

May Day - Part 4

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 photographer 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!

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It felt good to walk with purpose again; Mary had broken my spirit a little, but not beyond repair. It was time to take back control and I could tell Rosie was the key. The way I figured, there was no way I was Mary's first victim, whatever magical powers she possessed, other people had to know about it in a place like this. Somebody like Rosie was so overlooked that she might have seen something. She was so helpful and kind, too, if I just explained what was going on she was sure to try and help me regardless. Mary was more likely to listen to another woman than she was to me. If Rosie could convince her I'd learned my lesson I could finally end this damn loop and stop turning into a lady!

I'd been through the loop enough times to have most people's schedules somewhat memorised, including Rosie's. Right now, she'd be at home, gathering up the last of her flowers before heading to the village green. With practices eased, I approached just as she was closing the gate and put on my friendliest, most open smile.

"Hey, Rosie!"

She turned in surprise and instantly looked wary.

"How do you know my name?"

...Fuck.

"I overheard somebody else saying it when I walked through the village." I lied but Rosie narrowed her eyes at me.

"Sure...anyway, I'm going to go now. I have a lot of work to do."

"Oh, no, please, I wanted to talk to you!"

"About what?"

I swallowed, realising I should have thought this through more thoroughly. What should I say? "Mary has magic, do you know about that?" with her guard up, she wouldn't tell me the truth anyway. My hesitation was all the confirmation she needed that I was a freak, and she took a few steps away.

"Look, I am sure you're a nice guy." She said placatingly. "But I am really busy. I am sure you can find somebody else to help you with whatever you need."

And just like that she was gone, walking away as quickly as she could. I groaned; another loop fucked up right as it started.

"Wow, that was painful to watch."

I didn't bother turning around when the smug voice spoke. I just sighed.

"Let's get this over with."

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The next two attempts didn't go well either. Mary seemed to have noticed my plan and intersected me before reaching Rosie each time, no matter how hard I tried to hide. If she thought that would dissuade me, though, she was wrong. She was going to put a lot of effort into keeping Rosie and me apart, so I must have been on the right track. Rosie could help, I just had to convince her.

...Next loop.

This loop had already gone to shit.

I crouched behind the bush, feeling the tight mini dress struggle not to tear as I hid from the asshole who wouldn't take no for an answer. Mary had transformed me into a party girl with a huge butt that could barely be contained. Apparently dressing this way was 'asking for it'. So here I was, spending the rest of this loop stuck hiding in bushes and avoiding the people in general until I could try again.

"What are you doing?"

"Eeeeeek!"

I flailed on my heels and fell backwards into the bush, face burning with shame at the high pitched squeal that had just escaped me.

"Oh gosh! Here, let me help you!"

A hand burst through the foliage and I took it, wincing as the branches snagged in my long hair. I came face to face with Rosie who had a concerned look on her face; I almost laughed at the sheer absurdity.

"Why were you hiding behind a bush?"

"Some ass hole thought my dress was an invitation."

"Bet it was Derek, he's a sleaze. Here, let me help you."

Without hesitation, Rosie set about removing the twigs and leaves from my hair. It was sort of soothing, and I let myself relax for just a moment while she worked away. It felt nice to have somebody looking after me.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome! It's not every day we get somebody new here! And I love meeting new people, with an outfit like that. I bet you're from some big city, I'm so jealous!"

I held back a chuckle as she continued to talk, here was the Rosie I knew, the utter chatterbox. It had been annoying at first but now it was almost comforting, just having a friendly voice and touch was so welcome.

"Oh but listen to me nattering on, assuming all this stuff when I haven't even asked your name!" She blushed. "I'm Rosie by the way."

I took a deep breath, now or never.

"I'm John."

"John? I didn't realise girls could be-I mean, uh, wow, what a cool name!"

"Smooth." I chuckled, and Rosie turned beet red.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude. I've just never met a woman named John before."

"...The thing is, I'm not a woman."

