like, *my* fault! Do we know enough to change me back?"

The pixie gave that nervous grin. "That's, well, that's the bad news, see. Because you did get what you wanted . . . the change is permanent. Sorry! You're sorta stuck as Alexis for the rest of your life, but the changes are nearly finished! I guess my inexperience put the magic on a slow burn of sorts!"

Alexis looked from Hazelheart to Mia and then back again.

"Like, what the frick is going on!?"

"Um, I'll let Mia explain that! I've got, er, fairy stuff to do! Yeah, fairy stuff! I'll let her sort it out and check on you in a month, how about that?"

"A month? You change me back or else I'm totes gonna-"

But with a puff of green smoke, the fairy disappeared.

"That *bitch!*" she cried in a soprano tone. "I can't believe she left me like that! How on earth can I be the kind of guy you'd like to date and marry, when she turned me into a frickin' girl! It, like, doesn't make any sense!"

To her shock, Mia didn't offer comfort, but instead cracked up laughing. They were big belly laughs that had the other woman in stitches, and it made Alexis incredibly confused. She wanted to be annoyed, but the other woman had such a wonderfully full laugh that it just made her even more attracted to her.

"Oh my God, you really *did* become quite airheaded, didn't you?"

Alexis blushed deeply.

"I told you, I was meant to be a doctor before the wish. I was totes smart. And I'm not dumb now or anything, just dumb in *some* ways. I've got all this silly knowledge about cute dresses and makeup and styling and dancing and how to make the best sweet drinks. It's ridiculous!"

Mia shook her head, wiping stray tears from her laughter.

“Sorry, sorry, I didn’t mean to offend. It’s just that - have you *really* not figured out by now how you can be turned into a woman, but still be the kind of person that could date and even *marry* me?”

Alexis shook her head. She could feel two puzzle pieces coming together.

And then they clicked.

“Oh. Oh!”

Mia grinned. “Oh yeah. I’m a huge lesbian.”

Alexis could have slapped her forehead a hundred times. It was so obvious! How hadn’t she seen it? But she knew the answer: as a man, she’d automatically assumed this gorgeous woman was into dudes, and now as a ditzy blonde, she hadn’t even made the mental connection. It was why she’d turned into a knockout of a woman, though it didn’t explain why she was so shallow and emotional.

“Oh gawd, I’m such an idiot.”

“No, you’re just a cute ditsy lady. Do you know how I know that, Alexis?”

Alexis shook her head. She was trying to ignore that wet feeling in her crotch. Something had changed there, but her proximity to this beautiful woman was making it hard to concentrate on her own body.

“N-no?”

Mia looked her up and down with a smirk on her lips.

“Because if you really did wish to be the kind of person I would date and *marry*, well, then you probably turned into the kind of person I find most attractive.”

Alexis blushed. God, were her boobs getting bigger in real time? They felt like they were leaving a firmer impression on her hoodie. Her pants were feeling tight around her hips too.

“You - you find me attractive? But I feel so stupid!”

Another smile, followed by a sexy bit of her lip. “Oh, I *definitely* find you attractive. I’m really, *really* into busty, curvy blonde bimbo types. I don’t know why - I’m training to be an aerospace engineer, and I greatly value my intelligence and ability to push back against stereotypes.”

She drew closer, their faces getting closer, her voice more sultry.

“But . . . I’ve always had a thing for ditzy, sexy blondes like you, especially one with big tits and a love of looking good. Call it a fetish, I guess.”

By this point Alexis was breathing heavily. She felt hot, and without thinking she zipped her hoodie down, revealing the much tighter shirt beneath that hugged her ample chest wonderfully. She looked down in shock - she *definitely* had D-cups now at the very least, if not Double-Ds.

"Mm-hmm, those looks *lovely*," Mia said. "I'm guessing you're not used to wearing a bra, huh?"

Alexis shook her head, still speechless.

"Well, I can help you get used to that, because I'm sorry to say girl, but you're gonna need 'em."

"They are pretty heavy. Can I borrow one of yours?"

Mia chuckled, and to Alexis' surprise she thrust forward her hand and cupped them. The feeling of the other woman's hands upon her big, sensitive tits was *wonderful*.

"Mmmhm, I'd say no, sorry. You're like two cup sizes bigger than me. Just the way I like them. Can I see them? Can I see your body?"

Alexis trembled with excitement. That need, that desperate heat continued to build.

"Um, I guess so. I haven't, like really shown anyone else my body before. This new, totes busty one I mean."

"Well, you were perving on me at the bar, right? You won't mind if I perv back now?"

