

May Day - Part 2

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

“Dammit!”

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

I grit my teeth.

“I know.”

I'd spent the whole day in that bimbo body, being sneered at while Mary was nowhere to be found. I'd managed to awkwardly sneak back into my room by pretending to be my lady friend. Much to Bob's chagrin. I had hoped that when I woke up, this nightmare would be over; it seemed Mary was just getting started.

I grabbed my stuff preemptively this time and jumped down the bus' steps before the driver finished his little announcement. My shoes hit the gravel, and I immediately began walking in the opposite direction of the village. That witch wanted to play games? Too bad. I wasn't playing anymore. Even if it meant walking back to London at the side of this damn road, or, at least, until I could find somebody willing to give me a lift. I felt smug as I began my hike, imagining that witch back at the May Day festival waiting for me. By the time she realised I wasn't coming, I'd be long gone.

My confidence only powered me for a few hours, though. By the time the sun was in the centre of the sky, my feet were aching, and I was more than a little relieved to see a car moving up the road toward me. I stuck out my thumb and waved them down, almost crying with relief when they pulled over just ahead.

“Thank you! My knees were just about to give ou-oh fuck.”

“Did you really think that was going to work?” Mary cackled and clicked her fingers.

~

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

“Fuck sake!”

“Hey! We don't need that sort of language, mate, potholes are impossible-”

“To avoid round here, I know.” I hissed through grit teeth.

I'd tried escaping the village six times now. Staying on the bus resulted in a breakdown just half a mile down the road; walking North, South, East, and West had failed, as had sprinting

across the countryside at random. Each time, Mary had somehow found me and made me live through the degrading process of being transformed into a different woman. At least she gave me variety, a small mercy, I supposed. Frustrating as it was to accept, I would have to go back into Briarfield to figure this out.

I jumped off the bus and immediately sidestepped the goat and the apologetic farmer as they rushed past, then headed into the village. This time, I avoided the inn; perhaps I could find Mary before all this was supposed to go down and talk to her before she cast her spell again.

The village was almost entirely made up of little cottages and brick houses; any of them could be hers. Lacking better ideas, I walked along the streets, reading the names painted above the letterboxes, hoping Mary would have her first name there. One house was covered in so many wildflowers and bramble I was sure it had to be hers. I leaned down to try and clear away the foliage from the gate to walk in when a voice spoke;

“Can I help you?”

The voice belonged to a curvy, plump young woman with the brightest red hair and green eyes I had ever seen. Her face was splattered with freckles, and she was smiling at me with pretty, pouted lips. If it weren't for her being on the heavier side, she'd have been a real beauty.

“Sorry, is this your house? I am looking for Mary.”

The woman's face fell slightly before she quickly recovered.

“You must be the photographer,” she pointed at the camera around my neck. Everybody has been talking about you coming; it's not every day we get visitors from out of town. At least, not people from London. Anyway, most of the time, festivals bring in people from other villages in the area, but that's it.”

I blinked and watched as the woman's cheeks turned pink.

“Sorry, I'm Rosie.”

“Cool, uh, could you tell me where to find Mary?”

“Oh, right! Sorry, I tend to talk a little too much.”

A lot too much more like.

“She lives down the lane in the little townhouse near the church,” Rosie pointed out. “I can show you the way if you like.”

“That's fine; this town has about a dozen streets. I am sure I'll find it.”

Rosie nodded and turned a deeper shade of red.

“O-Of course. Silly of me to offer.”

She stood stock still, staring at me awkwardly before realising it. She turned on her heels and disappeared back into her tangled garden. Some people, honestly, some people just had no social skills. Then again, she had probably only ever talked to the same tiny group of people her whole life.

Strange interaction aside, at least I knew where I was going now. I headed to the brick townhouse, ready to grovel if that was what it took. I practically ran up the stairs to

knock on the door only to have it open for me, Mary on the other side with an expectant smile.

“All done running away, are we?”

“Please, I’m sorry, just stop this stupid loop!”

Mary pouted momentarily, eyes up in thought as she hummed to herself.

“Hmmm, beg.”

“W-what?”

