

## Mini-Story: Splash of Change (TG Back-and-Forth)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Fred is under the effect of a rather unique curse: whenever he gets splashed with cold water, he turns into a woman, and hot water is required to make him a man again. He is already regretting coming to a beach party with his friend, but the more he changes in a single day, the more girly he is forced to become . . .*

### Splash of Change

"Come on, Fred!" Brett yelled while floating in the water. "It's just one swim! Besides, I'm pretty sure that some nice summer ocean definitely counts as 'hot water', right?"

Fred grimaced. The young twenty-year old wasn't sure how his friend had roped him into coming to a beach party. Sure, it was a popular gathering, a chance to drink and rub shoulders with the true elite of the college campus, but a *beach party*!?

"I don't know," Fred said, scratching his brown hair nervously. He looked around at the women in their bikinis and swimsuits, the guys in their boardshorts who were already cracking open their eskies full of beer. A volleyball game was being set up, and moving like a shark through a shoal of minnows was *her*. Daria Winterfield, the coolest, most 'don't give a fuck' chick in any social setting. She had dark hair and cool tats and managed to make wearing a black leather jacket at the beach look *rad*, and her aviators made her look like she had graduated from the *Top Gun* academy, but in a cool way. She was smoking a cigarette with Riley Denner and chuckling at some joke while they set up the beach party mixtape. Someone threw her a bottle and she caught it with ease.

Oh yeah, *that* was why he'd come. On the off chance that Daria Winterfield would actually notice him and strike up a conversation.

"You know, chicks like guys who get in the water!" Brett announced.

Fred hurried over to him. "Shh! Don't yell that out! She might hear you!"

"Dude, you have no chance to be with Daria Winterfield unless you're bold," his more adventurous friend said. "Come on in. The water is warm. I'm sure your curse won't activate."

Yes, the curse. The thing that more than a few people knew about, but Fred tried to avoid letting them see. It was the source of his greatest embarrassment. It had all started when Fred had been in a video store when he was in his teens. He loved a show called *Ranma ½*, which was about a young martial artist who suffered a curse that made him into a woman whenever he was splashed with cold water, and a man again whenever he was splashed with hot water. It was mostly slice-of-life and very cute, and there was only one

copy on the shelf. A girl already had it in her hand, however, and Fred - being a rude sixteen year old - literally bumped into her by 'accident' just so he could swipe it. The only thing was, she turned out to be a witch, and she absolutely saw through his excuses.

"If you like Ranma so much, you can suffer the same curse!"

And that was that. Now, whenever Fred was splashed with cold water, he turned into Freya, a female version of himself who looked like a pretty plain woman. Like a twin sister to his own body. But that wasn't all. The more times he got splashed with cold water, the girlier and more pretty he became, a fact he definitely didn't like people knowing.

"C'mon, Fred," Brett said. "Everyone's getting in the water. Even Daria will ditch the leather jacket at some point. Just get in, dude."

"You just want to see me turn into a woman."

"Please, there's way hotter girls at this party than Freya. It's not going to rain, man. Worst case scenario, we dump some hot water on your head."

Fred bit his lip and looked around. He was distinctly aware that a few people were looking his way, and some were even chatting about him.

*"Hey, isn't that the guy who turns into a chick when he gets wet?"*

*"Is he going to do it now? Hey, dude, look. I bet he's going to become a chick!"*

"Ignore them," Brett said. "Prove them wrong."

Fred took a deep breath. "You're right. It's a hot day. The water isn't cold. Step aside, Brett. I'm being bold today! And Darian Winterfield will notice me!"

She certainly did, because as more and more people looked in Fred's direction, the young man ran into the water and then dove in at the drop off. The water was indeed not too cold, and felt quite refreshing. He let himself sink a little deeper . . . only to remember that the *warm* part of the ocean is confined close to the surface. He erupted out of the water and stood upon the sand, only to hear the crowd cheer and gasp and clap. Fred looked down and squeaked.

