

Alternate Ending - Ideal Partner (Harem TF)

By FoxFaceStories

In an alternative take on the original story, instead of Fred becoming Samantha's ideal partner, they both become what he envisions as an ideal couple due to the spell malfunctioning. But when Sammi's Aunt Tila comes to investigate and fix the spell, she finds herself joining in on the fun as their sexy maid!

Alternative Ending - Ideal Partner

"You could have done a lot of other things that would have made me feel better, this is just your last possible chance to do anything."

Fred frowned at the words. He knew that Samantha, his Sammi, had been chafing at his behaviour as of late. And sure, he'd been far too expectant with her, often getting her to do the cleaning in the apartment, making the dinner, all that kind of stuff. And yes, he'd put up his dirty construction boots on the couch the other day without even paying mind the mud still upon them. But often just a sweet word, or a compliment for her new short hair, or a small gesture would be enough to swing her his way. But now his girlfriend was going on about 'magic' and how her 'Aunt Tila' had the power to 'change things in an arcane way.' Well, he'd humour her.

"Fine, fine. It's all bullshit anyway. What am I agreeing to?"

Sammi grinned. "I'm going to read a spell scroll, and at the end you're going to verbally agree to the conditions, and if all works well, the magic will make you into my ideal partner. Does that work for you, or would you rather I walk out the door? Either option is fine by me, but if you really are committed to a chance-"

"I am," he said, though his voice was decidedly surly and unenthusiastic. "Just, you know, get it over with or whatever so we can go back to being normal."

Sammi smirked, though he wasn't sure why.

"By speaking the words upon this scroll, I invoke the magics of the ancients," she recited. The dark ink on the scroll lit up gold before her eyes, exciting her, though Fred could not yet see it. "Oh great ones, let there be a change in form and mind. Let the one who stands

before me consent to become to me as an ideal partner, my first love, my greatest attraction and deepest, most devout follower. Let them worship me as I am intended to be worshipped, and fulfil all desires that I would want in a loving spouse for life.”

The writing glowed a little, surprising Fred.

“Well,” his girlfriend continued. “Do you consent to all of this, Fred?”

He raised an eyebrow, getting a little creeped out at this. “So you’re saying that you’ll be my ideal woman, right? Is that it? That’ll apply to you for me?”

“Of course,” she said, though her expression was somewhat mischievous now. “That’s what I agreed to.”

“Then sure, I consent too.”

Sammi laughed as the gold lettering began to lift and float off of the page, shocking Fred as real life magic unfolded before him. He gaped at this, even as Sammi’s laugh turned into an outright cackle.

“Oh, this is going to be good, Fred! You have no idea what I’ve got in store for you. You see, I’ve been thinking more about girls than boys recently, so my perfect ideal partner wouldn’t be a slob like you, but rather - NGHH! What!? What is it doing - Ughh!”

To their shared surprise, the golden letters turned into motes of light and practically leapt into her figure, dancing as they did so. Fred stumbled backwards, only to find a number of motes flying into him as well. He gasped, feeling the power of change flow through him, just as Sammi was.

“What? This wasn’t m-meant to affect m-me!” Sammi cried, but even as she did so, her form began to change, not to mention her voice, which affected a highly sensual tone. She grimaced, shuddering and arching her back as her breasts began to grow, expanding from modest B-cups up to a lovely pair of hand fillers and then beyond. They literally ripped the front of her shirt as they surged forth, growing heavier and heavier, and their heightened sensitivity left her grasping and groping them, even as they overwhelmed her palms with their sheer largesse.

Fred became hard just at the sight of this, but the magical energy flowed through him too. His muscles, already fairly impressive from his labourer's occupation, now swelled to incredible proportions, diminishing any hint of a beer gut along his abdomen. He gritted his teeth as his jaw reshaped, becoming more square and classically handsome, while his mussy black hair cleaned itself, becoming slightly longer and borderline dashing in appearance. His biceps in particular swelled, as did his pecs and abs, and soon he too was literally bursting through his clothing, the buttons pinging off of his shirt one by one to reveal an Adonis-like form.

"Holy shit!" he exclaimed, voice going deeper and gaining a brass baritone smooth quality. "I'm becoming a freaking God! Sammi, what did you do?"

