

Fey Coin
- A TG Short -
By Razmagurk

“Babe?” I rolled over and looked Parker in the eyes. “I have a confession to make.”

We were cuddled in bed. The sunlight filtered down lazily around the curtains. It was a Sunday morning, her parents were gone for the spring long weekend, and we were taking advantage.

At least, that had been the plan: our hot tender bodies entwined as we basked in each other’s affection. Young love.

But I could put this off no longer.

“A confession?” Parker raised an eyebrow. “Well, I suppose it is Sunday. Ooh, have you been a naughty girl? Do you need a spanking?”

“Mmm...” I flushed at the thought — at how appealing I found it. My big strong girlfriend holding me down and spanking my big round butt red as I squirmed and moaned. I bit a lip. I wished I could just play along, that I didn’t have to spoil the moment. “Maybe later.”

I knew once we got going again we’d never stop. There would never be a good time.

“What’s up, Kitten?”

“The truth is... well...” I slid my thick girlish thighs off the side of the bed and stood up, pacing around nervously as I wrung my delicate hands. I’d lost my clothes in last night’s sapphic acrobatics and now my body bounced and jiggled unrestrained, to my girlfriend’s great amusement. “The truth is... I am - I used to be - a man. “

I gestured down at my *excessively* girly body, for what little good it would do. I was petite. Busty. Delicate.

She looked up at me and blinked, taking a moment to process what I was saying.

“Like...” she tilted her head. “You’re trans? You transitioned? Wow! I’m impressed.” she rose off the bed and walked over to me, her grin turning lascivious as she appraisingly cupped my slick vulva. “I didn’t know they did such fine work.”

I gasped daintily, blood flushing my cheeks. God! I flushed so easily these days.

“No, no,” I tried not to melt into her. “Please, I’m serious.”

“So serious you want me to stop playing with your pussy?” She raised an eyebrow.

“Y-yes? Maybe?”

“Wow, okay.” She pulled her hand away, but her firm body was still so hot, so tantalizingly close. “I’m sorry, Kitten. If this means a lot to you, you’re right, go on.” She was being supportive, but having her all but pressed up against me wasn’t helping.

Look at her! Parker was so much that I wasn’t - so much that I’d never been. Firm, muscular, unafraid. She could lift me up and spin me around and make me feel like the princess I’d become. I mean, hell, she had abs! Girl-abs! I wanted to just rub my face against them all night long.

“The truth is-” I shook my head, trying to focus on anything besides my girlfriend’s incredible body. “I’m not the girl you know. I’m a guy. I was born a guy. “

“Oh. Oh! You’re female to male? Kitten, whatever it is, you know I’ll support you. Do you want me to start calling you, what, Daddy? Patrick? Do you want a go with the strap-on?”

“Baby, please.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. “Let me finish.”

“Sorry, sorry.” She made a gesture like she was zipping her lips. “Go ahead.”

“I’m not trans.” I stopped to consider. “I mean, I might be? I really don’t know where I stand right now. But listen, that’s not the important thing. I’m not the person you think you know. *You* aren’t the person you think you are.” I turned my head dramatically, unable to look her in the eye. “And I need to tell you how I got here.”

“And how’s that?”

“I made a deal with a fairy.”

She blinked, then tilted her head. “This isn’t the direction I thought this conversation was going to go. I thought you said this was serious?”

“Babe please, I need you to hear me out. I need to tell someone - I need to tell you. Because it’s eating me up inside, okay? Because you’re amazing! This life is amazing! and I don’t deserve any of it. I made a deal with a fairy and now I’m a girl and everything is falling apart.”

“Is this like, a metaphor? Are you breaking up with me?”

“No!” I cried out, eyes wide. My voice was quavering as I held back tears. “But hear what I have to say and then if *you* want to leave *me*, I won’t blame you.”

Now I had her attention.

“I’ll start at the beginning.” I wiped my eyes and took a deep breath. “Wait, no, context first. My family always whispered dark things about my mom’s side of the family. That long ago they made a bargain with a strange fey being and ever since they’d been both blessed and cursed.”

“Sorry,” Parker held up her hand. “Is this about your super hot stripper of an aunt? The giggling bimbo with the huge boobs? The one who gave you a coupon for pole dancing lessons for your last birthday?”

“That wasn’t all she gave me...”

“Look, if this is about how you’ve inherited her good looks, I am all for it. Have I mentioned how grateful I am for your boobs? I mean, come on, look at them!”

I smirked despite myself. It was good to feel loved and she was right, they were amazing boobs. The fey had seen to that.

“On my 18th birthday my Aunt Candy gave me a coin. A magic coin, she explained. That had been passed down for generations to the men of my family. It would let me make bargains with the creature who had given it to us so long ago.”

“Is this a DnD thing? Like, a Larp? Or one of those ARGs?”

“It’s not a DnD thing!” I sighed.

“Just checking.” She held up her hands in mock surrender. “I know you’ve been trying to get your friends into that stuff.”

“Look, I didn’t believe it either. But what did I have to lose? I was a loser, a loner.” I crossed my arms over my chest, over again all-too aware at the way my forearms rested on my more than generous bosom. I wrenched my attention from them. “No friends, no love, no prospects. Can you imagine what that was like?”

“Aw, Kitten.” She swept me into another hug. Tight, secure, naked. “You have lots of friends.”

“Now I do.” I wriggled fruitlessly in her strong arms. “Guy-me wasn’t popular. Wasn’t happy. And here was a chance to fix that. But I’d read stories. I knew what happens to people who deal with fairies. My life wasn’t so bad I couldn’t just grit and bear it. With one exception. One thing I couldn’t live without.”

“You turned yourself into a girl?”

“No!” I flushed. Somehow still indignant about this fact despite my current state. I closed my eyes. Her firm body against me. “It was you.”

“Me?”

“Do you remember the day I first asked you out?”

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The world whorled around me. The crowded halls of high school. A churning sea of people talking and laughing and living their lives. Not me. I was a rock in a river. They parted to pass.

Senior year and I was a ghost. 18 years old and no one even saw me. But today - I clutched my fist tight around the coin in my hand - today that was about to change.

