

Fortune Cookies (Multi TG, RC, AR, TF)

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A Story Prompt Tier for TG Sorcerer

Two couples are enjoying a lovely double date at a Chinese restaurant, but when one of them is increasingly rude and racist to one of the waitresses, and her friends are permissive or passive to her behaviour, they each find karmic justice in the fortune cookies they are given.

Fortune Cookies, Part 1

The two couples always enjoyed their double dates, and this one was no different. Amanda, as usual, had planned it all. She was a slight woman in her early thirties with blonde hair and blue eyes. She was a deeply opinionated woman who had almost zero filter. Her husband Arthur, on the other hand, was quite passive, and preferred to let his wife's outspoken comments go unchallenged. This was despite Arthur's tall, 6'4 height, manly red beard, and broad shoulders.

Their friends James and Jane were much less oppositional. They were both brunettes, James with a shorter yet still masculine build, and Jane with a very slender, almost waifish appearance. James was a very casual, go-with-the-crowd type, whereas Jane was much more timid. As a shy woman, she sometimes disliked Amanda's more controversial or opinionated outbursts, but held her tongue due to her anxiety. The four had been friends since the days of college, and often claimed they were 'as close as family.'

"Isn't this place just lovely?" Arthur said, looking around at the gold and jade dragon-themed interior.

Amanda flourished her hands. "It is darling, but I swear some of these Asian restaurants are the worst for service! We've been waiting forever!"

James grinned awkwardly while Jane wrung her hands beneath the table.

"Not exactly PC of you, Amanda," James said with a smirk.

"Oh, it's just how I am, you know that," she said with a laugh. Right Arthur?"

Arthur frowned, but with a bossy glance from his wife decided against confrontation. "Maybe just not so loud, dear," he said.

She ignored his words, instead turned towards the waitress who was coming their way.

"Sorry for the delay," she said with only a slight accent. "Would you like to order?"

Amanda scoffed. "Sorry, can you say that again? You've got a really strong accent."

She didn't, and the rest of them knew it. The woman looked a little shocked, but did as she asked, repeating the order. Amanda gave a smug smirk as she did so, even as Arthur wordlessly begged for her to not act in such a way, using a beleaguered expression.

"Okay, that was a little easier to understand, I guess. I'll start with this martini, did you get that? You can understand my English?"

The woman frowned again, but nodded. "Yes, I understand your English."

"Good! Because no offence, but you speak if a little odd."

"Amanda!" James laughed, as if she were simply being a little daring. "You're being too much!"

Jane bit her lip, clearly wishing to express outrage. She gave a sympathetic look to the Chinese waitress, but otherwise said nothing.

"Oh please, we're customers," Amanda said. "And the customers are always right, aren't they?"

"Please don't mind her," Arthur said, "it's just my wife's way of enjoying herself. She likes to . . . well, she likes to tease."

"Sure," the waitress said, her accent giving the 's' a slight elongation, enough that Amanda snorted a little. She took the rest of everyone's drink orders and left the table as politely as one could after such an intolerant barrage.

Lin was the waitress's name, and she was having an overly-busy Friday night that was frankly already putting her stress levels on high. But this rude, intolerant, racist woman was sending her over the edge. She wanted to use her grandmother's magic recipe to teach her a lesson, her and that laughing hyena of a man - not her husband, the other fool - who was chortling at her bigoted remarks as if they were just off-colour jokes. Instead, she reminded herself in her native tongue that she only used the fortune cookie futures for good reason, and there were sadly far too many racists and bigots and xenophobic morons in this world to deal with every night. Otherwise, the family restaurant wouldn't make enough money. Still, it rankled her. She took a moment to control her breathing, and head back to the table with their drinks. When she arrived, the two couples were laughing about old times.

"Oh, she was such a bitch, wasn't she?" James cried. "An absolute she-dog of a woman!"

"Dear, manners," Jane reminded him, but he shrugged his shy wife off.

