

Mini-Story: Mother-Daughter Cruise (Man to Daughter TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

Janet is tired of her husband Elroy checking out the younger ladies. This cruise was meant to be a way to rekindle the passion between the couple. Well, too bad for Elroy that his wife is actually a witch, because she's decided she no longer needs a husband. A loving daughter, on the other hand? Well . . .

Mother-Daughter Cruise

Janet could barely contain her fury as she watched her husband. She'd just gone to the bar to get some drinks, only to return to see her husband sitting up much more attentively on the cruise ship's deck, his gaze obviously directed at the rather curvaceous and pretty young women in bikinis who were relaxing only twenty or so feet away.

"Are you kidding me, Elroy?" the dark-haired woman said as she flopped down onto her deck chair beside him. "You're leering at other women again? When I was gone for just two minutes!"

Elroy, who was a slightly flabby man of forty four years old, just two years older than Janet, just sighed. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't give me that, Elroy. Those girls are barely old enough to drive and you know it. Just because they're wearing bikinis and one has an impressive rear doesn't mean you get to gape your mouth at them."

Her husband just grunted. "It's called *windowshopping*, honey. We're on a cruise. You can't tell me you didn't expect your husband to enjoy the view of some pretty ladies."

"We're meant to be on this cruise to rekindle our passion, Elroy. Not for you to get passionate over women who, I'll remind you, are young enough to be your daughter."

Even as she was talking to him, her husband's gaze shifted to a lovely black lady who was walking past on her way to the deck pool, her luscious rear swaying from side to side. Elroy was practically salivating, and didn't even respond to Janet for several moments.

"You are impossible," she said, jolting him from his distraction.

"Janet, we've been married for over twenty years. You knew who you were marrying when you walked down the aisle."

"And who is that?"

"Someone who appreciates the womanly form. And besides, to go back to your earlier comment, we don't *have* a daughter, so I can't be considered creepy just for checking out a woman who actually has a bit of shape to her. It's a whole fertility appeal thing. You wouldn't understand."

That made Janet nearly explode with anger. Her relationship with Elroy had been getting more and more strained lately, with him acting more entitled now that they were in their forties, and barely showing appreciation for her as a wife or as a sexual partner. But he *knew* that they had tried for years to have a baby, and the one time it had taken, their daughter had sadly passed due to a miscarriage only seventeen weeks in. It had crushed Janet; her daughter would have been twenty years old now. In the aftermath of her death she had turned away from her humanist and science-based beliefs and begun researching more spiritual and magical possibilities, and this had been her coping mechanism ever since. Her balm against the pain.

And now Elroy had hurtled that pain back into her face, when *she* had been the one to organise this trip to rekindle the love that the childless couple had once cherished. It was the final straw.

"I'm going back to the cabin."

"Aww, c'mon honey! Don't be like that! It's Margarita Monday tonight!"

"I just need some time. Enjoy all the other girls on the cruise if you have to."

Elroy huffed. "Maybe I just will!"

Janet wiped her eyes as she headed below deck. She'd planned this whole trip out. A lovely tropical cruise that would take them past Vanuatu and Fiji and numerous other lovely Australasian islands. A truly romantic experience for them both, and already her husband was spitting it back in her face. He was probably chomping at the bit to pursue a younger woman in a nice set of bikini bottoms.

"That bastard," she muttered as she tried not to sob in her cabin. "I've given so much to him, and he gives me n-nothing back! I wish I had a daughter instead of a husband."

Suddenly, Janet paused and considered her own words. Yes, she did truly wish she had a daughter. She'd lost her chance, and ended up with a husband who never showed her the love that a child could. Janet grabbed her suitcase and opened it up, triggering the false bottom beneath her pile of clothing. Within, she took out a book. A rather fascinating book, in fact. It was a spellbook, one left to her by her aunt who had passed only a few months ago. She had been a wealthy and successful woman, and she had told Janet that her luck in life came from her powers as a witch, powers that she sensed Janet had the potential to possess. Janet was not so certain that she believed her Aunt Tilly, but now she was willing to give it a shot. She flicked through the old pages and notes until she found something fascinating; a Spell of Familial Change. It promised to transform a family member, or someone into a family member, rotating the general roles within the familial unit as needed. Well, *that* was enough to give her a good idea of what she wanted. Janet began reading over the spell, intent on following the directions. First, she would need just a glass of water . .

