

## Fortune Teller's Fury

### Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

*Douglas and Jenine are a comfortable upper-middle class couple in their 40's who are enjoying their local town fair, even if their 'enjoyment' comes at the expense of many around them. However, the entitled pair make a big mistake when they arouse the anger of a local fortune teller, who decides to change their fates in a very big way . . .*

## Fortune Teller's Fury

Douglas and Jenine were visiting the county fair, as they did each and every year. The couple were now in their mid-40's, but had made it an important tradition to sample the various shows, rides, and acts that were displayed each year. This was, as Douglas often put it, "to make sure they are up to scratch and not childish nonsense."

The pair were not particularly well-loved in their neighbourhood for their dour and patronising attitudes. Douglas' hair had gone grey early, and combined with his fattening belly and thick, square glasses and wide jaw, gave the impression of the kind of man who would one day sit on a porch and yell at the 'young whippersnappers' tearing up his lawn. He had a reputation for being humourlessly mean, and disliked new trends he didn't understand.

Jenine was his perfect complement. Her starched brown hair was almost implacably immovable, it was so doused in hairspray. Her thin lips were permanently creased in disapproval of others, and she wore light and flowery dresses that had little to do with her actual disposition. She was the quintessential sourpuss, always eager to gossip viciously about others, and prided herself on being the arbiter of taste and good sense when it came to the fair, which she was a regular organiser for.

The pair strolled through, taking in the scene. Jenine chuckled at Miss Froyer's surgery scar from her car crash - "horrific!" - and Douglas muttered invectives about the disrespectful youths who ran past him, eager to try the new laser tag. But on the whole, they were largely satisfied with the fair's efforts. That was, until they saw a dark red tent they had not seen at previous fairs:

*Madame Soothsay's Fortune Telling*

*She will read your Past, Present, and Future!*

Douglas scoffed. "Fortune telling. Did you really allow that this year?"

"I don't know Dougie," Jenine replied, "it could be fun? Why don't we give it a shot, and if we don't like it, we let others know to avoid it and let her find business elsewhere."

'Dougie' grunted approval, and the two stepped inside. The interior of the tent was lush, and smelled of incense, something Douglas disapproved of. Sitting on an Ottoman cushion, before a low lying wooden table topped with a crystal ball, was Madame

Soothsay. She was an ancient woman, appearing to be in her late seventies at the earliest, and her hands and face had numerous age spots and wrinkle folds upon them. She wore an eyepatch, and purple shroud adorned over her figure, a lilac headscarf concealing her baldness.

"Welcome, welcome!" she said in a high, reedy voice. "Come, come, take a seat! Welcome to my soothsaying. It will cost you a mere twenty dollars for each of you."

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed Douglas. "That's absurd."

"It is the cost of business, and of the true arts of my trade."

Jenine snorted, and the woman regarded her with a cold, dark eye, before smiling sweetly. "Please, both of you have a seat. If you are willing to pay, I will read your fortunes."

The pair looked to one another, and Jenine shrugged, forking over the requisite money to the Madame, who quickly enclosed it somewhere beneath her shroud.

"Very good, very good, now take a seat. I may read your fortunes, but as my sign says, I can read your past, present, and future. Things you missed and could have done, present circumstances you are unsure about, and future happenings you may not know off. This can include, even, past and future lives, should you wish it."

"There is no such thing as past and future lives," Jenine replied, rolling her eyes a little too dramatically as the Madame began shuffling her cards. "People die and go to either Heaven or Hell. There is no such thing as karma, or whatever those people wish to believe."

The woman eyed her again, but said nothing, continuing with her act as she placed cards face down on the table.

"A Tarot deck," Douglas said, frowning. "This is not the sort of thing I want in my town."

"It is neither good or bad," the Madame replied, "but she who wields it makes the difference, and those that receive it. Please, take a card."

They both did. In the background, a chorus of deep throatsingers played, lending a surreal effect to the proceedings that was no doubt deliberate.

"Now, reveal it kindly on the table, and I will illuminate its meaning."

Both figures did so, and both groaned in irritation and umbrage at what they revealed: *The Fool* for Douglas, the *Tower* for her.

"I'm no fool," he whispered, feeling he was being made fun of.

"And what does it mean I'm a tower, this is ridiculous!" Jenine added.

The woman calmed them, giving a placating gesture. "Worry not, the Fool can be agile and adaptable, and the tower means destruction and terror, but also great change. What card we turn next can decide the reading. May I take your palms?"