"That she was," Amanda said. "Oh, finally! I was worried you'd forgotten us!"

She took her drink from Lin, as did the others, each of whom thanked her. Arthur gave a silent 'try to ignore her' to Lin, which only made the waitress angrier, as if *she* were the one who had to put up with it all.

“We are quite busy tonight,” Lin explained patiently, “but rest assured when you are ready to order your meals the chef will be quick to dispense them.”

“Much easier to understand you now that you’re enunciating properly,” Amanda commented as she looked over the meal. Once again, James chuckled, but Arthur whispered admonishment in her ear

“Stop mothering me, Arthur! And I can see your judgement, Jane. If you can’t grow a pair of balls to say what you want to say then don’t give me the look.”

James raised an eyebrow. “Amanda, that’s a bit much.”

“You’re right, I’m sorry Janey. It’s just these servers, so lousy that it’s ruining this wonderful night!”

She said that deliberately, even as she gave her order to Lin, as did the others.

“Oh, don’t view me like I’m a spoiled little baby,” she spat at the waitress. “I’m not racist or anything. I worked in the service industry for years, so I know how it is.”

“With respect,” Lin said, “you are being quite rude. I will have to ask you to restrain your comments, particularly in regards to the accents of the workers here, myself included,”

There was a brief pause of tension, broken only by James’ awkward giggling. Amanda broke first, relenting . . . but only a little.

“Fine, fine, I’ll be good.”

Lin bowed, thanked her, and stepped away, hoping that was that.

But it wasn’t. Amanda continued to make small, picky comments all throughout the night, even calling her over to fruitless tasks such as continually replacing their ‘dirty’ glasses and explaining some ‘oriental thing’ on the dessert menu. What had started out as bigotry had become not just that but also a targeted, plausibly deniable campaign against Lin. Her partner, Arthur, continued to try to manage her, but she simply snapped back at him.

“You’re not my mother, Arthur!”

James backed her, chuckling under her breath. “That’ll teach a bitchy waitress!”

The only apology she got was from Jane, who passed her briefly, and simply murmured an apology.

“I’m s-so sorry. I wish I could s-stand up to my friends . . . b-but I can’t.”

It wasn’t enough, in Lin’s opinion, but it was something to consider for the final part of the night. Because Lin had made a decision to hand out her fortune cookies, the magical ones that didn’t

just tell fortunes, but *made new ones*. They were an old arcane recipe of her grandmother's, and she rarely used them but for those most deserving; most often to enrich another's life, but occasionally to punish them. That was the case here.

And so it was that she passed out the coffees and teas and fortune cookies at the end of the night - the ones that looked like any other fortune cookie. The four were the last ones left in the restaurant, which made planning it easier - the arcane adjustments for their specific changes had been easy to render. If Lin had any doubt about what she was doing, it was erased the second she passed Amanda's in front of her, and the wretched blonde woman smirked.

"You know these are an *American* invention, right? Just goes to show who runs the show, doesn't it?"

It was a pointless jibe, particularly since Lin was an American citizen anyway. The group paid, and it was noticeably that only Jane gave a respectable tip - Arthur gave a very modest one, and James and Amanda not at all.

"Enjoy your fortunes," Lin said with a smile, and walked away.

"Well I bet these are the same 'your future will be full of hope' ones that you find at any restaurant," James said.

"Agreed. Or worse," Amanda said.

Arthur placed a hand on her shoulder to get her to calm, but she shrugged him off. So he simply broke his alongside the rest, as did Jane. A pause followed, where each looked at a rather unexpected message, before proceeding to read theirs out.

"Oh, this is weird," said James. "It says, '*If you call others a bitch while acting like a loyal lapdog, perhaps your fortune should reflect your nature and comments.*' What the hell does that mean?"

Amanda fumed. "Mine says, '*You act like a spoiled, bigoted, racist brat. If you must act in such an infantile manner, perhaps it is better to start over again, with a more diverse perspective.*' Did she write these?"