The truth was, she wouldn't. She was embarrassed by her new form, but now everything made sense.

"Well, sure."

"It's just to help you - if I get a sense of your body shape, then I can help you at least adjust by getting new clothing. Apparently this change is permanent - really sorry about that - but maybe I can help you with finding something that fits."

Once again Alexis was reminded that this was her new fate. The fairy had been gone less than five minutes, and that shock was still rolling through her. This would be her body, her life, forever. A busty, curvy, blonde bimbo. She'd never asked for it - except she sort of had, without realising. As the old adage went: *be careful what you wish for*.

She might as well make a start and try to embrace it, even a little.

"Okay, but please don't, like, make fun."

"I promise I won't, Alexis. Such a cute name by the way. Let's go to my bedroom so I can see what might fit you that I own."

She took her hand and pulled her upstairs. Just that contact alone sent shivers of excitement through Alexis. She was certainly still attracted to women, because her infatuation with Mia was only growing by the second. Her body, her beautiful smile, her nice curves and lush hair. Even things like her makeup and skin care were now sexy to her, things she never would have paid lots of attention to as a man but thanks to the wish she now knew inside and out.

"Oh wow, your room is totes large, Mia."

It really was, albeit quite plain. It made Alexis want to start decorating it, an impulse she never had a guy. It made her wince; yet another change she had to get used to in her life, and likely one she now had *for* life.

“Yeah, I know it’s not much. I’m not a real decorating person.”

“I’d totes get some pastel colours in here. Get some cute little photo frames and decorations on that cupboard. You should definitely get, like, a real cute framed painting over the bed backboard.”

Mia chuckled. “The wish making you like that?”

Alexis’ cheeks reddened. “I can’t help it! It’s that stupid frickin’ fairy making me all fashionista and stuff. I *literally* can’t not be into all this stuff. Even this hoodie is horrible to wear - I can’t stop thinking how *tacky* and cheap-looking it is, and it’s not flattering on my figure at all!”

“Well,” Mia said, drawing close enough that Alexis could feel her breath. “Why don’t we get you out of it, then?”

She moved around behind the new woman and pulled the hoodie jacket off. Alexis felt terribly, *wonderfully* vulnerable as this sexy olive-skinned woman proceeded to help her remove her trousers, followed by her shirt. They struggled for a moment getting the last off: her boobs were too big for it, and they flopped about embarrassingly when the shirt was finally pulled free.

“Holy shit, those a *nice*.”

“They, um, they feel pretty big. I didn’t expect to get boobies this big.”

“I love that you call them boobies,” Mia said with a chuckle. “Yeah, those are probably 34DD’s I’d say, at a guess. I’m almost jealous, particularly given the rest of your figure. I’d say you’re just about done.”

“Except I’ve still got a penis, at least. Even if it is, like, supes small.”

Mia raised a dark eyebrow. “Are you sure about that?”

Alexis didn’t want to check. She wanted to hold onto the illusion that she still had a trace of manliness to her, even if she now thought of herself as a woman. Her large, white boobs were in the way, topped by their perfect nipples, preventing her from seeing her own crotch. Still, she lowered her hand down to her ill-fitting male briefs.

“Oh gawd,” she said. “It’s gone. It’s really, really gone. I’ve got a fucking pussy! I’m a frickin’ freak!”

Mia placed her two hands on Alexis’ shoulders.

“Alexis, you’re not a freak. You’re not. I know this is really strange for you. I know that last week you were a man, and you never even imagined becoming a woman. But whether you wanted it or not, *now you are*. That fairy granted your wish, and it’s permanent, but you’re not a freak. You’re a sexy, busty blonde hottie, exactly the kind of girl I’m attracted to.

I've always wanted a hot, curvy fashionista to be my girlfriend. I always imagined being with someone who loved my smarts, respected my ambition, who understood the kind of person I am . . . but was also a fuckin' smokeshow ditz with big tits and a great ass, who can rock any outfit and knows just how to treat me in the bedroom. I've always been ashamed to admit it. It's poisoned a lot of relationships. I've felt pushed to always date girls that are just as smart and 'respectable' as me . . . when all I want is a hot bimbo babe who will make me feel happy and sexy and *craved* for the rest of my fucking life."

Alexis took a deep breath.

"W-wow. You - you really feel like that about me? You think I'm, like, a hot bimbo babe?"

Mia placed her arms over Alexis' shoulders, drawing closer until their chests touched, sending ripples of anticipation through the former male's body.

"I won't lie Alexis, you're literally the sexiest woman I've ever seen. And the perfect woman for me. If you'll give me a shot."