The couple looked to one another. Jenine sighed dramatically.

“Wait till Clara and Lisa hear about this nonsense.”

But she extended a hand anyway, and the Madame took them both, examining them.

“Hmmm, you have a series of fractured lines, sir. A sign of a life with many opportunities not taken, and many possible friends pushed away. You have looked down upon what is different, and so become solid, unyielding to better outcomes. And you, ma’am, have such straight lines. A sure sign of lack of change, and dissatisfaction. The kind of narrow, monotonous life that leads to irritability. I believe for my reading -”

“This is poppycock!” spat Jenine, standing. “You dare insult us! I am perfectly happy with my life, thank you.”

“And I have not lost opportunities. I have gained them!” exclaimed Douglas, standing also. “This whole hullabaloo is nonsense. We’ll both be putting complaints to the county fair office, and you can bet your ancient ass you’ll be out of town tomorrow.”

“My husband is a real big man in this town, Madame, you can bet on it.”

Madame Soothsayer looked at the two of them with her one good eye, searching their souls for any trace of redemptive qualities. Like traces of gold within vast ores of poor iron, they were rare and far between for Douglass Hermann. But in Jenine, at least, there was a worthwhile nugget, buried deep. Difficult to excavate, but there as a promise of worth all the same. She made a decision.

“Very well, perhaps the cards were a poor choice. Before you condemn me, however, let me offer you a true reading. A divination of your past, present, and future lives that will alter your perceptions entirely.”

“Alter perceptions,” Douglas said as she packed up the cards, “sounds like drugs to me.”

“I assure you no illicit chemicals are involved in this matter, only the arcane energies of the crystal ball, through which I may focus my power to allow you entrance to another life.”

“Oh, I’m sure this will be good,” Jenine said, but her interest was piqued. The Madame was not wrong; she was a gossip because her life was monotonous, and she secretly liked to read tales of adventure when her husband wasn’t looking. She spat on those with more varied lives than her, precisely because she was jealous.

“Very well, then,” Douglas said, sitting down. “Final chance.”

The fortune teller smiled. “You have no notion how true that is.”

Her ancient fingers moved over the crystal ball, and the room seemed to darken unnaturally, the candles dimming in a way that seemed not quite right. As they darkened, so did the crystal ball begin to glow brighter and brighter, a myriad of strange arcane patterns swirling and forming and redistributing across its surface, as if it contained living fog, or something else entirely.

"Well, this is more impressive at least," Douglas huffed, "light shows at best, though."

But Jenine said nothing, fascinated by the sight, and the fortune teller did well to notice her expression, which became hardened only when her husband was looking her way.

The darkness of the room became absolute, and the ball brighter, like a miniature silver sun, and it was astonishing that it seemed as if they were in no room at all, but rather in a vast inky expanse which contained no life, no evidence of a greater world or universe. There was only the three of them, the small table resting on nothing, and the crystal ball.

"How . . ." Jenine managed, overwhelmed, but her sentence faded as the crystal *flashed*, and suddenly all around them in the inky void were moving images, like living television screens, shifting about, revolving slowly around them. There were hundreds of them, some far distant, others closer, and each displayed different individuals.

In one, a playful fox enticed its mate in a sunlit meadow.

In another, a busty Victorian woman was brought to her bedchamber, about to consummate her marriage to a handsome lord.

In a third, strange beams of light shot through space, while several cadets in odd uniforms whooped and cheered, some looking quite inhuman.

In a fourth, a fat cow, her udders swollen, was milked by a cruel farmer.

The images went on and on, displaying strong circus men, crusty politicians, arctic bears, scuttling cockroaches, women in the pangs of childbirth, even creatures that seemed impossible, mythical, or *extinct*. The couple were overwhelmed, unbelieving their eyes.

"Stop this at once!" Douglas exclaimed. "My wife and I demand it!"

But Jenine did not join him. The gossiping sourpuss of a woman was blinking back tears, observing a series of lives the fortune teller was claiming she had lived, and realising that nearly all of them were more vibrant and interesting than her current life.

"It is too late," Madame Soothsay said, her expression gleeful and smug. "You wished for a *true reading*, and I have read you inside and out. *You*, Douglass Hermann, are a bigot and a bully, someone who aches for a time where old traditions stood and expectations were clear. I promise you will have it.

