

Valentine's Day Loop (Man to Perfect Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Chad has pulled off his meanest prank yet; catfishing his nerdy punching bag Zack on Valentine's Day and publicly humiliating him. But when Cupid himself punishes Chad, the man finds himself stuck as a sexy, nerdy redhead in a Groundhog Day loop, and the only way out is to try and give Zack his perfect day!

Valentine's Day Loop

Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum

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Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream

Give him a pair of eyes with a come-hither gleam

Give him a lonely heart like Pagliacci

And lots of wavy hair like Liberace

Mr. Sandman, someone to hold!

Would be so peachy before we're too old

So please turn on your magic beam

Mr. Sandman, bring us, please, please, please

Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream . . .

"Rise and shine, folks! No more Sandman sleeping for you! This is not the morning for sleeping in, it's the morning to feel the stirrings of passion. That's right folks, it's finally here: Valentine's Day! Time for all those breadwinning husbands to use their hard-earned cash to take their wives out for a date, and all the young ladies to be out there in cute dresses to snag a free man!"

Chad Jaspers lifted himself out of bed, stretched, yawned, and then smiled dreamily as he scratched his chest.

"Today's the day," the large, muscular man said. "This is gonna be hilarious."

He leapt out of bed and quickly inspected himself in his full-length mirror. Chad was a stud. A total alpha male. He was six-foot-three and damn well if he didn't know it. He had been the starring quarterback of Hogsground's local football team, and he was still riding off that high even at twenty years old.

"You look beautiful," he told himself, before going for a quick hot shower and dressing himself. He always had his brunette hair slicked to one side, and made sure to do his stretches.

"Time to see how Zack is going," he murmured to himself after getting himself some eggs and bacon. He checked his fake online account and giggled like a schoolboy. There were four messages from Zack Mellen, all of them directed towards Chelsea Middleton, the sexy and busty redhead hottie who was, in fact, totally fictional, existing only in Chad's head and now Zack the town loser's too.

'Morning, Chelsea!'

'I hope you're well. I'm really looking forward to finally meeting you.'

'When are you in town?'

'I hope I'm not being too clingy!'

"Hook, line, and sinker, Melon Head," Chad cackled. "You are so gonna be humiliated."

Chad had spent weeks getting ready for this moment. He himself already had a hot date lined up at the Valentine's Day Festival in the centre of town, but Zack had been his punching bag since the days of high school. The guy was a total dweeb, glasses and longer hair and a skinny frame and totally nerdy sensibilities. It was disgusting! And so Chad had enforced the natural order, making sure to bully Zack Mellen as often as he could. This would be his masterpiece, however. Chad was going to blow this little town and leave Hogsground in his wake. The big city and everything beyond it was waiting, and he'd finally accrued enough money to get out there and party all through his twenties while working in the very same clubs he'd be getting fucked up in.

So this humiliation of the Melon Head had to be perfect. It had to be brilliant. And so Chad had come up with the idea of catfishing the loser. He'd even constructed the profile of an incredibly attractive redhead, the kind of gal with huge tits and an hourglass bod that even Chad himself had never managed to score. She was flirty and nerdy, and liked *Lord of the Rings* and *Star Trek* and all of that dork shit, and even dressed up in cosplay as sexy superheroes or whatnot. Chad didn't know who 'Jean Grey' or 'Poison Ivy' were, but Wikipedia and Google did, and so he'd been able to flawlessly pull Zack in. The man fawned over the fictional Chelsea, desperately wanting to meet, and Chad had done everything to make it seem like 'she' viewed this relationship very seriously.

'I'll be in Hogsground just in time for the Valentine's Day Festival,' he wrote in reply. *I'm soooooo looking forward to meeting you, Zack! Make sure to tell everyone I'm there to see you, especially those nasty bullies and people who haven't believed I'm real. You deserve to show them up. I really feel like you're going to be the man of my dreams!'*

Again, Chad cackled. This was too good. He knew that Zack would be salivating over that last quote. The man checked his watch. He was due for a half-shift at Denny's Car Shop. He grabbed his back, stepped out onto the porch of his apartment, only for something to smack him in the face.

"Aghh! What the hell?"

A newspaper fell to the ground, and a kid on a red bike sped past, ringing his bell.

"You little shit!" he called out. "Who reads the paper anymore?"

He picked it up and took note of the photograph of Hogsground's historic water fountain, which was beset by some scandal involving its repair work.

"Pfft, small town shit."

Chad made his way to the Valentine's Day Festival in the middle of town. His shift had been goddamn brutal; some shitty pickup truck had been completely unresponsive, and no one could figure out what was keeping the engine from going. But now the sun had come out, and it was a bright and beautiful day, with fine decorations of hearts and flowers all throughout the city centre, which had been blocked off from traffic.

"I can't believe the bridge is out!" someone exclaimed. "That river is ice even on a day like this. Do they expect us to swim if we need to leave town?"

"I'll be leaving anyway I can," Chad muttered to himself as he pushed through the crowd. Some woman was coughing and sneezing and having what looked like a damn seizure near a stall of flowers, so he gave her a wide berth, because right in central park square was the gathering for the Valentine's Day dance. The presenter was, naturally, the mayor of Hogsground, an older man who smiled as he exclaimed to the large audience from his platform.

"Welcome to the Valentine's Day Festival, everyone! Enjoy this time of passion and love! Try the stalls, try the games, and try a chance at love! It's only for today folks, so enjoy it!"

Chad saw him: Zack Mellen. He was waiting by the broken fountain, the one from the paper, and he was twiddling his thumbs a little. He was even wearing a bowtie, all because 'Chelsea' had said she liked them. It was because Chad knew they would humiliate him. The man approached straight towards his target.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't the Mellen Head!" he declared loudly enough that a number of young peers nearby could hear him. "What's a loser like you doing here, Zack?"

For perhaps the first time in his life, Zach projected an air of defiance. "If you must know, Chad, I'm waiting for my girlfriend."

“Did we all hear that, folks?” Chad shouted. “A girlfriend! Zackie here thinks he’s got a girlfriend!”

There were a few nervous laughs, but Zack didn’t back down, despite usually having a spine like a wet noodle, in Chad’s estimation. “She’s real, and she’s coming. And she’s hotter than any girl you’ll ever get, Chad. And a better person than you’ll ever hope to be, too.”

At this, Chad laughed uproariously. “Sure, dude, sure! Then where is she?”

Zack checked his phone. “She said she’d be here. Her name is Chelsea.”

“Chelsea Middleton?”

The shorter, scrawnier man frowned and adjusted his glasses. “Yeah . . . how do you know her?”

Chad advanced towards Zack, even as he gestured for others in their age group to gather around. The fountain made a weird noise, and the statue on top trembled a little. “Lemme guess, she’s got red hair and big tits and she loves shit like *Star Trek* and *Discworld* and a ton of nerdy shit.”

“I - do you know her?”

Another few steps, now looming over Zack. “And I bet she just loves talking to you about how no one understands her, and how she doesn’t like big tough boys but cute skinny nerdy ones, and she’s always had a thing for men with glasses, am I right?”

Zack’s eyes were starting to widen. The man looked like a trapped animal. “What - what do you mean? Have you been hacking my social media or something?”

“Do I look like a hacker? Don’t be a moron, Zack. The reason I know all of this is because there *is no Chelsea Middleton*.”

“I - yes there is, I-”

“I made her up, dweeb. Or did you really think that she, and I quote, ‘believes that you’re the man of my dreams’?”

Zack’s jaw fell open, and Chad pushed the man over with ease, barely applying force. Tears pooled in the smaller man’s eyes.

“No, no. She wouldn’t, she can’t be-”

“I’ve been catfishing you for weeks, loser. Hey everyone, come have a look at the pic I generated for Zack’s made up girlfriend! The dude is so pathetic and sad that he fell in love with a totally obvious catfish!”

Several of Chad’s peers cackled with laughter. Zack burst into tears despite how much he was trying to contain them. The man stood and took off in a run, stumbling through the crowd and making Chad cackle even louder.

“Enjoy the humiliation, dork! Good luck losing that virgin status now!”

The man grinned, took a bow before his slightly shocked audience, some of whom looked horrified by his display. He was about to make another amusing proclamation when suddenly the fountain made a dreadful groaning sound, and the water pressure gave way completely. A huge geyser shot into the air, and the heavy brass statue of the town's founder with it. Chad only just managed to step back before it clanged heavily upon the ground, cracking the pavement. A few members of the crowd screamed.

"Huh," he said. "I guess this thing really is broken?"

It was the easiest way to brush off that he could have been killed. Taking a deep breath and putting that behind him, he left the shocked crowd and made his way over to the other side of the park where Madison Artting was waiting. She was a hot blonde with a nice figure, even if her chest was way too flat for his tastes, but before reaching her he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his backside, one that made him howl.

"What the fuck!?" Chad shouted. He looked around, and could barely believe his eyes: a man wearing a freakin' cupid costume, white robe and little angel wings and a bow and all, was behind him. He'd just shot an arrow with a heart-shaped tip into his ass. Chad grunted and pulled it free, but miraculously it hadn't joined bud.

"You asshole!" the man declared. "Don't you know who I am? I'll put you into the goddamn ground for that!"

But to his surprise, when Chad went to shove him back, the other man dodged and weaved away with ease, always out of Chad's reach.

"You really are prone to violence and cruelty, aren't you?" the man said. "And here this is my favourite day of the year when it comes to inspiring romance and close affection, and suddenly a sour grape like you comes along and ruins it, and worst of all does so by humiliating a true romantic in that young man!"

Chad scoffed. "Whoever you are, you can screw off. That young man is the biggest loser in this little shit down."

"You really don't know who I am, do you?"

"Should I?"

The costumed man smiled, and something about his eyes seemed to briefly flicker. "Don't you recognise the living form of Cupid himself, bringer and connector of love, lust, and romantic entanglements, when he stands before you?"

"You're mental. Send another arrow my way, and I'll kick your teeth down your through."

He went to move away, but 'Cupid' advanced almost inhumanly fast, jumping back in front of Chad. "You really have no respect for love, desire, or human affection, do you?"

"Fuck off!"

But again, Cupid was in his face, and those little wings were flapping, looking less like animatronics and more like the real thing.

“Dude, I gotta get laid with a hot blonde before I blow town. Don’t make me break your ugly nose.”

Cupid sighed. “There is nothing but lust in your attraction to that woman. You clearly need to be punished. Hogsground is a beautiful place, and right now it should be full of romantic feelings, especially for a good man like Zack Mellen! And if you can’t accept that, then that makes you part of the problem.”

“Whatever, dude. Get out of my way. I’ve got some pussy to get.”

Cupid’s eyes narrowed. “Yes, you do, only far more literally than you realise. It’s time for you to learn your lesson in a big way, Chad. Until you give Zack his perfect day in the form of his ideal fantasy woman, then you’ll be stuck here. Forever.”

Chad was about to laugh in the man’s face, when quicker than a flash he raised his bow and fired a heart-shaped arrow right between the bully’s eyes.

Loop 1

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Chelsea Middleton lifted herself out of bed, stretched, yawned, and then smiled dreamily as she scratched her chest. A very ample, very fleshy chest.

“Just a dream,” the buxom and beautiful young woman said as she pushed aside her curtain of fiery red hair in order to see. “But today’s the day. This is gonna be . . . wait.”

Something was wrong. Multiple things, in fact. His chest was heavy and soft. His overall figure was smaller, and his frame was much daintier. His hair was red and *long*. And between his legs . . .

“AAAGHHHH!!!”

Chelsea leapt out of bed, her heart pounding in her chest. She was a woman. She had big boobs sticking out from her chest, making a very visible impression in her female pyjamas. She had a pussy - she’d felt it when she cupped her crotch! Her huge dick was gone - GONE!

“No way, this has gotta be a dream. This has gotta be a dream!”

She tried to slap herself, then pinch herself, but nothing was waking her up, and she was *still* a woman and thinking of herself as one too. Even her centre of gravity had changed, her hips swaying with each panicked step and her huge boobs jiggling.

“Gotta be a dream. Maybe a shower will wake me up!”

It didn’t. It only confronted Chelsea even more with her female form and how damn sensitive her big cantaloupe-sized breasts were. The woman was panicking, and she hurriedly dressed herself, only to be confronted again with the fact that her new clothes were all women’s clothes, and the decorations in her room were now totally nerdy: *Star Trek* posters and a collection of *Lord of the Rings* miniatures, with a big Lego set in the corner.

“The fuck!? I’ve become her? Chelsea!? No. No no no no NO!”

