

May Day

By TheSpiralledEye

A reluctant photographer is sent to a small English village to document their May Day celebrations, only to run afoul of a witch who transforms him into a woman with a twist. The photographs keeps living the same day, over and over, trying and failing to escape the itch before she can transform him again. That's right, it's Groundhog Day, but TG flavoured!

I jolted awake as my head slammed into the cool glass of the bus window with a dull thunk. When I'd nodded off we'd just been pulling out of London for the overnight trip, now the sun was rising over the rolling green hills and I had started my day with a thumping headache. The driver must have heard me groaning because he turned back and shot me a sympathetic smile.

"Sorry, mate! Potholes on these country roads are hard to avoid!"

I grumbled; the trip would have only taken a handful of hours by train, instead of almost eight overnight on this dinky old bus but of course there hadn't been any tickets left. If my publisher had a heart, he'd have given me more than a day's notice to book the trip. Luckily my camera was still secure in its bag at my side; despite the hole filled roads best efforts to throw us both from the seat.

When I'd become a photographer I'd imagined myself taking pictures of slinky models all day at lingerie shoots, not taking pictures of fruit and 'London Life' for coffee table books that nobody ever actually opened. Still, until recently it had at least put food on the table.

"Here we are, sir." The driver hollered, "Briarfield, in all her glory!"

Still rubbing my head I threw my pack over my shoulder and shot the man a halfhearted smile before jumping off the bus and onto the gravel road. At first I thought he had to be mistaken; there was nothing but rolling fields all around, but then I saw the pathetic excuse for a village down the road.

"Look out!"

The bus had only just pulled away when suddenly, I felt something slam into my lower back and knock me to the ground. A loud bleat had me scrambling back out of the way of a goat, followed closely by an out of breath farmer.

“Sorry about that mate, ol’ Gunther here got the best of me.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Good to see you let a goat run the show.” I scoffed, the man’s country accent was so thick it was almost impossible to understand. “Control your damn animal.”

The farmer looked shocked, he was probably used to people just letting him get away with animal negligence. The goat continued off into one of the fields and got to my feet, ignoring the farmers helping hand and headed off toward the village. The sooner I got there, the sooner I could leave.

The gravel crunched under my feet as I walked from the bus stop down to the village, the dirt road turning to cobbles only in the town centre. Cottages that would probably be called ‘charming’ lined the streets, complete with thatched roofs and little gardens filled with roses and hollyhock. The only buildings that were more than a single story were the church and the local pub and animals seemed to wander as freely as people did.

In other words, it was a tiny place in the middle of nowhere. Why my publisher wanted a photobook of such a place I had no idea. I snapped a few photos of the little houses and the sun rising over the church as I made my way to the pub; it was a wonder they even had a single room for visitors; who would ever come here?

Inside was just as generic as the outside; and empty. I looked around and spotted the owner just in time as he rolled a great barrel across the floor toward the front door.

“Woah! Almost got you there!” He chuckled. “Name’s Bob, you must be the fancy photographer?”

“Yeah, John.” I stuck out my hand and he took it, shaking so vigorously I could feel every callous on his hands scraping against my palm.

“Welcome John, rooms up the stairs, right in front, can’t miss it. I’d show you up myself but I have to be getting this over to the village green.” he slapped the barrel proudly. “It’s May Day, gotta have everything set up before lunch so the festival can begin.”

“May Day?” I raised an eyebrow “The thing with the ribbon and the pole? People still celebrate that?”

“Sure do! I bet that’s why your publisher sent you here, plenty to take photos of. Anyway, go get settled and check out the green! Sorry if it's a bit dusty up there, it’s not every day we get people coming to ol’ Briarfield.”

“Gee, I wonder why.”

The comment slipped out before I could stop it and I watched the olderman’s brow furrow; his two bushy eyebrows came together in the middle of his face making it look like a particularly hair caterpillar had decided to die there.

“Well, I best be gettin’ on.” He said gruffly, rolling the barrel past and not looking back.