They'd said I'd grow into things, that it was just an awkward period. But I was still scrawny. Short. Barely above average academically or physically. I had none of the muscle the other guys seemed to be putting on. I was nothing.

And I was tired of being nothing.

I looked across the hall at Parker. Her smile shining in brief flashes between the gaps of people like the sun on a cloudy day.

Parker. I rolled her name around my tongue. Parker who smiled at me. Parker who chased off Sid that time he'd stuffed me into a locker. She wasn't popular. She didn't play that game. She didn't need to be. She was cool and strong and followed her own rules. Captain of the lacrosse team. She'd earned the respect people gave her. A good person.

My heart fluttered. She was a tomboy. Tall, firm, with lips that always seemed to be smiling, and a tinkling laugh. She was beautiful and smart and strong and I'd never in a million years be able to act upon the desires in my heart. A lowly guy like me? Asking out an angel like her?

Not without some help at least.

I looked at the coin, rubbing my thumb along the relief of the face. It had the green patina of ancient copper and was almost as large as my palm. On one side a great oak, and on the other the grinning face of a beautiful but androgynous figure, and text in letters I couldn't read.

I thought back to what my aunt had said. About how it was my birthright. But that I had to be careful. Everything came at a cost.

Per her instructions, I pricked my thumb with a safety pin and wiped the blood along the face.

"Fairy?" I whispered, unsure even as the words came out my lips. "I want to bargain."

I looked around nervously, feeling my face turning red. What if someone had heard me? What if someone noticed I was acting like a complete idiot?

Then the coin bit me.

"Ow!" I dropped it, sucking my thumb as I stumbled back. "The hell?"

And then I froze because someone had just walked right through me.

The flow of people were no longer parting for me. It was like I was a ghost for real. Like no one could see me or touch me. I pushed up against the lockers to stay out of the way of the crowd. All the color had drained from the world. Everything seemed strained and indistinct.

"What's this?" came a voice, melodious and weirdly syncopated. "Something new comes knocking at my door? Wanting and wishing and wailing for more?"

I jumped and turned. Behind me, where a row of lockers had just been, was now a floating hole in space, large and round. And sitting on the other side of it was the figure from the face of the coin. As brightly beautiful as the dawn.

And, god, they were as proportionate to the hole in space as the image of them had been on the coin. And here I thought fairies were supposed to be small.

The blood drained from my face. I felt dizzy. Was there some hallucinogenic substance on the coin? Was I tripping out? Or was I just going absolutely batshit insane?

“Breathe, lad. You’re not mad.” It smiled softly. “Have you not dealt faerly with my kind before?”

“N-no.”

“Then I’ll forgive you for dropping my coin.” It winked. “And what a thing you are! A fine strapping lad such as yourself? I think there’s much here to stock my shelf. Good teeth. Good bones. And badly in need of my services.”

“That—” I furrowed my brow. “That doesn’t rhyme.”

“It need not.” it grinned.

“It’s... it’s true then? What my aunt said? You can grant me luck? You can make things go my way?”

“Oh yes!” it purred. “If that’s what you’ve come to buy; Fate is but a trifle for the likes of I. Such is the magic of my coin. But know, I deal faerly. I take my price each time.”

“Price?” Here it was. The catch. The thing that would doom me forever. One of my eyes? Years of my life? My first born child? It said it delt fairly, aye? We’d see about that.

It laughed. Inside its mouth were entirely too many teeth.

“Something abject, you imagine. And right you are.” Its eyes twinkled. It was speaking just a little too quick. “But we need not yet go that far. I’m as fair as fair can be. What would be all at once a ruin, I’ll make hair by hair a trifle. And trifle for trifle we shall have our exchange.”

“Huh?”

“For you, the same cost I offered your uncle.”

“I don’t - I don’t have an uncle.”

“You did. Once. A powerful man of no uncertain will. Bargaining with him was always such a thrill. Broad as a barrel was he in those days, though now he gets filled in other ways. You have the echo of him about you - soft jaw, subtle features, lithe figure. My hand at work.”

“What are you saying?” There was a lump in my throat making it so difficult to speak clearly. “You want to turn me into a girl?”

“Your uncle paid the price we bargained.” Its grin was too tight to be human. All the more uncanny for its beauty. “He got what he asked for, no more and no less. No tricks, no duress. He knew what he was getting into when he came to deal. I’d no sooner demand of you a woman’s form than ask all your coffers to pay for a single sweet. I want just a penny, just a dime of the vast treasury of your manhood: A trifle for a trifle. Fair as Fairy.”

That... that didn’t sound so bad. Far from the ironic fate I’d been prepared to anguish over.

“And just think of all the good that can buy you. Riches, power, fame! Destiny is yours to tame. Come buy! Come buy!”

Was this the lesson? That my uncle had gotten greedy and it had turned him into that... that ripe, luscious example of womanhood that always made men stare and drool? But - I looked around at the ghostly echo of the world I stood in - I wasn’t so foolish.

“There’s only one thing I want. A small thing.”

“Ah! A man who knows his need is a rare thing indeed.”

“I want to be able to ask this girl out. I want it to go great. That’s all I need. I can do the rest myself.”

I could handle the rest, right?

“Really?” It seemed almost incredulous. “Of all that I offer, that is least of all. Truth, for young love to rise, I’ll see to it you stand tall. All for just a lash of manhood.”

Could it really do that? Give me the confidence to ask her out? To not have to fear her rejection, to know that it would go well?

No fear.

I reached out a hand.

“Deal!”

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“Aw, Kitten,” Parker cooed. “You’re saying you needed your aunt’s lucky coin to work up the courage to ask me out?” She smiled brightly. She had a dazzling smile. “That’s kind of sweet actually. A fun story to tell the kids one day.”

“It was real!” I insisted. “It *was* magic. You were this girl I’d always dreamed about from afar, but there was no way a guy like me could have ever actually asked you out and you’d say yes.”

“Babe, if you were a guy, I would have said no. Or did the fact that I spent this whole night with my face buried in your boobs not tip you off to the fact that I’m more than a little gay?”