"I think she did," said Arthur, feeling a little awkward. "Mine reads, '*You've picked a wife who you have to mind like your baby, yet you aren't man enough to do what is right. Perhaps impending motherhood is your new fortune, until she and you learn what it takes.*'"

Jane looked at hers, confused.

"What does yours say, Jane?" Amanda said. "We're going to nail that horrible foreigner to the wall with media coverage and court cases. What's it say? Spit it out!"

Jane bit her lip, then read. "It says, '*You want to do what is right, but your passivity means you lack the balls, as your friends say. Now you'll have them, and you can teach your new family how to act right.*'"

They looked at their strange fortunes, each of them utterly confused, and also aghast that the waitress would dare do such a thing. But before any of them could call for her to come over, James suddenly groaned as his stomach made a strange, audibly lurch.

"Ohhhhhhhh . . . I f-feel weird!"

Amanda cried out as her own stomach did a somersault, followed by Arthur, and then finally by James. Each of them doubled over against the table, their bodies feeling as if they were on fire, spasming and adjusting, their muscles tensing and altering.

"What's h-happening to ussssss!!!" Amanda cried, and to her astonishment her voice went up an octave, becoming stupidly high-pitched. Her limbs pressed in painfully, and her face darkened in tone.

"I don't *KNOOWWW!*" boomed Jane, and the rest looked at her with shock: her voice suddenly sounded low and deep, like a man's. Her jaw cracked, and to everyone's astonishment, her figure began to widen at the shoulders, becoming muscled.

"The cookies - were they *poisoned or - eeEEE!!*"

The squeal came from Arthur, who's voice cracked, becoming soft and feminine. He tried to stand but collapsed as his legs went numb, beginning to shrink away.

"Guys! Guys!" James said, his voice becoming raspy and inhuman. He was scratching all over his body as if in a fever. "S-something's happening. I don't woof it is! I mean, woof! *WOOF WOOF!!!*"

The group looked at him like he was a madman, but sure enough hair was pushing through his skin, and his face was pushing outwards. His eyes widened in fear, and Amanda screamed.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!?"

She tried to run away in fear, leaving her husband behind, but instead she tripped over. She looked down, and was horrified to see that her legs were shrinking, becoming smaller and weaker. All of her was becoming smaller and weaker in fact: from her head to her toes, she was seemingly shrinking down and down and down.

"Noooo! Nooooo!!! This can't be - this can't be *wweaalll!*"

She clutched her mouth, unbelieving that she had just spoken like a toddler. But others were seeing her changes, and even among their own could appreciate how dramatic hers was. She was altering from a woman in her early thirties down to one in her early twenties, shrinking down

to a teenager who couldn't be older than fifteen, and then more and more. She clutched herself, blinking back tears as her C-cup breasts shrank back into her chest and her hips became thin and prepubescent.

"Amanda! You're becoming a kid again!"

"I know! I don't want it!" she cried, and again she was horrified at her strange vocabulary. But that was not the only change happening to her: her skin was becoming a yellow olive tone, much like that of the Asian staffers of that very restaurant. In fact, several of them were: Jane and Arthur were both becoming clearly Asian, their white status dissipating. Arthur hyperventilated as his eyes became almond shaped, and his figure continued to shrink. But unlike Amanda, he was not reducing in age, simply in stature.

"Oh God oh God oh God, I'm becoming a woman!" he cried. He had jumped the gun a little, his mind leaping to the most terrified possibility.

But he was right.

Even as she reduced in age, Amanda gasped at the sight of her henpecked husband becoming soft and lithe, his face thinning and taking on a cute oval shape, his hair becoming dark and flowing down his back. Even as her clothes fell away, disintegrating as if by magic as she reduced to the age of a five year old, she saw his own clothes become that of a loose blue dress with cups for breasts he did not possess.

"N-no! Don't want t-tits!"

