



EMPTY WISHES

Few in the modern world could boldly claim to have truly experienced something extraordinary in their entire lives. Not your typical scenarios like close brushes with death or 'strange phenomena' dismissed by men of science, leaning past the supernatural side of things beyond gurgling ghosts and into the realm of fantasy where logic and reason could not apply.

And for a certain young man taking an afternoon stroll on a humid Friday afternoon, his chance encounter would come in the form of a woodland meeting with a small spritely creature resembling the diminutive winged creatures of yore commonly depicted in children's bedtime stories and their recent adaptations.

Not one to pay attention too much outside of lessons, *Emile Lurton* was a carefree spirit, living life one step at a time with no particular excitement in his heart to spur him onward. A man who simply...existed...would've been the best way to describe the highschool senior who held no expectations nor fear for the morrow as he speeds through what should've been the high point in every youth's life without much fanfare of memorable experiences to look back on.

Until that little meeting, no pun intended, Emile's highschool life would've been marked with one terrible occasion; rejection, for love wasn't a feeling reserved exclusively for a select few. But who could have caught the eye of someone like Emile, a man without urgency or taste in women? Why that would be none other than *Sarah Crawford*, a girl from the next room over who never really spoke much with others outside of her class, preferring to keep to herself and her small knit group of friends.

At first, he had thought Sarah to be a shy flower, drawn to her like a bumblebee looking to gather food. But the reason behind her reclusiveness wasn't an unwillingness to step out of her comfort zone or what he had earlier assumed to be a nonchalant attitude that simply had her conversing with the nearest person in her vicinity. It was for a far more simpler yet complex reason altogether;

Sarah was a lesbian, sticking to her clique because they were one of the few she trusted to share her sexual identity with. And from the short conversation he had with one of her friends, he could see why she did do as he had a rather pleasant exchange with her all around, doing his best to maintain a level headed appearance to mask the heavy lump he could feel in his chest upon hearing the news that he had zero chance to try and get to know with his first love interest. The fact that he was a man automatically put him out of her radar, and that revelation left him mildly rattled for the first time in a long while, oftentimes wondering if there was any way he could fix the issue despite knowing full well how impossible it'd be.

Ever since then, Emile had silently concluded to himself that his highschool life wouldn't be anymore eventful from then on. And he'd be right to an extent, because he certainly couldn't have expected to

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meet a fairy in the flesh about a year later, caught under a wayward branch that must've fallen off during the storm that ravaged the small suburban area last night with whipping winds and eerie howls.

He scratched his head, rubbed his eyes, slapped his cheeks. But the tiny woman hadn't vanished. Instead, her cries for help only seemed to intensify from the extra stimuli, clearly able to decipher the words coming out of her mouth as perfectly articulated English.

"H-Help~! I've...you've gotta help me...tired..."

From the way the crumpled wings on her back were struggling to flap and the deathly paleness that had overtaken her dirt covered body, Emile knew he could leave the doubts for later as he immediately falls to a knee, peeling fallen leaves and brush away before handling the main obstacle pinning the fairy down, being careful when lifting it off the tiny woman lest he do more harm than good. But despite the slow, careful process of extracting the downed fairy, it would ultimately amount to a small, few minutes until she was safely off the damp, muddy floor of the forest and on Emile's lap as he did the best he could in cleaning her up, wrapping her body in a handkerchief to restore most of the bodily warmth that had been lost after spending the entire night trapped and exposed to the elements.

And now that he had the curious little fairy up close, the initial excitement of the encounter seemed to just fade from Emile's heart as his droopy eyes scanned over translucent wings shimmering with an oily sheen akin to effervescent bubbles in the sunlight as energy slowly returns to the fairy's body. Lingering gaze scanning the small veiny membrane connecting them to the slender arch right beside the bumps of her shoulder blades. Interesting anatomy...but besides piquing his scientific curiosity about demi human physiology, nothing else about her raised a brow on Emile's face as he silently observed the fairy clean herself off on his legs. Barely registering how she seemed mildly disappointed by the time she was done fluffing the hem of her skirt, fashioned after a leaf.

"Really now? I thought you'd be more...talkative? First time seeing a Fairy and all?"

"H-Huh? Oh...I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend...it's just that...well...gosh, I don't really know how to say this..."

"Kahah! No need to apologize...mmm, not much of a talker are you?"

