

## Mini-Story: Best Friend's Fantasy (Man to Numerous TFTG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Wishes can be wonderful, but sometimes they cause unexpected consequences. When Mark finds a magic ring and wishes he could have his perfect fantasy girlfriend every day, he's astonished to find it granted. But his best friend Jay is even more shocked to find that he is now that fantasy, and more than that, the fantasy changes each and every day.*

### Best Friend's Fantasy

So today I'm a mermaid. A sexy, red-headed mermaid with emerald green eyes, an impressive chest pushed up within a seashell bra, and a cute green tail that flexes in strange and unfamiliar ways. It's not the weirdest thing I've been, not by far, but it's not exactly normal. Well, it kind of *is* my normal. My new normal. I'm residing in the pool, languidly doing laps back and forth, and I'm actually kind of enjoying the feel of the water against my soft mermaid skin and scales, when I hear Mark call out to me.

"Well, looks like I know what my fantasy is today!"

I whip my tail about in the water - it takes less practice than you might think - and move rapidly to the side of the pool, my long red hair flowing about behind me. By the way, having long hair as an underwater creature at all is stupid, but it's my best friend's fantasy, so I don't get a say. I push it over my shoulders and give a sheepish smile as I rest my forearms on the edge of the pool, my new tail swaying behind me.

"Yeah, it's real subtle alright! Red hair and green tail. What could you possibly be aping here, I wonder?"

Mark blushed a little, scratching the back of his head. "Well, it was one of my favourite movies as a kid. At least you're not sixteen?"

I raise an eyebrow. "Whoop-do-doo. I'm trapped as the ever-changing fantasy girlfriend of my former best friend, never getting the same body more than three or four days in a row - a week if I'm really lucky - but at least I'm not underage, right?"

"Look, I really am sorry about this, Jay. You know I never meant to - HEY!"

That was me splashing water at him with my tail. You know, I could almost get used to being a mermaid for a few more days, provided he drove me to the beach for the full experience.

"What was that for?" he asked, now totally wet.

I gave him my cutest, most mischievous grin, all while raising myself up to show off my frankly fantastic tits. That was one thing I pretty much *a/ways* had, no matter what form I got give; a set of fantastic tits. Sometimes several pairs of them, in fact. I've been a cowgirl

twice now. Both times have been very . . . booby. And milky. That part was less fun. Until it was.

“What was what for?” I said, giggling.

“Uh, splashing me, obviously.”

“Oh, just in response to you saying how totally sorry you are about me ending up as your transforming girlfriend. You know, because you aren’t.”

“I am! I swear it!”

“So you won’t fuck me today.”

“Not if you don’t want it!”

“Aha!” I cried, pointing at him. “But that’s just it. Because your wish makes me your perfect girlfriend, I can’t *help* but want to fuck you. I’ve been doing it for a year now! So it’s all your fault.”

“Which is why I’m sorry!”

“But you’re not, because you love it!”

He blushed even deeper. “Um, yeah, but wouldn’t you?”

I rocketed back and floated on my back, letting my tail move softly along the water while my red hair framed my cute upper half.

“Yeah, okay, you’ve got a point there. But seriously? Mermaid? I had to drag myself down the stairs this morning just to get to the pool. Lucky we’ve got one, because I’d be shit out of luck otherwise. I can’t believe all the racket I was making didn’t wake you.”

Again, my friend-turned-hot-boyfriend (he doesn’t change; he was always hot, I just didn’t see it until his spell made me totally gaga for his body) scratched his head.

“Yeah, I think I was still pretty much in a happiness coma from last night. You really did a number on me. A good one, of course!”

I giggled, twisted about in the water rapidly to face him again.

“Oh, you liked me as your big, buff, tough half-orc barbarian, did you? Maybe that was why I was her for a full three days.”

It was actually *fucking awesome*, by the way. I had muscles on my muscles, but still looked *fine as fuck*. Plus my boobs were huge. Like, head-sized big, but without any drooping. I was a big green alpha female with cute lower jaw tusks and I was able to pick my man up and dominate him. God, I could do that all over again, and I knew he could do. The man was hard as iron while in me. Seriously one of the top five changes I’ve had. Sign me up for being a hot as fuck barbarian brawler orc again. Even the furskin bikini thing was actually pretty hot. I pulled that shit off!