But Sammi was freaking out. The spell was malfunctioning, something had gone wrong! Her hips were widening, and her ass was expanding to ridiculously sexy proportions, like she was becoming some kind of social media thot who showed off her features for views. She bent over, her appearance only making Fred's newly enlarged cock all the more rigid, and as she did so the back of her pants also ripped. She moaned, shaking her new ass.

"I didn't intend for thissss!" she moaned, even as a tongue piercing appeared in her mouth and a sexy belly button piercing on her midriff too. The realisation hit her at the moment her breasts swelled up yet another cupsize, the pair of them now like overripe cantaloupes, her cleavage something you could practically dive into. "Oh God! It's the part you said! I agree to it! I agree to change for you, and now we're ch-changing for each other! MHHMM!!"

The pleasure of the change was something else, and it was drawing the pair together. Without thinking, both Fred and Samantha discarded their clothing, practically ripping it off of their respective forms. They grasped and groped one another, kissing their passionate lips, of which Sammi's were now the perfect kind for not just kissing but giving blowjobs, at least in Fred's mind: they were pouty and perfect.

"I don't know what's come over me!" the changed woman cried, touching Fred's pecs and running her fingers down his perfect abs. "I'm so fucking horny right now!"

"Me too, I've never been so fucking hard. That was the perfect spell, babe."

Fred could hardly believe it. His length was incredible, and it was like his balls were about to burst with semen unless he emptied them in his woman. He grinned as she moaned, her

breasts filling out one final time until they were almost the size of her own head, yet somehow all natural. He cupped them, letting them spill over his hands, and when he ran his thumbs over her divine nipples his woman let out a long, borderline orgasmic series of coos.

“Ohhhh, we have to s-stop!” she cried, even as she began to stroke his cock, pressing it near her wet folds. But the truth was, despite her words, she didn’t actually want it to stop. In fact, she was desperate to take things even further.

“Why?” Fred said, holding her tightly, his muscles enlarging one last time as well. He was now even taller, his shoulders broad and mighty, and she was so small against him, and yet so deeply voluptuous. Her body was a perfect complement to his. “We’re perfect now, babe. I can’t believe magic is real, but you’ve made me your ideal partner, I can feel it!”

She bit her lip. God, even his voice was making her moist! She spread her legs a little, changing her stance, inviting him to do more. Hadn’t she consented to this too?

“What - what do you mean? I feel so goddamn submissive, Fred. That’s not me! But I want to do everything to make you happy - including letting you fuck my submissive brains out. It wasn’t meant to be this way! Ohhh, but I want it. God, I agreed to this, and I still agree to it! Please, f-fuck me! I can’t stand it, even if I didn’t plan it!”

“Maybe not,” he said, groping her ass and eliciting a high-pitched whimper from her. “But I’m feeling like a total gentleman. The kind of guy you really deserve. Can’t you feel it? I’ll never track mud into the house. Never be a slob again. You can be the woman of my dreams, but I promise I’ll be your man.”

Perhaps Sammi could have fought the pull of her new role, were it not for the charismatic gaze of Fred. She could see in his eyes that he really had changed. There was a gentleness to him now, a desire to please her as much as she pleased him. For the first time in their entire relationship, she felt truly safe and cared for in his arms.

And in that moment, she caved, now and forever.

“Oh, Fred. Let’s try again.”

“My thoughts exactly, Sammi. I’ll show you how much I care about your happiness . . . right now.”

He lifted her up, and to her surprise hoisted her against the wall, his strength easily carrying her. She moaned as he began to lick her nipples, her enormous breasts right in his face. His fingers traced over her, and she in turn locked her legs above his waist to stay in position. She had never wanted to be some busty, curvy beauty, but now that she was, she was lost in the joyous foreplay he was giving her. Fred had never been into foreplay. Now, his every touch was masterful, making her wetter and wetter until she was literally begging him to enter her.

“N-now! Get in m-me! I can’t stand it anymore! The spell malfunction - it makes me want to be your ideal partner! I want this! I want this so fucking bad! Do it!”

“Me too, Sammi,” Fred grunted, having received her consent readily. “I’m so glad you used that spell.”

He entered her, and her eyes went wide in response. Her boyfriend hadn’t been small before, but now he was truly titanic, his length and girth feeling like a total ladysplitter. She held on tight as he banged her against the wall, and she in turn thrust her chest into his now that he had lowered her for the act. Her nipples rubbed against him, more sensitive than they’d ever been. And still the passion was building.

