

Mini-Story: LARP Magic (Fantasy TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A group of guys go to a LARP fantasy festival and complain about there being no girls and mostly guys. But when one wishes there was a better ratio, a certain pixie nearby grants the wish, causing a number of attendees to become beautiful princesses, gorgeous elves, and tough barbarian chicks in revealing chain mail.

LARP Magic

The many attendees of the Magic LARP Festival were excited. It had been years since the last one, and many travelled miles to attend the location. It was the same place the local Medieval Faire was held, on account of the nearby castle remains that dated back to Tudor England, as well as the jousting structure and old-style bleachers that helped set the scene. Add a few dozen Middle Ages tents and a variety of temporary structures, as well as a genuine stone-built tavern, and it was a recipe for success. This year there was a massive sprawling fantasy story written and run by the event planners, one which would allow people to play out their characters while solving clues, searching for items, and engaging in competitions and fake battles. It was going to be fantastic, literally.

At least, that was the hope. Unfortunately, while hundreds of fantasy nerds and geeks showed up in numerous costumes so they could engage in a massive fantasy live action role play, there was one major component missing. One that made the event all too stereotypical, and not in a fun way. You see, there were almost no women at the Magic LARP Festival whatsoever. Practically none. Those that were present were pretty much scared off by the second day, on account of the fact that so many of the socially-addled nerds attached themselves far too closely to them, or otherwise they just found the total sausage-fest uncomfortable. Ironically, one of the few women who remained was the lady in a peasant's outfit who was actually selling sausages. She had more than a few jokes about that, though they weren't exactly happy ones. There was a general sense of deflation among the men. After all, what was the point of battling dragons and fighting dark knights if there were no actual princesses to save?

Things were about to change, however, and it was all thanks to one man who was complaining the most about all this. His name was Aaron, and he had come dressed in a knightly outfit he'd made himself. The red-headed young man was with his friends, and they were complaining about this state of affairs.

"It's just not fair!" he cried as they walked through the main lane of stalls, all of them full of fun trinkets and promises of adventure. "This whole place is so cool, and the quests

are so well thought out! But there's no women. Damn it, I just *wish that there were more women at this festival, and that they all had the proper fantasy look and everything.*"

His friends echoed their agreement, but it was a nearby pixie who truly took to his words. Her name was Hazelheart, and she was fairly new to granting wishes, having made a few stumbles more than once. But the medieval fair that had drawn her interest was now a canvas for her magic: she couldn't help but grant the man's wish, and she thought she knew the best way to achieve it. It's difficult to create life with magic, after all, but to transform existing life to fit the mold? That was a pinch! She focused on her magic, taking in the huge variety of costumes and outfits and different fantasy species on display.

"Time to add some girls to this group!" she declared excitedly, before flying in a wide arc across the festival. She scattered her magical pixie dust as she went, practically using up a whole month's reserves. But it was all worth it in Hazelheart's mind, because only minutes later the changes began.

Aaron was one of the first men affected. He coughed, breathing in the dust, as did his nerdy friend Jacob who was dressed as a barbarian and his cousin Andrew who had not bothered to bring a costume at all. Suddenly all three began to groan and hunch over.

"Ugggh, was it s-something we ate?" Aaron grunted.

"M-my ch-chest feels all w-weird!" exclaimed Jacob.

"My ass! Ahhhh, it's pushing out!" cried Andrew. "What the hell is - agghhh!!!"

A small crowd gathered around the three men as the changes began in full. Much to Aaron's shock, his knight costume reformed, the material becoming soft and silken, becoming bright blue with an expensive gold trim. The parts joined, flowing outwards to become what could only be a royal court dress, complete with long sleeves and a slight ahistorical v-neck. The helmet with its open visor contracted to become a gorgeous royal tiara.

"My suit! This is *impossible!*"

His voice shot up an octave or two, becoming a sweet soprano. It was followed by his hair flowing out long and red, before refitting into elaborate braids. His form thinned, his hips widened, and to his utter horror a pair of impressive C-cup breasts pushed out from his chest. His manhood pulled back inside him even as his body hair fell away. In moments his entire form had changed into that of an unbelievably beautiful princess. Aaron gasped, patting his hands over his form in disbelief.

