

## Morgan's Night Out

### Anonymous Commission

***Content Warning:** Contains male to female TG, inanimate TF, animal TG, rapid pregnancy, age regression, and racial TF. Themes of race are for story purposes **only**.*

### **Morgan's Night Out**

Ever since Morgan had discovered her transformative powers nearly a decade ago, her life had taken a turn for the wonderful. You see, each witch that comes of age quickly finds that her powers extend over a particular dominion. Some have power over plants – making healing herbs and helpful potions, as well as controlling plant-life – others have powers over life – raising the dead, extending and shortening lifespans and so forth.

For Morgan, her power was in transformation, both mental and physical. When she had come of age, she had discovered her ability to sculpt flesh as easily as a pottery worker sculpts clay. Easier, even. Dogs could become cats, animals become men, and men . . . men could become all sorts of things. For as far as Morgan was concerned, she'd won the power jackpot, and was far more willing to use her talents to torment others and amuse herself than most witches. Which was not to say that she wasn't guided by a sense of morality; Morgan may have had the exaggerated whim that most all witches lay claim to, but she tried to ensure her magic would transform the bodies and minds of those who had, at the very least, committed *some* transgression. And if the punishment was often disproportionate to the nature of the crime, well, that was the chaos of magic in effect.

In her years of travelling across the world and drinking in its sights and sounds, Morgan's expertise in her art had grown. She had left in her wake a long line of victims: rude fast food customers turned into the very animals they wished to eat; catcalling construction workers stuck in new occupations as sexy female strippers and models; a selfish farmer's daughter having free access to all the milk she wants courtesy of an immense udder between her thighs; she had even turned a crew of whalers into a new pod of Sperm whales. Female sperm whales, of course. The species was listed as Vulnerable, and naturally the men deserved to bring new life into the world where once they had taken it. This was her way, and most of the time these victims never knew that there were others just like them.

That was not the case of this night, which for the small city of Elmont would prove to be a night of change for several of its denizens. On this night, Morgan was enjoying a night out on the town by herself. At twenty-seven years old, her own body modified from the skinny rake it used to be into a voluptuous form, the beautiful brunette made quite an impact as she entered her first club of the night. The music raged, the floor was full of dancers, and shots were emptied down eager throats.

"My kind of scene!" she declared to herself before moving into the crowd and joining the frenetic dancing.

It was twenty or so minutes later when she emerged from the dance floor both exhausted and feeling wonderful, and began moving towards the bar to get a drink. As she did a patron turned around and collided into her, causing the clumsy woman's drink to spill to the floor.

"Watch where you're going bitch!" the blonde growled angrily. She was drunk, and her boyfriend looked embarrassed, already urging her to move on and not make a scene.

Morgan was initially shocked, but quickly gave a cheshire's grin to the tall woman. She was a blonde beauty alright, in her early 20s, and Morgan had little doubt that this woman's good looks and expensive tastes had led to a haughty and entitled attitude in life.

"What's so funny bitch?" the woman spat, wobbling a little on her feet.

"Oh, nothing," she replied in a lackadaisical voice, "I'm just curious as to your name."

The woman scoffed, about to tell her that she had no intention of sharing her name with Morgan, until she was mesmerised by a set of impossibly green eyes and instead said "my name is Rosa." He shook his head in surprise.

"C'mon babe," her partner said, "let's get out here. Just leave the weird lady alone."

But the girl continued to slur her offensive words. "No, I'm talking to this *bitch*. You heard me. I see you dressed up all slutty. You're just a bitch in heat looking for scraps. You couldn't land a man like me."

"Oh, this is delicious," Morgan replied.

"Babe, let's leave the crazy lady alone, okay. You're drunk."

Morgan cackled. "Oh, I was going to leave you alone, but *crazy*? Keep that attitude up and we'll see, mister. Well *Rosa*," Morgan continued, "if you're so willing to call other people a bitch, maybe it's time you *became one*."

"What the fuck are you -"

"Hey, don't call my girlfriend a bitch!"

But a green light was already spreading from Morgan's fingertips into the woman's form.

She shuddered a moment, eyes becoming panicky.

"What – what did you do to me?"

"Exactly what I said I would do," Morgan smiled, "turn you into a real bitch. Don't think I didn't notice you're wearing a *real fur* scarf. Let's See how you like fur a little closer to the skin."

In the excitement of the club no one paid attention to Rosa, which allowed Morgan to watch her transformation unfold. She loved this part; seeing their fear and the way they grappled with their changing body. The woman collapsed against her boyfriend, who was beginning to turn red with rage.

“Chad, something’s wrong, I think my drink’s been spiked, I can’t stop - WOOF!”

Chad’s eyes widened, and Rosa gasped. She went to speak and once more came a loud ‘WOOF’ that others away from their corner of the club took to be mere excitement.

“Honey, what’s happening?”

“WOOF? WOOF? WOOF WOOF!”

But already other changes were happened. Rosa growled as her face extended, pushing painfully forwards. Her figure began to compress, shrinking as long limbs shortened and tufts of fur practically exploded from her skin. She hunched over, scratching in panic at her cocktail dress, which began to tear apart due to the sharp dog’s claws that were forming in place of her human hands. Her pupils grew even as the rest of her shrank, and there was a sharp popping in her spine as vertebrae reset in place. She gasped, reduced to terrified barking, as a hairy tail sprung out from the back of her dress, much of the rest of her lost within it. And then, there was nothing. Just something shivering within the clothing she had just worn.

Chad stared in horror, and then looked to Morgan, who simply smirked and nodded for him to approach. Ever so slowly, he lifted the dress and flung it to the side. There, struggling on four feet instead of two, and panting in agitation and confusion, was a gorgeous German Shepherd. Its fur was the classic black and red of its breed, but its beauty was offset by its baleful whimpering.

Morgan raised a hand and spoke a minor incantation, and a leash appeared in her hand, leading to a collar around Rosa’s neck. Hanging from the collar, sparkling in diamond pattern, was her new name:

*ROXIE*

*A Good Girl*

“Much more appropriate, don’t you think?” she said, nonchalantly. She passed the end of the leash to the shocked Chad, and began to walk away.

“You - what have you done? Change her back! Now!”

Morgan turned. “Make another demand like that, and you’ll get your own doggy features.”

Chad silenced immediately.

“Take care of little Roxie here. She’s still in there, don’t worry, she just has a form to suit her attitude now. Oh, and since she made that comment about me being *in heat* . . . well, I’ve decided to let her enjoy feeling what it’s like to be a dog in heat, permanently. That’s

right, Chad, you're the brand new owner of a dog who will constantly be on the prowl for a good strong Shepherd to lead her astray. Better be careful managing her, or you'll soon have more puppies than you know how to deal with. The good news, at least, is that you'll still get to enjoy her company, even if the relationship has changed. After all, a dog is a man's best friend."

Chad had no idea what to say, particularly as what appeared to be several of Rosa's friends approached to see how she was doing, asking Chad where she was. Morgan patted his head.

"Good boy."

She left just as security was informing Chad he couldn't have a dog on the premises.

Roxie seemed eager to leave anyway. Her new sense of smell must have noticed some particularly virile dogs on the street.

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It was a couple of clubs later that Morgan ran into her next annoyance. She had been feeling pretty good; she'd gotten two numbers from two attractive gentlemen, and a third from a very sexy blonde. It seemed her decision to wear the red dress with the plunging neckline and oh-so-short hem had paid off. She was walking down a lonely street to get to the next big party site, but a group of four young adults in their early twenties were blocking her way. The street wasn't busy, but the principle of the thing rankled her.

"Excuse me, can I get past?" she asked.

The two men and two women ignored her, though the nearest – a girl with a dark bob and haughty manner – rolled her eyes and sighed dramatically. Then she did something Morgan particularly hated; *she pretended not to have heard her*. She spied that one of them was carrying a large knife on their hip, and one of the boys had a tattoo of a local delinquent gang. *Great, Morgan thought, petty gang members.*

"I said," Morgan continued, her voice getting more aggravated, "can you please move so I can get past? You're blocking the footpath."

Again, silence. Morgan was strongly considering using her magic by this point.

"Just go around, don't be such a mom," the girl said. "Anyway, as I was saying, you'd never believe who I saw the other day right? Sharyn! She looks so much better now that she -"

"I'm sorry, what did you mean by that? About me being a 'mom'?"

The woman rolled her eyes. She had a dark leather jacket and pale red lipstick, and her attitude revealed her as someone who was 'too cool' for others. Clearly the leader of the

group. "Oh, just the fact that you think you can boss us around like we're fucking kids. We're all adults here, so why don't *you* fucking move."

The three friends giggled. Two males, one female, all dressed similarly in dark colours. One had a bag of what looked like stolen clothing. One - a male with brown hair and tattoos on his arm - looked a little sheepish, but refused to speak up. The other boy, a blond who carried confidence on his sleep, piped up.

"Yeah, you tell 'em Samantha."

Now Morgan had the woman's name. And with magic, a name can be a *powerful* thing.

"Tell you what, if you think being a 'mom' is just asking for basic human decency, then maybe you should be one and see what it's really like! And the three of you," she pointed to the woman's three friends, "since you're being such passive babies about this, you can be her babies for real! Maybe then your little leader here will realise how far common courtesy goes!"

"What the fuck," one of the guys said, but by that point she was already calling upon her transformative powers to alter their forms, and tendrils of pink-green light writhed over the forms of the two men and women. They focused into ribbons of light that implanted into their belly buttons, causing each to gasp and clutch their stomachs. From each, a burst of light emitted as cords of that magical light - pink cords from the men, one blue from the woman - shot from their belly buttons and dove down to the ground. The light snaked along the side path until they reached beneath the trousers of the woman who had been so rude, whereupon their shot upwards between her legs and into her waiting womb.

"What are you - UUGGHHHH!" the woman exclaimed. She took two faltering steps back until her back was planted against the wall behind her. She moaned, clutching her stomach in pain as it began to press outwards, growing in size even as her hips spread outwards to become wide, child-bearing hips. Her chest rippled, and she unzipped her leather jacket in response to the strain, just in time for her modest bust to become large and heavy tits, having grown more than a few cup sizes in the span of mere moments.