"You Jenine, gossip and complain, but only because your own life is so unfulfilled while married to this man. And so I will bring you some excitement, in another life you would learn well to adapt to quickly."

The married couple stood, abrasive and angered by the woman's words.

"I want out of this charade!" Douglas declared, moving away in sight of an exit. Jenine hesitated, and moved to follow him.

"*Out* you shall have," Madame Soothsay spoke, grinning openly, "but a *charade* this is not. I told you both, I am a fortune teller of lives not just present, but *past* and *future* as

well. You long for a reactionary past so greatly, Douglas Hermann, so let me give you a past life well suited for it!"

Douglas halted as the screens went dark, all except one, which grew larger and larger in size. It displayed scenes of what could only be Victorian London, smoke billowing from distant industrial stacks, men in top hats moving through the muddied streets. Railroads sang along on their tracks, mighty steam engines filled with suited and corseted passengers. And among them, a single figure stood out to him, one he felt a strange and ethereal connection to.

"No, no, that ain't right," he said, eyes wide.

"Oh yes," Madame Soothsay replied, her voice now everywhere. "Not every past life is male, Douglas. Or should I call you Elizabeth?"

Douglas clutched his wider gut as it tense, and he was horrified to feel that it was thinning away, the fat redistributing. His skin crawled, his chest hair retreated, and he gasped as he felt his hip bones begin to separate and widen before reconnecting. Jenine squeaked, almost jumping as she saw her husband's greying hair ripple and extend, turning an incredibly vibrant red.

"D-Douglas! My love! You're becoming a w-woman!"

"That's - no!"

But indeed, the woman in the image before him was exactly what he was becoming. She was unbelievably beautiful, wearing a dark red multi-layer dress with a corseted waist and impressive bustle. Several jewels adorned the waist and bust, which was straining to contain a very impressive pair of pale breasts. She was pale indeed, with a dark beauty spot to the right of her ruby red lips, and she had a demureness and submissiveness about her that Douglas had long wished would return to the women of his day.

And it was the same woman that Douglas was becoming. He groaned as a pressure built in his chest, even as his calves slimmed and legs became more shapely. Jenine watched on in horror as her husband's sun-tanned skin paled significantly, his face altering and shifting until it was feminine. Lipstick painted over his increasingly full lips, at the same time something else was becoming full also. Douglas gasped, panting, as his nipples expanded, becoming pert and pink. His clothes altered, reshaping to become a gorgeous period dress; even his shoes changed! His vibrant red hair weaved around itself to form a classic braided bun.

"I don't want this," he stammered, only his voice was taking on an increasingly womanly lilt, now. "Turn me back!"

"Too late," Madame Soothsay said, as penis began to pull into his body. He doubled over as a womb and a set of ovaries formed within him. "You will now be Elizabeth Inway, a young heiress of twenty years old recently wedded to Harold Inway, a wealthy merchant. Fear not, her life has luxuries, though with her beautiful looks and, ahem,

*generous* bosom, her husband could barely keep his hands off her. Looking at her life, it seems he was able to get eleven children on her, so that's a lot to look forward to, my dear. Sadly, childbirth was a bit more of an ordeal in those days, but you'll certainly become accustomed to it, I'm sure."

Douglas' eyes widened in horror, just in time for them to shift from blue to emerald green. His face was nearly 'finished', with a cute rounded appearance that still had some of the residual babyfat of youth, with an almost naive expression of beauty. He whimpered as his cock pulled inwards, becoming a feminine passage instead, and the new woman's hips and rear rounded out with a lovely layer of curves as if in celebration. But she had other problems; despite placing her now-slender palms against her chest, her breasts were still rising surely and steadily like baker's dough.

"T-too big!" she groaned, and Jenine was shocked at how pleasingly musical her former-husband's voice was, as well as how top-heavy she was becoming. They pushed into the cups of the dress, then pushed the dress outwards in a generous curve. Reaching the limits of the hemline, and with little other place to go, they now rose upwards instead, until half of her impressive melons were prodigiously displayed in the flesh, curving like globes at her clavicle. It was a wonder she could even breathe.

"I'm - what the fuck have you done!? I'm a woman!"

"That's no way for a woman of your time to be talking," Madame Soothsay said. "But I'm sure you'll find that out, once your husband disciplines you for the first time. Fear not, he's a loving gentleman, but a staunch believer in tradition. Just like you, Elizabeth."

