

SPRING HAS SPRUNG

MARCH 2022 REQUEST STORY

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If there was one thing that was a certainty in this day and age, one filled with unknowns and uncertainty, it was that the seasons would eventually change. Concerns about global warming aside, summer always turned to fall, fall always turned to winter, and winter would always turn to spring. This all happened given time of course, and there was never a year when you could accurately predict when one season would become the other.

And no number of groundhogs seeing their shadows could possibly change that.

Even as a kid I had thought that superstitious day to be a little strange, in fact. What power did a groundhog have over spring's arrival? It really didn't make a *lick* of sense. Mind you, I still believed in Santa until I was probably a little older than I should have, but that was for the sake of *presents*. Presents, as you may know, are powerful enough to get you believing in *anything*.

With all of that said, this year I really *had* hoped that Groundhog's Day had been accurate. It had foretold of an early end to winter, and since the chilliest months of the year were by far my least favorite, it was only natural that I had been rooting for it to be true. *It hadn't been*. March was nearly over and we were still getting pelted with snow on the daily. I so desperately wanted that winter thaw, for all of that white cold from hell itself to melt away and make way for the spring season. Even though spring was always so *wet*, I would take wet over *cold*.

I lamented it all as I made my biweekly trip to the grocery store that day. I could have taken the car if I wanted, but I lived close enough to one

that it was within walking distance – and with the price of gas what it had been lately, I was much better off just hoofing it rather than wasting fuel that I didn't need to waste. On my way there I passed through a park that broke up my trip, and it was unsurprisingly empty.

Why? Well, of course because it had snowed the night before, and it had snowed a *lot*. Two feet of freshly fallen powder sat upon the ground, obscuring the path and the sidewalk I had been using leading up to the park in question. To those ends I had largely been trudging through the mess, each step annoyingly labored. **“But think of the money I'm saving...”** Sometimes thoughts like those were all you had to get through moments of difficulty, unfortunately.

With my convictions re-inspired, I pushed my way through the park, through all of the snow. I was reminded of just how pretty this park could be in the springtime, what with all of the flowers that were planted. But with all of the white covering it, it looked closer to a wasteland than anything. A shame. **“I really wish spring would show up already...”** Not like my saying this would really change anything. Or at least that was what I'd *thought*.

After just getting past the park's center point, a splash of color in the corner of my eye provoked a change in attention towards it. In the back of my mind I had originally assumed that maybe a kid had left their toy, or maybe it was a piece of trash that was poking up and out of the snow. But these assumptions on my part were ultimately very incorrect, because as I stepped closer it was pretty obvious what it was.

“A flower? At this time of year?” A flower of the likes I could not identify, in fact. Its base was tall, and its petals a bright pink. Whatever it was, it wasn't a flower that should have naturally grown in this part of the hemisphere. Had someone brought it in and planted it? Was there anything wrong with that legally, if so? I wasn't exactly well versed in flora law, or whatever the actual equivalent was to a legal code for such things.

Initially I believed that the flower had grown out *from* the snow, but now that I was close enough I could see that this wasn't really the case. There was a patch of exposed ground all around it. Ground that was covered in fresh, green grass. Now *that* defied science, because there was no way that with all of this snow it had somehow *not* landed on that one spot in particular. And long enough for grass *and* a flower to grow? Surely that did not make a *lick* of sense!

Something deep down was telling me to leave well enough alone and just go to the grocery store, but there *was* some morbid curiosity within as well. I was no scientist by any means, but should I take a photo with

my phone and send it to someone? The thought had certainly occurred to me, and before long I reasoned I would do just that. As I pulled out my phone, though? The flower suddenly moved and ejected a red pollen. A substance I did not notice until I had already inhaled it. “**ACHOO!?** **What the...?**” Great, allergies.

Or at least it was easy enough to *assume* that I was dealing with allergies when that wasn’t really the case. I knew I had problems with pollen and that was undeniable, but what I had just inhaled wasn’t exactly regular pollen. Nothing about this scenario whatsoever was *normal* to the point it might be easy to confuse for some sort of dream. But that plant that had grown out of that strange patch of the ground? It had come from a different world, a different place.

And since inhaling it, it had already begun to have a strange effect on me. Whether it was my mind, body, or soul, it seemed keen on wreaking havoc on all that made me, well, *me*.

After inhaling the fragrantly scented pollen, I took a number of steps back as the crunch of snow sounded beneath my feet. “**God, I hope I’m not sneezing all day...**” I rubbed at my nose with one of my hands, but strangely I didn’t feel like it was going to get runny or anything. It was strange, since I thought I might have some more ill-effects than—

“**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!?**”

Evidently I had thought too soon, because I soon felt like I was falling at an alarming speed. Closer and closer to the ground I came, and the violent nature of it all was more than enough to elicit the scream that I had cried out with as it happened. What was strange about it, however, was that I never felt myself hit the ground. Instead... “**Did everything get bigger?**” That was all I could think when the feeling finally subsided.

No, that was *exactly* what had happened! I stood in awe atop some snow that was now extremely close to my face, with the red flower looking not only farther away but quite sizable. By comparison to my original height, in fact, it looked huge! “**How did...? How could I...? This has to be a dream, right!?**” Fortunately for me, my clothing appeared to have shrunk along with me, but that didn’t ease the panic and confusion I both felt having dropped down to *three feet* in height!

RIIIIIIP!