She raced out into her living room. It was that Cupid guy, it had to be! She grabbed her phone after pouring out some cereal and quickly looked up anything she could up about him, but local news had nothing and there were only general mythological entries, which was useless!

“Fuck!” she exclaimed as she accidentally spilled some milk down her cleavage. Her boobs were pressing against the bowl as she leaned over, soaking her from above and below. “This is a nightmare. A real life nightmare!”

Her phone buzzed, and she opened it. Thankfully the code was the same. It showed a background of her in a dress, smiling eagerly. She looked like the hottest woman Chelsea had ever seen; even more perfect as a real woman than as an artificially generated image.

“Shit, it’s him! Zack!”

‘Morning, Chelsea!’

‘I hope you’re well. I’m really looking forward to finally meeting you.’

‘When are you in town?’

'I hope I'm not being too clingy!'

She furiously texted back.

'Fuck. Off. LOSER!'

Then she blocked him and threw her phone against the wall, shattering it.

"The festival! Maybe that Cupid loser is hanging around the set up!"

Chelsea strode out the front door, her outfit consisting of a blue shirt that was far too formfitting, and a pair of jeans that showed off the lovely shape of her new derriere. She didn't even have shoes on, and no bra, which made her nipples stick out and her breasts bounce dramatically.

"Where is that - AGGHH!"

A newspaper slammed into her head and a kid with a shit-eating grin rode past, ringing his bell.

"You little shit!" she called out, her voice much higher and sweeter than it had been, though still with a strong anger behind it. "Who reads the paper anymore?"

She picked it up and took note of the photograph of Hogsground's historic water fountain. The exact same photograph as last time. The date the same as last time: February 14th:

"Oh God," she said, the full realisation hitting her. "It's the same day. It's the same goddamn day. That Cupid asshole is making me relive it!"

Chelsea had no idea what to do. She wanted to go to the festival, but she had to go to Denny from the Car Shop and sign in for her shift. Except it turned out he didn't know who she was, and was certain she was an 'out of townner,' which left her stewing in anger. Still, the man had encouraged her to try her best at some of the repair jobs in order to prove herself, and something about his condescension towards her as a woman made her angry enough to try. She performed all the repair jobs better than he could, except for one - that damn pick up truck.

"Fuck," she whined after once again finding nothing wrong with the engine block. "Time wasted! And Denny keeps staring at my tits and has been this whole time. I need a freakin' bra."

And boots. She'd had to borrow some big work ones, making her look even more ridiculous, especially since her hair was all matted from the lack of proper drying and product. People were looking at her as she advanced towards the center of town. Her damn big boobs were bouncing in her tight top, and her nips were far too obvious.

"Don't fucking look at me!" she barked at one individual.

"I can't believe the bridge is out!" someone exclaimed. "That river is ice even on a day like this. Do they expect us to swim if we need to leave town?"

Chelsea shoved past them. A woman was sneezing and coughing next to the flower stall, her skin going all rash red. The image only made the ginger beauty all the more jittery; it really was all happening again! Worse, she was now shorter than she had been, and so it was harder to make space in the crowd.

"Welcome to the Valentine's Day Festival, everyone! Enjoy this time of passion and love! Try the stalls, try the games, and try a chance at love! It's only for today folks, so enjoy it!"

Again, her heart beat faster, her skin shivering. She felt like she was going to pass out. It was all the same, and only *she* was different. She looked like a crazy woman as she finally reached the area near the broken fountain from the newspaper. Zack was looking far sadder and more nervous than the previous day, but he perked up a little when he saw her, only to bite his lip and fidget anxiously.

"Chelsea!" the nerd exclaimed. "I didn't think you'd come!"

The new woman shivered. Denny had never heard of Chad, and she'd introduced herself as Chelsea. Was she erased and replaced in this timeline, made into a smoking hot redhead with huge tits? It was too horrible to think about. She took in the sight of the nerd and found herself disgusted, though something about his glasses and his longer hair piqued her interest for reasons she couldn't quite figure out. But then she gathered herself, and stormed right up to him.

"Listen, you little fuckstick!" she told the man who was now equal to her in height. "What the hell have you done to me?"

"I - what?"

"Look at me! Look! I've got fucking tits on my chest, man! What black magic or nerd science *Star Trek* shit have you done to make me like this! I've got tits out to hear, man! And my hips are stupid wide and I'm weak as shit. So don't tell me you don't know what's going on!"

Zack backed up, looking utterly confused and more than a little terrified "Chelsea, I - this isn't how I imagined us meeting. Why are you acting like this? I thought - I thought until this morning that you liked me. I came here just in case we were still meeting and you might . . . want to dance. I swear I didn't do anything!"

People were looking and staring now. Chelsea balled her fist and roared. With a great scream she reared back and -

"Missy, you are in a lot of trouble," Officer Dan said as he closed the cell door on her.

"This isn't my fault!" Chelsea screamed. "I'm not meant to be a woman! That dipshit dork turned me into one! I'm meant to be a man! A big one! It's the Zack Mellen the Melon Head you need to arrest!"

The dark-skinned police officer just shook his head, his jowls quivering a little. "Lady, you just got into town right before the bridge collapsed, so maybe you're in a panic state. But this is a small town. We in Hogsground pride ourselves on kindness and fairness to one another, and we don't brook nothing from outsiders who come in and try to bring cruelty into it. You knocked that poor boy right out. He hit his head on the fountain's rim. He has a concussion now. That's brain damage. So you're staying here, overnight at the least, while we process that. Do you understand?"

Chelsea spat on the ground. "This is a frame up. That asshole cupid did something to me. Some kind of virtual simulation or something, I don't know."

"And we'll be getting you a psych check, that's for sure."

Officer Dan turned and walked away, leaving Chelsea to stew in her cell. For hours she sat there, humiliated by her female body, by the complete lack of penis between her legs, and by the large breasts that a rather drunken homeless man in the opposing cell was quite literally drooling over. Chelsea put up a middle finger at him, then turned her attention to the television. The reporter Abigail Gladson was talking about the success of the Valentine's Festival, but the tone of the report changed halfway through.

"Sadly, in the town of Hogsground, local woman Vicky Robinson had a severe allergic reaction to one of the flower stalls, and sadly passed away. She was just thirty seven years old. A tragic event in the middle of what should have been an uplifting and romantic day. Below is the website where you can donate to help her family in their time of grief."

"Boring," Chelsea muttered. "Where's the fucking lottery numbers?"

"In other news, the state Dodgers managed to eke out a win in a highly unexpected victory over the Bisons, and the winning lottery number has yet to be won. Today's number was 16, 8, 32, 54, 63 with a Powerball of 12. If unclaimed, the payout will rise to 117.2 million next week!"

"Pfft," Chelsea said. "As if anyone could guess that would be the number. Shit's rigged."

She lay back on what passed for a cell bed. The homeless man in the cell opposite began to speak to her.

"You're a beautiful gal, even if ya homeless like me, ya lookin' much better."

"Shut up, old man," she said.

"Tell ya what. If I was younger, I tell ya, I'd be fluffing up my feathers to impress ya."

"I'm not a woman."

“Coulda fooled me! Ya . . . if only I was younger. If only ya could do it all over again, huh?”

The lights turned off, and Chelsea closed her eyes, the events of the day too overwhelming for her to deal with. “Yeah, if only, huh?” she muttered. “Wouldn’t that just be a laugh?”

She shifted about, rolling onto her back because her damn big boobs were too uncomfortable to lie down upon, then rotated again because now they were weighing too heavily on her chest. Or perhaps she just wasn’t used to them. Her fingers crept over her form, and for just a moment she recalled that image of Zack looking at her with concern, his glasses oddly fitting, his longer hair strangely . . . nice.

“Do it all over again,” Chelsea whispered. “Fuck that. As long as I wake up tomorrow in my own body, I’m putting this all behind me.”

Loop 2

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Chelsea Middleton lifted herself out of bed, stretched, yawned, and then smiled dreamily as she scratched her chest. A chest with much larger nipples than it should have had, and a whole lot more flesh. The reality of the radio's eerily familiar message entered her mind and blew a hole out the back of her head.

"No. No no no no no no NO! This can't be happening! Not a second - a *third* time!"

She leapt out of bed, and this time she stripped off her clothes and examined herself, her giant boobs flopping about. They looked almost the size of her own head - what had the Cupid man told her again? That Chad would be turned into Zack's ideal fantasy woman, wasn't it? Until she gave him a perfect day?

"What does that mean!?" she screamed. "No, no way. I'm not dating him. I'm not even dancing with that nerd."

She showered again, this time taking just a little longer. She dressed herself in the same shirt and jeans, preferring them to a damn dress or anything showy, and then hesitated.

"Fuck, fine! I'll wear a goddamn bra!"

It took some fitting, but it cupped her boobs nicely, making them look a whole size larger and lifting them up to display a deep and very tantalising line of cleavage. It almost - *almost* - made her want to do her hair properly. At least this time she'd actually run shampoo and conditioner through it, though it was still wet upon her back after she'd failed to put that damn towel thing up on her head like girls seem to know how to do via evolutionary instinct.

"Why did I have to make this fake girl so freaking hot?" Chelsea whined as she cupped her boobs. She sucked in her breath, releasing them. "And Cupid, that asshole made them so sensitive. Shit!"

Her phone buzzed, and this time she sent a quick message to Zack.

'Sure man, see you at the broken fountain. That shitty one they still can't fix, y'know?'

Then she quickly ran and made up her breakfast, scoffing it quickly and finding that her appetite was now much smaller. She ran out onto the porch of her rental with a renewed determination to-

THWACK!

"Goddamn it!" she screeched as the boy rode past, grinning as he dinged his bicycle bell. "I'm going to kill you tomorrow! And tomorrow may be five minutes ago if I keep fucking this up!"

She stormed off, ignoring Denny's Car Shop as an option and instead heading out in search of Cupid. She *had* to find him. Only he could stop this madness.

No luck. No sight of a weird guy in a Cupid costume around town. She even went so far as the bridge, and sure enough it had collapsed earlier that day, and no one knew why. Wearily, Chelsea made her way to the festival, grabbing a bite to eat on the way from a hot dogstand.

“Enjoy, young miss! I’m sure you will find a nice man today on Valentine’s Day, yes?”

“How about go fuck yourself with a spare hotdog, asshole.”

Again the festival. Again, that damn lady moving to smell the flowers. Vicki something. With an annoyed sigh and roll of her eyes, Chelsea veered off her determined course and grabbed the woman by the shoulder and yanked her back.

“Hey, Veronica or whatever your name is, don’t sniff the flowers, m’kay? You’re probably allergic and your throat will close up, moron.”

Chelsea moved away from the shocked older woman before she even had a response. “That’s my one good deed. Now to . . . ugh. I don’t want to even think about this.”

She entered the park yet again, and this time she mimicked the mayor speaking self-importantly as his speech carried from the speakers

“Welcome to the Valentine’s Day Festival, everyone! Enjoy this time of passion and love! Try the stalls, try the games, and try a chance at love! It’s only for today folks, so enjoy it!”

“Only for today my girly ass!” Chelsea barked.

She made her way towards Zack, hips swaying, her figure looking none too bad even though she was still adjusting to the sway of her hips. At least her boobs weren’t drooping now that she had a bra, nor flopping about so much. The young dork was there, adjusting his glasses near the broken fountain from the newspaper. He perked up immediately when he saw her.

“Chelsea !” the nerd exclaimed. “I didn’t think you’d come!”

Yeah, sure, she thought. At least that made one of them! But instead she put on a bright, overly cheery smile and sidled right up to him, much to the shock of the similarly-aged young men and women around the area.

“Z-Zack!” she stammered, her smile far too wide. “Here I am in the flesh! I’ve been really, super looking forward to meeting you.”

His eyes lit up despite her awkwardness. It made her feel a little funny. His gaze dipped down just a little to take in her whopping chest - she’d discovered she had freakin’ F-cups by that point, courtesy of her bra - and then rose back up to meet her gaze.

“Wow, you’re really . . . real.”

Chelsea folded her arms and pouted. “Of course I’m real. What did you expect?”

“Oh, sorry. It’s just that . . . you’re such a girl of my dreams from all that we’ve been talking about. Part of me was worried you wouldn’t be real. Um, greetings, I suppose!”

He put up his hands and parted his fingers oddly. Chelsea raised an eyebrow.

"Is that nerdy display supposed to mean something to me, dude?"