He was Freya. Her two modest breasts were naked and displayed to the entire crowd, and she was very aware of how his shorts were now slipping off of her more petite figure. The former man turned red and covered herself, even as some of the crowd hooted and hollered. In the middle of the group was Daria Winterfield, who looked at Freya, assessing her as she tried to get off of the beach.

"Right on," the woman said. "That's some cool shit right there."

The tone of the crowd roared in agreement.

*"Talk about a party trick!"*

*"Dude, she just went for it! No regrets!"*

*"We need to invite this guy - girl, whatever - to parties more often. That was righteous."*

Freya gaped. She gulped. She shivered a little. They thought this was . . . cool? Well, that changed things.

"Does anyone have a spare bikini top?" she yelled.

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Freya drank and drank, surrounded by partying men and women.

"Drink! Drink! Scull! Scull!"

She managed to finish just ahead of Daisy Scheller, at which point she threw down the beer into the sand. Her breasts jiggled a little, a consequence of the fact that she'd returned to the water and let herself become a little girlier and more confident. She now had a respectable B-cup, and her hair fell almost to her shoulders. More than that, she was also losing some of her anxiety, as evidenced by the fact that people were cheering her on.

"FREYA WINS!" Riley Denner roared, lifting Freya's hand up to the sky. "We have a new drinking LEGEND!"

The crowd cheered, the men especially. Tom Fitzherbert gave a loud wolfwhistle, the man clearly already quite tipsy. "Go for a victory dip again, Freya! We wanna see you change again!"

"Yeah, get looking bodacious for us!" another man added. "How hot can you go?"

Freya bit her lip a little nervously. She looked over to Brett, who already had one arm around the waist of Kylie Patasky, the cute redhead. Brett always had good luck in such things, and often bragged about his so-called 'social wisdom.' He nodded now, indicating to Freya that she should capitalise on her current social clout.

"Only if everyone else jumps in with me!" she declared, and it was clearly the right answer, because the guys especially seemed interested in watching the spectacle up close.

Daria took a long puff on her cigarette, then regarded Freya. "I'd like to see that," she said, and that was official permission enough. The entire congregation of partying youths shifted to the water, and Freya was shocked to find herself lifted up by several guys. One grabbed her butt a little, a feat she did *not* appreciate.

"Throw her in!" Tom announced.

"Wait, I didn't say you could - wha!"

She was tossed in. Freya almost gulped down some sea water, and when she emerged, she was *pissed*, her confidence having grown yet again, along with some other rather ample curves, not to mention her hair, which now fell over her shoulders. "Hey, assholes! Don't throw me in the fucking water, okay?"

"We just wanted to do the honours!" Tom laughed along with his buddies. "Seems to have worked! Check out those fine tits now, everyone!"

Freya folded her arms under her breasts. Sure enough, she now had a lovely pair of what she assumed were either C or D-cup breasts, and her figure was much more like a classic hourglass. She'd never changed this much before, and for a brief moment she could see Brett's jaw drop, until his date punched him on the shoulder.

Daria Winterfield strode forward and inspected her up and down. "Now *that's* a beach party girl," she announced. "Is it true that you get girlier each time you change?"

"Uh, yeah," Freya said with an embarrassed giggle. "I, um, giggle a bit more. And I walk more like a woman. And I kinda like wearing women's stuff a bit more, and . . . I feel girlier."

Daria mulled on this as she took another drink of beer. "Righteous. You up for some volleyball?"

Freya could have died then and there of happiness. "Am I!?"

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Freya was now wearing a pink bikini. Stephen Chesterton had literally run off the beach and driven to the nearest women's store to purchase it for her. Freya had dipped yet again into the water, this time without a bunch of meatheads dunking her, and she was now sporting a pair of magnificent double-D breasts and the kind of figure that wouldn't quit. Even her rear was peachy, and her legs long and magnificent. The curse made her less self-conscious about her figure too, because now she was leaping into the air to smack the volleyball right into the spare patch of sand between Tyler Rhona and Abigail Hertz. She landed victoriously, jumping up in the air and doing a little girly dance as the pop music played, letting her breasts and other curves bounce in a way that all the guys appreciated. Even Brett was staring at her, and she gave him a wink before giggling.

