

May Day - Part 3

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 sipped at my drink glumly. Another day, another loop. This time Mary had transformed me into a heavy-set older woman with a pear-shaped body and far more ass than would ever be necessary. I shifted awkwardly on my stool, trying to find a comfortable way to sit without one of my ass cheeks hanging off the edge, but it was impossible. The stool was just too small. So I sat, drinking and watching the people slowly filter in from the May Day festivities. The Inn was a thriving pub now, and once again, I'd managed to sweet-talk my way into a room. Not with my sexual wiles, but by being a poor, single mother who 'just needed a place to stay while waiting for her kids to get here'.

It was odd; unlike the last loop, nobody was staring at me anymore. At first, it had been a relief, but then I realised a part of me was actually...disappointed. My cheeks burned just thinking about it. I blamed it on the loops; I'd been stared at and turned into a sexy, young woman so many times I was starting to expect it. Being in this humble, plump body was just different, that was all. Besides, it wasn't like I would be in it much longer. The sun was going down and the moment I closed my eyes and fell to sleep, I'd be waking up on that damn bus with a smack to the head as usual. I just hoped this body would be easier to fall asleep in, I'd spent an hour tossing and turning as that fake-titted Italian woman. Then again, judging by my wide hips, it was going to be a similar struggle.

"Come on, Rosie, it's just one drink!"

The voice rose above the murmur of the crowd and I saw that same, plump red-haired woman from the previous loop standing across the room. A man was leaning in close, eyes on her chest more than her face and she was blushing.

"N-No thank you."

"C'moooooon it's not like you have to do anything, it's just a drink, maybe a walk home."

I rolled my eyes; she should just say yes and get it over with. No harm in giving the man a little taste after all. But of course, Rosie kept refusing. The longer it went on, the more I started to feel uncomfortable. Normally, I believed in not taking no for an answer, but this girl would obviously never say yes, even when it would have solved all her problems. Eventually, I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Thanks for waiting, sweetheart." I smiled, stepping between Rosie and the man.
"Shall we go?"

"Oh yes." She nodded. "Sorry, I have to head off!"

She didn't sound sorry at all, but I was glad she was at least smart enough to play along. We stepped out of the inn and headed down the road.

"I'll walk a bit with you, then go back." I said.

"Thanks, for swooping in and saving me." Rosie smiled. "I guess those rules really do stick around forever, huh?"

"Rules?"

"You know, girl rules. Like never going to the bathroom alone, saving girls from creeps even if they're strangers. That stuff."

"Oh...yeah."

Was that why women always went to the bathroom in packs, some sort of weird secret 'girl code'?

"Why didn't you just say yes?" I asked, "Then you could have quickly had a drink and gotten rid of him."

Rosie scoffed and giggled before looking surprised.

"Wait...you're serious?"

"Yes?"

"If I'd had a drink with him, he'd have used that as an excuse to have another, or he could have spiked it. And even if he didn't, if he had followed me home, that could have been awkward. If he was that pushy around other people, imagine how he might have acted in the dark, alone, right near my house."

I hadn't considered any of that.

"And I didn't want to leave while he was so focused on me. He might have followed me anyway." Rosie sighed. "Then, of course, it would have been my fault for walking home alone in the dark."

"I've never really thought about it, walking home in the dark by myself," I admitted.

"Wow, you're so brave," Rosie said.

I didn't feel brave, but suddenly, the dark streets seemed a little more sinister now that I was in this body.

"Luckily, we live in a small village. I don't think I'd cope in the big city!" Rosie joked.
"Where are you from?"

"London."

"Wow! Did you come here with the photographer? I didn't get to meet him," Rosie said sadly. "I was hoping maybe I'd get into the calendar or book or whatever it was he was taking photos for. I know it's not likely, though. With me looking...like me."

Maybe it was the fact that I was now in a plumper body myself, but as I looked Rosie over, I didn't think she looked half bad. Yeah, she wasn't model thin, but her hair was gorgeous, and her little rosy cheeks actually added some character.

"Maybe next time he comes around, he'll take your picture." I smiled.

"Maybe! It would be nice not to be somebody's final choice." She rolled her eyes.
"That guy back at the pub struck out with every other woman there before he started coming for me. Oh, here's my house!"

She opened the gate and gave me one final grateful smile.

"Thank you! I'll see you tomorrow."

"In a manner of speaking," I whispered to myself.