From Fred’s perspective, he’d gotten everything he wanted. He now had the woman of his dreams, and her cries of delirious joy were something to behold. But more than that, it was imperative to him that she cum before he did. He had always been entitled, and he saw that now for the first time. From this day, he vowed, even as he thrust into his woman, he would always put her first. He would be the man she needed, just as she became the kind of beauty few were ever lucky enough to lay eyes on.

“Yesssss,” Sammi moaned. “I’m s-so close! Cum in me!”

“Not until you cum too,” he said, squeezing her hips. “We’re starting again on a high note!”

The words were so damn reassuring to Sammi that she practically stopped caring about how she had changed. If becoming a horny, busty, and quite submissive beauty was the requirement for having the man of her dreams, then so be it! She gripped him ever more highly, getting closer and closer and closer until . . .

“Oh! OHHH!! YESSSS!!!”

She orgasmed, and not a moment too soon, because Fred finally let himself go, ejaculating deep into her and bringing on a second and third orgasm. Stream after stream of issue coursed into her passage; Fred could hardly believe how virile he now was. It took a long time for them both to come down from the pleasure, and still she was pinned up against the wall. When they did manage to catch their collective breath, Fred gazed up at his lover.

“I know that spell backfired, but I think it worked out pretty well, huh?”

Sammi wanted to stay angry, but how could she stay angry with such a handsome, now quite thoughtful and protective man?

“I’d say so,” she said, giggling. “But just because I’m way more submissive now, doesn’t mean I’m your maid now, or anything.”

“The old Fred would be disappointed, babe. But not me. You’re perfection.”

They kissed again, this time even more passionately.

Tila was confused. She’d heard almost no word from her niece, and when Samantha had finally reached out over text, something had seemed off. It was almost like she was still with Fred, except Fred certainly hadn’t become a woman! A quick check of Sammi’s social media had confirmed not only that, but a horrid backfire: somehow her niece had become an overly top-heavy beauty with long hair, a far more feminine manner, and an ass you could bounce an entire roll of quarters off of. Something had malfunctioned, and now it was time to set it right.

Tila knocked on the door to her niece’s apartment. There was an embarrassed little squeal, followed by some scampering, and it gave her the distinct impression that some sex was either being had or had just occurred. Judging from the scent of sex that flowed into her nostrils when the door opened, and the fact that Sammi was wearing a bathrobe and nearly spilling out of it, while Fred was wearing just a towel around his waist, she had the distinct notion that this exact scenario had indeed played out.

“Aunt Tila!” Sammi said, her voice far more purring than before. “What brings you here?”

Tila entered the house, brushing past her niece. The house was indeed in a state: clothes everywhere from a whirlwind of apparent passion, and lots of fast food piled up on the main table from a lot of recent orders. The pair flushed red with embarrassment as she saw it.

“Sammi, what on earth has gone wrong here?” she demanded. “I gave you a spell to make Fred your ideal partner! You wanted someone clean and now he’s a giant dashing knight of a man and you’re some kind of bimbo!”

“I’m - I’m not a bimbo! And it’s not his mess. I just . . . I can’t help but please him. And him, me. We both got hit by it - I kind of lied about the rules and accidentally consented to being his ideal lover too when he mentioned it.”

Tila groaned. Yes, that would do it, she realised.

“Where’s the scroll?”

“Um, under the fries wrappers, I think?”

Fred retrieved it, passing it to Tila. “You’re not going to reverse this, are you?”

“Why shouldn’t I?”

Fred put an arm around Tila’s niece, holding her comfortingly. Even Tila was impressed with how utterly masculine and loving he appeared.

“Because we’re happier than ever. I became the man she needed, and she became the woman I wanted. And we love each other.”

Tila groaned. “That’s not helping any of this. Gods of the stars, there’s grease all over the scroll. And the lettering is gone. But at least I can work the magic from its template and try to fix this literal mess.”

“Don’t!” Sammi cried. “We really are happy.”

But Tila was adamant. "It's just the magic, my niece. You performed it wrong. Now I'll fix it, provided this damn grease isn't smudging too much. Ahem! I recall the words upon this scroll to undo the mess around us. Fix this situation to its ideal, cleaning up any irregularities that came from this magic!"

