

## Claudia's Revenge

### A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

Alex was excited. The mild-mannered marine biologist was about to celebrate his third wedding anniversary with his wife, Alice. The two had a gentle love, one that had bloomed slowly and softly on his side, but had become as unbreakable as steel, thanks to their open communication and respect. Alice worked with horses, and perhaps it was the fact that they both cared deeply for animals that caused him to first fall in love with her. On this night, he had organised for the two to have a romantic dinner date together at the city's finest vegan restaurant, and, once they returned, to have some fun making the baby they'd recently decided to start trying for.

He adjusted his tie and looked in the mirror. He was thirty-five years old, and often saw himself as a 'John Doe' in terms of looks; brown hair, glasses, slight stubble, average height and musculature. Handsome, but not supermodel handsome. He'd been proud to turn his life around from a decade ago, when his life had been anything but stable. He still shivered sometimes thinking about Claudia, the woman who had shattered his heart with her manipulation, her constant 'tests' to prove his love and devotion, her controlling nature. He'd not been allowed to leave the house without her, and she had constantly demanded to see his phone and review his messages. She hadn't liked him hanging out with his buddies, and by the end he hadn't even been able to decide upon his own clothing; Claudia had made all the decisions.

It was the third best day of his life when he finally worked up the courage to dump her. She'd been aghast, unbelieving, and swore that she would get back at him. He'd had to change his last name and home just to get away from her harassment. The second best day of his life was meeting Alice at the aquarium, and bonding over their love of animals together.

And, of course, the best day of his life had been marrying her three years ago, at the equestrian facility she worked out. They'd even left the wedding party on her favourite horse; Glimmer. It was a far cry from the toxicity of Claudia, and he was thankful everyday he had her in his life.

"Someone looks pensive."

Alex turned to see his pretty wife smiling playfully. She moved forward and helped adjust his tie, as she so often did. She had a pixie-like figure to her, so different from Claudia, but far more beautiful in the way her eyes lit up so genuinely.

"Not pensive dear," he said with a smirk as she finished with his tie, the one with the images of little sharks upon it, "just thinking how lucky I am to have you."

"And don't you forget it!" Her face turned a little more serious. She was wearing red lipstick and a pretty blue dress. Blue was her favourite colour. "Thinking about *her* again?"

He looked to the floor. "Stupid, I know. Sometimes I think I'll never be free of her."

Alice drew close and pressed her lips against his, kissing him deeply. She slid perfectly into his arms, and the kiss lingered before she pulled away.

"There. Better?"

Alex laughed, blushing. "Much better."

"No more *her*?"

"No more *her*."

"Just the gorgeous, wonderful wife in front of you? The one you want to have a baby with?"

"Yes, yes, dear, just you."

"Even though she's a bit of a crazy horse girl?"

"So long as she accepts she's in love with a fish guy."

She grinned mischievously, tossing her dark hair. "Good! Then that's settled. No more *her*, and a lot more me. Because after this *wonderful* dinner tonight, I want all of you to myself."

Alex breathed, trying to avoid getting too much of an erection.

"God, Alice, I don't know what I did to deserve you, but I am absolutely going to prove it tonight. Let's get to dinner before we miss our booking."

She tousled his hair. "Let's."

The two of them moved to the door, his car keys in hand, but stopped dead in their tracks when a familiar voice echoed across the room.

"No more *her*, huh?"

A chill ran down Alex's spine. No, it couldn't be. Not now. Not in his house. The two turned on the spot to see a pale and busty beauty sitting on their couch, smirking at them. She looked as enticing as she had the day he left her, wearing a tight black dress with a deep line of cleavage, but he recognised the malice in her eyes.

"Claudia, how did you find this place? How did you get in here?"

The woman laughed. "Oh Alex, it's taken me an age to find you and your little hussy here. It seems both our lives have changed considerably since then. She's cute, by the way. Really non-threatening."

Alice stepped forward, and pointed her finger accusingly at Claudia. "Look, I know who you are. I know what you did to my Alex. And I won't let you ever hurt him again. You need to leave, right now, or I'm calling the police."

Claudia raised an eyebrow. "My goodness, the kitten has claws. Or would it be that the horse girl has hooves? Well, Alex, I can see why you chose her over me. She's much more . . . safe, isn't she?"

Alex balled his fists. "I don't know what you're doing in our house Claudia, but you can get out right now. It's been ten years, I'm happy, and my wife and I -"

Claudia clicked her fingers, and suddenly Alex couldn't talk. He grasped his throat and tried to say something - anything! - but it wouldn't come out. He turned to his wife, and saw that Alice was the same. He moved to pull her back, to get them out of there, but he was rooted to the spot, and so was she. All he could do was hold her, and look in awe and terror at the nightmare that had re-entered his life.