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Elroy had another drink. The view of the ocean from the top deck of the cruise ship was wonderful, as was the sight of all the curvaceous young ladies at the bar. He'd moved himself to get a better look at them, ogling their full breasts and pert rears.

"Whatever," he told himself. "A man is allowed to be a man. Hell, if she's going to be a frigid bitch, why not introduce myself to a lovely lady?"

In fact, despite his less-than-stellar build, Elroy noticed that one young woman looked like she was eyeing him suggestively. She was Asian - his favourite, not that he'd ever tell Janet unless he really wanted to rub salt in her wounds - and she was wearing a pink bikini. Elroy finished his drink, gave her a wink, and then started moving towards her.

Only to nearly collapse just a few feet into his approach.

"Woah, are you alright, mate?" an Australian man said to his left.

"Y-yeah," Elroy responded. "Just f-fine. Just a stumble on the - ugh!"

He grunted. His nipples were stiff and felt like they were growing. He quickly pushed past the man and left the astonished bikini girl behind.

'The husband shall be no more. He shall be a daughter true. First, he should be younger. I might have had her in my early twenties, so she'd be twenty years old now.'

Elroy didn't notice, but his wrinkles began to die away. His silvery hair shifted until it was pale blonde, much like his wife's had once been. Soon he looked only twenty years old, and quite attractive to any woman, even if he looked slightly effeminate thanks to his complete lack of body hair.

"Looking hot," one woman told him as he reached the bar and ordered a beer.

Elroy just grinned. "You're not so bad yourself. Tell me, are you single?"

They chatted for several minutes. Her name was Sabrina, and she seemed quite taken with Elroy. She was on the cruise with some girlfriends of hers, but she was looking for something "carefree and casual" to enjoy. Elroy indicated that he might be up for that, and she invited him to come down to her cabin, which was closer to the bow of the ship.

"I deserve this," he told himself with a smile as he followed her, his hand in hers.

"He shall have lovely breasts. Perfectly formed, and a nice pair of hips to give him a womanly figure. He won't be able to tell anyone. In fact, he'll act like this is normal."

Suddenly, he grunted and doubled over again. Sabrina turned and gasped.

"Oh my God, are you okay?"

"J-just fine. I thought I heard a weird voice!"

But it was more than that. As he straightened up, Elroy was horrified to discover that he was now wearing a damn *bikini top*, and that it was supporting a pair of lovely C-cup breasts. His hips were also wider, giving him a female profile.

"Holy shit," he murmured.

"What is it? Are you okay, Elena?"

His jaw fell at what she'd just called him. "I - I just thought it would be nice to grab a bite to eat, right?"

"Of course, Elena! My friends are waiting for us at the Oyster Shell."

Elroy followed her, unsure of why he hadn't been able to voice his horror at suddenly having breasts, and a changed figure. He still couldn't bring it up, nor could he pull away from the woman. That strange voice was changing him. It had an odd reverberation, but he was certain that it sounded like his wife's voice. The changing man needed to get to her, but instead he found himself near the front of the ship just below the top deck, giggling and laughing with Sabrina and her attractive friends as he was introduced to them. It was a casual buffet place, filled with seafood, and Elroy could not control his own words as he brought his plate back.

"I hope this doesn't go straight to my thighs!" he exclaimed, and they all laughed together.

"He will have lovely thighs and perfect legs. I like the idea of him having a cute tush, and a thin waist, and the most lovely hair! His name is Elena, and he'll have to act like a real sweetheart."

Elroy perked up, even as his body shuddered and changed. His hair grew longer down his back, still platinum blonde in colour. His waist pinched in, while his rear expanded. To make matters worse, he was now wearing a pair of bikini bottoms, the same turquoise colour as his tops. This time though, he couldn't even express shock. He simply kept chatting away.

"Oh, I'm on this cruise with my Mom."

The other woman recoiled a little as they finished eating. "That's super awkward. I'm sorry; did she force you or something?"

"No!" he was forced to declare. "Her name is Janet. She's literally like my bestie. We get along amazingly. She's the most loving and awesome mom you could imagine. She arranged this whole cruise and everything!"