That was, until he grew them mere moments later. Healthy C-cups of a size his wife had just moments ago grew upon Arthur's chest. He clutched them, shocked by their fullness, but even more by the feeling of his dick sucking back up into his body, and his waist cinching inwards, and his hips cracking outwards. He cried out, and his voice was high and reedy and feminine. But the worst change was yet to come, because a great pressure in his belly caused it to start distending outwards, and something began snaking out of his newly formed pussy.

"F-fuuuuck!" she cried. *She*. The new woman leaned against Jane for support, even as she was forced to sit back and spread her legs for reasons she could not understand. Jane caught her, surprised by her own strength, a strength that was only increasing as her form became muscular and manly. Shaved hairs began dotting her face, and her hair reduced, becoming a short and smart dark style befitting a man. Her dress remade itself into a smart casual button shirt and slacks. Her earrings disappeared. Her ring altered, becoming a match for *Arthur's*, instead of *James'*, which had blinked out of existence.

"I'm - my boobs! And - between my legs! N-nooo!"

A dreadful pressure built up, and she cupped between her legs. She could guess what was coming, but nothing prepared her for the alien sensation of a large cock descending from between her thighs and settling in a set of male briefs. With one final expansion of her figure,

she was now a manly Chinese individual, male in every way, and a woman that she - or rather *he* - somehow recognised as his wife.

James was barking, crying out for attention. Human speech was beyond him now as his mouth increasingly took on a snout-like shape. He knew words, he knew English, but for the life of him he could not say it. His arms cracked, fingers shrinking away, legs rearranging so that he was a bizarre quadrupedal individual. He tried to yell out, to curse and run away, but nothing worked and it was all unfamiliar, so all he could do was inwardly panic as his body was covered in brown fur. Another woof, another bark.

He realised then what he was becoming, as surely as he recognised the strange tentacle snaking towards Amanda's belly button, the one that grew out from between Arthur's needy new pussy. His mind nearly broke at the revelation.

They were becoming a new family unit as a punishment, and he and Amanda were being punished most of all. But she was getting to stay human! All because of some bitch comment!

BARK! BARK! WOOF WOOOOF AARRGGGHHH!!

Amanda could barely see what was happening, but she managed to see a man that had to be James shrinking down into doghood. The dog whined, yelping as its manhood sucked up inside it, leaving it as a she dog - a *bitch*, just as James had referred Lin as. Amanda wept for him, but couldn't keep her focus on him for long: a translucent tentacle of sorts latched onto her stomach. She cried out, tried to tug at it, but her limbs weakened as she became a mere toddler, then a baby. She lost all of her hair, and could only cry, particularly as her teeth withdrew. She was now a small, adorable Chinese newborn baby.

James barked, futilely trying to get attention, but the new female dog no longer held the attention of the terrified group of transformers. As if puppeteered by an invisible force, Arthur pulled himself up, his belly now ballooned out to that of a woman at full-term, and stepped forward to pick up Amanda. The little baby squalled. While she was effectively a newborn now, she still had Amanda's adult mind, a mind that was railing against what she realised was coming. Arthur realised it too, but couldn't stop herself from positioning what was now *her* baby between her legs. Her pussy was painfully dilated and incredibly moist, and with a horrified squeezing motion, she pushed the baby up into her body in an act of reverse-birth.

"OOHHHHH!!! NNGGGGGHHHHH!!!!"

Jane could only hold 'his' 'wife' as she endured the painful act of childbirth backwards. Amanda was helpless, trying to writhe away but instead being swallowed up inside her husband's vagina, body pressed inwards until finally she was floating in the great amniotic sack that was his womb. It was tight, her body compressed, and she could only kick and rolled slightly in agitation, demanding to be let out.

The new family took stock of their changes as the last of them completed. Arthur's breasts filled in, now sore and aching and clearly full of colostrum and milk. James felt a set of dog instincts

pervade her bitch mind, and a warmth in his new genitalia that informed her, rather awfully, that she was clearly in heat now. Jane, on the other hand, didn't feel nearly as burdened, but was instead taller, stronger, and now feeling the effects of male testosterone flowing through her form. And most trapped of all was Amanda, stuck as a baby within her husband's distended belly, their familial positions quite rearranged, especially now that Jane was apparently Arthur's strong husband, and Arthur his pregnant wife.