“You heard me, on your knees, hands together, beg me.”

“Right here?” I glanced around; the little village street was filled with people making their way down to the village green. Mary just nodded, crossing her arms and raising an eyebrow.

I bit my lip; if it made this end, I would do anything, even get on my knees. Still, it felt wrong, lowering myself onto the ground and pressing my fingers together like I was about to pray. I looked up at her smug face with as much sincerity as I could muster while trying to bury my deep-seated desire to punch her.

“Please, I’m sorry, just stop this time loop and let me be?”

“Pretty please?”

“P-pretty...please.”

“Good, now kiss my shoe.”

She had to be joking; clearly, my incredulity showed on my face because she tossed her head back and cackled in delight. My temper flared, but somehow, I managed to clamp it down. I could hear people muttering now. We clearly had a crowd watching as I took several deep breaths and lowered my lips to the tip of her white shoes. As soon as they brushed the fabric, I felt a familiar sensation rush into my body, starting with my lips, which instantly began to plump.

“W-what! No! You promised!”

“I did no such thing.” Mary grinned, “Have fun!”

She breezed past me, leaving me on my knees on her doorstep, with my ass slowly pressing into my heels as it swelled.

“No, wait! Agh!”

I barely got to my feet before I stumbled and ended up back on my knees as high heels formed around my feet.

“No! Not again!” I wailed. “Please!”

It was too late; Mary was already moving through the crowd, who were all staring with disturbed looks on their faces. A little girl pointed and laughed as my breasts came in, the

biggest set yet. I tried in vain to hide them, but it was no use as my outfit turned into an open V-neck dress.

All around me, people were bug-eyed and staring as I changed. My butt felt squashed beneath the too-tight dress, and yet it continued to grow. Mary gave a final smirk as she turned her back on me, her beautiful May Day dress fluttering behind her.

“She did this!” I cried, pointing and trying to ignore his voice, changing pitch. “Look at her, not me.”

“She’ll forget this in a moment,” Mary called over her shoulder. “You’ll just look like a crazy woman yelling!”

I watched as each spectator suddenly got a glazed look in their eyes, only to snap out of it a moment later and start looking me up and down quizzically. I followed their gaze and saw a gaudy leopard print pattern stuck to my now olive skin.

With a humiliated wail, I got to my feet and fled, running back along the streets until I found an abandoned little crevice between buildings to hide. I barely fit, of course. My chest was so prominent that if I breathed too deeply it would brush the stones on the other side. This time, my hair felt big, curled into large ringlets like they used to wear in the 80s, and giant rings hung from my ears.

“Great, who am I now?” My voice sounded oddly husky with a thick Italian accent. I turned the corner to look at myself in the nearest shop window and felt my jaw drop. “Oh no! I’ve become one of those trashy Italian mamas!”

This was the worst one so far. Nobody wore leopard print dresses this revealing and actually thought they looked good, did they? With a groan, I leaned back against the wall and looked up at the sky, waiting to blink and find myself back on the bus only...nothing happened. After five minutes, my ankles started to ache from the heels.

Music floated down the street from the festivities on the village green and I shrugged to myself; why not? I wandered along the lane and onto the grass, feeling profoundly out of place as in the sea of modestly dressed country folk. My lips pressed into a thin line, well, as thin as these botox-filled lips could get; judgment was radiating off these people so much that it was almost visible. Mary was smiling, stepping off her stage with the crown on her head, and I approached her.

“I’m so sorry, I can’t imagine where he could be.” The man running the contest sighed. “I’m sure we can take some photos ourselves and send them to the publisher. I do hope they haven’t forgotten about us.”

“Oh, I am sure that he just got a little lost.” Mary smiled, her eyes meeting mine. “Something tells me that when he gets here, he’ll never forget us.”

Screw this.

“Okay, now what?” I raised my arms and shrugged, “You’ve transformed me, isn’t it time for you to reset this all now?”

The older man looked very confused, but Mary just rolled her eyes.

“You still don’t get it, do you? Maybe I need to give you a little mental push.”

She shoved a finger right into my forehead almost violently, causing me to stumble back.

