

YOUR SWEETHEART

FIRST PERSON STORY

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Valentine's Day.

While not an *official* holiday in the sense that anywhere in their right mind would passively give time off of work or school for it, that didn't change the fact that it was a holiday celebrated worldwide, nonetheless. You could say that it was a much more peculiar holiday than most – because while other holidays were geared more towards celebrating an event? Regardless of the true origins of the day, it had been adapted to celebrate the bonds between people themselves.

This was traditionally geared more towards romantic relationships. Couples came together and gave each other gifts while reaffirming their bonds, often going on dates that were *more special* than normal, making extra time for one another in the process. But everyone celebrated the day differently and there was no set formula for what you did for that day. If you wanted to just stay home alone and eat chocolate and cinnamon hearts? Then that was an absolutely valid way to spend it!

Me? I wasn't doing any of that. I also wasn't sending anything to my friends or anything like that. Seeing as it fell on a Wednesday this year I was just *working*. Writing the next piece to be posted to my Patreon, not thinking too much about the holiday itself. After all, when you didn't have someone to spend it with in person then it was more or less just like any other day, wasn't it? And it had very much seemed that way. At least until I had gotten a message from *you* on Discord.

Hey babe? Meet me by the mall fountain for our date!

That had clearly been a preposterous message to receive. One: I didn't know you that well. Two: we definitely weren't dating. Three: we lived so far away from each other that there was no way we could 'meet at the mall fountain'. The mall where I lived didn't even have one! So the truth of things must have been that you had sent the message to me erroneously, right? That was what I had *thought*, and yet...

“H-Huh!?” I had *planned* on replying to the message (nicely) to point out the mistake, but fate – or some *other* power – had different plans for me. I was no longer sitting at my desk. My surroundings had distorted and reformed, the sound of water moving behind me startling me, while the sight of crowds of people passing by around me had put me on edge. I immediately stood and looked around, confused. **“I’m... in a mall? And that’s... a fountain.”**

The very place I had been told to meet for that 'date'. **“Hey! Uh, do you know where this is? Like what city is this mall in?”** I didn't know what else to do, but I definitely needed to figure out how far from home I was. There was a *problem* with that strategy though. The guy I'd tried asking had straight up ignored me. And the next. And the next. **“HELLO!? CAN ANYONE EVEN HEAR ME!?”** It seemed that they were ignoring me because I seemed like a crazy person.

...Or they couldn't see nor hear me in the first place.

In the end that was probably for the best, even though I couldn't understand *why* it was happening. Because I began to feel a little *odd*. **“...Uh? Wait a second. What's happening here?”** Being a writer of (literal) transformative content, I had written the fates of plenty of characters where they had become someone or *something* else. It wasn't something that I had ever experienced myself of course because that kind of scenario just *wasn't* possible. But what was *this*? It was like the world around me was *growing*.

That wasn't the case, obviously. **“No way!?”** I grabbed at my pants, and my shirt was *pointedly* much too large for my body all of a sudden. Looking down? I could see the problem plainly. It wasn't that the mall had gotten larger, nor had the people walking past me gotten taller. I had simply *gotten smaller* over the course of only a handful of seconds.

I was almost six feet traditionally and had been that way since my mid-teens. It seemed like I had dropped *way* down to a meager 5'3" or so by comparison. No...? That wasn't even I guess. **“Why do I know that? What... height did I used to stand at?”** I couldn't remember how tall I had been just seconds ago, but I somehow knew exactly how tall I was now? No, it wasn't just that. My *weight* was significantly less

than it had been too. My bulging gut was *gone*, my stomach now flat and, unbeknownst to me, my waistline now pinched in. The weight was gone from every facet of my body, even leaving me with a thinned face that was surprisingly... *young*?

The difference in my memory regarding my height had been thinking about other things. I was about 120lbs? No, wasn't I a lot... bigger? And I was only *twenty* years old!? That couldn't have been right, *could* it? I felt like I was on the other end of my twenties, closer to my thirties. But any year past twenty... I had no memories of living that long anymore if they had even existed in the first place.

“Um... Isn't this like one of those stories?” Like those transformation stories I read? ...Read? **“Didn't I write...?”** No? I wasn't very good at creative writing, after all. I was a *fashion major*? But I still enjoyed TF content for some reason. Whatever was changing me wanted me to retain that hobby, seemingly. Like it wasn't important to me but to *someone else*. My... partner? **“Wh-Whoa! I'm definitely not seeing anyone!”** At the very least? *That* much I was still confident in. *For now*.

Whenever something changed with my body, it seemed to immediately reflect in my memories. The hand that was struggling to hold up my pants was a good example of that, for it had not only become smaller and daintier in shape, but nails had lengthened and found a pink polish painted upon them. Polish I could now remember applying myself earlier that evening. Just as I recognized the gentle, floral fragrance that danced off my skin as a scent I had applied.

All the while, the emergence of these more *feminine* visual traits was being built upon. Beneath my shirt my body *already* bore in increasingly girlish shape. My waistline had pinched it, but my hips had been pulled a few inches wider too. Even my shoulders had crunched inward, with their skin softening just as it did across my body's entirety. Any excess body hair was shaved away, and I could remember shaving it, even the hair around my, uh...

“W-Wait!” My *pussy*? Had I just felt an uncomfortable tug between my legs? I'd felt *something*, because it had been enough to make my voice crack into a higher yet softer pitch. I was a *woman*? Or had I always been a woman? Regardless of what was the truth, all of the hair above my pussy was shaved and I could remember taking the razor to it myself. On some subconsciously level I could recognize that these memories were somehow *wrong* though.