Instantly, Zack looked a bit taken aback. "It's the Vulcan greeting. Live long and prosper, remember? You said you were a huge *Star Trek* fan. You've literally watched every episode, even the animated series that got decanonised."

This was going to be harder than Chelsea thought. "Um, sure. Look, maybe I just forgot. It's a little part of the show, isn't it?"

Again, that hesitation. She was definitely screwing this up. Thankfully, a distraction suddenly occurred when the broken foundation suddenly trembled. The statue of the town's founder suddenly shifted, and the whole thing began to quake.

"What the fuck?" Chelsea said.

"I thought you said you don't like swearing," Zack said.

"No, I'm just . . . the hell is wrong with this thing? That newspaper said they'd turned on the water pressure but it didn't work, so-"

"So how are you finding Hogsground so far?"

Chelsea rolled her eyes. "I know, such a piece of shit town, right? We gotta get out of here. Maybe, I don't know, we could go on a date outside of town or something? Just for tonight? Yeah, show you a good time, maybe give you a single kiss or something. Don't expect too much, alright. But I figure we can have a nice date and you're with someone way out of your dorky league, so if I make your day then that should, er, solve something for me."

Zack's eyes were creased, his gaze oddly piercing. "You're not the Chelsea I talked to."

"Dude, of course I am! I just - er, I'm not as much of a nerd in person, alright."

"Which is your favourite *Lord of the Rings* film?"

"Oh, it's obvious. The, uh, second one."

"You said it was *Fellowship*."

"A girl forgets, Zack. C'mon, cutie!"

"It was last night we had this talk. What's going on?"

Chelsea groaned, then jabbed a perfectly manicured finger into the man's chest. "Listen up, buddy. I don't like being grilled on this, okay? I'm the alpha here. You're the one who needs to get in line. I came to this shit little village to see you, so let's just have the date and get on with it. Got it?"

Zack was astonished, and for a moment a weird smile spread across his face as he breathed in quite deeply, staring at her like she was suddenly something awesomely powerful.

But then water exploded from the fountain, and the heavy brass statue shot right up into the air and then careened down. The crowd around screamed and got out of the way,

but Chelsea was so taken aback that she didn't even think to move, even as the statue began to fall right down upon her.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," she said.

The enormous structure landed down on her at the exact moment that a screaming Zack tried to push her out of the way and failed.

There was a brief sickening crunch and then-

Loop 3

Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum

Bum-bum-bum-bum

Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream

Give him a pair of eyes with a come-hither gleam

Give him a lonely heart like Pagliacci

And lots of wavy hair like Liberace

Mr. Sandman, someone to hold!

Would be so peachy before we're too old

So please turn on your magic beam

Mr. Sandman, bring us, please, please, please

Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream . . .

"Rise and shine, folks! No more Sandman sleeping for you! This is not the morning for sleeping in, it's the morning to feel the- KCCHHT BZZZT!"

Chelsea stared at the smashed radio alarm clock, her fist trembling and her eyes twitching. Slowly, she rose and stretched, her heavy bosom no longer supported by a bra, her body back in silken pyjamas again.

"A fucking statue killed me. A fucking statue . . . killed . . . me?"

The woman looked down at her hands and felt over her body, all her curves and everything. She was entirely uninjured. Her body was back the same as it was meant to be. Well, not as it was *meant* to be, but much better than becoming some kind of weird and mangled reborn corpse.

"So I don't die," she mused. "And if I *do* die, I just skip back to this moment. Huh."

She lay back, her breasts flopping about and reminding her of just how damn female she was now.

“Okay, don’t be such a goddamn *Chad*. Be a *Chelsea*. Take advantage of this fucking stupid big-titted body and just . . . seduce him already!”

She had a shower, dealt with her hair, put on a crop top that was just a little more daring and displayed her midriff, and then even dared to try some makeup on her lips. Just a touch of it that looked so bad that she completely rinsed it off and threw the lipstick out the window. Then she grabbed a bite to eat and strode out onto the porch, determined to make sure *this* time was the last loop, only to be promptly hit in the face with a newspaper.

“Oh, of course I know what *that* is. It’s the Vulcan salute!”

“Yeah, your profile showed you doing it,” Zack said eagerly. “I’m so glad we decided to meet up, Chelsea. I’ve never known a girl who was interested in the same things I am. And you’re so smart! Seriously, you’re like a regular Cassandra.”

“Another reference, sure,” she said a little impatiently. “Hey, uh, why don’t we enjoy the festival together? Oh, and make sure to step to the side for a moment.”

Zack did, but she pushed him a little further. “Um, is this for a photo or something?”

Chelsea sighed and checked her watch. “And three . . . two . . . one!”

The statue shot into the air with a geyser blast of water, and then crashed down upon the cobblestones around it, cracking into several pieces. A few people screamed, and Zack’s eyes were wide, but Chelsea quickly took him by the arm and began to lead him away.

“Now, if I were a cute young dork, I’d imagine you’d want a beautiful nerdy girl on your arm right now instead of thinking about an exploding statue, right?”

“I - I guess so!”

“Good, so show me a nice time. It’s Valentine’s Day, you dweeb. Let’s, er, Valentine it up or whatever!”

They proceeded to do exactly that. A woman was being escorted to an ambulance nearly out of sight, and Chelsea winced as she realised that she had forgotten to save that allergic lady, but she put it out of her mind for now. There were all sorts of stalls and games, and she tried to giggle and laugh at everything Zack said, acting like a kind of sexy bimbo who always pushed him up and occasionally felt his muscles.

“So sexy! So strong! Try and knock down those cans again. I just know you’ll get it this time!”

He didn’t, and she could only roll her eyes. Still, there was something in his gaze and the way he looked at her that caused her heart to occasionally flutter, and in the following couple of hours she came to realise why, and it was a horrid realisation at that.

Her girly body was now straight.

Straight for *men*.

She realised it when one of the stall operators for a water pistol game where one had to push the hearts back into the chests of a pair of lovers handed over a cuddly bear for her easy victory over Zack. She had just bit her tongue, as she'd wanted to make a greatly taunting comment to him, but then she noticed the stall operator for the first time. He was tall. He was muscular. He was perhaps thirty years old and had a dashing kind of handsomeness, with a goatee that gave him a kind of dangerous look.

"Oh fuck."

"Are you alright?" Zack asked. "I thought you didn't like swearing."

She grabbed him by the hand. "Let's go! Too much festival."

"Well, before we do, did you want to attend the dance?"

"The what now?"

Zack gestured to where numerous couples were gathering for Hogsground's annual dance. Madison Artting was looking about, the attractive blonde who Chad used to fuck now looking clearly without a date and more than a little agitated about it.

"Serves her right in a world where I'm not around," Chelsea muttered.

Zack hadn't heard her, but he gave her an imploring look. "I know you said we planned to dance together?"

Chelsea sighed, then took his hand. "Fine, let's get this over with. Sorry, I meant let's have a *totally romantic dance*, but do it fast so that we can have a wonderful day together because you're just . . . so the man for me!"

She gave an awkward giggle, but Zack seemed to smile, even if his eyes looked a little confused. "I just don't talk as well in person," she said to explain it. "You know how us nerds are, right?"

"Oh, of course! I get that. Let's dance! I'll warn you, I'm pretty damn good at this."

Chelsea scoffed, even as several hundred couples made their way to the central plaza of the park. The mayor announced the beginning of the traditional romantic dances that had been practiced for over a hundred years in Hogsground, but all Chelsea could think about was how much of a total dork Zack must be to think that he could dance well. The guy was all left feet, no doubt, and-

"Whoa!" she exclaimed. Zack had put his hand around her rather naked midriff, and then placed his other hand in hers. He was blushing a deep shade of red, but held her gently.

"Sorry, I should have asked permission first."

"N-n-no! It's - it's okay! Just don't stomp on my feet. I doubt you're a good dancer."

"Oh, aren't I? Just you wait, Chelsea."

And then the young man took the busty redhead completely by surprise. Instead of being all left feet, the man was *smooth*, with none of the stilted and awkward motions of a man engaging in traditional dance with a woman he'd only truly met for the first time just a couple of hours ago. He twirled her, placed his hand upon hers and moved with the crowd, and it was left for Chelsea to keep up. She'd done all the practices for this back in high school, but not since then, and even if she did remember half of the moves, she still struggled with the muscle coordination of it all. She was wearing flats, but she could have been wearing heels for all anyone knew, because she tripped and stumbled, awkwardly careened, and generally made a fool of herself. Her entire centre of gravity wasn't right, and her hips kept bumping into his. Worse, Zack was getting more confident, holding her a little more securely.

"It's okay, just let me take the lead."

"How - how the fuck is a total dork such a good dancer?"

He blushed again. "I've always had a bit of a passion for dancing, actually. A lot of people think I'm too awkward to do it, but you don't have to have the muscular form of a ballerina. Everything just takes practice to become perfect, and if you have enough time, you can become perfect at *anything*."

It was the first sentence from Zack Mellen that actually made Chelsea Middleton flash a genuine smile. She giggled a little.

"Something funny?" he asked, grinning right back.

"Sorry, it's just . . . it's surprisingly wise for someone I . . . well, I guess it's just kinda interesting to see this side of you. You know, because you're the man of my dreams and stuff. I guess it's just sooo sexy."

Zack creased his brow for a second, then relaxed it. "Shall we try the next dance?"

Chelsea could hardly believe herself. The day had actually been a little . . . fun? A little romantic? Sure, the statue still exploded and that woman smelling the flowers had died, but that was just stuff that happened. The main point was that she had managed to have a proper date day with the dork, and it hadn't actually been all that bad. Her midriff still got some goosebumps as she remembered his hand around her, and during the dance and some time afterwards, she had to admit he was kinda . . . impressive. At least in his own way. Still totally worth bullying, but maybe not as a main target anymore. Once she was Chad again, she'd move on to other targets, like Tubby Nelson, as she liked to call the big-boned boy who liked to feed pigeons at the park.

The main thing was that it had been a successful day. Chelsea and Zack had danced, they'd played games, and they'd gone out for food at Mel's Diner together. Some guy was crying because his truck wasn't fixed and he desperately needed it for his work and to help fix the bridge or something, but Chelsea just told Zack that they had to move further down the booths. They had pancakes - which even she knew was Zack's favourite - and talked about nerdy shit, though Chelsea didn't understand all of it. She improvised as well as she could, and did her damndest to not put any of her natural machismo on display, instead being cute and demure and even pressing her upper arms against her big boobs to emphasise her far-too deep cleavage.

"You're so cool, Zack," she told him after he talked about his love of engineering and space design, and his own hopes to write a sci-fi novel one day. "Hey, um, it's getting late. Can you walk me back to the place I'm staying? We can hold hands."

Zack was more than happy, she sensed, as she held his hand on the way back to her place, the one she had only recently started renting in this strange new timeline. She squeezed his little hand occasionally, grateful that her body didn't find him all that attractive, and pleased this would be over soon. She'd given him a damn perfect date, and was letting her hips sway and even tousling her hair in that universal language women used to show interest.

"What are you thinking about?" the man asked her as they approached her home.

"Just how cute you are. You know, I'd really like to see you tomorrow, Zack. I've got a feeling you're, er, the one. Yeah, the one. My perfect sexy nerdy guy."

Zack smiled. So weird that he was taller than her now. There was something just a little captivating, perhaps, about that height difference. His eyes seemed to shimmer now that it was dark, the warm glow of the streetlight making them appear somewhat piercing beneath his glasses.

"You're incredible, Chelsea," he said. "Um, I hope this isn't forward, but do you think, well, do you think you could-"

She kissed him. She didn't want to, but it had to be done. It wasn't altogether bad. She managed to let the kiss linger, and even place one hand on his shoulder. Then, with a smile, maintaining eye contact, Chelsea bit her lip deliberately, to truly emphasise this oh-so-romantic moment.

"This was a beautiful day," she said. "I'll see you tomorrow, babe."

And with that she let go of his hand, giggled just to make it look like she was starstruck by him, then went through the front door and closed it behind her.

"Mission fucking accomplished."

Loop 4

Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum

Bum-bum-bum-bum

Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream

Give him a pair of eyes with a come-hither gleam

Give him a lonely heart . . .

Chelsea screamed, drowning out the end of the song and the following radio announcement, which was now deeply familiar to her. She covered her face with her pillow and screamed. It was the same morning. It was the same day. It was the same for the fourth time in a row, and this time she'd done everything right. The woman jumped out of bed, feeling her heavy breasts bounce in her feminine pyjamas, and then stormed about the room, pushing over shelves and ripping down nerdy posters and ripping pages out of academic books.