Sabrina smiled. "Oh, well that's much better! Where is she now?"

"Just relaxing in the cabin. I'll be catching up with her soon. Actually, I should go see her now. Do you mind if I get your numbers so we can all catch up again later?"

It was not remotely the kind of 'getting your number' experience that Elroy had wanted. The women were all attractive, but Sabrina looked so much like a woman he'd

cheated on Janet with a number of times several years ago. Now, the changing man looked to be a woman himself; his reflection showed him to have a male face and an obvious penis pressing against the material of his bikini bottom, but otherwise he was completely changed.

"This can't be happening," he murmured to himself as he moved through the ship, past a bar area where karaoke was occurring, then a theatre where a magic show was being performed. The casino area of the ship was filled with numerous reflective surfaces, and this only revealed to him just how female he now was. His figure was a gorgeous hourglass, his bouncing breasts lovely.

"Get back to the cabin. Janet might know what's happening. It sounds like her voice!"

But he couldn't speed up. He couldn't even show panic on his face. Instead, he simply moved like a regular female passenger, occasionally stopping to take a walk to the side deck to appreciate the lovely ocean view.

"He will have a pussy. A vagina, I mean. His face will look like mine but younger. He will be a she, and she will be Elena, my beautiful and sweet-natured daughter. And if any part of Elroy still remains inside of her, he'll just have to watch as Elena runs the show. Make it so, magic of the earth and magic of the sea. Make this trip the mother-daughter cruise it should always have been."

He was so close to their romantic cruise cabin, and yet still he doubled over, his breasts bouncing in his bikini top. The former man whimpered, his trapped inner mind screaming as his testicles and penis withdrew back into his body and his face shifted and rearranged. It did not take long, and yet the sensations felt as if they went on for minutes or even hours, scarred into his memory forever. Then Elroy found his body standing upright and giggling a little, a distinct absence between his thighs and an obvious new feminine appearance to his face, even if he couldn't see it yet. As if sensing this fear of his new look, Elena pulled a little pocket mirror out of the handbag slung over her shoulder and checked her appearance. Elroy was stunned; he was now an utterly beautiful twenty-year old woman, exactly the kind of young lady he would have liked to have hit on when Janet wasn't present. He tried to yell out, or at least to communicate to this new woman in charge of his body, but instead he now had no control. None whatsoever. He was a prisoner trapped inside a suit of flesh that was no longer even recognisable.

Elena knocked on the door to her cabin, and Janet opened it. Elroy briefly hoped that his wife could explain what was going on and perhaps help him, but his hopes for the latter were dashed even as the former played out.

"Mom!" Elena said. "Why aren't you in your swimsuit yet? We're hitting the deck pools, remember?"

Janet's jaw dropped, and then tears appeared in her eyes. "You're . . . Elena. You're my little girl, aren't you?"

Elena placed a hand on her hip and chuckled. “Not so little anymore, Mom! I’m twenty years old. Now come on, we’ve got a whole day of ocean before Vanuatu, and I definitely want to get a nice bikini tan before we hit the real tropics. Are you coming or not?”

Janet beamed, wiping the tears from her eyes. “It worked. It really worked. My spell. The magic was real.”

“Mom, what are you talking about?”

“Oh, nothing honey. Just ignore me! I’ll get into my swimsuit right now. I’m so glad we’ve got this Mother-Daughter cruise, dear. I can’t imagine how bad it would be if I had to be shackled to some boorish, unappreciative husband.”

Elena giggled. “Don’t say that, Mom. You know how much I want you to find a nice man on this cruise. Just like you keep pestering me to find a nice boyfriend, too. Maybe we’ll both get lucky!”

Janet winked. “Maybe, honey. God, I’m so glad it all worked out. This is going to be the best cruise ever! Now let’s get up there in our bikinis and have a great time!”

Elena whooped and cheered as her new mother moved to go get changed, and she took a moment to adjust her nicely-sized breasts in her bikini top before checking herself out in the mirror.

“And if I can find a nice guy for Mom,” she whispered, “I bet she won’t mind if I happen to end up in another cabin with a hot guy.”

She winked at her reflection, and struck a sexy pose, clearly ready to enjoy her cruise to the fullest, in every sense of the word. Inside her mind, Elroy could only scream.

The End