"Wass . . . wass happening to us!?" one of the men cried in a high voice. He appeared to be shrinking, and indeed, his voice was getting higher and more boyish as he fell into his clothes. The other woman and man were following him in his progress, reverting back from their 20s into their teenage years, then even further. They begged and cried, but their transformations only accelerated as they shrunk back in time, the effects of puberty undoing themselves. By this point Samantha looked fully pregnant with twins. *Or more exactly*, Morgan thought, *what will soon be triplets*. Her womb stretched painfully, expanding to accommodate three little visitors she never thought she'd house.

Samantha had come to the same horrifying conclusion;, she could clearly see the tendrils of energy had become much more corporeal, turning into what were unmistakably three lengths of umbilical cords.

"Please, no, please I know what those are I - AAAHH UGGH!"

The three cords implanted into her uterine walls, and there was a cry from each of her friends as they reverted to toddler-hood, losted in among their clothing, and retreating to baby forms fast. Morgan grinned as she looked upon the former 'too cool for it' Samantha. Her tits were already E-cups if not bigger, and were beginning to leak droplets of milk down her shirt. She groaned, clenching her eyes shut as the unbelievably long umbilical cords began to contract, pulling her now babyfied friends towards her.

"Oh God oh God this feels so weird please I don't wanna be preggo with my best friends please please please!"

Morgan simply shushed her. "Who is the mom now, dearie?" she asked.

The woman opened her eyes for just a moment before clenching them shut in response to the squirming sensation of withdrawing umbilical cords, reeling in the babies like fishing lines, only these babies were beginning to float harmless in the air.

"I-I am. Now p-please make it s-stop!"

"That's right Samantha. My name is Morgan. And let me be the first to congratulate you on your pregnancy."

"I'm n-not p-pregnant!" she declared, but even as she did the first of her friends reached her nethers and was sucked up, crying futilely at its fate, into her womb. Samantha moaned in pain and shock, clutching her stomach as she experienced the first of three horrifying unbirths. She screamed as the second entered shortly after the first, also crying, her new child as it parted her opening and was pushed through, widening her to an incredibly painful extent. She looked to the witch for pity and found none. The momentary plea made her too late to ready herself for the final entrant to her womb. As her last friend squeezed inside her body, Samantha's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she made only light groans before sliding her back down the wall to rest on the footpath. She was now an incredibly round young mother of triplets. Her belly was freakishly distended, as if she were on the very verge of going into labour, perhaps even a week past due. Faint stretch marks signified her changes to motherhood, but mostly the huge dome was pristine, taut, and dominating her midsection. It was utterly alien to the young woman, whose shirt was now barely managing to contain her enlarged, lactating breasts. This left her immense pregnant belly on display, her belly button popped, and a stirring motion of developed babies stirring uncomfortably within her.

". . . why . . ." she managed to moan. Between the enormous weight, the ungainly new centre of balance, and the movements of the strange litter within, it was difficult to speak.

"Because you were rude to me," Morgan stated matter-of-factly, "and you were setting a bad example for your friends. So because you called me a mom, maybe you should try being one to your friends. From now on Samantha you're going to have to be a responsible young single mommy to three gorgeous little babies. And because you were so rude, I'm going to extend the pregnancy so they stay at their stage of development

for 27 months, AKA the amount of time it would take for three full pregnancies to develop. One for each of your friends who acted like such babies to me. Only after that time will you finally give birth.”

Samantha was struggling to take this all in. Within her ripe womb, one or more of her babies kicked. She felt so unbelievably full and tired, and her breasts were aching due to how heavily engorged with milk they were.

“I’m pregnant with my friends . . . and I have to stay like this?” she whimpered.

Morgan nodded with amusement. “You get to enjoy being nine months pregnant for almost three full years, hun. The bloating, the hot flashes, the exhaustion, the constant kicking of little fingers and little toes, being unable to reach or even see anything past that big ole belly of yours. The works.”

Samantha was already beginning to cry, and each kick and prod from within her only made it worse. “What about my friends?”

Morgan just rolled her eyes. “Don’t worry about them, they’re still themselves, they haven’t lost any memories, though their brains are still subject to all the hormones and attention spans of their ages. I imagine most of what they’ll be doing is sleeping for the next three years, and after that sucking on their new mum’s tits, which they’ll no doubt enjoy. They get it easy; you get the hard work. Because I do expect you to raise these little gremlins into proper, functioning adults. You’re a mommy now, and those kids are going to be a lot better than the little gang you led here.”

Samantha moaned, rubbing her enormous mound. “Pleeease, my friends don’t deserve this.”

“Nonsense, your friends get to experience something no one else has ever before; being born twice, and getting to experience the wonders of childhood all over again! I think you’ll be surprised at how much they take to their new roles, given they’ll have three years in your womb to accept their fates. Just a word of warning though; the spell I used can get pretty random so don’t be surprised if some of your friends’ genders get a little switched!”

Samantha looked as if she was going to reply with another tearful outburst, but instead she fell once more to surprised groans as her triplets kicked and writhed within her in response to this latest news. And by the time they calmed, Morgan was already gone, leaving the girl to contemplate her new life as a mother of triplets that were once her own peers.

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Morgan continued her walk, basking in the distant moaning of the suddenly hyper-pregnant Samantha trying to come to terms with her new reality. The amused witch was

waving for a taxi when she saw something that made her blood boil. A woman of Asian descent wearing a business suit was just flagging down a taxi also when a hairy man in his early forties began calling out drunken slurs to her.

"That's right, go back straight to the airport so you can fly off back to where you came from," he called out.

"I'm born and raised here, you racist!" she yelled. Even her accent was local. Despite her courage, the woman looked frightened, and all the more eager to flag a taxi to get away from him.

"Yeah, sure, that's what they all say. But you never really belong here, do you?"

"I am an accountant! I work in *that* building there, thank you very much!"

"Yeah, and where are your parents from? Huh? Fucking answer me!"

The woman was much smaller than the man, and made the decision to disengage.

The man continued to approach, becoming ever more threatening as he threw an empty beer can in her direction. "What is it? Don't understand me? Why are you even in this country when you can't even speak the language?"

The woman was deeply afraid by this point, and Morgan found herself uncharacteristically empathetic towards another. The lady was short and waifish, pretty but not beautiful, and she wore a long blue skirt beneath a button top. All in all, a prime target for a racist on a drunken bender.

"J-just leave me alone!" she cried, "I've got a baby at home whose hungry that I need to get to, and I don't want to have to deal with this."

The man threw up his hands while Morgan approached unseen. "Oh, she's got a baby too does she! How many? One? Two? More? That's what you lot do isn't it? You come over here and you just breed like rabbits." He stepped forward and jabbed a finger at her stomach. "You're probably knocked up with a litter right now aren't you?"

Morgan began weaving magic from the air around her, but even as she did another figure entered. He was also a man, albeit one in his mid-thirties and thinner, with a set of round glasses that made him somewhat less-than-intimidating.

"Hey, you leave that poor woman alone! We don't tolerate that kind of hate speech here."

The big hairy man turned. "What have we got here? A little white knight come to save the invader! Didn't you hear, she's already got a whole litter of kids. She's not putting out for you, so why do you care?"

The man rallied, even as the hulking gym rat towered over him. "Because she's a person, and no one deserves to be treated like that. Take your racism elsewhere, bud."

The racist man smirked, took a step forward with a fist raised. The poor woman took a step back in fear, but the man standing up for her stood his ground even as the fist shot

forward. It was then that Mogan acted, hissing an incantation as she thrust her arm outwards, enveloping the aggressive drunken figure in green light.

His fist stopped. In fact his whole body stopped as if frozen in time, but for his eyes which darted from side to side in a confused panic.

"Tell me, what is your name?" Morgan demanded, more angry than she had been for the whole night.

"M-Mark," the racist man replied without meaning to. The woman was also terrified by this point, as was her defender.

"You need not worry about me, you too. You may go ma'am, go home to your baby."

The woman nodded, fearful but believing she was witnessing some miracle. She fled down the street in the direction of her child, waving for a taxi to pick her up quickly. The other man stood, uncertain of what to do.

"I recommend you stay," she suggested, "you may want to see this . . . ?"

"Fred," he replied, looking a little daunted. "Are you . . . are you a witch?"

"I am," she said, "and normally quite a vindictive one, but you helped save that woman from this hateful creature, and that counts for a lot in my book, especially given I have a strong sympathy for underdogs and loners." Morgan regarded Fred's prematurely balding head, his thick glasses, his thinner figure and sad eyes. "And I have a good eye for recognising underdogs and loners. Very good Fred. Let's give Mark his just desserts shall we?"

Mark looked very panicked indeed. Now brought beneath the light of a streetlamp, she could see he had an unshaven look, with coarse facial features and unkempt brown hair. He stank of booze, and he wore a simple dark T-shirt and set of jeans. He whimpered as she spoke the incantation, green and pink light shooting from her fingers and disappearing into his form, which had already begun to shift and contract. His muscles melted into his form, his height shrank, and his skin darkened much to his astonishment.

"W-what's happening to meeeee!" he screamed. "What are you doing - NNGGGN!"

Even as he yelled, his voice became higher and higher until it took on a light feminine lilt. His chest surged forwards slightly, two supple breasts forming to press against his now too-big t-shirt. Mark looked to Morgan in panic as a new change began, between his legs.

"N-no!"

Morgan just smiled. "Yes."

"You can't take my di - OOOHHHHH!"

The increasingly former male wailed in discomfort as his groin was sucked up into his body, inverting to form a passage way towards a new organ, one that was just beginning

to form. An ache beneath his stomach gave way to a sudden growth; a womb and twin set of ovaries were forming, leaving him undeniably now a *her*. There was an audible crunch as his waist contracted inwards and his hips – *her* hips – stretched outwards to form quite an hourglass, babymaking look. His eyes, which had been wide in fear and the colour of a blue sky, now darkened and became narrow. His light hair darkened, trickling down his back and becoming long and black.

Fred watched in shock as it all occurred.

“Help . . . me . . . me need help!”

She covered her dainty, demure lips as she pronounced the words in a heavy Chinese accent, and squealed as her clothes shifted to become a modest blue dress that revealed some of the curves of her new, feminine form.

“What you do me? Why can’t talk right!?”

Where once there stood the tall, muscle-bound and drunken form of Mark, now there was the petite figure of a young Chinese woman around the age of 25. She was pretty without being beautiful, with small breasts and a short stature. Her long black hair was bound in a long ponytail that still managed to reach the small of her back. She appeared vulnerable and cute, the exact kind of person Mark would have loved to victimise with his abuse.