"Fuck this! Fuck it all! I don't deserve this! I did everything right, Cupid! You hear me!? I seduced him, I gave him a kiss! You can't tell me that wasn't a perfect day for him! You can't tell me that!"

Finally, she flopped back down on bed, wiping away tears and hating how damn emotional her new hormones made her. She grabbed an issue of Spider-Man and sneezed into it, before throwing that nerdy crap aside. Slowly, her breathing levelled, and the irate woman sighed.

"Screw it," she said, shifting further back onto the bed and removing her clothing so that she could cup her big boobs. "I'm just gonna masturbate all day. As far as I'm concerned, this one is a damn wash!"

She began to squeeze her nipples and moan, and for the first time lowered her hand down to stroke her nethers. Her body shivered with delight.

Yeah, this was the right choice.

Loop 12

Once more with feeling. Once more unto the breach - she'd learned *that* one from Zack, damn him. Loop after loop of trying to perfect this moment. Chelsea went a little further this time, but avoided going to second base - she got the sense she'd scared him too much on the last few loops by accelerating things. This time, the well-endowed redhead tried to get things in the Goldilocks Zone, another term she'd learned from him. She kissed Zack Mellen

all the more passionately, and she'd done much better in the diner when it came to responding to the dorky topics of conversation, though that just opened new branches which she'd stumbled over awkwardly. She hated kissing such a weakling, and she hated even more that he was actually kinda good at it, and that it made her body feel a little better. Certainly, it made her nips go stiff with arousal, and she even dared to let him lower his hands down to her rear this time. She hadn't done that either of the last two times, but she hoped that making this more of a makeout session would sell the perfect day for him. She even snaked her tongue into his mouth, sliding it over his in the same way that she enjoyed Madison Artting doing for her, at least back when she was a man.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, adding an extra bit of sauciness to her intonation. "You're so fucking cute, Zack. You're definitely my dream guy. I've got to retire for the night, but it's got *nothing* to do with you. It's just been a long day and I've only really just arrived in town. But take me on a date tomorrow? I promise I'll make it worth your fucking *while*."

At this, she walked her fingers up his chest in a display that was positively oozing sexual overtones. She licked her lips and purred a little, and it was obvious that she'd gotten the dark-haired nerd erect. Hell, his glasses were a little foggy. It made her feel a little smug, funnily enough.

"That - I mean, I'd really love that, Chelsea. I thought you hated swearing?"

"Not when I'm naughty," she said, letting some vocal fry into her voice.

Zack blinked, and this time his smile was magnificent. She actually felt like she'd achieved something here, so her responding smile was just as genuine.

"Call me," she said. "I'll be right there. Goodnight, Zack."

"Goodnight, Chelsea. You're incredible."

"I know it. Good thing you are too."

She even blew him a kiss, then made herself look just a little more submissive and sheepish as she went for the door. She pressed her back against it and waited the necessary twenty two seconds for him to walk away - she'd figured that out on the last loop, then finally breathed a sigh of relief and looked to the sky.

"Did that fucking do it? It better! I'm going to masturbate - to nothing in particular, mind you! - and you can wake me up in my own body, *tomorrow!*"

Loop 27

"It's crazy that you saved us from that statue that exploded," Zack said as they ate pancakes at Mel's Diner. In the background, that same man was bemoaning that he'd lose his job if his

pickup wasn't fixed soon. "You had reflexes like a cat. It was like you *knew* it was going to happen."

Chelsea, who had barely been trying this loop and, in fact, hadn't even had a damn shower or done anything with her now-messy hair, finally raised her head to the ceiling and let out a loud groan.

"Fuuuuuuuuuu-uck it. Yes, I knew the statue would explode. I knew it would explode because it has *already* exploded."

Zack cocked his head. "Wait, what?"

"I'm in a time loop, dweeb. I'm not even meant to be a woman. I got cursed by a cupid - *the* Cupid, actually - and now I'm stuck as your fucking fantasy girlfriend all because I catphished you to bully you. But you won't remember this so what's the point."

Zack was starting to look around a bit, as if wary of being punk'd. It caused Chelsea to sigh again. She checked the clock on the wall and kept her eyes on Zack, not even looking behind her as she predicted the events to come.

"In a few seconds, the diner woman will slip on her skates. The man in the third booth down will catch her, and he'll tell her 'Whoah, Nellie! Be careful there, Bess! People will talk!' She'll pat him on the shoulder and thank him, then move around back to get his order, which is a burger with an excess amount of pickles, by the way. He'll cough three times while eating the third bite, but just before that, Louis Prisset's missing golden retriever will run past, given chase by two other dogs. It will bark at the same time as a new man enters the diner and starts complaining about his pickup truck, which by the way, will remind you of the time *you* tried to repair your Uncle Darren's car as a kid and cost him over three hundred dollars in repairs."

Zack blinked. He adjusted his glasses. "You can't possibly know-"

The server suddenly tripped. A man caught her. "Whoa Nellie!" Everything played out in the following two minutes exactly as Zack said it would, right down to the man who entered and started complaining about the repair job at Denny's Car Shop. Zack's jaw hung open, and Chelsea just shrugged.

"How - how can you know-"

"Know all of this?" she said, imitating him perfectly. "Because I'm in a time loop, moron. For such a sci-fi dweeb you sure aren't quick to catch up. Even all that *Star Trek* shit is just stuff I've memorised to fake it with you."

"But - but why? If you are in a timeloop, I mean? And how long have you been in it? Why are you in it?"

Chelsea removed her top. Zack's eyes went somehow even wider, and a few patrons looked her way, not that she gave a shit either way. She shook her shoulders and let her big

F-cup tits, the size of ripe cantaloupes, wobble heavily on her chest. Zack nearly tipped over his coffee.

“Exhibit Fucking A,” she said. “This is your fantasy dream girl, right? Hot redhead, huge boobs, nice ass, real nerdy? Admit it and don’t fucking lie, Mellen Head.”

“It - um, I mean, yeah. I guess so.”

“Well I *know* so. That’s because I was a guy called Chad. I was your bully. Your teacher and mentor in the way of the world. The guy who put you down all the time because you weren’t tough enough, whatever you want to call me. And I made *this* fine specimen you see before you. Even bought an AI subscription for it and everything.”

“Why?”

“To catfish you, you dweeb. So you’d turn up at the Valentine’s Day Festival ready to meet the girl of your dreams, and I could humiliate you in front of everyone.”

“That’s - that’s horrible.”

She was about to proudly admit it was, but it seemed . . . too much, all of a sudden. It had been too cruel. Yes, she could agree with that, at least in the privacy of her own mind. “The point is, this guy claiming to be Cupid struck me with an arrow and said that I’d relive this day as your dream girl until I gave you your perfect day. And I’ve been fucking trying to do that over and over again, and I’m getting good at it, man. But it’s not working! I let you touch my big tits under my shirt before I kissed you goodnight, and I’m starting to really fucking freak out that I’m gonna have to bone you or something.”

Zack seemed overwhelmed by this, but on that last point he paused. “I - I don’t know if that would strictly speaking do it. I mean, sex is important, but I’ve had it before-”

“Wait, you’re *not* a virgin?”

“No! I’ve had three girlfriends.”

She nearly spluttered. “You!?”

Zack shrugged and smiled a little. “They weren’t huge relationships, but yeah, I’ve dated and had sex. This other you sounds like you were a real bully, though. Maybe in that timeline I never got with a girl because you stopped it from happening.”

Chelsea chewed on that thought. It was a hard thing to admit. She’d always excused her bullying as a way to toughen him up, to stop him from being such a weak loser. But . . . had she been preventing him from being a better person all along?

“It’s not important,” she finally said. “What is important is that this whole day is a fucking wash. I keep imitating everything, memorising it all, but I’m not close enough to give you a perfect day, dude. What’s wrong with what I’m doing?”

“Well, everyone has their hidden side, I guess.”

“And what’s yours?”

He blushed a little. “Well, I don’t know. It’s hard to admit.”

Chelsea groaned. "Tell me, or I'll seriously beat you up. It's a fetish, isn't it? Some hidden stupid fetish I need to fulfil? You wanna suck on my toes? You can do so right now in this bar, and I'll stick them up on the table for you and everything! You can do it in front of everyone if that's what gets your weiner hard."

"No, no! Nothing like that! I . . . it's fairly personal."

"Tell. Me."

But then, to her surprise, Zack straightened up. "I don't think I will. If you really want to get out of this time loop, you're going to have to earn that information."

"You realise I can just relive the loop and take this convo a different way, right?"

"Maybe, but I think I'll remain tight-lipped on it. I'd probably tell someone who I *actually* fully trusted. Someone who didn't just memorise what I said and what I liked, but was willing to experience them and know me, and perhaps be vulnerable back. Someone who wasn't just using me as a cheatcode. You know, have you considered that Cupid might actually want you to be a more loving and compassionate person, not just to me, but everyone?"

Chelsea frowned and folded her arms beneath her breasts. The server skated over to her, since she was now presenting her big tits so obviously in her bra.

"Go away, Sheryl!" Chelsea barked. "I know you're cheating on your husband with the milkman. You had sex with him ten-thirty five this morning and he left at eleven twenty-seven. I've got photos, so put up with my big tits or I'll take off the bra too!"

The stunned woman stared, then skated past, leaving Chelsea to turn back to Zack.

"I want you to know that I fucking hate you."

"That may be part of the problem," he replied, adjusting his longer hair. "But . . . there is good news for you, at least."

"Yeah, and what's that?"

"Well, what loop are you on right now?"

"Loop twenty six. No, wait, twenty seven. Shit, it feels so long. Stuck with these huge tits for seventeen days - you can stop jerking off to them with your eyes right now, by the way."

Zack looked up and blushed a little. "Well, this is a common conceit in science fiction, you know. Being stuck in a time loop. *The Dark Tower* series by Stephen King is one epic loop that is implied to have potentially been going on forever. *Time Trap* by Charles Harness has its main character looping literally *millions* of times."

"Oh God," Chelsea moaned, clutching her head with her hands. "There's no way I'm getting stuck like that, am I?"

"Well, are you delaying a non-Euclidian eldritch entity from devouring the Earth until it can be trapped?"

"I don't know what that sequence of nerd-talk words means, but I'm guessing no."

"Then I doubt it will be that bad. Buuuuuut . . . in most of these stories, particularly ones like *Happy Death Day* - great movie, by the way - and *Edge of Tomorrow* and *Palm Springs* and that one episode of *Stargate*, the protagonists come to realise that they can have a bit of fun with it."

"Fun? How on earth could this be fun?"

Zack shrugged. "Well, think of it this way; do you know how to play the piano?"

She scoffed. "No. Obviously."

"Well, you've got all the time in the world to learn. It's like that movie with Bill Murray, big famous one about a time loop. It's called . . . huh. I can't remember what it's called. Anyway, he learns the piano. He learns how to juggle. He gets in a car chase with the cops, because there's no limits. Hell, he even calls himself a God, because he can do whatever he wants!"

Chelsea took all of this in. She mumbled under her breath: "I'm a God."

"Oh, uh, not really. He has to learn that he's not really a god. It's just that he *feels* like one, because nothing matters in the loop and there are no consequences and, oh dear, I'm going to regret this, aren't I?"

Chelsea stood up and circled the table. She kissed Zack on the forehead in a fit of spontaneity and then grinned somewhat maniacally. "No you're not, you dorky nerd, because you won't remember! Here's to being a God!"

"Um, that's not how Bill Murray gets out! He learns and grows as a person, and he learns new talents and-"

But it was too late, because Chelsea was already running out in front of a truck that always went nearly ten miles over the speed limit at this exact moment, honking its horn angrily. The redhead cackled and put up her middle fingers.

"See ya tomorrow, fuckers!"

Loop 30

This time, the woman didn't approach the flowers. No one was approaching any stall, in fact. Chelsea waved hello to a mother who immediately covered her teenage son's eyes, but the gorgeous redhead just strode right, smiling and waving to everyone else in the large festival.

"I can't believe the bridge is out!" someone exclaimed. "That river is ice even -"

"Even on a day like this," Chelsea said, talking over the man. "Do they expect us to swim if we need to leave town?"

The man turned in confusion and then gaped, his eyes traversing her form. Chelsea booped him on the nose with a single finger. "Hey, my eyes are up here, fella. Don't make your wife jealous!"

Chelsea was causing a huge stir, and she soaked all of it in. Families were covering their children's eyes or leading them away, while men of all ages were ignoring the women around them and focusing directly on her.

