

Extension: Best Friend's Fantasy (Man to Numerous TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Wishes can be wonderful, but sometimes they cause unexpected consequences. When Mark finds a magic ring and wishes he could have his perfect fantasy girlfriend every day, he's astonished to find it granted. But his best friend Jay is even more shocked to find that he is now that fantasy, and more than that, the fantasy changes each and every day.

Best Friend's Fantasy

So today I'm a mermaid. A sexy, red-headed mermaid with emerald green eyes, an impressive chest pushed up within a seashell bra, and a cute green tail that flexes in strange and unfamiliar ways. It's not the weirdest thing I've been, not by far, but it's not exactly normal. Well, it kind of *is* my normal. My new normal. One that I've had to get used to for quite a while despite the fact that there kind of isn't *any* getting used to it.

I'm residing in the pool, languidly doing laps back and forth, getting used to having a tail and no legs. I already had to drag myself awkwardly down the stairs this morning and then splash into the pool, and from there I flopped around a bit rather embarrassingly at first. Thankfully, my new mermaid instincts have kicked in now, and I'm actually kind of enjoying the feel of the water against my soft mermaid skin and scales. In fact, I'm so distracted that I almost miss hearing Mark when he calls out to me.

"Well, looks like I know what my fantasy is today!"

I whip my tail about in the water - it takes less practice than you might think - and move rapidly to the side of the pool, my long red hair flowing about around me. By the way, having long hair as an underwater creature at all is stupid, but it's my best friend's fantasy, so I don't get a say. I push it over my shoulders and give a sheepish smile as I rest my forearms on the edge of the pool, my new tail swaying behind me as I take in the sight of my best friend, who thanks to magical compulsions is also now my boyfriend. He has a cute nerdy look to him that never got him many women before I was transformed, with slightly spiky brown hair and round glasses. He's fit, but not particularly tall or muscular, and yet his appearance now drives me wild.

"Yeah, it's real subtle alright!" I say, gesturing to myself. "Red hair and green tail. What could you possibly be aping here, I wonder?"

Mark blushed a little, scratching the back of his head. "Well, it was one of my favourite movies as a kid. At least you're not sixteen like the actual little mermaid?"

I raise an eyebrow. "Whoop-do-doo. I'm trapped as the ever-changing fantasy girlfriend of my best friend, never getting the same body more than three or four days in a row - a week if I'm really lucky - but at least I'm not underage, right?"

"Look, I really am sorry about this, Jay. You know I never meant to - HEY!"

That was me splashing water at him with my tail. You know, I could almost get used to being a mermaid for a few more days, provided he drove me to the beach for the full experience. It's not the worst fantasy I've had to live out. Kind of cool, actually, even if I know I'm fulfilling such a sexual kink of his right now.

"What was that for?" he asked, now totally wet.

I gave him my cutest, most mischievous grin, all while raising myself up to show off my frankly fantastic tits. That was one thing I pretty much *a/ways* had, no matter what form I was given; a set of fantastic tits. Sometimes several pairs of them, in fact. I've been a cowgirl twice now. Both times have been very . . . booby. And milky. That part was less fun. Until it was. Don't judge me. When you're full of milk, a pair of lips sucking on your tits and udder is *divine*.

"What was what for?" I say, giggling.

"Uh, splashing me, obviously."

"Oh, just in response to you saying how totally sorry you are about me ending up as your transforming girlfriend. You know, because you aren't."

"I am! I swear it!"

"So you won't fuck me today."

Mark tugs on his collar, looking a little sheepish. "Not if you don't want it."

"Aha!" I cry, pointing at him. "But that's just it. Because your wish makes me your perfect girlfriend, I can't *help* but want to fuck you. I've been doing it for over a year now! So it's all your fault."

"Which is why I'm sorry!"

"But you're not, because you love it!"

He blushed even deeper. "Um, yeah, but wouldn't you?"

I rocketed away from the edge of the pool and floated on my back, letting my tail move softly along the water while my red hair framed my cute upper half.

"Yeah, okay, you've got a point there. Who wouldn't turn down the opportunity to have a lover who always assumes the form of what you're into. But seriously? Mermaid? I had to drag myself down the stairs this morning just to get to the pool. Lucky we've got one, because I'd be shit out of luck otherwise. I can't believe all the racket I was making didn't wake you."

Again, my friend-turned-hot-boyfriend (he doesn't change; he was always hot, I just didn't see it until his spell made me totally gaga for his body) scratched his head.

"Yeah, I think I was still pretty much in a happy coma from last night. You really did a number on me. A good one, of course!"

I giggled, twisted about in the water rapidly to face him again.

"Oh, you liked me as your big, buff, tough half-orc barbarian, did you? Maybe that was why I was in that form for a full three days."