Alexis couldn't hold herself in any longer. She was a woman. She was stuck like this. She had actual tits - big Double-D ones at that! She was a hot, not all that bright busty babe with curves in all the right places, and a borderline instinctive need to show off her body - one she'd been struggling far too much to avoid.

And she was also finding out that she was now deeply, *deeply* horny for girls.

This girl in particular.

"Oh, fuck it!" she exclaimed, and she pulled Mia into a deep and passionate kiss. The other woman was briefly surprised, then reciprocated, and the two began making out in earnest, their soft arms trailing over each other's forms. Alexis groaned as Mia felt at her tits, groping and squeezing their soft roundness. In turn, she furiously began to pull at Mia's shirt.

"Woah! Slow down Alexis. You'll rip it!"

"S-sorry! I just, like, need you so frickin' bad! I'm so unbearably horny right now!"

"Good, because I've been trying so hard not to stare at how goddamn sexy you are."

The words turned on Alexis even more. She recognised now that the dampness, that wonderful wet feeling between her thighs, was her new pussy becoming intoxicated with arousal. It was such an alien and strange and *wonderful* feeling, and she already yearned to have Mia's fingers - her lips! - see to her own pleasure.

Mia removed her top, and got to work unfastening her bra. Her perfect olive breasts were free from their confinement. They were large B-cups - Alexis could tell now - beautiful and perfect with dark nipples, but amusingly small compared to her own large, rounded boobs. It made her feel that same flush of pride, and she stuck out her chest, wobbling it suggestively with her shoulders.

"Mmhhmm, mine are bigger. I hope you aren't jealous."

“Not at all, honey. You’re just how I like my women. Busty and bouncy!”

They pulled together again, kissing tenderly, nibbling at one another’s ears. Mia bit into Alexis’ neck lightly, licking her shoulder and shifting her tongue down over Alexis’ areola. The new woman trembled in pleasure, her sensitive nipples hardening further in reaction to her lover’s tongue, little tremors of bliss travelling to her core.

“D-don’t stop! Oh, fuck! That f-feels so good! It’s totes amazing, babe!”

“Mmhm, I love that you’re already calling me babe, Alexis.”

She was lost in pleasure, unable to stop, and she didn’t want to anyway. The two continued to kiss and caress, and soon Alexis was completely naked, her briefs discarded to the other side of the room. She pulled the jeans off of her lover, and then Mia’s panties too, and then the two attractive women were naked on the bed together, their soft bodies caressing and stroking and pressing up against one another.

“Ooohhhhhh,” Alexis moaned. It was in response to Mia lowering her fingers to rub at her new clit. The sensations it produced were beyond anything she could have imagined, so alien, so indefinable, and yet so much more pleasurable than her old cock when it was stroked. This felt so much more . . . deep.

“P-put them in! I want to feel you *inside me!*”

Mia grinned, kissed her on the neck, and did exactly as she asked. Alexis briefly seized up as two fingers entered her depths and played with her inner passage. It was penetration, of a sort. It was being mastered. It wasn’t as stimulating as her labia or clit, but it felt like a different kind of wonderful. She lowered her own hand and returned the favour, rubbing her partner’s perfect pussy, eliciting soft, low moans from Mia.

“Mmhmhm . . . you make a good lesbian, Alexis, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, I t-totes am,” she replied. She felt free and giddy, uncaring how airheaded she was, or how ditz. She wanted to please this woman in any way she could, and take her own pleasures from her too.

“Yeah you are. Are you going to be my p-perfect girlfriend?”

“Mmhm, like, yes!”

“Are you going to g-go on dates with me?”

Alexis grunted, feeling a strong orgasm building.

“Yes! Totally, yes!”

“And maybe, if we *really* like one another, you’ll get married to me?”

Marriage. It was insane. It was probably a long way off, and yet even in her mind’s eye she could imagine the two of them in cute dresses; Mia’s refined and gorgeous, hers tantalising and accentuating her bust. A mismatched pair that nevertheless matched perfectly. The ace and the bimbo. The aerospace engineer and the sexy influencer.

“Mmhm, I’d I-love that! I really would!”

Mia grabbed her and pulled Alexis's body beneath her own. The new woman looked up at her lover's sexy dark eyes and magnificent figure. The woman was straddling her, and with a grin she lowered herself and placed her face right in Alexis' boobs, motorboating them and causing the former man to giggle in her high, singsong voice.

"OOhhhh - s-stop! That t-tickles! Oohh - but don't stop either!"