“Not then you weren’t.” I flashed her a wry smile.

“What?” She tilted her head.

“We’ll get there.” I shook my head. “There’s more to the story. But this is one of the reasons I have to come clean. Because sometimes I lay awake at night thinking about how I used the coin to manipulate you. To *make* you agree to go out with me. I did wrong by you and-”

“Patricia Candice Murphy.” She broke out my full name only in times of dire earnestness. “It wasn’t the coin that asked me out, it was you.” She put a hand on my shoulder and looked me deep in the eyes like she was giving a pep talk to one of her fellow lacrosse players. “You were nervous, yes, but you were way more charming than you give yourself credit for. You were - and still are - funny and cute and kind. Honestly, I was the one should have been nervous. I mean, come on Kitten, look at you, you’re beautiful.”

“Not then I wasn’t.” I couldn’t look her in the eye, but glancing down just gave me a perfect view of her incredible body and now was not the time so I ended up staring up at the ceiling awkwardly instead. “I was this weedy little guy. And I was terrified you were just playing along, just humoring me. But it was like everything I said landed with you. You even laughed at my shitty jokes. And then, before long, it started to get really easy to talk to you. The magic worked.”

“That’s not magic, Kitten, that’s just people finding a connection.”

“It was magic to me.” I flushed.

“But look,” she said, giving my shoulder a reassuring squeeze. “Then we started dating, right? And I’m glad you asked me out because I’ve never been happier.”

“Aw, baby.”

“Nor have I...” Her hand ran sensuously down my arm, sending a shiver through me. “And I’m just going to throw this out there – nor have I ever been this sexually satisfied.” Her look had turned smouldering. I was suddenly reminded of just how naked the two of us were. “And you didn’t need the coin for any of that, did you?”

“Ah,” I flushed. “There’s more to the story.”

Moisture drew at the corners of my eyes. Emotion flowed so freely these days. I was always crying about something.

“Oh.” She shook her head to put her horniness away. For now, anyway. It was never too far away with her. “Okay, I’m listening. I’m a little lost though. I’m still not quite picking up the metaphor.”

“Babe please.” My voice hitched. “I just need you to take this at face value. This isn’t easy.”

“You know what? Alright.” She wiped one of the tears from my eyes and smiled. “Sure, I’m in.”

“Huh?”

"If my smoking hot girlfriend wants me to roll with something, I'm in. I love you babe."

"You're just humoring me, aren't you?"

"I'm serious. I've got your back. Whatever it is. If this fairy guy is bothering my girl, you just let me know and I'll - oh is this drugs? Is this a drug thing?"

"Babe!"

"Sorry, right. Just let me know who to punch."

I couldn't help but smile.

"So you used the magic coin to get the confidence to ask me out. So, what happened next?"

I flushed at the memory.

"Well," I paused to consider how to phrase this. "I told myself I'd never use it again. That you were all I ever wanted. That I wouldn't get greedy. That I was going to save it for an absolute emergency."

"But you didn't?"

"I did." I buried my face in my hands. "But something happened that shook me to my core. God, I was so afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

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"So!" Parker grinned cheerily from behind the wheel of her car. "Ready to meet my parents?"

"Y-yeah!" I did my best to smile but inside, my stomach was tied up in knots. I hadn't been this nervous since our first date. I hated that it had become such a thing. I'd have so much rather met them under more casual circumstances, but it just hadn't worked out and now here we were, on our way to a formal dinner at a nice place, care of her father.

I'd cleaned up the best I could. I'd had to buy new clothes for the occasion. God, what if they didn't like me?

I clenched the coin in my pocket. I always kept it with me, just in case. There'd been some close calls. I almost had a panic attack on our first date. But I'd managed to resist the temptation.

Honestly? It was the waiting that was the worst part. The build-up. Once we actually went out somewhere, once I was with her, everything seemed so much easier.

But this? I shuddered. This was important. Parker was close with her family. I had to make a good impression.

“You’ll be fine,” she smiled, well aware of my nervous tendencies. “They’re going to love you, just like I do.”

“And if they don’t?”

“What’s the worst that can happen? An agonizing few hours,” she laughed. “Just... the most awkward night of our lives. But hey, it’ll be over before you know it.”

“Not helping!” I whimpered and slid down in my seat. Even she thought it was going to be a disaster!

“Tiger, I’m joking! They’re good people, you’re good people. You’ll get along great.”

My heart was pounding, my world was shrinking. It was like I was staring out through two tiny pinpricks. I thought I was going to pass out, and finally I could take no more.

Within my pocket I pricked my fingers. I traced the circle upon the coin and I whispered the words.

When I opened my eyes everything was again ghostly and indistinct. There was a haziness to the world, like a fog had settled over it. All the other cars had disappeared.

“Back for more, I see!” This time the hole in space had appeared in the passenger side window. The fey creature’s expression was frustratingly smug. “I knew once you got a taste you couldn’t keep away. What will it be this time? Something bigger? Something badder? Want to have your say? Fame and riches? Sex and power? All could be yours for the price.”

“No!” I gritted my teeth. I’d not give in so easily to temptation. I wasn’t greedy. I knew what would happen if I started down that path. “I just want to make a good impression with her parents. I want tonight to go well.”

“Really?” The fey looked almost taken aback. “Is that all? I do have vast realms of potential at my beck and call.”

“I just want to make a good impression. Another trifle. Like before.”

“I don’t know if this is no fun at all, or the most fun in ages.” It grinned professionally. “You’re prepared to pay the price? Same as before.”

The price. I rubbed at the patch of the back of my hand. There’d used to be hair there. Now my skin was softer, smoother. Fewer blemishes. Most people wouldn’t even notice the difference, but I’d been looking. Softer skin, silkier hair, a gentle softening of the face and nose. Sometimes I found myself more comfortable if I crossed my legs at the knee.

It hadn’t been the shock I’d been expected. I’d had horny nightmares for weeks about waking up as some drooling, cock-obsessed bimbo with tits so big I could barely move; just waiting for the other shoe to drop. But this was as far as it had gotten.