"My name is Douglas!" she declared, stepping forward, all fire and fury. But she was far less intimidating than she realised, and any man would be finding his blood pooling elsewhere in response to the impressive wobble in her chest. Madame Soothsay simply flicked her wrist over the crystal ball, which shone brighter.

"Enjoy your new life, Elizabeth. And all the best in your new marriage bed. Rest assured, this is goodbye for you and Jenine. I promise to keep you in touch: you will dream of her, and her of you, so you can know of one another's fates and fortunes, but never actually stay in touch. Farewell."

Elizabeth squealed in an embarrassingly feminine manner as her body was catapulted into the image of her Victorian life, and then with a flash, she was gone. For a brief moment, Jenine could see a very surprised and terrified beauty being carried to the marriage bed by a tall, dark, and handsome figure, her bodice already loose, and then the image was gone. From Douglas' perspective, now as Elizabeth, her nipples were already hard with need, the strange gap between her thighs unfamiliarly moist, and as she was placed on the bed, she had little choice but to go along with the act her new body wanted. She had yet to even fully absorb the information that in a few moments, she might well be on a journey to motherhood, a journey she was destined to repeat another ten times over.

Back in the void, Jenine was shocked.

"You . . . you just turned my husband into a woman," she said, her heart beating fast. She had loved Douglas, in her own way, even if he was a crass, rude man, he'd been a kindred spirit in a way. She turned on the fortune teller. "How - how dare you! I demand you bring him back?"

Madame Soothsay simply weaved her hands over the crystal ball, and formed a new image, not listening to Jenine as she spoke over her instead.

"Ah Jenine, Jenine. I promised to send you far from Douglas, and so I shall. If he has found tradition in the past, I must find you the excitement you crave in the future. Though I cannot promise you will always enjoy it, you at least show more moral promise than your husband. Therefore, I give you a reading of a future life, one that possesses quite the element of change . . ."

The new image flickered, hovering overhead in the inky darkness, and Jenine fell silent at the utterly bizarre images she saw. They showed a sight of planets that were entirely unfamiliar to her, viewed from the bridge of some great futuristic ship. It was sleek and silver-grey, with a light blue trim and numerous coloured consoles that lined the walls, each manned by an individual in a bright blue or purple jacket and black pants. At the centre of the room were three chairs, in which sat a middle-aged captain, her male second-in-command, and a third figure who was not human at all. In fact, a number of them were not human.

"They're . . . aliens!?"

Madame Soothay chuckled. "We are aliens to them, of course! This is Stardate 2376, when humanity is just one of a hundred species united in a common Spacefaring Union, devoted to exploration, scientific development, and defence. It is a time of excitement, intrigue, and yes, danger. And *she is* a future life of yours."

For a moment the shocked Jenine thought the woman was referring to the stalwart human captain at the bridge, but instead the image refocused on an alien member of the crew adorned in a bright green uniform jacket. She was . . . well, the closest way to describe her would be as a fox. Not in terms of attractiveness, though there was that too, but literally appearing like a female humanoid fox, complete with great bushy red and white tail waving out the back of her modified trousers, and large fluffy ears that perked up at every sound. Her figure was svelte, wide in the hips, and it was clear from her jacket's tight contours that she had three pairs of mammalian breasts, the topmost pair equal to generous Double-D cups, the middle pair C's, and the lowest around a still-respectable B-cup. The jacket was sleeveless, revealing tough, furry arms.

Jenine looked to the creature with fascination and shock. This *thing* was a future life of hers? How? As if in answer to the question, Madame Soothsay answered.

"Her name is Seekray of the Shaded Meadow, and she is a Vulpinian, a humanoid species closely allied to humans, and capable of interbreeding with them. As the chief of security for the Darwin-class vessel *The Opaka*, she lives a life of danger and excitement, something her hot-headed species enjoys greatly. Of course, she also has a

number of other 'excitements' with the crew; Vulpinions have a strong heat cycle, and are very up front about it."

Jenine stepped backwards as a scene showed that alien creature battling strange forces on a desert planet, exchanging phaser fire. Strange pressures were already beginning over her body; a million pinpricks across her skin that was fast accompanied by the growth of red fur. She squealed, scratching at herself, only to screech as her fingers developed sharp black claws. Her entire build increased, and she gained two feet of height, her spine audibly popping.

"N-no! Want to stay h-human!" she gasped, her voice lowering slightly, becoming a strong female commander's tone. "Stop this!"