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I stepped straight off the bus and headed for the village green. There was a strange guilty feeling circling in my gut since that last loop. I had judged Rosie too harshly the first time, the least I could do before Mary got her claws into me was take a picture. I searched through the crowds, if I got my timing right, Rosie would be leaving her house and arriving sometime soon. I anxiously waited near the gates while glancing around nervously for any sign of Mary. That's when I saw her, Rosie was bustling down the street with a huge bouquet of flowers that seemed to be from her own garden. I opened my mouth to greet her but she hurried right past to one of the flower stands and busied herself with making the flower crowns and bracelets that so many people would wear later in the day. I had no idea she'd been the one making them.

"Excuse me," I said, raising my camera slightly. "Would you mind if I took your photo? Maybe wearing one of those flower rings you're making?"

She looked up, startled.

"Me?" she asked, glancing around as if to make sure I wasn't addressing someone else. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," I replied, giving her my most reassuring smile. "You are exactly the sort of person I want to capture."

"A pageant is being held on the other side of the green..." She said quietly. "The women there are-"

"Not what I am after, all all." I interrupted honestly. "Please?"

Her cheeks flushed a deeper shade of pink, but she smiled shyly.

"Alright, if you really want to."

As I adjusted my camera settings and framed the shot, I couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. She really was a pretty woman, beautiful even, in the right light. And she was positively glowing with happiness as I focused my lens. I'd never had a model so appreciative before. Most of the time, the women I photographed expected that sort of attention. Knowing that such a small gesture could make Rosie so happy made an odd lump form in the back of my throat.

"You look amazing," I said, lowering the camera. "Thank you for letting me take your photo."

"Aw, you're so sweet!" She grinned. "Oh, I'd better bet back to work, the May Pole is going up soon, and everybody will want a ring to wear! I make them every year!"

She continued to talk, and I listened until something caught my eye: more red hair. Not the frizzy, bright curls that Rosie had but dark red. A familiar shade that filled me with dread: Mary.

"Sorry, I have to go," I said quickly, disappearing into the crowd. It was foolish to run, I'd tried fleeing the whole area multiple times with no success. Still, it felt wrong to just walk into her waiting arms. I stumbled through a small crowd of children and turned a corner only to find Mary waiting for me, casually leaning up against one of the stalls.

"Cute trick, it won't work, though."

"What, running?"

Mary rolled her eyes. "Don't play dumb, I mean that little trick back there with Rosie. Acting all nice, did you think I'd fall for it?"

"Trick?"

"Ugh, whatever, keep pretending then, see if I care, you dumb bimbo."

"Bimb-oh no!"

This was the worst change so far, it felt like all the fat in my body was being sucked away and moved to either my butt or my chest. Giant tits inflated on my chest, my lips buffed up as if they'd been botoxed and a thin film formed over them. It tasted like sugar, gloss. My sensible clothes turned to a mini skirt and boob tube and blonde, bleached hair sprouted from my skull. I'd been a London chav, but now I looked like a bimbo right off the pages of a malibu barbie catalogue!

"Oh, come on! This is-ah!"

I didn't get the chance to complain further before wobbling in my high heels and feeling one sink into the grass. I was tumbling backwards onto my ass in a second and Mary cackled, turning to disappear into the crowd as everybody started to turn and stare at the fake looking bimbo who'd just made a scene. I winced, feeling my heavy camera press against my fake tits; they were so round it was obvious they were fake. They looked more like round beachballs than natural breasts; who actually thought this was a good look?

Awkwardly, I wobbled to my feet, trying to make it across the soft grass without one of the thin heels sinking into the dirt again. I'd just managed to make it to the edge and clutch onto the stone wall at the edge of the green when I saw Rosie and breathed a sigh of relief. She'd help me, that girl code had to have something about helping a fellow woman in need right?

"Uh, h-hey, babe, think you could give a gal a hand?" I called, hating the airy way my voice sounded, that voice belonged to somebody without two brain cells to rub together.

Rosie looked up with that same friendly smile and opened her mouth to say something before pausing, eyes dipping down to my chest.

"Oh my goodness!" Rosie cried before her face hardened. "You stole that nice man's camera!"

I blinked like a deer in headlights (which was difficult considering the sheer weight of my new fake lashes), then glanced down at the straps stuck between my cleavage; my camera was still hanging somewhere under there.

"No, this is mine!"

"No way, I recognise it! That nice man is here to put our village on the map! And you took it! You trashy tourist!"

"No, I ain't-"

"Constable!"