“Ay now, what’s that all about, ey?” I snapped, then blinked in shock. What was that? That isn’t how I talk.

“There, now go enjoy being some hot Italian trash for a day.” Mary said with a huff, “I’ll combine the spells next time and save us both some time.”

Once again, I felt my temper flaring, but this time, my body seemed to act of its own accord; I placed a hand on my hip and sneered, jutting out my chin.

“Oh, you think you can just do whateva you want, dont’cha?” My fingers snapped to emphasise my words no matter how hard I tried to stop myself. “Well, just you wait, next loop imma show you.”

The village elder looked thoroughly confused as I continued to talk, yell more like. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t seem to control the volume of my voice; Mary just seemed bemused.

“Oh, will you? Tell you what, if you can escape the twenty-four hours without me transforming you, the loop will end.” Mary said. “But that’s not going to happen.”

“Oh yeah, honey? You got a big storm a commin’.” I snapped my fingers right in her face one last time before turning on my heels and storming away.

My hips wiggled, tight, bouncy but swaying from side to side with extra emphasis as I walked. I did my best to stop it and walk normally, but I couldn’t. I was compelled to keep walking with my butt sticking out and jiggling from the movement; my damn hips just couldn’t help but sway.

As I walked through the May Day celebrations, I watched people sneer at my tacky outfit and how my chest and hips moved. Yet, simultaneously, the men tried to catch a glimpse. I wasn’t like the humble, homely women who lived here; I was wild and pure mature sexiness. My lips quirked into a smile; they could pretend to be disgusted all they wanted; I knew the truth. They wanted nothing more than to put their faces between these giant tits and motorboat.

The thought made me stop in horror; why the hell was I thinking about getting motorboated? Even worse, why did the idea turn me on so much? I swallowed nervously and eyed the little bar set up selling mead; a drink, yes, that would be nice right now. Luckily, I still had cash on me, and I quickly downed a sweet mead, enjoying the calm that came with that first drink of the day.

Before I knew it, I’d downed another, slightly more sloppily, and spilled several drops down on my cleavage. Without thinking, I scraped a finger along the smooth skin, gathering up the drops and licking them off my digits. The action made warmth spread over my breasts, and I could see Bob getting flustered behind the table.

I was disgusted with my behavior, but I couldn’t stop. Once I noticed Bob staring, it was like invisible strings attached to my limbs, compelling me to lean against the table and show off even more of my chest.

“Well, look at that, I’m out of mead.” I purred, leaning against the stand. “What’s a girl got to do to get a drink around here?”

Oh God, what was I doing?! I watched as Bob poured the drink, his hands shaking slightly. Our fingers brushed when he handed me the mug, and I held his gaze for a moment longer than necessary.

“This one’s on the house,” Bob said, clearing his throat.

“How generous,” I said, taking a sip. My insides were warming, and not just from the mead. “What brings you to this celebration, Bob?”

“I run the inn just down the road,” he gestured vaguely. That did remind me. Where was I going to stay tonight? It wasn’t like I could use the free room my publisher had gotten me since I looked nothing like myself anymore.

I took in Bob’s flushed face and the tingling that was starting between my legs. As humiliating as this was, these flirtatious compulsions might just be able to help me. I leaned in, my voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

“You know, I don’t have anywhere to stay tonight. Any recommendations?”

His eyes widened, and he seemed to struggle for words. “Oh, well, um, I mean, we have rooms at the inn. I could, um, offer you one. If you’d like.”

“How kind of you,” I said, touching his arm lightly. “I’d love that.”

Bob’s face was a deep shade of crimson now, and he nodded quickly. I couldn’t help but shiver in delight, watching him get turned on by this body.

“Great! I’ll, uh, I’ll take you there after I’m done here. It’s no trouble at all.”

“You’re a real gentleman, Bob,” I said, my voice warm as the mead still coating my tongue. “I appreciate it.”

My pride was in shambles after this loop. What was the harm in degrading myself a little further just for a place to sleep? It wasn’t like I would do anything, just a bit of harmless flirting. Next loop, I’d escape and I could pretend it never happened.