Hell, it wasn't even so bad. Some people would pay good money for this, right? I wasn't a giggling bimbo. I was still me. But how many more deals could I make and still have that be true?

I could afford one or two more bargains, surely.

"I'm ready." I nodded at it. "Though I half expected you to set the price ever higher this time."

"No need." It winked. "A trifle, I told you. And think of all the good I can do for you. Another small trade now, another small trade later. A few old lamps for new. One day we can move onto... bigger things. I am always available."

There was still the apprehension in the back of my brain, but I felt more in control of the situation now. No push I didn't want to take. No slippery slopes. So what if I had to deal with nicer hair and smoother skin? Parker said she liked it anyway.

Parker... I looked at the ghostly echo of Parker. I had to do this. For her. I had to make a good impression with her parents.

And maybe there were just a few other small things I could think of...

"Deal."

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"You're such a dork" Parker laughed.

"What?"

"You get offered all that and you just wanted to impress my folks? As though you had anything to worry about. I'd have gone for like, diamonds or something. But then, I already have a beautiful girlfriend and your parents love me."

"It wasn't just that." I sank back a little. "It was all these little things. Our big valentine date? Our first kiss? That time we were fooling around in the locker room after practice."

A smile crossed her face as she remembered.

"Am I really that intimidating?" She raised an eyebrow.

"I..." I sighed. "Maybe?"

"Come on, Kitten!" She pulled me in closer, flesh against flesh and whispered softly, reassuringly into my ear. "You got nothing to fear."

"Well I know that now." I melted into her. "But in the beginning? You gotta understand, we were still getting to know each other. I had used magic to ask you out. To make things go smoothly. I hadn't been the one to make a good impression, or impress your folks. It was all fey trickster magic. I didn't know if..."

I swallowed. My throat felt thick. "I didn't know if I was good enough for you. Every step of the way I was just waiting for you to realize, to ask yourself why you were dating this loser."

"You're not a loser."

"I was! And it didn't help that with every desperate deal I became less and less of a man."

"Baby, stop. I don't want to hear you say these things about yourself. And so what if you had some help along the way? It's not just those moments that I love you for. Our relationship is more than that. It's all the little tender moments and deep conversations. It's you that I love. All of you. Not just you at your best."

"Really?" I flushed in her arms.

"Yes! I may not get what's going on, but come on, for every big gesture there's a thousand little ones. All those late nights talking and laughing, all those little intimate moments. Waking up with you on a blissful Sunday morning. Mm... the way you eat my pussy like a total fucking pro?" She waggled her brows lasciviously. "Maybe we should get back to bed and you can prove it to me, huh?"

"You're so bad."

"You love it." She grinned cockily. She was right.

I looked deep into her smouldering eyes then flushed again, harder.

"What?"

"I may have used it the first time we had sex as well? And look, there's more going on here than just finding the confidence to be with you. That was the start, but god -" I gestured down at my body - "I've come a long way since then."

"Sorry, hold on." She raised an eyebrow. "Go back to the sex bit. Kitten, I remember that night very well. The way you were all over me with your fingers and lips? You did not need a confidence boost."

"Well, I *had* intended to use other parts of my body." I could feel my heart pounding at the memory. "But what choice did I have?"

"You're telling me it wasn't amazing?"

"I'm saying you and I have very different memories of that night."

"It was fantastic!"

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"This is a disaster!"

I slammed the bathroom door behind me. Of course it had come to this. Of course it was going to end this way! What else had I been expecting? Had the fey known from the start? Had this all been part of the plan?

I looked in the mirror. Soft plump lips in a delicate face. Still male, but only barely. Even the clothing I wore seemed to cling and hang girlishly off my petite frame and wide hips. It wasn't as bad as things could have gotten but it was a damn sight worse than they had been!

And worst of all? I pulled at the waistband of my skinny jeans to see what lay beneath. My dick was small and delicate, soft despite my arousal, despite Parker's ministrations.

I'd never been huge, don't get me wrong, but I'd been better than this! Inch by inch, the bargains had added up.

Until now...

I looked down at my pathetic dick.

Now I was barely a man at all.

"Don't take too long, Tiger!" Parker pounded on the door, the raunchy husk in her voice sending shivers through me.

You'd think my lack of manhood would be a deterrent in my girlfriend's eyes, but no. She acted like nothing was out of place. Everybody did. I'd been so scared of my family finding out, but they acted like this was who I'd always been.

I almost wished they wouldn't. Mom kept trying to talk to me about makeup and fashion, and after I'd started trying to hide my body as much as I could in oversized hoodies, Parker had dragged me out shopping for things that better fit my body. She wanted a boyfriend who could show off the goods. Skinny jeans, tighter shirts, brighter colors. I looked like I was distinctly leaning into my femininity. Parker was hard to say no to.

You know what the insidious part was though? It's that it wasn't so bad. It turns out makeup and fashion are genuinely fascinating, and a part of me kind of liked the way I looked now. I was hot! It was in an anime pretty-boy kinda way, but that was still better than the nothing I'd been before, wasn't it?

But - I had to keep reminding myself - what if that wasn't really me talking? What if it was all just some side effect of the changes?"

"Tiger?" Parker's voice rang out again. Hungry, Needy. "If you don't hurry up I'm going to get started without you!" There was a thump as something small and fabric hit the bathroom door. "Oops! I seem to have misplaced my panties."

I gulped. Arousal spiked through me, my whole body lighting up, and still my dick was only half hard. I couldn't go out to her like this!

“This is it.” I bit my lip. I bled upon the green coin. What other choice did I have? “This is the last time. I can’t afford to go any further.”

The world faded to ghosts, and Parker’s pounding slowing and echoing into an indistinct background hum.

“Come to bargain?” The Fey had returned. There was a hole in the world now where the shower had been moments ago.

“You bastard! You knew this would happen.”

“And so, my friend, did you.”

That smarted but it wasn’t wrong.

“If, dear sir, you think I’ve gone too far, you are free to stop calling upon me. I take nothing but that which I earn fairly.”