"Hi there, boys! What are you looking at? Can't a girl walk in peace?"

She giggled and strode towards the park, her hips swaying from side to side even more dramatically than usual, her heavy breasts bouncing, utterly freed from captivity.

"Is that lady naked?"

"Someone call the police! Or get security!"

"Niiiiiice."

Chelsea threw that last commentator some finger guns. The stark naked beauty was like a living Greek statue, her perfection real and on display for all to see. Already people were moving to intercept her, so with a laugh she began to run.

"I already know where you are!" she cried. "But the joke is on you! Ever seen a naked lady flying on a statue before? You're about to!"

Loop 34

Chelsea aimed the car straight towards the bridge. It sure looked broken, but who was going to tell her to stop? Surely not the bevy of police vehicles in pursuit of the woman?

"Miss Chelsea Middleton, stop the engine and get out of the vehicle now, and no one will get hurt. We know you robbed the Middleton Bank, in addition to stealing the police vehicle and uniform you're wearing now."

"Wearing and fucking *slaying*," she murmured to herself, before undoing a single button to show off some cleavage. She was starting to *like* a little tantalising view of her knockers, she'd come to realise.

"We have the footage of your robbery, so there's nowhere you can go where we can't find you."

"How about the past, losers!" she cried, and then she hit the accelerator. The police car screeched as it tore down the road, smashing through barriers and heading right to the elevation of the bridge ramp. Chelsea cackled the whole way, wads of bills flying everywhere in the car's interior as the police vehicle launched into the air and then careened down, down, down to the rocks and water below.

“FUCK DA POLICE!” she screamed.

Her last thought was that she’d gotten the angle much better this time; straight towards the pointing boulder in the riverbed. She really didn’t fancy drowning again.

Loop 42

Chelsea wore her best dress. She looked killer in it; it was the kind of red Jessica Rabbit dress that made men go gaga for a fine form like hers, and her bust was pushed up to match that famously sexy fictional woman. She walked in heels, having mastered the art of it in the last seven cycles, and smirked at the gobsmacked man behind the counter of the local newsagents.

“Hmm, those are interesting numbers up on that screen,” she murmured, gesturing to the lottery that was set to be announced. “Do you think I’ll get the big pot?”

The man swallowed, then steadied himself. “Sure thing, doll. And I’ll be president this fall.”

“We-ell. I’ll make you a bet. *I’ll* be your hot Valentine girl if I *don’t* win one hundred and thirteen-point-four million dollars with my numbers.”

“You’re joking me.”

“Not at all honey,” she said in her breathy way. “In fact, I’ll let you do anything you want to my naughty, sexy body. *If* I don’t win the pot. Deal?”

She extended her hand, and the man quickly shook it. His nametag read Stanley. He looked like a rather dishevelled figure in his early thirties, but not totally un-cute. He got ready to light up a cigarette of victory.

“Hmmm, let me guess . . . *16, 8, 32, 54, 63 with a Powerball of 12.*”

Stanley chuckled. “Now, I trust you’ll actually go through with this date when you lose, because-”

“And here are our numbers now. We have 16! 8! 32! 54! 63!”

Stanley’s jaw dropped, and his cigarette fell from his mouth, still unlit.

“That’s impossible, there’s no way you could-”

“And with a powerball of 12! Let’s hope we have a winner for the 113 million dollar jackpot today!”

“Oh my God,” Stanley said.

Chelsea picked up his cigarette, drew out a cigarette from her purse, then lit it. She took a puff, then breathed a perfect smoke ring into the man’s face. “Too bad, no date for you. Better luck next time, Stanley. Enjoy the winnings.”

She left the card on the table between them.

"Wait, you're not gonna take it?"

"Maybe tomorrow! I couldn't claim it in time anyway!"

Loop 52

"Hey Zack, this has been a real awesome date and everything," Chelsea purred, a hand around her new boyfriend's waist and her head resting on his shoulder. "But do you want to see something truly amazing?"

"Uhhh . . . yeah. Absolutely. Is it a surprise?"

Chelsea giggled. "Sort of. A big one for you, at least."

"Is that why we're in the backwoods?"

"Mmm-hmm. I want you to rate my diving talents."

"But . . . there's no water around here."

"True, true. Oh, look at that! What a fascinating and unexpected sight! Isn't that Old Man McGinley running his big woodchipper over there?"

Zack was clearly puzzled. "Yes, yes I believe it is. Wait, do you know him?"

"And I bet he'll look away in three, two, one! Quick, take this and rate my performance!"

She unfolded a scorecard and shoved it into Zack's chest, placing a permanent marking in his mouth. With a wink she ran and then . . .

"OH GOD, CHELSEA DON'T!!!"

NNNNRRRRRRRRRR

Loop 59

Chelsea shot a can with the rifle she'd stolen from Mrs Mankley down the road. Not that Zack knew it was stolen.

"I'm just saying," she said. "It's starting to get boring. I mean, I've eaten a feast. I've become a hero saving that lady from having an allergic reaction. I've stolen a police wagon. I've jerked it off so many times to hot guys - even you, man - that you can't even imagine. I've even run to the horizon just to see if this thing has a barrier, but nope! Right back to looping again. And this is the eighth time I've convinced you of the truth, and you still won't tell me your hidden fetish or whatever. That's why you're tied up, by the way."

"I figured," Zach said, tied to the chair. "But I really don't mind it."

"Truly? You're not worried I'm about to go all *Saw* on you?"

"I mean, you could, right? But you've offered enough proof that I believe in the time loop, and from everything you've told me, you're not sadistic. Violently sadistic, at least. And the ropes are comfortable."

"Damn, I thought I made them tight. Stupid girly body."

She fired another shot. She was getting to be quite the good riflewoman. She ignored the deer that ran past at this exact moment. It felt like cheating to kill for sport, knowing exactly when to fire. Cans, on the other hand.

Crack!

"Fuck yeah, that's the hardest one. But I tell ya, there's only so many ways to die. Only so many things to steal, or people to trick. Do you know I finally got to sleep with Abigail Whatley? She's a total lesbo, so that was news to me. But she's always so fucking frigid. I broke into her house and read her diaries, though."

"That's . . . dark. Manipulative."

She missed the next shot and swore, then looked at her tied up prisoner in his camp chair. "Yeah, I haven't done it since. Fuck, I swear your whole dweeby sense of honour is spreading to me now. Like, it just felt so empty. Like I was cheating."

"Maybe, if you're going to break free of this loop, you need to expand your horizons."

"Dude, I just said I ran to the horizon. My busty bod is at least pretty fit, even if my stacked chest bounced all the time when I run."

Zack actually grinned and checked her out.

"Stop that."

"Hey, it's your timeloop. If it doesn't matter to you, then it can't matter more for me. So I'm just enjoying the view before it all resets. But to clarify what I meant, maybe you should *learn* something. A skill, a talent. Watch a new show. Do more than memorise. Like what you're doing with the rifle right now. I bet you weren't a good shot to start with, right?"

Chelsea huffed. "Yeah, I fucking sucked. Tried for a whole day and got better at it. Muscle memory stayed, which is good."

"Then improve yourself! You've got no risks! Be a better person, and maybe, just maybe, when you take me on a date I'll recognise that you're *genuine*."

The redhead looked up at the sky as if searching for a sign from the heavens. "I hate that you're so probably right. Okay, mind if I shoot myself in the head right?"

"What? God no! Please don't do that!"

She threw the rifle aside. "Jeez, such a pussy. Fine, help me make a plan."

"As long as you don't untie me."

Chelsea chuckled. "Yeah, yeah, keep being sarcastic. Okay, how about this; help me make a good plan to break out and I'll let you touch my tits. I've let you do it before. You go crazy over it."

Zack lit up. "Deal."

Loop 84 . . . 83 maybe?

Chelsea whooped and cheered and swore. She knew it was just a start, but the point was that she had *done* it. Her music teacher raised her eyebrows. Mrs Jefferson was one of those aged women who seemed to turn into a rake-like figure the older they got.

"My dear, just because you came in and have learned *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star* in an afternoon doesn't mean that you need to shout to the rooftops. I *am* sixty-four years old, after all. I especially do not appreciate the swearing."

Chelsea bit her lip. "Sorry. I'm trying some . . . self-improvement. Just got a little ahead of myself, that's all."

Mrs Jefferson smiled. Chelsea liked her. She'd never thought anything of the old bird, but she was a harsh teacher in the best way, like a coach who pushed you to your limit but made you feel like a God when he was proud of you.

"I'm surprised you aren't out there, trying to find a beau, a fine woman like you."

"Maybe next loop," Chelsea said. "I figure that a gal should have more talents than simply chasing after boys or drawing them to her like flies to honey, right?"

Mrs Jefferson's smile became almost glowing. It felt like touching the sun.

"You are a wise young woman, Miss Middleton, and you've got smarts to boot. You're going to do well, Chelsea. You best be aware of that."

Chelsea went to respond, only to choke on her words for a moment. When was the last time anyone had said *she* had promise? She'd planned to skip town just to find some before all this went down. She'd been the alpha male, but who had ever talked of her being wise? Intelligent? Capable of more?

"Th-thank you, Mrs Jefferson," she said. "I'm sorry you're going to be evicted soon."

The older woman creased her brow. "How did you know that? I haven't told you that. You only started your lessons this morning!"

"I just noticed the bills," Chelsea said. "I didn't mean to pry."

Mrs Jefferson's cat Benson, the one-eyed king of the claw, jumped up onto the piano and ran his head beneath the old woman's hand. "Don't pry again, young missy. But . . . thank you. I just worry about Benson here. This is the only home he's ever known. Though I suppose . . . it's the only one I've ever known too."

The two women sat there, and it occurred to Chelsea that she'd never really experienced a moment of understanding with a woman. Hell, she couldn't remember when she'd ever so much as glanced at an older woman, or seen women in a non-sexual context.

"Well, that's enough nonsense," Mrs Jefferson said. "Let's keep playing, shall we?"

Loop 110-120 abouts

Chelsea's heart was in her throat. She clutched a pillow against her chest, squeezing it tightly. She had abandoned her seat as soon as the Genesis Device had been activated, and had scooted her body closer to the TV when Spock entered the radiation chamber. Now, Kirk ran, emotional *agony* etched upon his features as the stalwart captain tried to save his friend.

"No! You'll flood the whole compartment!"

"He'll die!"

"Sir! He's dead already."

"No," Chelsea whispered, but her words had no effect. Bones was clinging the captain tightly, preventing him from opening the chamber.

"It's too late, Jim."

"Spock!"

They released him. Spock had his back to Kirk. Only a thick sheet of protective glass separated the two men, but to Chelsea, it appeared like an ocean's breadth. Like a *chasm* into which her heart was now plummeting.

"Save him! They should be able to save him, right? These cheesy *Star Trek* moments always save the main characters. C'mon! I've watched enough to know this!"

"Ship . . . out of danger?"

"Yes," Kirk answered.

And then the words that opened the floodgates.

"Don't grieve, Admiral . . . it is logical. The needs of the many . . . outweigh . . ."

"The needs of the few."

"Or the one . . . I never took the Kobayashi Maru test ...until now. What do you think of my solution?"

"Spock!"

"I have been ...and always shall be ...your friend. ...Live long ...and prosper."

"No . . ."

Kirk's final word was mirrored by Chelsea, who screeched "NO!" with more investment than she'd ever had in a work of fiction before. "Why, Spock? Whyyyyyy!?"

And then she burst into tears all the way to the end of the movie and all through the credits.

Five minutes later, she called Zack to discuss every damn detail of the film.

Loop 201, possibly more . . . a lot more

Chelsea actually found herself giggling as she listened - actually *listened* - to Zack's stories about how his dad tried to turn him into some kind of uber-fit alpha male by sending him to Alpha Camp.

"Alpha Camp?" Chelsea asked. "That's a real thing?"

"Apparently, yes! I mean, I didn't end up going though."

"Why not?"

He gave that sneaky, sly smile of his, the one she now knew so well. The one that increasingly looked rather handsome to her. "Well, because . . . I sorta hacked his computer and switched up the emails so that he actually enrolled me into Space Camp instead."

Chelsea burst out into laughter. She was wearing a beautiful light blue summer dress, one that emphasised her best features, and she was mastering the art of makeup too, and had even put a slightly smokey effect around her eyes. She actually felt damn pretty as she enjoyed her regular diner talk with Zack. The man wasn't bad at all, she'd decided. Certainly, she was understanding the dweeby things he liked a lot more.