“Well, I hope you don’t mind being a mermaid,” he suggested, drawing closer and dipping his feet in the water. He was only wearing boxers. It was a good look, particularly

since I now accepted I was one hundred percent heterosexual for boys, and one hundred percent devoted to Mark thanks to a literal magical compulsion.

"It's not too bad," I say. "It's not buff, tough orc girl, but it's pretty neat. The pool is a little small though."

"We could go to the beach?" he asks.

"We could," I said, reaching out to grab his shoulders suggestively. "But why don't we have a little fun here first, sailor?"

And with that, I drag him into the water with me, laughing as he becomes completely soaked. He looks at me with astonishment as he surfaced, but my horniness level is overwhelming by this point, and my tail is already wrapped around him. I push my chest - now sans the seashell bra - against his and kiss him passionately.

"Wow, someone's eager today!" he says as I let him have some air.

"I'm a freakin' mermaid dude. What guy hasn't had this fantasy. Now I just get it from the other side. Now hurry up and make love to me, dude."

I don't need to ask him twice. He was thoroughly satisfied by the aftermath, and so was I. Turns out sex in a swimming pool is actually a really good idea when one of you is an aquatic humanoid fantasy creature who is ethereally beautiful. I'm even starting to like all the red hair. Plus, it's kind of cool that my voice sounds like a song.

"Maybe I'll stay a mermaid another day, since you enjoyed that so much?" I ask him as we soak ourselves in the sun by the edge of the pool in the aftermath. I'm now totally naked, my tail dipping into the water occasionally, but my human side pressed lovingly against his. I found this kind of close contact really awkward at first, but I'm used to it now. Hell, I quite like it, not that I say that often.

"Maybe?" Mark says, "but who knows with me, right?"

I roll my eyes, slapping him on the shoulder humorously. "No kidding. What a wish yours turned out to be!"

It was a year ago when he made it. We were just two ordinary best friends. My name hadn't changed from the gender-neutral Jay but I used to be a twenty two year old man back then. At a beach we came across a ring in an old box that claimed to give a limited number of wishes. The ring glowed with the number 'one', which we (correctly) took to be the number of wishes left. I thought it was nonsense and so did he, but we still did paper-scissors-rock over who got to wear the ring and make the wish.

As you can probably guess, Mark won. And his wish was indeed one for the ages:

*"I wish I could have my perfect fantasy girlfriend every day of my life."*

I laughed when nothing happened, even asking him what his 'perfect fantasy girlfriend of the day' was. He replied that he'd seen a really hot girl with darker skin further up the beach who had a really nice ass and a gorgeous flirty smile. She was out of his league,

of course, and we both knew it. I went to make another joke, but suddenly the ring on his hand flashed and crumbled off his hand. In the confusion that followed I doubled over from a series of strange tensions, pressures, and sensations over my body. Mark, being the great friend that he was, immediately worked to rush me off the beach and into the car to get me to a hospital.

Only we didn't make it to the hospital, because in just fifteen minutes of travelling I experienced the totally crazy and unique transformation of becoming a hot black woman. One with a nice big ass and a really cute smile. Not to mention - and this is the clincher - that despite my sheer panic and terror at this gender bending race change, that I was now super into my best friend. And by super I really mean it. He drove me back to his place and despite my best efforts (and his at being a gentleman), I was all over him just a few hours later, moaning in a gorgeous mezzo-soprano while I took his cock in me.

I blamed him for a bit. I was angry. Even more so when I woke up the next morning as a big-titted blonde bimbo. And then again when I was a cute petite Asian with an anime blue hairstyle. By the time I was a sexy big-titted goth girl with purple highlights and thigh-high black boots I was starting to ease off a bit. It wasn't really Mark's fault. His wish had been twisted by the ring into something that had affected me only by proxy. But there was also no undoing it; no research turned up anything, and it wasn't like we had much to go on to start with. I was doomed, as far as we could tell, to constantly change forms while sleeping, waking up with a new body each time - often one that had its own identity that at least made living normally manageable, though sometimes I went full fantasy. I discovered that last one when I woke up as a hot dark elf woman with pointy ears and silver hair, and really great reflexes. I even had a fantasy roleplay costume of really fine make. Sucks that I lose my outfits when I change because it was the bomb.

