

Mini-Story: Like Father, Like Daughter (Man to Woman TG AP)

By FoxFaceStories

Hank is a single inventor of a father who can't stand his daughter's boyfriend. But when he tries to take drastic measures to split them up on Valentine's Day, things go very, very differently to how the new young woman expects.

Like Father, Like Daughter

The plan, Harmony thought, was supposed to be foolproof. Somewhere it had gone all wrong, but the initial plan had been good. She just couldn't pinpoint exactly where it had all gone wrong, and how it had led to *this* moment: with her crying out ecstasy as a powerful man thrust his dick deep inside her. She was in righteous ecstasy, overwhelmed by passion and need, her yearning female body entirely submitted to his, now and seemingly forever. She had been with Tyrone for over a month, but she could spend years with him, especially with how much he lusted after the curves of her hips, the honeydew size of her breast, her tantalising lips. She wasn't meant to end up here at all. It hadn't been the plan.

Harmony had once been Hank, a forty-nine year old father to a twenty year old girl named Delia. Delia was his world, at least when he wasn't busy at work. Sure, he didn't get to spend as much time with her as he would have liked, and often had to skip events such as her graduation or eighteenth to check on an experiment, but he did truly love her. She just couldn't always see it, no matter how much he tried to explain it to her. So when one day she turned up at the house with her boyfriend Tyrone, Hank quickly became livid. Tyrone was everything Hank could never respect: he was a muscled jock of a man. Polite, yes. Respectful to his daughter, certainly. Well-mannered in his dealings, certainly. But at the end of the day his passion was sports. Football. The brainless activity of morons who could never aspire to academic brilliance such as him. At least that's how he saw it. He made it clear pretty quickly to Delia what he thought of the man, but for some reason she only doubled down on her passion for her new beau. Far from being a quick dating fling their relationship went on for months, with her even occasionally staying over at her boyfriend's place, much to her father's fury. No matter how angrily he shouted, no matter how hostile was to Tyrone, nothing worked. All it did was drive her closer to the meathead.

So instead, Hank formed a plan. It took another few months, but his experimentation had already taken him far in this direction. He had long explored the concept of changing one's cellular structure to remake one's body, but now he had the perfect opportunity to try it, and for good cause. If Delia would not leave Tyrone, then Hank would make sure that Tyrone would leave Delia. He would turn himself into a woman even lovelier than his

already-gorgeous daughter: a younger female version of himself with enhanced features. The same mocha skin, the same kind eyes, the same basic facial structure, only rendered devastatingly female.

The transformation was quick, taking just a few days. He timed it well: Delia was spending time with Tyrone and readying for Valentine's Day. While she prepared, ignoring her own thankless father, he experienced the strange sensation of growing large breasts, wide hips, a perfect hourglass figure, and more. In the end, he looked like a slightly older, far more curvaceous and attractive sister to his own daughter. Like father, like daughter indeed!

That was just the first step of the plan. The next was simple. Hank had done his research, even practised wearing heels and studied women's dress sizes and makeup application. He - she now - knew the location of Tyrone's home. She drove there, parked on the side street, and waited for her opportunity. When Delia left to go to work and Tyrone went out for his usual run, the new 'Harmony' joined him on the run. Immediately, she got the sense her plan was working: her large bouncing breasts captivated his attention, as did her gorgeous smile. She asked to join him on the run and he almost immediately agreed. They talked, and she marvelled at her own body's energy and power, even as her various curves gained Tyrone's attention. When they parted, she offered the chance to run with her the same time the next day. He agreed.

She joined him on runs following, and then walked with him at the park, and even got to see inside his house briefly for a drink. Each time she wore progressively sexier outfits, allowing him to look at her cleavage and shape. The intention was just to ensure that he could be seduced away from Delia. Harmony could take some photographs using secret recording equipment and let Delia see them. She would even give a light kiss to Tyrone to make it authentic, and wash her mouth out later.

That was all.

That was the *plan*.

But the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry, and go awry they did, in a big way. Harmony hadn't counted on how utterly feminine her new body would be, or how female its needs. Each day of their secret meetings, she found herself looking at Tyrone in a different light. At his muscles. At his tall height. She loved the sound of his low voice, enjoyed the passion of him, even when talking about sports. Even sports sounded better now that she could see how fit and athletic and *handsome* he was. It made her body react in ways it shouldn't have, and soon she was extending away the moment of her planned reveal, even as Valentine's day approached. Delia was apparently excited, and Harmony was running out of ways to text her daughter and keep her thinking her Dad had a viral illness that needed quarantining. She needed to act soon, but Tyrone was so damn

arousing, and she had begun to dream of him, even feeling herself and touching herself and drowning in the ecstasy that followed.

It was nothing compared to what happened next, though. It was the day before Valentine's Day, and Delia had to make a trip across town and wouldn't be home till next morning. Harmony met up with Tyrone as usual, but the electricity between them was more powerful than ever before. She'd even bought a sexy red dress that clung to her smaller, curvier feminine body, and that was the wrong decision, because after some brief flirtation and a few beers, neither could prevent themselves from breaking their own promises to themselves. They grabbed one another and began to make out, and that escalated further until they were in bed. Harmony knew she had to spot, but she was finally seeing why Delia was lost in Tyrone's presence, because she wanted this man in her no matter the consequences.

She got exactly what she wanted. Multiple times, in fact. She screamed with lust and joy as he fucked her, and again when she rode him cowgirl style, and again when he took her from behind. He found her irresistible, even better than Delia, and something about that made her strangely proud, as if she had won against her own daughter somehow. She fell asleep against his muscular form, still coming down from the bliss, yet realising exactly what she had done.

Naturally, Delia walked in on them the next morning when she got home. There was plenty of arguing, plenty of tears, things were thrown. Harmony was horrified, and when she tried to confront her daughter privately the entire truth came out. Suffice to say, it didn't have the intended effect: Delia gave her a big smack across the mouth, spat on the ground, and drove away. Harmony had put in motion the plan to get her daughter back and push Tyrone away. Instead, the opposite had happened.

There could have been ways to reunite, she was sure. Certainly, she went back to her house to change back to Hank to start the process. But Delia had gotten there first, trashed Hank's priceless equipment and left a message simply telling Hank to 'Get used to being Harmony for life, you bitch!'

Indeed, it would take years to rebuild, and she hadn't even a way to get funding or the equipment. The existing tech was busted beyond repair. She was stranded, stuck in the nubile form of Harmony. There was only one thing to do after that, and it was exactly what her body wanted: to return to the comfort of Tyrone, and indulge just a little more.

She was still indulging, and likely would be for years and years to come. Tyrone may have cheated once, but she doubted anyone else would come along to match her beauty. Plus, he was so damn needy in bed, and so was she, so they were a matched pair that way. Perhaps one day she would make a plan to return, something that was actually foolproof and

wouldn't fail. But after so many failed plans, perhaps it was better to simply accept her new life as Harmony, and enjoy being the hunky footballer's trophy girlfriend.

Hopefully no one came along to try to break them up.

The End