"Oh, by the way, I can't believe the Dominion actually took Deep Space Nine," she said. "Like, that's such a big status quo change or whatever. I know that Sisko will be back, but man, I just had the Female Changeling. She's such a fucking bully."

"You're not wrong, but I give no spoilers," Zack replied. "Hey, I thought you hated swearing?"

At this, Chelsea bit her lip. She was about to issue a retraction, then decided better of it. "Screw it. Zack, I fucking *love* swearing, man. I . . . I kinda lied a lot while talking to you online."

His brow furrowed in that way she was also deeply familiar with. Her heart beat just that little bit more heavily in her chest, a nervousness rising up within her, despite the fact that she knew this day meant nothing. She could be showing off her tits at the strip club again for all that it mattered. And yet here she was, nervous at this admission.

"You lied?" he said.

"Y-yeah. Look, I'm . . . not as big of a nerd as I claimed, I guess. I mean, fuck, you're getting me there, Zack. I'm *loving Star Trek*, and goddamn is that not a sentence I ever thought I'd say. And I'm playing the piano and I'm reading *Lord of the Rings* and you would not believe how good I am at calculating mathematical trajectories now, but . . . I'm not some mega-dork like you are. And . . . I mean that affectionately, man. You're pretty cute, you know."

He remained silent, listening to her. He always did that. He had such a piercing gaze behind those nerdy glasses.

"I guess what I'm saying is that my profile was a bit over the top. I've got lots of other talents, so I'm not some stupid big-boobed ginger Barbie."

"I never thought you were."

"Well, I do have a great rack. I mean, Jesus, just look at these things."

He blushed a little. "They . . . are quite nice, yes. But Chelsea, why did you lie to me?"

"I don't know. I think I've often liked lying. Fooling around and messing with people. It's pretty shitty, now that I think of it. I'm trying to be better."

Zack nodded at this. To her surprise, his hand crossed the table and held hers, squeezing it gently. She sniffled, grappling with the hormones that were filling her eyes with water. She blinked away the tears as quickly as she could. Damn female hormones still got her by surprise, even half a year into this frickin' loop.

"Well, now I feel like a bit of an idiot for talking on and on about all my interests."

"Don't be! I used to think some of this sci-fi stuff was all lame, but . . . I can't get enough of it now. It's just that I've got other interests too, y'know."

"Well, tell me! I want to get to know you, Chelsea. The real you."

"I'm not sure I even know who that is anymore."

"Then start with your hobbies."

She perked up at that. "Oh, that's easy. Lemme see . . . I've got piano, sharpshooting, race car driving, I'm starting to figure out chess lately, I'm an incredible juggler. I can hit a hole-in-one on the Par Four up at the Evergreen Circuit. Oh, I can speak a bit of Japanese, since I got sick of reading subtitles on the anime stuff you recommend. I'm a master seductress, too."

At this last statement, Zack spluttered a little, and it made Chelsea laugh.

"I'm just saying, I'm rather good at it. I snagged *you*, didn't I?"

Zack smiled. "You really did. You know, I think I can like this real you, Chelsea. I like her a lot."

Chelsea leaned forward, placing her hands under her chin and examining Zack's cute face. Any moment now, Jack Stronson would enter and complain about his pickup truck not being fixed, but for now, this moment was perfect.

"You know, I'm starting to like her a lot too," she replied.

Loop ???

"Another day," Chelsea said. "Another day."

She reached out a hand without even looking and instantly caught the paper in her hand.

"Aww, I was hoping to hit you in the face," the kid whined.

"Beat it, loser. Or I'll mess up your spokes and send you down St Ellis's steep hill street again."

The woman unfurled the newspaper and sighed. She'd practically memorised it. Would she ever be free? What did freedom even look like anymore? Part of her wanted to just spend the day masturbating again. She'd been doing that more and more lately, and often to Zack. The damn nerd was giving her so many feelings. She actually *liked* being around him these days. He'd looked at her with such wonder while she'd played the start of the *Lord of the Rings* theme to him on the piano.

"I've lost track of the days," she murmured to herself. With a heavy sigh, she looked down over her female body, the one that seemed more her than her male one these days.

"The show must go on," she said.

Chelsea had finally done it; she'd won every single game on the first try at the Valentine's Day fair. She'd saved Bianca Barrow from her flower allergy. She'd explained to Maggie Winters exactly why the bridge was still out, and the complex engineering issues involved in its repair that would require at least another three days before reconstruction could actually begin, and how the backroad on Ninth Street was her best bet. She hummed *Mr Sandman* as she went on her date with Zack, and the statue had pointedly *not* exploded, because a certain someone had arrived earlier to anonymously dig up the plumbing system and correct the flow.

He was struggling to carry plushies, but they were heading for the diner to have a chat, this after her perfect dance performance where *she* led him, her movements fluid and elegant and damn romantic. She'd even worn the cutest red dress for the occasion, and damn if her big boobs didn't look good in it. She could hardly imagine a life without them these days. It was all worth it to see the broad grin on Zack's face, the way he was practically worshipping her, but also how his movements matched hers perfectly, the two a sensation.

"You'll love the pancakes here," Zack said as they headed to the diner.

It was then that Chelsea finally dropped her plushies. She'd planned to make this a perfect day again. Try and have the ultimate date. Instead, she couldn't bear the thought of devouring yet another set of pancakes. She wanted something more.

"Change of plans," she said. "We're going to my place. I cook a mean pasta these days, and . . . I want to cut this date short."

"I - did I do something wrong?"

"Not you," she said, licking her lips a little. "Me. It's time I finally started being brave and just . . . fucking going for it."

"I thought you didn't like swearing?"

"I love swearing. Now it's time for me to love fucking as well."

Chelsea could barely believe what she was doing. She and Zack were making out in her bedroom, and his hands were roaming over her body just as hers were over his. After a moment's hesitation, he cupped her breasts and pushed them together, causing her to exhale rather erotically.

"C-careful. They're sensitive."

"God, you're so beautiful, Chelsea. You're the perfect woman."

She laughed at that. "Sorry, it's just - you wouldn't have said that about me once. I guess I kinda blossomed, huh?"

Zack's face showed momentary confusion, but that didn't matter, because she pulled her dress over her head and threw it to the side, revealing her lacy bra and underwear, and her massive tits that were cupped up to perfection.

"Holy shit," Zack said.

"Holy shit indeed, Zack. You just hit the jackpot."

"Was that a Spider-Man reference?"

She giggled, then pulled his face against hers. "Maybe. I'm a little nerdier these days too."

And she kissed him. She'd done this many times before, even passionately, but never with such sexual intensity. In all her days in this time loop, for however long it was, Chelsea had never gone *this* far. She'd tried to hold it off. The thought of being a woman and letting Zack freakin' Mellen fuck her was too much. Too emasculating. Too humiliating. The idea of being penetrated was unfathomable. But now, after so many loops, she was tired of fighting how horny her body was, how into men it was. And most of all, how much she had come to *want* Zack as well. So she let her tongue dance with his in their mouths, moaning sensually as he dared to squeeze her ass. It made her body light up, and soon she could

take no more; she was goddamn *gushing* between her thighs, and any fear of having a dick inside her disappeared at the thought that, hey, at least she'd finally have a dick there again, right?

"Take me," she whispered, her voice sultry as all hell.

Zack stared at her intently, his eyes roaming over her form. And then, with a surprisingly practised motion, he undid the clasp of her bra with one hand, letting it fall from her body. Her breasts drooped down lower, separating a little, but they were still full and round and huge upon her chest. He beheld them for a moment, then placed one hand upon her left chest and caressed it, producing another moan from the ultra-sensitive woman.

And then he was all over her.

Chelsea lost herself in the moments that followed. She wasn't even sure when she took off her underwear, or when she found herself upon the bed with Zack on top of her. Her form trembled as he licked and sucked upon her nipples, producing pulses of bliss she'd never known she was capable of feeling. She spread her legs automatically for him, and suddenly his prick was against her entrance, sliding against her wetness.'

"Ohhhhhh, I d-don't care how quick you are! I need you in me, now!"

"Are you sure, I've got a rubber, and-"

"There's no risk, trust me on this! Just f-fuck me, dude! I don't want to regret this, so do it now! And don't forget my tits because they're soooo sensitive right now."

"No way am I forgetting about those, Chelsea. You're a goddess."

He entered her, and she *felt* like a goddess. She spread her legs wider, her eyes going just as wide as his length extended into her wet snatch. It was the most alien, foreign, strange sensation she'd ever experienced. Sure, she'd experimented over the loops, but this was a whole *man* on top of her, cupping her ass with one hand and playing with her tits with the other, then bracing against the headboard so he could thrust into her. It was magnificent. It was ecstasy. It was an act of complete and total submission to her womanhood, and she found herself getting closer and closer to climax as Zack thrust into her.

"I I-like this!" she said, cutting off what she might have said. "I r-really like this! Ohhh, why did I w-wait so long to f-fuck you!"

"We only met this morning!"

"And yet I f-feel like I know you s-so well! Oh God, I didn't know you'd b-be so good at this. Ahhhh!"

She started playing with her own tits, then gripped him with her thighs and pulled him in further. Her cries were high and song-like, a soprano-toned joy that could have stirred the neighbourhood to scandal. It was too much, and soon she was on a knife's edge. With one last thrust from Zack, his loud grunts making her all the more aroused, she finally tipped over.

“Yesssss! C-cum in meeeee! Yes, yes, yes, Ohhhhhhhh!!!”

He thrust several more times, the unbelievable female orgasms hitting her again and again in a way they never had during her ‘self-care.’ The man finally let loose a very primal roar, and she felt his hot seed spurt from his throbbing cock, travelling all the way up inside of her. She grinned, still moaning and clutching him.

It was five minutes later that he finally pulled himself out of her. She could feel his cum leaking out of her, but as horrible as that would have been to the former alpha-male, now she didn’t care. It was kind of hot, actually. In fact, she turned and pressed her body against Zack’s, delighting in the way he spooned her.

“That was hot,” she said. “Did you enjoy it?”

Zack kissed her neck. “I did. A lot. Holy God, that was incredible.”

“Mhmm. I’m going to do that to you a lot more. Was I good?”

“So good. I was thinking, maybe next time . . . nevermind.”

She turned. *This* again. Some hidden fetish or want. The one he still hadn’t given away, not even when she locked him in that ice cream van for four hours. The dude had actually been in high spirits instead of being intimidated. The same as when she tied him to the chair and tried to scare him. “What is it?”

“Oh, it’s nothing. Sorry, I’ll tell you once we’re a little further along, if that’s okay. Just something I’d like to try.”

“It’s not anal, is it?”

“No, no, nothing like that. It’s just . . . it’s always been a little fantasy of mine. But please, not right now. I’m not ready to tell it just yet.”

Chelsea sighed. Well, she’d finally done it. She’d slept with him.

This would just have to do.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ **Loop** ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum

Bum-bum-bum-bum

Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream

Give him a pair of eyes with a come-hither gleam

Give him a lonely heart like Pagliacci

And lots of wavy hair like Liberace

Mr. Sandman, someone to hold!

Would be so peachy before we're too old

*So please turn on your magic beam
Mr. Sandman, bring us, please, please, please
Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream . . .*

“Rise and shine, folks! No more Sandman sleeping for you! This is not the morning for sleeping in, it’s the morning to feel the stirrings of passion. That’s right folks, it’s finally here: Valentine’s Day! Time for all those breadwinning husbands to use their hard-earned cash to take their wives out for a date, and all the young ladies to be out there in cute dresses to snag a free man!”

Chelsea Middleton lifted herself out of bed, stretched, yawned, and then smiled dreamily as she scratched her chest. Another loop. Another moment of being stuck in time. Not being a God - she’d learned long ago that she was no God - but perhaps another day to expand, at least. It was all she had going for her, lately. She couldn’t even remember how many loops it had been by this point. Four hundred? Six hundred? Two thousand?

How many loops did it take to learn the name of everyone in Hogsground?

How many loops did it take to develop the skills to propose a bridge repair report to the city council?

How many loops did it take to play all of Chopin’s piano pieces flawlessly, without even needing the music sheets?

How many loops to learn *exactly* when to jump out of that Valentine’s Day winner helicopter flight so she could land *directly* into that shark’s mouth off of the coast?

How many loops to read every book on the science-fiction and fantasy shelves of the local library, and half the classics section as well?

How many loops to learn that the person she was, was no more? That she had been a vile bully, a wasted person with little empathy and certainly no curiosity. Who had hated Hogsground and yet didn’t know a thing about this marvellous, expansive, and deeply layered town?