So yeah, this is my life now. I'm Mark's hot girlfriend, always changing into whatever particular fantasy is in his overactive dreams on a given morning. But hey, we're still best friends. We're still total nerds. We still play DnD, and since a few friends know about my situation we're able to even get some humour out of me being a literal wood elf ranger or demoness rogue while playing. We still play our video games, still go to the movies all the time, still go on silly road trips together. The only difference is that I'm always in a new body and I'm always up for fucking him. The wish couldn't make me fall in love with him, but it certainly made me attracted to him. And while it's still hard to admit out loud, a year of being like this and him being so awesome about it has changed my opinion of it.

So yeah, I guess I love him. Maybe one day I'll be able to say it outside of sex. But given how frequent sex is, maybe it doesn't need to be, ha!

My reminiscing is ended by him asking me a question. I stir, tail flapping in the water. "Sorry, what was that? I was thinking back on this whole thing."

He smiles at me, and it's a cute smile. "I was just thinking about all your changes and how you seem to like this one and the half-orc one. I guess I was wondering what your favourite and least favourite ones were."

"Oh man, I could go on and on about this. We should start keeping a list. I've got a broad best and worst though."

"Lay them on me."

I begin counting off on my fingers. "She-orc is obviously the best."

"Obviously."

"Yeah. Tall, sexy, big boobs and green? Not to mention the muscles? Fuck yeah."

"Agreed."

"I weirdly enjoyed being the French maid. God, that's embarrassing to admit, but I've never enjoyed cleaning so much. And when you took me against the shelf . . ."

He whistles. "Yeah, that was hot. And early on. I felt bad about that change."

"Well don't. It was kind of a transition for me. I don't know. I usually like the more powerful changes, but that submission was kinda hot. Just so long as I'm not always like that. Oh, I *didn't* like being the centaur. That was a wet fart."

He chuckles. "Agreed. Really cool right up until . . ."

I give him a playful pinch. "Until you realise the sex is basically impossible, and you can't get a horse downstairs, *and* I really needed to do a big horse poop, *and* that horse poops are really big."

"Hey, we got you to a field in time!"

"And wasn't that a journey! Plus, my boobs were huge and bouncing with each bound. Way too much motion."

"Okay, any others you disliked?"

I think about it. "Cowgirl was another swing and a miss."

"Awww, I really liked the cowgirl. You had, um . . ."

"Big fucking udders. Including a literal one. And I know you liked to drink straight from the cow, but you have no idea how pressurised I was. I leaked everywhere, man! Now the stylish Asian alternative lady with the tattoos, she was cool."

"Super flexible too."

I flick him with some water using my tail. "Calm down, sailor. We'll get back to that kind of action in a minute, I've got to finish this thought first. Hmmm . . . I liked being the German bar maiden."

"You just like having big boobs."

"Dude, best reason to be a woman. Seriously, I can play with my jugs whenever I want!"

We share a laugh, and I cuddle up against him. “Just don’t make me a drider again. Too many legs.”

“Yeah, I guess it works better as a screensaver.”

“Damn right. But mermaid is cool. And the blonde hottie type. I kinda liked being a bimbo Barbie for a few days. It was pretty funny being on your arm and making a heap of people jealous.”

He falls silent for a moment, then shifts me slightly so he can look me in my eyes.

“I’m glad you find fun in it. I mean, you know I do, it’s my fantasy. But sometimes I just-”

I put my slender fingers to his lips. “Dude, just stop right there. This is my life now, and we can’t change it. I don’t blame you, and I don’t want you to blame yourself. It’s a crazy kind of existence I have now, but I accept it, and I even find a lot of fun in it. God knows, it’s always interesting. Plus, I’m still with my best friend in the whole world, and the sex is always amazing. So let’s not go there. Let’s just have fun.”

He takes a deep breath and nods. “Thank you, Jay.”

“Don’t thank me yet.”

“Oh? Why not?”

I grin from ear to ear. “Because this mermaid may want you again, but she wants you in her natural environment.”

There was only a split-second realisation upon his face before I pulled him back into the pool, drenching him all over again. I made it more than up to him afterwards though.

Yeah, I could do mermaid again alright. But who knew what fantasy tomorrow would bring?

**The End**