"We - the fortune cookies," Jane mumbled, still not used to her low, charismatic male voice.

"I'm pregnant," Arthur muttered, feeling her heavy belly, unbelieving she was not only a woman now but pregnant with her own wife. "I can feel Amanda in there. Oh God. This isn't right! This isn't fair!"

James barked, whined, growled, trying to get attention. The new dog was unused to its limbs but instinct was carrying it. A leash materialised that led to Jane's hand, and with a great sense of shame the former male realised that the man that should have been his submissive wife was now his human *master*.

They were on the verge of freaking out when suddenly a new figure entered the scene, moving gracefully and with a smirk upon her lips.

"You!" cried Arthur, "Yin the waitress! You did this!"

Inside her belly, Amanda writhed, squirming in fury and humiliation at her fate, and causing her former husband to wince at the flurry of movement. The new baby felt utterly cramped and without space, and utterly helpless.

"Yes, I did do it," the waitress said. "Now let me tell you the conditions, and how you might still get free . . . in one year's time."

Fortune Cookies, Part 2

It was exactly one year later that Mr and Mrs Hsu entered the restaurant they had been so radically transformed at exactly one year ago. To her despair, Fang Hsu was still just as incredibly pregnant as she had been since that change, her belly full and domed and heavy, causing her to waddle slightly. She was helped by her husband, Fenshua, who aided her in sitting due to her very maternal state. With them was their dog, Ai, who was also swollen around the stomach with her first litter. She moved with a huff, whining with embarrassment.

“Settle, settle,” Fang said in her new native language as their little baby Hua kicked and kicked in her stomach.

The last year had been a hell of an adjustment for each of them. Fang, having once been Arthur, was now finding her life as a woman unbelievably humiliating at times. It was certainly an appropriate punishment for her passivity and permissiveness as a man: she was now expected to act passively, to bear her pregnancy, to maintain the house and please her new husband without complaint. She had to bear it all: speaking against it was difficult, not to mention she had new maternal instincts for the little girl that had remained static in growth inside her all this time. It was twelve months of living on the cusp of going into labor. She just wanted it to be done already - not even to be a man again, just to be able to get this baby out of her!

And yet still, she was a woman now, forced to carry her own former wife. Despite the rigours and exhaustion of pregnancy, she still felt the humiliating pull to please Fenshua, who had once been her friend's wife, Jane. Fenshua had a powerful appetite for sex, something he'd been initially alarmed by. However, as the most shy and put-upon member of the group, and one that had tried to be the most apologetic and polite to the waitress, *he* was now the one in the best position. For twelve months he had been the master of the household, the patriarch of their new family arrangement. And while it was still a punishment to find himself a man, with a very functioning manhood, he couldn't deny the incredible attraction he had to his new wife. His cock responded to her fertile body, and though Fang never wanted to be fucked as a woman, least of all a pregnant one, she was forced to endure the pleasures that came with having her pussy thrust into from behind, and the multiple orgasms that flowed through her being when Fenshua cummed inside her. It was something neither of the pair could avoid: their bodies operated on autopilot, and had to obey their new roles. After a while, Fenshua decided to simply enjoy it, and after a time came to love having Fang leaned over with her pregnant form and suck his hard cock, or part her legs as she lay on the bed so he could stand and thrust into her. After all, Arthur had been damned passive in life, so it made sense to have him as a passive female lover?