It was actually *fucking awesome*, by the way. I had muscles on my muscles, but still looked *fine as fuck*. Plus my boobs were huge. Like, head-sized big, but without any drooping. I was a big green alpha female with cute lower jaw tusks and I was able to pick my man up and dominate him. God, I could do that all over again, and I knew he could too. The man was hard as iron while he was inside of me. Seriously one of the top five changes I've had. Sign me up for being a hot as fuck barbarian brawler orc again. Even the furskin bikini thing was actually pretty hot. I pulled that shit off! I'd never been so grateful to be stuck as a fantasy nerd's sexual desire.

"Well, I hope you don't mind being a mermaid," he suggested, drawing closer and dipping his feet in the water. He was only wearing boxers. It was a good look, particularly since I now accepted I was one hundred percent heterosexual for boys, and one hundred percent devoted to Mark thanks to a literal magical compulsion.

"It's not too bad," I say. "It's not buff, tough orc girl, but it's pretty neat. I feel a little elegant. Perhaps a little too girly again, but that's just my life now, I guess. The pool is a little small though."

"We could go to the beach?" he asks.

"We could," I said, reaching out to grab his shoulders suggestively. "But why don't we have a little fun here first, sailor?"

And with that, I drag him into the water with me, laughing as he becomes completely soaked. He looks at me with astonishment as he surfaced, but my horniness level is overwhelming by this point, and my tail is already wrapped around him. I push my chest - now sans the seashell bra - against his and kiss him passionately.

"Wow, someone's eager today!" he says as I let him have some air.

"I'm a freakin' mermaid dude. What guy hasn't had this fantasy? Now I just get it from the other side."

Mark holds me against him, his hands roaming over my scales and then up to hold my slender waist. I won't lie, I gasp a little, just from his touch. "And you're sure you're cool with it, then?"

I pout my full lips and raise one eyebrow. "C'mon, Mark. You know I'd swap places in a hot second. That way I could be the one making out with a hot mermaid. This is just, like, second place, I guess."

"So pretty good still then, right?"

I roll my eyes even as he cups my scaly mermaid butt and pulls me closer. “Just hurry up and make love to me, dude.”

I don’t need to ask him twice. I moan into his mouth as he finds his way into the hidden passage in my scales. My tail thrashes against him, and I beg him to take a deep breath as we draw close to a shared climax, and with that, I pull him under water so that we can bang it out in my new natural environment. When I cum, bubbles stream from my mouth, and only my gills save me, because I cum *hard* and *frequently*. I managed to rise up thanks to his efforts, and I can tell he is thoroughly satisfied by the aftermath. So am I. Turns out sex in a swimming pool is actually a really good idea when one of you is an aquatic humanoid fantasy creature who is ethereally beautiful. I’m even starting to like all the red hair, because it framed him rather beautifully underwater. Plus, it’s kind of cool that my voice sounds like a song.

“Maybe I’ll stay a mermaid another day, since you enjoyed that so much?” I ask him as we soak ourselves in the sun by the edge of the pool in the aftermath. I’m now totally naked, my tail dipping into the water occasionally, but my human side pressed lovingly against his. I found this kind of close contact really awkward at first, but I’m used to it now. Hell, I quite like it, not that I say that often. Even a year on, it still embarrasses me how totally submissive I can get. It’s why being the half-orc barbarian was a nice change of pace.

“Maybe,” Mark says. “But who knows with me, right?”

I roll my eyes, slapping him on the shoulder humorously. “No kidding. What a wish yours turned out to be! And just my luck that I ended up as the target!”

I slap my tail against the water, working out a mix of frustration and disbelief that this is my life now, all with the knowledge that I’m coming to enjoy it far more than I ever should. It’s enough to make me drift back into memory as we lie under the sun’s gaze, soaking in the beautiful morning warmth. It seemed like only yesterday, and yet it was a lifetime ago . . .

It was a year ago when Mark made the wish. We were just two ordinary best friends. My name hasn’t changed from the gender-neutral Jay but I used to be a twenty two year old man back then. I had blonde hair and a tall, muscular figure that was the product of many hours at the gym, and I was proud of how I looked. I still am, even though I’ll never look like a man ever again. Mark and I had decided to catch up and spend some time at the beach, maybe find some hot girls to hopefully flirt with and catch a date. I was usually more successful than Mark, which I often teased him about. I just had more of a charisma about me, and was able to stay in better shape. Plus, I had pretty masculine looks. Ironical now, I know.

Anyway, we'd just been talking to this really cute pair of Middle-Eastern girls who were here on holiday. Unfortunately for Mark, they were both talking to *me*, and practically competing against one another for my attention, which left him a little in the lurch.

"It's not fair," he told me. "I try to do what you do, but you always end up being the one they want."