Rosie's eyes went wide.

"I'm a man, I was transformed into a woman, a lot of women, actually, I am stuck in a time loop and I'm reliving the same day over and over where I get transformed into a woman each time."

Rosie blinked and got a strange look in her eye, a nervous smile formed across her lips and I felt my heart sink; she didn't believe me. That was the look people gave the crazy man on the corner when he accosted them, saying that judgment day was upon them.

"Okay, that's a...a lot. Why don't we go down to the station? Henry, our local officer, he's a nice guy. I reckon he could help you-"

"No, Rosie, I'm not crazy, I swear!" I insisted, knowing full well it only made me look more insane. "Mary, she did this to me. I'm the photographer who was supposed to show up today! See, how would I know that otherwise?"

Suddenly, Rosie's features changed; her mouth fell open, and I watched her swallow nervously.

"Mary?" She whispered, "The woman with red hair?"

"Yes!"

"How many times have you done this?"

"Repeated the day?"

Rosie nodded.

"I lost track, honestly."

"That's good." She whispered, more to herself than me. "She's probably not watching then, she'll have gotten bored...Come with me."

Rosie grabbed my hand, and we hurried down the street. I was forced to take quick, tiny steps thanks to my tight dress, and I would have rolled my ankle in the heels if it weren't for Rosie keeping me upright.

"If what you say is true, she's probably not far away. Quick."

We walked into her flower-filled garden and into her house, her eyes scanning around us nervously until she locked the door.

"Can't be too careful."

"So you know what she can do?" I said as an overwhelming feeling of relief washed over me. I didn't have to do this alone anymore.

"I do, everybody does." Rosie said seriously, "Why do you think she won the contest today? Nobody dares to do anything to upset her. If you do, there is no telling what twisted sort of revenge she'll pull. The good news is that she always gives it up once she gets too bored, but nobody has ever complained of being put in a time loop before."

"Has she ever done anything to you?" I don't know why, but the idea that she had made me furious.

Rosie smiled bitterly.

"I used to be skinny." She said with a sigh. "I was one of those girls who could eat whatever and never gain weight. Mary hated it. She hated coming into the pub and seeing me have seconds when she couldn't."

"So she made you...plump?"

"She made me enormous." Rosie rolled her eyes. "It took me months of hard work to get to this size, and then I just...couldn't be bothered anymore. I like the curves, and there are worse fates than having a bit of extra meat on my bones. There are worse fates."

"Like being stuck in a time loop and endlessly transformed into various women?"

"Exactly."

"So," I huffed, "What do I do?"

"Firstly, you put this on." Rosie giggled, handing me a coat to help cover up my tits, which were practically falling out of my dress. Even though it was a few sizes larger than me, it still only just fit over my chest. Mary certainly had a twisted sense of humour.

"Okay, I am somewhat decent. Now what?"

Mary thought for a moment before smiling.

"This is probably going to take several loops, sorry, but I think I can help. Here is what we do..."

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I sat on the small stone fence that separated the road from the fields. The farmer and his grumpy goat had passed by not too long ago and the morning air was crisp on my face. After so many loops, I'd gotten used to the soft country air but now, with hope in my heart, I was able to enjoy it again. I really had taken little things like this for granted; after years of smoggy London air, my lungs rejoiced. I waited and waited for almost an hour before a familiar streak of red appeared. Mary, stalked up the dirt road in her May Day attire with a wry smile on her face.

"Is this your new plan? Making me come to you? Because it won't wo-"

"Won't work. Yes, I know." I said testily, snapping my fingers a few times. "Can you get on with it?"

"...what?"

"The transformation, come on, I have things to do."

Mary stared at me and her jaw dropped, just for a moment, I had totally taken her by surprise. I made sure to commit the expression to my memory. She shook it off quickly and was back to her usual smug self.

"If you think pretending not to care will make me stop, you're wrong." She said, snapping her fingers and a familiar tingling spread across my body.