The last, perhaps, had taken more loops than any other. Almost as many, she considered, as it had to master the art of meditation and briefly reach enlightenment during her Buddhist phase. That was definitely at least a few hundred loops back. She’d rejoined the world of materialism a little more since, but . . . perhaps she was okay with it now.

Acceptance. Peace. Nirvana.

She had become One with this day, and the day was One with her. No more car chases and ridiculous deaths. No more fits of violence or angry tirades. Those had gotten old during her First Era. She had moved on from such rage at her circumstance.

“What will it be, Mr Spider?” she asked, staring up at the corner of the ceiling where the eight-legged friend rested. She’d realised he was always there since around loop two hundred. Or was that four hundred? It was not important. “Should I finally start *War and Peace*? Should I try to master Beethoven? I was thinking about learning more about aerospace engineering, but then again there is that ice sculpture class, though there’s never enough ice to go around since they’ve only got a limited supply in the freezer. Hmm . . . or should I have another day with my boyfriend?”

She smiled at that. It was impossible to describe how much Zack continued to surprise. How much everyone still did. She could memorise so much about Mrs Jefferson and Bianca Barrow and Officer Dan and all the rest, but people were complicated. People were deep. They had layers that unfolded in a million ways, and just like she had still not managed to count all the hairs on Zack’s lovely back, neither could she totally predict everything about these other people. So long as she provided a new stimulus, something new would always reveal itself, especially with her favourite person.

“Zack it is, then,” she said with a smile up at Mr Spider. “I’m sure there are still a few positions in the Kama Sutra that I haven’t mastered with him.”

In fact, she doubted that statement very much. She’d had so much sex with Zack Mellen that she almost couldn’t imagine being a man again. She’d been penetrated in every way possible, and had learned exactly how to flicker her tongue at the last second while blowing him off so that he climaxed far, far harder. She knew the exact rhythm for his tongue to drive her wild when he ate her out, and she also knew *exactly* which locations in public were best to have sudden sex in without being caught. Or how to make *being* caught very, very fun.

“A day of sex, perhaps?” she asked the nonresponsive spider. “But I feel I’ve been having that too much lately. The man only gets all the more tight-lipped about his fetish when we get close. Even the psychology textbooks I’ve memorised don’t help me. I could run down the list of kinks and keep ticking them off, perhaps?”

The spider did not respond.

“Hmm, you’re not helping. You’re right, I’m being selfish again. This is my place, and it is a beautiful place. Make each day a gift and you will never know despair. As Marcus Aurelius said . . .”

Chelsea paused, then considered something. “Each day a gift . . .”

Each day a gift.

Her face broadened with a lovely smile. “A decision! Today will not be about me at all, Mr Spider. Self-improvement can wait for the next loop. I think I need to see some of my fellow Hogsgrounders today.”

Her phone buzzed, and there were Zack's usual messages. Chelsea considered not meeting him today, but in truth, she still wanted to. Besides, he was a fellow Hogsgrounder, was he not?

THWACK!

The newspaper collided into Chelsea's face, and she caught it quickly with a giggle.

"Nice one, kid! I'll get you next time! By the way, I've left a pack of baseball cards in the mailbox. Feel free to use them to get your wheels clacking. I know your Mom hates it so you can come by any time and grab some more."

Jerry Abelson stopped and checked her mailbox. "W-wow, lady. Thanks! Uh, sorry for getting you in the face."

"Hey, I was young once, too. Just don't make it a habit!"

He smiled. "I won't. I promise!"

"Um, excuse me, miss! You can't be here!"

Chelsea pulled herself out from under the car and grinned. She was well aware that she presented quite a sight in her white singlet and work pants, covered in grease but looking like a hottie out of a calendar. Denny, her overweight former boss from a far-distant male life, looked at her with astonishment. His dog, on the other hand, barked at her excitedly.

"Sorry, Denny!" she exclaimed. "I'm just a gal who really loves cars. The transmission line isn't the problem on this job. There's a burnt fuse around the back that keeps seizing up the engines and cycling up the fan belt. I've replaced the spark plugs and fixed up the fuse, and I've sourced you a replacement tank for the coolant, since that was leaking too and causing the sizzling issue. You should be able to get this back to Jack Stronson today so he doesn't lose his job. I have a feeling he'll be very thankful."

She got up and passed him the keys to the pickup.

"I . . . burnt fuse?"

"Yeah, and a few other things with the circuitry. I've learned a lot about fixing up microchips. Can't stand these modern cars. Oh, by the way, your little Russell here needs a visit to the vet, ASAP. When he vomits in three minutes, make sure to bag that too, because he most definitely has a stomach infection. I'd recommend booking with Stacy Lerman specifically, I've got a feeling you two will have good chemistry."

Mrs Jefferson answered the door, her face a little surly as it often was before their lessons really got going. "If this is about the Valentine's Day Festival, I'm not going, young miss, and I'm not donating. It's all materialism if you ask me."

"And I'd agree, though it has its fun. Mrs Jefferson, my name is Chelsea Middleton. You probably don't remember me, but you helped me teach piano once. You were the best teacher I ever had, and you taught me more than you could imagine about what it is to be a woman, and that it's more than just about chasing men and looking pretty. It's about style, it's about grace, and it's about wielding talent and always working each day to improve yourself."

The woman looked taken aback. "I - I'm sorry, but I don't remember teaching you."

"That's okay," Chelsea replied. "I just wanted you to know that you had a huge impact, and that I dearly love Benson as well, that one-eyed king of claw. I've written you this letter. There's something inside of it. I know that you dislike gambling, but I've also heard that you are having trouble making ends meet, and it would be a grave sin for you to lose your piano practice. So . . . please don't do anything hasty. I've got a good feeling about the ticket inside there."

Mrs Jefferson took the letter. "I . . . thank you. This is a very odd morning, but I'm always grateful to know that I - that I left a change in this world during my years. Would you like to come in for a drink?"

"I'd really love to, but I've got to fix a water main that feeds into the broken fountain, submit a bridge repair plan to the council, make sure that Madison Artting gets her meet-cute with Officer Dan, and quickly save a woman from anaphylaxis. I'll see you at tonight's party, perhaps!"

"Party?"

"Oh, just a little something I'm sending out. The mayor is a little corrupt, it turns out, so when I make a phone call in ten minutes' time he'll really want to hear out my proposal. The invite is in the letter."

Mrs Jefferson was gobsmacked as Chelsea gave her a hug and then ran back out onto the street, already throwing on a pair of overalls as she stumbled along.

"I can't believe the bridge is out!" Maggie Winters exclaimed. "That river is ice even on a day like this. Do they expect us to swim if we need to leave town?"

"Try the Ninth Street country road," Chelsea said to the woman as she passed her. "You'll have time to reach your grandson and give him his present, I promise! Sorry, couldn't help but overhear. Excuse me!"

Bianca Barrows was just about to smell some flowers when Chelsea bumped into her. "Oh hey! You don't happen to have a pollen allergy, do you?"

The young mother of two paused. "I - yes, how did you know?"

"I know you think allergies can be minor, but sometimes they can become far more powerful in concentrated doses. I wouldn't smell those flowers, but in case you do, take these three epipens. Just in case!"

She left the gobsmacked woman and quite literally skipped towards the park, feeling as pretty as the flower display but far less deadly. She darted through the crowd with ease, then waved to the mayor as he spoke.

"Welcome to the Valentine's Day Festival, everyone! Enjoy this time of passion and love! Try the stalls, try the games, and try a chance at love! It's only for today folks, so enjoy it!"

"Don't forget the night party, Mr Mayor!" she exclaimed as she passed. "You know the one!"

The older man tugged his collar nervously, well aware that his embezzlement of town funds was about to have the law on his back unless he complied. "Of - of course! Folks, there's a special extra event being organised as well, tonight! At the Reggie Mayers Hall we'll be having food, drink, and dance! So bring your dates, because Valentine's day will turn into a romantic Valentine's night at 6.30pm!"

Chelsea skipped near Roger Tallens, the chronic gambler who was forever down on his luck. "Psst, Roger! I know you don't know me, but trust me when I say that the Dodgers are winning over the Bisons today. If you're looking for a clean beak, that's your one! But make sure to put that money towards therapy, Rodge."

The man clearly had no idea what to say, but Chelsea didn't care. She was at peace with this life, and though she'd done this hundreds, perhaps thousands of times, she still found her heart skipping a beat as she approached Zack. There was something in the way his eyes lit up at her presence that she kept returning to. Besides, it was *very* fun to dress up in a gorgeous summer outfit that emphasised her lovely figure, red for Valentine's day, of course. She'd been a woman for so long now, learned how to master makeup and dress sense, and all the flirty, sensual movements that came with seduction, that it was deeply appealing to work all of her moves.

But this time she did not seduce. She was still stunning and curvaceous, of course. But instead she smiled genuinely and stuck out her hand when Zack noticed her.

"Chelsea!" the nerd exclaimed. "I didn't think you'd come!"

"You must be Zack Mellen. I'm so happy to meet you."

"Me too. God, you look - you look incredible!"

She grinned and pushed back some hair behind her ear. "You don't look so bad yourself. Just like your picture . . . only a little cuter in real life."

"Oh, you don't have to say that."

"But I mean it. I meant what I said when I messaged you; you're the man of my dreams. I don't care if I'm coming off too strong. I've had far, far too much time to think about it, and I know you, Zack. You're my funny, cute dork of a man, and I'm glad you get to meet the new me. I'll always be glad."

His features softened. "Wow. That's . . . I guess I was just so nervous to meet you in person. I was worried - I know this sounds silly - I was worried that you might not be real."

"Maybe I wasn't, once. But I am now. Now hurry up and call me beautiful, won't you! Check me out, then take my arm and show me this festival! I want to win some prizes and dance with my handsome man!"

Zack and Chelsea cackled as they discussed their favourite and least favourite episodes of the original *Star Trek*. She'd watched the whole show easily five times or more by this point, and could recite some even more watched episodes by heart. They were both doing silly Shatner impressions as they talked, their food getting cold because neither wanted to stop talking.

"I love seeing new sides to you," Chelsea finally said, gazing at him with interest, her chin resting in one hand. "I always feel like you've got something new to say."

"That . . . means a lot, Chelsea. I feel the same way about you. Honestly, I'm a bit out of my depth here, and certainly you're out of my league."

"Yeah, but I'm out of everyone's league, man. But I'm not wearing a neckline this low by accident, Zackie boy. I wanted to reel my cute geeky man in hook, line, and sinker. How am I doing on that score?"

Zack blushed, his eyes dropping momentarily down to her large, full breasts. "I'd say very, very well. God, you're incredible. Do you think-"

"Wait, just a moment! I need to catch a stray dog and make a call!"

She got out of her seat, leaned over and kissed him on the forehead, and then ran out of the diner quickly, making sure that the server didn't trip on her skates this time. With an elegance and ease that made her appear as practiced as a ballerina, she pivoted and caught the missing dog as it ran, then carried it back in.

"Hello, can I make a call? It'll make someone's day!"

Chelsea was having a perfect day. She knew it, because she had long since given up on providing Zack with *his* perfect day. After so many iterations, she wasn't even sure she could, or even if it was possible. And she'd also discovered that *her* perfect day in its original conception had simply been self-interested and hollow. *This*, on the other hand . . . *this* was what perfection was.

The great hall had been done up quickly at the mayor's hurried instructions, and with a few well-placed orders in time by Chelsea, all the equipment had arrived, from the balloons to the banners to even the piano in the corner for her to play upon. The lights were warm, pink and red, highlighting the romance of the evening, and numerous couples were starting to populate the space, especially around the buffet table. The organiser for that certainly owed Chelsea one, given that the beautiful redhead had saved her business by tracking down that massive freak rodent which had infiltrated her pantry during rush hour. The woman tipped her head to Chelsea as she strode in upon Zack's arm.

"Wow, this is incredible," Zack said. "I can't believe this got organised so quickly. And you had a hand in it?"

"Just a small hand," Chelsea admitted. "The credit goes to your lovely town, Mr Mellen. They're quite an interesting bunch."

"They are!" he said. "To be honest, as much as going to the big city with its comic-cons and massive cinemas and big nerdy festivals and the like appeals to me, I can't really imagine leaving Hogsground."

"I don't think I can," Chelsea said, a little wistfulness rising in her voice. She perked up immediately. "But let's not think about the future. The now is now, and I've learned to love it. And right now I'm wearing a fantastic dress that you have yet to comment on, mister."