"I can't help it," I told him. "It's not my fault that I'm every girl's fantasy."

Again, what irony! To think that once women found me attractive, and that I was having sex with quite a few of them instead of regular relations with my best friend instead. But what happened next would set my fate in stone and ensure that I'd always be not just Mark's girl, but *every* type of girl he could ever want.

It was the box, the one hidden in the sand as the tide got low. I was already gearing up to head back to our apartment, get changed, and call the number from the Lebanese beauty I'd been talking to, the one with the larger rack out of the two. Who knows? Maybe her friend would have wanted to come with anyway? I never got the chance to find out, because suddenly Mark cried out.

"Ow! Fucking goddamnit!"

"Dude, what the hell? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I just knocked my foot on . . . huh. It's a box. Like, a treasure box looking thing. Can you help me get this out?"

Looking back, I wish I'd grabbed it and tossed it back into the sea, or simply been the one to make the first wish. Instead, I helped my nerdy friend dig it completely out of the sand, and then even crack it open. The lock was rusted; two hits from a hefty rock did the job.

"This is so cool," Mark said. "It's like we're pirates!"

I scoffed at the time. "Sure, man. Just like pirates."

He opened the box, and it was mostly empty. Just old bottles and bits of cracked pottery and the like. But in the centre was an old ringbox. He snatched it out and opened it, revealing a silver ring inside, one that glowed softly with a strangely green light. Inscribed upon the thick band was the number *one*.

"Weird," he said, picking it up. "Hey, I think this is a wishing ring."

"Dude, magic isn't real, and what makes you think that anyway?"

Mark chuckled when he turned the ring and let me see what was engraved in it:

Wishing Ring. Three Wishes Total. The Magic Will Leave When All Are Expended.

"I guess there's just one left," he said, turning it over again.

"Yeah, right," I remember replying. "Go on, make a wish."

"I mean, we should both make a wish together, right? We both found it."

That was Mark, alright. Too generous by half. “Why don’t we do paper-scissors-rock for it?”

I thought it was nonsense, but I won’t lie, I was half-way curious. But he won the exchange, his paper covering my rock. That was probably the moment my fate was sealed: when I didn’t ask for the best two out of three or something. Instead, he took the ring and put it on his finger. In the distance, several beautiful women were gearing up to play beach volleyball, and I could see the yearning desire on Mark’s face. What followed was indeed a wish for the ages:

“I wish I could have my perfect fantasy girlfriend every day of my life.”

I laughed when nothing happened, even asking him what his ‘perfect fantasy girlfriend of the day’ was. He replied that he’d seen a really hot girl with darker skin further up the beach who had a really nice ass and a gorgeous flirty smile. It was obviously the one who was out of his league. She’d looked at *me* flirtatiously as we’d passed earlier, not him.

“No offence dude, but you need to lift your charm game significantly instead of relying on the hope of stupid magic wishes from a-”

But I was cut off, because suddenly the ring on his hand flashed and crumbled off his hand. In the confusion that followed I doubled over from a series of strange tensions, pressures, and sensations over my body.

“Ngnhhh! M-Mark! S-something’s h-happening to m-me. It’s like my insides are on f-fire, man! My balls too, Jesus!”

“Crap! Jay, cling on to me, man. Are you in pain? Did you step on something?”

I shot him a look as sweat poured down my skin. “With my b-balls? Dude, just h-help me! I’m seriously f-feeling weird here!”

Mark, being the great friend that he was, immediately worked to rush me off the beach and into the car to get me to a hospital. By that point I was feeling weak and struggling to lift my own arms. They were looking strangely thin, and my waist was pinching in. Mark noticed too.

“Oh man, you look bad!”

“Pale?”

“No, the opposite! Your skin is all tan, man! Don’t worry, I’ll get you to the hospital. Are your nipples okay?”

“What!?”

“They look huge, dude! They’re swelling up!”

I looked down, and sure enough they were. I moaned as they continued to grow and distend, even as Mark shot through traffic and broke several speeding laws to get me checked out. But we would never make it to the hospital, because soon I realised that I

wasn't sick: I was being *transformed*. I moaned as my chest began to rise. To my horror, I developed two prominent breasts, easily D-cups in size.

"What the fuck!?" I cried, cupping my chest and then moaning from the sheer sensitivity of my new areolas. "I've got tits! Why do I have tits?"

Mark looked to the side while driving and nearly turned the wheel into traffic. "Jay! Holy shit, you've got boobs!"

"I just said that!"

"And your hair is changing! Your face too!"

I flipped down the shade mirror to quickly get a look at myself, only to scream. My face was darkening and becoming female, my lips very puffy, my eyes contoured and beautiful, my eyelashes long and my cheekbones perfect. I screamed a second time, only to lose my voice for a moment, and when it returned, I sounded like a woman!