Yeah, alright that was rude, I was going to have to watch my temper around here unless I wanted the whole town at my throat by the end of the day. Bob wasn’t kidding when he’d mentioned dust; I threw my backpack onto the bed and a huge cloud swirled into the air leaving my eyes stinging as I coughed and wheezed.

Outside the slightly foggy window I could see the village green, crowded with people all setting up booths and decorating, the titular may pole standing right in the centre.

“Alright, let’s get this over with.”

~

I wandered through the gathering crowd, my camera at the ready. Children in white dresses and flower crowns darted past me, laughing and chasing each other. Villagers were setting up stalls selling everything from homemade jams to handicrafts. The brightly decorated Maypole stood tall in the centre, ribbons fluttering in the breeze before being snatched up by various hands. The music playing was soft and melodic, yet somehow people were managing to dance around the pole with the same energy that people in London jumped to pop music in clubs.

I sighed, adjusting the strap of my camera bag on my shoulder as I started taking pictures of the more saccharine things I could find. I snapped a few photos of the children dancing around the Maypole, their parents clapping along before an announcement echoed across the grass from the main stage.

There were several young women, all dressed in pretty dresses decorated with flowers. They were lined up as an older man announced the winner of some sort of pageant. A young woman named Mary, who looked to be in her early twenties, stepped forward. She was dressed in a flowing white gown adorned with flowers, her hair cascading in loose curls around her shoulders. She wore a crown of roses, the deep red contrasting with her fair skin.

It wasn't really a fair contest by the looks of it; the other women all lined up behind her were homely, some weren't even wearing makeup. One woman was a good few stone heavier than the rest. The older man placed a golden tiara atop Mary's head and the crowd erupted in applause. Mary beamed, her eyes scanning the crowd until they landed on me.

"You there! With the camera!" she called out, her voice clear and commanding. "Could you take my picture?"

I nodded, moving closer and adjusting the settings on my camera. She posed, her smile wide and confident.

"Let me see!" She demanded, running forward after a few snaps and looking at the screen before pulling a face.

"No, no. That won't do, take another one, please."

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes; remembering the angry face of Bob back at the pub. Instead I forced myself to smile and took a handful of portrait shots. Again, she inspected them, and again, she was dissatisfied.

"They're still not right," she insisted. "Try again. And this time, make sure the crown is centred."

I bit back my frustration, reminding myself that this was part of the job. I adjusted my camera and took another series of shots. She continued to find fault with each one, her patience seeming limitless while mine wore thin.

"Still wrong," she declared, crossing her arms. "You need to get it perfect."

"Maybe the problem isn't the camera," I muttered under my breath, but she heard me.

"What did you say?" she demanded, her eyes narrowing.

I felt my temper flare.

"Look, Mary, is it? I've taken dozens of photos. Maybe the problem isn't the photographer. Maybe you need to stop being so picky."

Her eyes widened in shock, and a few onlookers gasped. "Excuse me? This is an important day, is it so wrong that I want a good picture to remember it by?"

"It's wrong when you act like a spoiled princess," I retorted, my voice rising. "Besides, this is a village May Day celebration, it's not like you won Miss Universe. Get off your damn high horse, plain Jane."

Mary glowered at me and I couldn't help but smile smugly; that had hurt, I could tell. I bet she was one of those big fish in a small pond types. So used to being the most beautiful girl in town that she assumed she was actually hot to trot. If she ever went somewhere other than this quaint little place she was in for a rude awakening.

"You think you're hot shit, don't you?" Mary said after a moment. "Big city boy who's better than all these country bumpkins."

I opened my mouth in shock, I'd expected tears, not a retort.

"Look, I'm just here for a job, tomorrow I will be long gone and we can both forget I was ever here."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" She hissed. "Well, I know the perfect way to punish you."

She flicked her red hair over her shoulder and walked away, leaving me dumbfounded. Wait, was that it? She thought her ignoring me was a punishment? I actually bent over double and started to laugh; what a fucking trip.