My biological sex had changes, and so now the rest of my body was quick to shift to accommodate that changed sex. My youthened facial

features were quick to veer away from any sense of masculinity whatsoever, softening both my complexion and the shape of my face. Yet what emerged in its place? It didn't really look like *me*. At least not the *old* me. My nose became too small, and button shaped, and while my lips swelled to be plump and rosy, my mouth's shape overall was too dainty to resemble even my mother's mouth – much less anyone in my family.

I licked my lips the moment they had swelled, tasting a strawberry gloss. **“Is that...?”** Right? Well, I could definitely remember applying it before leaving my apartment. I'd even gotten some on one of my thin cheeks accidentally while applying it, but I could recall wiping that off and applying the blush that now lingered there instead. Though my eyes did grow wide, first with questioning surprise and then further *naturally*. Those eyes were much larger than normal, and my ordinarily colored irises lit up with a pinkish color beneath thinned brows that seemed unusually dark compared to the hair atop my head.

That was only a fleeting inconsistency though. The roots of my hair not only darkened to this same black, but they began to push forward so that the length of my once short hair pushed outwards dramatically. My locks were normally perfectly straight, but as they grew longer and longer a naturally waviness emerged to their style, a soft and voluminous texture surfacing along with a stronger scent of strawberries. From my favorite shampoo and conditioner, supposedly. Hair fell down to my rear and bangs almost entirely covered my forehead. But red and white ribbons appeared to pull the hair in the back into twin tails.

I had stumbled back towards the fountain again, partially because I seemed to believe that it was where I was supposed to wait. **“My body is transforming in like one of those stories we read? That's... That's silly, right? That kind of thing isn't possible? But I definitely feel like... I wasn't a woman until just a moment ago? Things are different, but they feel so familiar too?”**

The force transforming me took advantage of my external monologue to apply the finishing touches to my figure. My hips had widened earlier for a reason, and now that reason was rendered plain as it became easier for my pants to stay up without my holding them there. The primary benefactor for this was my *rump*. My ass had taken on a great deal of weight rather quickly, pushing out the back of my pants and giving them a 'ledge' to hitch on alongside my boxers. It wasn't a *huge* ass, but the bubbled shape upon my smaller, thinner body definitely stood out. Just like my thighs did once skin had stretched around their burgeoning girth.

But of course I wasn't *truly* a biological woman until my chest had developed, and up until that point it had remained just as flat as it had been since I'd lost all of that weight earlier. Beneath my oversized shirt that was quickly corrected though, for fatty tissue began to accumulate beneath nipples that seemed wider and longer than normal. They were erect which made me a little self-conscious. **“Didn't I put on a bra...? No, but I didn't have breasts until...”**

It was an insecurity that would be addressed shortly, but my bosom had to finish its swell first. I could feel the weight of my breasts jiggling, nipples rubbing sensitively up against the underside of my shirt and making me blush as a touch of arousal stirred. I wasn't so indecent that I couldn't hide it, but with tits swelling to *DD-cups* it *did* become hard to ignore. I always wondered what I had done to deserve having such a huge rack despite being short and thin. They *really* stood out no matter what I was wearing. Whether it was oversized men's clothing or... *something else*.

Similar to how the ribbons had been tied into my hair, the clothing I was wearing just *disappeared*. I almost screamed because I was standing nude in a busy mall, tits, pussy, and all, but in another instant a set of black lace undergarments covered my essentials – though the bra was strapless. Another instant saw me covered up entirely, in a reddish-tan skirt overtop black tights and heels, as well as a sleeveless, black turtleneck top. I was highly accessorized too, with bracelets, armbands, and *especially* the golden necklace my *partner* had gifted me for Christmas. I looked *and* felt both cute and pretty. And the silver earrings in my now-pierced ears helped with that.

It was... *weird*. On some level I knew this was wrong. I wasn't *supposed* to be a pretty, twenty year old woman named *Rachel*. I wasn't supposed to be a college student studying fashion, and really I wasn't supposed to be all that fashionable of a person in the first place. I was supposed to be a *guy*. But this body? These new memories? This personality? It all felt incredibly *right* to me. **“My name isn't Rachel, though. It's Rachel. It's...?”** I couldn't give a different name no matter how hard I tried. It had been ingrained into my very soul.

So what Discord DM had been meant for me? Of course, it was Valentine's Day, right? And I had a partner? A partner I was *very* fond of. They'd asked me to meet them at the mall and I... had naturally come? I could tell these were just the



memories the force that had changed me had *wanted* me to remember, but they felt so real. Everything about this new life of mine felt so *real*. But wait, this partner of mine? Couldn't I just ask *them*?

I was fidgeting when they eventually arrived, standing just a few feet away from me with one hand behind their back. **“Um... This might sound a little strange, but did you do... something? I-I mean!”** Faced with them, I couldn't think straight. My heart was beating so fast. I was flustered! They were just so cute and attractive; how could I resist them!?! **“I mean you *want* to do something, right? Because of the invite?”** And just like that I had lost the plot.

You didn't answer with words. *You* simply held out a wrapped, red box towards me that had been hidden behind your back. Maybe you knew what was going on, or maybe you were a victim of this whole situation like me. But I bashfully took the box and opened it, finding a beautiful necklace inside. I remembered looking at it with you, but not being able to afford it. But you... *You* remembered.

Moved to tears, I ran into your embrace. And we settled things with a cute little kiss.