“I woman . . . why I woman!” she cried in her heavy accent, struggling with the words she no longer understood clearly. She spoke again, much faster this time, but all that came out was a length of gibberish to Morgan. After all, she didn’t speak Mandarin, and now Mark certainly did.

The other man, in the meantime, was looking very interested in Mark’s transformed body; scared and daunted, but the growing tent in his pants made other feelings very clear as well.

“I did this because I’m a witch, Mark. My name is Morgan, and I don’t like racists like you. That’s why you’ve changed, and you have the rest of your life to put up with it – I’m not changing you back.”

The woman cowered. “No, please! I sorry!”

“Too late, you are no longer Mark. Your name is Chen Hwau, and you’re an immigrant in this country now. Someone who came to make a better life for herself. There’s an opportunity for growth there, Chen.” She looked now to the other man, who still hadn’t moved away.

“F-Fred,” the man stammered. “You’re *the* Morgan? The one that . . . the centaur woman in Mexico.”

She smirked, remembering the good times. “Not many people know that was me. You must be quite the intellect Mark.”

“I’m . . . I’m just an accountant.”

"There's nothing wrong with that. But not exactly a job that attracts the ladies, is it? Fred, do you happen to be single? I saw how you were looking at our new little Chen Hwau here."

Fred was sweating nervously. "I'm . . . not sure I shou-"

"Just answer honestly Fred, I swear I won't change or hurt you. I only change and hurt bullies, like Mark here." She flicked her eyes to the timid white man-turned-Chinese woman. "Well, bullies and rude people."

"Well, yes, I am single. I had actually asked that other lovely lady on a date, but she already had someone. I was a little embarrassed." He idly scraped his foot against the ground. "I'm just very lonely these days."

Mogan smiled. "Well, how would you like a brand new wife to keep you company?"

Fred took a step back. "That would be wrong, it would -"

"More wrong than being a drunk racist hassling a woman just because of her looks? More wrong than leaving Chen here, stuck as a Chinese immigrant for life, with little English skills and no job prospects?. Not a good combination. She'll need someone to care for her and support her, someone to keep her company on lonely nights and ensure that her transition to womanhood is complete . . . education."

The woman formerly known as Mark tried to understand the flow of conversation, but her knowledge of English had been reduced to the mere basics, and she couldn't understand what they were saying. Instead she was placing a wandering hand between her thighs, her eyes beginning to fill with fresh tears as she realised her manhood was indeed gone.

"She is rather pretty," Fred admitted. "But I can't in good conscience . . ."

"She is pretty, and she deserves someone with a good conscience. Someone like you, who can make her comfortable in her new role, and learn to be better. She's all alone now Fred. She can't hurt you, or anyone, ever again. My spell has made sure of it. She'll be compelled to be a loving wife, even if the man inside takes longer to get used to the prospect. And speaking of her prospects, well, she can either be your wife or try living off the street."

His brow creased. "It sounds exceptionally cruel."

"I'm a witch. I don't go in for high-minded solutions. I cast retributions that I find enjoyment in, but here, at least, I give someone better than me a chance to pick up the pieces. And, well, no offence Fred, but it's also your chance to have something a little better."

She waited patiently for over a minute while he mulled it, staring into the eyes of the whimpering woman.

"I can't leave her on the street. And I would be kind to her . . . but -"

"No buts, your time is up, and what you said is good enough for me." She flicked her wrist, a green thread of energy tied around the two, linking them, before fading invisibly.

"From now on, you are no longer Mark, you are Chen Hwau, a young mail-order bride from the poor countryside of China who came to America to marry Fred here. That's right, both of you are now married."

A wedding ring materialised on the newly-minted Chinese woman's ring finger, as well as on that of her new husband. The former male was finding it hard to follow all that was said, but understood what was happening now. Her eyes told the story.

"Just a few ground rules before I let you both become further acquainted. Chen, I give you back your understanding of English for the moment, so you can hear what I have to say. One small mercy I grant is that you can relearn your old language fully, if you so apply yourself.

"Now, both of you are husband and wife for life. Chen will be compelled to be the perfect housewife; she will cook and clean, keep the house tidy, and now knows a wonderful array of Chinese dishes to serve. And given her potty mouth dealing with that foul woman, she will be absolutely unable to swear or use foul or sexist or racist language ever again. She will also become insatiably horny whenever you are in the mood, Fred, and always cum when you do. Because of your racist comments as Mark, I'm going to make Chen the very thing he accused that poor woman of. She will be naturally submissive – no matter how much she doesn't want to be. She will also be very, very fertile, and will always have multiples when she gets pregnant. After all, that's what you accused that woman of, *right Chen?* Since Mark had such a racist ideas about Chinese women, now he can see what it's like to give birth to lots of beautiful half-Chinese children. Provided, of course, that's what you would want Fred?"

Fred gulped, and tugged at his collar. He was embarrassed, and more than a little overwhelmed. "I am pretty well off . . . and, uh, I always did want a big family."

Chen gasped. "No, please, no get pregnant!"

"Not up to you anymore Chen! You're going to be a darling submissive wife till the end of your life, and during that time you'll get to have the unique experience of feeling a man spurt his seed inside you, having it take root, growing slowly with his children – morning sickness, swollen boobs, lactating, the works – until you finally give birth and have to start breastfeeding your little brood. And then the cycle will start all over again, till Fred has had his fill. Sorry to say honey, but I've given you a body that's just *made* for breeding. Good luck, and my congratulations to you both."

Morgan walked away from the couple even as Fred hesitantly stepped forward and placed an arm around Chen's small waist. She tried to relent, but Mark's will was weaker than the magical compulsions on her new body, and so she submissively pressed her body to his. Worse, a warmth was trickling through her figure, a heat blossoming within. Mark had always felt women were naturally made to be homemakers and mothers, so it was with the deepest discomfort that he realised that *he* was now experiencing a bodily

craving to be impregnated, the flush of fertility, to become gravid with a man's babies. He could feel his potent potential in his female form and despaired at the realisation that this body could become pregnant very, very easily.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't going to choose this," said Fred. "I was going to let you stay free, help you financially. I should have said before she overrode me."

Chen tried to keep up, but could only manage the general gist of what was being said.

"You . . . you help me?"

He nodded. "I'll help you. You're my . . . wife, after all. We're stuck together. And, well, you are very beautiful."

She could only sigh, still overwhelmed by what had happened to her, and trapped on this man's arm. And so Fred and the newly-changed Chen Hwau walked away down the street, her arm holding tightly onto his, body pressed close. Deep within, Mark was panicking, but he felt a deep need to communicate something to his husband, who for some reason looked positively manly and comforting now.

"Tonight, I cook for you?"

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Several more transformations followed as Morgan made her way to her final club experience. One of significance occurred when she found a lone seat at a club, to gather her thoughts and enjoy a drink. A couple of men who were clearly good friends approached her. Both had been eyeing her impressive body for some time.

"Hey there," one said, not nearly as slick as he thought he was. "I'm Rob."

"And I'm Aaron," the other said, not looking quite as confident as his friend. Both were fair-haired and had moderately strong builds. If she had the whim, she'd enjoy getting their numbers, but right now she wanted some alone time.

"Sorry boys, not interested. Just enjoying a glass and my own thoughts."

Andrew backed off a little, but Rob didn't possess his friend's tact.

"See, my friend Aaron and I have a bet, you see. We bet that I'm the cuter of us two, and we're looking for a beautiful woman to be the judge."

"We thought you might like to judge between us, see where things go."

"Yeah, we frequent this joint. I've not seen you round these parts before. I'd be happy to give you the VIP tour."

She looked at him closely, making a judgement. Rich designer shirt and pants. Slick gelled hair. Born-to-rule attitude. The boy was probably the son of some rich CEO or

politician. He reeked of the mainstream, the wealthy assholes who thought they ran the world.

"I don't know," she said, "you both look a bit mainstream to me. A bit too 'clean.' I go a bit more in for the punk look myself."

He smirked. The kind of smirk only rich men are capable of. "Punk is for kids who don't know how the real world works. They're minnows, and in this world you've got to be a shark. So, want to swim with the sharks?"

Andrew had backed far more away by this point. Clearly, he was seeing this was going nowhere. But his friend pushed on.

"Did I mention I'm loaded?" Rob said.

There it was. Morgan just sighed, and rested her drink upon the table.

"I'm sorry. You're harmless. I can see even from here that you're nervous. All false bluster. It wouldn't surprise me if this was your first attempt at seducing a woman. You're what, twenty one? Twenty two at most? Either way, normally I'd leave you alone." She paused dramatically, watching their confusion.

"But I can't have you insult the glorious genre that is *punk*."

She flicked her wrist, and over the course of thirty agonising seconds of panic and change, the one known as Robert underwent bodily changes; his height shrunk significantly from his tall 6'1 to a diminutive 4'10, his hips flared even as his waist pinched in and muscles melted away to softness. His skin continued to lighten as the changing boy panicked, becoming whiter and whiter until it was near-ivory, his eyes going from blue to a rare emerald green. Robert squirmed as the dull ache in his chest turned into a rapid throb, his nipples tightening with pain and arousal as they enlarged and formed an areola. He and his friend Aaron exchanged a quick horrified glance, both knowing what was coming next, and then Robert released a moan of discomfort in an increasingly feminine pitch as his chest pushed outwards more and more. It surged forwards, from a humble A-cup to a modest B-cup to a sizable C-cup, the process slowing down only as they passed the impressive D-cup range, before finally finishing at hefty DD-cups, which looked very prominent indeed on his reduced figure.

"Holy shit, I've got tits! They're so heavy!" Robert exclaimed, then covered his mouth in shock, as his voice had gone from a male register to a deep, husky female tone, with the exact kind of rough quality that drove his friend Aaron wild. Moments later Aaron heard the first of many deep moans to come as his friend experienced the strange sensation of his genitals being sucked up into his body to form a vagina, and his insides squirming as his womb grew in. As all of this happened, his skin softened, his form became more lithe, and his hair turned jet black with hints of purple at the edges. His clothing altered to fit her new figure, her shirt becoming a tight white singlet over which a black leather jacket formed. Purple makeup filled in, dark eye shadow followed, lipstick and piercings on her nose, belly button and ears. What remained was a short raven-haired beauty in light Goth-Punk chic style, with pale skin and a prominent bust.