Shooting off of his lap with a hard push of her wings, the fairy hovers inches away from the bridge of Emile's nose before doing a full circle around him, looking the young man over with the same scrutiny he had done with her until she seemed satisfied with her inspection, landing back down on his trouser clad thighs without the slightest hint of her physical presence to be seen or felt as her body soon begins to glow with a bioluminescence colored in the same shade as the autumn scenery.

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"Pretty ordinary...not a single hint of malevolent intent...hmmm...you might be a good candidate Mister What's Your Name?"

"Emile...just Emile is alright...but what do you mean by Candidate? For what exactly?"

"For saving my life of course! Normally...well...we're not supposed to show ourselves to humans...but the moment I sensed you coming closer, I felt like...*maybe* you could be alright...and I'd hate to just wipe your memories so soon after you helped me out of a pickle. So I wanna offer you a single wish...but it has to be manageable of course, slight tweaks to a lifepath, that sort of thing. I don't know what you humans busy yourselves with these days but wish granting ain't so flexible y'know! Sure, a little change here and there's alright, but making someone a billionaire at the snap of a finger? Dream on..."

While the energized fairy continues to ramble on, Emile's mind was busy focusing on what she had said about 'lifepaths' and 'wish granting'...if that meant this small fairy could fulfill a wish...

"S-Sorry but...when you say all that...do you actually mean you could...*change* something about me? Like...if I for example...*wanted to become a girl*...could you do that?"

"Pfft, easy...hm, didn't think you'd come up with something like that. Thought boys your age would've wanted to be buff stereotypical, testosterone pumping muscle brained jocks if they got the chance to...if you don't mind me asking...what makes you want that? You *really* wanna be a girl?"

Sighing before leaning against the tree he'd been sitting underneath in preparation to recount the tale of his inability to confess to his crush from long ago, Emile explains his lingering interest with Sarah, all while the fairy sits still with her legs folded beneath her, eyes narrowed slightly in concentration as her pointed ears absorbed every word coming out of the humans mouth.

And by the end of it, she could only raise a brow in surprise and a mild hint of disappointment...

"You never thought to ask her? What's wrong with that?"

"Haven't you been listening? Shes-"

"A lesbo...true...but that doesn't mean you can't just give up and walk away! Y'know, I'm thankful and all for you saving me but...hearing this is sorta..."

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"...pathetic...I know...but even still, I want you to grant that wish; turn me into a girl, one that would fit Sarah's taste...so I can...be with her."

Grumbling under her breath as she lifts off into the air, the obviously irate fairy hovers a little higher to look Emile right in the eyes, frowning without blinking as the two match stares for what feels like minutes until finally, the girl sighs in defeat, floating a little higher before perching on a low hanging branch, staring down at Emile with a grimace.

"So that's your wish huh? No second thoughts? Cuz you ain't getting any redo's once I start the process...and there might be unpredictable effects completely out of my control...your wish? It's on the edge of what's possible hence the risk, but if you're alright with it, then I'm all for it..."

"No need to ask...I've made up my mind on the matter..."

Ignoring the way the fairy shrugs her shoulders in a dismissive manner as she simply lets herself fall off the branch before swinging around like a seasoned acrobatics practitioner, Emile sighs, turning his gaze downward to face his bunched up palms. Big, spindly hands of the man he'd been born into the world as, soon to be erased and replaced with new ones altogether...that is of course, if this was all taking place in reality and he wasn't caught up in some lucid dream...he was dealing with a fairy after all. One he found to be a little rude towards the one who had supposedly saved her life.

He didn't want to hear a thing about what she had to say about what he could've done instead of resorting to a wish to fix his issues...what right did she even have to criticize him anyway? If anything, this might very well be the *only* way he could get together with Sarah for real. Deep down inside his heart however, Emile knew full well that the fairy was right. He was a massive coward...and he needed her help to fix that.

But if he *was* starting to get second thoughts, there wasn't any hope in turning back now as a slow, steady wind begins to churn, forming a visible sphere of influence around the man as the fairy, true to her word, begins to grant his wish, channeling energies from beyond the veil of existence itself, gathering them into a tightly concentrated locale until it saturated the air, manifesting as multicolored wisps dancing slowly all around the duo, serving as illuminating lights once the bright afternoon atmosphere begins to darken as if the sun was being put out by a giant curtain. Casting the forest in an ominous shade that makes Emile's heart rate quicken in anticipation and mild anxiety.

"Hey...Emile?"