Claudia laughed, her eyes shining a vibrant purple. "I bet you didn't know I could do that, did you? It's funny what a little *reality warping power* lets you get away with. Oh, you didn't know, Alex? A shame. If you had stuck by my side another four years, you could have had everything with me. You see, after you so rudely and unfairly broke up with me and tore my heart into pieces, I decided to travel the world, have a go at being spiritual, all that yada yada nonsense. Can you imagine my surprise when I trespassed through an ancient pagan tomb - you know how impulsive I get! - and touched an item belonging to one of their goddesses? A goddess that recognised me as a kindred spirit, a boundless being of passion, and gifted me with the power to warp reality itself? Oh, I think you *can* imagine it, Alex. You remember all those awful people who slighted me, all the servers who talked back to me, all the naysayers who called me 'bitch' or 'crazy'? Well, I've had my fun with them, but all this time I've been building up to *you*, Alex."

She clicked her fingers again. "You may speak now."

Alex coughed, as did Alice, and they looked to each other in fear. "Please Claudia, you don't have to do this, whatever it is! I'm sorry for how I treated you, but you must see I'm a different man. You have everything you want, why not walk away?"

Alice began to cry.

"Oh, I won't have everything I want until I deal with you too."

Alex stood a little taller, still rooted to the spot. "Then please, punish me if you must. But leave Alice out of it. She's innocent in this."

The reality-warping woman rolled her eyes as she stepped closer. "Please, she's not innocent. She stole you away from me. We could have mended things, but she destroyed any chance of our relationship. And so I have to make sure that your relationship is destroyed, permanently."

She clicked her fingers, and this time the *world* turned purple. All of a sudden they were at the edge of a forest, leading out to a great field, a cliff-side roughly one story tall a few metres away, leading to a crystal-blue ocean. In the distance, unfamiliar mountains loomed, and . . . were those castles? And that thing, flying in the air . . .

"Where are we?"

She smirked. "Why, another dimension, silly. A world of fantasy, where humans live alongside dwarves, orcs, elves, and *dragons*."

"That's impossible."

"No, you just lack the powers I have, that let me travel to places such as these. But don't worry, you'll have plenty of time to become accustomed to the world of Valandria. Because you two will be living in it for the rest of your separated lives.

"Please, Claudia." Sweat dripped down the side of Alex's face. He was shaking. Surely this was some horrible dream?

But the woman appeared to consider his plea. "Oh fine, I'll be a *little* more merciful than intended. I'll still change your realities and destroy what you had, but you can each have a little reminder of one another. Alice, you'll never forget your husband's passion for sea life."

She clicked her fingers and Alex was forced to watch as Alice doubled over upon the grass, free from being rooted to the spot, but now overcome with strange feelings of alteration. She gasped in astonishment as her dress withered upward, leaving her utterly naked, and forming into sea shells tied by seaweed around her petite breasts. She scratched at her thighs as they began to fuse together, becoming a turquoise colour as scales pushed through the skin.

"Oh God, what's happening Alex!"

But it was already obvious; she was becoming a mermaid. Gill slits formed on her neck, while her hair grew out luscious and vibrant green, reaching all the way to her backside. She groaned in discomfort as her ligaments and bones fused into a long fish tail, her feet flattening and becoming long fins. On her forearms, fins also appear, and webs extended between her fingers. Alex looked on in amazement as his wife's waist contracted, her hips widened to accommodate her growing tail, and her bust expanded considerably, leaving her with a heavy chest.

"I'm a - I'm a -"

"A mermaid, Alice," Claudia said smugly, "and I'm afraid you won't be able to breathe unless you get in the water soon. But for now, I thought you'd appreciate your husband's change too."

The newly-formed mermaid parted her green hair, struggling upright on her floppy tail as Alex too groaned in discomfort. His changes were more radical; he begged Claudia to stop as his clothes utterly disintegrated, and his backside extended outwards in an enormous growth. His legs grew a coating of pure white fur, his legs growing powerful muscles and extending, toes fusing into hooves. But as the growth behind him extended, weighing him back, two more limbs sprouted on either side, followed by a rosy white tail.

"Alex, you're becoming a centaur!"

"Not just any centaur, my dear," Claudia said.

His half half was nearly complete; powerful and beautiful, but Alex could still feel changes elsewhere.

“W-what are you d-doing to meeee!?”