Morgan grinned. "Your name is now Raven and you can't respond to any other. From now on you are a Goth-Punk chick. You will crave listening to all the classic punk legends, will develop a need to exist and thrive around the punk scene. Also, from now will become unbearably horny to the point of discomfort if your friend Aaron here doesn't have sex with you at least once a day for the rest of your lives. There, now neither of you need bother to hit on other people or be each other's wingman again, because now you have each other. Enjoy."

Both of them looked terrified at the prospect of this future – her especially – but already the curse was settling in. As Morgan left them, Raven was already beginning to breathe heavily due to being so turned on, her impressive cleavage swelling and sinking with each great breath. No doubt the former-male was greatly discomfited by the feeling of his changed genitals lubricating themselves in preparation for her wingman's dick. It would be an experience she would likely never get used to, even as she felt it every day in the presence of her friend.

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The last change of the night would be Morgan's most enjoyable alteration of the night. She tolerated many trivial things in life, but one she would never accept was the willingness of others to treat her as an object, and least of all to touch her body without her consent. And so, when a drunk frat boy type had the sheer, unmitigated gall to cop a feel of her left tit from behind, her fury was fire. Lashing out, and without even giving a word beyond her incantation, she enveloped the man in powerful energy, and he found himself shrinking, and shrinking, and shrinking, his bones melting into nothing as his flesh became tiny, soft, and hairless. Smaller and smaller he became, limbs withdrawing into two round sacks of flesh, his eyes and nose and ears and whole face and head disappearing into their mass, until there was nothing noticeably human about these strange heavy boulders of flesh.

Carefully she sculpted his form, preserving his frightened mind within, and converting the raw material towards his new function. The pair of wobbling orbs altered, becoming flatter on one side, taking on a teardrop shape on the other, pink nipples developing at the ends. Finally, she was finished, and a pair of large, perfect breasts floated in the air.

She scanned the horrified crowd of onlookers, until she found a trio of girls who had been partying together. The brunette to the left and blonde to the right were both well-endowed, but their friend in the middle, a smaller dark-skinned woman in her early twenties, was flat as a board.

"You," Morgan declared, pointing in her direction.

The girl lifted a finger to herself. "M-me?"

"What's your name?"

"S-Sita.

"Yes, you. Congratulations on being a late bloomer."

Morgan swivelled her hand and the living breasts shot forward, connecting with the girl in a flash of light and bowling her over. As her friends bent over to help her up and see if she was okay, the girl was suddenly aware of a heavy weight upon her chest that had not been there before. Sure enough, the very seams of her dress were straining to contain a large set of jugs that pushed out aggressively, a long and deep line of cleavage pushing up to her clavicle just to compensate. She placed her hands over her newly blossomed chest, and somewhere a seam gave. With each breath her large boobs rose and fell.

"H-how did this happen?" she said, marvelling at her greatly enlarged breasts. They looked almost absurd on her petite frame. Morgan simply chuckled.

"No need to thank me, let's just say that you and the man that groped my chest will have to get used to sharing some experiences from now on. Oh, and everyone else, while I'm glad you liked the show, it's best you forget you ever saw it." She waved her fingers with green mist, preserving only Sita. "Enjoy!"

The man, whose name was Dylan, could only scream internally and rail against the pleasure of being fondled by his new 'owner'. In only a little while Sita understood exactly what, or rather who, her new breasts were, thanks to a mental connection that existed between them. Able to see through her eyes and hear through her ears, he was only capable of slight, near-imperceptible jiggles that she alone would always notice, but could mentally speak with her when she allowed.

He had no control over anything, and could only experience the strangeness of being a pair of enormous breasts, pressing slightly uncomfortably against the fabric of her dress, and jiggling and bouncing constantly in some small way or another. And worst of all, as it became clear that everyone simply remembered Sita as always having a massive bust, Dylan realised that the now jaw-droppingly sexy woman was starting to consider having him along the ride worth the price of admission.

Sita laid her eyes on a particularly good looking man who returned her smile, Dylan could feel two points of himself harden and become erect with arousal in response. He sickened as he realised the person she was drawing close to was his own friend Gary.

Morgan walked away, congratulating herself on subtly sending Dylan's friend, freshly returned from the bathroom, to go flirt with Sita. Soon Dylan would experience the pleasurable agony of his own friend fondling his mammary form, sucking on his hard nipples, and pressing his face into his boobflesh.

Morgan continued down the street and called a taxi to take her home, thoroughly satisfied with the night's proceedings.

"What a wonderful night out this has been," she mused to the taxi driver, "I hope my victims enjoy their new lives. . ."

Fortunately for him, the taxi driver simply smiled and nodded, and kept his eyes on the road. She didn't change anyone else that evening, except for her rude apartment neighbour for commenting on her lack of modesty. She needed a new cocktail dress anyway.

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As the night ended . . .

. . . Roxie the newly-christened dog scratched at her fur in her boyfriend's room, tail wagging in agitation at what her life would become. As he made phone calls, trying not to sound crazy, she simply tried to ignore the deep-seated need in her doggie body to go out and be bred by a virile member of the canine club . . .

. . . an incredibly pregnant young lady named Samantha was breathing heavily on her side, feeling her former friends – now her babies – kick and squirm within her bloated womb for the first day of what would become a long three years. She would have to go bra and clothes shipping in the morning . . .

. . . Chen Hwau consummated her marriage with her new husband Fred following a splendid rice dinner. She lay moaning in unwanted pleasure while he shot his hot seed deep into her womb, unable to swear but wishing to, her body shuddering with multiple orgasms. Fitting, as soon she would be pregnant with her first set of multiple children . . .

. . . Aaron and Raven sat awkwardly beside one another on her bed, neither touching or talking to the other, while a *Dead Kennedys* album played in the background. The newly-changed goth girl's body burned increasingly for his, but the two remained obstinate, despite her gorgeous punk looks, that they would not give in to the curse. For now . . .

. . . Sita squealed in delight as Gary sucked on and played with her much larger chest. The faint cries of Dylan trapped as her FF-cup boobs echoed in her mind, and she took all the more pleasure in making him experience the same orgasms she was having. They were going to have a lot of fun together, and she couldn't wait to show Dylan off to the world in low cut tops and tight dresses. He jiggled in protest, but she knew one day he would wobble in delight . . .

Morgan's Night Out - Three Years Later

### **An Anonymous Commission**

*The various transformee victims of Morgan the Witch's magic regroup to discuss how their lives have changed since the incident three years ago. A sequel to [Morgan's Night Out](#).*

## Morgan's Night Out - Three Years Later

It was only their third meeting and things were still awkward, especially given the nature of some of their changes. It had taken a long time for members of the group to find one another; many had preferred to hide their changes and try to get on with their new lives, while others – whether through magical compulsion or their own shame – had to be found out from various witness accounts and careful guesswork. As a result, the 'Transformee Talkgroup' had been slow to form, and had dredged up uncomfortable memories of very different lives for some. As a result, there was some fear that the group would disintegrate before it even had time to get started. Samantha was adamant that this could not happen. She'd spent a great deal of time searching for others that had been transformed that night; 'Morgan's Night' they called it, or simply 'That Night', as if the mercurial witch was more a force of nature than a human being, albeit a magical one. Chen Hwau had been the first to reply, and had helped organise the get-togethers. Chad had been initially reluctant, but poor Roxie had dragged him back both times, eager to at least be able to hear confessions and testimonies from others. Tonight, it was Raven and Sita's first appearance. As far as they all knew, this was all of them from that night, all in the same room together.

The ones who had been changed.

Samantha waited for them to arrive, feeling impatient and nervous. And more than a little overburdened. Her enormous belly weighed heavily on her thighs while seated, but it was far more comfortable than standing, which she had never managed for more than a couple of hours. Her triplets were, thankfully, currently all asleep inside of her, only occasionally stirring as they dreamed, but she knew it would only be a matter of time before the powerful kicks and shifting of her litter caused her to involuntarily moan. Her body had been paused on the cusp of her due date for three full years, her belly and breasts large and heavy and waited so, so damn long to finally give birth. Even now, she could feel her reserves of milk building up in her large mammaries, and she sighed, overburdened and sweating.

Three damn years of not seeing her feet, and existing as a living home for three little lives that depended on her utterly. Her friends had had it easy. They simply slept and subsided off the nutrients her body gave them. It was she, the former leader of their little miscreant gang, who had to suddenly become responsible.

And by God she had. If they could see Samantha now, they would not recognise her. She rested, unbelievably large belly dominating her body, in a loose green maternity dress, her former short hair now long and luscious; one of the few perks of her freak gestation. She looked like a respectable single mother who had simply been knocked up far more than expected, right down to a pair of breasts that were concealed within her top but managed to bulge out the material anyway. Already, her milk was seeping into the nursing pads.

"God, when am I actually going to be able to *nurse* you guys?"

She rubbed her distended womb, sighing heavily. It was like having a boulder attached to her, one that made her feel the need to pee every hour. Just getting changed after a long hot shower each day was a struggle. She could only hope that Morgan had told her the truth; after three years, she would go into labor. That could well be tonight.

"Which damn well better not happen yet," she muttered, poking the taut skin of her immense mound, "because I worked very hard to get this meeting organised, and the painter for the nursery is set to come tomorrow."

"Oh, Samantha, you look so beautiful! I can see great mother in you!"

Samantha looked up to see that, just a little before the get-together was set to begin, Chen Hwau had arrived. She was a pretty Chinese immigrant with a rounded dome of her own, one that looked very large on her petite figure, though still smaller than Sam's. She pushed a stroller ahead of her, putting it in lock mode once she found a place to park it. Inside, two adorable sleeping twins rested, breathing gently. Beautiful little boys.

"Chen, thanks for coming! They look so beautiful." she said.

"They are. My little treasures. Even when waking up to just want mother's milk. You will know soon."

"Ugh, don't remind me. But it's so good to see you," she said as she tried and failed to rise from the chair. That damn triplet belly was so difficult sometimes. All times, in fact.

"No get up! I am sitting down also. Belly is sooo *ffff*, so *ffff* . . . it is real heavy today." She rubbed her large belly, looking a little annoyed. Sam remembered that part of Morgan's curse meant that the former white male - who had been quite the cusser - was now incapable of swearing or using slurs of any kind. She gave up trying, and instead sighed in relief as she sat also in one of the chairs, placing down a basket. She was dressed in a gorgeous red and gold qipao that hugged her maternal figure.