"You were right all along, Brett!" she announced.

His date punched him in the shoulder again, this time *hard*.

"Dude, that's your friend! Don't go all weird on me!"

"Oh, uh, sorry Tiffany. I mean Kylie!"

The redhead groaned and stomped away, leaving Brett to chase her. The sight made Freya laugh again, but then the volleyball landed right at her feet and her teammates groaned.

"I think someone's had enough cold water for the day!"

Freya grinned. "Sorry! I got a little distracted."

"Well, get your head in the game. We're two points down now!" Tonya Jerrod said.

"No more cold water for you. I don't want a bimbo on my team. This is beach party honour at stake!"

Freya readied herself for the next bout, when suddenly she heard a shout from behind. It was Tom Fitzherbert again, now fully drunk and surrounded by his meathead buddies as they carried an esky right to her.

"Let's see how far some cold can change her, boys!"

Freya realised too late what they were doing. She was suddenly soaked in the chilling cold water from the bottom of an esky, the ice having melted over the last couple of hours. She screeched and squealed just like a girl, only for her body to change even further. Her breasts grew yet another cup size, until they were practically straining her already-large bikini top. Her hips swelled, her ass too, and her hair was now all the way down her lower back. Her lips became fuller, and she moaned as she felt a new desire to wear makeup, party to girly pop songs, and generally show off her ultra hot body. But she was also *shivering*, arms crossed beneath her now-huge breasts.

"You - you dickheads!" she squealed. "Don't do that!"

Tom cackled. "Lookin' nice there, Freya. Real bodacious. How about you forget about being a guy again and come party with a real man?"

Freya wanted to slap him and curse him out, but that would only give him a show. She was about to walk away; she could feel herself welling up with tears from all her powerful female emotions, but then suddenly Daria motherfuckin' Winterfield entered the scene, striding forth in a bikini with a leather jacket and aviators still on.

"Hey, Tom, get your ass off of my beach. Party is off for you and your schmucks."

The large man smirked. "Fuck off, Daria. This ain't your party."

"The fuck it isn't. You walk away now unless you want to be considered *persona non grata* on campus. You really think you can take me on?"

For a moment, he tried to hold his stare against her, but Daria Winterfield was not a human being. She was *cool and controlled* personified. The man backed off, chuckling in a fake way to offset his obvious humiliation.

"Whatever. Party was dropping out anyway. C'mon, guys. We've had our fun."

They walked away, leaving Freya feeling a lot better, even if she was still shivering.

"Th-thanks for that," she said. "I've n-never been this girly before. I think I was about to cry."

"Don't mind them," Daria said. "Assholes aren't worth listening to. They just shit and fart and leave a bad stench wherever they go. You okay?"

Freya nodded, though she looked down at herself. "Feeling a bit, er, on display right now, to be honest. This is further than I've ever gone."

Daria looked her up and down and smiled appreciatively. "Well, you look damn good, girl. Freya, isn't it?"

"Uh yeah," she said nervously. "You're Daria Winterfield."

“Oh, have we talked before?”

“No, but *everyone* knows who you are. You’re the coolest person on campus.”

Daria drank a little more from her beer and then shrugged. “I don’t pay much attention to what people say. You shouldn’t either, especially not assholes like Tom Fitzherbert. So . . . you enjoy being a woman?”

“I’m . . . getting more used to it. I mostly avoid it, but today has been . . . nice. I’m a little cold, though.”

Instantly, Daria’s black leather jacket was suddenly upon Freya’s shoulders. The woman was so shocked she didn’t know what to say. Daria just gave her an amused smirk.

“Say, you strike me as an interesting person yourself. Wanna hang out sometime, outside of a party?”

Freya blushed. “Um, like . . . a date?”

“I don’t do labels. I like to let things play out and we can decide later what it was, depending on how much fun we had.”

“I guess you want me as Fred, then?”

Daria extended a hand and slid it up from Freya’s hip all the way to just beside her considerable chest. Freya found herself blushing all over again. She hadn’t realised that Daria swung both ways. It just made her cooler.

“Fred . . . Freya . . . why not both?”

**The End**