Claudia grinned, drinking in her punishment for Alex. Alice gasped as his upper body slimmed, and the hair on his chest fell away. He groaned as his hair lengthened, becoming pure white much like his equine half’s hair, but his voice was already raising in octave.

“Alex, you’re becoming a woman!”

“N-no!”

“Oh yes, big boy,” Claudia cut in.

His face reshifted, becoming demure and ethereal, even his eyebrows a silvery-white. His body slimmed, his upper half having an hourglass shape, but the biggest change came as he clutched his chest in response to the pain, only to find his hands filling up with increasingly generous boobs. They expanded outwards, becoming even larger than his wife’s enhanced mermaid bust. They were heavy, yet pert, and in moments he was no longer a she, but a centaur maid.

“There we go,” Claudia said, as the two looked over their changes in shock. “Now you’ll always have a reminder of each other. You Alice, will have to live in the sea - there’s a nearby kingdom just under the surface a few miles from here. And you, Alex, will have to roam with the nearby herd. I must warn you both; you have become great beauties of your respective kinds. Alice will probably be treated alright, but you Alex, I give my greatest punishment. The most beautiful centaur women are expecting to be breeding stock for their prize males. Best of luck!”

She clicked her fingers one last time, and she was gone in a purple flash. Alex and Alice could only look at each wordlessly, unbelieving what had occurred. But the moment could not last: Alice began to clutch her throat as her inability to breathe air kicked in. Tears formed in her eyes as she turned from her husband to the cliff’s edge. They shared one last knowing glance, hoping to find a way to undo this, and then she fell to the water below.

Alex had little time to think, to ponder what to do next, when a great herd of centaurs approached. At their front, several powerful males looked at her, astonished by her beauty.

“My, my,” one said, “and whose herd do you belong to, fair maiden?”

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It had been a number of years since Alex and Alice had been changed. The former male-turned-centauress' life has altered so dramatically that at times, her former life seemed almost a dream. The victim of Claudia's had indeed proven to be the most popular filly in the herd; she was regularly mounted by the most powerful stallions, and had become used to feeling their immense girth and length sliding into her long opening, their impressive weight upon her equine back, as they grunted and bucked deep inside of her. She could not help but moan and gasp in female pleasure as they did so, her continual estrus making her body always beg for more. She always whinnied as they finished inside of her, what felt like gallons of their centaur seed spilling into her waiting womb. Afterwards, the centaur would de-mount, come to her side, and kiss her deeply and possessively, naming her the most beautiful and fertile of the herd's fillies, a centauress whose bountiful breasts and perfect flanks would become the stuff of legend among 'her' people.

And fertile she indeed was. It had not taken long for Alex, now named Alexis, to become pregnant. She was a broodmare now, and the other fillies - the ones who were not jealous of her favoured status - helped her adjust to this new reality with their own advice and experiences of birth. Slowly, over the course of a year, her equine belly swelled with life, preventing her from galloping quickly over the plains, and making her even more dependent upon her stallions to keep her fed and protected. The udder between her hind legs swelled with milk, and her breasts too increased in size, much to the delight of the stallions who enjoyed fondling her as she passed. Eventually, the pangs of birth came, and she struggled and groaned and cried as she pushed the first of her foals into the world; a baby boy with an equine half, just like hers, and white hair also. It was an agonising experience, but with it came a relief as he stood alarmingly quickly on his four hooves, moved to her hind-quarters, and began to relieve the pressure in her udder.

Once she healed - fairly quickly, in fact - from her birth, she was shocked to enter heat once more. The stallions were eager to mount her once more, seeing her fertility as a blessing from the gods; a great boon that proclaimed her as proof of their herd's dominance. They competed to be the ones to mount her, and Alexis found herself more popular than ever before, grunting with satisfaction as she was filled with the enormous length of a horse member again and again. And so it was that she became pregnant once more, and again, and now a fourth time, her equine half bloated with what the oracles had claimed were a blessed pair of twins. She didn't feel very blessed, though at least now her female companions treated her more favourably, now that she had proven herself a capable mother who cared for her children; Aleth, Palre'an, and, of course, her only girl; Alice. The last was the favourite her children, even possessing her namesake's darker hair, courtesy of the black-haired stallion who'd successfully bred her.