"Holy shit you guys, that punch must have been spiked. It seriously feels like I've turned into a-"

The new beautiful royal princess froze after spinning to face her friends, her gorgeous dress twirling about her soft legs. Her friends had changed as much as she had, perhaps even more so. Jacob was in the final process of transformation: he or rather *she*

now had grown to become a six-foot-four barbarian warrior woman with short black hair and a really cool scar over one still-functioning eye. Her body rippled with muscle, particularly her thighs and abs, and Aaron could tell so because poor Jacob's clothing was in the process of becoming little more than a chainmail bikini. Her assets were round and huge, each bigger than ripe cantaloupes. She had small scars over her belly and arms. A huge sword was slung over her back.

"It's not just you!" the new woman growled in a raspy voice. "Look at me! I'm a huge barbarian lady! I need bloody clothes!"

"You need clothes!? What about me!?"

Both former men turned to see what the gathering crowd was even more impressed by. Aaron's cousin Andrew's body was still transforming, but it was obvious what was happening: he was becoming an actual female *centaur*. His chest was bare, his chestnut hair having become curly and wild down his back. His features were beautiful but his nose was wider and he had horse ears. But the real wonder was his lower half, which had become that of a proud horse. A proud *mare*, to be precise. Aaron could scarcely believe it: he'd always thought female centaurs were very beautiful, but now he was facing one, and she looked none too pleased as she tried to cover herself, her four legs making her trot automatically backwards.

"Fuck, fuck, I'm half horse. I've got too many legs! I've got a tail! Not to mention I have tits and sound like a girl!"

"You *are* a girl!" Jacob bellowed.

The crowd gasped and murmured, speculating if this was some elaborate cosplay display. Andrew reared back, hugging like the horse woman she now was.

"D-don't look at me! I'm not a centaur! Especially a centaress!"

"Get us help, I'm not meant to be a princess!"

But the crowd was having its own distractions as they tried to figure out what to do. Among them, others were starting to cough as they inhaled the potent magical pixie dust. They gasped and grunted, moaned and groaned, cried out or called for help, all to no avail as their bodies rapidly transformed. One short young man became an attractive dark elf, her skin dark grey and eyes yellow, hair white and figure lithe and ethereally beautiful. Another man trying to run found himself too tubby to make it far. The magic fixed that by making him a sexy demoness or tiefling with purple skin and a thick, long prehensile tail that would take her time to get used to. Her clothing consisted of little more than a revealing red sari-like dress and some jewels around the new horns sweeping back from her forehead. Two particularly unlucky men merged together, fusing into a seven-foot tall giantess with a thick, womanly body and two heads upon their wide shoulders. They had a club in their shared left hand, and wore only a furskin chest wrap for their large rack and a loincloth. They'd never

met before in their life, but the new two-headed ogre women were going to be very well acquainted for life now.

Many more were changed. A group of friends became peasant women to fill out the fair, with one lucky or unlucky individual becoming the hot blonde tavern wench with the wide fertile hips. A scrawny nerd who almost didn't show up became a muscular, buff, tough orc woman, complete with tusks and green skin. Several more princesses of various races were made, many of them not of the race they originally were: a young man named George Sanderson was quite surprised to develop the luscious body of an Arabian-style princess, complete with harem-like outfit. The most fortunate of the changed men were probably those who became strikingly handsome female knights, their armour confirming to their new shapes well.

Aaron and his friends watched this all unfold in disbelief. The new princess could still barely believe she'd become a woman at all. Her new breasts were a subject of fascination to her, and she certainly didn't want to even think about the soft space between her smooth legs.

"How is this happening?" she exclaimed as another man became a beautiful wood elf woman, her hair filled with leaves and flowers. It was then that Hazelheart dropped her invisibility in front of the red-haired royal. She and her barbarian and centaress friends gasped.

"That would be me!" the pixie proclaimed proudly. "I hope you enjoy the results of your wish!"

"M-my wish!?"

"Yes! You wished for more women present, and fir them to properly fit this fair. Now half the members here are ladies, and they certainly fit! I really, really hope you enjoy your new lives!"

Andrew's tail flicked in shock. "New *lives*?"

The pixie beamed. "Yep! It's powerful magic so that you can always enjoy having so many fairs to come. I hope you enjoy them. Oh, and before I go I'll just help with some mental changes too! That way you'll soeak a bit more in-character going forwards and always stay in the right dress sense! Bye!"

With that, she threw more pixie dust in their faces, before racing around the transformed masses ro do the same for them. Before the trio could call out for her to stop and change them back she was gone in a flash.

"I can't believe it," Aaron said, though she felt her name was Adeline now. "Thou hast left me stuck as a royal woman!"

Her two friends raised an eyebrow, even as their own mental changes settled. There was going to be quite the adjustment period for the host of new fantasy women. But, in a sense, Adeline had gotten what she wanted.

The End