I let my eyes flutter closed as my eyelashes grew longer and focused on enjoying the change. Now that I wasn't fighting it, the feeling of my hips widening and my chest growing was actually quite pleasant. I felt my jeans grow tight as my ass swelled and my shirt shorted into a skimpy crop top. When I opened my eyes again I had short black hair styled into a pixie cut and large golden earrings hanging from my ears. Not bad, the curves were a normal size too. For once she'd turned me into a normal looking, hot woman. She must have been running out of ideas. I was almost tempted to say so, but I bit my tongue; I didn't want to give her any extra ammunition.

"Right, thank you," I said breezily, confidently walking in my new heels. "Oh, these shoes are nice, you know. I think I have mastered walking on soft ground in heels after so many loops."

I giggled and walked right past her, not bothering with a second glance as I made my way down into the village to Rosie's place. As usual, she was just leaving her house for the May Day celebration and looked up with a friendly smile

"Hi, Rosie." I greeted. "I'm the photographer, I'm you before you dared to be skinnier than Mary."

The little code she'd given me didn't stop me from having to explain everything again, but it did at least make things go a lot faster. Then, arm in arm, we went off to enjoy the May Day Celebrations.

Rosie's laughter rang out, a sweet sound that made me smile. The village green was alive with music, the lively tunes of fiddles filling the air as children danced around the maypole. I could feel the energy of the celebration, and it was contagious. We passed by stalls selling everything from homemade pies to cups of something called elderflower cordial.

I couldn't help but think about when I first arrived, all these quaint little celebrations had seemed so...boring. Now, with Rosie at my side they seemed cute. Almost fun. I was actually sad Mary's transformation had taken my camera away because there were a few great shots.

"So we're really just going to...hang out?" I asked.

"Yup!" Rosie beamed. "Nothing will drive her more crazy than seeing you enjoy yourself. Here, have you tried the mead on any of your loops?"

"No. But I have encountered the barrels."

"Well, drinking it is much nicer than being knocked over by barrels, trust me."

Rosie grabbed my hand and dragged me over to the booth where Bob was finally setting up that rogue barrel that had knocked me over so many times in other loops. We toasted our little plastic cups and grinned before downing the mead; it was slightly warm from the spring day and delicious.

"Come on, there's something I want to show you," Rosie said suddenly, grabbing my hand. Her fingers were warm and soft against mine, and I let her pull me through the crowd until we reached her stall, the one stocked with wildflowers. Another woman, her mother, apparently, was working the stall in her stead, and the woman gave me a kind smile as Rosie rummaged through the stock. She produced a delicate daily ring and, without warning, placed it gently on my head.

"A flower crown? For me?" I snorted. "I don't think flowers really suit this whole spunky look I have going."

"Well, you're wrong. You look adorable." Rosie grinned.

"That's not really a compliment for guys."

Even as I said it, though, I blushed.

"Well, it's true, and you're not a guy right now, are you?" Rosie replied, leaning in close to thread a few extra flowers into my crown.

"There," she said softly, her voice almost shy. "Perfect."

I reached up, my fingers brushing against the soft petals.

"Thanks, Rosie. It's lovely."

"Just like you," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper. The words hung in the air between us, making my heart skip a beat. Her cheeks dusted pink, and she darted away quickly. The moment lingered, electric and full of possibility. But before I could say anything more, a loud cheer erupted from the green. Somebody had just won some contest or another. I broke the tension with a laugh, and Rosie joined in, her eyes sparkling.

"Come on," I said, squeezing her hand. "Let's see what else this village of yours has to offer."

It became the new normal; for seven more loops, I waited, got transformed and then spent the day with Rosie. Each time I would tell her what we'd done in the last loop and she'd come up with something new to do. I was actually starting to enjoy myself. On this loop we'd forgone the celebrations all together and found a quiet hill to lay back on and watch the clouds.