There was a moment's pause, and then . . . nothing happened. Tila frowned, ready to try another spell recall, when suddenly the spell scroll began to crumble in her hands. It lit up with aberrant silver light, and to the shock of everyone enveloped her instead.

Undo the mess . . .

Fix this situation . . .

Clean up . . .

Her words hovered in the air even as the magic began to transform her. The master witch tried to cast a spell, but found herself unable to, the magic from her body feeding the change and depriving her of her talent.

"That damn grease! Ugh, I used the wrong wording! Quick, Sammi, make sure to - NGH!"

But it was too late. Right before Fred and Sammi's eyes, Tila's form altered and shifted. Her mid-forties appearance reversed in time, leaving her to appear only in her mid-twenties at best. Her hair, previously long and filled with trinkets, lost all of its ornamentation and shortened, wrapping up in a ponytail supported by a maid's cap of all things. This was just a sign of the change to come, for soon Tila was gaining all sorts of curves, her witchy altering to become a sexy French maid's uniform, complete with bare thighs above sexy transparent stockings, high black heels, and a low cut corset that revealed an enlarged cleavage.

"N-no! Stop this! I call upon the magic to - mmhmm! Stop it! Stop feeling so - ahhh! Ohhhhh, I need to clean! I'll fix this magic, but I need to c-clean first! Ohhhh!"

The pleasure overrode her magical senses, reducing her ability to fight back. Soon her bust was easily a DD-cup, not nearly so large as Sammi's bustline, but no small pair either. Her costume emphasised those features, as well as her new youthified beauty and wider pair of hips. A duster appeared in one hand, and when she bent over from another series of changes, Fred went hard at the sight of her tight panties.

"I can't s-stop needing to c-clean!" she declared, already starting to dust some of the shelves adjacent to her. The transformation had barely finished and she was already clearing the table of the discarded junk food packets, and by some supernatural knowledge was aware of the location of the vacuum cleaner, the window wipe fluid, and all the ingredients in the kitchen needed for tonight's meal.

"Tila, are you okay?" Sammi asked.

Tila bit her lip, trying not to feel resplendent in her new role. "N-no! Maybe! Yes! I just need to clean, honey. Be your maid for a bit! Look very beautiful and young and gorgeous - though not nearly so much as yourselves, of course - and keep this house clean so your love can grow! Damn it all, this is foul magic. It's making my mind so full of pretty thoughts. Hopefully it won't last long, because I don't have the strength to fight it, and then I'll be your maid for longer than I should!"

"H-how long?" Fred asked. He was getting turned on by Tila's new appearance, and Sammi was starting to notice.

Tila continued around the area, packing up various objects and fixing up the shifted furniture. With each improvement, her mind buzzed with dopamine rushes, pleasing and humiliating the wish in equal manner.

"Oh dear, maybe forever?"

Fred gulped. "Forever," he repeated, his thoughts occupied by notions of seeing a sexy maid work each day even as he loyally stayed by Sammi.

But he should have thought better of his partner. What he wanted, she wanted too. She giggled, turning him by the shoulder and planting a kiss on his lips.

"Hey big guy," she said. "Looks like the magic worked out again. Why don't you use that hard pole between your legs on me, since you're already in the mood again? That alright by you, Auntie?"

"F-fine, dear!" Tila managed. "I'll take care of dinner."

The same affect was upon her now too: that submissiveness, that desire. And just like with Sammi, Tila was finding herself consenting and agreeing to all of it. She truly wanted this new life of hers, and was already pushing down any resistance, actively pursuing her new role openly.

“More time for us then,” Sammi said, grinning in a vulpine manner as she dragged a happy Fred to the bedroom. “And if you really, really can’t stop looking at that new maid of ours, maybe you can have some fun with her too.”

“Holy shit,” Fred said, already removing his towel and embracing his sexy partner. “You’d let me do that?”

“What can I say?” she said. “I’m your ideal partner. Now show me why you’re mine, and when we’re done, we can enjoy a maid show.”

Fred was inside of her moments later, and the pair was soon crying out with pleasure. Tila, who was cleaning at the time as their new maid, couldn’t help but voice her thoughts out loud.

“This didn’t go to plan at all . . . but I really hope Fred will show me a good time too!”

The End