I ground my teeth. I thought of the girl outside who was eager to go. Beautiful Parker, her athletic body, ready and eager and I was... not.

The femboy and the tomboy. God, how did I find myself here?

“What choice do I have!”

“There’s always a choice.” It grinned. “Though not often a good one. One must make the best with what one has. Don’t you agree? Isn’t this fun?”

“One last bargain.”

“That’s what you said last time.” Its teeth glinted.

“This time I mean it.”

“As do I. I should warn you, this puts you on the precipice. Out one end and in another. Teetering in the middle. Any future deals and no one will recognize you as a man at all. From cock to hen, you’ll never have been.

I could feel my heart pounding; I could feel a lump rising in the back of my throat. I should throw this coin and run. But what was I going to do, leave Parker wanting? Or worse, leave her unsatisfied? All because I was unable to get it up?

She’d dump me. She’d hate me. Everything I’d done to get to this point... all for nothing. My manhood practically gone and not even anything to show for it!

I felt sick to my stomach.

The last one. After this I'd be in a good position. I'd be established. I'd bury it. I'd never use it again. I wouldn't let myself fall fully into girlishness.

I looked up at the grinning creature. I wouldn't let this thing win.

But first...

I held out a hand.

"Deal."

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"I don't know why you were so worried, Kitten." Parker took my wrists and guided my hands to her body. "Your hands are magic."

I rolled my eyes at her phrasing.

"No, really! That night? You had me shooting stars. The way you used your fingers, your lips. So passionate, so tender!" She brought her lips to my neck. "I couldn't believe you were really a virgin."

"Yeah, cause I couldn't use my dick!" I whimpered in her grasp.

"Kitten, you didn't need one." She gave me a lusty grin. "But hey, if you want a turn with the strap-on, I'd love to see what you can do with it..."

I mewled and melted into her. I *didn't* want to, that was the worst part. I'd much rather she wear it and fuck me silly. Look how far I'd fallen.

"I can't believe you were nervous about sex." She giggled. "I was the one who was terrified."

"Wait, what?"

"Yeah, first date with a smoking hot girl like you?"

"I was hardly smoking hot."

"That's not how I remember it. Pat, have you seen you? Your body? Your boobs? God! But hey, listen to me. If there's one thing I've learned?" She took my face in her hands. "Even if things don't go great some times, we have plenty of time to get it right." She winked, sending a shiver through me.

"Easy for you to say."

"And come on, it's not like we haven't been having incredible sex ever since. Remember when I had you trembling at the knees beneath the bleachers? You were in that slutty little cheer skirt and it was after my big game?"

My pussy gushed at the memory.

“Mmm... or that time I had my face buried in your pussy while you were doing that video call with your coach?” I smirked, playing along.

“What about that time we spent an entire Sunday day in my room, fucking each other senseless because we’re young, in-love and tremblingly multi-orgasmic?”

“When was that?”

“This afternoon, if you play your cards right.”

I laughed.

“My point is,” she smirked. “Does that sound like a girl who can’t get it up for me?”

Aching horniness spread through me. A wet female horniness: nipples hard, body yearning to be rubbed and felt and slid soft. Tingly gooey warmth. It was familiar now. Pleasant.

Talking about being a guy just made the contrasts all the sharper. Was it punishment, or a gift, that just remembering what I’d lost turned me on so much?

“So what happened next?” she purred in my ear.

“Huh?”

“You’re hardly a man, Kitten.” She rubbed her hands liberally over my boobs. “Last I checked. Not even something in between. You must have used it again, right?”

“I buried it.” I looked away bashfully but nonetheless leaned into her ministrations. I didn’t want her to stop. “After that, I swore I’d never use it again. That I had enough.”

She put her arms around me, grinding into me. Closeness, warmth, comfort and a warm red pleasure spreading through my body. I wasn’t sure quite how much she believed, but she was supportive. God I loved her.

“But it didn’t stay buried did it? What happened? Don’t tell me you were freaking out over my birthday or whatever.” She had a wicked grin.

“N-no!” I shook my head. “I was good. For months I did everything my own way. But things were different. I’d gone too far. It wasn’t for you I made my next deal.”

“Huh?”

-

“Back again, I see!”

I was broken. Defeated.

“Oh no? What’s this? Not the usual look on your lips. No rush to overcome some shyness. It’s been a while. Everything okay with your lover?”

“Of course.” I looked in the mirror. “And even if it wasn’t, what further price could I even pay without bringing it all down? I’m not even a man anymore, not really. I’m something in between.”

An androgynous face reflected from the bathroom mirror, but context clues pointed towards the feminine. I was wearing a creamy blouse and an ankle-length skirt. Parker liked me in girly clothes. She said they looked good on me. I couldn’t deny that the silky fabric felt nice, but it set entirely the wrong impression.

“Tragic!” The fey seemed to be enjoying it a little too much. “No takebacks I’m afraid, now that all is done and said. You can’t have your manhood back, no matter how much you suffer and beg.”

“Fine! Keep it. I’m not here to beg.” I’d already come to accept that. I curled my manicured nails into a fist. “But I’m not going to let that stop me.”

“Oh?”

“That’s not why I’m here.”

“Ho!” it exclaimed.

“Because I realize, at the end of the day – she’s straight. I’ve seen how she looks at guys. How she doesn’t look at me. I’m an exception, but only just. If I go any girlier, I’ll... I’ll be what? Her gay-crushing best friend? No. I won’t have it.”

“I must say, most would have learned that the hard way.”

“You bastard, you knew this would happen!”

“Now, now, no need for name calling.” It bared its teeth. “Besides, if that’s the best you can do, save your bawling. Your uncle was more a poet of profanity and no amount of breath is going to turn you back.”

“Fine. Then I want another deal.”

“Oh?” It perked up.

“If you want to make me a woman, fine. Take it. Push me over. I’ll be a woman. Easier to live that way than to be stuck in between.” I shook my head. “Some people may want to be non-binary, but it’s not for me.”

“What a surprise. Have you discovered something about yourself? Sensed a strange softness deep down, something you’ve kept even to yourself? But have you really thought this through? Weren’t you just thinking of your girl? What will she say of this?”