In a panic, I looked around as a police constable started stalking towards us. This village was so small I was surprised they even had a police presence at all.

"I didn't steal nuthin'!" I insisted, biting the inside of his cheek in frustration, why couldn't I just talk normally?

"Oh yeah?" The policeman asked, "Rosie isn't a liar, if she says this isn't yours, I'm inclined to believe her, especially since you don't really look like the sort of person who could use something so...complicated."

"Can too! Don't judge a book by its cover!"

"Show us your pictures then!" Rosie said, "That'll prove it."

"Fine!"

It was only after I awkwardly untangled the cords from my cleavage and opened the camera that I realised my mistake. Rosie smiled triumphantly, seeing her own face on the screen.

“See, that’s the picture he took of me a few minutes ago. I can’t believe you stole it from him!”

“I...I...” How was I supposed to explain this? “This ain’t fair!”

It might have been my imagination, but I was sure somewhere I could hear Mary laughing.

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You’d think with an ass this huge, any seat could be comfortable, but apparently not. The cold bench in the tiny holding cell they’d stuck me in was stubbornly hard. It was probably designed to be uncomfortable! I sat there and pouted; there was no point trying to escape or plead my case. In a few hours it would be midnight, and I’d wake up on the damn bus again. This is what I get for trying to be nice to Rosie, I suppose; my ass chucked in a cold cell. I should have known better. The sound of a door opening and closing again caught my ear, and I looked up, surprised to see Rosie standing there.

“What are ya doing here?” I asked glumly.

“I came to bring you this.” She smiled, opening the door and placing a little tray on the table before quickly shutting it again. On the tray there was proper food, not the slop the constable had left me. I recognised several of the dishes, honey, bread, soup, all from the festival.

“Why?” I asked in confusion.

“I know what Henry calls food.” Rosie made a face. “You stole a camera, that doesn’t mean you deserve to be tortured.”

“...It really was bad. I thought it must have been some sort of punishment.”

“No, Henry takes his job seriously and it doesn’t leave much room for learning to cook, apparently.”

I couldn’t help but giggle and Rosie grinned.

“Why did you take the camera?” She asked seriously, “You don’t seem like a bad person.”

“You’ve only just met me.”

“Yeah, but I am very good at reading people. I can tell you’re a good person deep down under all that uh...um deep down.”

Her eyes dipped to my chest and back to my face again and I couldn’t help but laugh.

"I'm sorry, it's just...they're right there!" Rosie said as she blushed. "They're very noticeable! You can't blame a girl for looking."

"Is that the real reason you came here? To check me out?"

Rosie's cheeks turned bright crimson, and I felt my jaw drop.

"Oh my God."

"I also wanted to bring the food!"

I threw back my head and laughed.

"You know what? I respect that, at least you're honest about it."

"You don't mind?"

"I think it would be hypocritical of me to mind when I dressed like this." I giggled. Yes, technically, Mary had done this, but frankly, explaining would be more trouble than it was worth. Besides, I only had a few hours left in this body; why not enjoy a little attention? It felt nice to have a woman checking me out for once rather than the other way around. Rosie sat on the floor on the other side of the holding cell and we continued to chat; mostly, Rosie chatted about her garden, the village, the festival. It was hard to get a word in, but there was something oddly charming about it; she wasn't rude, she just...had a lot to say.

"Oh my goodness, look at the time! It's almost midnight!" She gasped, "I was planning on going to the pub tonight too, oh well."

"I think you had a better time here with me than you would have had at the pub," I said, remembering the creep who'd given her a hard time last loop.

"I think you're right." Rosie smiled. I'd better go home, but maybe I will come see you tomorrow. I am sure we can sort this all out. When we find the photographer and return his camera, I'll put in a good word for you."

"That's...very kind."

She gave me a little wave, and I sighed, letting my eyes slip closed before I jolted awake in that same familiar way. Back on the bus, sunlight peaking through the windows and the driver nattering on about potholes. I sighed, but for the first time, I didn't start the loop feeling angry. Rosie had been a spot of sunshine in multiple loops now; maybe she could help me escape if I just explained myself. I'd have to be careful about how I did it, of course, otherwise, she'd mistake me for a crazy person, but she'd been so understanding in other timelines. Maybe, just maybe, there was a shot. I stepped off the bus filled with determination; this was it. This was the loop where I started to regain control, and I could feel it! Then, I felt something slam into my lower back and knock me to the ground.

"Goddamn, I forgot about the fucking goat."