It all served to give the former Jane, now Fenshua, all the confidence in the world. At first, he wept for his husband James, who was stuck as a loyal female labrador. The poor former man could barely communicate due to her new bitch instincts, and it was soon discovered she truly was a bitch: her body entered heat quickly, and just like the rest of them, she couldn't resist her new instincts and compulsions. She had held off for a time, but her estrus was noticed by a number of dogs around the neighbourhood, any one or multiple of whom could be fathers of her litter. Fenshua spent long evenings soothing his former husband, stroking the bitch's fur, giving her pats which made Ai quite calmed. But as time passed, despite earlier accommodations, the

family began treating Ai less like the man she had been and more like the bitch labrador she was now. Despite her intelligence, and awareness of what was happening to her, for all intents and purposes she was a female dog, and though she had been lucky for quite a few months, in the end her luck ran out, and soon she was a *pregnant* female dog at that. Quite pregnant, given the size of her heavy belly and teats, which was filled with the movement of the many pups she would soon birth. She continued to try to nudge and whine at Fenshua, but the former submissive wife was finding himself empowered by no longer being under James' thumb, and at times he even considered that James/Ai made a better pet than a husband.

Lastly, there was little Hua, residing in Fang's stomach. The former racist complainant against Lin the waitress had endured the most suffocating, irritating, and just plain *boring* fate of all four of them: stuck as a baby in her own husband's womb, out of space and desiring to get out of there. She slept long hours, but when she was awake, she thrashed and shifted, squirmed and writhed, constantly trying to get a better position. She was so weak, and could only hear muffles of the outside world over the constant heavy bass of her former husband-turned-mother's heartbeat. It was an existence of total humiliation, regressed to a literal newborn, except not even born yet! Fang continued to mutter that her former wife needed to settle down, and Hua would retaliate by kicking and punching and squirming about all the more, but as uncomfortable as she made her continually 'about to go into labour' mother, her own discomfort was much greater. She spent each day trying to keep track of what day it even was, trying to trigger her new mother's labour, and generally imagining what life would be like if she hadn't acted that way towards the waitress.

Each of them had lived like this for a full year. Walking the dog. Saying hello to the neighbours. Realising that no one looked twice at the eternally pregnant Fang. And, of course, Fenshua being the patriarch of the family, to whom Fang always submitted, much to little Hua's anger in her belly. They couldn't escape their fates, but they also didn't want to. After all, Lin had been quite clear on the conditions that would allow them to change back to who they were after a full year had passed:

"One, you must return on your original booking, order the same meals, only this time be kind to the staff and tip accordingly. Two, you must learn something over the course of the year, and come back suitably apologetic and shamed for your general behaviours. You must *all* do this, or else you will *all* remain trapped as you are. Thirdly, you must live according to the instincts given you. You will be compelled to live out your lives as you must, but over time, those compulsions will wane. But this does not mean Fenshua here should not make love to his pregnant wife, or that Ai should not whine for scraps and try to get pats like a good little bitch. And Hua, of course, should act as a baby - I know you can hear me, Hua - and not develop any system of communication with her mother. After all, she is just a baby, so no use of 'one kick for yes, two kicks for no,' or 'womb-based morse code,' thank you very much."

They had each agreed sadly to the conditions, unbelieving how their lives had changed, yet unable to change them back unless they followed the rules to the letter. And so they did, for the full exhausting, strange, embarrassing year. During that time, Arthur/Fang learned exactly what it was like to be a submissive housewife dealing with a full-term pregnancy. Jane/Fenshua

learned to be a powerful husband serving as a confident breadwinner. James/Ai learned to be a loyal lapdog, literally, and what it was like to be the most popular bitch in a neighbourhood of male dogs. And Hua learned what it was like to be silent and unheard, her ghastly opinions kept to herself along with all the others.

And so, as they entered back into the restaurant, they had to hope that would be enough. Lin was there, waiting for them, the pretty Chinese server gesturing for them to take the same seats they had sat in exactly one year ago.

“Welcome back everyone, how has your year been? Can I get you some water?”

“Miserable,” Fang replied in fluent Chinese, accent and all, “and yes.”