“You can make things work out.” There was a bitterness to my tone. “That’s your whole business, isn’t it? I still have some manhood left. I’m not nearly so far gone as my aunt.”

“Pennies yet you have, it’s true. What do you propose? What business would I still have with you?”

“Turn her gay.”

It laughed. Not the polite laughter it peppered its smug speech with, but laughter deep and real and disturbing.

“Make her a lesbian. Into girls, into me. I pay with my manhood. I become a girl. We can still be together.”

“I’m impressed!” It looked genuinely shocked. “Clever. Noble. You’d really do that for love?”

“Got one over on you, have I?”

“More’s the fool, I suppose, but the customer is always right, in matters of taste. This is really that which you have in your sight? You seem to be regretting your earlier purchases.”

“Do it.”

“Then don’t act surprised if you get mad later.”

“Deal.”

-

“Sorry, what?” Parker tilted her head. “You’re saying that *you* made *me* gay?” She took the opportunity to get a good appraising look at my boobs, clearly liking what she saw. “I mean, Kitten, you’re hot enough for it, but come on, I’ve been drooling over my dad’s playboys since I was little.”

“Now you have. And every time we go to bed together a part of me is screaming out that I did this to you. That I was selfish, that I’d changed you - warped your whole life! - without even talking to you.”

“To be fair, I doubt this conversation would have gone any better earlier.”

I slumped onto the bed. She sat next to me. There was a moment of silence.

“Honestly?” She elbowed me playfully. “Good on you. Boys are gross.”

“How can you be so calm about this? I changed your whole life!”

“Were you expecting I’d be mad or something?”

“Maybe?” I threw my hands up. “I’d be furious if I heard that.”

“Well what if the situations were reversed? What if I was gay and wanted to date you so I turned you into a girl? How would you feel?”

“I...” My heart thumped. “After everything, I guess it doesn’t seem so bad. As long as I got you.”

“See? And besides, it’s all hypothetical right?”

“It’s real, Parker.”

“No, I mean me, the idea of me being straight. I don’t know what that would be like. That’s not me, Kitten. If I had to choose between drooling over dicks or getting to bury my face in your sweet pussy, it’s going to be the latter every day. “Even if I have to... what? What’s the cost on my end? I get an amazing girlfriend? Tons of criminally hot gay sex?”

I flushed.

“Of course you’d say that.” I half huffed This wasn’t going at all like I’d expected. I’d expected her to be... angry. To not understand.

“Yes I would! I’m me aren’t I? Unless I’m beholden to some previous version of me’s opinions. So don’t get down about it. I’m living my best life. Besides, who ever heard of a lacrosse girl who’s straight?”

I laughed. I’d been holding this in for so long it felt so good to let out some of the tension.

“Baby, I don’t know who this loser you keep painting yourself as is, but that’s not you.”

“No.” My breathing was coming out hard and fast. “It isn’t. I’m not... I’m not the man I used to be. I’ve seen to that, haven’t I?”

“What do you mean?”

“Look -” I wriggled. Parker leaned into me. “Being a girl is hard, okay?”

She laughed.

“It’s true! It was one thing to be a girl. It was another thing to be an ugly girl. To be an unpopular girl. Being a loser guy is one thing. I could handle that. But being a loser girl?”

“You used the coin?”

“That bastard set me up! It wasn’t just the physical. Suddenly I had all these strange thoughts in my head. Strange feelings and motions. It was like the estrogen had rewired my brain. All kinds of strange wants.”

“Strange wants, aye?” She raised an eyebrow lasciviously.

I'd been feeling things I'd never felt before. Emotions, wants. I did use the coin. "God! I wanted," I wriggled, "I wanted to be pretty! I wanted to be cute." I fell back on the bed, a wash of shame flooding in from what was left of my masculinity.

"Aw, Kitten." she snuggled up to me. "I think you're adorable."

"Now I'm adorable." It felt good to be called that. It made me feel pretty, wanted, valuable. "But it came at the cost of everything I once was. That - that was when I started using it for myself. Because you have no idea what it's like to be a girl, but just barely."

"I think I've got a better idea than most." She raised a tomboy eyebrow.

"I'd see cute girls and I'd be jealous. I was this ugly boyish lump! The manhood I'd been so proud of now felt so... uncomfortable. Like a coat that didn't fit. And I kept thinking I'd be able to bear it - maybe as a guy, I could have. But girls? Girls *feel*. Being alone hurt."

"You're not alone, Kitten. Not as long as I'm here. You made another deal?"

"I wanted to be attractive! Wanted. Just a bit. A moment of weakness."

She looked down at the tremendous swell of my breasts, my full hourglass figure, my supple soft skin.

"Okay: several. Several moments of weakness." Tears welled in my eyes at the memories "Each deal led to more deals. I thought having supportive sisterly friends would be enough, but they were all so pretty and I was still so plain. And they were all so girly! Makeovers and fashion and boys and hair and everything the fey was leading me in to. And for the first time in my life I had a very real chance to fit in I wanted it! They were nice and they accepted me and I'd never had that outside you. It was an insidious trap."

"Wait, is that why you have...?" She held her hands out in front of her chest as she glanced down at my boobs.

I flushed again and nodded.

"I was the flattest amongst them, and god! They would not stop teasing me about it. Well-meaning, funny, even. But still. A girl can only take so much."

"You know, I thought it was weird all your friends had such big tits."

"And now I've got a set that blows them all away." I flushed all the harder. My most prominently feminine feature, and I'd practically begged the fey for it.

"Well hey now, nothing wrong with that." She grinned like a horny teenager as she eyed up my boobs. "I mean, A-plus work. I've seen a lot of boobs in my time and these are definitely my favorite."

I laughed.

“You know I always thought you were a very lucky girl. Popular, beautiful, happy.”

“Well, now you know. My luck isn’t my own. And every transformation just made it worse! Once I was a girl, I wanted to be more of a girl. Pretty, sparkly, pink. And it’s so dumb, god. Guy-me would be furious, but it’s like I can’t help myself.”