I clicked through the photos, deleting all but one. It was tempting to delete them all but I didn't want to give my publisher any reason to send me back here and not having at least one photo of the May Day Queen would probably seem odd. I decided to put Mary out of mind and walked to the edge of the village green to take pictures of the flowers. I squatted

down amongst the grass, ready to get a close up of some tiny bluebells when all of a sudden I felt my body shift.

It was sudden and sent me lurching forwards as I felt my bottom expand. All at once I was on my hands and knees in the bush; newly expanded ass cheeks in the air, with my pants threatening to rip thanks to their size.

“Wha-what?”

As if in response to the question I felt my body shudder again and a pressure formed across my chest, gravity doing half the work and the skin and muscle there warped and grew in much the same way as my ass, but slower. This time I could feel my chest muscles growing heavy, coming to hang off me in two heavy balls. I pushed myself onto my knees, wincing as my feet cut into my now peachy ass. I looked down at my chest and saw cleavage; something no man should ever see. My chest heaved up and down in panic as my breath started coming in soft, sharp bursts. My mouth opened and closed and my hands rushed to it as I felt the lips changing too.

Full, soft roundness was overtaking my entire body. Wide hips, smooth face, a tangle of dark curls grew to cover my eyes until I finally clawed it away from my face. My clothes hung off me awkwardly in some places and were painfully tight in others. I somehow managed to get to my feet, wobbling slightly to get my balance and step out of my now too big shoes.

“This can’t be happening...” I stumbled away from the bush, half suspecting it was some sort of wild flower that caused hallucinations.

“Are you alright, miss?”

The voice hit me like a brick wall and I almost fell turning to see a concerned looking farmer peering at me.

“Miss? I don’t think we’ve met. Are you from out of town?” He looked down at my bare feet. “Are you lost?”

“Did you just say...miss?” I choked out, shocked at my own voice.

“You been into the mead already? I thought they only just started serving.” The farmer shook his head. “Ain’t right young ladies getting drunk, come on sweetheart, let’s find you somewhere safe.”

This was all wrong. I took a few wobbly steps and before I knew it I was running. The village green suddenly felt frenetic and crowded; how could one tiny village have so many people? I moved awkwardly, bumping my now wide hips into tables as I went and having to stop as my breasts protested the movement without support. I felt like a newborn deer, moving awkwardly through the crowd.

Mary had done this, I had no idea how but it was the only thing that made sense. That huff and smug smile as she’d walked away; if nothing else she knew something. My eyes scanned the crowd for her red hair and instead caught the nearby window of the neighbouring house. I froze at my reflection; at first I didn’t even realise the wide eyed woman was me. The look of panic on her beautiful face was the only clue.

Dark curly hair, full pouty lips, the only hint of my old self left were those brown eyes which looked like a deers in the headlights. I was so focused on my own reflection I didn’t hear the yell until it was too late.

“Oi, Miss! Look out!”

I turned just in time to see Bob with a look of horror on his face as yet another barrel got away from him, but not enough time to get out of the way. I felt the heavy wooden cask roll into my side and knock me to the ground, head slamming against the rocky cobbles and causing a splitting headache to bloom instantly. Stars danced across my vision for a moment before my vision went black and-

I jolted awake as my head slammed into the cool glass of the bus window with a dull thunk.

“Ow! Wha-huh?”

I blinked in shock; I was back on the bus, rumbling down the little pothole filled road on the way to Brairfield. The driver turned back to me with a sympathetic smile.

“Sorry, mate! Potholes on these country roads are hard to avoid!”

The deja vu was intense, I found myself blinking rapidly to try and clear away the confusion before looking down at my body in a panic; male, totally male. Had it all been a dream? That

was the only explanation but somehow, I knew all of that couldn't have been a dream. It was too vivid, it felt too real. Hell, I could still feel phantom breasts against my chest. No, that had all happened I was sure of it and yet somehow, time seemed to have reset. A quick look at my smart watch told me the date was indeed May 1st, just coming up on seven am.