Turning his head upward amidst the growing miniature tornado kicking up dirt and leaves that barely miss his face, Emile's eyes meet with the fairy's for one final time as she seems to rise higher and higher, all

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while she remains stuck in a hero's pose focusing the wish granting magic. If it weren't for her natural lighting, he would've lost track of her in the darkness that had enveloped them completely, leaving only a few feet of messy forest floor and gnarly tree trunks visible.

"W-What is it?"

"I just thought about something...like what if you actually asked Sarah out and she actually accepted...would you even have come here today? Would anyone else have come to my rescue if history had turned out even slightly different..."

"I-I can't hear you! The wind...it's too loud!"

"Just remember!!! If things go wrong...I'll always remember ya as the coward who saved a helpless lil fairy!!! After this, it's really gonna be goo-"

Brushing aside the fairy's very ominous farewell just as her light finally vanishes alongside her voice being abruptly cut off mid sentence. Emile braces himself in the middle of what was now a full on maelstrom, planting his legs wide apart while shielding his face with both hands against the incredibly powerful wind threatening to toss him around like a ragdoll, blinding him to the commotion going on down by his feet until it was too late as he senses something creeping up his thighs, tickling the skin of his navel as it slips under his billowing t-shirt, unimpeded by the skin it was crawling over.

There were roots, leaves...branches even. Coming together to form manipulators bearing a vague resemblance to human hands as they continued upward, cocooning Emile in mottled wood and dried leaves as they slipped around and under his armpits, compressing so hard and stiff to the point where there was barely any room for his chest to rise and fall as his breathing intensifies, desperately trying to keep himself calm, repeatedly telling himself that this wasn't going to harm him in any way. He'd saved the fairy after all, and even though she was confrontational, she had agreed to help at the end of the day, surely this magic of hers wasn't malicious in any way or form!

From the way he was beginning to hyperventilate, Emile being kept in the dark from what was happening beneath the natural flora curtain concealing his changing body was probably for the best. Masking the sight of skin rippling like water from whatever it was the vines that had pierced the man's softened hide were up to, tweaking his biology as easily as one shifted letters around on a piece of paper; erasing and adding as they went along the process of granting Emile's earnest wish to become the girl of Sarah's dreams...

"Grgh! Damn thing...getting hard...to breathe!"

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Oblivious to the way his spindly torso was beginning to bulk and fatten with ripe flesh and supplies layers of baby fat gleaned from the magical tendrils currently swarming all over and under his skin, shifting his mass around to conform to a more appealing build than the skeletal dreg that was his former self. Widening pelvic bones for some much needed space to accommodate new organs vital to Emile's new function in life, all while the average sized sausage between his legs comes under assault once the tendrils manage to eviscerate his boxers, curling gently around the length of it before beginning to stroke in an overtly sexual manner that instantly had goosebumps spreading all over Emile's skin from what he could clearly recognize as a hand job...

Except he wouldn't get to enjoy this first and last sexual favour for much longer as stinging pain and subtle aches make their presence known, diluting pleasure with discomfort as his vessel continues to change beneath the wooden prison that had stopped just below his wrists and the knobbly bumps of his collarbone, showing clear signs of what was happening beneath once his gaunt neck had been carved into a thin undulating pillar supporting a head that was starting to grow heavy at the back thanks to a chocolate shower of brunette spilling out of a hyperactive scalp, producing shimmering threads far more silky and lustrous than his original head of ruffled hair as they pour down around a still concealed hourglass figure. Composed of a narrow waist perfect for one to wrap their hands around leading down to broad, handlebars, splitting off the sides into twin drumsticks that started off nice and plump at the top before shrinking down near the knees, undulating into toned calves before tapering off into waifish feet that would leave even Cinderella green with envy...not like Emile was aware of it just yet, not when he still felt like an immense force was trying to crush him out of existence, unaware of how it was his own body struggling to break free of said force holding it in place, pushing against the twining bark and pasted leaves with all its might.

But the pain was temporary, Emile knew it. Once it was over, he could be with his crush. Getting to know her, going out on dates...he could finally be together with someone that weren't his parents, glancing over toward his hands with a hopeful look, noticing how slender and petite they had become compared to the stubby digits and solid palms he'd been looking at not too long ago...and the fact that he could move those tiny little fingers only served to assuage Emile's doubts. And the same could be said for the blooming body of a young lady taking shape beneath a cocoon of mother nature's making. Shifting a smidge in the face of electric bolts of alien ecstasy shooting up through his loins derived from the pin prick nubs poking out atop the perky mounds that had grown from Emile's once barren chest. They were small but unmistakably breasts, measuring somewhere near the C cup range once they stopped growing, rising and falling with a bead of sweat running down their creamy smooth surface as they laid squished together. Leaving just one final thing that needed to be fixed.