She swivelled away from Zack, unhooking from his arm and twirling a little to show herself off. More than a few teenage boys who had rocked up to the event with their own dates were momentarily stunned by Chelsea, and the former woman couldn't blame them. Where once she had attracted the female gaze with ease, now the same was true of the male one, especially since she was wearing a gorgeous green evening dress with a slit up either thigh to expose her lovely legs, and a supportive in-built bra that lifted her breasts, making them voluminous mountains. And because she'd styled her hair so that it fell down her back in slightly curling tresses, nothing about her proud bust was obscured but for the work of the thin fabric itself, and Zack's expression could almost be described as *salivating* as he took in the sight of her. The elevated heels, matching green in colour, did well to make her posture all the more alluring. It was a *tight* dress, after all.

"You look spectacular," Zack said. "I feel underdressed."

She instantly pivoted back to his side. "Nonsense, your suit . . . suits you. It's cute. It's just . . . *you*, right down to the silly bowtie. Now come on, let's mingle, let's eat, and let's dance!"

It was the first time ever that Chelsea had set up something like this, and despite all the pre-planning it had taken for this perfect day, it had been more than worth it. All the old classic romantic tunes were playing, and the Mayor himself had helped fund this very impressive night, though he was tugging on his collar nervously a lot. How had that new young redhead known the *exact* amount he'd embezzled, the same amount she'd demanded he spend on this community event? Chelsea just gave him a wink as she moved from Zack's side to the piano.

"Do you mind if I have a play?" she asked Dennis, the dark-skinned man who was currently finishing up his suite.

"Not at all, Chelsea!" he exclaimed. "I'm just so thankful that you found my dog! Take it for a spin and show us what you got!"

What else was there to play but *Clair de Lune*? It was not Chelsea's favourite Chopin, but there was a cadence to *Lune* that spoke to dreams and motions, a moon above a shoreline that was ceaselessly caressing the sand. Like the moonlight for which it was named, it came in cycles and seasons, forever recurring, just like Chelsea's own looping life. Her fingers moved across the keys with expert precision, and she found herself lost in the music, this art that she had discovered within herself, and so she barely noticed that a crowd was gathering to see this marvellous new player. It was only after she concluded the piece that she looked up and saw Mrs Jefferson with tears in her eyes, a lottery ticket in her hands.

"Thank you," she said.

"No, thank you," Chelsea replied.

"But - I can't accept this."

"Then let Benson accept it, Mrs Jefferson. A king needs his castle, doesn't he? Now please, it's your turn. You can repay me by giving me a good tune to dance to, with my marvellous dork of a boyfriend over there."

Mrs Jefferson straightened, keeping her expression more even again. "That, I believe I can do."

Zack was in awe when she returned, the music turning more lovely again. "I didn't know you played the piano. You never told me."

"There's a lot I haven't told you, Zack," she said, taking his hands and beginning their next dance. "I . . . exaggerated my nerdiness a bit. I mean, I've definitely become way more nerdy lately. Thanks to you, in fact. But part of me will always love sport, and race car driving - I'm quite good at that, too - and I'm a massive fucking swearer, unlike what my

profile says. I'm a bit of a firecracker, as Mrs Jefferson once called me. I hope that doesn't make me a disappointment to you."

He placed his hand around her waist and together they moved, elegant and close, their movements sensual and intimate. "Chelsea, I don't think you could ever disappoint me. You're incredible, and -"

"Chelsea!" a woman called out, circling around the pair with her own dance partner. "I'm still so grateful! You saved my life today!"

"No problem, Bianca! Did you meet a cute nurse named Natalie, perchance?"

The woman grinned from ear to ear, then pivoted so that her dark-haired date was on display. "Got her right here! You must have the magic Valentine's Day touch!"

"Wait," Zack said as they continued circling the floor with their slow dance. "You saved Bianca's life?"

Chelsea grinned a little mysteriously. "I made a few changes."

"A few!" another voice came. It was Jack Stronson. "Denny tells me this new gal fixed up my pickup straight away when he couldn't! I wouldn't have a job if not for you!"

"And we wouldn't have met one another!" Madison Artting declared, her arms around the neck of Officer Dan, who was, for once, out of uniform. "You're our Valentine's Day cupid! Please tell us you'll be sticking around, Chelsea!"

"There's a place on the council for you after that repair submission!" laughed Councilman Peter Hallers, who was busy serenading his wife, who looked gorgeous in her sequined outfit, and made twenty years younger by her clear delight.

Chelsea simply chuckled politely and clung to Zack. "We'll have to see," she said. "But I have a feeling I might be around for a while."

Zack was in awe of her. He looked around at the party and chuckled. "I had no idea you'd made such an impact in one day."

"Well, it's been a long one."

At this, her boyfriend got a little more daring. He pulled her closer against him, their lips almost touching. "You've made everyone's day, Chelsea. Why don't you let me make yours?"

The heat in her body rose. "I think we can arrange that."

The pair made love. She'd done this thousands of times before, and not always with Zack, but the last few - hundred? Thousand? - cycles or so she'd found herself becoming more loyal to her man. It wasn't out of pursuit of trying to escape this day either. Of all the wondrous, complex, amusing, strange, and interesting people in the town of Hogsground,

none of whom she'd truly tried to get to know before her time loop, Zack Mellen remained her favourite. He had a spark, an intelligence, and a wisdom that kept bringing her back.

And he had also proven to be a fantastic lover.

The pair moaned as they caressed and squeezed and groped one another's bodies. They were back at Chelsea's place, since it was closed, and together they rolled about on her bed. His lips were upon her right nipple, and the sensation of his tongue flickering across it made her body shudder. She was wet and ready for him, but she liked to tease him and drag it out a little, her hand cupping his balls before sliding up his hard shaft.

"You like it when I tease you, don't you?"

"I - ahhh - r-really do."

"Mhmm, I wonder how much I can tease you? I better be careful and not tease you all the way to midnight, darling."

She was on top of him now, lowering herself down to kiss him passionately, her breasts dragging across his chest, before rising up to grin down at him. He looked at her like she was a goddess, and it made her feel like one.

"I - I wouldn't mind that," he said suddenly. "You could stretch it out painfully. Um . . . if you like."

She was about to roll her eyes and get on top of him fully, ride him until she'd fucked his brains out and the time loop reset once they fell asleep together, but then . . . a realisation occurred.

An epiphany.

A revelation.

All those times she'd held him captive to extract his last dirty secret.

All the times she'd pushed him about and gotten mad, only for him to become even more jokey and teasing back.

The way he always enjoyed her sweetest ministrations now that she'd long-mastered her female form, but there always seemed to be one final piece of perfection missing.

Zack had *smiled* and hinted, ever so lightly and accidentally, the truth of what he wanted all along.

"Oh my fucking God," she said, finally cackling, even as she straddled him. "I can't believe it. I can't frickin' believe it. All this time, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world."

"What? What is it, Chelsea?"

She lowered herself down and kissed him on the forehead, then rested on his chest with her elbows on his chest, full pressure down upon his ribs.

"Ah. Agh. Chelsea, that actually - that hurts a little."

"I know . . . do you like it?"

Zack's face began to turn red. "What do you mean? I'm just saying that-"

"I didn't say you could speak yet, *worm*. Listen here, nerdy boy. Answer me straight and *maybe* I'll make it worth your while . . . do you like things a bit dirty in the bedroom?"

"I, um . . . Chelsea, we don't have to talk about this now-"

She slapped him on the thigh, and not lightly at that. It made him grimace, but a small hint of a smile appeared on his face for a fraction of a second.

"I'm in control here," she said. "I'm the mistress, and you're my little victim. I'm the bully, and you're my target, you fucking *nerd*."

The man swallowed. He was throbbing, his member against her stomach as she rested forwards upon him, and it was only getting harder, practically *pulsing* with arousal.

"What did you j-just call me? Chelsea-"

"Not Chelsea. I'm your mistress. Your dom. And you, my little dweeb, are the one I'm going to tear apart today. If you don't put yourself down and accept that I'm your superior, I won't even fuck you, got it?"

And then the dam broke. The man's pained expression flickered, and then turned to a very excited grin. "How did you know?"

"I should have figured it out some time ago. But I'm glad I didn't. I needed to become a better person, first. A more honest one. But now I'm going to forget all of that and flex some very, very old muscles, Zack. Close your eyes, nerd. Because I'm going to pummel you and fuck you and rock your goddamn world, and if you don't rock mine, I'm going to be very displeased. Got it?"

He nodded eagerly. "Got it!"

"Good. Now get that little dick inside me, dork. You better pray you make me moan."

He did. God, he did, though she made herself appear withholding and cold as long as she could until it was impossible not to share his passion. She rode him like a tiger, like a predator, and Zack reached heights of ecstasy that night that she doubted he'd ever known, and certainly she hadn't. The man did things with her breasts that he'd not done in hundreds of cycles, and all because she'd finally figured out that her former bully target *really, really*, liked being bullied in the bedroom. When she came, she cursed him out, before giving in and passionately kissing him, his seed pouring into her womb.

They lay together in the aftermath, clinging to one another, one their sides so they could be face to face and keep caressing their respective bodies.

"Hey, I love you," Zack said.

"You're just saying that because I spanked you," Chelsea said with a grin.

"Well, that *was* amazing. But it's more than that. It's because you're the most amazing person I've ever met, and so much more real than the girl I was talking to online. I'm glad I had a chance to meet the real you."

"I'm glad I had a chance to become her," she said, and she realised she was telling the truth.

"And that's why I love you, Chelsea Middleton."

She pressed her body against his, enjoying his warmth. "I love you too, Zack Mellen. And I'll love you tomorrow, even if you don't."

"I will. I always will."

She gently caressed his cheek, lost in those dark eyes of his.

"I hope so."

Bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum

Bum-bum-bum-bum

Mr. Sandman, bring us a dream

Give him a pair of eyes with a come-hither gleam

Give him a lonely heart like Pagliacci

And lots of wavy hair like Liberace

Mr. Sandman, someone to hold!

Would be so peachy-

"Oops, sorry folks! Looks like I played the wrong track there! I'm sure you all had a wonderful Valentine's Day with your other half, or hopefully even met that special someone if you started the day single. But now it's on with life, and to get you started, we've got a wonderful little track you might be familiar with . . . Mr Blue Sky!"

Chelsea yawned, sat up, and stretched. She'd slept magnificently, and for some reason things felt just that little bit different after that perfect day. The woman opened her eyes and looked down at her naked chest, and a slow understanding set in.

She was naked.

The radio was different.

Even the air felt slightly warmer.

The woman froze, almost afraid to believe what could well be true. She was still a woman, after all. That could mean the loop was still going. She could still be trapped and just be delusional. But then, achingly slowly, she turned her head and saw the other body in the bed with her. Zack's sleeping form, his face against the other pillow, his glasses off. Chelsea

had to place her hand over her mouth to stop herself from making a loud gasp. Tears formed in her eyes instantaneously, and soon she was wiping them away with her bedsheet.

"It's a new day," she whispered. "A new day. I'm . . . I'm still Chelsea. But it's a new day."

But why wouldn't she still be Chelsea? That's who she was now, a woman, beautiful and proud and quite feminine to boot, though still fundamentally *her* at her core. But very female, and . . . she couldn't imagine being otherwise. Cupid had cursed her, and blessed her, and she'd finally given Zack his perfect day. And somewhere along that journey, she'd found her perfect self to be with him, too. It was *Cupid*, after all.

"I'm me," she said, wiping away the last of the tears and giggling as she lowered back down into the bed. "It's a new day, and I'm me."

Zack stirred beside her, and his eyes slowly opened. Once he took in the sight of her smile, he matched it instantly. "Good morning," he said. "I hope you don't mind that I stayed over. Your bed seemed a lot warmer."

"Not at all," she said. "Um . . . I don't know what to say."

"I hope you don't regret it. I know I'm, well, a bit of a dork."

"You're *my* dork. It's just that . . . for the first time in a long, long time . . . I don't know what's going to happen next."

"Hey, that's life, isn't it?"

Chelsea swallowed back her tears of joy. She pressed herself against Zack and kissed him. A long, passionate kiss full of morning breath and gooey tingles that went right down to her core.

"Life," she said. "Yes, yes it is. And I'm so glad you're in mine."

She gazed around her room. The room that could now change. That could now host trophies and figurines and new nerdy posters from the pair of them. And out the window was the world beyond that could now start moving again. She could go anywhere she liked now. Leave Hogsground for good, and never look back. But instead . . .

"Hey," she said, turning back to smile at the man she loved. "I want to live here. Let's get married."

The End