Mia only stopped after what felt like a wonderful age. She placed her fingers behind her, playing with Alexis' pussy one more.

"Mmmhm! Oohhh - ah - ah - aaaahhh! That's so f-frickin' g-good!"

"Are you going to be this horny all the time for me, Alexis?"

"Y-yes!"

"And you're going to wear cute, revealing dresses, and crop tops, and short skirts, and sexy bikinis, and tight tops for me?"

"A-always! Oohhh!"

"And you're going to watch trashy reality shows with me, and help me with my hair, and go out on dates with me so we can act cute in public?"

"I - ahhh - I really really really want that Mia!"

"Good! Because you're so fucking hot Alexis. It's crazy that you came into my life this way, through actual f-fucking magic. But I want you! I want this wish of yours to be true. Do you want that!"

The ministrations were too much. The pleasure built and built and built until it was impossible to contain any further. Mia groped Alexis' left breasts, pinching her nipple and sending her right over the edge. Her body shook with orgasm - no, a series of orgasms. They were different from the male equivalent - less explosive and immediate, instead more drawn out and constant. It was like a wave of attacks upon her nerves, and she had to ride out each attack as best she could. Her body shook, and without meaning to she cried out in an especially high voice.

"OOOhhhh! YES! YES! YES!"

She collapsed onto the bed, and Mia with her. The other woman was also experiencing orgasm - she'd removed her hand from Alexis' breast at the last second to rub her own pussy and bring herself to orgasm. But Alexis could see that her eye had never left the blonde's busty form. They lay together, panting and slightly sweaty, but in that wonderful post-coital fashion that only made the moment more deeply erotic.

"H-holy shit," Alexis finally said. "That was, like, totes amazing. I can't believe how good that was."

"Yeah, that was - I'm not joking here - the best sex I've ever had, Alexis. I know you weren't born a lesbian, but girl, you're a natural."

Alexis couldn't help but beam even as she blushed. She still couldn't believe this was her life now. She was stuck as a woman - a hot, busty lesbian one at that - for the rest of her life. She'd have to accept being catcalled, being stared at, lusted after, putting up with periods, perhaps even pregnancy if she stuck with Mia and they did get married and want kids down the line. It was all so much.

But looking at the gorgeous, naked woman beside her, it almost seemed like it could be worth it.

Maybe.

One Month Later:

Hazelheart was nervous. She was hoping things had all worked out, but she knew that she had likely screwed up. The other fairies would never let her out to grant wishes again, not after this disaster! She flew to Alexis' place, fully expecting to find a miserable blonde woman covered in men's clothing, ashamed of her body.

But the apartment was empty, and listed available for renting.

Confused, she whisked her way invisibly to Alexis' workplace at the warehouse. But from the conversations she overheard, it seemed Alexis had nearly three weeks ago. The men seemed disappointed.

Becoming increasingly curious, perhaps even a little hopeful, she flew over to Mia Yasmin's house. There was no one home, but she could sense the magical link the fairy had fostered like a scent or afterimage; it led away from the house and towards the centre of town. The signature of both Mia and Alexis were part of this 'scent.'

"Please, please, please," she muttered to herself, flying in pursuit. She flew over the boardwalk, searching for her targets, her mind racing with possibilities of what she might see. And that was when she found them.

They were walking together, hand in hand, laughing and talking and flirting openly. Mia was her usual pretty self, wearing a light yellow summer dress and wide-brim hat, a pair of dark glasses keeping out the sun's rays. But Alexis had changed completely. She was still utterly voluptuous, though her boobs looked a little bigger than Hazelheart had last seen them, but she was not hiding that body anymore. She wore a cute white crop top with a small v-neck that perfectly emphasised her large breasts. It lifted them, the straps of a black bra visible, giving them the appearance of being even bigger. They openly wobbled as she walked, enticing the strangers around them, but also Mia herself. Her midriff was bare and perfect, and she wore a short dark skirt that swished easily, revealing her shapely hips and sensual thighs. Mia said something to her, and she blushed slightly, leaning against her new lover and kissing her lovingly on the cheek.

"Wow, they're so cute together now," the fairy said.

She materialised for a moment - just a moment - at the edge of their vision, and waited. It was Mia that spotted her first, and the shocked woman tapped Alexis on the shoulder. The blonde woman gave a doe-eyed surprise befitting her new personality, but after a moment of shock, she gave a grin that could have rivalled her girlfriend's. She gave a simple thumb's up, and Hazelheart returned it.

And then the fairy disappeared, off to grant new wishes. It seemed that, after a few stumbles, this one had worked out after all.

The End