"Go faster!" I cried.

"Oh my God, you don't even look like you anymore, Jay! Was it the wish?"

"How could it be the w-wish! Magic wishes aren't r-real and - ohhhh! OH GOD!"

My hips spread wider and my penis and testicles withdrew back into my body. I can still remember how that felt; that sensation of losing my manhood, even as I tried to grip it and pull it. Instead, I was left with a deeply feminine figure, my ass even inflating massively and my legs becoming toned and hairless like the rest of me. My swimming shorts shrank down, and new material appeared over my chest, and in moments I was wearing a freaking pink bikini. My skin warmed, and as it did so it darkened considerably, even as more curves were piled atop my new body. I could barely comprehend it all at the time, but looking back, it was obvious what was happening to me: I was turning into the ideal sexual fantasy that Mark had been imagining when he made the wish.

"Fucking hell, you look just like her!" he said, confirming that very thing moments later.

"Like who!? Why am I a chick!? My balls are gone, Mark!"

"The wish! I wished for my perfect fantasy girlfriend; and I was thinking of that hot black girl with the big curves."

"She wasn't *this* curvy!" I whined, gesturing to my now even larger breasts which jiggled as we went over a speedbump way too fast.

"I, er, maybe added some extra curves in my mind," he said. "We need to get you to the hospital!"

"How can a hospital help with this!?"

Maybe they know something about magic, I don't know!"

Only we didn't make it to the hospital. I had already experienced the totally crazy and unique transformation of becoming a hot black woman. One with a nice big ass and a really

cute smile. But that wasn't the kicker. No, despite my sheer panic and terror at this gender bending race change, I also couldn't stop looking at Mark. I was rubbing my thighs together and touching myself, something that was clearly making him super awkward as we drove, but I couldn't help myself. He was just so . . . cute. So handsome. So fucking attractive. A warmth spread throughout my new black girl body, and soon I was moaning, my curly loose afro shifting against the sides of my face as I tried and failed to shake off the feelings. But it was an impossible task. My body wanted Mark's more than it had wanted anything. This was way more powerful than any urge to masturbate, or to fuck a hot girl who was digging me. I *needed* him inside my new plumbing. I needed to be his hot, busty black babe of a girlfriend, his hand squeezing my big soft juicy ass while I rode his hard dick.

"TURN THE CAR AROUND!" I screeched, and he did so in a panic.

"Jay? Jay, what is it?"

I swallowed, trying to bury down the words that the damn wish was desperately trying to get me to say. It was to no avail, though. I couldn't fight it. I still haven't done so, and these days I just embrace the chaos and pleasure of it all, because what choice is there?

"We need to get back to the apartment," I said. "Right now."

"What do you mean? Do you know how to fix this?"

I bit my lip. "God, no. But your stupid wish has made me your fantasy girlfriend. And I need to fuck your brains out, dude. Right now!"

He tried to argue against what I was saying, but I overrode him, and soon I was stroking his thigh and cupping his hard crotch as he drove me back to our apartment. Despite my best efforts (and his at being a gentleman), I was all over him pretty much immediately. I was his dream girl, his fantasy, and that meant I was so into him that it almost *hurt* not to be making love to him. I fucked him right on his bed, my big brown tits pressed up against his chest as I spread my legs to receive him. Sure enough, he gripped my soft ass as I took his cock in me, and soon I was wailing in a gorgeous mezzo-soprano until I finally came harder than I ever had before.

It was only in the aftermath that I was able to think with more of a clear head.

"Dude, you fucking *fucked* me!" I whined in an unfamiliar voice, one that had kind of a hot street girl accent. "Why the hell did you do that?"

"I - you were pleading for me to, Jay! I thought I was helping!"

"Yeah, but your wish made me plead for it! Damn it, when am I going to change back?"

At this, Mark looked quite awkward. I folded my arms to try and hide him from looking at my big boobs. "What? What aren't you telling me?"

"Um, I sorta wished for a perfect fantasy girlfriend *every day of my life*. And it was the last wish."

That took a moment to sink in, and when it did, I screamed in disbelief. I blamed him for a bit. I was angry. I was stuck in a body and sex and race that wasn't mine, and I couldn't help but fuck him two more times that very day, and even felt compelled to sleep against him naked that night, comforted by his presence in a way I didn't want to be. I thought I was going to be stuck looking like that forever. Instead, the wish was so much more . . . flexible, than I could have imagined.

I woke up the next morning as a big-titted blonde bimbo. My tits were even bigger, though I'd lost a lot of the ass and hips, but I had a tramp stamp and pink gloss on my lips and pink eyeshadow and everything. Worse, I was actually a bit *dumber*. No joke, I really was a *bimbo*. All I could think about was waking up my cute boyfriend by licking and then sucking his cock, making him hard until the time came when he would finally wake and then shoot his load down my throat. And he did. God, he did. When his eyes opened, Mark was in shock, but then he groaned.