By now, the amount of changes that had ravaged Emile's former appearance had left him unrecognizable. Solidified by the fact that his modest visage had long since been replaced by that of a bubbly girl; widening small eye sockets into alluring slits framing glimmering blue pearls while drastic renovations

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performed on a broad, flat nose had left it thin and narrow, barely rising up near the bottom into a cute peak set above a lean mouth that wasn't too filled in, with just the right balance that left the lower lip sagging perfectly for another to deliver a heated kiss. Flushed cheeks glowing bright red from the rising heat beginning to flower somewhere inside her equally steamed tummy, luscious fat tinted pale pink from the estrus her body was beginning to undergo once the remnants of a man's dick finishes inverting itself in a prison of wood, tendrils no longer stroking, but rather prodding and kneading as they moved to mold damp folds to insert a swollen clitoris inside of, pert lips to guard and contain an incredibly tight virgin passageway lined with strong muscles that flex and clench instinctively, leading up to an inactive incubator flanked by repurposed organs that wasted no time in pumping Emile full of feel good chemicals and female hormones, forcing an airy sigh out of her moist lips just as her Adam's Apple recedes, smoothening the bulge in her delicate neck and finalizing her physical rebirth into a gorgeous lady taking her first steps into adulthood with one foot remaining in her teenage years.

"I-Is that it...oh god...is that my...m-my voice? It's really happening! This really isn't a dream!"

Silent trepidation turns into visible excitement as Emile struggles to turn her neck, expecting the constricting restraints binding her to come apart and for the light of day to pierce the darkness around her. But as seconds passed, nothing seemed to happen, leaving the newborn girl suspended and bound as nude as the day she'd been born into the world while tendrils of wood beneath the obscuring mass slowly exited her body, leaving not a wound but pristine hide bereft of blemish and body hair all around with the exception of a neatly trimmed bush of pubes crowning her virgin folds...

'W-What's going on.....why isn't it stopping? It's done...isn't it?!'

Fear begins to creep up her spine once more as Emile's shivering turns into a gradual attempt to break free on her own, balling her weakened hands into fists in an attempt to shake the leafy ensemble free, but her efforts only resulted in her remaining energy reserves draining even further, leaving her irritated at her inability to wipe the sweat streaming down her forehead and the itch from sharp wood rubbing against her nubile young body in addition to the building stress in her heart from the ordeal.

And as if the otherworldly force pulling the strings could sense it's chance to strike once it's prey was weakened both physically and mentally, the trap it had in store for Emile was sprung from directly behind her head in the form of animated tendrils far more aggressive than the gentle, caring ones that had shaped her new body, gagging her startled screams in perverse fashion while the others form humanoid fingers, harshly pulling her head back so she was forced to look skyward at a large root descending from somewhere above the darkness, emerging from a greater body whose less than divine appearance remained shrouded in mystery, sparing Emile's innocent eyes as her muffled cries for help go ignored, jolting delicate shoulders and sending her silken mane flying everywhere in her rabid attempts to free herself from a dream that had devolved into a nightmare, unable to close her eyes as tiny roots held

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them open, inevitably making eye contact with the iridescent orb contained within the sickly vine's fleshy leaves, beaming it's insidious glow onto the awestruck face of its captive as her trashing body stiffens up before relaxing inside it's cage, exhaling in defeat as her eyes glaze over, showing only the faintest signs of resistance in the form of spastic fingers and a fearful frown still plastered over her pretty face.

'Can't...stop...looking...need to...get out...fairy...help...oh...'

The moment her vision began to blur after her brain had been forced to take in the ongoing light show, the gig was over. Nothing could be done now as Emile's mind begins to falter in the face of the unknowable entity, prodding at her brain with surgical precision without doing much at all. Permeating past mortal flesh and into her very soul to enact the final steps of Emile's wish, doing away with the former man's memories up till now as they slowly began to fragment and break apart, shattering into pieces so small that eventually, those flakes would vanish to the aether. An act that had Emile's consciousness protesting vehemently against as her still male mind struggles to push back against the immaterial...