“Here we are, sir.” The driver hollered, “Briarfield, in all her glory! Hey, you alright mate?”

“Oh what, sorry I...didn't hear you.”

I gathered my things and hopped off the bus, feeling the familiar gravel give underneath my boots. Everything was exactly as it had been before; the hills, the village, the May pole being erected on the village green in the distance. There was no way I could have dreamed it all up exactly the same way.

“Look out!”

Just like before the call came too late and I felt myself shoved to the side by the grumpy goat as his farmer jogged along behind him trying to catch his breath.

“Sorry about that mate, ol' Gunther here got the best of me.”

I bit my tongue; if I was really being given a second chance here, I had to be careful. Unlike last time, I forced myself to smile.

“Not a worry at all, friend.”

I took his hand and got to my feet, stepping aside to let the farmer and his animal walk past into the field. My eyes darted around, taking in every face and looking for a swathe of red hair. Maybe I was being paranoid but I couldn't just discount what I'd experienced. The entire village was the same; strange as it was to think, I was reliving the same day again. Only this time I was not going to piss off Mary and get myself cursed, if indeed that was what happened. Maybe it wasn't Mary herself, maybe somebody watching. Regardless, I was going to be the perfect gentleman to everybody in this village even if it killed me. Then I could go home and pretend that embarrassing nightmare never happened.

I was polite to Bob, I even helped him with the barrel. I took as many pictures as I could of the festivities as they were set up and I applauded like a gentleman when Mary was

crowned. As she looked over the crowd, beaming, our eyes met and I knew, then and there that she had been responsible. Her eyes took on a glint of malice as she descended the stage and I raised my camera.

“I’ve been watching.” She smiled sweetly, “Such a helpful man you’ve been today, most would say you’ve learned your lesson.”

I gave her a little bow and kept the smug smile off my face; success!

“But I am not most and I know a fraud when I see one.”

The blood in my veins turned to ice as I felt a familiar rumbling forming beneath my skin.

“You haven’t learned a thing, so I’d hurry along if I were you.” She whispered cruelly. “You’re about to change again and I am sure you don’t want an audience.”

I didn’t need to be told twice, I made a mad dash across the village green, ducking between people and not caring if I knocked anybody over. I could feel my centre of balance shifting, my shoes getting looser when all of a sudden;

“Uhhhh!”

My breasts burst forth, fully formed in under a second and practically falling out of my stretched shirt. Before I could adjust my ass did the same thing and I tumbled to the ground, groaning as I rolled into a bush and felt my cock slide back up into me. The sensation was strange enough the first time, let alone a second!

With a wince I pulled myself out of the bush, long blonde hair tangling in the brambles. It took me several minutes to finally get all the strands free so that I could properly examine myself. Unlike last time, nobody was coming to my aid and I quickly saw why. This body was even bustier than my last and thanks to the extra curves, my clothing was now tight fitting all over. My hair was bleached blonde and a quick touch to my lips informed me that my lips were full of botox.

I blinked, feeling the weight of my heavy lashes and taking in the barely concealed sneers of those who passed. I caught my reflection in the little pond on the other side of the fence; I looked like a London bimbo. No wonder these country folk didn’t want to help me, not that they could.

People milled past and I heard a cry go up from the other side of the festivities; Bob had just dropped the barrel that knocked me out last time. Only now I was still conscious and walking around, totally aimless. Was I stuck like this forever now?

I walked uncomfortably, feeling my back start to ache thanks to the new weight on my chest. No matter how smoothly I tried to walk my butt and breasts just would not stay still.

“Look at that tart, parading around.” Somebody whispered and I felt my temper flare.

“I’m just walking! I can’t help it that I happen to be hot!”

My voice had a hint of London chav to it and the outburst only spurred more people away. I pressed my full lips into a line.

This was going to be a long day.