"Oh J-Jay! I'm sorry, you're going to make me - ahhh!"

Right down my throat. All of it. And I swallowed every last drop, even licking his dick clean. We argued after that. I couldn't figure out why I was a blonde bimbo type, but in the end he came up with the answer around the time I discovered that I could only wear a pink thong with daisy dukes over the top, and a hot pink boob tube that shoved off even some of the underside of my tits.

"Like, this isn't fair! Why am I, like, a total dummy blonde hottie now, Mark!"

He scratched his misbehaving brown hair. "Um, I think I've just figured it out, Jay, but you're not gonna like it."

"Of course I'm totes not gonna like it! Just, like, tell me!"

"Well, I wished for my perfect fantasy girl every day. But every day, I guess, I could be thinking about a new fantasy girl, right? And as I drifted off last night, I was thinking about how gorgeous you were, but also that it was a shame you weren't a sexy bimbo type. It was a stupid thought, but-"

"Oh my God, like, I'm going to keep changing then? To follow your, like, super kinky sexy fantasies and stuff?"

"Uh, I guess so. Shit. I'm so sorry, Jay. I never expected this to happen."

But it had, and it was, and for the rest of that day I was a ditzy, silly bimbo girl, one who couldn't stop styling herself and doing her hair, and deliberately jiggling her tits and asking him to cup them and guess how much they weighed. I blew him a second time, much to my humiliation, and then he took me doggy style that night.

The next day I woke up as a cute petite Asian with an anime blue hairstyle. Two days after that, I was a hot biker chick. Another three days, and I was literally a replica of Audrey Hepburn for the day. Each time, I felt the need to act a little differently, though I got better at

managing myself so that it was still me in the end. But there were always little flairs that prevented me from just stripping off my clothing and getting rid of a particular style or fetish. I had to please Mark, and that meant fulfilling his fantasy for that day. It went on, as did the mindblowing sex and unusual scenarios, and in-between I tried to salvage my regular life by exercising, playing video games with Mark, and going on walks with him - walks that had me getting ogled by any passerby.

By the time I was a sexy big-titted goth girl, one with purple highlights and thigh-high black boots with fishnet stockings up my thighs, I was starting to ease off a bit. It wasn't really Mark's fault. His wish had been twisted by the ring into something that had affected me only by proxy. But there was also no undoing it; no research turned up anything, and it wasn't like we had much to go on to start with. I was doomed, as far as we could tell, to constantly change forms while sleeping, waking up with a new body every few days or so - often one that had its own identity that at least made living normally manageable, though sometimes I went full fantasy. I discovered that last one when I woke up as a hot dark elf woman with pointy ears and silver hair, and really great reflexes. We'd watched a niche fantasy movie the previous night, and we'd even joked about how it was a good thing the wish only made me a human woman, because otherwise I'd totally be turning into a dark elf chick the next day. Turned out, the wish really didn't have that kind of limit, because there I was with dark blue-gray skin and a tall, lithe figure, my face almost ethereally beautiful with my dark, wide set eyes and arched eyebrows. I even had a fantasy roleplay costume of really fine make, one that I continued to wear throughout the day, though we ended up going to a nice vegetarian restaurant (I like meat, but as a dark elf, I was not into it at the time) and having a date night of sorts. I didn't admit to myself that it was a date night, and lots of people looked at me, assuming I was just cosplaying, but it was actually really nice. I got to wear a silky white dark elf dress that was damn good on me. Sucks that I lose my outfits when I change because that one was the bomb.

So yeah, this is my life now. I'm Mark's hot girlfriend, always changing into whatever particular fantasy is in his overactive dreams on a given morning. But hey, we're still best friends. Better, even. I was turning into a bit of a jock, maybe even starting to drift apart from Mark, but now he's got me back into some of my older nerdy passions. I'm playing DnD and the like with him, and since a few friends know about my situation we're able to even get some humour out of me being a literal wood elf ranger or demoness rogue while playing. Of course, I just wish Jesse would stop talking about how hot I am or hoping that I'll be a sexy bard with a bare midriff again. Mark and I still play our video games, still go to the movies all the time, still go on silly road trips together. I've got him working out a little more, though I'd find him hot regardless. The only difference is that I'm always in a new body and I'm always up for fucking him, with sometimes just a few little new personality twists for my newest role.

The wish couldn't make me fall in love with him, but it certainly made me attracted to him. And while it's still hard to admit out loud, a year of being like this and him being so awesome about it has changed my opinion of it.