And with each plane of his memory consumed, the weaker his protests would become. So too would the definition of his figure; the mental projection of Emile as the man he was and not the unconscious female his body had been turned into. Losing detail in important places like his face and build as they grow hazy and undefined, turning into a...well...a mannequin of there was such a word to describe a man who had their distinct features scrubbed and removed to the point where not even a speck of hair could be found on their colorless bodies.

Memories of his mother scolding him aplenty in his youth were instantly deleted. The times he spent playing with his dad were likewise consumed, blanked out just as fast that left an insidious gap in his mind, making him wonder why he was shedding phantom tears for something he could no longer recall as more and more moments from a life he'd thought boring and drab continued to collapse and fall in on themselves. Leaving nothing for supporting emotions to fall back on as they vanish in an instant, leaving the man's spirit cold and empty once every little ounce of the things that made Emile the person he was had drained out of him like a tipped over cup of water. Emptied and ready to be filled once more as new droplets of spiritual essence begin to fill the blank soul that had, at one point in time, been an apathetic highschooler with no passion or worries to bog him down.

This new flame however, was well read yet indecisive. Eager to enjoy every little moment of each passing day yet fretting over what obstacles could crop up along the way in the near future and beyond. Forming from the ashes, a completely new person altogether as the masculine silhouette of ghostly entity begins to shrink, rounding out around the edges as curves and dips begin to make themselves known in the being's blocky figure. Slowly but surely matching up to its physical shell as new memories from the life of a young girl slot themselves into the vacant brain of *Emilia Lurton*, stimulating synapses as nerve centers

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spark and fizzle from the rapid insertion of data into her very being, reshaping her on the inside just as it had done externally.

In the face of what should have been a thorough reset however, Emilia's body begins to fight back against the insertion of what it knew to be an artificial set of memories created specifically to lull her into a false sense of safety and familiarity. Enough to make Emilia herself doubt what should've been her own experiences flowing into her thoroughly addled head. Yes, she remembered the faces of her parents since they were especially prominent in her childhood, but her hands remembered holding on tight around her father's neck as he ran laps around the neighborhood, not being occupied by books as she sat confined in a crib being babysit by her mother all the time. And even though she could clearly recall the moment of her first menstruation cycle, her lower half simply felt...distant and cold...as if it had been shown something it had not yet experienced before. Going to the toilet was a literal standing affair wasn't it? Not one where she had to place her soft bum on the seat and buckle her knees together...And when it came to a certain girl that looked to be about her age...

"I've never spoken with her before...but all these memories....are they really? Could they really be mine?"

Unlike the others, this latest batch of particularly titillating memories pertaining to a drastically altered life in highschool would begin to draw her in like a fish caught on a line, drawing on lingering attachments for the girl whose name was starting to cement itself in Emilia's mind the more she latches on to the trickle of date nights, cozy talks and fun study sessions in the comfort of a silent corner in the school library. Even more so when a myriad of brief, steamy romps in each others beds on alternating weeks joins the fray, assaulting her body alone, not the lingering remnants of the other presence that had been resisting until now, gradually being extinguished until not a bit of its influence could be felt by Emilia as her mind is consumed by all the moments she could now recall in crystal clear detail with Sarah; from the moment their eyes unwittingly locked with each other as they walked down opposing ends of the hallway toward their own classrooms to the relationship they had built over the years until they were raging lovers in their senior highschool years. Discussing where to go next in their future together now that the year was about to come to an end.

In stark contrast to Emile's nonexistent history with his crush, Emilia's was a decorated one. Getting to know her a few weeks into her first year in highschool instead of cowering away, easily being roped into her small, right knit group of friends that were more akin to sisters than just simple acquaintances. Things would remain that way for a good while, until Sarah seemed to gain an increased focus on her, inviting her out more often on solo study sessions, weekend hangouts and school lunches. Eventually culminating in a curious little 'incident' in the library on one fateful afternoon; a brush of the shoulder, a kick of the chair and suddenly a playful toe tickling the inner portion of her thighs, brushing dangerously close against her guarded flower...her first sample of the thrill presented by a lesbian relationship.