"Are you sure you're just having twins, Chen? You look huge." The woman gave an awkward chuckle. "I know! So big! I feel like big elephant. But only twins, again. Fred thinks I will definitely have the triplet at some point. I am dreading it." She looked awkwardly to Samantha, and her eyes went wide. "Oh, I no mean quite like that!"

Sam just waved her down, before settling a hand over her incredibly large belly. "It's alright. I know *exactly* what you mean. Between the weird cravings these kids give me, and the fact that I have random strangers trying to rub me for good luck, not to mention how overheated and uncomfortable I am in bed, I think even *twins* would feel like heaven. Speaking of cravings, do I smell spring rolls?"

Chen lit up. "Oh, yes, I am so forgetful in third trimester. I brought food and drink for everyone. I couldn't not, you understand?"

Sam sighed. She knew that Chen was compelled by Morgan's curse to be a perfect housewife; to cook and clean the house for her husband Fred, to have his babies and raise them diligently. And, of course, to be a wonderful cook for their breakfast and

dinner. She couldn't *not*, as she put it. And that extended to bringing her wonderful homemade snacks to the meeting.

Sam couldn't deny they were delicious, however, and eagerly at one after Chen had managed to lift her own heavy belly and waddle over to offer some samples.

"Mmhhmm, that hits the spot. I was seriously craving this, Chen. You're amazing. And your English is getting better too."

Chen beamed. "You think? I try very hard. Getting better every day. Won't ever lose accent, part of curse. But hope to get syntax right and not be so much stereotype."

Sam chuckled internally. They both realised it, as soon as she said it. The man Chen had been - Mark - believed in all the worst stereotypes. Now, as a devoted pregnant Chinese wife, she wanted to break free of them.

It did, at least, speak to self-improvement, something Samantha herself had worked upon heavily. And something she planned to share, once the others arrived.

"Oh, look, here they come!"

She looked up to see that, indeed, they had made a semi-timely arrival. She checked her watch. Impressive, only ten minutes late. And with several more members than expected, which was great to see. Each gave an awkward wave, a "Hi Samantha," or a "this is definitely the right place then", or simply "Morgan victims? Cool. Right place."

They each took a seat, and while Chen eagerly served them each some home-made spring rolls and chicken lettuce wraps, Sam considered each of the people before her.

Beyond herself and Chen, there was Chad, the attractive 26-year old who kept in prime physical shape, and had an adorable German Shepherd on a leash. The dog, whose collar named her 'Roxie', pulled her master forward with excitement, accepting pats from Samantha and sniffing at her belly before Chad managed to get her back near his seat. He said a cordial hello to Chen and asked her how the babies were going. He'd already attended previous 'transformee group' meetings, so he knew not to do the same for Sam.

The answer, after all, was "no change. Still mega-pregnant as fuck."

Also a previous visitor was Aaron Barker, who, while not a transformee himself, was still the victim of a curse from Morgan that night, one that involved his best friend. That friend was clearly with him now, and looking very awkward and embarrassed as she hugged her upper left arm and gingerly took a seat. She was almost impressively short, adorned all in black and purple, a tinge of the latter in her black hair that had been given an undercut on one side. She had a nose piercing, and another on her left eyebrow, and wore a black studded leather jacket over a dark corset, a corset that was struggling to contain a pair of very ripe breasts. She wore a ripped plaid skirt, purple and black in colour also, and a set of knee high black boots. Samantha had to admit she absolutely owned the look, the very image of a punk-goth girl, complete with the sexy white thigh

skin between the top of her stockings and the hem of her skirt. She sat, and held Aaron's hand.

"That must be Raven," she said to herself.

The other newcomer had exactly the opposite attitude towards the nervous goth. A dark-skinned woman who looked to be of Indian or Bangladeshi descent practically *bounced* into the room, and that wasn't the only thing that bounced. The girl, who had a petite figure, was the most stacked woman of her size Samantha had ever seen. Her boobs were practically the size of her own head, and they seemed to wobble and jiggle at every slight movement as if they had their own life. They were struggling to be contained in her low cut white top, which was already exposing a dangerous level of cleavage. Unlike the near-silence of Raven, the woman who must be Sita took a seat with visible glee.

"Oh my God, this so cool you guys. I can't believe you all managed to find each other. This is so crazy, thanks for inviting me!" She shook her shoulders, and the mountains on her chest wobbled. Samantha was impressed she could stand up straight. She looked to Chen, who was checking over her babies in their stroller. The housewife gave her a nod before moving to give everyone some snacks.

"Well, we might as well make a start. Thank you for coming, Sita. And you must be Raven. I'm Samantha. Sam, if you like. This is Chen, Chad, the German Shepherd is Roxie, and I believe this is Aaron. I'm so thankful you could all make it. I hope the living room is okay."

The group looked around at her living space. It was impressively clean for someone who was living alone and deeply pregnant. The settee had been arranged so everyone could comfortably find a space. Roxie even had a comfy bed to settle down in.

"As far as I'm aware, we here are all the individuals who were changed on Morgan's Night. I started this group with the intention of, well, being able to share my story with others I was comfortable with, and to start a support group of sorts for fellow transformers that are victims of Morgan. Very few people have been what we've been through - some don't even believe us, and others like to ignore us. But while the changes Morgan wreaked on our lives are all different, we can still help one another. At least, after three years of lugging this belly around, that's what I've come to believe.

"I remind everyone that if they don't feel comfortable talking then they don't have to. This is a listening group as much as a speaking one, and we're all here to support one another. We were all changed that night, and how we deal with that depends on many factors. I've done some real soul searching since, and God knows I've had to learn to be more responsible and reliant on others. Chen, you already know my story, and Chad maybe knows a little, but as this is the first time we've all been together, I feel perhaps it's best if I start us off."

"I'm guessing she got you pregnant," Raven said. She sat with her knees folded up and chin resting upon them, still looking a little anxious. Sam chuckled lightly.

"Yeah, you could say that. I – UGHH! – sorry." Her brow cringed as visible movement shook her gravid womb. The poor woman's skin became incredibly flushed, and her popped belly button made a very visible outline against her maternity dress. Higher up, her top was becoming slightly soaked with milk from her prodigious chest. She breathed heavily, rubbing her shifting mound which looked half the size of her it was so big. "Hoo, hee, hoo, haa," she breathed, "S-sorry . . . they just woke up – oohhh – and they're very active at the moment. Im-impatient, maybe. We all are."

Raven looked queasy. Chen gave Sam a comforting pat on the shoulder as she tried to settle her babies, and in a few awkward moments, her stomach seemed to settle down. "S-sorry. Where was I?"

"You were telling us your story," prompted Chad as he patted Roxie.

"Ahh," she responded, seeming to react more to the strains of her immense pregnancy more than Chad's words. "I was rude to Morgan, so she c-cursed me to be p-pregnant with my three best friends: Harry, Carter, and Heather. And she also cursed me so that I'd be pregnant with them for as long as three pregnancies took to form – one for each of them - in order to teach me what it's like to be responsible. I've – I've been stuck like this, like a big *whale*, for three years now, and I've been this big from the start!" She could see the astonished looks from Sita and Raven, and even Chad, who only knew part of her story. "For two years I've had to put up with sore ankles, big boobs that are always lactating, back pain, hot flashes, having to sleep uncomfortably on my side, and having this enormous belly with three kids squirming and kicking and sitting on my bladder. I know they're bored in there because they all kept their minds, but sometimes I think they make a game of moving around there and making me go pee every 15 minutes just for fun – NNNGGH!"

Another bout of kicking followed, and Samantha's hair matted to her forehead due to the sweat that was forming across her brow. She gritted her teeth in response to the pulsating sensations of life within, the sensations she'd had to put up with for so long ever since that fateful night. She had, thankfully, prepared some damp cloths to wipe away the sweat.

"Ahh, they clearly don't approve of the accusation."

"How long you go before birth?" asked Chen Hwau, who was gently placing her child back into its stroller and retrieving the next for its feeding time.

Samantha groaned, clutching her enormous triplets-at-full-term belly. God, just telling the story was making her emotional. She'd wanted to be calm and professional, but her pregnancy hormones were making her almost teary-eyed. "Any d-day now. It's been twenty-seven months. I just want my water to b-break. Then I can – OhhhHH – then I can just be their m-mommy. I d-don't care how hard it will b-be, I just want to not be so – eeurghh – bloated and sore and so *damn full* all the time." She wiped some of her matted hair from her sweating forehead. "I've been pregnant at full-term for three years. I just w-want my body and my friends back. I can't even date, because who wants to deal with this body or responsibility for so long!?"

"I've had ultrasounds since – so many – and they all say the same: two girls, one boy. I don't know if Carter or Harry has switched genders - Morgan said something that night but I was too overwhelmed - but all I know is because of my rudeness one of them will have to live as a girl for the rest of his life." She sobbed a little at her own words.

The busty girl showing off her cleavage – the one called Sita - seemed to consider something. She adjusted her own chest gingerly before speaking. Chad pointedly was trying not to ogle.

"It could be more than one of them," she said.

The crowd looked her way.

"Sorry," she said sheepishly, "Dylan – my boobs," she indicated to that which could not be hidden, "just told me that they could both be girls if Heather got changed to a girl. They might all have switched genders."

Samantha's eyes went wide, and braced for what was coming. The squirming inside intensified even further. Clearly, her babyfied friends did *not* appreciate that possibility.

"Sorry," Sita said, then looked down to her deep cleavage. "See? This is why you're stuck as my tits. You never know the right thing to say. Except that one guy you told me not to shack up with. Your choice was way better."

"Weird," Raven said.

Sita looks unconcerned, but leaned forward to eye the goth. "Says the cuty little big tiddy goth girl. Hang on, you seem familiar somehow . . ."

Raven turned the colour of her namesake, ivory cheeks going tomato red as she scrambled for another spring roll. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I know . . . but you seem familiar anyway. Dylan says the same too."

"Well, don't trust a set of talking tits."