So yeah, I guess I love him. Maybe one day I'll be able to say it outside of sex. But given how frequent sex is, maybe it doesn't need to be.

I reflect on that journey, so long and so short ago, as we lay together in front of the pool. My reminiscing ends with him asking me a question. I stir, tail flapping in the water.

"Sorry, what was that? I was thinking back on this whole thing."

He smiles at me, and it's a cute smile. Damn, this wish made him seem so hot to me. "I was just thinking about all your changes and how you seem to like this one and the half-orc one. I guess I was wondering what your favourite and least favourite ones were."

I chuckle, causing my breasts to jiggle a little. A year on and I'm still getting used to that. "Oh man, I could go on and on about this. We should start keeping a list. I've got a broad best and worst though."

"Lay them on me."

I begin counting off on my fingers. "She-orc is obviously the best."

"Obviously."

"Yeah. Tall, sexy, big boobs and green? Not to mention the muscles? Fuck yeah."

"Agreed. I can't believe I didn't think about it earlier."

"Think about it again sometime. Oh, okay. So this is hard to say, so bear with me . . . I weirdly enjoyed being the French maid! There, I said it! God, that's embarrassing to admit, but I've never enjoyed cleaning so much. And when you took me against the shelf . . ."

He whistles, checking out my mermaid form and probably interposing a memory of me as an accented French maid over it. "Oh my God, yeah, that was hot. And early on. I felt bad about that change."

"Well don't. It was kind of a transition for me. I don't know. I usually like the more powerful changes, but that submission was kinda hot. Just so long as I'm not always like that. I guess I've just never had a thing for cleaning before. Since I can't really work on the regular and you have to make the big bucks, it also taught me how to take care of the house we'd just purchased together." I pause for a moment, still dipping my fin into the water. "Oh! I *didn't* like being the centaur. That was a wet fart."

He chuckles. "Agreed. Really cool right up until . . ."

I give him a playful pinch. "Until you realise the sex is basically impossible, and you can't get a horse downstairs, *and* I really needed to do a big horse poop, *and* that horse poops are really big."

"Hey, we got you to a field in time!"

I giggle again. "And wasn't that a journey! Plus, my boobs were huge and bouncing with each bound. Way too much motion. You really didn't think about how impractical a pair of big tits on a centaur was, did you?"

At this, Mark shrugs a little guiltily. "Hey, kinks don't often come to life, okay! I was just kind of experimenting."

I raise my eyebrow. "Interesting choice of words."

"Oh, well . . . okay, any others you disliked?"

I think about it. "Cowgirl was another swing and a miss."

"Awww, I really liked the cowgirl. You had, um . . ."

"Big fucking udders. Including a literal one. And I know you liked to drink straight from the cow, but you have no idea how pressurised I was. I leaked everywhere, man! And when I walked, that big fat udder slapped against my thighs. It kinda hurt, even if it was arousing. I was seriously in heat, and while I'm getting used to occasionally waking up with fur, getting milk stains all over it was not my idea of fun. Now the stylish Asian alternative lady with the tattoos, she was cool."

"Super flexible too."

I flick him with some water using my tail. "Calm down, sailor. Jesus, you are so much flirtier and more confident than you used to be. You'd catch some real tail these days."

He gestured to my tail. "I already am, Jay."

"Oh, that was clever."

"But you know I'd never leave you. I love you too much, and your transformations, I won't lie. We've had a lot of fun action with them."

"Better not leave me. We'll get back to that kind of hot action in a minute, I've got to finish this thought first. Hmmm . . . I liked being the German bar maiden."

"You just like having big boobs."

I feel my cheeks go a little rosy, and I look down at my current pair. They're easily E-cups. Big, round, and wonderfully full. I cup them and play with them a little, teasing him deliberately.

"Fine, I admit it! I hated having tits at first. Everyone stares at them, guys try to hit on me, can't get you off them, and so on. But now? Dude, best reason to be a woman. Seriously, I can play with a pair of big sensitive jugs whenever I want!"

We share a laugh, and I cuddle up against him. "Just don't make me a drider again. Too many legs."

"Yeah, I guess it works better as a screensaver."

"Damn right. But mermaid is cool. And the blonde hottie type. It was weird the first time, but I kinda like being a bimbo Barbie for a few days every so often. It's mentally freeing, and I don't need to feel embarrassed about strutting my stuff or, you know, sucking your dick. I just do it and don't feel any shame. Plus, it was pretty funny being on your arm and making a heap of people jealous."

He falls silent for a moment, then shifts me slightly so he can look me in my eyes.

"I'm glad you find fun in it. I mean, you know I do, it's my fantasy. But sometimes I just-"

I put my slender fingers to his lips. "Dude, just stop right there. This is my life now, and we can't change it. I don't blame you, and I don't want you to blame yourself. It's a crazy kind of existence I have now, but I accept it, and I even find a lot of fun in it. God knows, it's always interesting. Plus, I'm still with my best friend in the whole world, and the sex is always amazing. So let's not go there. Let's just have fun."