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Lifeless eyes dilate with crimson few before it expands in smoky ribbons, consuming her original irises before they begin to burn ruby red in a sign of total submission as the vines end their hold over Emilia, shutting off the hypnotic light as the putrid tendril retreats into the darkness while the rest of the rickety binds crumble into ash and broken bark, releasing the poor girl's neck while her lithe form crumples to the grassy floor with a soft thud, knocked out cold from the strain of having her body transformed and then her mind coming under the bone chilling assault of an inhuman entity who held no qualms with rewriting a person's place in the world as long as it was paid the proper fee...in this case; enough magical energy to last another millennia.



With its job done, new clothes fitting the sleeping beauty begin to creep over her naked body, cupping perky breasts in a cotton pink bra while a matching set of panties slings itself over her hips and right between the crack of her soft bum, followed by the girls uniform of the local highschool slotting itself over and under Emilia's unconscious figure, accompanied by accessories tailored toward the cold weather in the form of a warm, snug scarf left unfurled and folded over her tummy like a makeshift blanket secured by an open book, readying the scene for something quite obvious for those well versed in the clichés of any romantic media as the black veil over Emilia breaks apart, allowing for the rays of the midday sun to come pouring down once more. Returning her to the world she had been temporarily snatched from, reformatted to fit in the newly carved slot made to accommodate her newly altered self.

In reality, only a few seconds had passed since the wish's power had gathered and dispersed, instantaneously warping the young man that had been standing in the middle of the forest into a tuckered out girl fresh out of Friday lessons, lying splayed out on her back in the forest as if it were her bedroom...except something had changed to fit Emilia's new life choices as the shadow of an approaching figure falls over the sleeping girl, accompanied by the crunching of damp leaves underfoot.

"What are you doing out here...hello? Earth to Sleeping Beauty? Wake up!"

"Mmm...where...oh...my head...S-Sarah..."

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Kneeling down by her girlfriend's side before cozying up next to the tree by her side, Sarah offers a leg for Emilia to rest her cheek on as the pair fall silent, gazing around the warm sun shafts glittering all around them from the plentiful gaps in the canopy above.

"So? Gonna tell me what you were thinking? Lying out here all alone?"

"I was just...**yawn**...reading...but I think I must've fallen asleep halfway through...thing is...I had a strange dream, like, a *really* weird one...but how did you even find me anyway?"

"I came over earlier but you weren't around...luckily your ma was there, said you'd be somewhere along the main first path if I really wanted to see you...didn't think you could fall asleep out here though! No wonder you get weird dreams...was it a bad one though?"

"Hmm...not really? I can't actually remember what it was exactly now that I think about it..."

"Does my presence...*distract* you?"

Sharing another moment of silence with a noticeable tense air surrounding the pair after Sarah's voice had turned low and husky near the end of her sentence, Sarah's prim posture breaks as she leans forward, hanging over Emilia, whose expression had become soft and demure again after sensing the arousing tone in her girlfriend's voice, whenever she got this way, the only thing that could sate her lustful ire...was Emilia herself, letting her needy, yet dominant partner fall over her onto the forest floor, surprisingly doing little besides a hard peck on the lip.

But a kiss was far better than the alternative. For as much as she loved reciprocating Sarah's advances, this particular Friday afternoon had sapped her of strength, leaving her with the bare minimum to sling her arms around her best friend and closet lover as she joined her in the brush, side by side. Sharing a giggle or two as the couple begin exchanging short tales of the day's events, gradually easing Emilia's mind off of the dream she couldn't bother to think back on anymore, equally blind to a third party watching from high above, masked by the glimmering bloom of the afternoon backdrop.

Unlike the Emilia and Sarah who were both content in each other's arms, the fairy wore a conflicted look on her face as she sighs at the result of the promised 'reward' she had meted out to the human who had saved her from a nasty pickle. Rendered a different person altogether by definition after what the unpredictable magic had done to the former coward who could never really move on from his admiration for Sarah...

It had granted Emile's wish, yes...but his desire to be by Sarah's side while retaining his old persona in a new, feminine form would not come to pass. Instead, the magic had zeroed in on the specifics he had

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mentioned in his wish; literally becoming the perfect girl for Sarah in body and mind...losing all of himself in the process, never able to remember the wish she had resorted to in order to get where she currently laid right now.

"Hahh...looks like the wish really did work...but at what cost...ehh, I did warn him in the end so not my problem...see ya when I see ya...*Emile...*"

Slipping silently off the edge of the tree branch she had perched herself on, the fairy takes off into the sky, becoming a barely discernible sprite that fades over the horizon. Leaving the two girls to their own devices as the world around them continues trudging onward as if nothing much had changed at all...

THE END