"I didn't realise this was something people actually did," I said after a while. Cloudwatching, I mean, I thought it was just something from the movies."

"I love it. It's so peaceful. When I was younger, people used to tease me for it, but I shut them up-"

"By winning the distinct art competition with that cloud piece, right?"

"Yeah! Did I mention that?"

"Last loop." I blushed and pulled a long strand of hair out of my face. Mary had given me long red hair down to my ass this loop. It was pretty, but not very practical, maybe that was the point.

"I feel a bit weird." I admitted. "I know you so well, I mean, from my point of view, I have known you for...gosh it must be weeks now. But for you we only just met. It feels...unfair."

"I don't know, I think it's exciting!" Rosie replied. "Plus, it's fun hearing about another version of me and what we got up to. Feels sort of like magic. "

"...thank you."

"For what?"

"Being my friend. All these loops, I think I would have gone crazy."

"Well, you make it pretty easy."

"Easy on the eyes, you mean."

I meant it as a joke, but watching Rosie's eyes go wide as she struggled not to appear flustered stirred something in me. Before I realised what I was doing, I was leaning forward, and our lips brushed. Rosie froze in place and I quickly leaned back.

"S-sorry, I don't know what came over me."

"Have we...done that before?"

I hesitated for a moment.

"No."

I was suddenly aware of just how romantic everything around us was; the slowly setting sun, the warm grass, the gentle breeze. Not to mention the fact that we were totally alone out here in the hills. Rosie seemed to be having the same realisation because she reached out and placed a hand on top of mine. It was a silent question and I found myself full of indecision.

"You've never had sex as a woman, have you?" She said quietly.

“No.”

“Curious?”

“Very.”

“Well, why not then? It’s not like we have much to lose.”

“...I knew there was a reason I liked you, Rosie.”

She threw back her head and laughed before surging forward fast enough that I was knocked back into the grass. Her lips were on mine, and her hands held my face gently as my eyes fluttered and closed. I focused on the sensations flowing through my body, so familiar yet so different all at once. Our breasts were pressed together, and I felt my nipples hardening to diamond peaks as we rolled and kissed in the grass. My long hair tangled, but I didn’t care.

Hands roamed and I let Rosie pull up the skirt I’d been dressed in this loop. I copied her movements, like a perfect mirror until both of our fingers found the other’s sex. For a moment, she pulled back, eyes wide, her hair falling down around us like a curtain. It was like we were shut off from the world; no May Day, no people, no Mary. It was just us here. Then slowly, she pulled aside my panties and began to stroke down my silking folds.

I did my best to copy her but it was impossible to think straight with all the delicious sensations swirling inside me. My pussy was so much more sensitive than I’d ever imagined. I pressed my own fingers up into Rosie’s hole and began to thrust them in and out, watching in wonder as her face melted into one of pure pleasure.

“Oh! Ooooh...”

I couldn’t tell which one of us was louder as we got close to climaxing. Our voices echoed around the rolling hills so loudly the people in the village could probably hear but I didn’t care. I rolled my hips, making Rosie’s fingers press harder into my clit until finally:

“Aaaahhhh!!”

My hands spasmed as pleasure washed over me, the trembling digits pushed Rosie over the edge as well and we both collapsed back into the grass, absorbing the last rays of sunlight as we bathed in the afterglow.

“That was amazing,” I murmured.

“We should do it every loop. I just wish I could remember it.”

“Man...I am going to get so good at fucking you.”

Rosie giggled.

“Well then, I think we should go back to my place until midnight, don’t you? I want to enjoy this as much as I can.”

“Deal.”

I took her by the hand, and we laced our fingers together, ready for the walk back to the village. For the first time since this whole ordeal began, it didn’t actually *feel* like an

ordeal. In fact, I felt at home in this skin, or maybe I felt at home with Rosie. Either way, between the euphoria and the residual pleasure of our lovemaking, I was too distracted to see a certain redhead watching us from the bushes.