But even among the seriousness, she fell to giggling as she was tickled by the growth of fur all along her body. Her calves cracked, reshifting so that only the pads of her feet pressed against the ground, leaving her even taller. Her clothing altered, her dress shrinking and toughening to become a combat-ready security detail vest modified to leave much of her fur uncovered. Her trousers were shortened, allowing her feet to remain bare.

"Ah - hee - hee! Oh, that tickles! I'm not laughing at this - haha! OOHH!"

The last caused her to plant her thick-padded hands at the base of her spine, where new vertebrae were growing at a rapid pace. Jenine growled, face already beginning to extend outwards into a cute muzzle, but her main concern was her rear, where a large puffy tail suddenly *exploded* out from her, looking embarrassingly adorable. She howled, quite literally, as her jaw cracked, and cringed as her ears pulled upwards, skin stretching and thinning to become two fluffy orange fox ears. She pawed at her chest as her breasts grew in; all six of them. The top pair more than doubled in size, and she moaned in unwanted pleasure as two more pairs grew in, leaving tantalisingly visible indentations in her jacket.

In moments, Jenine was no longer a member of the human race instead, but rather an alien Vulpinian, and a strong and highly attractive one too. So much about her body was unfamiliar, and even her heartbeat felt like it was on the wrong side of her. She sniffed the air, taking in more scents than she thought possible, and she could even hear the fortune teller's near-silent breathing. It was all too much.

"This . . . this isn't me at all," she said, trying to ignore how strange it was to talk with a fluffy muzzle. "I don't like science-fiction nonsense. I don't want the future. I don't want to be all furry and have a tail and all these senses!" She scratched at her muzzle, and was briefly distracted by how good that felt. "I want Douglas back here. Please, I'll leave you alone. I'll write a good review!"

The fortune teller just shook her head. "It is too late for that, my dear Spacefaring Union member, you and your husband chose to insult my ways, so now you learn their true power. But I promise you, you may just learn to enjoy your new life, as it gives you the excitement you crave. I can't imagine our dear Elizabeth will feel the same way, birthing

her near-dozen children, but I've left you a freer fate. Just remember to groom all that fur!"

And with that, she flicked her wrist, and the horrified former-human was sent spiralling off several hundred years into the future, to serve aboard the *Opaka*. Soothsay smirked as she watched the image warble, depicting the bridge as a mysterious alien shop opened fire upon them. Captain Orgeta turned to her Vulpinian security officer, demanding solutions, and the fortune teller relished the look of absolute confusion from the strong, busty, and quite *furry* commander.

"Umm, open fire on the, um, warp core?" Seekray, formerly known as Jenine, said.

The crew eyed her, and she held her tail protectively as the ship rocked from another phaser blast against its shields. Had she said the wrong thing? Who was this person? What was she going to do? And why was that other commander looking at her with something approaching a desirous gaze?

"Excellent suggestion, Commander," her Captain said. "Fire phaser coils on my command."

The image closed, but from Jenine's perspective, a life of strange new worlds and literally alien experiences were opening up before her now as Seekray. She just hoped she could outpace the challenges before they piled up. She would have to, she realised sadly, think like a fox.

Madame Soothsayer touched her crystal ball, now alone, and her presence and ancient arcane focus left the astral plane. In moments, she was back in her tent, thoroughly satisfied with her work. No one would ever know what had happened to Douglas and Jenine Hermann, but thanks to the connection she drew between them now, weaving her fingers over the crystal one last time, they would always know one another. As Douglas/Elizabeth swelled with the first of her children and endured the restrictive role of women in her time period, along with her husband's amorous advances, Jenine/Seekray would witness these trials and times of passion in her dreams. And when Douglas/Elizabeth went to sleep, hand resting on her swollen belly, she would dream of far-future adventures starring a furry fox-woman, her six-breasted form a treat for her various crew members as she boldly went places no woman like her had ever gone before. He might even bear witness to a string of lovers her rampant heat pushed her to take, and perhaps an eventual bridge-crew romance. And each might be jealous of the other, or not at all, perhaps even becoming satisfied in their new lives. She suspected, at the least, that Jenine might find a little joy in her new alien form. A quick look into the crystal ball would confirm it, but she decided against it. Not even a fortune teller like Madame Soothsay liked to spoil every fate for herself. After all, life was meant to be full of surprises.

And for these two, there were plenty of surprises yet to come.

**The End**