“Kitten, guy-you can go suck a dick. You don’t have to answer to who you once were.”

“I wanted to be cute. I wanted a pretty body. I wanted fiends to go shopping with. Guys don’t get that. I didn’t get that.”

Tears flowing freely now.

“Is that so wrong to want?”

“Babe, babe.” She held my face then pressed me into her bosom. “It’s alright. There’s nothing wrong with wanting pretty things. I think it’s super cute.”

I flushed. There was a time being called *cute* would have been an insult. “As a guy there was nothing I wanted that badly. Nothing I hadn’t hardened my heart to never having. But as a girl?” I sighed wistfully. “I want to wear pretty things! I want to be dainty and cute! I want to go shop for dresses and spin and see it twirl. Disney movies hit so different now, OMG.”

“Lol,” she smirked. You’re so femme.”

I hit her with a pillow.

“And now... here you are.” She gestured at me.

A girl. A beautiful girl. No longer the shy thing I once was. Walking dangerously close to the path my aunt walked. Increasingly vapid and air-headed. Horny, sexual, submissive.

“Here I am. Forever or for worse. Changed. Cursed. Not myself.”

Is this the path my aunt had walked? Could I still get off it?

“Kitten.” She pulled me into her boobs. “What are you talking about? You’re my cute, adorable, beautiful girlfriend. What could be wrong with that? You have a great life! You’re happy, right?”

“Happy?” I thought back over the past few months. They’d been some of the happiest I’d ever had. For all the wrongness of them. I nodded.

“Then what does it matter?” She hugged me tighter. “Whoever, whatever you are, I’m here for you. Fey or not.”

She hugged me tight. The press of her body was, as always, electric. There was more though. Warmth, comfort, acceptance, love.

“That’s... that’s the problem. The other reason I’m telling you. I don’t want to end up like my aunt. I don’t want to be some kind of bimbo whore. I tried talking to her about it, but she’s useless. A giggling moron.”

“You’re not her though. You’re you.”

“I’m what’s left of me.”

“You’re more than just that, Kitten. And look, if you don’t want to go down that road, just stop. What more could you possibly want?”

“I don’t know!” I curled in on myself. “But it could be anything. Any moment of weakness. It’s like an addiction. It just takes the right temptation to set it off.”

“So why... why are you telling me all this? Why now?”

“Because I can’t stop. You don’t understand. I’m out of control! Every change it warps things so the next change is so obvious. It works things so he has me begging to turn myself girlier and girlier. It has me coming and going. I can feel myself getting flightier and flightier and still I can’t hold back.”

I looked deep into her eyes.

“And before I go completely, I want you to know. Because I live in terror that you’re going to find out what I’ve done, that I’ve used you, manipulated you, even after you’ve been nothing but good to me. And I’ll have thrown it all out to be everything I’ve been trying to avoid.”

“There’s got to be something you can do.”

“The fey had offered a way out. Just like he did with my uncle. He wants to leave me a giggling slutty mess. A big boobed bimbo. “

“Honestly, Kitten, you’re almost half way there. You’ve got the body down at least.” She leaned in and cupped my boobs while pinning my eyes with hers, before deliberately tweaking both my nipples so I gasped and squirmed. I felt myself *dampen* involuntarily. “Maybe you’d like to be my horny, submissive bimbo? Under my thumb.” She smirked. “Or *thumbs*.” She gave my nips another sharp tweak, and I couldn’t help thrusting myself forwards into her hands.

She was just kidding though, wasn’t she? Just teasing? She didn’t really want me to go further than I already had, surely? She’d help pull me back from the brink.

But then Parker could be a very horny girl.

“Not helping!” I whimpered. “He wants to erase my memories. Make me think I’ve always been like this. Let me live out my happy life as the girl I’ve turned myself into. His ultimate victory over my family.”

“So can’t you just throw it away? Give it to someone?”

"I have. It always finds its way back. It's always in my pocket whenever I'm tempted. And one day something's going to happen and I'm going to break down and use it, and the person I am now won't survive the price."

"Well why didn't you just say so?"

"Huh?"

"I think I know exactly what we have to do."

"You do?"

"Does that coin work for other people?"

-

She cuts her thumb. She says the words.

We held each other's hands as the world slowed. Misty, indistinct, ominous. I wasn't sure it was going to work.

We'd put on some clothes, though I wasn't sure the fey thing would care. I had thrown on one of Parker's oversized navy hoodies and a simple pink skirt. She was wearing a black concert tee and her comfiest pair of jeans.

"Okay." Parker nodded. "Now I'm starting to believe you."

The fey creature's portal had opened along the back wall, in front of the TV. It grinned hugely from within.

"Oh? Someone new! What do you want to bargain?"

"Listen asshole." She reached through the gate and grabbed it by its enormous laurels. "Leave my girlfriend alone!"

Have I mentioned I have the best girlfriend?

"Now, now." It held up its hands in theatrical surrender, but its expression didn't seem the least worried. "I do naught but buy and sell. No need to direct wrath so fell. I give only what is asked. Besides, no refunds."

"Enough crap!" She stomped a foot. "I don't want you to turn her back, I want you to leave her alone! You agree to never bother her again and I don't knock out all those big ugly teeth of yours. How's that for a deal?"

It blinked as though seriously considering the terms, then frowned. "Insufficient." It tutted. "Tell me girl, is that really all you want? Is that not such a waste of fortune's font? There's so much I can offer! Strength beyond measure, victory in battle. The finest foods and wines.

“You’re really going to try to tempt me with that crap? After all you did to her? - You’ve fucked with her brain! I’m not making any bargains with you. Hell, I ought to tear you in two right here and now!”

“Oh please. This... *girl* as you see her knew full well what *she* was doing.” It seemed to take great pride in emphasizing my womanliness. “She paid the price owed for my service. If there’s anything to blame it’s her own avarice.”

“And what exactly did you do, huh? What would have happened if she didn’t have the coin? She’d have had to have worked up her own courage? We would still be together, we would still have a happy life.”

“Perhaps. Maybe I’ve hardly had to do anything at all. But she got the results she wanted, didn’t she? She learned how to stand tall?”