"NNHGH . . . if we can get back on topic," Sam said, and the conversation stopped, though Sita continued to eye the buxom punk girl with curiosity and interest. "Anyway, that's my story. Morgan made me pregnant with my best friends, and now they get to relive childhood again while I – nggh!! – I get to be a single mother raising triplets. I used to be the leader of the *Fangs*, that was my stupid motorcycle gang handle. As you can guess, I haven't ridden a motorcycle since that night. We were shitty graffiti artists and lawbreakers. I've had to turn my life around as Morgan said. I'm a travel agent now - I'm able to work from home and organise flights and bookings from my computer, and I earn good commissions. It helps me to stay centered, and it pays the bills so I could afford to slowly pay off this place, and build the coming nursery. I've worked my mega-pregnant butt off to make a better life for myself and my babies. Because they are my babies. They'll remember both lives, but they'll still have the minds of my kids. And I'll be their mommy. For all I know, I could go into labour tonight, on the exact three years since that day. I admit, it scares the absolute shit out of me. I've been a prisoner of this

belly so damn long I don't even know what to do without it, or their little kicking. And the prospect of birth is fucking scary too. Three babies in one go. Anyway, that's my story. Would anyone else like to go?"

Chen patted Samantha on the arm. In her other, she held one of her baby boys, nestled over her belly as she breastfed him. His name was Kade. His brother Cameron was still sleeping.

"I go now," she said in a thick accent.

"Thank you Chen," Samantha said.

Chen glanced several times around the meeting circle, lingering on Samantha several times. Both of them knew the pitfalls of pregnancy after their chance encounters with Morgan, in different, albeit equally punishing ways. Finally, she sighed.

"I was a racist white man name Mark. I was harassing Asian woman. I tell her she didn't belong. She was scared and tried to call cab. I followed her. Morgan saw me, told me to stop. I was rude to her. So she turn me into Chinese woman so I can experience what it's like. She made me bad at English, know Mandarin, and also make me wife to man who tred to save woman I insulted. My husband Fred."

"Wait, wait," said the black-haired girl, "she forced you to be someone's *wife*!?!? That's fucked up, man."

Chen nodded, blushing slightly. "I was very scared at time. I did not want to be Asian woman. Did not want to be Fred's wife. Really did not want to have babies. But my body did what it wanted, which was to be Fred's wife. I . . . I am very submissive to Fred. I clean, I cook good meals for him, and make ready for him when he wants."

Again Raven spoke up. "What's 'make ready for him' mean?"

Chen turned a deep shade of a red for a moment, and silently gestured to her rounded stomach.

"What does - oh."

The former racist-now-Asian-momma nodded with an embarrassed smile. "It is okay. First time, very scary. Very humiliating, but also feel good. I know others here also feel this."

She looked around the room. Roxie barked, which everyone took to be an agreement, but Raven the black-haired, busty beauty just looked down at her dainty hands.

"Now I am good housewife for Fred and make babies for him. He got me pregnant the first night. I got morning sickness, many times I vomit over the toilet. Boobs get bigger and sore to make milk which scares me. Later I find out I am pregnant with twins. More scary, but Fred was very excited and treated me like princess for having his babies. I grow big with twins, I already feel very uncomfortable in new body, and now also feel babies grow inside me! Stomach get very big, breasts bigger too, and I need help for many simple things, now I am weaker and full with child. And I experience racism, like I

once had: some people make horrible comments to me, even in public. They call me mail-order wife, say I need to go back where I came from even though I was born here. They make fun of my English and accent, say I am making half-breeds in my stomach."

At this she rubbed her stomach with extra care.

"I was very angry at Morgan for this at the time, but also very embarrassed because this is what I do when I was white man, but now I am Asian woman who is pregnant with twins and I have to live with this. But strange thing happen: Fred defended me always when people do this. He made arguments, called out bad behaviour. Sometimes, when I receive comment when I am on my own he comes home to find me in tears. My pregnancy hormone makes crying much more common, and also comes much easier as woman."

"Yeah it fuckin' does," Raven agreed.

"When this happened, Fred sat down beside me and hold me tight, and rubbed my back or stomach to cheer me up. He says none of these things are true. I argue back at first, say of course not true, I am white man, not Asian expectant mother. But one day he argued back against racist men and they fight him. He got beaten up defending my honor. No one did this for me before, and I know never did this for a woman when I was a man. My thought at time I still remember; 'I am proud to have babies from that man.' It was a mother's thought, and my boys kicked in approval. I think that day I began to fall in love with Fred and start to be proud to be his wife. He always call me beautiful, call my pregnancy beautiful, and I begin to think these things as well.

"So I keep growing big, keep being wife, and even as I get so big I also keep . . . making ready for him. Mostly because he wants but also because of the pregnancy hormone." She said this a little sheepishly. The former male still had some pride that was wounded. "I started to look forward to my children. Then water break. Giving birth, so scary! But despite hating my new situation, he stayed with me the whole time. Help me breathe. Held my hand when painful . . . and now I have two beautiful babies. I could not believe how I felt when my girls were put on my chest or began drinking milk from me. I could not believe I was no longer man but now mother. Fred did everything to help me recover and give me time and help. He is a wonderful father."

She stroked her belly lovingly, and her glance fell also to the sleeping child at her breast. She expertly placed him back in his stroller and re-adjusted her top.

"So this is my life now. I am Chen Hwau, and will be Fred's wife for long as we live, and give him many babies because of the curse making this so. Already we have two more on the way." She looked lovingly down at her stomach and patted it gently. "But I know also I will be pregnant many times and sometimes with triplets because of what Morgan said." She looked sympathetically to Samantha, who returned the look. "Some days are harder than others. Sometimes I wish I am man again. And so many babies to come! Makes me really worried. Some days I am so exhausted I just want to say *fffff* . . . say *fffff* . . ."

She petered out.

"Fuck?" Raven suggested."

Chen clapped, practically bouncing in her seat. "Yes, that word, please say that word again since I cannot. Some days I just want to say -"

"FUCK THIS SHIT!" Raven shouted, and the two women giggled together. Chen wiped a tear from her eye.

"Ahh, but I love my babies, and babies to come. I will be a good mother to them. I know I am going to have many babies so I must be the best mother in world. And I also want to be a good wife to Fred so my children know love is the answer, not hate I used to have. I hope you also find man who can help you raise baby and make you happy Samantha."

Samantha smiled a little in appreciation, even as she cringed in response to the intense squirming within her womb. Raven and Aaron just shared a quick awkward gaze and then stared in opposite directions, cheeks reddening.

"So I work hard to be a better person," Chen said, wrapping up. "Each day. My English is returning, and I still love to watch football which Fred hates. Can't drink beer anymore, but will raise little boys and girls to join local team." She laughed.

"Thank you for speaking Chen," Sam said. "I think it's wonderful you are accepting your new life and that it's making you happy. Who would like to speak next?"

"I will then," spoke the muscled man known as Chad, though he didn't look like he really wanted to. The group waited a while as he worked up the effort to follow through, and it was Roxie the dog who eventually rose, and nudged at his heel, whimpering. He patted her gently.

"You're right Rox, you deserve to have your story told." He shifted awkwardly in his seat as he addressed everyone. "Um, hi I guess. Or whatever. I'm Chad. Chad Brynard. Before Morgan, I had a girlfriend named Rosa. We were going real steady. She could be a bit of a bitch - calm down girl, you know what I mean - but she was, well she was *fine*, you know. And I really did like her personality." He put his head in his hands. "Fuck, I'm sounding like such a meathead right now, aren't I?"

There was unanimous agreement from the women in the room.

"Whatever, my point is, we really gelled. We were prom king and queen. I was star of the football team, she was the head cheerleader. We were a power couple and all that. But she had a habit of competing with other girls, sometimes over stupid stuff; size of her tits, girls showing off their asses, all that."

Roxie gave a short growl.

"What? I'm just telling it like it is, Roxie. Anyway, she tried to start a bit of a catfight - well, a dogfight I guess - with Morgan that night at the *Mint*. That's the name of the club. Called Mogan a bitch, and Morgan turned her into a bitch for good. I went clubbing that night with a hot GF and came home with a fucking German Shepherd. And part of the

curse is she's even hornier as a dog than she was as a human. Something Morgan did means that the poor girl is *never* not in heat. It's not torture - at least I don't think it is - it just means she's always prowling to find other dogs to mount her. Seriously, it doesn't end. She's like the fucking town bicycle of do - AAHH FUCK SORRY ROX! DOWN GIRL, DOWN!"

Roxie let go of his hand, and Chen - somehow - was already at his side with ice.

"No waking the babies," she said, gesturing with a finger at the dog. Roxie backed down and found her seat again. As thanks, Chen threw her a doggie treat, which she began happily chowing down upon.

"Look, I'm not good with the wordy stuff," he said. "But basically she's my dog now. I'm her master - she listens to my commands and *mostly* obeys them. From what I can tell, she doesn't age like a dog though - she might live as long as she did as a human. I don't really understand it. But my current girlfriend - Cindy - really loves Roxie. Roxie was all set to bark and bite her and chase her down the street like she does with the occasional car, but, you see, Cindy has a German Shepherd of her own. A male German shepherd."

"Jeez man, you let your ex get fucked by a dog." The comment had come from Raven, and Chad simply narrowed his eyes.

"This is a no judgement space," Samantha reminded them.

"I don't let my ex get fucked by dogs. She goes stir crazy and runs off the leash if it doesn't happen. She tried to resist it for a while, and occasionally I think she asserts herself for a couple of weeks, but in the end she goes back. So far, she's had five litters we've had to rehome. She was sad to see them go, but we get by communicating. She understood it kinda had to be done. Me and Cindy have talked about getting her desexed."

A whimper followed.

"But yeah, that's probably off the books. She doesn't like the idea. I honestly don't know how she feels about having all these litters, but hey, at least she's still getting it, right?"

"Poor Roxie," Raven said, and began brushing the dog's fur. The dog formerly known as Rosa pressed against the girl's hand. She was no longer embarrassed about loving pats, just like the thrill of chasing a good ball never wore off. Inside, she still wished she was human, and the litters often left the heft of her belly feeling heavy and sapping her energy, but just like when she was a human woman, good sex was difficult to resist. She was a bad bitch, even in her own mind.

"Anyway, fuck. Yeah, that's the whole story. Short, but you get it. Roxie wanted me to come here so I could tell it. She misses human companionship at times. As you can tell, I suck at, you know, giving good talk and all that."

"Thanks for - ooohh, calm down guys!" Sam said, rubbing her belly, "thanks for sharing, Chad. Who'd like to be next? Chen's just bringing out the next meal so I hope you don't mind if I indulge and just listen. This body wants calories. Pregnancy, right?"

"Ugh," Raven said.

"Would you like to say something, Raven?"