“Very well,” Lin said, going to fetch the jug. She returned quickly, just in time for Fenshua to finish helping his wife sit in her seat, and to tie up Ai so that she was not in the way. The pregnant dog whimpered nervously, lying to her side so that her pups could spread out in her womb a little more.

“Do you have your orders?” Lin asked.

“Yes,” Fenshua said. “Can I speak on behalf of Ai and Hua, since they cannot?”

“Of course.”

“Then I’ll make our orders, including for Fang here.” He nodded to his wife, who smiled demurely, though with obvious nervousness. She had had it ingrained in her to be polite and quiet in Fenshua’s presence, like a good wife. She only made loud noises in the bedroom, thanks to his ministrations. And, of course, when she was utterly exhausted due to her overly-full pregnant belly.

The orders were made, and the entrees and dinners were served out. Fang was hungry enough to eat for two, and so consumed Hua’s meal as well; it was, after all, the only way of making sure Amanda’s original meal got to the now-infantilised Hua. The little baby within her shifted and kicked with irritation even so.

“Hush, stop moving, Hua,” she said. “We’re nearly out of this.”

But still the impatient former woman continued her flurry of movement, desperate to escape.

James/Ai was completely the opposite. Always hungry, and utterly morose with her life as a pregnant bitch, she lapped at the food that was served on a tray on the floor, gobbling it up but otherwise whimpering, fearful that she wouldn’t be turned back. For the last year she had been a dog, but the second half of that time her ‘masters’ barely even acknowledged that she’d ever been human. She wished she could go back, just to give her former wife a piece of her mind. Fenshua had become overly confident as her master, and it made the dog seethe with anger.

But even the seething was gone, and now she lay pathetically on her side, eating up the meal, and wishing that it could all end already.

Fenshua, in the meantime, simply ate his meal in peace, occasionally giving compliments to Lin and the restaurant as a whole, and giving some extra portions to his wife, who may have been overly full with her near-due pregnancy, but always had spare room for food. The meal was eaten largely in awkward silence, with only two of the original dual couple group able to converse. Fang was too submissive and quiet to initiate conversation, and Fenshua was happy to let the ambience settle in.

“It’s going to be sad, in a way, going back, don’t you think?” he finally said.

Fang exhaled. “Wh-hwy would you say that? Don’t you want James back?”

He shook his head. “Not as my husband, at least. I’d ask for a divorce, if he changed back. He was a domineering person, and I only realise what a poor fit he was now that I’ve had a chance to be my own person.”

“But what about me? What about Amanda?”

“You mean our little Hua? I think we both know she was a child before she became one in truth. Her actions a year ago were abhorrent and landed us in this mess.”

“And what of me?”

Fenshua grinned. “You’ve been a good wife. A very submissive one, too. I’ve enjoyed our time together, Fang. I think you have too.”

The former male blushed deeply, remembering all the times she’d cried out in pleasure as Fenshua’s impressive cock had parted her feminine walls. She’d never imagined such humiliation, or such ecstasy. All year, she’d suffered the indignity of being a perfect little housewife, barefoot and pregnant, cooking meals for her husband in the kitchen.

“I - I don’t want to talk about it,” she said.

“Fine. I suppose it will all be over soon.”

Fang smiled at the thought, rubbing her distended belly. Within her, Hua squirmed in excitement. Even Ai raised her tired head and panted in excitement, before resting down again.

Lin watched this all with pleasure. Part of her was sad that the group was transforming back, but she doubted they’d all remain together so closely afterwards, or that they would walk away unchanged. It wasn’t often she drew upon the magic of the fortune cookies, but these individuals, particularly the one who had been called Amanda, were more than deserving of its use, and now a year later they certainly looked as if their circumstances had changed.

“Perhaps they have learned a lesson,” she mused to herself. “We’ll see.”

She waited until they had finished eating to go back out. After all, even if they didn't change back, they would have to pay a bill for the food anyway! She chuckled at the notion that regardless, she'd still be bringing in money for her family's restaurant. She had a peek, savoured the way each of them looked to each other awkwardly, even how Fang was rubbing her belly awkwardly in response to the constant movement of Hua trapped within.