He takes a deep breath and nods. "Thank you, Jay."

"Don't thank me yet."

"Oh? Why not?"

I grin from ear to ear. "Because this mermaid may want you again, but she wants you in her natural environment."

I go to drag him out back into the pool, but as I do so, I notice a journal at his side. He must have brought it out with him when he came down to see him. It had a ribbon running through its middle, indicating where he's been writing. I may be a mermaid, but I managed to quickly push my tail against the ground and awkwardly land upon the side table so I can grab it.

"What's this!? I didn't know you had a diary, Mark!"

His eyes go wide. "Uh, hey, that's private! Jay, don't open that!"

"Why not?" I grin. He tries to grab it from me, but I roll back towards the pool. He grips me before I can go in, but I hold him apart so that I can quickly see what he's written.

"Hey, it's a list! Thinking of buying me some surprises for my birthday? Hey, this is weird, are these . . . hang on."

My boyfriend cringes, and soon my entire attention is on the journal. It indeed has a list - a good number of them, in fact - and the subject matter becomes pretty obvious pretty quickly.

"Jay! Shit, Jay, you don't have to read that."

"No, lemme read," I said. "And don't interrupt."

He pulled back, still cringing. "Look, it's just a list of ideas, okay? I was just thinking about what fun we could have . . ."

But I stop listening to him. I'm reading his list of 'ideas.'

Cowgirl: Try this again? Maybe she'll be okay with the udder this time? Slightly less milk so not painful but enough to need me to milk her?

Multiboobs: Could try one extra row or go straight to having three or four? Think of them as ultra-sensitive and Jay might really like!

Blueberry Girl: Yes, this one is weird but what if the juicing is super orgasmic? Could leak from multiple places. Kind of hot being immobile for the day, right?

Octopus Hentai Girl: Could be interesting. She could have lots of tentacles to use as she wants! Would make for an interesting dinner when she makes it!

Pixie girl: Could be centaur problem all over again. Can't have proper sex. But also; Jay would be super cute!

Multi-heads: could be tough, buff amazonian girl with two heads. No, three! Could each have different parts of her personality and I could make out with them. Sexy arguing between them over me. Food for thought.

Lingerie Girl: Basic idea, but just a hot Persian woman with big boobs in lingerie. Can't wear anything else. Exhibitionist kinda phase?

Naga: Big long snake tail. Can wrap me right up. Jay loves being able to dominate sometimes, can definitely enjoy that from both sides!

I put the journal down. Jay is fully red in the face, and I won't lie, I'm feeling quite livid myself. "You absolute dog!" I exclaim as I managed to roll over onto my stomach, lifting myself up on my elbows so I can look directly up at him. "This is a list! A list of fantasy girlfriend changes you're going to make me go through!"

Mark squirms. "Look, uh, yes, that *is* what it is, but it's just a kind of fun writing exercise! Look, I'm getting better at controlling it, Jay. I was actively *thinking* about mermaids last night, and look! *Voila!*"

I pout, my eyes narrowing. He looks handsome as fuck and I definitely want him inside me soon, but I'm still fuming.

"And you never *told* me this?"

His face somehow goes even redder. Mark lowered himself down to me, and I managed to prop myself up on my tail so that I'm sort of sitting, as much as a mermaid can sit. "Look," he says, his hand on my shoulder. "You're right. I should have told you. I'm sorry, Jay. I was going to tell you, I promise. I just . . . wanted to have a little fun first."

"By making me a cowgirl again," I said. "Sans udder."

"Yes, well, no! I was going to strike that one off of the list because you didn't like it. You said just now. That's why I asked you about your favourite and least favourite changes. I also wanted to, well, sort of surprise you with all your favourites in a row. You know, I can

have some turns having my fun with all my strange kinks, and then you can be a cute foxgirl again.”

I pause. “I did like being a fox girl. A hot kitsune who knows martial arts.”

“Exactly! But shit, I should have told you. You’re right. And I was being selfish with it.”

“Wait, is that why all my changes lately are so exotic? You’re testing the boundaries of your fantasies, aren’t you?”

Again, that guilty look. I fight the urge to feel sorry for him. Apart from the occasional extra submissive change (like that trophy wife week), I was still capable of getting angry and arguing with Mark. He may have been a kinky man, but he never desired a girlfriend who was just some kind of agreeable sex doll.

“Yeah, I was,” he says. “You never indicated that you hated them-”

“But it wasn’t like I could exactly go out shopping or take a walk or have a date night at the cinema while I was a milk-filled cow-woman or a green barbarian, could I?”