It seemed that I wasn't being allowed any quarter to process even properly what was transpiring, for a pressure not only quickly built beneath my shoulder blades, but also ultimately culminated in *something* bursting out from those spots, shredding through my sweater *and* my jacket. "**What— Ah!? I'm floating!?**" My feet had officially left the ground. While trying to look over my shoulder, I practically did a backflip in the air while trying to catch sight of what had emerged.

And what *had* emerged but two sets of translucent, yellow wings. They had triangular cuts and were void of feathers, looking more like a strange insect's— *Or a fairy, silly!* Oh, of course, a fairy! *I'm a fairy!* Wait, no I'm not!

Evidently a presence had seeped into my ego and was attempting to steer me into accepting myself as something I wasn't was. But with my wings, and ears that had pulled into very subtle points, not to mention my height... Well, more and more points were being tallied for me *actually* being a fairy even as the argument waged on internally.

For one, so much was happening by this juncture that I had not noticed something of quite significant note. The fact that my sex had changed, and so too had my pronouns shifted to view myself as a *she*. The advent of this new pussy left my loins feeling quite empty, and naturally there was plenty of free space in my boxers to boot, however temporary.

Because if my sex was to change, it went without saying that the rest of my flesh's design would naturally follow suit. My hips were forced to widen slightly and uncomfortably because of everything that grew around them. Namely? My thighs took on fresh girth, leaving them plumper but in a manner that was undeniably pleasant. They certainly looked more feminine, even if they weren't excessively so.

The same could also be said about my ass which, as a man was extremely unimpressive. Even as a woman it seemed that this wouldn't exactly be reversed, but the back of my pants *did* end up feeling a little fuller as my cheeks rounded into an ass that was undeniably womanly – but not much else.

"I'm... I'm a... Huh!? What am I supposed to be doing?" As the femininity spread, a distressing change began to affect me mentally. My thoughts had been simplifying, making it difficult for me to process that my body was changing at all. I sounded more and more like a young child, despite the fact that a pair of B-cup breasts had emerged to push out the front of my sweater. Physically, my age still reflected what it should have been, but that was only a temporary inconsistency.

But for now? My face tingled, for it was irreversibly being softened. Cheeks rounded and lips pursed, presenting me with a much more undeniable maiden-like visage. What was most shocking of it all, however, was what happened to my eyes. Corners pinched in to give them a much more almond shape, distinctively Asian compared to what they had been before. Seeing as my face was so round, that ultimately *did* check out. The colors of my irises even brightened to a soft blue.

Not to be undone in the color department, the locks of my hair lightened without delay once my face had reconstructed. A shimmering gold emerged where darkness had once persisted, and this was ultimately made far more obvious once those locks began to wriggle and spill out behind me. ***“Heheh! It tickles!”*** I was so emotionally far-gone by this point in time that I could only find comedy in the sensation of this hair falling all of the way down my back and past my fairy wings with its new color.

“Ooooh!?” From within, a burst of light suddenly brought my eyes to sparkle as the burden of my mens’ clothing was lifted quite literally from my shoulders. In its place I was rendered in the clothes of something much more suitable for my now perceived profession. A white dress with puffy sleeves and a big, open skirt. Red bows decorated it, including one that bound a lace throw over my shoulders and one on the cute little hat atop my head, but all in all? It all almost seemed a little too small for me?

Which was an issue that was easily corrected. I shrunk again, this time dipping slightly *below* three feet as my limbs and torso collapsed. My height seeming diminished without any consistency at this point, regressing my overall build to look much more like a child – if not a girl in her early teens. This meant the few curves that I *had* developed when I had become a woman eroded to leave me with the beginnings of maturity – subtle signs that I was, indeed, a girl. But as a fairy? I would *never* mature.

The snow that had been beneath me had completely melted, and now that I was dancing about on my pretty little wings, more and more of the park thawed in kind. Grass grew from where snow had once settled, and from the gardens pretty flowers bloomed. Just seeing them made me elated, and my miniature body fluttered over to get a good look at my handiwork. ***“Heehee! Spring has sprung! Spring has sprung!”***

I just felt so *good*. Energetic and full of life, I had never felt this way before. Even though I had very clearly been turned into a fairy, one that ushered in the season of spring, I didn’t bat an eyelash at my size, race, or even sex anymore – despite how surprising it had all been when it had happened initially.

The more I fluttered about however, the more at ease I became. A little *too* at ease in retrospect, because what remained of my former identity was slowly melting just as the snow in the park did. My mind, far simpler than it ever had been – or at least not since I had been a child – was hyperfixated on bringing warmth and thawing the cold. **“Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring!”** I wasn’t at all thinking about myself nor what the ramifications of leaning into this new sense of self might be.



There was, of course, a cost. My name. My old name had been forgotten, and in its place there was a new one. One befitting of an adorable, spring-loving fairy of my post! **“Lily White wants everyone to enjoy the magic of spring!”** I’d even childishly referred to myself in the third person with that name, thinking nothing of it as I beamed. I was *Lily White*, a fairy from Gensokyo!

What was I doing in this unfamiliar place? I cooouldn’t really recall, but it must have been spring related, right? This place was so frozen and cold, but it was time for spring! I could bring about the season that it needed! **“Mhm! I have a looooot of work to do!”** There was snow there, and there, and there, and there! I couldn’t recall ever seeing a city quite like this one before, but surely they didn’t have a need for all of this snow, right? They’d been thankful to have an adorable little fairy taking it off their hands?

“Heehee!” In no time at all I had thawed the entire park, and was well on my way out to the next spot. I wasn’t worried about being seen, why would I? What I should have been worried about, perhaps, was... **“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!?”**

...Oncoming traffic.

At least fairies were durable!