"Well, are we ready to pay the bill," she said rather meaningfully as she entered back into the room. The various individuals turned to her, and even Hua stopped shifting in Fang's womb in order to try and hear the muffled voice.

"We are!" Fang said eagerly, rubbing her sore stomach.

Fenshua said nothing.

"Very good then. You have all stayed in your roles, I can tell. And you have obeyed my other instructions. All that you have to do is demonstrate that you have learned something, though of course I will consult Hua and little Ai here more personally."

There was a nervousness in the air as she moved to touch the face of Ai, running a washcloth down the dog's snout. Ai seemed to sense that her thoughts, even her history was being read through that washcloth, as if it too was a magical item.

"Hmmm, you appear to have learned *some* humility, though you still carry a lot of pride. Still, it is sufficient."

She repeated this again, this time over a confused Fang's belly.

"Ha! Little Hua is most impatient, but she has learned at least to behave. That is good. Her behaviour was terrible, and the impetus behind the other changes. But she has passed . . . barely."

Hua relaxed in the womb, not even shifting, simply experiencing relief. After her, Lin turned to Fang herself.

"And you can answer in words. Have you learned something?"

The heavily pregnant woman nodded eagerly, wishing to be Arthur again. "Yes, yes, I have," she said in her strong accent. "I've learned to not be so passive, and to stand up for myself, or else I'll end up beneath someone else's thumb.

Lin struggled to contain her smile. This was nearing its end, and they would return to normal, having each learned a lesson. She turned to Fenshua.

"And you, the one formerly known as Jane. What have you learned?"

Fenshua clasped his hands together as the other three waited, each anxious to return to their bodies. The stolid man smirked a little, looked to Lin . . . and shrugged his shoulders.

“Nothing.”

Lin’s jaw dropped. She hadn’t expected it to go this way.

“Nothing at all?”

“No. Less than nothing, in fact. I have learned no lessons, and refuse to learn any at all, no matter what.”

There was a brief pause, during which everyone but Fenshua were confused. And then there was a sudden jolt, a setting of magic, a sealing of possibilities. All of them knew, in that moment, that Fenshua had locked them in their current bodies. Instantly, Ai pulled herself up and began barking in agitation.

“Husband,” Fang said, terrified. “H-how could you?”

Hua squirmed inside the womb, thrashing in anger and causing disturbances across the woman’s belly.

But Fenshua was just smiling from ear to ear, and laying out his credit card. “I like this life. I like not being shy anymore. And as Lin said the first time, I’m the least guilty, and so I think I can live with your punishments. I have a beautiful wife, a baby about to arrive, and a loyal dog about to deliver a cute litter. What more can a *man* ask for?”

Lin spluttered, unbelieving what she was hearing. She’d never experienced something like *this* before.

“You realise you’re stuck like this forever now, right?”

“Oh, yes,” he said. “I’m ready to pay the bill now, by the way.”

It was at that moment, Lin still not knowing what to say, that Fang felt a horrible gush of liquid out of her loins. She gasped, clutching her abdomen as a terrible contraction rippled through it.

“Ohhhhhh . . . oh no! Oh, God! Husband, the baby! It’s finally coming!”

Fenshua took his wife’s hand, kissed it. “Then we best get to a hospital. As I said, I’m ready to pay. And then I’ll take care of my family.”

He turned to them, smiling, even as Fang struggled with the first symptoms of labour, as Hua squirmed in confusion and discomfort, and Ai barked and howled at the loss of her humanity forever. They were all stuck like this for the rest of their lives, each in their new roles. From wife to baby, from husband to dog, and another husband to pregnant wife. And each of them would now know those roles for good, whether they wanted to or not.

“I’ll take care of you forever, my lovely new family,” Fenshua said. “After all, what are friends for, if not to share in good fortunes?”

The End