At this, he hung his head, taking the journal from my hand. “You’re right. I’m sorry, Jay. I’ll throw it out. I promise I won’t ever try to plan out changes like this, especially not without telling you. I’ll be the best boyfriend you can ask for. You were turned into this, it’s not fair for me to take advantage of this.

At this, I sighed. “Pass me the damn journal,” I say. “And your pencil.”

He does, then gives me a quizzical look. “What are you doing?”

I smirk and push back my long red hair. “Taking advantage of this,” I say sweetly. “Okay, so let’s go through your list-”

“Wait, you’re actually considering some of this?”

I roll my eyes. “Obviously. I might as well have some fun with this, right? So long as you keep me in the loop, jackass.”

His rising excitement is infectious. Fuck, it’s making my tail slap in the water out of enthusiasm as well. Still, I hold up a hand to get him to dial it back a little.

“But *first*, I’m also nixing some options. And I’m adding my own. This is going to be a project for the both of us, you and me, to enjoy, got it? Your wish made me your fantasy girlfriend every day, so now’s my opportunity to get a say in what kind of fantasy girlfriend I get to be, got it?”

“Of course! You know I do,” Mark said. “And I will. Er, so some of the ideas in there are a little extreme . . .”

I arch an eyebrow. “A loch ness monster? Seriously.”

“But, like, a really sleek and sexy one! For if we travel to Scotland together.”

“Hmm . . . that does sound pretty cool. But I’m adding a hot track runner in here. I want to tear up the running track so those judgy suburb bitches stop calling me a busty bimbo type when I’m a blonde.”

“Oh man, that would be hot!”

I can't help but giggle. “Okay, well, in that case, hold off on the cowgirl for now. Look, I'm not *totally* averse to having an udder, but you gotta try and fantasise one that's so damn full, dude.”

He bites his lip. “I'll try, but it's kinda part of the fantasy.”

“Then at least make me sturdier, man! That thing was fucking heavy. I . . . look, the multi-head thing is *one* day, got it? Only because I'm curious. Blueberry girl is out.”

“Awww.”

“Sorry, dude, it's just not flying. I mean, if it happens it happens, knowing you, but try to avoid it, please. I don't wanna be lactating berry juice. I'm totally down to be a hot, scaly naga though. Wrap you up with my tail . . . hmm. We could do that tomorrow. I could dominate you.”

“Fuck yeah. That's so hot.”

I consider in my head some of the options. “Oh, okay, so what about instead of an octo-girl, you make me a hot anthro-shark girl? I could scare people at the beach and everything!”

“No tentacles?”

I sigh. “Maybe just start me off with a couple. I don't want eight all at once. Being a centaress was already a lot. And I'm noticing a distinct lack of just plain women here. Can't you make me a hot librarian or a big tiddy goth girl again? You haven't made me a harem girl. I can do belly dances and the like. I bet that'd really turn you on, right? And I could still go to town, even if I look a little outrageous in the outfit.”

At this, Mark kissed me. He holds me against him, and I almost swoon from the sensation of him holding me like this. I moan into his mouth, returning the kiss, and my nipples go hard against his bare chest. Without even thinking, I drop the journal into the water.

“Oh, damn!” I say.

“It's okay,” he replied. “We can always write another one, this time together.”

I can't help but moan again as he kisses me a second time, brushing my long red hair with his other hand. My tail flaps, fin dipping into the pool. When our lips part, I'm all smiles.

“What are you grinning at?”

I shrug, then gesture to my gorgeous mermaid body. “I'm excited,” I said. “I've never known what to expect each morning, but now, sometimes at least, we may be able to *plan* some of our fun. I could be that hot half-orc again. Or we can go back to how I was at the very beginning; a curvy black girl in a pink bikini, remember?”

“I do,” he replied, lowering a hand to caress my left breast. “That would be nice.”

I splash him a little with my tail. "See how actually letting your girlfriend in on your plans is actually better?"

"I know, I know. I fucked up. A woman knows best, and all that."

I clutch his arm. "Damn right she does. And now we can have fun getting freaky as fuck going forwards."

He smooches my forehead. I love it when he does that. "You're okay with it, then? The wish I made?"

I smile and kiss him back. "Hmm . . . maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Yeah. You'll need to help me figure that out, my sexy boyfriend. In fact, you can help me make a decision right *now!*"

There is only a split-second realisation upon his face before I pull him back into the pool, drenching him all over again. It's a nice little revenge for making kinky plans behind my back, but he doesn't need to worry; there's a reward coming for all the fun we're going to have. Yeah, I'd be happy to be a mermaid again. But as I make love to my best friend, I can't help but wonder what new excitement lies around the corner.

What other fantasies are waiting for us both?

The End