As Alex, he had always wanted children. As Alexis, she had no choice not to, and to experience the ways of the ever-roaming centaur hoarder even as she grew heavy with child. To be shared among the prize stallions, and to be looked upon with awe and admiration by the humans, elves, and dwarves she encountered on her herd's migrations. Those times when she was asked by one of her stallions to allow a

respected merchant or warrior to ride upon her back, or feel her equine belly, were among the most awkward for her. A centaur's life was long; roughly three hundred years in this world, and so she supposed there was time to heal. Centaurs were a proud race, and at times she could feel a certain pride in being the 'Moonlight Mare of the Everguard Herd', but she knew she would always curse Claudia, and always miss her Alice. She could only try to appreciate her powerful mare's body, just as Alice had with her own horses. She could only hope that her once-wife had adapted as she had.

Alice too missed her husband, and tried to remember him as the man he was, not the centauress he had become, doomed to be mounted by those stallions for life and be their broodmare. She too had been consigned to a not totally dissimilar fate, far beneath the waves. As the most beautiful and desired of mermaids, she found herself courted and pursued by mermen all across the underwater kingdom of Nahal'nir. Her bright green hair and shimmering turquoise scales shone in the rays of the sun, and her hourglass figure and generous chest gained her the immediate attention of the heir to the throne: Prince Jamalis. It was to him that she was wed, by order of the King, and became known as Princess Aleria, her old name taken from her and discarded.

Aleria lived a life of comfort and beauty in her underwater kingdom. It amazed her that she had become a real-life mermaid; capable of breathing underwater and swimming with her elongated fishtail at lightning speeds through the sea's currents. There was a joy to it, a freedom that she hoped Alex felt in some way when it came to galloping through the fields on the 'surface world', as she had come to know it. And, she was embarrassed to admit to herself, it didn't hurt to finally have a real shape to her chest, and hair that was always flawless. But it didn't make being half-fish any less weird, though she did slowly come to appreciate the beauty of her scales, and the way the fins upon her forearms gleamed. But it did not make her any less angry at Claudia or sorrowful for her husband.

Still, she tried to be brave and adapt to her role as Princess. Jamalis, at least, was a good man, if prideful and expectant, especially when it came to their bed chamber, where the new princess experienced the twining of tails that comes with merpeople courtship, and felt herself open to his girth as it unfolded from within him to penetrate her. If she ever got out of her situation, if she was ever able to renounce her crown and shed her scales and once more find her way to Alex, she would never ever tell him that Jamalis was a better lover than he ever was, nor the way she made him moan as he filled her with his issue.

Tales of Princess Aleria's beauty spread, so much so that on the many times she accompanied her husband and his envoys to the wave's surface to discuss diplomatic matters with other kingdoms, she was honoured with compliments of her beauty and charm. It flattered her, and shamed her, and reminded her how much Alex would have loved the wonders of the sea and the many fascinating creatures within it. It was her connection to him; his job as a marine biologist came from a love of the ocean, and she too came to love the ocean. She had to; she had twice swollen with royal children, and

was already fertile with a third, her round belly bare beneath her shell bra for all the kingdom to see her expectancy.

Her people loved her, and she came to love them, but her love for Alex had never died, and she missed him every day, even if it was just for a few painful moments when she woke or fell to sleep, floating in her watery palace chamber.

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Once every two years, the Everguard Herd moves through the Mistveil Forest and passes around the low-hanging cliffs of Artor. At the front of its procession are its mighty stallions, muscles and proud. Just behind them are their favoured mares, the most beautiful, powerful, respected, and fertile of the herd's female members. For the last decade, one among their numbers has stood out; Alexis, the Moonlight Mare of the Everguard Herd. The white-haired mare is a figure of unparalleled beauty; her long hair draped like tendrils of light over her ample chest. She is often with child, and a miniature herd of her foals follow in her wake, her blessed children. She does not often smile, but when she does, it is captivating. She appears fragile and sometimes uncomfortable in her own skin, despite her impressive form. But there is a time when she seems more pensive and meditative than ever, and that is when she retreats briefly from her herd, leaving her foals in the care of her sisters, and stares out across the wide blue sea. In the empty distance, she waits, until a green-haired mermaid, a figure of great beauty herself, rises from the waves and waits upon a lonely sea rock. That woman too, is sometimes full with child, her wet belly swollen with another princeling or princess. She always wears a crown of silver coral, and if there are nearby sailors, they cry out that they have been blessed to see her. The two figures wave, acknowledging the other, and the mermaid draws closer. They talk for a time, and a look passes between them that is full of wistful longing.

And soon they are parted again; the mermaid princess must return to her people, and the centaress is pulled back to the herd by her foals and her stallions. The centaur has no place with the mermaids, nor the mermaid with the centaurs. But these two women remember their bond, one that can never be fully mended, nor fully broken.