"No, no, I'll wait. I don't even know if I want to deal with this right now. It's like gearing up for the worst performance of a lifetime before a crowd of hecklers, and you just can't - "

Sita shot to her feet, causing her bosom to sway heavily. Even the women in the room found it a hypnotic sight. "THAT'S HOW I KNOW YOU!" she declared. "You're the lead singer of *Get Punk'd!*"

"Oh yeah!" said Chad. "Cindy and I went to a concert last year while Roxie had a sitter. "You were fucking rocking that guitar, man!"

"Yeah girl, you were an absolute beast. And hot as - and I don't usually go for girls all that often, so that means a lot."

Raven flushed. "Oh God just kill me," she said as she placed her head into her hands. Her breasts squished out to the sides slightly from her forearms pressing into her chest.

"I knew it!" Sita continued, "you're the reason I'm wearing this top right now, because I saw you wearing it and I just needed to get it in a bigger size, you know, because you're tiny. And last year you were on that magazine cover as well."

"Kill me."

"I bought Cindy one of the leather jackets you used from *GothGirlWeb*," Chad continued. "She loved it, but it was a bit too small."

"You can all stop now."

"Oh and you absolutely shredded those notes. Fuck the Man, Fuck the System, and all that!"

"OKAY!" Raven yelled, "you've made your point. I'm a punk rocker. I sing in a band. I'm pretty good. It's weird for me; I used to make bets on Wall Street and now I'm railing against the system and dressing up all goth-punk. And the worst part is that I *enjoy* it. No, actually, the worst part is that I'm *good at it*. God help me I'm good at it. I don't know if it was Morgan - I hope it was her because it terrifies me that it might be all me - but I know how to nail the solos, and how to work the crowd, and how to rock like crazy in front of all those insane punkheads, even if half of them are glued to my massive tits.

"So yeah, I wear the leather jacket and the corset and the costumes and show off my chest sometimes which makes me feel so, so icky, but damn if I don't rock like hell on stage. Men are always having to be told 'hey, my eyes are up here pal' and most of the time I'm embarrassed to have these seriously big boobs, but when I'm up there, I don't give a shit. I rock, and it makes me feel better."

There was a protracted silence.

"I like your newest single," Chen said. "It had lots of words I like but cannot say." She took another gentle sip of her tea, but there was a troll-like smirk on her lips. The Mark part of her that loved busting his friends' balls had survived.

"I knew I'd seen her before," Sita said, proudly.

"She's a marvel to see," Aaron said, a little adoringly. "You should see the stuff she's working on now."

Sita leaned forward, exposing a line of cleavage that looked as deep as the Marian Trench. "I'm so jealous Aaron, I'd love to see it."

Raven elbowed her entranced friend. "Shut up dude, and stop looking at other women."

"Hey you're the one who keeps saying we're not dating, we're not boyfriend and girlfriend, that it's just 'curse sex' and so on."

"It is just curse sex!" exclaimed Raven, "stop trying to make it weird."

"But after the news that you're -"

"DUDE SHUT UP! Someone else go!"

"I will!" exclaimed the enthusiastic voice of Sita. Of all the figures present she was by far the most immodest. She wore a tight white top with a plunging neckline, with two vast breasts that jutted forward, larger than any other person's chest in the room - no small feat given some of those present. It was easy to imagine what Sita looked like before the man named Dylan Matthews became permanently part of her body, in the form of those two immense, wobbling breasts. She was very slim and petite, and mildly short, a waifish body made to be slim and elegant. As such, her incredibly ample bust looked too big on her small frame, practically dominating it, something the young woman seemed all the more pleased about.

"Well, my story is *definitely* the weirdest, and also the best. Oh, sorry Dyl, *our* story. Dylan used to be a real prick before he became my rockin' tits. Now the groper has become the groped, and there's a lot to grope!"

She wobbled her great chest for emphasis, and it continued to jiggle even as she started up again. "I always wanted big boobs, but puberty never gave them to me so I ended up flat as a board, which *sucked*. My parents were probably pretty happy about that, they didn't want me dating till I was in, like, my eighties or something. I wasn't even doing anything the night it happened, just hanging with my girlfriends and trying to pick up dudes, when WHAM! A knock to my chest sent me to the ground, and when I got up there was a huge weight nearly tipping me forward and over again. Suddenly I was absolutely fucking *stacked*, and I could hear a man's voice in my head. Somehow I knew that voice was coming from my new boobs, and I can tell you, they were freaking out about what had happened. Weird as all hell to suddenly not only have big knockers but to know they were once a person - a male person - and that they are still alive and kicking. Well, wobbling. Dylan has enough power to do a little jiggle from time to time. Why don't you show them Dyl? Go on. Pleeeeease?"

As if caving to the silence and expectation that followed, a minor wobble followed across both breasts. Sita clapped, and Chad got caught up in it too and clapped until Roxie barked at him to stop.

"Anyway, it was hella weird to have a dude in my head screaming that he wasn't meant to be a pair of boobs, that he felt heavy and that he could see through my eyes and hear through my ears but otherwise just existed. But despite it all . . . I was happy. Boys couldn't stop staring. For once I was the 'hot one', and I loved it. Dylan's friend Gary came looking for him, but he quickly forgot all about Dylan when he saw the new me. Of course, he ended up getting real, *real* close to Dylan later that night anyway, not that he'll ever know it."

Chen winced. As did Raven. But Sita seemed unconcerned as she continued.

"Anyway, I know you guys got the bad end of stick with Morgan, and Dylan probably worst of all, but frankly I couldn't be happier. I've had a string of boyfriends, though these days Gary and I are mostly exclusive, and I've never been so confident in my body."

She seemed to confer with herself for a moment. "Sorry, *our* body. Dylan wants credit where credit is due. He says if he's going to be stuck as a pair of tits the rest of his life then he thinks he should get recognition as a big part of my appeal. Thanks Dylan."

She reached a hand under her dress cups and massaged a nipple openly, moaning audibly.

"Sorry," she said to the astounded and confused crowd, "I like to do that to shut him up sometimes. Drives him wild."

Samantha was a bit flustered, and tried to gain control of the dialogue again. "Uh, well Sita, Dylan is just as much a member of this group as you are. How does he feel about all this?"

Sita paused to listen to the man trapped as her FF-cup boobs.

"He says he hates being my boobs, and he probably does, but I happen to know how much he enjoys being felt up and sucked on, especially by a guy that knows his stuff, and he feels good when people compliment my awesome rack, because let's face it, most of it is him. And he deserves the compliments too. He may have been a shithead as a man, but he's a fucking legendary set of tits, and sometimes I love playing with them just to hear his voice squealing in joy in my head. Yes, I told them Dylan, get over it. It's not exactly like you have much of a reputation to care about these days other than how long dudes enjoy staring at you on display.

"He also has started helping me select my dates, as well. I've been trending closer to my Gar-bear, but after three years I like to leave my dating options up to a little chaos, and Dylan has proven himself to be pretty perceptive on what kind of man will treat us both right. I mean, could you believe some guys *don't* want to fondle the fuck out of my tits, or take a job between them?"

There was a shudder throughout the group.

"So yeah, he knows where his bread is buttered. And at the end of the day I fucking love it. I've always wanted big boobs, and thanks to Dylan I finally have them. Plus I'm never alone, and just playing with him gives me the best orgasms. Sorry, was that TMI again? My friends tell me I *really* overcompensate now that I've got the boobs and I no longer live with my parents breathing down my neck. I don't care anyways. I gotta say, I'm kind of jealous of the preggos in the room. I bet Dylan would make *so much* milk. God, just thinking about it turns me on."

She suddenly burst out laughing.

"Sorry, he just told me that there's no way he wants to be stuck making milk, and especially no way he wants to have a baby sucking on him. Too bad Dylan. Gary and I are getting pretty serious these days, and while I don't think I'm quite ready for the life of motherhood just yet, I have to say I'm getting pretty jelly looking around the room right now. And while you may think it's weird to have your bestie sucking on your breastie, I *know* that part of you likes it. Maybe getting preggers will be just the thing for me. That hashtag Mumlife, ya know? I bet Dylan never would have thought he might wind up making milk for his own friend's kid one day."

"Ughhh," moaned Raven as she placed her head in her hands. Aaron looked discomfited.

"I'm just kidding! If babies happen, they happen. But I'm keeping my figure for a good few years yet, so you can relax, Dylan."

Her chest wobbled slightly in relief.

As that unfolded, Samantha regarded the unusual couple before her. Both Aaron and Raven were young adults, probably in early-to-mid twenties. The man - Aaron - was a well-built figure with sandy-blond hair and t-shirt that did well to reveal the muscled form beneath. He had the kind of face that would have easily attracted Sam once, but she couldn't help but notice that while such faces were made for easy-going expressions of confidence, he seemed to regard his feminised friend with cautious care, continuing to regard her anxiously, his hand hovering to offer support even as she rebuked his touch.

Raven, formerly Robert, was an altogether different figure. She was short, not even 5 feet tall, and very petite with the exception of her prominent bust. With her smokey eyeshadow, dark lipstick and purple-tinted hair, she was most certainly goth-punk. Were it not for the cleavage that was piled high from her corset, she would possess an almost elven quality of beauty just from her face. For the entire session so far she had been throwing furtive glances at Aaron when she thought he wasn't looking, and had looked quite ill when Samantha and Chen had been discussing the nature of their pregnancies, occasionally placing a hand over her flat stomach before withdrawing it.

Sam was no private investigator, but she had an idea of what was happening there.

"Perhaps we should move to you, Raven. Just tell us what you feel comfortable telling."

Raven looked irritated. "What's there to tell? I was a man. I got turned into a goth punk chick for coming onto Morgan a little too hard. She said I was too mainstream, and changed me to be like this. And here I am. I'm still a goth punk chick. I'm still addicted to heavy metal and I can't help but fucking love it. This body loves vodka."

At that, Sam said "Oh, I miss alcohol. It's been so long."

Raven continued though Samantha's comment seemed to unseat her for a moment. "Uh, anyway I still I get horny as all fuck around evening and have to let Aaron bone me or else it gets unbearable. Well, that's not true. It's more like *I bone him*, since he likes chicks that take the lead."

"Hey!" Aaron said, "you didn't need to tell them that."

Raven lit a cigarette. "You're the one who wanted me here dude. Besides, I didn't say you were *bad* at it. Riding you is like taking drugs, man. It's one of the few bonuses of being stuck like this. So here I - what gives!?"