“What!?” my fists trembled. All of the success, the perfect dates, the happy parents, all I’d needed was to try? Had that been the real lesson here?

“And besides-” It stepped out of her grip as though she wasn’t holding it at all. “I’m not stopping now. Not until I’m done with her. But maybe it doesn’t have to be her clock that chimes the final hour. Isn’t there something *you* desire? Much is within my power.” Visions of Parker leading her team to national victory flashed behind it.

“Nice tricks.” She loomed. “But fat chance. I’m here for her.”

“Ah,” it smirked. “You have eyes only for her? So be it. I’ve much to fit your needs.”

It snapped its fingers, which seemed to have way too many joints, and suddenly I was bowing forward, a huge weight tugging me down. My boobs, already so damn big, had doubled in size.

“Ah~!” I let out a moan like something from a porno. What was happening? I ran a hand along my body, my flesh on fire with a sudden arousal. A storm of slutty girliness that made me want to scream out in need. I’d been hungry as a girl, especially with Parker to fuel it, but this was beyond even my wildest dreams.

“What did you do?” Parker did a double take.

“A simple glamour. Consider this a demonstration. If it’s her you want, it’s her you can have. This her, that her. Any her at all. I could make her your adoring bimbo sex-slave begging to please you. Don’t tell me that doesn’t tickle a kink or two.”

She swallowed heavily.

“R-really Parker!?” I let out a whimper. It was all I could do to not fall to my knees, lift my skirt, and bury my fingers into my soft drooling pussy as I tore free my big slutty titties. “Mmf!”

“Right! W- We’re not here to bargain” He’d found Parker’s weakness. She was clearly struggling. Had this all been a mistake. She wouldn’t give me up for bimbo, would she? No matter – Mmmf! – no matter how *hot* the idea was.

“Bargaining is the only language I speak. No need to be shy, no need to be meek. You’re the one holding all the cards. Surely I can tempt you into something?”

Another snap of its fingers and my top fell away entirely, my huge boobs spilling everywhere, bouncing and swaying, the cold air catching at my turgid nipples. They needed to be held, restrained, mauled and manhandled. More than anything they needed Parker’s skilled hands!

Parker started going red.

“A-Anything I want?” She licked her lips. “The same terms as her?”

“That’s the spirit! For a bit of your masculinity, yes.” It clapped gleefully. “You’ve more of it than you know, you know.”

Parker’s mind raced.

“Could you give me like... A whole harem of her?”

I goggled at Parker. “What?”

But it snapped and I was surrounded by mewling copies of myself. Each hotter and hornier than the last. Like two mirrors pushed up tighter. A singularity of sapphic pleasure collapsing on each other in an impromptu self-incestuous orgy.

“B-babe,” one of me managed to cry out, a mewling horny chorus. “What are you doing?”

“Kitten, do you trust me?”

Less and less by the second.

“Now really isn’t the time to be testing that!” I cried.

“A burning pussy?” she purred. “Forever horny for me?”

“Baby!” I cried again, but my concern was lost in a sea of anguished yearning. Craving. Need. It was like my pussy was alive and screaming. I was struggling for breath in a sea of anxious yearning. Need. That’s what it was. Like hunger, like thirst. The need flooding into every corner of my being and dripping out in all the edges.

The fey was grinning now. Admiring his own handiwork. How long had it been hoping I’d end up like this? Like my aunt?

“You can fulfill my every fantasy?”

“Of course.”

“Anything I want?” her voice was hitched and raunchy.

“Yes!”

“I could have a never-ending cavalcade of perfect horny pleasure? My every aching fantasy? For such a paltry price?”

“Yes!” The fey cried, jubilant.

“Deal!” she wiped the drool from the side of her mouth.

No!

Thunder struck as they shook hands.

“Do you know what I want with her most of all?”

“What’s that?”

“I want you to leave her alone forever, you son of a bitch.”

The fey froze. It did not know how to react to that. It had been so swept up in the moment. But it had already made the deal.

It fumed, it raged, then it laughed.

“Very well.” It gave a bow. “But I’m taking my price!”

It stomped its foot. There was a flash of light. And it was gone. No fey. No coin. Just us.

“Uh - baby?” I looked up at Parker. I was me again. Still girl me, but just the one of me. No ridiculous boobs. No burning pussy.

Well – warmth flushed through me - no more than I’d wished upon myself anyway.

“Oh shit!” Parker took a look down at her body. She was different. Softer. Rounder. Muscle had fallen away. Her thighs and hips were thicker, her breasts bigger.

“Are you okay?”

“I uh-“ She poked her boobs, then gave them an experimental squeeze, then grinned. “I feel kinda funny.” She giggled.

Even her voice was softer.

“He took your muscles!” I ran a hand along her body. She’d lost a few inches of height as well. “I’m so sorry.”

"It's fine." She patted her arm. "If it means I get to rescue you? No price is too high to pay. Now there's no more temptation. You're not going to end up like your aunt, right? I'm just mad I won't get to pick you up and carry you around any more."

I know it was a joke but my still heart sank. I had never wanted her to get hurt.

"But hey," she winked. Still Parker. "I just gotta work out all that much harder to get them back, aye?"

"I don't know how I can ever thank you enough," I laughed.

Tears ran down my cheeks. Happy tears. I'd made a lot of bad decisions in the past year, but asking her out had been the best I'd ever made.

"Well," she purred. "I can think of at least one way."

"Oh?"

"Well," she smirked. "It is still Sunday. My parents are out. We've got a-a-all-I day to ourselves. "

"You want to play with your new boobs, don't you?"

"I'm also suddenly very curious to see what you can do with that strap-on," she grinned.

"A suitable reward for my hero." I laughed.

"And uh, maybe after?" She scratched at her lush, silky hair. "Do you ... do you want to go dress shopping? I have the strangest desire to buy something pink."

"You know what?" I bubbled, letting out a giggle. "I know just the place! I saw the cutest outfit at the mall with Becky the other day."

"Oooh!"

And with that, we held hands and set off into the bedroom for the best damn gay sex of our lives.

The End.