Aaron had snatched the cigarette from her hand. "Bad idea. Remember?"

A change came over her face. "Oh . . . yeah."

Sam saw this as her moment to help Raven open up. "Have there been any other . . . changes Raven?"

Raven looked at her quizzically, not even minding when Aaron placed a comforting hand on her stockinged thigh.

"Oh, one thing did change, I got a tongue piercing."

"Oh for God's sake Raven, you might as well tell them," Aaron said.

Raven rolled her eyes. "Fine! I found out I'm pregnant alright? I've joined that fucking club! We got careless one time." She threw up her hands and laughed bitterly. "One time! Aaron ran out of condoms and I was So. Fucking. Horny. And I jumped him anyway and said 'let's risk it dude', a sentence I never thought I'd have to say. But two weeks ago I woke up sick as shit in the morning and vomited up the previous night's dinner. I thought it was nothing - hoped it was - but it kept happening and I had to cancel a performance, so Aaron brought home a pile of pregnancy tests. And sure enough, I'm knocked up with his kid. I'm only eight weeks along, so I'm not showing, thank fuck, but already my boobs are getting tender and I'm freaking out man. I'm not ready to be some kid's mom, no offence to anyone here, and I certainly don't want to end up a big pregnant goth chick stuck on my back spreadeagle and cussing in pain while I push a whole fucking baby through my hooch."

At this Aaron pulled her into a hug, and she didn't recoil as she sobbed.

"Have you thought about aborting?" Sita suggested carefully. After the silly high of her story, she seemed to be genuinely compassionate on this subject.

Raven withdrew her head from Aaron's chest and sniffled. "Yeah. First thing I thought of. I actually walked there with Aaron but I was too much of a pussy to go through with it. I was raised Catholic. Dumb, I know, since even before I got stuck having sex out of wedlock every single day I was never the best churchgoer. Still, some stuff rubs off. It's a bloody big decision, and it's not just mine. Aaron got the better end of the deal but it's not his fault I've got his kid growing in me."

"It's still your decision Raven," he said gently, "you know I'll support you either way. I'm here for you."

Raven blinked back tears. "Shit, my makeup's smudged."

"If you decide keep baby," Chen said, "I can lend clothes, help you learn how to take care of your baby." She rubbed her swollen belly for emphasis.

"I can help too," Sam said. "I'll be busy with my own triplets, but I've got no doubt I'll be able to lend some stuff."

He nodded thanks. "So long as you all respect Raven's wishes."

Raven looked up at him. "I don't know how you're dealing with this so well. I know I'm stuck like this, but you haven't dated or seen anyone since I got changed."

He put an arm around her. "Well, you never let me, remember? You distinctly told me it wouldn't be fair if I got to 'fuck chicks on the side.'"

"Bad idea to fuck chicks on the side," nodded Chad, as if this were sage wisdom.

She chuckled softly, the flow of tears stopping. "Yeah, but you know I just say those things. You always stick around even after we fuck. You helped me find a place after my parents kicked me out, and you moved in! And it's not just sex. You got me that sweet electric guitar. You soundproofed the room so I could play and record anytime I want. You got into that fight for me and got the fucking tar beat out of you."

Chen whispered something knowingly in Mandarin.

"I know I have to bone you every day, but why do everything else? Is it guilt? I know you feel bad but I don't want you to just do stuff for me forever just because you pity me."

He doesn't pity you, he does these things because he loves you, you idiot, Sam thought. Looking around the room, at the way Chen was awwing and Sita was practically bursting with realisation, she could tell others recognised it too. Even Roxie was panting with excitement, pulling on Chad's leash.

"It's not pity Raven", Aaron said.

"Yes it is. You feel sorry because I got stuck as a goth girl with big tits who's dependent on you, and even more now that we stupidly got pregnant."

"And I'm telling you it's not that!"

She stood from the chair to her unimpressive 4'10 height and spread her pale arms, her impressive bust rising in her corset as she yelled.

"Then why do you do all this!"

Aaron stood to loom over her.

"BECAUSE I FUCKING LOVE YOU!" he declared.

Silence rang out, and a series of emotions played out over Raven's wide-eyed face. Unconsciously she placed a hand on her currently-flat stomach.

"You . . . you love me?"

Aaron put his hands on her shoulders. "I love you Raven. I have for over well over a year now. The reason I don't see other women is because every day I get to see you. You're my best mate. You make me laugh, and you're awesome. I fell in love with you the moment I saw you perform that first time. The way you let loose . . . and I know you don't feel the same way, and I'm sorry if this makes it awkward. But I love you Raven, I really do." As he finished speaking, he ran a finger through her black hair. He leaned forward to kiss her, something he had never done outside of their daily 'sessions', and slowly, ever so slowly, she kissed him back.

The room erupted into cheers and a wolf whistle from Chad, leaving the couple to chuckle awkwardly. She turned away red-faced and embarrassed, the two smiling involuntarily as they shared a glance.

"Don't make it all weird, everyone," Raven said with an angry frown, clutching her arm awkwardly. "Dude, I don't even know if I'm ready for this. My hormones are all fucked up at the moment, and I only found out I'm pregnant two weeks ago."

Aaron held her tiny hand in his.

"We take it slow. Together."

He kissed her forehead, and she bit her lip in an embarrassed half-smile.

"EEUUGHH!" Samantha moaned. A great tremor ran through her boulder of a belly, far more powerful than any she had ever experienced. Her babies - her former friends - squirmed with excitement and fear inside her, and a trickle of liquid ran down her thighs to pool beneath her.

"C'mon, it's not that sappy," Raven declared.

"No, it's not that!" Samantha declared, clutching her great mound, which was now visibly throbbing. She cringed in pain. "MMMNNNHGHNN!! My water just broke! I'm finally going into labor!" Oh God, finally!"

Chen was already moving to help her. Samantha's expression was one of both fear and relief.

“NNHHN . . . G-good meeting everyone. W-we should do this again!” she cried as a contraction rolled through her. Chad was already rising to help her stand, as was Aaron.

“Shall I call an ambulance?” Sita asked.

Sam shook her head. “My n-neighbour can drive m-me. Just need to get out on the s-street, oooh! I think this is a perfect time to end today's session. D-did we want to meet again after I deliver these damn gremlins”

Aaron turned to a still red-faced Raven. She touched her hair, and looked away, trying not to smile. Chad looked to Roxie, who barged and nodded. Chen simply stared at her children, mind already made up. Sita, being Sita, jumped in the air and whooped, grabbing Aaron and Raven both by the shoulders.

“Fuck yes, girls! Let’s do it!”

The various figures went their separate ways, some helping Samantha leave her house, others caught up in a future romance neither of them had ever fully imagined.

Soon, as the cars left, as Raven sat planning to ride Aaron’s brains out, and Sita planned to hit the town, and Chad planned a walk for the excited Roxie, there was just Chen on the street. The air was getting a little cold, but she was not worried. Fred arrived in a timely fashion, and refused to let her pack up the stroller once Kade and Cameron were safely secured in the backseat. He was a gentleman that way.

“Ready to go home, my love?” he asked, as he gently eased her into her seat.

“I’m ready, husband.”

Fred closed her door, and Chen simply relaxed in the moment, feeling the light tremors of her gestating children. As a man, as a hateful bigot, she had never known such peace.

But because she had closed her eyes, she didn’t notice what Fred alone did. As he moved to get into the car, he witnessed a dark shadow hovering under a broken street lamp. For just a moment, the lamp switched back on, and an attractive young brunette stood, looking amused and proud. Fred was silent, but shocked, and prayed that she was not here to wreak further havoc. But instead, Morgan the witch simply tipped her broad-brim hat in respect, and raised a finger to her lips.

The message was clear: *This was just a check in. Say nothing.*

Fred got in the car, and drove his wife home. He never mentioned Morgan, but when he got home, once the boys were in their cribs, he made tender love to his wife, and helped her fall to sleep while massaging her tired feet.

And Morgan stayed beneath that streetlamp, smiling to herself, and one other present.

“A mostly-happy ending, in the end,” she declared. It was important she attended this function. After all, the last victim of that night was one none of them had known of; the

leering cab driver that had become the cute cocktail dress that Morgan wore that very moment. His journey, too, had been one of slow acceptance.

“Well, the night is still young, Peter. Shall we see what trouble we can get up to?”

The dress gave its assent.

◇◇◇

As the night ended . . .

. . . Roxie enjoyed her night walk out with her former boyfriend, exploring the scents of the city park at night. Chad let her loose from the leash as her favourite canine lover - a gorgeous black labrador - approached to mount her. While she was often saddened she would never be human again, at least she was still very popular among her own kind . . .

. . . an incredibly pregnant young lady named Samantha was breathing heavily on her back, being urged to push by an array of nurses and doctors. She huffed and panted and groaned beneath the great weight of her taut dome, but she cried in relief when one of her former friends entered the world as the first of her babies. . .

. . . Chen Hwau tucked her beautiful twins into bed, and patted her own pregnant belly, which was only a few months away from bringing more life into the world. After serving up a late night snack for her husband, she sensed his want for her. She bent over the kitchen table as he took her from behind. There, in the mirror, between gasps of pleasure, she was once more overcome with shock at how much her life had changed, and how much she had changed. She may miss being dominant at times, and certainly misses beer and feely manly, but she couldn't give the life she had now up for the world . . .

. . . Aaron and Raven did not have sex for the first time in three years. Instead, they made *love*. The two magically-changed individuals could barely keep their hands off each other that night. As Raven rode her friend, she was overcome with inspiration for her next song. After all, just because she was going to get more and more of a belly didn't mean she'd stop performing. She had to start their little punk rocker early, after all . . .

. . . Dylan bounced, wobbled, jiggled, and flopped as Sita gave her part-time boyfriend Gary the mother of all tit jobs. As the man's hard cock slid between his two heavy portions, Dylan could only moan mentally to Sita, who was only turned on more by her breasts' resigned pleasures. Dylan would likely never fully accept his new status as a pair of immense breasts, but he had to admit; it was the easy life. He could only hope Sita picked the right outfit to show him off in the morning. He was starting to like the attention . . .

. . . and out in the city, or perhaps in the country, or perhaps on another continent, a witch and her dress were up to new antics, leaving a new wake of transformers in their wake . . .

**THE END**

